

Charles University in Prague

Faculty of Education

Department of the English Language and Literature

BACHELOR THESIS

The Translation and Stylistic Analysis

of *The Story of Kullervo* by J. R. R. Tolkien

Překlad a stylistická analýza povídky

Příběh o Kullervovi spisovatele J. R. R. Tolkiena

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DECLARATION

I hereby declare that this bachelor thesis, The Translation and Stylistic Analysis of The Story of Kullervo by J. R. R. Tolkien, is the result of my own work and that all the used sources have been properly cited.

Prague, 20th April 2018

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ABSTRACT

This bachelor thesis consists of three parts – the introduction, the translation of *The Story of Kullervo* and stylistic analysis of the translation. The first part focuses on the introduction of the short story and the author's inspiration taken from the Finnish mythology. It also contains notes on the difficulties and errors in the original text, which are important for the better understanding of the story. The practical part consists of the original text and its Czech translation and the third part analyses the process of the translation, supported by the relevant theories.

KEYWORDS

translation, J. R. R. Tolkien, Kullervo, Kalevala, Verlyn Flieger, analysis, archaisms, mythology

ABSTRAKT

Tato bakalářská práce se skládá ze tří částí – úvodu, překladu povídky *Příběh o Kullervovi* a stylistické analýzy překladu. První část je zaměřena na představení povídky a autorovu inspiraci, kterou čerpal z finské mytologie. Tato část obsahuje také poznámky k problematickým částem a chybám v původním textu, které jsou důležité k lepšímu porozumění příběhu. Praktická část obsahuje původní text a jeho český překlad a třetí část analyzuje postupy při překladu opřené o příslušné teorie.

KLÍČOVÁ SLOVA

překlad, J. R. R. Tolkien, Kullervo, Kalevala, Verlyn Flieger, analýza, archaismy, mytologie

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1 INTRODUCTION

The main reason I decided to choose translation as the topic of my bachelor thesis was the translation course at the Department of English language and literature which I very much enjoyed. I could not find a suitable book at first, I wanted to translate a book which would be close to my own reading taste and I was pleased when I came across Tolkien's *The Story of Kullervo*. I was very surprised by the fact that a book written by such a phenomenal writer had not yet been translated and I was ready to take the opportunity.

At the beginning of my work on the translation I wanted to translate approximately half of the book, but later I changed my mind. I could not decide which part of the short story would be the most suitable to select and leaving out even the smallest part of it seemed unfinished and even disrespectful to the author. Furthermore, because the short story is transcribed by Verlyn Flieger from Tolkien's hand-written commentary, I included her notes as well, which help the readers to orientate themselves in the potentially confusing text.

1.1 The Author

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien is the author of many works covering various fields and themes. He published several academic writings, mostly connected to his studies of English language and literature at Oxford College, wrote poetry, but is mostly known for his *legendarium*, a set of fantasy works, including books such as *The Hobbit or There and Back Again*, *The Lord of the Rings* or *The Silmarillion*. Many of his writing were published posthumously, exclusively by his son Christopher, who continued in his father's legacy, and some of them remained unfinished.

Despite having been written in the early 1910s, probably between 1914 and 1915, *The Story of Kullervo* was first released almost a hundred years later in 2010 and is significantly less widely known than his other works. He himself declared *Kullervo son of Kalervo*, the main protagonist of the story, as being the least likeable of all his heroes. He is bad-tempered, vengeful and ugly, he has no luck and his whole life is a disaster. In spite of this denotation, the story itself was a fundamental step in Tolkien's writing career.

It is his first short story, first tragedy and even first attempt to include mythological features to his writings, which make this story the predecessor of all the very successful fantastic publications.

1.2 The Kalevala – Finnish Mythology

The major part of Tolkien's inspiration for *The Story of Kullervo* comes from *The Kalevala*. It was not only the mythology and the story itself that inspired him, but also its historical significance. *The Kalevala* is a Finnish national epic, originally coming from Karelian and Finnish oral poetry and first assembled by Elias Lönnrot in 1835. Lönnrot's idea was to rekindle the Finnish nationalism and indeed his work later played a significant role in declaration of the Finnish independence from Russia in 1917.

Tolkien had read *The Kalevala* in 1911 and had been fascinated by it to such degree he attempted to learn Finnish himself in order to read the original, because he considered the English translation by W. F. Kirby inadequate. *The Story of Kullervo* is based on cantos 31 – 36 of *The Kalevala*, with these six separate poems forming a rather coherent story. Tolkien quite closely followed the original narrative but also altered or invented entirely new names of both places and characters. This can cause confusion during the reading as Tolkien had changed the name of the character several times in the story, but (presumably) forgot to correct the original name written throughout the manuscript. In some cases, the character's name is shortened or is changed to a nickname. Inventing brand new names of places can cause similar difficulties. Tolkien replaces Russia and Karelia with his own inventions in the text, which helps to amplify the detachment from the real geographical locations, has it probably been his intention in order to create a world with no given time or place. As the story is unfinished and the manuscript was clearly not edited by Tolkien himself, I will clarify all the inaccuracies in the theoretical part of this thesis.

These misunderstandings might have been avoided by editing the text, but because Verlyn Flieger had copied the hand-written manuscript and had left these errors in the printed version of the book, I also left these unchanged as I believe that the translation

should be as truthful to the original text as possible and should not be edited when the author has no power over it.

2 PRACTICAL PART – TRANSLATION

The Story of Honto Taltewenlen

The Story of Kullervo
(Kalervonpoika)

In the days {of magic long ago} {when magic was yet new}, a swan nurtured her brood of cygnets by the banks of a smooth river in the reedy marshland of Sutse. One day as she was sailing among the sedge-fenced pools with her trail of younglings following, an eagle swooped from heaven and flying high bore off one of her children to Telea: on the second day a mighty hawk robbed her of yet another and bore it to Kemenūme. Now that nursling that was brought to Kemenūme waxed and became a trader and cometh not into this sad tale: but that one whom the hawk brought to Telea he it is whom men name Kalervō: while a third of the nurslings that remained behind men speak oft of him and name him Untamō the Evil, and a fell sorcerer and man of power did he become.

And Kalervo dwelt beside the rivers of fish and had thence much sport and good meat, and to him had his wife borne in years past both a son and a daughter and was even

Příběh Honta Taltewenlena

Příběh o Kullervovi
(Kalervonpoikovi)

V dobách {v dávných dobách kouzel} {když se kouzla teprve zrodila} pečovala na březích klidné řeky tekoucí rákosím v mokřadech Sutse labuť o své mladé. Jednoho dne, když plula ostřicí lemovanými tůnkami, následována svými mláděty, se z nebes snesl orel a odnesl jedno z jejích dětí, se kterým odletěl daleko do Teley. Druhého dne ji mocný jestřáb okradl ještě o jedno a odnesl ho do Kemenūme. To mládě, jež bylo odneseno do Kemenūme, vyrostlo a stalo se kupcem a nevstoupí do tohoto smutného příběhu, ale mládě, které jestřáb odnesl do Teley, jest ten, kterého lidé nazývají Kalervō, zatímco o třetím mláděti, které zůstalo, se nezdá mezi lidmi mluví a nazývají ho Untamō Zlověstný, neb se stal krutým čarodějem a velmi mocným mužem.

A Kalervo přebýval u řek plných ryb a měl tedy dostatek zábavy a dobrého masa a jeho žena mu v uplynulých letech porodila syna i dceru a nyní byla opět

new again nigh to childbirth. And in those days did Kalervo's lands border on the confines of the dismal realm of his mighty brother Untamo; who covered his pleasant river lands and its plentiful fish.

So coming he set nets in Kalervo's fish waters and robbed Kalervo of his angling and brought him great grief. And bitterness arose between the brothers, first that and at last open war. After a light upon the river banks in which neither might overcome the other, Untamo returned to his grim homestead and sat in evil brooding, weaving (in his fingers) a design of wrath and vengeance.

He caused his mighty cattle to break into Kalervo's pastures and drive his sheep away and devour their fodder. Then Kalervo let forth his black hound Musti to devour them. Untamo then in ire mustered his men and gave them weapons; armed his henchmen and slave lads with axe and sword and marched to battle, even to ill strife against his very brother.

And the wife of Kalervoinen sitting nigh to the window of the homestead descried a scurry arising of the smoke army in the distance, and she spake to Kalervo saying, 'Husband, lo, an ill reek ariseth yonder: come hither to me. Is it smoke I see or but a thick[?] gloomy cloud that passeth

blízko porodu. V těchto dobách hraničila Kalervova země s ponurou říší jeho mocného bratra Untama, který prahнул po jeho přívětivých pozemcích s řekami a hojností ryb.

A tak vhodil sítě do Kalervových lovišť a okradl Kalerva o jeho rybaření a způsobil mu tím veliký žal. A hořkost mezi bratry rostla, nejprve hořkost a nakonec válka. Po setmění nad říčními břehy, které ani jeden z bratrů nemohl ovládnout, se Untamo navrátil do své ponuré usedlosti a seděl zamyšlen, splétající (svými prsty) plán zloby a pomsty.

Nahnal svůj silný dobytek na Kalervovy pastvy, aby vyhnal jeho ovce a pozřel všechnu píci. Kalervo tedy nazpět poslal svého černého psa Mustiho, aby pozřel je. Untamo v hněvu nashromáždil své muže a dal jim zbraně, vyzbrojil své stoupence a otroky sekyrami a meči a vyrazil do boje vyřešit spor s vlastním bratrem.

A žena Kalervoinena, sedíc ve svém domě blízko okna, zahlédla prach zvířený armádou v dálce, a pravila Kalervovi: „Hle, manželí, tam se zvedá zlověstný dým, pojd' se podívat. Je to kouř, co vidím? Nebo vidím jen velký temný mrak, jež pluje rychle kolem a teď

swift: but now hovers on the borders of the cornfields just yonder by the new-made pathway?’

Then said Kalervo in heavy mood, ‘Yonder, wife, is no reek of autumn smoke nor any passing gloom, but I fear me a cloud that goeth nowise swiftly nor before it has harmed my house and folk in evil storm.’ Then there came into the view of both Untamo’s assemblage and ahead could they see the numbers and their strength and their gay scarlet raiment. Steel shimmered there and at their belts were their swords hanging and in their hands their stout axes gleaming and neath their caps their ill faces lowering: for ever did Untamoinen gather to him cruel and worthless carles.

And Kalervo’s men were out and about the farm lands so seizing axe and shield he rushed alone on his foes and was soon slain even in his own yard nigh to the cowbyre in the autumn-sun of his own fair harvest-tide by the weight of the numbers of foemen. Evilly Untamoinen wrought with his brother’s body before his wife’s eyes and foully entreated his folk and lands. His wild men slew all whom they found both man and beast, sparing only Kalervo’s wife and her two children and sparing them thus only to bondage in his gloomy halls of Untola.

se vznáší tam u cesty mezi kukuřičnými poli?“

Kalervo s těžkým srdcem řekl: „To, ženo, to není dým podzimního kouře ani míjející mrak, ale obávám se mračna, jež neputuje nijak rychle, ni doposud zlou bouří neuškodilo mému domu ani lidu.“ Pak se jim oběma naskytl pohled na počet a sílu Untamových přívrženců a jejich veselý rudý šat. Ocel se leskla, jak jim u pasů visely meče, a v rukou se blyštily robustní sekery. A pod kápěmi viděli zamračené, zlé tváře krutých a nicotných mužů, které Untamoinen povolal.

Kalervovi muži pracovali na polích, a tak se hnal sám, jímaje sekery a štít proti nepřátelům. Ještě na svém podzimním sluncem zalitým dvoře, blízko chléva, byl zabit přesilou nepřátel. Untamoinen špatně zacházel s tělem svého bratra před zraky jeho ženy. A stejně zle nakládal i s Kalervovým lidem a zemí. Jeho zuřiví muži všechny, které potkali, ať lidi nebo zvěř, pobili. Jen Kalervova žena a její dvě děti byly ušetřeny, a to jen proto, aby byly ztročeny v jeho temném paláci Untole.

Bitterness then entered the heart of that mother, for Kalervo had she dearly loved and dear been to him and she dwelt in the halls of Untamo caring naught for anything in the sunlit world: and in due time bore amidst her sorrow Kalervo's babes: a man-child and a maid-child at one birth. Of great strength was the one and of great fairness the other even at birth and dear to one another from their first hours: but their mother's heart was dead within, nor did she reek aught of their goodliness nor did it gladden her grief or do better than recall the old days in their homestead of the smooth river and the fish waters among the reeds and the thought of the dead Kalervo their father, and she named the boy Kullervo, or 'wrath', and his daughter Wanōna, or 'weeping'. And Untamo spared the children for he thought they would wax to lusty servants and he could have them do his bidding and tend his body nor pay them the wages he paid the other uncouth carles. But for lack of their mother's care the children were reared in crooked fashion, for ill cradle rocking meted to infants by fosterers in thralldom: and bitterness do they such from breasts of those that bore them not.

The strength of Kullervo unsoftened turned to untameable will that would forego naught of his desire and was resentful of all

Hořkost naplnila srdce té matky, neboť Kalerva vroucně milovala a laskavá k němu byla a nyní přebývala v Untamově obydlí, nestarajíc se o nic na celém širém světě. A když nadešel čas, porodila ve svém zármutku Kalervovy potomky: jednoho chlapce a jednu dívku. První byl plný síly a druhá plná krásy a již od prvních hodin po narození si byli velmi blízcí. Ale srdce jejich matky bylo uvnitř mrtvé, necítila nic z jejich blaženosti ani se nezmenšil její zármutek, jen jí připomněli staré časy v jejich domě, klidnou řeku a loviště ryb obklopené rákosem. Pomyslela na mrtvého Kalerva, jejich otce, a pojmenovala chlapce Kullervo neboli 'zlost' a dceru Wanōna neboli 'pláč'. Untamo děti ušetřil, s vidinou toho, že vyrostou v silné služebníky, kteří mu budou sloužit a udělají vše, co jim přikáže, aniž by jim musel platit jako svým ostatním neomaleným poddaným. Ale jelikož neměly dostatek matčiny péče, byly děti špatně vychovány, neboť chůvy v poddanství s nimi v kolébkách cloumaly a děti sály zášť z prsu těch, které je neprodily.

Síla Kullervova nepolevovala a vyústila v nezkrotnou vůli, ve které se nezřekl žádné své touhy, a byl odolný

injury. And a wild lone-faring maiden did Wanōna grow, straying in the grim woods of Untola so soon as she could stand - and early was that, for wondrous were these children and but one generation from the men of magic. And Kullervo was like to her: an ill child he ever was to handle till came the day that in wrath he rent in pieces his swaddling clothes and kicked with his strength his linden cradle to splinters but men said that it seemed he would prosper and make a man of might and Untamo was glad, for him thought he would have in Kullervo one day a warrior of strength and a henchman of great stoutness.

