

CHARLES UNIVERSITY IN PRAGUE

FACULTY OF EDUCATION

Department of English Language and Literature

BACHELOR THESIS

**Translation, semantic and stylistic analysis of
representative passages from James Kelman's novel
*How late it was, how late***

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Declaration:

I hereby declare that this bachelor thesis, titled “Translation, semantic and stylistic analysis of representative passages from James Kelman's novel How late it was, how late”, is the result of my own work and that I used only the cited sources. Furthermore, I declare that this thesis was not used in order to obtain any other academical degree.

In Prague, July 17th 2015

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Abstract

The main content of this bachelor thesis is the dilemma of translation of colloquial English with elements of Scottish dialect as depicted on James Kelman's novel *How late it was, how late*. The initial part comprises of my translation of a representative passage of the mentioned book. The second part contains an elaboration on the chosen vocabulary and its equivalents in colloquial Czech, with respect to the opinions of PhDr. Dagmar Knittová and Doc. PhDr. Jiří Levý. The third part briefly comments on the syntactic elements of the original work. The final part is dedicated to the dilemma of precision of translation.

Key words

Translation, language register, Scottish dialect, Glaswegian, colloquial Czech, analysis, vulgarism

Abstrakt

Obsahem této bakalářské práce je problematika překladu hovorové angličtiny s prvky skotského dialektu, ilustrovaná na díle spisovatele Jamese Kellmana *How late it was, how late*. Úvodní část sestává z přeloženého úryvku zmíněného díla. Druhá část obsahuje rozbor zvolené slovní zásoby a její ekvivalenty v rámci hovorové češtiny s přihlédnutím k názorům PhDr. Dagmar Knittové a Doc. PhDr. Jiřího Levého. Třetí část stručně pojednává o syntaxi originálu. Závěr je věnován dilematu přesnosti překladu.

Klíčová slova

Překlad, jazykový registr, skotský dialekt, glasgowština, hovorová čeština, analýza, vulgarismy

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1. Introduction

1.1 Background

When choosing the topic of my bachelor thesis, I found myself in many more than just two minds. The choice of translating a book seemed quite attractive, as I had to deal with the issue of translation since my early childhood. That is due to the fact that the best part of my family speaks English as their native tongue. That being said, facing difficulties with translation is something I am quite familiar with on daily basis. However, my intention was not to translate a book by an American author, which would be the obvious choice, being that that is where the majority of my family lives, but rather a book written by a Scotsman.

The reason behind this is mainly my love of Scottish accent. As the Scots are highly proud of their culture and history, it is understandable that they retain a considerable desire to maintain their national identity. As a result of that, there are numerous expressions and idioms which can be read only in the works of Scottish writers. Nevertheless, to translate any such work does not automatically mean that there will be an abundance of locally influenced phrases. That comes quite naturally, since the official language is, of course, English, which means that in order to encounter some more peculiar utterances in which the Scottish people express themselves, one must reach for a book written in a colloquial language.

How late it was, how late is an excellent example of a book, where the use of Scottish, or so to speak, Glaswegian diction is present in every single paragraph, if not line. It is obvious from the dialect mentioned, that the story takes place in Glasgow and it revolves around the life of a former convict. This provides an excellent basis for the use of colloquialisms which are of emotionally colored and often even vulgar nature. Coupled with an interestingly free approach to the use of punctuation, the novel flows with surprising ease, considering that the reader is supposed to follow the stream of consciousness of a simpleton and drunkard.

The entire translation process was a strenuous task at best. At least as far as the decision-making is concerned. One of the most troubling difficulties was to establish a basis to translating terms with local context. In other words, either to find an equivalent of the phenomena occurring in Scotland within the borders of Czechia, or to respect the location of the setting and bank on the readers ability to cogitate. For instance, with the nicknames for football fans of specific teams.

The books about translation by Mr. Levý or Mrs. Knittlová offered a limited amount of information on a practical level, namely concerning the issue of translating vulgarisms. However, their theoretical approach to translation as a process, was of an immense significance to me and I dare say that it made my translation of the beginning of James Kelman's book reasonably precise and hopefully somewhat enjoyable.

1.2 The author

There has never been a single author, who would not have his work questioned by the critics. James Kelman is not an exception. In his case, there have been series of attacks from all quarters. Perhaps the most significant and obvious ones happened as reactions to his winning of the 1994 Bookers Prize for his novel *How late it was, how late*. One of the judges and a member of The house of Lords, Rabbi Julia Neugerger, threatened to resign the committee should Kelman's book win the main prize. When it did, her final comment was "Frankly, it is crap.". Further disapproval came from Kingsley Amis in his book *The King's English* where he says "An entire way of being funny, an entire range of humorous effects, has been impoverished, except probably on the lower deck of society. At first sight, the case with the printed four-letter word is different, though here I detect a similarly unwelcome drift towards serious esthetic purpose. A bit of that can be seen in one of the last and least of the big fuck-novels, the winner of the 1994 Booker Prize. The doggedness with which the author keeps on trotting out the great word and its various derivatives already has something old-fashioned about it. Time for a change."

Kelman is mostly criticized for his frequent use of vulgarisms and simple language. He himself was not surprised by any of the statements made by his critics. His style and language register is closely tied with the environment he grew up in. Having been raised in rather poor conditions close to the center of Glasgow, his former classmates and peers were, same as he, mostly of the working class. In his works, he replaces the typical third party narration with a first person stream of consciousness. By doing so, he provides his books with a sort of a personal atmosphere, which is much more makes them suitable for the colloquial language. Kelman himself stated, that he disagrees with his offensive language being the predominant issue, as it is rarely used to be abusive. "It's just how people talk.". He claims that he is criticized primarily because of his rather gritty and unflattering depictions of the living conditions in Scotland, which are not to be stressed as it creates a bad name for the Glasgow area and the Scots, so to speak. Whatever the case may be, Kelman's influence is undeniable and so is his popularity among millions of readers worldwide.

2. Translation part

1. Ye wake in a corner and stay there hoping yer body will disappear, the thoughts smothering ye; these thoughts; but ye want to remember and face up to things, just something filling yer head: then the other words; there's something wrong; there's something far far wrong; ye're no a good man, ye're just no a good man. Edging back into awareness, of where ye are; here, slumped in this corner, with these thoughts filling ye. And oh christ his back was sore; stiff, and the head pounding. He shivered and hunched up his shoulders, shut his eyes, rubbed into the corners with his fingertips; seeing all kinds of spots and lights. Where in the name of fuck...

He was here, he was leaning against auld rusty palings, with pointed spikes, some missing or broke off. And he looked again and saw it was a wee bed of grassy weeds, that was what he was sitting on. His feet were back in view. He studied them; he was wearing and auld pair of trainer shoes for fuck sake where had they come from he had never seen them afore man auld fucking

1. Probudíš se někde v rohu a jak tam trčíš, tak doufáš, že tvý tělo se rozplyne, myšlenky tě dusej; tyhlety myšlenky; ale chceš si vzpomenout a vypořádat se s těma věcma, je to prostě jen něco co máš v hlavě: a pak takovej pocit; něco je špatně; něco je moc moc špatně; nejseš správnej chlap, ty prostě nejseš správnej chlap. Pomalu začínáš tušit kde seš, tady, sesunutej v tomhle rohu, hlavu plnou těchhle myšlenek. Šmarjá ty záda ho bolejí; je celej ztuhlej, v hlavě mu tluče. Zachvěl se a narovnal ramena, zavřel voči, promnul si koutky špičkama prstů, až z toho viděl všelijaký fleky a světýlka. Kde to kurva...

Tak tady teda byl, opíral se o starej zrezivělej plot s ostrejma špičkama, sem tam byla nějaká ulomená. Znova se porozhlídnul a všimnul si toho malinkýho trsu travnatýho plevele, na kerym seděl. Pohledem sklouznul na svý nohy. Prohlížel si je; měl na sobě pár nějakejch starejch tenisek, do hajzlu kde k nim přišel, dyť tyhle zasraný starý křusky nikdá v životě neviděl. Neměly ani zavázaný kaničky. Kam se poděly jeho kožený boty? Pár novejš

trainer shoes. The laces weren't even tied! Where were his leathers? A new pair of leathers that he got them fortnight ago and now here they were fucking missing. Man, know what I'm saying, somebody must have blagged them, miserable bastards, what chance you got. And left him with these. Some fucking deal.

2. Unless they thought he was dead, you could see that, some poor cunt scratching himself and thinking, nobody's there, nobody's there; so why not just take them, the guy's dead, take them, better than them just sitting there going to waste, disintegrating. Christ sake, why not just take them. Fucking bastard, he should have checked properly. Maybe he did; and saw he wasn't dead after all so he just exchanged them, stuck on these trainer shoes.

Fuck it. He shook his head and glanced up the way: people – there was people there; eyes looking. These eyes looking. Terrible brightness and he had to shield his own eyes from it, like they were godly figures and the light coming from them was godly or something but it must just have been the sun high behind them shining down over their shoulders. Maybe they were tourists,

koženejch bot ty vole, koupil je sotva čtrnáct dní zpátky a najednou sou pryč, chápeš to, někdo je musel štípnout, mizerný šmejdi, to je slušnej pech. A nechá mu tady tyhle. Pěkně posranej kšeft.

2. Pokud si teda nemyslel, že je mrtvej, jo to dává smysl, nějakej chudej zmrď se škrábe na hlavě a říká si, jo ten už je v pánu, už je v pánu; tak proč si ty boty nevzít, ten chlápek je mrtvej, vem si je, lepší, než aby se tu jen tak pro nic za nic válely a pamaloučku se rozpadaly, tak proč si je probůh nevzít. Zasranej šmejď, měl se podívat pořádně. Možná to taky udělal; a kouká, že von nakonec nebyl mrtvej, tak ty boty prostě vyměnil a nazul mu tydle tenisky.

Srát na to. Potřás hlavou a mrknul směrem co vedla cesta: lidi – byly tam lidi; všude voči co na něj zírali. Ty jejich zirájící voči. Neskutečně jasný a von si kvůli nim musel zakrejt ty svoje, jakoby to byly nějaký božský bytosti a šla z nich nebeská zář nebo tak něco, ale to muselo bejt spíš tím sluncem kerý viselo vysoko za nima a svítilo jim přes ramena. Možná to byli turisti, mohli to bejt turisti; cizinci co

they might have been tourists; strangers to the city for some big fucking business event. And here they were, courtesy of the town council promotions office, being guided round by some beautiful female publicity officer with smart tailored suit and scarlet lips with this wee quiet smile, seeing him here, but obliged no to hide things, to take them everywhere in the line of duty, these gentleman foreigners, so they could see it all, the lot, it was probably part of the deal otherwise they werenay gony invest their hardwon fortunes, that bottom line man sometimes it's necessary, if ye're a businessman, know what I'm talking about. So fair enough, ye play yer part and give them a smile, so they can tell ye know a life different to this yin where what ye are is all

3. where what ye are, that it's part of another type of whole, that they know well cause they've been telt about it by the promotional events' organisers. So municipal solidarity man know what I'm saying, the bold Sammy got to his feet. Then he knelt to knot the laces on the trainers, kidding on he wasnay shaking for fuck sake he was wearing his good trousers! There was stains

byli ve městě kvůli nějaký velkým obchodnímu jednání. A tak tady teda byli no, jako laskavost vod propagačního voddělení obecní rady byli provázený po městě nějakou pěknoučkou úřednicí z reklamního, kerá měla uhlažený šaty a rudý rty zkřivený do malinkýho zamklýho úsměvu, viděla ho, ale stejně před nima nesměla žádný věci skovávat a musela je vzít všude, páč to byla její povinnost, tyhle džentlmeny z ciziny provést tak, aby viděli všecko, všecko všecičko, nejspíš to bylo součástí nějaký dohody, jináč by se rozhodli sem neinvestovat svý těžce vydřený jmění, suma sumárum, dobrý i špatný, někdy je to prostě nezbytný, dyž seš obchodník, to je přeci jasný. No tak teda jo no, tak dělej co se vod tebe čeká a usměj se na ně, aby viděli, že ty znáš i jinej život než ten, kde to, kdo seš, znamená všecko

3. kde to, kdo seš, je jen součást dalšího velkýho celku, to voni dobře vědí páč jim o tom vyprávěli organizátoři tý propagační události. No tak teda obecní soudržnost no a nebojácnej Sammy se vyškrábal na nohy. Pak si kleknul aby si zavázal kaničky na těch teniskách, netřás se, ale do prdele měl na sobě ty pěkný kalhoty. Byly odshora dolu pořádně flekatý. Jak

down them. How come he was wearing the good trousers man fucking bastard where the hell was his jeans! Ah fuck come on, get a grip. Up and walking, up and walking; showing here he wouldnay be stumbling, he wouldnay be toppling, he was fine, he was okay, he was doing it, the bold Sammy, he was doing it, he was on his way, he was fucking going places; and he moved on and round down the lane; and a guy here looking at him too! How come they were all fucking looking at him? This yin with his big beery face and these cunning wee eyes, then his auld belted raincoat, shabby as fuck; he was watching; no watching but fucking staring, staring right into Sammy christ maybe it was him stole the leather. Fuck ye! Sammy gave him a look back and checked his pockets; he needed dough, a smoke, anything, anything at all man he needed some fucking thing instead of this, this staggering about, like some down-and-out winey bastard. He caught sight of the tourists again. Only they werenay tourists, no this time anyway they were sodjers, fucking bastards, ye could smell it; even without the uniforms. A mile away. Sammy knew them, ye can aye tell, these kind of eyes; if ye know these eyes then ye aye see them, these kind of eyes, they stay

je možný že na sobě měl ty pěkný kalhoty kurva fix, kde sou ksakru jeho džíny! Ále kurva, noták, ovládej se. Vstávat a civčít, vstávat a cvičít, ukáže jim, nebude se motat ani kymácet je přece v pohodě, je mu fajn a všecko de hladce, nebojácnýmu Sammymu de všecko hladce, tak a je na cestě a už taky vyšel a taky že mu všecko vyjde; a tak pokračoval dál a šel dál po tej cestě; a nějakej chlápek tuhle na něj civěl! Jak je možný, že na něj všichni civí? Tendleten s tím svým velikým pivním ksichem a mrňavejma vychytralejma vočima a pak taky ten jeho starej vopásanej baloňák celej vošoupanej jako svině; civěl na něj; von necivěl, von kurva čuměl, čuměl přímo do Sammyho, boha jeho třeba to byl von, kdo mu ukrad boty. Srát na něj. Sammy mu ten pohled voplatil a prošacoval si kapsy; potřeboval prachy, cigáro, cokoliv, úplně cokoliv sakra, potřeboval prostě kurva něco místo tohodle, tohodle potáčení se kolem jako nějakej vožebračenej ovíněnej šmejď. Pak si zas všimnul těch turistů. Jenomže oni to najednou nebyli turisti, teď už ne, byly to fízlové, hajzlové zasraný, bylo to z nich cejtít; i dyž na sobě neměli uniformy. Na míle daleko. Sammy je znal, dycky se to dalo poznat, tendleten druh vočí; dyž znáš tenhle druh vočí, tak je krásně rozpoznáš, tydlety vočí, na ty

with ye. And he even fuck he thought he knew them personally from somewhere, who knows.

But he had decided. Right there right then. It was here he made the decision.

And he was smiling; the first time in days. Know what I'm saying, the first time in days, he was able to smile. Fuck them. Fuck them all. He settled the jacket back on his shoulders, tugging it down at the front, checked to see if he was wearing a tie – course he wasn't wearing a tie. He gave his elbows and the arse of his trousers a smack to get rid of any dirt, and felt a big damp patch where he had been sitting. Who cares. He was smiling again, then he wiped it off, and he followed behind them, hands in his trouser pockets, until they stopped for a wee reccy; and he got into them immediately; and you could see they didn't like it; them in their civvy clobber man they didn't like it:

4. Heh mate I need a pound. I don't like asking. Sammy shrugged. Being honest, it's cause I was on the bevy last night; fuck knows what happened except I've done the dough. I had my wages too and they're gone, some bastard's fucking robbed me I

už nezapomeneš. A von je dokonce, kurva, myslel si, že je zná osobně vodněkud, kdo ví.

Ale už se rozhod. Právě tady a právě teďka. Právě v tenhle moment se rozhod.

A usmíval se; poprvý za kdoví kolik dní. Víš co myslím, poprvý za kdoví jak dlouho byl schopnej se usmát. Srát na ně. Srát na ně na všechny. Poupravil si bundu v ramenou, vepředu jí stáhnul níž, zkontroloval si jestli nemá na sobě kravatu – jasně, že nemá žádnou kravatu. Voprášil si lokty a prdel, aby nebyl celej vod bahna a ucejtil mokrej flek na místě na kterym předtím seděl. No a co. Zas se usmíval, ale pak toho nechal a šel dál za nima, ruce nacpaný v kapsách od kalhot, dokud nachvilíčku nezastavili aby to vomrkli kolem; a von byl hned u nich; no a bylo znát, že jim se to nelíbí; těmhletěm v těch jejich civilních hadrech kámo, těm se to prostě nelíbí:

4. Hele kámo potřeboval bych libru. Nerad votravuju. Sammy pokrčil ramenama. Abych řek pravdu, je to všechno kvůli tomu že sem včera chlastal; nevim co se kurva stalo, jen že sem rozházel svý prachy. Navíc sem měl u sebe eště vejplatu, ale je to všechno pryč,

think. Ye dont know who's walking the streets these days. Know what I'm talking about, nowadays, ye're no safe walking the streets.

But these sodjers man if ye're no a fucking millionaire or else talk with the right voice, they dont give a fuck.

The guy nearest Sammy looked a bit puzzled by this irritating behaviour; he squinted at his mate for a second opinion. So Sammy got in fast and controlled: Naw, he said, being hones, I had the wages and went straight into the boozer with a couple of mates; and one thing led to another; I woke up in the outer limits somewhere – ye need twenty-two buses to get back home, know what I mean, wild! That was the early hours this morning; all I had was the fare back into the city. And I need to get home, the wife, she'll be going fucking mental, she'll be cracking up. What day is it by the way?

They were playing for time, kidding on they werenay interested. But Sammy knew better and kept his eyes on them; he shifted his stance, relaxing his knees, getting himself ready. Naw, he said, I managed to tap half a quid already but I need another nicker, so that's how I'm asking for that, a pound, to get a train home, I mean fifty pee's nay good to nay cunt, know what I'm

nějakej šmejd mě vokrad. V týhle době nikdy nevíš koho potkáš. Víš co myslim, v dnešní době sou ulice pěkně nebezpečný.

