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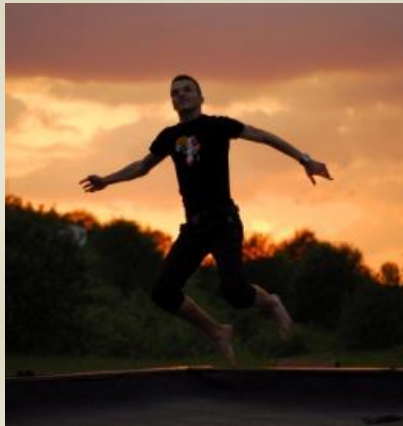
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# EDITORIAL



## HI ENJOYS!

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I would like to introduce you to the new issue of *Enjoy* published by the Department of Language Pedagogy and Intercultural Studies (KLIŠ) at Constantine the Philosopher University in Nitra. The winter term has already finished and I would like to thank the whole editorial team for cooperation as well as to all students who are fond of sharing their creativity with us all. Thank you once again, the KLIŠers!

It is an honour for me to especially thank to professor Mark Powell, an American writer and our American literature teacher for being both, a teacher and a friend of ours, and also for introducing his novel 'The Sheltering' at our University Library. Thank you, Mark, and your

beautiful family – hope to see you soon!

Every semester, we organise some very special events. In November, a Halloween celebration was held; then a literary lecture and a practical translation workshop 'Katherine Mansfield as a Hard Translation Nut to Crack' with Janka Kaščáková, PhD., an author of the Slovak translation of Katherine Mansfield's short stories and, as I mentioned above, our American Literature teacher, Mark Powell, introduced his latest novel 'The Sheltering' at the University Library.

The 3<sup>rd</sup> issue of our journal is full of poems, short stories and other creative works and interesting topics – Petra Pind'urová with Milan Ivenz give their account of the Halloween celebration; an article dedicated to Janka Kaščáková's workshop was written by Kitty Vyparinová; and Michaela Kališová wrote the article about Mark Powell's reading at the library. Róbert Valovič prepared an appealing intercultural dialogue and some students of American literature wrote short stories and poems: Jade Besson, Matúš Genský, Peter Rendek, Silvia Vrtáková, Matúš Turčan to mention just a few. You can also read a very interesting story written by our PhD student Tomáš Bozó, the last year finalist of a prestigious literary competition Fantázia and currently our doctoral student.

Moreover, an interview with Jade Besson, our school-mate from France, is included and I would like to warmly welcome Jade once again and wish her all the best while staying in Slovakia.

On behalf of the whole team I would like to wish you all the best in 2015, primarily to pass all the exams. Good luck in the summer term, the KLIŠers!

On behalf of the whole team,

**David Grich**

## WHAT HAPPENED

### HALLOWEEN 2014

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For the third year in a row we met to celebrate Halloween. It was almost the half of the winter semester and we needed some distraction (from all the learning of course), so some of our students decided to organise a Halloween party. The date was set on November 5 and we were ready to have fun!

It all started at 12 o'clock when some of the teachers and students began to decorate the vestibule of the Faculty of Education. The decorations were glamorous and helped to set the atmosphere which was needed. However, more important were the masks of students and teachers. The imagination was not limited and we could see all sorts of masks including Little Red Riding Hood with a Wolf in grandmother's pyjama, all kinds of zombies, an



Arab man, witches or unidentified scary creatures.

The programme started at 4 PM with a drama scene made by 1st year Master students and their American literature teacher, Mark Powell. I have to say that all of the students were excellent actors. When the Heroes PN started to dance, all of us stretched our legs. The guys from this dance group were elastic-like and we dare say that all of us were at least moving into the rhythm of the song. Then we slowed down a bit because Petra Pind'urová and Milan Ivenz performed some acoustic songs. After this musical insert we started to move again because the Phantoms Crew were dancing. Unlike the other years we saw Radovan Kováč supported by 3 other members, so it was really a powerful moment. They are really, really good in what they do we are always impressed when we see them dancing.



Well, the monsters all got hungry during such programme. The tables were full of different kinds of food. Weird-looking fingers (very realistic, We were afraid to eat them but they were yummy!), eatable eyes made out of gelatine, muffins which looked like graves (scaary), biscuits in the shapes of ghosts and skeletons, even the fruit was decorated in a scary way! The winner of the best food was Miška Kališová who created a delicious (and also a very good looking) cake. I don't think that there was anything left.

Our fourth grade student Matúš Turčan organised a Halloween Horror Quiz. The contestants needed to answer a lot of questions

about the Halloween itself, also about the creatures from the horror movies and, finally, they needed to have very good ears because they had to listen to some theme songs from the horror movies and guess the name of the movie they were from. The winner of this quiz was the team of the third years and one second year student who called themselves "The best team" (quite accurately ). Congratulations!

Back down in the premises, the programme was going on with the performance of the dancing group called Jumping Nitra. The girls were full of energy which we could not only see but feel. This energy shock continued because



the Rock Band Show started to play loud, catchy and again very loud songs. At the end of the programme, there was one more singing performance by X-Factor darling Kristína Kušnírová.

The programme was almost at its end and we were looking forward to the final part of this Halloween evening – the raffle! We were all curious and full of hope. The prizes were all terrific, well, like every year. After the raffle the winner of the best mask (Red Riding Hood and her Wolf in pyjamas) was announced and suddenly Roman Kováč (our moderator of this eve) pronounced that it was over!

We made the last photos together whether we were dressed in the costumes or not, some of us helped to clean the place up and then there was an after-party until the very late night.

We thank all of the people who helped to organise this event or performed in it and hope that we will see each other next year... and ever after.

***Petra Pind'urová, Milan Ivenz***

# KATHERINE MANSFIELD AS A HARD TRANSLATION NUT TO CRACK

We all know that our Department of Language Pedagogy and Intercultural Studies at the Faculty of Education, CPU supports the creativity of its students in a really active way. The 19<sup>th</sup> of November, 2014 carried the spirit of literature and translation because a literary lecture and workshop with translator Mrs. Janka Kaščáková, PhD. was held. The winter semester was full of interesting events and translation lecture & workshop was undoubtedly one of them. If you were not so lucky and were not a part of the mentioned event, let me summarise its best and most interesting moments.

It was an honour to welcome Mrs. Janka Kaščáková, PhD. at our department. The energetic literary lecture about Katherine Mansfield was connected with a practical translation workshop with the author of the Slovak translation of Katherine Mansfield's short stories. The discussed short story was called *At the Bay*. Mrs. Kaščáková is not only a translator, but she is teaching at the Catholic University in Ružomberok as well. Before she started translating Katherine Mansfield, she had made a 6-year long study research about Katherine Mansfield and the elements that occurred in her life and especially in her literary output. After all, she was (and still is) the first in Slovakia who translated K. Mansfield's short stories. It was said that it is very important to know about the author's life before you start translating his or her works and the best situation is if you are free to take your time during translation, which is unfortunately not so common. It was obvious that Mansfield and her works are "soft spots" for Mrs. Kaščáková and it was a pleasure to listen to her and to watch her energy and joy while she was talking about Katherine.

## Katherine Mansfield

**Born:** *October 14, 1888,  
New Zealand*

**Died:** *January 9, 1923, France*

**Original name:**

*Katherine Beauchamp Murry*

**Literary period:** *Modernism*

**Some significant literary works:**

- *New Zealander* (poem)
- *How Pearl Button was Kidnapped* (short story)
- *At the Bay* (short story)

Katherine Mansfield was a modernist writer and used characteristic writing techniques of the era such as stream of consciousness, free indirect speech and essential symbols – probably the most important patterns of her stories, as every single word matters in her case. Mansfield's lifestyle was not very ordinary, she was a different and let's say a promiscuous woman and all that had an influence on her works. She was writing about her family and childhood, her father was a very powerful and rich man in New Zealand so she was terribly rich; but in the United Kingdom, where they moved, they were not so important without royal blood. She was a great actor with a rare dramatic talent. She suffered from tuberculosis, which made her travel a lot and that is why she knew 3 world languages (French, German and English). The fact is, Mansfield's works are universal and readable nowadays as well, even though they were written almost one hundred years ago. Really carefully, she chose specific moments of her life, those moments which revealed the truth about the literary character without stating it explicitly. And time? It did not matter in her works. There are many time disruptions, shifting of tenses and time levels interlaced with mind jumps and blurred boundaries between generations. All those aspects had to be considered in the process of translation and definitely, they were not so easy to translate into Slovak at all.



The literary work discussed most during the lecture & workshop was *At the Bay* and Mrs. Kaščáková translated it in the book *Nerozvážna cesta a iné poviedky*. The time, when the short story *At the Bay* was written, the short story as a genre was not valued as much as novels or long prose and that is why Mansfield was not considered a “great” author. Despite that, *At the Bay* is a good choice to read. Mansfield had a great sense of humour; she was able to describe human mimics and children’s speech in the text which looks more than natural. And, believe me or not, children’s speech was one of the most difficult things to translate for Mrs. Kaščáková. As she said, sometimes she had to ask her little daughter to say something so that she could create the best natural option for the book.

