

EnJoY

English Journal for You

ISSN 1339-7370

NO: 1

WT: 2013/14

Department of Language Pedagogy and Intercultural Studies, PF UKF in Nitra



EnJoY (English Journal for You)

ISSN 1339-7370

**PUBLISHED ONLINE, ONCE A
SEMESTER, TWICE A YEAR**

PUBLISHED BY:

**Department of Language Pedagogy
and Intercultural Studies, Faculty of
Education,
Constantine the Philosopher
University in Nitra**

CONTACT:

KLIŠ, Dražovská 4, 949 01 Nitra

CONTACT EMAIL:

ztabackova@ukf.sk

EDITORIAL TEAM:

PhDr. Zuzana Tabačková, PhD.

(Editor-in-chief)

Dávid Grich

Bc. Martina Hajtingerová

Michaela Kališová

Lucia Sekerová

Terézia Petrovičová

Iveta Štrajeneková

Kitty Vyparinová.

TECHNICAL SUPPORT:

Mgr. Dušan Valábik

In this issue, you can enjoy:

EDITORIAL.....p.3
New Start

SECTION WHAT HAPPENEDp.5
Halloween
Halloween Workshop

SECTION CREativity.....p.10
*Poems and haiku written by the
students from our department*

SECTION TRANslaneTION.....p.19
*Poetry of Tim Burton, C.S. Lewis and
Joel Rotschild translated into Slovak*

INTERVIEW.....p.22
*With Robert Bryndza, British writer
living in Nitra*

READING READY.....p.24
Great Gatsby reborn

WHAT THE...?.....p.26
*Unbelievable but real things that
happen around us*

ENJOY THE ENJOY.....p.29
*Drabble writing: a writing contest
for creative minds*

Editorial: New Start



Hey friends!

Hi enjoys (people reading enjoy) ☺. The title 'New Start' is hiding two important facts – so, as the beginning of the school year brought a new start with itself, it is also a New Start in the career of official 1' edition of EnJoY! ☺ But let's start melancholically... It seems ages since great summer time, a new school year started with the advent of

“amazing” wind in Nitra (it pointed to us it was the end of September) and we all needed one month minimum for adapting to be in school again. After already mentioned brilliant summer, gates to our University were opened for all students – for some this is the last year of unforgettable student's years, some are frightened of writing their bachelor thesis (me, me, me), some of you are curious and enthusiastic what this school year will bring, and the youngest of us (1st year students) are maybe looking forward to make new relationships and gain wider knowledge☺. The winter semester passed really quickly and I wish strong nerves and determination to success in the exam period to all of you! ☺

Thank you for your pleasant reactions to our 0', unofficial, edition, we will be glad to write for you in the future. If this is the first time you observed our journal, let me briefly introduce you our work – we decided to increase the quality of our Department of Language Pedagogy and Intercultural Studies by “contributing with a piece of us”. You will find many different sections regarding creativity, translations, our department events, interesting interviews and many other “attractions”. The EnJoy is published once a semester and it summarizes all important events that happened at the department in the previous three months.. Of course I would like to invite you to join us if you want anyhow to participate in publishing ☺ Come and see what awaits us in the first official edition:

The book review on *The Great Gatsby* by Martina Hajtingerová a.k.a Zoe, translations of poems made by Lucka Sekerová, meaningless laws collected by Kitty Vyparinová, a short story and idioms by Ivet Štrajanečková a.k.a ivadise, an interview with Robert Bryndza made by David Grich, the best of works from creative writing edited by Terežka Petrovičová a.k.a Tess and articles on our department events: Halloween and Halloween workshop + interview with Mrs Preložníková written by me.

But this journal would not exist without our teacher Zuzana Tabačková, PhD., so THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING!!! ☺

And this is us:



Kitty



Kejla



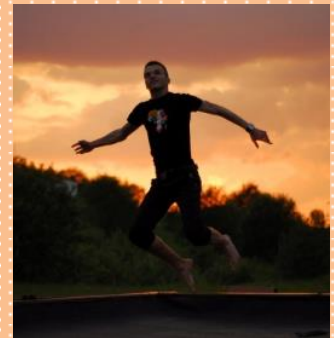
Tess



Ivet



Lucka



David

Have a nice reading experience - enjoy the EnJoy ☺

On behalf of the whole team,
Miška Kalíšová (Kejla)

SECTION WHAT HAPPENED: Halloween

Why NOT to find a reason to celebrate? Celebration is such a great thing and an English Department should celebrate English holidays. The date was set on November 12 and we all decided to have a good time together in Halloween style.



It was the second time we met in the vestibule and enjoyed the day as a real English community. The breath of Halloween started at 10 o'clock in class 221, where there was a workshop with Mrs Preložníková who translated the book of Roald Dahl 'The Witches' (as you can notice we kept the topic of Halloween) and you can read more about this workshop in the following article (with an interview). Hustle and effort of our teachers and students started approximately at 12p.m. with decorating the common premises downstairs. Balloons, crepe paper decorations, spiders or pumpkins – all this stuff in orange and black colour were integral parts of carrying in an atmosphere of original Halloween

celebration. But not only decoration was important, this year's masks were totally great!!! Charlie Chaplin, Grim Reapers (even with a real scythe), vampires (with real red eyes), witches, killers, and many other original ones ☺.

Everything seemed to be ready, the programme could start! The celebration was opened at 4 pm by matriculation of 1st year students, who participated in the competition in which they needed to know each other's names - a way of how to get to know each other (great job Zdenko) and they were recognized as the students of UKF and given an official marking of KLIS, hanging on their necks.



The programme continued with pleasant songs of great singer Petra Pind'urová, who was accompanied by a guitar player Milan Ivenz. In our Halloween performances you could see Halloween shows, folk dancing, accordion players, solo dancer Radko Kováč and stop, here we got hungry :D - we all moved to our nearby open buffet where there were poised sooo many delicious titbits (I personally did not know what to eat first :D). The food was brought by our teachers and students and I am taking a bow before y'all! ☺ In these premises there also took place a HORROR FILM QUIZ organized by Zuzana Kočíšková & Kristína Pápaiová who prepared interesting questions about the most famous horror movies for four teams. The winning team was the team of third year's English teachers, congrats! ☺



Then, back to our premises where, full and satisfied, we listened to Halloween songs performed by Zdenko Kramarčík & Tereza Petrovičová and our audio performances rounded off the "Rock" (Patrik Cagaň, Tomáš Hutlas, Milan Ivenz & Oxana Gogol') who demonstrated a great rock show (with amazing

percussion solo at the end by Tomáš) ☺ Although the programme was finished, good mood and smiling faces continued, everybody was wondering who would be announced as the winner of the best food, mask and what surprises were hidden in the raffle ☺ The most original mask prize was given to Vladimír Hein disguised as Hades (a character from Hercules).



The most original food prize was won by Tímea Sándorová with delicious chocolate spider cake, yummy! Fans of raffle had their day with a wide range of prizes (from cups, teas, Halloween jams or beers and champagne to newly published books with signs) which delighted all the winners. It was really funny to see those eager faces running with their winning numbers to the presenter of the entire program (I hereby greet Roman Kováč who has never disappointed us with his great moderator and organizational skills.☺) And the wonderful day came to an end. Last photos of all participants - classmates, performers, friends, teachers with students...But a party is not a party without an after party, so there was one till the early morning.



Thanks to all who came and I hope this tradition will be kept for ages! It was really a great day 😊.