Nor did this seem unlike, for at the third month did Kullervo, not yet more than knee-high, stand up and spake in this wise on a sudden to his mother who was grieving still in her yet green anguish. 'O my mother, O my dearest why grieveest thou thus?' And his mother spake unto him telling him the dastard tale of the Death of Kalervo in his own homestead and how all he had earned was ravished and lain by his brother Untamo and his underlings, and nought pared or saved but his great hound Musti who had returned from the fields to find his master slain and his mistress and her children in bondage, and had followed their exile steps to the blue woods round

vůči všem zraněním. A Wanōna vyrostla v divou ženu, která se sama toulala po temných lesích Untoly hned, jakmile se uměla postavit. A to bylo brzy, neboť to byly děti podivuhodné, narozené jen jedno pokolení od dob mužů magie. A Kullervo byl jako ona: dítě, se kterým bylo špatné pořízení, až jednou si ve vzteku roztrhal povijan a celou svou silou kopl do kolébky, která se rozpadla na třísky. A lidé říkali, že vyroste v silného muže a Untamo byl rád, protože v Kullervovi viděl budoucího bojovníka a silného nohsleda.

To se zdálo blízko pravdě, však třetího měsíce se Kullervo, výškou sotva po kolena, postavil a moudře promluvil ke své matce, která stále trýznivě truchlila. „Ach má matko, moje nejdražší, proč tak stále truchlíš?“ A jeho matka mu pověděla ten příběh plný zrady, jak zemřel Kalervo na svém vlastním statku a jak vše, co vybudoval, bylo uchváčeno nebo pobito jeho bratrem Untamem a jeho poddanými. Nic nebylo ušetřeno ani zachráněno, až na velkého psa Mustiho, který se vrátil z polí, jen aby našel svého pána zabitého a svou paní a její děti v zajetí. Následoval jejich cestu do vyhnanství, až do modrých lesů

Untamo's halls where now he dwelt a wild life for fear of Untamo's henchmen and ever and anon slaughtered a sheep and often at the night could his haying be heard: and Untamo's underlings said it was the hound of Tuoni Lord of Death though it was not so.

All this she told him and gave him a great knife curious wrought that Kalervo had worn ever at his belt if he fared afield, a blade of marvellous keenness made in his dim days, and she had caught it from the wall in the hope to aid her dear one.

Thereat she returned to her grief and Kullervo cried aloud, 'By my father's knife when I am bigger and my body waxeth stronger then will I avenge his slaughter and atone for the tears of thee my mother who bore me.' And these words he never said again but that once, but that once did Untamo overhear. And for wrath and fear he trembled and said he will bring my race in ruin for Kalervo is reborn in him.

And therewith he devised all manner of evil for the boy (for so already did the babe appear, so sudden and so marvellous was his growth in form and strength) and only his twin sister the fair maid Wanōna (for so already did she appear, so great and wondrous was her

obklopujících Untamovu usedlost, kde nyní pobýval ve strachu z Untamových nohsledů a kde sem a tam zabil ovci. A často bylo po nocích slyšet jeho vytí: to pak Untamovi poddaní říkali, že je to pes samotného Tuoniho, Pána Smrti, i když tomu tak nebylo.

Toto všechno mu pověděla a dala mu zvláště kovaný velký nůž, který nosil Kalervo na svém opasku vždy, když se vydával na toulky. Čepel neuvěřitelné ostrosti ukovanou za Kalervových temných dnů vzala ze zdi v naději, že pomůže svému drahému muži.

Nato se vrátila ke svému žalu a Kullervo vykřikl: „Slibuji na otcův nůž, až budu větší a mé tělo bude silné, pak pomstím jeho vraždu a odčiním tak tvé slzy, má matko, která jsi mě povila.“ Tato slova už nikdy nevyslovil, jen tehdy, ale tehdy je zaslechl i Untamo. A trásl se zlobou a strachem, a prohlásil, že zničí jeho pokolení, jelikož se Kalervo znovu zrodil ve svém synovi.

Načež pro chlapce vymýšlel všelijaké podlosti (neboť ten velmi rychle a zázračně rostl a sílil) a jen jeho sestra dvojče, sličná dívka Wanōna (neboť velmi rychle a zázračně rostla do krásy) s ním soucítila a doprovázela ho na jeho cestách v modrých lesích. Jejich starší

growth in form and beauty) had compassion on him and was his companion in their wandering the blue woods: for their elder brother and sister (of which the tale told before), though they had been born in freedom and looked on their father's face, were more like unto thralls than those orphans born in bondage, and knuckled under to Untamo and did all his evil bidding nor in anything recked to comfort their mother who had nurtured them in the rich days by the river.

And wandering in the woods a year and a month after their father Kalervo was slain these two Wild children fell in with Musti the Hound. Of Musti did Kullervo learn many things concerning his father and Untamo and of things darker and dimmer and farther back even perhaps before their magic days and even before men as yet had netted fish in Tuoni the marshland.

Now Musti was the wisest of hounds: nor do men say ever aught of where or when he was whelped but ever speak of him as a dog of fell might and strength and of great knowledge, and Musti had kinship and fellowship with the things of the wild, and knew the secret of the changing of skin and could appear as wolf or bear or as cattle great or small and could much other magic besides. And on the night of which it is told,

bratr a sestra (o nichž se v příběhu pravilo dříve), ačkoliv se narodili svobodní a poznali svého otce, byli více služebníky než ti sirotci narození do otroctví. Byli podřízeni Untamovi a nevzpírali se podpořit jeho zlé konání ani se nesnažili utěšit svou matku, která je vychovala v hojnosti blízko řeky.

Rok a den po skonu jejich otce Kalerva, narazily tyto divé děti při toulkách lesem na psa Mustiho. Od Mustiho se Kullervo dozvěděl spoustu věcí o svém otci a Untamovi i o věcech temných a ponurých a dávných, možná dokonce i o věcech před časy magie, a ještě před tím, než lidé začali nahazovat sítě v mokřadech Tuoni.

Musti, ten byl nejmoudřejší z psů: nikdo z lidí neví, kde nebo kdy se narodil, ale vždy o něm mluví jako o psu veliké moci a síly a nesmírné moudrosti. Musti byl spřízněn s divokými zvířaty a znal tajemství proměny kůže, a tak se mohl zjevit jako medvěd nebo vlk, či jako dobytek velký nebo malý, a kromě toho uměl i spoustu jiných kouzel. A té noci, co se to událo, je Musti varoval před

the hound warned them of the evil of Untamo's mind and that he desired nothing so much as Kullervo's death {and to Kullervo he gave three hairs from his coat, and said, 'Kullervo Kalervanpoika, if ever you are in danger from Untamo take one of these and cry 'Musti O! Musti may thy magic aid me now', then wilt thou find a marvellous aid in thy distress.'}

And next day Untamo had Kullervo seized and crushed into a barrel and flung into the waters of a rushing torrent - that seemed like to be the waters of Tuoni the River of Death to the boy: but when they looked out upon the river three days after, he had freed himself from the barrel and was sitting upon the waves fishing with a rod of copper with a silken line for fish, and he ever remained from that day a mighty catcher of fish. Now this was the magic of Musti.

And again did Untamo seek Kullervo's destruction and sent his servants to the woodland where they gathered mighty birch trees and pine trees from which the pitch was oozing, pine trees with their thousand needles. And sledgefuls of bark did they draw together, and great ash trees a [hundred] fathoms in length. for lofty in sooth were the woods of gloomy Untola. And all this they heaped for the

Untamovou zlem prostoupenou myslí a že netouží po ničem jiném, než po Kullervově smrti {dal Kullervovi tři chlupy ze svého kožichu a řekl: „Kullervo Kalervanpoiko, pokud kdy budeš čelit nebezpečí od Untama, vezmi jeden z nich a zvolej 'Ó Musti! Necht' mě tvá kouzla ochráni', pak se ti v nesnázích dostane zázračné pomoci.“}

Druhý den Untamo Kullerva zajal, vsadil ho do sudu a vhodil do pádicích vod bystřiny, která chlapci připadala jako proud Tuoni, Řeky Smrti. Ale když ho našli u řeky o tři dny později, ze sudu se osvobodil a seděl na vlnách a rybařil měděným prutem s hedvábnou udicí a od toho dne byl mocným lovcem ryb. Taková byla Mustiho kouzla.

A opět prahl Untamo po Kullervově zničení a poslal své služebníky do lesů, kde nashromáždili mohutné břízy a borovice, ze kterých vytékala smůla, z borovic s jejich tisíci jehlicemi. Vozy plné kůry nakupili na hromadu, i obrovské jasany [sto] sáhů dlouhé, neboť lesy temné Untoly byly vpravdě majestátní. A to vše nashromáždili k upálení Kullerva.

burning of Kullervo.

They kindled the flame beneath the wood and the great bale-fire crackled and the smell of logs and acrid smoke choked them wondrously and then the whole blazed up in red heat and thereat they thrust Kullervo in the midst and the fire burned for two days and a third day and then sat there the boy knee-deep in ashes and up to his elbows in embers and a silver coal-rake he held in his hand and gathered the hottest fragments around him and himself was unsinged.

Untamo then in blind rage seeing that all his sorcery availed nought had him hanged shamefully on a tree. And there the child of his brother Kalervo dangled high from a great oak for two nights and a third night and then Untamo sent at dawn to see whether Kullervo was dead upon the gallows or no. And his servant returned in fear: and such were his words: 'Lord, Kullervo has in no wise perished as yet: nor is dead upon the gallows, but in his hand he holdeth a great knife and has scored wondrous thin therewith upon the tree and all its bark is covered with carvings wherein chiefly is to be seen a great fish (now this was Kalervo's sign of old) and wolves and bears and a huge hound such as might even be one of the great pack of Tuoni.'

[...]

Zapálili oheň a rozhořela se velká vatra, dusil je závan dřeva a štiplavého kouře a pak vše vzplanulo v rudém žáru a oni dprostřed toho všeho vhodili Kullerva. Oheň hořel po dva dny a třetí a pak tam chlapec seděl, po kolena v popelu a po lokty v oharcích, a stříbrným pohrabáčem v rukou si kolem sebe schraňoval nejžhavější úlomky, avšak on sám byl nezraněn.

Untamo, rozlícený, že jeho čary nebyly nic platné, ho dal hanebně pověsit na strom. A tak se tam syn jeho bratra Kalerva houpal na velkém dubu po dvě noci a třetí, až dal Untamo za úsvitu poslat zjistit, zda je Kullervo na oprátce mrtvý nebo ne. Jeho služebník se vrátil zděšen; a taková byla jeho slova: „Pane, Kullervo žádným předchozím způsobem nezahynul; stejně tak nezemřel ani na šibenici, ale v ruce třímá velký nůž a vyryl na strom podivuhodné věci. Kůra je pokryta rytinami, na kterých lze vidět hlavně mohutnou rybu (to bylo dávné znamení Kalerva) a vlky, medvědy, a tak obrovského psa, že by mohl být jedním z velké Tuoniho smečky.

Now this magic that had saved Kullervo's life was the last hair of Musti: and the knife was the great knife Sikki: his father's, which his mother had given to him: and thereafter Kullervo treasured the knife Sikki beyond all silver and gold.

Untamoinen felt afraid and yielded perforce to the great magic that guarded the boy, and sent him to become a slave and to labour for him without pay and but scant fostering: indeed often would he have starved but for Wanōna who, though Unti treated her scarcely better, spared her brother much from her little. No compassion for these twins did their elder brother and sister show, but sought rather by subservience to Unti to get easier life for themselves: and a great resentment did Kullervo store up. for himself and daily he grew more morose and violent and to no one did he speak gently but to Wanōna and not seldom was he short with her.

So when Kullervo had waxed taller and stronger Untamo sent for him and spake thus: 'In my house I have retained on and meted wages to you as methought thy bearing merited - food for thy belly or a buffet for thy ear: now must thou labour and thrall or servant work will I appoint for you. Go now, make me a clearing in the near thicket of the Blue Forest. Go now.' And

Toto kouzlo, které zachránilo Kullervův život, bylo z posledního Mustiho chlupu a ten nůž byl mocný nůž Sikki, nůž jeho otce, který mu dala jeho matka, a proto si Kullervo cenil nože Sikki nad stříbro i zlato.

Untamoinen se obával té velké moci, která chlapce chránila, a nemohl se s ní rovnat, a proto poslal chlapce do otroctví, aby za něj pracoval, zadarmo a jen málo zaopatřený. Častokrát by vyhladověl, nebýt Wanōny, která se s ním dělila o to málo, co měla, ačkoliv s ní Unti sotva zacházel lépe. Jejich starší sourozenci neprojevíli s dvojčaty žádný soucit, raději podlézali Untimu, aby se sami měli lépe. Kullervo v sobě hromadil velkou nenávist, den ode dne byl mrzutější a zlostnější, s nikým kromě Wanōny nemluvil hezky a často byl hrubý i k ní.

A tak když Kullervo vyrostl do výšky i síly, poslal pro něj Untamo a řekl mu: „Ve svém domě jsem ti vyměřoval odměny za tvou práci, jak sis zasloužil – jídlo do žaludku nebo štulec za uši, nyní musíš vykonat práci, kterou ti zadám. Běž, udělej mýtinu z nedaleké houštiny v modrém lese. Nuže běž už.“ A Kuli šel. Ale nebyl z toho nešťastný, již ve svých

Kuli went. But he was not ill pleased, for though but of two years he deemed himself grown to manhood in that now he had an axe set in hand, and he sang as he fared him to the woodlands.

Song of Sākehonto in the woodland:

Now a man in sooth I deem me
Though mine ages have seen few
summers

And this springtime in the
woodlands

Still is new to me and lovely.
Nobler am I now than erstwhile
And the strength of five within me
And the valour of my father
In the springtime in the woodlands
Swells within me Sākehonto.

O mine axe my dearest brother –
Such an axe as fits a chieftain,
Lo we go to fell the birch-trees
And to hew their white shafts
slender:

For I ground thee in the morning
And at even wrought a handle;
And thy blade shall smite the tree-
boles

And the wooded mountains waken
And the timber crash to earthward
In the springtime in the woodland
Neath thy stroke mine iron brother.

dvou letech usuzoval, že vyrostl v muže, a tak do ruky uchopil sekyru a zpíval, když šel do lesů.

Píseň Sākehonta v lesích:

Mužem se již v pravdě cítím
Leč zim jsem zatím prožil málo

A jarní čas v těchto lesích

Mě svou krásou udivuje.
Urostlejší jsem než dříve
Síla za pět ve mně dřímá
Stejně tak chrabrost otcova
V jarním čase v těchto lesích
Mám v sobě já, Sākehonto.

