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## BAKALÁŘSKÁ PRÁCE

Dům na Mangové ulici – překlad vybraných částí z knihy od Sandry Cisneros a  
jeho následná analýza

The House on Mango Street – translation of selected parts of Sandra  
Cisneros' book of vignettes and its subsequent analysis

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Odevzdáním této bakalářské práce na téma *Dům na Mangové ulici – překlad vybraných částí z knihy od Sandry Cisneros a jeho následná analýza* potvrzují, že jsem ji vypracovala pod vedením vedoucího práce samostatně za použití v práci uvedených pramenů a literatury. Dále potvrzují, že tato práce nebyla využita k získání jiného nebo stejného titulu.

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## **ABSTRAKT**

Tato bakalářská práce se zabývá anglicko-českým překladem. Práce je rozdělena na tři části, a to na část teoretickou, která se bude zabývat teorií translatologie jako vědy o překladu, ale primárně se bude vztahovat k teorii týkající se překladu možných problémových jevů, které byly objeveny během čtení originálu. Druhá část – praktická, se skládá z překladu částí knihy črt od mexicko-americké autorky Sandry Cisneros *The House on Mango Street*. Kniha je psaná z pohledu dospívající hispánské dívky Esperanzy Cordero, která se vyrovnává se životem v Chicagu. Poslední část práce se týká komentování přeloženého textu na základě teoretických zjištění v první části. Jedná se o zdůvodňování volby překladu konkrétních jevů. Zdroji pro teoretickou část byla převážně díla českých autorů zabývajících se teorií překladu jako např. Jiří Levý a jeho *Umění překladu*, Milan Hrdlička a *Překladatelské miniatury, Pozvání k překladatelské praxi: kapitoly o překládání beletrie* od Olgy Krijtové nebo *Překládání a čeština* od Zlaty Kufnerové a kol.

## **KLÍČOVÁ SLOVA**

překlad, Sandra Cisneros, překlad zamýšlených chyb, překlad říkanek, překlad cizojazyčných jevů v textu, lingvistická analýza

## **ABSTRACT**

This bachelor thesis deals with English-Czech translation. The thesis is divided into three parts, namely the theoretical part, which will deal with the theory of translatology as a science of translation but primarily it will relate to the theory of translation of potential problematic phenomena that were discovered while reading the original. The second part - practical, consists of a translation of parts of the book of vignettes by Mexican-American author Sandra Cisneros *The House on Mango Street*. The book is written from the perspective of a teenage Hispanic girl Esperanza Cordero who is coping with life in Chicago. The last part sheds light on some of the choices made during the practical translation process, explaining how these were informed by relevant theoretical findings outlined in the first part. It is a justification of the choices of translations of the specific phenomena. The sources for the theoretical part were mostly works by Czech authors dealing with the theory of translation such as Jiří Levý and his *Umění překladau*, Milan Hrdlička and *Překladatelské miniatury, Pozvání k překladatelské praxi: kapitoly o překládání beletrie* by Olga Krijtová or *Překládání a čeština* by Zlata Kufnerová et al.

## **KEYWORDS**

translation, Sandra Cisneros, translation of intentional spelling and grammar errors, translation of rhymes, translation of foreign-language elements in a text, linguistic analysis

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## Introduction

This bachelor thesis focuses on translation. It deals with English to Czech translation of as yet untranslated book *The House on Mango Street* by Mexican-American author Sandra Cisneros. It is thanks to this book that I chose the translation in the first place. I admire the author for the style of her writing and I really like the “story” itself. Because I also enjoyed translation as a subject therefore, I decided to combine the two and write this bachelor thesis.

The book is composed as a book of vignettes, which is a relatively unknown genre for Czech readers therefore, the term vignette is explained in detail later in the thesis. The vignettes are told from the perspective of a teenage girl Esperanza Cordero, who is describing moments of her life on Mango Street, Chicago. She is Hispanic and her family comes from Mexico. In more than forty vignettes she talks about her life experience, family and friends. A reader can observe several situations where the life of migrants is depicted from the point of view of teenagers. Even moments of becoming a woman are shown, as Esperanza and her friends deal with getting hips. First experience with men are also part of the book, unfortunately most of them are bad experience.

The thesis is divided into three parts. The first one is the theoretical part which focuses on the theory of translation. It seeks to outline basic translation principles, types of translation and procedures, processes and methods of translation. A larger part of the theoretical section is dedicated to the potential impediments of the translation itself. Some of these potential problematic areas had been anticipated, yet some cropped up in the process of reading Cisneros's original, namely the translation of intentional grammar and spelling mistakes, translation of poetry and nursery rhymes or translation of foreign language in a text. Therefore, this part describes possible solutions for those phenomena and it also functions as a theoretical background for the last part of the thesis which is an analysis and comments on the translation. It is basically a justification of the choice of the translations.

The biggest part of the thesis consists of the translation of selected parts of the book. The vignette *Our Good Day* was chosen as the beginning because Esperanza meets her new friends and they accompany her through the whole book. The last translated



vignette is *Born Bad*. The main reason why this part is the final one is that Esperanza tells her own poem out loud for the first time. Her dying aunt tells her to keep writing which is a crucial point in Esperanza's life and also in life of the author as it is partly a biographical book.

The sources used for the theoretical part of the thesis consist of works by Czech theorists. The works by Dagmar Knittlová were used, namely *Překlad a překládání* and *K teorii i praxi překladu*. Other used sources are *Překládání a čeština* by Zlata Kufnerová et al., *Překladatelské miniatury* by Milan Hrdlička or *Umění překladu* by Jiří Levý.

## 1 Theory of translation

This part of theory is dealing with theoretical approaches concerning translation as a scholarly discipline. According to the above-mentioned sources this section observes the basic translation principles. Further it discusses the fundamental types of translation described by Jakobson. Then it deals with translation procedures and processes mentioning the so-called macro-approach and micro-view. Various methods and procedures to address the lack of direct equivalents are depicted. And finally, the stages of translation creation are described.

### 1.1 Basic translation principles

Translation principles have changed over time and once prevalent literary-aesthetic approach was joined by linguistic approach during the second half of 20<sup>th</sup> century. Currently, those two approaches resulted into the pragmatic aspect of translation and therefore, the question of equivalence is considered a translation problem.

British theorist J. C. Catford came up with the idea that “units of source language and target language may not have the same meaning in a linguistic sense but may work in the same situation.” (Knittlová et al. 7) In fact, he was the predecessor of the term *functional equivalence* which is the key term for today's translations.

The basic translation principle which is the *functional approach* is based on this term. As Knittlová et al. (7) says this means that it does not matter whether we use the same or different language means, but what matters is that they perform the same function, preferably in all respects i.e. not only semantic, factual (denotative, reference), but also connotative (expressive, association) and pragmatic.

According to Grygová (Knittlová et al. 14) translation should have at least three basic criteria: the linguistic expression in the target language should function naturally, organically; the result in the target language should have the same meaning (or meaning as close as possible to the state of identity) as its original in the source language; language in the target language should preserve the dynamics of the original language formulated in

the source language - the translation should produce the same response as the language in the source language.

## 1.2 Types of translation

Grygová (Knittlová et al. 15) describes Jakobson's division of translation. He distinguishes three types: *intralingual translation* which is about an internal explanation in the text i.e. repeating in other words; *inter-semiotic translation* which deals with expressing information captured by one sign system by means of another sign system e.g. reading mathematical symbols, etc., and *interlingual translation* related to expressing information captured by one language system (source language) by another language system (target language).

Interlingual translation is further divided into the four types: *interlineal translation* is an extreme example of a literal translation, it does not respect the grammar system of the target language; it only preserves specifically linguistic information e.g. I did not want to hurt you. – *Já nechtěl ublížit ty/tobě.*; *literal (slavish) translation* translates lexical units regardless of context, but respects the grammar system of the target language e.g. I ordered him to brush his teeth. – *Poručil jsem mu, aby si vykartáčoval zuby.*; *free translation* only marginally respects the original text, the translation is deprived of aesthetic qualities, and is considered to be incorrect; and finally *communicative, idiomatic translation* which is related to the pragmatic aspect of translation, it is used in the translation of conventional formulas (e.g. greetings), sayings, proverbs, etc. (Knittlová et al. 16,17)

The goal of the translator should be to create a text that has the same meaning as the source text, but the processing is natural to the target language. The main aim is to preserve the identity of meaning, not the identity of form. Such a translation is associated with a communicative, dynamic and idiomatic attribute. (Knittlová et al. 17)

### 1.3 Translation procedures, processes and methods

From the very beginning, the theorists of translation asked themselves the question of the reproductive accuracy of translation. As always, there were and still are two opinions - the classical theory of adaptive translation and the romantic theory of literal translation. As Levý (103) says, this discrepancy persists to this day, and it arises from the fact that although translation loyalty is proclaimed programmatically, this requirement is not defined and analyzed in detail, thus there are contradictory interpretations in practice.

Modern approaches focus on the translation process itself. Theorists concentrate on the so-called macro-approach, which means that they first deal with cultural background, historical and local involvement, literary cues, facts, the author's relation to the topic and to the audience and the type and function of the text. Only then comes the stage of detailed decision-making, the so-called micro-view focusing on grammatical structures and their lexical fulfillment, and then the target text is created. (Knittlová et al.27)

As for student translations, the most common mistakes arise from the fact that students start by thinking about the details before applying the macro-approach.

The translation process uses various methods and procedures to address the lack of direct equivalents, a problem that all translators are dealing with. Knittlová et al. (19) describes seven of these methods as outlined by Vivay and Darbelnet:

1. Transcription - transcription more or less adapted to the target language
2. Calque - literal translation
3. Substitution - replacement of one language means by another equivalent (e.g. nouns with personal pronouns and vice versa); substitution tells us that anything can be named in any way, it is about naming the same thing in different ways
4. Transposition - necessary grammatical changes due to a different language system
5. Modulation - change of viewpoint (e.g. elbow of the pipe – koleno potrubí)
6. Equivalence - using stylistic and structural means different from the original (e.g. my sweet girl – děvenka)
7. Adaptation - substitution of a situation (e.g. if there is no equivalent of a pun or if a situation does not exist in the target culture)

In the revised edition, the authors add borrowing – a taken expression from another language (e.g. *pétangue*) and literal translation - a direct, exact translation, which they believe is most common in languages that share the same typological group and culture.

Many other authors have contributed to this enumeration by their methods e.g. American scholar Vázquez-Ayora with his amplification (extension of text), explication (adding explanatory information) or omission and compensation. Or another American theorist Malone with divergence (you – ty/vy), convergence (ty/vy - you), reduction (Here I am - Zde), condensation (s modrým hřbetem - blue-backed), diffusion (tongue-heavy – mít těžký jazyk) or reordering (change the order of words). (Knittlová et al. 20) But it can be said that those seven methods mentioned above are the most widely used ones.

Knittlová also deals with other methods that the translator uses on the lexical level of the text. On the denotation level she describes the specification and its opposite – generalization.

The specification is the fact that the linguistic unit of Czech translation contains an additional semantic component compared to the linguistic unit in the English text. In this case, sometimes it can happen that the translator adds information unnecessarily, as it can be inferred from the context. The specification is most often used for translating English verbs because Czech is a verbal language compared to nominal English. In the Czech sentence, the basic bearer of the meaning is the verb, on the other hand, in English, the verbs function more as connecting elements between the bearers of the meaning. (Knittlová et al. 48)

On the contrary, generalization consists in the reduction of semantic components. It is less common and rather refers to nouns. Most often it is a generalization of the Czech counterpart from a specific type of named object, if the specificity of the type is not known in Czech, e.g. *rangeland grass – pastviny*.

On the connotation level one can speak of expressive and stylistic connotations. Expressivity is understood as an intensification of the utterance and intensifying the influence of the language unit on the perception of the addressee. (Knittlová et al. 62) This is most frequently achieved by using Czech diminutives. On the other hand, Czech

diminutives do not always have to carry emotional attitude – sometimes they just mean that something is smaller than the average, or they can be used for making ironic remarks.

Stylistic connotational components reflect from the neutral center up (archaic, poetic, etc.) and down (colloquial, slang, vulgar, etc.). Since there is no equal arrangement of language layers and formations in English and Czech, the translator makes use of the means available in Czech, which are considered suitable. (Knittlová et al. 63)

#### **1.4 Stages of translation creation**

When methods and procedures of translating were discussed it is time to concentrate on the translator and the requirements for his/her work. Levý (50) states three stages of the translator's work, the first one being understanding the template, second is interpretation of the template and the last stage is restyling the template.

Understanding the template is based on understanding the text. As Levý (50) says a good translator must be a good reader. First of all, it is about a philological understanding of the text. The problem can arise with polysemic words as well as with various misleading associations induced by the language material at hand. If the text is read correctly, the readers are allowed to appreciate the ideologically aesthetic values of the work, such as mood, offensive focus, ironic background, etc. The translator must be aware of these qualities and must know the means by which the author achieved them. Levý (51) points out that sometimes even seemingly random expressions have a role to play.

Understanding of ideologically aesthetic values leads to a comprehension of artistic units, of facts - characters, relationships, environment, ideological intention of the author and so on. Imagination is needed to comprehensively understand the artistic reality of the work. It is needed for reconstruction of facts and their reflection in the work.

Understanding the facts makes it easy to solve the problem of the incommensurability of the two language materials, where the full correspondence between translation and template is not possible, but interpretation is required.

Levý (56) states that there is a frequent case where the mother tongue is not capable of a meaningful expression as broad as it is the original, and the translator must therefore

specify the meaning, which requires substantial knowledge of the facts behind the text. Levý (57) also draws attention to the objectivity of the interpretation. Unlike the ordinary reader, the translator must not fall into personal sentimentality. Such reading subjectivism is one of the main problems of translation work.

A good translator also sets an interpretative standpoint and knows what he/she wants to convey with the translation. Another important consideration is also the translation concept, i.e. the ideological basis of the translator's creative method, which arises from the view of the work and from the focus on consumers of a certain type. (Levý 60)

As far as the restyling the template is concerned, it is mostly a language stylization. Levý (64) points out that this mainly concerns the following three issues: the ratio of the two language systems; the traces of the source language in the stylization of translation, and the tension in the style of translation, which is caused by the idea being translated into a language in which it was not created.

As already mentioned above, the source language and the target language are incommensurable, which makes the translation more difficult when there is a greater role for language in the artistic construction of text. The great incommensurability also concerns the semantic aspect of language because naming the facts that surround us is partly due to the naming system of the language.

As for the traces of the source language in the stylization of the translation, it is the original that influences the formation of the translation, for example by using the non-systemic phrases inspired by the original or by not using Czech means of expression, which, of course, does not have the template.

And finally, the tension in the style of translation, which is caused by the idea being translated into a language in which it was not created, implies the fact that the linguistic expression in the translation is not absolute, but only represents one of the possibilities.

## **1.5 Theory related to potential problematic phenomena**

This theoretical part is dedicated to translation phenomena which could cause predicaments in the practical part of this thesis. I discovered these phenomena while reading the original book in English. This section will deal with theoretical translation solutions of given phenomena. These possible obstacles are translation of poetry as Cisneros uses nursery rhymes, rhyming and poems in her book, translation of foreign language in the text as there are many Spanish words used since Cordero family comes from Spanish speaking country - Mexico. It deals with translation of intentional spelling and grammar errors as a result of Esperanza and especially her close ones not speaking English perfectly. Finally, this section discusses the pros and cons of translating the book's title.

### **1.5.1 Translation of poetry**

The process of translating poetry is completely different from translating prose. Many theorists have dealt with the issue; therefore, this section is going to describe their theoretical opinions on how to translate poetry. Thus, it is going to list all the possibilities that can be used in upcoming practical part of the thesis.

As Kufnerová (135) says, opinions of theorists and practitioners on literary translation often differ. Most often, however, there are different opinions on the translation of poetry. What is the ideal poetic translation? And who is the optimal translator? Obviously, there is not one correct answer to these questions, however Kufnerová (135) says, there is a general idea of what must be respected in the translation of a poetry, what must be done to be as faithful, accurate and aesthetically impressive as possible in order to be functionally equivalent. One of the most important things in translating poetry is the connection between content and form. Deep knowledge of both languages, literature and cultural context is required. The ideal translator is a person with the knowledge mentioned above but also a person talented in writing poetry.

When translating poetry, but even when translating prose, there could be observed two basic levels – *level of language means* which is applied to grammatical, lexical and



phraseological elements. Translations on this particular level are judged as translations correct or incorrect. The second level is *linguistically creative*. It deals with elements belonging to various degrees of equivalence e.g. formal, semantic, functional, etc. When it comes to judging its correctness, it can be hardly said whether it is correct or not because it is seen as translator's linguistic creativity.