See you next year, English KLIS Family! 😊

Kéjla

HALLOWEEN WORKSHOP

It was honour to welcome Mrs Preložníková in our department. On November 12, the day of our celebration of Halloween, we decided to prepare a workshop about one of the books of Roald Dahl 'The Witches' with the Slovak translator of this story. Room 221 was decorated with some hanging witches, pumpkins, candles and on the table there was a nice book collection of this famous British author. Students started to gather and then we all eagerly waited for this rare visit. When Mrs Preložníková came, our teacher Zuzana Tabačková, PhD, opened the workshop with a brief presentation about Roald Dahl and prepared a quiz for us with the questions about the book 'The Witches' and of course, we won the billionaire because we all had read this book 😊. Then we were asking Mrs Preložníková many interesting questions and she nicely answered all of them. But it was also a practical workshop - we had prepared our translations of a problematic paragraph from this book and then we analyzed it with Mrs Preložníková. It was interesting to hear different ways of translation and we hope we are the future translators :D. After this great workshop, Mrs Preložníková donated a few translated books of hers with a signature 😊. We used the opportunity and asked her a few questions:



1. How did you get to know Roald Dahl? What was your first contact with this British author?

When I started to prepare my lectures on English-language children's literature for my students of English in the late 1980s and early 1990s, Dahl had already been an established and the most successful children's writer in the world. First I read about him and his children's books in the literary historical surveys of children's literature, literary journals and reviews which often showed him as a controversial author. That attracted my attention, so I tried to read everything about Dahl I could find in those pre-internet times. During my first visit of the United Kingdom in 1990, I bought some of his children's books. Funny, provoking, surprising, mischievous, unconventional... As it was a period of great changes in all aspects of life in our country, I thought to myself – Dahl's children's books are read and enjoyed by children in 50 countries of the world, why not by children of this country? I suggested the Enigma publishing house to buy the translation rights for some of Dahl's books. It was not easy to persuade the publisher but finally I succeeded. Enigma has published 15 Dahl's books for children in Slovak so far. I have translated ten of them.

2. How many books of his did you read and translate and which one did you like the most?

I have read all his children's books, some of his short stories for adults, autobiography and biographies of Dahl (including an unauthorized one). Recently, my encounters with Dahl and his work have reached a new level – I met his second wife, Felicity, at the Bologna Bookfair and visited The Roald Dahl Museum and Story Centre in Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire, where Dahl lived with his family most of his life. It's hard to choose one book I like best but my favourite ones are *The Witches*, *Matilda*, *James and the Giant Peach* and *The BFG*

(translated by my former student Henrich Chládek).

3. And what about his book 'The Witches', did you enjoy translating of this story?

The Witches – it's Dahl at his best. You can find all the most typical elements of Dahlian poetics here – a mixture of humour and horror, a bit of subversiveness, highly developed imagination, a surprising plot, an unconventional happy-end... It was a real fun to translate this book. I loved best the chapter 'Metamorphosis' – a description of turning a boy into a mouse.

4. What was the most difficult part to translate in this book for you and vice-versa what was the funniest?

As I have already said during the workshop, it's never easy for me to translate longer narrative poems – you have to translate the contents of the narrative, and, at the same time, to develop the rhyme and the rhythmic scheme. It was not easy to translate the speech of the Grand High Witch either. And the funniest thing? The Recipe, of course! All those exotic ingredients like frog juice, a gruntle's egg, the beak of a blabbersnitch, the claw of a crabcruncher, the snout of a grobblequirt and others (v slovenčine, žabací džus, vajce hundričky skalnej, zobák frfl'óša koktavého, pazúr chrumkodrápa, ňufák cvrkostriekača).

5. The book 'The Witches' won a prestigious literary award 'Whitbread Award' in Britain and it is said that the book is a 'child horror', what would you say about the quality of the book and the story as the only one Slovak translator of this book?

Actually, Roald Dahl didn't win many awards for his books for children. He is the winner of the prestigious Whitbread Award 1983 for *The Witches* and of the Children's Book Award 1988 for *Matilda*. Roald Dahl was appointed The World's No. 1 Story Teller, and his name itself is an award – The Roald Dahl Funny Prize is an annual award for authors of humorous children's fiction. His birthday, September the

13th, is officially celebrated all over the world as The Roald Dahl Day.

6. And did you win any award with your translation of Dahl's book?

Yes, I did. It was an international award of the IBBY (the International Board on Books for Young People) at its 30th Congress in Macau 2006. My name has been included in the IBBY Honour List for translating Roald Dahl's *Giraffe, Pelly and Me*.

7. Some books of Roald Dahl were translated by your daughter, did you influence her to become a translator?

My daughter Soňa Kondelová has translated Dahl's *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, *Danny, The Champion of the World*, *Magic Finger*, and *George's Marvellous Medicine*. Since her childhood she has been a voracious reader and has grown up among books. It was not me who led her to learning languages or to translation. For my children I was never a teacher or a translator – I was simply their mother. It's quite a different role – they needed my love and care and nothing more. At the basic school Soňa started to learn German and enjoyed it very much thanks to her beloved teacher who soon recognised her talent for learning languages. Soňa is the graduate of English and French, and passed her state final exams in German, too. Her PhD. thesis deals with teaching translation. The knowledge of the theory of translation has certainly helped her in solving particular translation problems but what is even more important for her in translating is her extensive reading background and a thorough knowledge of the language and culture she translates from and into.

8. Do you read your translated books to your grandchildren? 😊

They are too young for Dahl's longer stories. Oliver is four-years old and Tanya is one and a

half. It's not the age for *The Witches* yet but they love Dahl's picture books illustrated by Quentin Blake. They enjoy looking at full-colour pictures while listening to our short, simple retellings of the stories. Dahl's *Enormous Crocodile*, *The Minpins* (illustrated by Patrick Benson) and *The Magic Finger* are the books they love best. Every evening before going to bed Oliver chooses a book by himself – he often asks his father to re-tell for him some passages from *Danny, the Champion of the World*. However, Dahl is not the only writer we introduce to our little ones. Oliver loves simplified folk tales and some of Hans Christian Andersen's tales, too. Tanya loves children's rhymes and English and Slovak folk songs. They are both quite mad about watching animated English nursery rhymes all day long again and again and again...

And a few lastly words of Mrs Preložníková to our workshop:

I enjoyed the workshop very much, it was very well-prepared, vivid and interesting. I liked your enthusiasm for Dahl and for translation. His subversive poetics is an irresistible challenge for any translator. I really appreciate your attempts to translate the Grand High Witch's speech. Practically, each of you used a different approach which proves that a translation is a variant. It's been a pleasure to be with you all. I'm also very happy that I met your teachers again – my former students. It's so nice to see them enjoying their work. I wish you all much success in your studies.

SECTION CREativity

From Creative Writing Classroom

In this part of the journal, we publish the best poems and haiku created by the students who attended the Creative Writing Classroom lectured by Doc. PhDr. Katerina Veselá, PhD. It seems we have some poets in the making! Enjoy!

RIDDLE POEMS

you walk with them through your life
they are a part of it
after some time they get bigger
but they should fit
expensive or cheaper
we all have got them
paths without them would be painful
carrying children, adults or old ones
they smell so good at the beginning
they smell so bad at the end
we were born without them
but we die with them

Kitty

I am the one that cannot be seen
but still I am filling you with fear
I am hiding behind every corner
sitting under your bed with a border
I cannot be heard or smelt
with the rising sun I go to rest
I am the one who surrounds you in your sleep
filling the room with a little child's scream
I am the relief after a long day
hiding all your weary faces
giving you the hope for new chances

Kristina Pápaiová

HAIKU

winter comes to us
it covers country with snow
do you feel it now?