Má sekyro, drahá sestro –
Hodna ty jsi válečníka
Společně setneme břízy
Rozštípáme kmeny bílé:

Ráno nabrousím tvé ostří
A topůrko tobě spravím
A tvá čepel setne stormy

Čímž probudíš tu spící horu
Dříví sesune se na zem
V jarním čase v těchto lesích
Vše tvou ranou sestro z kovu

And thus fared Sākehonto to the forest slashing at all that he saw to the right or to the left, him recking little of the wrack, and a great tree-swathe lay behind him for great was his strength. Then came he to a dense part of the forest high up on one of the slopes of the mountains of gloom, nor was he afraid for he had affinity with wild things and Mauri's [Musti's] magic was about him, and there he chose out the mightiest trees and hewed them, felling the stout at one blow and the weaker at a half. And when seven mighty trees lay before him on a sudden he cast his axe from him that it half cleft through a great oak that groaned thereat: but the axe ~~held~~ there quivering.

But Sāki shouted, 'May Tanto Lord of Hell do such labour and send Lempo for the timbers fashioning.'

And he sang:

Let no sapling sprout here ever
Nor the blades of grass stand
greening

While the mighty earth endureth
Or the golden moon is shining
And its rays come filtering dimly
Through the boughs of Saki's
forest.

Now the seed to earth hath fallen

A jak putoval Sākehonto do lesa, sekaje vše, co viděl, napravo i nalevo, nedbaje té pohromy, kterou za sebou zanechal, neboť jeho síla byla veliká. Pak vešel do husté části lesa, vysoko na svahu temných hor, ale strach neměl, protože byl zadobře s divou zvěří a Mauriho [Mustiho] kouzla byla s ním. Tady si vyhlédl ty největší stromy a pokácel je, ty silné jedním úderem, ty slabší polovinou. A když před ním leželo sedm mohutných stromů, náhle odhodil svou sekeru, až se z poloviny zasekla do velkého dubu, který zavrzal, ale sekera, ač se chvěla, ~~zůstala~~ zaseknutá.

A Sāki zvolal: „Ať Tanto, Pán samotného Pekla, dělá tuto práci a pošle Lempa sebrat to dříví.“

A zpíval:

Ať zde neroste ni proutek
Ani stébla trávy nové

Dokud mocná země žije
Měsíc jako stříbro svítí
Skrz větve jeho záře
Osvětluje Sākiho les.

Semeno teď padlo k zemi

And the young corn shooteth
upward

And its tender leaf unfoldeth
Till the stalks do form upon it.
May it never come to earing
Nor its yellow head droop ripely
In this clearing in the forest
In the woods of Sākehonto.

And within a while came forth Ūlto
to gaze about him to learn how the son of
Kampo his slave had made a clearing in the
forest but he found no clearing but rather a
ruthless hacking here and there and a
spoilage of the best of trees: and thereon he
reflected saying, 'For such labour is the
knave unsuited, for he has spoiled the best
timber and now I know not whither to send
him or to what I may set him.'

But he bethought him and sent the
boy to make a fencing betwixt some of his
fields and the wild; and to this work then
Honto set out but he gathered the mightiest
of the trees he had felled and hewed thereto
others: firs and lofty pines from blue
Puhōsa and used them as fence stakes; and
these he bound securely with rowans and
wattled: and made the tree-wall continuous
without break or gap: nor did he set a gate
within it nor leave an opening or chink but
said to himself grimly, 'He who may not

Kukuřice spěchá vzhůru

Její jemné listy raší
Pod nimi se stvolý tvoří.
Necht' však nikdy víc neroste
Neohne se tíhou klasů
Na mýtině této lesní
Vprostřed lesů Sākehonta.

Zanedlouho se přišel Ūlto podívat,
jak syn Kampa, jeho otrok, v lese udělal
mýtinu, ale nenašel mýtinu, spíše
nelítostnou zkázu všude kolem, stejně
jako jeho nejlepší stromy zničené. A na to
odtušil: „Na takovou práci se ten darebák
nehodí, zničil nejlepší dřevo a teď nevím,
kam ho mám poslat ani co mu zadat.“

Ale pak se rozvzpomněl a poslal
chlapce postavit zeď mezi jeho poli a
divočinou; a do té práce se také Honto
pustil. Tak nashromáždil nejmohutnější
ze stromů, které pokácel a posekal, a
přidal další jedle a vznešené borovice z
modré Puhōsy a použil je jako sloupy,
které ovázal jeřabinami a proutím; tak
postavil dřevěnou zeď bez mezery nebo
díry, ani branku nebo vchod nevsadil a
těžce si povzdechl: „Ten, kdo se nevznáší
hbitě jako pták nebo nehrabe jako divoká

soar swift aloft like a bird nor burrow like the wild things may never pass across it or pierce through Honto's fence work.'

But this over-stout fence displeased Ūlto and he chid his slave of war for the fence stood without gate or gap beneath, without chink or crevice resting on the wide earth beneath and towering amongst Ukko's clouds above.

For this do men call a lofty Pine ridge 'Sāri's hedge'.

'For such labour,' said Ūlto, 'art thou unsuited: nor know I to what I may set thee, but get thee hence, there is rye for threshing ready.' So Sāri got him to the threshing in wrath and threshed the rye to powder and chaff that the winds of Wenwe took it and blew as a dust in Ūlto's eyes, whereat he was wroth and Sāri fled. And his mother was feared for that and Wanōna wept, but his brother and elder sister chid them for they said that Sāri did nought but make Ūlto angered and of that anger's ill did they all have a share while Sāri skulked the woodlands. Thereat was Sāri's heart bitter, and Ūlto spake of selling as a bond slave into a distant country and being rid of the lad.

His mother spake then pleading, 'O Sārihontō if you fare abroad, if you go as a bond slave into a distant country, if you

zvířata, se nikdy nedostane přes ani skrz Hontovo hrazení.“

Ale jeho přespříliš pevný plot nepotěšil Ūlta, který vyplísnil svému válečnému otroku, jelikož hrazení stálo bez branky či díry k podlezení, bez škvíry či pukliny, stojíce na širé zemi pod ním a tyčíce se mezi Ukkovými oblaky na nebi.

Proto lidé nazývají mohutný Borovicový hřeben 'Sāriho hradba'.

„Na takovou práci,“ řekl Ūlto, „se nehodíš. Nevím, co ti mám zadat, ale připrav se, žito je již vhodné k mlácení.“ Tak se Sāri ve zlosti vydal na mlat a vymlátil žito až na prach a plevy a větry bohyně Wenwe vše sebraly a vmetly jako prach Ūltovi do očí, což ho rozlítilo, a Sāri utekl. A jeho matka se o něj bála a Wanōna plakala, ale jeho bratr a starší sestra je za to plísnil, říkali, že Sāri akorát Ūlta rozzuřil a té zlobě museli všichni čelit, zatímco se Sāri skrývá v lesích. Že Sāriho srdce bylo zahořklé a Ūlto mluvil o tom, že chlapce prodá do jako otroka do vzdálené země, a tak se ho zbaví.

Jeho matka pak prosebně promluvila: „Ach, Sārihontō, když odejdeš pryč, když půjdeš jako otrok do

perish among unknown men, who will have thought for thy mother or daily tend the hapless dame?’ And Sāri in evil mood answered singing out in light heart and whistling thereto:

Let her starve upon a haycock

Let her stifle in the cowbyre

And thereto his brother and sister joined their voices saying,

Who shall daily aid thy brother?

Who shall tend him in the future?

To which he got only this answer,

Let him perish in the forest

Or lie fainting in the meadow.

And his sister upbraided him saying he was hard of heart, and he made answer. ‘For thee treacherous sister though thou be a daughter of Keime I care not: but I shall grieve to part from Wanōna.’

Then he left them and Ūlto thinking of the lad’s size and growing strength relented and resolved to set him yet to other tasks, and is it told how he went to lay his largest drag-net and as he grasped his oar asked aloud, ‘Now shall I pull amain with

daleké země, pokud zahyneš tam mezi cizinci, kdo pomyslí na tvou matku a bude každý den pečovat o tu nešťastnou ženu?’

A Sāri, zlostně naladěný, odpověděl veselým zpěvem a pískáním toto:

Jen ať mře nad kupkou sena

Jen ať udusí se v chlévě

A nato se svými hlasy připojili jeho bratr a sestra:

Kdo pomůže tvému bratru?

Kdo se o něj bude starat?

Na což dostal tuto odpověď:

Jen ať zahyne tam v lese

Či na loukách padne slabý

A jeho sestra ho kárala, že má srdce z kamene, na což on odpověděl: „Ty, zrádná sestro, ačkoliv jsi dcerou Keime, jsi mi lhostejná; ale budu truchlit pro odloučení od Wanōny.“

Pak opustil je i Ūlta, který stále přemýšleje o chlapcově velikosti a rostoucí síle, byl rozhodnutý mu zadat další úkoly. Povídá se, jak šel rozhodit svou největší síť, a když uchopil veslo, nahlas se zeptal: „Mám zabrat veškerou

all my vigour or with but common effort?' And the steersman said: 'Now row amain, for thou canst not pull this boat atwain.'

Then Sāri Kampa's son rowed with all his might and sundered the wood rowlocks and shattered the ribs of juniper and the aspen planking of the boat he splintered.

Quoth Ūlto when he saw, 'Nay, thou understandst not rowing, go thresh the fish into the dragnet: maybe to more purpose wilt thou thresh the water with threshing-pole than with foam.' But Sāri as he was raising his pole asked aloud, 'Shall I thresh amain with manly vigour or but leisurely with common effort threshing with the pole?' And the net-man said, 'Nay, thresh amain. Wouldst thou call it labour if thou threshed nor with thy might but at thine ease only?' So Sāri threshed with all his might and churned the water to soup and threshed the net to tow and battered the fish to slime. And Ūlto's wrath knew no bounds and he said, 'Utterly useless is the knave: whatsoever work I give him he spoils from malice: I will sell him as a bond-slave in the Great Land. There the Smith Āsemo will have him that his strength may wield the hammer.'

And Sāri wept in wrath and in bitterness of heart for his sundering from

svou silou nebo jen obyčejně?' A kormidelník řekl: „Vesluj vši silou, neboť tuto loď nemůžeš rozpúlit vedví.“

Tak Sāri, Kampův syn, zabral veškerou svou silou, až rozštěpil dřevěné vidlice vesel a rozdrtil žebroví z jalovce a osikové obití lodě, kterou rozštípal.

Když to uviděl Ūlto, řekl: „Kdepak, ty nerozumíš veslování, běž nahnat ryby do sítě. Možná se ti s tyčí povede udělat víc než jen pěna na vodě.“ Ale Sāri, když zvedal tyč k náprahu, se nahlas zeptal: „Mám do vody tlouct veškerou svou silou nebo jen lehce, obyčejnou silou?“ A rybář pravil: „Kdepak, tluč vši silou. Nazýval bys to prací, pokud bys netloukl silou, ale jen lehce?“ Tak Sāri tloukl veškerou svou silou, až stloukl vodu v polévku, síť roztloukl v koudel a ryby roztloukl v sliz. Ūltova zlost neznala mezí. Řekl: „Ten pacholek je úplný budižkničemu. Veškerou práci, kterou mu zadám, naschvál zkazí; prodám ho jako otroka do Velké Země. Tam Kovář Āsemo využije jeho sílu u kovadliny.“

A Sāri plakal zlostí a hořkostí z loučení s Wanōnou a černým psem

Wanōna and the black dog Mauri. Then his brother said, “Not for thee shall I be weeping if I hear thou has perished afar off. I will find himself a brother better than thou and more comely too to see.’ For Sāri was not fair in his face but swart and illfavoured and his stature assorted not with his breadth. And Sāri said,

Not for thee shall I go weeping
If I hear that thou hast perished:
I will make me such a brother –

with great ease: on him a head of stone and a mouth of sallow, and his eyes shall be cranberries and his hair of withered stubble: and legs of willow twigs I’ll make him and his flesh of rotten trees I’ll fashion -.and even so he will be more a brother and better than thou art.’

And his elder sister asked whether he was weeping for his folly and he said nay, for he was fain to leave her and she said that for her part she would not grieve at his sending nor even did she hear he had perished in the marshes and vanished from the people, for so she should find herself a brother and one more skilful and more fair to boot. And Sāri said, ‘Nor for you shall I go weeping if I hear that thou hast perished. I can make me such a sister out of clay and

Maurim. Pak jeho bratr řekl: „Pokud zahyneš v daleké zemi, truchlit pro tebe nebudu. Najdu sobě lepšího bratra, též příjemnějšího na pohled, než jsi ty.“ Jelikož nebyl Sāri ve tváři světlý, nýbrž snědý a nehezký a jeho výška se nehodila k jeho šíři.

Proto Sāri řekl:

Pro tebe truchlit nebudu
Když zaslechnu, žes zahynul
Vytvořím si svého bratra –

velmi lehce: na něm kamennou hlavu a ústa z jívy, jeho oči budou z brusinek a jeho vlasy ze suchého trní; a nohy mu zhotovím z vrbových větví a jeho tělo stvořím ze zetlelých stromů – a i tak mi bude více a lepším bratrem, než jsi ty.“

A jeho starší sestra se ho zeptala, zda pláče kvůli své hlouposti a on řekl, že nikoliv, neboť byl rád, že ji opouští. Ona řekla, že ona sama nebude truchlit nad jeho odchodem, ani když se dozví, že zahynul v mokřadech a zmizel, proto by měla sobě najít bratra, více zručného a navrch pohlednějšího. A Sāri odpověděl: „Ani já pro tebe nebudu truchlit, když uslyším, žes zahynula. Vytvořím sobě sestru z hlíny a rákosu s hlavou z kamene

reeds with a head of stone and eyes of
cranberries and ears of water lily and a body
of maple, and a better sister than thou art.’

Then his mother spake to him
soothingly.

Oh my sweet one O my dearest
I the fair one who has borne thee
I the golden one who nursed thee
I shall weep for thy destruction
If I hear that thou hast perished
And hast vanished from the people.
Scarce thou knowest a mother’s

feelings

Or a mother’s heart it seemeth
And if tears be still left in me
For my grieving for thy father
I shall weep for this our parting
I shall weep for thy destruction
And my tears shall fall in summer
And still hotly fall in winter
Till they melt [the] snows around

me

And the ground is bared and
thawing

And the earth again grows verdant
And my tears run through the

greenness.

O my fair one O my nursling
Kullervoinen Kullervoinen
Sārihonto son of Kampa.

a očima z brusinek a uši z leknínů a tělo z
javoru a lepší sestru, než jsi ty.“

Nato mu jeho matka pověděla
konejšivě:

Ach můj drahý, ach můj milý
Já sličná tě porodila
Já zlatá tě nakrmila
Plakat budu nad tvou smrtí
Až uslyším, že jsi skonal
A nejsi již mezi lidmi.
Málo znáš city své matky

Nebo její srdce zdá se
Pokud ještě zbydou ve mně
Slzy žalu po tvém otci
Plakat budu nad tvou ztrátou
Plakat budu nad tvou smrtí
Slzy budu ronit v létě
Stejně horké slzy v zimě
Až rozpustí sněhy kolem

Země odkrytá, tající

Půda se zelenající
Mé slzy na té zeleni.