Ale ty fízlové kámo, dyž nejseš nějakej zkurvenej milionář nebo s nima nemluvíš jak voni si přejou, je jim všecko u prdele.

Ten chlápek co byl nejbliž k Sammymu vypadal, že je tímhle vtíravým chováním celkem podrážděnej; pošilhával při tom na svýho kámoše, co si vo tom jako myslí von. Sammy do toho radši rychle skočil a jel dál: Né, povídá, ve skutečnosti to bylo tak, že sem měl prachy a pak se šlo s kámošema do knajpy; a jedno vedlo k druhýmu; pak se zbudim někde v nějaký prdeli – člověk potřebuje tucet busů aby ses dostal domů, víš co myslim, magořina! No a dneska brzo ráno sem eště měl tak akorát na cestu zpátky do města. já fakt musim domů, stará z toho bude beztak na větvi, ta bude šílet. Co je vlastně za den?

Hráli to na čas, a navíc fakt neměli zájem. Ale Sammy věděl jak na to a nespouštěl z nich voči; změnil postoj, uvolnil kolena a pomalu se připravoval. Né, povídá, už se mi povedlo vysomrovat půl libry, ale potřebuju eště půlčíka proto se taky ptám, eště padíka, abych měl na vlak

<p>talking about, it's thirty bob or nothing. Fuck off. Naw but I'm telling ye Ya fucking idiot... The one that spoke had his hand up covering his mouth like he was hiding the fact he was talking.</p>	<p>domů, teda padesát pencí, to stejně nebude nikomu chybět, víš co myslím, třicet šilinků potřebuju. Di do prdele. Né, ale fakt Ty zasranej idiote... Ten kerej to řek si zakrejval pusu rukou, jako dyby tim chtěl zamaskovat, že to řek von.</p>
<p>5. Ye alright mate? Ye got a sore tooth? Move it. Sammy just sniffed and stood there looking at him like was totally fucking perplexed by this unexpected knockback. But he was ready, and he was letting them know he was ready and it was all he could do no to laugh I mean really it would get out of control in a minute he was gony get fucking hysterical or something. But there it was again: he felt good; he felt really fucking good. Comfortable. Tense as fuck, but comfortable at the same time. He smiled. Then sodjer number 1 gave a quick jerk of the head and that was that, fuck it man I'm gony hit you ya bastard if ye so much as Move it ya fucking pest. This was sodjer number 2 talking; then his hand was on Sammy's right shoulder and Sammy let him have it, a beautiful</p>	<p>5. Si v pohodě kámo? Nebolí tě zub? Vodpal. Sammy si vodfrknul, zůstal stát a civěl na ně jako dyby ho tohle nečekaný vodpálování úplně rozhodilo. Ale byl připravenej a dával jim to najevo a musel se přemáhat jak blázen aby se nerozchechtal, no vážně, za chvíli se strhne blázinec jak kráva a z něj bude naprostej psychouš nebo tak něco. Ale zase ho ovládnul tendle pocit: cejtil se dobře; cejil se prostě kurva dobře. Pohodička. Napjatej jak kráva, ale zároveň úplně v pohodě. Usmál se. Pak fízl číslo 1 škubnul hlavou a to bylo tak akorát, seru na to, zkus si eště jednou něco takovýho a takovou ti jí vpálím ty šmejde Vypadni ty vopruzi. To se projevil fízl číslo 2; a jak Sammy ucejtil tu jeho ruku na svém rameni, tak mu to dal sežrat, nadělil mu nádhernej direkt</p>

left cross man he fucking onered him, right on the side of the jaw, and his fucking hand, it felt like he'd broke it. And sodjer number 1 was grabbing at him but Sammy's foot was back he let him have it hard on the leg and the guy squealed and dropped and Sammy was off running cause one minute more and they would be back at him for christ sake these stupit fucking trainers man his poor auld toe it felt like it was fucking broke it was pinging yin yin poioioioiong

and he's running up the road and right across the main drag without looking at all man no bothering about traffic or fuck all just straight on eyes down for full house on ye go man get to fuck get to fuck; and now he heard the chasing parties charging behind and shouting like they were right at his back, but Sammy was going like auld clappers

till the he skidded on the pavement nearly falling and they were screaming Get the bastard! Fucking get him! So angry! Fucking hell man! Sammy was laughing, laughing – though it might have sounded like a snivel but he was laughing, definitely laughing – so pleased with himself, so fucking pleased! And then his legs went wobbly like a clown's or a rag

levačkou přímo na pravou stranu čelisti, a ruka ho kurva bolela jak dyby si jí zlomil nebo co. Fízl číslo 1 po něj hmátnul, ale Sammy už byl připravenej a dal mu takovou kopačku do nohy, až ten chlápek zaječel a sesunul se na zem a Sammy vzal do zaječích a mazal páč věděl, že je za moment bude mít v patách a pro krista ty debilní tenisky, palec ho bolel jak dyby byl zlomenej a tlouklo mu v něm tak jako bink bink bojojojoink

a vyběhnul na silnici a bez rozhlížení přeběh napříč přes hlavní tah, nebyl kurva čas řešit dopravní pravidla nebo cokoliv jinýho, prostě čum na cestu, dělej co můžeš, zmiz, prostě vodsad' kurva zmizni; a teď už slyšel dusot tý skupinky lidí co se za nim rozběhla a všichni řvali jak dyby je měl přímo za zádama, ale Sammy běžel jak s keserem

pak ale uklouz po chodníku a málem upad a ty za nim řvali Chyťte toho hajzla! Chyťte ho kurva! Tak strašně nasraný! No ty krávo! Sammy se smál, smál se – i dyž to mohlo znít spíš jako fňukání, ale von se fakt smál, jo, určitě se smál – spokojenej sám se sebou, tak kurevsky spokojenej! a pak se mu rozkymácely nohy do všech stran, jako nějakýmu klaunovi nebo hadrový panence a vůbec je nemoch ovládat a s

doll like how they went away from him and he could have done the splits and he skidded, and now a sound like a crack at the base of his spine, and he was on the ground, splayed out on the pavement.

přehledem by v tomhle stavu vystříhnul i provaz a pak uklouz, uslyšel nějaký divnej zvuk, jako dyby mu ruplo v kříži a najednou byl na zemi a rozpláclej na chodníku.

6. And there were shoppers roundabout; women and weans, a couple of prams with the wee yins all big-eyed staring at him; then a sodjer was here and trying not to but it looked like it was too much an effort he couldnay stop himself, he stuck a boot right in, into Sammy's belly, then another.

Sammy couldnay get away; gulping for a breath, he couldnay get one; he tried to crawl, but he was tottering and he spotted the sodjer stepping back the way and wiping his mouth on his wrist; the other yin was here now as well; and they got him onto his feet, they huckled him into the first available close, an auld building next to a furniture show-room. He could feel them shaking, shaking, so fucking angry man they were just so fucking angry; there was only two of them, that was the thing, fucking hell man, Sammy was thinking, but he was fuckt, fuckt, he couldnay break loose, he fucking couldnay, they had him,

6. A všude vokolo stály lidi co byly na nákupech; ženský s prckama, pár kočárků a z nich na něj těma velikejma vočima zírali ty nejmenší z nich; a pak už tu byl jeden z těch fízlů a bylo vidět jak se přemáhá, ale asi mu to nakonec nestálo za tu námahu, neovládnul se a zabořil Sammymu botu přímo do břicha a pak znova.

Sammy nemoch nikam utýct; lapal po dechu, ale nešlo to; snažil se někam odplazit, ale celej se třás a ten fízl si mezitim povodstoupil a utřel si zápěstím pusu; ten druhej už tu teď byl taky; zvedli ho zpátky na nohy a vlekli ho do prvního uzavřeného prostoru kerej uviděli, do nějakýho starýho baráku vedle obchodu s nábytkem. Cejtil jak se celý třesou, třesou se vztekem, byli totálně nasraný, tak strašně nasraný a byli tam jen tyhle dva, to byl ten problém, kurva práce, Sammy přemejšlel co to šlo, ale byl v prdeli, v prdeli, nemoch se z toho nijak dostat, prostě kurva nemoch, dostali ho, voni ho kurva dostali tyhle dva šmejdi, jednou

they fucking had him man the two of them, one hand gripping the back of his neck and another on his wrist and another yin twisting his right arm all the way up his fucking back and it was fucking pure agony like it was getting wrenched off man, ye could feel it in the fucking socket and the side of the ribs; and then their breathing, big breaths in and out. Then they turned a corner into the back close. But ye're as well drawing a curtain here, nay point prolonging the agony.

After they straightened him out he was in a patrol car, the cuffs were nipping. It was black, things seem black. It was usual, it was usual; that was what he was thinking, the words in his head, it was the usual. Then they had him into the poky and it was more of the same.

7. He was fucking dying when he woke up the first time. He didn't know where the fuck he was. He looked about, he was on a floor and it smelled of piss, it was in his nostrils, and his chin was soaking wet and his nose, fucking blood maybe fucking hell man, fucking sore.

There was a screw watching. Ye could tell.

rukou ho drželi zezadu za krk a druhou za zápěstí a ten druhý mu kroutil pravou ruku za zádama až nahoru ke krku a byl to pocit naprostý zasraný agonie, jako dyby mu tu ruku měl každou chvíli ukroutit, cejtil to v celým rameni a na žebrech a ten způsob jakým dechali, dlouhý nádechy a výdechy. Pak zahruli za roh do tohodle tmavýho uzavřenýho baráku. Ale i vy si tudleto část můžete vodpustit, nemá cenu nijak dál protahovat to utrpení.

Po tom, co ho pořádně srovnali ho posadili ho policajtskýho auta; želízka pěkně fest. Všecko bylo nějaký černý, všude kolem to bylo tak nějak do černa. No, jako obvykle, takhle to bejvá; todleto si myslel, takhle mu to znělo v hlavě, prostě je to jako vždycky. Pak už ho jen vrazili do basy no a to už tady taky bylo.

7. Dyž se poprvý probudil, tak si myslel, že kurva umírá. Netušil kde to kurva je. Rozhlídnul se kolem a zjistil, že je na nějaký podlaze co smrděla chcankama, měl toho smradu plnej rypák a bradu měl celou mokrou vod něčeho a nos vlastně taky, krev možná nebo co to kurva bylo, celej kurva rozbolavělej.

Nějakej bachař na něj čuměl. Šlo

But the fucking ribs man and the back! Jesus christ; each breath was a nightmare.

He was lying on his side on the bunk. How had he got up? He had got himself up man how had he managed it! But he had managed it. There was a blanket, he got his hand on it and pulled, it wouldn't budge, it was tight in, it was under his body, fuck, under his body, he closed his eyes. Next time he woke the breathing was worse but it was the lungs, that was where it was hurting, not so much the ribs. He lay there a while, breathing wee bits at a time, not changing his position till the side of his head got sore and he turned onto his front. The screw again. Sammy thought he could see the eye in the gloom. Then it was daylight. He was staring at the ceiling, seeing pictures in the cracks in the paint. He wasn't feeling so hot. Before he had been good. Now he wasn't. There were things out of his control. There were things in his control but there were other things out, they were out of his control, he had put them out of his control.

The cracks looked like a map. A foreign land. There were rivers and forests. Rivers and forests. What kind of a land could that be? A happy land, there is a happy land, there's a happy

to cejtít.

Ale ty zkurvený žebra a záda! Kriste ježiši; každěj posranej nádech byl jako noční můra.

Ležel na kavalci v otočenej na bok. Jak se tam jako dostal? Zvednul se, jak se mu to ksakru mohlo povést. No prostě se mu to povedlo. Měl u sebe deku, chtěl jí přitáhnout k sobě, ale vona nějak ne a ne povolit, měl jí pod sebou, kurva, von na ní ležel, znova zavřel voči. Dyž se pozdějš zas probral, to dechání se eště zhoršilo, ale bylo to plicema, tam ho to tolika bolelo, žebra ani nějak moc ne. Eště chvíli takle polehával, dechal vždcky jen po maličkějch doušcích a vůbec se neotáčel, dokud ho nezačala bolet ta strana hlavy, na kerý ležel a překulil se na břicho. Zas ten bachař. Sammy měl pocit, že v tom šeru vidí jeho voko. A najednou byl den. Sammy čučel na strop a z puklin na stropě si pohledem skládal vobrázky. Necejtít se úplně v cajku. Předtím mu bylo celkem fajn. Teďka už ne. Byly tu nějaký věci, kerý neměl pod kontrolou. Byly tu jako nějaký věci co pod kontrolou měl, ale pak eště další co neměl, nad nima tu kontrolu sám ztratil.

Ty pukliny vypadaly jak nějaká mapa. Nějaká cizí země. Byly tam různý řeky a lesy. Řeky a lesy. Co to mohlo bejt za zem? Země radosti, je to země

<p>land.</p> <p>Later he was up and making the steps to the wall and back again, wondering what the hell day it was cause he was in deep shit with Helen; that would be it man she would pap him out the door for good. His gear would be out in the corridor. Once he got home, he would find it lying there, in a fucking heap. Auld Helen man what can ye do.</p>	<p>radosti, je to země radosti.</p> <p>Pozdějš už byl vzhůru a přecházel po místnosti od zdi ke zdi, přemejšlel co mohlo bejt sakra za den, protože byl v pořádných sračkách co se týče Helen; to bude konec ti říkam, ta ho prostě nadobro vykopne. Všecky svý věci bude mít venku na chodbě. Až přide domů, tak je tam najde ležet na jedný zasraný hromadě. Stará Helen no, co naděláš.</p>
<p>8. Jesus christ the poor auld back, it was killing him, the base of the spine. So were his legs, the tops of his thighs and behind the knees, but it was the ribs the ribs were really fucking</p> <p>There was the screw again, the same eye; he must have been doing a double-shift. Sammy started fantasising: the guy was feeling sorry for him; it's me and you brother, we're comrades, I'm gony bring ye in a couple of pills, pain-killers, a mug of tea a couple of fried eggs on toast, a plate of porridge; maybe a smoke fuck Sammy was gasping for a smoke and he dug into the trouser pockets but they were empty, fuck all, no even a betting slip. And he wore a chain round his neck and that was fucking gone as well and he couldnay mind if he had when he woke up or did they nab it, or</p>	<p>8. Šmarjá ty ubohý záda ho bolely jak kráva, hlavně takhle dole v kříži. Nohy taky, vršek stehen a vzadu pod kolenama, ale nejhorší ze všeho byly žebra, z těch by se člověk fakt kurva</p> <p>Zas tu byl ten bachař, to samý voko; musel dneska mít dvojitou směnu. Sammy začal fantazírovat: tomu chlápku je ho určitě líto; sme tu jen ty a já brácho, sme kámoši, já ti teďka přinesu nějaký prášky, proti bolesti, hernek čaje, pár smaženejch vajíček na toustu, talíř plnej ovesný kaše; možná cígo kurva, Sammy by si dal cigáro a začal šacovat kapsy u kalhot, ale nic v nich nebylo, úplný hovno, ani blbej tiket do loterie. Na krku nosíval takovej řetízek a ten byl teďka taky v prdeli a von si nemoch vzpomenout, jestli ho u sebe měl dyž se vzbudil a nebo jestli mu</p>

had he fucking pawned it man know I'm saying he couldnay remember.

His trousers; he hadnay even noticed but they were about falling down every time he moved a leg; his good auld lone-star belt buckle, it was gone too, dirty bastards, how could he go to Texas now, that was the ID fuckt. The trainers were under the bunk; the laces werenay there to make it look official, which is alright, his feet were killing him anyway, who gives a fuck. Sammy dragged the t-shirt out the trousers to examine the body, letting the screw see he knew the score, like he was making notes for future reference, once he stuck in the auld compensation claim I mean, ye cannay go about knocking the fuck out of cunts and expect them no to go submit their claim through the proper channels, no if ye're an official servant of the state I mean that's out of order banging a citizen.

They were bad but, the bruises. He left the t-shirt out the trousers and turned to the door; the screw was still there: Heh can I make a phone call? Eh!

9.Christ his voice was croaking. Never mind. He sucked saliva from the

ho voni štípli a nebo ho dal někomu do zástavy, prostě si nemoch kurva vzpomenout.

Kalhoty mu padaly; ani si toho doted'ka nevšim, ale padaly pokaždý, dyž jen pohnul nohou; jeho starej dobrej lone-star vopasek byl taky v hajzlu, prašivý hajzlové, jak ted'ka může do Texasu, dyž má občanku v prdeli. Tenisky ležely pod postelí; kaničky v nich nebyly, aby to bylo jako oficiální, no co, stejně ho chodidla bolely jak kráva, tak koho to sere. Sammy si povytáhnul tričko z kalhot aby si prohlíd tělo, dával tím tomu bachaři najevo, že ví jak se věci maj, jako dyby si dělal nějaký poznámky na pozdějš až bude uplatňovat svý právo na kompenzaci, nemůžeš přeci rozmlátit člověka na sračky a pak očekávat, že si nebude stěžovat na správnejch místech, ne pokavad' seš státní zaměstnanec, pak prostě není v pořádku dyž zmlátíš nějakýho vobčana.

Byly ale pěkně zlý, všecky ty modřiny. Nechal tričko plandat a votočil se směrem ke dveřím, ten bachař tam pořád postával: Hej můžu si zatelefonovat? Ech!

9. Ježíš, to byl ale skřehotavej hlas. No a co. Z vrchního patra nasál

roof of his mouth and gulped it down, then he shouted: Heh, what about a phone call?

The eye blinked a couple of times.

I need to make a call! I need to let the wife know where I am!

The screw spoke. Did you say something about the rules? Eh? Did you say something about the rules there?

Me, naw.

Aw, fine... See a lot of people dont know about the rules. So they ask me about them. You know them but eh! Fine.

Then the eye vanished. A clever bastard. Sammy sat back down on the bunk. He was bursting for a piss. Dehydrated but bursting for a piss. Fucking life. He got off the bunk and knelt at the pail, opened the trousers; but he was trembling like fuck and the pee missed the pail and hit the floor and he jerked back, just managing to stop his prick getting caught in the fly else he would have pished down the inside leg christ man the shaking he was doing, and the piss streamed out, he imagined the sodjers watching the VTR, notebooks in hand: 'peed the floor'. He would have wiped it up anyhow I mean if he was gony be here

nějaký sliny a polknul je, pak zařval znova: Hej, můžu si zatelefonovat?