As there are few nursery rhymes in the book and Cisneros attempts to use rhyming even in the text itself, it is advisable to look at the translation of rhymes. As Kufnerová (131) says, rhyme is the sound conformity of ending sounds in the verse. The possibilities of forming a rhyme depend e.g. on the type of a language, whether it is analytic or synthetic. Czech being the synthetic type has more possibilities to create rhymes than e.g. English for being the analytic type. The basic difference between Czech and English poetry is that for Czech poetry is double syllabic (female) rhyme the standard, however, for English is the standard monosyllabic (male) rhyme. Therefore, Czech usually substitutes the original monosyllabic rhyme with its double syllabic rhyme. Levý (259) suggests that it makes no sense for a translator to limit himself/herself to a rhyme type of the original work as it is not the author's choice, but it is the consequence of the bond between rhyme and language. Therefore, it would be useless to imitate monosyllabic English in multi-syllabic Czech.

As already mentioned above, it is all about linguistic creativity and as Kufnerová (132) points out even with the greatest stringency and translation skills, all aspects of the rhyme, including the rhyme scheme of the trophy and poem in the context of other formal and content aspects of the poem, are rarely solved optimally.

### **1.5.2 Translation of foreign language in a text**

Knittlová and Hrdlička agree that the approach towards translating foreign-language elements in a text depends mostly on their function in the text. Hrdlička (55) mentions that to preserve the same function as in the original text plays a key role in translating those elements.

Provided that an author uses foreign-language elements only to create an atmosphere, in greetings or in social phrases, etc., Knittlová (115) advises not to translate the foreign-language elements and leave them in the original wording. She also notes that this goes hand in hand with expressions meaning of which is easily understood from a broader context. When the understanding is not obvious from a context, the author as well as the translator is supposed to state the foreign-language element together with the phrase in their target language e.g. (English author in English language and Czech translator in Czech language) e.g. “*Me voy,*” *the gypsy said. “I go.”* – „*Me voy,*” *řekl cikán. „Už jdu.”*

Hrdlička agrees with Knittlová when it comes to translating greetings, acknowledgements, etc. He (55) says it is more beneficial not to translate the foreign-language element. A translation or a footnote explanation may be disruptive in its redundancy and may be adversely reflected in the reception of the translated text. Hrdlička also mentions four translation approaches by A. V. Čirikov:

1. takeover of the author's subsequent translation of the foreign-language element;
2. taking over the author's explanation of the meaning of the foreign-language element by context (both the author and the translator leave the term in a foreign language, but in the context either its equivalent appears in the target language or in the source language - depending on the translation or the original; or the meaning of a foreign-language element arises from the situation, the context);
3. explanation of the meaning of the foreign-language element by the translator's refinement of the translation text (the translator uses a means in the target language that can substitute for its lexical meaning and further clarify the meaning of the expression (passages) from the source language; particularly suitable for this procedure are *verba dicendi*<sup>1</sup>);
4. subsequent translator's translation of a foreign-language element.

Not very recommended is the possibility of translating a foreign-language element below the line. Hrdlička rejects this procedure because the meaning units of the work move to the editorial section and this can be distracting for the reader.

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<sup>1</sup> *Verba dicendi*, "verbs of utterance" introduce direct speech e.g. said, asked, etc.

Levý (116-117) says that the best possible solution is to translate meaningful foreign-language elements that the ordinary reader would not understand. These translations of utterances should be indicated by the translator's explaining e.g. by using *verba dicendi* as in Čirikov's approach e.g. *prohodil turecky*. Levý (116) also suggests to leave greetings and short answers untranslated to indicate foreignness.

### **1.5.3 Translation of intentional spelling and grammar errors**

Not many authors have dealt with the problem of possible translation of intentional spelling and grammar errors in fiction. The main reason why is that this phenomenon is not widely used. However, translating intentional errors should attract attention, because even such a small thing at first sight plays a big role in the overall reception of a text.

The functions of intentional spelling and grammar errors are various e.g. characterizing, comic, etc. Therefore, it is very crucial to translate those errors appropriately. The advantage of the Czech language is that, thanks to its flexibility, it offers a wide range of possibilities for creating errors in morphology. Regarding spelling mistakes, it is possible to make mistakes in codified orthography expressions.

Based on the research of various texts, Hrdlička (49) comes up with rules for translating intentional spelling and grammar errors.

1. The error should have the same function in the translated text as the original text, it should act similarly;
2. a similar error rate should be maintained in the translation, thus achieving the same readability, clarity of the original and translation;
3. if possible, the type of error should be kept in translation; if this is not possible, the error must be appropriately replaced by a similar language error.

The translator should adhere to the rules mentioned above, so that the translation does not distort the original text and thus not deprive the reader of the reading experience.

#### 1.5.4 Translation of the book title

To come up with an appealing title of the book is a very important part in the process of writing and even in translating. Nowadays, titles work as an advertisement for the whole book and therefore, they must be attractive to the reader. Translation of titles has changed over time and many theorists have described how it developed and how to translate book titles ideally.

Levý (140) divides titles into two groups – descriptive titles and symbolizing titles. Descriptive type of titles is older and not much used at present as it is usually long and reveals the content and the genre of the work to the reader. It has a communicative function. When translating this kind of a title translator should follow the direct translation of the title. Symbolizing title relates to the modern times where the title functions as an advertisement for the book therefore, it is usually short, and it has to have a form easy to remember and it has to be a distinctive, concrete and unique symbolization of the particular image. Same conditions apply to translating those titles.

Levý (142) warns translators to be careful about specific national forms every literature has for book titles i.e. formal principles dependent on linguistic material and its associated shape conventions, e.g. for report truth of which is not guaranteed, English usually uses infinitive while Czech would rather use interrogative sentence. These specific national forms should be replaced by the domestic forms during translation. Crucial is also social sense, forasmuch as all the readers do not have the same background knowledge thus the translator has to be aware of that fact when translating the title of the book. Example (142): *The Mill in the Floss* novel by G. Eliot is translated as *Červený mlýn* not as *Mlýn na Flossu*, because Czech readers probably do not know small river Floss in England thus the exact translation would not evoke any specific image.

Kufnerová (149) claims that the translator should work with the title in the same way as with any other literary element, which means to abide by the principles of functional equivalence. She also says that unless there are linguistic or cultural reasons to the contrary, the translation should be an exact copy of the original. The exact copy of the original does not have to be necessarily functionally equivalent and the translator must be very careful about crossing the line of functional equivalence.

Kufnerová further observes trends in the translation of titles which are tendencies of shortening names which leads to abbreviation of the original text; modifying or completely changing a title containing a personal name due to problems with inflection of foreign names; or Czech preferring storyline phrases or whole sentences over nominal phrases. According to Kufnerová, very few translators change the content of the title completely without linguistic reasons.

Krijtová (48-49) introduces, in her book *Pozvání k překladatelské praxi*, Dutch author Ward Ruyslinck, who came up with models of book titles. Ruyslinck divides titles as follows: *entry title* consisting of noun as an entry in a dictionary; *title made of protagonist's name*; *two-part title* consisting of the title and some kind of “trailer” e.g. *Zelfportret of het Galgemaal – Teirlinckùv: Autoportrét neboli Poslední večere*; *quote title* that consists of a verse or a prosodic line from different author; *folder or file title* – the book's name comes from the number or name of a file or a case after which it is placed in the folder (ad acta) e.g. *De zaak 40/61 – Případ 40/61*; *software title* which is influenced by programming language, the title is no longer short, salable, it can extend to a whole sentence; the last model of titles is *esoteric or cryptic title* made of unknown Latin or Greek word.

All those theoretical models and recommendations are here to help translators with deciding which way to choose. Krijtová advises to firstly detect which classification the author uses and then according to it think of a fitting translation.

### **1.5.5 What is a *book of vignettes* and how to translate it?**

According to literaryterms.net vignette is “a short scene that captures a single moment or a defining detail about a character, idea, or other element of the story.”<sup>2</sup> To translate vignette as *krátká epizoda* or *scéna* does not make sense with connection with this particular book. On the other hand, the rest of this definition corresponds with other found English definitions.

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<sup>2</sup> Vignette. In: *Literary Terms* [online]. [cit. 2019-10-15]. Dostupné z: <https://literaryterms.net/vignette/>

Online dictionary merriam-webster.com defines vignette as “a short descriptive literary sketch”<sup>3</sup> and further sketch defines as “a short literary composition somewhat resembling the short story and the essay but intentionally slight in treatment, discursive in style, and familiar in tone”<sup>4</sup>. The difference between a short story and a vignette is that a short story has a plot whereas a vignette does not have to have all the elements of a plot. Therefore, it is not advisable to translate a vignette as *krátká povídka* because it would be misleading.

Those definitions lead to Czech translation *črta* which is Czech literary genre defined as genre on the border of journalism and fiction. The subjective experience is emphasized, literary and poetic means are abundant, and its content focuses on moments associated with the author's strong experience.

One option may also be not to translate this type of genre and leave it in the source language. And for example, a footnote can be added to explain what this might mean in the target language. However, as I mentioned above, personally, I am not in favor of letting words or phrases untranslated and as we already know a footnote explanation is not recommended.

Based on those definitions and findings the translation *črta* thus *kniha črt* seems the best match for this genre.

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<sup>3</sup> Vignette. In: *Merriam-Webster* [online]. [cit. 2019-10-15]. Dostupné z: <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/vignette>

<sup>4</sup> Sketch. In: *Merriam-Webster* [online]. [cit. 2019-10-15]. Dostupné z: <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/sketch>

## 2 Practical part

This part of the thesis provides the translation of the selected vignettes from the book *The House on Mango Street*. The chosen part begins with Esperanza meeting her new friends who accompany her through the whole book, which is why I chose to start translating from this particular vignette. I decided to end the translation with the part where her aunt dies as it is the first time when Esperanza recites her own poem out loud and her aunt advises her to keep writing.

<p>Our Good Day</p> <p>If you give me five dollars I will be your friend forever. That's what the little one tells me.</p> <p>Five dollars is cheap since I don't have any friends except Cathy who is only my friend till Tuesday.</p> <p>Five dollars, five dollars.</p> <p>She is trying to get somebody to chip in so they can buy a bicycle from this kid named Tito. They already have ten dollars and all they need is five more.</p> <p>Only five dollars, she says.</p> <p>Don't, talk to them, says Cathy. Can't you see they smell like a broom.</p> <p>But I like them. Their clothes are crooked and old. They are wearing shiny Sunday shoes without socks. It makes their bald ankles all red, but I like them. Especially the big one who laughs with all her teeth. I like her even though she lets the little one do all the talking.</p> <p>Five dollars, the little one says, only five.</p> <p>Cathy is tugging my arm and I know whatever I do next will make her mad forever.</p>	<p>Náš skvělý den</p> <p>Když mi dáš pět dolarů, budu se s tebou kamarádit navždy, říká mi ta malá.</p> <p>To není moc, když nemám kamarády, teda kromě Cathy, která se se mnou baví jenom do úterý.</p> <p>Tak tedy pět dolarů.</p> <p>Chce, aby se s nimi někdo složil na kolo od toho kluka Tita. Už mají deset dolarů, takže potřebují jenom dalších pět.</p> <p>Je to jenom pět dolarů, říká.</p> <p>Nebav se s nimi, říká Cathy, to nevidíš, že smrdí jako košťata.</p> <p>Ale mně se líbí. Jejich oblečení je zmuchlané a staré. Mají na sobě lesklé nedělní boty bez ponožek. Mají od toho červené kotníky, ale mně se líbí. Hlavně ta velká, co se směje a jsou jí vidět všechny zuby. Líbí se mi, i když nechává mluvit jen tu malou.</p> <p>Pět dolarů, říká ta malá, jenom pět.</p> <p>Cathy mě tahá za ruku a já vím, že ať už udělám cokoli, navždy ji to naštvě.</p>
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Wait a minute, I say, and run inside to get the five dollars. I have three dollars saved and I take two of Nenny's. She's not home, but I'm sure she'll be glad when she finds out we own a bike. When I get back, Cathy is gone like I knew she would be, but I don't care. I have two new friends and a bike too.

My name is Lucy, the big one says. This here is Rachel my sister.

I'm her sister, says Rachel. Who are you?

And I wish my name was Cassandra or Alexis or Maritza-anything but Esperanza-but when I tell them my name they don't laugh.

We come from Texas, Lucy says and grins. Her was born here, but me I'm Texas.

You mean she, I say.

No, I'm from Texas, and doesn't get it.

This bike is three ways ours, says Rachel who is thinking ahead already. Mine today, Lucy's tomorrow and yours day after.

But everybody wants to ride it today because the bike is new, so we decide to take turns after tomorrow. Today it belongs to all of us.

I don't tell them about Nenny just yet. It's too complicated. Especially since Rachel almost put out Lucy's eye about who was going to get to ride it first. But finally we agree to ride it together. Why not?

Because Lucy has long legs she pedals. I sit on the back seat and Rachel is skinny enough to get up on the handlebars which make the bike all wobbly

Tak počkejte, řeknu, a běžím dovnitř pro pět dolarů. Mám našetřené tři dolary a dva vezmu od Nenny. Není doma, ale jsem si jistá, že bude ráda, až zjistí, že máme kolo. Když se vrátím, Cathy je pryč. Myslela jsem si, že odejde, ale je mi to jedno. Mám dvě nové kamarádky a k tomu kolo.

Já jsem Lucy, řekne ta velká, a tohle je Rachel, moje sestra.

Jsem její sestra, řekne Rachel, jak se jmenuješ ty?

A já si přeji, abych se jmenovala Cassandra nebo Alexis nebo Maritza, cokoliv jen ne Esperanza, ale když jim řeknu své jméno, nesmějí se.

My jsme z Texasu, řekne Lucy a zašklebí se, ona narodit tady, ale já, já jsem Texas.

Myslíš ona *se narodila* tady, řeknu.

Ne, já jsem z Texasu, nechápe.

Rachel myslí dopředu a říká, že to kolo je třikrát naše. Dnes moje, zítra Lucy, a potom tvoje.

Ale všechny na něm chceme jezdit už dnes, protože je nové, takže se rozhodneme, že se začneme střídat až po zítřku. Dnes patří nám všem.

O Nenny jim ještě neřeknu. Je to moc složité. Hlavně teď, když Rachel málem vypíchla Lucy oko, kvůli tomu, kdo bude jezdit první. Ale nakonec jsme se shodly, že budeme jezdit společně. Protože proč ne?

Lucy šlape, protože má dlouhé nohy. Já jsem na sedle a Rachel je dost hubená na to, aby se vešla na řídítka. Celé kolo je rozviklané jako



as if the wheels are spaghetti, but after a bit you get used to it.

We ride fast and faster. Past my house, sad and red and crumbly in places, past Mr. Benny's grocery on the corner, and down the avenue which is dangerous. Laundromat, junk store, drugstore, windows and cars and more cars, and around the block back to Mango.

People on the bus wave. A very fat lady crossing the street says, You sure got quite a load there.

Rachel shouts, You got quite a load there too. She is very sassy.

Down, down Mango Street we go. Rachel, Lucy, me. Our new bicycle. Laughing the crooked ride back.

Laughter

Nenny and I don't look like sisters ... not right away. Not the way you can tell with Rachel and Lucy who have the same fat popsicle lips like everybody else in their family. But me and Nenny, we are more alike than you would know. Our laughter for example. Not the shy ice cream bells' giggle of Rachel and Lucy's family, but all of a sudden and surprised like a pile of dishes breaking. And other things I can't explain.

One day we were passing a house that looked, in my mind, like houses I had seen in

kdyby mělo místo kol špagety. Ale po chvíli se na to dá zvyknout.

Jedeme rychle a rychleji. Míjíme můj dům, smutný a červený a místy se rozpadající, na rohu míjíme potraviny pana Bennyho a dál po ulici, která je nebezpečná. Prádelna, vetešnictví, drogerie, okna a auta a další auta a kolem bloku zpět do Mangové ulice.

Lidé mávají z autobusu. Hodně tlustá paní, která zrovna přechází ulici říká: Vy máte tedy pěkný náklad.

Rachel na ni křičí: Vy máte taky pěkný náklad. Je hodně drzá.

Jedeme po Mangové ulici. Rachel, Lucy, já. Naše nové kolo. Smějící se na rozviklané jízdě zpět.