Ach můj milý, ach mé dítě
Kullervoinen, Kullervoinen
Sārihonto, synu Kampa.

But Sāri's heart was black with bitterness and he said, 'Thou wilt weep not and if thou dost, then weep: weep till the house is Hooded, weep until the paths are swimming and the byte a marsh, for I reek not and shall be far hence.' And Sāri son of Kampa did Ūlto take abroad with him and through the land of Telea where dwelt Āsemo the smith, nor did Sāri see aught of Oanōra [Wanōna] at his parting and that hurt him: but Mauri followed him afar off and his baying in the nighttime brought some cheer to Sāri and he had still his knife Sikki.

And the smith, for he deemed Sāri a worthless knave and uncouth, gave Ūlto but two outworn kettles and five old rakes and six scythes in payment and with that Ūlto had to return content not.

And now did Sāri drink not only the bitter draught of thralldom but eat the poisoned bread of solitude and loneliness thereto: and he grew more ill favoured and crooked, broad and illknit and knotty and unrestrained and unsoftened, and fared often into the wild wastes with Mauri: and grew to know the fierce wolves and to converse even with Uru the bear: nor did such comrades improve his mind and the temper of his heart, but never did he forget in the deep of his mind his vow of long ago

Avšak Sāriho srdce bylo plné hořkosti, a proto řekl: „Ty pro mne plakat nebudeš, avšak budeš-li, tak plač. Plač, až celý dům bude zaplaven, plač, dokud cesty nebudou zatopeny a z chléva nebude mokřad, toho již nedbám, neboť už budu daleko.“ A tak vzal Ūlto s sebou na cesty Sāriho, syna Kamy, skrz země Teley, kde přebýval Kovář Āsemo. Při odjezdu již Sāri neviděl Oanōnu [Wanōnu] a to ho ranilo. Avšak Mauri ho na jeho cestě následoval, a jeho noční vytí přinášelo Sārimu radost, a také měl stále svůj nůž Sikki.

Kovář, jenž považoval Sāriho za bezcenného a neotesaného pacholka, dal Ūltovi jako platbu jen dva použité kotle, pět starých hrábí a šest kos, se kterými se Ūlto, ač nespokojen, musel vrátit domů.

Tak Sāri vypil nejen hořký pohár nevolnictví, ale též zakusil pocit samoty a opuštění. Byl tak ještě více nevlídný a nečestný, hrubý a hádavý, nespoutaný a nestálý a často se s Maurim vydával do divoké pustiny. Tam poznal nelítostné vlky a naučil se dorozumíval dokonce i s medvědem Uru. Tito společníci mu nikterak nerozveselili mysl ani nezkrtili divokost jeho srdce, on však hluboko uvnitř nikdy nezapomněl na svůj dávný slib a nenávisť k Ūltovi. Nenechal své

and wrath with Ūlto, but no tender feelings would he let his heart cherish for his folk afar save a[t] whiles for Wanōna.

Now Āsemo had to wife the daughter [of] Koi Queen of the marshlands of the north, whence he carried magic and many other dark things to Puhōsa and even to Sutsi by the broad rivers and the reed-fenced pools. She was fair but to Āsemo alone sweet. Treacherous and hard and little love did she bestow on the uncouth thrall and little did Sāri bid for her love or kindness.

Now as yet Āsemo set not his new thrall to any labour for he had men enough, and for many months did Sāri wander in wildness till at the egging of his wife the smith bade Sāri become his wife's servant and do all her bidding. And then was Koi's daughter glad for she trusted to make use of his strength to lighten her labour about the house and to tease and punish him for his slights and roughness towards her aforesaid.

But as may be expected, he proved an ill bondservant and great dislike for Sāri grew up in his [Āsemo's] wife's heart and no spite she could wreak against him did she ever forego. And it came to a day many and many a summer since Sāri was sold out of Dear Puhōsa and left the blue woods and

srdce chovat žádné láskyplné city pro svou rodinu, která zůstala v dáli, kromě těch k Wanōně.

Āsemo pojal za manželku dceru Koi, Královny severních mokřadů, odkud přinášel kouzelné a jiné temné věci do Puhōsy, a dokonce též do Sutsi, skrze široké řeky a tůně obehnané rákosem. Ona byla krásná a k Āsemovi vlídná. Jen málo, a ještě k tomu zrádné, věnovala lásky neomalenému zajatci a Sāri jen málo stál o její lásku nebo laskavost.

Dosud Āsemo nezadal svému novému služebníkovu žádnou práci, neboť měl dostatek mužů; a po mnoho měsíců se Sāri toulal v divočině a až po naléhání svojí ženy nakázal kovář Sārimu, aby se stal jejím služebníkem a dělal vše, co mu nakáže. Za to byla dcera Koi ráda, neboť věřila, že využije jeho sílu k ulehčení její vlastní práce kolem domu a že ho bude moci trápit a trestat za jeho předchozí neuctivost a hrubost k ní.

Jak se však dalo očekávat, ukázal se jako špatný služebník a v jeho [Āsemově] ženě rostla velká nenávisť k Sārimu a nenechala si ujít žádnou příležitost vylít si na něj zlost. Až nadešel den, mnoho a mnoho zim poté, co byl Sāri prodán ze ctěné Puhōsy a opustil modré

Wanōna, that seeking to rid the house of his hulking presence the wife of Āsema pondered deep and bethought her to set him as her herdsman and send him afar to tend her wide flocks in the open lands all about.

Then set she herself to baking: and in malice did she prepare the food for the neatherd to take with him. Grimly working to herself she made a loaf and a great cake. Now the cake she made of oats below with a little wheat above it, but between she inserted a mighty flint saying the while, 'Break thou the teeth of Sāri O flint: rend thou the tongue of Kampa's son that speaketh always harshness and knows of no respect to those above him. For she thought how Sāri would stuff the whole into his mouth at a bite, for greedy he was in manner of eating, not unlike the wolves his comrades.

Then she spread the cake with butter and upon the crust laid bacon and calling Sāri bid him go tend the flocks that day nor return until the evening, and the cake she gave him as his allowance, bidding him eat not until the herd was driven into the wood. Then sent she Sāri forth, saying after him:

Let him herd among the bushes

lesy a Wanōnu, kdy se Āsemova žena, která již dlouho přemýšlela, jak se zbavit jeho obtěžující přítomnosti v domě, rozhodla, že ho vyšle pryč jako pastýře opatrovat její početná stáda na planinách v okolí.

Pak se dala do pečení; a se zlým úmyslem připravila pasáčkovi jídlo na cestu. Zachmuřeně pracujíc, upekla chléb a velkou placku. Placka byla z ovsa a jen s trochou pšenice navrch, avšak doprostřed vložila velký křemen, říkajíc: „Zlámej zuby Sāriho, ó křemeni, rozedři jazyk Kampa syna, jenž vždy promlouvá nevlídně a nezná žádné úcty k jemu nadřazeným.“ Neboť si myslela, že Sāri si vecpe celou placku do pusy najednou, však byl při jídle hamižný, stejně jako jeho společníci vlci.

Poté potřela placku máslem a navrch položila slaninu. Zavolala Sāriho a nakázala mu, aby šel hlídat stáda a vracel se dříve než za svítání. Jako odměnu mu dala placku, nabádajíc ho, aby ji nejedl dříve, než bude stádo nahnané do lesů. Pak, když Sāriho vysílala na cestu, řekla mu:

Nech je pást se mezi keři

And the milch kine in the meadow:
These with wide horns to the aspens
These with curved horns to the
birches

That they thus may fatten on them
And their flesh be sweet and goodly.
Out upon the open meadows
Out among the forest borders
Wandering in the birchen woodland
And the lofty growing aspens.
Lowing now in silver copses
Roaming in the golden firwoods.

And as her great herds and her
herdsman got them afar, something belike
of foreboding seized her and she prayed to
Ilu the God of Heaven who is good and
dwells in Manatomi. And her prayer was in
the fashion of a song and very long,
whereof some was thus:

Guard my kine O gracious Ilu
From the perils in the pathway
That they come not into danger
Nor may fall on evil fortune.
If my herdsman is an ill one
Make the willow then a neatherd
Let the alder watch the cattle
And the mountain ash protect them
Let the cherry lead them homeward
In the milktime in the even.

A stračeny na pastvinách:
S rohy rovnými k osikám
Se zahnutými ke břízkám

Ať se dosyta napasou
Maso ať je dobré, chutné.
Tam na rozlehlých pastvinách
Tam mezi okraji lesů
Nech je pást v březovém háji
A u velkých vzrostlých osik.
Jen ať bučí v zlatém mlázi
Lešem jedlovým si kráčí.

A když byla její stáda i pastýř v
dáli, ucítila něco jako předtuchu a začala
se modlit k Ilovi, Bohu Nebes, který je
dobrý a přebývá v Manatomi. A její
modlitba byla dlouhá a jako píseň,
kterážto zněla takto:

Chraň můj skot, ó velký Ilu
Před nástrahami na cestě
Nechť se vyhne nebezpečí
A osudu neblahému.
Zda můj pastýř práce nedbá
Učiň z vrby lepší pomoc
Jen ať olše stráží stádo
A dým z hory ochrání jej
Nechť jej třešně vedou večer
Domů na čas k podojení.

If the willow will not herd them
Nor the mountain ash protect them
And the alder will not watch them
Nor the cherry drive them
homeward

Send thou then thy better servants,
Send the daughters of Ilwinti
To guard my kine from danger
And protect my horned cattle
For a many are thy maidens
At thy bidding in Manoine
And skilled to herd the white kine
On the blue meads of Ilwinti
Until Ukko comes to milk them
And gives drink to thirsty Kēme.
Come thou maidens great and

ancient

Mighty daughters of the Heaven
Come thou children of Malōlo
At Ilukko's mighty bidding
O [Uorlen?] most wise one
Do thou guard my flock from evil
Where the willows will not ward

them

Out across the quaking marshland
Where the surface ever shifteth
And the greedy depths are gulping.
O thou Sampia most lovely
Blow the honey-horn most gaily.
Where the alder will nor tend them
Do thou pasture all my cattle

Však když vrba nepožene
Dým z hory jej nechrání
A olše neuhlídají
Třešně nedovedou domů

Pak pošli své služebnice
Pošli dcery od Ilwinti
Nechť hlídají mé stádo
Opatrují dobytek
Neboť mnoho dívek máš ty
V područí svém v Manoine
Jež umí hnát dobytek
Na modrá luka Ilwinti
Nežli podojí se Ukko
Zažene Kēmovu žizeň
Dívky dávné tvé necht' přijdou

Silné, mocné dcery Nebes
Pojďte, potomci Malōla
Ilukkovu výzvu slyšte
Ó moudrý [Uorlene]
Ohlídej mé stádo před zlem
Kde jej vrby nechrání

Napříč mokřady zrádnými
Kde se povrch stále hýbe
A hlubiny lačně chvátí.
Ó Sampio milovaná
Nechť tvůj roh radostně pje
Tam, kde olše dbát nemohou
Ty nech napást můj dobytek

Making flowers upon the
hummocks:

With the melody of the mead-horn
Make thou fair this heathland border
And enchant the skirting forest
That my kine have food and fodder,
And have golden hay in plenty
And the heads of silver grasses.

O Palikki's little damsel
And Telenda thy companion
Where the rowan will not tend them
Dig my cattle wells all silver
Down on both sides of their pasture
With your straying feet of magic
Cause the grey springs to spout

coolly

And the Streams that flow by
swiftly

And the speedy running rivers
Twixt the shining banks of
grassland

To give drink of honey sweetness
That the herd may suck the water
And the juice may trickle richly
To their swelling teeming udders
And the milk may flow in runlets
And may foam in streams of
whiteness.

But Kaltūse thrifty mistress
And arrester of all evil,
Where the wild things will not

Na pahorkách nech rozkvést květy

Tóny rohu hojnosti svého
Pročisti kraj vřesoviště
A očaruj lesy kolem
Ať má skot krmi a píci
A dostatek slámy zlaté
A trsy trávy stříbřité
Ó služebnice Palikki
A Telenda po tvém boku
Tam, kde jeřabiny nebdí
Kopej studny pro mé stádo
Na okrajích jeho pastvy
Bludnou nohou svou kouzelnou
Nechť prameny chladné proudí

A potoky rychle tečou

A také ty hbité řeky
Mezi zářnými břehy luk

Ať je jak med sladká voda
Jež bude pít dobytek můj
Nechť ten mok bohatě prýští
V jejich vemena se dmoucí
A mléka necht' teče pramen
A necht' pění tok bělostný.

Kaltūse, spořivá paní
A lapačko všeho zlého
Když je divá zvěř nestráží

guard them

Fend the sprite of ill far from them
That no idle hands do milk them
And their milk on earth be wasted
That no drops flow down to Pūlu
And that Tanto drink not of it
But that when at Kame at milk tide
Then their milkstreams may be

swollen

And the pails be overflowing
And the good wife's heart be
gladdened.

O Terenye maid of Samyan
Little daughter of the forests
Clad in soft and beauteous garments
With thy golden hair so lovely
And thy shoon of scarlet leather,
When the cherry will not lead them
Be their neatherd and their

shepherd.

When the sun to rest has sunken
And the bird of Eve is singing
As the twilight draweth closer
Speak thou to my horned creatures
Saying come ye hoofed cattle
Come ye homeward trending

homeward.

In the house 'tis glad and pleasant
Where the floor is sweet for resting
On the waste 'tis ill to wander
Looming down the empty

Odežeň od nich zlé šotky
Ať je nepodují kdosi
A neplýtvá mlékem vzácným
Nechť ni kapku nemá Pūlu
A Tanto nevypije žádné
Však až nastane čas mléka
Pak ať teče bílým proudem

A ať džbery přetéka
Pak zaplesá srdce ženy.

Terenye, dívko lesa
Malá dcero Samyana
V měkký skvostný šat oděna
S vlasy krásně zlatavými
A střevíce z kůže rudé
Když je třešeň nepovede
Buď jim pastýřkou a veď je

Až slunce k spánku poklesne
A pták Večerní zapěje
Jak se soumrak bude blížit
Promluv pak k mé zvěři s rohy
Řekni: hybaj, dobytčata
Hybaj domů, směrem domů.

Doma, tam je dobře, blaze
Země měkká k spočinutí
Pláň je nedobrá pro toulky
Těž místa kol prázdných břehů

shorelands

Of the many lakes of Sutse.
Therefore come ye horned creature
And the women fire will kindle
In the field of honeyed grasses
On the ground o'ergrown with

berries.

