Charles University Faculty of Education Department of English Language and Literature

BACHELOR THESIS

Translation and Comparative Analysis of an Extract from Rainbow Rowell's Novel *Carry On*

Překlad a srovnávací analýza ukázky z románu Carry On autorky Rainbow Rowell

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Declaration

I hereby declare that this bachelor thesis, titled Translation and Comparative Analysis of an Extract from Rainbow Rowell's Novel *Carry On* is my own work and that all the sources I used are included in the list of works cited. I also declare that this work was not used to obtain any other or the same university degree.

I declare that the electronic version of this thesis is identical to the printed one.

Prague, 20 April 2017
Lucie Lacinová

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ANNOTATION

This bachelor thesis is focused on the issue of the English to Czech translation, it discusses various strategies drawing examples from selected translated chapters of an American novel *Carry On* written by Rainbow Rowell.

The thesis consists of two main parts, the first, practical part being a translation of four chapters of the novel, and the second being an analysis of the translation supported by professional academic literature related to the translation of prose. There are several topics specific for the novel, such as wordplay based on cultural references, idiomatic language or characteristic features of the first person narration.

KEY WORDS

Translation, Carry On, Rainbow Rowell, idioms, cultural reference, wordplay, latent value, grammatical equivalence, first person narration

ANOTACE

Tato bakalářská práce je zaměřena na umělecký překlad z angličtiny do češtiny. Zabývá se různými metodami, které jsou ilustrovány na příkladech z přeložených ukázkových kapitol amerického románu Carry On autorky Rainbow Rowell.

Práce se skládá ze dvou hlavních částí, a to z praktické části tj. vlastního překladu čtyř kapitol výše zmíněného románu a dále z analýzy tohoto překladu, jež je podpořena odbornou literaturou zaměřenou na překlad prózy. V románu se vyskytuje několik problematických oblastí, například slovní hříčky založené na kulturních reáliích, idiomatický jazyk nebo specifika vypravěčské ich-formy.

KLÍČOVÁ SLOVA

Překlad, Carry On, Rainbow Rowell, idiomy, reálie, slovní hříčky, latentní hodnoty, gramatická ekvivalence, ich-forma

Table of contents

Introduction		6
1. Practica	al part - Translation	7
2. Theoret	tical part - Analysis of the translation	37
2.1. Cu	ltural References	37
2.2. Mo	orphological Field	39
2.2.1.	Verbs and deverbal adjectives	39
2.2.2.	Appellatives	40
2.3. Lex	xical Field	41
2.3.1.	Neological units	41
2.3.2.	Wordplay	42
2.3.3.	Proper names	43
2.3.4.	Geographic names and names of institutions	44
2.3.5.	Generalisation and specification	45
2.4. Syr	ntax	46
2.5. Sty	distics	47
2.5.1.	Language and register	47
2.5.2.	Graphic arrangement	49
Conclusion.		51
W 1 C' 1	1	50

Introduction

The fantasy novel *Carry On* by Rainbow Rowell has been chosen as the source of extracts for this bachelor thesis for linguistic as well as pedagogical reasons. The novel is focused on young adult readers and reading the overview it might not seem as a piece of serious literature due to its employment of the clichés of the genre. However with the aid of the magical nature of her fictional world, the author stresses the importance and the power of language by making the reader realise what potential meanings are behind everyday conversations, and how the formation of linguistic convention works in practice. The pragmatic aspect of speech is linked to the economy of expression and to the development of idiomatic language.

From the philological point of view, the narration is interesting, since it offers various instances of intricate wordplays, sociolect, fixed expressions and cultural references, as the omnipresent feeling of Britishness is also characteristic for the novel. Therefore it has been challenging to try to preserve these features in the translation, so that a Czech reader would not be left only with a mundane fantasy tale without puns, double entendre or idiomatic expression, all of which contribute to the novel's charm and help with delivering the message of the role language has in the human perception and forming of reality.

The selected extracts were chosen so as to exhibit the most prevalent linguistic issues of the title, i.e. neological units, the (im)possibility of cultural transplantation, and the distinction between different narrators and their indirect characterisation through language.

1. Practical part – Translation

Translation of selected extracts from Rainbow Rowell's novel Carry On

3 SIMON

When I get to the station, there's no one to meet me. No one I know, anyway—there's a bored-looking taxi driver who's written *Snow* on a piece of cardboard.

"That's me," I say. He looks dubious. I don't look much like a public school toff, especially when I'm not in uniform. My hair's too short—I shave it every year at the end of term—and my trainers are cheap, and I don't look *bored* enough; I can't keep my eyes still.

"That's me," I say again. A bit thuggishly. "Do you want to see my ID?"

He sighs and drops the sign. "If you want to get dropped off in the middle of nowhere, mate, I'm not going to argue with you."

I get in the back of the taxi and sling my bag down on the seat next to me. The driver starts the engine and turns on the radio. I close my eyes; I get sick in the back of cars on good days, and today isn't a good day—I'm nervous, and all I've had to eat is a chocolate bar and a bag of cheese-and-onion crisps.

Almost there now.

This is the last time I'll be doing this. Coming back to Watford in autumn. I'll still come back, but not like this, not like I'm coming home.

"Candle in the Wind" comes on the radio, and the driver sings along.

Candle in the wind is a dangerous spell. The boys at school say you can use it to give yourself more, you know, stamina. But if you

3 SIMON

Po příjezdu na mě na nádraží nikdo nečeká. Teda nikdo, koho znám. Stojí tam ale taxikář se znuděným výrazem, který drží ceduli s nápisem *Snow*.

"To jsem já," řeknu. Podezřívavě si mě prohlíží, nevypadám moc jako zazobanec ze soukromý školy, zvlášť když zrovna nejsem v uniformě. Mám příliš krátké vlasy, protože si na konci každého školního roku holím hlavu. A nosím levné tenisky. A nevypadám dostatečně *znuděně*, neustále těkám očima.

"To jsem já," zkouším to ještě jednou, už trochu nakvašeně. "Chcete vidět mojí občanku?"

Řidič vzdychne a odloží ceduli. "Hele, jestli stojíš o to, nechat se vysadit uprostřed polí, já ti to vymlouvat nebudu."

Sednu si na zadní sedačku a batoh šoupnu vedle sebe. Taxikář mezitím nastartuje motor a zapne rádio. Zavřu oči, protože vzadu se mi dělá špatně, i když mám dobrej den, a to není případ dneška. Jsem na nervy a kromě čokoládový tyčinky a sáčku sýrovocibulových čipsů jsem nic nejedl.

Už jsme skoro tam.

Podzimní cesta zpět do Watfordu. Tohle je naposledy, co ji absolvuju. Teda vracet se sem budu pořád, ale už to nebude jako návrat domů.

V rádiu zrovna hrají "I Still Stand" a řidič si prozpěvuje.

I Still Stand - **Pořád stojím**, patří mezi nebezpečná kouzla. Kluci ve škole tvrdí, že se dá použít k tomu, abys byl, jak to říct,

emphasize the wrong syllable, you'll end up starting a fire you can't put out. An actual fire. I'd never try it, even if I had call for it; I've never been good with double entendres.

The car hits a pothole, and I lurch forward, catching myself on the seat in front of me.

"Belt up," the driver snaps.

I do, taking a look around. We're already out of the city and into the countryside. I swallow and stretch my shoulders back.

The taxi driver goes back to singing, louder now—"never knowing who to turn to"—like he's really getting into the song. I think about telling him to belt up.

We hit another pothole, and my head nearly bangs against the ceiling. We're on a dirt road. This isn't the usual way to Watford.

I glance up at the driver, in the mirror. There's something wrong—his skin is a deep green, and his lips are red as fresh meat.

Then I look at him, as he is, sitting in front of me. He's just a cabbie. Gnarled teeth, smashed nose. Singing Elton John.

Then back at the mirror: Green skin. Red lips. Handsome as a pop star. *Goblin*.

I don't wait to see what he's up to. I hold my hand over my hip and start murmuring the incantation for the Sword of Mages. It's an invisible weapon—more than invisible, really; it's not even there until you say the magic words.

The goblin hears me casting, and our eyes meet in the mirror. He grins and reaches into his jacket. If Baz were here, I'm sure he'd make a list of all the spells I could use in this moment. There's probably something in French that would do nicely. But as soon as my sword appears in my hand, I grit my teeth and slash it across the front seat, taking off the

jakože pevnější. Ale když položíš důraz na špatný slovo, celej zkameníš. Navždycky, jako solnej sloup. Já bych to teda nezkusil, ani kdybych to potřeboval, dvojsmysly nepatří mezi moje silné stránky.

Auto projelo výmolem, což se mnou škublo, až jsem se musel chytit sedačky před sebou.

"Zapnout pás," vyštěkne řidič.

To taky udělám a rozhlídnu se kolem sebe. Už jsme se dostali za město. Polknu a ošiju se.

Taxikář se zase vrátil ke zpěvu, tentokrát se do toho víc opřel, jako by se do tý písničky vážně dostával. Já se teda zapnul, ale on by to kvůli mně asi nevypnul.

Málem jsem se praštil do hlavy, když jsme vlítli do další díry. Dostali jsme se na polní cestu. Tudy se ale do Watfordu většinou nejezdí.

Mrknu na řidičův odraz v zrcátku. Něco se mi na něm nezdá, má tmavě zelenou kůži a jeho rty svojí barvou připomínají čerstvé maso.

Pak se na něj podívám přímo a vidím jen obyčejného taxikáře. Křivý zuby, přeraženej nos. A zpívá si Eltona Johna.

Pak se podívám zpět do zrcátka a vidím zelenou kůži, červené rty. Krasavec jak z časáku. *Skřet*.

Nechce se mi čekat, s čím se vytasí. Přiložím ruku k pasu a začnu mumlat zaklínadlo přivolávající meč Mágů. Je to neviditelná zbraň, a víc než to, zhmotní se totiž, až když vyslovíš zaklínadlo.

Skřet slyší mé vyvolávání, naše oči se setkají v zrcátku, on se zašklebí a sáhne do kabátu. Být tu Baz, určitě by ho napadlo tisíc kouzel, která jsem mohl seslat. Možná by se hodilo něco ve francouzštině. Nicméně hned jak se mi meč zhmotní v ruce, zatnu zuby a seknu s ním přes přední sedadlo. Skřetova hlava letí pryč i s opěrkou. *Voilà*.

goblin's turning head—and the headrest, too. *Voilà*.

He keeps driving for a second; then the steering wheel goes wild. Thank magic there's no barrier between us—I unbuckle my seat belt and dive over the seat (and the place where the goblin's head used to be) to grab the wheel. His foot must still be on the gas: We're already off the road and accelerating.

I try to steer us back, but I don't actually know how to drive. I jerk the wheel to the left, and the side of the taxi slams into a wooden fence. The airbag goes off in my face, and I go flying backwards, the car still smashing into something, probably more fence. I never thought I'd die like *this...*.

The taxi comes to a stop before I come up with a way to save myself.

I'm half on the floor, and I've hit my head on the window, then the seat. When I eventually tell Penny about all this, I'm skipping the part where I took off my safety belt.

I stretch my arm up over my head and pull the door handle. The door opens, and I fall out of the taxi onto my back in the grass. It looks like we've gone though the fence and spun out into a field. The engine is still running. I climb to my feet, groaning, then reach into the driver's window and turn it off.

It's a spectacle in there. Blood all over the airbag. And the body. And me.

I go through the goblin's jacket, but don't find anything besides a packet of gum and a carpet knife. This doesn't feel like the Humdrum's work—there's no itchy sign of him in the air. I take a deep breath to make sure.

Probably just another revenge run, then. The goblins have been after me ever since I helped the Coven drive them out of Essex. (They were gobbling up drunk people in club bathrooms, and the Mage was worried about losing regional slang.) I think the goblin who successfully offs me gets to be king.

Ještě chvilku pokračuje v řízení, než se volant zblázní. Zaplaťkouzla mezi náma není přepážka, odpoutám se a přehoupnu se přes sedačku a místo, kde bývala skřetí hlava, abych čapnul volant. Nohou asi ještě pořád stojí na pedálu, protože se řítíme mimo cestu.

Pokouším se zatočit zpátky na cestu, jenomže neumím řídit. Když trhnu volantem doleva, taxík nabourá do dřevěného plotu, do obličeje mi vystřelí airbag a odmrští mě dozadu. Auto mezitím demoluje zbytek plotu. Nepředstavoval jsem si, že umřu zrovna *takhle*...

Dřív než dostanu spásnej nápad, taxík zastaví.

Praštil jsem se do hlavy o okýnko a sedačku a teď se napůl válím na podlaze. Až to všechno budu vyprávět Penny, nezmíním se o tom, že jsem si rozepnul pás.

Natáhnu ruku a vezmu za madlo. Dveře se otevřou a já se po zádech vykutálím do trávy. Asi jsme projeli plotem a zapíchli se do pole. Motor pořád běží, tak se s hekáním vyškrábu na nohy a sáhnu do okýnka řidiče, abych ho vypnul.

Tady to teda vypadá. Všude samá krev, na airbagu, na mrtvole, i na mě.

Šacuju skřetův kabát, ale krom žvýkaček a ulamovacího nože nenacházím nic. Nemyslím, že by v tom měl prsty Úmor, necítím ve vzduchu to typický brnění. Pro kontrolu se ještě zhluboka nadechnu.

Tak to byl asi jen další pokus o mstu. Skřeti po mně jdou už od té doby, co jsem je čarodějnickému sněmu pomohl vyhnat z Essexu. (Požírali v klubech na záchodcích opilé lidi a Mág se obával ztráty místního nářečí.) Předpokládám, že skřet, co se mu podaří mě zabít, se stane králem.

This one won't be getting a crown. My blade's stuck in the seat next to him, so I yank it out and let it disappear back into my hip. Then I remember my bag and grab that, too, wiping blood on my grey trackie bottoms before I open the bag to fish out my wand. I can't just leave this mess here, and I don't think it's worth saving anything for evidence.

I hold my wand over the taxi and feel my magic scramble up to my skin. "Work with me here," I whisper. "Out, out, damned spot!"

I've seen Penelope use that spell to get rid of unspeakable things. But all it does for me is clean some blood off my trousers. I guess that's something.

The magic is building up in my arm—so thick, my fingers are shaking. "Come on," I say, pointing. "Take it away!"

Sparks fly out of my wand and fingertips.

"Fuck me, come on..." I shake out my wrist and point again. I notice the goblin's head lying in the grass near my feet, back to its true green again. Goblins are handsome devils. (But most devils are fairly fit.) "I suppose you ate the cabbie," I say, kicking the head back towards the car. My arm feels like it's burning.

"Into thin air!" I shout.

I feel a hot rush from the ground to my fingertips, and the taxi disappears. And the head disappears. And the fence disappears. And the road ...

An hour later, sweaty and still covered in dried goblin blood and that dust that comes out of airbags, I finally see the school buildings up ahead of me. (It was only a patch of that dirt road that disappeared, and it wasn't much of a road to start with. I just had to make my way back to the main road, then follow it here.)