Radovan Kováč

death will always come
at the end of our days
waiting even now

Karolina Krupanová

feel the fresh peaches
in summer when sun comes down
where is my childhood?

Radka Marešková

she has just come home
from her summer trip abroad
feeling so alone

Vladimír Hejn

I like hot chocolate
does it make any difference
when I'm allergic

Eric Köberling

cloudy sky above
no sunbathing is allowed
are you happy now?

Martina Feliáčová

emotions are there
in every human being
some just more hidden

Denisa Szabová

haiku is much fun
I feel like writing it now
too bad I can't rhyme

Matej Krebíňal

I would like to know
have you ever seen the rain
cooling, falling drops

Libuša Lexčesová

spring is beautiful
with a lot of great colours
although it's windy

Veronika Madzarová

ODES

Ode to a chocolate cake

oh, cake, chocolate cake
how sweet and delicious are you inside
how somebody can make
something what is so good all the time
your shape, your taste
can be different
but when you eat it
you are in heaven
then you realize how much have you eaten
but it doesn't matter, you can go and make
another one

Kamila Ricekovi

Ode to a silent man

suddenly, It's all so clear
all the people around you have disappeared
you're barefoot standing on the street
there's a green light, you're ignoring it
you ask yourself, was it worth the risk
all your effort chase to exist
you're all alone, standing still
a silent man at his own free will

Marek Majik

Ode to a bed

tender and soft, she's waiting for you
she's waiting for you all day long
as a dog tided in front of the shop
faithful and friendly, calm and silent
she's warm in winter and refreshing in summer
hugging you when you need it most
saying bye is hard, hard is the morning
whole day you are wishing to be with her again
to hug her again, to dine with her
you belong to her and she belongs to you
as a paper and a pen, as a fork and a knife
nobody knows you better, she has the key to
your dreams
she is your best friend, she is your bed

Milax Kabit

Revolt

In the bag fishing rod.
In the head silent nod.
In the eyes shining spot.
In the veins one's truth reigns.

In the skin waiting soul.
In the heart hidden hole.
In the mind crucial role.
In the end nothing meant.

Out of world flying bird.
Out of trained foolish shirt.
Out of learnt human dirt.
After all-mighty call.

Then pieces bring peace
at the slowest pace.
There the life shows up
upon human race.

Miroslav Krležić

On Idioms

Idioms are groups of words in a fixed order that have a particular meaning that is different from the meaning of each word on its own. They cannot be translated word by word; otherwise, you get a very funny and meaningless expression. Every nation or country has its own idioms which are modified by many external influences. The more idioms and set expressions you use the more natural your speech is. Some idioms can have the same form e.g. to lose one's head – stratit' hlavu, some differentiate in the form but have the same meaning e.g. It's Greek to me – Je to pre mňa španielska dedina, and there are also some set phrases for which there's no idiomatic equivalent in the target language, e.g. to sow ones wild oats – užit' si.

Be careful when translating and using idioms because you can sound really ridiculous when misusing or translating idioms literary. For example when you say: "He doesn't work as hard as I do. He can't even reach my ankles" instead of "He doesn't work as hard as I do. He's unable to hold a candle to me." This short story is playing with idioms in its whole content. Hope you will enjoy it and will learn something new. For an easier reading and understanding there's a mirror translation.

Best Birthday Ever

The alarm clock is set, the table at Luke's is reserved, all my clothes for tomorrow are clean, let's have a good sleep to be ready to have a perfect birthday tomorrow. Furthermore it is Friday tomorrow, there can't be a better day to celebrate. Except I have to go to work. Nevermind. Good night.

"Beep-beep-beep." "Ooh, you goddamn alarm, give me five more minutes."

37 minutes later... "Where are the stupid keys?" How could I oversleep like this. And even today! It can only happen to me. Argh! Furthermore it's raining cats and dogs outside. For god's sakes! Calm down, everything's gonna be fine." At work, 9:23 – 23 minutes, I'm not very late. Later that day. "Smith!"

"That's my boss, what does he want?"
"Yes, Mr. Zachariah."
"My son has some things to do and he must leave work sooner so you stay about 2 hours longer at work today."
"What? Why me? Do you know what day it is?"
"It's Friday, what do you mean?"
"Yes, it's Friday but it's also my birthday and I also have something on in the evening."

Budík je nastavený, stôl u Luke's rezervovaný, všetky veci na zajtra mám čisté, takže už sa len dobre vyspať, aby som bol čerstvý, pretože zajtra ma čaká skvelá narodeninová oslava. Navyše, zajtra je piatok, takže neexistuje lepší deň na oslavu. I keď, musím ísť ešte do roboty. Nevadí. Dobrú noc.

„Píp-píp-píp.“ „Och, ty prekliaty budík, daj mi ešte päť minút.“

O 37 minút.... „Kde sú tie sprosté kľúče?“ Ako som mohol takto zaspať. Ešte aj dnes! To sa môže stať len mne. Ach! Ešte k tomu vonku leje ako z krhly. Pre Kristove rany! Pokoj, všetko bude ok. V práci, 9:23 – 23 minút, nemeškám dlho. Neskôr v ten deň. „Smith!“

„To je môj šéf, čo ten môže chcieť?!“
„Áno, pán Zachariah.“
„Môj syn má dnes nejaké povinnosti a musí odísť skôr z práce, takže po práci tu ostane o také 2 hodiny dlhšie.“
„Čože? Prečo ja? Viete, čo je za deň?“
„Je piatok, ale, na čo narážate?“
„Áno, je piatok, ale dnes mám narodeniny a tiež nejaké plány na večer.“

“Well, congratulation, you old chap, I’ll give you one extra Hamilton. Have a nice day. And, don’t be late again.”

I must be dreaming. These latecomers, in other words my colleagues, are late every day and no one bats an eye. I am late once in a blue moon and everybody loses their mind. And Levi? He’s a cock of the walk that’s unable to hold a candle to me but because he’s boss’ son he throws his weight about, especially when the boss is out. Seeing him is enough to make my fly off the handle. Don’t think that I’m not able to say a boo to a goose or that I can’t give people a piece of my mind but I didn’t want to make troubles, especially today. For next time I won’t mince matters. Let’s do the work and don’t think about this.

I went for a smoke and Levi was smoking too but he was smoking some weed or something. He had the face to ask me: “Wanna get high?” and he almost laughed himself to death. “You better shut up and get down to doing something,” I said to him and sent him to Coventry. I finished my cigarette and kept doing my work.

It’s 4 P.M. It’s just me, a cleaning woman, my deck, computer and a lot of stuff to do because Levi doesn’t do anything at all.

5.30 P.M I’m finally shaking the dust of this office off my feet. At 8.00 I have to be at Luke’s. God help me make it.

“Heeey man, where have you been? You should have been here an hour ago!”

“Sorry guys, it’s just one of these days. I overslept, I had to work overtime, there was a horrible traffic jam. I also had to shave because I don’t want to look like a caveman, you know. I call it a day.”

“Man, you look being dead-beat. But one good draught of Jack will bring you round.”

“Billy, you’re reading my mind.” “A bottle of Jack, please,” I shouted at the barmaid.

“Guys, I really appreciate that you’re here, we’re gonna sow our wild oats!”

