

CHARLES UNIVERSITY IN PRAGUE

FACULTY OF EDUCATION

Department of English Language and Literature

BACHELOR THESIS

Even Though I Knew the End:

**Translation and translation analysis of the first four chapters of the first act of C. L. Polk's
novelette**

I když jsem věděla, jak to skončí:

Překlad a analýza překladu prvních čtyř kapitol prvního aktu novely od C. L. Polk

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Declaration:

I hereby declare, that this bachelor thesis, titled *Even Though I Knew the End: Translation and translation analysis of the first four chapters of the first act of C. L. Polk's novelette*, is my own work and that all the sources I used are included in the reference list. This work was not used to obtain another or the same university degree.

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Abstract:

This bachelor thesis focuses on the problems one may encounter while translating from English into Czech. Its main focus is on the translation of the book *Even Though I Knew the End* by the Canadian author C. L. Polk.

This thesis is made up of two main parts. The practical part consists of my translation of the first four chapters of Act I of this work from English to Czech. The theoretical part then looks closer at the problems I encountered while in the midst of translation and at the processes that led to their solutions. It includes references to all the literature I have used to help me with a commentary explaining how exactly I have used this knowledge. For both parts, I have mainly used books by Jiří Levý, Dagmar Knittlová, and Olga Krijtová.

Key words:

Translation, C. L. Polk, *Even Though I Knew the End*, lexical equivalence, idioms, proper names, casual cultural references in literature, occult terminology

Abstrakt:

Tato bakalářská práce se soustředí na problémy, se kterými je možné se setkat během překládání z angličtiny do češtiny. Zejména se pak zajímá o překlad knihy kanadského autora C. L. Polk jménem *I když jsem věděla, jak to skončí*.

Práce se skládá ze dvou hlavních částí. Část praktická obsahuje můj překlad prvních čtyř kapitol prvního Aktu této práce z angličtiny do češtiny. Část teoretická se podrobněji věnuje problémům, na které jsem během překládání narazila, stejně jako procesům, díky nichž jsem se rozhodla pro konkrétní překladatelské řešení. Obsahuje také odkazy na literaturu, jež mi u překládání pomohla, včetně vysvětlení toho, jak přesně jsem s informacemi v ní nakládala. U obou částí práce jsem nejvíce nahlížela do knih od Jiřího Levého, Dagmar Knittlové a Olgy Krijtové.

Klíčová slova:

Překlad, C. L. Polk, *I když jsem věděla, jak to skončí*, lexikální ekvivalence, idiomy, vlastní jména, běžné kulturní odkazy v literatuře, okultní terminologie

Table of contents

1 Introduction	6
1.1 C. L. Polk and Even Though I Knew the End.....	7
1.2 The Theoretical Basis of the Thesis	7
2 Practical part.....	9
3 Theoretical part.....	28
3.1 The Book as a Whole.....	29
3.1.1 Choosing the Language Register.....	29
3.1.2 Translating the title of the book.....	31
3.2 Proper and Geographical Names	31
3.2.1 Names of the Characters, Nicknames.....	31
3.2.2 Names of Places	33
3.2.3 Names of Organizations and Institutions.....	36
3.3 Textual Equivalence	37
3.3.1 Functional Sentence Perspective	37
3.4 Cultural and Historical References, Idioms, Set Phrases	38
3.4.1 Cultural and Historical References.....	39
3.4.2 Idioms and Set Phrases.....	41
3.5 Slang and Occult Vocabulary	44
4 Conclusion.....	48
5 Bibliography.....	49
Primary Source	49
Secondary Sources	49
Online Sources	49

1 Introduction

I have always loved stories. As a little kid, I loved nothing more than sitting down with my parents and listening to their adventures. I also was very quick to start making up tales of my own. My mum used to read to me every evening before I went to bed and that has stuck with me up until this very moment. I love stories, I hoard them. When I learned to read, I started reading stories on my own, consuming book after book. When I learned to write, I started writing my first short stories down, and as the years progressed, my writing got better. Good enough for me to be confident with sharing it with the world. I first started writing Czech original short stories on the platform Wattpad and later joined the Archive of Our Own as well. I craved an outsider's opinion. There I found an amazing community, which has supported me to this day. While first writing predominantly in Czech, I slowly started wondering what the bigger English-speaking world would think, and once I started writing fanfiction I gradually got to the point where my main writing language is now English.

I still wanted to contribute to the Czech community, and as such started translating my own English stories into Czech. It did not even take a few sentences and me re-reading the text to realize, that something was very, very wrong. I had been briefly wondering about studying translation when I was in high school but that never went through, and now I found myself staring at a Czech text produced by me and did not recognize it. This has sparked a new interest in me, and when an opportunity to take a translation seminar arose, I took it. I have found the course led by my current thesis supervisor to be very useful and tried to implement most of the skills I have gained with my further translation efforts but, needless to say, there still has remained a considerable room for improvement. I started to think of the translation as more than just a simple transfer from one group of readers to the other and soon found myself enjoying the challenge. Translating has become one of my favorite pastimes, and I found myself translating short poems and songs in my free time for fun. When I started seriously thinking about what my bachelor thesis should be about, translation was a word that I just could not get out of my head, and finally, after talking to my friends and family, I decided to go through with it.

When it comes to the book I chose to translate, I have to admit that I did struggle with finding the right one. Most of the things I love and read have already been translated, or I would not consider suitable for a thesis. I have shortly wondered about translating poetry, but soon threw that idea out of the window, as I do not trust myself enough to bite off this big of a bite yet. I was browsing the internet, looking for a suitable interesting option, when I decided to look at the list of works participating in the Hugo Awards and one of the finalists caught my eye. I opened the Amazon page, bought the book for my own reading, and then found out, that it had not been translated yet. Even from the short summary, I was completely sure that this book would be my cup of tea. And it was.

This fantasy novelette has entertained me with its captivating storyline, queer characters, detective vibes, occult flavoring, and an interesting setting. It deals with the consequences of difficult choices, complicated family relationships, and the struggles of the queer community in the 20th century Chicago, all the while we are being taken on this fantastical criminal investigation following the main character whose time on this Earth is running out due to a deal with a demon she made years ago.

Thanks to this lucky find, I knew that I would have fun with both parts of my thesis. The first part would contain the translation of a few chosen chapters while in the second I wanted to take a look at the whole process of the translation and focus on all the important steps. I would divide the second part into multiple sub-parts with each of those taking a closer look at the specific steps I have undertaken while translating this work.

1.1 C. L. Polk and Even Though I Knew the End

C. L. Polk is a Canadian fantasy author famous for her Hugo awards nominated Kingston Cycle, including her most famous novel, *Witchmark*. Polk is nonbinary and their preferred pronouns are they/them/she/her, which is why, when translating their name to Czech in the title of my thesis, I decided not to use the gender suffix *-ová*. Even though they have left high school early, they have tried their hands at many diverse jobs gathering interesting experiences, before they settled on writing fantasy novels.¹

Published on November 8th, 2022, *Even Though I Knew the End* had not only become a finalist for the Hugo Award and the World Fantasy Award but also a winner of the Nebula Award.² The novelette mixes fantasy, thriller, romance, and mystery genres in an amazing sapphic period piece. The story takes us on a journey of a magical detective Helen Brandt, who is supposed to die in three days, because of her dealings with a demon, when she stumbles upon a mysterious case of a series of brutal murders. She would like to avoid it and enjoy her last days with her loving girlfriend, Edith Jarosky, but she gets offered another pretty much impossible-to-refuse deal. The story takes us not only on a thrilling detective adventure but also lets us take a look at the bittersweet state of the Chicago lesbian underground at the time. The well-fleshed-out characters, their interactions, and their development together with the sapphic bittersweetness are the most prominent reasons for my choosing this work for my thesis.

1.2 The Theoretical Basis of the Thesis

The aim of this thesis is to translate the first four chapters of the first Act of the novelette *Even Though I Knew the End*, and then analyze my process of translating said chapters while focusing on different steps I took when encountering different problems. The theoretical analysis of the translation will be

¹ <https://www.clpolk.com/>

² <https://www.amazon.com/Even-Though-I-Knew-End-ebook/dp/B09NJVMJZH>

aided by sources on theoretical translation theories such as those written by Jiří Levý, Dagmar Knittlová, and Olga Krijtová, as reading their books has aided me in translating many of the passages.

Olga Krijtová's *Pozvání k překladatelské praxi* while the shortest of my main sources was the one that I found the most entertaining to read and has also stuck the most inside my head. The tale about the differences between idioms in different languages has stuck with me and the whole chapter talking about the hardships of trying to find the perfect idiom to reflect what the original writing was trying to say while the whole trying can sometimes prove fruitless (Krijtová, 28-29) has inspired me and made me think about not only this thesis but about idioms I meet on an everyday basis in a different light. The chapter devoted to *louskání překladatelských oříšků* highlighted the importance of translating into a language one has been born with, as only then has a translator truly the fullest possible knowledge of the language completed with early childhood memories (Krijtová, 19) I have remembered many times when translating cultural references through the work. The chapter about translating titles has become immensely helpful when analyzing the title of the work I was supposed to translate and thinking about which category it belonged to and what it was trying to do (Knittlová, 50-51).

K teorii i praxi překladu by Dagmar Knittlová has been immensely helpful, especially with its chapters about partial and zero equivalents. The different methods of dealing with partial equivalents and multiple examples with each, mainly adding information and substitution by analogy (Knittlová, 82-83), have been a huge help to me while translating many proper names and words I had trouble with initially. I have also returned multiple times to the chapter about textual equivalence and the importance of the functional sentence perspective and the differences between Czech and English FSP (Knittlová, 96). The chapter on pragmatic equivalence and unusual uses of language has also helped me when thinking about choosing the right language register for my translation, as choosing the wrong register could lead to the readers misunderstanding the work and the setting as well as the nature of the characters (Knittlová, 104-105)

Umění překladu by Jiří Levý has also been incredibly important to my translating process. In the two previous sources I have talked about, there are numerous references to this work, and while it was the one I read first out of the three, I have been returning to it frequently to check what parts of it the other two have been referring to. While I have not quoted Levý as much as I did Knittlová and Krijtová, I have found the first 136 pages of the first part of the book to be the best for building the right foundation for a successful translation. Especially when it came to the chapters about the translation process and the understanding, interpretation, and re-stylizing of the original work (Levý, 44-84). The pages I found incredibly important were amongst others the ones about the whole and the parts of the whole describing the struggle between keeping in details that might be done without and generalizing to only carry the most important meaning, which I have thought of often when translating idioms (Levý, 128-129).

2 Practical part

My translation of selected parts of *Even Though I Knew the End*

by C. L. Polk

Even Though I Knew the End

ACT I

1

MARLOWE HAD OFFERED me fifty dollars to stand out here in the freezing Chicago cold and do an augury, and like a damn greedy fool, I'd said yes. I'd computed the ideal time for the operation with Marlowe still on the telephone, flipping between my calculations on scratch paper and an ephemeris. I had to shake a leg to make it to the crime scene during the moon's Chaldean hour, the best window for divination with the dead. Fifty dollars is a comfortable sum, and I had foolishly believed I could earn it in time to enjoy my last weekend with Edith.

Naturally, everything was going wrong.

It was Luna's fault. Moonlight sparkled off freshly smashed lightbulbs. It glittered on the wet asphalt underfoot, casting my shadow over the cleanest patch of back alley you ever saw behind a butcher shop. I held up the plumb of a pendulum and tried again.

"Spirit of this departed woman, speak with me."

The plumb did nothing. That wasn't right.

Kelly McIntyre's spirit should still be linked to her deathplace. A mediocre spiritualist can talk to the dead for three days, no matter where they end up, and I was a little better than that.

I když jsem věděla, jak to skončí

AKT I

1

MARLOWE MI ZA to, abych tady venku v chladném chicagském dešti provedla auspiciem, nabídla padesát dolarů. Já, jako zatracená chamtivá hlupačka, řekla ano. Ještě na telefonu jsem pro zásah vypočítala ideální čas. Listovala jsem při tom mezi papíry s mými výpočty a efemeridami. Musela jsem si pohnout, abych to na místo činu stihla, dokud měl měsíc svou chaldejskou hodinu, což je na vyvolávání mrtvých ta nejlepší doba. Padesát dolarů je slušná částka a já bláhově věřila, že si ji stihnu vydělat včas na to, abych si mohla užít svůj poslední víkend s Edith.

Přirozeně se nic nedařilo.

Mohla za to Luna. Měsíční paprsky se blýskavě odrážely od roztřískaných žárovek. Mokřý asfalt se mi pod nohama třpytil a můj stín se natahoval až do té nejčistší zadní uličky, co se vám kdy povede najít za řeznictvím. Přidržela jsem závaží kyvadla a zkusila to znovu.

„Duše této zemřelé ženy, mluv se mnou.“

Olovnice nic. To nebylo správně.

Duše Kelly McIntyre by ještě stále měla být připoutána k místu jejího úmrtí. I průměrný spiritualista dokáže s mrtvými mluvit tři dny po smrti, bez ohledu na to, kde skončili a já byla o něco lepší, než průměrná.

She ought to be batting that silver weight around like a kitten, falling over herself to tell me what happened to her. But the pendulum hung straight down, unnaturally still, as if no one had died in this alley.

Complications. I didn't need complications. I didn't have time for them.

My camera hung around my neck, the bellowed lens stopped at its widest, the shutter tension open and slow. Marlowe would have to settle for scene photos, if it ever got dark enough to take them.

I tilted my head back. Luna flirted around on the edge of a cloud but didn't quite slip coyly behind it. She looked down at me in the alley, not caring that I was freezing to death.

"Come on, little lady," I muttered at the sky. "Give a girl a break, would you?"

I shouldn't even be out here, but Marlowe not only jumped to more than double my usual fee, she promised that I would find it interesting. So far, I hadn't seen anything to merit Marlowe's opinion. More importantly, I had a date in two hours, and I couldn't skulk around this alley much longer. I dropped the pendulum in my breast pocket and stuffed my numbing hands under the armseyes of my coat.

I looked up at the moon again. "I mean it, lady. Scram."

And for a wonder, she did. The silver light dimmed as Luna drifted behind that cloud she'd been flirting with for the last eighteen minutes. Time to step on the juice and get out of here.

Měla by ten kousek stříbra pinkat sem a tam jako kotě hračku, být celá bez sebe snahou mi říct, co se jí stalo. Ale kyvadlo viselo přímo k zemi, nepřírozeně strnulé, jako kdyby v téhle uličce nikdo nezemřel.

Komplikace. Ty jsem přesně nepotřebovala. Neměla jsem na ně čas.

Foták s milovaným objektivem mi visel okolo krku nastavený na nejširší úhel, jeho závěrka byla připravená na pomalý čas. Marlowe se bude muset spokojit s fotkami místa činu, pokud se kdy setmí dost na to, aby je šlo pořídít.

Zaklonila jsem hlavu. Luna cudně laškovala s okrajem mraku, ale úplně se za něj neschovala. Shlížela na mě dolů do uličky a nezajímalo ji, že mrznu k smrti.

„No tak, slečinko,“ zamumlala jsem k nebi. „Dej si chvilku pauzu, co ty na to?“

Ani bych tady neměla být, ale Marlow nejenom že víc než zdvojnásobila můj obvyklý plat, ona slíbila, že mě tohle bude zajímat. Zatím mi přišlo, že se Marlow tentokrát minula. Co víc, za dvě hodiny jsem měla mít rande a už jsem se nemohla tady v uličce schovávat o moc dýl. Vrátila jsem kyvadlo do náprsní kapsy, než jsem si ruce, které jsem už skoro necítila, nacpala do podpaždí svého kabátu.

Znovu jsem se podívala nahoru na měsíc. „Myslela jsem to vážně, madam. Zmiz.“

A k mému údivu mě tentokrát poslechla. Jak Luna zaplula za mrak, se kterým posledních osmnáct minut laškovala, její stříbrné světlo zesláblo. Byl čas na to šlápnout a pryč odsud.