## Janka Kaščáková, PhD. - Translation of *At the Bay* in a nutshell

### Why Katherine Mansfield?

- *It was absolutely accidental that Mrs. Kaščáková found Mansfield’s literary works as she was looking for a topic for her thesis at the university and everything else was too long to analyse (e.g. James Joyce or D.H. Lawrence). So she asked her friend living abroad, he told her about Katherine Mansfield and she fell in love with Mansfield’s works.*

### How long did it take to translate the book?

- *It took 6 months but before Mrs. Kaščáková had made a 6-year research about K. Mansfield.*
- *She was the first who translated a K. Mansfield book into the Slovak language.*
- *It was the first and till now the only one book translated by Mrs. Kaščáková and currently, she is writing a new book about the life and career of K. Mansfield.*

### When was it published?

- *December, 2013 as Nerozvážna cesta a iné poviedky*

### What did she use for translating?

- *Own knowledge ☺, online dictionaries and a synonymic dictionary*

### What was the hardest nut to crack in that translation?

- *Children’s speech, for example to translate nemerald (= emerald) into Slovak – finally, after “a consultation” with her daughter, she used smarakt in the book.*
- *Some children’s names – when she had no idea how to translate them in a funny way, she just picked a calendar with Slovak names and went through the names one by one.*
- *The most difficult things to translate are usually the most common things that you can imagine but it is hard to find the best suitable equivalent in Slovak.*
- *Time shifts and disruptions as well.*

I think, I will speak for all who participated when I say that it was a very interesting, energetic, dynamic and beneficial event. We enjoyed it till the last minute and I hope, now, after this short report, you can imagine it, too. See you at the next joyful event organised by our department and ENJOY!

**Kitty Vyparinová**

#### SOURCES FOR THE PICTURES USED IN THIS ARTICLE:

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## READING WITH MARK POWELL

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November 25, 2014 was a day of a special event. Our teacher and an American writer Mark Powell introduced his latest novel *The Sheltering* at the University Library. It was an honour for us to have such a great teacher, writer, and a friend at our department.

For those who do not know him, Mark Powell is an American novelist, who taught American literature at our department this semester. He came with his family, his wife Denise and two children Silas (6) and Merritt (3). Since his fourth novel *The Sheltering* has been published very recently, Mark had an official reading from the book at our University Library. When we were preparing the premises for the event, we prepared the seats for approximately seventy guests, thinking it would be enough, but what we really did not expect was the the number of those interested in the event. About ninety people came, so there was a need for more chairs in earnest.

Once everybody had a seat, at 1pm, it was time to start. At first, my colleagues introduced Mark in both, English and Slovak language. We got to know some information about Mark, his family and his profession. But there was also a funnier part at the end of the introduction, the list of things which Mark likes the most, prepared by his wife and children: weight lifting, the old 1980's rap songs, Czech and Slovak beer AND "tvarohova strudla." And if you are interested in how Mark is asking for more of a "tvarohova strudla," here is the answer: "*Prosim si duplas strudla!*" Actually, I "duplas" everything, especially strudla and pivo."

The atmosphere at the event was very pleasant. Mark started with a short introduction of *The Sheltering*, he shared some ideas from the book with us and read one passage from it. As Mark said for the ENJOY, "*The Sheltering is about the fall-out of American irresponsibility. After a decade of war and financial speculation, I sensed a moral, physical, and economic exhaustion in my country. I tried to write a book that put that feeling into human terms. Something big was (and is) happening to my nation. I wanted to show what that bigness felt like on a human level.*"

After the reading, there was an opportunity to ask the author some questions. We came to know that he started writing after graduating from university because he just knew that he wanted to write more than anything else. Furthermore, the two of his novels (*The Sheltering* and *The Dark Corner*) are loosely based on the real stories of his friends, who came back from the war, but of course, as a writer, he had changed much of their stories.

Currently, Mark Powell is working on his fifth book that deals with Slovakia. For now, he did not want to say too much, "*I can say that I never could have written it had I not met so many smart, generous, and kind Slovaks who opened up their lives and homes to me.*" We were also curious about the reality of publishing and his personal experience. He said that publishing is very difficult, but he has been lucky so far. As he admitted, he was on the right



place at the right time and his work had got to the right hands. But what he believes is that if you work hard and do good work eventually it will be recognized.



Moreover, we asked Mark how it is with writing about things he has never experienced and he said that the job of a writer is to imagine his way into the lives of others, that writing at its best is an exercise in empathy and besides pleasure, it is perhaps the best reason for reading books. He also mentioned that when he was writing about a pregnant woman for example, he asked his wife to help and describe the feelings about carrying the baby. In addition, he said that his wife is his best

support and help, but at the same time an unsparing critic (haha). Although it may seem, that the event was thought to be serious, anyway, we laughed a lot and had a lot of fun! (As we always had at his classes and lectures during the semester.)

Mark's words for the ENJOY readers: *"As for something else, I would just say again how amazing our time in Slovakia has been. My students were smart and kind; the faculty at UFK is absolutely wonderful. We love the country and you can't get rid of us: We are coming back soon!"*

And our words for him: Thank you Mark for everything! It has been more than an honour for us that we had an opportunity to get to know you. Besides being a great novelist and teacher, you are also a very nice person. We got to like you and your kind family a lot! See you soon!

***Michaela Kališová***

## POETIC CORNER

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### Hope

Empty hole within my heart  
Pierce through soul like magic dart

Wander in this world, hollow  
Only friend I have is Sorrow

Without her light I scream in pain  
Where's the goodness I want to gain?

All I need, to taste such flavour  
That she's fighting for my favour

Only She is on my mind  
Walking through the darkness' side

I see the start there and the end  
See it clear now, they are blend

She wakes me up, then lead my way  
I kneel before her, cry and pray

*CreArted by Peter Rendek*

### Sorrow

Your song of lies is now too warm  
I like the view of coming storm

Earthquake like never before  
Erupted into one-sided war

You had your chance but lost your fight  
You're no longer by my side

The coldest voice I've ever heard  
Clearly pronounced just one word

He ripped my heart and dragged my soul  
With the coldest name He filled that hole

No more feelings, I shut my eyes  
See the road, now covered with ice

I have lost my light but gained twice more  
Only remorse whispers where's the end's door

I found my will upon black dome  
But it's different, it's like stone

The new King sits on frozen throne  
And your name's no longer known

My reward is seat in Hell  
That's the hide where Truth dwell

Don't you worry, it's all I wished for  
I've found, I've kissed, I've felt all I adore

*CreArted by Peter Rendek*



## SHORT STORY CORNER

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### The Tower

Dust. Everywhere. Dust on the road, on the cars, on the pavement, on the corpses. Just grey dust. Resolute and definite. Laying still, it has been covering the world for years now. Whole buildings hide their faces in the numb substance, as if trying not to see what surrounds them. They look grim. Nevertheless, the feeling of pity arouses after a few seconds of staring at them. And bodies on the pavement, with the buildings soaring up to the mist as tombstones, only fortify this feeling.

If silence had a colour, it would be grey. It must be grey. A quiet mediocrity between whiteness of life I've been told about and its counterpart, droning satisfied, in black. Yes, it surely is grey. Like the road. And the cars on it. Some of them may still work. Let's try it. Maybe it will be just like when I was little.

- Faster! Faster!
- But hold tight!
- I am, just push me! I want to go faster than the cars in the magazines!
- Much faster!
- Vroom! I am the fastest driver in the world!
- Watch out now, a turn is coming. Left, to the left!

Behind the turn there's the family. My favourite part. There are always so many toys and interesting stuff. Lumber of any kind, pieces of furniture and old china of every possible shape and colour people used to put on shelves at home. At least Frehley told me so. I used to play here and watch the city. There was a nice view from here. I have always imagined when I would go there on my cart Frehley had built for me.

- I'm tired, I can't go further.

But I am not slowing down. I'm going faster. I'm gaining speed, I can barely watch the road and my surroundings. The garage is huge I can't even see the end. I'm almost there. I will use that piece of sheet metal as a ramp. Just don't miss it. To the right a bit, nope, too much. Okay, I hope I won't get myself killed. Now! I'm flying! Over the fence. Whole desert lies before me. It's so vast. I knew it was large, but not this much. There's no end, only ruins and craters. Luckily there's a straight underneath. Impact. Pain. Of course I'm too big for this cart, it's been years since I've driven it for the last time. The distant silhouette of the city intrudes into the perfect horizon. By this speed I will be there in a moment. No. No! Now what? I can't stop. I have to go through them. I'll smash them.

They are closer. I have to hit the gas just like Frehley showed me. The road is broken, but the car is rushing smoothly. I will tear them apart! Damn you! They are gone. I've barely noticed I hit them. I can't see anything now. What are these called? Wipers? Hopefully they'll work. Alright. Wow! Those skyscrapers are huge! And there's the Eiffel tower, shining bright.

I won't get through the wrecks. I have to stop here and go on foot. The street is covered with dust, better be careful with the footprints. Somebody could notice them. The cars are all wrecked, they probably crashed and everybody had left them untouched. There is a corpse behind the right one. Father? Mother? So this is what they looked like? Good to see them smiling. It's still dark, but I can see their smiles. They look so peaceful, accepting their fate, sleeping under the blanket of dust. Nobody will find them here, two dead bodies, together in their solitude.

The city is dangerous, at least Frehley says so. Apparently there are still people living here, even though they are more like animals nowadays. He says they kill one another. For food, clothes, fun. Everything is hidden in thick gloom. I can't use the torch, someone could see me. I have to be quiet. A dog. Barking. Somewhere in the distance ahead. Light. Three beams cutting through the mist. It has to be them. The people Frehley told me about. I need a shelter. Quick. On the left. In that hole, probably after an explosion. They can't see me. I should be safe in that corner over there, and

there's also a view on the street from there. They are looking for something. Probably food, or tools, or weapons. They turned. Passing around the corner of the street. One light is gone. Only two are left, dancing. Another. And the last one right after it. They're gone. I can go on the street now. What the? The tower? Here? The one Frehley has mentioned? It is... colossal. Much taller, much wider than the skyscrapers around it. Has it grown right from the ground like a huge brick tree trunk? But it looks real nonetheless. I wonder what's inside. I guess I won't open that gate. A massive metal door, no chance for me to move it. Wait, there's a gap! Maybe I could just... Okay, almost there... alright. So enormous, but... empty? Hollow? Nothing? Only void. Heart beating in the silence. A few feeble light beams from a few small windows. Gentle. Stairs. Do they reach all the way to the top? No banister. It's so tall, I'm not going to make it in a year! But I have to, I want to.