„Gratulujem, Vy starý švihák, dám Vám o 10 dolárov naviac. Pekný deň prajem. A už viac nemeškajte.“

To sa mi sníva. Títo nedochvílnici, inými slovami, moji kolegovia, meškajú každý deň a nikomu to neprekáža. Ja meškám raz za uhorský rok a každý z toho robí vedu. A Levi? Ten je vždy stredobodom pozornosti, nesiaha mi ani po päty, ale za to, že je šéfov syn, tak sa hrá na dôležitého, hlavne, keď tu šéf nie je. Keď ho vidím, tak sa mi nôž vo vrecku otvára. Nemyslíte si, že som nejaký bojko, alebo že si nedokážem pustiť ústa na špacír, ale nechcel som robiť problémy, najmä nie dnes. Nabudúce si nedám servítku pred ústa. Idem radšej robiť, nech na toto nemyslím.

Šiel som si zapáliť a Levi tiež fajčil, lenže trávu či čo. Mal tú drzosť opýtať sa ma: „Chceš zahúliť?“ a skoro pri tom umrel od smiechu. Povedal som mu: „Radšej sklapni a choď niečo robiť!“ a ďalej som ho už len ignoroval. Dofajčil som a dal sa znova do roboty.

Sú štyri poobede. Som tu len ja, upratovačka, môj stôl, počítač a hromada vecí, ktoré mám ešte spraviť, pretože Levi nerobí vôbec nič.

17.30. Konečne idem preč z tejto hroznej kancelárie. O ôsmej mám byť u Luke’s. Pán Boh pomáhaj, aby som to stihol.

„Hej, chlape, kde si trčal? Mal si tu byť už pred hodinou!“

„Sorry chalani, ale dnes nemám svoj deň. Zaspal som, robil som nadčas, bola strašná zápcha. Ešte som sa musel oholiť, nechcem predsa vyzerat’ ako neandertálec. Už mám pre dnes dost.“

„Chlape, vyzeráš byť na smrť unavený. Ale, pohárik Jacka ťa postaví na nohy.“

„Billy, čítaš mi myšlienky.“ „Fl’ašu Jacka, prosím,“ zvolal som na barmanku.

„Chalani, skutočne si cením, že ste prišli, dnes si to užijeme!“

The evening was great until I suddenly saw a person I really didn't miss.

"There we go."

"What's up, Brian?"

"My ex and her "I-love-him-more-than-you" boyfriend. I really don't know what she sees in him. He kinda fall flat, he's cut and dried and he's a big talker. She's with him only because he wallows in money."

"Don't care a rap about them!" Ryan said. You see that girl over there? She's with her friends here but she's kinda odd man out. And she's giving you the glad eye the whole evening, you blind bastard!"

"Are you kidding me, guys?"

"No, Ryan is right. Do you like the look of that girl?"

"Not half!"

"Nothing venture, nothing gain", Kenny said.

"You talk my head off."

"Wohoo, that' our boy!" my fellows shouted on me as I was walking to that nice blonde.

"She will end up in my bed, I'm sure. I'm a man after a fashion, I cut a fine figure, she won't resist the temptation", I talked to myself.

We were talking about an hour. My god, she was talking a lot of hot air, I was unable to get a word in edgeways. I wasn't listening to her, anyway. I was thinking of what position we will try as the first one.

"I have to spend a penny, excuse me," she interrupted my imagination.

"Ok, go ahead." I took a look at my fellows. Ryan and Kenny were gone, only Billy stayed here. Like a fan. He gave me a thumb up and kept drinking.

When she came back, she sat closer to me and we finally kissed. I hope my ex saw this. I'm not sure if she was still there but I wish she did and saw me.

Then the girl said the magic sentence: "Could you see me home?"

Večer bol skvelý pokým som znenazdania ne zbadal jednu osobu, ktorá mi vážne nechýbala.

„A sme doma“

„Čo je, Brian?“

„Moja ex a jej takzvaný „milujem ho viac ako teba“ frajer. Fakt neviem, čo na ňom vidí. Je taký nemastný-neslaný, nezaujímavý a strašne sa chvastá. Je s ním len preto, lebo sa topí v peniazoch.“

„Nechaj ich tak!“ povedal Ryan. Vidíš tamto to dievča? Je tu so svojimi priateľmi, ale je ako piate koleso na voze. A celý večer na teba hádže pohľady, ty slepý dilino!“

„Chalani, robíte si srandu?“

„Nie, Ryan má pravdu. Páči sa ti tá baba?“

„Že váhaš!“

„Odvážnemu šťastie praje,“ povedal Kenny.

„Ukecali ste ma.“

„Ojooooj, to je máš chlapec,“ pokrikovali po mne chalani, keď som šiel za tou milou blondínkou.

„Skončí v mojej posteli, som si istý. Som chlap ako má byť, vyzerám perfektne, neodolá tomu pokušeniu,“ hovoril som si pre seba.

Rozprávali sme sa cca hodinu. Ty môj bože, trepala sprostosti, ja som sa nemohol dostať ani k slovu. Síce, ani som ju nepočúval. Premýšľal som nad tým, ktorú polohu vyskúšame ako prvú.

„Musím si odskočiť, ospravedlň ma,“ prerušila moje fantazírovanie.

„Ok, kl'udne.“ Pozrel som sa na kamošov. Ryan a Kenny boli preč, ostal tam len Billy. Ako nejaký fanúšik. Ukázal mi prst hore a pil d'alej.

Keď sa vrátila, sadla si bližšie ku mne a konečne sme sa pobožkali. Dúfam, že ma ex videla. Nie som si istý, či tam ešte bola, ale želal by som si, aby áno.

Potom tá baba vyslovila tú čarovnú vetu:

„Odprevadiš ma domov?“

As we were leaving the bar Billy was already sleeping on the table. After a while we were standing in front of her door. "Thanks for a nice evening," she said. "The evening isn't over yet, my dear, let's finish it in your bedroom," I added.

"Have you lost your mind? What do you think of yourself? I have a boyfriend and I would never cheat on him!" Then she left.

Man, it was such a shock that you could have knocked me down with a feather. I went back to the bar. Billy was still sleeping here. I sat next to him and tried to wake him up.

"Brian, you lucky bastard, how was it? Was she good? What does she like?"

"Nothing happened, she just put on a show. The only thing she wanted was someone she could talk to and someone who would buy her a drink."

"Look who just got laid," shouted Billy pointing at me and everyone at Luke's looked at us.

"Shut up Billy, you are not even listening and you're drunk as a lord, I'll call you a taxi."

After I helped Billy to get into the taxi I was about to give some money to the taxi driver. In that moment my heart was in my mouth. My wallet was gone. "The little bi*ch! She stole my wallet!" I shouted. The taxi driver seemed to be a bit frightened. No wonder, I was so mad that I almost turned into the Hulk.

I found Billy's wallet, gave some money to the driver and I kept this wallet for myself. I'm not a thief, I just borrowed it. Being on my beam-end I ordered a quick one. Then I sat at the bar and ordered one more Jack. There were not many people left.

"Though day, huh?" asked the barmaid.

"Actually, nothing to write home about, I just overslept in the morning, then I worked overtime, I got robbed by a silly blonde and it's my birthday."

"That's a bit thick", she answered.

"It sucks, it really, really sucks. May I buy you a drink, pretty lady?"

"Well, you just said you got robbed."

"I borrowed my friend's wallet."

"You're nice but I'm on the wagon."

"You're kidding? Why?"

Keď sme odchádzali z baru, Billy už spal na stole. Po chvíli sme stáli pred jej domom.