Off came my gloves. I cut the little finger of my left hand, hissing as blood welled up. I held out my hand and spoke: “Blood, join with blood and reveal it.”

Three drops fell to the cracked asphalt between my feet, landing on the sigil I’d painted there with a solution of radium paint and the spores of a Japanese phosphorescent mushroom picked on a moonless night.

The spell worked by pairing the principles of contagion and sympathy. My blood activated the luminescent properties of the radium and the living glow of the fungus, connecting it to the blood that had been spilled—

You know what? Let’s skip the explanation. The ground beneath my feet glowed, spreading from the tiny droplets I had spilled to fill the alley in obscene greenish detail, exactly the color of the hands on a glow-in-the-dark clock, or a—yeah, a fairy mushroom. Blood doesn’t un-spill easily. It marks the places it touches. The cops scrubbed really hard, but you can’t wash it all away.

I hadn’t had a chance to test this spell, but it’s not bad work for a gal who wasn’t supposed to know anything more dangerous than the computation of Chaldean hours and a smattering of astrology.

The flare of pride at my successful spell design dampened as I saw what the enchantment revealed. The crime scene was straight out of a nightmare. Blood painted the walls—not in obscene, frenzied splashes but in the cruel and deliberate lines of magical sigils.

Sundala jsem si rukavice. Nařízla jsem si levý malíček a sykla, zatímco začal krváčet. Napřáhla jsem dlaň a promluvila: „Krev, s krví se spoj a ukaž ji.“

Na popraskaný asfalt u mých nohou dopadly tři kapky. Přistály přímo tam, kam jsem předtím pomocí směsi radiové barvy a sporů japonských fosforeskujících hub posbíraných za noci, kdy nesvítil měsíc, namalovala magický symbol.

Kouzlo fungovalo díky spojení principů nákazy a pochopení. Má krev aktivovala luminiscentní vlastnosti radia i živou záři hub a propojila je s prolitou krví –

Víte co? Přeskočme to vysvětlování. Země pod mýma nohama začala zářit. Šířilo se to od oněch drobných kapiček dál, až se celá ulička naplnila obscénními nazelenalými detaily přesně v barvě ručiček na těch známých hodinkách, co svítí ve tmě, nebo – no dobře, kouzelných houbiček. Není snadné se zbavit prolité krve. Na místech, kterých se dotkne, vždy zanechá svoji značku. Poldové to tu sice vydrhli pořádně, ale všechno umýt nejde.

Tohle kouzlo jsem ještě neměla příležitost vyzkoušet, ale na holku, co by neměla zvládat nic nebezpečnějšího než výpočty chaldejských hodin a trošičku astrologie, to vůbec nebyla špatná práce.

Když jsem však viděla, co zaklínadlo odhalilo, pýcha z podařeného kouzla odstoupila do pozadí. Místo činu jako kdyby vystoupilo z noční můry. Zdi byly pomalovány krví – nebyly to žádné obscénní zběsilé cákance ale kruté a zcela záměrné linie magických symbolů.

They covered the north and south walls, sprawling onto the asphalt to the east and west, and I comprehended some. But the rest?

They weren't Greek to me; I could read that. These marks reminded me of astrological glyphs, of hermetic seals, but I could read those, too. They looked familiar. But I didn't know them, and I couldn't put my finger on where I had seen them before.

Enough standing around with my jaw unhinged. I had a system for photographing ritual scenes, and I followed it. I snapped a photo, slid the shield over the exposure, and stuck the cartridge in my pocket. North, east, south, west. I captured the sigils and markings in the all-seeing eye of my Graflex. I'd inherited it from my old boss, Clyde, and he'd have something to say about letting the f-stop out all the way and not using a tripod, but I think he would have been secretly impressed with the spell that made it possible.

As I photographed a magic square filled with more of those strange glyphs, the rock in my gut got heavier and heavier. The blood, which I assumed had belonged to Kelly McIntyre, painted the ground and the walls in the complex geometry of a ritual circle unlike anything I'd ever learned as a mystic. This was deep trouble—worse than a haunting, worse than a hex. This was high ritual magic put to the most gruesome purpose I had ever seen.

Marlowe had been right after all. This was one hell of a job, and I didn't have time to take it past this consultation. I wished I could have, even though the whole thing screamed *peril!* *Danger! Mortal threat!*

Pokrývaly severní i jižní stěny odkud se rozlézaly po asfaltu na východ a západ. Některým jsem rozuměla. Ale zbytek?

Nebyla to žádná španělská vesnice, vyznala jsem se v tom. Připomínalo mi to astrologické glyfy, hermetické pečetě, ale ty přečíst umím. Znamení mi byla povědomá. Ale neznala jsem je a ne a ne přijít na to, kde jsem je už viděla.

Dost bylo postávání kolem s pusou dokořán. Pro fotografování míst rituálů jsem měla systém a podle toho jsem postupovala. Cvakla jsem fotku, stáhla krytku přes objektiv a strčila kazetu s filmem do kapsy. Sever, východ, jih, západ. Symboly a značky jsem zachytila pomocí vševídnoucího oka mého Graflexu. Podědila jsem ho po mém starém šéfovi, Clydeovi. Ten by mi určitě něco řekl k tomu, jak mám clonu otevřenou naplno a nepoužívám stativ, ale myslím, že kouzlo, které to umožnilo, by ho ohromilo, i když by to na sobě nedal znát.

Zatímco jsem fotila čtverec plný dalších zvláštních glyfů, kámen na srdci mi těžknul a těžknul. Komplexní geometrické obrazce rituálního kruhu namalované krví, co nejspíše patřila Kelly McIntyre, nepřipomínaly nic, o čem bych se jako mystik kdy učila. Tohle byl pořádný průšvih – horší než neklidní duchové, horší, než prokletí. Tohle bylo jedno z nejhroživějších využití rituální magie na vysoké úrovni, jaké jsem kdy viděla.

Marlowe přece jenom měla pravdu. Tohle byla sakra pekelná zakázka a já neměla čas na nic víc než tuhle konzultaci. Přála jsem si, abych měla, i když z toho táhly průšvihy, nebezpečí a hrozba smrti.

Awful as it was, it woke my sense of curiosity right up.

Another magazine slid into my camera, and I crouched to get the best frame on the markings along the north wall.

Wait.

Crouching. I backed up and counted bricks, holding my arm up to reckon eyeline.

“Huh.”

The White City Vampire could have been the Half-Pint Vampire. The markings put him at about five foot three. How did a pipsqueak that size haul an amazon like Nightingale McIntyre this deep into the alley? I wondered at the state of the songbird’s nails. Had she fought back, or was she dead weight? Could I grease somebody at the morgue to find out?

I was falling into the case, and I couldn’t do that. All I had time for was getting these pictures. I crouched again, shooting a square of the unknown alphabet on the south wall. The shutter clicked open, and the glow on the walls intensified an instant before it all went dark—or should I say, bright.

“Dammit.”

Luna was back from her tryst with cloud cover, shining on me with all her curiosity.

I had another vial of luminous solution. It was enough for another spell, but I would have to wait ... I looked up at the sky and reckoned. At least another half hour. That would tip me into the hour of Saturn, and that was inauspicious.

Jakkoliv příšerně to vypadalo, na moji zvědavost to bylo jako vějička.

Do foťáku jsem přidala další zásobník a skrčila se, abych získala co nejlepší záběr značek na severní zdi.

Počkat.

Stále skrčená jsem couvla pár kroků zpět. Počítala jsem u toho cihly a zvedla ruku jako odhad, kde zhruba mám oči.

„Ha.“

Upír Bílého města by se stejně dobře mohl jmenovat Upír pidižvík. Podle znamení šlo odhadnout, že měří zhruba metr šedesát. Jak se takovému mrňousovi povedlo odtáhnout amazonku jako byla Slaviček McIntyre uličkou takhle daleko? Kdybych v márnici někoho podmázla, řekl by mi to?

Začala jsem do toho případu padat po hlavě, a to jsem nemohla. Měla jsem čas jedině na pořízení těchhle fotek. Znovu jsem se sehnula a vyfotila kousek neznámého písma na jižní zdi. Závěrka cvakla a záře na zdi na okamžik zesílila, než vše opět ztmavlo – nebo spíš zesvětlalo.

„Sakryš.“

Luna se vrátila ze svého dostaveníčka s mraky a se vší svou zvědavostí mi rozsvítila.

Měla jsem ještě jednu lahvičku luminiscentního roztoku. Stačilo by to na další kouzlo, ale musela bych počkat ... podívala jsem se na nebe a přemýšlela. Ještě tak půl hodiny. To by se ale nehodilo, neb by mě to přehouplo do hodiny Saturnu.

Six shots would have to be enough—the seventh was probably ruined. I reloaded the camera with fresh film, and my pockets bulged with 4x5 plates. The glow from the spell was gone, but I gazed through the viewfinder all the same. Something inside me wanted one more shot, and a mystic doesn't ignore her intuition.

Broken glass crunched under a boot sole. A new shadow fell over my path, shaped like square shoulders and a fedora.

“What's your business here?” a man demanded, and then he made a disbelieving noise. “Christ, it's a dame.”

Damn it. I'd been pinched, and it was my own fault. I had cast no wards at all. I wasn't great with the invisibility glamour. I hadn't even set up a trip line. I had been sloppy, and I deserved to get caught.

Two men had come around the corner—one tall and broad across the shoulder, the other shorter, standing like a boxer. But were they cops or robbers?

Intuition still had its lips to my ear. I depressed the shutter button with the lens pointed in their direction before I grabbed air and gave a grin. “The scene's clean, but a second look never hurt—Aw, hell.”

The flash of an eight-pointed silver star on the shorter man's lapel told me who I was dealing with, and I'd be twice damned if I ever showed my belly to the likes of them. I put my hands down. “Evening, gentlemen. Nice night.”

Šest záběrů bude muset stačit – ten sedmý byl nejspíš na nic. Znovu jsem dala do foťáku nový film, zatímco se mi v kapsy bouřily tabulkama 4x5. Záře kouzla už byla pryč, ale i tak jsem zírala do hledáčku. Něco mi říkalo, že potřebuju ještě jeden záběr, a mystik zkrátka vždycky dá na svou intuici.

Skleněné střepy zapraskaly pod podrážkou bot. Něčí stín mi padl do cesty. Měl tvar hranatých ramen s kloboučkem.

„Co tady děláš?“ naléhal muž. Pak z něj vylezlo nevěřící zamručení. „Kriste pane, ona je to slečinka.“

Sakra. Nechala jsem se najít kvůli své vlastní blbosti.. Nepoužila jsem žádné štíty. S neviditelností nám to moc neklapalo. Dokonce jsem ani nenastražila žádnou past. Byla jsem lajdák a zasloužila jsem si, aby mě chytili.

Zpoza rohu se vynořili dva muži – jeden vysoký, široký v ramenou, druhý nižší, ten postojem připomínal boxera. Byli to ale poldové nebo zloději?

Intuice mi ještě stále dýchala do ucha. Odmáčkla jsem spoušť s objektivem naměřeným jejich směrem, než jsem zvedla ruce vzhůru a zazubila se. „Je to tu čistý, ale prohlídnout si to podruhé nemůže být na škodu – Zatraceně.“

Na klopě nižšího z nich se zablýskla osmicípá stříbrná hvězda. Hnedka jsem věděla, s kým mám co do činění, a ať se propadnu, kdybych těmhle typům ukázala slabost. Nechala jsem své ruce zase klesnout. „Dobrý večer, pánové. Pěkná noc.“

The shorter man took the lead, gun in hand. But then I got a look at the bigger one, and even with his figure shrouded in shadow, my heart gave a little leap, because I knew him. The light shifted to shine on half his face and I forgot how to breathe. His chin, his mouth ... even ten years older and a full foot taller, I knew.

“Ted?” I took a step forward. “Teddy?”

“Helen. You shouldn’t be here.”

“Helen Brandt?” The shorter one’s voice rang with delighted scandal. “You’re still alive?”

Ted and I both flinched.

“Shut up, Delaney,” my brother said. His voice didn’t squeak anymore, evened out to a smooth tenor.

Delaney didn’t matter. I was smiling so hard, I could feel the cold on my molars. Ted was here, this week of all weeks. Here, when I thought I’d never see him again. “Teddy. It is you. You transferred out of Ohio? Are you here in Chicago to stay? You’ve got to be an initiate by now; have you earned your third degree?”

My heart thumped in my chest like it had to carry the whole band playing in my veins. Ted. My little brother, not so little now, standing right there and—his expression was hewn from ice.

“You don’t get to ask about me,” Teddy said. “You don’t get to stand there and ask about my life.”

The look on his face tore me open, exposing the hollow spot just under my heart that never felt full.

Menší z nich se ujal vedení se zbraní v ruce, ale potom jsem se podívala na toho většího, a i když ho halily stíny, poskočilo mi srdce, protože jsem ho znala. Světlo se posunulo tak, že mu ozářilo půl obličeje, a já zapomněla, jak se dýchá. Ta brada, ty ústa... I když byl o deset let starší a třicet čísel vyšší, znala jsem ho.

„Tede?“ popošla jsem o krok dopředu. „Teddy?“

„Helen. Neměla bys tady být.“

„Helen Brandtová?“ z hlasu menšího bylo cítit skandální potěšení. „Ty ještě žiješ?“

Ted i já jsem sebou škubnuli.

„Zmlkni, Delaneyi,“ řekl můj bratr. Hlas už mu nevrzal, místo toho se ustálil v hladkém tenoru.

Na Delaneyovi nezáleželo. Culila jsem se tak široce, že mi byla zima na stoličky. Ted byl tady. Tenhle týden ze všech týdnů světa. Zrovna když jsem si myslela, že už ho nikdy nevidím. „Teddy. Jsi to ty. Převeleli tě z Ohia? Už zůstaneš v Chicagu? Už určitě musíš být zasvěcený, vysloužil sis třetí titul?“

Srdce mi v hrudi bušilo, jako kdyby muselo nést celou tu dechovku, co mi hrála v žilách. Ted. Můj malý bratříček, i když už nebyl tak malý, stál hnedle tady a – jeho tvář byla jako vytesaná z ledu.

„Ty se na mě nemáš co vyptávat,“ řekl Teddy. „Nezasloužíš si tady stát a ptát se na můj život.“

Jeho výraz mě rozerval, odhalil to prázdné místo u mého srdce, které nikdy nešlo naplnit.

I'd accepted that I would never see him again a long time before, but I never made peace with it. In my heart of hearts, I yearned for one more glimpse and hoped that he would know me anywhere. That he would see me, the sister who he had loved with all his heart, and maybe I'd have something to tuck away in the little space I had emptied for his sake.

It wasn't turning out the way I'd dreamed it. He regarded me with disdain, rejection plain on his face. He saw no one he loved, only the warlock Helen Brandt—and I had never wished to see that in his eyes.

But even as the moment I had dreamed of turned into a nightmare, the gears in my skull kept turning. Teddy wasn't in this alley by chance. They'd been watching the scene all along. Not cops. Not robbers. High magicians, and that was worse.

I lifted the collar of my coat and gathered up my dignity. I was Helen Brandt. He was Initiate Theodore Brandt, and I wouldn't air out our family business in front of a stranger, even if he knew the rumors anyway.

I flicked my hat brim at Delaney. "What brings the Brotherhood of the Compass to such a charming location?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" he said with a sneer he'd probably copied from the movies. "Who tipped you to the case?"

"As if the White City Vampire wasn't all over the papers?" I asked.

"So, you're just acting as a concerned citizen," Delaney said. "I'm supposed to believe that from a warlock?"

