

Západočeská univerzita v Plzni
Fakulta filozofická

Bakalářská práce

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**Literary translation – its concepts, obstacles, aspects, i.e.
selecting a concrete ST (ideally a short story either by a
canonical or less known writer that has not yet been translated)
and draft TT with commentary**

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Katedra anglického jazyka a literatury

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Prohlašuji, že jsem práci zpracovala samostatně a použila jen
uvedených pramenů a literatury.

V Plzni, 25. června 2016

.....

Tímto bych chtěla poděkovat vedoucí své bakalářské práce, PhDr. Evě Raisové, za pomoc, rady a veškerý čas, který mi věnovala.

Poděkování patří také mému partnerovi, bez jehož velké podpory by tato práce nikdy nevznikla.

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1 Introduction

The objection of this thesis is to get acquainted with the theory of translation field and draft translation of a short story ideally written by canonical or less known writer that has not yet been translated and join the commentary with process of the translation. Literary translation is an interesting domain and despite the fact that there are many accepted theoretical processing procedures it is partially opens to an individual approach of the translator to the source text. This thesis enables its author to try the translation activity and its nature with both its advantages and difficulties.

The opening chapter contains slight information about the literary translation and its requirements, difficulties and obstacles. It introduces the problems of the literary translation with a special focus on interlingual translation. Then biography of the author of the original story is presented to underline the importance of the chosen story in the literary world, followed by a quick analysis of the story itself. The story is a fairytale from 19th century written by a Scottish author George MacDonald and is regarded as antecedent of the famous *Alice in Wonderland*. It has its specific fantastical world and it contains a three-verse song with an abstract content. It is written in older English with some dialectical borrowings from old Scottish.

The practical part consists of the translation of the story into the Czech language. It is followed by a commentary where process of the translation is described in detail and the method of the translation chosen by the author of this thesis is depicted. The commentary demonstrates the potential approach of the translator to the source text and it shows the possible technique of the translation itself.

The source text can be found in the appendices.

2 Translation theory

The translation could be understood as an interpretation of the source language in the target language with preservation of the substantial meaning and the structure of the source text; nevertheless, the structure of the target text should not be distorted. The translation is a complex discipline with many branching. [1]

If we take in account that translation is distinguished into three types:

1. an intralingual translation – a rewording – an interpretation by different means in the same language,
2. an inter-semiotic translation – a transmutation – a recoding by different sign system,
3. and an interlingual translation – a translation proper – an interpretation by means of other language,

then we will focus only on a translation proper – an interlingual translation. [2-3]

We must realize that language is not the only thing we are translating from the source text to the target text. Language is only a unit that allows the culture to exist; it allows the society to comprehend. Thus, the translator cannot separate the language from its background; he must take the whole original culture and transfer it into the target one. Otherwise the translation is not complete. [4]

It is generally agreed among the translators that the deep analysis of the source text should be done before the translation itself is carried out. The whole concept of the source text should be withdrawn and transmitted into the target language. It assures a perfect comprehension of the source text but also represents a basic skeleton for the translator to rely on. [5]

The functional approach is the basic principle of the translation in today's translation theory; that means an application of a functional equivalence on the translation. When translating, we do not prefer the same linguistic resources in the source language and in the target language but we prefer the resources that express the original idea the most trustworthy. The resources in the target text should play the same role as the resources in the source text in associational and referential way. This role can be played by different expressions or formulations in the source language and in the target language. It depends on the language system. [6]

Of course, it is assumed that the translator understands the source language very well and he understands the target language very well. It is also demanded that he should be orientated in the content of the translated text; that stands for the field of the source text. Concerning the artistic translation, the translation should also satisfy its translation requirements. The resulting translation should be considered as a work of art. [7]

The aforementioned can be explained on a simple example. Regardless if the two concerned languages (representing the source language and the target language) are from the same language family or they are not, they may vary a lot in their linguistic system. Saluting phrases could be a good illustration. Whilst the first one can have a universal formulation of a salute applicable on many situations, the other one can have many forms of saluting strictly belonging to certain situations. The translator's obligation is to understand the source text perfectly and to know how to apply the target language. [8]

The translator has other obligations as well. It is not desired that the translator would avoid any difficult expressions. The translator's task is to solve the problem by a proper solution and he should not change the style or form while doing that. Changing the original text is considered as unethical and immoral, the translator is not the author of the text and he should remember that. It is his duty to the target language readers. [9] His task is to reproduce the original text, not to create a new one. [10]

The original text is not a complex of constituents and should not be regarded so. It is a system that works within. The translator is here to capture the function of every single element in the system and to transfer it and express it by corresponding element in the target language. [11]

Therefore, the translator's successful job depends on the correct comprehension and the correct interpretation of the model resulting to correct re-stylization in the target language. It is all liable to right comprehension of the source text. If the translator misinterprets the text he is to translate, he cannot succeed in the rest of his task. It is therefore expected that the translator is a good and attentive reader. Words of multiple significance or artistic texts constructed on ambiguous language could be a complication for this above-mentioned condition. A simple lecture is not sufficient for a translation, a deep understanding is required. [12]

The correct comprehension of the text, however, does not guarantee that the resulting translation will be done properly. A correct interpretation is greatly required.

Even though the translator had succeeded in the profound reading, he can slip into a vague interpretation and this way he can devalue his work. If the vocabulary of the source language is richer and more varied and the vocabulary of the target language does not dispose of corresponding expression, then it is the translator's duty to find another way how to faithfully describe the original purpose. This implies that he should utilize all his skills to find the appropriate formulation in the target language. The resulting formulation should not be deprived of logical sense. [13]

A good translator never ends after the right interpretation of the source text. It is expected that he should have a stylistic talent. Restyling of the text very much depends on the source language and its language system and what impact does the language have on the original text. [14] The target text should be close to the target reader, not to the source reader. It is important to preserve the idea of the source text but it is also important to know how to transfer it into the target language so that the target reader can identify with the text. [15]

If we would suggest that random source text enables more options in the target language and that the translation itself is a profession, then the right choice of the formulation and the right choice of expressions can be considered as a starting point of art realization. The translator should have a deep knowledge of the target language to have the possibility to express the idea the best he can. He should not be tempted to cross from the correct translation to personification and to stylistic inappropriateness. [16]

The translation studies are very open and they have not precisely given directions. Their role is not to dictate single ways of the translation and correct procedures. They are here to explain and to describe the translation process and how the matters should be handled. They suggest how the thinking of the translator should proceed. [17]

3 About George MacDonald

George MacDonald was born on December 10, 1824 in a small town called Huntly on the west of Aberdeenshire in Scotland. [18] He was son of a farmer George MacDonald who was a descendant of the Clan MacDonald of Glencoe and whose family suffered in the massacre of February 1692. [19] When he was eight years old his mother Helen MacKay died from tuberculosis. Seven years later his father remarried to Margaret McColl who had a great respect in the family. George MacDonald Senior had six sons from the first marriage and three daughters from the second one. George MacDonald Junior grew up on his father's farm and during the industrial revolution he preserved his aversion for machinery and mechanized work. He was rather attached to the nature. [20]

His first education was provided by country schools where Old Testament stories and Gaelic myths were abundant. [21] He was an enthusiastic reader and by the time he was studying at King's College in Aberdeen, he was already reading works of Shelley, Coleridge, James Hogg and others. After that, in 1848, he entered the Highbury College to try his fortune with theology. [22] After only two years, in 1850, he became a pastor of Trinity Congregational Church at Arundel in West Sussex, England. [23] In 1851, he married Louisa Powell to whom he had already engaged himself. [24]

He was mostly kindly regarded, although there were some oppositions to his anti-Calvinistic stance and religious outlook. He did not believe in eternal punishments and if hell was real, it would not be a place for perpetual stay or it would be rather a metaphor for temporary misery in the life of the sufferer to bring the penance. [25] MacDonald never agreed with the Calvinist doctrine and his later novels, for example *Lilith*, show his disapproval on the Calvinistic idea of God's limited love that is reserved for some, while denied for others. It is even said that when this predestination was first explained to him, he began to cry even though he was assured that he is also one of the elected. [26] After three years, in 1853, due to his beliefs that everyone can reach the redemption and because of his less dogmatic sermons, he is accused of heresy and he resigns.

He preached in Manchester and Bolton the following three years where standing behind the pulpit he profited of wider audience. [27] In 1855, his first collection of poems *Within and Without* is published. George MacDonald has already three daughters and his first son Greville, who later becomes a writer himself, is born. Greville will later write a biography of his father. [28] In 1856, MacDonald meets Lady Byron and she becomes his

patron. [29] Throughout his life he suffered from tuberculosis as did his mother and many other members of his family. [30] Winters were particularly bad and in 1856 he manages to take his family on winter vacation in Algiers to better his health. [31-32] After this short sojourn he returns to England to teach and to pursue the writing. [33]

Although he was successful in writing and publishing, his family was poor and was accepting with gratitude kindness from its related friends. One of those was Lady Byron who was helping him until her death. [34] The year 1858 is probably very tough for George because his brother John dies in June and his father dies in August but his novel *Phantastes* is published and on November his daughter Winifrid Louisa is born. In October 1859, MacDonald has an opportunity to teach English Literature at Bedford College. [35] He holds this post for another seven years to support his large family. [36] In 1860, his great supporter and patron, Lady Byron, dies. But MacDonald's circle of friends is only getting bigger. In the very same year, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, whose pen name is well-known Lewis Carroll, was often visiting the house of MacDonald's. He first met his two children in the studio of the sculptor Alexander Munro who was making the statue of *Boy riding a dolphin*. The boy was actually the first MacDonald's son Greville who later became his biographer. Dodgson also befriended MacDonald's second daughter Mary with who he corresponded until her adulthood. [37]

Charles Dodgson got on with MacDonald's family very well and was always welcomed in their house. When he was not spending his time with children, he was talking with George about literature and spiritual life. In 1863, Dodgson aka Lewis Carroll wrote his first story about little girl called *Alice* and her adventures. He showed his fairytale to George asking him for his opinion. They decided testing the story on MacDonald's children and so Louisa had it read to them. [38] The children really very enjoyed the tale and so the family induced Dodgson to publish the book and George persuaded him to prolong the chronicle. Dodgson took an inspiration in the house of MacDonald's. For example, *Alice's* kitten *Snowdrop* is actually named after Mary's cat. Thus, MacDonalds had a great impact on today's celebrated *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. [39]

In 1863, MacDonald becomes friend with John Ruskin, to who he later serves as a go-between in the La Touche affair. [40-41] Ruskin is one of those, who were doing charity for MacDonald's family. [42] In 1867, MacDonalds moved to The Retreat, a brick villa in Hammersmith, London and Ruskin was often visiting. [43]

In 1869, George would become one of the editors of children's magazines *Good Words For the Young*. Not only he was editing it for three years, he was also a regular writing contributor. After three years of his participation he refuses his salary out of fidelity and he leaves his post to tour and lecture in America. [44]

This wonderful proposal comes from company Redpath & Fall of Boston and George arrives in Boston Harbor on September 30, 1872 together with his wife and their eldest son Greville. The lecture had a huge success, MacDonald sold out many auditoriums. He had also started friendships with many famous writers like Samuel Clemens aka Mark Twain, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Walt Whitman. [45-46] George MacDonald is asked to stay and take a ministerial post with good remuneration, but he refuses and the three members of the family return to England.

In 1877, at the request of Queen Victoria, he is given a Civil List pension. [47-48] George was not the only one who suffered from tuberculosis; even other members of the family had many difficulties. [49] One of his daughters has a serious health problems and she goes to Italy for a medication. Unfortunately, it did not end up well and she dies. But MacDonald finds out that different climate helps him with his own disease and so from 1880 to 1902 the family lives mostly in Bordighera, Italy, where he continues with writing; but his other children are losing their battles with poor health. [50-51]

In 1897, his last novel *Salted with Fire* is published and he suddenly stops with writing. His health is getting worse; he suffers from skin illness and has troubles with sleep. In 1898, George MacDonald has a stroke and breaks into silence that is never recovered. His skin disease disappears. In 1901, George and Louisa have their Golden Wedding and on January 1902 Louisa dies. George suffers a lot from losing his wife and four children but never loses his faith in something above. Greville writes in his father's biography that George seemed to be waiting for his dear Louisa to come and take him away. [52-53]

George MacDonald dies on September 18, 1905 at Ashted, Surrey and is buried at Bordighera beside his beloved wife. [54]

4 About Cross Purposes

Cross Purposes is a fairy tale written in 1862 and can be found in George MacDonald's collection *Dealings with the Fairies* from 1867. [55-56] After meeting the story, its characters and wide range of fantastical imaginary, one way or another, we must end up thinking how much the story resembles with *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, a novel written by Lewis Carroll in 1865. [57] In fact, it probably parallels with *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* the most. [58] As we already know from the previous chapter, the two men, George MacDonald and Charles Dodgson aka Lewis Carroll, were friends sharing their ideas on literature and writing. That means that neither one would steal from the other when looking for inspiration. Lewis Carroll, after finishing his first story about *Alice*, presented his writing to the family of MacDonald's and it was them who encouraged him to prolong the story and make it publish. That happened in 1865 and it was met with a huge success. [59] But three years before that, in 1862, George MacDonald first published his *Cross Purposes* in *Beeton's Christmas Annual*. Either they both had the same source (Alice, one of the Liddell's daughters to whom Carroll read his stories and who asked him to write her a tale) or they agreed on the right name for a world of imagination. [60-61] There are even suggestions that a literary game was being played between the two of them because the same symbols and characters such as animals were being repeated in their story-telling. Also, knowing the places they were born at and meeting their dialects with words of more meanings really explain some of the similar scenes that take place in their tales. If we want to understand more of what was really happening in their heads and in their imaginations, we should study their English, their dialects and their common language to understand the game. [62]

Having *Alice* as one of the main characters with some suspicious similarities in both literary and real worlds, there are smaller doubts about the chosen name for her fellow. Although that the name *Richard* isn't very frequently used in the world of juvenile literature, we are assured by the author that his name is good enough for our needs. And he is really the real hero of the story, setting everything right again. So he doesn't have a fortune in his property or in being lucky-born, he has his qualities right inside of his character, indicated by his simple name that could remind us of *Richard the Lionheart*.