„Ďakujem za pekný večer,“ povedala. „Večer sa ešte neskončil, zlatko, zakončíme ho v tvojej spálni,“ dodal som.

„Preskočilo ti? Čo si o sebe myslíš? Mám priateľa a nikdy by som ho nepodviedla!“
A odišla.

Páni, to bol taký šok, že som z toho ostal úplne mimo. Vrátil som sa do baru. Billy tu stále spal. Sadol som si k nemu a snažil sa ho zobudiť.

„Brian, ty šťastný parchant, ako bolo? Bola dobrá? Čo má rada?“

„Nič sa nestalo, hrala len divadielko. Jediná vec, ktorú chcela, bol niekto, kto by ju počúval a kupoval jej drinky.“

„Pozrite sa, kto si vrzol,“ zhučal Billy a ukazoval pri tom na mňa. Každý v bare sa na nás pozrel.

„Drž hubu Billy, nepočúvaš ma a si spitý na mraky, zavolám ti taxík.“

Po tom, ako som Billymu pomohol nastúpiť do taxíka, som chcel dať taxikárovi nejaké peniaze. V tom momente by ste sa mi krvi nedorezali. Moja peňaženka bola preč. „Tá malá čupka! Ukradla mi peňaženku!“ zreval som. Taxikár vyzeral trochu vyľakane. Niet sa tomu čudovať, bol som taký našťvaný, že som sa takmer premenil na Hulka.

Našiel som Billyho peňaženku, dal som taxikárovi peniaze a nechal som si tú peňaženku. Nie som zlodej, len som si ju požičal. Bol som na dne a na stojáka som si dal jedného panáka. Potom som si sadol za bar a objednal si ešte jedného Jacka. V bare už neostalo veľa ľudí.

„Ťažký deň, čo?“ spýtala sa barmanka.

„V podstate nič zaujímavé, ráno som zaspal, potom som robil nadčas, okradla ma jedna trápna bloncka a mám narodeniny.“

„To je silná káva,“ odpovedala.

„Je to nanič, úplná katastrofa. Môžem Vám kúpiť drink, krásavica?“

„Práve ste povedali, že Vás okradli.“

„Požičal som si kamarátovu peňaženku.“

„Ste milý, ale abstinujem.“

„Robíte si srandu? Prečo?“

"I see drunk people every day. I don't feel like drinking."

"I get it, I do," I said. She left this conversation, she was cleaning the bar, she was talking to customers and her knockers were a sight for sore eyes.

Then, alike Billy, I fell asleep.

"Wake up, little bird, last call."

"Oh, okay."

"Where are you going, Mr. Brian Smith?"

"How do you know my name?"

"Well, I'm a witch," she said but I didn't get the joke. "Dear, you really got out of bed the wrong side. You had a reservation here and you are the one who has not settled the bill yet."

"I'm sorry, I'm at the end of my tether, how much is it?"

"It makes 174,37 dollars including the reservation fee. And my tip, ha-ha."

The number threw cold water on me. I didn't have enough, actually, Billy didn't have so much money in his wallet.

She knew what I was about to say and she said:

"I'm sure you have not enough money in the wallet right now but if you promise me, you'll come tomorrow and settle the bill, I'll let you go. Take it as a gift. Otherwise, I have your name, your address and your phone number so if you don't come I'll find you, muahaha."

She made the evil laugh but she looked like an angel. "Don't worry, I'll be definitely there. See ya tomorrow!"

"Good night Brian. And, happy birthday!" she said and waved. I waved back and almost hit the door with my head.

I came home around 5.00 A.M, took off my shoes and half-dead tumbled into my bed. My last thought before I fell asleep was "Best birthday ever."

„Každý deň vidím opitých ľudí. Nemám chuť piť.“

„Chápem, chápem“, povedal som. Dohovorila som mnou, upratovala bar, rozprávala sa so zákazníkmi a jej kozy boli pastvou pre oči. Potom som zaspal, podobne ako Billy.

„Vstávame, vtáčatko, záverečná.“

„Aha, oukej.“

„Kam Ste sa vybrali, pán Brian Smith?“

„Odkiaľ viete, ako sa volám?“

„Nooo, som bosorka,“ povedala, ale nerozumel som tomu vtipu. „Drahý, dnes si vážne vstal z postele ľavou nohou. Mal si tu rezerváciu a si jediný, kto ešte nevyrovnal účet.“

„Ospravedlňujem sa, som na konci so silami, čo som dlžný?“

„Spolu je to 174 dolárov a 37 centov, vrátame poplatku za rezerváciu. A tringeltu pre mňa, haha.“

„Pri tom čísle ma obľial studený pot. Nemal som, vlastne Billy nemal toľko peňazí vo svojej peňaženke.“

Vedela, čo sa chystám povedať, tak povedala:

„Som si istá, že práve teraz nemáš toľko peňazí v peňaženke, ale ak mi sľúbiš, že sem prídeš zajtra a vyrovnáš účet, môžeš ísť. Ber to ako darček. V opačnom prípade mám tvoje číslo, tvoju adresu a tvoje telefónne číslo, takže ak neprídeš, nájdem si ťa, hahaha.“

Zasmiala sa ako diabol, ale vyzerala pri tom ako anjel. „Nemaj strach, určite sa tu zajtra zastavím. Vidíme sa!“

„Dobrá noc Brian. A všetko najlepšie!“ povedala a zamávala mi. Zamával som jej späť a takmer som vrazil hlavou do dverí.

Domov som prišiel okolo piatej ráno, vyzul si topánky a polomŕtvy som padol do postele. Moja posledná myšlienka pred tým, než som zaspal, bola: „Najlepšie narodeniny v živote.“

SECTION TRANSlaneTION

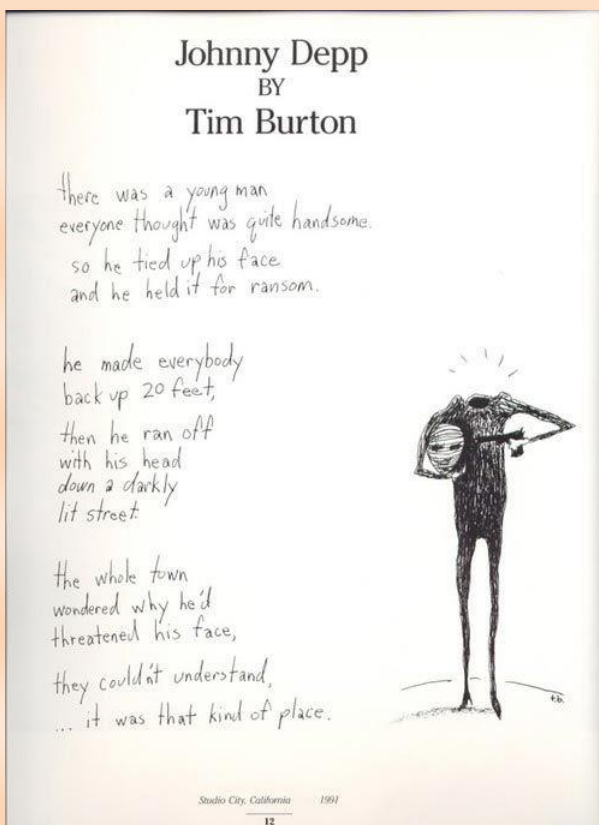
Lane is a part of the road used for a single line of vehicles. This section of our journal is called "TRANSlaneTION" because translation can be metaphorically understood as a road where one lane is just one way toward a text. The more translators, the more lanes. On the following pages, you will find out which lane was taken by the students of our department and, as Robert Frost once put it, which ROAD was NOT TAKEN...