Už dávno jsem se smířila s tím, že jej nikdy znovu neuvidím, ale nedokázala jsem se s tím vyrovnat. Hluboko v srdci jsem toužila ho znovu spatřit, doufala jsem, že mě pozná ať budeme kdekoliv. Že mě uvidí, setru, kterou miloval celým svým srdcem, a možná mi zbyde něco, co budu moct zastrčit do toho malého místečka, které jsem pro něj držela vyklizené.

Tohle ale mé vysněné setkání nepřipomínalo ani trochu. Koukal se na mě s opovržením a z tváře mu číselo odmítnutí. Neviděl někoho blízkého, jenom černokněžnici Helen Brandtovou – a to jsem nikdy v jeho očích vidět nechtěla.

Ale i když jsem sledovala, jak se můj sen měnil v noční můru, kolečka v mozku se mi nepřestávaly točit. Teddy v téhle uličce nebyl náhodou. Hlíдали to tady celou dobu. Žádní poldové. Žádní zloději. Byli to mágové, a to bylo horší.

Zvedla jsem si límec kabátu a posbírala pošramocenou důstojnost. Byla jsem Helen Brandtová. On byl Zasvěcenec Theodor Brandt. Nebudu větrat špinavé prádlo naší rodin před cizákem, i když nejspíš něco věděl díky pomluvám.

Cvrnkla jsem do krempy svého klobouku a otočila se na Delaneye. „Co přivádí Bratrstvo kompasu na takové okouzující místečko?“

„To by tě tak zajímalo, co?“ zašklebil se tak, jak nejspíš viděl ve filmu. „Kdo ti řekl o tomhle případu?“

„Jakože Upíra z Bílého města nejsou plné noviny?“ optala jsem se.

„Takže jenom plníš svou občanskou povinnost,“ prohlásil Delaney. „a to mám jako nějaké černokněžnici věřit?“

Ted didn't speak. He didn't even move. I kept the words locked up tight, but if he gave an inch, I'd tell him everything. I'd grab on to any thread he threw me and hold it like it would save my life. I opened my hands, palms up. "Ted. I'm just trying to help."

But Ted let his partner do the talking.

"I asked you your business here." Delaney was older than either of us, from the river-delta lines near his eyes, and he carried the easy presumptuousness of long-held authority. But he could gas on all he wanted. Marlowe didn't pay me to snitch on her to the Brotherhood.

I tilted my chin up three more degrees. I had to gaze down my nose to see him, and hid my smug reaction when he bristled. "A hunch. I couldn't sit by if there was something ... obscure happening. And there must be a pattern in the hour of the murders. This one happened while the sun squared the moon, within a degree of orb to the aspect while in contraparallel—"

"Oh, yeah," the short one said. "You're an *astrologer*."

"Auspex," I corrected. "That's Latin for—"

"Enough, Miss Brandt." Ted talked to me like I was a stranger. As if I hadn't given everything for him, everything I had to give. He stood there with ice in his heart while mine broke cleanly in two. "I comprehend the generosity of your offer, but I am pressured to decline."

"Ted." I had to try one more time. "Teddy-boy. Please believe me. I'm—"

Ted mlčel. Nehnul ani brvou. Držela jsem to uvnitř, všechna ta slova, ale kdyby mi jenom naznačil, řekla bych mu všechno. Chytila bych se jakéhokoliv stébla, co by mi hodil, a držela se, jako kdyby mi to mohlo zachránit život. Otevřela jsem ruce dlaněmi vzhůru. „Tede. Jenom se snažím pomoci.“

Ale za Teda mluvil jeho parták.

„Ptal jsem se, co tady děláš.“ Podle vějířků vrásek u jeho očí byl Delaney starší než my oba a nesl se s přirozenou domýšlivostí, která pramenila z dlouho třimané autority. Mohl se ale ptát, jak chtěl. Marlowe mi neplatila za to, abych na ni donášela Bratrstvu.

Zaklonila jsem hlavu o další tři stupně. Ze záklonu jsem na něj přes nos sotva viděla, takže nespátřil moji potěšenou reakci, když se naježil. „Měla jsem tušení. Nemůžu jenom přihlížet, kdyby se tu dělo něco... obskurního. A navíc v čase těch vražd musí existovat nějaký vzorec. K téhle došlo, když slunce bylo v souladu s měsícem, v rámci úhlu mezi orbem a aspektem v kontraparalelním—“

„Aha, jasně,“ řekl ten malý. „Ty jsi *astroložka*.“

„Auspex,“ opravila jsem ho. „Tak se latinsky řekne—“

„To by stačilo, slečno Brandtová,“ mluvil ke mně Ted, jako kdybych byla cizí. Jako kdybych se pro něj všeho nevzdala, všeho, co jsem měla. Stál tam se srdcem z ledu, zatímco to moje se rozlomilo na dvě půlky. „Jsem si vědom šlechtnosti vaší nabídky, ale jsem nucen ji odmítnout.“

„Tede.“ Musela jsem to zkusit ještě jednou. „Tedíku. Prosím tě, věř mi. Já jsem—“

His hand came up, and he slapped his fingertips down on his thumb in a silencing pinch. The words jammed in my throat.

“I know exactly what you think help is,” Ted said. “You should leave, warlock, before we take you to the Grand Lodge.”

I hauled up my jaw before it could land on my chest. *Warlock*. It hit like a slap. The Brotherhood wasn't kind to people who poked in their business. But didn't I mean anything to him? Didn't he have a heart beating inside his living, breathing body; didn't he feel anything, anything at all?

If only he would shout at me for what I did. If only we could have it out, a great screaming brawl where he could tell me that I shouldn't have done it and I could tell him I'd do it all over again, that I loved him too much to do anything else. But he was a wall of stone, and his partner had a revolver, and leaving was a good idea. A bullet could trip out of that gun, and somebody might get hurt.

I backed up a step, and my tongue shuddered at being set free. “If you need my help—”

Delaney leveled the gun at me, and my mouth went dry.

“Scram.”

“Right,” I said. “Pleasant evening, gentlemen.”

Zvedl ruku a sklápł špičky prstů na svůj palec v umlčujícím sevření. Slova se mi zarazila v krku.

„Vím přesně, co si ty představuješ pod pojmem pomoc,“ řekl Ted. „Měla bys odejít, černokněžnice, než tě předvedeme před Velkou lóží.“

Než mi mohla přistát na hrudi, vytáhla jsem si padající čelist zpátky. *Černokněžnice*. Bylo to jako dostat facku. Bratrstvo nikdy nebylo vlídné vůči lidem, kteří se vrtali v jejich záležitostech. Ale to jsem pro něj nic neznamenal? Neměl v tom svém živoucím, dýchajícím těle bušící srdce? To nic necítil, vůbec nic?

Kdyby jen na mě začal křičet, za to, co jsem udělala. Kdybychom to mohli vynést ven, za pořádného řevu a rvačky, kde by mi mohl říct, že jsem to neměla udělat, a já bych mu mohla říct, že bych to všechno udělala znovu, že jsem ho milovala moc na to, abych přistoupila na cokoli jiného. Ale on byl jako kamenná zeď, jeho parťák měl revolver a odejít se zdálo jako skvělý nápad. Z té zbraně mohla kdykoliv vyletět kulka a někoho zranit.

O krok jsem couvla a můj jazyk se zatřásl, když jej kouzlo propustilo. „Kdybys potřeboval moji pomoc-“

Vyschlo mi v puse, když na mě Delaney namířil svou zbraň.

„Padej.“

„Jasně,“ řekla jsem. „Přeji pěkný večer, pánové.“

I MADE MY way back to State and Washington without a single tear. The cold seeped through my coat to wrap around my heart, and I let it push myself far from the part of me that wanted to sink to my knees and weep my heartbreak over the brother who didn't want anything to do with me, to rage at the irony of my brother coming back to my life three days before I was destined to leave it. The wind froze my eyelashes; I walked as fast as I dared with ice underfoot.

I didn't have time to cry. Ted didn't care one whit whether I shed a tear or not, and if I showed up to my date with my eyes all red and puffy, I'd ruin the evening. I breathed in the cold and wreathed it around my heart. Press on. Cry later. There's work to be done, and not enough time to do it.

I shouldn't have taken that consultation. But what's done is done, and I had fifty dollars to earn. I shut myself in the darkroom and got to work. Eight negatives swam through a tub of developer. I worked in the dark and kept those plates moving, just like Clyde had taught me. The Graflex perched safely on its shelf, thawing out after its time in the cold.

I needed a smoke so badly I was grinding my teeth. But it had to wait until all eight plates were done developing and hanging on the line. Then I needed a blouse that didn't stink of having a gun pointed at me. The minutes ticked in my head, whispering *you're late, you're late*.

BEZ JEDINÉ SLZY jsem si to zamířila zpátky na Státní a Washingtonskou. Zima prosakovala skrz můj kabát, aby se mi mohla obtočit okolo srdce. Část mě se chtěla propadnout na kolena a vybrečet veškerý srdcebol způsobený bratrem, který se mnou nechtěl nic mít, chtěla zuřit nad ironií toho, že se mi bratr do života vrátil tři dny předtím, než ho já opustím. Nechala jsem chlad, aby mě vzal a odnesl daleko od toho všeho. Vítr mi mrazil řasy. Kráčela jsem tak rychle, jak to po namrzlé zemi šlo.

Neměla jsem čas brečet. Teda jestli proleju slzičku nebo ne nezajímalo ani trochu a kdybych se na rande ukázala s červenýma opuchlýma očima, zničilo by to celý večer. Nadechla jsem se chladného vzduchu a opletla jím své srdce. Pokračuj. Breč později. Práce potřebuje dokončit a času zdaleka nebylo dost.

Neměla jsme tu konzultaci brát. Ale co se stalo, stalo se, a na mě čekalo padesát dolarů. Zavřela jsem se do temné komory a dala se do práce. Ve vývojce plavalo osm negativů. Pracovala jsem ve tmě a pohybovala snímky, jak mě to učil Clyde. Graflex seděl v bezpečí na své policičce a pomalu se otřepával ze svého pobytu v zimě.

Potřebovala jsem si zapálit tak moc, že jsem skřípala zuby. Musela jsem ale počkat, až bylo všech osm snímků hotových a hezky visely na šňůře. Pak jsem potřebovala blůzu, která nesmrděla po tom, že na mě někdo namířil zbraň. V hlavě mi tikaly minuty a šeptaly *jdeš pozdě, jdeš pozdě*.

I shut the darkroom door behind me, but the markings on the negatives followed me out of the room. The White City Vampire was using ritual sacrifice to fuel high magic of a kind I didn't recognize—not that I had ever claimed to know it all. Marlowe was interested, but why? Marlowe hired me for jobs suited to a detective and part-time diviner, but she'd never set me on a trail this dark.

And she had never sent me to anything that brushed so close to the affairs of the Brotherhood of the Compass. I did not want to tangle with my former order. Forget the Golden Dawn. Never mind the Eastern Order out west—they're mostly an excuse for orgies, anyway. Forget the naked gasping of witches or the root and bone magic of the conjuring folk. All together, they barely held a sliver of the secrets the Brotherhood hoarded in their lodges, and even a fifty-dollar consultation fee wasn't worth their ire. I'd assumed that Marlowe didn't want to cross their eyeline any more than I did.

I didn't have time for curiosity. I wet a cloth with water from my kettle and washed my armpits. I found a new blouse to wear and dabbed perfume on my wrists and throat. My unopened pack of Chesterfields hid under a pile of mail on my desk. Envelopes slid off the pile and landed on the hardwood, disturbing the dust gathered around the legs. I left the mail where it lay and lit up.

Zavřela jsem za sebou dveře komory, ale znamení z negativů mě z ní následovaly ven. Ne, že bych kdy tvrdila, že ji znám všechnu, ale Upír z Bílého města používal rituální oběti k napájení složité magie, kterou jsem nepoznávala. Marlowe to zajímalo, ale proč? Obvykle po mě chtěla práci, která se hodila pro detektiva a občasného věštce, nikdy předtím mě neposlala po takhle temné stopě.

A taky mě nikdy neposlala někam, kde bych narazila na záležitosti Bratrstva kompasu takhle zblízka. Nechtěla jsem se se svým bývalým řádem znovu zaplést. Zapomeňte na Zlatý úsvit. Nevšímejte si Východního řádu na západě – ti jsou stejně hlavně záminkou pro skupinové orgie. Zapomeňte na vzdychání nahatých čarodějek nebo magii kořínků a kůstek podivných čarolidiček. Všichni dohromady znali ani ne střípek všech tajemství, které Bratrstvo strádalo ve svých sídlech, a ani těch padesát dolarů za konzultaci mi nestálo za to, abych je naštvála. Předpokládala jsem, že Marlowe jim nechtěla lézt do zelí o nic víc než já.

Neměla jsem čas na zvědavost. Navlhčila jsem si hadýrek vodou z konvice a umyla si podpaždí. Našla jsem čistou blůzu a nanasla parfém na zápěstí a hrdlo. Pod hromádkou pošty na stole se schovával můj neotevřený balíček Chesterfieldek. Obálky sklouzly z hromádky a přistály na dřevěné podlaze, kde narušily prach nashromážděný u mých nohou. Nechala jsem poštu ležet kam spadla a zapálila si.

I needed my nerves steady. I had told Marlowe I couldn't take on my usual investigation, that I would do a crime-scene augury, and that was it. And she had agreed to it, and we courteously ignored the fact that she knew well enough that I'd snap at the bait of an occult puzzle. But even if I had the time, the Brotherhood was hovering all over this. I had to step away, and I had to break it to Marlowe right now.

I picked up the telephone, wedging the receiver between my ear and shoulder. I spun the dial six times and waited for the line to click, to ring.

It sounded twice before Marlowe answered. "Hello, darling."

"Hello, Marlowe. Were you expecting me?"

Her voice was a throaty warble, the kind that lingered in your ears. "Helen. Calling so soon?"

"So late," I said. "I managed six photos before I was interrupted. There's a seventh, but I think it's a wash."

The eighth wasn't any of her business, and it was probably junk anyway.

"Six photos? In the dark?" A lighter clicked on Marlowe's end. "One of your brilliant little spells, I imagine."

"That's right."

"I could be generous if you shared that spell with me."

"And lose my trademark? Doll, my weight in rubies wouldn't be enough."

Potřebovala jsem pevné nervy. Marlowe jsem řekla, že nemůžu nabrat svoje obvyklé vyšetřování. Že na místě činu provedu auspiciium a to je konec. Ona souhlasila a zdvořile jsme ignorovaly fakt, že moc dobře věděla, jak dobře zaberu na návnadu v podobě okultní skládačky. Ale i kdybych měla čas, tohle mělo pod palcem Bratrstvo. Musela jsem od toho pryč a říct to Marlowe rovnou.

Zvedla jsem telefon a zastrčila si sluchátko mezi ucho a rameno. Šestkrát jsem otočila číselníkem a počkala jsem, než linka klikne a začne zvonit.

Trvalo jenom dvě zazvonění, než to Marlowe zvedla. „Zdravím, drahá.“

„Zdravím, Marlowe. Čekala jsi mě?“

Její hlas byl jako jakýsi hrdelní zpěv, takový typ hlasu, co vám dlouho potom uvízl v uších.

„Helen. Co, že voláš tak brzy?“

„Tak pozdě,“ řekla jsem. „Povedlo se mi šest fotek, než mě někdo vyrušil. Ještě mám sedmou, ale myslím, že bude k ničemu.“

Do té osmé jí nic nebylo a nejspíš to stejně bude na vyhození.

„Šest fotek? V té tmě?“ na Marlowině straně cvaknul zapalovač. „Hádám, že to bylo jedno z tvých výjimečných kouzlíček.“

„To bylo.“

„Kdyby ses se mnou o něj podělila, mohla bych být velice štědrá.“

„A přijít tak o svoji značku? Krásko, moje váha v rubínech by nestačila.“

All my secrets were in a book. The book was in a safe. The combination was written on the letter I meant to post on Sunday, telling Edith everything, and maybe she'd forgive me one day.