Also the name of the story indicates very well how clumsily the characters behave across the tale. While the *Queen* desires some amusement to be brought to her court, her

servants misunderstand the way they should behave with the children. Whilst the children want nothing but to get back home, the residents of *Fairyland* cross them with their obstructions. And the most of all, the two children, on their way back home, run into difficulties when *Richard* wants to help and lead them home and *Alice* doesn't want to be seen with him and listen to his advices. Thus, she throws herself into even bigger dependence on the boy. *Cross Purposes* marks the opposing ways of thinking and acting and how they are tricky. When *Alice* finally cannot bear the situation, she breaks from her stubbornness and relies on the boy. That is when they fall in love with each other and that helps them escape from the *Fairyland*. Now breaking the set phrase, cross purposes signify how love is innocent and selfless. Having the possibility to see the path of the other person while your path is hidden away from you indicates how true love works. Taking into consideration the period when the author lived and how religious he was, it can give us a clue to hidden theme referring to Christ's unconditioned love and his sacrifice on the cross.

Neither being written as a response in some literary game, nor being only a draft for famous story, *Cross Purposes* is still an exceptional story with many levels of meaning, short enough for being read repeatedly, revealing its secrets and launching the new world of imagination in the literature. [63]

5 Translation

George MacDonald

Zkřížené záměry

KAPITOLA I.

Kdysi dávno si Královna z Říše pohádek usmyslela, že jsou její poddaní příliš dobře vychovaní na to, aby byli zábavní, a náhle zatoužila mít jednoho nebo dva smrtelníky u svého Dvora. Nějakou dobu se tedy porozhlížela a pak se upnula na dva, kteří měli být do Říše přivedeni.

Ale jak?

„Prosím, Vaše Veličenstvo,“ řekla nakonec dcera předsedy vlády, „Přivedu tu dívku.“

Víla, jejíž jméno bylo Hrášek po její praprababičce, vypadala tak půvabně a svésila hlavu tak výmluvně, až královna hned řekla:

„Jak to chceš dokázat, Hrášku?“

„Otevřu před ní cestu, a zase ji za ní zavřu.“

„Slyšela jsem, že máš zajímavé způsoby, jak věci vymýšlet, můžeš to tedy zkusit.“

Dvůr se shodou okolností nacházel na otevřeném lesním palouku s hladkým trávníkem, na kterém byl jen jediný krtinec. Jakmile dala Královna Hráškovi své svolení, z krtince se vynořila hlava skřeta a vykřikla:

„Prosím, Vaše Veličenstvo, já toho chlapce přivedu.“

„Ty!“ vykřikla Královna. „Jak to uděláš?“

Skřet se začal kroutit ze země, jako by byl had a celý svět jeho kůže, až se celý dvůr válel smíchy. Jakmile se osvobodil, začal se válet a převalovat na všechny možné způsoby, kotrmelce a sudy-valy, všechno naráz, až dokud se nedovalil do lesa. Dvořané ho následovali, jeden vedle druhého, až byla Královna, sedící na svém trůně, ponechána zcela sama.

Když došli k lesu, skřet, jehož jméno bylo Muchomůrka, nebyl nikde k vidění. Zatímco ho hledali, jeho hlava znovu vyskočila z krtčí díry se slovy:

„Takhle, Vaše Veličenstvo.“

„Sám sis našel svou odpověď,“ řekla se smíchem Královna.

„I svůj vlastní způsob, což! Vaše Veličenstvo?“ odvětil křenící se Muchomůrka.

„O tom není pochyb. No, můžeš to zkusit.“

A skřet, s vyčnívající pouhou polovinou krku a uklánějící se, jak jen mu to šlo, zmizel pod zemí.

KAPITOLA II.

Žádný smrtelník, ani žádná víla, nedokáže říct, kde Říše pohádek začíná, a kde končí. Ale někde na jejích hranicích byla pěkná vesnička a v té žilo několik milých vesničanů.

Alenka byla dcera statkáře, hezká a dobromyslná dívka, jež byla pro své přátele jako víla a pro ostatní zase hlupačka.

Jednoho růžového letního večera, když byla zeď naproti jejímu oknu celá zabarvená dorůžova, hodila sebou na postel a ležela a pozorovala ji. Růžová barva protékla skrz její oči, obarvila jí mozek a ona začala mít pocit, jako by četla knihu pohádek. Myslela, jak se dívá na západní moře s vlnami celými rudými od západu slunce. Ale když barva vyhasla, Alenka si povzdechla, jak všední se zeď zase stala. „Kéž by byl pořád západ!“ řekla polohlasně. „Nemám ráda šedé věci.“

„Vezmu tě tam, kde slunce pořád zapadá, pokud chceš, Alenko,“ odvětil sladký, tenký hlásek vedle ní. Podívala se dolů na přehoz postele a tam stálo rozkošné malé stvoření a dívalo se na ni. Zdálo se to zcela přirozené, že ta malá dáma tam byla, protože stačí, aby se mnoho věcí, ve které bychom nikdy nemohli uvěřit, jen stalo, a pak už na nich není nic divného. Byla oblečená v bílém se závojem v barvách zapadajícího slunce – v barvách toho nejsladšího sladkého hrášku. Na hlavě měla korunku ze zkroucených úponků a se zlatým broučkem vepředu.

„Ty jsi víla?“ zeptala se Alenka.

„Ano. Půjdeš se mnou za západem?“

„Ano, půjdu.“

Když Alenka vstávala, zjistila, že není větší než víla, a když si stoupla na přehoz postele, postel vypadala jako velký sál s malovaným stropem. Jak se blížila k Hráškovi, několikrát zakopla o trsy, které tvořily vzorek. Ale víla ji vzala za ruku a vedla ji směrem k nohám postele. Avšak dávno předtím, než k nim došly, Alenka uviděla, že víla je vysoká, útlá dáma a že ona sama byla stejně tak veliká. Co považovala za vzorek na pokrývce, byly ve skutečnosti keře hlodáše, janovce a vřesu na úbočí svahu.

„Kam to jdeme?“ zeptala se Alenka.

„Jdeme dál,“ odpověděla víla.

Alenka, které se nelíbila odpověď, řekla:

„Chci jít domů.“

„Pak tedy sbohem!“ odvětila víla.

Alenka se rozhlédla. Okolo nich se rozprostírala široká pahorkatina. Nedokázala ani říct, z jaké strany sem přišly.

„Jak vidím, musím jít s tebou,“ řekla.

Než došly až dolů, šly přes nejkrásnější luční travu. Vedle nich protékal malý potůček bez stroužky či břehu, občas běžel mezi lístky, občas shrnoval travu pod sebou. A na tak malou říčku a tak jemný tok velice hlasitě klokotal.

Postupně se svah zmírňoval a potok tekł jemněji a rozšiřoval se. Posléze přišly do lesa dlouhých, rovných topolů rostoucích z vody, neboť potok tekł do lesa a tam se rozšířil v jezero. Alenka si myslela, že dál jít nemohou, ale Hrášek ji vedla dál, až vešly do vody.

Pak byla tma, ale všechno pod vodou vydávalo bledé, poklidné světlo. Tu a tam byly hluboké tůňky, ale nebylo tu bláto, žáby, ani vodní ještěrky nebo úhoři. Celé dno byla čistá, krásná tráva, zářivě zelená. Dole na březích tůňek viděla prvosenky a fialky a drchničky, celé pod vodou. Jakoukoli květinu by si přála vidět, stačilo se jen podívat a měla jistotu, že ji najde. Když jim do cesty přišla tůň, víla plavala a Alenka vedle ní a když vylezly ven, byly docela suché, ačkoli voda byla tak příjemně mokrá, jako by voda měla být. Kromě stromů z ní rostly vysoké, nádherné lile a slézové růže a irisys a šípatkovce a spousta dalších květin s dlouhým stonkem. Z každého jejich listu a okvětního plátku,

z konce každé větvičky a každého úponku kapala jasná voda. Pomalu se shromažďovala na jednotlivých bodech, ale těch bylo tolik, že z toho bylo nepřetržité melodické šumění diamantového deště na klidnou hladinu jezera. Jak šly dál, vyšel měsíc a zahalil všechno bledým oparem světla, diamantové kapky se proměnily v napůl tekuté perly a okolo každé špičky stromu byl kruh měsíčního svitu, a voda šla spát a květiny začaly snít.

„Podívej,“ řekla víla, „ty lilie se právě zasnívají do dětského spánku. Vidím, jak se usmívají. Toto je místo, ze kterého pocházejí všechny věci, které se dětem zjevují každou noc.“

„Je toto tedy říše snů?“ zeptala se Alenka.

„Jestli chceš,“ odpověděla víla.

„Jak daleko jsem od domova?“

„Čím dál půjdeš, tím blíž budeš domovu.“

Potom vílí slečna nasbírala svazek máků a dala je Alence. Když došly k další hluboké tůni, pověděla jí, ať je do ní vhodí. Alenka tak učinila a pak na ně položila hlavu. V tu chvíli začala klesat. Šla níž a níž až konečně cítila, jak leží na dlouhé, husté trávě na dně tůně s máky pod hlavou a jasnou vodou vysoko nad ní. Nahoře skrz ni viděla měsíc, jehož zářivý obličej vypadal také ospale. Byl vyrušován pouze malými vlnkami od deště z květin na pokrajích tůně.

Upadla do hlubokého spánku a celou noc snila o domově.

KAPITOLA III.

Richard – což je na pohádku postačující jméno – byl synem vdovy v Alenčině vesnici. Byl natolik chudý, že si nepřipadal všeobecně vítaný, takže málokdy někam chodil, pouze doma četl knihy a čekal na svoji matku. Jeho chování bylo proto plaché a dost neohrabané, až mohlo vyvolat špatný dojem u těch, kteří se dívali pouze na zevnějšek. Alenka by jím pohrdala, ale on ji nikdy nevyhledal.

Richard právě šetřil svých pár pencí, aby mohl matce koupit nový deštník, neboť přijde zima, a ten, který měla, už byl skoro roztrhán na cáry. Jeden jasný letní večer, když si myslel, že deštníky musí být levné, kráčel přes tržiště, aby jeden koupil. A tam, přímo

uprostřed, stál podivně vyhlížející mužík, který deštníky zrovna prodával. Tady má příležitost! Když se přiblížil, zjistil, že mužíček, ačkoli vychvaloval své deštníky až do nebe, si za ně žádal tak nesmyslně malou cenu, že se nikdo neodvážil jediný koupit. Všechny je otevřel a rozložil po tržišti – okolo pětadvaceti z nich, hůlkou dolů, jako malé stany – a stoupl si vedle a přesvědčoval kolemjdoucí. Ale jedinému člověku nedovolil dotknout se jeho deštníků. Jakmile mu zrak padl na Richarda, změnil tón a povídá: „Nuže, jelikož to nevypadá, že by měl někdo zájem, myslím, mí draží deštníci, že bychom měli jít domů.“ Načež deštníky s jistými obtížemi vstaly a začaly se belhat pryč. Lidé na sebe zírali s otevřenými ústy, neboť uviděli, že to, co považovali za spoustu deštníků, bylo ve skutečnosti hejno černých hus. Veliký krocan za nimi hudroval a všechny je poháněl dolů cestou směrem k lesu. Richard si pomyslel: „V tomhle je víc, než si dokážu vysvětlit. Ale deštník, který by mohl snášet vajíčka, by byl velice báječný.“ Takže ve chvíli, kdy se lidé začínali chechtat jeden na druhého, Richard byl už na půli cesty husám v patách. Tady se zastavil a jednu z nich chytil, ale namísto husy držel v rukou obrovského ježka, kterého ve zděšení upustil, načež ten se zase jako husa odkolébál pryč a celé hejno začalo kejhát a syčet takovým způsobem, že se nemohl mýlit. A ten krocan tím nejlegračnějším způsobem hudroval a drmolil a kuckal se, až byl zase v pořádku. Vlastně se občas zdálo, že zapomněl, že je krocan, a smál se jako blázen. Se společným hrdelním zasyčením všechny husy naráz odletěly do lesa a krocan za nimi. Ale Richard je brzy zase dohonil a všechny je našel na stromě, visící za nohy ve dvou řadách, z každé strany cesty jedna, zatímco krocan kráčel dál. Toho Richard následoval, ale ve chvíli, kdy došel až do středu zavěšených hus, ze všech stran vyvstalo to nejstrašlivější syčení a jejich krky se prodlužovaly a prodlužovaly, až měl u hlavy skoro třicet širokých zobáků, dýchajících mu do obličeje, do uší a do týla. Ale krocan se ohlédl, a když uviděl, co se děje, otočil se a šel zpátky. Když k nim dorazil, podíval se na nejbližší a rozzuřeně na ni zahudroval, až husa zmlkla a spadla ze stromu. Pak šel k další a další a tak dál, až je všechny vyhudroval ze stromů dolů, hezky jednu po druhé. Když ale Richard čekal, že půjdou za krocánem, neviděl nic než hromadu obrovských hub a prašivek.