A Few Words About the Poems That I Translated:

This autumn I went into an antiquarian bookshop, where I found a collection of poetry by Joel Rothschild. I had never heard of him before, but it seemed to me that there is something special about this tiny book. So I bought it and read during one nice afternoon. And, I can say, that it was a special afternoon. I choose two of those poems I liked most I was also interested in poems, which were written by my favourite author, C.S.Lewis, under the pseudonym of Clive Hamilton. Well, "The Spook" was actually the only one I understood and read to the end. But it touched my heart. And I suppose there's nothing to say about "Johnny Depp" by Tim Burton, except one of the author's own quotes: "One person's craziness is another person's reality." Enjoy!

Lučka

Johnny Depp by Tim Burton



bol raz jeden mladý muž
prít'ážlivý, vraveli o ňom
teda si spútal hlavu
a trval na výkupnom.

donútil všetkých
ustúpiť o dvadsať krokov
a potom sa rozbehol
po slabo osvetlenej ulici
so sklonenou hlavou.

a celé mesto sa čudovalo
že ohrozil vlastnú tvár, prečo by to robil?
vôbec ho nedokázali pochopiť
...na takom mieste to on žil.

Original Poem

C.S.Lewis aka Clive Hamilton

The Spook

last night i dreamed that i was come again
unto the house where my beloved dwells
after long years of wandering and pain.

and i stood out beneath the drenching rain
and all the street was bare and black with
night,
but in my true love's house was warmth and
light.

yet i could not draw near nor enter in
and long i wondered if some secret sin
or old, unhappy anger held me fast;

till suddenly it came into my head
that i was killed long since and lying dead-
only a homeless wraith that way had passed.

so thus i found my true love's house again
and stood unseen amid the winter night,
and the lamp burned within, a rosy light,
and the wet street was shining in the rain.

Translation

mátoha

minulú noc sa mi snívalo, že som šiel znova
po predlhých rokoch blúdenia a utrpenia
k tomu domu, kde prebýva moja milovaná.

a sám postával som v daždi, by celkom zmáčal
ma
a ulice boli opustené, čierne v noci,
len u mojej pravej lásky svetlo hrialo, hoci

ja som sa priblížiť nemohol, ani dnu vstúpiť.
a tak som premýšľal, že či snád' nemôže to byť
skrytý hriech, bo starý hnev, čo ma náhle
zadržal.

v tej chvíli som si spomenul, že už je to dávno
čo ma zabili a nechali ležať pomimo
tam, kde sa len tieň bezdomovca občas
prechádzal.

takto som teda našiel dom mojej lásky znova
uprostred chladnej noci som nepovšimnutý stál
a už len žiar svietiacej lampy na zem dopadal
a ulice boli lesklé v daždi a noc tmavá.

The Walk Sign Could No Longer Be Trusted

a collection of poetry by Joel Rothschild

Of Wolf and Man

You are like a wolf,
You stalk around,
Knowing you're in control,
Having the power
to control people's emotions.
You aren't even sly,
A fox could have hidden your plan better.

You are open and rude,
You think you can hurt,
And can never feel pain yourself.
Well, you certainly have hurt me.
I fell in your baited trap
And now you have left me,
Torn apart on the inside,
To go on and hurt someone else.

Watch it
don't put your Money on a straight,
'cause a royal flush'll beat that.

And don't put your faith in your partner,
'cause they might find someone better.

Now don't expect results,
when the computer isn't on,

and don't drive to California,
without a tank of gas.

Look at the obvious first,
'cause if it ain't,
how important can it be?

Always buy red apples,
'cause green ones won't ripen away from the
tree.

And don't send your clock to the fixer,
he might steal the hands.

Now don't forget to coordinate your outfit,
or you won't fit in.

So many rules,
so little time to play the game.

Vlk a muž

si ako vlk
špacíruješ sa tu
vediac že si vo výhode
že máš tú moc
manipulovať ľuďmi.
nie že by si bol prefikáný
líška by tvoj plán lepšie ukryla.
ty si otvorený a hrubý,
myslíš si, že môžeš ubližovať
a bolesť nikdy nepocítiť.
no.. mňa si rozhodne zranil.
padol som do pasce s návnadou
a teraz si ma nechal,
vnútorne rozorvaného,
aby som išiel ďalej a zranil niekoho iného.

daj si pozor
a nerozhadzuj peniaze
v hrách či hazarde.

a svojmu partnerovi úplne never nikdy
niekto od teba lepší sa môže nájsť vždy.

len hlúpy očakáva zmysluplné výsledky
keď počítač nie je zapojený do zástrčky.

radšej necestuj do Kalifornie
bez plnej nádrže.

ak je zmysel niečoho na prvý pohľad skrytý
kašli na to
zrejme nebude dôležitý.

vždy kupuj len červené jablká
zelené zo stromov nepadajú.

nikdy nedaj opravárovi svoje hodinky
mohol by ti z nich ukradnúť ručičky.

a daj si záležať na svojom outfite
inak ti garantujem, že nezapadneš nikde.

tak veľa pravidiel
tak málo času hrať hru.

Interview: ROBERT BRYNDZA: BRITISH WRITER LIVING IN NITRA

In this issue, we are talking with Robert Bryndza, a well-known writer, currently living in Nitra. Enjoy!

D: Hello, Rob! 😊 I'm really pleased that you found some time to answer my questions. I know you are so busy, what are you doing right now?

R: I have just published *A Very Coco Christmas* – a Christmas novella, which is a prequel to the first *Coco Pinchard* book. Right now, I'm sitting in my office at the computer writing the fourth *Coco Pinchard* book, with two dogs asleep on my feet.

D: Just to introduce you to those students and teachers at UKF who do not know you or have not heard a lot about you, I would like to say you are a British born author and playwright now living in Nitra. Do you like Slovakia as a country? Did you experience a cultural shock when coming to Slovakia? What are the biggest differences between living in Britain and Slovakia?

R: I love living here in Nitra, and I love Slovakia. I don't think I experienced a culture shock. The only thing that people keep saying is 'why do you live here?' They seem to think I would be better off living in London or Los Angeles! But I love Nitra, it's such a beautiful place. I'm lucky that with the internet and phone I can be a writer anywhere, I only visit London or Los Angeles for business and to see family and friends. Apart from the cultural differences - Slovak's are much more direct and honest than the British - Slovakia is becoming like everywhere else in the world. The same shops, the same movies... even the same gossip. We're all talking about Lyndsay Lohan and what crazy thing she'll do next.

D: *Lost in Crazytown (previously published as Bitch Hollywood)* was your very first book you co-wrote with Ján Bryndza. I must confess I couldn't believe that everything really happened to both of you. Can you imagine spending your whole life somewhere where people just pretend love, relationships and all what they are interested in is just money?

R: No I couldn't imagine that, and that's why we don't live in Los Angeles anymore.



D: You have already written four books - *Lost in Crazytown*, *The Not So Secret Emails of Coco Pinchard*, *Coco Pinchard's Big Fat Topsy Wedding* and *A Very Coco Christmas*. What was your inspiration when writing? Are all the characters real or are there some of them fictional?

R: I think I'm a bit obsessed with the class system in Britain. It affects every aspect of life. This stupid idea that the Queen is the most important person, and then everyone is pushing and shoving to find their place and order after that. The main inspiration of the *Coco Pinchard* books is that *Coco*, who is quite posh, fell in love with *Daniel* who wasn't quite as posh as her. This conflict has fuelled so much comedy and so many stories.