To voko párkrát zamrkalo.

Musim si zavolat! Potřebuju říct manželce kde sem!

Bachař promluvil. Říkals něco vo nějakejch pravidlech? Co? Ty tam, říkals něco vo nějakejch pravidlech?

Já, kdepák.

To je dobře... Víš, spousta lidí ty pravidla nezná. Tak se na ně pak vyptávaj mě. Ale ty je teda znáš, vid'! To je dobře.

Pak to voko zmizelo. Vychytralej šmejď. Sammy si zase sednul na postel. Strašně se mu chtělo chcát. Byl celej dehydrovanej, ale strašně se mu chtělo chcát. Posranej život. Zvednul se z kavalce a kleknul si na zemi u kyblíku, rozepnul kalhoty; ale třás se jako svině a nemoch se do toho kyblíku trefit a jak nachcal na podlahu tak sebou trhnul dozádu, tak akorát se mu povedlo si neskřípnout ptáka do poklopce, jinak by si zevnitř pochcal celou nohu, probůh ten se tak strašně třás, a ty chcanky se roztejkaly všude vokolo, představoval si, jak to ty fízlové všechno sledujou na kameře se zápisníkama v rukou 'pomočil podlahu'. Stejnak by to všechno utřel, přeci dyž tady bude eště nějakou dobu, tak se nechce motat kolem a stoupnout

he didn't want to stumble around in stocking soles, no on a puddle of piss for christ sake he hadn't reached that fucking stage. There was a roll of toilet paper. When he finished he grabbed a handful and wiped the floor dry. He crawled onto the bunk, just about conking out before dragging himself up as far as the pillow. Next time he woke it was black night again, and sore christ he was really really sore; aches all over. The whole of the body. And then his fucking eyes as well, there was something wrong with them, like if it had still been daylight and he was reading a book he would have had a double-vision or something, his mind going back to a time he was reading all kinds of things, weird things, black magic stuff and crazy religious experiences and the writing started to get thick, each letter just filled out till there was no space between it and the next line: no doubt just coincidental but at the same time man he was fucking strung out with other sort of stuff so he took it extremely personal, extremely personal man you know what I'm talking about.

10. Then his head was so itchy. The bed was probably bogging, that

do louže chcanek, dyž má na nohou jen ponožky probůh, takhle špatně na tom přeci kurva nebyl. Vedle byla role toalet'áku. Dyž skončil, kus ho utrhnul a vytřel s ním podlahu do sucha. Vyškrábal se zpátky na kavalec a vytuhnul skoro ještě předtím než se doškrábal k polštáři. Dyž se pozdějš probudil, byla zasejc černočerná noc, a pro krista ta bolest, všecko ho neskutečně bolelo; všude a všechno. Bolelo ho úplně celý tělo. A teďka ještě ty zkurvený voči, něco s nima bylo špatně, jako dyby teďka měl bejt den a von by si třeba čet knížku, tak by určitě viděl dvojmo nebo tak něco, myšlenkama se teď vracel zpátky do těch časů, kdy ještě čet všecko možný, i takový ty divný věci, černá magie a různý šílený náboženský zážitky který byly popisovaný tak tlustejma písmenama, že mezi nima nebyl žádněj prostor a jeden ani nevěděl, kde jedno končí a druhý začíná: jasně, že to nebylo schválně, ale von už byl tak rozhozeněj jinejma věcma dyž to čet, že si tohle bral fakt vosobně, hodně vosobně, víš jak to myslim.

10. Hlava ho strašně svrběla. Postel byla nejspíš špinavá jak prase, ta

auld fucking blanket, what a smell christ, unclean! unclean! If he could have got a hair-wash; that was what he was wanting. But his eyes, that was the main fucking problem like he had gone blind but the black had stopped him appreciating the fact. But it felt like morning. He tried some manoeuvres. But naw, he couldnay see a thing. Nothing. Fuck all. He did some more manoeuvres. Still nothing. But at the back of his brain he had this funny sort of recollection, like what was happening was something he had known for a while, he just hadnay registered the fact, as if it was some kind of bad dream running side-by-side with his life. He tried more manoeuvres, his hand up to his face. Both hands. Moving them around. Then he scratched his cheek. Just at the bone beneath where his right eye should have been, then closing the eye and putting finger on the lid, then opening it and closing it and for fuck sake man nothing. He reached his hand over the bunk and felt about the floor and found something, a shoe, he lifted it to in front of his face. He fucking smelled man it was fucking ponging, but he couldnay see it; whose fucking shoes were they they werenay fucking his, that was a certainty. He was

stará deka odporně smrděla, špína! Všude špína! dyby si tak moch umejt vlasy; jo to by se mu líbilo. Ale ty voči, to byl teďka ten hlavní zkurvenej problém, jako dyby úplně voslepnul nebo co, ale tak třeba byla prostě pořád ještě tma. I dyž von měl pocit, že je ráno. Zkusil udělat pár manévru. Ale kdepák, neviděl vůbec nic. Nic. Prostě hovno. Zkusil pár dalších manévru. Pořád nic. Někde vzádu v mozku měl taky zvláštní pocit, jako dyby to, co se mu teďka dělo, bylo něco, co už dávno věděl, jen si to zatím nestich uvědomit, jako dyby to celý byl nějakej zlej sen, kerej se mu pomalu vplížil do života. Zkoušel ještě další manévry a rukou si šáhnul na vobličej. Voběma rukama. Začal s nima hejbat před ksichtem. Pak se poškrábal na tváři. Zrovinka na tý kosti, kerou měl přímo pod místem, kde měl mít svý pravý voko, pak to voko zavřel a položil prst na to oční víčko, pak ho zase vtevřel a zavřel a kurva práce neviděl vůbec vůbec nic. Natáhnul ruku přes vokraj kavalce a hmatal po zemi, než něco našel, bota, zvednul jí a přidržel si jí u vobličej. Čuchnul k ní a ty vole ta smrděla jak prase, ale stejně jí neviděl; čí to byly boty kurva, jeho rozhodně nebyly, to bylo na beton. No ale rozhodně teda byl slepej no. Divný do prdele. Fakt magořina. Nepřipadalo mu

definitely blind but. Fucking weird. Wild. It didn't feel like a nightmare either, that's the funny thing. Even psychologically. In fact it felt okay, an initial wee flurry of excitement but no what ye would call panic-stations. Like it was just a new predicament. Christ it was even making him smile, shaking his head at the very idea, imagining himself telling people; making Helen laugh; she would be annoyed as fuck but she would still find it funny, eventually once they had made it up, the stupid fucking row they had had, total misunderstanding man but it was fine now, it would be fine, once she saw him.

to ani jako nějaká noční můra, to na tom bylo právě to divný. Dokonce ani psychicky. Ve skutečnosti se cítil v pohodě, ze začátku takovej malej příval vzrušení, ale rozhodně to nic, čemu by se dalo říkat panické stav. Prostě to byla taková nová nesnáze. Dokonce se z toho usmíval, probůh, až z toho začal kroutit hlavou, dyž si představil, jak to bude někomu vyprávět; Helen jak se tomu bude smát; bude jí to neskutečně srát, ale stejně jí to bude připadat vtipný, až se teda zase udobřej po tý jejich blbý hádce, stejně to celý bylo jedno velký nedorozumění, ale teďka už to je v pohodě, teda bude to v pohodě, hned jak ho uvidí.

11. Now he was chuckling away to himself. How the hell was it happening to him! It's no as if he was earmarked for glory!

Even in practical terms, once the nonsense passed, he started thinking about it; this was a new stage in life, a development. A new epoch! He need to see Helen. He really needed to see her man if he could just see her, talk to her; just tell her the score. A fucking new beginning, that was what it was! He got out of the bed and onto his feet and there was hardly a stumble. The auld life was definitely ower now man it

11. Začal se jen tak sám vod sebe pochechtávat. Jak je kurva možný, že se tohle stalo zrovna jemu! Von zrovna nebyl z těch, který byly určený pro kdovíjakou slávu.

Dokonce i z praktickýho hlediska, dyž přestal s těma nesmyslama, začal nad tím všim přemýšlet; tohle byla nová etapa života, takovej vývoj. Nová éra! Potřeboval mluvit s Helen. Fakt se s ní potreboval vidět, dyby s ní tak jen moch mluvit; vysvětlit jí jak se věci maj. Byl to prostě nověj začátek, tak se věci měly! Zved se z postele, postavil na nohy, ani se

was finished, fucking finished. He groped his way around, kicking forward with his feet, and he reached the wall. He got down on his knees to feel the floor, cold but firm, cold but firm. The palms of his hands flat on it; he had this sensation of being somewhere else in the world and a music started in his head, a real music, it was hypnotic, these instruments beating out the tumatumatumti tumatumatumti tum, tum; tum, ti tum; tum, tum; tum, ti tum, tumatumatumti tumatumatumti byong; byong byong byong byong byong; byong, byong byong, byong, byong byong. He was down now and rolled onto his back, lying there smiling, then with his face screwed up; shooting pains. He turned slow; getting onto his front, trying to ease it; the small of his back; shifting his hips a wee bit: then the pain was easing out, down into the right buttock, travelling down a bit more till it stopped, trapped: he moved his hips another couple of inches, and the pain travelled on, right the way out, and he felt good, really, it was fucking good, this kind of control over yer body when it was sore, how ye survive, how ye survive.

12. And a whole crash of

nezakymácel. Jeho starej život skončil, byl kurva úplně pryč. Šel a hmatal všude kolem sebe, kopal nohama na všechny strany až se dostal ke zdi. Pomalu si kleknul na zem, byla studená ale pevná, studená ale pevná. Přimáčknu na ní natěsno dlaně; najednou měl pocit, že je někde úplně jinde a v hlavě mu začala hrát nějaká hudba, vopravdická hudba, celý to bylo takový mámivý, ty nástroje co dělaly tumatumatumtu tumatumatumtu tum, tum; ti tím; tum, tum; tum, ti tum, tumatumatumti tumatumatumti bjong; bjong bjong bjong bjong bjong; bjong; bjong, bjong bjong, bjong, bjong bjong. Teďka už byl na zemi a votočil se na záda, jen tak tam ležel a usmíval se, pak se mu zkřivil obličej; taková píchavá bolest. Zvolna se votočil; převalil se na břicho a snažil se uvolnit; hlavně tam dole v kříži; maličko se povotočil v bocích: pak ta bolest pomalu vodeznívala, přesouvala se dolů do pravý půlky a ještě vo kousek níž, pak se uvězněná zastavila: pohnul bokama ještě vo pár palců a ta bolest se pak zase pohnula a pomalu vyšuměla, cejtil se dobře, vážně, bylo to fakt dobrý, dyž člověk takle uměl ovládat svý tělo, dyž ho bolelo, takhle se přežívá, přesně takhle.

12. A najednou vobrovskej přival

thoughts. With one weird wee image to finish it all off: if this was a permanent he wouldnay be able to see himself ever again. Christ that was wild. And he wouldnay see cunts looking at him. Wild right enough. What did it matter but what did it matter; cunts looking at ye. Who gives a fuck. Just sometimes they bore their way in, some of them do anyway; they seem able to give ye a look that's more than a look: it's like when ye're a wean at school and there's this auld woman teacher who takes it seriously even when you and the wee muckers are having a laugh and cracking jokes behind her back and suddenly she looks straight at ye and ye can tell she knows the score, she knows it's happening. Exactly. And it's only you. The rest dont notice. You see her and she sees you. Naybody else. Probably it's their turn next week. The now it's you she's copped. You. The jokes dont sound funny any longer. The auld bastard, she's fucked ye man. With one look. That' how easy you are. And ye see the truth then about yerself. Ye see how ye're fixed forever. Stupid wee fucking arsehole. Laughing with the rest because ye're feart fucking coward, trying to take the piss out an auld woman man, pathetic, fucking pathetic.

myšlenek. A navrch takovej divnej malinkej votazník: jestli je todleto nastálo, tak do konce života už sám sebe neuvidí. Probůh, to byla magořina. A neuvidí ani ostatní sráče civět na něj. Fakt magořina. Ale tak co na tom záleželo, dyť na tom nesejde; ať na něj civí. Koho to sere. No ale někdy se dokázali člověku dostat do hlavy, teda některý z nich; uměli na člověka hodit takovej pohled, kterej byl víc, než jen pohled: jako dyž byl člověk eště školou povinnej špunt a narazil na takovou tu starou učitelku, kerá brala všecko strašně vážně, i dyž sis jen s tima vostatníma špuntama dělal prču a smál se jí za zádama a vona se najednou votočila a podívá se přímo na tebe a v ten moment ti dojde, že vona ví vo co de. Úplně přesně. A je to všecko na tebe. Ostatní jí nezajímaj. Vidíš jen jí a vona tebe. Nikoho jinýho. Na ně nejspíš přída řada až za tejden. Zrovna ted'ka čapla tebe. Tebe. A všecky ty legrácky už ti nepřipadaj tak vtipný. Ta stará bestie tě naprosto zkurvila. Jednim jedinym pohledem. Takhle snadno si tě podala. A najednou vidíš, jak na tom dovopravdy seš. Vidíš, jak seš nadosmrti napravenej. Malej přibbblej spratek. Směješ se s ostatníma, protože seš vyděšenej zasranej zbabělec, dělat si prdel ze starý ženský, prostě ubohý, zasraně ubohý.

Ah!

Fuck it but we're all weans at some time or another. What's the point in blaming yerself for other people's problems. Ye've got to get by; and ye'll not get by if ye carry on like a hawfwit.

It was just Sammy feeling sorry for himself, plus being fucking physically battered for christ sake it's straightforward.

Sometimes ye wonder, ye wonder.

Then this ringing in his ear. Two sounds, both in the left; the ordinary blood sound high up but this other one lower down, a fucking siren, wailing. Then it stopped and he was left with the blood. Then that was getting more high pitched. It was like a fucking scream christ

13. The hand propelled him forwards. He went with it. And this voice saying, Dont worry yerself. Whoever it was he was a sarcastic bastard. Who gives a fuck. Sammy couldnay care less. Then he heard them laughing. Still he didnay care. Why the fuck should he. He wanted to tell them straight: Fuck you bastards I dont actually give a fuck, yez can laugh from here to fucking Mayday.

Ah!

Srát na to, každej byl jednou děcko. Jakej má smysl si dávat za vinu problémy jinejch lidí. Člověk se vo sebe musí umět postarat; a to se ti nepovede, pokavad' se budeš chovat jako poloblbl.

Šlo vo to, že Sammymu bylo líto sebe sama, navíc byl kurva celej rozmlácenej, dyť je to probůh úplně samozřejmý.

Člověk se vobčas nad věcma zamyslí, prostě popřemejšlí.

K tomu všemu to zvonění v uchu. Dva zvuky a voba v levym; ten vobyčejnej zvuk proudění krve, ale pak taky takovej hlubší, jako houkání nějaký zasraný sirény. Pak to přestalo a slyšel už jen ten zvuk krve. Ale ten se zase začal zvyšovat. Jak nějakěj zkurvenej jekot probůh.

13. Nějaká ruku ho hnala dopředu. Neodporoval. A do toho nějakěj hlas, Neměj strach. Ať to byl kdokoliv, byl to sarkastickej šmejdi. Koho to sere. Sammyho to vůbec nezajímalo. Pak uslyšel jak se ty vokolo smějou. Stejně mu to bylo fuk. Proč by mu to taky mělo vadit. Chtěl jim to říct narovinu: Děte do prdele, šmejdi, já na vás seru, klidně se smějte až do aleluja.

Ted' ho ta ruka vodstrčila pryč,

Then hand shoved him this time, it gripped his shoulder and sent him flying and banged into a chair and went sideways trying to avoid it in some stupid way considering he had already hit the fucking thing and he landed on some cunt's feet and whoever it was let out a yelp; then a laugh.

He's assaulted us again! Fucking nerve on this guy!

Drunk and incapable, said another yin, he can't admit it like a man but, says he's lost his fucking eyesight somewhere!

Anybody find an eyesight! There's a guy here looking for an eyesight!

This was followed by ha haz all round. Everything's tactics and these were auld yins. So so what. Sammy was in a warm place and he knew there was a change for the better. How did he know there was a change for better? Ye can aye tell, that's how. Ye develop a second sight with these bastards. They maybe thought they had went too far with him.

Sit down.

Sammy stood where he was.

Ye're alright, sit down.

Fuck it, Sammy moved his hand about and touched a chair, he felt

chytila ho za rameno a vhodila ho pryč až vrazil do židle a zkusil se jí bokem vyhnout, což byla taky kravina, dyž už do ní stejně vrazil a dopadnul nějakému sráči na nohy a ať už to byl kdokoliv tak ze sebe vydal skřek; pak se zachechtal.

Hele, von nás zase napadnul Věřili byste tomu, ten má ale nervy.

Opilej a nezpůsobilej, povídá další, neumí to přiznat jako chlap, místo toho bude tvrdit, že někde ztratil zrak!

Nenašel někdo nějaký zrak! Máme tady jednoho chlápka, kterej hledá zrak!

Na to se odevšud ozvalo samý ha ha. Všecko je to o taktice a tahle už byla stará. No co. Sammy na tom nebyl nijak špatně a věděl, že se to všecko bude jenom lepší. Jak že to věděl, že se všecko bude lepší? To prostě dycky poznáš. Prostě si vyvineš takovej druhej zrak na tydle parchanty. Možná si mysleli, že to v jeho případě docela přehnali.

Sedni si.

Sammy zůstal stát tam kde byl.

Seš v pohodě, sedni si.