„Už toho mám dost,“ pomyslel si Richard. „Půjdu zase domů.“

„Běž domů, Richarde,“ ozvalo se těsně u něho.

Když se podíval dolů, uviděl, že místo krocana u něho stojí ten nejlegračnější mužík, jakého kdy viděl.

„Běžte domů, Pane Richarde,“ opakoval s úšklebkem.

„Ne na tvůj příkaz,“ odpověděl Richard.

„Tak pojd'te se mnou, Pane Richarde.“

„To taky ne, ne bezdůvodně.“

„Dám ti pro matku *takový* deštník.“

„Od cizích lidí si dárky neberu.“

„Pozdrav pánbůh, já přece nejsem nikdo cizí! Ach vůbec! Vůbec ne.“ A vyrazil svým obvyklým způsobem kutálejíc se na všechny způsoby najednou.

Richard se nemohl ubránit smíchu a následoval. Posléze Muchomůrka žuchnul do veliké díry plné vody. „To mu patří!“ pomyslel si Richard. „To mu patří!“ vykřikl skřet škrábající se ven a oklepával ze sebe vodu jako kokršpaněl. „Přesně na tohle místo jsem chtěl, jen jsem se kutálel příliš rychle.“ Přesto pokračoval v kutálení rychleji než předtím, i když to nyní bylo do kopce, až se dostal na vrchol velkého kopce, na kterém rostla řada palem.

„Nemáš nůž, Richarde?“ zeptal se skřet, který se zastavil tak náhle, jako kdyby si vycházel stejně poklidně, jako ostatní lidé.

Richard vytáhl kapesní nůž a dal ho tomu tvorovi, který okamžitě vyřízl hlubokou díru v jednom ze stromů. Potom přiskočil k dalšímu a udělal to samé a pokračoval, dokud je nerozřezal všechny. Richard, který šel za ním, uviděl, že z každého začal vytékat malý pramínek, čistější než ta nejčistší voda, a tím víc se zvětšoval, čím déle tekli. Než stihl dojít k tomu poslednímu, malé potůčky, které stékaly po kmenech palem, zvonily a šelestily. Ty rostly a rostly, až Richard uviděl, že po straně kopce teče úplná říčka.

„Tady je tvůj nůž, Richarde,“ řekl skřet, ale ve chvíli, kdy si ho dával Richard do kapsy, se už potůček rozrostl do malého proudu.

„Teď, Richarde, pojd',“ řekl Muchomůrka a vrhl se do proudu.

„Raději bych měl loď,“ odpověděl Richard.

„Ach, ty hlupáku!“ vykřikl Muchomůrka škrábající se do svahu kopce z místa, kam ho stihl proud zanést.

Pomocí kroucení, jež naznačovalo námahu a obtížnost, avšak s neuvěřitelnou rychlostí se vyškrábal na samý vrcholek jednoho ze stromů, kde utrl ohromný list a hodil

jej na zem. Sám za ním skočil jako míč. Pak položil list na vodu, podržel ho za stopku a řekl Richardovi, aby nasedl. Ten tak učinil. Uprostřed se list pod jeho vahou hluboko ponořil. Muchomůrka ho pustil a ten vypálil po proudu jako šíp. Tak začala nejpodivnější a nejkrásnější plavba. Proud se spěšně hnál a stácel dolů po kopci, zářivý jako diamant, a brzy se dostal až na luční planinu. Skřet se valil po boku lodi jako změť chaluh, ale Richard vítězoslavně plul skrz travnatou zemi na zádech svého vodního oře. Proud tekł rovně jako šíp a bylo podivné, že byl navršený na zemi jako hřeben vody nebo jako vlna, pouze se podélně hřnul. Nepotřeboval žádný kanál a odbočoval bez jakýchkoliv překážek. Přetekł přes všechno, co mu stálo v cestě, jako nějaký velký had z vody s ohyby zapadajícími do všech vyvýšenin i propadlin na cestě. Kdyby mu v cestě stála zeď, tekł by proti ní, kupil by se na sebe, až by dosáhl vrcholu, odkud by se vrhnul dolů na druhou stranu a pokračoval dál. Brzy si uvědomil, že jemně plujou do travnatého kopce. Vlny se stále stáčely zpět, jako by do nich foukal vítr nebo jako by měly obtíže nestékat zpět dolů. Ale potok stále stoupal a tekł a vlny s ním. Bylo to pro něj obtížné, ale mohl to dokázat. Když dorazili na vrchol, nesl je po vřesovišti, valil přes fialový vřes a modré zvonky a jemné kapradí a vysoké náprstníky přeplněné fialovými a bílými zvonky. Palmový list po celou tu dobu stácel své okraje od vody a činil tak pro Richarda příjemnou loďku, zatímco Muchomůrka se řinul podél jako sviňucha. Posléze začala voda téct velice rychle, a zrychlovala a zrychlovala, až je náhle uvrhla do hlubokého jezera a tam se s velkým šplíchancem zastavila. Muchomůrka se ztratil z dohledu a pak se vynořil s úšklebkem a lapající po dechu, zatímco Richardova loďka sebou házela a vzdouvala se jako loď v bouři na moři; ale jediná kapka vody nevtekla dovnitř. Pak začal skřet plavat a strkal a tahal loďku s sebou. Ale jezero bylo tak klidné a plavba tak příjemná, že Richard tvrdě usnul.

KAPITOLA IV.

Když se probudil, zjistil, že stále pluje na širokém palmovém listu. Byl sám uprostřed jezera s květinami a stromy všude vyrůstajícími z vody. Slunce bylo právě nad korunami stromů. Kapky vody z květin ho vítaly hudbou, mlhy se rozplývaly a tam, kde dopadal sluneční svit na jezero, byla voda čistá jako sklo. Sklopil zrak dolů a přímo pod sebou uviděl – jak si myslel – utopenou Alenku. Už se chtěl vrhnout dolů, když uviděl, jak otevírá oči a ve stejnou chvíli začíná stoupat. Natáhl ruku, ale ona ji s opovržením

odstrčila, doplávala ke stromu, posadila se na nízkou větev a lámala si hlavu nad tím, jak vůbec mohl syn chudé vdovy najít cestu do Říše pohádek. Nelíbilo se jí to. Bylo to narušení cti.

„Jak ses sem dostal, mladý Richarde?“ zeptala se z pěti metrů.

„Přivedl mě skřet.“

„Ach! To jsem si myslela. Mě přivedla víla.“

„Kde je teď?“

„Tady jsem,“ řekla Hrášek pomalu stoupající k hladině vedle stromu, na kterém byla Alenka usazená.

„Kde je tvůj skřet?“ odsekla Alenka.

„Tady jsem,“ vykřikl Muchomůrka a vyskočil z vody jako losos, vysekl salto ve vzduchu a s ohromným šplíchancem zahučel zpět. Jeho hlava se znovu vynořila těsně vedle Hráška, která byla na takové tvory zvyklá a jenom se smála.

„No není to fešák?“ zazubil se.

„Ano, to rozhodně. Ale potřebuje vypilovat.“

„To už můžeš udělat sama. Vyměníme?“

„Můžeme. Zjistíš, že je poněkud pošetilá.“

„To mi nevadí. Ten kluk je na mě příliš rozumný.“

Potopil se a vynořil se u Alenčiných nohou. Ta vykřikla hrůzou. Víla plula jako leknín směrem k Richardovi. „Jaké krásné stvoření!“ pomyslel si, ale když znovu uslyšel Alenky křik, povídá:

„Neopouštěj Alenku, je vystrašená z toho podivného tvora – i když si nemyslím, že by ti ublížil, Alenko.“

„Ach, to ne! Neublíží jí,“ řekla Hrášek. „Už mě unavuje. Ke dvoru ji vezme on a já zase tebe.“

„Nechci tam jít.“

„Ale ty musíš. Nemůžeš jít zase domů. Neznáš cestu.“

„Richarde! Richarde!“ křičela vystrašeně Alenka.

Richard vyskočil ze své loďky a v okamžiku byl po jejím boku.

„On mě štípnul,“ brečela Alenka.

Richard dal skřetovi strašnou ránu do hlavy, ale nemělo to na něj žádný větší účinek, jako by jeho hlava byla gumový míč. Rozzuřeně se na Richarda podíval, ale jen vykřikl „Toho budeš litovat, panáčku!“ a zmizel pod vodou.

„Za mnou, Richarde, pospěš si, ten tě zabije,“ vykřikla víla.

„Všechno je to tvá vina,“ řekl Richard. „Alenku neopustím.“

Pak víla pochopila, že ona i Muchomůrka tu skončily, neboť se smrtelníky proti jejich vůli nic nezmůžou. A tak plula na Richardově loďce pryč, svůj plášť držela jako plachtu, až zmizela a nechala ty dva samotné uprostřed jezera.

„Zahnal jsi pryč moji vílu!“ brečela Alenka. „Už se nikdy nedostanu domů. Všechno je to tvoje vina, ty nezbedníku.“

„Odehnal jsem toho skřeta,“ protestoval Richard.

„Sedneš si, prosím, na druhou stranu toho stromu? Zajímalo by mě, co by můj tatínek řekl, kdyby mě viděl bavit se s tebou!“

„Půjdeš k dalšímu stromu, Alenko?“ řekl po chvíli Richard.

Alenka, která po celou dobu Richardova přemýšlení brečela, odpověděla „Nepůjdu.“ Richard se tedy ponořil do vody bez ní a plaval ke stromu. Ovšem než doplaval do půlky cesty, uslyšel Alenčin pláč „Richarde! Richarde!“ To bylo přesně to, co chtěl slyšet. A tak se vrátil zpátky a Alenka skočila do vody. S Richardovou pomocí se jí dařilo plavat docela dobře a dorazili tak ke stromu. „A teď k dalšímu!“ řekl Richard a plavali k dalšímu a potom ke třetímu. Každý další strom byl větší, než ten předešlý, a každý strom před nimi byl ještě větší. A tak plavali od stromu ke stromu, až se dostali k jednomu tak velkému, že za něj nebylo vidět. Co jen měli dělat? Zcela zřejmě na něj vyšplhat. Pro Alenku to byla hrozná představa, ale Richard začal lézt, a když dávala nohy tam, kam on, a tu a tam se přidržela za jeho kotník, podařilo se jí dostat nahoru. Tam, kde větve oschly a odlámaly se, bylo mnoho pahýlů a kůra byla skoro tak tvrdá jako skála, což jim poskytlo spoustu opěrných bodů. Když už lezli dlouhou dobu a začali být opravdu unavení, Alenka zvolala: „Richarde, já spadnu, opravdu. Proč jsi lezl tudy?“ A začala znovu plakat. Ale tu se Richard chytil větve nad hlavou a druhou rukou chytil Alenku a držel ji, dokud se trochu

nevzchopila. Za několik dalších okamžiků dorazili k rozvětvení a tam se posadili a odpočívali. „To je paráda!“ prohlásil radostně Richard.

„Co je?“ zeptala se Alenka rozmrzele.

„Probůh, máme místo k odpočinku a není důvod spěchat. Jsem unavený.“

„Ty sobecké stvoření!“ vykřikla Alenka. „Jestli ty jsi unavený, co musím být potom já!“

„Taky unavená,“ odpověděl Richard. „Ale zvládli jsme to statečně. A podívej! Co to je?“

Tou dobou už byl den pryč a noc tak blízko, že ve stínu stromu bylo všechno temné a mdlé. Ale bylo ještě stále dost světla na to, aby viděli, že ve výklenku stromu seděla ohromná rohatá sova se zelenými brýlemi na zobáku a s knihou u nohy. Vetřelcům nevěnovala žádnou pozornost a neustále si pro sebe něco mumlala. A co myslíte, že ta sova říkala? Povím vám to. Mluvila o té knize, kterou držela obráceně u nohou.