Smích

S Nenny si nejsme moc podobné ... ne na první pohled. Ne tak jako třeba Rachel a Lucy, které mají stejné plné rty jako všichni v jejich rodině. Ale my s Nenny jsme si víc podobné, než byste řekli. Třeba náš smích. Ne ten plachý zvonivý chichot Rachel a Lucy a celé jejich rodiny, ale nečekaný a překvapivý smích, jako když padají talíře na zem. A další věci, které nedokážu vysvětlit.

Jednou jsme šly kolem domu, který v mě hlavě vypadal jako domy, co jsem viděla v Mexiku.

Mexico. I don't know why. There was nothing about the house that looked exactly like the houses I remembered. I'm not even sure why I thought it, but it seemed to feel right.

Look at that house, I said, it looks like Mexico. Rachel and Lucy look at me like I'm crazy, but before they can let out a laugh, Nenny says: Yes, that's Mexico all right. That's what I was thinking exactly.

#### Girl's Furniture Bought & Sold

There is a junk store. An old man owns it. We bought a used refrigerator from him once, and Carlos sold a box of magazines for a dollar. The store is small with just a dirty window for light. He doesn't turn the lights on unless you got money to buy things with, so in the dark we look and see all kinds of things, me and Nenny. Tables with their feet upside-down and rows and rows of refrigerators with round corners and couches that spin dust in the air when you punch them and a hundred T.V.'s that don't work probably. Everything is on top of everything so the whole store has skinny aisles to walk through. You can get lost easy.

The owner, he is a black man who doesn't talk much and sometimes if you didn't know better you could be in there a long time before your eyes notice a pair of gold glasses floating in the dark. Nenny who thinks she is smart and talks to any old man, asks lots of questions.

Nevím proč. Na tom domě nebylo nic, co by mi připomínalo domy z Mexika. Nevím, proč jsem si to vůbec myslela, ale přišlo mi to správné.

Podívejte se na ten dům, řekla jsem, vypadá jako Mexiko. Rachel a Lucy se na mě dívají, jako kdybych se zbláznila, ale dřív, než se začnou smát, Nenny řekne: Jo, to je přesně Mexiko. Taky jsem na to myslela.

#### Jak se staví sen

Je tu vetešnictví. Vlastní ho starý muž. Jednou jsme si u něj koupili použitou ledničku, a Carlos mu prodal krabici časopisů za dolar. Je to malý obchod se špinavými okny. Ten chlap nerozsvítí, pokud nemáte peníze, takže se s Nenny ve tmě koukáme na různé věci. Stoly vzhůru nohama a řady a řady ledniček s oblými rohy a pohovky, které rozvíří prach ve vzduchu, když do nich bouchnete, a stovky televizí, které pravděpodobně nefungují. Všechno je na sobě nahňácané, takže tu jsou jenom uzoučké uličky. Můžete se tu snadno ztratit.

Majitel je černoš, který toho moc nenamluví, a někdy můžete být v krámě už dost dlouhou dobu předtím, než si vůbec všimnete zlatých brýlí vznášejících se ve tmě. Nenny si myslí, že je chytrá a mluví se všemi starými muži a hodně se ptá.

Me, I never said nothing to him except once when I bought the Statue of liberty for a dime.

But Nenny, I hear her asking one time how's this here and the man says, This, this is a music box, and I turn around quick thinking he means a pretty box with flowers painted on it, with a ballerina inside. Only there's nothing like that where this old man is pointing, just a wood box that's old and got a big brass record in it with holes. Then he starts it up and all sorts of things start happening. It's like all of a sudden he let go a million moths all over the dusty furniture and swan-neck shadows and in our bones. It's like drops of water. Or like marimbas only with a funny little plucked sound to it like if you were running your fingers across the teeth of a metal comb.

And then I don't know why, but I have to turn around and pretend I don't care about the box so Nenny won't see how stupid I am. But Nenny, who is stupider, already is asking how much and I can see her fingers going for the quarters in her pants pocket.

This, the old man says shutting the lid, this ain't for sale.

Meme Ortiz

Meme Ortiz moved into Cathy's house after her family moved away. His name isn't really Meme. His name is Juan. But when we asked him what his name was he said Meme,

Já, já jsem mu nikdy nic řekla, kromě toho, když jsem si jednou za desetník koupila Sochu svobody.

Ale Nenny, slyším ji, jak se ptá, co je tohle a ten muž říká, : Tohle, tohle je hudební skříňka. Rychle se otáčím a myslím si, že to bude ta hezká skříňka s květinami a baletkou uvnitř. Ale nic takové tam, kam ukazuje, není. Jen stará dřevěná bedna, která má v sobě velkou mosaznou desku s otvory. Pak to spustí a začnou se dít všechny možné věci. Je to, jako by najednou pustil milion molů po zaprášeném nábytku a stínech labutích krků a v našich kostech. Je to jako kapky vody. Nebo jako xylofon jen s legračním malým trhavým zvukem, jako kdybyste přejížděli prsty přes zuby kovového hřebene.

A potom, nevím proč, se musím otočit a předstírat, že mě to vůbec nezajímá, aby Nenny neviděla, jak jsem blbá. Ale Nenny, která je ještě blbější než já, se ptá, kolik to stojí a už vidím, jak šátrá rukama do kapsy pro čtvrtáky.

Tohle, říká ten starý muž zavírající víko, tohle není na prodej.

Meme Ortiz

Meme Ortiz se přistěhoval do Cathyina domu poté, co se její rodina odstěhovala pryč. Doopravdy se nejmenuje Meme. Jmenuje se Juan. Ale když jsme se ho ptali, jak se jmenuje, řekl, že Meme,

and that's what everybody calls him except his mother.

Meme has a dog with gray eyes, a sheepdog with two names, one in English and one in Spanish. The dog is big, like a man dressed in a dog suit, and runs the same way its owner does, clumsy and wild and with the limbs flopping all over the place like untied shoes.

Cathy's father built the house Meme moved into. It is wooden. Inside the floors slant. Some rooms uphill. Some down. And there are no closets. Out front there are twenty-one steps, all lopsided and jutting like crooked teeth (made that way on purpose, Cathy said, so the rain will slide off), and when Meme's mama calls from the doorway, Meme goes scrambling up the twenty-one wooden stairs with the dog with two names scrambling after him.

Around the back is a yard, mostly dirt, and a greasy bunch of boards that used to be a garage. But what you remember most is this tree, huge, with fat arms and mighty families of squirrels in the higher branches. All around, the neighborhood of roofs, black-tarred and A-framed, and in their gutters, the balls that never came back down to earth. Down at the base of the tree, the dog with two names barks into the empty air, and there at the end of the block, looking smaller still, our house with its feet tucked under like a cat.

This is the tree we chose for the First Annual Tarzan Jumping Contest. Meme won. And broke both arms.

a tak mu tak všichni kromě jeho mámy říkají.

Meme má psa s šedýma očima, je to ovčák se dvěma jmény, anglickým a španělským. Je to velký pes, vypadá jako člověk převlečený za psa, a taky běhá stejně jako jeho páníček – nemotorně a divoce s končetinami poskakujícími všude možné jako rozvázané tkaničky.

Cathyin táta postavil dům, do kterého se Meme nastěhoval. Je dřevěný. Se šikmými podlahami. Některé místnosti nahoře. Některé dole. A nejsou tam žádné skříně. Vpředu je dvacet jedna schodů, všechny ošoupané a vyčnívající jako křivé zuby (udělané záměrně tímto způsobem, řekla Cathy, aby po nich déšť dobře sklouzával), a když Memeho matka volá ze dveří, Meme se škrábe nahoru po dvaceti jedněch dřevěných schodech se psem se dvěma jmény škrábajícím se za ním.

Vzadu je dvorek, většinou hlinitý, a mastná hromada desek, které bývaly garáží. Ale co si člověk pamatuje nejvíc, je tento strom, obrovský, s tlustými pažemi a mocnými rodinami ve větvích v koruně stromu. Všude kolem sousedství střeš, černých a áčkových, a v okapech míče, které se nikdy nevrátily na zem. Dole na úpatí stromu štěká do prázdna pes se dvěma jmény, a tam na konci bloku vypadá stále menší, náš dům s nohama schovanýma pod sebou jako kočka.

To je strom, který jsme vybrali pro první ročník soutěže Tarzaní skoky. Meme vyhrál. A zlomil si obě ruce.

Louie, His Cousin His & Other Cousin

Downstairs from Meme's is a basement apartment that Meme's mother fixed up and rented to a Puerto Rican family. Louie's family. Louie is the oldest in a family of little sisters. He is my brother's friend really, but I know he has two cousins and that his T-shirts never stay tucked in his pants.

Louie's girl cousin is older than us. She lives with Louie's family because her own family is in Puerto Rico. Her name is Marin or Maris or something like that, and she wears dark nylons all the time and lots of makeup she gets free from selling Avon. She can't come out-gotta baby-sit with Louie's sisters-but she stands in the doorway a lot, all the time singing, clicking her fingers, the same song:

*Apples, peaches, pumpkin pah-ay.  
You're in love and so am ah-ay.*

Louie has another cousin. We only saw him once, but it was important. We were playing volleyball in the alley when he drove up in this great big yellow Cadillac with whitewalls and a yellow scarf tied around the mirror.

Louie's cousin had his arm out the window. He honked a couple of times and a lot of faces looked out from Louie's back window and then a lot of people came out-Louie, Marin and all the little sisters.

Louie, jeho sestřenice & jiný bratranec

Dole pod Memem je sklepní byt, který opravila Memeho máma a pronajímá ho portorikánské rodině. Louieho rodině. Louie je nejstarší mezi svými sestřičkami. Je to kamarád mého bratra, ale vím, že má sestřenici a bratrance, a že mu trička nikdy nezůstanou zastrčená v kalhotách.

Louieho sestřenice je starší než my. Žije s Louieho rodinou, protože její rodina je v Portoriku. Jmenuje se Marin nebo Maris nebo tak nějak a pořád nosí tmavé punčochy a hodně make-upu, který má díky prodávání Avonu. Nesmí chodit ven-musí hlídat s Louieho sestrami-ale často stojí u vchodu, pořád zpívá, louská prsty, stejnou písničku:

*Jablka, broskve, koláček.  
Pro mě jsi můj miláček.*

Louie má ještě bratrance. Viděli jsme ho jen jednou, ale to bylo něco. Hráli jsme na ulici volejbal, když přijel v tom krásném žlutém Cadillacu s bílými pneumatikami a žlutým šátkem kolem zrcátek.

Louieho bratranec měl vystrčenou ruku z okénka. Párkrát zatroubil a z Louieho zadního okna vykouklo spoustu očí, a potom spoustu lidí vyšlo ven-Louie, Marin a všechny sestřičky.

Everybody looked inside the car and asked where he got it. There were white rugs and white leather seats. We all asked for a ride and asked where he got it. Louie's cousin said get in.

We each had to sit with one of Louie's little sisters on our lap, but that was okay. The seats were big and soft like a sofa, and there was a little white cat in the back window whose eyes lit up when the car stopped or turned. The windows didn't roll up like in ordinary cars. Instead there was a button that did it for you automatically. We rode up the alley and around the block six times, but Louie's cousin said he was going to make us walk home if we didn't stop playing with the windows or touching the FM radio.

The seventh time we drove into the alley we heard sirens ... real quiet at first, but then louder. Louie's cousin stopped the car right where we were and said, Everybody out of the car. Then he took off flooring that car into a yellow blur. We hardly had time to think when the cop car pulled in the alley going just as fast. We saw the yellow Cadillac at the end of the block trying to make a left-hand turn, but our alley is too skinny and the car hashed into a lamppost.

Marin screamed and we ran down the block to where the cop car's siren spun a dizzy blue. The nose of that yellow Cadillac was all pleated like an alligator's, and except for a bloody lip and a bruised forehead, Louie's cousin was okay.

Všichni se koukali do auta a ptali se, kde ho vzal. Uvnitř byly bílé koberečky a bílé kožené sedačky. Všichni jsme se chtěli svézt a ptali jsme se, kde k němu přišel. Louieho bratranec řekl: Nasedněte.

Každý z nás měl jednu Louieho sestřičku na klíně, ale bylo to v pohodě. Sedačky byly velké a měkké jako pohovka, a vzadu na okně byla bílá kočka, její oči se rozsvítily, když auto zastavilo nebo zatáčelo. Okýnka se nestáčela jako v jiných autech. Místo klíčky tam bylo tlačítko, které to pro vás udělalo automaticky. Šestkrát jsme jeli po ulici a kolem bloku, ale Louieho bratranec řekl, že nás nechá jít domů pěšky, jestli si nepřestaneme hrát s okýnky a dotýkat se rádia.

Když jsme vjížděli do ulice posedmé, uslyšeli jsme sirény ... nejdřív potichu, ale potom nahlas. Louieho bratranec na místě zastavil a řekl: Všichni ven. A auto zmizelo ve žluté čmouze. Sotva jsme měli čas se zamyslet, když policejní auto vjelo do ulice stejně tak rychle. Viděli jsme žlutého Cadillaca na konci bloku, jak se snaží odbočit doleva, ale naše ulice je moc úzká, a auto narazilo do lampy.

Marin zaječela a my jsme běželi na místo, kde se splašeně otáčela modrá siréna policejního auta. Čumák žlutého Cadillacu byl slisovaný jako nos aligátora, a až na krvácející ret a pohmožděné čelo, Louieho bratranec byl v pořádku.

They put handcuffs on him and put him in the backseat of the cop car, and we all waved as they drove away.

Marin

Marin's boyfriend is in Puerto Rico. She shows us his letters and makes us promise not to tell anybody they're getting married when she goes back to P.R. She says he didn't get a job yet, but she's saving the money she gets from selling Avon and taking care of her cousins.

Marin says that if she stays here next year, she's going to get a real job downtown because that's where the best jobs are, since you always get to look beautiful and get to wear nice clothes and can meet someone in the subway who might marry you and take you to live in a big house far away.

But next year Louie's parents are going to send her back to her mother with a letter saying she's too much trouble, and that is too bad because I like Marin. She is older and knows lots of things. She is the one who told us how Davey the Baby's sister got pregnant and what cream is best for taking off moustache hair and if you count the white flecks on your fingernails you can know how many boys are thinking of you and lots of other things I can't remember now.

We never see Marin until her aunt comes home from work, and even then she can only stay out in front. She is there every night with the radio.

Nasadili mu pouta a posadili na zadní sedačku policejního auta, a my jsme všichni mávali, když odjížděli.

Marin

Marinin přítel je v Portoriku. Ukazuje nám dopisy od něj a nutí nás přísahat, že nikomu neřekneme, že se budou brát, až se vrátí do P.R. Říká, že zatím nesehnal práci, ale ona šetří peníze, které má z prodávání Avonu a za péči o její sestřenice.

Marin říká, že pokud tu zůstane i příští rok, sežene si opravdovou práci v centru, protože tam jsou ty nejlepší práce, kde vždycky vypadáte krásně a nosíte hezké oblečení a můžete potkat někoho v metru, kdo si vás může vzít a můžete bydlet ve velkém domě někde daleko.

Ale příští rok ji pošlou Louieho rodiče zpět k její matce s dopisem, ve kterém se píše, že s ní jsou samé potíže, což je škoda, protože mám Marin ráda. Je starší a ví spoustu věcí. To ona nám řekla, jak Davey, Babyho sestra, otěhotněla, a jaký krém je nejlepší na oholení knírku a taky to, že když spočítáte bílé flíčky na svých nehtech, tak zjistíte, kolik kluků na vás myslí, a spoustu dalších věcí, které si teď nevybavím.

Marin není vidět, dokud nepřijde její teta z práce, a i potom může zůstat jenom před barákem. Každou noc je tam s rádiem.

When the light in her aunt's room goes out, Marin lights a cigarette and it doesn't matter if it's cold out or if the radio doesn't work or if we've got nothing to say to each other. What matters, Marin says, is for the boys to see us and for us to see them. And since Marin's skirts are shorte' and since her eyes are pretty, and since Marin is already older than us in many ways, the boys who do pass by say stupid things like I am in love with those two green apples you call eyes, give them to me why don't you. And Marin just looks at them without even blinking and is not afraid.

Marin, under the streetlight, dancing by herself, is singing the same song somewhere. I know.

Is waiting for a car to stop, a star to fall, someone to change her life.

#### Those Who Don't

Those who don't know any better come into our neighborhood scared. They think we're dangerous. They think we will attack them with shiny knives. They are stupid people who are lost and got here by mistake.

But we aren't afraid. We know the guy with the crooked eye is Davey the Baby's brother, and the tall one next to him in the straw brim, that's Rosa's Eddie V., and the big one that looks like a dumb grown man, he's Fat Boy, though he's not fat anymore nor a boy.