Nasrat, Sammy zašmátral rukou kolem sebe a dotknul se židle, kolem dokola jí ohmatal a sednul si, pevně se jí po stranách držel pro případ, že by nějakýho zkurvenýho vtipálka napadlo

<p>round it and sat down, gripping the sides in case some funny cunt felt like giving it a kick. Something was pressed into his hand. It was a chain. His chain; gold, Helen had gave him it as a birthday present last October.</p>	<p>do tý židle kopnout. Něco mu vmáčkli do ruky. Byl to řetízek. Jeho řetízek; zlatej, Helen mu ho dala minulej říjen jako dárek k narozeninám.</p>
<p>14. There was some kind of symbolic thing about it, he couldnay mind but, what it was, what it meant. He fingered for the catch and opened it, put it round his neck and heard more laughter like they had conned him or something so he took it back and fingered it again to make sure it was his. But how could ye tell, ye couldnay. More laughter. Fuck it man he stuck it in his pocket, then felt for the fly on his trousers to make sure he wasnay hanging out.</p> <p>Things landed on his lap. The lone-star belt and shoelaces.</p> <p>Nothing else happened. It was like they had lost interest. A while went by. There was a lot of toing and froing and funny kind of whooshing sounds. Now he heard voices, one was kind of posh, English. Then more whooshing sounds and something came near to his head. And doors opened and closed. It felt like a big office he was in with occasional</p>	<p>14. Bylo na něm něco, co pro něj mělo symbolickéj význam, ale nějak si nemoch vzpomenout, co přesně to bylo a co to znamenalo. Nahmatal na něm prstama vočko a pověsil si ho na krk, ozval se eště hlasitější smích, jako dyby ho něčim nachytali, tak si ho zas sundal a znova ho vohmatal, aby se ujistil, že to byl ten jeho. No ale jak by to moch poznat, nijak. Další smích. Nasrat, nacpal si ten řetízek do kapsy a pak si pro jistotu eště zkontroloval poklopec, jestli mu nevisí ven.</p> <p>Nějaký věci mu přistály na klíně. Jeho lone-star pásek a kaničky.</p> <p>Nic dalšího se už nestalo. Jako dyby prostě ztratili zájem. Mezitím uběhla nějaká chvíle. Slyšel jak kolem něj choděj lidi tam a zpátky a taky takový šramotivý zvuky. Najednou uslyšel hlasy, jeden byl takovej víc nóbl, Anglickej. Ozvaly se další šumivý zvuky a něco se mu pohybovalo blízko u hlavy. A dveře se otevřely a pak zas zavřely. Měl pocit, že je v nějaký velký</p>

whirring noises like from some sort of speaking device. And always too there was the sound of a computer keyboard tap tapping away; and muttering, people muttering. He strained to hear what they were saying but his ears were definitely out and he got a sudden feeling he was gony fall off the fucking chair man he seemed about to keel over and he had to cling on, concentrating hard to stop it happening, he was dizzy, he was gony faint he was gony fucking jesus christ almighty

a test, he remembered this test, a long time ago, it was in London, it was for a job, he had to sit it; him and another ten thousand and 96 guys, all stuck in a long corridor; people looking at them; stupid fucking questions; general knowledge shite; all bullshit man the whole fucking deal; and this asshole in a sharp suit walking up and down, the mediator or something, there to see ye didnay cheat, giving ye piercing glances and all that ye felt like setting about the cunt. Fucking bampot he was. And all these stupid questions. But ye felt there was some key they had to crack yer answers, and then the whole of yer life would be there, all laid bare, all yer dirty wee secrets; and them studying

kanceláři, občas se ozejvaly bzučivý zvuky jako z nějaký vysílačky. A pořád tu znělo ťuky ťuk do klávesnice; mumlání a reptání. Napínal uši, aby zaslechnul vo čem se mluví, ale uši mu nesloužily a dokonce měl najednou pocit, že spadne z tý zkurvený židle, ty vole už to vypadalo, že sebou šlehne, musel se fakt soustředit, aby tomu zabránil, motala se mu hlava, asi omdlí, von kurva fix bože na nebi snad fakt

ten test, vzpomněl si na tendleten test kterej musel tenkrát před dlouhou dobou psát někde v Londýně, kvůli vá práci; von a eště deset tisíc 96 dalších chlapů, všichni narvaný v jedný dlouhý chodbě; lidi na ně civěli; debilní otázky; sračky vo všeobecnym přehledu; všecko k hovnu, celej všeobecněj přehled; a ten sráč v luxusnim vobleku co chodil mezi nima tam a zpátky, mluvčí nebo tak něco, čuměl jesi někdo nefixluje, házel pronikavý pohledy na všecky strany, člověk měl chuť ho poslat do prdele. To byl ale zasranej magor. A k tomu ty debilní otázky. Ale člověk měl pocit, že měli nějakou metodu na to, aby se vyznali ve tvejch vodpovědích a pak z nich vyčetli všecko cos kdy dělal, budou to mít jak na dlani, všecky tvý prašivý tajemství; všicky je tam pak budou luštit až budeš sedět doma a pak ty výsledky zapíšou do centrální banky.

them when ye were away home, logging the info into the central bank.

15. These bastards. Ye want to fucking

what does it matter. Who gives a fuck. Life's dawdle if ye give it a chance. Ye do yer crime ye take yer time. Somebody was passing. Sammy turned his head in that direction: Heh ye got a fag mate?

A fag was put into his hand. The auld psychology. The one place they acted like people was when they were in their own wee office going about their own wee bits of business, wage-earners, time-servers, waiting for the fucking tea-break. A lighter snapped. Sammy had the fag in his mouth; he had to hold it at the end at the same time. The lighter snapped again and he felt the flame suddenly and jerked away from it:

Sorry, he said. The lighter snapped and he moved his fingers till he felt the flame and kept sucking till eventually he smoked tobacco smoke, and it was in his nostrils and up his eyes at the same time. Cheers mate, he said but spluttered.

An ashtray at yer feet...

Sammy was still spluttering and the tobacco went right into his brain.

15. Tyhle šmejdi. Člověk by měl chuť je nejradši

co na tom záleží. Koho to sere. Život může bejt celkem flákačka, dyž na to přide. Kolik toho natropíš, tolik si taky vodsediš. Někdo procházel kolem. Sammy tím směrem votočil hlavu: Hej kámo, nemáš cigáro?

Někdo mu vmáčknul cigáro do ruky. Ta stará psychologie. Jediný místo, kde se dokážou chovat jako lidi, jsou tyhle jejich mrňavý kanceláře, staraj se jen vo svý záležitosti, zaměstnanci, flákači co jen čekaj na čajovej dýchánek. Někdo škrtnul zapalovačem. Sammy už měl cigáro v puse; musel ho zároveň přidržovat na konci. Zase se ozvalo škrtnutí zapalovače a von z ničeho nic ucejtil žár plamene a rychle sebou trhnul do strany:

Pardon, povidá. Další škrtnutí zapalovače a von se tentokrát radši pomalu přibližovat, dokud neucejtil na prstech žár, pak potahoval do tý doby, dokud nevdechnul kouř, měl ho plnej nos i voči zároveň. Dík kámo, řek a začal vodklepávat.

U nohou máš popelník...

Sammy pořád vodklepával a síla toho tabáku mu šla přímo do mozku.

He inhaled again, feeling better. Fuck them all, he settled back.

And time went on. And he was sitting there in this blank sort of void, the mind going in different directions. No all nice either, no by any manner of means, cause he had nay led the best of lives. No the worst but no the best. He had aye been a bit stupid. And there's nay cunt to blame for that except yerself. Ye aye come back to that same thing. Nay point blaming the sodjers if you've ladled into them in the first place; fuck sake man ye cannay blame them for giving ye a doing. Sammy could throw a punch, he was quite a solid guy, and his knuckles were still sore, so was his foot, so who are ye gony blame? know what I'm talking about it was him woke up down the lane.

16. It was him fucking landed down the lane in the first place man how the fuck he got there I dont know. But naybody dragged him into the boozier and naybody filled his neck with booze, he did it himself; it was under his control. He was nay a fucking eedjit aw the gether; just he acted that way, sometimes, when he felt like it.

Nay *stewards' enquiries* but fuck it.

Znova potáhnul, cejtíl se líp. Ať dou do prdele, opřel se.

Čas ubíhal dál. A von tam jen tak seděl v týhle divný pustý nicotě, myšlenky mu šly všema směrama. No a né všechny byly kdo ví jak příjemný, to vůbec ne, přeci jen neved úplně nejlepčí život co moch. Né nejhorší, ale ani nejlepčí. No a taky byl vždycky tak trochu blbej. A za to nejde vinit nikoho jinýho než sebe. No a zase se vrátíš k tomu samýmu. Nemá cenu vinit ty fízly, dyž ses do nich navez sám vod sebe; kurva, přece jim nemůžeš mít za zlý, že ti rozbili hubu. Sammy se uměl rvát, byl to celkem velkej chlap, klouby ho pořád eště bolely a noha taky, tak komu to můžeš mít za zlý? víš jak to myslím přece to byl von, kdo se probudil někde na ulici.

16. Předně to kurva byl přece von, kdo skončil někde na ulici, jak se tam do hajzlu dostal to fakt nevim. Ale nikdo ho do tý knajpy netahal a nikdo mu nelil násilim do krku chlast, to všecko von sám, to všecko bylo na něj. Né že by byl úplnej idiot; jen se tak vobčas choval no, někdy dyž se mu chtělo.

Ale není třeba pouštět zpětnej záznam, takže nasrat.

Auld Helen as well.

She would be doubly annoyed. She would really fuck off this time. That would be that. Him back in the poky. That would be him man fuckt, know what I mean, ye want the mentality for how come he ladled into the sodgers then ye've got it, it's all there, fucking Custer's last stand.

Auld Helen man fuck sake.

Folk take a battering but, they do; they get born and they get brought up and they get fuckt. That's the story; the cot to the fucking funeral pyre.

Fascinating-facts and Tales-from-the-poky. That one about the Samurai warriors, back in the olden day; their master gets done in by a rival – both of them are aristocrats, Shishkos or Shenkos; whatever ye fucking call them – and the Samurai plot a revenge on the baddies. So the leader and his son and the entire squad all split up for a year and go around leading vagabond lives, they think the goody Samurai have fell by the wayside and there's fuck all to worry about. And then, when everything's fine and the timing's right, the Samurai warriors regroup. And back they come to wreak revenge, a whole year later. They do the cunts in. Fucking straightforwards. But then, after

A taky ta Helen.

Ta bude dvojnásob otrávená Tentokrát už se na něj fakt vysere. To bude konec. Dyž má bejt zas v base. Ten bude tak v prdeli, chápeš to, pokoušet se nějak vysvětlit proč se takhle navez do těch fízlů pak je to docela jasný, není co řešit, jak bojovat s větrnejma mlejnama.

Ta Helen ty vole.

Lidi stejně dostávaj pořád na prdel, fakt že jo; naroděj se, vyrostou a sou v prdeli. Konec příběhu; z kolíbký na zkurvenou pohřební hranici.

Fascinující-fakta a Příběhy-z-lochu. Tamten vo těch Samurajskejch válečnicích, kdysi dávno; jejich mistra voddělá nějakej rival – voba dva sou aristokrati, Šiškos nebo Šenkos; nebo jak jim to kurva říkaj – a ty Samurajové se daj dohromady aby vymysleli jak se těm zlosynům pomstěj. Takže ten jejich vůdce a jeho syn a vůbec celá parta se na rok rozejdou a žijou si každej svym tuláckym životem, takže si ty druhý začnou myslet, že prostě nějak vodpadli a že nemá cenu si s něčim dělat hlavu. A pak, dyž je všecko zase v klidu a nadejde ten správnej čas, tak se ty Samurajové zas daj dohromady. A dou si zchladit žáhu a pomstěj se, ale až vo celej rok pozdějš. Voddělaj ty sráče. Vůbec se s tím neserou. Ale pak, dyž už je voddělali, tak se votočej a prostě

they've done them in, they turn around and fucking do themselves in, they commit harakiri. Because once their master's dead, the auld fucking Shishko man, once he's dead man, and the goody Samurai have had the revenge, then that's them, they're fuckt, they've done their duty and the game's a bogie, capisto, their life's finished, end of story, they've got to go to the debowelling games, they stick the blade in their guts and start cutting lumps out.

kurva voddělaj i sebe, spáchaj harakiri. Pač jejich mistr je mrtvej, nějakej ten Šiško dement, jak je jednou mrtvej a ty jeho správňácký Samurajové se teda pomstili, tak tím to pro ně končí, sou v prdeli, už splnili svý poslání a šmitec, kapišto, jejich život prostě skončil, konec příběhu, musej teď přejít k těm svejm vykuchávacím hrátkám, zabodnou si ostří do břicha a začnou ho kousek po kousku vyřezávat ven.

17. A true story that. According to the guy that telt it to Sammy. Mind you he once telt it to a woman and it annoyed her to fuck, she thought it was a load of bullshit, she thought he was trying to confuse her, some weird way of getting off with her, getting her mixed up between their story and his christ how fucking crazy can ye get; women. It wasnay Helen by the way, the woman, but it might have been, might as well have been know what I'm saying. Funny how ye tell people a story to make a point and ye fail, ye fail a total disaster. Not only do ye no make yer point it winds up the fucking opposite man, the exact fucking

17. A to byl skutečnej příběh. Teda aspoň podle toho chlápka, kerej ho Sammymu vyprávěl. Dyž von sám ho pak vyprávěl jedný ženský, tak jí tím votrávil jak kráva, myslela si, že je to jen snůška hovadin, myslela si, že se jí tím snaží nějak zmást, že to je nějakej divnej způsob jak jí dostat do postele, že jí chce vnutit, že to má s nima něco společnýho, jak může někdo bejt probůh takovej magor; prostě ženský. Mimochodem to nebyla Helen, myslim tu ženskou, ale mohlo to tak bejt, stejně tak to prostě mohla bejt vona, víš co myslim. Zvláštní jak člověk vypráví nějakej příběh, aby na něm něco ukázal a nevyjde to, prostě to skončí katastrofálně. Nejen, že se ti

opposite. That isnay a misunderstanding it's a total

whatever. Mind you the woman was maybe right cause Sammy had added in a wee bit of his own when he telt it to her, he knocked it from a book he had read about this army officer and his wife; and they did the same, the debowelling games; duty and love all gets mixed up the gether. So she was probably right, he probably was trying to get off with her. But so what? So fucking what? Males and females. Ye do yer wee dances christ almighty where's the harm. Plus some folk, they're never happy unless they're giving ye a sharp fucking talking to. Especially women, or else upper class bastards. Ye dont mind so much if ye fucking know them man but no if they're fucking strangers, ye're just talking to them in pub or something, know what I mean, fair enough with the wife or girlfriend, yer fucking grannie or something, but some of these other cunts man they think they know, they think they know and they fucking dont. So fuck it

nepovede ukázat to, co si chtěl, ale nakonec to vyzní úplně navopak, úplně navopak, kurva. To už pak přece není nějaký nedorozumění, to je prostě naprostá

to je fuk. No a vona ta ženská měla možná taky pravdu, páč dyž jí to Sammy vyprávěl, tak si do toho příběhu vložil pár věcíček, který si pučil z jedny knížky co přečet, byla o jednom armádním důstojníkovy a jeho manželce; no a voni si právě taky vykuchali vnitřnosti; povinnost a láska se tam nějak navzájem pomíchaly. Takže měla beztak pravdu, beztak s ní chtěl jen šukat. No ale tak co. Tak kurva co? Mužský a ženský. Člověk si prostě zadovádí, probůh copak tydlety hrátky někomu ubližujou? Navíc některý lidi, co člověk potká, nejsou spokojený, pokud ti nejdřív řádně nepromluví do duše. Obvzlašť ženský, nebo teda nějaký ty šmejdi z lepčí společnosti. Člověka to nesere, pokud je to někdo, koho zná, ale ne, dyž je to nějakěj zasranej nikdoš, někdo s kym prostě jen kecáš v hospodě nebo tak něco, víš co myslím, jo, je to v pohodě, pokud de vo manželku nebo vo tvojí holku nebo babi, ale některý z těch ostatních sráčů, kámo, voni si všichni myslej, že všecko vědí, myslej si, že všecko vědí, ale přitom ví úplný hovno. Tak at' s tim táhnou do prdele.

18. His back, it was sore. The spine especially; down there at the bottom, roundabout the lower ribs. He had to stand up. He stood up. He stepped half a pace to the left, then worked his hands in where it was hurting, massaging in with the tips of his fingers. His right foot kicked against something metal, solid.

Sit down. Samuels: sit down.

I need to stretch my legs.

Just sit on yer arse.

Can I no even get standing up?

Thirty seconds.

Thanks.

That's twenty of them.

Twenty's enough, said Sammy and reached to feel for the chair and sat down. Fuck them. He rubbed at the base of his spine then sat forwards, hands clasped on his knees. He had a lot to consider. When ye come to think about it. And that's what he had no been doing: thinking. He had just been

who knows, who knows; his brains were all ower the place.

All the auld ways of living, as if they'll go on forever. Then ye wake up and find yerself fuckt, all gone man, that's that. So okay, ye have to accept it; what else can ye do, there's fuck all, everything is fixed and settled as far as

18. Ty záda ho fakt bolely. Hlavně páteř; hlavně až tam dole na konci, kolem spodních žeber. Musel si na chvíli stoupnout. Stoupnul si. Přešlápnul vo půl kroku doleva a pak si rukama prohmatl to místo, kerý ho bolelo, masíroval ho špičkama prstů. Pravou nohou kopnul do něčeho kovovýho, něčeho pevnýho.

Sedni si. Samuelsi: sedni si.

Musim si protáhnout nohy.

Sedni si na prdel.

To si nemůžu ani stoupnout?

Třicet vteřin.

Dík.

Dvacet je pryč.

Dvacet stačí, řek Sammy a hmátnul po židli a sednul si. Srát na ně. Promnul si záda v kříži a sed si víc dopředu, ruce sevřený na kolenou. Měl hodně vo čem přemejšlet. Dyž se nad tim zamyslíš. A to bylo právě to, co von nedělal: nemyslel. Von prostě jen

kdo ví, kdo ví; myšlenkama byl všude možně.

Celej ten starej způsob života, jako dyby měl trvat donekonečna. Pak se jednou probudíš a zjistíš, že si v prdeli, všhecko je v hajzlu, nic naplat. No jo no, musíš to brát jak to je; co s tim jinak naděláš, hovno, dyž na to přijde, tak je všhecko dávno určený a daný, prostě se to

that's concerned, it's happened, past tense. So now it's down to you.

Sammy felt like another smoke. He should have nipped the one that guy gave him instead of doing it all in. He couldnay even remember finishing it. The ashtray was beside his chair. He reached down to see if there was anything left to smoke, but he couldnay find it – the ashtray I'm talking about, some cunt must have swiped it.

A hubbub started somewhere near but it was like there was a partition separating it from him. He wasnay sure if it was cause of the racket going in his ears.

stalo, minulej čas. Takže teďka je to na tobě.

Sammy by si dal další cigáro. Měl uštípnout tamto, co mu dal ten chlápek místo toho, aby ho celý vytáhnul. Ani si nemoch vzpomenout, jestli ho dojel celý. Popelník měl vedle židle. Natáhnul se dolů, aby zjistil, jestli nezbylo ještě něco, co by moch dokouřit, ale nic nenašel – myslim ten popelník, nějakej sráč ho musel šlohnout.