[The following lines are offset to indicate a change of tone. Kirby's edition does not so distinguish them, but notes in the Argument at the head of the Runo that it contains 'the usual prayers and charms' (Kirby Vol. 2, p. 78). Magoun gives the lines the heading 'Charms for Getting Cattle Home, Lines 273-314 (Magoun, p. 232).]

Then Palikki's little damsel
And Telenda her companion
Take a whip of bitch to scourge
them

And of juniper to drive them
From the hold of Samyan's cattle
And the gloomy slopes of alder
In the milktide of the evening.

[As above, these lines are offset to indicate a shift in tone and separate them from those preceding. Kirby's Argument notes a charm for 'protection from bears in the pastures' (p. 78), while Magoun supplies the heading 'Admonitory Charms Against Bears, Lines 315-542 (p. 232).]

Některého z jezer Sutse.
Proto pojd'te, dobytčata
A žena rozdělá ohně
Tam na lánu zlaté trávy
Na zemi pokryté plody.

[Následující řádky jsou odsazené, aby byla naznačena změna intonace. Kirbyho vydání je nerozlišuje, ale v jeho verzi je pod oddělením Runo zaznamenáno, že obsahuje "obvyklé modlitby a zaříkadla" (Kirby str. 78). Magoun pojmenovává tyto řádky "Zaříkadla pro návrat dobytka domů" řádky 273-314 (Magoun str. 232).]

Pak Palikkina služebnice
I s Telendou po svém boku
Proutek z vrby jako bič měj

A pak tím z jalovce je žeň
Pryč ze Samyanova panství
A těch olší z temných strání
Za večera, v čase mléka.

[Jako v předešlém případě jsou zde řádky odsazené, aby byla naznačena změna intonace a odlišnost od předchozích předchozích. Kirbyho verze poznamenává zaříkadlo pro "ochranu pastvin před medvědy" (str. 78), zatímco Magoun poskytuje nadpis "Výstražným zaříkadlem proti medvědům" řádky 315-542 (str. 232)]

O thou Uru O my darling
My Honey paw that rules the forest
Let us call a truce together
In the fine days of the summer
In the good Creator's summer
In the days of Ilu's laughter
That thou sleepest upon the meadow
With thine ears thrust into stubble
Or conceal thee in the thickets
That thou mayst not hear cowbells
Not the talking of the herdsman.
Let the tinkling and the lowing
And the ringing in the heathland
Put no frenzy yet upon thee
Nor thy teeth be seized with
longing.

Rather wander in the marshes
And the tangle of the forest.
Let thy growl be lost in wastelands
And thy hunger wait the season
When in Samyan is the honey
All fermenting on the hillslopes
Of the golden land of Kēme
Neath the faring bees a-humming.
Let us make this league eternal
And an endless peace between us
That we live in peace in summer,
In the good Creator's summer.

[As with the other separations, this indentation is offset to indicate change in tone, in this case the conclusion or peroration of the lady's prayers.]

Ach Uru, ach můj nejdražší
Můj Medvěde, jež vládneš lesu
Uzavřeme společný smír
Na tyto klidné dny letní
V toto léto Stvořitele
Ve dnech Ilova veselí
Že budeš na lukách dřímat
Uši schované v kožichu
Či se skryješ do houštiny
Ať neuslyšíš zvonce mých krav
Nebo řeči od pasáčka.
Necht' ten cinkot či bučení
A zvony na vřesovištích
Neprobudí v tobě prudkost
nebo v tlamě tvou touhu.

Raděj toulej se mokřinou
Nebo třeba ztrat' se v lese.
Svůj řev zanech na planinách
A s hladem svým vyčkej času
Až v Samyanu budeš mít med
Vše dozraje na úbočích
Té zlaté Kēmovy Země
Pod včelami letícími.
Necht' je tento svazek věčný
Bezmezný mír mezi námi
Ať žijeme v míru v létě
V toto léto Stvořitele.

[Jako u předešlých odsazení, je toto použito k naznačení změny v intonaci, v tomto případě [...]]

Neither Kirby nor Magoun so distinguishes these lines.]

All this prayer and all this chanting
O then Ukko silver monarch
Hearken to my sweet entreaty.
Bind in leash the dogs of Kūru
And enchain the forest wild things
And in Ilwe set the Sun-star
And let all the days be golden.

Now Āsemo's wife was a great chanter of prayers - and also a most grasping woman and over heedful of her goods: and that is to be understood [by] the length of her prayer to Ilukko and his maidens for her kine which were very fair and sleek.

But now Sāri had gone some way, and set his food into his wallet as he drove the kine over the water meadows and swamps and out across the heathland to the rich edge of the woodland, and ever as he went he was grieving and murmuring to himself and saying 'Woe to me wretched youth, ill and hard going black fortune: wheresoever I turn my path nothing awaits me but idleness and endless gazing at the tails of oxen ever tramping through the marshes and the dreary level country.' Then coming to a slope in the sun he sat him there and rested and took out his lunch and

ukončení nebo závěr ženiných modliteb. Kirby ani Magoun tyto řádky nerozlišují.]

Tuto prosbu, tuto chválu
Ó Ukko, stříbrný vládce
Vyslyš moji vlídnou prosbu.
Spoutej všechna psiska z Kūru
A též divé lesní stvůry
A na Ilwe usad' Slunce
Ať jsou všechny dny jen zlaté.

Āsemova žena byla častou pěvkyní modliteb; a také byla velmi lakotná a dbalá svého majetku, což je také důvod té dlouhé modlitby, neboť její skot byl velmi dobře stavěný a živěný.

To už ale Sāri ušel kus cesty a uložil si své jídlo do rance, když hnal dobytek skrz slatiny a močály a přes vřesoviště až na úrodný okraj lesů; a při cestě si zasmušile pro sebe povídal: „Běda mi, nešťastníkoví, těžce zkoušenému nešťastným osudem. Kudykoliv se vydám, nečeká mě nic než zahálka a nekonečné zírání na oháňky dobytčat, nekonečně putujících skrz mokřady a bezútěšnou krajinu.“ Pak došel na slunný svah, posadil se, aby si odpočinul, vytáhl oběd a podívil se nad jeho tíhou. Řekl: „Āsemova ženo, tak

marvelled at its weight and said, 'Wife of Āsemo thou art not wont to dole me out such a weight of food.'

Then he fell athinking of his life and the luxury of this spiteful mistress, and to long for wheaten bread in slices thick with butter and cakes of finest bakery and for a draught other than water for the quenching of his thirst. Dry crusts, thought he, only does she give me for my chewing and oaten cake at best and with this chaff and straw or the bark of fir not seldom mingled: and cabbage whence her cur has eaten all the fat, and then he bethought him of his wild free early days and of Wanone [sic] and his folk, and so slept till a bird prating of evening awoke him and [he] drove the cattle to rest and sat him on a hillock and took from his back his wallet.

And he opened it and turned it about, saying 'many a cake without is handsome but within is ill favoured: and is as this: wheat above and oaten behind', and being in heavy mood and nor over eager for his food he took his great knife wherewith to cut the cake and it strove through the scanty crust and ground with such force on the flint that its edge was turned and its point snapped: and to this end came Sikki the heirloom of Kampa. And Sāri fell first

velký přiděl jídla jest velmi neobvyklý.“

Pak přemítal o svém životě a přepychu, ve kterém žije jeho zlá paní a toužil po pšeničném chlebu, silně namazaným máslem, a koláčích z nejlepší pekárny a o zahánění žízně něčím jiným než vodou. Jen pouhé suché kůrky, pomyslel si, mi dává k jídlu a v lepším případě placku z ovsa, která je nezřídka plná plev a slámy nebo jedlové kůry. A dušeninu dostávám, až když její pes vyžere všechn špek. Pak přemítal o svých dávných divokých a svobodných dnech a o Wanone [sic] a jeho rodině, a tak usnul až ho probudilo večerní štěbetání ptáků, pak zahnal dobytek k odpočinku na pahorek, kde si ze zad sundal ranec.

Ten otevřel a vyprázdnil, říkáje: „Ta placka je hezká zvenku, ale vevnitř je zkažená, a navíc pšenice jen na povrchu a vespod oves.“ Tím rozmrzelý a bez chutě na jídlo, uchopil svůj velký nůž, aby jím placku rozkrájel, zakrojil do skrovné kůrky a pod ní tak silně narazil na křemen, až se ostří nože ohnulo a špička se zlomila. Takového konce došel Sikki, dědictví Kamy. Sāri se nejprve rozzuřil a poté rozplakal, neboť to dědictví cenil

into white wrath and then into tears for be treasured that heirloom before silver or gold, and said:

O my Sikki O my comrade
O thou iron of Kalervo
Which that hero wore and wielded
Nought I had to love in sorrow
But my knife the picture graver.
And against a stone 'tis broken
By the spite of that ill woman.
O my Sikki O my Sikki
O thou iron of Kalervo.

And evil thoughts whispered to him and the fierceness of the wild came into his heart and with his fingers he wove a design of wrath and vengeance against the fair wife of Āsemo: and taking a switch of birch and of juniper from a thicket he drove all the kine and cattle into the water marshes and trackless morasses. And he called on the wolves and bears each to take a half as their prey and to save him only a bone from the leg of Urula the most aged cow of the herd. And from this he made a great pipe and blew shrilly and strangely upon it: and this was magic of Sāri's own nor do men say whence he learnt: and he sang thus the wolves to cattle and the bears to oxen, and as the sun was westering redly and bending

nad zlato i stříbro; a řekl:

Ach, můj Sikki, společníku
Ach, železo Kalervovo
Jež hrdina měl a třímal
V žalu bez lásky jsem zbyl sám
Až na nůž, řezbáře vzorů.
A ten o kámen jest zlomen
Kvůli zášti té zlé ženy.
Ach, můj Sikki, ach, můj Sikki
Ach, železo Kalervovo.

Zlé myšlenky k němu promlouvaly, do srdce mu vstoupila zuřivá divokost, a on rukama spletl znamení zloby a odplaty vůči Āsemově ženě, a držíc proutek z břízy a jalovcového mláží, hnal všechny skoty a dobytčata do bažin a neprostupných močálů. A povolal vlky a medvědy, necht' si každý vezme polovinu kořisti a uchovají mu jen kost z nohy Uruly, nejstarší stračeny ze stáda. Z té kosti vyřezal velkou píšťalu, na kterou zapískal, pronikavě a zvláště; a to byla Sāriho vlastní kouzla, která se kdovíjak naučil; a tak naháněl vlky namísto krav a medvědy místo volů. Slunce rudě zapadalo a pomalu mizelo za borovicemi

toward the pine-trees nigh the time of milking, he drove the bears and wolves homeward before him, weary and dusty with his weeping on the ground and enchanting of the wild things.

Now when he drew nigh the farmyard he laid his commands upon the beasts that when the smith's wife came to look about her and stooped down to milk them, they should seize her and crunch her in their teeth.

And so he went along the pathway piping broken and strange music from the cow-bone pipe: thrice he blew on the hill slope and six times at the garden wall. And Āsemo's wife marvelled whence the neatherd had gotten his cow bone for his pipe but heeded not overmuch the matter, for long had she awaited the cows for milking. And she gave thanks to Ilu for the return of her herd: and went out and bade Sāri stay his earsplitting din and then said she to Āsemo's mother,

Mother 'tis the kine need milking.
Do thou go and tend the cattle
For meseems I cannot finish
Kneading dough as I would have it.

But Sāri mocked her saying that no thrifty housewife would send another and

a jak se blížil čas dojení, hnál před sebou Sāri medvědy a vlky, zaprášený a unavený z pláče a z očarování divokých zvířat.

Teď, když došel blízko farmy, nakázal zvířatům, aby až vyjde kovářova žena ven a půjde podojit dobytek, se jí chopili a rozdrtili svými zuby.

A tak šel podél cesty, hrajíc tesknou a zvláštní melodii na píšťalu z kravské kosti – potřikrát zapískal na horském svahu a šestkrát u zahradní zídky. A Āsemova žena se podivila, odkud vzal pasáček kravskou kost pro svou píšťalu, ale nezaobírala se tím, neboť již dlouho očekávala svůj dobytek. Vzdale díky Ilovi za návrat jejího stáda, vyšla ven a nakázala Sārimu, aby zanechal toho uši rvoucího hluku a řekla Āsemově matce:

Matko, to jest náš dobytek
Běž a obstarej dojení
Já teď sama nemohu jít
Neboť těsto na chléb míchám

Ale Sāri se jí vysmál, že žádná poctivá žena nepošle za sebe starou ženu,

[an] old woman to milk the kine. So Āsemo's wife went swiftly to the sheds and set herself to milk her kine, and gazed upon the herd saying, 'Beauteous is the herd to look on and sleek the horned oxen and well filled are the udders of the kine.'

Then she stooped to the milking and lo a wolf sprang at her and a bear seized her in his grim embrace and they tore her fiercely and crunched her bones, and thus was her jesting and mockery and spite repaid, and the cruel wife brought herself to weeping: and Sāri stood by neither exulting nor relenting and she cried to him, 'Ill dost thou most wicked of neatherds to drive bears and mighty wolves to these peaceful yards.' Then Siri chid her for her ill and spite toward himself and for the breaking of his cherished heirloom.

Then Āsemo's wife wheedling said, 'Come, thou herdboy, dearest herdboy, come thou apple of this homestead, alter thou thy grim resolve and I beg thee lift this magic from me and release the wolf's jaws and the bear's limbs from me. Better raiment will I give you then an you do so, and handsome ornaments, and wheaten bread and butter and the sweetest draughts of milk for your draining: nor shalt thou labour aught for a year and but lightly in the second.'

aby podojila dobytek. Tak šla Āsemova žena spěšně do chléva, aby sama stračeny podojila, pohlédla na své stádo a pravila: „Pěkné je stádo na pohled, dobře krmení jsou voli a plná vemena krav.“

Pak se sehnula k podojení a hle, vlk k ní přiskočil a medvěd ji uchopil do pevného sevření, a zuřivě ji trhali a drtili její kosti. Tak byl oplacen její výsměch a pohrdání a zášť, a ta krutá žena naříkala. Sāriho to však nepotěšilo, ale ani neobměkčilo a ona vykřikla: „Tys tím nejhanebnějším z pastevců, žes nahnal medvědy a silné vlky na tyto poklidné pozemky.“ Pak ji Sāri plísnil za její nedobrotu a nenávisť vůči němu a za zničení jeho milovaného dědictví.

Na to řekla Āsemova žena lichotivě: „Ó, pasáčku, nejdražší pasáčku, ty soli této země, změň své chmurné rozhodnutí, já tě prosím – sejmi ze mě svá kouzla a zprosti mě vlčích čelistí a medvědích tlap. Lepší roucho tobě dám, až mě osvobodíš, s krásnými vzory; a pšeničný chléb s máslem a ty nejsladší doušky mléka na tvou žízeň. Pracovat nebudeš po celý rok a jen lehce ten další.“

Then said Sāri, 'If thou diest so
mayest thou perish; there is room enough in
Amuntu for thee.'