Když zhasne světlo v tetině pokoji, Marin si zapálí cigaretu a je jedno, jestli je zima, jestli rádio nefunguje nebo jestli si nemáme co říct. Na čem záleží je, říká Marin, že nás vidí kluci a my vidíme je. A protože Marininy sukně jsou krátké a její oči hezké, a protože je v mnoha ohledech starší než my, kluci, kteří chodí okolo, říkají blbosti, jako Zamiloval jsem se do těch dvou zelených jablíček, kterým říkáš oči, tak mi je přeci dej. A Marin se na ně bez mrknutí dívá a nebojí se.

Marin, někde pod uličním světlem, tančí sama, zpívá tu stejnou písničku. Já vím. Čeká, až zastaví auto, až spadne hvězda, až jí někdo změní život.

#### Ti, kteří nevědí

Ti, kteří nevědí, přicházejí do našeho sousedství vyděšení. Myslí si, že jsme nebezpeční. Myslí si, že je napadneme s lesklými noži. Jsou to hlupáci, kteří se ztratili a objevili se tu náhodou.

Ale my se nebojíme. Víme, že ten chlap s pokřiveným okem je Davey, Babyho bratr, a ten vysoký vedle něj ve slaměném klobouku, to je Rosy Eddie V., a ten velký, co vypadá jako hloupý dospělý muž, to je Tloušťík, i když už není tlustý.



All brown all around, we are safe. But watch us drive into a neighborhood of another color and our knees go shakity-shake and our car windows get rolled up tight and our eyes look straight. Yeah. That is how it goes and goes.

There Was an Old Woman She Had So Many Children She Didn't Know What to Do

Rosa Vargas' kids are too many and too much. It's not her fault you know, except she is their mother and only one against so many.

They are bad those Vargases, and how can they help it with only one mother who is tired all the time from buttoning and bottling and babying, and who cries every day for the man who left without even leaving a dollar for bologna or a note explaining how come.

The kids bend trees and bounce between cars and dangle upside down from knees and almost break like fancy museum vases you can't replace. They think it's funny. They are without respect for all things living, including themselves.

But after a while you get tired of being worried about kids who aren't even yours. One day they are playing chicken on Mr. Benny's roof. Mr. Benny says, Hey ain't you kids know better than to be swinging up there? Come down, you come down right now, and then they just spit.

See. That's what I mean. No wonder everybody gave up. Just stopped looking out when little Efren chipped his buck tooth on a parking meter and

Když jsou kolem hnědí, jsme v bezpečí. Ale to byste koukali, když jedeme do sousedství jiné barvy. Kolena se nám pěkně rozklepou a okýnka v autě se vytáhnou a oči směřují dopředu. Jo. Takhle to tu chodí.

Byla jednou jedna stará žena, která měla tolik dětí, že nevěděla, co s nimi

Děti Rosy Vargas jsou všude. Není to její chyba, teda až na to, že je jejich máma a je na ně sama.

Zlobí, tihle Vargasovi, ale nemůžou si pomoc s jednou mámou, která je pořád unavená z přišívání knoflíků, krmení a kojení, a která každý den pláče kvůli muži, který odešel bez rozloučení a ani jí nenechal dolar na boloňskou.

Ty děti ohýbají stromy a odráží se mezi auty a visí vzhůru nohama a skoro se zlomí jako ozdobné vázy v muzeu, které jsou nenahraditelné. Myslí si, že je to sranda. Nemají respekt k ničemu živému, včetně sebe samých.

Ale po chvíli vás přejde strachovat se o děti, které nejsou vaše vlastní. Jeden den mají bojovku na střeše pana Bennyho. Pan Benny říká, Hej, to nemáte nic lepšího na práci, než se mi houpat na střeše? Slezte dolů, ihned slezte dolů, a pak prostě plivli.

Vidíte. To je to, o čem mluvím. Není divu, že to s nimi každý vzdal. Všichni se prostě přestali dívat, když si Efren uštípl předkus o parkovací automat,

didn't even stop Refugia from getting her head stuck between two slats in the back gate and nobody looked up not once the day Angel Vargas learned to fly and dropped from the sky like a sugar donut, just like a falling star, and exploded down to earth without even an "Oh."

#### Alicia Who Sees Mice

Close your eyes and they'll go away, her father says, or You're just imagining. And anyway, a woman's place is sleeping so she can wake up early with the tortilla star, the one that appears early just in time to rise and catch the hind legs hide behind the sink, beneath the four-clawed tub, under the swollen floorboards nobody fixes, in the corner of your eyes.

Alicia, whose mama died, is sorry there is no one older to rise and make the lunchbox tortillas. Alicia, who inherited her mama's rolling pin and sleepiness, is young and smart and studies for the first time at the university. Two trains and a bus, because she doesn't want to spend her whole life in a factory or behind a rolling pin. Is a good girl, my friend, studies all night and sees the mice, the ones her father says do not exist. Is afraid of nothing except four-legged fur. And fathers.

#### Darius & the Clouds

You can never have too much sky. You can fall asleep and wake up drunk on sky, and sky can keep

nikdo nezabránil Refugii v tom, aby si nezasekla hlavu mezi dvěma sloupky u zadní brány, a nikdo v ten den nevzhlédl, když se Angel Vargas učil létat a spadl z nebe jako kobliha, stejně jako padající hvězda, a rozplácl se na zem bez jediného „Oh“.

#### Alicia, která vidí myši

Zavři oči a oni odejdou, říká její táta, nebo: Máš jenom vidiny. A stejně, žena má spát, aby mohla vstávat se sluncem, a stihla chytit ty myši nožky schované za umyvadlem, pod vanou, pod nabobtnalou podlahou, kterou nikdo nespraví, v koutku svých očí.

Alicia, které umřela máma, je smutná z toho, že tu není nikdo starší, kdo by vstával a připravoval svačkové krabičky s tortillami. Alicia, která po mámě zdědila váleček na těsto a nespavost, je mladá a chytrá a studuje prvním rokem na vysoké škole. Dva vlaky a autobus, protože nechce celý život strávit v továrně nebo s válečkem na těsto. Je to správná holka, moje kamarádka, studuje celé noci a vidí myši, ty, o kterých její táta říká, že neexistují. Nebojí se ničeho kromě čtyřnohé srsti. A tátů.

#### Darius & mraky

Nikdy nemůžete mít příliš hodně oblohy. Můžete usnout a vzbudit se opilý na obloze.

you safe when you are sad. Here there is too much sadness and not enough sky. Butterflies too are few and so are flowers and most things that are beautiful. Still, we take what we can get and make the best of it.

Darius, who doesn't like school, who is sometimes stupid and mostly a fool, said something wise today, though most days he says nothing. Darius, who chases girls with firecrackers or a stick that touched a rat and thinks he's tough, today pointed up because the world was full of clouds, the kind like pillows.

You all see that cloud, that fat one there? Darius said, See that? Where? That one next to the one that look like popcorn. That one there. See that. That's God, Darius said. God? somebody little asked. God, he said, and made it simple.

#### And Some More

The Eskimos got thirty different names for snow, I say. I read it in a book.

I got a cousin, Rachel says. She got three different names.

There ain't thirty different kinds of snow, Lucy says. There are two kinds. The clean kind and the dirty kind, clean and dirty. Only two.

There are a million zillion kinds, says Nenny. No two exactly alike. Only how do you remember which one is which?

She got three last names and, let me see, two first names. One in English and one in Spanish ...

A obloha vás ochrání, když vám bude smutno. Tady je hodně smutku, a ne dost oblohy. Není tu dost motýlů, ani květin a dalších krásných věcí. Přesto bereme to, co máme, a děláme z toho to nejlepší.

Darius, který nemá rád školu, a který je občas hloupý a většinou blbec, řekl dnes něco moudrého, přesto, že spíš neříká nic. Darius, který honí holky s petardami nebo s klackem, který se dotkl krysy a myslí si, že je frajer, dnes ukázal nahoru, protože svět byl plný mraků, takových těch, co vypadají jako polštáře.

Vidíte ten mrak, ten tlustý? říká Darius, Vidíte ho? Kde? Ten vedle toho, který vypadá jako popcorn. Táhle ten. Vidíte. Je to Bůh, řekl Darius. Bůh? zeptal se někdo malý. Bůh, řekl a znělo to tak jednoduše.

#### Ještě víc

Eskymáci znají třicet různých pojmenování pro sníh, říkám. Četla jsem to v knížce.

Mám sestřenici, říká Rachel, a ta má tři jména.

Neexistuje třicet druhů sněhu, říká Lucy. Jsou jen dva druhy. Čistý a špinavý. Jenom dva.

Je milion zilion druhů, říká Nenny. Ani dva si nejsou podobní. Ale jak si člověk pamatuje, který je který?

Má tři příjmení a, moment, dvě křestní jména. Jedno anglické a druhé španělské.

<p>And clouds got at least ten different names, I say.</p> <p>Names for clouds? Nenny asks. Names just like you and me?</p> <p>That up there, that's cumulus, and everybody looks up.</p> <p>Cumulus are cute, Rachel says. She would say something like that.</p> <p>What's that one there? Nenny asks, pointing a finger.</p> <p>That's cumulus too. They're all cumulus today. Cumulus, cumulus, cumulus.</p> <p>No, she says. That there is Nancy, otherwise known as Pig-eye. And over there her cousin Mildred, and little Joey, Marco, Nereida and Sue.</p> <p>There are all different kinds of clouds. How many different kinds of clouds can you think of?</p> <p>Well, there's these already that look like shaving cream ...</p> <p>And what about the kind that looks like you combed its hair? Yes, those are clouds too.</p> <p>Phyllis, Ted, Alfredo and Julie ...</p> <p>There are clouds that look like big fields of sheep, Rachel says. Them are my favorite.</p> <p>And don't forget nimbus the rain cloud, I add, that's something.</p> <p>Jose and Dagoberto, Alicia, Raul, Edna, Alma and Rickey ...</p> <p>There's that wide puffy cloud that looks like your face when you wake up after falling asleep with all your clothes on.</p>	<p>A mraky mají minimálně deset pojmenování, říkám.</p> <p>Jména pro mraky? ptá se Nenny. Jména jako máme my dvě?</p> <p>Ten nahoře, to je kupa, a všichni vzhlednou.</p> <p>Kupy jsou roztomilé, říká Rachel. Něco takového by řekla.</p> <p>A co tenhle? ptá se Nenny a ukazuje prstem.</p> <p>To je taky kupa. Dneska jsou to všechno kupy. Kupa, kupa, kupa.</p> <p>Ne, říká, támhle ten je Nancy, jinak známý jako Prasečí oko. A támhle je její sestřenice Mildren, a malý Joey, Marco, Nereida a Sue.</p> <p>Je tu spoustu druhů mraků. Kolik druhů mraků si dokážete představit?</p> <p>No, tyhle vypadají jako pěna na holení ...</p> <p>A co třeba ty, co vypadají jako by měli učesané vlasy. Ano, to jsou taky mraky.</p> <p>Phyllis, Ted, Alfredo a Julie ...</p> <p>Existují mraky, které vypadají jako pole plné ovcí, říká Rachel, ty být moje oblíbené.</p> <p>A nezapomeňte dešťovou slohu, dešťový mrak, dodávám, to je něco.</p> <p>Jose a Dagoberto, Alicia, Raul, Edna, Alma a Rickey ...</p> <p>Támhle je takový široký nafouklý mrak, který vypadá jako tvůj obličej, když se probudíš potom, co usneš oblečená.</p>
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<p>Reynaldo, Angelo, Albert, Armando, Mario ...  Not my face. Looks like your fat face.  Rita, Margie, Ernie ...  Whose fat face?  Esperanza's fat face, that's who. Looks like Esperanza's ugly face when she comes to school in the morning.  Anita, Stella, Dennis, and Lolo ...  Who you calling ugly, ugly?  Richie, Yolanda, Hector, Stevie, Vincent ...  Not you. Your mama, that's who.  My mama? You better not be saying that, Lucy Guerrero. You better not be talking like that ... else you can say goodbye to being my friend forever.  I'm saying your mama's ugly like ... ummm ...  ... like bare feet in September!  That does it! Both of yous better get out of my yard before I call my brothers.  Oh, we're only playing.  I can think of thirty Eskimo words for you, Rachel. Thirty words that say what you are.  Oh yeah, well I can think of some more.  Uh-oh, Nenny. Better get the broom. Too much trash in our yard today.  Frankie, Licha, Maria, Pee Wee ...  Nenny, you better tell your sister she is really crazy because Lucy and me are never coming back here again. Forever.  Reggie, Elizabeth, Lisa, Louie ...  You can do what you want to do, Nenny, but</p>	<p>Reynaldo, Angelo, Albert, Armando, Mario ..  Ne jako můj obličej. Vypadá jako tvůj tlustý obličej.  Rita, Margie, Ernie ...  Čí tlustý obličej?  Esperanzы tlustý obličej, koho jiného. Vypadá jako Esperanzы hnusný obličej, když ráno přijde do školy.  Anita, Stella, Dennis, and Lolo ...  Komu říkáš, že je hnusný, sama jsi hnusná!  Richie, Yolanda, Hector, Stevie, Vincent ...  Ne tobě. Tvoji mamě, komu jinému.  Mojí mámě? Tak to vezmi zpátky Lucy Guerrero. Takhle radši nemluv ... jinak se můžeš navždy rozloučit s mým kamarádstvím.  Říkám, že tvoje máma je hnusná jako ... ummm ... jako bosá noha v září.  A to by stačilo! Obě dvě vypadněte z mé zahrady dřív, než zavolám své bratry.  No tak, jenom si hrajeme.  Dokážu pro tebe vymyslet třicet eskymáckých jmen, Rachel. Třicet slov, které říkají, co jsi zač.  Aha, no, já jich dokážu vymyslet ještě víc.  O-ou, Nenny. raději skoč pro koště. Dneska máme na zahradě hodně bordelu.  Frankie, Licha, Maria, Pee Wee ...  Nenny, radši řekni své sestře, že je fakt blázen, protože my se sem s Lucy už nikdy nevrátíme. Nikdy.  Reggie, Elizabeth, Lisa, Louie ...</p>
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you better not talk to Lucy or Rachel if you want to be my sister.

You know what you are, Esperanza? You are like the Cream of Wheat cereal. You're like the lumps.

Yeah, and you're foot fleas, that's you.

Chicken lips.

Rosemary, Dalia, Lily ...

Cockroach jelly.

Jean, Geranium and Joe ...

Cold frijoles.

Mimi, Michael, Moe ...

Your mama's frijoles.

Your ugly mama's toes.

That's stupid.

Bebe, Blanca, Benny ...

Who's stupid? Who's stupid?

Rachel, Lucy, Esperanza, and Nenny.

#### The Family of Little Feet

There was a family. All were little. Their arms were little, and their hands were little, and their height was not tall, and their feet very small.

The grandpa slept on the living room couch and snored through his teeth. His feet were fat and doughy like thick tamales, and these he powdered and stuffed into white socks and brown leather shoes.

The grandma's feet were lovely as pink pearls and dressed in velvety high heels that made her

Můžeš si dělat, co chceš, Nenny, ale pokud chceš být moje sestra, radši nemluv s Lucy a Rachel.

Viš, co ty jsi, Esperanza? Jsi jako pšeničná kaše. Jako ty hrudky v ní.

Jo, a ty jsi jako písečná blecha.

Úzký rty.

Rosemary, Dalia, Lily ...

Švábí želé.

Jean, Granium a Joe ...

Studený fazole.

Mimi, Michael, Moe

Tvoji mámy fazole.

Hnusný palce tvoji mámy.

To je hloupý.

Bebe, Blanca, Benny ...

Kdo je hloupý? Kdo je hloupý?

Rachel, Lucy, Esperanza, a Nenny.

#### Rodina maličkých

Žila tu rodina. Všichni byli maličci. Jejich ruce byly maličké, jejich dlaně byly maličké, a jejich výška nebyla vysoká, a jejich chodidla byla drobounká.

Děda spal v obýváku na pohovce a chrápal. Jeho nohy byly tlusté a drsné jako naplněné kukuřičné placky, a ty si práškoval a cpal je do bílých ponožek a hnědých kožených bot.

Babiččiny nohy byly krásné jako růžové perly

walk with a wobble, but she wore them anyway because they were pretty.

The baby's feet had ten tiny toes, pale and see-through like a salamander's, and these he popped into his mouth whenever he was hungry.

The mother's feet, plump and polite, descended like white pigeons from the sea of pillow, across the linoleum roses, down, down the wooden stairs, over the chalk hopscotch squares, 5, 6, 7 blue sky.