It's going well so far, I'm almost at the first window. No way! I am so high already? It has to be at least a hundred metres, maybe more! Dawn. Crap! Better not look down any more. Just stick to the wall, slowly. Why do I have to be so afraid of heights? Can't wait to be there already. I know this sound. It is a whale, singing. Quick! I have to see that! Just a few more steps. Finally. No, this can't be true. This is... beautiful! Ocean, a shore, palms, just like from Frehley's pictures. Right beyond the city! No way it has been there all the time! Cloudless sky, endless blue. I have never thought I would see it like that in my life. But where's the whale? Its flukes!

Magnificent! A vessel. Probably a pirate one. Sails fully stretched. Unstoppable. Undaunted. They can see me. They are loading the guns. Aiming. Right at me. Fire!

- Hey! Wake up, boy! At last!

- What the... What's happening? Hey! When you do not have to sleep it doesn't mean you can wake everybody up now.

- I do it only to you.

- And get off me! Who knows where you are constantly messing around with that rat of yours! How did you get here anyway?

- Through the gap in the door.

- Hm, whatever.

- You should see yourself asleep. You were literally sticking to that wall.

- How long have you been here?

- Just for a while. But I'm telling ya, like you were afraid of falling off the bed. Well, if we can call this a bed.

- What do you want?

- Nothin', what should I want? Your breakfast is already cold, and it's almost noon, so I was just wondering if you're still out or reading those books of yours again. And it's such a nice day today!

Such a nice day? What the hell is he talking about? Every day is just the same as the previous one and it's not going to change overnight.

- And what do you want me to do?

- Oh, come on! Why so serious? You better tell me something about that dream you've had. You have had a dream, haven't you? Of course you have, or I just can't see a better reason for you to make such a dumb face right before you woke up.

- When you woke me up. Stop grinning like that. It was stupid anyway.

- Well those are the best. Speak.

- I can't remember it well, only some fragments. It was strange, but so real. I was driving.

- You were what? As long as I know you have never seen or sat in a real functional car.

- So what? It was great. I was driving as fast as possible. Yeah, just like that, all the way to the city.

- To the city? What have you been doing in the city for the rat's sake?

- Do you know the tower in the industrial zone?

- If I know it? My boy, damn sure I know it! I built it! With these very han... well, whatever. I'm telling ya, there was something about that

tower right from the beginning. We all felt it. Old Frankie, Donny, even old Sparkie, dumb as he was, yeah, he had felt it the most. He used to say, "Boys, I don't know about you, but I think we all left something in that tower. We had to have paid a bit more than just sweat and curses for its generosity." We always laughed at him when he started talking like that. We did not understand then, we were young, all of high hopes. The tower had been only another part-time job. The part-time job with that strange feeling, but we didn't pay much attention to that. - What happened to the other guys?

- Frankie and Donny wanted to see the ocean, as well as me, so after we had thought over our situation and realised we had nothing to do in the city anymore, we packed our things and set off for the coast.

- What about Sparkie?

- Haven't I already told you about him? Well, after we had finished the tower, me and boys were looking for a new, different challenge, you can say. And so we decided to move from the clouds to the waves, letting them tide us towards our next goal. But old Sparkie? No, he thought different, he always did. Ya see, he was never much of a thinker. His whole life had been only slandering, calling names and making fun of him, just because he was born a few bricks shy of a load. But what he'd lacked in brain, his heart compensated enormously. He would give you his trousers if you asked him. I'm telling ya, one hell of a fellow, as dumb as he was, this old Sparkie. He did not deserve such fate, not him, not like that.

- What happened?

- We had left the city and went to the coast, but without Sparkie, ya see. We'd told him a thousand times to join us, but he refused. He always replied something like "I cannot leave the tower guys. I know I'd miss her so bad I'd probably drown trying to swim back to her from the opposite side of the world." Boy, he went crazy about the damn tower! It was like his heart, as huge as it was, started to beat only for the tower. I mean, we felt some strange tickling in our guts too, when we looked at it after it was finished. But he, he was so proud of himself. He used to call it "the masterpiece".

Yeah, we used to make the same grimace as you just did, but, ya see, for him it was the greatest thing he'd ever achieved. The top of the tower, that was his goal, his paradise, his "throne", he used to say. "I feel like god, watching everything, everyone underneath. Now I am the chosen one, the most powerful and bright. Distant oceans with beaches of silklike sand and evergreen palms, jungles far far away and unknown cities at night, shining like the Sun, I can watch all of that from here" he once said. So passionate was this little fellow. At the end we'd got going to meet our brighter future, leaving him with his tower.

After many years at sea, grown tired of constant riding the waves, I had finally decided it was time to return to the native heath. The first thing after I made myself feel home again was looking for poor Sparkie. And what ought to be a better place to start than the tower? After all those years, the same feeling came back to me. It has been standing there almost untouched by the hand of time, proud and somehow undaunted by much taller skyscrapers in the centre of the city people had built as the time went by. While I was staring at it, recalling memories, a tiny rock pile caught me eye. It was right at the foot of the tower, crouching, as if trying to be noticed. It was marked with short rotten plank nailed above and almost invisible white letters painted on it saying "Sparkie". Yeah, boy, his "throne" has become his tombstone. Nobody knew him anymore, so the only thing I have found out was that one morning a worker discovered his body a few metres from the tower, cold and broken through and through. It happened not so long after me and boys had left the city. But what exactly happened, why, we will never know.

- Do you think he died on his own, that... he committed suicide?

- I don't know, he was not that type, I already told you. I hope he didn't do it. Anyway, it's not important how or why he died. Standing at the tower, thinking about the past, I suddenly realised, how true he was back then, when we were young. It wasn't about the money, no, no. Humility, my friend, that's what had mattered, and it still does. The pursuit of one's dreams, of one's happiness, that is the price you pay to the

tower. But at the same time, it is the reward you get from it. Only few, though, are able to recognise it. For them but a handful of steps are left to reach the top.

- What if there's no tower?

- There always is one. It just takes different forms. For one it can be a mountain, for another a cave, a road, or a huge junk pile, it doesn't matter, as long as there's determination to reach the end. Because nothing, sometimes even death, can stop a man with a goal. That's what I've learned from Sparkie, as dumb as he was, yet "godlike".

Wow. I would never think of this onion to have this kind of story. Is it really true? What's so strange about that tower? Frehley has never mentioned anything like that. Will I ever see it for real? Will I find...

- ...dream, hm? Hey, are you listening to me?

- Oh, yeah, I was just thinking.

- Well, you still didn't tell me about your dream.

- Nevermind, it wasn't that interesting anyway.

- No, no, just tell me, come on!

- Well, as I can remember, there was this tower, and I was standing at the top.

- Sounds good so far. And? What have you seen? Don't tell me you've seen blue sky and ocean. That would be just... creepy!

- Nno... no, anything like that. Damn it!

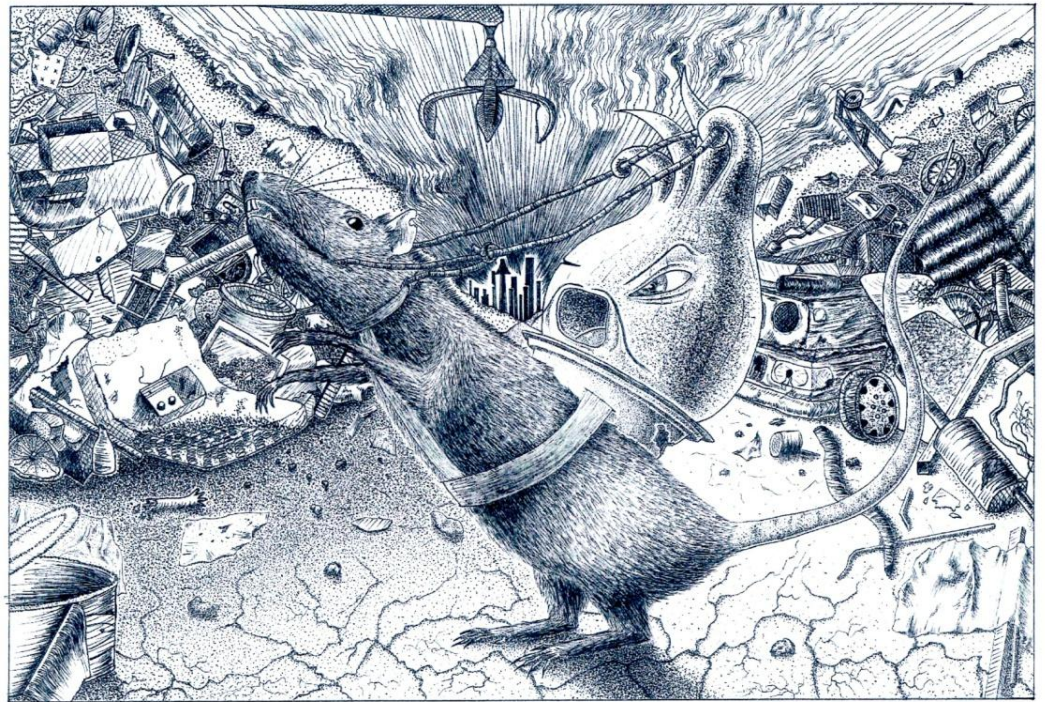
I have seen the city, or at least the city I think it looks like now. You know, just ruins, a few skyscrapers and endless barren all around it. Nothing special.