„Takovou hloupou knihů-ů-ů-ů! Vůbec nic v ní není! Všechno vzhůru nohama! Hloupá kniha-a-a-a! Že prý sovy neumí číst! Já umím číst pozpátku!“

„Myslím, že to je zase ten skřet,“ zašeptal Richard. „Nicméně pokud položíš prostou otázku, musí ti dát prostou odpověď, neboť v Říši pohádek nesmějí říkat vyložené lži.“

„Neptej se ho, Richarde, víš, že jsi mu dal hroznou ránu.“

„Dal jsem mu, co si zasloužil, a on mi dluží to samé. „Haló! Kudy je cesta ven?“

Neřekl *prosím*, protože pak by to nebyla prostá otázka.

„Dole,“ sykla sova, aniž by vůbec zvedla oči od knihy, kterou celou dobu četla vzhůru nohama – tak byla sečtělá.

„Na tvou čest, jako slušná stará sova?“ zeptal se Richard.

„Ne,“ sykla sova a Richard si byl téměř jistý, že to ve skutečnosti není žádná sova. Tak stál a několik okamžiků na ni zíral, když najednou, aniž by zvedla oči od knihy, řekla, „Zazpívám písničku,“ a začala:

Nikdo nezná svět tak jako já,
když všichni spí, já si zpívám,
že lepšího žáka na světě není
a nezačnu číst až do setmění
a ke čtení vždy беру brýle
a takhle moje moudrost plyne.

Huahuahůůahá

Umím vidět vítr. Kdo jiný ho zná?
A taky vidím sny, které ve klobouku má.
Vidím, jak je vyfrkává, kudy jde po světě
ven ze svého frňáku podobnému trumpetě.
Věci, které nevymyslíš, spoustu a spoustu
a já si je zapisuju do inkoustu.

Huahuahůů, toť důvtip.

Jen to nazvi studiem, jak jsem důvtipný.
Ale kde luna sedává, to nikdo nevidí.
Jen sova vidí hnízdo celou noc mezi mraky,
jak nad mořem stíní lodě i opeřené ptáky,
když perlorodky se otevřou 'by zpívaly v úplňku,
ona každé nacpe perlu do krku.
Huahů to je moudré, tady máš!

A když dozpívala, hodila knihu Richardovi do tváře, rozvinula svá veliká, tichá a jemná křídla a zmizela v hlubinách stromu. Když kniha Richarda trefila, zjistil, že to byl jen kus mokrého mechu.

Zatímco mluvil se sovou, všiml si dutiny za jednou z větví. Soudě, že tohle je ta cesta, o které sova mluvila, ji šel prozkoumat a našel hrubé, špatně vykreslené schodiště vedoucí dolů do samého srdce kmene. Ale strom byl tak veliký, že mu to nemohlo v nejmenším vadit. Tak se tedy Richard škrábal po schodišti dolů, následován Alenkou – ne z vlastní vůle, jak mu dala jasně najevo, ale protože nemohla udělat nic lepšího. Šli dolů a dolů, občas sklouzávali a padali, ale nikdy ne příliš daleko, neboť se schodiště pořád stáčelo. Zachytilo Richarda, když sklouzl, a ten zase Alenku, když uklouzla ona. Začali se bát, že schody nikdy neskončí, pořád pokračovaly dokola a dokola, když tu náhle prolezli skrze puklinu a ocitli se ve velkém sále podepřeném tisíci pilíři ze šedého kamene. Odkud přicházelo to něco málo světla, nedokázali říct. Začali rovně procházet sálem v naději, že se dostanou k jedné stěně a půjdou podél, dokud nedojdou k nějakým dveřím. Pokračovali rovně od pilíře k pilíři, jako už to udělali předtím u stromů. Jakýkoliv poctivý plán bude v Říši pohádek fungovat, stačí se ho jen držet. A žádný plán nebude fungovat, když se ho držet nebudete.

Bylo naprosté ticho a Alenka neměla ticho ráda ještě víc než šero – ba tak moc, že toužila slyšet Richardův hlas. Ale byla pokaždé tak popuzená, když promluvil, že si myslel, že bude lepší nechat ji promluvit jako první, a na to byla ona příliš hrdá. Dokonce ho nenechávala jít ani podél jejího boku, a když na ni chtěl počkat, vždy zpomalovala, až nakonec pokračoval sám. A Alenka ho následovala. Ale hororové ticho na ni postupně doléhalo, až se nakonec cítila, jako kdyby byla v celičském vesmíru sama. Sál okolo ní se postupně rozšiřoval, jejich kroky nedělaly žádný zvuk a ticho přerostlo v takovou intenzitu, až se zdálo, že se zhmotní. Nakonec už to nemohla vydržet. Rozběhla se za Richardem, doběhla ho a chytila se ho za paži.

Ten už nějakou dobu myslel na to, jak tvrdohlavá a protivná holka Alenka je, a přál si ji dostat v pořádku domů, aby se jí už zbavil, když tu ucítil ruku, ohlédl se a uviděl, že to je ta protivná holka. Brzy začala být jakž takž přátelská, protože si začala dávat všechno dohromady a myslet si, že Richard už musel být předtím v Říši pohádek několikrát. „Je to velice zvláštní,“ řekla si pro sebe, „vždyť je to velice chudý chlapec, tím jsem si jistá. Paže mu trčely z kabátu jako dráty z deštníku jeho mámy. A pomyslet na to, že se tu po Říši pohádek potuluje s *ním!*“

Ve chvíli, kdy se dotkla jeho paže, uviděli před sebou temný oblouk. Šli rovnou k oné – ne příliš přívětivé – bráně, neboť se otevřela v naprosto temnou chodbu. Ovšem tam, kde byla pouze jedna cesta, nebylo těžké volby. Richard vykročil přímo dovnitř a Alenka z velkého strachu, že tu bude ponechána, raději čelila menšímu strachu z pokračování. Ihned se ocitli v naprosté tmě. Alenka se přitiskla k Richardově paži a téměř proti své vůli zašeptala „Drahý Richarde!“ Bylo podivné, že by strach mohl mluvit jako láska, ale byli v Říši pohádek. Bylo ještě podivnější, že jakmile takto promluvila, Richard se do ní náhle zamiloval. Ale co bylo úplně nejpodivnější, že v tu samou chvíli Richard spatřil její tvář. I přes její strach, díky kterému byla bledá, vypadala velice půvabně.

„Milá Alenko!“ řekl Richard, „jak jsi bledá!“

„Jak to můžeš vědět, Richarde, když vše je černé jako úhel?“

„Vidím tvou tvář. Vydává světlo. Teď vidím tvé ruce. Teď vidím tvé nohy. Ano, vidím každé místo, kam jdeš – ne, tam nešlapej. Zrovna tam je ošklivá ropucha.“

Pravdou bylo, že v okamžiku, kdy se do Alenky zamiloval, začaly jeho oči vysílat světlo. To, co myslel, že vychází z Alenčiny tváře, ve skutečnosti vyzařovalo z jeho očí. Mohl vidět vše okolo ní a okolo její cesty, a každou minutu viděl víc, byl však slepý vůči své vlastní cestě. Neviděl vlastní ruku, když ji držel přímo před očima, taková byla tma. Ale viděl Alenku, a to bylo lepší, než vidět cestu – o mnoho.

Posléze i Alenka uviděla tvář svítat skrze temnotu. Byl to Richardův obličej, ale byl daleko hezčí, než když ho viděla naposledy. I její oči začaly svítit. A řekla si pro sebe: „Je možné, že miluji toho syna chudé vdovy? – Myslím, že to musí být ono,“ odpověděla si s úsměvem, neboť sebou vůbec nebyla znechucená. Richard uviděl její úsměv a byl rád. Její bledost zmizela a její místo převzalo sladké růžovění. A teď uviděla Richardovu cestu tak, jako on viděl tu její a s těmito dvěma pohledy lehce pokračovali.

Šli teď po stezce mezi dvěma hlubokými vodami, které se ani nehnuly, a kam padlo světlo z očí, tam zářily temně jako eben. Ale zakrátko viděli, že se cesta zužuje víc a víc. Nakonec se k Alenčinu zděšení vody před nimi spojily.

„Co teď uděláme, Richarde?“ zeptala se.

Když upřeli zrak na vodu před nimi, uviděli, že se to v ní hemží ještěrkami a žábami a černými hady a všemi druhy podivných a ošklivých tvorů, obzvláště některými,

kteří neměli ani hlavu, ani ocas, nebo ploutve či tykadla, a byla to, ve skutečnosti, jen živoucí boulovitá stvoření. Ta neustále skákala ven a dovnitř a rozlézala se po cestě. Richard na chvíli přemýšlel, jak nejlépe mohl, než odpověděl na Alenčinu otázku. Ale došel k závěru, že cesta nemohla pokračovat jenom kvůli tomu, aby tu skončila, a že to musí být jako jakýsi prst, který ukazoval tam, kam nebylo možné dojít sám. A tak chytil Alenku do svých silných paží a skočil doprostřed odporného hejna. A stejně jako perleťovky zmizí, když mezi ně něco hodíte, tak i tato bídná stvoření zmizela, vpravo, vlevo, kamkoli.

Zjistil, že voda je širší, než předpokládal, a než ji přešel, Alenka se mu pronesla víc, než kolik by očekával, ale přes pevné, skalnaté dno se Richard nakonec přebrodil bezpečně. Když se dostal na druhou stranu, zjistil, že břeh je vzhůru se tyčící, hladká, kolmá skála s několika hrubými vytesanými schody. Ty je postupně dovedly přímo do skály. Znovu se ocitli v úzkém průchodu, tentokrát ale vedl nahoru. Vinul se a vinul jako závit obřího šroubu. Konečně Richard do něčeho vrazil hlavou a nemohl dál. Místo bylo zavřené a hřejivé. Zvedl ruce a zatlačil na to, co vypadalo jako teplý kámen: trochu se pohnul.

„Jděte pryč, vy hrubiáni!“ zavrčel hlas shůry, chvějící se hněvem. „Rozhoupete mi kotlík a mou kočku a taky mou náladu, když budete takhle tlačit. Jděte dolů!“

Richard velice jemně zaťukal a řekl: „Prosím, pusť nás ven.“

„Ach ano, určitě! Velice jemně a laskavě řečeno! Jděte pryč vy skřetí hrubiáni! Už vás mám dost! Vyškubu vám vlasy z vašich škaredých hlav, jestli to ještě jednou uděláte. Jděte dolů, povídám!“

Když Richard uviděl, že férova řeč je k ničemu, řekl Alence, ať trochu ustoupí dolů z cesty a zapíraje ramena pod jeden konec kamene ho vyzvedl, načež druhý konec spadl dolů společně s kotlíkem a ohněm a kočkou, která vedle něj spala. Hrozně Alenku vyděsila, když se kolem ní prohnala se svýma svítícíma zelenýma očima.

Richard, vykukující nahoru, zjistil, že převrátil vzhůru nohama krb. Na pokraji díry stál malý ohnutý stařík ohánějící se v obrovské zuřivosti koštětem a váhající pouze, kam ho s ním praštit. Richard vyskočil a sebral mu hůl, a tak ho jeho dilematu zbavil. Potom, co vyzvedl Alenku, hůl s poklonou vrátil a nedbaje kleteb staříka, pokračoval v postavení kamene a kotlíku zpět na svoje místo. Míca vylezla ven sama.

A pak se stařík stal trochu přátelštější a říká: „Velmi se omlouvám, myslel jsem, že jste skřeti. Nikdy mě nenechají být. Ale musíte souhlasit, že to byl poněkud neobvyklý způsob ranního budičku.“ A přátelsky se uklonil.

„To opravdu byl,“ odpověděl Richard. „Kéž byste nám místo krbu otevřel své dveře.“ Neboť starci nevěřil. „Ale,“ dodal, „doufám, že nám odpustíte.“

„Ach, jistě, jistě, mí drazí mladí přátelé! Užijte své svobody. Ale tak mladí lidé nemají právo být sami venku. To je proti pravidlům.“

„Ale co má jeden dělat – tedy dva dělat – když si nemohou pomoci?“

„Ano, ano, to jistě, ale teď se vás musím ujmout, víte. Takže ty si sedni tady, mladý pane, a ty tady, mladá dámo.“

Pro jednoho dal židli na jednu stranu krbu a pro druhého na druhou, a pak tu svou přetáhnul mezi ně. Kočka mu vylezla na hrb a pak nastavila svůj vlastní. A tu byla zeď, která nepropustila žádný měsíční svit. A ačkoli byli Richard i Alenka velice pobavení, nelíbilo se jim být takovým rázným způsobem rozdělení. Přesto si mysleli, že bude lepší starého muže víc nerozhněvávat – navíc ve svém vlastním domě.