Do you want this? And gave us a paper bag with one pair of lemon shoes and one red and one pair of dancing shoes that used to be white but were now pale blue. Here, and we said thank you and waited until she went upstairs.

Hurray! Today we are Cinderella because our feet fit exactly, and we laugh at Rachel's one foot with a girl's grey sock and a lady's high heel. Do you like these shoes? But the truth is it is scary to look down at your foot that is no longer yours and see attached a long long leg.

Everybody wants to trade. The lemon shoes for the red shoes, the red for the pair that were once white but are now pale blue, the pale blue for the lemon, and take them off and put them back on and keep on like this a long time until we are tired.

Then Lucy screams to take our socks off and yes, it's true. We have legs. Skinny and spotted with satin scars where scabs were picked, but legs, all our own, good to look at, and long.

a obuté v sametových vysokých podpatcích, kvůli kterým při chůzi vrávorala, ale přesto je nosila, protože byly hezké.

Miminko mělo deset bledých a průhledných maličkých prstíků jako mlok, a strkalo si je do pusy, kdykoliv mělo hlad.

Matčiny nohy, baculaté a zdvořilé, sestoupily, jako bílí holuby z polštářových hlubin, přes linoleové růže, dolů, dolů po dřevěných schodech, přes křídového panáka, 5, 6, 7 modré nebe.

Chcete je? a dala nám papírovou tašku s jedním párem žlutých bot a s jedním párem červených bot a s jedním párem tanečních bot, které bývaly bílé, ale teď byly bleděmodré. Tady máte, a my poděkovaly a počkaly, až odejde nahoru.

Hurá! Dnes jsme Popelky, protože boty nám padnou perfektně, a smály jsme se Rachelině jedné noze v šedých holčičích ponožkách a druhé v dámských podpatkách. Líbí se vám? Ale pravdou zůstává, že je děsivé koukat se na svoji nohu, která už není vaše a vidět napojenou dlouhou, dlouhou nohu.

Všichni chtějí měnit. Žluté za červené, červené za ty, co bývaly bílé, ale teď jsou bleděmodré, bleděmodré za žluté a zout a nazout a takhle dokola, dokud nejsme unavené.

Potom Lucy zakřičí, ať si sundáme ponožky a ano, je to tak. Máme nohy. Hubené a poseté saténovými jizvami, tam kde bývaly strupy, ale nohy, celé naše, pěkné na koukání, a dlouhé.

It's Rachel who learns to walk the best all strutted in those magic high heels. She teaches us to cross and uncross our legs, and to run like a double-dutch rope, and how to walk down to the corner so that the shoes talk back to you with every step. Lucy, Rachel, me tee-tottering like so. Down to the corner where the men can't take their eyes off us. We must be Christmas.

Mr. Benny at the corner grocery puts down his important cigar: Your mother know you got shoes like that? Who give you those?

Nobody.

Them are dangerous, he says. You girls too young to be wearing shoes like that. Take them shoes off before I call the cops, but we just run.

On the avenue a boy on a homemade bicycle calls out: Ladies, lead me to heaven.

But there is nobody around but us.

Do you like these shoes? Rachel says yes, and Lucy says yes, and yes I say, these are the best shoes. We will never go back to wearing the other kind again. Do you like these shoes?

In front of the laundromat six girls with the same fat face pretend we are invisible. They are the cousins, Lucy says, and always jealous. We just keep strutting.

Across the street in front of the tavern a bum man on the stoop.

Do you like these shoes?

Bum man says, Yes, little girl. Your little lemon shoes are so beautiful. But come closer.

Je to Rachel, kdo se nejlépe naučí vykračovat si v těch kouzelných podpatkách. Učí nás, jak si dát nohu přes nohu, a jak skákat jako dvojitě holandské švihadlo, a jak chodit až na roh ulice, aby se ozývalo klapání podpatků při každém kroku. Kymácející se Lucy, Rachel a já. Na rohu ulice, kde z nás muži nemůžou spustit oči. Jsme jako Vánoce.

Pan Benny z krámu na rohu típne svou důležitou cigaretu: Vaše matka ví, že máte takové boty? Kdo vám je dal?

Nikdo.

Jsou nebezpečné, říká, vy moc mladé holky na to nosit takové boty. Sundat ty boty, než zavolám policii, ale my prostě utečeme.

Na hlavní ulici na nás volá kluk na podomácky vyrobeném kole: Dámy, ved'te mě do ráje.

Ale nikdo kromě nás tu není.

Líbí se vám ty boty? Rachel řekne ano, a Lucy řekne ano, a ano řeknu já, jsou to ty nejlepší boty. Už nikdy nebudeme nosit jiné. Líbí se vám ty boty?

Před prádelnou stojí šest holek a předstírají, že nás nevidí. To jsou naše sestřenice, říká Lucy, vždycky závidí. Vykračujeme si dál.

Na verandě před hospodou na druhé straně ulice stojí nějaký vandrák.

Líbí se vám tyhle boty?

Vandrák řekne: Ano, holčičko. Tvoje žluté boty jsou krásné. Ale pojd' blíž.



I can't see very well. Come closer. Please.

You are a pretty girl, bum man continues.  
What's your name, pretty girl?

And Rachel says Rachel, just like that.

Now you know to talk to drunks is crazy and to tell them your name is worse, but who can blame her. She is young and dizzy to hear so many sweet things in one day, even if it is a bum man's whiskey words saying them.

Rachel, you are prettier than a yellow taxicab.  
You know that?

But we don't like it. We got to go, Lucy says.

If I give you a dollar will you kiss me? How about a dollar. I give you a dollar and he looks in his pocket for wrinkled money.

We have to go right now, Lucy says taking Rachel's hand because she looks like she's thinking about that dollar.

Bum man is yelling something to the air but by now we are running fast and far away, our high heel shoes taking us all the way down the avenue and around the block, past the ugly cousins, past Mr. Benny's, up Mango Street, the back way, just in case.

We are tired of being beautiful. Lucy hides the lemon shoes and the red shoes and the shoes that used to be white but are now pale blue under a powerful bushel basket on the back porch, until one Tuesday her mother, who is very clean, throws them away. But no one complains.

Ať je lépe vidím. Pojď blíž. Prosím.

Jsi pěkná holčička, vandrák pokračuje, jak se jmenuješ?

A Rachel řekne Rachel, prostě jen tak.

Teď už víte, že mluvit s vandráky je šílené a říct jim vaše jméno, je ještě horší, ale kdo by ji vinil. Je mladá a chtivá po tolika lichotkách v jeden den, i když vycházejí z úst vandráka.

Rachel, jsi krásnější než žlutý taxík. Víš to?

Ale nám se to nezdá. Musíme jít, říká Lucy.

Když ti dám dolar, dáš mi pusu? Co takhle dolar. Dám ti dolar, a hledá v kapse zmuchlané peníze.

Musíme jít, hned teď, říká Lucy beroucí Rachelinu ruku, protože ta vypadá jako by nad vandrákovou nabídkou přemýšlela.

Vandrák ještě něco vykřikuje, ale my už rychle běžíme pryč, podpatky nás unášejí po ulici a za roh, kolem ošklivých sestřenic, kolem pana Bennyho, do Mangové ulice, radši zadem.

Už nás nebaví být krásnými. Lucy schová žluté boty a červené boty a boty, které bývaly bílé, ale teď jsou bleděmodré, pod silný bušlový koš na zadní verandě, až je jedno úterý její máma, která je velmi čistotná, vyhodí. Nikdo si nestěžuje.

### A Rice Sandwich

The special kids, the ones who wear keys around their necks, get to eat in the canteen. The canteen! Even the name sounds important. And these kids at lunch time go there because their mothers aren't home or home is too far away to get to.

My home isn't far but it's not close either, and somehow I got it in my head one day to ask my mother to make me a sandwich and write a note to the principal so I could eat in the canteen too.

Oh no, she says pointing the butter knife at me as if I'm starting trouble, no sir. Next thing you know everybody will be wanting a bag lunch-I'll be up all-night cutting bread into little triangles, this one with mayonnaise, this one with mustard, no pickles on mine, but mustard on one side please. You kids just like to invent more work for me.

But Nenny says she doesn't want to eat at school ever-because she likes to go home with her best friend Gloria who lives across the schoolyard. Gloria's mama has it big color T.V. and all they do is watch cartoons. Kiki and Carlos, on the other hand, are patrol boys. They don't want to eat at school either. They like to stand out in the cold especially if it's raining. They think suffering is good for you ever since they saw that movie 300 Spartans.

I'm no Spartan and hold up an anemic wrist to prove it. I can't even blow up a balloon without getting dizzy. And besides, I know how to make my

### Rýžový sendvič

Výjimečné děti, ty, co nosí klíče na krku, jedí ve školní jídelně. Školní jídelna! Už jenom ten název zní důležitě. A tyhle děti tam chodí během polední pauzy, protože jejich mámy nejsou doma nebo protože bydlí daleko.

Můj domov není daleko, ale není ani úplně blízko, a tak mě jednou napadlo říct mámě, aby mi udělala sendvič a napsala lísteček řiditelce, abych také mohla obědvat ve školní jídelně.

Ne, říká ukazujíc na mě nožem od másla jako bych chystala nějakou neplechu, v žádném případě. Ještě by příště všichni chtěli oběd sebou a já budu celou noc vzhůru kvůli krájení chleba na trojúhelníčky, tenhle s majonézou, tenhle s hořčicí, pro mě žádné kyselé okurky, ale hořčici na jednu stranu prosím. Vy pro mě chcete vymýšlet jen víc a víc práce.

Ale Nenny tvrdí, že nechce jíst ve škole-protože ráda chodí domů s její nejlepší kamarádkou Glorií, která bydlí naproti školnímu hřišti. Gloriina máma má velkou barevnou televizi a ony pořád koukají na pohádky. No a Kiki a Carlos mají hlídku. Taky nechtějí jíst ve škole. Rádi stojí venku v zimě, hlavně když prší. Myslí si, že trpět je dobré, od té doby, co viděli film *300 Spartánů*.

Já nejsem Spartán a ukazuju mámě chudokrevné zápěstí jako důkaz. Ani nedokážu nafouknout balón, aniž by se mi nezatočila hlava. A hlavně, oběd si umím udělat sama.

own lunch. If I ate at school there'd be less dishes to wash. You would see me less and less and like me better. Every day at noon my chair would be empty. Where is my favorite daughter you would cry, and when I came home finally at three p.m. you would appreciate me.

Okay, okay, my mother says after three days of this. And the following morning I get to go to school with my mother's letter and a rice sandwich because we don't have lunch meat.

Mondays or Fridays, it doesn't matter, mornings always go by slow and this day especially. But lunchtime came finally and I got to get in line with the stay-at-school kids. Everything is fine until the nun who knows all the canteen kids by heart looks at me and says: You, who sent you here? And since I am shy, I don't say anything, just hold out my hand with the letter. This is no good, she says, till Sister Superior gives the okay. Go upstairs and see her. And so I went.

I had to wait for two kids in front of me to get hollered at, one because he did something in class, the other because he didn't. My turn came and I stood in front of the big desk with holy pictures under the glass while the Sister Superior read my letter. It went like this:

Dear Sister Superior,  
Please let Esperanza eat in the lunchroom because she lives too far away and she gets tired. As you can see she is very skinny.

Kdybych jedla v jídelně, bylo by tu méně špinavého nádobí. Viděla bys mě méně a víc by ses na mě těšila. Každý den v poledne by tu po mě zbyla prázdná židle. A ty bys plakala, Kde je moje oblíbená dcera, a až bych přišla ve tři domů, byla bys ráda.

Po třech dnech přemlouvání, máma kývne. A další ráno vyrazím do školy s lístečkem a rýžovým sendvičem, protože nemáme k obědu maso.

Pondělní nebo páteční rána, to je jedno, jsou vždycky pomalá a obzvlášť to dnešní. Ale obědová pauza konečně nastala a já stojím v řadě s dětmi, co nechodí domů. Všechno probíhá bez problémů, dokud si mě nevšimne jeptiška, která zná nazpaměť všechny děti, co chodí do školní jídelny, podívá se na mě a řekne: Ty, kdo tě sem poslal? A protože se stydím, nic neřeknu a podám jí lísteček. Dokud to Sestra Představená neschválí, nemůžeš tu být, řekne, jdi za ní nahoru. A tak jsem šla.

Musela jsem počkat, než dvě děti přede mnou dostanou vynadáno. Jedno za to, že něco udělalo, druhé za to, že něco neudělalo. Přišla jsem na řadu a stála jsem před velkým stolem, který měl pod sklem svaté obrázky, když Sestra Představené četla můj lísteček. Psalo se v něm toto:

Vážená Sestro Představená,  
Prosím nechte Esperanzu obědovat ve školní jídelně, bydlí daleko a vždy ji to unaví. Jak sama vidíte, je velmi hubená.

<p>I hope to God she does not faint.</p> <p>Thanking you, Mrs. E. Cordero</p> <p>You don't live far, she says. You live across the boulevard. That's only four blocks. Not even. Three maybe. Three long blocks away from here. I bet I can see your house from my window. Which one? Come here. Which one is your house?</p> <p>And then she made me stand up on a box of books and point. That one? she said, pointing to a row of ugly three-flats, the ones even the raggedy men are ashamed to go into. Yes, I nodded even though I knew that wasn't my house and started to cry. I always cry when nuns yell at me, even if they're not yelling.</p> <p>Then she was sorry and said I could stay-just for today, not tomorrow or the day after-you go home. And I said yes and could I please have a Kleenex-I had to blow my nose.</p> <p>In the canteen, which was nothing special, lots of boys and girls watched while I cried and ate my sandwich, the bread already greasy and the rice cold.</p> <p>Chanclas</p> <p>It's me-Mama, Mama said. I open up and she's there with bags and big boxes, the new clothes and, yes, she's got the socks and a new slip with a little rose on it and a pink-and-white striped dress. What about the shoes? I forgot. Too late now.</p>	<p>Modlím se k Bohu, aby neomdlela.</p> <p>Děkuji, Paní E. Cordero</p> <p>Nebydlíš daleko, řekne, bydlíš přes hlavní ulici. To jsou jenom čtyři bloky. Ani to ne. Tři možná. Tři dlouhé bloky odtud. Vsadím se, že z okna uvidím tvůj dům. Který to je? Pojď sem. Který je váš?</p> <p>A donutila mě stoupnout si na krabici s knížkami a ukázat. Támhle ten? řekne a ukazuje na řadu ošklivých domů, takových těch, do kterých se stydí jít i nějací otrhanci. Ano, přikývla jsem, i když jsem věděla, že to nebyl můj dům a začala jsem brečet. Brečím vždycky, když na mě jeptišky křičí, vlastně i když nekřičí.</p> <p>Potom jí to bylo líto a řekla, že pro dnešek můžu zůstat, ale zítra už půjdeš domů. A já řekla: ano a můžu prosím dostat kapesník, potřebovala jsem se vysmrkat.</p> <p>V jídelně, která nebyla nijak zvláštní, hodně kluků a holek koukalo, jak jsem brečela a jedla svůj sendvič, chleba rozmočený a rýže studená.</p> <p>Boty</p> <p>To jsem já-máma, řekne máma. Otevřu a za dveřmi stojí ona s taškami a velkými krabicemi, nové oblečení, má ty ponožky a novou spodničku s růžičkou a proužkované růžovobílé šaty. A co boty? Zapomněla jsem. Teď už je pozdě.</p>
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I'm tired. Whew!

Six-thirty already and my little cousin's baptism is over. All day waiting, the door locked, don't open up for nobody, and I don't till Mama gets back and buys everything except the shoes.

Now Uncle Nacho is coming in his car, and we have to hurry to get to Precious Blood Church quick because that's where the baptism party is, in the basement rented for today for dancing and tamales and everyone's kids running all over the place.

Mama dances, laughs, dances. All of a sudden, Mama is sick. I fan her hot face with a paper plate. Too many tamales, but Uncle Nacho says too many this and tilts his thumb to his lips.

Everybody laughing except me, because I'm wearing the new dress, pink and white with stripes, and new underclothes and new socks and the old saddle shoes I wear to school, brown and white, the kind I get every September because they last long and they do. My feet scuffed and round, and the heels all crooked that look dumb with this dress, so I just sit.

Meanwhile that boy who is my cousin by first communion or something asks me to dance and I can't. Just stuff my feet under the metal folding chair stamped Precious Blood and pick on a wad of brown gum that's stuck beneath the seat. I shake my head no. My feet growing bigger and bigger.