- Oh, that is, well, how to put it, sad? Don't worry, my boy, maybe your tower is really one of that huge junk piles outside, or it is waiting for you somewhere far away. As I said, it's up to you to find it. Well, enough of all that blabbering. And your laziness better get up already, Frehley is waiting for you with your breakfast. Okay, see you later, alligator.

- Yeah, later.

- Avanti, avanti my dirty furry fellow! Go forth, for the future shan't escape our grasp!

He must be nuts, really! But still, what was it all



about? Talking so passionately about something, I have never seen him like that. He had to mean it, for sure. The top of the tower, truly interesting stuff. However, is it possible to reach it here? Is a man that strong? Am I? What if I will never be able to find my own pile of junk. Then, what will I do? Am I going to search for it forever? Just like he said? Maybe yes, maybe that'd be finally the reason to live here. Yes! I'm definitely going to search for it, no matter what it takes. I just have to wait for a while, since I'm not ready yet...

**CreArted (both the story and the illustration)  
by Matúš Genský**

## THE TROUBLES IN NEW YORK

“Finally we have met!” my friend Hana said as I was walking to her with a huge suitcase. “We haven’t seen each other for three months,” she continued and she hugged me “How was your summer in the camp? Oh, you have to tell me everything about California.” She was talking too much as she always did but I was glad that I saw her. We were two Slovak girls in a large city called New York and we have just finished our summer jobs in American camps. We had the last week to stay in the USA so we decided to meet in New York, find a cheap hotel and then travel home together. A day before our meeting, I booked a hotel for us with the help of a friend from the camp in which I worked. We found a cheap but nice hotel in Brooklyn on the internet so I booked it for three days.

“So where is our hotel?” asked Hana “Wait... you will tell me but first let’s go to eat something I am starving!” We stopped in a restaurant and we planned our way to the hotel. Luckily, we had a map of the city so it wasn’t that hard.

We got on the metro and we were enjoying every single second of it because it was something new for us, something that we had only seen in American movies before. It may sound good but the reality was a little bit different because when we got off, we saw the stairs! The stairs and our biggest and heaviest suitcases in the world! “Excuse me,” a stranger asked me with a smile on his face, “do you need help?” “Ehhh... yes,” I answered. I was scared because the man with a Russian accent grabbed my suitcase before I answered. He took it down the stairs and I tried to be as close to him as I could just in case he wanted to steal my stuff. I waited for the moment when he would finally drop the suitcase but every time he was about to give it back to me, he said “I will now take it up to the stairs, ok?” He didn’t wait for my answer again. I looked back to see how Hana tried to solve the problem with the stairs and the suitcase. A tall thin man with an old hat on his head came to Hana and asked her if she needed help. The happiness that she felt was visible until he grabbed her bag and said “You see? You have to hold it like this,” he gave her the suitcase back and he was giving her the

advice on how to carry it while he was watching her “fighting” with the heavy suitcase.

Both of us were sweaty when we came to the street where our hotel was. We grabbed the suitcases and went down the street. There were a lot of people speaking Russian. It was strange because they were watching us. “Ok, so we need to find this number and that is our hotel,” said Hana after she looked in the paper where the address of the hotel was written. “Hmm... this is strange... there is no number 1145,” I said after a detailed search. We stopped because we didn’t know what to do.

We were of course still the main attraction of the Russian people living in that street. Suddenly one of them came to us and said, “Hello, are you looking for something?” “Hi ,we are looking for this hotel” we showed him the paper with the address. “Emilio... come here for a second, please,” said the stranger to his friend who was standing nearby. “Have you ever heard of this hotel?” “No, it is not here,” Emilio said with a suspicious smile. “But...but we booked this hotel yesterday,” said Hana quickly. “Then someone stole your money because there is just one hotel here and it has a different name.” “Maybe we should go there!” I grabbed the suitcase and Hana because I had a bad feeling. This time I remembered the words of my parents “Be careful and don’t trust strangers!” The man said that it was not a good idea because that hotel was for drug addict people. He asked us where we came from and Hana told him almost everything. “I can help you,” he said. Hana waited what he was going to say but I told her in Slovak that we should go and that I didn’t trust him. I thought he saw it because he started to talk mainly to Hana. “You can stay in this house,” he pointed at the house which didn’t seem to be fully built. “It is not fully built but you can sleep there and you will find something else tomorrow.” This was the second time when the advice of my parents came to my mind “Be careful and don’t trust strangers!” “Or if you want you can go with me to Manhattan to my Office ... I do the acupuncture there,” he gave us his business card and continued, “and you can book another hotel.” I couldn’t believe my ears! “Does he really think that we are so stupid and we will go with him? Oh my god, he wants to kill us for sure!” “Ok, leave your suitcase here and you



will go inside with me," he pointed at Hana. "I will show you the house and you will decide where you will stay." Hana looked at me and I told her again in Slovak and with a fake smile (so that he would think that I agreed with him for he didn't understand our language) that I didn't trust him and I wanted to go away. But Hana dropped her suitcase and followed him to his house. "You should stay here and guard the suitcases," he told me.

I just stood there and held both suitcases when suddenly I realized what a bad friend I was! Hana was now alone with that man and I didn't do anything! I ran to the door and I shouted "Hanaaa??" I quickly made a plan in my head that I would run into the house and fight the man if Hana wouldn't reply! "Wait... what?" "Silviaaaa, I am okay we are going outside," Hana shouted to me. "Oh God, thank you! She is still alive," I told to myself. When they came out, our future was already planned because they decided together that we would go to Manhattan to his office because the house was not in a good condition yet.

The man helped us with the suitcases and he bought us the metro tickets to Manhattan. He introduced himself as Dar and he had been talking the whole time about himself and his exgirlfriend. He even showed us her photo. I wasn't really listening to him for I had a head full of thoughts and questions about what he did to that girl in the photo – did he kill her and now he was talking about her as if she were still alive? I noticed that Hana looked relaxed and that she was interested in his stories.

When we came to Manhattan, he helped us with the suitcases again. He was very thin but very strong. We entered into a nice block of flats and then into an apartment where he had his office. There were two beds for massages, a small kitchen, bathroom and another room which was almost empty. He turned on his notebook and said, "Try to book the hotel called Chelsea, that is a very good hotel and the price is quite good." Hana was searching for the hotel on the internet while I kept my eye on Dar. "That hotel is full," said Hana sadly. Dar said "Well if you want, you can stay here for how long you need and you don't have to pay me anything." And the thoughts in my head again, "Whaaaat???? Ok this is the sign that something

is wrong with this guy.. hmm now how can we escape?" But then he said, "Sometimes when something bad happens to you and you think that nothing good will ever happen, there comes somebody who will help you without wanting anything from you." Dar told us that he had helped one girl from Brazil about a year before, that she had no place to stay because she had been robbed and had no money.

We decided to stay. I don't know why but we did. Dar left and me and Hana slept on the massaging beds. Even though we said that one of us should stay awake in case Dar comes with other guys and kills us, we fell asleep very quickly.

Next day he came and told us that we should go out and take a walk in the city. He suggested that we go to some restaurants and he also said, "Don't eat in McDonalds, girls. I know it is cheap but you have to tell yourself that you are not cheap and you don't eat cheap food... and McDonalds is crap." When we were about to leave the apartment, he said, "Girls, and send me an email that you are alright." After this sentence I finally started to trust him.

We stayed in his apartment for four days and he was always very nice to us. He even asked us to make our own keys so that we could come in and leave anytime we wanted. I remember that when he gave us the keys, he said "You have to trust me as I have to trust you" and that was true. We unfortunately didn't say him goodbye and thank you because he wasn't in the USA for a few days but we bought him some chocolate and wrote a long letter in which we said how much we appreciated his help.

I hope he is alright now and that one day we will see him again. I had never met such a kind person before.

*CreArted by Silvia Vrtáková*

## DARK MATTER

“What is wrong with that one?!” I claimed.

Ross was standing at the opposite side of the basement.

“What? Which one? The Blueberry Bliss?” he shouted, and it deeply echoed back to me.

“No, this one is called Dark Matter I think,” I said. “It feels like they put too much oil in it. I cannot get rid of the grease on my hands.”

“Well, I am not surprised. They only swear by the colour and the packaging nowadays. Wait a minute, I’ll try it.”

This was actually not so common. I had been working in this factory for almost five years now, and I had never tested a soap which did not clean anything.

“I do not feel anything wrong with this one,” said Ross. “So, the smell is strong, spicy but fresh, like a midsummer night. Still, it cleans quite well, even a little bit too much I would say, it is almost scouring.”

“How come? Look, look! Come and touch my hand, it is greasy!”

I was working for the biggest soap company of the country. Every day, I was testing dozens of soaps, produced for the most famous cosmetic resellers. And surely something was wrong with that soap, I was not delirious.

“No, sorry M, I cannot feel anything. Your hand is perfectly clean.”

I brought the soap back home. I wanted my husband and kids to try it. Evidently, Ross was just playing on me, and that soap was slick, that is all! “Nothing is wrong, honey. Well, okay, it is black, but except of the colour, it is okay. It smells good I think.”

“Give it to me,” I said.

I went to the bathroom. I was miffed. Why was everybody against me? I put some oily cosmetics on my hands. The soap foamed, and it is true, the smell was deliciously spicy. I waited for a while, I rinsed it, but when I touched my hands again, the greasy feeling was still here. I decided to wash my hands with

another soap. I did not feel any special greasy sensation; however, this time something peculiar appeared. It was as big as a dot of glitter. Red dots scattered all over my hand. They were small and hesitant, but they seemed to be as inserted under the skin.