Marlowe's chuckle blew smoke in my ear. "I could make it happen."

She probably could. I wasn't sure where Marlowe's money came from, but she had plenty of it, and she paid handsomely for my work. But rubies couldn't buy what I needed. Nothing could.

"It's an occult case, all right, but it's too hot. I can't help you."

"Oh, darling. Don't be so defeatist. Give me a chance to change your mind. Bring the photos in the morning—"

"I have a date," I repeated. "I won't have them until dinnertime."

"Bring yourself, then. I adore breakfast meetings. Or we could start tonight, over a drink."

"Sorry, doll. She's waiting for me." And she might not be there if I didn't step on it.

"Lucky creature, whoever she is," Marlowe said. "Breakfast. Nine sharp."

Všechna má tajemství byla v knížce. Ta knížka byla v sejfu. Vstupní kombinace byla napsaná na dopise, který jsem plánovala v neděli odeslat, říct v něm Edith všechno, a možná mi tak jednou odpustí.

Marlowe mi s chichotem foukla kouř do ucha. „Mohla bych něco takového zařídit.“

Nejspíš by mohla. Nebyla jsem si jistá, kde Marlowe brala peníze, ale měla jich dost a za práci mi platila luxusně. Ale za rubíny si to, co jsem potřebovala, koupit nejde. Nejde to koupit za nic.

„Je to sice okultní případ, ale až moc horký. Nemůžu ti pomoci.“

„Ale drahá. Nechovej se tak poraženecky. Dej mi šanci změnit tvůj názor. Ráno mi přines ty fotky-“

„Mám rande,“ zopakovala jsem. „Budou hotové nejdřív k večeři.“

„Tak přines sebe. Miluju naše snídaňové schůzky. Anebo můžeme začít dneska večer, u skleničky.“

„Promiň, krásko. Už na mě někdo čeká.“ A možná tam nebude, pokud na to nešlápnu.

„Šťastné stvoření, ať jde o kohokoliv,“ řekla Marlowe. „Snídaně. Přesně v devět.“

IT WAS SO late by then I was sure I'd missed out. I hurried to the Wink on the edge of the Near North Side. I walked into a dim saloon that smelled of spilled beer, and kept on through to the back, as if I were headed for the poker den that ran seven nights a week. But before anyone could spot me, I cut left into an alcove that held a mop closet and another door.

I knocked the right rhythm—not shave and a haircut but close. I stood still as the peephole opened and a light flashed in my eyes. The wall opened, and Sylvia let me onto the landing before a long flight of stairs leading down into the earth.

“Evening, beautiful. You’re late.”

I shook her hand in greeting, leaving a quarter in her palm. “I should have brought flowers. How’s Moira?”

She smiled with pride. “Moira’s got her suit on tonight. Playing horn up at WGN.”

“Good gig. Tell her hi, gorgeous, will you?”

“She’ll be here later, and you can tell her yourself.” She glanced at the bulge under my left arm. “Check your iron?”

“Will do.” I passed under the light of a pendant lamp to creak my way down the stairs and through a damp, creosote-smelling tunnel.

I was late, but Edith was still here. Sylvia would have read me the riot act otherwise.

BYLO UŽ TAK pozdě, že jsem si byla jistá, že nemám šanci. Pospíchala jsem k Okamžiku na okraji Severní strany. Vešla jsem do potměšlého salónku, který smrděl rozlitym pivem, a pokračovala dozadu, jako kdybych měla namířeno do pokerového doupěte, které jelo několikrát týdně. Než mě ale někdo mohl spatřit, zahrula jsem do výklenku vlevo, kde byl jenom přístěnek na mopy a další dveře.

Zaklepala jsem ten správný rytmus – něco jako pam padapampam pampam. Stála jsem bez hnutí, zatímco se otevřelo hledítko a do očí mi zasvítla baterka. Stěna se otevřela a Sylvia mě pustila na podlaží na vrcholku dlouhého schodiště vedoucího hluboko do země.

„Brý večer, krásko. Jdeš pozdě.“

Potřásly jsme si rukama na pozdrav a já jí nechala v dlani čtvrták. „Měla jsem přinést kytici. Jak se má Moira?“

Pyšně se zazubila. „Moira je dneska v obleku. Hraje na roh nahoře v rádiu, WGN.“

„Skvělá práce. Vyříd’ jí, že ji pozdravuju, krásko, jo?“

„Později sem dorazí, tak jí to můžeš říct sama.“ Oči jí zalétly k bouli pod mojí levou paží. „Dáš si bacha na bouchačku?“

„Dám.“ Prošla jsem pod světlem závěsného lustru a vydala se po skřípajících schodech dolů, a potom dál vlhkou chodbou, co páchnula po kreozotu.

Přišla jsem pozdě, ale Edith tu pořád ještě byla. Sylvia by mi jinak pořádně vyhubovala.

Distant music echoed down the hallway, and I stopped at the coat check to smile at the new girl behind the counter, her hair shiny with brilliantine, her secondhand black-tie outfit just a touch too big. She held out her hands for my coat and hat. She packed up my persuader in a locker without batting an eyelash and gave me a chit. I didn't bother taking off the holster; I feel strange without it.

I turned to meet the gentle press of fingertips on my shoulder, my flight-or-fight kicking up before I put my smile back on. Just the cigarette gal, silly. Who else would it be?

"You need cigarettes, Helen?" Mitzi (though that wasn't really her name) flicked ringed fingers over the tray. I tipped a nickel and kissed her rouged cheek.

"You look gorgeous, doll."

She fluttered her hands and shooed me away. "Go break some other girl's heart, you wicked broad."

I grinned and swept open the beaded curtain to the Wink.

Chicago had loved us once, and the straights had packed into the De Luxe Café and the old Twelve-Thirty Club to come scandalously close to the queer. But the cops cracked down on the pansy clubs in 1935, and these days, Chicago didn't love our kind at all.

Somebody found this place at the end of the Great War and the beginning of the Great Experiment and put a bar in it. After Prohibition and the gallons of blood washing out the gutters of Chicago, this place draped itself in dust and waited for Betty Donahue and her wife, Willie, to discover it themselves.

Chodbou se z dálky ozývala hudba a já se zastavila u šatny, kde jsem se usmála na novou holku za přepážkou. Vlasy se jí leskly brilantinou a oblek ze sekáče jí byl trochu velký. Natáhla ruce pro můj klobouk a čepici. Mou zbraň bez mrknutí oka uložila do skříňky a dala mi lístek. Neobtěžovala jsem se sundat si pouzdro; cítím se bez něho zvláště.

Něčí prsty mi zlehka přitlačily na rameno a já se jim otočila vstříc s adrenalinem pumpujícím v žilách, než jsem znovu nasadila úsměv. Jenom holka od cigaret, hlupáčku. Kdo jiný by to byl?

„Potřebuješ cigarety, Helen?“ Mitzi (ne, že by to bylo její pravé jméno) cvrnkla svými prsteny ověšenými prsty o tácek. Dala jsem jí jako dýško jeden niklák a puslu na ruměnnou tvář.

„Vypadáš nádherně, krásko.“

Mávla nad tím rukama a odehнала mě pryč. „Jdi lámat srdce někoho jiného, ty zkažená ženštino.“

Zakřenila jsem se a odhrnula korálkový závěs vedoucí k Okamžiku.

Kdysi nás Chicago milovalo. Heteráci se rvali do De Luxe Café a starého klubu O Půl jedné, aby se dostali k buznám až skandálně blízko. Ve třicátém pátém si ale poldové na teplé bary došlápli a dneska nás Chicago nemuselo ani trochu.

Tohle místo někdo našel na konci Velké války a začátku prohibice a rozhodl se tu zařídit bar. Potom, co se prohibice i s litry krve přelila Chicagem, zabalilo se to tady do prachu a čekalo, až to Betty Donahue a její žena, Willie, samy znovu našly.

They had established the passwords two Halloweens ago, and we all planned to take its secret to our graves.

The Wink was long and narrow, its chipped brick walls lined with cozy horseshoe booths. Real crystal chandeliers-mismatched, bless every one of them-glittered through a fog of cigarette smoke. They hung down the center of the room, leading the way past the long, well-stocked bar to a round-edged stage, where Miss Francise swayed in a glittering blue gown and sang "I've Got You Under My Skin."

The room was full of women; don't let the double-breasted suits and slicked-back hair fool you. The Wink was a haven of women, gathered in clumps or cuddled around a special companion, whether they wore starched collar shirts or satin and sequins. The Friday-night women of the Wink could make free, drinking and laughing, eyeing each other the way they'd never dare on the street.

I wound through the standing crowd, headed for my usual place at the end of the bar. A highball sat fizzing next to my empty chair, and beside it sat Edith Jarosky, listening to the songbird up on stage. She'd waited for me. I glanced at my wristwatch. Forty-five minutes, and she'd waited.

She had her pinstripe jacket on, the shoulders sharp-angled and fashionable. Her scarf hung neatly on the back of her chair. She had one last sip of bourbon in her glass; that's how close I cut it. Her neck was bare, the hair lopped off in a tumble of curls so artful I longed to mess it up.

Hesla založily dva Halloweeny zpátky a všichni jsme si plánovali jejich tajemství vzít s sebou do hrobu.

Okamžik byl dlouhý, úzký a jeho cihlové stěny lemovaly pohodlné podkovové boxy. Různorodé křišťálové lustry se třpytily skrz clonu cigaretového kouře. Visely středem místnosti a provázely vás okolo dobře zásobeného baru až k zakulacenému pódiu, kde se ve třpytivých modrých šatech houpala v bocích Miss Francise a zpívala „I've Got You Under My Skin“ od Sinatry.

Žen to tu bylo plné; nenechte se zmást všemi těmi obleky a dozadu ulízanými vlasy. Okamžik byl útočiště pro ženy, ty byly shromážděné ve skupinkách, nebo se tulily okolo speciálních společníků, ať už nosily naškrobené košile nebo satén a flitry. Ženy si o páteční noci mohly v Okamžiku mohly dělat co chtěly. Pít, smát se, i se okukovat tak, jak by si na ulici nikdy netroufily.

Propletla jsem se stojícím davem a zamířila na bar ke svému obvyklému místu. U mojí prázdné židle šuměl burbon s colou a vedle ní seděla Edith Jarosky zaposlouchaná do zpěvu z pódia. Počkala na mě. Pohled mi sklouzl k mým náramkovým hodinkám. Čtyřicet pět minut a stejně počkala.

Měla na sobě módní proužkované sako se špičatými rameny. Šátek měla složený přes opěradlo židle. Měla ve sklenici poslední doušek burbonu, tak moc jsem se zpozdila. Její krk byl odhalený a vlasy měla uspořádané v tak pečlivě padajících vlnách, že jsem toužila je rozčuchat.

Edith. I stopped just to look at her in profile, at the way she picked up the heavy-bottomed glass and looked in on her last sip, the one she'd lingered over, waiting for me. But I stayed where I was. I wanted this moment to see her, to fill my memories with her, to feel how it ached so sweet and bitter in my chest to see her one more time before I had to button all that up and put on a smile –

She turned her head and looked right at me. Smile. *Smile*. But as I gazed at her and she at me, something fluttered in the shadow of her face. My heart jumped. In my mind, a metal door slammed shut. Smile. Smile.

Edith beckoned to me and I came, helpless as a fish on the hook but glad, so glad to be caught. She put her hand on the polished bar top and I laid mine over hers, twining our fingers together.

I love you, Edith. I love you so much. I thought it until it echoed inside my ears.

“You’re late.”

“I’m sorry, baby.” Forty-five more minutes I could have had with her, if I hadn’t been chasing this mess of a job. I didn’t need the fifty dollars. I had enough put away. It would keep Edith for a little while.

I wish I had more.

She leaned over and let me taste the bourbon on her lips. “You smell like pictures. You get a job?”

“A consultation.”

Edith. Zastavila jsem se jenom proto, abych se na ni mohla z boku koukat. Na to jak zvedla sklenici s tlustým dnem a podívala se na ten zbytek, nad kterým váhala, zatímco na mě čekala. Ale já jsem zůstala, kde jsem byla. Chtěla jsem tuhle chvíli na to, abych si ji ještě jednou prohlédla, abych s ní naplnila své vzpomínky, abych cítila ve své hrudi ten hořkosladký bol, abych ji viděla ještě jednou, než to budu muset všechno nacpat pryč a nahodit úsměv –

Otočila hlavu a podívala se přímo na mě. Úsměv. *Úsměv*. Ale jak jsem tak na ni hleděla a ona na mě, ve stínech jejího obličej se něco zachvělo. Srdce mi poskočilo. V mysli se mi s prásknutím zabouchly kovové dveře. Úsměv. Úsměv.

Edith mi pokynula a já přišla, bezmocná jako ryba na háčku, ale tak, tak ráda, že mě chytila. Položila ruku na naleštěný povrch baru a já přes ni položila tu svou a propletla naše prsty.

Miluju tě, Edith. Tak moc tě miluju. Říkala jsem si to v duchu, dokud se mi to neozývalo až v uších.

„Jdeš pozdě.“

„Promiň, zlato.“ Mohla jsem těch čtyřicet pět minut být s ní, kdybych se nehonila po téhle zpropadené zakázce. Těch padesát dolarů jsem nepotřebovala. Naspořeno jsem měla dost. Edith by to nějakou tu chvilku vydrželo.

Kéž bych měla víc.

Nahnula se ke mně a dala mi ochutnat trochu burbonu ze svých rtů. „Jdou z tebe cítit fotky. Nějaká práce?“

„Konzultace.“

“Yeah?” Her eyes were bright, excited.
“Object or people?”

“It’s too hot, baby. I’m turning it down.” I tossed bourbon and Coke over my shoulders, leaving an empty glass next to hers. The bourbon sat warm and fuzzy in my middle as I slid off the seat. “Ain’t this our song?”

Edith smiled at me through her sand-brown curls. “You say that about all the love songs.”

“That’s because they’re ours. Come on; dance with me.”

She let me pull her to the tiny patch of floor in front of the stage. I blew Miss Francine a kiss she caught in her hand without missing a note, and then I folded into Edith’s arms.

We’d danced the first night we met, when Edith was still stumbling to lead. But she wanted to dance the next night we met, and every night we spent at the Wink after that. She eased me into an inside turn and I came back to her arms, easy as breathing.

“I have something to tell you.” Edith brimmed up with news and it spilled forth in a grin that showed her gums. “There’s an opening at KSAN. The station manager called me.”

Edith’s life was a series of call signs and station identifiers I could hardly keep straight, but I knew that one. “All the way from San Francisco?”

Her smile sparkled brighter than the chandeliers. “Just like we wanted. If I take the job, it’ll start in a month.”

„Jo?“ Oči jí svítily nadšením. „Věc nebo lidi?“

„Je to moc nebezpečný, zlato. Odmítnu to.“ Kopla jsem do sebe svůj drink a postavila svou prázdnou sklenici k té její. Bourbon mě v nitru hezky hřál, zatímco jsem sklouzla se židle. „Není tahle ta naše?“

Edith se na mě usmála skrz své pískově hnědé kudrny. „To říkáš o všech zamilovaných písničkách.“

„To proto, že jsou naše. Pojd’, zatancuj si se mnou.“

Nechala se mnou vytáhnout na ten malý kousíček parketu před pódiem. Poslala jsem Miss Francine hubičku a ona ji bez zadrhnutí chytila v dlani, a pak jsem se postavila Edith do náruče.

Když jsme spolu tančily tu první noc, kdy jsme se potkaly, Edith ještě u vedení klopýtala. Ale další noc chtěla tančit znovu a stejně tak každou další noc v Okamžiku. Navedla mě do vnitřní otočky a já se jí vrátila do sevření, jako kdybychom se pro to narodily.