All the Normals think Watford is an ultraexclusive boarding school. Which I guess it is. The grounds are coated in glamours. Ebb

Tenhle si korunu nenasadí. Meč se mi zasekl v sedadle spolujezdce, tak ho vyškubnu a nechám zmizet u svého boku. Pak si vzpomenu na batoh, taky ho seberu, a než z něj začnu dolovat hůlku, otřu si krev ze šedých tepláků. Nemůžu tu ten bordel jen tak nechat a nemyslím, že má cenu schovat něco jako důkaz.

Držím hůlku nad taxíkem a cítím, jak se mi magie dere na povrch těla. "Nenech mě v tom," šeptám. "Pusť, prokletá skvrno, pusť, povídám!"

Viděl jsem Penelope, jak se tímhle kouzlem zbavovala strašnejch věcí. Ale mně to jen trochu očistí kalhoty od krve. Lepší než nic.

Magie se mi začíná shromažďovat v paži, je tak hustá, že se mi třesou prsty. "No tak," řeknu a zamířím. "Začnem s čistým štítem!"

Z hůlky a konečků prstů mi vyletí jiskry.

"Ty vole, no *tak*..." Vytřepu si zápěstí a znovu zamířím. Přitom si všimnu, že skřetí hlava ležící v trávě u mých nohou má zpět svoji zelenou barvu. Skřeti jsou krásný stvůry. Byť většina stvůr vypadá docela přijatelně. "Tipuju, žes toho taxikáře sněd," pronesu a odkopnu hlavu zpátky k autu. Paže mi už úplně hoří.

Zakřičím: "Sejde z očí, sejde z mysli!"

Ze země mi do konečků prstů vyrazí horko.

Taxík zmizí a s ním i hlava a plot a cesta...

Zpocenej a pokrytej zaschlou skřetí krví a tím prachem, co leze z airbagů, před sebou po hodině konečně vidím budovy školy. (Předtím zmizel vlastně jen ten kousek polní cesty, která popravdě ani moc cestou nebyla. Takže stačilo, abych se vrátil zpět na hlavní a pokračoval směrem ke škole.)

Všichni Běžní si myslí, že Watford je extravýběrová soukromá škola. Což bych taky řekl. Školní pozemky jsou okouzlující.

told me once that we keep casting new spells on the school as we develop them. So there's layer upon layer of protection. If you're a Normal, all the magic burns your eyes.

I walk up to the tall iron gate—THE WATFORD SCHOOL is spelled out on the top—and rest my hand on the bars to let them feel my magic.

That used to be all it took. The gates would swing open for anyone who was a magician. There's even an inscription about it on the crossbar—MAGIC SEPARATES US FROM THE WORLD; LET NOTHING SEPARATE US FROM EACH OTHER.

"It's a nice thought," the Mage said when he appealed to the Coven for stiffer defences, "but let's not take security orders from a six-hundred-year-old gate. I don't expect people who come to my house to obey whatever's cross-stitched on the throw pillows."

I was at that Coven meeting, with Penelope and Agatha. (The Mage had wanted us there to show what was at stake. "The children! The future of our world!") I didn't listen to the whole debate. My mind wandered off, thinking about where the Mage really lived and whether I'd ever be invited there. It was hard to picture him with a house, let alone throw pillows. He has rooms at Watford, but he's gone for weeks at a time. When I was younger, I thought the Mage lived in the woods when he was away, eating nuts and berries and sleeping in badger dens.

Security at the Watford gate and along the outer wall has got stiffer every year.

One of the Mage's Men—Penelope's brother, Premal—is stationed just inside today. He's probably pissed off about the assignment. The rest of the Mage's team'll be up in his office, planning the next offensive, and Premal's down here, checking in first years. He steps in front of me.

Od Ebb jsem se dozvěděl, že na školu sesíláme nová kouzla, tím jak se je učíme. Takže je pokrytá mnoha ochrannými vrstvami. Pokud patříte mezi Běžné, budou vás z té magie pálit oči.

Když dojdu k vysoké kovové bráně, na které je napsáno WATFORDSKÁ ŠKOLA, opřu svou ruku o mříže, aby se projevila moje magie.

Dřív to stačilo, dveře se otevřely pro každého kouzelníka. Píše se o tom i na břevně: MAGIE NÁS DĚLÍ OD SVĚTA; NECHŤ NÁS NIC NEDĚLÍ OD SEBE NAVZÁJEM.

"Myšlenka je to hezká," nechal se slyšet Mág, když se u sněmu dožadoval zpřísněné ochrany, "ale neměli bychom se řídit bezpečnostními pokyny na šest set let staré bráně. Já taky neočekávám, že se lidé, kteří přijdou ke mně domů, budou řídit hesly z výšivek na polštářcích."

Na tomhle zasedání jsme s Penelope a Agátou byli. (Mág nás tam chtěl mít jako ukázku toho, co je v sázce. "Děti! Budoucnost našeho světa!" Nevěnoval jsem té debatě moc pozornosti. Zabýval jsem se úvahami, kde Mág vlastně bydlí a jestli mě někdy k sobě pozve. Těžko si ho představit s domem, natož pak s polštářky. Ve Waftordu má vlastní bydlení, ale čas od času zmizí na celé týdny. Jako mladší jsem si myslel, že když je Mág pryč, bydlí v lesích, kde se živí ořechy a lesními plody a spí v jezevčí noře.

Zabezpečení vstupní brány a vnější zdi se rok od roku zpřísňuje.

Jeden z Mágových mužů, Penelopin bratr Premal, je dnes zrovna na hlídce. Zdá se, že ho ten úkol sere. Zbytek Mágova týmu bude asi v jeho kanceláři plánovat další ofenzivu a Premal tu přijímá prváky. Zastoupí mi cestu. "All right, Prem?"

"Looks like I should be asking *you* that question...." I look down at my bloody T-shirt. "Goblin," I say.

Premal nods and points his wand at me, murmuring a cleaning spell. He's just as powerful as Penny. He can practically cast spells under his breath.

I hate it when people cast cleaning spells on me; it makes me feel like a child. "Thanks," I say anyway, and start to walk past him.

Premal stops me with his arm. "Just a minute there," he says, raising his wand up to my forehead. "Special measures today. The Mage says the Humdrum's walking around with your face."

I flinch, but try not to pull away from his wand. "I thought that was supposed to be a secret." "Right," he said. "A secret that people like me need to know if we're going to protect you."

"If I were the Humdrum," I say, "I could've already eaten you by now."

"Maybe that's what the Mage has in mind," Premal says. "At least then we'd know for sure it was him." He drops his wand. "You're clear. Go ahead."

"Is Penelope here?"

He shrugs. "I'm not my sister's keeper."

For a second, I think he's saying it with emphasis, with magic, casting a spell—but he turns away from me and leans against the gate.

There's no one out on the Great Lawn. I must be one of the first students back. I start to run, just because I can, upsetting a huddle of swallows hidden in the grass. They blow up around me, twittering, and I keep running. Over the Lawn, over the drawbridge, past another wall, through the second and third set of gates.

Watford has been here since the 1500s. It's set up like a walled city—fields and woods outside the walls, buildings and courtyards

"Všechno v pohodě, Preme?"

"Na to bych se spíš měl ptát já *tebe*…" Podívám se na své zkrvavené tričko a utrousím: "Skřet."

Premal kývne, namíří na mě svou hůlku a zamumlá čistící kouzlo. Je stejně mocný jako Penny, dokáže sesílat kouzla téměř neslyšně.

Nesnáším, když na mě někdo sešle čistící kouzlo, připadám si jak děcko. Přesto mu poděkuju a mám se k odchodu.

Premal mě ale zadrží. A se slovy "Ještě chvilku." zvedne hůlku k mému čelu. "Dnes máme zvláštní pokyny, Mág tvrdí, že Úmor si chodí po světě s tvým obličejem."

Cuknu sebou, ale snažím se od hůlky neodtáhnout. "Měl jsem za to, že to bylo tajemství." "Přesně," odpoví. "Tajemství, co lidi jako já potřebují znát, jestli tě máme chránit."

"Kdybych byl Úmor," opáčím, "mohls už teď bejt snědenej."

"Třeba to takhle Mág myslel," napadne Premala. "Minimálně bychom pak věděli, že to je fakt on." Sklopí hůlku. "Jsi čistý. Můžeš jít."

"Je tu Penelope?"

Pokrčí rameny. "Nejsem chůva své sestry." Na moment se mi zdá, že to říká důrazně, magicky, jako by sesílal kouzlo, ale pak se ode mě odvrátí a opře se o bránu.

Na hlavním trávníku nikdo není, nejspíš jsem tu mezi prvními. Rozeběhnu se, prostě protože můžu, čímž vyplaším hejno vlaštovek ukrytých v trávě. Se švitořením se kolem mě rozlétnou a já běžím dál. Přes trávník, přes padací most, kolem další zdi, skrz druhou a třetí bránu.

Watford tu stojí od počátku šestnáctého století, vznikl jako opevněné město. Budovy s nádvořími leží uvnitř a pole a lesy za

inside. At night, the drawbridge comes up, and nothing gets past the moat and the inner gates.

I don't stop running till I'm up at the top of Mummers House, falling against my door. I pull out the Sword of Mages and use it to nick the pad of my thumb, pressing it into the stone. There's a spell for this, to reintroduce myself to the room after so many months away—but blood is quicker and surer, and Baz isn't around to smell it. I stick my thumb in my mouth and push the door open, grinning.

My room. It'll be our room again in a few days, but for now it's mine. I walk over to the windows and crank one open. The fresh air smells even sweeter now that I'm inside. I open the other window, still sucking on my thumb, and watch the dust motes swirl in the breeze and the sunlight, then fall back on my bed.

The mattress is old—stuffed with feathers and preserved with spells—and I sink in. Merlin. Merlin and Morgan and Methuselah, it's good to be back. It's always so good to be back.

The first time I came back to Watford, my second year, I climbed right into my bed and cried like a baby. I was still crying when Baz came in. "Why are you already weeping?" he snarled. "You're ruining my plans to push you to tears."

I close my eyes now and take in as much air as I can: Feathers. Dust. Lavender.

Water, from the moat.

Plus that slightly acrid smell that Baz says is the merwolves. (Don't get Baz started on the merwolves; sometimes he leans out our window and spits into the moat, just to spite them.)

If he were here already, I'd hardly smell anything over his posh soap.... I take a deep breath now, trying to catch a hint of cedar.

There's a rattle at the door, and I jump to my feet, holding my hand over my hip and calling again for the Sword of Mages. That's three times already today; maybe I should just leave hradbami. Na noc se padací most vytahuje a přes příkop a vnitřní bránu se nic nedostane.

Nezastavím se, dokud se nezarazím o dveře do pokoje v podkroví Pierotské koleje. Vytasím meč Mágů a naříznu si s ním bříško palce, který přitisknu ke kameni. Na to, abych se po prázdninách znovu dostal do pokoje, existuje i kouzlo, ale krev je rychlejší a účinnější. Navíc Baze dráždit nebude, když tu není. Cucám si palec a šťastně otevírám.

Můj pokoj. Za pár dní bude zase náš, ale teď je jen můj. Přejdu k oknu a jednu půlku otevřu. Závan čerstvého vzduchu mi teď vevnitř přijde ještě příjemnější. Pak otevřu i druhou část a s palcem pořád v puse pozoruju proti světlu částečky prachu, jak poletují v průvanu a pak sebou mrsknu na postel.

Matrace je stará, vycpaná peřím a zakonzervovaná kouzly. U Merlina. U Merlina a Morgany a Metuzaléma, je bezva být zpět. Vždycky je to bezva.

Při svém prvním návratu do Warfordu, jako sekundán, jsem se rovnou uvelebil na postel a brečel jako mimino. Brečel jsem, i když přišel Baz. "Proč už bulíš?" zavrčel. "Těšil jsem se, že tě rozbrečím, a tys mi to zkazil."

Zavřu oči a zhluboka se nadechnu. Peří. Prach. Levandule.

Voda z příkopu.

A k tomu ten lehce nakyslý pach, podle Baze jsou to rybodlaci. (Ty před ním radši ani nevytahujte, někdy se vykloní z okna a plivne do příkopu, jen aby je naštval.)

Kdyby tu už byl, necejtil bych nic než jeho snobský mejdlo... Znovu se zhluboka nadechnu a pátrám po cedrové vůni.

Někdo ťuká na dveře, rychle vyskočím a s rukou na boku si znovu přivolávám meč Mágů. Dnes už potřetí, měl bych to omezit. Tohle zaklínadlo je jediné kouzlo, které se mi it out. The incantation is the only spell I always get right, perhaps because it's not like other spells. It's more of a pledge: "In justice. In courage. In defence of the weak. In the face of the mighty. Through magic and wisdom and good."

It doesn't *have* to appear.

The Sword of Mages is mine, but it belongs to no one. It doesn't come unless it trusts you.

The hilt materializes in my grip, and I swing the sword up to my shoulder just as Penelope pushes the door open.

I let the sword drop. "You shouldn't be able to do that," I say.

She shrugs and falls onto Baz's bed.

I can feel myself smiling. "You shouldn't even be able to get past the front door."

Penelope shrugs again and pushes Baz's pillow up under her head.

"If Baz finds out you touched his bed," I say. "He's going to kill you."

"Let him try."

I twist my wrist just so, and the sword disappears.

"You look a fright," she says.

"Ran into a goblin on the way in."

"Can't they just vote on their next king?" Her voice is light, but I can tell she's sizing me up. The last time she saw me, I was a bundle of spells and rags. The last time I saw Penny, everything was falling apart....

We'd just escaped the Humdrum, fled back to Watford, and burst into the White Chapel in the middle of the end-of-year ceremony—poor Elspeth was accepting an award for eight years of perfect attendance. I was still bleeding (from my pores, no one knew why). Penny was crying. Her family was there—because everybody's families were there—and her mum started screaming at the Mage. "Look at them—this is your fault!" And then Premal got between them and started screaming back. People thought the Humdrum must be right behind Penny and me, and were running from

vždy povede, možná proto, že není jako ostatní. Připomíná spíš nějakou přísahu: "Spravedlivě. Odvážně. K obraně slabších. Hrdě čelit mocným. S magií, moudrostí a dobrem."

Ale objevit se *nemusí*.

Meč je sice můj, ale vlastně nepatří nikomu. Nepřivoláš ho, pokud ti nevěří.

Jílec se mi zhmotní v ruce a už jsem napřažený k ráně, když tu Penelope otevře dveře.

Nechám meč klesnout. "Tohle by ti nemělo procházet," řeknu.

Pokrčí rameny a svalí se na Bazovu postel. Nedokážu se ubránit úsměvu. "Nemělo by ti jít se dostat ani za vchodové dveře."

Penelope zase pokrčí rameny a strčí si pod hlavu Bazův polštář.

"Jestli Baz zjistí, že ses dotkla jeho postele," pokračuju, "tak tě zabije."