What was it? First I considered an allergic reaction, but the pattern on my hands was too regular. I started to scratch myself, I put moisturising cream, I tried to exfoliate my skin, but the stains were still there. I started to panic. What if the stains would never come off? What if somebody would discover them? What if it would be some irreparable disease that would haunt me my whole life? I could not stop thinking about it. I decided to wait for tomorrow to see how it would look like, and in the meantime, I wrapped it with bandages. I drove home, it was the evening.

I drove home almost in the dark since one of the lights had suddenly broken. I could not see the road very well. I was tired of work. I was so tired to go there every day, trying soaps, writing the reports, trying hand creams. And the residue makes my hands sticking to the wheel. I must not forget to write it on tomorrow's report. Inefficient penetration, low hydrating reaction, inconvenience while completing basic tasks.

The night was pitch dark. I felt dizzy. For a moment I assumed I almost fell asleep. But I knew I had not. Still why had the car stopped? Everything was so quiet around me. The car paused in the middle of a small road, but I didn't see anything around. The only picture I could distinguish was a liquid dripping from the windscreen. Even with one light on, I could not guess what colour it was.

All I was able to see was a dark matter. I woke up with a start. I was all sweaty and my head was killing me. I hurried to the bathroom and I ran a bath. I looked at my face in the mirror, I was so tired, and I also realized how my body was emaciated, as if some disease had started to eat into me. I went in the bath, and I decided to remove my bandages to check if the stains still persisted.

What I saw was beyond horror. The stains earlier red had turned into a long black kind

of internal laceration. I put them under the water. I tried to calm down and I had an idea. Dark Matter was placed on the sink. I took and I started to scratch my skin with it. I scratched it, again and again, harder and harder. And it felt good, even if I knew the pain would be abominable in a few seconds. I scratched, I wanted to forget, forget the work, the soap, the small road in the woods, a few kilometres from home. I knew it was too dark that day, I was tired, and the soap, and the hand cream, everything was wrong, I could not see that kid crossing the road with the small dog. The bath got redder and redder, as I was still scratching myself.

*CreArted by Jade Besson*

## ROLEMODELS

“What the hell are you two doing here? You’re not supposed to be here!” – an angry voice of Suzzane Mainham was spreading through the corridors in Mainhams’ mansion. The Mainhams mansion was a huge and expensive house with a great garden and lands around it. It was situated about a mile from Permon Town, a little inland town with the population of no more than a thousand people. Great place to start a doctor practice and Peter Mainham knew that. But he insisted on staying out of town. He worked as a doctor and as he used to say, he needed calm to relax from his job and to get as far as possible from these *redneck townies*. And Suzzane did not resist. She loved her husband, their family, and this house, too. She would follow him into the hell if he needed to.

“Sorry, mom” said Billy, a blond boy standing on the left side of his twin brother Tommy. The boys were adorable. Blue eyes, white mop hair and freckles around their noses. It was almost impossible to recognize which one was Billy and which one was Tommy. They always wore the same clothes and did all things together. Now they were both standing in front of their angry mother with their hands behind their backs, staring on the floor with their mouths shut.

To stay away from their dad’s workroom was the main rule of the house. Their parents had a lot of rules that had to be kept but none of them was so difficult to keep as this one. It was too big a temptation for the two six year-old boys. “Can you explain to me what you are doing here? Hm? Billy? Tommy?” – she asked angrily and put her hands aside, as she always did when she needed to rise her authority. She was really scary when she was angry. In situations like this it was better to remain silent, till she calmed down a little, because every word could make things even worse.

“Look what you have done here! What a mess!” – she was shouting at them – “And you used your daddy’s tools!?” – she frowned when she noticed them lying on the floor. “Where did you get them?”

The boys remained silent and Billy started crying. And Tonny, of course, even though he didn’t want to, started to cry too. He wasn’t a rabbit as his brother was. But they were twins and twins do everything together. They knew it could be a serious problem but even in a bad dream they were not expecting an ending like this.

They had planned everything right. Mom shouldn’t have come home till evening and they would have enough time to clean all the mess and nobody would ever know that they were playing in their dad’s office. “Can you answer, please?” “We’re sorry. We saw daddy where he hid them,” cried out Billy “We just wanted to play. We wanted to be like daddy!” said Tommy.

Suzzane just stood quietly, watching them and their father’s office, terrified but then she smiled. They’re just playing on adults, like she used to. She always slipped into her mother’s wardrobe when she was at work and wore her expensive dress. She kneeled down and hugged them both strongly.

“Do you think Daddy will be angry, mom?” Billy asked and Tommy rose his head because he was scared, too. “No, sweetie. He will understand that. He will be happy that you two want to be like him,” she said and kissed both of them on their heads.

Suzzane stood up and put her hands aside again. She forgave them, but they broke the rules so they had to be punished. "Boys, you're going to clean this place, understand?" "Yes, mom" they answered together. "And you had better do it fast! It's dinner time soon. We're having chicken!" "Yes, mom." They both answered together again like an echo. "And watch out for the carpet! It's almost impossible to clean blood stains out of it!" - she shouted from the corridor. "We're going to bury the body, right after your dad comes back from work." „Yes, mom," they repeated the last time and started to clean up.

**CreArted by Matúš Turčan**

## THESE THINGS HAPPEN

I will never forget that feeling when she told me we were expecting a baby. We two and our baby, finally a family. We had almost lost faith. I stopped believing for a while after leaving the doctor's office for a hundred of times with the same answer: "I am really sorry but you cannot have a baby. Do not lose your faith, miracles happen." I used to believe in miracles until I was told to believe.

I put the blame on me all the time. Although all the examinations we underwent didn't show it was my fault, I knew it was. I felt so helpless and even though we had a strong relationship, we loved each other, we both longed for a baby, I unceasingly had a feeling I failed. Completely - like a man, a husband. And as a father absolutely. All those feelings ended when I heard from Emma's mouth the happiest thing ever.

*"Why you're not sleeping, yet?"*

*"I can't fall asleep."*

I never knew how to lie. Even when I tried, I couldn't. I was a terrible actor and a much worse liar.

*"Don't be afraid, everything will be OK. We'll make a beautiful day just for the two of us. I promise."*

*"I can't, I have a lot of work, my boss is nervous and I already had to have my project finished yesterday and it's still not done yet."*

I really tried to pretend that the only thing that annoyed me was my job. I really did.

*"Adam, I know you are worried about that but you can't stop living your life. We have each other."*

I told you, I'm a terrible actor.

*"I know that! I know it all, but I can't cope with that."*

*"And you think that I coped with that? You think that's easy for me? No, it's not! But I can't just sit or stare at nothing or just stand by the window and wait that's gonna change. We have to be strong and believe in a miracle. So, please, be yourself!"*

*"I'm sorry. For everything."*

I started crying like a little baby. She embraced me so hard that it seemed as though she wanted to enter inside me. She did it my way. But in that moment I couldn't.

*"I'm such a weak fool."*

*"No, you're not. You're just feared."*

Fear. That was the right word. I was feared. So much that the results will be negative and I will never hear from her mouth *"I'm pregnant!"* and I won't embrace her in that moment, won't start crying for being a father. But I couldn't embrace her hard. I wouldn't hurt that little baby.

And that time came.

When I once came home earlier than usual and Emma was still not at home, I was hungry so I prepared a quick meal. I wasn't good at cooking so I made a salad from all the vegetables I found when I suddenly heard keys in the door.

*"You're already at home?"*

*"Yes, I was done a little bit earlier so I hurried home to surprise you with a meal."*

*"Honey, I love you but I feel weird. It's so hot outside today, that's the reason."*

I didn't think it was hot that day.

*"Come on, we will eat together. Honestly, I can't remember when we had lunch together. And by the way, I don't think it's a weather 'thing'. You haven't eaten since breakfast."*

*"Are there any olives?"*

*"Don't know. Maybe."*

*"You know I hate olives!"*

*"So there're not,"* I just smirked.

I was almost done when Emma felt sick and ran to the bathroom.

*"Are you OK?"* I came in.

*"Yea, I'm just sick."*

*"You said it was because of weather, didn't you?"*

*"Maybe. I don't know."*

After a while when she came out of the bathroom, she found me leaned at the wall with a light smile on the face. She knew exactly what was on my mind.

*"No, I don't think I'm pregnant."*

*"But what if..."*

*"No what ifs, Adam."*

*"I want it so much. Just try."*

I didn't have to buy a pregnancy test. We had one at home. What if. I couldn't wait to know the truth, I stopped believing. It was like standing in front of two decisions and I was unable to decide between them. The best thing to do in such a situation is to spin a coin. Not because it would make that decision instead of you but for that moment when it is in the air falling down and you suddenly know what you wished for.

*"I'm pregnant."* She was unable to say more than these two words.

*"Are you sure? Really?"*

*"Yes, Adam, yes! We're expecting our first baby!"*

I didn't know what I was supposed to do first. I started to embrace her, kiss her. I grabbed her

in my arms and held her tight. We were standing in that way so long until our knees could not handle it and we found ourselves on the floor.

*"I love you."*

*"Love you more, much more!"*

*"I'll be the best daddy ever. I promise."*

*"I have no doubts about that."*

I don't know how those nine months ran out so fast. And when I'm saying that I don't know, I don't. There were some days when I was almost flying through the air because I had a feeling that my walking on the floor made her nervous. I understood it, she was pregnant, I was responsible for everything in that moment and it all was my fault. On the other hand, there were some days when we were just lying on the couch, I had my head on her belly and was listening to my big boy moving. He was like digging his way out. He'll be a good guy. The same as his father.