Then Uncle Nacho is pulling and pulling my arm and it doesn't matter how new the dress Mama bought is because my feet are ugly until my uncle

Jsem unavená. Puuh!

Je půl sedmé a křest mého bratrance je u konce. Celý den čekání, dveře zamčené, nikomu neotvírej, a já neotvírám, dokud se máma nevrátí se vším kromě bot.

Strýček Nacho přijíždí ve svém autě a my si musíme pospíšet do kostela, protože tam je křestní oslava, ve sklepě, který je pronajatý na dnešní tancování a na plněné kukuřičné placky a na běhání všech dětí všude kolem.

Máma tančí, směje se, tančí. A najednou se jí udělá špatně. Ovívám její horký obličej papírovým táckem. Hodně plněných kukuřičných placek, ale strýček Nacho říká: Hodně tohohle, a nakloní si palec ke rtům.

Všichni se smějí kromě mě, protože mám na sobě nové šaty, růzovobílé s proužky, a nové spodní prádlo a nové ponožky a staré oxfordky, které nosím do školy, hnědobílé, ty, co dostávám každé září, protože dlouho vydrží, a taky že vydrží. Moje nohy ošoupané a oblé, a podpatek celý pokřivený. Boty, které se k těmhle šatům nehodí, takže jenom sedím.

Mezitím ten kluk, který je můj bratranec díky prvnímu přijímání, nebo tak něco, mě požádá o tanec a já nemůžu. Zrovna jsem nacpala nohy pod kovovou skládací židli s razítkem kostela a šáhla na hnědou žvýkačku nalepenou pod sedadlem. Zavrtím hlavou. Moje nohy se zvětšují a zvětšují.

Pak mě strýček Nacho tahá a tahá za ruku a nezáleží na tom, jak nové jsou šaty, které máma

who is a liar says, You are the prettiest girl here, will you dance, but I believe him, and yes, we are dancing, my Uncle Nacho and me, only I don't want to at first. My feet swell big and heavy like plungers, but I drag them across the linoleum floor straight center where Uncle wants to show off the new dance we learned. And Uncle spins me, and my skinny arms bend the way he taught me, and my mother watches, and my little cousins watch, and the boy who is my cousin by first communion watches, and everyone says, wow, who are those two who dance like in the movies, until I forget that I am wearing only ordinary shoes, brown and white, the kind my mother buys each year for school.

And all I hear is the clapping when the music stops. My uncle and me bow and he walks me back in my thick shoes to my mother who is proud to be my mother. All night the boy who is a man watches me dance. He watched me dance.

Hips

*I like coffee, I like tea.*

*I like the boys and the boys like me.*

*Yes, no, maybe so. Yes, no, maybe so ...*

One day you wake up and they are there. Ready and waiting like a new Buick with the keys in the ignition. Ready to take you where?

They're good for holding a baby when you're cooking, Rachel says, turning the jump rope a little quicker.

koupila, protože moje nohy jsou ošklivé, dokud strýček, který je lhář, neřekne: Jsi ta nehezčí dívka tady, zatančíš si? Ale já mu věřím, a ano, tančíme, můj strýček Nacho a já, ale já nejdřív nechci. Mám nateklé a těžké nohy jako zvon, ale táhnu je přes celou místnost rovnou do středu, kde chce strýček předvést nový tanec, který jsme se naučili. A strýček mě otáčí a moje hubené ruce se ohýbají, tak jak mě naučil, a moje máma kouká, a moji malí bratrance a sestřenice koukají, a ten kluk, který je můj bratranec díky prvnímu přijímání kouká, a všichni říkají skvělé, kdo jsou ti dva, co tancují jako z filmu, dokud nezapomenu, že mám na sobě jen obyčejné boty, hnědobílé, které mi máma každoročně kupuje do školy.

A vše, co slyším, když přestane hrát hudba, je potlesk. Ukloníme se a strýček mě odvede zpět v mých pevných botách k mámě, která je pyšná, že je moje máma. Ten kluk, co už je muž, celou noc sleduje jak tančím. Sledoval mě, jak tančím.

Boky

*Mám rád kávu, mám rád čaj.*

*Mám rád kluky a kluci rádi mě maj.*

*Ano, ne, možná. Ano, ne, možná ...*

Jednoho dne se vzbudíte a jsou tady. Připraveni a čekají jako nová Škodovka s klíči v zapalování. Připraveni vás vzít kam?

Jsou dobré na držení dětí, když vaříte, říká Rachel, točící švihadlem rychleji.

<p>She has no imagination.</p> <p>You need them to dance, says Lucy.</p> <p>If you don't get them you may turn into a man.</p> <p>Nenny says this and she believes it. She is this way because of her age.</p> <p>That's right, I add before Lucy or Rachel can make fun of her. She is stupid alright, but she is my sister.</p> <p>But most important, hips are scientific, I say repeating what Alicia already told me. It's the bones that let you know which skeleton was a man's when it was a man and which a woman's.</p> <p>They bloom like roses, I continue because it's obvious I'm the only one who can speak with any authority; I have science on my side.</p> <p>The bones just one day open. Just like that. One day you might decide to have kids, and then where are you going to put them? Got to have room. Bones got to give.</p> <p>But don't have too many or your behind will spread. That's how it is, says Rachel whose mama is as wide as a boat. And we just laugh.</p> <p>What I'm saying is who here is ready? You gotta be able to know what to do with hips when you get them, I say making it up as I go. You gotta know how to walk with hips, practice you know-like if half of you wanted to go one way and the other half the other.</p> <p>That's to lullaby it, Nenny says, that's to rock the baby asleep inside you. And then she begins singing seashells, copper bells, eevy, ivy, o-ver.</p>	<p>Nemá žádnou představivost.</p> <p>Jsou potřeba na tančení, říká Lucy.</p> <p>Když je nemáte, stane se z vás muž, říká Nenny a věří tomu. Chová se takhle kvůli svému věku.</p> <p>Pravda, dodám dřív, než si z ní Lucy a Rachel stihnout udělat srandu. Jo, je hloupá, ale je to moje sestra.</p> <p>Ale nejdůležitější je, že boky jsou vědecké, zopakují, co mi řekla Alicia. Podle pánevní kosti se pozná, jestli je kostra muže nebo ženy.</p> <p>Všechny zpozorní, pokračuji, protože je jasné, že jedině já dokážu mluvit s autoritou; mám vědu na své straně.</p> <p>Ty kosti se jednoho dne otevrou. Prostě tak. Jednoho dne se rozhodnete mít děti, a kam je dáte? Musíte mít místo. Kostí vám ho dají.</p> <p>Ale nemějte jich moc, nebo se vám roztáhnou záda. Tak to je, říká Rachel. Její máma je široká jako loď. A my se prostě smějeme.</p> <p>Co tím myslím je to, kdo je tady připravený? Musíte vědět, co dělat s boky, až je budete mít, říkám a vymýšlím si to za pochodu. Musíte vědět, jak s boky chodit, musíte si to nacvičit, je to jako když jedna vaše pŕlka chce jít jedním směrem a druhá jiným směrem.</p> <p>To aby se ukolébalo, řekne Nenny, to aby se uspalo to miminko uvnitř. A pak začne zpívat levá a pravá a hop a hopla.</p>
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<p>I'm about to tell her that's the dumbest thing I've ever heard, but the more I think about it ...</p> <p>You gotta get the rhythm, and Lucy begins to dance. She has the idea, though she's having trouble keeping her end of the double-dutch steady.</p> <p>It's gotta be just so, I say. Not too fast and not too slow. Not too fast and not too slow.</p> <p>We slow the double circles down to a certain speed so Rachel who has just jumped in can practice shaking it.</p> <p>I want to shake like hoochi-coochie, Lucy says. She is crazy.</p> <p>I want to move like heebie-jeebie, I say picking up on the cue.</p> <p>I want to be Tahiti. Or <i>merengue</i>. Or electricity. Or <i>tembleque</i>!</p> <p>Yes, <i>tembleque</i>. That's a good one.</p> <p>And then it's Rachel who starts it:</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Skip, skip, snake in your hips. Wiggle around and break your lip.</i></p> <p>Lucy waits a minute before her turn. She is thinking. Then she begins:</p>	<p>Už jí skoro říkám, že to je ta největší blbost, kterou jsem kdy slyšela, ale když nad tím tak přemýšlím ...</p> <p>Musíte chytit rytmus, a Lucy začne tancovat. Ví jak na to, i když má problém udržet konec švihadla v klidu.</p> <p>Musí to být tak akorát, říkám, ne moc rychle, a ne moc pomalu. Ne moc rychle, a ne moc pomalu.</p> <p>Zpomalíme na určitou rychlost, aby Rachel, která právě naskočila, mohla trénovat kroucení boků.</p> <p>Chci se kroutit jako břišní tanečnice, říká Lucy. Je to blázen.</p> <p>Já se chci vrtět, jako když mám třesavku.</p> <p>Já chci být Tahiti. Nebo <i>merengue</i><sup>5</sup>. Nebo elektřina.</p> <p>Nebo jako pudink!</p> <p>Ano, třesavý pudink. To se povedlo.</p> <p>A potom Rachel začne:</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Skok, skok, ruce v bok. Krut' se kolem a zlom si nos.</i></p> <p>Lucy počká, než na ní přijde řada. Přemýšlí. A potom začne:</p>
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<sup>5</sup> Latinskoamerický tanec charakteristický výrazným houpáním pánve



*The waitress with the big fat hips  
who pays the rent with taxi tips ...  
says nobody in town will kiss her on the lips  
because  
...because she looks like Christopher Columbus!  
Yes, no, maybe so. Yes, no, maybe so.*

She misses on maybe so. I take a little while  
before my turn, take a breath, and dive in:

*Some are skinny like chicken lips.  
Some are baggy like soggy Band-Aids  
after you get out of the bathtub.  
I don't care what kind I get.  
Just as long as I get hips.*

Everybody getting into it now except Nenny  
who is still humming *not a girl, not a boy, just a  
little baby.* She's like that.

When the two arcs open wide like jaws Nenny  
jumps in across from me, the rope tick-ticking, the  
little gold earrings our mama gave her for her First  
Holy Communion bouncing. She is the color of a  
bar of naphtha laundry soap, she is like the little  
brown piece left at the end of the wash, the hard  
little bone, my sister. Her mouth opens. She begins:

*My mother and your mother were washing clothes.  
My mother punched your mother right in the nose.  
What color blood came out?*

*Číšnice s tlustými boky  
co platí nájem z ruky do ruky ...  
Říká, že ji nikdo ve městě nepolíbí na rty, protože..  
protože vypadá jako Kryštof Kolumbus!  
Ano, ne, možná. Ano, ne, možná.*

Vynechala jedno možná. Dám si chvilku na  
čas, nadechnu se a ponořím se do toho:

*Některé jsou jako úzké rty.  
Některé jsou volné jak rozmáčené náplasti  
potom, co vylezete z vany.  
Jaké budou, s tím nemám starosti.  
Hlavně že já dostanu boky.*

Všechny kromě Nenny, která si pořád brouká  
*ani holka, ani kluk, jenom malé mimčo,* se do toho  
dostáváme. Ona je prostě taková.

Když se švihadlo otevře dokořán jako čelisti,  
Nenny naskočí naproti mně, lano klape, malé zlaté  
náušnice, které jí naše máma dala za její první  
svaté přijímání, poskakují. Má barvu jako ta  
kostka naftového mýdla na praní, je jako ten malý  
hnědý kousek, zapomenutý na konci pračky, moje  
sestra. Otvírá pusku. Začíná:

*Levá a pravá a hop a hopta,  
jen aby noha nezakopla.  
Ještě a ještě a hoptala,  
ona by pořád skákala.*

Not that old song, I say. You gotta use your own song. Make it up, you know? But she doesn't get it or won't. It's hard to say which. The rope turning, turning, turning.

*Engine, engine number nine,  
running down Chicago line.*

*If the train runs off the track  
do you want your money back?*

*Do you want your money back?*

*Yes, no, maybe so. Yes, no, maybe so.*

I can tell Lucy and Rachel are disgusted, but they don't say anything because she's my sister.

*Yes, no, maybe so. Yes, no, maybe so . . .*

Nenny, I say, but she doesn't hear me. She is too many light-years away. She is in a world we don't belong to anymore. Nenny. Going. Going.

*Y-E-S spells yes and out you go!*

#### The First Job

It wasn't as if I didn't want to work. I did. I had even gone to the social security office the month before to get my social security number. I needed money. The Catholic high school cost a lot, and Papa said nobody went to public school unless you wanted to turn out bad.

Ne tu starou písničku, říkám. Musíš použít svoji vlastní. Vymysli si to, chápeš? Ale ona to nechápe nebo nechce pochopit. Těžko říct. Švihadlo lítá nahoru a dolů.

*Andělíky, dva špalíky,  
cvoky, boky ven,  
nepůjdeš-li, vyrazím tě  
zlatým kamenem.*

Vidím, že Lucy a Rachel jsou zhnusený, ale nic neříkají, protože je to má sestra.

*nepůjdeš-li, vyrazím tě  
zlatým kamenem.*

Nenny, říkám, ale ona mě neslyší. Je o tolik světelných let dál. Je ve světě, do kterého my už nepatříme. Nenny. Skáče. Skáče.

*nepůjdeš-li, vyrazím tě  
zlatým kamenem.*

#### První práce

Nebylo to tak, že bych nechtěla pracovat. Chtěla jsem. Měsíc předtím jsem dokonce šla na úřad sociálního zabezpečení, abych dostala číslo sociálního zabezpečení. Potřebovala jsem peníze. Katolická škola stála hodně a táta řekl, že nikdo nechodí do státní školy, pokud nechceš skončit špatně.

I thought I'd find an easy job, the kind other kids had, working in the dime store or maybe a hotdog stand. And though I hadn't started looking yet, I thought I might the week after next. But when I came home that afternoon, all wet because Tito had pushed me into the open water hydrant-only I had sort of let him-Mama called me in the kitchen before I could even go and change, and Aunt Lala was sitting there drinking her coffee with a spoon. Aunt Lala said she had found a job for me at the Peter Pan Photo Finishers on North Broadway where she worked, and how old was I, and to show up tomorrow saying I was one year older, and that was that.

So the next morning I put on the navy blue dress that made me look older and borrowed money for lunch and bus fare because Aunt Lala said I wouldn't get paid till the next Friday, and I went in and saw the boss of the Peter Pan Photo Finishers on North Broadway where Aunt Lala worked and lied about my age like she told me to and sure enough, I started that same day.

In my job I had to wear white gloves. I was supposed to match negatives with their prints, just look at the picture and look for the same one on the negative strip, put it in the envelope, and do the next one. That's all. I didn't know where these envelopes were coming from or where they were going. I just did what I was told.

It was real easy, and I guess I wouldn't have

Myslela jsem si, že si najdu nějakou lehkou práci, někde v obchodě nebo u stánku s párky v rohlíku. A i když jsem ještě nic nehledala, myslela jsem si, že začnu přespříští týden. Ale když jsem v to odpoledne přišla domů, celá mokrá, protože mě Tito strčil nad otevřený hydrant-trochu jsem ho nechala-máma mě zavolala do kuchyně, ještě před tím, než jsem se vůbec mohla převléct, a tam seděla teta Lala a pila kávu lžičkou. Řekla, že mi našla práci v tiskárně fotek Peter Pan na Severní Broadwayi, kde pracovala, a kolik mi je, a abych přišla zítra a řekla, že mi je o rok víc, a bylo to.

Druhý den ráno jsem si na sebe vzala námořnický modré šaty, ve kterých vypadám starší a půjčila jsem si peníze na oběd a na cestu, protože teta Lala řekla, že mi zaplatí až příští pátek, a tak jsem tam přišla a viděla šéfa tiskárny fotek Peter Pan na Severní Broadwayi, kde pracovala teta Lala a lhala jsem o svém věku, jak mi řekla a samozřejmě jsem začala pracovat hned ten den.

Během práci jsem musela nosit bílé rukavice. Měla jsem párovat negativy s jejich výtisky, prostě se podívej na obrázek a hledej ten samý na negativu, dej je do obálky a jdi na další. To je vše. Nevěděla jsem, odkud se braly ty obálky, ani kam mizely. Jen jsem dělala, co mi řekli.

Bylo to jednoduché, a hádám, že by mi to nevadilo,

minded it except that you got tired after a while and I didn't know if I could sit down or not, and then I started sitting down only when the two ladies next to me did. After a while they started to laugh and came up to me and said I could sit when I wanted to, and I said I knew.