Ale ten už byl jednou rozhněván a to stačilo, neboť si dal zásadu nikdy neodpouštět bez ponížení.

Bylo to tak nepříjemné mít ho mezi sebou, že se cítili, jako by byli roztrženi. Ve snaze získat ze situace to nejlepší, chtěli se alespoň chytit rukama trpaslíkovi za zády. Ale v okamžiku, kdy se jejich ruce začaly přibližovat, záda kočky se začala prodlužovat a hrb vyvyšovat a v dalším momentě už se Richard vyčerpaně plazil do prudkého kopce, jehož hřeben se tyčil ke hvězdám, zatímco nad ním ponuře foukal chladný vítr. Žádné obydlí nebylo v dohledu a Alenka mu zmizela z očí. Cítil však, že musí být někde na druhé straně, a tak šplhal a šplhal, aby se dostal přes vrcholek kopce a dolů, kde si myslel, že musí být. Ale čím déle lezl, tím vzdálenější vrcholku se zdál, až nakonec klesl docela vyčerpaný a – musím to přiznat? – málem se rozplakal. Ta představa, že budou s Alenkou náhle rozdělení a to takovým nepříjemným způsobem! Ale místo toho se zamyslel a brzy si řekl: „To musí být nějaký trik toho bídného starce. Buď je tahle hora kočka, nebo není. Pokud je to hora, nebude ji to bolet, pokud je to kočka, doufám, že ano.“ A s tímto vytáhl svůj kapesní nůž a šátrající po měkkém místě ho jednou ranou vrazil až po rukojeť do úbočí hory.

Prvním výsledkem byl hrůzostrašný skřek, a druhým, že on i Alenka seděli a dívali se jeden na druhého přes starcův hrb, ze kterého kočka-hora zmizela. Jejich hostitel seděl a zíral do prázdného ohniště, aniž by se vůbec otočil, a předstíral, že neví nic o tom, co se odehrálo.

„Pojď, Alenko,“ řekl Richard a vstal. „To nepůjde. Tady nezastavíme.“

Alenka okamžitě vstala a chytila ho za ruku. Šli ke dveřím, stařec si jich nevšímal. Oknem jasně zářil měsíc, ale místo aby z dveří vykročili do měsíčního světla, vešli do velkého krásného sálu přes vysoká gotická okna, z nichž zářil ten samý měsíc. Z tohoto sálu nevedla žádná jiná cesta kromě kamenného schodiště vedoucího vzhůru. Společně ho vystoupali. Nahoře pustila Alenka Richardovi ruku, aby nahlédla do malé místnosti, která hrála všemi barvami duhy tak jako vnitřek diamantu. Richard šel krok nebo dva chodbou dál, ale když zjistil, že ho opustila, otočil se a podíval se do komnaty. Nikde ji neviděl. Místnost byla plná dveří, musela si je splést. Slyšel její hlas, jak ho volá, a spěchal v jeho směru. Ale nikde nebyla. „Další triky,“ řekl si pro sebe. „Nepodlehnu ani tomuto. Musím počkat, dokud neuvídím, co se dá dělat.“ Stále slyšel Alenku volat a stále ji následoval, jak nejlépe to šlo. Konečně přicházel ke dveřím otevřeným dokořán, skrz které dopadal měsíční svit. Když k nim ale došel, zjistil, že byly vysoko na věži, ve zdi, která vedla rovně dolů pod jeho nohy, bez schodů nebo možnosti jakéhokoli sestupu.

Opět slyšel Alenku volat, a když zvedl oči, uviděl ji naproti přes široký hradní dvůr, jak stojí ve dveřích, jako byly ty jeho a celou ozářenou svitem měsíce.

„Dobře, Alenko!“ zavolal. „Slyšíš mě?“

„Ano,“ odpověděla.

„Tak poslouchej. Je to všechno trik. Je to všechno lež toho starého darebáka v kuchyni. Prostě jen natáhni ruku, drahá Alenko.“

Alenka udělala, oč ji Richard požádal, a přesto, že viděli jeden druhého několik metrů přes celý dvůr, jejich ruce se dotkly.

„Tak! To jsem si myslel!“ zvolal Richard vítězoslavně. „A teď, Alenko, nevěřím, že dolů na dvůr je to víc než půl metru, i když to vypadá jako celých sto. Pevně se mě drž a skoč, až napočítám do tří.“ Ale Alenka mu ruku v náhlém zděšení z dlaně vyškubla, načež Richard pravil: „Nuže, zkusím to jako první,“ a skočil. V tu samou chvíli dolehl jeho radostný smích k Alenčiným uším a viděla ho stát hluboko dole, bezpečně na zemi.

„Skoč, milá Alenko, chytím tě,“ řekl jí.

„Nemohu, bojím se,“ odpověděla Alenka.

„Ten stařec je někde blízko tebe. Raději bys měla skočit,“ pravil Richard.

Alenka v hrůze vyskočila a spadla jenom půl metru přímo do Richardovy náruče. Ve chvíli, kdy se dotkla země, ocitli se před dveřmi malé chaloupky, kterou velice dobře znali, neboť stála na pokraji lesa, který hraničil s jejich vesnicí. Ruku v ruce utíkali domů tak rychle, jak jenom mohli. Když dospěli k malé brance, jež vedla na pozemky jejího otce, popřál Richard Alence sbohem. Do očí jí vyhrkly slzy. Vypadalo to, že Richard i Alenka v Říši pohádek dorostli v muže a ženu a teď se nechtěli rozdělit. Ale cítili, že musí. A tak Alenka proběhla zadními dveřmi a dostala se do svého pokoje dřív, než ji někdo začal postrádat. Vskutku, poslední červánky na západě ještě úplně nezmizely.

Když Richard na cestě domů procházel přes tržiště, uviděl prodavače deštníků prodávat zrovna svůj poslední kousek. Když ho míjel, měl dojem, že se na něj muž prapodivně podíval, a dostal chuť mu jednu vrazit. Vzpomněl si však, jak zbytečné bylo praštit skřeta, a tak to radši neudělal.

Jako odměnu za jejich odvalu jim Královna poslala povolení navštívit Říši pohádek, kdykoli se jim zlíbí, a žádný skřet ani víla neměli dovoleno je obtěžovat.

A co se týče Hráška a Muchomůrky, oba byli vykázáni ze dvora a donuceni spolu žít po dobu sedmi let ve starém stromě, který na sobě měl jen jediný zelený list.

Muchomůrkovi to moc nevadilo, ale Hráškovi ano.

6 Commentary

When a regular reader opens a book finally translated into his language, he usually does not realize the struggles the translator has had during the translation. Every name, any allusion or wordplay gave translator a hard time. There are things that come repeatedly and things that are always new. Every detail carefully thought-out is not mechanical or guaranteed.

The story was written in the 19th century by a Scottish writer and thus it has a specific language. Through the whole story there are old phrases and words that can have more meanings. And we have to take in consideration that the author was influenced a lot by dialects of his area that came from old Scottish. This brings some complications to a modern student of the English language and an amateur translator. I chose this story because it is close to me in the literary way and I enjoyed not only the reading but also the translation itself. I like the author and his writings and I admire his great influence on other famous writers.

The whole story comes from a fantastical world where no detail is left for us to complete, everything is fully described and it sends us into our imaginations without any distractions. There are—maybe—some places unmarked but the rest of the story is very colourful. It is a whole new world that needs to be fully and faithfully rendered with all its creatures without any disharmony to be brought.

Firstly I had to read the story very carefully and I prepared the basic structure. I decided how to continue during the translation and I prepared the background. I had to consider what will be changed and how and in what spirit the story will be narrated in the target language. I prepared for the upcoming idioms and difficult phrases. I ensured that I won't be surprised by any sudden translation problem.

The translation of single phrases is not interesting enough for a deeper examination. The phrases were translated regarding to their content and syntax so that the resulting phrase in the target text meets the requirements of the correct translation. The information and the impression on the reader were preserved. We will discuss in detail the translation of the names, the song and some other matters that were interesting.

When it comes to names, these are very important to translate accurately, although it does not have to seem very important. Names usually carry very important information

about the holder and they can indicate nature or history of the character. As we already said in the chapter about *Cross Purposes*, this tale is not different; MacDonald gives us clues about the figures. So I made a little research on the internet to ensure myself that I remember the names in *Cross Purposes* from before.

Peaseblossom, the fairy from the court of the *Queen of Fairyland*, has already its appearance in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* – it is a servant to *Titania* at her court. Thus, there is no room for playing with the name when translating, *Peaseblossom* must already exist in the Czech language – *Hrášek*, and we should not change it because it refers to the character that already exists. Indeed, *Peaseblossom* is supposed to be named after her great-great-grandmother.

Then, of course, we have the heroine *Alice* and there are no difficulties here either. Although we have a name that is written in the same way, we translate *Alice* as *Alenka*, as it already is in *Alice in Wonderland*. It is a soft name and better sits with the character. The target reader is already used to this naming.

When it comes to *Richard*, his name is chosen very sagaciously. In etymology, *Richard* means “brave” and we have some very strong personalities wearing this name, such as *Richard the Lionheart*, and *Richard* is indeed the hero of the story. We have a name written the same way and in this case we keep it, because we usually use this name for the English *Richard* – *Richard Lví srdce*. Also, in the translation of the story, we have to mention something that does not have to seem very important, but in fact, it is. When *Richard* protects *Alice* from the bad behaviour of the goblin, he punches him and the goblin gets very angry with him. He yells: “You'll repent that, Dick!” where *Dick* is referring to the old nickname for *Richard*. It symbolizes the crossing from “Master Richard” as he was for *Toadstool* before into more familiar way meaning that now the lines were crossed and corresponding approach will be made. In Czech, we could suggest that “*Ryšánku*” or “*Ryšane*” could be used but it does not sound as good as original *Dick* does. So in this case, I decided to go with “*panáčku*” to evoke the anger and the change.

It is also important to mention that a translator who translates from the English language into the Czech language meets a question concerning the use of the polite form of address and thouing. The English language does not contain this kind of address (“*tykáni*” and “*vykáni*”). It is therefore up to the translator to decide which form will be given among the characters. Because it is a fairytale with young children and mythical creatures, I

decided to use the thou form as it is usually used in fairytales. Also, the journey of the children is relatively troublesome and the creatures show no respect to the children, therefore it is appropriate not to use a redundant politeness. Nevertheless, there is one exception. Whilst *Alice* and the fairy have relatively even-tempered relationship, *Richard* and the goblin have a relationship varying due to their natures. When the goblin fawns over *Richard* and uses the form “Master Richard”, it is better, I believe, to use the polite form since it corresponds better. It is more suitable to use the thouing in all the other cases where the goblin is furious and exposes his true nature.

If we stay with the names of the characters for another while, we must think about *Toadstool*. We have no inspiring character in the history of the literature as far as we know. If there is one, it is not very popular and so we do not really worry about the translation. In the Czech language, toadstool can be understood as “*muchomůrka*” or as “*prašivka*”. One would suggest keeping the “*prašivka*” as a name for a smarmy goblin but I decided to stay with the “*muchomůrka*”. As a mushroom, “*muchomůrka*” – a toadstool with a red cap with white spots on it – is a very beautiful mushroom and is usually used as an adorable symbol – as a statue made out of gypsum and standing in our gardens, or as a carnival costume for our kids. But in the nature, it is highly poisonous and one of the first things we are taught is never to eat it – never to trust its beautiful appearance. A toadstool as a non-edible mushroom in general is not adorable at all and we have no use of it. *Toadstool*, the character from our story, is not very gentle, but we do not know it when we begin to read. He is presented as a funny creature that is very servile. It is after a while that we realize that there is something more and *Toadstool* is rather vicious – poisonous. *Toadstool* is not ill-fated by his name and we should keep it this way. He is not “*Prašivka*” to evoke something bad, he is “*Muchomůrka*” with nice tricks but very fiery inside.

The land that these characters come from is called the “*Fairyland*”. This word can be found in dictionaries as “*pohádková země*” or “*pohádková říše*”, but I did not find it very inspiring or charming as the *Fairyland* is. But I was inspired by *Alice in Wonderland* where “*Wonderland*” is translated as “*Říše divů*” which sounds much better to me. So I decided to come with the name “*Říše pohádek*” which sounds suitably. Also, we do not have to repeat the two words over and over when there is a mention of the land, we can use simple “*Říše*” and needless repetition is avoided.

I postponed the translation of the story’s name and I returned to it after the rest of the story was finished. I wanted the name to be proper and appropriate. As it is lifted in the

chapter about *Cross Purposes*, the author was probably playing with the words and with his faith in something above. The word *cross* plays an important role in the eyes of the author and I wanted to stay loyal to him and maintain the corresponding word in the Czech language. That is why I decided to go with “*Zkřížené záměry*”. I believe that the Czech expression can correspond to all original levels of meaning that are described in the chapter about the tale and I find that very important.