"Jen ať si to zkusí."

Trošku pohnu zápěstím a meč zmizí.

"Vypadáš hrozně," utrousí Penny.

"Cestou jsem narazil na skřeta."

"To si nemůžou novýho krále prostě zvolit?" Zní nenuceně, ale očividně si mě přeměřuje. Když mě viděla naposledy, byl jsem hromádka hadrů a kouzel. Když jsem naposledy viděl já Penny, svět se hroutil...

To jsme zrovna unikli Úmoru, prchli zpátky do Watfordu a vřítili se do Bílé kaple, kde v tu chvíli probíhal vyřazovací ceremoniál, chudák Elspeth právě přebíral ocenění za osm let svědomité docházky. Já ještě krvácel, kupodivu z pórů. A Penny brečela. Byla tam celá její rodina, stejně jako rodiny všech ostatních, a její mamka se rozkřičela na Mága. "Jen se na ně podívej, tohle je tvoje vina!" Pak se mezi ně dostal Premal a začal se Mága zastávat. Lidi si museli myslet, že je nám Úmor v patách, začali se hrnout z kaple ven s hůlkama v

the Chapel with their wands out. It was my typical end-of-year chaos times *a hundred*, and it felt worse than just chaotic. It felt like the end.

Then Penelope's mum spelled their whole family away, even Premal. (Probably just to their car, but it was still really dramatic.)

I haven't talked to Penny since.

Part of me wants to grab her right now and pat her down head to toe, just to make sure she's whole—but Penny hates scenes as much as her mum loves them. "Don't say hello, Simon," she's told me. "Because then we'll have to say good-bye, and I can't stand good-byes."

My uniform is laid out at the end of my bed, and I start putting it away, piece by piece. New grey trousers. New green-and-purple striped tie ...

Penelope sighs loudly behind me. I walk back to my bed and flop down, facing her, trying not to smile from ear to ear.

Her face is twisted into a pout.

"What can possibly have got under your skin already?" I ask.

"*Trixie*," she huffs. Trixie's her roommate. Penny says she'd trade Trixie for a dozen evil, plotting vampires. In a heartbeat.

"What's she done?"

"Come back."

"You were expecting otherwise?"

Penny adjusts Baz's pillow. "Every year, she comes back more manic than she was the year before. First she turned her hair into a dandelion puff, then she cried when the wind blew it away."

I giggle. "In Trixie's defence," I say, "she *is* half pixie. And most pixies are a little manic."

"Oh, and doesn't she know it. I swear she uses it as an excuse. I can't survive another year with her. I can't be trusted not to spell her head into a dandelion and blow."

rukou. Bylo to jako můj klasický předprázdninový chaos, akorát *stokrát* horší. Chaos je slabé slovo. Spíš něco jako absolutní konec.

Pak Penelopina mamka odkouzlila celou jejich rodinu pryč. I Premala. (Nejspíš teda jen do auta, ale stejně to působilo teatrálně.)

Od té doby jsem s Penny nemluvil.

Na jednu stranu bych ji teď nejradši popadnul a ujistil se, že je celá. Ale Penny nesnáší scény stejně tak, jako se v nich její mamka vyžívá. "Simone, nezdrav mě, když se potkáme, " řekla mi jednou. "Potom bychom se totiž museli i loučit a já nesnáším loučení."

Na kraji postele mám položenou uniformu, tak ji začnu postupně ukládat. Nové šedé kalhoty. Nová šedofialová kravata...

Slyším, jak za mými zády Penelope hlasitě vzdychla. Kecnu zpátky na postel a s potlačovaným úsměvem se na ni dívám.

Tváří se načuřeně.

"Co tě stihlo tak rychle namíchnout?" zeptám se.

"Viola," zavrčí. Penny tvrdí, že by bez mrknutí oka vyměnila Violu za tucet zákeřných intrikánských upírů.

"Co provedla?"

"Vrátila se."

"Čekalas snad něco jiného?"

Penny si naklepe Bazův polštář. "Každý rok se vrací ještě šáhlejší než předtím. Nejdřív si proměnila vlasy v odkvetlou pampelišku, a pak brečela, když jí to odfoukl vítr."

Uchechtnu se. "Ber v úvahu, že Viola *je* poloviční víla, a většina víl je trochu šáhlá."

"Jo, to ona podle mě ví. Vsadím se, že se tím omlouvá. Další rok s ní už nevydržím. Nedivte se, jestli jí proměním v pampelišku celou hlavu a fouknu." I swallow another laugh and try hard not to beam at her. Great snakes, it's good to see her. "It's your last year," I say. "You'll make it."

Penny's eyes get serious. "It's *our* last year," she says. "Guess what you'll be doing next summer...."

"What?"

"Hanging out with me."

I let my grin free. "Hunting the Humdrum?" "Fuck the Humdrum," she says.

We both laugh, and I kind of grimace, because the Humdrum looks just like me—an 11-year-old version of me. (If Penny hadn't seen him, too, I'd think I'd hallucinated the whole thing.)

I shudder.

Penny sees it. "You're too thin," she says.

"It's the tracksuit."

"Change, then." She already has. She's wearing her grey pleated uniform skirt and a red jumper. "Go on," she says, "it's almost teatime."

I smile again and jump up off the bed, grabbing a pair of jeans and a purple sweatshirt that says

WATFORD LACROSSE. (Agatha plays.)

Penny grabs my arm when I walk past Baz's bed on the way to the bathroom. "It's good to see you," she whispers.

I smile. Again. Penny makes my cheeks hurt. "Don't make a scene," I whisper back.

14 SIMON

I spend an hour or so with Agatha, but we don't say much. I don't tell her about the Mage.

(What if Agatha agreed with the Mage? What if she wanted me to go, too? I'd want *her* to go, if she were in danger at Watford. Hell, she *is* in danger here. Because of me.)

Potlačím smích a snažím se na ni nekřenit. U všech hadů, je fajn ji vidět. "Čeká tě poslední rok," utěšuju ji, "to přežiješ."

Penny nasadí vážný výraz. "Nás čeká poslední rok," upřesní. "Hádej, co budeš dělat příští léto…"

..Co?"

"Poflakovat se se mnou."

Neubráním se úsměvu. "Lovit Úmor?"

"Ale prdlajs Úmor."

Oba nás to rozesměje a já se zaksichtím, protože Úmor vypadá přesně jako já, jako mé jedenáctileté já. (Nebýt toho, že ho Penny viděla taky, myslel bych, že jsem měl vidiny.)

Oklepu se.

Penny si toho všimne. "Jsi kost a kůže," povídá.

"To dělá ta teplákovka."

"Tak se převlíkni." Ona už to udělala, má na sobě šedou školní skládanou sukni a červený svetr. "Dělej, už bude svačina."

Zase se usměju, vyskočím z postele, čapnu džíny a fialovou mikinu s nápisem LAKROS WATFORD. (Agáta je v týmu.)

Penny mě chytne za ruku, když procházím kolem Bazovy postele do koupelny. "Je fajn tě zase vidět," zašeptá.

Znova se usměju. Z Penny mě rozbolí tváře. "Hlavně nehysterči," odpovím taky šeptem.

14 SIMON

Strávil jsem s Agátou asi hodinu, ale moc jsme si nepovídali. O Mágovi jsem jí neříkal.

(Co kdyby s ním Agáta souhlasila? Co kdyby taky chtěla, abych odešel? Já bych chtěl, aby odešla, kdyby *jí* tady hrozilo nebezpečí. Doprčic, vždyť jí přece *hrozí*, kvůli mně.)

When I get back to my room, Penny's there already, sprawled out with a book on Baz's bed

"So you and Agatha talked?" she asks.

"We talked."

"Did she explain? About Baz?"

"I told her not to."

Penny sets down her book. "You don't want to know why your girlfriend was snogging your sworn enemy?"

"I don't know about 'sworn," I say. "I've never taken an oath."

"I'm pretty sure Baz has."

"Anyway, they weren't snogging."

Penny shakes her head. "If I caught Micah holding hands with Baz, I'd want an explanation."

"So would I."

"Simon."

"Penny. Of course you'd want an explanation. That's you. You like to demand explanations and then tell everyone why their explanations are crap."

"I do not."

"You do. But I—look, I just don't care. It's behind us. Agatha and I are fine."

"I wonder if it's behind Baz."

"Fuck Baz, he'll do whatever he can to get to me."

And he'll start just as soon as he shows up. Which could be anytime ...

Almost everyone else is here already. Nobody wants to miss the welcome-back picnic on the Great Lawn tonight. It's always a big to-do. Games. Fireworks. Spectacle magic.

Maybe Baz will miss the picnic; he's never missed it before, but it's a nice thought.

Penny and I meet Agatha out on the Lawn.

I don't see Baz, but there are so many people, it'd be easy for him to avoid me if he wanted. (Baz normally makes *sure* that I see him.)

Když jsem se vrátil do pokoje, Penny už tu byla, natažená s knížkou na Bazově posteli.

"Tak jste si s Agátou promluvili?" ptá se.

"Jo, promluvili."

"Vysvětlila ti to? S Bazem?"

"Řekl jsem, že to nechci slyšet."

Penny odloží knížku. "Nechceš vědět, proč se tvoje holka cucala s tvým zapřisáhlým nepřítelem?"

"Nevím, že by byl zapřisáhlý," povídám, "přísahu jsme neskládali."

"Ty možná ne, on určitě."

"Každopádně se necucali."

Penny vrtí hlavou. "Kdybych načapala Micaha, jak se s Bazem drží za ruce, chtěla bych vysvětlení."

"No to já taky."

"Simone."

"Penny. Jasně, že ty bys chtěla vysvětlení. To seš celá ty. Ráda požaduješ vysvětlení a pak každýmu říkáš, proč jejich vysvětlení stojí za prd."

"To nedělám."

"Děláš. Ale hele mně to nezajímá. Je to za náma. S Agátou jsme v pohodě."

"Jen jestli to má za sebou i Baz."

"Kašlu na Baze, udělá cokoli, aby mě dožral."

A začne hned, jak se objeví, což může být kdykoli...

Skoro všichni už tu jsou. Nikdo nechce zmeškat dnešní uvítací piknik na hlavním trávníku. Vždycky je to velká věc. Hry, ohňostroje, zábavná kouzla.

Možná že Baz piknik nestihne. Zatím ho vždycky stihnul, ale je to pěkný pomyšlení.

S Penny jsme potkali Agátu na trávníku.

Baze nevidím, ale je tu tolik lidí, že by se mi snadno vyhnul, kdyby chtěl. (Baz si obyčejně dává *záležet* na tom, abych si ho všimnul.)

The littluns are already playing games and eating cake, some of them wearing their Watford uniforms for the first time. Hats sliding off, ties crooked. There are races and singing. I get a bit choked up during the school song; there's this line about "those golden years at Watford / those glowing, magickal years"—and it makes me think again about how this is it. Every day I have this year will be the last day like it.

Last back-to-school picnic.

Last first day back.

I make a pig of myself, but Penny and Agatha don't mind, and the egg and cress sandwiches are to die for. Plus roast chicken. Pork pie. Spice cakes with sour lemon frosting. And jugs of cold milk and raspberry cordial.

I keep bracing for Baz to show up and ruin everything. I keep looking over my shoulder. (Maybe this is part of his plan—to ruin my night by making me wonder how he's going to ruin it.) I think Agatha is worried about seeing him, too.

One thing I'm *not* worried about is the Humdrum attacking. He sent flying monkeys to attack the picnic at the start of our fourth year, and the Humdrum never tries the same thing twice. (I guess he could send something other than flying monkeys....)

After the sun sets, the littluns all head back to their rooms, and the seventh and eighth years stay out on the Lawn. The three of us find a spot, and Penny spells her jacket into a green blanket for us to lie on. Which Agatha says is a waste of magic when there are perfectly good blankets just inside. "Your jacket is going to get grass stains," she says.

"It's already green," Penelope dismisses her.

It's a warm night, and Penelope and Agatha are both good at astronomy. We lie on our backs, and they point out the stars. "I should get my Mrňata už si hrajou a jedí dort, někteří z nich mají na sobě školní uniformu úplně poprvé. Klobouky jim padají, kravaty nakřivo. Závodí se a zpívá. Při školní hymně se trochu zadrhnu, je tam verš: "ty zlaté roky na Watfordu / ty skvělé kouzelné roky" a zase si uvědomuju, že tohle je ono. Každý den tohohle roku bude vlastně poslední.

Poslední piknik po prázdninách.

Poslední první den.

Cpu se k prasknutí, ale Penny ani Agátě to nevadí a pro ty vajíčkový sendviče bych umřel. Pak tu máme kuřata, zapečené vepřové, koláče s citronovou polevou. A hrnky studeného mléka a malinovou šťávu.

Pořád se připravuju na to, až se Baz objeví a všechno zkazí. Pořád se ohlížím přes rameno. (Možná, že to je součástí plánu. Zkazí mi večer tím, že mě donutí přemýšlet, jak mi ho zkazí.)

Myslím, že Agáta má ze setkání s ním taky starost.

Co mi starost *nedělá*, je útok Úmoru. Na začátku kvarty nám na piknik poslal útočné létající opice a Úmor se neopakuje. (Teda, mohl by poslat něco jiného než létající opice...)

Když zajde slunce, všechna mrňata zamíří zpět na pokoje, na trávníku zůstanou jen nejstarší dva ročníky. Naše trojka si našla flek a Penny nám přečarovala svůj kabát v zelenou deku na ležení. Agáta to okomentovala jako plýtvání magií, když fajn deky jsou i vevnitř. "Budeš mít kabát zamazaný od trávy," říká.

"Vždyť už tak je zelený," odpálkuje ji Penelope.

Večer je teplý a Penelope i Agáta jsou dobré v astronomii. Ležíme na zádech a holky ukazují hvězdy. "Měla bych si skočit pro křišťálovou kouli a věštit vám

crystal ball and tell your fortunes," Penelope says, and Agatha and I both groan.

"I'll save you the trouble," I say. "You're going to see me bathed in blood, but you won't be able to tell whose it is. And you'll see Agatha looking beautiful and swathed in light."

Penelope pouts, but not for long. The night is too good for pouting. I find Agatha's hand in the blanket, and when I squeeze, she squeezes back.

This day, this night, it all feels so right. Magickally right. Like a portent. (I didn't used to believe in portents—I'm not superstitious. But then we did a unit on them in Magickal Science, and Penny said not believing in portents was like not believing in beans on toast.)

After an hour or so, someone crosses the Veil, right out onto the Lawn. It's somebody's dead sister; she's come back to tell him that it wasn't his fault—

I put my blade away on my own this time, without Penny telling me to.

"It's amazing," she says. "Two Visitings in one day, and the Veil is just beginning to open...."

When the ghost leaves, everybody starts hugging each other. (I think the seventh years have been passing around dandelion wine and Bacardi Breezers. But the three of us aren't class monitors, so it's not our problem.) Somebody starts singing the school song again, and we join in. Agatha sings, even though she's self-conscious about her voice.