All the characters are fictional, but several of them are based on people I know and my family!

D: *The Not So Secret Emails of Coco Pinchard* is already published in Slovakia as *E-mailý Coco Pinchardovej* which was translated by

your husband, Ján. What is your teamwork like? Do you have quarrel with him about how to write, how to use this or that or how to avoid using something when writing?

R: Ján is a talented writer as well as translator and he brings a lot of creativity to translation, so we never argue about this. We are more likely to argue about whose turn it is to walk the dogs!



D: Your third book, Coco Pinchard's *Big Fat Topsy Wedding*, will be published in Slovakia in January. Which of them do you like more and why?

R: I like them both equally. I know the pitfalls of writing a sequel – people can often be disappointed and expectation is high - so I set out to write a very different book with *Coco Pinchard's Big Fat Topsy Wedding* (It will be called *Láska ako prekážka* in Slovakia.) It's still a comedy but what happens to Coco is very unexpected and quite shocking!

D: What were the reactions on your books? Have you experienced some differences

between Slovak readers' reactions and those from other countries?

R: The reactions have been great. The Slovak's have a very good sense of humour, so do the British. Sometimes American readers don't get the jokes, but they still seem to keep buying the books so they must enjoy them! The readers are the reason I am now writing a fourth *Coco Pinchard* book, they keep asking for more.

D: How do you perceive negative comments? Does it make you move forward and be aware in future?

R: I think you can't please everyone in life. Negative comments come with any job. I always make sure I write the best book I possibly can.

D: Your fourth book, *A Very Coco Christmas*, is going to be published in Great Britain and USA in a few days. What will it be about?

R: It's set in 1985, when *Coco* is eighteen years old. It tells the story of how she first met and fell in love with Daniel – and then how their two families meet at Christmas, with some disastrous consequences.

D: Are you planning to write your next book in near future? If yes, is it going to be something "cocoish" or something completely different?

R: Yes, I'm writing the fourth *Coco* book now, to be published in the spring next year in English. Then I want to write something completely different. I have an idea for another romantic comedy.

D: I would like to thank you for your time. Would you be so kind and say something to all of the readers of our university magazine *ENJOY?*

R: Best of luck to everyone studying at the University, and if you are a fan of a British humour, you can find out more about my books at www.robertbryndza.com

Author: David Grick

(Images taken from:

www.robertbryndza.com

<https://www.facebook.com/bryndzarobert/>)

READING READY: Book Review: Great Gatsby

Thinking about the recent movie adaptation of this famous classical piece of art, I cannot help myself but to turn my sight back to the original book.

The movie, produced by Baz Luhrmann and Craig Pearce, in May 2013, with intertextual references to the classical novel by Francis Scott Fitzgerald, makes me stretch my hand towards the bookshelf and read this writing, which was considered to be the greatest romantic novel of 20th century, once more. After finishing watching the movie adaptation, one might want to find out how many things he missed in the book itself after the first reading, or rather what he thought to be important and turned out irrelevant in the relation to the story. And simply by watching all that magnificent parties in the fireworks of colors, emotions and all the tweaks of the jazz age, one can feel the need to understand the stream of actions and reactions through the independent imagery created only by his own understanding of the original piece.

And to that I am attaching the greatest importance and value.

The fact that this movie can make us read the original piece (or read it again), that it can make us curious about our own perspective and the growing necessity of forming our own opinions, votes in favour of the producers. It supports the interest in reading the works of classical authors, but more importantly, it supports critical thinking.

Intertextuality

Shaping of the text by another text, or author's borrowing and transformation of a prior text can be observed here in a great deal. But the important thing is to realize that it is not comparison, so I would not give any opinion on which one is better; that is on the reader/viewer, to decide.

The story alone is set up in 20th century "Jazz Age" and can be considered the portrayal of socio-political situation of the era. Francis Scott Fitzgerald, however, associated the whole period with materialism ("I want things, lots of things!") and deterioration of moral values, during the times of excess and fake luxury. That was his view upon the image of "American Dream", even though he wrapped it in tremendous parties and explosive imagery of colors which are following one another in one fast line, so we feel kind of lost in all that deluge of impulses around us - which was pretty well depicted in the movie adaptation. Quick camera, many colorful outfits, songs of famous artists... this all evolves into one big picture, where suddenly, the causing factor of all this appears - Gatsby. Great Gatsby.

Also, the figure of the author alone is well depicted in the narrator - Nick Carraway, who is - in retrospective, giving his impressions - or let's call it his life story, to the audience.

Nick Carraway as a narrator... let us think about that for a moment. In relation to the book, we see Nick both mesmerized and disgusted by Gatsby's extravagant way of life, "enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life", just as the author himself felt about the Jazz Age. As a morbidly alcoholic, insomniac man, suffering from anxiety. Sounds a little like Fitzgerald, does it not? To strengthen the feeling of direct participation of the author figure in the plot, the movie puts Carraway into the position of a broken man, who is talking about his life to a doctor in the sanatorium - something which was not mentioned in the original book. But in the adaptation, this was designed to bring closer the vision of the tragic impact of the society of the "golden era" on one's daily life. In the original writing, we can see many hints and symbols, which suggest autobiographical features, but the movie has to deal with that stuff differently. The plot does not rely on viewer's ability to imagine and connect lines together as he could do while reading the classical novel, therefore it has to modify, transform or rather change certain conditions, in order to effect the senses of the viewer in the most stunning manner. And that is managed perfectly. One colorful image follows another in a quick row, giving us no time to stop and

figure out if we enjoy the flow, or if we are just carried away with the rest of the society. And this was the Jazz Age. Quick, destructive... delusional impression that wealth assures happiness, or at least softens the selfishness and hides individual flaws and mistakes. For just one night, everyone could forget about their lives and problems, just gathering around and drinking cheap banned alcohol - with the exception, that one night poured itself into years and years of one big lie - which got a name "American Dream".

The Great Gatsby really outran his own age.

The producers understood this fact and to accentuate the impression, the whole scenery is artistically etched in with popular singers, musicians and performers of our current age - which in critical reviews some people considered inappropriate. But my opinion is that this set of conditions, where the historical authenticity may be disturbed a little, is a neat way of clarifying to the audience what a big impact this story has even these days. Gatsby's house was a cradle of shining artistic and intellectual individuals, virtuosos and young and beautiful people who embodied the materialistic gain and success of the era. Therefore, creating the image involving the generally known characters of this age was a great way of creating the emotional frame which held the party participants amazed - as well as the observers of the movie adaptation.

True, this whole colorful volatility in the beginning can later in the story cause the apparent lack of dynamic conception, which can sadden the entire tone of the picture; therefore, may give the impression of slightly unhatched ending. At first, the observer is absorbed by the promise of a variety of events and the image of wealth and prosperity, and then he slowly realizes that there is a deeper meaning, deeper story to follow. More serious, more heart-rending. And to that, the first part was too much of a contrast.

But it was the sort of a contrast, which we may use as a stressing element of the Gatsby's life story and links between him and the *Golden Girl*. Her strength over his thinking and living. Fabulous parties thrown for her sake alone, and empty, silent house with almost no servants at all, for the same reason - only later, as their romantic affair evolved. From this, we can easily deduce his indifference to so very popular "showing off" of the time; we can see here, specifically, that his wealth little matters to him and it served only as a way which would lead him to Daisy. His words about his feelings and desires, are as true as his actions - which makes him one of a kind character in the book, and I am even considering Mr. Carraway (*note: first sentence in a book, where he claims to reserve all judgement, really does not turn out to be so true in the further story*).