„Mám nějaké novinky.“ Edith přímo sršela touhou mi to říct a zubila se tak široce, až jí bylo vidět dásně. „V KSAN mají volné místo. Volal mi manažer stanice.“

Edithin život byl jako série rádiových znělek a staničních identifikátorů ve kterých jsem se stěží vyznala, ale o téhle jsem věděla. „Až ze San Franciska?“

Její úsměv zářil silněji než všechny ty lustry. „Přesně, jak jsme chtěly. Když to vezmu, začala bych za měsíc.“

A month. Oh, but it hurt. I'd wanted to go west years before, but there wasn't enough money. Edith had a good job at WMAQ as a sound engineer – she was the only woman sound engineer in the whole state. And she wouldn't move away to take a lesser job as a switchboard operator or a coffee-fetching typist, and I'd never ask her to. San Francisco was the stuff of dreams, but we stayed in Chicago, where we could afford the rent.

But now start aligned. Now she could go.

Edith's smile faltered. She bit her lip and hunched her shoulders. "I thought you'd be happy."

I chucked her chin and kissed it, lips against the dimple that I adored. "Just like we always dreamed, baby. That's great. Do you want the job?"

"Of course I do. But... you have some put away, don't you?"

I had five thousand dollars in the safe. "I've been saving for a foggy day."

She licked her lips and went on. "I thought you could work with an insurance firm out there, maybe. Get square and steady."

"We could get a house." I fought to make my smile something she could understand. "Our house on a hill."

It was a lie, but it was a wish, too. A house in the city where people like us carved out home for themselves, a city that didn't mind us much. She was ready for everything we'd talked about in the dark.

Jeden měsíc. Tak tohle bolelo. Chtěla jsem jít na západ už před lety, ale neměly jsme dost peněz. Edith měla fajn práci ve WMAQ, dělala zvukovou inženýrku. Byla jediná zvuková inženýrka v celém státě, co byla ženská. Neodstěhovala by se pryč za nižší pozicí přepojovačky, nebo zapisovačky, co roznáší kafe, a já bych to po ní ani nikdy nechtěla. O San Francisku jsme snily, ale zůstaly jsme v Chicagu, kde jsme si mohly dovolit nájem.

Ale teď nám hvězdy dopřály. Teď mohla jít.

Edithin úsměv polevil. Skousla si ret a schoulila ramena. „Myslela jsem si, že budeš šťastná.“

Zvedla jsem jí bradu a přitiskla jsem rty na ten důlek, který jsem tak zbožňovala. „Je to tak, jak jsme si vysnily, zlato. Je to úžasné. Chceš tu práci?“

„Jasně, že chci. Ale... máš něco odložené, že jo?“

Měla jsem v sejfu pět tisíc dolarů. „Pro jistotu jsem trochu spořila.“

Navlhčila si rty jazykem a pokračovala. „Myslela jsem, že bys tam možná mohla dělat s nějakou pojišťovací firmou. Najít si něco stabilního.“

„Mohly bysme si pořídit dům.“ Bojovala jsem se svým úsměvem ve snaze udělat z něj něco, čemu by rozuměla. „Náš perfektní dům.“

To byla lež, ale taky to bylo přání. Dům ve městě, kde si lidi jako my mohli vytvořit domov. Ve městě, kterému jsme tolik nevadili. Byla připravená na všechno, o čem jsme si po večerech povídaly.

She'd get every cent I'd squirreled away in the safe. Every cent. And my grimoire, as sharp-bladed a gift as that was. But if anyone could make good of it, it was Edith.

"You're trying to be happy. For me." The cautious corners of a smile tugged at her mouth, but her worried eyebrows stayed high. "Don't you want to go?"

"There's no place I'd rather be."

We danced through the dream. Our house, steep-roofed and narrow, holding its balance against the slanted street. Our cars tucked side by side, every night asleep in our bed. Every morning coffee and orange juice and my turn to burn the sausage.

I held the image of the house in my mind. "It's exactly what we wanted."

Edith looked at me again, words on the tip of her tongue.

I traced my fingers over the tension in her shoulder. We turned in each other's arms, all the universe right there. "You ready to leave Chicago? It's a long way from your family."

She didn't answer for so long I'd gotten my mouth open to take it back. But then she answered, and her soft tone had me on alert.

"Last month, Lila asked her father if she could help Aunt Edith find a husband. Luka just looked at the ceiling. Mother asked me if I'd met any nice men at that job of mine while we were eating Sunday dinner. On Wednesday, Sara dragged me across Saint Stanislaus to meet a man after mass."

I stroked her cheek. "Oh, Edith."

Dostane každičký cent, které jsem v sejfu nastřádala. Každičký cent. A můj grimoár, i když to byla nebezpečná věcicka. Pokud by ho někdo mohl použít k dobru, byla by to Edith.

„Snažíš se být šťastná. Pro mě.“ Koutky úst se jí zvedly v opatrný úsměv, ale ustarané obočí zůstalo vysoko. „Copak nechceš jít?“

„Nikde bych nebyla radši.“

Tím snem jsme se protancovaly. Náš dům, úzký se špičatou střechou, balancující na kraji nakloněné cesty. Naše auta zaparkované bok po boku, každou noc spát v naší posteli. Každé ráno si dát kafe a pomerančový džus, a pak by byla řada na mě připálit párky.

Držela jsem obrázek toho domku v hlavě. „Přesně tak jsme to chtěly.“

Edith se na mě znovu zahleděla, cosi na jazyku.

Přejela jsem jí prsty přes napjatá ramena. Točily jsme se jedna druhé v náruči s celým vesmírem teď a tady. „Jsi připravená odejít z Chicaga? Od tvé rodiny je to kus cesty.“

Neodpovídala tak dlouho, že jsem otevřela pusku, abych to vzala zpátky. Ale pak odpověděla a její jemný tón mě zneklidnil.

„Minulý měsíc se Lila zeptala svého táty, jestli by mohla tetě Edith pomoci s hledáním manžela. Luka jenom zíral do stropu. Matka se mě zeptala, jestli jsem v té mojí práci nepotkala nějaké milé muže, u nedělní večeře. Ve středu mě Sara dotáhla přes celý kostel aby mě po mši někomu představila.“

Pohladila jsem ji po tváři. „Ach, Edith.“

Her expression threatened to shatter into a thousand tears. “They’ll never stop, Helen. They’re my family. But I can’t do it anymore.”

She didn’t need to say anything more. I would give her this. I would give her the world. Anything she wanted. “Take the job, baby. Take it. This town will weep the day you leave.”

She sniffed. Her eyes shone. “We’ll go to San Francisco?”

“There’s no place I’d rather be.”

She danced closer, resting her cheek against mine. “I’ll miss this place.”

I’ll miss it too.

The music stopped. We applauded. Moira stepped up to the front of the stage, the bell of her horn gleaming in the smoky light. She played three long notes before the piano and bass picked up the melody. Miss Francine swayed down the stairs, a gin and tonic in one sapphire-ringed hand. She winked at me before letting her latest belle guide her to the booth where the performers held court, dazzling in paste gems and pot rouge, boiled shirts and brilliantine.

“Helen.” Edith stepped backward, tugging on my hand. “Let’s get out of here. Take me home.”

“You don’t want another dance?”

“Put on a record when we get in,” she said. “I want to talk.

Její výraz vypadal, že se může každou chvíli rozpadnout na tisíce slz. „Nikdy nepřestanou, Helen. Je to moje rodina. Ale já už takhle dál nemůžu.“

Nepotřebovala dodat nic dalšího. Tohle jí dám. Dala bych jí celý svět. Cokoliv by chtěla. „Vezmi tu práci, zlato. Vezmi to. Tohle město bude brečet až odejdeš.“

Popotáhla. Oči jí zářily. Pojedeme do San Francisca?“

„Nikam bych nejela radši.“

Tancovala blíž a opřela si tvář o mou. „Bude mi to tady chybět.“

Mně taky.

Hudba skončila. Zatleskali jsme. Moira přistoupila k přední části pódia, zvonec jejího lesního rohu se v kouřovém světle leskl. Zahrála tři noty, než piano a basa pochytily melodii. Miss Francise kolébavě sešla schody, v ruce se safírovým prstenem měla gin s tonikem. Mrkla na mě, než nechala svou poslední krásku, aby ji navedla k boxu, kde se usídlili vystupující, zářící ve falešných drahokamech, krémové tvářence, naškrobených košilích a brilantíně.

„Helen.“ Edith vykročila zpátky a zatahala mě za ruku. „Pojďme odsud. Vezmi mě domů.“

„Nechceš ještě jeden tanec?“

„Pustíme si doma desku,“ řekla. „Chci si promluvit.“

WE WALKED SHOULDER to shoulder along the windy streets, the snow peppering our faces in tiny hard kisses. A couple of women stepped out of an all-night drugstore and picked their way across the frosted street to a bone-colored car. Someone else would wonder why they were at a drugstore in the Loop at this hour, but I knew that place sold dope.

Edith shook her head. "Poor girl."

I glanced at her. "Hm?"

She pointed at the retreating auto. "Her husband's never happy."

Edith had the knack of picking up stray thoughts. She heard snatches of speech like scratchy radio broadcasts. I didn't have the gift, so I couldn't teach her how to tune in and listen for longer than a second.

Ted could have. I locked that thought away as fast as I could.

"Does he knock her around?"

"No. She tries to make him happy, and he never is."

"Tough break."

I lifted my hand and stroked my gloved hand down Edith's spine. Somebody else would judge that woman for being too weak to change her life. Not Edith. She had the biggest heart, a tiny bit bruised and full of love. How she wound up with me, I'll never know, but she'd made the last two years one unending song.

"You're getting mushy," Edith said.

"I am. Keeps me warm in this awful wind."

Kráčely jsme spolu větrnými ulicemi. Sníh nám cukroval obličej malými, ostrými pusinkami. Párek žen vyšel ven z celonočně otevřené apatyky a vydal se přes namrzlou silnici ke světlému autu. Někdo jiný by se zamyslel nad tím, proč byli v apatyce v Loopské čtvrti v tuhle hodinu, ale já věděla, že tam prodávali koks.

Edith zavrtěla hlavou. „Chudák holka.“

Mrkla jsem se na ni. „Hmm?“

Ukázala na odjíždějící auto. „Její manžel nikdy není spokojený.“

Edith měla talent na sbírání zatoulaných myšlenek. Slyšela útržky rozhovorů, jako kdyby to bylo praskavé vysílání z rádia. Já ten dar neměla, tak jsem ji nemohla naučit, jak se na ně naladit a poslouchat déle, než pár vteřin.

Ted by mohl. Zavřela jsem tu myšlenku pryč jak rychle jsem jen mohla.

„Mlátí ji?“

„Ne. Ona se ho snaží potěšit, ale nikdy se jí to nedaří.“

„To je smůla.“

Zvedla jsem ruku a přejela rukavicí Edith dolů po páteři. Někdo jiný by tu ženu za to, že je příliš slabá na to, aby změnila svůj život, soudil. Ne Edith. Ta měla to největší srdce plné lásky, i když trošičku potlučené. Jak skončila se mnou nikdy nepochopím, ale díky ní byly poslední dva roky mého života jako jedna nekončící píseň.

„Rozněžňuješ se nad něčím,“ řekla Edith.

„Jo. V tohle hrozném vichru mě to zahřívá.“

“We’re alone now.” Edith bumped me with her shoulder. “Why don’t you want this case?”

Edith loved hearing all about my puzzles and conundrums. Even the boring tales of legwork, research, and hours of skulking with a camera enchanted her. Sometimes, she’d point out a solution I couldn’t quite see in the tangle of facts and speculations that kept refusing to unravel. I admit that I usually skipped over the danger, just to keep her from worrying.

But not this time. She needed to know. “It’s the White City Vampire.”

Her eyebrows went up. “Archangel Michael protect us.”

I squeezed her closer. “Just what the papers call him, baby. Vampires aren’t real.”

“Well, that’s a relief. Why the name, though?”

“Five will get you ten the police have this fact clamped down tight,” I said. “They scrubbed the murder scene spotless to hide it, so don’t say a word.”

Edith drew an X over the bodice of her coat. “Spill.”

“The crime scene was painted in blood,” I said. “I’m guessing the victim’s. The Vampire drew sigils all over the place. Up the walls and everything.”

“Blood?” Edith asked. “Sigils? That’s black magic?”

“Yeah. It’s not like anything I’ve ever seen. It’s – depraved, baby. Anyone who could kill people to gain power is no one I want to tangle with, no matter how tempting a puzzle the scene is.”

“A puzzle?” Edith asked. “You’re curious.”

„Už jsme samy,“ žďuchla do mě Edith ramenem. „Proč nechceš ten případ vzít?“

Edith milovala, když jsem jí říkala o mých skládačkách a hádankách. I příběhy o nudné a nutné práci, výzkumu a hodinách potulování se s kamerou ji okouzly. Někdy ze změti faktů a spekulací, co se odmítala rozmotat, vypíchla řešení, které jsem já neviděla. Přiznávám, že obvykle jsem přeskočila ty nebezpečné části, jenom abych se nestrachovala.

Ale tentokrát ne. Tohle potřebovala vědět. „Je to Upír z bílého města.“

Obočí jí vyletělo vzhůru. „Archanděli Michaeli, ochraňuj nás.“

Přitiskla jsem si ji blíž. „Tak mu jenom říkají noviny, zlato. Upíři nejsou.“

„No, tak to je úleva. Proč pak ale to jméno?“

„Vsadím boty, že policie tohle drží pečlivě pod pokličkou,“ řekla jsem. „Místo činu vydrhli od podlahy, aby to schovali, tak nikomu ani slovo.“

Edith si přes živůtek kabátu namalovala X. „Vyklop to.“

„Bylo to tam vymalované krví,“ řekla jsem. „Odhaduju, že patřila oběti. Upír po celém tom místě namaloval magické symboly. Na zdi a všechno.“

„Krví?“ zeptala se Edith. „Magické symboly? To je černá magie?“

„Jo. Nebylo to jako nic, co bych kdy předtím viděla. Je to – zkažený, zlato. S někým, kdo by mohl zabít lidi a získat tak moc, se zamotat nechci, bez ohledu na to, jak láká skládačka to je.“

„Skládačka?“ zeptala se Edith. „Zajímá tě to.“

“Nohow. I’m staying out of it. I took some pictures, and that’s the end of it. I think I ruined one when the moon came out.”

“Let me see it. Maybe there’s something to save. When do you meet your client?”

“She wants a breakfast meeting.”

Edith grinned and dug her elbow into my ribs. “She pretty?”

“Gorgeous. Arctic fox and red lipstick, legs up to Heaven.”

The wind slapped our faces as we turned onto Washington. Edith hunched her shoulders and stuck her nose in her scarf. “But…”

She sighed, and I turned to look at her. “What is it, baby? Spit it out.”

“If you don’t do it, who’s going to catch him? Nobody does what you do.”

Edith was right about that. Ordinary people assumed I chased after cheating husbands with this camera of mine, and that’s what I used to do, before I took over Clyde’s business. And adultery case paid the rent a time or two. But I had a secret clientele who paid handsomely for a Brotherhood-trained mystic. When times got really lean, I used to call around to see who needed a computer to calculate the ideal times for their magical operations. My best clients always seemed to have computing work they didn’t have time for, and it kept beans on the stove.

But then Marlowe had come along, and her jobs paid well. And they were interesting. I’d even flown in an airplane once, all on her dime. I never knew what Marlowe did with the objects I found or the people I traced. She never told me a thing. That wasn’t unusual, though.