I'm happy.

I'm really happy.

I'm home.

I wake up a few hours later, and I think Baz must be back.

I can't see him—I can't see anything—but there's *someone* in the room with me.

"Penny?"

budoucnost," povídá Penelope a my s Agátou se zhrozíme.

"Ušetřím ti práci," já na to. "Uvidíš mě celého od krve, ale nebudeš moct říct, čí ta krev je. A Agáta bude nádherná a zalitá světlem."

Penelope se urazí, ale ne na dlouho. Tohle není večer na urážení. Nahmatám na dece Agátinu ruku, a když zmáčknu, oplatí mi to.

Celý den, celý večer se všechno zdá v pohodě. Magicky v pohodě. Jako znamení. (Dřív jsem na znamení nevěřil, nejsem pověrčivý. Ale pak jsme o nich měli lekci v magikologii a Penny říká, že nevěřit na znamení je jako nevěřit na anglickou snídani.)

Asi tak po hodině někdo projde Závojem, přímo na trávník. Je to něčí mrtvá sestra, přišla mu říct, že to nebyla jeho chyba.

Tentokrát už dám meč pryč sám od sebe, ani mi to Penny nemusí říkat.

"To je úžasné," diví se. "Dvě navštívení během jednoho dne, a to se Závoj teprve začíná odhrnovat..."

Poté co duch zmizel, se všichni začali objímat. (Myslím, že septimáni nechávali kolovat pampeliškové víno a ovocné Bacardi. Ale my tři nemáme na starost třídní dozor, takže se nás to netýká.) Někdo zase spustil školní hymnu a my se přidáváme. Agáta zpívá, i když se za svůj hlas stydí.

Jsem šťastný. Jsem *fakt* šťastný.

Jsem doma.

Vzbudil jsem se o pár hodin později a zdá se mi, že Baz už je zpátky.

Nevidím ho, vlastně nevidím nic, ale *někdo* tu se mnou je.

"Penny?"

Maybe it's the Mage again. Or the Humdrum! Or that thing I dreamt I saw by the window last night, which I'm only now remembering ...

I've never been attacked in my room before—this would be a first.

I sit up and turn on the lights without trying. That happens sometimes, with small spells, when I'm stressed. It's not supposed to. Penny thinks it might be like telepathy, skipping the words to get straight to the goal.

I still don't see anything, though I think I hear a rustling sound and a sort of moaning. The windows are both open. I get up and look outside, then close them. I check under the beds. I risk an "Olly olly oxen free!"—then a "Come out, come out, wherever you are!" that sends all my clothes flying out of the wardrobe. I'll put them away tomorrow.

I go back to bed, shivering. It's cold. And I still don't feel alone.

48 BAZ

When I come back, Bunce is gone. I can tell she's been sitting on my bed again—it smells like her. Like blood and chocolate and kitchen herbs. I'll snap at her about it tomorrow.

Snow has showered, the room is humid from it, but our papers and dinner things are still scattered on the table and the floor. It's like having two slovenly roommates.

The chalkboard is in order, though, completely filled with Bunce's tight-fisted handwriting and pushed against the wall.

I take my jacket off and spell it clean, hanging it in my wardrobe. My tie's tucked in the pocket. I pull it out and loop it around the hanger.

Možná, že je to zase Mág. Nebo Úmor! Nebo ta věc, co se mi zdálo, že jsem ji včera viděl za oknem. Na tu jsem si vzpomněl až teď...

Ve vlastním pokoji na mě ještě nikdo nezaútočil, tohle by bylo poprvé.

Posadím se a rozsvítím úplně bez námahy. To se mi stává s lehkými kouzly, když jsem ve stresu. Tak by to být nemělo. Penny si myslí, že by to mohlo být jako telepatie, přeskakuju slova, abych se rovnou dostal k cíli.

Stále nic nevidím, i když myslím, že slyším šustění a něco jako kňourání. Obě okna jsou otevřená. Zvednu se a vykouknu ven, pak okna zavřu. Zkontroluju to pod postelí. Troufnu si na "Před pikolou za pikolou nikdo nesmí stát!" a pak na "Na koho to slovo padne, ten musí jít z kola ven!", při tom mi akorát vylítá oblečení ven ze skříně. Uklidím to ráno.

Vracím se do postele a třesu se. Je zima. A pořád si tu nepřipadám sám.

48 BAZ

Když se vrátím, je už Buncová pryč. Poznám, že mi zase seděla na posteli, protože ji z ní cítím. Pach krve a čokolády a bylinek. Ráno jí to vyčtu.

Snow se sprchoval, v pokoji je od toho vlhko, ale dokumenty a věci od večeře se pořád válí po stole i po podlaze. Jako bych teď měl dva nepořádné spolubydlící.

Avšak na tabuli vládne pořádek, je hustě popsaná mrňavým písmem Buncové a přistrčená ke zdi.

Sundám si sako a při věšení do skříně ho vyčistím kouzlem. Kravatu mám nacpanou v kapse, vytáhnu ji a navléknu přes ramínko.

I ate my sandwich down in the basement, washing it down with a few rats. I need to go hunting in the Wood again; the rats are getting few and far between in the Catacombs, even though I try not to take the females.

It's a pain to hunt in the Wood. I have to do it during the day because the Mage brings the drawbridge up at dusk, and I can't **Float like a butterfly** over the moat every night like I did today; I don't have the magic.

I look over my shoulder at Snow—a long, blanketed lump on his bed.

He has the magic.

He could do anything.

I'm still humming with his magic, and it's been hours since he pulled his hand away. He's thrown spells at me before, but this was different. This was like being struck by benevolent lightning. I felt scorched clean. Bottomless...

No, that's not right, not bottomless. *Centreless*. Like I was bigger on the inside. Like I could cast any spell—back up any promise.

At first it was as if Snow was giving magic to me. Sending it to me. But then the magic was just *there*. It was mine, in that moment, everything that was his.

All right. I have to stop thinking about it like this. Like it was a gift. Snow would never have opened himself up to me if there hadn't been a dragon overhead....

I wonder if I could *take* the magic from him if I tried, but the thought turns my stomach.

I change in the bathroom and brush my teeth, and when I come out, I see that Snow is sitting up in his bed.

"Baz?"

"What." I sit on my own bed, on top of the covers.

"I ... can you come here?"
"No."

Sendvič jsem snědl ve sklepení a spláchl ho pár krysami. Musím se opět vydat na lov do háje, v Katakombách už na krysu skoro nenarazím, i když se snažím nebrat samice.

Lovit v háji je otrava. Musím lovit ve dne, protože Mág za soumraku zvedá padací most a já nemůžu každou noc sesílat **Létám jako motýl** přes příkop jako dnes, nemám na to dost magie.

Ohlédnu se přes rameno na Snowa, tedy na dlouhou hroudu přikrytou prostěradlem v jeho posteli.

On má magie dost.

Mohl by udělat cokoliv.

Pořád ve mně ještě brní jeho magie, a to už mě pustil před kolika hodinami. Už dříve po mě metal kouzly, ale tentokrát to bylo jiné. Cítil jsem se, jako by mě zasáhl blesk a dočista mě sežehl. Připadal jsem si bezedně...

Ne, to není ono, ne bezedně. *Bez středu*. Jako bych mohl seslat jakékoliv kouzlo, zaštítit jakýkoliv slib.

Nejdříve to bylo, jako by mi Snow dával magii, posílal mi ji. Ale potom tam prostě *byla*. V tu chvíli mi patřila všechna jeho magie.

Dost už. Musím o tom přestat takhle přemýšlet, jako by to byl dárek. Snow by se mi nikdy takhle neotevřel, kdybychom neměli nad hlavou draka...

Zajímalo by mě, jestli bych mu mohl *vzít* magii, kdybych to zkusil, ale z té myšlenky mám žaludek na vodě.

V koupelně se převléknu, vyčistím si zuby, a když vyjdu, vidím, že si Snow v posteli sednul.

"Bazi?"

"Co." Sednu si na svou ustlanou postel.

"Já... můžeš jít ke mně?" "Ne." "I can come over there, then."

I cross my legs and arms. "You may not."

Snow huffs, exasperated. Good, I think.

"Just. Come here," he says. "Okay? I have to try something."

"Can you even hear how ridiculous you sound?"

He gets up. It's dark in our room, but the moon is out, and I can always see him better than he sees me. He's wearing grey flannel pyjama bottoms, school-issued, and his gold cross. His skin is as grey as mine in this light, and shining like a pearl.

"You can't sit on my bed," I say as he sits on my bed. "And neither can Bunce. My bed reeks of intensity and brownies."

"Here," he says, holding out his hand.

"What do you want from me, Snow?"

"Nothing," he says. And he means it, the actual bastard.

"We have to try again."

"Why?"

"So that we know that it wasn't a fluke," he says.

"It was a fluke. You were fighting a dragon, and I was helping you—it was a fluke squared."

"Merlin, Baz, don't you want to know?"

"Whether I can tap into you like a generator?"

"It wasn't like that," he says. "I let you do it."

"Are you going to let me do it again?"

"No."

"Then it doesn't matter if it was a fluke!"

Snow's still sitting on my bed. "All right," he says. "Maybe."

"Maybe what?"

"Maybe I'd do it again," he says. "If it were a situation like today—if there were lives at risk, and this might be a solution, an option other than, you know, *going off*."

"Tak můžu já k tobě."

Zkřížím ruce i nohy. "To tedy nemůžeš."

Snow zoufale zafuní. Skvělé, pomyslím si.

"Prostě sem pojď," naléhá. "Jo? Musím něco vyzkoušet."

"Uvědomuješ si, jak směšně zníš?"

Zvedne se. V pokoji je tma, ale měsíc svítí a já ho vždycky vidím lépe než on mě. Má na sobě šedé pyžamové kalhoty, erární, a svůj zlatý křížek. V tomhle světle má kůži stejně šedou jako já a leskne se jako perla.

"Na mojí postel si nesedej," říkám mu, když si sedá. "A Buncová taky ne. Postel mi páchne naléhavostí a muffiny."

"Na," řekne s napřaženou rukou.

"Co ode mě chceš, Snowe?"

"Nic," odpoví. A myslí to tak, parchant jeden.

"Musíme to zkusit znova."

"Proč?"

"Abysme zjistili, jestli sme jen neměli kliku."

"Měli jsme kliku, bojoval jsi s drakem a já ti pomáhal, byla to klika na druhou."

"U Merlina, Bazi, copak to nechceš zjistit?" "Jestli se na tebe můžu napojit jako na zdroj?"

"Takhle to nebylo," opraví mě. "Já ti to dovolil."

"A dovolíš mi to ještě jednou?"

"Ne."

"Tak to je pak jedno, jestli to byla jen klika!"

Snow pořád sedí na mojí posteli. "Možná."

"Možná co?"

"Možná bych to udělal znova," říká. "Kdyby to bylo v podobný situaci jako dneska, kdyby šlo někomu o život, a dalo se to takhle vyřešit líp, než kdybych, no, vvbouch." "What if I turned it against you?"

"My magic?"

"Yes," I say. "What if I took your magic, cast it against you, and settled Baz versus Simon, once and for all."

Snow's mouth is hanging slightly open. His tongue shines black in the dark. "Why are you such a villain?" He sounds disgusted. "Why have you *already* thought of that?"

"I thought of it when I was still rhyming at the dragon," I say. "Didn't you?"

"No."

"This is why I'm going to beat you," I say.

"We're on a truce," Snow says.

"I can still *think* antagonistically. I'm thinking violent thoughts at you constantly."

He grabs my hand. I want to pull it away, but I don't want to look scared—and also I *don't* want to pull it away. Bloody Snow. I'm thinking violent thoughts at him right now.

"I'm going to try now," he says.

"Fine."

"Should you be casting a spell?"

"I don't know," I say. "This is your experiment."

"Don't, then," he says. "Not right away. But tell me if it hurts."

"It didn't hurt before," I mutter.

"It didn't?"

"No."

"What did it feel like?"

"Stop talking about feelings," I say, shaking his hand. "Hit me. Or charge me. Whatever it is you want to do."

Snow licks his bottom lip and closes his eyes halfway. Is this how he looked this afternoon? *Crowley*.

I feel his magic.

At first it's a buzz in my fingertips, then a rush of static up my arm. I try not to squirm.

"A co kdybych to obrátil proti tobě?"

"Moji magii?"

"Ano," odpovím. "Co kdybych vzal tvou magii, poslal ji proti tobě a vyřešil tak náš boj jednou pro vždy."

Pusu má trochu pootevřenou. Jazyk mu ve tmě černě svítí. "Proč jsi takovej ničema?" ptá se zhnuseně. "Proč už tě něco takovýho *stihlo* napadnout?"

"Napadlo mě to už během toho, co jsem sesílal rýmy na toho draka," povím. "Tebe ne?"

"Ne."

"Přesně díky tomuhle tě jednou porazím," já na to.

"Vždyť máme příměří," oponuje Snow.

"Pořád ale můžu *myslet* nepřátelsky. Neustále mě ohledně tebe napadají násilné představy." Chytne mě za ruku. Chci se mu vytrhnout, ale nechci, aby to vypadalo, jako že se bojím, no a taky se mu vytrhnout *nechci*. Zatracený Snow. Zrovna teď mě napadá tolik násilností.

"Já to teď zkusím," říká.

"Jak chceš."

"Máš u toho čarovat?"

"Copak já vím," odpovím. "Je to tvůj pokus."

"Tak teda nic nedělej," říká. "Ne hned. Ale řekni, kdyby to bolelo."

"Předtím to nebolelo," zamumlám.

"Nebolelo?"

"Ne."

"A jaký to byl pocit?"

"Přestaň se bavit o pocitech," řeknu a zatřesu mu rukou. "Nakopni mě. Nabij mě. Nebo co že to chceš udělat."

Snow si olízne spodní ret a přivře oči. Takhle že vypadal dnes odpoledne? *No tě Gandalf*.

Cítím jeho magii.

Nejprve je to mravenčení v konečcích prstů a potom výboj statické elektřiny skrz paži. Snažím se necukat.

"Okay?" he asks. His voice is soft.

"Fine. What are you doing?"

"I don't know," he murmurs. "Opening? I guess?"

The static in my arm settles into a heavy thrum, like electrical sparks catching into flames. The discomfort goes away, even though the licking, flaming feeling gets stronger. This I know what to do with: This is fire.

"Still okay?" he asks.

"Grand," I say.

"What does that mean—does that mean you could use it?"

I laugh, and it comes out more good-natured than I mean it to. "Snow. I think I could cast a sonnet right now."

"Show me," he says.

I'm so full of power, I feel like I can see without opening my eyes. Like I could go nova if I wanted to and have my own galaxy. Is this what it's like to be Simon Snow? To have infinity in your chest pocket?

I speak clearly: "Twinkle, twinkle little star!"

By the time I get to the end of the next phrase, the room around us is gone, and the stars feel close enough to touch.

"Up above the world so high!"