In conclusion

Great Gatsby is a unique piece of a classical American literature, with many deeper ideas to think about. To all who are amazed by fireworks, gold, music, but also a good back story, I can only recommend the movie from Baz Luhrmann as a piece that maybe could make someone to reevaluate the current way, and general standards of our living, and figure out, whether our society is, or is not as wretched as it used to be, only not so long ago.

And if there is a moral that can sum the whole story in one - two sentences, then it is as follows: You cannot buy happiness; you cannot bring back the past, even though it used to be so bright. Every stage of life is an unrepeatable experience.

Martina Hajtingerová

What the.... ?



...or do you still believe human is the most intelligent creature?

Because life is not only about serious things, I prepared for you the most curious and daft human acts. After the list of the most illogical instructions displayed on the products, let's continue with the most curious laws worldwide. I will show you, what comic rules people are able to obey.

ALASKA

It is not allowed to watch the moose from the aircraft.

ARKANSAS

Men can legally beat their own wives, but not more than once in a month.

AUSTRALIA

Children may not buy cigarettes, but they can legally smoke them.

Bulbs can be exchanged only by electricians with valid licence. Violation is punished by a financial penalty.

BAHRAIN

Male doctors are not allowed to examine sexual organs of women, only through the reflection in the mirror.

CALIFORNIA

Women cannot drive the car in a fur coat.

The car without a driver may not exceed the speed of 60 km per hour.

If somebody set a trap for mice without a shooting licence, it is considered as a violation against the law.

CHINA

It is illegal to save drowning person, because it is against his fate.

EAST AFRICA

In some parts of the region, a man who carries a woman on a bicycle without any family relationship, will be found guilty of adultery, if there is a sufficient number of witnesses.

FLORIDA

Single Women may not jump with a parachute on Sunday.

In Daytona Beach, sexual harassment with dumpsters is forbidden.

It is not allowed to go for a walk with crocodiles.

FRANCE

The ashtray is considered as the murderous weapon.

Any French pig cannot be called Napoleon.

Kissing in the train is banned.

IDAHO

It is prohibited to fish trout from the back of a giraffe.

It is considered as a crime to walk backwards after sunset.



INDIANA

During the period from October to March, citizens may not bath in the tub.

Citizens are not allowed to go to the cinema or theatre and they cannot travel by tram, at least four hours after consuming garlic.

INDONESIA

There is a death penalty given for masturbation.

ISRAEL

If illegal radio station broadcasts five years, it becomes legal.

JAPAN

There is no age qualification for conclusion of marriage.

MADAGASCAR

Pregnant women cannot wear hats.

MASSACHUSETTS

The person is allowed to snore during the night, only if all windows and doors are closed carefully.

MEMPHIS

Frogs may not croak after 10 p.m.

MISSOURI

Men must have a permission to be allowed to shave.

NEBRASKA

Parents of those children, who erupt in the church, will be put in a jail.

NETHERLANDS

It is not allowed to sell beer and wine, mixed alcoholic drinks served glass by glass are allowed.

NEW JERSEY

It is forbidden to sell the cabbage on Sunday.

OKLAHOMA

In case that three or more dogs meet on a private land at the same time, it is needed to have permission from the mayor.

REPUBLIC OF KOREA

Traffic police officers are required to report all bribes, they receive from motorists.

SAUDI ARABIA

Male doctors may not examine women and women should not be doctors.

SCOTLAND

If someone knocks on your door and asks to use your toilet, you must let him.

SINGAPORE

It is forbidden to chew a chewing gum.

Citizens are not allowed to walk naked at home, because it is considered as pornography.

SWITZERLAND

It is prohibited to flush the toilet in the apartment after 10 p.m., in the case, that someone else is living in the apartment house.

If you leave the car keys in the car and leave it unlocked, you will be punished.

TENNESSEE

It is forbidden to sleep while driving a motor vehicle.

THAILAND

Person is not allowed to leave the house without wearing underwear.

THE UNITED KINGDOM

It is officially forbidden to die in the House of Parliament (London).

Head of any dead whale found at the British coast automatically becomes the property of the king. Every rear part of the body becomes the property of the Queen.

VERMONT

Women must get the permission from their husbands to be allowed to wear artificial teeth.

It is forbidden to whistle under the water.

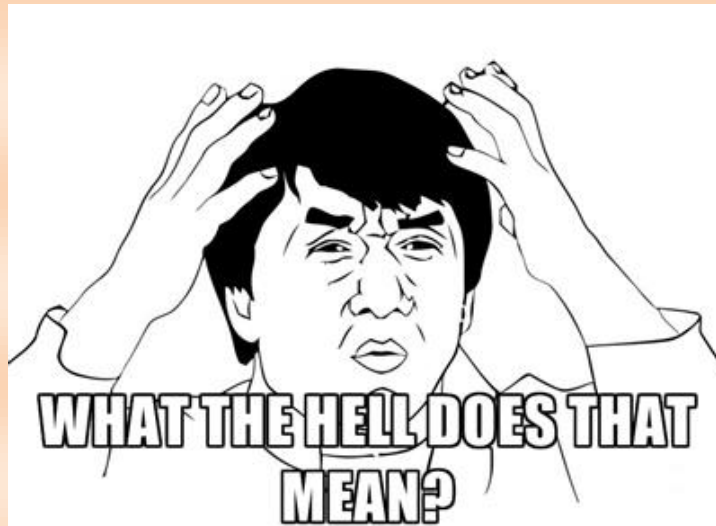
WASHINGTON

A motorist, who has criminal intent, has to stop and call the chief of police, immediately.

WEST VIRGINIA

What a man hit on the road can be taken to his home for dinner.

It is not allowed to sleep in a train.



ENJOY ☺

Klitty Vyparinová

ENJOY YOUR CREATIVITY, ENJOY DRABBLE!

In this issue, we would like to ask you to write a drabble. Never heard of it? Well, drabble is a really short piece of fiction, of exactly 100 words. Despite being short, a proper drabble is a complete story, with a beginning, a middle, and an ending. Creating drabbles may be quite challenging but at the same time, it may teach you how to become brief and concise in your writing and how to express your thoughts efficiently. Since drabble writing is very popular these days, especially in UK, why not to practice writing it also at our department? So, if you manage to find some time, you can try writing one and send it to us by March 30, 2014. And for more inspiration, you can check the following website

<http://www.laurajo.net/voyager/fanfic/contest.htm>

where you can find some good examples of 100-word stories.

ENJOY!

You can send your suggestions to: ztabackova@ukf.sk.

We also want to invite you to join us. If you ENJOY writing, translating or reading, contact us as soon as possible!

WRITE YOU SOON!

ISSN 1339-7370

PUBLISHED ONLINE

**PUBLISHED BY: Department of Language Pedagogy and Intercultural Studies, Faculty of
Education, Constantine the Philosopher University in Nitra**

CONTACT: KLIŠ, Dražovská 4, 949 01 Nitra

CONTACT EMAIL: ztabackova@ukf.sk

**EDITORIAL TEAM: Dávid Grich, Bc. Martina Hajtingerová, Michaela Kališová, Lucia Sekerová,
Terézia Petrovičová, Iveta Štrajeneková, Kitty Vyparinová and PhDr. Zuzana Tabačková, PhD.**

TECHNICAL SUPPORT: Mgr. Dušan Valábik

You may also find us on Facebook!