„V žádném případě. Dávám od toho ruce pryč. Trochu jsem toho nafotila a tím to končí. Myslím, že jednu fotku jsem zkazila, když vyšel měsíc.“

„Ukaž mi ji. Možná z toho něco půjde zachránit. Kdy se potkáváš s klientem?“

„Řekla si o snídaňovou schůzku.“

Edith se zazubila a loktem mi žďuchla do žeber. „Je pěkná?“

„Nádherná. Polární liška s rudou rtěnkou a nohama až do nebe.“

Vítr nás udeřil do tváří, když jsme zahrnuly na Washingtonskou. Edith schoulila ramena k sobě a zastrčila si nos do šály. „Ale…“

Povzdechla si a já se k ní otočila. „Copak, zlato? Ven s tím.“

„Když to neuděláš ty, tak kdo ho chytí? Nikdo nedělá to, co ty.“

V tom měla Edith pravdu. Obyčejní lidé předpokládali, že jsem se s tím svým foťákem honila po podvádějících manželech, a to jsem taky dřív dělávala, než jsem převzala Clydeův podnik. Nájem nebo dva to zaplatilo. Ale měla jsem tajnou klientelu, která za mystika trénovaného Bratrstvem dobře zaplatila. Když byly časy zlé, volávala jsem všude možně, abych zjistila, kdo potřeboval někoho a vypočítání ideálních dob pro své magické záležitosti. Mí nejlepší klienti vždy vypadali, že měli nějaké kalkulování, na které sami neměli čas, a udrželo to střechu nad hlavou.

Pak ale přišla Marlowe a její zakázky platily skvěle. A byly zajímavé. Dokonce jsem jednou za její peníze letěla letadlem. Nikdy jsem nevěděla, co Marlowe dělá s předměty nebo lidmi, které jsem našla. Nikdy mi nic neřekla. To ale nebylo vůbec nezvyklé.

Everyone hoarded their power, guarded their knowledge, defended what was theirs from interlopers. The Brotherhood of the Compass –

Shit. Ted was on this case. He'd been watching Nightingale Mac's deathplace, and the Brotherhood wouldn't do that if they didn't have something on the line. And if the Brotherhood was interested, smart little warlocks stayed far away.

But Ted could be in trouble, and I wouldn't be there to protect him.

Edith touched my shoulder. "You're brooding."

"I'm sorry, baby. I'll cheer up once we get inside."

Edith's teeth were chattering by the time I unlocked the front door of the Reliance Building. She leaned on the radiator as the elevator cars raced down to the main floor, ready to whisk us up to floor fourteen. Which isn't really fourteen, but no one speaks about the skip from twelve.

A wrought-iron cage dragged us up to a hallway of dingy Italian marble and grimy mahogany doors, fragrant with the scent of high-quality Darjeeling. Edith produced her key before I did, opening up 1408.

The Reliance Building had seen better days. It was once a leading citizen of the Loop, but its offices had emptied during the Depression and it never regained its glory. I shared this floor with one neighbor and his tea-import business, the reason for the perfumed air. He was hardly around, and never on weekends.

I shut the door behind me and Edith kissed me in the dark.

Všichni hromadili moc, střežili vědomosti, bránili, co bylo jejich, vůči narušitelům. Bratrstvo kompasu –

Sakra. Na tomhle případu dělal Ted. Hlídal, kde Slaviček Mac umřela, a to by Bratrstvo nedělalo, kdyby jim o něco nešlo. A když Bratrstvo něco zajímalo, chytré malé černokněžnice se klidily pryč.

Ale když Teda by mohly potkat potíže a já bych tam nebyla, abych ho ochránila.

Edith se dotknula mého ramena. „Nad něčím dumáš.“

„Promiň, zlato. Jak dojdeme dovnitř, tak se rozveselím.“

Edith jektaly zuby, když jsem konečně odemknula hlavní vchod Reliance Building. Opřela se o topení, zatímco výtahy závodily na cestě do přízemí, připravené nás vynést do čtrnáctého patra. Není to sice opravdová čtrnáctka, ale o náhlém skoku ze dvanáctky se nemluví.

Tepaná železná klec nás vytáhla do chodby plné omšelého italského mramoru a špinavých mahagonových dveří, prosáklé vůní velice kvalitního Darjeelingu. Edith připravila svůj klíč dřív než já a otevřela 1408.

Reliance Building zažila lepší časy. Kdysi to byl jeden z hlavních obyvatelk Loopu, ale během Velké hospodářské krize se její kanceláře vyprázdnily a už nikdy znovu nezískala tehdejší slávu. Tohle patro jsem sdílela s jedním sousedem a jeho čajovým podnikáním, díky tomu ten provoněný vzduch. Málokdy byl kolem, a o víkendech nikdy.

Zabouchla jsem za sebou dveře a Edith mě ve tmě políbila.

I dropped my hat when I hoped it would land on a chair and kissed her back, our hands helping each other out of coats and scarves and jackets. We left the lights off and passed through my starlit reception room to the space where I kept my books, and beyond that, to the space where I kept my bed. The bedsprings sang and Edith did too, because she always was a bit like music.

Čepici jsem pustila, když jsem doufala, že by mohla přistát na židli, a její polibek jsem opětovala. Naše ruce nám navzájem pomáhaly sundat kabáty, šály, a saka. Světla jsme nechaly zhasnuté a prošly skrz předpokoje ozářené hvězdami do míst, kde jsem schraňovala knížky, až za něj, kde jsem měla postel. Péra v matraci zazpívala a Edith také, protože ona vždycky byla trochu jako hudba.

3 Theoretical part

Analysis of my translation

This part of the thesis will follow all the problems I encountered while translating the chosen book and look at each of them in a structured way. It will focus on the whole translating process, from translating the title and choosing the language register to translating set phrases and idioms and finding my way around cultural references that do not have an equivalent in Czech. The most helpful sources for my work were books by Jiří Levý, Dagmar Knittlová, and Olga Krijtová. It will also use a number of reputable websites and other online sources.

From the problems that the thesis talks about, several differences between English and Czech will become apparent, and it will talk about these too.

The most difficult translating problems I have encountered include these: choosing the language register, translating the proper names, translating cultural references, translating idioms, and translating occult terminology

3.1 The Book as a Whole

The first step I took in my translation process was to read through the whole book. I had to get to know the characters, the setting, and the storyline, all so that I would choose the right names for the relevant parts of the story and not leave something unaccounted for. It was crucial to get a feel for the writing, the use of language, and the overall way the story would develop, which proved very important in understanding the name of the book.

3.1.1 Choosing the Language Register

Choosing the right language register falls within the pragmatic aspect of the translation equivalence. It is crucial to choose the right register if we want the readers of the translation to experience the setting of the story as close to the way the original writer intended as possible.

Volba jazyka, kterým je text ztvárněn, se řadí rovněž do sféry pragmatického aspektu. ... Je to záležitost složitá a důležitá, protože pro současnou literaturu je typické, že využívá jazyka v celém jeho bohatství a rozmanitosti. ... Přitom do současné mluvy proniká stále více užívání běžné mluvy, prostředků spíše mluveného jazyka. Souvisí to s vnášením subjektivních stanovisek a postojů do literatury, se spontánností projevu, s citovým přístupem. Autorům přitom nejde o autentické zachycení nespisovných projevů, ale o vytvoření jisté atmosféry, estetické funkce textu. (Knittlová, 105)

Even Though I Knew the End is set in Chicago, a closer unspecified amount of a few years after the Prohibition in the USA took place, but still definitely in the 20th century. Our main character, Helen Brandt, as well as most of the characters she interacts with during the translated part of the story, belong to the lower middle class. We encounter the rich Marlowe, Helen's current customer, members of the mysterious Brotherhood of the Compass, Delaney and Ted, who is Helen's younger brother, and finally, a much larger number of characters in the underground queer bar called the Wink.

The whole book is written in first-person narration by our main protagonist, Helen Brandt, and as such, the text is filled with her flowing inner monologue, occasional slang words, and colloquial expressions. To mimic this style, I chose to mostly use standard Czech and occasionally include colloquial, informal expressions. I did not want the chosen register to feel overwhelming, so I chose the way that felt the most natural to me. As the whole text in English is made to feel sort of like an inner monologue, I tried using the occasional colloquial Czech to mimic this atmosphere the best I could.

Example:

*More importantly, I had a date in two hours, and I couldn't **skulk** around this alley much longer. Co víc, za dvě hodiny jsem měla mít rande a už jsem se nemohla tady v uličce schovávat o moc **dýl**.*

As we can see in this example, I did not find a sufficiently fitting equivalent for *skulk* in Czech, so instead of trying to find a slang expression for *schovávat se* I decided to use the informal *dýl* to keep the atmosphere of the text similar.

Je třeba lišit jazykovou formu od její ideové a jazykové hodnoty. Překladaťel má překládat ideově estetický obsah, jehož je text jen nositelem. Text sám je totiž podmíněn jazykem, ve kterém je dílo stylizováno, a proto mnohé hodnoty je třeba v češtině vyjádřit prostředky jinými. (Levý, 47)

Examples:

*But even as the moment I had dreamed of turned into a nightmare, the gears in my skull kept turning. Ale i když jsem sledovala, jak se můj sen měnil v noční můru, kolečka v mozku se mi **nepřestávaly** točit.*

Ted didn't care one whit whether I shed a tear or not, and if I showed up to my date with my eyes all red and puffy, I'd ruin the evening.

*Teda jestli **proleju** slzičku nebo ne nezajímalo ani trochu a kdybych se na rande ukázala s červenýma opuchlýma očima, zničilo by to celý večer.*

I sprinkled these informal endings throughout the text to ensure that I kept the atmosphere going, even when I was not able to ensure all the slang expressions were kept at the same intensity. As a result of that, we can find informal Czech in some places in the text, where the original text did not seem to warrant such a decision.

I would even dare say, that in these instances, if I kept the translated text in formal Czech, I would risk disturbing the feeling of inner monologue going on, as I simply could not imagine our main character using the proper variants of these word endings. I personally only know a very few people who would choose to say *kolečka nepřestávala*, or *proleji slzičku*, and they would not be considered members of the lower middle class.

3.1.2 Translating the title of the book

Even Though I Knew the End, the name of this novelette, is very clearly a clause. I chose to translate this clause as *I když jsem věděla, jak to skončí*. My translated version is slightly longer than the original, and it was not the first option that crossed my mind. I have thought about *I když jsem znala konec* the most when deciding between the different options. It is closer to the original sentence, and it is shorter, but after reading the book and thinking about the meaning of the name in English, and also asking multiple people randomly which name sounds better to them without them knowing what it was for, only that it was a name of a book, I have arrived at the conclusion that most Czech readers would prefer the longer option.

Zajímavým titulovým vzorem je tzv. 'softwarový titul', ovlivněný programovacím jazykem. Titul přestává být heslovitý, libozvučný, prodejný, může se rozšířit přímo na celou větu, sdělení, na text. (Krijtová, 48)

Even Though I Knew the End fits the software title definition and even though this title type is considered not very good for propagation and marketing, it can be surmised, that longer titles are getting increasingly more popular with different media these days. For example, in the manga industry, titles like *That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime* or longer have become common and pose no issue while getting attention for their series. I have thus decided not to worry about the fact, that my version of the title is longer, and chose a version that sounds better to the Czech ear.

3.2 Proper and Geographical Names

I have decided to make this into a separate chapter with different sub-chapters due to the number of proper names present in the text, whether it comes to names of locations, people, or organizations. I will further devote a separate sub-chapter to each of these and talk about them a bit more with concrete examples.

3.2.1 Names of the Characters, Nicknames

When it came to the names of the characters, I encountered the first bigger problem. It was concerning the gender suffixes for female surnames, so characteristic of the Czech language, and yet, sounding a bit strange in the middle of a story from 20th century Chicago full of queer characters. Even the author of the book is nonbinary, so I did not use gender inflections when talking about them in this thesis.

With most names, that only appeared once, I decided not to change anything and leave them as they were. Most did not even have a surname mentioned. Even though there were Czech variations of the names available, they did not carry any extra meaning and I felt that if I changed for example *Luka* into *Lukáš*, or *Sara* into *Sára*, it would disturb the atmosphere and make the readers wonder where such a Czech-sounding name appeared from.

Substituce, tj. náhrada domácí analogií, je na místě tam, kde se zároveň silně uplatňuje obecný význam, transkripce, přepis, je nutná tam, kde význam, tedy činitel obecný, úplně mizí. (Levý, 115-116)

Examples of such names:

Sylvia, Moira, Lila, Luka, Sara, Betty Donahue, Willie

I have also kept some of the more important names the same, such as *Marlowe*, *Delaney*, or *Clyde*, for the same reasons. I did use regular inflections when working with the names in the text. If I left them as they were, we would cross the line of trying to preserve the atmosphere right into disturbing the Czech reader.

Examples:

Delaney didn't matter.

Na Delaneyovi nezáleželo.

“Six photos? In the dark?” A lighter clicked on Marlowe's end.

„Šest fotek? V té tmě?“ na Marlowině straně cvaknul zapalovač.

When it came to *Miss Francise* I decided to also not change the name at all, as it is a stage name, and most likely could very well be encountered even in a Czech setting.

Another character, the victim whose murder scene we start the story off from, was called *Kelly McIntyre*, it will not be any surprise to say, that this name remained untranslated as well, with no gender suffix on the surname, but this character has a nickname *Nightingale McIntyre*, and here I opted for the Czech equivalent of *Slaviček McIntyre*, as it is clear that the nickname is supposed to relay meaning and add characterization to the victim.

I went this way about most of the characters, transcribing names without gender suffixes, and translating nicknames, and as such we have the main love interest *Edith Jarosky*, and the younger brother of the main character, *Theodor Brandt*. When it comes to the younger brother, the main character calls him by three nicknames within the translated chapters. The first two, *Ted* or *Teddy*, did not warrant a translation, but when it came to the third, I did choose to use a Czech equivalent.

The example:

“Ted.” I had to try one more time. “Teddy-boy. Please believe me. I'm—”

„Tede.“ Musela jsem to zkusit ještě jednou. „Tedíku. Prosím tě, věř mi. Já jsem-“

I have chosen to use the nickname *Tedík* to relay the emotional value of *Teddy-boy* in a way that would sound natural. A Czech speaker would hardly use a compound word or say *Teddy*, *kluku*, or *chlapče*, or *hochu* in this situation when we have so many ways to derive new familiar names.

The only surname I have chosen to use the gender suffix *-ová* on is the name of the main character. I used *Helen Brandtová* instead of *Helen Brandt* for the simple reason of the digestibility of the text. While most of the names were not changed at all in order to preserve the setting atmosphere or to not have to bother with tongue-twisting results, I even opted for using *Helen* instead of the Czech name *Helena*, the use of her surname is very common during this novelette, and if I chose to forego the inflections for the sake of consistency, it would disturb the flow of the text greatly. When translating, the translator must keep in mind the target audience he is translating for, and not adding the suffix to a surname used this majorly would very much alienate the readers.

Examples:

*He saw no one he loved, only the warlock **Helen Brandt**—and I had never wished to see that in his eyes.*

*Neviděl někoho blízkého, jenom černokněžnici **Helen Brandtovou** – a to jsem nikdy v jeho očích vidět nechtěla.*

*“Enough, **Miss Brandt.**” Ted talked to me like I was a stranger.*

*„To by stačilo, **slečno Brandtová,**“ mluvil ke mně Ted, jako kdybych byla cizí.*

The remaining character which appears in the translated chapters and has not been mentioned yet is the main villain of the story, the mysterious murderer called the *White City Vampire*. The name has been given to them by the news outlets as we did not yet know their identity. I will talk more about White City as a name for Chicago in one of the following chapters, and as such I have decided to translate this name as *Upír Bílého města*, to keep the reference to Chicago there.

Examples:

*The **White City Vampire** could have been the *Half-Pint Vampire*.*

***Upír Bílého města** by se stejně dobře mohl jmenovat *Upír pidižvík*.*

3.2.2 Names of Places

When choosing the right way to translate a name of a location, it is very important to realize, whether the name of the location already has an equivalent in the target language or not. There can even be multiple equivalents, and then it is on the translator to choose the one most fitting his story.