When lunchtime came, I was scared to eat alone in the company lunchroom with all those men and ladies looking, so I ate real fast standing in one of the washroom stalls and had lots of time left over, so I went back to work early. But then break time came, and not knowing where else to go, I went into the coatroom because there was a bench there.

I guess it was the time for the night shift or middle shift to arrive because a few people came in and punched the time clock, and an older Oriental man said hello and we talked for a while about my just starting, and he said we could be friends and next time to go in the lunchroom and sit with him, and I felt better. He had nice eyes and I didn't feel so nervous anymore. Then he asked if I knew what day it was, and when I said I didn't, he said it was his birthday and would I please give him a birthday kiss. I thought I would because he was so old and just as I was about to put my lips on his cheek, he grabs my face with both hands and kisses me hard on the mouth and doesn't let go.

#### Papa Who Wakes Up Tired in the Dark

Your *abuelito* is dead, Papa says early one morning in my room. *Esta muerto*, and then as if he

až na to, že se za chvíli unavíte a já jsem nevěděla, jestli si můžu sednout nebo ne, tak jsem si začala sedat jenom, když si sedly dvě paní vedle mě. Po chvíli se mi začaly smát a přišly ke mně a řekly mi, že si můžu sednout kdykoliv chci, a já jim řekla, že to vím.

Když byl čas na oběd, bála jsem se jíst sama v jídelně se všemi těmi muži a ženami, kteří by na mě koukali, tak jsem se rychle najedla ve stoje v jedné z umýváren a měla jsem ještě spoustu času, takže jsem šla pracovat dřív. Pak přišla přestávka a já nevěděla, kam jít, tak jsem šla do šatny, protože tam byla lavička.

Předpokládám, že byl čas pro příchod večerní nebo odpolední směny, protože několik lidí přišlo a píchlo si a starší orientální muž řekl ahoj a chvíli jsme si povídali o můj nástup a on řekl, že můžeme být kamarádi a že si příště můžu v jídelně sednout k němu a já jsem se cítila lépe. Měl milé oči a já už nebyla tak nervózní. Potom se mě zeptal, jestli vím, co je za den, a já řekla, že nevím, a on řekl, že má narozeniny a jestli bych mu prosím dala narozeninovou pusu. Řekla jsem si proč ne, byl přece tak starý, a jen co jsem mu chtěla dát pusu na tvář, chytá mi obličej oběma rukama a tvrdě mě líbá na pusu a nepouští.

#### Unavený táta, který vstává za tmy

Tvůj *abuelito* je mrtvý, děda umřel, říká mi táta jednou brzy ráno u mě v pokoji. *Esta muerto*,

just heard the news himself, crumples like a coat and cries, my brave Papa cries. I have never seen my Papa cry and don't know what to do.

I know he will have to go away, that he will take a plane to Mexico, all the uncles and aunts will be there, and they will have a black-and-white photo taken in front of the tomb with flowers shaped like spears in a white vase because this is how they send the dead away in that country.

Because I am the oldest, my father has told me first, and now it is my turn to tell the others. I will have to explain why we can't play. I will have to tell them to be quiet today.

My Papa, his thick hands and thick shoes, who wakes up tired in the dark, who combs his hair with water, drinks his coffee, and is gone before we wake, today is sitting on my bed.

And I think if my own Papa died what would I do. I hold my Papa in my arms. I hold and hold and hold him.

#### Born Bad

Most likely I will go to hell and most likely I deserve to be there. My mother says I was born on an evil day and prays for me. Lucy and Rachel pray too. For ourselves and for each other ... because of what we did to Aunt Lupe.

Her name was Guadalupe and she was pretty like my mother. Dark. Good to look at. In her Joan Crawford dress and swimmer's legs.

je mrtvý, a potom jako kdyby to sám slyšel poprvé, se zhroutí a pláče, můj statečný táta pláče. Nikde jsem neviděla tátu brečet a nevím, co mám dělat.

Vím, že bude muset odjet, že poletí do Mexika, všichni strýčkové a tety tam budou, vyfotí se před hrobkou s květinami ve tvaru kopí v bílé váze, protože takhle se loučí se zesnulými v této zemi.

Protože jsem nejstarší, táta mi to řekl jako první, a teď to já musím říct ostatním. Budu jim muset vysvětlit, proč si nemůžeme hrát. Budu jim muset říct, aby dnes byli potichu.

Můj táta, jeho silné ruce a pevné boty, který vstává za tmy a je unavený, který si češe vlasy vodou, pije svou kávu, a je pryč ještě před tím, než my vstáváme, sedí dnes na mé posteli.

A já přemýšlím nad tím, co bych dělala, kdyby můj táta umřel. Objímám ho. Držím ho, držím ho pevně.

#### Špatná od narození

Pravděpodobně půjdu do pekla a pravděpodobně si to zasloužím. Máma říká, že jsem se narodila ve špatný den a modlí se pro mě. Lucy a Rachel se taky modlí. Pro sebe a pro nás všechny ... kvůli tomu, co jsme udělaly tetě Lupe.

Jmenovala se Gaudalupe a byla pro mě jako máma. Tmavá. Hezká. V šatech od Joan Crawford, s plaveckýma nohama.

Aunt Lupe of the photographs.

But I knew her sick from the disease that would not go, her legs bunched under the yellow sheets, the bones gone limp as worms.

The yellow pillow, the yellow smell, the bottles and spoons. Her head thrown back like a thirsty lady. My aunt, the swimmer.

Hard to imagine her legs once strong, the bones hard and parting water, clean sharp strokes, not bent and wrinkled like a baby, not browning under the sticky yellow light. Second-floor Real apartment. The naked light bulb always burning.

I don't know who decides who deserved to go bad. There was no evil in her birth. No wicked curse. One day I believe she was swimming, and the next day she was sick. It might have been the day that gray photograph was taken. It might have been the day she was holding cousin Totchy and baby Frank. It might have been the moment she pointed to the camera for the kids to look and they wouldn't.

Maybe the sky didn't look the day she fell down. Maybe God was busy. It could be true she didn't dive right one day and hurt her spine. Or maybe the story that she fell very hard from a high step stool, like Totchy said, is true.

But I think diseases have no eyes. They pick with a dizzy finger anyone, just anyone. Like my aunt who happened to be walking down the street one day in her Joan Crawford dress, in her funny felt hat with the black feather,

Teta Lupe z fotografií.

Věděla jsem, že je nemocná a že už se neuzdraví, její nohy vrásčité pod žlutými prostěradly, kosti ochablé jako červi.

Žlutý polštář, žlutý zápach, lahvičky a lžíce. Její hlava zakloněná jako hlava žíznivé ženy. Moje teta, plavkyně.

Je těžké si představit, že její nohy byly dříve silné, kosti pevné rozrážející vodu, čisté ostré tahy, ne ohnuté a zmuchlané jako nohy miminka, ne hnědnoucí pod lepkavým žlutým světlem. Byt na druhém poschodí. Vždy svítící nahá žárovka.

Nevím, kdo rozhoduje, kdo si zaslouží být špatný. Při jejím narození se nestalo žádné zlo. Žádná kletba. Věřím, že jeden den plavala a druhý den onemocněla. Mohlo to být v ten den, co se fotila šedá fotka. Mohlo to být v ten den, co držela bratrance Totchyho a miminko Franka. Mohla to být ta chvíle, když ukazovala na foťák, aby se děti koukly, ale oni se nekoukly.

Možná se v ten den, kdy spadla, nebe nekoukalo. Možná byl Bůh příliš zaneprázdňený. Mohla být pravda, že jednou neskočila dobře a poranila si páteř. Nebo je pravda, jak říkal Totchy, že spadla z vysoké stoličky.

Ale já si myslím, že nemoci nemají oči. Vybírají si náhodně, kohokoliv, prostě kohokoliv. Jako moji tetu, která zrovna šla po ulici v jejích šatech od Joan Crawford, v jejím vtipném plstěném klobouku s černým peří,

cousin Totchy in one hand, baby Frank in the other.

Sometimes you get used to the sick and sometimes the sickness, if it is there too long, gets to seem normal. This is how it was with her, and maybe this is why we chose her.

It was a game, that's all. It was the game we played every afternoon ever since that day one of us invented it-I can't remember who-I think it was me.

You had to pick somebody. You had to think of someone everybody knew. Someone you could imitate and everyone else would have to guess who it was. It started out with famous people: Wonder Woman, the Beatles, Marilyn Monroe .... But then somebody thought it'd be better if we changed the game a little, if we pretended we were Mr. Benny, or his wife Blanca, or Ruthie, or anybody we knew.

I don't know why we picked her. Maybe we were bored that day. Maybe we got tired. We liked my aunt. She listened to our stories. She always asked us to come back. Lucy, me, Rachel. I hated to go there alone. The six blocks to the dark apartment, second-floor rear building where sunlight never came, and what did it matter? My aunt was blind by then. She never saw the dirty dishes in the sink. She couldn't see the ceilings dusty with flies, the ugly maroon walls, the bottles and sticky spoons.

bratranec Totchy v jedné ruce a malý Frank v druhé.

Někdy si na nemoc zvyknete a někdy ta nemoc, pokud je tu už dlouho, začne vypadat normálně. Takhle to bylo s ní, a možná proto jsme si ji vybraly.

Byla to jen hra, to je vše. Byla to hra, kterou jsme hrály každé odpoledne od té doby, co ji některá z nás vymyslela-myslím, že jsem to byla já.

Museli jste si někoho vybrat. Někoho, koho všichni znali. Někoho, koho jste uměli napodobit a ostatní měli hádat, kdo to je. Začaly jsme s populárními lidmi: Wonder Woman, Beatles, Marilyn Monroe ... Ale někdo potom vymyslel, že by bylo lepší, kdybychom to trochu pozměnily, kdybychom napodobovaly pana Bennyho nebo jeho ženu Blancu, nebo Ruthie, nebo někoho, koho opravdu známe.

Nevím, proč jsme si vybraly ji. Možná jsme se zrovna ten den nudily. Možná už jsme byly unavené. Měly jsme moji tetu rády. Poslouchala naše příběhy. Vždycky chtěla, abychom k ní chodily. Lucy, já, Rachel. Nerada jsem tam chodila sama. Šest bloků do tmavého bytu, druhé patro, zadní budova, kam nikdy nesvítilo slunce, ale co na tom? V té době už byla teta slepá. Nikdy neviděla to špinavé nádobí ve dřezu. Nemohla vidět strop posetý mouchami, ošklivé kaštanové zdi, lahvičky a ulepené lžíce.

I can't forget the smell. Like sticky capsules filled with jelly. My aunt, a little oyster, a little piece of meat on an open shell for us to look at. Hello, hello. As if she had fallen into a well.

I took my library books to her house. I read her stories. I liked the book *The Waterbabies*. She liked it too. I never knew how sick she was until that day I tried to show her one of the pictures in the book, a beautiful color picture of the water babies swimming in the sea. I held the book up to her face. I can't see it, she said, I'm blind. And then I was ashamed.

She listened to every book, every poem I read her. One day I read her one of my own. I came very close. I whispered it into the pillow:

*I want to be  
like the waves on the sea,  
like the clouds in the wind,  
but I'm me.  
One day I'll jump  
out of my skin.  
I'll shake the sky  
like a hundred violins.*

That's nice. That's very good, she said in her tired voice. You just remember to keep writing, Esperanza. You must keep writing. It will keep you free, and I said yes, but at that time I didn't know what she meant.

Nikdy nezapomenu ten zápach. Jako lepkavé tobolky plněné želé. Moje teta, malá ústřice, kousek masa na otevřené skořápce, na které se můžeme koukat. Ahoj, haló. Jako by spadla do studny.

Brávala jsem k ní své knihy. Četla jsem jí příběhy. Měla jsem ráda knížku *Vodní děti*. Také se jí líbila. Nikdy jsem nevěděla, jak moc nemocná je, dokud jsem jí jednou nechtěla ukázat jeden obrázek z knížky, krásný, barevný obrázek vodních dětí plavajících v moři. Držela jsem knížku před jejím obličejem. Já to nevidím, řekla, jsem slepá. A já jsem se zastyděla.

Poslouchala každou knížku, každou básničku, co jsem jí četla. Jednou jsem ji přečetla jednu její vlastní. Přiblížila jsem se. A zašeptala jsem do polštáře:

*Chci být jednou  
na moři tou vlnou,  
nebo mrakem ve větru,  
ale jsem mnou.  
Jedno dne vyskočím,  
vyskočím z kůže.  
A zatřepu nebem,  
až opadají růže.*

To je hezké. Moc povedené, řekla unaveným hlasem. Nesmíš zapomenout psát, Esperanzo. Musíš psát. Udrží tě to na svobodě, a já řekla ano, ale tehdy jsem nevěděla, co tím myslí.



The day we played the game, we didn't know she was going to die. We pretended with our heads thrown back, our arms limp and useless, dangling like the dead. We laughed the way she did. We talked the way she talked, the way blind people talk without moving their head. We imitated the way you had to lift her head a little so she could drink water, she sucked it up slow out of a green tin cup. The water was warm and tasted like metal. Lucy laughed. Rachel too. We took turns being her. We screamed in the weak voice of a parrot for Totchy to come and wash those dishes. It was easy.

We didn't know. She had been dying such a long time, we forgot. Maybe she was ashamed. Maybe she was embarrassed it took so many years. The kids who wanted to be kids instead of washing dishes and ironing their papa's shirts, and the husband who wanted a wife again.

And then she died, my aunt who listened to my poems.

And then we began to dream the dreams.

V den, kdy jsme hru hráli, jsme nevěděli, že zemře. Napodobovaly jsme ji se zakloněnými hlavami, naše ruce ochablé a k ničemu, visící jako mrtvé. Smály jsme se jako ona. Mluvily jsme jako ona, tak jak slepí lidé mluví, bez pohnutí hlavy. Napodobovaly jsme to, jak musíte zvednout její hlavu, aby se mohla napít, pomalu srkala ze zeleného plechového pohárku. Voda byla teplá a chutnala kovově. Lucy se smála. Rachel taky. Střídaly jsme se. Křičely jsme slabým papouščím hlasem na Totchyho, aby umyl nádobí. Bylo to snadné.

Nevěděly jsme to. Umírala tak dlouhou dobu, že jsme zapomněly. Možná se styděla. Možná jí bylo trapně, že to trvalo tak dlouho. Děti, co chtěly být dětmi místo mytí nádobí a žehlení tatínkových triček, a manžel, co chtěl znovu ženu.

A potom umřela, moje teta, které poslouchala mé básničky.

A potom jsme začali snít sny.

### 3 Comments on the translation

The main aim of this part is to explain and justify the solutions I decided to follow for translating segments of the text that appeared difficult to deal with. The decisions are mostly based on the theoretical findings of this thesis described above, therefore mainly on the works by Levý, Knittlová, Kufnerová and Hrdlička.

This section is divided into the following parts: lexical, syntactic and morphological level, further, it concerns with the translation of nursery rhymes and poems, and finally with the choice of translation of the book title.

#### 3.1 Lexical level

Lexicology is a linguistic discipline which focuses on lexicon i.e. vocabulary of particular languages. On this level, I encountered a problem with translation of foreign language in a text, specifically Spanish words appearing in *The House on Mango Street*. Further, I had to deal with several expressions that needed special attention during the process of translation. When translating those phenomena, the procedures and methods described by Knittlová and mentioned above were plentifully used.

##### 3.1.1 Foreign language in a text

The question was whether to translate the foreign words or not. As I learnt from Knittlová and Hrdlička the answer to this question depends mostly on the function of those words in the text. On the following examples I am going to demonstrate which solutions I applied on the specific cases.

Your <i>abuelito</i> is dead, Papa says early one morning in my room.	Tvůj <i>abuelito</i> je mrtvý, <i>děda umřel</i> , říká mi táta jednou brzy ráno u mě v pokoji.
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In this case, I decided not to leave out the Spanish word for grandpa, but I added Czech translation according to one of the translation approaches by A. V. Čirikov described by Hrdlička. It operates with an explanation of the meaning of the foreign-language element by the translator's refinement of the translation text. (Hrdlička 56)

I opted for this solution because I am certain that Czech readers would not understand the meaning. This is probably not a problem for American readers as Cisneros did not translated it.

I chose to leave the Spanish words there as I believe it nicely shows that the Hispanic community somehow preserves its native language. Maybe they want to keep and remember their language, or they do not have a choice because they do not speak English at such a high level. This is especially true for older people as in the book it is mostly them who use Spanish words in English sentences.