Simon grabs my other hand, and my chest opens wider. "Merlin and Morgana," he says. "Are we in space?"

"I don't know," I say.

"Is that a spell?" he asks.

"I don't know."

We both look around us. I don't *think* we're in space; I can breathe just fine. And I don't feel like floating away—though I am teetering on the edge of hysterical. So much power. So many stars. My mouth tastes like smoke. "Are you holding back at all?" I ask him.

"Not consciously," Snow says. "Is it too much?"

"V pohodě?" ptá se jemným hlasem.

"Jo. Co to děláš?"

"Nevím," špitne, "asi se se otevírám, nebo tak?"

Výboj se mi v paži změní na těžký hukot, jako by se elektrické jiskry rozhořely. Nepříjemný pocit odeznívá, přestože plameny, které mě olizují, nabírají na síle. S tímhle si umím poradit, tohle je oheň.

"Pořád v pohodě?" ptá se.

"Senzační," odvětím.

"To znamená co, znamená to, že bys s tím mohl pracovat?"

Zasměju se a zní to veseleji, než jsem měl v úmyslu. "Snowe, myslím, že bych v tuhle chvíli dokázal seslat i sonet."

"Ukaž," dožaduje se.

Jsem tak plný síly, že snad i vidím, aniž bych měl otevřené oči. Jako bych se mohl stát novou a mít svou vlastní galaxii. Takhle se cítí Simon Snow? Jako by měl nekonečno v náprsní kapse?

Začnu recitovat ukolébavku o hvězdičce: "Twinkle, twinkle little star!"

Jak se dostávám na konec druhého verše, pokoj kolem nás zmizí a hvězdy se zdají být na dosah.

"Up above the world so high!"

Simon mě chytne i za druhou ruku a můj hrudník nabere na objemu. "U Merlina a Morgany," zakleje. "To jsme ve vesmíru?"

"Já nevím," odpovím.

"To má být kouzlo?"

"Já nevím."

Oba se kolem sebe rozhlédneme. *Nemyslím* si, že jsme ve vesmíru, dýchám úplně normálně. A nepřipadám si, jako bych se vznášel, i když balancuji na pokraji záchvatu. Tolik síly. Tolik hvězd. V puse mám pachuť kouře. "Kontroluješ to vůbec nějak?" ptám se ho.

"Vědomě ne," říká Snow. "Je to už moc?"

"No. It's like you completed the circuit," I say, gripping his other hand. "I feel kind of drunk, though."

"Drunk on power?" he asks.

I giggle. "Shit, Snow. Stop talking. This is embarrassing."

"Do you want me to pull back?"

"No. I want to look at the stars."

"I'm pulling back," he says.

And then he does. It feels like the tide going out—if the tide were made of heroin and fire.

I shake my head. I don't let go of Snow's hands.

"All right?" he asks.

"Yeah. You?"

"Fine."

Now we're just sitting on my bed, holding hands, Simon Snow and I. I can't look at his eyes, so I stare at his cross.

"Your mother...," he says. "When she came back, she said that thing about stars. 'He said we'd be stars."

"I think that's a coincidence," I say.

"Yeah." Simon nods. "Do you have any of it left? Like, did it stay with you? My magic?"

"Residually?" I ask.

"Yeah."

I shake my head. "No. A feeling. A hum. Not power."

"Can you do it on your end?"

"What do you mean?"

"We're still touching," he says. "Try to tap into it."

I close my eyes and try to be open, try to be a vacuum or a black hole. Nothing happens. I try to pull at Snow, then. To suck at him with my own magic ... Still nothing.

I open my eyes. "No. I can't take it from you. I've never heard of a magician taking someone else's magic. Can you imagine? If there were a spell for that? We'd tear each other apart."

"Ne. Je to jako bys uzavřel obvod," řeknu a stisknu jeho druhou ruku. "Tedy, připadám si trochu opile."

"Opilej mocí?" ptá se.

Zahihňám se. "Ty vole, Snowe. Zmlkni. Tohle je trapný."

"Chceš, abych s tím skončil?"

"Ne. Chci se dívat na hvězdy."

"Končím s tím," povídá.

A taky to udělá. Je to, jako by nastal odliv, pokud by teda moře bylo z heroinu a ohně.

Zavrtím hlavou. Stále ho držím za ruce.

"Seš v pořádku?" ptá se.

"Jo. Ty?"

"Dobrý."

Teď jen tak sedíme na mojí posteli a držíme se za ruce, Simon Snow a já. Nedokážu se mu podívat do očí, tak zírám na jeho kříž.

"Tvoje matka..." začne. "Když se vrátila, říkala něco o hvězdách. '*Říkal*, *že z nás budou hvězdy*.""

"Myslím, že je to jen shoda okolností," namítnu.

"Jo," přitaká Simon. "Máš v sobě ještě něco? Jako jestli to v tobě zůstalo. Ta moje magie."

"Zbytkově?" zeptám se.

"Jo."

Zavrtím hlavou. "Ne. Jenom pocit. Žádná síla."

"Dokážeš to udělat na svém konci?"

"Jak to myslíš?"

"Pořád se dotýkáme," říká. "Zkus se na to napojit."

Zavřu oči a snažím se být otevřený, snažím se být vakuum nebo černá díra. Nestane se nic. Tak zkusím čerpat ze Snowa. Sát z něj s pomocí své vlastní magie... Pořád nic.

Otevřu oči. "Ne. Sám si od tebe vzít nemůžu. Nikdy jsem neslyšel o kouzelníkovi, který by si bral cizí magii. Dokážeš si to představit? Že by na to existovalo zaklínadlo? Rozervali bychom se navzájem."

"We're already tearing each other apart."

"I can't take it," I say again.

"Do you think it hurt you, my magic?"

"I don't think so."

"So we could do it again."

"We just did, Snow."

He looks uncharacteristically thoughtful. I wonder if he's forgotten that he's holding my hands. Or if he's forgotten what it means to hold hands. Or if he's forgotten who I am entirely.

I think again about pulling my hands away—but Snow could light fires in my palms at this point, and I wouldn't pull away. It feels like he has.

"Baz," he says, and it's not unprecedented for him to say my name, but I know he avoids it.

"This is stupid. If we're going to be working together, you can't keep pretending that I don't know."

"Don't know what," I say, yanking my hands back.

"Don't know about you. What you are."

"Get off my bed, Snow."

"It won't change anything—"

"Won't it?"

"Well, it *would* make things easier," he says. "How can we discuss what we know about vampires when you won't even admit that you are one?"

"Get off my bed."

Snow stands up, but doesn't stand down. "I know. I've known since our fifth year. How're we supposed to help you if you're still keeping all these secrets? Like, why did you start school late this term? And what happened to you? And why are you limping?"

"That's none of your business," I hiss. "None of it."

"You're right, but you said you wanted my help. So you made it my business."

"Už teď se rveme navzájem."

"Já to nechápu," opakuji.

"Myslíš, že ti moje magie ublížila?"

"To bych neřekl."

"Tak bychom to mohli zkusit znova."

"Teď jsme to zkoušeli, Snowe."

"Tváří se zamyšleně, to mu není vlastní. Zajímalo by mě, jestli zapomněl, že mě drží za ruce. Nebo jestli zapomněl, co držení se za ruce znamená. Nebo jestli dočista zapomněl, kdo jsem.

Znovu uvažuji nad tím, že bych se mu vysmekl, ale v tomhle okamžiku by mi mohl Snow zažehnout oheň v dlaních a já bych mu se mu nevysmekl. Mám pocit, jako by to už udělal.

"Bazi," povídá, a není to poprvé, co mé jméno vysloví, i když vím, že se tomu vyhýbá.

"Tohle je pitomost. Jestli máme spolupracovat, nemůžeš pořád předstírat, že to nevím."

"Že nevíš co?" vyhrknu a ucuknu rukama.

"Že to o tobě nevím. Co jsi zač."

"Snowe, kliď se z mojí postele."

"Nebude to mít na nic vliv..."

"Že nebude?"

"Usnadnilo by nám to práci," říká. "Jak spolu můžeme řešit, co víme o upírech, když ty ani nepřiznáš, že jsi jeden z nich?"

"Kliď se z mojí postele."

Snow si stoupne, ale nepřesedne si. "*Vim* to. Vím to už od kvinty. Jak ti máme pomoct, když před námi pořád něco skrýváš? Třeba proč jsi tohle pololetí nastoupil pozdě do školy? A co se ti stalo? A proč kulháš?"

"To se tě netýká," zasyčím. "Nic z toho."

"To sice jo, ale říkals, že potřebuješ mojí pomoc. Takže se mě to už týká."

"I'll tell you whatever I think is relevant."

"We're supposed to find out who sent bloodsucking vampires to kill your mother, and you are a blood-sucking vampire. You don't think that's relevant?"

As if I can just admit that. Out loud. On the record. As if every other magician wouldn't gladly light me up if they knew it to be true.

As if Snow himself hasn't been trying to expose me every day for seven years.

I clamp my jaw shut.

I should leave. Go back to the Catacombs. But Snow's magic has wiped me out—I'm not sure I could stand now. So I just close my eyes.

"I'm done with you today," I say. "I've been struck by lightning twice in the last twelve hours, and now I'm just done."

50 SIMON

"You should really just let me stay in your room," Penelope says. "It would make things easier."

"No," Baz and I say at once.

"Where would you sleep," I ask, "the bathtub?"

The chalkboard is still taking up the open area at the end of our beds, and there are stacks of books around it now. Every useful book in the Watford library has made its way to our room, thanks to Baz and Penelope—and not a one of them properly checked out, I'm sure.

We've been working here every night, though we don't have much but a mess to show for it.

"I don't mind sleeping in the bath," Penny says. "I could spell it squishy."

"No," Baz says. "It's bad enough sharing a bathroom with Snow."

"Sdělím ti jen to, co mi bude připadat k věci."

"Chceme zjistit, kdo poslal krvelačné upíry zabít tvojí matku, a ty *jsi* krvelačný upír. Nemyslíš, že je to k věci?"

Copak bych to mohl jen tak přiznat. Nahlas. Oficiálně. Copak by mě většina kouzelníků s chutí nepodpálila, kdyby zjistili, že je to pravda.

Copak se mě právě Snow nesnažil každý den po sedm let odhalit.

Pevně svírám čelisti.

Měl bych odejít. Vrátit se zpátky do Katakomb. Ale jeho magie mě úplně vysála, ani nevím, jestli bych se teď dokázal zvednout. Tak jenom zavřu oči.

"Dneska už tě mám dost," řeknu. "Za posledních dvanáct hodin mě dvakrát zasáhl blesk a teď už jsem prostě vyřízenej."

50 SIMON

"Kdybyste mě na noc nevyháněli," protestuje Penelope, "ulehčilo by nám to práci."

"Ne," řekneme s Bazem jednohlasně. "Kde bys jako spala," ptám se, "ve vaně?"

Tabule pořád zabírá volný prostor před našimi postelemi a kolem ní jsou teď štosy knih. Máme v pokoji veškeré užitečné knihy ze školní knihovny zásluhou Baze a Penelope, a vsadím se, že všechny neoficiálně.

Pracujeme tady každou noc, a stejně se můžeme pochlubit leda nepořádkem.

"Spát ve vaně by mi nevadilo," tvrdí Penny, "překouzlila bych si ji do měkoučka."

Baz je proti. "Stačí, že musím sdílet koupelnu se Snowem."

"Penny, you have a perfectly good room," I say, ignoring the jab.

"Simon, a perfectly good room wouldn't have Trixie in it."

"That's your roommate?" Baz asks. "The pixie?"

"Yes," Penelope says.

He curls his lips up and down at the same time. "Imagine you're a pixie," he says. "I know it's distasteful, but imagine—you're a *pixie*, and you have a daughter, and you name her *Trixie*. *Trixie the pixie*."

"I think it's kind of cute," I say.

"You think Trixie's kind of cute," Penny says.

"Trixie is cute." I shrug.

"Snow," Baz says. "I've just eaten."

I roll my eyes. He probably thinks pixies are a lesser species. Half-sentient, like gnomes and Internet trolls.

"It's like being a fairy named Mary," he goes on.

"Or a vampire named Gampire," I say.

"Gampire isn't even a proper name, Snow. You're terrible at this game."

"In Trixie's defence," Penelope says, and you can tell it pains her to say it, "the pixies probably don't go around calling themselves 'pixies.' I mean, you could be a human named Newman or a boy named Roy, and no one would think twice."

"I'll bet your room is covered in pixie dust," Baz says, shuddering.

"Don't get her started," I say. "Good-night, Penny."

"Fine," she says, climbing to her feet and picking up the book she was reading. It's a bound copy of *The Record*; we've all taken to reading them straight through, looking for clues. We're becoming experts in decade-old current events.

It's all so weird....

"Penny, vždyť tvůj pokoj je v pohodě," dodám a přehlížím tu narážku.

"Simone, na pokoji, co je v pohodě, by nesměla bydlet Viola."

"Ty s ní bydlíš?" ptá se Baz. "S tou vílou?"

"Jo," odpoví Penelope.

Baz se zhnuseně zašklebí. "Představ si, že jsi víla," začne. "Vím, že je to nechutné, ale jen si to představ. Jsi *víla* a máš dceru a pojmenuješ ji *Viola*. *Víla Viola*."

"Mně to přijde docela roztomilý," vložím se do toho já.

"Jenže tobě přijde roztomilá celá *Viola*," oboří se na mě Penny.

"Ale ona je," pokrčím rameny.

"Snowe, zrovna jsem dojedl."

Obrátím oči v sloup. On si asi myslí, že víly jsou něco míň, napůl příčetné bytosti jako trpaslíci a internetoví trollové.

"To je, jako kdyby se skřítek jmenoval Vítek." Vede si Baz svou.

"Nebo upír jménem Gupír," připojuji se.

"Snowe, prosím tě, Gupír není jméno. Slovní hříčky nech jiným."

"Abychom Viole nekřivdili," je vidět, jak se Penelope musí přemáhat, aby to řekla, "víly o sobě asi běžně nemluví jako o 'vílách'. Jde o to, že taky můžeš být pán jménem Jan, nebo kluk, co se jmenuje Luke, a nikomu to nepřijde divné."

"Vsadím se, že tvůj pokoj je pokryt vílím prachem," oklepe se Baz.

"Hlavně ji *nedráždi*," prosím ho. "Dobrou noc, Penny."

"Jasně," odpoví a zvedá se i s knihou, kterou má rozečtenou. Je to jeden z novinových sborníků, co je pročítáme od začátku do konce, aby nás přivedly na stopu. Pomalu se stáváme odborníky na deset let staré novinky.

Celý je to tak ujetý...

Not just to be working with Baz, but to have him around all the time when I'm hanging out with Penny.

He still won't talk to us outside of the room.

Baz says it would confuse his minions to see him consorting with the enemy. He actually called them that—"my minions." Maybe he was taking the piss....

I can't always tell when Baz is mocking me. He's got a cruel mouth. It looks like he's sneering even when he's happy about something. Actually, I don't know if he ever is happy. It's like he's got two emotions—pissed off and sadistically amused.