It was a boy. I knew it from that moment when we found out she was pregnant. I didn't know why, I just knew it. We had no troubles about choosing a name for him, we had names chosen since our wedding. If it was a girl, it would be Sophie, if it was a boy, it would be Hugo. He took after his mother. Entirely. That was what I thought, but everyone around us was saying that he took after me. And I saw myself in him. Emma also saw herself in him but told me he had my adorable smile.

Everything was OK all those weeks, we were healthy and strong. The family I always wanted to have. Everything was great with my job, my boss was satisfied with all the decisions I made. On Monday I took a day off, I wanted to see the doctor with my boy. The last time when my wife was in hospital with him, I put the blame on me that I was not there. Emma told me not to exaggerate but I didn't want to miss anything. I was a little bit surprised when I found a waiting room almost empty. When it was our turn I was pleased because we could be at home in time. All of us.

I wish it wasn't the last thing that made me happy in that moment.

I wish the waiting room was not empty and we couldn't get to know about it so early.

I wish. But everything was completely different.

*"I'm really sorry, especially about you when you were waiting for so long to have a baby, but I have to tell you that..."*

"No," I heard myself in my mind. Don't speak. Hush. Why would you be so sorry? Our baby is healthy, nothing's wrong and we may go home and...

*"...that your son has leukemia."*

*"Our little son is sick? Now, after all, when we were expecting him for so long? Now, when he's with us you tell me something like that?!"*

When the doctor went on, his words made no sense. I saw him speaking but it was like opening his mouth to me. I heard him speaking but nothing made sense to me. He said something like "I'm really sorry" and "nothing's lost" but I stopped listening to him. I was unable to do it.

I was feared again. It was the very same fear I felt when we hoped to have a baby once. But that was a little bit worse indeed. I was feared much more. What if he's not getting well? What if it's getting worse and worse and... what if he's going to die? I couldn't defend my ideas, although I needed to be strong, stand by Emma,

to be the one she could put her shoulder on. I couldn't. I went through all those examinations. When nobody helped in our hospital I took him to that in the city with a little hope that they could help us and take care of him. I couldn't blame God for all those things we went through, I had no time for it. I quit my job so that I could take care of him and Emma could take care of me. Even though I tried to pretend I didn't need it, she was still by my side. You cannot really imagine that feeling when you see your little child lying on bed and you're unable to help him.

I wish I could take it all back.

I wish our son didn't grow sick and everything would be OK.

I wish I could hear him to say "daddy" for once. Just once.

It was so late.

I recently found a book with the title I could not cope with. I couldn't accept that fact and rather live in my own world but now I know there is a little bit of truth about it - These things happen.

***CreArted by David Grich***

## TRANSLATING ROALD DAHL'S POETRY FOR CHILDREN

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*The Tortoise and the Hare* is one of Roald Dahl's lesser known works written for the child reader. Our 1st year Master students tried to translate its first part into Slovak. Let us look at some of their suggestions:

### Here is the original:

The Tortoise long ago had learned  
(So far as eating was concerned)  
That nothing in the world could match  
Old Mister Roach's cabbage-patch.  
Potatoes, lettuce, cabbage, peas  
Could all be had with perfect ease  
(Provided that you first checked out  
That Mister Roach was not about).  
The Tortoise had for very long  
Enjoyed this lovely restaurant,  
But all at once – Oh, shame! Disgrace!  
A ghastly thing was taking place!  
That horrid Hare began to poach  
The sacred land of Mister Roach.  
And worst of all, the Hare got rid  
Of far more than the Tortoise did.  
With beans he'd eat up every one  
Before the Tortoise had begun!  
The carrots all were out of sight  
Before poor Terty had one bite!  
The lettuce, succulent and green,  
Was suddenly no longer seen!  
And so the Tortoise now began  
To hatch a very subtle plan.

**And these are a few translations:**

Korytnačka vie už dávno  
s obživou sa to tak máva,  
vyrovná sa veľmi málo  
kapustičke pána Švába.

Na zemiaky, kapustičku, šalátik či hrášok  
netreba vám vôbec žiaden špeciálny nárok.

Musíte len pozrieť azda  
či v záhrade nie je gazda.

Korytnačka šťastná, rada,  
v záhrade sa ponapcháva,  
keď tu zrazu – Skaza! Zrada!  
Hrozná vec sa udiala.

Na pozemok pána Švába  
pytliak sa Vám priplazil.  
Hrozne sa ten zajac správal,  
korytnačke svet skazil.

Ani stopy po fazuľkách  
skôr než ona lapí dych,  
vonkoncom nie po mrkvičkách  
Ostal jej len smutný vzdych.

Zelenučký šalátik bol chrumkavý a šťavnatý,  
čo z neho keď teraz ho už žiadne oko „nespatrí“?

Korytnačka smutná hladná  
rozhodla sa ukut' plán,  
nech úrodu pána Švába  
neodnesie hurikán.

**Ria Eliášová a Radovan Kováč**

Korytnačka, tá dávno vie,  
odkedy jedlo jestvuje,  
že sa nič na svete v rovnici,  
už nevyrovná kapustnici.  
Všetka chutná zeleninka,  
príprava je ľahulinká.  
(Dávajte však veľký pozor,  
nech ujo Roach nerobí dozor).  
Korytnačka ju milovala,  
kým sa hrozná vec nestala.  
Čo sa to však udialo,  
nikomu sa nesnilo.  
Zajac - pl'uhák začal variť,  
kiežby sa mu chcelo dariť.  
Najhoršie však na tom je,  
že zajac sám všetko zje.  
Na fazuľkách si pochutnáva,  
korytnačke nezostáva.  
Zajac si na mrkvu zuby brúsi,  
korytnačka ju už neokúsi.  
Zelenučký šalátik,  
nevedel viac o ňom nik.  
Korytnačke tej však v hlave,  
skrsol nápad skvelý práve.

**David Grich**



Korytnačka dávno vie,  
pokiaľ je reč o jedle,  
kam treba ísť s prázdny bruškom  
do záhrady za deduškom.  
Zemiak, šalát a či hrach?  
Všetko nájdeš, nemaj strach!  
(Presvedčiť sa najskôr treba  
je záhradka opustená?)  
Hodovala dlho sama  
v tomto malom kúsku raja  
Ale zrazu, čo to? Hanba!  
Tak toto snád' nie je pravda!  
Podliak zajac kradne z raja,  
kde korytnačka jedávala.  
Bez ohľadu na jej hlad  
Berie jedlo zo záhrad  
Všetko chamce len sa práši  
ako naši papaláši  
Fazuľka už dávno zmizla  
Čo sú to za rýchle kúzla?  
Po mrkvičke baží márne.  
Zajac ju má v nore dakde,  
Aj šalátik rýchlo zmizol,  
zajac už ho v behu hrýzol  
Korytnačka má však nápad  
čo vyrieši tento prípad.

**Peter Rendek**

Korytnačka predsa dávno vie,  
ak sa to týka toho, čo zje,  
na svete sa nič nevyrovná  
dobrotám z Roachovho záhona.

Zemiaky, šalát, kapustu, hrach,  
všetky môžete zjesť, žiaden strach.  
Avšak treba uši nastražiť,  
čí ich pán Roach nebude strážiť.

Korytnačka už dlhé roky  
vyjedala z tejto ponuky.  
A v tom zrazu - ach, do paroma !  
Udiala sa strašná pohroma !

Lúpiť začal, ten zajac hrozný  
pánov Roachov záhon posvätný.  
Nuž, pre zajaca je to hračka,  
zjesť viacej ako korytnačka.

Všetka zelenina by zmizla,  
skôr než by korytnačka prišla.  
Po mrkvách ostalo len pusto,  
Torty nemala ani sústo.

Šalát chrumkavý a zelený  
nebol viac v záhone videný.  
Korytnačka sa však nevzdala,  
spriadať precízny plán začala.

**Štefan Buček**

Korytnačka dávno vie,  
že ak hovoríme o jedle,  
nič na svete sa nevyrovná  
kapustovému záhonu pána Švába.  
Zemiaky, šalát, kapusta, hrášok,  
to všetko je na dosah hravo,  
avšak sa najprv uisti,  
že ťa pán Šváb nevidí.  
Korytnačka si dlho vraj,  
užívala tento raj,  
no tu zrazu – na hanbu!  
Čo je to za ohavu!  
Hnusný zajac kradnúť začal,  
na pozemku pána Švába.  
Najhoršie však je,  
že tak veľa zje.  
Fazuliek mu bolo málo,  
korytnačke nezostalo.  
Ukradol aj mrkvy veľa,  
korytnačka šancu nemá.  
Po šaláte ani stopy,  
všetko zobral zajac hrozný.  
Korytnačka však prefíkaná je,  
a tak plán už pripravuje.

***Michaela Kališová***

## INTERVIEW

## FROM FRANCE TO SLOVAKIA? WHY NOT!



*Jade Besson* came from France to Slovakia. Why? – That is the crucial question which comes to everyone's (living in Slovakia) mind. It is more obvious if a Slovak student wants to study in France but what's so interesting about studying in Slovakia? Slovakia has a beautiful landscape indeed. But is it the only reason to study in Slovakia? In the interview below I would like to introduce a new KLIŠ

**student and my classmate coming from France, *Jade Besson*.**

**D:** Hello, Jade. I really appreciate that you were so kind and decided to answer some of my questions because I know it may be a little bit unpleasant or boring to always answer the question “Why?” but I promise that if you give your answer in the interview, everybody will know and understand it and no one else will ask you again. So, why? Why have you decided to come to Slovakia?

**J:** Hello, David. Well, I have decided to spend my next two years in Slovakia in order to be with some of my very close people living here. After getting my Bachelor Degree in France, I decided to travel in eastern and central Europe, so I have spent some time in Ukraine as a volunteer. Then I told myself it would not be such a bad idea to go back to university!