Then Āsemo's wife in death cursed
him using his name and [very?] father's and
cried on Ukko the highest of Gods to hear
her words.

Woe thou Sāri Kampa's offspring
Woe thou crooked fated child
Nyelid

Ill thy fortune dark thy faring
On the roadway of thy lifetime.
Thou has trod the ways of thralldom
And the trackless waste of exile
But thy end shall be more awful
And a tale to men forever
Of a fate of woe [and] horror
Worse than anguish in Amuntu
Men shall hither come from Loke
In the mirklands far to northward
And shall hither come from Same
In the southways of the summer
And shall fare to us from Kēme
And from the Ocean bath to
Westward

But shall shudder when they hear
them

Thy fate and end of terror.
To woe thou who as [illegible]

A Sāri řekl: „Máš-li zahynouti,
zhyň, však je pro tebe v Amuntu dostatek
místa.“

Āseмова žena ho ve smrti
proklela, jeho i jméno jeho [vlastního]
otce a volala na Ukka, nejvyššího z bohů,
aby slyšel tato slova:

Běda tobě, Kampův synu
Běda ti bídné dítě rodu

Zlý máš osud, temnou cestu
Kterou kráčíš svým životem.
Šel jsi cestou nevolnictví
A ztracen byls ve vyhnanství
Konec tvůj však bude horší
A vyprávěn bude navždy
Zar, osud a také hrůza
Horší nežli bič v Amuntu.
Lidé přicházejíc z Loke
Z husté mlhy ze severu
Lidé přijdou i ze Same
Z jižních zemí plných léta
A za námi přijdou z Kēme
Od Oceánu na Západ

A zděsí se, až uslyší

Tvůj osud a konec hrůz.
Však běda tomu [nečitelné]

[The verse breaks off here without closing punctuation or any indication that more is intended.]

But Sāri went away and there she died the daughter of Koi even the fair one whom Āsemo the smith primeval wooed in far Lohiu for seven years. And her cries reached her husband at his forge and he turned from the smithy and went to listen in the lane and then with fear at his heart hastened and looked about the yard and the distant sound of piping shrill and strange faring away out over the marshland under the stars came to his ears and nought else, but to his eyes came soon that evil sight upon the ground and his soul was darkened deeper than the night and starless. But Sāri was far abroad in the wild with pipe of bone and no man might follow for Mauri's magic was about him. And his own magic ever waxing went with him too.

And he wandered onwards aimlessly forward for that night and a day through thickest woodland till the next night he found himself in the densest timber grounds of Pūhu and it grew stifling dark and he flung himself on the ground and reflected bitterly.

Wherefore have I been created?

Who has made me and has doomed
me

[Zde verš končí, bez závěrečného interpunkčního znaménka či náznaku pokračování.]

Avšak Sāri odešel, a tak zemřela krásná dcera Koi, o niž se kovář Āsemo velmi dávno po sedm let ucházel v daleké Lohie. A její výkřiky zastihly jejího muže u jeho kovárny, kde se odvrátil od výhně a šel poslouchat do zahrady; a pak s hrůzou v srdci pospíchal a prohledával dvůr. K jeho uším doléhal pouze vzdálený zvuk pronikavého pískotu nesoucí se přes mokřady pod hvězdami, nic víc, ale brzy se mu naskytl hrůzný pohled na úkaz na zemi a v jeho duši bylo temněji než za bezhvězdne noci. Ale to už byl Sāri i s kostěnou píšťalou daleko v pustině, a nikdo ho nemohl následovat, neboť s ním byla Mauriho kouzla. A jeho vlastní, stále rostoucí kouzla s ním byla také.

A tak bezcílně bloudil stále vpřed, dnem i nocí skrze nejhustější lesy, a další noci se ocitl v nejhlubší části lesa Pūhu, kde se tísnivě setmělo, proto se vrhl na zem a hořce přemýšlal.

K čemupak jsem já byl stvořen?

Kdo mě stvořil a odsoudil

Thus 'neath sun and moon to wander
'Neath the open sky forever?
Others to their homes may journey
That stand twinkling in the even
But my home is in the forest.
In the wind halls must I slumber
And in bitter rain must bathe me
And my hearth is midst the heather
In the wide halls of the wind blast
In the rain and in the weather.
Never Jumala most holy
In these ages of the ages
Form a child thus crooked fated
With a friendless doom forever
To go fatherless 'neath heaven
And uncared by any mother
As thou, Jumala, hast made me
Like a wailing wandering seagull,
Like a seamew in the weather
Haunting misty rocks and shoreland
While the sun shines on the swallow
And the sparrow has its brightness
And the birds of air are joyous
But that is never never happy.
I Sāri am not happy.
O Ilu, life is joyless.
{I was small and lost my mother

father

I was young (weak) and lost my
mother.

All my mighty race has perished

K chůzi pod sluncem a lunou
Navždy jít pod širým nebem?
Všichni do svých domů míří
Jež blikají do tmy noční
Avšak můj domov je v lese.
Musím spát v domě větrném
A mýti se v dešti krutém
A můj krb je mezi vřesem.
V širých síních během sloty
Za deště i nepokoje.
Nikdy Jumala přesvatá
V tomto věku těchto věků
Nestvořila bídné dítě
Odsouzené, bez přátelství
Bez otce být na tom světě
Nebýt chtěno žádnou matkou
Jak mě, Jumalo, stvořila jsi
Jako racka ztraceného
Jako výkřik vprostřed bouře
Děsíc kamenné pobřeží
Když slunce vlaštovku hřeje
A vrabec má též svou záři
Ptáci letící jsou radostní
To není nikdy, nikdy štěstí
Já Sāri nejsem šťastný
Ach, Ilu, žít je chmurné
{Jako malý ztratil ~~matku~~ otce,

Jako mladý (slabý) ztratil matku.

Celý můj mocný rod zhynul

All my mighty race }

Then into his heart Ilu sent a thought: and he lifted his head and said 'I will slay Ūlto.' And the thought of his father's wrong and his oath and the tears of his whole lifetime came to him and he said 'Gladly will I slay Ūlto.' And as yet was his heart bitter against his own folk too, save Oanōra only, and he thought him fiercely of the red light leaping from Untamo's dwellings and Untamo lying dead on the stained floor of his own grim halls: but Kullervo knew not his way thence for on every side the forest encompassed him; still he fared onward saying 'Wait thou, wait thou Untamoinen destroyer of my race; if I find thee then quickly will thy dwelling leap up in flames and the farmlands lie empty and withered.'

As he fared musing an old dame, even the Blue-robed Lady of the Forest met him asking him 'Whither O Kullervo son of Kalervo goest thou so hastily?'

Then Kullervo told her of his desire to quit the forest and wander to the homeland of Untamo and with fire avenge his father's death and his mother's tears.

Then said she, 'Easy it is for thee to journey though the track be not known to

Celý mocný rod }

Do jeho srdce pak seslal Ilu myšlenku; zvedl svou hlavu a řekl: „Zabiju Ūlta.“ Slzy strádané celý jeho život ho přemohly při myšlence na křivdu vůči jeho otci a na jeho přísahu a řekl: „Moc rád ho zabiju.“ A to již měl hořkost v srdci také vůči své vlastní rodině, kromě Oanōry. Usilovně přemýšlel o rudé záři vyzařující z Untamova obydlí a o Untamovi, ležícím mrtvém na potřísněné zemi jeho vlastních temných síní. Ale Kullervo neznal směr cesty a ze všech stran ho obklopovaly lesy, proto pokračoval, stále říkajíc: „Čekej, jen čekej, Untamoinene, zhoubo mého rodu, až tě naleznu, pak se rychle ocitne tvé obydlí v plamenech, a tvá pole budou prázdná a chřadnoucí.“

Jak putoval zadumaný po lese, narazil na starou dámu; to potkal samotnou Modrou Paní Lesa, která se ho otázala: „Ó, Kullervo, synu Kampův, kam tak chvatně míříš?“

Nato se jí Kullervo svěřil se svou touhou nechat za sebou les, cestovat do Untamovy domoviny, a ohněm pomstít otcovu smrt a matčiny slzy.

Na to ona odpověděla: „Snadno se ti putuje, ale cesta skrz les ti není známa.

thee through the forest. Thou must follow the river's path and march for two days and a third day when turning to the Northwest thou wilt find a wooded mountain. Fare not towards it lest ill find thee. March on under the shadow often bending to the left when thou comest to another river and when thou hast followed its banks soon thou wilt strike a fair spot and a great glade and over a great leap a triple waterfall foaming. Then you will know thou art halfway. Even so thou must continue pushing up the river toward its source: and the ground will slope against thee and the wood darken and lie in again till for a day you stumble across bleak waste and then soon wilt thou see the blue of woods of Untamo rising afar off: and mayhap these thou hast not yet quite forgotten.'

Then slipped the Woman of the Forest away among the tree holes and Kullervo following the river - for one not very great was nigh - marched for two days and a third day, then turned to Northwest and espied the wooded mountain. And the sun shone upon it and the trees bloomed and the bees seemed a-humming there and the birds singing, and Kullervo tired of the blue shadows of the wood and thought - my quest will wait, for never can Untamo in the end escape me: I will go drink the sunlight

Musíš následovat koryto řeky a po dva dny jít a třetího dne, poté, co zamíříš severozápadním směrem, nalezeš zalesněnou horu. Od té se drž dál, neboť tam nalezeš jen zhoubu. Pochoduj dále ve stínu vrhaném nalevo, až dojdeš k další řece, jejíž břeh když budeš následovat, brzy narazíš na rovinu s velkou mýtinou, a na jejím okraji bublající trojitý vodopád. Tehdy budeš v polovině cesty. I poté musíš pokračovat v cestě k pramenu řeky, až se proti tobě bude zvedat zem a dřevo stromů bude tmavnout. Pak se bude země opět svažovat, den budeš klopytat holou pustinou, až v dáli zahlédneš modř Untamových lesů, které jsi snad ještě zcela nezapomněl.“

Pak Paní Lesa zmizela mezi stromy a Kullervo následoval koryto řeky – neboť jedna nevelká byla nedaleko – po dva dny šel a třetí den zamířil na severovýchod a našel zalesněnou horu. Svítlo na ni slunce a stromy kvetly, včely bzučely a ptáci zpívali a Kullervo, unavený ze stínů lesa, si pomyslel – můj úkol počká, koneckonců Untamo mi neunikne – půjdu se napojit slunečním svitem. Sešel z lesní cesty do slunce a šel po úbočí, až došel k veliké mýtině, kde na

and he turned from the forest path into the sun; and was going up the slopes till he came to a wide clearing and on a fallen log in a patch of light amidst the brambles he saw a maiden with her yellow hair all flowing. And the curse of Louhi's daughter was on him and his eyes saw and saw not: and he forgot the slaying of Untamo and strode to the maiden who heeded him not. A garland of flowers was she plaiting and was singing yet wearily and half-sorrowfully to herself.

'O fair one, pride of Earth,' said Kullervo, 'come with me; wander in the forest with me unless indeed thou be a daughter of Tapio and no human maiden: but even so do I desire thee to be my comrade.'

And the maid was affright and shrank from him. 'Death walketh with thee, wanderer, and woe is at thy side.'

And Kullervo was wroth; but very fair was the maiden and he said "Tis not good for thee to be alone in the forest; nor does it please me; food will I bring thee and fare abroad to lay and lie in wait for thee, and gold and raiment and many things of cost will give thee.'

'Though I be lost in the evil woods, and Tapio has me fast in his hold,' said she, 'yet would I never wish to roam with such

spadlém kmeni mezi ostružinami uviděl v paprscích slunce dívku s rozpuštěnými plavými vlasy. Tehdy na něm utkvěla kletba Louhiny dcery, a jeho oči viděly a zároveň neviděly, zapomněl na zabíjení Untama a kráčel k dívce, která si jej zatím nevšimla. Pletla věnec z květin a zpívala si, leč utrápeně a zarmouceně.

„Ó, krásko, pýcho Země.“ řekl Kullervo, „Pojď se mnou, toulej se se mnou lesem, leda že bys byla dcerou Tapiovou, a ne lidskou dívkou, ale i tehdy bych byl rád tvým společníkem.“

Dívka se polekala a ucouvla. „Smrt s tebou kráčí a žal máš po mém boku.“

A Kullervo byl rozlícen, ale dívka byla velmi krásná, a proto řekl: „To jest nesprávné, žes v lese sama, to mne netěší. Budu tobě nosit pokrmy a pět chvály na cestách, při čekání na tebe, a zlato a roucha a mnohé vzácnosti daruji ti.“

„Přesto budu ztracena v temných lesích, neboť Tapio mne pevně drží ve své moci.“ řekla, „Leč s takovým jako jsi ty

as thee, villain. Little does thy look consort with maidens. But thou wouldst, an thou were honest aid me to find the homeward road to my folk which Tapio hides from me.'

But Kullervo was wroth in that she had reviled his ungainliness, and put kind thought from him and cried: 'Lempo seize thy folk and swift would I put them to the sword didst I come upon them, but thou I wilt have, nor shalt thou dwell in thy father's house again.'

Whereat she was adread and sped like a wild thing of the woods through the tangle from him and he angry after her: till he laid hands upon her and bore her in his arms away in the depths of the woods.

Yet was she fair and he loving with her, and the curse of the wife of Ilmarinen [sic] upon them both, so that not long did she resist him and they abode together in the wild till on a day even as Jumala brought the morning, the damsel resting in his arms spake unto him questioning him and said,

Tell me now of all thy kinfolk

Of the brave race that thou springst
from: -

Yea, a mighty race it seems me

Thine is, and a mighty father.

bych nešla na toulky, zlosynu. Vždyť ani nevíš, jak s dívkami promlouvat. Ale pokud říkáš pravdu a chceš mi býti nápomocen, pomoz mi najít cestu domů k rodině, kterou přede mnou Tapio skrývá.“

To však Kullerva rozlítlo, že využila jeho neobratnosti a žádala od něj dobrý skutek a vykřikl: „Lempo vem tvůj rod, dojdou rychlého konce mým mečem, potkám-li je. Však ty budeš má a nikdy již nevkročíš do svého rodného domu.“

To ji vyděsilo a utekla skrz houští jako divoké lesní zvíře a on zlostně za ní, až ji dostihl a ve svém náručí nesl do hlubin lesa.

A jelikož byla krásná a on ji miloval a nad oběma visela kletba ženy Ilmarinevovy [sic], dlouho mu nevzdorovala a ulehli spolu na holou zem. Když Jumala přinesla ráno, začala se dívka ležící v jeho rukou vypsávat:

Pověz i teď o svém rodu

Mocném rodu, odkud vzešels -

Zajisté je mocný tvůj rod

A tvůj otec jistě taktěž.