<i>Esta muerto</i> , and then as if he just heard the news himself, crumples like a coat and cries, my brave Papa cries.	<i>Esta muerto, je mrtvý</i> , a potom jako kdyby to sám slyšel poprvé, se zhroučí a pláče, můj statečný táta pláče.
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In this case I decided for the same solution as it is the very next sentence, therefore, I think that the same translation approach should have been used.

Or <i>tembleque</i> !	Nebo jako <i>pudink</i> !
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When it comes to this part, I chose to translate the word. It is Puerto Rican dessert which, when finished, is like Czech pudding. In the context both words have the same meaning – to shake – and as we know Czech pudding is a little wobbly when it is finished. Therefore, I believe that the translation is convenient. Actually, *tembleque* is used as an adjective for describing something that shakes, but here it is in the meaning of the dessert.

Cold <i>frijoles</i>	Studený <i>fazole</i> .
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In this case, I opted for translation as well, as it does not have any specific function in the text. I considered writing the word in Spanish and using further explanation useless.

I want to be Tahiti. Or <i>merengue</i> . Or electricity.	Já chci být Tahiti. Nebo <i>merengue</i> . Nebo elektřina.
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Even though Hrdlička (55) says that sometimes just a footnote explanation, may be disruptive in its redundancy and may be adversely reflected in the translation text reception, in translating this part I decided to use a footnote explanation as *merengue* is Latin American dance for which I was not able to find any equivalent word or explanation. Despite the fact that it is not translated and only left with footnote explanation I believe readers would understand the meaning as it can be elicited from the context.

### 3.1.2 Substitution

I want to shake like <i>hoochi-coochie</i> , Lucy says.	Chci se kroutit jako <i>břišní tanečnice</i> , říká Lucy.
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I want to move like <i>heebie-jeebie</i> , I say picking up on the cue.	Já se chci vrtět, jako když mám <i>třesavku</i> .
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When translating those two phrases I firstly looked for whether there is Czech translation or equivalence for them or whether they are just interjections or idioms. After the findings described later, it was decided to follow the translating method of substitution, which is described above in the theoretical part of this thesis. Knittlová explains this method as a replacement of one language means by another equivalent. Substitution tells us that anything can be named in any way, it is about naming the same thing in different ways.

The first phrase *hoochi-coochie* is richer when it comes to its history. According to the [urbandictionary.com](http://urbandictionary.com) the term was firstly used in 1890 for hoochie coochie dancer also called a shimmy dancer. The phrase was made famous by various blues, jazz and rock performers. Thanks to this explanation I chose the translation *břišní tanečnice* as this description is strongly reminiscent of belly dancers. Therefore, I did not translate the whole sentence in the second example, leaving out the “picking up on the cue” while the very same meaning was not preserved.

According to merriam-webster.com the second phrase *heebie-jeebie* is a sense of panic or extreme nervousness associated with words such as shakes, shivers, jitters or butterflies. Thus, I decided to translate this expression as *třesavka*.

### 3.1.3 Adaptation

like a new Buick with the keys in the ignition	jako nová Škodovka s klíči v zapalování
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And then she begins singing seashells, copper bells, eevy, ivy, o-ver.	A pak začne zpívat levá a pravá a hop a hopla.
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You are like the Cream of Wheat cereal.	Jsi jako pšeničná kaše.
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wake up early with the tortilla star	vstávat se sluncem
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When translating those three passages I decided to follow the method of adaptation. As mentioned above, adaptation is substitution of the situation described in the original by another adequate situation, mostly concerning cultural references.

In the first example *Buick* is a car brand typical for America, therefore, I dare to say that Czech reader would not know this brand. Thus, I decided to translate it as *Škodovka*, which is more common for Czech people. It may be true that a reader would understand the meaning even from the context, but I still opted for approximation to the Czech reader.

The second example concerns a typical American jump rope song, which I replaced with the beginning of a Czech jumping song that appears farther in the text again.

*Cream of Wheat* is a brand of cereal which produces porridge mixes and is not known for the Czech readers, therefore, I decided to translate it as *pšeničná kaše*. I believe it fits the context and it does not deprive readers of any information or experience. This

kind of translation may be on the boarder of generalization, same as the following example.

*Tortilla star* is a reference to the Latin culture, and it means the sun. There is no other generally known name for the sun in Czech, therefore, I opted for the translation *slunce*.

### 3.1.4 Generalization

marimbas	xylofon
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working in the dime store	pracovat v obchodě
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Although, according to Knittlová, generalization is not widely used in English-Czech translation, there were several passages where I opted for it. Basically, generalization is reduction of semantic components.

In those two specific cases, I used hypernyms to words *marimbas* and *dime store*. In the first case I chose to translate *marimbas* as *xylofon*, as marimbas ranks among the xylophones and I think that it is generally better known than marimbas.

Dime store is a shop originally selling goods for the maximum price of a dime, nowadays it is selling very cheap merchandise. This kind of shop does not have an equivalent in the Czech culture, thus I opted for the translation *obchod*.

### 3.1.5 Specification

untied shoes	rozvázané tkaničky
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One example of specification occurred in the text. Based on the theoretical findings, specification means that the Czech translation adds a semantic component to the linguistic unit from the English text. We can say that instead of hypernyms, as in generalization, we use the opposite approach, that is hyponyms. I decided for translation *tkaničky*, as it is more natural for the Czech speaker to say *rozvázané tkaničky* than to say *rozvázané boty*.

### 3.1.6 Expressive connotation

skinny aisles	uzoučké uličky
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There was a family. All were little. Their arms were little, and their hands were little, and their height was not tall, and their feet very small.	Žila tu rodina. Všichni byli maličcí. Jejich ruce byly maličké, jejich dlaně byly maličké, a jejich výška nebyla vysoká, a jejich chodidla byla drobounká.
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The baby's feet had ten tiny toes, pale and see-through like a salamander's.	Miminko mělo deset bledých a průhledných maličkých prstíků jako mlok.
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In the three previous cases I used the means of expressive connotation i.e. diminutives. I decided to use them to create the atmosphere. Especially in the last two cases which were taken from the vignette called *The Family of Little Feet*, I wanted to emphasize height and size as it played a big part in describing the family.

## 3.2 Morphological level

Morphology is one of the fundamental linguistic disciplines, along with lexicology and syntax. It deals with word formation. It examines parts of the words such as stems, roots, prefixes and suffixes, also it concentrates on inflectional categories (tense, aspect, mood, number, gender, case). Several challenging passages in the source text fall within this linguistic subdiscipline.

### 3.2.1 Intentional grammar errors - substitution

During the translation I had to deal with translating several intentional grammar errors as most of the characters are not English native speakers. As already mentioned in the theoretical part of this thesis, the advantage of the Czech language is that, thanks to its flexibility, it offers a wide range of possibilities for creating errors. When translating

following errors, I tried to stick to the rules for translating intentional spelling and grammar errors established by Hrdlička that are also described in the theoretical part.

In all the following cases we can observe the same type of errors. These errors relate to the incorrect use of pronouns. Hrdlička suggests keeping the type of error in translation which means to make the same mistakes in Czech pronouns to respect their function in the text. Therefore, translation such as *Její se narodila tady; Jí se narodila tady, Ony se narodila tady, Je jsou moje oblíbené* or *Sundejte je boty* were considered. However, such errors are not natural for the target language, therefore, I opted for using the method of substitution mentioned above by Knittlová.

Her was born here, but me I'm Texas.	Ona narodit tady, ale já, já jsem Texas.
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Them are my favorite.	Ty být moje oblíbené.
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... and an older Oriental man said hello and we talked for a while about my just starting, ...	... a starší orientální muž řekl ahoj a chvíli jsme si povídali o můj nástup ...
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Them are dangerous, he says. You girls too young to be wearing shoes like that. Take them shoes off before I call the cops, but we just run.	Jsou nebezpečné, říká. Vy moc mladé holky na to nosit takové boty. Sundat ty boty, než zavolám policii, ale my prostě utečeme.
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In Czech, it is more likely that an error related to reflexive pronoun *se* occurs. The error usually relates to omitting the reflexive pronoun. In the first example, I combined this error with incorrect inflection which is also a common mistake for non-native speakers.

When it comes to the second translation, I opted for the error of incorrect use of the auxiliary verb *být*.



In the third example Hrdlička's rule to keep the type of error in translation which means to make the same mistakes in the target language was strictly followed. Plus, I decided not to inflect the word *nástup*, to make it sound even more incorrect.

Knowing Hrdlička's advice to maintain similar error rate in the translation, thus achieving the same readability and clarity of the translation, I left out one error in the fourth example as the pronoun is not necessary in the Czech translation and it would sound unnatural to keep it there. We can also observe omitting the auxiliary verb “be”. In Czech translation, the verb *být* was also left out and it has the same function. With the sentence *Take them shoes off* I decided to translate this mistake as *Sundat ty boty* thus again to use the mistake with inflection.

### 3.3 Syntactic level

Syntax, together with lexicology and morphology, is a linguistic discipline which deals with the correct creation of sentence constructions, word order and relations between words in a sentence.

#### 3.3.1 Negation

Me, <i>I never said nothing</i> to him except once when I bought the Statue of liberty for a dime.	Já, já jsem mu <i>nikdy nic řekla</i> , kromě toho, když jsem si jednou za desetník koupila Sochu svobody.
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In the example above we can observe using two negatives in one English sentence. Translating this intentional error was especially challenging as it is completely correct to use two negatives in one sentence according to the Czech grammar rules. Therefore, I finally decided for translation *nikdy nic řekla* which is nonsense in Czech. I did not want to leave out this error as I find it linguistically very interesting.

### 3.4 Poems and Nursery rhymes

When translating the nursery rhymes and the only poem in the book, firstly, I wanted to find Czech equivalents but none of the Czech nursery rhymes sounded like the originals, concerning the tone and meaning. Therefore, I decided to translate almost all of them myself. I opted for this solution because the girls made up three of those jump rope nursery rhymes and Esperanza composed the last poem herself.

Nevertheless, for the two of them I found Czech equivalents, as those were not made up by the girls. It was important for the context, because Nenny was accused of singing old songs instead of inventing her own. Thus, I wanted to preserve this crucial moment by using known Czech nursery rhymes next to my translations for readers to see the difference.

When translating the songs, I concentrated on the connection between content and form as Kufnerová says that it is the most important thing. Further, I focused on rhyming itself, because personally, I think that rhyming is the most important aspect of translating nursery rhymes. I tried to preserve the rhyming and somehow the content of those nursery rhymes, as it definitely tells readers something about the characters and their personalities.

As I have learnt from Kufnerová's theory, the main difference between Czech and English rhyme is that Czech uses double syllabic while English operates with monosyllabic rhyme. We can see this difference quite clearly in some of the following examples. Truth is that somewhere I kept the English monosyllabic rhyme even in Czech, but I believe that it is not a problem, because what is important is that it is at least a little pleasant to the ear. As Levý says, it makes no sense for a translator to limit himself/herself to a rhyme type of the source language or the target language.

I like coffee, I like tea. I like the boys and the boys like me. Yes, no, maybe so. Yes, no, maybe so ...	Mám rád kávu, mám rád čaj. Mám rád kluky a kluci rádi mě maj. Ano, ne, možná. Ano, ne, možná ...
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Even though this particular nursery rhyme is not made up by the girls, I decided to translate it myself. Firstly, because I did not find any suitable Czech equivalent, secondly, I did not consider it difficult to translate. I also dare to say that there is a visible difference between those nursery rhymes that the girls made up and I translated and those nursery rhymes that are traditional and I found Czech equivalence for them, to which this song belongs although I translated it myself.

Skip, skip, snake in your hips. Wiggle around and break your lip.	Skok, skok, ruce v bok. Kruť se kolem a zlom si nos.
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This nursery rhyme is made up by one of the girls when they were jumping rope, therefore, the translation is mine. As mentioned above, I tried to stick to the rhyming pattern and to preserve the content of the song.

The waitress with the big fat hips who pays the rent with taxi tips ... says nobody in town will kiss her on the lips because ...because she looks like Christopher Columbus! Yes, no, maybe so. Yes, no, maybe so.	Číšnice s tlustými boky co platí nájem z ruky do ruky ... Říká, že ji nikdo ve městě nepolíbí na rty, protože .. protože vypadá jako Kryštof Kolumbus! Ano, ne, možná. Ano, ne, možná.
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This song is the same case as the previous one. The girls made it up, and my own translation follows. In this case we can partly observe the change from the English monosyllabic rhyme to the Czech double syllabic rhyme, as it was more natural for me and the translation led me to compose it in the double syllabic rhyme.

<p>Some are skinny like chicken lips. Some are baggy like soggy Band-Aids after you get out of the bathtub. I don't care what kind I get. Just as long as I get hips.</p>	<p>Některé jsou jako úzké rty. Některé jsou volné jak rozmáčené náplasti potom, co vylezete z vany. Jaké budou, s tím nemám starosti. Hlavně že já dostanu boky.</p>
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Here we can observe the same case as in the previous nursery rhyme.

<p>My mother and your mother were washing clothes. My mother punched your mother right in the nose. What color blood came out?</p>	<p>Levá a pravá a hop a hopta, jen aby noha nezakopla. Ještě a ještě a hoptala, ona by pořád skákala</p>
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This nursery rhyme was singing Nenny, who is younger than the other girls and she was not able, or she did not want to invite her own songs. Therefore, this song is traditional, and I tried to find appropriate Czech equivalent which I failed. Then I chose this nursery rhyme which Czech children sing when they jump rope. I am aware of the fact that through this translation I probably made her look even younger than she is, but at least the age difference between them, that the other girls point out, is more visible.

<p>Engine, engine number nine, running down Chicago line. If the train runs off the track do you want your money back? Do you want your money back? Yes, no, maybe so. Yes, no, maybe so.</p>	<p>Andělíky, dva špalíky, cvoky, boky ven, nepůjdeš-li, vyrazím tě zlatým kamenem.</p>
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This is the same case as above; the song is traditional, and I added Czech equivalence. When it comes to this nursery rhyme, it is a little ruder than the previous one.

<p>I want to be like the waves on the sea, like the clouds in the wind, but I'm me. One day I'll jump out of my skin. I'll shake the sky like a hundred violins.</p>	<p>Chci být jednou na moři tou vlnou, nebo mrakem ve větru, ale jsem mnou. Jedno dne vyskočím, vyskočím z kůže. A zatřepu nebem až opadají růže.</p>
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Esperanza wrote this poem herself. Thus, I was not looking for any Czech equivalent and I tried to translate it myself. Translating the poem was a little different than translating all those nursery rhymes. I believe that this poem and poems in general, have more to pass than nursery rhymes, therefore, I really wanted to keep the mood of this poem even in my translation. Hence, I tried to preserve the content and again I concentrated on the rhyming.

### 3.5 Book title

I also decided to translate the name of the book. I think that leaving the name in the source language may confuse readers and it can even discourage them from reading the book. I believe when the book is being translated the name should be definitely translated as well.

Based on the theoretical part of the thesis I opted for following Kufnerová's recommendation to make the translation as an exact copy of the original. I believe there are no linguistic or cultural reasons preventing and the function of the name stays the same.

Therefore, I translated the name of the book – *The House on Mango Street* as *Dům na Mangové ulici*.

## Conclusion

The main aim of this bachelor thesis was to provide the translation of Sandra Cisneros' book of vignettes *The House on Mango Street* and to discuss theory related to the process of translation, but mainly theory which is connected with this particular translation. Therefore, this thesis dealt with translation as a scholarly discipline describing types of translation, translation principles, procedures, processes and methods or e.g. stages of translation creation. Methods of translation such as substitution, adaptation or generalization mentioned in the theoretical part were widely used during the process of translation. However, the theoretical part mostly concentrated on the theory of translating nursery rhymes and poems, of translating intentional grammar and spelling mistakes, or of translating foreign language in a text. All those phenomena were probably the most challenging while translating the original text.

While translating the selected vignettes some other obstacles arose including e.g. cultural references. Especially, Spanish words such as tamales, tembleque or merengue, which I have never heard before. Therefore, I needed to pay the attention to trying to find Czech equivalents or different solutions of translation.

As a theoretical basis I used works by Czech authors such as Hrdlička, Levý, Kufnerová, Knittlová and others, which helped me with coming up with different solutions. I also used several online dictionaries mentioned in the works cited to determine the meaning of unknown words.

Thanks to writing this bachelor thesis I realized how challenging and complex the process of translation is. I also realized that it is more than just an understanding of a story, but a translator must know a lot of other facts such as he/she must master both languages perfectly, he/she must know the environment where the story takes place to understand possible references, and a translator must see the thought behind the story. Finally, he/she must be creative to give readers the same experience as if they were reading the original.

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All translated and paraphrased by Aneta Štrynclová