Někde kousek vod něj, nejspíš za nějakou přepážkou byl slyšet zvláštní šrumec. Nebyl si jistej, jestli to nebylo jen kvůli tomu kraválu, co mu zněl v uších.

19. Then too there was this radio playing pop music, droning on and on, oomba oomba oomba, didi oomba oomba oomba, didi oomba oomba oomba, the kind Sammy's boy would have listened to – perfect for 15-year-auld kids except it was these adult sodjers. he wondered what station he was in. He hadnay been up to taking notes on the drive. But it was probably Hardie Street. Who cares. Naybody would have gave him a sensible answer if he had asked. Ye cannay make contact with them; all ye

19. Pak tam taky hrála z rádia nějaká popová muzika, hučela tam pořád a pořád, umba umba umba, didi umba umba umba, didi umba umba umba, ten typ muziky, kerej by se líbil Sammyho klukovi – skvělej pro patnáctiletý děcka, akorát že tady ho poslouchali dospělý fízlové. přemejšlel na kerý je vlastně stanici. Moc nevnímal, dyž ho sem vezli. Ale nejspíš to byla Hardie Street. To je fuk. Nikdo by mu stejně smysluplně nevodpověděl, dyby se zeptal; jediný, čeho by se byl dočkal, by byl sarkasmus a ty přiblblý vtípky, kerym rozumí jen

would have got was sarcasm and wee in-jokes. It wasnay just in the poky that happened I mean Sammy once went to work in a factory for ten minutes, down in England, and that's the way it was. It would have took a ten stretch to know what they were all giggling about.

Fuck it man these things were ower, long ago. And that was what Helen couldnay grasp.

He was hell of weary but; drained, ye know. He was due to be mind you; the battering he took. Plus sometimes ye just feel like drawing the curtains. Getting the blankets ower the head. That was the way Sammy felt. It wasnay the first doing he had had and sure as fuck it wouldnay be the last.

Noise. A chair drawn up next to him. Somebody said: Right Samuels ye're a lucky man, we're gony let ye go, and with yer record that's something.

Who am I talking to?

Dont be cheeky else ye'll end up in real bother. With your form they'll throw away the key. We hadnay realised we had a personality on the premises.

Och dont give us it, I got liftit and I'm fucking blind.

A hand gripped his left wrist

voni. Tohle se nedělo jen v lochu, Sammy byl jednou hákovat ve fabrice jen tak na skok, dole v Anglii, a tam to bylo to samý. Člověku by to trvalo celou věčnost, než by rozlousk, čemu se to všicky hihňaj.

Do prdele s tím, tohle bylo všechno pryč, už dávno. A to bylo to, co Helen nedokázala pobrat.

Byl ale pěkně kurva zmoženej; prostě vyst'avenej, víš co. Taky teda měl proč; po tom nárezu co dostal. Navíc se člověk někdy cítí, že by se nejradši neviděl. Prostě si přetáhnout pytel přes hlavu. Tak se teďka Sammy cejtíl. Nebylo to poprvý co dostal přes hubu a bylo kurva jistý, že ani ne naposled.

Hluk. Někdo si k němu přitáhnul židli. A povídá: No, Samuelsi, máš kliku, necháme tě jít a to je teda něco, dyž si vezmu tvý záznamy.

S kym to mluvím?

Nebud' drzej nebo se dostaneš do vopravdický kaše. S tím jak seš na tom by si už nikdy nevylez. My si ani neuvědomili, jakou máme v baráku celebritu.

Ále, co nám to vyprávíš, sebrali mě a teď sem kurva slepej.

Najednou se kdoví odkud objevila něčí ruka a zmačkla mu levý zápěstí, pak někdo zašeptal: Jen ho poslouchej: můžeš jít, to ti říkal, takže

<p>from nowhere then a whisper: Just listen to the man: ye can go, that's what he's telling ye, so just thank yer lucky stars and get to fuck because see if it was up to me..</p>	<p>ted' poděkuj svý šťastný hvězdě a táhni do prdele, protože dyby mělo bejt po mým...</p>
<p>20. The pressure increased. Sammy had strong wrists and he flexed the left to take the pressure; his fore and upper arm trembled with the strain. His ribs started hurting. It was a strong cunt he was up against. Eventually the pressure relaxed and the hand vanished. Sammy breathed shallow, controlling it, just controlling it, except the ribs man the ribs, but controlling it, controlling it. Give them nothing man fucking nothing, nothing.</p> <p>Then the voice whispered: Know what I'm talking about ya fucking bampot? Ye go outside that door nice and easy and ye dont come back ye just fucking vamoose, ye get to fuck, ye do a fucking disappearing trick, alright?</p> <p>Ye're an incorrigible, said the other yin, and this time ye went too far. But still ye landed lucky, so thank yer lucky stars.</p> <p>You better believe it, muttered the nasty bastard.</p> <p>I need to speak to a third party. I'm no being cheeky.</p>	<p>20. Stisk zesílil. Sammy měl zápěstí silný a levý ted' zatnul, aby tomu tlaku ubral; celá paže se mu vod toho začala třást námahou. Žebra ho začaly bolet. Měl proti sobě nějakýho dost silnýho šmejda. Nakonec tlak polevil a ta ruka zmizela. Sammy mělce voddechoval, měl to pod kontrolou, prostě to měl pod kontrolou, teda až na ty žebra ty žebra, ale pod kontrolou, všechno pod kontrolou. Nedej nic znát, nedej znát ani hovno.</p> <p>Pak ten hlas zašeptal: Chápeš co ti říkám ty pitomče? Pěkně se sebereš a v klidu vovejdeš támhletima dveřma a už se nevrátíš, zdekuješ se, potáhneš do prdele, prostě kurva zmizíš, je ti to jasný?</p> <p>Seš nenapravitelnej případ, řek ten druhej, a tentokrát si to vážně přešláp. Ale stejně máš obrovskou kliku, takže poděkuj svejm šťastnejm hvězdám.</p> <p>Tomu teda věř, zamumlal ten odpornej hajzl.</p> <p>Potřebuju mluvit s někym nezaujatym. Nechci bejt drzej nebo tak.</p>

<p>...</p> <p>Somebody chuckled.</p> <p>Another yin said: Give the guy his due, he knows his rights and regulations.</p> <p>Eh? Heh doughball, somebody's talking to you.</p> <p>A hand clamped Sammy on the shoulder. I want to see a third party, he said, even yer quack, I want to report this dysfunction man I'm suffering a sightloss, and it's in both eyes, I need to see a quack.</p> <p>Fucking quack ya cunt, fucking Donald Duck, it's a hospital you'll be needing.</p> <p>Aye, that's all very well, said Sammy, and I'm no meaning to be cheeky. But I need to speak to somebody I mean ye cannay leave me like this. I've no got a fucking coin. Get us quack so he can see how I am now to how I was afore you and yer fucking plainclothes rottweilers got a fucking grip of me. I'm still in fucking pain man know what I mean I want a fucking X-ray, my ribs are fuckt man come on! Get us an eye-specialist.</p>	<p>...</p> <p>Někdo se uchechtнул.</p> <p>Další řek: Dejte tomu chlápku co si zaslouží, von zná svý práva a povinnosti.</p> <p>No? Hele ty blboune, někdo s tebou mluví.</p> <p>Něčí ruka Sammymu sevřela rameno. Chci mluvit s někym nezaujatym, povídá, klidně s vaším felčarem, chci nahlásit tuhle dysfunkci, trpim ztrátou zraku, a to na vobě voči. Potřebuju vidět nějakýho felčara.</p> <p>Seru ti na felčara ty šmejde, nějakej Ferda mravenec, ty budeš potřebovat do špitálu.</p> <p>Jo, to úplně stačí, povídá Sammy, teda nechci bejt drzej nebo tak něco. Ale musim s někym mluvit, prostě mě takhle přece nemůžete nechat. Nemám u sebe ani floka. Sežeňte mi nějakýho felčara, aby viděl jak vypadám teďka a jak sem vypadal předtim, než na mě vlítli ty vaši zasraný, v civilu voblečený rotvajleři. Pořád mám nějaký zasraný bolesti, chápeš to, prostě chci zkurvanej rengen, žebra mám v prdeli, no tak chlape! Sežeň nám nějakýho vočaře.</p>
<p>21. A sight then a shuffling of feet; a door shutting.</p> <p>...</p>	<p>21. Povzdechnutí a pak kroky; zavřely se dveře.</p> <p>...</p>

Heh, come on, ye cannay just knock the fuck out a guy till he winds up blind, this is a free country. Eh! Hullo? Hullo? Heh what about a smoke? Any of ye got a fag! Eh? Hullo? Ah fuck off.

Somebody sniggering in the background.

Fuck off I says.

They did fuck off. An hour later maybe longer a couple of them came back and stripped off his belt and laces again. They forgot to ask for his golden chain. Here, he said, taking it out his pocket. There was times it was best going by the book. Sammy was wanting to wake up in the morning. He sniffed and kept alert, listening for whatever. Half an hour later they were marching him back to the cell. It was all matter-of-fact. But no sooner inside than he banged his leg on the edge of the bunk frame. He lay down but the mattress was thin as fuck, it was just sagging and useless, even worse than the last yin. Once he was sure they had went he got up, took the pollow and stretched out on the floor. Real relief except for the smell, like a pish-house.

He didnay even know what day it was. Jesus. The big mouth man he always had to blab. If that was him for another night

Hej no ták, přece nemůžete jen tak někoho rozmlátit na sračky, až z toho voslepne, tohle je svobodná země! Hej! Haló? Haló? Hele co takhle cigáro? Nemá někdo z vás cigáro! Co? Haló? Ále, děte do prdele.

Vzadu se někdo zachichotal.

Děte do prdele povidam.

Taky že šli do prdele. O hodinu pozdějš, možná dýl, jich pár přišlo zpátky a zase mu sebrali pásek a kaničky. Zapomněli se zeptat na jeho zlatej řetízek. Tady, řek, dyž ho vyndaval z kapsy. Byly časy, kdy bylo lepčí dělat věci podle předpisů. Sammy chtěl, aby se probudil a bylo ráno. Vodfrknul si a dával pozor, zkoušel vodposlouchat všecko co jen šlo. Půl hodiny na to ho vedli zpátky do basy. Všecko se vobešlo naprosto bez emocí. Dyž se bouchnul nohou o rám kavalce, uvědomil si, že je už vevnitř. Lehnul si, ale ta matrace byla kurva úplně tenká, byla celá prohnutá a naprosto k hovno, eště horší než ta předtím. Jakmile si byl jistej, že sou pryč, vstal, sebral polštář a natáhnul ho na podlahu. Vopravdická úleva, až na ten smrad jak z veřejnejch záchodků.

Dokonce ani nevěděl, co je vlastně za den. Boha jeho. Ta jeho tlama ukecená, pořád musel žvanit. Jestli tady bude muset bejt eště jednu noc

Ježiš marjá. Teďka už si ale fakt

Jesus christ. She would be really worried now. He aye had to blab. How come he aye had to blab! Just stupid. Stupid. She would be worrying. Dosnay matter the situation, how it was, that was past tense, she would worry. Cause he had nay place to go and she knew it. Ye're talking from whenever it was to last Friday morning man that's how long it was; four maybe five days, including Saturday. Fucking Saturday! Saturday was a blank. A blank. Jesus christ, fucking terrible. So for all she knew something bad might have happened. Aye something bad has happened hen! yer man, yer boyfriend, he's being held for assault, drunk and disorderly. And at this moment in time he's lying in the fucking poky, blind as a fucking bat.

bude dělat starosti. Pořád musel žvanit. Jak je možný, že musel furt žvanit! Prostě blbec. Blbec. Bude si dělat starosti. Je fuk co se stalo, jak to bylo, to byl čas minulej, bude se strachovat. Páč von neměl kam jít a vona to věděla. Dyt' de vo kdoví jak dlouho vod minulýho pátku ráno až do teď, takhle dlouho to bylo; čtyři možná pět dní, včetně soboty. Zkurvená sobota. Ze soboty si nepamatoval vůbec nic. Nic. Ježišmarja, to je v prdeli. Takže z toho co věděla si mohla myslet leda tak že se mu něco stalo. No ano, něco se mu teda stalo, holka! tvůj muž, tvůj přítel, je zadržovanej kvůli napadení, opilost a výtržnictví. V tuhle chvíli leží ve zkurvený base, slepej jak patrona, kurva.

22. If they telt her that she would come immediately. She would take him by the hand.

Would she fuck. Helen man, enough said.

Not so very long ago aho
you walked away, from me,
and after all we've ever meant,
you decided to be free

22. Dyby jí todleto řekli, tak by hnedka přišla. Vzala by ho za ruku.

A nebo taky hovno. Helen, kámo, radši nic.

Neni to tak dávno ó-ó
co odešls pryč z náruče mý,
čert vem všeccko co máme
tys chtěl být zas volný

Chjo ty její věčný kázání a podobný

Ach she would rant and rave. Or else say nothing. She was good at saying nothing. When she did get angry her voice got high and it annoyed her to fuck. For some reason she didn't like high voices, not even on women. She wasn't that much weirder than him but she would have preferred being weirder, she always said she was too big, she had the habit of walking with a stoop. Sammy always told her to straighten up. That annoyed her, but sometimes in a lovey-dovey way. If he was skint and he told her stuff like that she was liable to take him out for a drink. No quite. But sometimes she did. Once or twice. Then she got double-depressed. She would go silent, just sitting there, glowering. He wouldn't even notice she was glowering, not at first. He would be talking to her normally; then it would dawn on him she had taken the huff about something. Look don't blame me you're a woman he used to say, it's not my fucking fault. Sometimes he sang her that Kristofferson number:

She ain't afraid to be a woman
nor ashamed to be a friend

That really wound her up! But at least it got her to talk. Better getting a mouthful than nothing at all man

žvásty. A nebo neřikala nic. To by jí šlo. Dyž se naštvála, tak se jí zvýšil hlas a to jí neskutečně srálo. Z nějakýho důvodu neměla ráda vysoký hlasy a to ani u ženských. Nebyla vo moc menčí než von, ale bylo by jí vyhovovalo víc, dyby byla menčí, dycky říkala, že je moc velká, měla ve zvyku chodit schráněná. Sammy jí dycky říkal ať se srovná. To jí štválo, ale občas takovym tím zaláskovavym způsobem. Dyž neměl prachy a řek jí něco takovýho, byla schopná ho pozvat ven na panáka. No, né tak docela. Ale vobčas jo. Jednou, dvakrát. Pak z toho byla dvojnásob v depresi. Bejvala úplně zamlklá, jen seděla celá zakaboněná. Von si toho dokonce nejdřív ani nevšim, že je zakaboněná. Prostě s ní normálně dál mluvil; pozdějš se mu ale obvykle rozsvítilo a uvědomil si, že jí něco nakrkló. Dycky na to řek: hele, nemůžeš mi to mít za zlý, si ženská, není to kurva moje vina. Někdy jí začal zpívat jednu písničku vod Kristoffersona:

Nemá strach bejt ženská
ani stud bejt kamarád

To jí fakt dovedlo vytočit! Ale aspoň jí to donutilo mluvit. Lepší, dyž tě někdo seřve, než dyž vůbec nemluví, ticho jak

<p>silences, know what I'm saying; Sammy couldnay handle silences, no with her. Any other cunt aye but no her. He was too insecure.</p>	<p>v kostele, víš co myslím; Sammy mlčení nezvládal, ne dyž šlo vo ní. U kohokoli jinýho mu to bylo u prdele, ale ne u ní. Byl pak moc nejistej.</p>
<p>23. More than a year since he started going out with her but he had only lived with her about six or eight months. It had taken her the rest of the time to make up her mind. She wasnay a woman that jumped into things. Too fucking experienced; three weans she had into the bargain. Christ she would crack up! Auld Helen... Nay luck at all neither she had, she aye chose bingers; she said it herself. How do I aye end up with somebody like you? I knew it would happen! That's what she'd say. I telt ye! As if any cunt could tell ye that, that ye were gony wind up blind. Mind you she had telt him, more or less, she telt him on Friday morning, things would go bad, that was what she telt him. Fuck it man.</p> <p>Terrible depressions she got too, her downers could last for days. Ye felt ye had to keep an eye on her. Sammy liked lying with the side of his face on her tits, snuggling in, her nipple poking him in the eye, wrist between her legs, his hand cupping her hole, shielding it from danger, especially when she had come, needing to protect her and all</p>	<p>23. Už je to víc než rok, co spolu začali chodit, ale bydlí spolu teprv nějakejch šest, osm měsíců. Ten zbytek času potřebovala na rozmyšlenou. Nebyla to ženská, která by do všeho skákala po hlavě. Měla kurva moc zkušeností; a k tomu všemu ještě tři děcka. Dycky jí to ničilo. Chudák Helen... neměla vůbec žádný štěstí, dycky si vybírala nějaký závisláky; sama to vo sobě říkala. Jak je možný, že dycky skončím s někym jako seš ty? Já věděla, že se to stane. Tohle by řekla. Já ti to říkala! Jako dyby tohle moch někdy někdo předpovědět, že nakonec voslepneš. Ačkoliv vona mu něco takovýho více méně řekla v pátek ráno, že to špatně skončí, to mu řekla. Srát na to.</p> <p>Kolikrát taky měla vodporný deprese, měla blbou náladu třeba několik dní. Člověk měl pocit, že na ní musí dávat pozor. Sammy rád líhával s obličejem položeným na jejích kozách, tulil se, její bradavka ho šimrala u voka, zápěstí položený mezi jejíma nohama a rukou jí zakrejval díru, chránil jí před nebezpečím, zvlášť když došla a</p>

that stuff.

Sammy smiled, lying there on the floor. But it wasn't a cheery smile. He didn't feel cheery. He felt fucking grim, that was what he felt. I wonder she would crack up. Lifted by the sodgers. On the bevy and lifted by the sodgers. Well it was her own fault. She shouldn't have threatened him. That's one thing ye shouldn't do, threaten a cunt, no unless ye're gony back it up. Course maybe she had backed it up. He didn't fucking know. He wouldn't know either, no till he got home. Ah, fuck it, if she wanted to call it a day then fair enough man all she had to do was tell him, tell him straight. He wasn't gony stay somewhere he wasn't wanted. Ye kidding! Sammy was well used to packing the bags. Bastards. Now here he was blind, fucking blind. Imagine going blind. Christ. What a turn-up for the books that was.