And Kullervo's answer was thus:

[These lines are offset apparently to indicate a change in speaker.]

Nay my race is not a great one
Not a great one nor a small one:
I am just of middle station;
Kalervo's unhappy offspring
Uncouth boy ever foolish
Worthless child and good for
nothing.

Nay but tell me of thy people
Of the brave race whence thou
comest.

Maybe a mighty race has born thee
Fairest child of mighty father.

And the girl answered quickly (nor
let Kullervo see her face),

Nay my race is not a great one
Not a great one nor a small one
I am just of middle station
Wandering maiden ever foolish
Worthless child and good for
nothing.

Then stood she up and gazing in
woe at Kullervo with outstretched hand and
her hair falling about her cried,

A Kullervova odpověď byla tato:

[Tyto řádky jsou odsazené, patrně aby se vyjádřila změna mluvčího.]

Ne, můj rod není z těch mocných
Ani velký, ani malý:
Jsem běžného postavení;
Jen Kalervův nešťastný syn
Hrubý chlapec, pošetilý
Bezvýznamný, nepotřebný.

Ale pověz o svém lidu
Mocném rodu, odkud vzešlas.

Možná, že mocný rod tě zrodil
Nejhezčí z otcových dětí.

Nato dívka chvatně odpověděla
(ani nenechala Kullerva pohlédnout na
její tvář):

Ne, můj rod není z těch mocných
Ani velký, ani malý
Jsem běžného postavení
Bloudící dívka, pošetilí
Bezvýznamná, nepotřebná.

Pak vstala a hleděla v hrůze na
Kallerva, s rukou nataženou a vlasy
vlajícími kolem ní, vykřikla:

To the wood I went for berries
And forsook my tender mother.
Over plains and heath to mountains
Wandered two days and a third one
Till the pathway home I found not.
For the paths led ever deeper
Deeper deeper into darkness
Deeper deeper into sorrow
Into woe and into horror.
O thou sunlight O thou moonbeam
O thou dear unfettered breezes
Never never will I see thee
Never feel thee on my forehead.
For I go in dark and terror
Down to Tuoni to the River.

And before he could leap up and grasp her she sped across the glade (for they abode in a wild dwelling nigh to the glade spoken to him by the Blue Forest Woman) like a shivering ray of light in the dawn light scarce seeming to touch the green dewy grass till she came to the triple fall and cast her over it down its silver column to the ugly depths even as Kullervo came up with her and her last wail he heard and stood heavy bent on the brink as a lump of rock till the sun rose and thereat the grass grew green, birds sang and the flowers opened and midday passed and all things seemed

Do lesa jsem šla na plody
Matku svou jsem opustila.
Přes pláně a vřes až do hor
Bloudila jsem dva dny, třetí
Až cestu zpět jsem ztratila.
Neb cesty vedly stále dál
Dále dále do temnoty
Dále dále do trápení
Do žalu a do zděšení.
Svitu slunce, záře luny
A ty větre nespoutaný
Nikdy vás již neuvidím
Neucítím na své tváři.
Neboť jdu do tmy a hrůzy
Na dno Řeky, do Tuoni.

Než stačil přiskočit a zachytit ji, utekla přes mýtinu (neboť pobývali v lesním příbytku nedaleko mýtiny, o které mu pověděla Modrá Paní Lesa) jako mihotavý paprsek světla za svítání, sotva se dotýkajíc zelené orosené trávy, až k trojitému vodopádu, jehož stříbrným závojem se vrhla dolů, do jeho ohavných hlubin. Kullervo ji téměř dohonil a slyšel její poslední nářek; stál vykloněný na okraji, jako hromada kamení, než vysvitlo slunce a tráva se zelenala, ptáci zpívali a květiny rozkvetly. Tak pominulo poledne a vše vypadalo blaze; a Kullervo vše

happy: and Kullervo cursed them, for he loved her.

And the light waned and foreboding gnawed at his heart for something in the maiden's last speech and murmur and her bitter ending wakened old knowledge in his heart spell-blind and he felt he would burst for grief and sorrow and heavy fear. Then red anger came to him and he cursed and seized his sword and [went] blindly in the dark heeding neither falls nor bruises up the river as the Dame had directed, panting as the slopes leant against him till at dawn so terrible his haste

[The narrative breaks off at this point, and what follows on the rest of the page is a note-outline of the end of the story, written rapidly and with aberrations in syntax attributable to haste. It is here given in full]

He goes to Untola and blindly lays waste to everything, gathering an army of bears and wolves together who vanish in the evening and slay the following Musti outside his vill[age]. When everything is destroyed, he flings himself drenched in blood on the bed of Untamo, his self the only house not burnt.

His mother's ghost appears to him and tells him his own brother and sister are

proklínal, neboť ji miloval.

Světlo sláblo a v jeho srdci hlodalo zlé tušení, neboť něco v dívčině poslední promluvě a mumlání a její hořký konec probudily v jeho kouzlem zaslepeném srdci dávné vědění, a on cítil, že propukne v zármutek a žal a velký strach. Pak se v něm rozhořel čirý hněv a on klel a uchopil svůj meč a slepě zamířil do temnoty, nehledě na pády a zhmoždění, celý zadýchaný z toho, jak se stráně svažovaly proti němu, došel až k řece, kam ho směřovala Dáma. Za úsvitu se hnal překotnou rychlostí

[Zde je dějová linka přerušena a to, co následuje na zbytku stráky, je osnova konce příběhu, psaná rychle a zkratkami v syntaxi, což lze přisoudit spěchu. Zde je úplná osnova.]

Jde do Untoly a slepě ničí vše okolo sebe, následován armádou medvědů a vlků, kteří se večer rozprchnou a před vesnicí zabijí Mustiho. Když je vše zničeno, promočený krví se vrhne na Untamovu postel, jehož dům byl jediný nespálen.

Zjeví se mu duch jeho matky, která mu řekne, že jeho vlastní bratr a

amongst those he has slain.

He [is] horror struck but not grieved.

She then tells him that she was [killed] too and he starts up in a sweat and horror believing he is dreaming and is prostrated when he finds it is not so.

Then she goes on.

(I had a daughter fairest maiden who wandered to look for berries)

Telling how she met a fair distraught maiden wandering with downcast eyes by the bank of Tuoni's river and describes their meeting ending by revealing that it is she who slew herself.

K[ullervo] bites sword hilt in anguish and starts up wildly as his mother vanishes. Then he laments her and goes out setting fire to the hall, passing through the village full of slain into the woods [in the margin is the note: 'falls over body of dead Musti'] wailing 'Kivutar' for he has never seen her (as his sister) since he was sold to Ilmarinen. He finds the glade now bleak and desolate and is about to throw himself over some falls when he decides he is not fit to drown in same pools as Kivutar and takes out his sword asking it whether it will slay him.

The sword says if it had joy in the death of Untamo how much in death of

sestra jsou mezi těmi, které zabil.

Je zděšen, ale netruchlí.

Pak mu řekně, že I ona byla [zabita] a on začne vyvádět, v potu a hrůze věří, že jen sní, a je zdrcen, když zjistí, že tomu tak není.

Ona pak pokračuje.

(měla jsem dceru, nejsličnější dívku, která odešla hledat lesní plody)

Vypráví, jak potkala sličnou rozrušenou dívku, se zarmoucenýma očima bloudící lesem u břehu řeky Tuoni, a popisuje jejich setkání, které končí odhalením, že to je ona, která se zabila.

V mučivé trýzni se K[ullervo] zakousne do jílce svého meče a začne bédovat, když jeho matka zmizí. Poté nařiká a jde zapálit síň, po cestě do lesa prochází vesnicí plné mrtvých (na okraji stránky je poznámka: „upadne přes tělo mrtvého Mustiho“), nařiká „Kivutar“, neboť ji už neviděl (jako svou sestru) od doby, kdy byl prodán Ilmarineneovi. Mýtinu nachází pustou a zničenou a chystá se vrhnout do stejného vodopádu, ale rozhodne se, že není hoden utonutí ve stejné tůni jako Kivutar, a tak vytasí svůj meč a ptá se ho, zda zabije.

Meč odpoví, že bylo-li mu potěšením zabít Untama, kolik potěšení

even wickeder Kullervo. And it had slaid
[sic] many an innocent person, even his
mother, so it would not boggle over K.

He kills himself and finds the death
he sought for.

nalezne ve smrti ještě hanebnějšího
Kullerva. A že již zabil mnoho nevinných
lidí, včetně jeho matky, tudíž u K nebude
váhat.

Zabije se, a tak najde smrt, o
kterou usiloval.

2.1 Notes

- [*sic*] This Latin adverb used in brackets indicates that the preceding word is used or spelled exactly as in the original text. In this text it usually suggests that the name Tolkien used was changed later and in this particular case was not corrected yet left unedited by Verlyn Flieger.
- [*word*] A word in the original text was illegible and the note in brackets is the assumed word added by Verlyn Flieger.
- ~~word~~ A word crossed out by Tolkien in the manuscript, but retained here for clarification and better understanding of the gradual changes in the story.
- Poetry Verlyn Flieger uses double typographic emphasis for all poetry featuring in the book, by (1) italicizing it and (2) putting it in a smaller font. These typographic idiosyncrasies have not been retained by the thesis.

3 STYLISTIC ANALYSIS

The translation proces starts only after the translator has thoroughly understood the intended meaning of the original text. After this part the translator's aim is to transfer the original work into a different language. Hrdlička comments on the translation principles and suggests three types – literal, free and adequate. “The aim of the literal (true) translation [...] is a mechanical reproduction of the original text. The translator's work lacks sufficient creativity and sometimes the creativity is almost absent. [...] On the other hand, the free translation aims for often excessively creative adaptation of the original. [...] The adequate translation retains the objective qualities and dominating factors of the work, respects its identity [...] the reproductive and creative elements should be in a proportion which assures unbiased transfer of the original qualities to the new communication context.” (Hrdlička 2014, 18-19)

Therefore, neither mechanical word-for-word translation nor very loose and periphrastic one is desirable and as the languages' morphological, lexical and syntactic aspects are dissimilar, some features need to be adjusted by the translator to maintain the original meaning and style and perform an adequate translation.

“How creative can the translator be with his interpretation of the original? [...] When the translator's aim is the realistic interpretation, not a literary play, then the theoretical and aesthetic interpretation must stem from the ideological and aesthetic content of the original work, both obvious and hidden. The translator cannot insert their own subjective ideas but can show a new perspective of the original work by revealing or stressing some of its aspects.” (Levý 60) I decided to follow the author's style as closely as possible with only necessary adjustments due to the divergence between the Czech and English languages. These will be analyzed by lexical and semantic perspective.

3.1 Lexical Aspect

3.1.1 Proper Nouns

As I already mentioned earlier, proper nouns in *The Story of Kullervo* can be rather confusing for the readers. In some cases, Tolkien alters the names already existing in the *Kalevala*, usually by shortening them or by adding a Finnish suffix with its own meaning. In other cases, the names are of Tolkien's own invention, and those are considered to be the first attempts stemming from his proto-language Qenya used in his writing. Such newly invented names have no connection to the original names in the *Kalevala*.

I attached a list of names used in the story for an easier and overall clarification. Added to this, I also listed several types of problems concerning translation of proper nouns and corresponding examples of these.

3.1.1.1 Alternative title

The Story of Honto Taltewenlen: *Honto* is one version of the name Kullervo; *Talte* is an alternative for Kalervo and *wenlen* is a suffix similar to Finnish *poika* mentioned above, but of Tolkien's invention. Therefore, *Taltewenlen* means The Son of Talte, meaning Kalervo's son.

3.1.1.2 Kalevala-inspired names and their alterations

Kalervo	Kalervō	Kalervoinen	Kampa	
Kullervo	Kullervoinen	Kalervanpoika ¹	Kuli	Honto
	Sāri	Sākehonto	Sārihonto (son of Kampa)	
Untamo	Untamoinen	Ūlto		
Wanōna	Oanōra	Kivutar		
Musti	Mauri			

¹ *poika* – Finnish suffix indicating the father, here meaning Son of Kalervo or Kalervo's son.

3.1.1.3 Newly invented names and Qenya-inspired names

Āsemo	the smith, in the <i>Kalevala</i> , the smith's name is <i>Ilmarinen</i> , <i>ilma</i> meaning air or sky. <i>Āsemo</i> could have been inspired by the Finnish words <i>ase</i> , weapon; and the suffix <i>mo</i> , which changes the noun into a proper name.
Amuntu	Hell
daughter of Koi Queen	the wife of <i>Āsemo</i> , has no specific name unlike in the <i>Kalevala</i> , where her name is <i>Pohjan neiti</i> , for North maid. The word <i>koi</i> means dawn in Finnish.
daughters of Ilwinti	Wind or air spirits. In the <i>Kalevala</i> , the goddess <i>Ilmatar</i> literally translates to air maiden.
Ilu, Ilukko, Ilwinti	names of gods, presumably the origin for <i>Ilúvatar</i> , later used in the <i>Silmarillion</i>
Jumala most holy	In the <i>Kalevala</i> , <i>Jumala</i> is considered to be a God or a Creator.
Kemenūme, Keime	Russia
Malōlō	In Tolkien's notes <i>Malōlō</i> is described as a god, maker of the earth.
Manatomi, Manoine	sky, heavens; probably an inspiration for <i>Manwë</i> , the king of the Valar in the <i>Silmarillion</i> .
Nyelid	In Tolkien's notes <i>Nyēli</i> is another name for <i>Kampa</i> , which is an alternative for Kalervo.
Palliki, Telenda, Kaltūse, Pūlu	Newly invented names with no correlation to the <i>Kalevala</i> .
Puhōsa	Also <i>Puhu</i> ; the homestead of <i>Untamo</i> .
Telea	Karelja; evokes <i>Teleri</i> , a group of elves in the <i>Silmarillion</i> .

“The compromise the translator must sometimes make often occurs in the case of proper names. If the English version of the given name is retained, the names could disrupt the intimate atmosphere in some situations, but mainly there will be difficulties in inflected Czech versions.” (Levý 88)

In the original text there is a great variety of proper names and its alterations, which is a logical consequence of it being partly based on mythological poetry and partly being a work of Tolkien’s imagination. For this reason, there are no corresponding Czech equivalents for majority of the used proper names. In these cases, I kept the original names and only added the Czech suffixes.

Example:

- ‘**Kullervo Kalervanpoika**, if ever you are in danger from **Untamo** take one of these and cry ‘**Musti** O! (15)
- „**Kullervo Kalervanpoiko**, pokud kdy budeš čelit nebezpečí od **Untama**, vezmi jeden z nich a zvolej ‘**Ó Musti!** (15)

On the other hand, there are some cases in which the transcribing of the original name would not be sufficient, so at least a part of the name had to have a Czech translation added.