The story of *Even Though I Knew the End* is set in 20th-century Chicago, for which the Czech does not have its own equivalent opting for the English variant *Chicago* as well.

Jestliže ekvivalent v Cj neexistuje, je třeba řešit případy tzv. nulové ekvivalence či bezekvivalenty lexiky. Jelikož neexistující protějšek je však v překladu většinou nahrazován převzetím cizího slova nebo jeho

počeštěním, analogickým slovotvorným postupem, zobecněním, perifrasticky nebo tzv. funkční analogií, vytváří se opět vlastně částečný ekvivalent. (Knittlová, 84-85)

Examples:

*I MADE MY way back to **State and Washington** without a single tear.*

*BEZ JEDINÉ SLZY jsem si to zamířila zpátky na **Státní a Washingtonskou**.*

State and Washington Streets are some of the main streets in Chicago. While well-known, they also do not have their Czech equivalent, so I chose to create a partial equivalent for the names, opting not to explain that I am talking about streets, as that is clear and understandable from the context and adding the word *ulice* into this sentence at the beginning of the second chapter would make it sound unwieldy. Helen, the main character, knows she's talking about streets and there is no need to mention that when talking from her point of view.

Examples:

*I hurried to the Wink on the edge of the **Near North Side**.*

*Pospíchala jsem k Okamžiku na okraji **Severní strany**.*

Near North Side is a neighborhood in Chicago and in the Czech language we do not have a set equivalent for it. I chose not to translate the full name and opted for adapting it into Czech as *Severní strana*, which can be easily understood to stand for the name of a neighborhood by a Czech reader, as we have famous neighborhoods like Malá Strana and others that everyone is familiar with here as well.

Examples:

*I grinned and swept open the beaded curtain to the **Wink**.*

*Zakřenila jsem se a odhrnula korálkový závěs vedoucí k **Okamžiku**.*

The Wink is an imaginary underground queer bar playing an important role in this story. It is a meeting place for a big part of the sapphic queer community of Chicago and the place where the main protagonist Helen and her love interest Edith first met. The whole of the third chapter takes place inside this bar where we meet a lot of queer side characters and get an intense inside view into the life of our main characters and the queer community in the city not very welcoming to their different lives.

As the location was imaginary, there have been no equivalents for a bar by that name, so I foraged into the many possible translations of the word wink, thinking about *mrknutí*, *mrk*, *mžik*, and other more loose options like *očko*, *blik*, etc. I did not like the sound of most of them until I looked through them again and noticed *mžik*, which led my mind immediately to the work *Okamžik* as the perfect option. It keeps the reference to the original name *Wink*, as the word if divided could be read as *oka mžik*, literally meaning wink of an eye, but also the whole word *Okamžik* sounds like just the perfect name for a bar, and the word *wink* is known to be used in the phrase *wink of time*.

c) substituce analogií skutečnosti a zkušeností z oblasti Cj. Tento způsob je nejčastější. Nejběžnější je v oblasti měrných jednotek, které se v únosných mezích přepočítávají tak, aby nenarušily ráz uměleckého textu a přitom dostatečně informovaly našeho adresáta. (Knittlová, 82)

Example:

*Chicago had loved us once, and the straights had packed into the **De Luxe Café** and the old **Twelve-Thirty Club** to come scandalously close to the queer.*

*Kdysi nás Chicago milovalo. Heteráci se rvali do **De Luxe Café** a starého **klubu O Půl jedné**, aby se dostali k buznám až skandálně blízko.*

When it comes to these two locations, I have chosen to keep *De Luxe Café* as it is, because it would not be an uncommon name for a coffee place even in a Czech setting and no meaning is lost by not translating a name that was not in English at the first place. When it came to *Twelve-Thirty Club*, it was an entirely different thing. Twelve-thirty clubs were called twelve-thirty because that was their closing time during Prohibition.³ As the name carries meaning, I chose to substitute the twelve-thirty with a Czech analogy and translate the whole bar name as *O Půl jedné*.

Zejména v případech našemu čtenáři neznámých názvů přidávají překladatelé obecný klasifikátor, který název zařadí do příslušné pojmové oblasti, např. Wyoming: stát Wyoming (Knittlová, 82)

Example:

*Someone else would wonder why they were at a drugstore in the **Loop** at this hour, but I knew that place sold dope.*

*Někdo jiný by se zamyslel nad tím, proč byli v apatyce v **Loopské čtvrti** v tuhle hodinu, ale já věděla, že tam prodávali koks.*

When it came to the Loop, I found no equivalents in Czech for this Chicago area, and as the word *Loop* alone would not ring any bells with the Czech readers, I chose to add the general classification by using the word *čtvrť* to ensure that the readers would not get lost, as the majority of them most likely would not have known the different Chicago areas by name.

Example:

*Edith's teeth were chattering by the time I unlocked the front door of the **Reliance Building**. Edith jektaly zuby, když jsem konečně odemknula hlavní vchod **Reliance Building**.*

The Reliance Building is a specific architectural landmark of Chicago, but the Czech language does not have an equivalent for it. When I looked at how names of other important American or English buildings are translated, I realized, that in many cases they are not, such as when it comes to the Chrysler Building

³ <https://thetwelvethirtyclub.com/about/>

or The Gherkin, and so I chose to keep the original name. From the context, it is clear, that we are talking about a historically significant building, so I did not feel the need to add any classifying explanations.

3.2.3 Names of Organizations and Institutions

Examples:

*“What brings the **Brotherhood of the Compass** to such a charming location?”*

*„Co přivádí **Bratrstvo kompasu** na takové okouzující místo?“*

*Forget the **Golden Dawn**. Never mind the **Eastern Order** out west—they’re mostly an excuse for orgies, anyway.*

*Zapomeňte na **Zlatý úsvit**. Nevšímejte si **Východního řádu** na západě – ti jsou stejně hlavně záminkou pro skupinové orgie.*

All three organizations mentioned in the examples, *Brotherhood of the Compass*, *Golden Dawn*, and *Eastern Order*, are fully fictional occult organizations which meant that I did not have to worry about any existing equivalents and only translated the meaning as best as I could. The only one of these organizations that was significantly relevant for the rest of the book was the *Brotherhood of the Compass*, further referred to only as *Brotherhood*. *Golden Dawn* and *Eastern Order* both only appeared on this one occasion to make a comparison for how important and big of a thing the *Brotherhood* is.

The remaining examples in this category are or were real American organizations for which the author chose to use their abbreviations, as they were well known at the time and the characters would feel no need to use the whole names. I have tried to stick with this format and only decided to add an explanation when the nature of the abbreviation needed to be said for the reader to understand, what is going on. In most cases that was not necessary, as the nature of the abbreviated words was clear from the context.

The one example I have added a clarification to, WGN, concerns the World’s Greatest Newspaper, a radio station⁴, and I chose not to translate the name of the station because using a Czech abbreviation of Světové nejlepší noviny or Nejlepší noviny světa could create confusion, as the abbreviations SNN and NNS both already exist in Czech.

Examples:

*“Moirá’s got her suit on tonight. Playing horn up at **WGN**.”*

*„Moirá je dneska v obleku. Hraje na roh nahoře v **rádiu, WGN**.“*

*“There’s an opening at **KSAN**. The station manager called me.”*

*“There’s an opening at **KSAN**. The station manager called me.”*

⁴ <http://www.encyclopedia.chicagohistory.org/pages/1348.html>

*Edith had a good job at WMAQ as a sound engineer –
Edith měla fajn práci ve WMAQ, dělala zvukovou inženýrku.*

3.3 Textual Equivalence

There are differences between languages in three main categories of equivalence. In the lexical one, the grammatical one, and the textual one. The textual one concerns itself with the organization of the text, the way the information flows within it, and how connected it is. The translator has to know the difference between how the source and target languages organize information and be able to reorganize it while translating, to make it fit the target language while keeping the intentional irregularities in the organization there.

Zejména v případech, kdy nejde o text umělecký, záleží na jasnosti, průhlednosti, srozumitelnosti sdělení a tomu se přístup překladatelův podrobuje. U literárních textů je tato otázka složitější, tam, kde jde například o spontánní prózu, soustavná logičnost uspořádání informací by mohla autorův záměr narušit. (Knittlová, 96)

3.3.1 Functional Sentence Perspective

*Do rámce organizace textu, uspořádání informační struktury, coherence textu spadá důležitá otázka **funkční větné perspektivy** či aktuálního členění větného, ať už je chápána hallidayovsky s rozlišením problematiky tématu a rématu na jedné straně a známé a nové informace na straně druhé či v pojetí mathesiovském (jádro a výpověď) a posléze Firbasově a jeho výpovědního dynamism. Ať už tak či onak, pro překladatele je nezbytně nutné, aby dokázal rozlišit novou či zdůrazněnou informaci a dal jí v cílovém textu příslušné místo a akcent. (Knittlová, 96)*

In the Czech language, the word order follows the functional sentence perspective because of the synthetic nature of the language. In the English language, thanks to its analytical nature, the word order is more or less immovable which often works against the linearity of the sentence. Thus, the functional sentence perspective does not use word order as a tool in English quite as much as in Czech.⁵ The translator has to notice where the theme and rheme are unaided by the word order to be able to correctly transfer it into the Czech sentence.

Example:

*Edith drew an X over the bodice of her coat.
Edith si přes živůtek kabátu namalovala X.*

⁵ <https://mluvniceanglictiny.cz/14.3>

In this example, we can beautifully see how the communicative dynamism in the Czech sentence grows in the direction from the left to the right. The theme *Edith* is known, and the rheme relays what we are saying about the theme, with the most important part, her drawing an X, being at the far right.

Example:

And there must be a pattern in the hour of the murders.

A navíc v čase těch vražd musí existovat nějaký vzorec.

Once again, the part at the right has the highest communicative dynamism. We already know about the time of the murders so the new part, the existence of the pattern inside that timing, should be, in a neutral functional sentence perspective, shifted to the right when translated into Czech compared to its original placement closer to the beginning of the English sentence.

Example:

I wasn't great with the invisibility glamour.

S neviditelností nám to moc neklapalo.

The theme of the English sentence in this case is I. Because I switched from singular to plural number in this sentence to highlight the relationship between Helen and the invisibility glamour, in the Czech sentence, I had to find the core of the sentence carrying the most communicative dynamism, which in my understanding was the *neklapalo*, the negative aspect of said relationship, so I chose to place that part of the sentence to the right.

3.4 Cultural and Historical References, Idioms, Set Phrases

Due to the setting of the novelette in 20th-century Chicago, the text contains quite a few cultural and historical references, idioms, and set phrases, which are sometimes more and sometimes less difficult to translate with their full meaning and connotations intact. When translating culturally or historically related mentions or idioms specific to the source language, the translator must have the best possible knowledge of the target language, because they will need it to find the right equivalent for expressing, explaining, or substituting either of them with a fitting partner from the target language.

Při překládání beletrie a zvláště poezie však přece jen potřebujeme vzpomínky na jazyk, který nás obklopoval v době, kdy jsme sami nedokázali ještě vyslovit ani jedno slovo. Nizozemský romanopisec Jan Wolkers mluví o periskopu, který vystrkujeme z kolébky. Vnímáme, ukládáme dojmy a registrujeme slova. Berany, berany duc. V denní praxi je později nebudeme potřebovat často, ale při překládu nám samovolně naskočí v pravý čas. (Krijtová, 19)

3.4.1 Cultural and Historical References

With most cultural and historical references, we face the often-impossible task of trying to keep the reader informed, or subtly substituting the reference with something fitting from the target culture. As the historical and cultural setting makes up a huge portion of *Even Though I Knew the End*, I was often left bereft as I could not simply exchange the reference for a fitting Czech one as such reference did not exist or, if it existed, it would not come across the mind of Helen Brandt. Still, the translator can at least try to bring the reader a bit closer to the meaning behind the reference when he can do so without disturbing the flow of the writing.

Současná překladatelská teorie stále více zdůrazňuje zachování národní a historické specifičnosti originálu. ... Překladatelské potíže u národní a dobové specifičnosti vyplývají již z toho, že nejde o uchopitelnou, vydělitelnou složku, ale o kvalitu, která v různé míře prostupuje všechny složky literárního díla. (Levý, 119)

Example:

*The ground beneath my feet glowed, spreading from the tiny droplets I had spilled to fill the alley in obscene greenish detail, exactly the color of the hands on **a glow-in-the-dark clock**, or a—yeah, a fairy mushroom.*

*Země pod mýma nohama začala zářit. Šířilo se to od oněch drobných kapiček dál, až se celá ulička naplnila obscénními nazelenalými detaily přesně v barvě ručiček na těch **známých hodinkách, co svítí ve tmě**, nebo – no dobře, kouzelných houbiček.*

This particular reference refers to the famous glow-in-the-dark clocks which were painted with radium paint and resulted in a great number of female factory workers dying with horrifying health issues because it was customary to lick the paint brushes with the paint and they worked without any protective measures taken, as the effects of radium were not fully known back then.⁶

This reference adds extra subtext to the story by the way of enhancing the atmosphere, but it is very easy to miss even if the reader is a native English speaker. For readers with an interest in history, it is of course a very vivid and concrete reference, bringing forth many negative connotations when it came to the treatment of women factory workers in the early 20th century.

While most Czech readers most likely will not know what glow-in-the-dark clock Helen was thinking about, I added the adjective *známý* to point out that the comparison was something easily coming to mind in that day and age. Even these days, most glow-in-the-dark toys share the same greenish glow and the word *nazelenalými* should suffice for imagining what the color should be.

⁶ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4CIuqKqFNdE>

Example:

*“As if the **White City Vampire** wasn’t all over the papers?” I asked.*

*„Jakože **Upíra z Bílého města** nejsou plné noviny?“ optala jsem se.*

White City Vampire is what the main villain of the novelette is called. He was given the nickname by the newspapers of Chicago when his murder spree started, and it references the *White City*, which was a nickname for Chicago. It appeared first after the Chicago World’s Fair in the late 19th century as one of the regions of the Fair was dubbed the White City for its white-washed facades.⁷ It later became synonymous with the city itself.

Example:

*Somebody found this place at the end of the Great War and the beginning of **the Great Experiment** and put a bar in it.*

*Tohle místo někdo našel na konci Velké války a začátku **prohibice** a rozhodl se tu zařídit bar.*

The Great Experiment is another expression referring to the Prohibition which took place in the United States of America during the 1920s.⁸ As the phrase is unfamiliar to most of the potential Czech readers, I chose to substitute it with the simple *prohibice*, as the majority of the educated Czech population should be aware of the Prohibition going on in the USA, and there are no famous prohibitions to confuse it with.

Example:

*I knocked the right rhythm—not **shave and a haircut** but close.*

*Zaklepala jsem ten správný rytmus – něco jako **pam padapampam pampam**.*

The *shave and a haircut* mention refers to an almost impossible to not know melody which became a famous knocking song for children all over the United States of America. It was and still is used for comedic effect, inside commercials, it is well known across the pond, in Europe, and if I played it to most Czech people, they would recognize it.⁹ But even though the Czech reader knows the melody, they are not aware of the name of the song, or the fact, that the rhythm is called shave and a haircut – two bits.

Because of the reasons mentioned above, I have decided to substitute the reference to the name of the knocking song by writing the rhythm out as *pam padapampam pampam*, making it easier for the Czech

⁷ <https://smarthistory.org/white-city-and-fairgrounds/>

⁸ <https://www.fbi.gov/news/stories/the-bureau-and-the-great-experiment-012420>

⁹ <https://www.ludwig-van.com/main/2022/10/21/the-surprising-origins-of-the-door-knocking-song/>

reader to recognize it, as we do not have our own sufficiently famous knocking song to use instead of the one mentioned in the original version.