(And plotting, is that an emotion? If so, three.)

(And disgusted. Four.)

Anyway, Penelope and I still don't tell Baz everything. We never talk about the Mage, for example —it turns immediately into a fight if we do. Plus Penny doesn't want Baz to know that her family might be on the outs with the Mage. (Even though Baz'd probably sympathize.)

Penny keeps reminding me that Baz is still my enemy. That when the truce ends, he could use everything he's learned against me.

But I'm not sure I'm the one who needs reminding. Half the time we're together, I'm just sitting on my bed reading while Penelope and Baz are comparing their Top 10 favourite spells of the 1800s or debating the magickal worth of *Hamlet* versus *Macbeth*.

The other day, he walked her over to the Cloisters on his way to the Catacombs. When he came back, he reported that there weren't any clues about how she gets into Mummers House. The next day, she told me he didn't acknowledge at all that he was on his way to suck blood out of rodents.

"You going my way?" she says to him now, from the doorway.

Nejen to, že s Bazem spolupracuju, ale spíš, že nás s Penny nenechá nic podniknout o samotě.

Přesto se s náma mimo pokoj nebaví.

Tvrdí, že by jeho poskoky zmátlo, kdyby ho viděli, jak se bratříčkuje s nepřítelem. Vážně o nich mluvil jako o "poskocích", ale třeba si jen dělal srandu...

Nikdy nepoznám, jestli si ze mě Baz utahuje. Na tváři má permanentní úšklebek. Vypadá, jako by se ušklíbal, i když má z něčeho radost. Tedy, nevím, jestli má vůbec kdy radost. Spíš se u něj střídají dva pocity – buď má vztek, nebo má radost z cizího neštěstí.

(A občas taky má něco za lubem, pokud se to počítá. Jestli jo, tak tři.) (A znechucení. Čtyři.)

Tak jako tak, pořád se mu s Penelope nesvěřujeme se vším. Například nikdy nemluvíme o Mágovi, vždycky je z toho hádka. Navíc Penny nechce, aby Baz věděl, že se její rodina s Mágem tak nějak rozkmotřila. (I když s tím by Baz asi souhlasil.)

Penny mi neustále připomíná, že Baz je pořád můj nepřítel. Že až skončí příměří, může proti mně použít vše, co se teď dozví.

Ale myslím, že *já* nejsem ten, komu by se to mělo připomínat. Půlku času, co spolu trávíme, si já čtu na posteli, zatímco Penelope a Baz porovnávají svých 10 nejoblíbenějších kouzel z devatenáctého století a hádají se, jestli má větší kouzelnický potenciál Hamlet, nebo Macbeth.

Minule ji doprovodil do Klášterů, když byl na cestě do Katakomb. Po návratu mi hlásil, že nešlo zjistit, jak se k nám Penny dostává. Druhý den mi zas ona řekla, že vůbec nedal najevo, že jde sát krev hlodavcům.

"Máš cestu kolem?" ptá se ho teď ode dveří.

"No, I'm in for the night," he says.

So fucking weird.

"See you guys at breakfast," Penny says, closing the door behind her.

If Baz isn't going hunting tonight, I may as well take a shower and go to sleep. We tend to fight more viciously when it's just the two of

I'm getting my pyjamas together when he speaks up:

"So what's your plan next week? For the holidays?"

I feel my jaw tighten. "Probably go home with Penny for a few days, then spend the rest of it here."

"Not celebrating round the Wellbelove family hearth?"

I slam my wardrobe shut. We haven't talked about this yet. Me and Baz. About Agatha.

I don't know if the pair of them're talking. Or meeting. Agatha doesn't even come to dinner anymore. I think she eats in her room.

"Nope," I say, walking past his bed.

"Snow," he says.

"What."

"You should come to Hampshire."

I stop and look at him. "What? Why?"

Baz clears his throat and folds his arms, lifting his chin to emphasize how much he looks down on me.

"Because you've sworn to help me find my mother's killer."

"I am helping you."

"Well, you'll be more help to me there than you are here. The library at home is far too big for me to cover myself. And I have a car there—we could actually investigate. You don't even have the Internet here."

"You're suggesting I go home with you."

"Yes."

"For Christmas."

"Yes."

"Ne, dneska v noci budu doma," odpoví Baz.

Je to fakt ujetý.

"Tak ahoj na snídani," rozloučí se Penny a zavře za sebou dveře.

Jestli Baz dnes nejde na lov, tak to se můžu jít osprchovat a spát. Většinou se pohádáme drsněji, když jsme jen sami dva.

Zrovna si hledám pyžamo, když se mě zeptá:

"Co máš v plánu na příští týden, na prázdniny?"

Cítím, jak mi ztuhne čelist. "Asi pojedu na pár dní k Penny a zbytek strávím tady."

"Nebudeš slavit ve Wellbelovovic rodinném kruhu?"

Třísknu s dveřmi od skříně. O tomhle jsme se ještě nebavili. Já a Baz. O Agátě.

Nevím, jestli se spolu baví oni dva. Nebo jestli se vídají. Agáta už ani nechodí na večeři, asi jí u sebe v pokoji.

"Ne," odseknu a projdu kolem jeho postele.

"Snowe," začne znova.

"Co chceš?"

"Můžeš přijet do Hampshiru."

Zastavím se a podívám se na něj. "Co? *Proč*?"

Baz si odkašle a založí si ruce na prsou. Zvedne u toho bradu, aby zdůraznil, jak moc spatra na mě kouká.

"Protožes přísahal, že mi pomůžeš najít vraha mé matky."

"Vždyť ti pomáhám."

"No, rozhodně bys byl víc k ruce u nás, než tady. Naše knihovna je pro jednoho příliš rozsáhlá. A taky tam mám auto, mohli bychom skutečně pátrat. Tady nemáš ani internet."

"Takže navrhuješ, abych jel k tobě domů."

"Ano."

"Strávit Vánoce."

"Ano."

"With your family."

Baz rolls his eyes. "Well, it's not like you have any family of your own."

"You're mad."

I move again towards the bathroom.

"How is it mad?" he demands. "I could use your help, and there's nothing here for you—you'd think you'd appreciate the company."

I stop at the door and turn back again. "Your family hates me."

"Yes, and? So do I."

"They want to kill me," I say.

"They won't kill you—you'll be a guest. I'll even cast the spell if you want. **Be our guest.**"

"I can't stay in your house. Are you kidding me?"

"Snow, we've lived in the same room for seven years. How can you have a problem with this?"

"You're mad!" I say, closing the door. Completely off his nut.

"Your mum doesn't trust me?" I say.

We're walking down the hall, and Penelope immediately starts shushing me with her hand. "She *does* trust you," she says. "She trusts you completely. She knows that you're honest and forthright, and that if you hear something you shouldn't, you'll go right to the Mage with it."

"I wouldn't!"

"You might, Simon."

"Penny!"

"Shhhhh."

"Penny," I try again, more quietly, "I'd never do anything to get your mother in trouble with the Mage. And I can't imagine she's done anything that would get her in trouble with the Mage."

"She's sent his Men away again," Penny says. "Premal says the Mage himself is coming to the house next time."

"S tvojí rodinou."

Baz obrátí oči v sloup.

"Stejně nemáš vlastní rodinu."

"Ty ses zbláznil." Mířím zas do té koupelny.

"Co je na tom bláznivého?" nechce se nechat odbít. "Hodila by se mi tvá pomoc a tady na tebe stejně nic nečeká, jeden by myslel, že oceníš společnost."

Zastavím se u dveří a otočím se zpět. "Tvoje rodina mě nesnáší."

"No a? Já taky."

"Chtějí mě zabít," pokračuju.

"Nezabijí tě, budeš naším hostem. Můžu seslat i zaklínadlo, jestli chceš. **Buď vítán.**"

"Nemůžu jet k tobě domů. Děláš si srandu?"

"Snowe, sdílíme jeden pokoj už sedm let. Co ti na tomhle vadí?"

"Seš blázen!" řeknu a zavřu dveře.

Ten vážně spad z višně.

"Tvoje mamka mi nevěří?" ptám se.

Jdeme zrovna chodbou a Penelope mi okamžitě zacpe rukou pusu. "To víš, že ti věří," říká. "Naprosto ti věří. Ví, že jsi čestný a upřímný a že kdybys zaslechl něco, co bys neměl, hned bys s tím běžel za Mágem."

"To bych neběžel!"

"Co ty víš, Simone."

"Penny!"

"*Pšššt*. "

"Penny," zkouším to potichu znova, "nikdy bych tvoji mámu nedostal do problémů s Mágem. Ani se neumím představit, že by udělala něco, co by ji do problémů s Mágem mohlo dostat."

"Už zase poslala pryč jeho lidi," Penny na to. "Premal říká, že příště k nám domů přijde Mág osobně." "Then I should be there," I say. "He'd never hurt her in front of me."

Penny stops in her tracks. "Simon. Do you really think the Mage would hurt my mother at all?"

I stop, too. "No. Of course he wouldn't."

She leans in. "Mum's filing an appeal with the Coven; she thinks this will work itself out. But you *know* I need to research the Watford Tragedy while I'm home, and there's no way Mum will let you into our library with everything that's happening. She calls you Mini-Mage."

"Why doesn't she like me?"

"She likes you," Penny says, rolling her eyes. "It's him she doesn't like."

"Your mother does not like me, Penny."

"She just thinks you attract trouble. And you do, Simon. Possibly literally."

"Yeah, but I can't help it."

Penelope starts walking again. "You are preaching to the head of the choir."

It's not that I mind being alone at Watford—I don't mind it *much*. But nobody's here on Christmas Day. I'll have to break in to the kitchen to eat. I guess I could ask Cook Pritchard for the key....

We get to my next lesson, and I intentionally slam my shoulder into the wall next to the door. (People who tell you that slamming and bashing into things won't make you feel better haven't slammed or bashed enough.) "Is that what we're calling it now?" I ask. "'The Watford Tragedy'?"

It takes Penny a second to backtrack in our conversation. "It's what they called it at the time," she says. "What does it matter what we call it?"

"Nothing. Just. We're doing this because somebody died. Baz's mum died. 'The Watford Tragedy' makes it sound like it happened to people far away who don't matter to us." "V tom případě bych tam měl být," vyhrknu. "Přede mnou by jí nikdy neublížil."

Penny se zarazí. "Simone, vážně myslíš, že by mohl Mág mojí mámě ublížit?"

Taky se zarazím. "Ne, to by určitě neudělal." Nakloní se ke mně. "Mamka podává odvolání ke sněmu, myslí, že se to vyřeší samo. Ale *chápej*, že doma potřebuju bádat ohledně watfordské tragédie a mamka tě v žádném případě do naší knihovny nepustí, ne po tom, co se stalo. Říká ti Mini-Mág."

"Proč mě nemá ráda?"

"Má tě ráda," hlesne Penny s očima v sloup. "To jeho nemá ráda."

"Penny, tvoje máma mě nemá ráda."

"Jen si prostě myslí, že přitahuješ potíže. Což je pravda, Simone. Možná i doslova."

"Jo, ale s tím já nic neudělám."

Penelope se zase rozejde. "To pláčeš na úplně špatném hrobě."

Nejde o to, že by mi vadilo být ve Watfordu sám. To mi zas *tak* nevadí. Ale na Štědrý den tu není nikdo. Pro jídlo bych se musel vloupat do kuchyně. Možná bych mohl poprosit kuchařku Pritchardovou o klíč...

Jdeme na moji další hodinu a já naschvál vrazím ramenem do zdi vedle dveří. (Lidi, co vám tvrdí, že vrážení a bouchání do věcí vám náladu nezlepší, nevráželi nebo nebouchali dostatečně.) "Takže tak tomu teď říkáme?" zeptám se. "'Watfordská tragédie?'"

Penny chvilku trvá, než se v naší konverzaci zorientuje. "Tak tomu říkali tenkrát," odpoví. "Proč záleží na tom, jak tomu říkáme?"

"Nezáleží. Já jen. Děláme to, protože někdo umřel. Bazova mamka umřela. 'Watfordská tragédie' zní jako něco, co se stalo kdysi dávno lidem, na kterých nám nezáleží." "Tell the Mage you're staying here for Christmas," she says. "He'll want to spend it with you."

That makes me laugh.

"What?" Penny asks.

"Can you imagine?" I say. "Christmas with the Mage?"

"Singing carols," she giggles.

"Pulling crackers."

"Watching the Queen's speech."

"Think of the *gifts*," I say, laughing. "He'd probably wrap up a curse for me just to see if I could break it."

"Blindfold you, drop you in the Hell of the Wood, and tell you to come home with dinner."

"Ha!" I grin. "Just like in our third year."

Penny pokes my arm, and I slide away, along the wall. "Talk to him," she says. "He's a mad git, but he cares about you."

Baz is one of the last students to leave for break. He takes his time packing his leather trunk. He's got most of our notes in there.... He still hasn't decided whether to talk to his parents about all this, but he's going to find out what he can. "Someone has to know something about Nicodemus."

I'm lying on my bed, trying to think about how nice it will be to have the room to myself—and trying not to watch him. I clear my throat. "Be careful, yeah? I mean, we don't know who this Nicodemus is, and if he's dangerous, we don't want him to twig that we're looking for him."

"I'll talk only to people I trust," Baz says.

"Yeah, but that's it, isn't it—we don't *know* who to trust."

"Do you trust Penelope?"

"Yes."

"Do you trust her mother?"

"I trust her not to be evil."

"Řekni Mágovi, že tu na Vánoce budeš," změní Penny téma. "Rád tu s tebou zůstane."

Tím mě rozesměje.

"Co je?" zeptá se.

"Dokážeš si to představit?" já na to. "Vánoce s Mágem?"

"Budete zpívat koledy," zachichotá se.

"Prskat prskavkama."

"Sledovat královninu řeč."

"A představ si ty *dárky*," směju se. "Nejspíš by mi zabalil kletbu, jen aby zjistil, jestli ji dokážu zlomit."

"Oslepil by tě, vysadil v Pekelném lese a řekl by ti, ať se vrátíš domů s večeří."

"Hehe," zakřením se. "přesně jako v tercii." Penny mě žďuchne do ramene a já uhnu

podél zdi. "Promluv si s ním," povídá. "Je to šílenej šmejd, ale na tobě mu záleží."

Baz odjíždí na prázdniny mezi posledními, svůj kožený kufr balí strašně pomalu. Má v něm skoro všechny naše poznámky... Ještě se nerozhodl, jestli o tom všem poví rodičům, ale zjistí toho co nejvíc. "Někdo musí o Nikodémovi něco vědět."

Ležím na posteli a pokouším se představit si, jak to bude fajn mít pokoj pro sebe, a taky se pokouším na něj nekoukat. Odkašlu si. "Buď opatrnej, jo? Přecejen nevíme, kdo ten Nikodémus je, a jestli je nebezpečnej, tak nechcem, aby se domáknul, že ho hledáme."