He shifted his head and felt the pillow damp on his face.

24. He hadn't been greeting, just water must have been running out. Or else pus. Maybe it was fucking pus. Maybe it was fucking yellow fucking mucus pus or something, rancid

potřebovala vochránit a tak podobně.

Jak tak ležel na tý podlaze tak se usmál. Ale nebyl to veselej úsměv. Nebylo mu nijak do zpěvu. Cejtil se dost děsně, děsně mu bylo. Není divu, že by jí to vzalo. Sebrali ho fízlové. Byl vožralej a voni ho sebrali. No byla to její chyba. Neměla mu vyhrožovat. To je ta věc, kerou by nikdy neměla dělat, vyhrožovat někomu, dyž to pak stejně nedodrží. Na druhou stranu vona to možná i dodržela. To von nemoch kurva vědět. A taky neměl jak se to dovědět, teda dokud nepřijde domů. Ále, nasrat, pokud to chtěla všecko zabalit, tak jó no, v pohodě, stačí dyž mu to teda všecko řekne na rovinu. Von přeci nemá potřebu zůstat někde, kde není vítanej. To ani za hovno. Sammy už byl zvyklej balit si kufry. Šmejdi. A teď to měl, byl slepej, kurva slepej. Představ si, že voslepneš. Boha jeho. To bylo překvápko jak z nějaký knížky.

Povotočil hlavou a ucejtil na polštáři nějakej mokrej flek.

24. Dyť přeci nebulel, tak mu asi z vočí jen tekla nějaká voda. Nebo hnis. Kurva, možná to byl hnis. Možná to byl zkurvenej žlutej hlenovitej kurva hnis nebo tak něco, nějaká zkurvená žluklá

fucking liquid shit running out his body, out his eyes. Maybe it was the thing that gave ye sight, now he didn't have sight the thing had turned into pus, and here it was getting discharged, excess body baggage. Or else blood. Maybe his nose was bleeding. Or his ears. His fucking ears were roaring, maybe it was melted fucking wax! Jesus christ there was that many things.

He got up and poked about with his feet. Still blind; he had forgot what it meant.

He put his hands out and groped his way to the end wall and leant against it. He needed to think. He had to get clear on what happened. The sodjers hadn't been too interested, no till they read the form-book. Even then; interested but nothing special. They probably took him for a boozebag alky bastard nowadays and that and that, end of story. Fine, it suited him. The longer it went on but the longer it went on

Ye couldn't count on things. That was the problem. Other things aye turned up, they had a habit of doing that, turning round and fucking ye, when ye least expected it.

He had to get clear. Back to front and inside out.

tekutina mu vytekala z těla, přímo z vočí. Možná to byla nějaká věc, kvůli který člověk mohl vidět a teď když přišel vo zrak, tak se proměnila ve hnis a teďka prostě vytekala ven, nepotřebná přítěž pro tělo. A nebo to byla krev. Možná mu tekla krev z nosu. Nebo z uší. V těch uších mu tak zkurveně hučelo, možná to byl zkurvenej rozteklej ušní maz. Ježíši takovejch věcí, co to mohlo bejt.

Zvednul se a zašátral kolem sebe chodidlama. Pořád slepej; zapomněl co to vlastně znamená.

Rozpřáhnul ruce do stran a po hmatu došel k zadní zdi a vopřel se vo ní. Potřeboval přemyslet. Musel si ujasnit, co se to vlastně stalo. Fízlové vo něj nějak neměli zájem, teda aspoň do té doby, než si přečetli jeho záznamy. A ani potom; žádněj extra velkej zájem. Nejspíš ho v tuhle dobu už měli za nějakýho nachcanýho alkáčskýho šmejda a tak dál, konec příběhu. V poho, to mu vyhovovalo. Dokud to bude takhle dál, pokud to takhle bude dál

Člověk se nemož na nic spolehnout. To byl ten problém. Dycky se najednou vobjevily nějaký další věci, tak to prostě bejvalo, všechno se vobráť naruby a skončíš pěkně v prdeli, když to nejmíň očekáváš.

Potřeboval se dát dohromady. Byl předkem dozadu a vzhůru nohama.

Okay.

So what happened was he was out earning. Right, fine. And Leg was with him. He didn't need the Leg with him but there he was and that was that; so okay, three leather jackets. They got shot of stuff within an hour and split the dough. Sammy went home to show the face. She needed to know he was alright. As if he wouldn't have been but there ye are. That was how the fight started in the first place. Well no quite. Ye can be too honest man, know what I'm talking about, it doesn't always pay, no with women. He should have told her fuck all.

No dobře.

Věci se měli tak, že byl venku a makal. Jop, přesně. A byl s ním Noha. Né že by ho potřeboval prostě s ním byl a to bylo všechno; no dobře, tři kožené bundy. Do hodiny je střelili a pak se podělili vo prachy. Sammy se šel ukázat domů. Aby věděla, že je v pořádku. Jako dyby snad neměl bejt nebo co, ale to je fuk. Kvůli tomu se vlastně zhádali. No ne tak úplně. Člověk je vobčas trochu moc upřímnej, víš jak to myslim, ne dycky se to vyplácí, rozhodně ne se ženskejma. Neměl jí říkat ani hovno.

25. Fair enough but he just wanted her to know he was okay. So he went home to show the face. Except when he got there she was gone. And the kitchen was fucking pigsty like she fuckt off as soon as she was up and dressed. Which is fair enough cause she didn't finish work till late and sometimes wasn't home till after two in the morning. So if she just got off her mark then she was fucking entitled. Fuck housework. With him no working anyway I mean, what does it matter, Sammy was happy doing that sort of stuff. Plus the fact it was her house, it's no as if he had any claim being there,

25. No dobře, ale von jen chtěl, aby věděla, že je v cajku. Tak se šel domů ukázat. Až na to, že dyž tam přišel, tak vona byla pryč. A celá kuchyň byla zaprasená, jak dyby se ráno vzbudila a vypadla hned jak se voblíkla. Což bylo fér, páč v práci končila pozdě a kolikrát přišla dýl jak ve dvě ráno. Takže pokud' vodsad' ráno hned vystřelila, tak v pohodě, měla na to právo. Srát na domácí práce. Dyž von ale stejně neměl práci tak co na tom, Sammy tydle věci dělal rád. Navíc šlo vo to, že to byl její barák, takže to nebylo tak, že von by měl nějaký voprávnění tam bejt, dyby vona nechtěla, takže musel taky přiložit ruku

except her, so he needed to be pulling his weight and all that. At least that was the way he looked at it. So when he got home on Friday dinnertime he just stuck on the music. Loud, the way he liked it. Then he set about the tidying. But once he had finished the money burnt a hole in his pocket, he couldnay settle; he tried to read a book, he shoved on the telly; he just couldnay concentrate. Plus he was starving. But cause he had done all the tidying he didnay want to fucking mess it back up again so he wasnay gony cook fuck all. So he just went back out, thinking in terms of a pie and a pint. Across the river and along the road, up the main drag and round to the Cross, and along and up by Argyle Street where he found the Leg and they went on a spree,

they taught me to smo-oke and
dri-ink whiskee.

So on and so forth.

That was him but no for the sodjers. It was him needed it, the story. Once it was there and solid in that fucking nut of his then fine, it was alright; a stick of dynamite man that was what they would fucking need. Other stuff he could let slip, it didnay matter. Know what I'm saying, once the solid stuff was in there, he could let

k dílu a tak. Takhle to aspoň viděl von. Takže dyž v pátek večír přišel domů, tak zapnul hudbu. Nahlas, tak jak jí měl rád. Pak se dal do uklízení. Jenomže dyž skončil, začaly ho ty prachy tlačit v kapse, nebyl schopnej posedět; zkusil si přečíst knížku, pustil si telku; ale prostě se nemoch vůbec soustředit. A krom toho umíral hladu. Ale dyž už takhle uklidil, tak zase nechtěl všechno zaprasit, takže se rozhod, že ani nehne aby něco vařil. Tak se prostě sebral a šel zas ven, zamejšlel něco na způsob piva a guláše. Přes řeku a dál podýl silnice, dál podle hlavní a kolem kříže a eště dál podle Argyle Street kde právě potkal Nohu a šli na tah,

naučili mě kouři-it a
chlasta-át whisky.

A tak dál a tak dál.

Takhle to teda bylo no, ale fízlům ani slovo. To potřeboval jen von vědět, jak že to bylo, tadle historka. Jakmile to měl takhle celý zapsaný v kebuli tak super, bylo to v cajku; voni by potřebovali tak leda granát pod prdel. Na vostatní věci už moch pustit k vodě, na těch nezáleželo. Chápeš, jakmile už věděl tydlety hlavní věci, tak na to vostatní moch klidně kašlat.

Takže pohoda.

<p>slip other stuff.</p> <p>So okay.</p>	
<p>26. And then he's woke up down the lane and he's wearing these stupid trainer shoes. The day afore yesterday. Or the day afore that. Sunday.</p> <p>How did he know it was Sunday? He just fucking knew man that's how. Know what a sixth sense is? That's what I'm talking about.</p> <p>The difficult thing was the Saturday. The Saturday was blank. It was Friday dinnertime he went for the bevy. And it was Sunday morning he woke up. So that was the problem. There was a missing gap. A whole day. Plus he met Charlie. That was the fucking</p> <p>Charlie! Where the hell had he met Charlie? Jesus christ man flies in the ointment everywhere! Never mind but it was alright. There was nothing there, nothing he couldnay handle. The story was fucking rock-solid man watertight. They were yapping away about all sorts. In a boozier roundabout the Candleriggs. Somewhere. Doesnay fucking matter. Charlie on the ginger beer and lime he had chucked the sauce. True. Auld Charlie, he had chucked the sauce.</p> <p>So what the fuck were they</p>	<p>26. A pak se vzbudil někde na ulici s těmahle debilníma teniskama na nohou. Někdy předevcírem. Nebo ten den předtim. V neděli.</p> <p>Jak věděl, že to bylo v neděli? Prostě to kurva věděl, věděl to. Víš co je šestej smysl? Přesně vo tom mluvím.</p> <p>Potíž ale byla s tou sobotou. Ze soboty si nepamatoval vůbec nic. Chlastat šel někdy v pátek večír. A pak se vzbudil až v neděli. Takže to byl ten problém. Měl v tom tak trochu mezeru. Celej den. Jo a eště se potkal s Charliem. No to bylo vono kurva</p> <p>Charlie! Kde to do hajzlu potkal toho Charlieho? Ježiš marjá, zas nějakej vlas v polívce! To je fuk, je to v cajku. Vo nic nešlo, nic co by nezvlád. Ten příběh byl neprůstřelnej kámo, vodotěsnej. Žvanili spolu vo všem možnym. V nějaky knajpě poblíž Candleriggs. Prostě někde. Je úplně u prdele kde to bylo. Charlie si dával zázvorový pivo s limetou, už nějakou dobu nechlastal. To je fakt. Starej dobrej Charlie, von přeci už ani nechlastal.</p> <p>Tak vo čem to kurva mohli klábosit? Ále, vo všem možnym, vo všem možnym. Charlie byl eště furt v branži. Moc se nezměnil. Jen se poslední</p>

yapping about? Ach all sorts, all sorts. Charlie was still doing the business. He hadnay changed that much. Just he was keeping the head down. So he said anyway though ye couldnay always tell with the cunt; the kind of guy that sat with ye for an hour and at the wind-up he's said fuck all.

There was definitely a change in him but. Once upon a time ye were feart to have a drink with him. This habit he had of eariwigging other people's conversations; strangers! know what I'm talking about; if they were saying something he didnay like he jumped right in and telt them it was a load of shite. It wouldnay matter the strength of the opposition. Ye could be sitting in a pub stuffed with full of blue-noses, or else tims, it didnay matter, it just didnay matter, he never saw the danger; whereas you did, that was all ye saw. But there was the bold Charlie, into the needling games, winding them all up. Where's yer fucking evidence? That was his patter. Ye've said something, so where's yer fucking evidence? Ya fucking bampot if ye want to fucking say something then back it up man know what I mean!

27. Heh Charlie, you'd be going:

dobou držel při zemi. Teda aspoň to říkal, i dyž tomu šmejdovi se taky nedá tak úplně věřit; byl to jeden z těch lidí, se kterejma člověk někde hodinu posedí a doví se všeho všudy hovno.

Něco na něm ale bylo určitě jinak. Kdysi se eště člověk bál s nim jít na pivo. Měl takovej zvyk vodposlouchávat co si lidi povídaj; neznámý lidi! chápeš; dyž mluvili vo něčem, co se mu nelíbilo, skočil jim do toho a rovnou jim řek, že melou naprostý sračky. Vůbec mu nezáleželo na tom, jak silná byla opozice. Člověk moch sedět v hospodě narvaný fandama rangers nebo celticu, bylo to úplně jedno, jemu to bylo prostě jedno, nikdy nebyl schopnej rozpoznat možný nebezpečí; zato ty jo, bylo to to jediný, cos viděl. Ale byl tady udatnej Charlie a vrhnul se do toho popichování a všecky je začal nasírat. Kde máš pro to nějaký zkurvený důkazy? Todle šlo pořád dokola. Něcos řek, tak kde pro to maš kurva důkazy? Ty zasranej pitomče, dyž už kurva musíš mlít hubou, tak to co žvaníš vo něco vopři, chápeš to!

27. Hej Charlie, člověk povídá:

Heh Charlie! screw the nut for fuck sake... lighten up man come on...

He wouldn't be fucking hear ye. And you'd be watching them all; these faces, their eyes, staring at him, staring at you, dead eyes, no into debate at all, just watching, watching and fucking waiting. And you'd be thinking, Ah well fuck it man here we go, here we go... And Charlie talking loud

cause that was the way he done it: loud! he always fucking done it loud. That was probably his weapon. He done it that way so other cunts would hear, other cunts in the pub, so it would all be isolated, right out there and in the open, so if anybody wanted to move they would have to do it right there, in full glare:

Ye want to talk politics? Eh? Ye want to talk politics? Then let's fucking talk politics and nawn of this fucking primary-school crap man fucking bullshit come on, let's fucking talk politics, real politics I mean ye're a fucking adult int ye a fucking mature fucking adult human being.

Jesus christ man. Then what happened is things got too much for him. He choked on it; he was so raging angry and fucking upset and fucking frustrated. He would just fucking storm out, right out the door.

Hej Charlie! vyser se na toho mentála kurva... dej se přece do pohody vole...

Ten tě kurva ani neslyšel. A tys na ně mezitím koukal; na ty vobličejy, voči, jak na něj civí, na tebe taky, mrtvý voči, vůbec se nechtěly vybavovat, jen tě pozorovaly, pozorovaly a čekaly. A člověk si říkal, A kurva a je to tu zase, je to tu zas... A Charlie si mezitím votvíral hubu dál

páč takhle von to vždycky sehrával: nahlas! vždycky to kurva dělal nahlas. To byl nejspíš jeho trumf. Dělal to takle, aby to slyšeli všichni šmejdi v celý hospodě, aby to bylo izolovaný, přímo tady a pěkně viditelný, takže dyby chtěl někdo něco udělat, musel by to udělat přímo tady a všem na vočích.

Chceš mluvit vo politice? Co? Chceš mluvit vo politice? Tak budem kurva mluvit vo politice a ne vo nějakejch sračkách pro malý děti, vole, to sou jen sračky, tak dělej, dem mluvit vo politice, myslim vo vopravdický politice seš přeci kurva dospělej nebo ne, dospělák kurva, zkurvená dospělá lidská bytost.

Ježiši kriste. A pak se dycky stalo, že toho na něj začalo bejt moc. Měl toho až po krk; byl neskutečně nasranej a kurva rozhozenej a zkurveně frustranej. A prostě se kurva sebral a vyrazil ven, přímo ven ze dveří.

And you'd be left there like a fucking dumpling. You'd be standing there. A fucking dumpling man I'm telling ye.

The last thing to do was talk. Ye just had to take it easy. And get to fuck man get to fuck, dont swallow down yer drink, nay time, nay fucking time man where's the door cause you're fucking heading man know what I'm talking about you're heading, or else ye're no alive. And dont look at nay cunt. Keep yer eyes down. Straight out that fucking door.

A tys tam zůstal trčet jako nějakej zsranej knedlík. Prostě tam jen tak stojíš. Jak zsranej knedlík, jak říkám.

To poslední co by člověk měl udělal, bylo mluvit. Musels pěkně vopatrně. A zmizet, kurva zmizet, nedopíjej ten chlast, neni čas, neni kurva čas, kde sou dveře, víš vo čem mluvím, pakuješ se, nebo je po tobě. A na žádnýho z těch sráčů nekoukej. Měj pěkně voči na podlaze. Rovnou ven z těch zsranejch dveří.

28. Crazy. That was afore he chucked the sauce: I've changed Sammy, he says, I've quietened down.

What have ye went religious?

Charlie just laughed. The patter was good but. His mother and fayther was still alive and that was great to hear. These things from yer childhood, ye expect them to be gone and lost forever. The last time they had met was the Boxing Day three years ago at the Carnival. Sammy was there with his boy. Charlie had two and one lassie. Sammy had just came back from England and was nay sure that the plans were, if he was gony stay home or what. They arranged to meet for a pint a couple of days later, but Charlie

28. Šílený. To bylo eště před tim, než se vykašlal na chlast: Změnil sem se, Sammy, povídá, sem teď usedlejší.

Co, stal se z tebe pánbíčkář?

Charlie se jen smál. Ale dobře si pokecali. Jeho máti a tatík byli pořád naživu, což von moc rád slyšel. Tyhle věci z dětství, člověk by čekal, že sou všecky pryč a navždycky ztracený. Naposled se potkali před třema rokama o Vánocích na karnevalu. Sammy tam byl s klukem. Charlie měl dva a eště holku. Sammy se zrovinka vrátil z Anglie a vůbec si nebyl jistej jak to teď bude, jesi zůstane doma nebo co. Dohodli se, že za pár dní pudou na pivo, ale Charlie se neukázal. No a co. Copak na tom kurva záleží? Von mu to přeci nebude

didnay turn up. So what. Whad does it fucking matter. He wasnay about to remind the guy. He was aye heavy involved in things. And he hadnay changed. So okay.

Fuck it.

Ye fall by the wayside.