I also had some troubles with expressions that are no longer used in today’s English and they are not translated into our language in dictionaries. In the passage where *Richard* throws the hearthstone upside down and frightens the cat that was asleep on it, I was confused by the expression “*she got out of herself*” (see appendices, p.50). I could very well imagine what that phrase is generally saying, but still, this expression is rather unusual to me. So to be sure I do not make any mistake I decided to ask in an online translation group which I have used only this time and no more afterwards. There, we agreed on the right meaning. When it comes to other expressions that are rather historical, I was always using monolingual dictionaries and etymological dictionaries. That helped me understand the meaning of these words. A good example of such a use is with expression “*to stab*”, where *Richard* is following *Alice’s* voice trying to find her and he encourages himself not to give up this time. In today’s dictionary “*to stab*” has another meaning that did not really make sense with the rest of the phrase. So I went through etymology dictionaries and through dating to find out a fitting expression that comes from old Scottish.

When I did not understand something I was using my language skills to help me understand. I was using online dictionaries and I was translating the phrases into another language. In general, it was the French language but sometimes I used even Polish or German. For example “*to scald off hair from someone’s head*” as the old crooked man yells at *Richard*, does not have any equivalent expression in Czech but I found it in Polish where I understood that it is used in hunter’s jargon when the wild boar has its fur being removed from it. I verified it in English and I realized that I cannot use it in Czech (so-called “*činění*”) because it does not make any sense. That is why I have replaced it with another threat frequently used in Czech. There were expressions, for example “*ever so much*”, that did not have their equivalent written in Czech dictionaries but they did in Slovak’s. Of course, there was no use of French in these cases for Slovak is luckily comprehensible for us.

Because the author uses very colourful description of the landscapes and of the nature in the story, the translator meets a lot of plant and animal generic names that are usually unknown for a foreign reader. As I am already used to translating these special terms, I did not have any difficulties in this case either. It is simple enough to find the term in Latin and then translate the Latin name into your native language. But I did some modifications as for example with *minnows* that have more possible expressions in Czech. I did not use the official name “*střevle*” as it does not sound very familiar but I preferred the colloquial “*perlet’ovky*”.

As a translator, you should convert not only the words from the story, but also all the other things that are different from our system. Reading the Czech translation of *Cross Purposes* to Czech children and leaving the description in yards or in feet would be very improper. In our metric system we use most often the metres and that is why I erased the yards and the feet and I replaced them with our metres. In most cases I converted the numbers using the unit converter and I rounded the numbers into cardinal numbers. But in one case I decided not to change the number. It is when *Richard* is following *Alice’s* voice and finds himself standing in the door that were high in the tower. In his description the tower seems one hundred feet and in Czech that would be around fifty metres. But even in Czech we say one hundred metres when we want to describe something very tall (usually a tower) and so I decided not to convert the number.

What could be considered as a real challenge is the three-verse song that sings the goblin-an-owl. It is certainly not an ordinary song which makes it even more complicated. George MacDonald presents us one very playful and mad song that perfectly fits in the story. But the fact that it is much fantasized does not help the process of the translation where we try to keep both the original sense and the rhyme. The first verse is not very difficult and it is more of a game of rhymes. The second verse requires interpreting its unrealistic visions with the two main topics which becomes more difficult. The third verse is also compound of two main topics but is much more diverse and does not really follow the theme of the story. In this case it would be excused to leave the idea and replace it with proper alternative in target language but I still decided to stay with the verses a little longer and to keep as much of the original as possible. The only research I made when composing the new song was searching for the etymology of the word “*hatching*”. It seemed to be a funny joke about hatching the boats and also hatching the birds but I found an interesting detail about the word. Not only that in painting it means to draw a small and fine lines but

in Scotland, hatch could be also a bedstead—a frame. So I imagined the view of the original song as the moon shining upon the sea and drawing the silhouettes of the boats as well as hatching the birds that are magically flying with the moon in the background like some giant egg. I believe that if my understanding of the original song got any close to the original vision of the author, then I have managed to translate the third verse very faithfully.

Although the translation as it is was not very easy, it interested me and I enjoyed practising the knowledge I have learned. I enjoyed helping to create a new story. If this is to be regarded as a good or a sufficient translation of a fairytale, we should take in consideration how much time I had at my disposal and how much time the regular translator has to translate an average story.

7 Conclusion

The aim of this bachelor thesis was to translate a short story that has not yet been translated and write a commentary about the process of the translation. The translation of fiction is partially opens to individual approach of the translator and it leaves the options open to a translation that is believed to be correct. This thesis gives a possibility to meet the translation work in its course and become acquainted with its requirements. A short fairytale was presented and then translated with its commentary.

Firstly, the theory about the translation was studied and short extract was written to introduce the matter of the field. Secondly, a short story, a fairytale from 19th century that is in accordance with my literary preferences, was chosen. Then the biography of the story's author is presented to make an introduction to the fairytale. The next chapter describes the story itself and explains its significance. Those chapters explain the importance of the story and of its author in the world of the literature. They attract the attention of the readers. Afterwards, the story was attentively read and analytical structure of the source text was made to prepare the structure of the target text. After that the translation itself was accomplished and concerned notes were remarked for later processing of the commentary that follows in the next chapter. My method and the process of translating are there described in detail. The fairytale was successfully translated into the Czech language and its challenging song was interpreted with a similar theme and in comparable rhymes. Some linguistic and cultural differences were transformed into our cultural background such as units or idioms. Some clauses were modified to preserve the readability in the target language.

Working on this topic allowed me to experience the world of translators and their daily difficulties. Translating is not only consisted of rewriting the original words into the target ones with occasional help of the dictionary. It is constant thinking, constant use of imagination, it is a regular studying. The translator learns diverse things from different fields to understand the source text and to provide a correct translation. I have had some experience with translating from before but it has never been a complex story. It is a creative work but also demanding. I tribute to all translators for their perseverance and creative skills.

8 Endnotes

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- 2 Knittlová, D. *Překlad a překládání*, p. 15.
- 3 Roman Jakobson - On Linguistic Aspects of Translation [online]
- 4 Bassnett, op.cit., p. 24-26.
- 5 Nord, Ch. *Text analysis in translation: theory, methodology, and didactic application of a model for translation-oriented text analysis*, p. 1 Introduction.
- 6 Knittlová, op.cit., p. 7.
- 7 Levý, J. *Umění překlada*, p. 21.
- 8 Bassnett, op.cit., p. 27.
- 9 Ibid., p. 33.
- 10 Levý, op.cit., p. 79.
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- 12 Ibid., p. 50-51.
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- 18 George MacDonald: Scottish novelist, clergyman and author [online].
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- 37 Mutuality in Wonderland: Charles Dodgson, adopted member of the MacDonald Family [online].
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- 56 George MacDonald (1824-1905) [online].
- 57 Alice (Alice's Adventures in Wonderland) [online].
- 58 Gray, W. *Fantasy, art and life: essays on George MacDonald, Robert Louis Stevenson, and other fantasy writers*, p. 15.
- 59 Alice (Alice's Adventures in Wonderland) [online].
- 60 Meet the Real Alice: How the Story of Alice in Wonderland Was Born [online].
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10 Abstract

The theme of this thesis is literary translation and its requirements and translation of a short story that has not yet been translated with a commentary. The chosen story is a 19th century fairytale written by a Scottish author and it is set in a fictional fairy world. The fairytale includes a three-versed song with an abstract theme.

The first part contains a short theory on the literary translation with a focus on interlingual translation. The second part is consisted of story's author's biography and his important role in the literary world and basic information about the story. It is followed by the translation into the Czech language and by a commentary with the method of the translation described in detail.

The thesis enables to consult the translation activity in its process and to learn the basic principles of literary translation.

11 Resumé

Tématem této práce je překlad krátké povídky, která ještě nebyla přeložena s dodaným komentářem. Cílem bylo seznámit se s teorií překladu a na základě získaných znalostí vybranou povídku přeložit a přidat komentář k překladu. První část se skládá ze zjednodušené teorie zaměřené na překlad fikce. Ta je následována biografií autora povídky a jeho postavením ve světě literatury společně s letným rozborem vybrané povídky. Následuje samotný překlad, který je doprovázený podrobným komentářem s popisem postupu při překladu. Překládaná povídka je pohádka z devatenáctého století a je považována za předchůdce Alenky v říši divů.

12 Appendices

George MacDonald

Cross Purposes

CHAPTER I.

Once upon a time, the Queen of Fairyland, finding her own subjects far too well-behaved to be amusing, took a sudden longing to have a mortal or two at her Court. So, after looking about her for some time, she fixed upon two to bring to Fairyland.

But how were they to be brought?

"Please your majesty," said at last the daughter of the prime-minister, "I will bring the girl."

The speaker, whose name was Peaseblossom, after her great-great-grandmother, looked so graceful, and hung her head so apologetically, that the Queen said at once,--

"How will you manage it, Peaseblossom?"

"I will open the road before her, and close it behind her."

"I have heard that you have pretty ways of doing things; so you may try."

The court happened to be held in an open forest-glade of smooth turf, upon which there was just one mole-heap. As soon as the Queen had given her permission to Peaseblossom, up through the mole-heap came the head of a goblin, which cried out,--

"Please your majesty, I will bring the boy."

"You!" exclaimed the Queen. "How will you do it?"

The goblin began to wriggle himself out of the earth, as if he had been a snake, and the whole world his skin, till the court was convulsed with laughter. As soon as he got free, he began to roll over and over, in every possible manner, rotatory and cylindrical, all at once, until he reached the wood. The courtiers followed, holding their sides, so that the Queen was left sitting upon her throne in solitary state.

When they reached the wood, the goblin, whose name was Toadstool, was nowhere to be seen. While they were looking for him, out popped his head from the mole-heap again, with the words,--

"So, your majesty."

"You have taken your own time to answer," said the Queen, laughing.

"And my own way too, eh! your majesty?" rejoined Toadstool, grinning.

"No doubt. Well, you may try."

And the goblin, making as much of a bow as he could with only half his neck above ground, disappeared under it.

CHAPTER II.

No mortal, or fairy either, can tell where Fairyland begins and where it ends. But somewhere on the borders of Fairyland there was a nice country village, in which lived some nice country people.

Alice was the daughter of the squire, a pretty, good-natured girl, whom her friends called fairy-like, and others called silly.

One rosy summer evening, when the wall opposite her window was flaked all over with rosiness, she threw herself down on her bed, and lay gazing at the wall. The rose-colour sank through her eyes and dyed her brain, and she began to feel as if she were reading a story-book. She thought she was looking at a western sea, with the waves all red with sunset. But when the colour died out, Alice gave a sigh to see how commonplace the wall grew. "I wish it was always sunset!" she said, half aloud. "I don't like gray things."

"I will take you where the sun is always setting, if you like, Alice," said a sweet, tiny voice near her. She looked down on the coverlet of the bed, and there, looking up at her, stood a lovely little creature. It seemed quite natural that the little lady should be there; for many things we never could believe, have only to happen, and then there is nothing strange about them. She was dressed in white, with a cloak of sunset-red--the colours of the sweetest of sweet-peas. On her head was a crown of twisted tendrils, with a little gold beetle in front.

"Are you a fairy?" said Alice.

"Yes. Will you go with me to the sunset?"

"Yes, I will."

When Alice proceeded to rise, she found that she was no bigger than the fairy; and when she stood up on the counterpane, the bed looked like a great hall with a painted ceiling. As she walked towards Peaseblossom, she stumbled several times over the tufts that made the pattern. But the fairy took her by the hand and led her towards the foot of the bed. Long before they reached it, however, Alice saw that the fairy was a tall, slender lady, and that she herself was quite her own size. What she had taken for tufts on the counterpane were really bushes of furze, and broom, and heather, on the side of a slope.

"Where are we?" asked Alice.

"Going on," answered the fairy.

Alice, not liking the reply, said,--

"I want to go home."

"Good-bye, then!" answered the fairy.

Alice looked round. A wide, hilly country lay all about them. She could not even tell from what quarter they had come.

"I must go with you, I see," she said.

Before they reached the bottom, they were walking over the loveliest meadow-grass. A little stream went cantering down beside them, without channel or bank, sometimes running between the blades, sometimes sweeping the grass all one way under it. And it made a great babbling for such a little stream and such a smooth course.

Gradually the slope grew gentler, and the stream flowed more softly and spread out wider. At length they came to a wood of long, straight poplars, growing out of the water, for the stream ran into the wood, and there stretched out into a lake. Alice thought they could go no farther; but Peaseblossom led her straight on, and they walked through.

It was now dark; but everything under the water gave out a pale, quiet light. There were deep pools here and there, but there was no mud, or frogs, or water-lizards, or eels. All the bottom was pure, lovely grass, brilliantly green. Down the banks of the pools she saw, all under water, primroses and violets and pimpernels. Any flower she wished to see she had only to look for, and she was sure to find it. When a pool came in their way, the fairy swam, and Alice swam by her; and when they got out they were quite dry, though the water was as delightfully wet as water should be. Besides the trees, tall, splendid lilies grew out of it, and hollyhocks and irises and sword-plants, and many other long-stemmed flowers. From every leaf and petal of these, from every branch-tip and tendril, dropped bright water. It gathered slowly at each point, but the points were so many that there was a constant musical plashing of diamond rain upon the still surface of the lake. As they went on, the moon rose and threw a pale mist of light over the whole, and the diamond drops turned to half-liquid pearls, and round every tree-top was a halo of moonlight, and the water went to sleep, and the flowers began to dream.