**D:** When I interview people coming from abroad to Slovakia, I always ask them if they experienced a cultural shock. So, have you already found yourself in an unpleasant or annoying situation when you said: “I made a wrong decision to come here?” Or, on the other side, have you told yourself that it was one of your best decisions? If yes, why?

**J:** No, I am not experiencing a cultural shock. Some things are different obviously, but I do not feel like I am totally lost. The hardest thing for me is the language. It will take me years before talking a little bit! This is quite a problem, it makes me feel powerless.

But I also think everyday that I would not see myself in another place. For some reasons I wanted to leave France for a while, well, more than a while actually, and I feel that here I am able to come out of my shell and grow up a bit.

**D:** You have been in Slovakia just for a few months. What do you think about the people living here? I know you have already travelled through Slovakia, visited some towns and places. Have you already experienced great moments and situations? Do you like Slovaks?

**J:** Of course, Slovaks are adorable. They are a bit shy when it comes to speaking English, but they are really nice. I am quite popular with grannies, who often come to me on the street, or in the supermarket, to ask me, well, actually I don't know what they ask me! But I am always very kind and I just say "prepáčte, nehovorim po slovensky!" I say it so many times that I had time to perfect the accent!

**D:** Do you like Slovakia as a country? I know it may be impossible to compare Slovakia with France, but would you be so kind and try it? What's the biggest difference between France and Slovakia?

**J:** It is hard to see real obvious differences, because I am not really experiencing them. My everyday life here is not as different as the one I had in France.

But when I look around me, when I hear some stories, I see the real difference. Here everything is harder and everything takes more time. If you are a young person, it will be a long way until acquiring independence on every aspect. Some people are working so hard for such a small recognition.

Oh, and by the way, food products are much better in Slovakia!

**D:** And finally, what are the pros and cons of studying abroad?

**J:** The good part of being abroad is everything connected with discovering new things, about everything, and especially about how people live.

I have also had some hard time with being accepted to university. The administrative "paperwork" was endless and really, really annoying. I would have not been able to go through this on my own.

I would like to thank Jade for her time and will to answer to my questions.

*David Grich*

**READING READY**

*In this issue, we would like to introduce our readers to the writing of our PhD. student, Mgr. Tomáš Bozů, who achieved a great literary success last year as he was shortlisted for the prestigious literary competition, Fantázia.*

**Once Upon a Time**

"You do not have to this, my son."

"I mean no disrespect, father, but I do."

I looked at my father-in-law from above the armor rack. I knew he meant good and everything he said made perfect sense, but I just couldn't bring myself to heed his advice and leave this all behind me. It was just too much suffering for a fresh start. I could not imagine things ever returning to the way they once were. Not until everything was settled and all the wrongs made right again.

"I miss her too, more than you could ever imagine, after all, she was my only child. But you must think of your son. He's the only thing you've got left of her and he needs you more than you need this petty revenge. You cannot imagine how much it hurts me to say this, but... you could start a new life with him. Away from all of this madness. You still have your memories of her, no one can ever take those away from you."

To start a new life, just me and my little boy. That really would be wonderful. But Grian was too old to understand that I couldn't accept it. He forgot what the call of the blood was, forgot all about the helpless lust for the hunt which was so sweet to indulge in. I took two pieces of dark metal with leather strappings from the armor rack. They were meant to be worn on a massive forearm, providing protection as well as powerful weapons for arms strong enough to bash someone with them. I placed them in a large pack which already contained a chest-plate too large for a human and spiked knee pads.

"Ours is the way of the hunt, father. At least that's what the old folks in the legends used to say. It took me a long time, but I think I'm starting to understand what that means.

Wrainack will be safe with you and the other survivors. I hear the call and I answer it."

The old man let out a sigh containing the exhaustion of ages.

"I knew you wouldn't come through, boy. You were always like that. Quiet as a hare, but once you make up your mind, you can't be stopped. A lot of us got soft over the years, I guess that's why they got us so easily. I'm no exception of this, you, however, are different. You'll burn through them like wildfire... I suppose that's why she loved you so much. And... I guess that's why I loved you and accepted you as my own, when she chose you as her mate."

Grian was staring at the ground, but he lifted his gaze and looked me straight in the face. There were small embers of anger in those old eyes.

"I wish I could see it. I wish I could see the bastards burn for what they did to her, for what they did to all of us. But I'm too old. The Moon doesn't speak to me anymore. I feel blind and crippled without it, but that matters not. My time is long gone and I had a fair share of the hunt when I was young. It's all up to you, Welkin. But come back to us, once you complete your revenge and my daughter will be at rest. Your son will be waiting for you, along with the rest of us who survived."

I moved away from the armor rack and stood in front of him. I was more than a head taller than the old man.

"I will, if I'm able. But if I'm not... please, take good care of Wrainack and help him grow strong."

Grian merely nodded. It was good enough for me. I walked past him to the weapon rack.

"You won't be needing that, Welkin, and you know it."

He said as I took a long, curved sword from the rack. Most of those weapons haven't been used in ages.

"Desperate times require desperate measures."

"Indeed."

The old man seemed to contemplate something for a moment before speaking once more.

"How will you go about this? You can't just get to her, she's well-guarded."

"I will find a way."

After that I did not wait for an answer. There was little time and I had to use every single ray of sunlight left. The town wasn't far, but it was far enough for me to make haste. But I always found it difficult to move quickly on two legs.

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I was nothing but a weary traveler to most town folk. A tired man with a huge pack on his back, there was nothing unusual with that. It took me longer than I had hoped to find the correct inn. Foul Blood was its name. I failed to see the appeal such a name could have on customers, but there must have been something about it which attracted the simple folk, for when I walked in, the tavern was almost full. Many tables had groups of five and more raising their drinks and laughing merrily. There were a few loners who sat by themselves and contemplated their fate in silence. And there were also those who were eyeing the small group of prostitutes in one corner. They all had their own ways of enjoying the evening after a hard day's work. A lone waitress was swiftly moving from table to table, delivering orders as quickly as humanly possible. Which was not very quick. But they were of no interest to me. The only one I came here for was standing behind the bar, silently glaring at his guests with a mysterious smile that made most men shiver with uneasiness. He was an unattractive, yet strangely appealing fellow with messy hair, small eyes and a huge scarf around his neck. I walked up to the bar and sat on a high stool right in front of him.

"Can't say I've seen you around here yet, mate. What can ol' Bartley get ya?"

He said as he slowly turned to face me, already picking up an old pint glass.

"Bartley, you say?"

"Yes sir, that be th' name my good 'ol mother gave me before she died givin' birth to me."

"Is that so? Last time I checked, you hatched from an egg after your mother sat on it for three months."

The bartender's eyes widened, but otherwise he remained calm.

"Beg your pardon, mate? Have you been drinking even before entering this fine establishment of mine?"

"Your kind used to inhabit the swamps to the west but there are barely any of you left. You've been doing quite well though, hiding among humans, haven't you? The charm that disguises you must've cost a pretty penny. But still, no charm is perfect, isn't that right, Sclab?"

I could see the sweat building up on his forehead. He was losing his accent as well.

"I.. I don't know what you're blabbering on about, good sir. Now, would you kindly give me your order or depart?"

"I wonder what would happen if I removed that scarf of yours."

I raised my hand as if to snatch the scarf from his neck and he instinctively backed away.

"Sir, I really think you should..."

"I'll have a pint of beer if you don't mind. But I don't have any money on me. Mind if I pay with this?"

I took out a small brooch from my pocket. It was my father-in-law's gift when I became his daughter's partner. The bartender looked upon it and gasped as he recognized the symbol. For a moment he stood there, mouth gaping open. Then he released a hearty laugh. All signs of anxiety slipped from him immediately.

"You old dog. Got me scared for a moment. I thought they finally figured me out and sent one of their hunters to get me. Bloody bastard. HEY, SELINE, MIND TAKING OVER THE BAR FOR A SECOND?"

He shouted across the inn and the waitress gave him an incredulous look which clearly said that she indeed minded taking over the bar as she had enough to do as it was. But Bartley, or Sclab, gave her no more heed and instead leaned in closer and looked me deep in the eyes.

"Which one exactly are you? You look so strange in these human forms. No, don't tell me. It'll come to me. Hm, Welkin, isn't it? I almost didn't recognize you."

"You're right, it's me."

I said as I took a sip of the drink he placed in front of me.

“So, what brings you here, to our little town? I’m guessing you’re not here to see old Sclab, are you?”

“No. I don’t know if you’ve heard about... the attack.”

It was still painful to talk about it.

“I’ve heard bits n` pieces, but nothing concrete. Was it your pack that they attacked?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, shite. Did... did anyone... y`know...”

“She’s dead.”

I didn’t have to say who it was. Sclab’s eyes lowered. He was a crook and a liar, but he was not insensitive.

“I’m really sorry to hear that. Ale’s on the house. Is there anything I can do to help?”

“Yes. The Grand-Mother and her two closest allies. She’s the cause of all this. The death of my beloved and the near extinction of my kind, as well as yours. It’s long overdue that someone took her down.”

The panic returned to Sclab’s eyes in a heartbeat. He lowered his voice even more.

“Are you listening to yourself? This is not some farmer we’re talking about here. Nor some small-time ruler. We’re talking about the Grand-Mother. She’s at the top of the food chain right now, friend, there’s no approaching her.”

“I was hoping you’d be of more help.”

“And I’d really love to, but you’re asking the impossible. I feel your pain, Welkin, I’ve lost more than enough loved ones to the old bitch, but there’s just no way.”