Fuck it. Sammy had nay regrets. Ye try to work things out. When ye go wrong; ye get yourself the gether; ye give it another go; ye hope it works out. But if it doesnay it fucking doesnay. What can ye do. Same auld fucking process, ye have to face up to it, ye dont need the fucking sodjers to give yer body a battering, ye perform the job yerself.

Sammy crawled up onto the bunk, kicked off the shoes, drifted into the usual half world; no quite the self-abasement and all that shite but close. This had to be the worst yet man nay danger; he had never been this bad; surely to fuck.

Bullshit. How many times had he said it, these very words, how many times! Crap. Obvious crap too so shut yer fucking mouth, just shut yer fucking mouth.

He lay on his side staring into fuck knows what, lines or something, bright kind of lines shooting everywhere.

připomínat. Pořád byl těžce zapletenej do spousty věcí. A nezměnil se. No tak teda jo.

Srát na to.

Prostě z toho sešlo.

Srát na to. Sammy neměl žádný výčitky. Člověk se snaží se všim vypořádat. Dyž pak něco posereš; dáš se zase dohromady; zkusíš to znova; doufáš, že to vyjde. Ale dyž to nevyjde, tak to prostě kurva nevyjde. Co naděláš. Má to pořád stejnej zasranej průběh, člověk se s tím musí vyrovnat, nepotřebuješ, aby ti nějaký fizlové rozmlátili tělo na kaši, zvládneš to udělat sám.

Sammy se vyškrábal na kavalec, zkopnul si boty z nohou a vodplul do takovýho toho polotranzu; nebylo to ani tolik vo sebeponižování nebo tak, ale nebylo to nijak daleko. Tohle muselo bejt s přehledem to nejhorší, nikdy na tom nebyl takhle špatně; to bylo kurva na beton.

Ale hovno. Todle už si v životě říkal kolikrát, přesně todle, mockrát! Kecy. A to dost očividný kecy, tak radši kurva zavři hubu, prostě jí kurva zavři.

Ležel na boku a zíral kdoví kurva kam, na nějaký čáry nebo co, vodevšad vystřelovaly všelijaký zářivý čáry.

3. Analytical part

3.1 Basis for the translation

As was already mentioned, *How late it was, how late* describes the life of Sammy Sammuels for a period of approximately two weeks. He not only belongs to the working class, but is also an ex-con. Taking into account that the novel is written as a stream of consciousness, it comes as no surprise that the word stock used in the original text is fairly simple with less than a few eloquent phrases. Formal language is not to be found as Kelman uses all the means at his disposal to create an atmosphere of ignorance and simplemindedness. To that end, the book is written in a Scottish dialect typical for the author's cultural background - Glaswegian.

When looking for a precedent to a book of these characteristics, it was quite difficult to locate a resembling piece. The main similarity should in this case be in the vocabulary rather than the likeness of narration or genre. Luckily enough, several months prior to my translation I happened on a book called *Trainspotting*, a stream of consciousness novel written by Irvine Welsh. Having read it in the original language, I have never longed for its translated version. Nevertheless, the translation by Ondřej Formánek was quite enriching in information related to translating a text with an extensive use of dialecticisms.

Likewise to *How late it was, how late*, the book *Trainspotting* is written (mostly) in Scottish dialect which is even more accentuated in chapters narrated by Mark Renton. He, shares very few characteristics with Sammy, as he is of above-average intelligence. He is sardonic and despises both humans and animals alike. His misanthropy and heroin abuse are both reflected in the way he perceives and narrates events which take place in his hometown of Edinburgh. The setting of the novel and the main protagonist's fancy in shoplifting are perhaps the only similarities between the books contentwise. However, the way they contemplate everyday problems is in terms of word stock rather similar, therefore, Formánek's translation provided quite a suitable specimen for comparison of translation of locally colored expressions.

3.2 Target Language Register

There are quite obviously no clear rules or prescribed grammar for the colloquial Czech. The language spoken in different parts of Czech Republic by its inhabitants differs in various aspects but above all in affixation. Perhaps the most common examples of such alterations is j-dropping in various forms of the verb "to be" in the first and third person of both singular and plural.

Sit down.	Sedni si.
Sammy stood where he was.	Sammy zůstal stát tam kde byl.
Ye're alright, sit down.	Seš v pohodě, sedni si.

There are, however, numerous other alterations, which I made in order to give the text its original plebeian style. In translation of the word "laces", the consonant "t" is deliberately omitted from the initial consonant cluster as it is not commonly pronounced.

Colloquial Czech, however, does not only omit, but in some cases add the consonant "v" to the beginnings of words, typically if there is a vowel. In some places in my translation I use this technique to compensate for another colloquial term, which does not have an equivalent in Czech thereby keeping the intended tone of the sentence.

Ye've got to get by; and ye'll not get by if ye carry on like a hawfwit.	Člověk se vo sebe musí umět postarat; a to se ti nepovede, pokavaď se budeš chovat jako polobl.
--	--

As for the alterations in the suffixation, the most commonly accepted feature of colloquial Czech is the "-ý" ending of adjectives which occurs frequently as well.

3.2 Lexical aspect

3.2.1 Scots

Whether or not Scots is an independent language or a dialect is still an unresolved issue. Doctor Sheila Douglas, a retired teacher and a member of Scottish Arts council, argues that the idea of Scots being a mere dialect is absurd for various reasons, not the least of which is the fact, that it has its own dialects. It shares features with languages such as Danish, Icelandic, Swedish but predominantly English. The main obstacle in deciding this matter is simply the fact that there is no real criterion which would effectively distinguish between languages and dialects. According to Charles Jones and his book *The Edinburgh History of the Scots Language*, modern English and Scots share a similar ancestor - Inglis and are therefore rather similar in numerous regards. In the second half of the fifteenth century and under a new name, Scottis became the official language of the Scottish Lowlands. This period was, however, quite short-lived. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, most of the Scottish court moved to London and the reformers were unable to translate the Bible into Scots and in stead adopted the English version. The beginning of the seventeenth century is considered by Jones to be the breaking point as at this point, according to him, begins the second period in the development of Scots. All of these struggles lead to its gradual decline as a language which became final by the established union of Scottish and English parliament. Since then, Scots became the language of lower classes and most of Scotticisms have disappeared from the active vocabulary of Scottish folk.

Scots original pronunciation

A aw [a,a:]	N enn [ɛn]
B bay [be:]	O oa [o:]
C cay [se:]	P pay [pe:]
D day [de:]	Q quee [kwi:]
E ay [e:]	R err [ɛr]
F eff [ɛf]	S ess [ɛs]
G gay [ge:, ɔʒe:]	T tay [te:]
H aitch,itch [ɛʃ,ɪʃ]	U ou [(w)u:]
I ey, ee [əi,i:]	V owe [vʌu]
J jye [ɔʒəi]	W dooble-ou, oulou ['dubl'u:,'ulu:]

K kye, kay ['dubl'u:,'ulu:]	X ex [ɛks,eks]
L ell [ɛl]	Y wye [wəi]
M em [ɛm]	Z (i)zed [(ɪ)'dzɛd, ɪ'dzɪd,ɪ'dzɪt]

Many Scottish linguists and authors, including Kelman, believe that Scots is a separate language unit. The table above indicates that it most certainly once was. I personally have to side with the opinion of professor Kenneth G. Wilson. He claimed in his 1998 article in the Scottish magazine Cencrastus, that Scots has lost its status a language and has largely assimilated with English. His, in my opinion, most precise point is that it does not make any difference if Scots has a status of language and that the attempts to promote it as one serve rather as a political agenda than a linguistic dilemma. On the other hand, those in favor of calling Scots a language draw parallels to Czech and Slovak language, stating that the resemblance there is just as prominent as in the case of English and Scots. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the language currently spoken in Scotland is highly influenced by English and it appears that it is only a matter of time before the two languages blend into each other completely.

Regardless of my personal opinion on the matter, the fact that the source language for my translation is arguably not English had to be addressed. Even though in practical terms, i.e. in the choice of lexis, it made little difference, it would be unprofessional to ignore the, as of yet, undecided dilemma of Scots being language.

3.2.2 Glaswegian

Traditionally known as "The patter" or "The Banter", this dialect is typical for the Scotland's biggest city of Glasgow and its surroundings. Being used on TV shows such as River City or the sitcom Still Game, it is considered widely popular.

Translating dialecticisms has always been an ungrateful task. According to Knittlová(111) a precise translation of a locally colored term or phrase is unattainable as the pragmatic information of the original text is not applicable to the environment where a different language is spoken. In other words, should the translator choose to transplant the setting of a novel taking place in Glasgow into say Moravia, the outcome would sound unnatural and grotesque. If we take the Czech dialects as an example, none of them would be suitable to server as an equivalent of Glaswegian for they are far too resembling of formal Czech and convey not nearly as much brashness as is desired. On a related note, Knittlová also expresses her concerns about the differences between the social levels of the spoken dialects. This is, in my opinion, quite often difficult to distinguish, as the dialects themselves are bound with a location rather than a social class, even though a certain level of generalization can always be made.

To that end, my choice of language register was colloquial Czech. Its word stock provides an abundance of terms which can adequately represent the original text on the semantic level. Knittlová (112) also states that the translator should decide whether the distinctive language level is essential to the translation. Relating to the text at hand, the fairly simple and often vulgar style of the protagonist Sammy Sammuels is one of the fundamental devices used by Kelman to create and perpetuate the chaotic and penurious atmosphere which often feels quite claustrophobic and surreal.

With that in mind, I tried to maintain as much of the original meaning when translating.

Only they werenay tourists, no this time anyway they were sodjers , fucking bastards, ye could smell it	Jenomže oni to najednou nebyli turisti, ted' už ne, byly to fízlové, hajzlové zasraný, bylo to z nich cejtít;
--	---

So as the mood dictates, my translation respected the overall harsh language even when translating quite a neutral word such as "sodjer". Being used to denote a policeman, a rather viable possibility was to use the word "poliř". My final choice was however "fízl" as it conveys a tad more negative feeling, which Sammy obviously had.

Not only because of the following comment in the text but also because as an ex-con he is expected to hold a certain grudge against the men of law. The fact that the word "fízl" is actually of german origin made it all the more appropriate.

By the same token, there were other typically Glaswegian expressions which could be translated in numerous ways. In several situations it seemed in order to translate the same word differently based on the character's mood in given situations. A suitable instance of such occurrence was at the top of the page six.

<p>6. And there were shoppers roundabout; women and weans, a couple of prams with the wee yins all big-eyed staring at him;</p>	<p>6. A všude vokolo stály lidi co byly na nákupech; ženský s prckama, pár kočárků a z nich na něj těma velikejma vočima zírali ty nejmenší z nich;</p>
--	--

The word "wean" is obviously used to refer to a child. Sammy uses it multiple times throughout the storyline. The fact that in this segment of the story I chose the word "prcek" had to do with the situation of the main character - splattered on the pavement, in pain and ashamed, thus feeling irritated.

Later on in the story Sammy uses the same term to talk about children in general

<p>it's like when ye're a wean at school</p>	<p>jako dyž byl člověk eště školou povinnej špunt</p>
---	--

Yet another occurrence of the word is in the description of his girlfriend's personality

<p>Too fucking experienced; three weans she had into the bargain.</p>	<p>Měla kurva moc zkušeností; a k tomu všemu eště tři děcka.</p>
--	---

Despite the fact that the denotation of the original word remains the same, I chose to use different Czech expressions as they seem more fitting in given situations. "Prcek", much like the word "fizl", is largely emotionally colored to the effect of expressing dislike. However, unlike with Sammy's resentment of the members of police, his attitude towards her girlfriend's children seemed rather warmer than to a random staring crowd.

Similar situation occurs with the adjective "wee", which is either translated as "malinký":

And he looked again and saw it was a **wee** bed of grassy weeds

Or in some cases as "mrňavý":

This yin with his big beery face and these cunning **wee** eyes

The reason behind these differences is again the connotation it might have had for Sammy in the mentioned situations. Interestingly enough, the adjective "wee" takes in Sammy's narration even the comparative form, which creates the illusion of it being an actual standard word.

She wasn't that much weer than him but she would have preferred being weer ,	Nebyla vo moc menčí než von, ale bylo by jí vyhovovalo víc, dyby byla eště menčí ,
--	--

Much like some of the examples mentioned before, most of the words which have its origin in Glaswegian dialect are quite easily understandable to an English-speaking person. The differences can be as small as a different vowel. Typically it is the "o" which is substituted for a different set of vowels. The cause of that (or perhaps the result) is the typically altered pronunciation with a frequent /æɪ / sound. Because this a quite a unique feature, there is no way of transplanting this phenomenon into Czech. Knittlová talks about these *substandartisms* as a category of phrases where the translator should not look for a complete equivalent, but rather settle for a word of the same semantical meaning. Instead she advises to add an introductory sentence which would explain the style of the utterance such as "*odsekla londýnským nářečím*" (Knittlová 112).

Despite the fact that this approach solves the issue of conveying the pragmatic information in the translation, it is still quite cumbersome in my opinion.

Whatever the case may be, I could not afford to use this approach in my translation, as it requires a narrator to express this information. And not only is *How late it was, how late* a first person narration, but the direct speech in the book is not even officially indicated. The solution I found was the use of intensified colloquial Czech.

The fact that the locally colored fontal expressions were rarely fixed on a specific phrase or term allowed me to avoid situations, where I would be unable to translate it without indicating the mood and social level of the speaker, that is to say be forced to translate the original phrase according to Knittlová's *first principal* of translating substandartisms (Knittlová 112). Still, there were situations in which the reproduction of the dialect was virtually impossible.

Drunk and incapable, said another yin	Opilej a nezpůsobilej, povídá další
--	--

There is no pertinent equivalent to be found in the colloquial Czech to the word "yin". The only real possibility was to omit the pragmatic information of the expression and settle for the rather dim word "další". A slight attempt of maintaining the cultural level of the narrator was the shortened vowel "i" in the translation of the previous word.

The situation which occurred far more frequently was the case, where the pragmatic information of the dialect was completely facultative and thus free to be moved as it is not bound to a specific expression. This was my predominant approach to the translation due to the fact that the translator is free to alter the sentences in numerous ways which makes a less gritty overall impression which in turn creates a more coherent body of text.

Sammy couldnay get away;	Sammy nemoch utýct;
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The pragmatic information is, of course, reduced in this case. Or at least it would be, provided that the dialect played a key role in conveying the chief information, which is not the case. In stead, the accentuated colloquial alteration of the original word "nemohl" seemed to adequately represent the original. The following word is also stylistically transformed so it would appear less upscale and fit the vocabulary of the rest of the text.

Knittlová (113) also mentions Jäger's approach to translation which involved translational compensation in cases where it was impossible to transform the fontal term in an adequately locally colored manner. An example of such approach in my translation would be the case of translating the word "wasnay".

It wasnay the first doing he had had and sure as fuck it wouldnay be the last.	Nebylo to poprvý co dostal přes hubu a bylo kurva jistý, že ani ne naposled.
---	---

As the colloquial Czech offers no alternatives to "wasnay", a standard term was used in stead. To make up for the lost element expressing colloquiality, the following numeral "first" was translated in a substandard manner.

Since the beginning of the twentieth century, all the Scottish dialects gradually degraded and became typical for lower class citizens. As a result of that, the modern Glaswegian's word stock contains mainly expressions linked with such environment, e.g. pubs or squats. The natural development of such dialect, or indeed of contemporary languages, is to shorten as many words as possible. Glaswegian pushes the boundaries quite far. There are cases in which even a native English speaker might have trouble understanding the meaning. An example of that might be the phrase " 'Mon 'en " which is a shortened version of the phrase "Come on then". When coupled with the typical Scottish pronunciation, the stress placement of such a phrase might sound rather like a friendly greeting in the morning. In reality, however, this proposition is usually followed by a fist fight.

Kelman does not use such extreme cases of shortening and word alteration. In fact, the language in which *How late it was, how late* is written, is far more moderate than the one used in Welsh's *Trainspotting*. Nonetheless, numerous examples of such diction are used, perhaps even repeatedly. Let me mention at least a handful of them.

On the **bevy** and lifted by the sodjers.

This dialectism is not in any way linked with the original meaning of the word (a group of birds or even people). In fact, it is a shortened version of the word "beverage" used to denote a drink of an alcoholic substance. The suffix "y" is of common occurrence in Glaswegian.

them in their **civvy** clobber man they didnay like it

The word "civvy" is used even earlier in the passage I chose for my translation. Occasionally spelled with a single "v", "civvy" is used to describe the clothing of policemen, who are not wearing uniforms.

The origin of the word "clobber" is less distinct. Notwithstanding, it is still speculated that the origin of the word is Glaswegian.

I had the wages and went straight into the **boozer** with a couple of mates;

The meaning of the word "boozer" is perhaps the most obvious one from the examples mentioned

above. Used even in Australia, it is created by adding another common suffix "er".

All of this is to say that the Glaswegian dialect contains a vast amount of expressions, which are more often than not quite understandable but in some cases they can be quite a puzzle. Translating a single dialectism is, from the semantic point of view, a rather undiscerning task. What is lost, however, is the pragmatic information. This gives the entire text a rather vague setting, which in my opinion degrades the resulting impression the book has on the reader. Having said that, I believe that my translation of the dialectisms above was accurate, yet I am not entirely satisfied with it because part of the original meaning and hence the atmosphere is lost in the process of translation.

3.2.3 Vulgarisms

It would be futile to translate a book which contains such an abundance of profanities and then not mention the approach I chose when translating these. First and foremost, let me quote Jiří Levý on the topic of translators work:

"Přijmeme-li jako východisko tezi, že předloha je pro překladatele materiálem, jež má umělecky zpracovat, pak bude možno požadavky kladené na překlad shrnout do tří bodů:

- 1. pochopení předlohy,*
- 2. interpretace předlohy,*
- 3. přestylizování předlohy." (Levý 53)*

The points Levý makes are quite obviously necessary for translation of every text regardless of its nature. The first one, however, becomes rather crucial when translating vulgarisms. The key is to ascertain the function of the used expression in context of the utterance as a whole.

Knittlová's is rather abrupt in this matter. She mentions that the translator needs to respect the contemporary society. She herself regards vulgarisms as a form of a taboo. She also adds that depending on the frequency with which the vulgarisms are used, the taboo subsides as the intensity of the used profanities becomes lowered. (Knittlová 65)

Kelman was resented by numerous critics for his use of foul language. He was even called "a savage" despite the fact, that the expressions he uses are scarcely meant to be insulting. The author himself explained his standpoint in an interview posted in the paper The Guardian.