"Budu se bavit jen s lidmi, kterým věřím," odpoví Baz.

"Jo, ale v tom to je, ne? Nevime, komu věřit."

"Věříš Penelope?"

"Věřím."

"Věříš její matce?"

"Věřím, že není svině."

"Well, I trust my family. It doesn't matter whether you do."

"I'm just telling you to be careful," I say.

"Stop showing concern for my well-being, Snow. It's making me ill at ease." He closes the lid of his trunk and snaps the latches. Then he looks at me, frowning, and decides something. I'm familiar with that look. I put my hand over the hilt of my sword.

"Snow...," he says.

"What."

"I feel like I should tell you something. In the interest of our truce."

I look over at him, waiting.

"That day you saw Wellbelove and me in the Wood..."

I close my eyes. "How can this possibly be in the interest of our truce?"

He keeps going: "That day you saw me with Wellbelove in the Wood—it's not what you think."

I open my eyes. "You weren't trying to pull my girlfriend?"

"No."

"Sod off," I say. "You've been trying to get between me and Agatha since the day she chose me over you."

"She never chose you over me."

"Get over yourself, Baz."

He looks pained; that's a new one. "No," he goes on. "What I'm saying is—I've never been an option for Wellbelove."

I push my head back into my pillow. "I shouldn't have thought so, but apparently, I was wrong. Look, you've got a clear shot at her now. She's done with me."

"She *interrupted* me," he says. "That day in the Wood."

I ignore him.

"She interrupted my *dinner*. She saw me. I was asking her not to tell anyone."

"And you had to hold her hands for that?"

"I only did that bit to piss you off. I knew you were watching."

"Vidíš, já zase věřím své rodině. A nezáleží na tom, jestli jí věříš i ty."

"Jen ti říkám, abys byl opatrnej," opáčím já. "Přestaň se o mě tak starat, Snowe. Akorát mě tím rozhodíš." Zavře víko kufru a zacvakne přezky. Pak se na mě zamračeně dívá a k něčemu se odhodlává. Tenhle pohled znám, takže si připravím ruku na jílec meče.

"Snowe...," začne.

"Co?"

"Mám pocit, že bych ti měl něco říct. V zájmu našeho příměří."

Podívám se na něj a čekám.

"Jak jsi mě tenkrát viděl s Wellbelovovou v lese..."

Zavřu oči. " Jak asi tohle může být v zájmu našeho příměří?"

Baz pokračuje: "Jak jsi mě tenkrát viděl s Wellbelovovou v lese, tak to nebylo, jak si myslíš."

Otevřu oči. "Takže ses nesnažil sbalit mojí holku?" "

"Ne."

"Sklapni," já na to. "Od tý chvíle, co mi dala Agáta před tebou přednost, ses mezi nás snažil nacpat."

"Nikdy ti přede mnou nedala přednost."

"Přestaň si tak fandit, Bazi."

Tváří se zmučeně, to je novinka. "Ne," mluví dál, "chci tím říct, že jsem pro ní nikdy nebyl alternativou."

Zabořím hlavu zpátky do polštáře. "Neměl jsem si to myslet, ale očividně jsem se pletl. Každopádně máš teď cestu volnou. Se mnou už skončila."

"Ona mě vyrušila," říká. "V tom lese."

Nevnímám ho.

"Vyrušila mě při *večeři*. Viděla mě. Prosil jsem ji, aby to nikomu neříkala."

"A kvůli tomus ji musel držet za ruce?"

"To jsem udělal, jen abych tě naštval. Věděl jsem, že se díváš." "Well, it worked," I say.

"You're not listening." He's looking very pained now. "I'm not *ever* going to come between you and Wellbelove. I was always just trying to piss you off."

"Are you saying you flirted with Agatha just to hurt me?"

"Yes."

"You never cared about her?"

"No"

I grit my teeth. "And you think I want to hear that?"

"Well, obviously. Now you can make up with her and have the best Christmas ever."

"You're such an arse!" I say, jumping to my feet and charging at him.

"Anathema!" he shouts, and I hear him, but I almost plant my fist in his jaw anyway.

I stop just short. "Does she know?" He shrugs.

"You're such an arse."

"It was just flirting," Baz says. "It's not like I tried to feed her to a chimera."

"Yeah, but she *likes* you," I say. "I think she likes you better than me."

He tilts his head and shrugs again. "Why wouldn't she?"

"Fuck you, Baz. Seriously." I'm standing so close, I'm practically spitting in his face. "She was carrying around your bloody handkerchief, that whole time you were gone. Since last year."

"What handkerchief?"

I go to the drawer where the handkerchief is shoved in with my wand and a few other things, then I wave it in his face. "This one."

Baz pulls the fabric out of my hand, and I pull it right back because I don't want him to have it. I don't want him to have anything right now.

"Look," he says. "I'll stop. I'll leave Wellbelove alone from now on. She doesn't matter to me."

"That makes it worse!"

"Hm, zabralo to," odpovím.

"Ty mě neposloucháš." Teď se tváří opravdu zmučeně. "*Nikdy* vás s Wellbelovovou nerozdělím. Vždycky jsem se tě jen snažil naštvat."

"Tvrdíš, žes s Agátou flirtoval, jen abys mě ranil?"

,,Ano."

"Nikdy ti na ní nezáleželo?"

"Ne."

Zatnu zuby. "A myslíš, že mě to zajímá?"

"No samozřejmě. Teď to s ní můžeš urovnat a užít si ty nejlepší Vánoce."

"Ty seš takovej vůl!" Řeknu, vyskočím z postele a chystám se na něj.

"Klatba!" křičí a já ho slyším, ale i tak mu málem dám pěstí do čelisti.

Náhle se zarazím. "A ona to ví?"

Pokrčí rameny.

"Ty jsi takovej vůl."

"Jen jsem s ní flirtoval," ohradí se. "Nesnažil jsem se s ní nakrmit chiméru."

"Jo, ale ona tě má *ráda*," řeknu já. "Myslím, že tě má radši než mě."

Baz pohodí hlavou a znovu pokrčí rameny. "A co by neměla?"

"Naser si, Bazi. Fakt, že jo." Stojím tak blízko, že mu skoro prskám do obličeje. "Nosila s sebou všude ten tvůj blbej kapesník celou dobu, cos byl pryč. Už od loňska."

"Jaký kapesník?"

Jdu k šuplíku, kde mám ten kapesník hozený spolu s hůlkou a pár dalšími věcmi, a pak mu s ním zamávám před nosem. "Tenhle."

Baz mi chce látku z ruky vytáhnout, ale já ucuknu, protože nechci, aby ho dostal zpět. Momentálně si přeju, aby neměl vůbec nic.

"Poslyš," povídá, "tak já přestanu. Odteď ji nechám na pokoji. Vůbec mi na ní nezáleží."

"Tím hůř!"

"Then I won't stop!" he says, like he's the one who should be angry. "Is that better? I'll damned well marry her, and we'll have the best-looking kids in the history of magic, and we'll name them all Simon just to get under your skin."

"Just go!" I shout. "Seriously. If I have to look at you anymore, I won't even care about the Anathema. If I get kicked out of Watford, at least I'll finally be done with you!"

"Pak tedy *nepřestanu*!" Dělá, jako by on byl ten, kdo má mít vztek. "Spokojen? Sakra, klidně si ji vezmu za ženu, budeme mít ty nejkrásnější děti v dějinách magie a všechny je pojmenujeme Simon, jen abychom tě vytočili."

"Zmiz už!" křičím. "A myslím to *vážně*. Jestli se na tebe budu muset ještě chvíli koukat, ani klatba ti nepomůže. A jestli mě za to vykopnou ze školy, aspoň už tě budu mít z krku!"

2. Theoretical part - Analysis of the translation

2.1. Cultural References

Despite its American origin, the title was written so as to appear as a British novel not only in terms of grammar but also by virtue of featuring many specifically British references, such as historical figures, local products, or pop-culture allusions. For this reason, it was not always possible nor desirable to employ means of acculturation in such extent as suggested for instance by Levý regarding the difference between faithful and loose translation (114).

An example of these items based on cultural background are neological swear words that are connected to the Anglo-Saxon mythology. In the extracts, the characters appeal to the great Arthurian wizards Merlin and Morgana, and so these interjections are left unsubstituted in the translation. Only in the case of the neological interjection "Crowley" (Rowell 259) it has been replaced by "Gandalf", which would be probably better known to Czech readers, despite the fact that, unlike the British occultist from the original, he is not a real-life character. The author's invention in this field should be also respected in other instances, for example the English f-word is traditionally translated in a less vulgar way (e.g. hergot, sakra, krucinál, šmarja, or ty vole), yet many of these possible substitutions have an etymologic relation to Christianity (Knittlová 71), and consequently they are not suitable regarding to the context.

Example:

Fuck Baz, he'll do whatever he can to get to me.

Kašlu na Baze, udělá cokoli, aby mě dožral.

Analogically, some of the spells are anchored in British cultural life and consequently may seem more opaque for a foreign reader. For instance "Out, out, damned spot." (Rowell 24) would be a familiar quotation from Macbeth, yet its Czech translation "Pust', proklatá skvrno, pust'.", in spite of being a codified translation of the corresponding part of Lady Macbeth's monologue in Czech, is not likely to have the same effect on the reader, since Shakespeare's plays are not so familiar to the Czech audience as compared to the English speaking one. Therefore in this and similar cases, the original and the translation will have a different measure of the connotative meaning and familiarity, both of which are essential for the magical power these spells have in the story. The aforementioned quote could be

substituted by a commercial slogan "Vanish, skvrn a špíny se zbavíš." well-known for Czechs that would meet the requirement of British origin as well as the readers' awareness, yet it would interfere with the plot, because only in a latter part of the story it is discovered that even commercials can be used as spells.

Another instance of cultural reference transformed into a spell proved to be a stumbling block, it was the title of a song by Sir Elton John named "Candle in the Wind" (Rowell 22), which itself carries a figurative meaning. The double entendre and its magical effects is anecdotally analysed by the narrator in the following paragraph. This part could be either left out, or replaced by a different title from the artist that would have double meaning in the translation. The omission was considered unnecessary, and as a result a seemingly unrelated title "I Still Stand" was used. In the original version, the anecdote is inexplicitly sexual, since it draws from the idiomatic meaning that describes something frail yet firm, contrasted with the literal notion of the candle as a source of fire being blown by wind. The final solution also refers to firmness, yet it might be considered more explicit, as it uses a Czech idiomatic expression that is more bound to the slang related to sexuality than the original phrase. The wordplay is correspondingly based on the contrast between the figurative and literal meaning, in this case the verbatim sense was shifted from fire to petrification. The fact that "I Still Stand" is not a metaphorical title in English can be disregarded, as the magical rules of this particular fictional world allow the usage of foreign spells as well. Still being mindful of the requirement of Britishness, a lullaby quoted in the second extract is left in the original as there is no codified Czech translation, moreover it was considered that the target group of young adult readers might be familiar with this song having heard it from TV programmes or singing toys. Nevertheless an explanatory sentence has been added, so as to avoid misunderstanding.

Example:

I speak clearly: "Twinkle, twinkle little star!"

By the time I get to the end of the next phrase, the room around us is gone, and the stars feel close enough to touch.

Začnu recitovat ukolébavku o hvězdičce: "Twinkle, twinkle little star!"

Jak se dostávám na konec druhého verše, pokoj kolem nás zmizí a hvězdy se zdají být na dosah.

2.2. Morphological Field

2.2.1. Verbs and deverbal adjectives

Since English belongs to the group of isolating languages, while Czech is a synthetic language, there is a great number of differences on morphological level. For instance, in Czech there is a large scale of prefixes and suffixes that can express meanings for which English needs at least two words, this concerns mainly the distinction between perfective and imperfective verbs and deverbal adjectives. In these cases adhering to the original pattern would sound highly unnatural.

Example:

Snow's mouth is hanging slightly open.

Pusu má trochu pootevřenou.

Furthermore, the contrast in the formation of verbs foreshadows the problem of translating tenses. Czech has gradually lost some of the complex types such as past perfect, hence analogical usage would be considered archaic. Therefore in these cases it is adequate to express the sequence of tenses with adjuncts of time.

Example:

We'd just escaped the Humdrum, fled back to Watford, and burst into the White Chapel in the middle of the end-of-year ceremony—poor Elspeth **was accepting** an award for eight years of perfect attendance.

To **jsme zrovna unikli** Úmoru, prchli zpátky do Watfordu a vřítili se do Bílé kaple, kde v tu chvíli probíhal vyřazovací ceremoniál, chudák Elspeth **právě přebíral** ocenění za osm let svědomité docházky.

Another phenomenon concerning the morphology of verbs is the difference in the frequency of the use of passive forms. In English the passive voice is one of the devices used regularly, whereas the occurrence of analytic passive in Czech is relatively rare, active voice or reflexive deagentive forms being favoured by modern native speakers. Hence in most cases these two kinds of devices have been employed to substitute with the English analytic passive.

Example:

Active voice shift:

My mind wandered off, thinking about where the Mage really lived and whether **I'd ever be** invited there.

Zabýval jsem se úvahami, kde Mág vlastně bydlí a jestli **mě někdy k sobě pozve**.

Employment of reflexive deagentive form:

- (...) but our papers and dinner things are still scattered on the table and the floor.
- (...) ale dokumenty a věci od večeře se pořád válí po stole i po podlaze.

2.2.2. Appellatives

The main morphological dissimilarity between English and Czech concerning appellatives is that the English ones require a determiner (i.e. an article or a pronoun) unless when being expressed by a zero article (Dušková 59), yet in Czech there in no general need for determination and when a counterpart of an English determiner is used it is often viewed as marked. Hence in majority of cases these elements have had to be omitted, but there are sentences where the relations must be pronounced. If so, one of the options has been to transform the determiner into another sentence element (such as object in the second example below).

Example:

I go to the drawer where the handkerchief is shoved in **with my wand** and a few other things, then I wave it in **his face**.

Jdu k šuplíku, kde mám ten kapesník hozený spolu s hůlkou a pár dalšími věcmi, a pak mu s ním zamávám před obličejem.

Also as English nouns have lost the ability to express cases, there can be at times ambiguity in meaning, which has to be eliminated in a translation where the use of one case is unavoidable. A case in point is the following sequence that borders on a syntactic issue: "It's a spectacle in there. Blood all over the airbag. And the body. And me." Here the last two verbless clauses are the source of uncertainty, because they can be either seen

as parts of a multiple adjunct of space or as parts of a multiple notional subject of an inexplicit sentence that would be "There is blood (...) and the body and me." The first assumption has been chosen for the Czech translation.

Example:

It's a spectacle in there. Blood all over the airbag. And the body. And me.

Tady to teda vypadá. Všude samá krev, na airbagu, na mrtvole, i na mě.

Other morphological aspects, such as gender inflection or morphological variations according to register, are to be discussed respectively along with the issue of the translation of proper names in the chapter regarding lexical field and within the chapter on stylistics.