Example:

*“We could get a house.” I fought to make my smile something she could understand. “**Our house on a hill.**”*

*„Mohly bysme si pořít dům.“ Bojovala jsem se svým úsměvem ve snaze udělat z něj něco, čemu by rozuměla. „**Náš perfektní dům.**“*

The *house on a hill* most likely refers to the words of John Winthrop, who dreamt of a city upon a hill back in the 17th century at the complete beginnings of American history. The phrase means something along the lines of becoming what you want to see in the world, being the shining example to the rest of the world, and making the dreams of a perfect society come true.¹⁰ Polk has used it in her book in a slightly changed way.

The main character Helen was talking with her love interest Edith about their future and possibly moving out of Chicago to San Francisco, a city far more accepting of the queer community at that time, and she used the phrase *house on a hill* to point out the possibilities to build the life they have dreamt of there.

Most Czech readers would not be familiar with Winthrop and his famous *city upon a hill*. I am also not aware of a similarly culturally significant work in Czech history, which is perfectly understandable, because the city upon a hill is very characteristic of America and makes sense concerning the history of how it came to be. I have thus decided to simply say *náš perfektní dům* as a way to substitute the reference with at least a part of the meaning it originally carried and make it more accessible to possible Czech readers.

3.4.2 Idioms and Set Phrases

Kde slovo nemá význam samo o sobě, nýbrž jen jako součást celku, překládá se celek bez ohledu na významy slov. Jako lexikální jednotka se překládají ustálené fráze, idiomy a většina lidových rčení a přísloví. (Levý, 129)

Obecně platí, že idiomy, frazeologismy, přirovnání (...) překládáme českým ekvivalentem. (Krijtová, 29)

Example:

*They weren't **Greek to me**; I could read that.*

*Nebyla to žádná **španělská vesnice**, vyznala jsem se v tom.*

¹⁰ <https://www.americanyawp.com/reader/colliding-cultures/john-winthrop-dreams-of-a-city-on-a-hill-1630/>

To find an idiom with perfect counterparts in both the source and target language is very rare, usually the translator has to find something at least remotely similar in meaning, and then bend the surrounding words to fit the situation in the translated material. In the case of something being Greek to someone, I was overjoyed to realize that Czech has an idiom that shares both a similar meaning and a reference to a foreign country. Because of the change in the first clause of the sentence, I had to change the second clause to fit the used idiom, but it was a small price to pay.

Example:

*As I photographed a magic square filled with more of those strange glyphs, the **rock in my gut** got heavier and heavier.*

*Zatímco jsem fotila čtverec plný dalších zvláštních glyfů, **kámen na srdci** mi těžknul a těžknul.*

Whereas English-speaking people often use idioms containing guts, following their guts, knowing in their guts, or rocks in their guts growing heavier and heavier, the Czech does not use guts in the same context at all. What Czech does however use, is *na srdci, mít něco na srdci, následuj srdce, spadl mi kámen ze srdce* and others. That is why I chose to use the *kámen na srdci* phrase, as the rock has not yet fallen off and it weighs heavily upon the heart, just like the rock in the gut was.

With this use we can witness a mild shift in meaning as nervousity and anxiousness can be felt as a physical heavy feeling in the gut while *kámen na srdci* would remind us more of the clenching feeling around one's heart that comes with such stress, but I chose to keep the idiom for the very similar feeling it evokes and for the sake of keeping an idiom in place, instead of using a phrase such as *bylo mi čím dál víc těžko od žaludku* or similar.

Example:

This was **one hell of a job**, and I didn't have time to take it past this consultation.

Tohle byla **sakra pekelná zakázka** a já neměla čas na nic víc než tuhle konzultaci.

Na rozdíl od výrazů s „nebeskou tematikou“ výrazy s tematikou „pekelnou“ mají navíc funkci intenzifikační. (Knittlová, 64)

*Expletiva celkem neznatelně přecházejí k **intenzifikátorům**, kterých mluvená řeč vydatně používá. Jejich význam vesměs obecně vyjadřuje velikou míru, velkou intenzitu nějakého pocitu, postoje, hodnocení, bez bližší specifikace. (Knittlová, 65)*

The *one hell of something* here is used to intensify and add emotional weight to the job Helen is working on for Marlowe, which I transferred to Czech by the use of *sakra*, as well as to point out the hellish nature of the murders which most likely were part of a sacrifice that contained the use of dark magic, which I strengthened by keeping the hellish parts when translating into Czech.

Example:

*Sylvia would have **read me the riot act** otherwise.*

*Sylvia **by mi** jinak pořádně vyhubovala.*

The phrase to read someone the riot act refers to an old law written by the Parliament of Britain that was read out loud before the people breaking it were punished. In current times it is usually used to mean that you chastise someone after catching them in the act of doing something wrong or witnessing them mess up.¹¹ I chose to substitute this phrase by translating the meaning of it, as substituting it with a possible Czech historical counterpart would not be appropriate, and also would not be nearly as common as the phrase is in English.

Při substituci rčení můžeme sklouznout k přílišnému ‚obohacování‘ překladu vlastními vymyšlenostmi. ... Určitě není žádoucí, když předlohu transponujeme do českého prostředí. ... Plácá-li někdo jako kniha v telecí kůži vázaná a má řeči padesát-čtyři, říká se o něm v Nizozemsku, že mluví jako Brugman ... U nás se v podobné situaci říká, že někdo kecá jako Palackej. Třebaže v obou případech si nizozemský i český mluvčí kecaj do lebedy, substituoval Palackého za Brugmana bychom neměli. (Krijtová, 30)

Example:

*I turned to meet the gentle press of fingertips on my shoulder; my **flight-or-fight kicking up** before I put my smile back on.*

*Něčí prsty mi zlehka přitlačily na rameno a já se jim otočila vstříc s **adrenalinem pumpujícím v žilách**, než jsem znovu nasadila úsměv.*

The *flight-or-fight response* is a well-known and well-used phrase referring to the different reactions to the feeling of danger. There are three reactions flight, fight, and freeze. Whereas in English the flight-or-fight response is commonly used to describe the situation, in Czech, we do not have such a concise phrase to say the same thing, so with a lack of a fitting equivalent, I chose to substitute it with a Czech analogy.¹²

Example:

*I had five thousand dollars in the safe. "I've been **saving for a foggy day**."*

*Měla jsem v sejfě pět tisíc dolarů. „**Pro jistotu jsem trochu spořila**.“*

Saving for a foggy day is a twist on the usual idiom of saving for a rainy day, meaning saving for the case of an unexpected emergency.¹³ I opted for translating it as *pro jistotu jsem spořila* referring to the

¹¹ <https://www.atlasobscura.com/articles/read-the-riot-act-meaning>

¹² https://is.muni.cz/do/rect/el/estud/fsp/ps11/sebeob/web/pages/psychologicka_pripava.html

¹³ <https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/save-keep-money-for-a-rainy-day>

uncertainty of the future and I also added the *trochu* because a foggy day seems a bit milder than the serious emergency the rainy day is supposed to represent. It also represents that Helen is trying to make an inside joke for herself to lighten her mood, as she knows she has been saving up for years so that Edith would have something left after her very much expected and very close death.

Example:

*“Five will get you ten the police have this fact clamped down tight,” I said.
„Vsadím boty, že policie tohle drží pečlivě pod pokličkou,“ řekla jsem.*

The *five will get you ten* phrase originated from betting and means you have a high chance of winning¹⁴. In my Czech version, I have chosen to substitute the odds mentioned but still keep betting at the table while also using the very commonly used phrase *vsadím boty*.

3.5 Slang and Occult Vocabulary

Tvořivost překladatele je omezena na oblast jazykovou; nejen tím, že nové výrazy vytváří (neologismy), ale i tím, že cizí výrazy ve svém prostředí zdomácňuje (exotismy). (Levý, 110)

Considering the fantasy setting of the story, it is extremely clear from the first few pages, that encountering a bit of occult vocabulary should be expected when reading the translated novelette. The work of the translator when encountering such words while translating fiction, should be to find a balance between translating the meaning of the utterance while not deleting the uniqueness and the author's deliberate choice of using a word less people would be familiar with.

O anglickém standardním a substandardním slangu existuje řada studií, slovníky uvádějí různé definice, podle nichž se termínem „slang“ jednak speciální slovník, jednak vysoce hovorový jazyk, příp. žargon jisté společenské vrstvy, skupiny nebo období. ... Slang je vlastně trest' hovorového jazyka, vymyká se sice poutům standardní angličtiny, ale hodnotí se dnes jako živý, barvitější, slovníkově bohatší, pružnější, atd. (Knittlová, 111)

When considering the nature of the story, I would say, that within its vocabulary and inside its world, most of the occult vocabulary used within the novelette would be considered slang, as it is a part of the language used by a group of people of a specific layer of society, like the members of the Brotherhood of Compass and other mystic organizations. As our main character belongs to this group, we are met with these words in a very common and casual way. Some of the terms already had a Czech equivalent, then I decided to use it, but with others, I had to choose from multiple ones or decide between creating my own one or simply transcribing it into Czech as it was. I will now slowly go through all of them one by one.

¹⁴ <https://idioms.thefreedictionary.com/five+will+get+you+ten>

Example:

*MARLOWE HAD OFFERED me fifty dollars to stand out here in the freezing Chicago cold and do an **augury**, and like a damn greedy fool, I'd said yes.*

*MARLOWE MI ZA to, abych tady venku v chladném chicagském dešti provedla **auspicium**, nabídla padesát dolarů. Já, jako zatracená chamtivá hlupačka, řekla ano.*

Augury, referring to a situation where an augur, the one performing the augury, sees signs from the divine referring to the situation in the not-so-divine world, comes from the Roman culture¹⁵, and as we already have an equivalent for it in Czech, I have decided to use it and keep *auspicium*¹⁶ in the translation.

Example:

*I'd computed the ideal time for the operation with Marlowe still on the telephone, flipping between my calculations on scratch paper and an **ephemeris**.*

*Ještě na telefonu jsem pro zásah vypočítala ideální čas. Listovala jsem při tom mezi papíry s mými výpočty a **efemeridami**.*

This word, *ephemeris*, also has an already existing equivalent in the Czech language, but we can see, that I had to change the number of the word in this context, to make it make sense, as an *ephemeris* in English is a book, or diary with information about the movements of the planets, or other space objects¹⁷, whereas in Czech *efemeridy* are the information itself¹⁸ and using it in a singular form would not make sense.

Example:

*I had to shake a leg to make it to the crime scene during the moon's **Chaldean hour**, the best window for divination with the dead.*

*Musela jsem si pohnout, abych to na místo činu stihla, dokud měl měsíc svou **chaldejskou hodinu**, což je na vyvolávání mrtvých ta nejlepší doba.*

Chaldean hours come from Hellenistic astrology¹⁹ and the name already has been translated into Czech before, which means I decided to use the version already available and worked with the word *chaldejská*.

¹⁵ <https://www.britannica.com/topic/augury>

¹⁶ <https://cs.wikipedia.org/wiki/Auspicia>

¹⁷ <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ephemeris>

¹⁸ <https://cs.wikipedia.org/wiki/Efemeridy>

¹⁹ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Planetary_hours

Example:

*A mediocre **spiritualist** can talk to the dead for three days, no matter where they end up, and I was a little better than that.*

*I průměrný **spiritualista** dokáže s mrtvými mluvit tři dny po smrti, bez ohledu na to, kde skončili a já byla o něco lepší, než průměrná.*

Spiritualist meaning a person who has a connection to the world of the dead²⁰ has been used pretty straightforwardly in this context and my translation has been just as straightforward.

Example:

*“The crime scene was painted in blood,” I said. “I’m guessing the victim’s. The Vampire drew **sigils** all over the place. Up the walls and everything.”*

*„Bylo to tam vymalované krví,“ řekla jsem. „Odhaduju, že patřila oběti. Upír po celém tom místě namaloval **magické symboly**. Na zdi a všechno.“*

The word *sigil* is usually used to mean some sort of symbol or sign used for a magical purpose²¹. I have briefly considered also using the Czech word *sigil*, but then decided to use the more understandable analogy and used *magické symboly*.

Example:

*These marks reminded me of **astrological glyphs**, of **hermetic seals**, but I could read those, too.*

*Připomínalo mi to **astrologické glyfy**, **hermetické pečeti**, ale ty přečíst umím.*

I have decided against adding any explanations when translating both *astrological glyphs* and *hermetic seals* because in this context people already interested in astrology will understand these terms and those who do not share the interest with the author do not need to know, what the glyphs and hermetic seals mean, they just need to know, that Helen Brandt knows what they mean.

Example:

*Something inside me wanted one more shot, and a **mystic** doesn’t ignore her intuition.*

*Něco mi říkalo, že potřebuju ještě jeden záběr, a **mystik** zkrátka vždycky dá na svou intuici.*

Once again this is a pretty straightforward example of a word already having a good equivalent available, unlike the example that is to come.

²⁰ https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/spiritualist#google_vignette

²¹ <https://cs.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sigilium>

Example:

Warlock. It hit like a slap.

Černokněžnice. Bylo to jako dostat facku.

A *warlock* is a kind of magical figure, similar to a magician or a wizard, with one important detail. Usually, a warlock is considered a warlock, because they gained something thanks to a contract with some kind of a stronger being, a deity, or perhaps a demon.²² In this world, Helen is called a Warlock as an insult for her history of having a contract with a demon, and the word has very negative connotations in this particular setting, as is obvious from the example I have chosen.

To translate is simply as a *čarodějnice*, or *čarodějka* would be extremely insufficient and neither *mág* nor *ježibaba* would fit the word warlock as well. After long elaboration and choosing to focus on the negative aspect of the name, I chose the Czech *černokněžník* and created a female variant *černokněžnice* from it.

Example:

High magicians, and that was worse.

Byli to mágové, a to bylo horší.

When it came to the *magicians*, it was about choosing the right one from the number of possible equivalents, such as *čaroděj* or *kouzelník* and others. What decided for me was the adjective high, whose meaning is modifying the magician to be something more, and so I chose the word *mág*.

²² <https://www.dndbeyond.com/classes/7-warlock>

4 Conclusion

The aim of this thesis was to translate the first four chapters of the first Act of the novelette *Even Though I Knew the End*, and then to analyze my process of translating said chapters while focusing on different steps I took when encountering different problems. I would like to think that I successfully managed to do exactly that, even though the task has been challenging in many ways and required me to dig deeper into the theory of translation than I ever had before.

The main focus of this thesis was on the different systematic steps I had to take while translating and all the phenomena I had to deal with, mainly including translating proper names, cultural references typical for the setting of the story, translating idioms, and other issues where the translated problems often only had partial if any equivalents. There was the big decision of which language register should I choose, and even translating the title of the work has been challenging. Let us not forget translating the occult terminology so typical for the world this fantasy novelette was set in and last but not least the topic of textual equivalence between Czech and English mainly focusing on the issue of functional sentence perspective.

During the whole process, the three main sources by Jiří Levý, Olga Krijtová, and Dagmar Krijtová have all been of immense help and I believe I will be returning to them often even after this thesis is done. Levý has been priceless with his writings about the whole translation process, and I have even enjoyed the passages about poetry, as that is an interest of mine, while Knittlová has provided much-needed structure and help while dealing with particular problems concerning different kinds of equivalence, and Krijtová added a spark to the reading about translation and made me laugh while I was becoming exhausted, as well as taught me many important things and introduced me to many other interesting sources I will surely visit in the future. I have referenced all three of their works multiple times in this thesis each when they were relevant the most, but I have kept them in mind during the whole duration of the thesis-writing process.

While working on both practical and theoretical parts of my thesis, I have found the process of analyzing my own translating work to be extremely interesting and enriching. When I look at the whole work, I have to say that I did not regret choosing translation and this book for my thesis. I have thought about the process in ways I have never thought about it before in, and I think I will never be able to forget all that this process has given me. As I am finishing up writing these lines, I can not stop the excitement at the idea of going to finish translating some of my works with much more direction and knowledge than I had before.

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