"Look," said the fairy; "those lilies are just dreaming themselves into a child's sleep. I can see them smiling. This is the place out of which go the things that appear to children every night."

"Is this dreamland, then?" asked Alice.

"If you like," answered the fairy.

"How far am I from home?"

"The farther you go, the nearer home you are."

Then the fairy lady gathered a bundle of poppies and gave it to Alice. The next deep pool that they came to, she told her to throw it in. Alice did so, and following it, laid her head upon it. That moment she began to sink. Down and down she went, till at last she felt herself lying on the long, thick grass at the bottom of the pool, with the poppies under her head and the clear water high over it. Up through it she saw the moon, whose bright face looked sleepy too, disturbed only by the little ripples of the rain from the tall flowers on the edges of the pool.

She fell fast asleep, and all night dreamed about home.

CHAPTER III.

Richard--which is name enough for a fairy story--was the son of a widow in Alice's village. He was so poor that he did not find himself generally welcome; so he hardly went anywhere, but read books at home, and waited upon his mother. His manners, therefore, were shy, and sufficiently awkward to give an unfavourable impression to those who looked at outsiders. Alice would have despised him; but he never came near enough for that.

Now Richard had been saving up his few pence in order to buy an umbrella for his mother; for the winter would come, and the one she had was almost torn to ribands. One bright summer evening, when he thought umbrellas must be cheap, he was walking across the market-place to buy one: there, in the middle of it, stood an odd-looking little man, actually selling umbrellas. Here was a chance for him! When he drew nearer, he found that the little man, while vaunting his umbrellas to the skies, was asking such absurdly small prices for them, that no one would venture to buy one. He had opened and laid them all out at full stretch on the market-place--about five-and-twenty of them, stick downwards, like little tents--and he stood beside, haranguing the people. But he would not allow one of the crowd to touch his umbrellas. As soon as his eye fell upon Richard, he changed his tone, and said, "Well, as nobody seems inclined to buy, I think, my dear umbrellas, we had better be going home." Whereupon the umbrellas got up, with some difficulty, and began hobbling away. The people stared at each other with open mouths, for they saw that what they had taken for a lot of umbrellas, was in reality a flock of black geese. A great turkey-cock went gobbling behind them, driving them all down a lane towards the forest. Richard thought with himself, "There is more in this than I can account for. But an umbrella that could lay eggs would be a very jolly umbrella." So by the time the people were beginning to laugh at each other, Richard was half-way down the lane at the heels of the geese. There he stooped and caught one of them, but instead of a goose he had a huge hedgehog in his hands, which he dropped in dismay; whereupon it waddled away a goose as before, and the whole of them began cackling and hissing in a way that he could not mistake. For the turkey-cock, he gobbled and gabbled and choked himself and got right again in the most ridiculous manner. In fact, he seemed sometimes to forget that he was a turkey, and laughed like a fool. All at once, with a simultaneous long-necked hiss, they flew into the wood, and the turkey after them. But Richard soon got up with them again, and found them all hanging by their feet from the trees, in two rows, one on each side of the path, while the turkey was walking on. Him Richard followed; but the moment he reached the middle of the suspended geese, from every side arose the most frightful hisses, and their necks grew longer and longer, till there were nearly thirty broad bills close to his head, blowing in his face, in his ears, and at the back of his neck. But the turkey, looking round and seeing what was going on, turned and walked back. When he reached the place, he looked up at the first and gobbled at him in the wildest manner. That goose grew silent and dropped from the tree. Then he went to the next, and the next, and so on, till he had gobbled them all off the trees, one after another. But when Richard expected to see them go after the turkey, there was nothing there but a flock of huge mushrooms and puff-balls.

"I have had enough of this," thought Richard. "I will go home again."

"Go home, Richard," said a voice close to him.

Looking down, he saw, instead of the turkey, the most comical-looking little man he had ever seen.

"Go home, Master Richard," repeated he, grinning.

"Not for your bidding," answered Richard.

"Come on, then, Master Richard."

"Nor that either, without a good reason."

"I will give you *such* an umbrella for your mother."

"I don't take presents from strangers."

"Bless you, I'm no stranger here! Oh, no! not at all." And he set off in the manner usual with him, rolling every way at once.

Richard could not help laughing and following. At length Toadstool plumped into a great hole full of water. "Served him right!" thought Richard. "Served him right!" bawled the goblin, crawling out again, and shaking the water from him like a spaniel. "This is the very place I wanted, only I rolled too fast." However, he went on rolling again faster than before, though it was now uphill, till he came to the top of a considerable height, on which grew a number of palm-trees.

"Have you a knife, Richard?" said the goblin, stopping all at once, as if he had been walking quietly along, just like other people.

Richard pulled out a pocket-knife and gave it to the creature, who instantly cut a deep gash in one of the trees. Then he bounded to another and did the same, and so on till he had gashed them all. Richard, following him, saw that a little stream, clearer than the clearest water, began to flow from each, increasing in size the longer it flowed. Before he had reached the last there was quite a tinkling and rustling of the little rills that ran down the stems of the palms. This grew and grew, till Richard saw that a full rivulet was flowing down the side of the hill.

"Here is your knife, Richard," said the goblin; but by the time he had put it in his pocket, the rivulet had grown to a small torrent.

"Now, Richard, come along," said Toadstool, and threw himself into the torrent.

"I would rather have a boat," returned Richard.

"Oh, you stupid!" cried Toadstool crawling up the side of the hill, down which the stream had already carried him some distance.

With every contortion that labour and difficulty could suggest, yet with incredible rapidity, he crawled to the very top of one of the trees, and tore down a huge leaf, which he threw on the ground, and himself after it, rebounding like a ball. He then laid the leaf on the water, held it by the stem, and told Richard to get upon it. He did so. It went down deep in the middle with his weight. Toadstool let it go, and it shot down the stream like an arrow. This began the strangest and most delightful voyage. The stream rushed careering and curveting down the hill-side, bright as a diamond, and soon reached a meadow plain. The goblin rolled alongside of the boat like a bundle of weeds; but Richard rode in triumph through the low grassy country upon the back of his watery steed. It went straight as an arrow, and, strange to tell, was heaped up on the ground, like a ridge of water or a wave, only rushing on endways. It needed no channel, and turned aside for no opposition. It flowed over everything that crossed its path, like a great serpent of water, with folds fitting into all the ups and downs of the way. If a wall came in its course it flowed against it, heaping itself up on itself till it reached the top, whence it plunged to the foot on the other side, and flowed on. Soon he found that it was running gently up a grassy hill. The waves kept curling back as if the wind blew them, or as if they could hardly keep from running down again. But still the stream mounted and flowed, and the waves with it. It found it difficult, but it could do it. When they reached the top, it bore them across a heathy country, rolling over purple heather, and blue harebells, and delicate ferns, and tall foxgloves crowded with bells purple and white. All the time the palm-leaf curled its edges away from the water, and made a delightful boat for Richard, while Toadstool tumbled along

in the stream like a porpoise. At length the water began to run very fast, and went faster and faster, till suddenly it plunged them into a deep lake, with a great splash, and stopped there. Toadstool went out of sight, and came up gasping and grinning, while Richard's boat tossed and heaved like a vessel in a storm at sea; but not a drop of water came in. Then the goblin began to swim, and pushed and tugged the boat along. But the lake was so still, and the motion so pleasant, that Richard fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

When he woke he found himself still afloat upon the broad palm-leaf. He was alone in the middle of a lake, with flowers and trees growing in and out of it everywhere. The sun was just over the tree-tops. A drip of water from the flowers greeted him with music; the mists were dissolving away, and where the sunlight fell on the lake the water was clear as glass. Casting his eyes downward, he saw, just beneath him, far down at the bottom, Alice drowned, as he thought. He was in the act of plunging in, when he saw her open her eyes, and at the same moment begin to float up. He held out his hand, but she repelled it with disdain, and swimming to a tree, sat down on a low branch, wondering how ever the poor widow's son could have found his way into Fairyland. She did not like it. It was an invasion of privilege.

"How did you come here, young Richard?" she asked, from six yards off.

"A goblin brought me."

"Ah! I thought so. A fairy brought me."

"Where is your fairy?"

"Here I am," said Peaseblossom, rising slowly to the surface just by the tree on which Alice was seated.

"Where is your goblin?" retorted Alice.

"Here I am," bawled Toadstool, rushing out of the water like a salmon, and casting a summersault in the air before he fell in again with a tremendous splash. His head rose again close beside Peaseblossom, who being used to such creatures only laughed.

"Isn't he handsome?" he grinned.

"Yes, very. He wants polishing, though."

"You could do that for yourself, you know. Shall we change?"

"I don't mind. You'll find her rather silly."

"That's nothing. The boy's too sensible for me."

He dived, and rose at Alice's feet. She shrieked with terror. The fairy floated away like a water-lily towards Richard. "What a lovely creature!" thought he; but hearing Alice shriek again, he said,

"Don't leave Alice; she's frightened at that queer creature.--I don't think there's any harm in him, though, Alice."

"Oh, no! He won't hurt her," said Peaseblossom. "I'm tired of her. He's going to take her to the court, and I will take you."

"I don't want to go."

"But you must. You can't go home again. You don't know the way."

"Richard! Richard!" cried Alice, in an agony.

Richard sprang from his boat, and was by her side in a moment.

"He pinched me," cried Alice.

Richard hit the goblin a terrible blow on the head; but it took no more effect upon him than if his head had been a round ball of india-rubber. He gave Richard a furious look, however, and bawling out, "You'll repent that, Dick!" vanished under the water.

"Come along, Richard; make haste; he will murder you," cried the fairy.

"It is all your fault," said Richard. "I won't leave Alice."

Then the fairy saw it was all over with her and Toadstool; for they can do nothing with mortals against their will. So she floated away across the water in Richard's boat, holding her robe for a sail, and vanished, leaving the two alone in the lake.

"You have driven away my fairy!" cried Alice. "I shall never get home now. It is all your fault, you naughty young man."

"I drove away the goblin," remonstrated Richard.

"Will you please to sit on the other side of the tree? I wonder what my papa would say if he saw me talking to you!"

"Will you come to the next tree, Alice?" said Richard, after a pause.

Alice, who had been crying all the time that Richard was thinking, said "I won't." Richard, therefore, plunged into the water without her, and swam for the tree. Before he had got half-way, however, he heard Alice crying "Richard! Richard!" This was just what he wanted. So he turned back, and Alice threw herself into the water. With Richard's help she swam pretty well, and they reached the tree. "Now for the next!" said Richard; and they swam to the next, and then to the third. Every tree they reached was larger than the last, and every tree before them was larger still. So they swam from tree to tree, till they came to one that was so large that they could not see round it. What was to be done? Clearly to climb this tree. It was a dreadful prospect for Alice, but Richard proceeded to climb; and by putting her feet where he put his, and now and then getting hold of his ankle, she managed to make her way up. There were a great many stumps where branches had withered off, and the bark was nearly as rough as a hill-side, so there was plenty of foothold for them. When they had climbed a long time, and were getting very tired indeed, Alice cried out, "Richard, I shall drop--I shall. Why did you come this way?" And she began once more to cry. But at that moment Richard caught hold of a branch above his head, and reaching down his other hand got hold of Alice, and held her till she had recovered a little. In a few moments more they reached the fork of the tree, and there they sat and rested. "This is capital!" said Richard, cheerily.

"What is?" asked Alice, sulkily.

"Why, we have room to rest, and there's no hurry for a minute or two. I'm tired."

"You selfish creature!" said Alice. "If you are tired, what must I be!"

"Tired too," answered Richard. "But we've got on bravely. And look! what's that?"

By this time the day was gone, and the night so near, that in the shadows of the tree all was dusky and dim. But there was still light enough to discover that in a niche of the tree sat a huge horned owl, with green spectacles on his beak, and a book in one foot. He took no heed of the intruders, but kept muttering to himself. And what do you think the owl was saying? I will tell you. He was talking about the book that he held upside down in his foot.

"Stupid book this-s-s-s! Nothing in it at all! Everything upside down! Stupid ass-s-s-s! Says owls can't read! / can read backwards!"

"I think that is the goblin again," said Richard, in a whisper. "However, if you ask a plain question, he must give you a plain answer, for they are not allowed to tell downright lies in Fairyland."

"Don't ask him, Richard; you know you gave him a dreadful blow."

"I gave him what he deserved, and he owes me the same.--Hallo! which is the way out?"

He wouldn't say *if you please*, because then it would not have been a plain question.

"Down-stairs," hissed the owl, without ever lifting his eyes from the book, which all the time he read upside down, so learned was he.