"I think, ultimately, it's something else." How could they be offended, he reasons, when so many of his characters don't swear to be abusive; it's just how people talk. "People can use swear words to emphasize the beauty of something – so it's not really a swear word at all. If you say something is 'fucking beautiful', how can it be swearing, because you're emphasizing the beauty of something. If so-called swear words should only be used when appropriate, well what do you mean, 'when appropriate'? I was in my 20s before I even realized the word 'fuck' had to do with a sexual act for some people. It was never used in that way for myself, and none of my community used it in that way."

When it came to translating vulgarisms, my first goal was to establish what role they played within the confounds of the sentence. Generally speaking, each was used with one of the following intentions:

- a) as a semantically discrete unit (often used as an offense)
- b) as an intensifier of the following expression
- c) as a figure of speech, which communicates little to none semantical meaning

It might not be always obvious to what end a vulgarism was used, especially when the hero of the novel is of the same social standing as Sammy Sammuels, who would use the word "fucking" to intensify virtually every single aspect of his life. Nevertheless, I tried to analyze his mood and attitude in given situations which I then tried to retain using Czech expressions. These could almost never be translated as Calques, for the outcome of such translation would appear highly unnatural and often even syntactically incorrect.

<p>A new pair of leathers man he got them fortnight ago and now here they were fucking missing man know what I'm saying, somebody must have blagged them, miserable bastards, what chance you got.</p>	<p>Nový kožený boty ty vole, koupil je čtrnáct dní zpátky a najednou jsou kruva pryč, chapeš to, někdo je musel štípnout, mizerný šmejdi, co můžeš dělat.</p>
---	--

Now in the situation above, it is safe to assume that Sammy is referring to the people who allegedly stole his shoes. Translating the word "bastard" as "šmejdi" is not a loan translation per se, but the original is not used to denote a person who is a baseborn. There is a number of possible translations which can be used to translate this term into colloquial Czech. I chose to use "šmejdi" rather often, as it seemed appropriate in almost any situation.

In some situations I resorted to the term "hajzl" because it gives the reader the notion of a willfully mischievous person:

Only they weren't tourists, no this time anyway they were sodjers, fucking bastards , ye could smell it;	Jenomže oni to najednou nebyli turisti, teď už ne, byly to fízlové, hajzlové zasraný, bylo to z nich cejtít;
---	---

Both Irvine Welsh and James Kelman use the word "bastard" quite often. Ondřej Formánek translates this expression rather freely.

Taxi drivers. Money-grabbin bastards.
(Welsh 3)

Taxikáři. Svině, co žerou prachy.
(Formánek 10)

There are however words, which, despite their highly offensive meaning, are not used to insult the denoted person or a group.

I mean, ye canna go about knocking fuck out of **cunts** and expect them no to go submit their claim through the proper channels, (Kelman 8)

The vulgarity here is used without a single hint of it being an offense of any kind. It is simply the way Sammy talks. That being said, in such instance I chose to translate the sentence as follows:

Nemůžeš přeci rozmlátit člověka na sračky a pak očekávat, že si nebudou stěžovat na správnejch místech, (p. 8)

This way the semantic information is retained without the sentence sounding disturbingly vulgar.

Formánek uses various expressions when translating this term.

High **cunts** are a big fuckin drag when yir feeling like this (Welsh 5)

Dyž je ti takhle zle, rozjetý **hovádka** tě pořádně serou, (Formánek 15)

Even though *Trainspotting* is in many ways similar to *How late it was, how late*, we must not neglect several differences, which make it language-wise quite different. Firstly, it is the difference in age of the main characters. Sammy is well in his thirties whereas Mark Renton is almost twenty years younger. Secondly, Sammy's mentality is rather simple and despite Mark being a heroin addict, it is safe to assume that he could easily outwit Sammy. This ultimately means that I chose rather simple and perhaps even repetitive phrases in my translation, as it seemed more fitting for a person of Sammy's intelligence and lifestyle. It would appear quite inorganic if a manually working drunken criminal expressed himself in a picturesque manner.

Kingsley Amis used the term "fuck-novel" to describe *How late it was, how late*. Regardless of the purpose with which the word "fuck" or "fucking" is used, it is undeniably true that its use is substantial.

Some fucking deal. (Kelman 1)	To je teda pěkně posranej kšeft. (p. 1)
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In the entire book, it is used more often than any other intensifier and its translation is always rather clear cut. Its high frequency makes it sound much less profane and makes the reader perceive it as something quite ordinary.

Maybe it was fucking pus. Maybe it was fucking yellow fucking mucus pus or something, rancid fucking liquid shit running out his body, out his eyes. (Kelman 24)	Možná to byl zkurvenej žlutej hlenovitej kurva hnis nebo tak něco, nějaká zkurvená žluklá tekutina mu vytejkala z těla, přímo z vočí. (p. 24)
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Interestingly enough, throughout the entire story, "fuck" is never used to express its original meaning. It is however often used in the phrase "fuck all" (meaning "nothing") which can be aptly translated as "hovno" which is very precise in both meaning and tone.

<p>But naw, he couldnay see a thing. Nothing. Fuck all. (Kelman 10)</p>	<p>Ale kdepák, neviděl vůbec nic. Nic. Prostě hovno. (p. 10)</p>
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The last situation would be the one where the vulgarism is of very low semantical importance. In such cases I occasionally resorted to excluding it from the translation entirely, as it seemed unnecessary and would perhaps rather disrupt the flow of the action.

<p>This was sodjer number 2 talking; then his hand was on Sammy's right shoulder and Sammy let him have it, a beautiful left cross man he fucking onered him, right on the side of the jaw, (Kelman 5)</p>	<p>To se projevil fízl číslo 2; a jak Sammy ucejtil tu jeho ruku na svém rameni, tak mu to dal sežrat, nadělil mu nádhernej direkt levačkou přímo na pravou stranu čelisti, (p. 5)</p>
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Kelman's use of vulgarisms is crucial in maintaining the readers impression of someone tough and unsophisticated. It gives the book a kind of credibility and a tinge of a desperate life situation. On the other hand, should someone deem the book too profane he or she would certainly have a point. Nowadays, it might not seem too extreme, but I can image how revolted some conservative readers could be, when the book was published. In any case, it is not my place to question the literary quality of the book and no matter what opinions people may have on the matter of gutter-talk, it is essential to the style of the book. Therefore, I chose to preserve a vast majority of the vulgarisms of the original version. Dialecticisms are not accurately translatable so their connotation in other languages is almost entirely lost. To do the same with the often lewd language of the book would mean to destroy yet another part of the fontal text.

3.3 Syntactic analysis

How late it was, how late is, apart from dialecticisms, not a trove of rich and colorful vocabulary. It seems as though Kelman simply sat down in a room with a drunken high school dropout, asked him about his life and then recorded every single word the man said. Nevertheless, if we take a step back and approach the book with a slightly more open-minded attitude, we might notice that there is something more to it. One thing which is quite interesting about it is its syntax.

Kelman is known for his fondness of Glaswegian which he incorporates in his books more often than not. Same goes for the style of his other novels or indeed even short stories, which frequently focus on the working class using the stream of consciousness. *How late it was, how late* is, however, syntactically atypical to his style.

As was mentioned before, Kelman masterfully makes use of both dialecticisms and vulgarisms to give the stream of consciousness such credibility that it almost seems as if the reader was inside Sammy's head. His unorthodox use of punctuation takes it to an even higher level.

<p>8. Jesus christ the poor auld back, it was killing him, the base of the spine. So were his legs, the tops of his thighs and behind the knees, but it was the ribs the ribs were really fucking There was the screw again, the same eye; he must have been doing a double-shift.</p>	<p>8. Šmarjá ty ubohý záda ho bolely jak kráva, hlavně takhle dole v kříži. Nohy taky, vršek stehen a vzadu pod kolenama, ale nejhorší ze všeho byly žebra, z těch by se člověk fakt kurva Zas tu byl ten bachař, to samý voko; musel dneska mít dvojitou směnu.</p>
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At the end of the first paragraph the punctuation is deliberately missing. In my opinion, there are several theories which would explain that. Its elimination is most likely implemented to emphasize the abruptness of the guard's appearance. Another possibility is, as Kelman said himself, that this is simply the way people talk. Leave an unfinished sentence as it is obvious what it is supposed to mean and any further comment would be redundant as is the case at the end of the following paragraph from page 1.

<p>He shivered and hunched up his shoulders, shut his eyes, rubbed into the corners with his fingertips; seeing all kinds of spots and lights. Where in the name of fuck...</p> <p>He was here, he was leaning against auld rusty palings (Kelman 1)</p>	<p>Zachvěl se a narovnal ramena, zavřel voči, promnul si koutky špičkama prstů, až z toho viděl všelijaký fleky a světylka. Kde to kurva...</p> <p>Tak tady teda byl, opíral se o starej zrezivělej plot (p. 1)</p>
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Regardless of which reason is more likely, the accuracy of interpretation is not crucial as there is no contradiction in the translation.

There are cases, where the capital letter of the following paragraph is dropped as well. Again, this feature is, in my opinion, used to perpetuate the flow of the stream of consciousness and make the reader more involved in the plot. Perhaps even to force the reader to continue reading.

<p>He strained to hear what they were saying but his ears were definitely out and he got a sudden feeling he was gony fall off the fucking chair man he seemed about to keel ower and he had to cling on, concentrating hard to stop it happening, he was dizzy, he was gony faint he was gony fucking jesus christ almighty</p> <p>a test, he remembered this test, a long time ago, it was in London, it was for a job, he had to sit it;</p>	<p>Napínal uši aby zaslechnul o čem se mluví, ale uši mu nesloužili a dokonce měl najednou pocit, že spadne z tý zkurvený židle, ty vole už to vypadalo, že sebou šlehne, musel se fakt soustředit, aby tomu zabránil, motala se mu hlava, asi omdlí, von kurva fix bože na nebi snad fakt</p> <p>ten test, vzpomněl si na tendleten test, kterej musel tenkrát před dlouhou dobou psát někde v Londýně kvůlivá práci;</p>
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Interestingly enough, it is not even certain whether Sammy managed to stay conscious. Yet again, I chose to be authentic in my translation. At least as far as the transition of paragraphs is concerned. The number of commas used in the last paragraph obviously does not correspond to the original as the outcome in Czech would sound rather clumsy, should the original punctuation be maintained.

Quite peculiar is also Kelman's repeated use of semicolons. In *How late it was, how late* they are used more often than any other mean of punctuation. A semicolon is, generally speaking, used to link two clauses which are tightly related in thought. The author uses it frequently in a manner which would fit this theory.

<p>Naw, he said, being hones, I had the wages and went straight into the boozier with a couple of mates; and one thing led to another; I woke up in the outer limits somewhere</p>	<p>Né, povídá, ve skutečnosti to bylo tak, že sem měl prachy a pak se šlo s kámošema do knajpy; no a jedno vedlo k druhýmu; zbudil sem se někde v nějaký prdeli</p>
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In some cases, however, the use of semicolon appears slightly out of place. I assign that to the fact that it is supposed to accentuate the dynamics of the plot or perhaps even to fit the thought process of someone who is quite close to being illiterate.

<p>he was doing it, he was on his way, he was fucking going places; and he moved on and round down the lane; and a guy here looking at him too! (Kelman 3)</p>	<p>tak a je na cestě a už taky vyšel a taky že mu všechno vyjde; a tak pokračoval dál a šel dál po tej cestě; a nějakaj chlápek tuhle na něj civěl! (p. 3)</p>
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There could be hardly a close connection with his going down the lane and a guy looking at him. Nevertheless, it maintains the pace of the storyline and is, to that end, a clever device.

Kelman is, of course, not the first one to experiment with punctuation. E.E. Cummings and James Joyce are prime examples of authors, who were successfully capable of disregarding the traditional use of punctuation. Joyce's *Ulysses* being an extreme version of such style with its ending containing over twenty thousand words and only two full stops. *How late it was, how late* is syntax-wise much more digestible. Being rather captivated by this style, I most confidently rejected any potential reasons to reinterpret the text with an altered syntactic value.

4. Translation - precise or smart

The everlasting dilemma of translation - should the translation reflect more of the original phrasing or should the translator reformulate the text in order to retain the meaning more gracefully. Every time I had to make this choice, I remembered the first two contradictory thesis by Jiří Levý:

1. *Překlad musí reprodukovat slova originalu.*

2. *Překlad musí reprodukovat ideje originalu.*

(Levý 33)

Needles to say, his second thesis is the more prominent one. Still, I tried to combine these two as much as possible, when possible.

he was okay, he was doing it, the bold Sammy, he was doing it, he was on his way, he was fucking going places ; (Kelman 3)	je mu fajn, nebojácnému Sammymu de všechno hladce, tak a je na cestě a už taky vyšel a taky že mu všechno vyjde ; (p. 3)
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To be "going places" basically means to be successful. I chose to translate the original idiom in a rather simple fashion. The meaning is clear and it even uses a verb expressing motion same as the original phrase.

and he's running up the road and right across the main drag without looking at all man no bothering about traffic or fuck all just straight on eyes down for full house on ye go man get to fuck get to fuck; and now he heard the chasing parties charging behind and shouting like they were right at his back, but Sammy was going like auld clappers (Kelman 5)	a vyběhnul na silnici a bez rozhlížení přeběh napříč přes hlavní tah, nebyl kurva čas řešit dopravní pravidla nebo cokoliv jinýho, prostě čum na cestu , dělej co můžeš, zmiz, prostě vodsad' kurva zmizni; a teď už slyšel dusot tý skupinky lidí co se za nim rozběhla a všichni řvali jak dyby je měl přímo za zádama, ale Sammy běžel jak s keserem (p. 5)
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The phrases in bold in the table above represent two different approaches to translation. In the first case, I chose to tackle purely the meaning and disregard the fact that the original text is actually a fixed expression. In the second case, however, I used the phrase "běžet jako s keserem". It is, admittedly, close to becoming an archaism but it still manages to describe the situation more accurately than for example "běžel jako hodinky".

In some situations, it is just impossible to transform the fontal phrase in its original meaning. This occurs most commonly when the phrase is connected with local environment.

<p>He was nay a fucking eedjit aw the gether; just he acted that way, sometimes, when he felt like it.</p> <p>Nay <i>stewards' enquiries</i> but fuck it.</p>	<p>Né že by byl úplnej idiot; jen se tak občas choval no, někdy dyž se mu chtělo.</p> <p>Ale není třeba <i>pouštět zpětněj záznam</i>, takže nasrat.</p>
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"Stewards' enquiry" is a term for a camera replay of a situation in horse racing, when the winner crosses the finish line by such a narrow margin that it is indiscernible with the naked eye. One phrase which came to mind was "Orlí oko" which is used in tennis but I rather chose a more vague term. The undertranslation in this case seemed like the best solution as it might happen that the reader would be unfamiliar with tennis rules.

The same situation occurred with the nicknames for football team fans. Transplanting the names into Czech environment seemed inappropriate simply because I chose to respect the setting of the story. "Sešíváný" or "Klokani" would only sound confusing and arbitrary. Having said that, the part of the original text "blue-noses, or else tims," was plainly translated as "fandové rangers nebo celticu".

To sum up, the translator should always keep in mind that his interpretation of a phrase might not correspond with the authors intention. In theory, the best possibility would be if the resulting text was a sole transplantation of the original into a different language setting. In practice, however, this theory cannot be upheld, as some concessions have to be made due to the differences in word stock. This issue is virtually impossible to tackle altogether because of the cultural and geographical differences. In these instances, my choices varied. Nevertheless, my priority throughout the process of translation was the idea that the reader should be presented with a reproduction of the original of the highest precision possible.

5. Conclusion

The modern approach to education, which has been predominant for, at least, the past century, promotes the analytical way of thinking. That is, of course, completely justified and reasonable, as it develops the human brain in a desirable fashion, that is to improve the ability to boil complex issues down to simpler ones, which could then be grasped with greater ease. It is essential, however, that one does not neglect the issue, or in case of translation the text, as a complex unit. The translator should, in my opinion, attempt to use the holistic approach to the text as well, as that is how the reader will perceive the book - as a complex unit.

By definition of merriam-webster dictionary, the term *holistic* means "relating to or concerned with wholes or with complete systems rather than with the analysis or dissection into parts ". That being said, it is my belief that the translator should strive to understand the text, not only on the lexical level, but he or she should most importantly penetrate the overall idea the author expresses as that is a crucial aspect of the translation in order to evoke an authentic atmosphere of the setting.

How late it was, how late is without a doubt an unconventional volume in every aspect. A tangle of sentences which contain only bits and pieces of what could be called correct punctuation. Coupled with the illogical and rambling utterances of the main character, who obviously has very little control over where his brain is headed, I have to admit it comes as a little surprise that the book has not yet been translated into Czech. However complex the book may appear on the syntactic level, it is the lexical part of it that represents the greatest challenge. The entire text revolves around the lifestyle of the working-class people of the Glasgow area and it is safe to assume that the Glaswegian is an essential part of the environment. The main contribution it has for the story is the fact that it works as a constant reminder of the narrators social class. It forms the essence of the book. It creates an illusion of abrasive living conditions. Sadly, the dialecticisms are virtually impossible to be precisely transplanted into a different language. The vulgarisms, however, are much more flexible in this regard and equally, if not more, credible in creating the atmosphere of mixture of despair and resentment. Taking into consideration the extent with which the dialecticisms and vulgarities occurred, they were the two elements which were most crucial to my translation. As a result of that, I elaborate on these phenomena in my thesis to a greater extent than on any other elements of the book, attempting to capture the substance of the original text.

In my translation I tried to be as precise as possible. My ultimate goal was to recreate the atmosphere, transplant the vulgarisms to sound natural in Czech so that the reader would not be disturbed by any sort of cacophony. I really enjoy the process of translation and the way it challenges one's mind. It is an activity which can be extremely helpful in understanding differences and similarities between languages as well as in the expansion of both active and passive vocabulary. *Teorie překlada* by Jiří Levý was of great help and I found it utmost interesting, although I do quote from *K teorii i praxi překlada* more often due to its vast amount of terminology. The internet also provided me with an abundance of information concerning the current Glaswegian and, by extension, all Scottish dialecticisms.

I must confess that my stylistic skills are, with all likeliness, rather inadequate for a perfect translation of a book such as *How late it was, how late*. It takes a vast amount of experience and a mastery of both Czech and English to be able to make the translation sound completely natural. Nevertheless, I believe that the resulting text is of a good quality and I am certain that it will provide me with an abundance of experience for my future translations.

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