2.3. Lexical Field

2.3.1. Neological units

As a result of the magical substance of her fictional world the author has invented several expressions, some of which serve as a replacement for conventional interjections that are often related to Christianity, hence "Thank magic" that is used instead of "Thank God" has been analogically translated as "Zaplat'kouzla".

Another example of the influence of the fictional reality based on culturally developed spells is for instance the neological prepositional phrase "to rhyme at somebody" meaning to cast rhymes as spells, which has been converted to "sesílat rýmy", since unlike in English prepositional phases are not so common in Czech.

There are also some unoriginal naming units that are connected to supernatural entities, whose Czech equivalent has not yet been established and codified. That is the case of a creature called merewolf that has been coined in the English speaking fantasy subculture as a blend of a mermaid and a werewolf. In the translation a neologism "rybodlak" has been used, which is a calque, first used in a fairy-tale "Kdyby byly ryby" from the Czech Television production introduced in 2014.

2.3.2. Wordplay

The symbolical content of the language of the narrative is accompanied by various puns, some of which could not be transferred into the translation, such as the expression that "They [goblins] were gobbling up drunk people...", yet other instances of wordplay have been adequately substituted. In the following example the humorous effect is caused by the apparent similarity between a name and the origin of its bearer. As a result a name of one of the side characters has been alternated so as to keep the pun.

Example:

"I know it's distasteful, but imagine—you're **a** *pixie*, and you have a daughter, and you name her *Trixie*. *Trixie the pixie*."

"Vím, že je to nechutné, ale jen si to představ. Jsi *víla* a máš dceru a pojmenuješ ji *Viola*. *Víla Viola*."

The aforementioned pun is immediately being explained by another speaker, and consequently there are more examples to be found based on the same principle, all solved analogically to the first one by a substitution on the lexical level respecting the idea of the original.

Another instance of a play with words of a different nature can be seen in the first extract, its comicality lies in the confrontation of both meanings of an English double entendre "belt up", whose literal meaning is to fasten a seatbelt, whereas idiomatically it is used as an impolite command telling the addressee to be silent. Unfortunately, there is no direct equivalent with similar double meaning to be found in Czech, hence the approximation to the joke has been made by using a couple "zapnout-vypnout", which verbs are used as opposites in the sense like *to turn on/ off the light*, yet only the first one can appear in a collocation meaning to fasten a seatbelt. However, as the two parts of the pun lie relatively far from each other and since the Czech version is not so straightforward, the humorous elements have been put into one sentence.

Example:

"Belt up," the driver snaps.

I do, taking a look around. (...)

The taxi driver goes back to singing, louder now—"never knowing who to turn to"—like he's really getting into the song. I think about **telling him to belt up**.

"Zapnout pás," vyštěkne řidič.

To taky udělám a rozhlídnu se kolem sebe. (...)

Taxikář se zase vrátil ke zpěvu, tentokrát se do toho víc opřel, jako by se do tý písničky vážně dostával. **Já se teda zapnul, ale on by to kvůli mně asi nevypnul**.

2.3.3. Proper names

Following the advice regarding the translation of proper names given by Levý (116), which suggests that proper names should be translated only if they contribute to the overall meaning of the narrative, it might seem appropriate to find suitable Czech equivalents for the inclement villain whose surname is Grim-Pitch or for the family of the charitable doctor Wellbelove. However it has been considered unnecessary as in this case the artistic effect is not dependent on the playfulness, unlike for instance in Terry Pratchett's Discworld series, where the symbolism of names is widely employed mainly for comical purpose and sometimes as means of foreshadowing. Moreover, the occurrence of Czech surnames in the English environment, like Šerý or Dobrota that might correspond to the aforementioned ones, would undermine the effort to preserve the atmosphere of Britishness in the translation. Therefore only in the most requisite instances proper names were translated. That is the case of the antagonistic entity called Humdrum. The coinage of its onomatopoeic name is explained this way:

Most magicians can't take it. They're so used to magic, to feeling magic, that they go spare without it. That's how the monster got its name. One of the first magicians to encounter the holes said they were like an "insidious humdrum, a mundanity that creeps into your very soul." (Rowell 93)

Therefore the ideal Czech equivalent would have to have the connotation of furtiveness, cunning or monotony, but it should be an abstract noun not indicating whether

it denotes a person or a phenomenon. The option chosen for the translation is "Úmor", which bears the quality of being extremely unpleasant and repetitive, moreover the inherent declension of the word has been preserved, so as to remain close to the abstract character of the original version.

The names left in the original had to be modified adhering to the Czech orthographic norm. Hence feminine surnames underwent the gender inflection (IJP Přechylování), which represents one of the most noticeable features of the Czech tradition. One instance of the gender inflection in particular resulted in a rather tongue-breaking form, and even though Czech readers should be used to complex surnames typical for their Eastern European neighbours, it was pronominalized if possible.

Example:

Full translation:

"That day you saw Wellbelove and me in the Wood..."

"Jak jsi mě tenkrát viděl s Wellbelovovou v lese..."

Pronominalization:

"No," he goes on. "What I'm saying is—I've never been an option for Wellbelove."

"Ne," mluví dál, "chci tím říct, že jsem pro ní nikdy nebyl alternativou."

2.3.4. Geographic names and names of institutions

In the selected chapters this type of naming units concerns mainly the magical school along with its properties. The name of the school – Watford – has been preserved, but as its frequent repetition and the use of its possessive form might be unnecessarily distracting for a Czech reader, it has been substituted by an appellative or a pronoun as often as possible.

Example:

Security at the **Watford** gate and along the outer wall has got stiffer every year.

Zabezpečení vstupní brány a vnější zdi se rok od roku zpřísňuje.

The author uses a term "Coven" for the supreme magical institution, yet since there is no suitable one word expression denoting a witch gathering in Czech, a phrase "čarodějnický sněm" has been chosen, as the word "sněm" does not evoke the flying movement unlike the more established "slet". Again, to simplify the reading as in the case mentioned above this paragraph, once introduced in the full form, has undergone a reduction to a one word form "sněm" and in most cases of its occurrence it has been pronominalized.

One of the halls of residence mentioned in the story is called "Mummers House". This term has been translated as "Pierotská kolej", since the form resembles traditional Czech Jesuit colleges and the meaning of the attribute relatively overlaps the original.

2.3.5. Generalisation and specification

When translating prose, it is necessary to remember that Czech verbs display wider range of meaning compared to the English language, i.e. they are multifaceted (Knittlová 40). In addition the overall occurrence of copular verbs such as *to be, to have, to get* or *to make* is more frequent in English (Dušková 207), the same is true for phrasal verbs, and for that reason a translator should not lapse into vague translations, as it sounds more natural in Czech to favour explicit verbs over the general ones.

Example:

I get in the back of the taxi and sling my bag down on the seat next to me.

Sednu si na zadní sedačku a batoh šoupnu vedle sebe.

On the other hand, in certain cases especially regarding nominal phrases it is more advisable to employ a general term in place of a specific expression (Knittlová 93) such as "jeden z novinových sborníků" instead of "a bound copy of *The Record*" (Rowell 270), since this particular specification is irrelevant for the context and might only confuse the reader.

2.4. Syntax

The author's intentions regarding the length and the overall structure of sentences has been taken into consideration to a great extent. For example, the syntactic arrangement of the first extract with a significant number of simple sentences suggests briskness, and even tension connected to the annihilation of the taxi driver and the consequent accident. This evocative tendency has been preserved in spite of Czech tradition that in general favours more complex sentences.

However there are some of the syntactic features typical of Czech, it being a synthetic language unlike English. One of these traits is the elision of subject that is useful when trying to avoid unnecessary repetition. The reason why it is possible to leave the subject unexpressed on the surface structure is that the subject-verb concord may be indicated by the number and person of the verb along with the cases of the nouns present in the sentence. In the example below the original sentence has been rephrased so as to enable the elision of the proper name, which is used rather frequently throughout the novel.

Example:

Snow's **mouth** is hanging slightly open.

Pusu má trochu pootevřenou. (here Snow has been transformed into an elided subject)

Another significant difference between Czech and English syntax consists in the tendency of the latter to employ condensation (i.e. nominal structures, such as gerund or infinitive phrases) as secondary predication (Dušková 542). In these cases Czech favours the representation of the predication by finite verb usually in a form of respective subordinate clause, since for example the present participle is like the complex past tenses, discussed in the chapter on morphology, considered archaic.

Example:

- (...) Penelope and Baz are comparing their Top 10 favourite spells of the 1800s **or debating** the magickal worth of *Hamlet* versus *Macbeth*.
- (...) Penelope a Baz porovnávají svých 10 nejoblíbenějších kouzel z devatenáctého století a hádají se, jestli má větší kouzelnický potenciál Hamlet, nebo Macbeth.

OR

Penny thinks it might be like telepathy, skipping the words to get straight to the goal.

Penny si myslí, že by to mohlo být jako telepatie, **přeskakuju** slova, **abych se** rovnou **dostal** k cíli.

In the first example, the gerund phrase has been changed into a content clause performing the function of object. In the second example there are even two instances of condensation in one short sentence. The translation has made the gerund phase into a main clause and the infinitive clause into a dependent clause namely an adverbial clause of purpose. At some points of the narration there can be detected latent values, that is only potential meanings or grammatical categories that cannot be expressed in the language of the original, but whose expression is feasible in the target language (Levý 71), these values are usually of lexicosemantic or morphological nature, yet there are instances as the following one concerning functional sentence perspective. With Czech not being bound by word order to such degree as English, it is possible to distinguish within the members of the informational hierarchy more precisely, placing the rhematic element at the very end of the sentence. In case of this novel the distinction concerning the prominence of individual sentence elements has been at times made easier by the author's tendency to highlight the words that she finds important using different graphics such as italics.

Example:

I want to pull it away, but I don't want to look scared—and also I don't want to pull it away. Chci se mu vytrhnout, ale nechci, aby to vypadalo, jako že se bojím, no a taky se mu vytrhnout nechci.

2.5. Stylistics

2.5.1. Language and register

Unlike English, Czech language gives more options for subtler social stratification through direct speech thanks to its various layers that combine different morphological and lexical devices, since there is for example a transitional sphere between the formal and informal language. This scale of devices can be seen as another instance of latent values,

hence there is a space for the translator given by these potential values, that cannot be expressed in the original (Levý 71), in the case of *Carry On*, a novel focused on the use of language, it is a significant issue, because the characters have different social status, that should be displayed in their utterances as it is hinted by the language of the original and by other direct and indirect characteristics. Of course that it is not an exaggerated vulgarization on one part or an extreme intellectualization on the other that is desired, only a balanced outcome reflecting real-life communication would sound natural. The main reason why there should be a distinction between characters is that the narration is based on the shift of the first person perspective from one character to another. And so the tendencies of their expression are noticeable not only in the dialogues, but also in the narration itself.

All the extracts except for the third one present a chapter written from the point of view of the protagonist Simon, who is described as a person from poor social background, who struggles with his linguistically oriented studies. In the original he uses slangisms and a certain amount of obscenities. That is why Simon's parts are translated rather naturalistically, within the possibilities afforded by Czech grammar, so as to approximate the everyday communication, where grammatically correct structures alternate with vaguer or more economical constructions. This casualness is detectable mainly in the lexical field of the original, yet for the overall effect it has been necessary to affect the morphological field as well.

Example:

If he were here already, I'd hardly smell anything over his posh soap....

Kdyby tu už byl, necejtil bych nic než jeho snobský mejdlo...

Baz on the other hand is a distinguished member of high society, and so his utterances are translated as if spoken in formal Czech with only a small number of departures following the original, mostly for emphatic or emotional purposes. At the same time, it is his vocabulary containing words of Romanic and Latin origin that illustrates the social and intellectual gap between him and Simon. Nevertheless, the use of such foreignisms in Czech would appear overly literary, and so it has been considered more appropriate to substitute these with neutral or relatively expert Czech lexemes.

Example:

"Yeah." Simon nods. "Do you have any of it left? Like, did it stay with you? My magic?" "Residually?" I ask.

"Jo," přitaká Simon. "Máš v sobě ještě něco? Jako jestli to v tobě zůstalo. Ta moje magie." "**Zbytkově**?" zeptám se.

The aforementioned stylistic distinction between different narrators applies to verba dicendi as well. As pointed out by Knittlová (55), Czech lexicon features greater number of verbs connected to the reproduction of direct speech, since they contain additional semantic features describing for example the manner or modality of the message. Varying these verbs throughout the narrative might help avoid repetitiveness, yet in this case of differentiated narration the synonyms for the verbs *to tell* and *to say* have to be selected with regard to the general communicative tendency of each character in the role of a narrator, for example so as not to create discrepancy within the casual expression of the main protagonist Simon.

Slangisms featured in the novel are not a part of a communication system of a remote social group that would be difficult to find in Czech environment, since these are words used mainly by young speakers, and as such hovering between substandard and informal language, and for these reasons can be translated without seeming misrepresented or hyperbolized (Knittlová 105).

Example:

You don't want to know why your girlfriend was snogging your sworn enemy?

Nechceš vědět, proč se tvoje holka cucala s tvým zapřisáhlým nepřítelem?

2.5.2. Graphic arrangement

The original employs various means of graphic distinction within the text such as words in italics, bold or both combined, most of these means were considered relevant to the author's personal expression and so the arrangement of the translation adheres to the convention of the original. Only the author's tendency of using an ellipsis in form of three dots followed by a full stop at the end of a sentence was replaced by a three dot ellipsis according to the Czech orthographic norm (IJP Tři tečky).

Also the words used in original that has already settled in Czech lexicon have been modified so as to respect the Czech spelling. Hence there is "sendvič" in place of sandwich, "Katakomby" instead of "Catacombs", or "Nikodém" not Nicodemus.

Conclusion

The translation and its analysis have proven that there are vast possibilities while translating from English to Czech, mainly thanks to the analytic nature of the first and the synthetic nature of the latter, as in many cases there is a potential category which cannot be expressed in the original, yet its employment may significantly enrich the translation. This applies for example to those instances when morphologically variable Czech draws from the hints given by the lexical items used in the original that define the utterances as belonging either to the formal language or to the spoken or even informal variety. The principle of potentiality covers not only the morphological options, but also the syntactic aspect (i.e. word order and functional sentence perspective). This omnipresent choice gives the translator relative freedom, yet it is also at times source of ambiguous sentences, which need to be reformulated according to the translator's intuition when there is no support from the context.

Another outcome of the thesis concerns wordplay and allusions, on first sight it might have seem so that there are many references and puns that are untranslatable as they are strongly connected to the cultural tradition of the target readers or to the language used. However it has been more often than not possible to find a satisfactory substitution that would meet most of the semantic criteria of the original, despite the fact that the quest for Czech alternatives has been hindered by the demand on Britishness established by the author throughout the original. For example with humour based on cultural background when the original referent might not be recognized by Czech readers or in cases where it is a combination of cultural reference and English wordplay, the issue has been solved by substituting the referent with a similar one that would be more known or logical respectively for Czech readers.

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