"On your honour, as a respectable old owl?" asked Richard.

"No," hissed the owl; and Richard was almost sure that he was not really an owl. So he stood staring at him for a few moments, when all at once, without lifting his eyes from the book, the owl said, "I will sing a song," and began:--

"Nobody knows the world but me.

When they're all in bed, I sit up to see
I'm a better student than students all,
For I never read till the darkness fall;
And I never read without my glasses,
And that is how my wisdom passes.

Howlowlwhoolhoolwoolool.

"I can see the wind. Now who can do that?

I see the dreams that he has in his hat;
I see him snorting them out as he goes--
Out at his stupid old trumpet-nose.
Ten thousand things that you couldn't think
I write them down with pen and ink.

Howlowlwhooloolwhitit that's wit.

"You may call it learning--'tis mother-wit.

No one else sees the lady-moon sit
On the sea, her nest, all night, but the owl,
Hatching the boats and the long-legged fowl.
When the oysters gape to sing by rote,
She crams a pearl down each stupid throat.

Howlowlwhitit that's wit, there's a fowl!"

And so singing, he threw the book in Richard's face, spread out his great, silent, soft wings, and sped away into the depths of the tree. When the book struck Richard, he found that it was only a lump of wet moss.

While talking to the owl he had spied a hollow behind one of the branches. Judging this to be the way the owl meant, he went to see, and found a rude, ill-defined staircase going down into the very heart of the trunk. But so large was the tree that this could not have hurt it in the least. Down this stair, then, Richard scrambled as best he could, followed by Alice--not of her own will, she gave him clearly to understand, but because she could do no better. Down, down they went, slipping and falling sometimes, but never very far, because the stair went round and round. It caught Richard when he slipped, and he caught Alice when she did. They had begun to fear that there was no end to the stair, it went round and round so steadily, when, creeping through a crack, they found themselves in a great hall, supported by thousands of pillars of gray stone. Where the little light came from they could not tell. This hall they began to cross in a straight line, hoping to reach one side, and intending to walk along it till they came to some opening. They kept straight by going from pillar to pillar, as they had done before by the trees. Any honest plan will do in Fairyland, if you only stick to it. And no plan will do if you do not stick to it.

It was very silent, and Alice disliked the silence more than the dimness,--so much, indeed, that she longed to hear Richard's voice. But she had always been so cross to him when he had spoken, that he thought it better to let her speak first; and she was too proud to do that. She would not even let him walk alongside of her, but always went slower when he wanted to wait for her; so that at last he strode on alone. And Alice followed. But by degrees the horror of silence grew upon her, and she felt at last as if there was no one in the universe but herself. The hall went on widening around her; their footsteps made no noise; the silence grew so intense that

it seemed on the point of taking shape. At last she could bear it no longer. She ran after Richard, got up with him, and laid hold of his arm.

He had been thinking for some time what an obstinate, disagreeable girl Alice was, and wishing he had her safe home to be rid of her, when, feeling a hand, and looking round, he saw that it was the disagreeable girl. She soon began to be companionable after a fashion, for she began to think, putting everything together, that Richard must have been several times in Fairyland before now. "It is very strange," she said to herself; "for he is quite a poor boy, I am sure of that. His arms stick out beyond his jacket like the ribs of his mother's umbrella. And to think of me wandering about Fairyland with *him!*"

The moment she touched his arm, they saw an arch of blackness before them. They had walked straight to a door--not a very inviting one, for it opened upon an utterly dark passage. Where there was only one door, however, there was no difficulty about choosing. Richard walked straight through it; and from the greater fear of being left behind, Alice faced the lesser fear of going on. In a moment they were in total darkness. Alice clung to Richard's arm, and murmured, almost against her will, "Dear Richard!" It was strange that fear should speak like love; but it was in Fairyland. It was strange, too, that as soon as she spoke thus, Richard should fall in love with her all at once. But what was more curious still was, that, at the same moment, Richard saw her face. In spite of her fear, which had made her pale, she looked very lovely.

"Dear Alice!" said Richard, "how pale you look!"

"How can you tell that, Richard, when all is as black as pitch?"

"I can see your face. It gives out light. Now I see your hands. Now I can see your feet. Yes, I can see every spot where you are going to--No, don't put your foot there. There is an ugly toad just there."

The fact was, that the moment he began to love Alice, his eyes began to send forth light. What he thought came from Alice's face, really came from his eyes. All about her and her path he could see, and every minute saw better; but to his own path he was blind. He could not see his hand when he held it straight before his face, so dark was it. But he could see Alice, and that was better than seeing the way--ever so much.

At length Alice too began to see a face dawning through the darkness. It was Richard's face; but it was far handsomer than when she saw it last. Her eyes had begun to give light too. And she said to herself--"Can it be that I love the poor widow's son?--I suppose that must be it," she answered herself, with a smile; for she was not disgusted with herself at all. Richard saw the smile, and was glad. Her paleness had gone, and a sweet rosiness had taken its place. And now she saw Richard's path as he saw hers, and between the two sights they got on well.

They were now walking on a path betwixt two deep waters, which never moved, shining as black as ebony where the eyelight fell. But they saw ere long that this path kept growing narrower and narrower. At last, to Alice's dismay, the black waters met in front of them.

"What is to be done now, Richard?" she said.

When they fixed their eyes on the water before them, they saw that it was swarming with lizards, and frogs, and black snakes, and all kinds of strange and ugly creatures, especially some that had neither heads, nor tails, nor legs, nor fins, nor feelers, being, in fact, only living lumps. These kept jumping out and in, and sprawling upon the path. Richard thought for a few moments before replying to Alice's question, as, indeed, well he might. But he came to the conclusion that the path could not have gone on for the sake of stopping there; and that it must be a kind of finger that pointed on where it was not allowed to go itself. So he caught up Alice in his strong arms, and jumped into the middle of the horrid swarm. And just as minnows vanish if you throw anything amongst them, just so these wretched creatures vanished, right and left and every way.

He found the water broader than he had expected; and before he got over, he found Alice heavier than he could have believed; but upon a firm, rocky bottom, Richard waded through in safety. When he reached the other side, he found that the bank was a lofty, smooth, perpendicular rock, with some rough steps cut in it. By and by the steps led them right into the rock, and they were in a narrow passage once more, but, this time, leading up. It wound round and round, like the thread of a great screw. At last, Richard knocked his head against something, and could go no farther. The place was close and hot. He put up his hands, and pushed what felt like a warm stone: it moved a little.

"Go down, you brutes!" growled a voice above, quivering with anger. "You'll upset my pot and my cat, and my temper too, if you push that way. Go down!"

Richard knocked very gently, and said: "Please let us out."

"Oh, yes, I dare say! Very fine and soft-spoken! Go down, you goblin brutes! I've had enough of you. I'll scald the hair off your ugly heads if you do that again. Go down, I say!"

Seeing fair speech was of no avail, Richard told Alice to go down a little, out of the way; and, setting his shoulders to one end of the stone, heaved it up; whereupon down came the other end, with a pot, and a fire, and a cat which had been asleep beside it. She frightened Alice dreadfully as she rushed past her, showing nothing but her green laming eyes.

Richard, peeping up, found that he had turned a hearth-stone upside down. On the edge of the hole stood a little crooked old man, brandishing a mop-stick in a tremendous rage, and hesitating only where to strike him. But Richard put him out of his difficulty by springing up and taking the stick from him. Then, having lifted Alice out, he returned it with a bow, and, heedless of the maledictions of the old man, proceeded to get the stone and the pot up again. For puss, she got out of herself.

Then the old man became a little more friendly, and said: "I beg your pardon, I thought you were goblins. They never will let me alone. But you must allow, it was rather an unusual way of paying a morning call." And the creature bowed conciliatingly.

"It was, indeed," answered Richard. "I wish you had turned the door to us instead of the hearth-stone." For he did not trust the old man. "But," he added, "I hope you will forgive us."

"Oh, certainly, certainly, my dear young people! Use your freedom. But such young people have no business to be out alone. It is against the rules."

"But what is one to do--I mean two to do--when they can't help it?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but now, you know, I must take charge of you. So you sit there, young gentleman; and you sit there, young lady."

He put a chair for one at one side of the hearth, and for the other at the other side, and then drew his chair between them. The cat got upon his hump, and then set up her own. So here was a wall that would let through no moonshine. But although both Richard and Alice were very much amused, they did not like to be parted in this peremptory manner. Still they thought it better not to anger the old man any more--in his own house, too.

But he had been once angered, and that was once too often, for he had made it a rule never to forgive without taking it out in humiliation.

It was so disagreeable to have him sitting there between them, that they felt as if they were far asunder. In order to get the better of the fancy, they wanted to hold each other's hand behind the dwarf's back. But the moment their hands began to approach, the back of the cat began to grow long, and its hump to grow high; and, in a moment more, Richard found himself crawling wearily up a steep hill, whose ridge rose against the stars, while a cold wind blew drearily over it. Not a habitation was in sight; and Alice had vanished from his eyes. He felt, however, that she must be somewhere on the other side, and so climbed and climbed to get over the brow of the hill, and down to where he thought she must be. But the longer he climbed, the farther off the top of the hill seemed; till at last he sank quite exhausted, and--must I confess it?--very nearly began to cry. To think of being separated from Alice all at once, and in such a disagreeable way! But he fell a-thinking instead, and soon said to himself: "This must be some trick of that wretched old man. Either this mountain is a cat or it is not. If it is a mountain, this won't hurt it; if it is a cat, I hope it will." With that, he pulled out his pocket-knife, and feeling for a soft place, drove it at one blow up to the handle in the side of the mountain.

A terrific shriek was the first result; and the second, that Alice and he sat looking at each other across the old man's hump, from which the cat-a-mountain had vanished. Their host sat staring at the blank fireplace, without ever turning round, pretending to know nothing of what had taken place.

"Come along, Alice," said Richard, rising. "This won't do. We won't stop here."

Alice rose at once, and put her hand in his. They walked towards the door. The old man took no notice of them. The moon was shining brightly through the window; but instead of stepping out into the moonlight when

they opened the door, they stepped into a great beautiful hall, through the high gothic windows of which the same moon was shining. Out of this hall they could find no way, except by a staircase of stone which led upwards. They ascended it together. At the top Alice let go Richard's hand to peep into a little room, which looked all the colours of the rainbow, just like the inside of a diamond. Richard went a step or two along a corridor, but finding she had left him, turned and looked into the chamber. He could see her nowhere. The room was full of doors; and she must have mistaken the door. He heard her voice calling him, and hurried in the direction of the sound. But he could see nothing of her. "More tricks," he said to himself. "It is of no use to stab this one. I must wait till I see what can be done." Still he heard Alice calling him, and still he followed, as well as he could. At length he came to a doorway, open to the air, through which the moonlight fell. But when he reached it, he found that it was high up in the side of a tower, the wall of which went straight down from his feet, without stair or descent of any kind. Again he heard Alice call him, and lifting his eyes, saw her, across a wide castle-court, standing at another door just like the one he was at, with the moon shining full upon her.

"All right, Alice!" he cried. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," answered she.

"Then listen. This is all a trick. It is all a lie of that old wretch in the kitchen. Just reach out your hand, Alice dear."

Alice did as Richard asked her; and, although they saw each other many yards off across the court, their hands met.

"There! I thought so!" exclaimed Richard triumphantly. "Now, Alice, I don't believe it is more than a foot or two down to the court below, though it looks like a hundred feet. Keep fast hold of my hand, and jump when I count three." But Alice drew her hand from him in sudden dismay; whereupon Richard said, "Well, I will try first," and jumped. The same moment his cheery laugh came to Alice's ears, and she saw him standing safe on the ground, far below.

"Jump, dear Alice, and I will catch you," said he.

"I can't; I am afraid," answered she.

"The old man is somewhere near you. You had better jump," said Richard.

Alice sprang from the wall in terror, and only fell a foot or two into Richard's arms. The moment she touched the ground, they found themselves outside the door of a little cottage which they knew very well, for it was only just within the wood that bordered on their village. Hand in hand they ran home as fast as they could. When they reached a little gate that led into her father's grounds, Richard bade Alice good-bye. The tears came in her eyes. Richard and she seemed to have grown quite man and woman in Fairyland, and they did not want to part now. But they felt that they must. So Alice ran in the back way, and reached her own room before anyone had missed her. Indeed, the last of the red had not quite faded from the west.

As Richard crossed the market-place on his way home, he saw an umbrella-man just selling the last of his umbrellas. He thought the man gave him a queer look as he passed, and felt very much inclined to punch his head. But remembering how useless it had been to punch the goblin's head, he thought it better not.

In reward of their courage, the Fairy Queen sent them permission to visit Fairyland as often as they pleased; and no goblin or fairy was allowed to interfere with them.

For Peaseblossom and Toadstool, they were both banished from court, and compelled to live together, for seven years, in an old tree that had just one green leaf upon it.

Toadstool did not mind it much, but Peaseblossom did.

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