Example:

- ...said it was the hound of **Tuoni Lord of Death** though it was not so. (13)
- ...říkali, že je to pes samotného **Tuoniho, Pána Smrti**, i když tomu tak nebylo. (13)

The third and last kind of problem occurring during the process of translation was the case when the original name used in the text was not easily inflected and the Czech suffix would not seem fluent enough. Then my aim was to assort the word order in a manner in which the name did not require any modification.

Examples:

- Bind in leash the dogs of **Kūru** (35)
- Spoutej všechna psiska z **Kūru** (35)
- And in **Ilwe** set the Sun-star (35)
- A na **Ilwe** usad' Slunce (35)

3.1.2 Deliberate omission

As Knittlová says, “in the translating process there can occur either addition of further information [...] where the message towards the readers would be incomprehensible or omission of the information which the reader would consider to be redundant.” (Knittlová 80)

In this case I considered the words *the babe appeared* to be unnecessary because of the fact that the character is already known from the previous context. The other reason for the omission was the insufficient and simultaneously needless equivalent of the *growth in form and strength*, as well as the deliberate tendency to simplify the already complex sentence structure.

Example:

- And therewith he devised all manner of evil for the boy (for so already did **the babe appear**, so sudden and so marvellous was his growth **in form** and strength)... (13)
- Nato pro chlapce vymýšlel všelijaké podlosti (neboť **ten** velmi rychle a zázračně rostl a sílil)... (13)

In a similar case I found the clarification of how the fire was kindled superfluous.

Example:

- They kindled the flame **beneath the wood** and the great bale-fire crackled...(16)
- Zapálili oheň a rozhořela se velká vatra...(16)

3.1.3 Addition (redundancy)

I fully agree with what Hrdlička and Levý suggest, namely that “excessive simplification and optimization of the original text for the readers is unacceptable. The redundancy should not be overused, and the problematic part is to resolve the questions why (quality), how many (quantity) and how/where to insert the information.” (Hrdlička 2003, 33) Considering this, I decided to add additional information in one case.

Example:

- ...the winds of Wenwe took it and blew as a dust in Ūlto’s eyes,... (21)
- ...větry **bohyně** Wenwe vše sebraly a vmetly jako prach Ūltovi do očí... (21)

3.1.4 Semantic ambiguity

During my work on the translation I came across a sentence which I found difficult in a way of conveying the right meaning to the reader. The sentence *Grimly working to herself she made a loaf and a great cake* has a clear message at first, *loaf* meaning *chléb* and *cake* meaning *koláč*. But this translation would be nonsensical in the following pages, because later on *she spread the cake with butter and upon the crust laid bacon*, in such case the Czech reader would find it illogical.

After further research I learned that oatcake is a type of savoury pancake, typically served with butter and bacon in England. There is no Czech equivalent for such meal and therefore the meaning needed to be slightly shifted. Upon considering several choices I finally decided for the use of the word *placka* as it is closest to the semantic meaning of oatcake and it is also easy to picture for the Czech reader.

Examples:

- Grimly working to herself she made a loaf and a great **cake**. (28)
- Zachmuřeně pracujíc upekla chléb a velkou **placku**. (28)
- Then she spread the **cake** with butter and upon the crust laid bacon... (28)
- Poté potřela **placku** máslem a navrch položila slaninu. (28)

3.1.5 Archaic language

The fact that the story was written almost a hundred years ago, and was inspired by mythological poetry, proved to be quite challenging in terms of coming with the right compromise between the use of archaic words and the ability of being clear and understandable. The theory of translation suggests that “when the translator today translates a work by a Romanticist poet, he can hardly use the language of Mácha, he will more likely create a similar language with Romanticist-like features taken from the present-day poetry.” (Levý 84)

I decided to resolve this problem by using more up to date expressions in case of nouns and more archaic options in case of verbs, exclamations and relative pronouns to retain the historical atmosphere.

The text contains a considerable number of archaic words. Most of them are connected to the agricultural theme which is frequently used in the story.

Examples:

- ...and **neath** their caps their ill faces lowering: for ever did Untamoinen gather to him cruel and worthless **carles**. (10)
- A **pod** kápěmi viděli zamračené, zlé tváře krutých a nicotných **mužů**, které Untamoinen povolal. (10)
- ...set his food into his wallet as he drove the **kine** over the water meadows and swamps and out across the heathland... (35)
- ...uložil si své jídlo do rance, když hnal **dobytek** skrz slatiny a močály a přes vřesoviště... (35)
- ‘Ill dost thou most wicked of **neatherds** to drive bears and mighty wolves to these peaceful yards.’ (39)
- „Tys tím nejhanebnějším z **pastevců**, žes nahnal medvědy a silné vlky na tyto poklidné pozemky.“ (39)

Another part of the archaic language is the use of *-lt*, *-st* and *-th* suffixes, indicating the *-s* in a second person singular, and other outdated words.

Examples:

- ...she **spake** to Kalervo saying, ‘Husband, **lo**, an ill reek **arisseth** yonder: come hither to me. Is it smoke I see or but a thick[?] gloomy cloud that **passeth** swift... (9)
- ...**pravila** Kalervovi: „**Hle**, manželi, tam se **zvedá** zlověstný dým, pojd’ se podívat. Je to kouř, co vidím? Nebo vidím jen velký temný mrak, jež **pluje** rychle kolem... (9)
- Then said Sāri, ‘If thou **diest** so **mayest** thou perish; there is room enough in Amuntu for thee.’ (40)
- A Sāri řekl: „**Máš-li zahynouti, zhyň**, však je pro tebe v Amuntu dostatek místa.“ (40)

The last kind of the archaisms used comprises obsolete of 2nd person singular of the personal pronouns.

Examples:

- Subjective: **thou**
- Objective: **thee**
- Possesive: **thy, thine**

3.2 Syntactic Aspect

3.2.1 Participle

In the English language, the participle can be used in cases when one agent is doing several things at once. In such instances, the Czech language can either insert an additional main or subordinate clause, or *přechodník*. As well as in English, in Czech *přechodník* can be used only in those cases when the agent of both actions is the same.

When the agent is performing two actions simultaneously *přechodník přítomný* is used. I selected an example for each grammatical gender (masculine, feminine and neuter).

Examples:

- And Kalervo's men were out and about the farm lands so **seizing** axe and shield **he** rushed alone on his foes... (10)
- Kalervovi muži pracovali na polích, a tak se hnal sám, **jímaje** sekýru a štít proti nepřátelům. (10)
- ...and the cake **she** gave him as his allowance, **bidding** him eat not until the herd was driven into the wood. (28)
- ...jako odměnu mu **dala** placku, **nabádajíc** ho, aby ji nejedl dříve, než bude stádo nahnané do lesů. (28)
- ...for **the fence stood** without gate or gap beneath, without chink or crevice **resting** on the wide earth beneath and **towering** amongst Ukko's clouds above. (21)
- ...jelikož **hrazení stálo** bez branky či díry k podlezení, bez škvíry či pukliny, **stojíce** na širé zemi pod ním a **tyčíce se** mezi Ukkovými oblaky na nebi. (21)

3.2.2 Reporting clauses

“Most of the present professional translators know that in English, the stereotypical repetition of the verb said in reporting clauses is given by the different conventions in the English literature, and they generally vary the verb in reporting clause.” (Levý 131).

In *The Story of Kullervo* there are several dialogues which are accompanied by the word *said*, but in Czech, having it been a language of variety of synonyms, there are more appropriate terms than *řekl/a*.

Examples:

- And these words he never **said** again but that once, but that once did Untamo overhear. And for wrath and fear he trembled and **said** he will bring my race in ruin for Kalervo is reborn in him. (13)
- Tato slova už nikdy **nevyslovil**, jen tehdy, ale tehdy je zaslechl i Untamo. A třásl se zlobou a strachem, a **prohlásil**, že zničí jeho pokolení, jelikož se Kalervo znovu zrodil ve svém synovi. (13)
- Then **said** she, ‘Easy it is for thee to journey though the track be not known to thee through the forest. (43)
- Nato ona **odpověděla**: „Snadno se ti putuje, ale cesta skrz les ti není známa. (43)

3.2.3 Functional sentence perspective

As Knittlová suggests, “the English language has got a fixed word order, whereas the Czech language is more flexible in this case. But both languages distinguish theme, known information, and rheme, new information. It is crucial for the translator to recognize the new or stressed information and place it in the text accordingly.” (Knittlová 96-97)

Examples:

- ‘O my mother, O my dearest why **grievest** thou thus?’ And his mother spake unto him telling him the dastard **tale of the Death of Kalervo** in his own homestead... (12)
- „Ach má matko, moje nejdražší, proč tak stále **truchlíš**?“ A jeho matka mu pověděla **ten příběh** plný zrady, **jak zemřel Kalervo** na svém vlastním statku... (12)
- ... and ever and anon slaughtered a sheep and often at the night could **his haying** be heard... (13)
- ...a kde sem a tam zabil ovci. A často bylo po nocích slyšet **jeho vytí**... (13)

3.2.4 Long sentences

Tolkien uses very long sentences in his work, which is not always transmittable to the Czech language because of the differences in between English and Czech. “The need of the translator’s stylistic interference was clearly articulated by J. Levý (1983): linking the shorter sentences into long periods was typical of Ch. Dickens’ work. Mechanical reproduction of the style of the author would seem inappropriate in the Czech language. J. Levý suggests dividing the long monotonous compound sentences into shorter parts and therefore decrease the use of the conjunction *and*.” (Hrdlička 2003, 71)

In cases where the text was more comprehensible in several shorter sentences instead of the original longer one, I decided to divide the original.

Example:

- And now did Sāri drink not only the bitter draught of thralldom but eat the poisoned bread of solitude and loneliness thereto: and he grew more ill favoured and crooked, broad and illknit and knotty and unrestrained and unsoftened, and fared often into the wild wastes with Mauri: and grew to know the fierce wolves and to converse even with Uru the bear: nor did such comrades improve his mind and the temper of his heart, but never did he forget in the deep of his mind his vow of long ago and wrath with Ūlto, but no tender feelings would he let his heart cherish for his folk afar save a[t] whiles for Wanōna. (26-27)
- Tak Sāri vypil nejen hořký pohár nevolnictví, ale též zakusil pocit samoty a opuštění. Byl tak ještě více nevlídný a nečestný, hrubý a hádavý, nespoutaný a nestálý a často se s Maurim vydával do divoké pustiny. Tam poznal nelítostné vlky a naučil se dorozumíval dokonce i s medvědem Uru. Tito společníci mu nikterak nerozveselili mysl ani nezkrotili divokost jeho srdce, on však hluboko uvnitř nikdy nezapomněl na svůj dávný slib a nenávisť k Ūltovi. Nenechal své srdce chovat žádné láskyplné city pro svou rodinu, která zůstala v dáli, kromě těch k Wanōně. (26-27)

Tolkien frequently uses the conjunction *and* at the beginnings of sentences, which is why I provided several versions of the initial *and* in Czech and sometimes I omitted it entirely as it was not necessary for the narrative.

Examples:

- **And** Kalervo's men were out and about the farm lands... (10)
- Kalervovi muži pracovali na polích... (10)
- **And** therewith he devised all manner of evil for the boy... (13)
- **Nato** pro chlapce vymýšlel všelijaké podlosti... (13)
- **And** Sāri said... (24)
- **Proto** Sāri řekl... (24)
- **And then** was Koi's daughter glad... (27)
- **Za to** byla dcera Koi ráda... (27)

3.3 Poetry

The biggest problem I had with the translation was one that Levý cautions us about in the following quote. “The poetry translator’s problem is usually the fact that the same idea formulated in several national languages has got a different number of syllables. The difference in the semantic density of the original language and Czech forces the translator to use either semantic abbreviations or stuffing – and that effects the overall interpretation of the poem. [...] The Czech language has got a lower semantic density than English. [...] The Czech translators can ‘stuff’ the content of the English original to its format only with a great effort.” (Levý 210)

Long and frequent poetry passages are inserted throughout *The Story of Kullervo*, because Tolkien wanted at least partially maintain the form of the epic *Kalevala*. But the poetry written in the text should be regarded as chanting rather than classic poetry. Tolkien uses 8-syllable lines with free verse, but several lines contain seven or nine syllables. This is probably because the manuscript had not undergone the final editing or it might have simply meant to add a stress to some information. For this reason, it was

essential to retain the number of syllables, which was very challenging due to the different length of the key elements of the poetry in both languages. In most cases the translation was difficult and resulted in “the condensation of several meanings into one expression or the omission of some of the original partial meanings.” (Levý 211)

Examples:

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • May it never come to earing Nor its yellow head droop ripely In this clearing in the forest In the woods of Sākehonto. (20) | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> (8) (8) (8) (8) | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Necht' však nikdy víc neroste Neohne se tíhou klasů Na mýtině této lesní Vprostřed lesů Sākehonta. (20) |
|---|--|---|

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • For a many are thy maidens At thy bidding in Manoine And skilled to herd the white kine On the blue meads of Ilwinti (29) | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> (8) (8) (7) (8) | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Neboť mnoho dívek máš ty V područí svém v Manoine Jež umí hnát dobytek Na modrá luka Ilwinti (29) |
|---|---|--|

4 CONCLUSION

This bachelor thesis has aimed to identify and clarify the problems which may occur during the translation from the English language to the Czech language. The practical part consists of side-by-side translation of *The Story of Kullervo* by J. R. R. Tolkien.

The theoretical part is divided into three parts. The first one, exploring the lexical aspect of the stylistic analysis, focuses on difficulties one may encounter when dealing with proper nouns, deliberate omission, addition (redundancy), semantic ambiguity and archaic language. The syntactic aspect is concerned with participle, reporting clauses, functional sentence perspective and excessively long sentences. The third part briefly introduces the topic of poetry which is a significant element of the text. The translation process is supported by major translational publications, mainly on those written by J. Levý, D. Knittlová and M. Hrdlička.

The biggest challenge during my work on this translation was to maintain Tolkien's idea behind the story and the overall atmosphere. At first, I did not realize how difficult it would be to deal mainly with the archaic language and Tolkien's very long sentences. I had to extend my research when translating the archaisms connected to the theme of agriculture as some of the words were not easy to be found in common dictionaries. The next problem I encountered was that the story remained unfinished and I was confused by the frequent changes of names of the characters. After resolving this I was finally able to fully understand the text and to spare the readers the same confusion I attached a list of all names and their variations to the theoretical part.

Despite the translation being more demanding than I thought it would be, I very much enjoyed the work on this thesis. I hope I have learned more about basic principles of translation and that I will be able to use the acquired expertise in my future profession. I also believe that I was able to stay true to Tolkien's legacy and found the appropriate balance between the accuracy of the translation and the faithfulness of the original text.

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