“Is that so? I remember a certain someone once telling me that there is way to everyone.”

“That was a long time ago. Things change. Just.. just move on. You still have other kin, right? Just... Just live for them.”

I was growing tired of the game and of listening to the same advice over and over.

“How do I get to her? There has to be a way.”

“How many times do I have to say it? You don’t get to her. No one does. Do you have any idea with whom you’re dealing with here? This is not a game.”

I felt the anger rising into my head once more.

“Correct. It’s revenge. It’s justice. Call it what you will. I don’t care about their thousands of guards. I have three prey in tonight’s hunt and I will have all of them.”

“I know that and I’m telling you, IT’S IMPOSSIBLE.”

He said that a bit louder than intended and nervously looked around the tavern. A few guests turned their heads, but it didn’t appear to be anything to worry about.

“I repeat, for the third time... do you have any idea who you’re dealing with?”

“I’ve heard many stories, but I never knew which one to trust.”

“Well, you should right now, `cause I’m gonna tell you everything you need to know about her. As I said, she’s not just some ruler of an empire. She’s THE ruler. She’s as old as Hell, some even claim she might be immortal. Almost no one’s seen her face in years, there were rumors that she might be dead, but that’s horse-dung. She’s alive and she keeps doing what she’s been doing for as long as anyone remembers: Spreading her empire and ruling over all of it with an iron hand. And she’s really not fond of the likes of us, mate. She’s killed off more of us non-humans than any other dictator before her. I have to live in hiding to get by and I’m one of the lucky ones.”

“Hasn’t anyone tried to stop her? Ever?”

“Only once. And here’s the good part. It was her own daughter. She was the only human I’ve ever heard of that stood up for us.”

That caught me by surprise, it didn’t quite fit in with everything else I heard about the matter.

“I thought her daughter was a high ranking commander...”

“Nah, you mean to woman in red, right? She’s her granddaughter. I told you, the old hag was ancient. So, she killed off her own daughter, quite brutally I might add, and told her granddaughter that it was all the work of us non-pink-skins. Just to get her to hate us, so that the kid would not prove as flawed in ideals as her mother, no doubt.”

“And the woman in red doesn’t know?”

“Almost no one does, it’s a well-kept secret. I know it, `cause... well, I get around.”

I looked him in the eyes and saw a glimmer of amusement there. A sly smile spread on his face.

“Oh, I see the look you’re giving me. What can I say? Old habits die hard.”

“So you’re saying no one gets to see her? Ever?”

“Well, the girl we just talked about is the only one who sees her regularly. A few of her officials as well, but only the woman in red has

access to her most of the times. She keeps bringing something to her, I have no idea what it is, though. Could be anything, from sheep dung to the elixir of youth.”

“So, she’s the key to getting to her...”

“She’s the only one who knows how to get to her at any time. The Grand-Mother is known to travel everywhere with her army, but she’s never with the main force. She’s being constantly moved throughout secret locations with a changing retinue of guards. She stays at each place for about a week and no one, but the woman in red knows where she is now and where she’s going to next. She has a map of some sort which she gives to the captain of her newest guards indicating where they should go next. Or she takes them there personally and has the previous guards executed. I forgot which of the two. So if you’re hell-bent on knowing her location, the woman in red is your best bet, but it’s suicide either way.”

“When does the next move happen?”

“Tonight.”

“How do you know that?”

“Like I said, old habits die hard.”

“Very well, then I know where I have to go.”

“And where’s that if I might ask?”

“The old crossroads. The forest is still wild and untamed, if the woman is to pass anywhere with a group of guards, she must go through there. I will wait there for her.”

Suddenly, my old friend had an alarmed expression on his face.

“Look, I didn’t mean it that way. You can’t go after her, you’re gonna get yourself killed. And if anyone finds out I helped, they’re gonna kill me too. My secret will be out, you can’t do this.”

I finished the rest of my ale with one gulp, there wasn’t much time left.

“Don’t worry, Slab. I promise that whatever happens, it will never be traced to you. This is my burden, and mine only.”

“That’s reassuring. Listen, there’s one more thing.”

“Make it quick.”

“You said you had three targets. I know the first two. The third one... is he who I think he is?”

“...Yes. I’m leaving him for last. Farewell, you old scoundrel.”

“Godspeed, wolf.”

Slab whispered almost inaudibly. He wasn’t as bad as I remembered him. After this

exchange it took me several minutes to get out of town and retrieve my equipment which I discarded in bushes not far from town. It was high time as well, as the sun shone red with its last rays of daylight. I already felt the change coming upon me.

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It hurt. It hurt so much. I felt the tug of the moon, even though it was not yet visible in the sky. The pull was so strong. My bones shattered within me, just to rearrange themselves anew, longer and stronger. The growing muscles tore at my human clothing. I didn’t remove it. Why bother? Instead, I listened to the sound of fabric straining and ripping. I have to admit that I felt a bit of perverted enjoyment in the sound, as if the ripping clothing symbolized the freedom from human flesh. My back twisted and bent and the slight chill of the early evening wind was swept away by the warmth of the fur which sprouted from all over my skin.

I knew the worst was yet to come. The most painful part of the transformation was the face. I could feel it prolonging, my nose became wet and I flinched as my teeth painfully turned into fangs. Werewolves always screamed during their first full transformation. But not I. I was the veteran of a thousand changes and more. I was old by human standards, even ancient perhaps, but I was in my prime by the lifespan of my people. Many humans consider us to be of their kind, but afflicted by a terrible curse which turns us into ravaging monsters. That’s how they explain our humanly forms. They see themselves as pinnacles of perfection, the highest creation of their pathetic God. How could they stomach the thought that there was a different kind of species which had the same weak form as they had, but only in daytime? Surely we were no more than beasts spawned by their God’s enemies to infiltrate their ranks and bring about their downfall. Therefore, we had no souls and it was no sin to exterminate us.

That was the reasoning I had heard many times. Mainly during the month I was held captive in one of their inquisition camps. They tortured me, but kept me alive. They wanted to see for sure what I was. They fed me their prisoners and the homeless, as if I was some convenient way of dealing with the scum of their society. I hated them for it more than I



hated them for the torture. But the hunger was too strong to resist. They were slowly turning me into what they wished I was all along. A monster. But they were wrong. We are not monsters. I know not what a soul is, for such a thing is unimportant to any other creatures, but humans.

We were blessed by the Mother-Earth with two forms. One to hunt, and one to care for the land. No other creature reflected both the kindness and the savageness of nature as we did. We feed and protect animals and plants in the daylight, but we also hunt and feed upon prey in the night. It is not a curse. It is the circle of life epitomized in one species. You give, you receive and then you are taken from. But those times have long since passed. My kind has been nearly wiped from existence, just like any other species which stands in the way of human conquest. The time of my people is over. For now.

We will rise again someday. With that thought, the image of my son came to mind. Wrainack. One day, you will know the glory of our kind. One day, you will feel the wonder of nature and the joy in living free. Those were my last thoughts before the transformation was complete and the pain finally stopped. I opened my eyes and the sun was no more. But there was no darkness around me. I saw everything perfectly clear, every rock, every tree and every small creature fumbling in the tall grass. I sniffed the air and felt a deer nearby. My mouth watered. It was young and juicy with warm blood flowing in its veins. It would make a fine meal. But there was no time. I disliked eating dinner when there was a larger hunt at hand. I ignored the scent and opened the large pack I had brought with me. The armor made my limbs heavy, but still agile enough to outrun any other creature. Another perk of being a creature of two forms: Human ingenuity provided us with a means to protect ourselves from their swords after they started hunting us. I set off on all fours towards my destination.

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Patience is the greatest virtue of a hunter. I sat in the shadows of the surrounding forest, the crossroads clear in my view. I waited there patiently for what appeared to be hours. Finally she arrived. They were moving swiftly, a few guards and the woman in red. Proud and tall she was, golden hair falling down from beneath

her scarlet cowl. The matching cloak flowed behind her like a bloody wave. They were moving swiftly and I wouldn't just let my chance slip by. I ambushed them as soon as they were near my location. The first guard I slayed never knew what hit him. My armor slowed me down but not by much. Another two guards were down in a matter of seconds, but I lost clear sight of the woman. The only thing I saw were streaks of red in the corner of my eye.

The two remaining guards got their weapons out and attempted to strike me. I didn't bother dodging, the armor did its work just fine. I swept my claws through the throat of one of them and bit the other one's arm. He shrieked and dropped his weapon, but I already grasped him firmly by the shoulder with one hand and by the hip with other, while my teeth were still clenched in his arm. One mighty pull and I heard his muscles ripping as his arm detached from his body. I spit out what remained of it just in time to roll to the side and avoid a strike by the woman who had finally joined the battle. She was quick, for a human. Her long sword swept from side to side, her moves perfectly coordinated. Her cowl fell down after one particularly quick lunge, she paused her attack and I gazed into her blue eyes. They were as deep as a river in spring. Her face was delicate, but stern.

"Fight me, beast."

She whispered, her voice filled with anger and anticipation. I noticed a small, rolled up parchment on her belt. There was no way of being sure, but I guessed it was the map to her grandmother's location. I had to buy time, though.

"I came to tell you the truth about the one that raised you."

I said, trying to conceal the growl from my voice.

"I care not for what you have to say."

"She lied."

She raised one of her eyebrows, as if I caught her interest.

"Your mother... She wasn't killed by my kind, it was all her doing. She blamed us, so that you would grow to hate us, just like she does. So that she might have a worthy successor, who would fill the lands with the same hatred she does."

"Why should I believe you, wolf?"

"I cannot prove it. But my family was killed because of her and I will have my revenge. This is a warning to you and all of your kind. She is the true monster and you mustn't serve her, unless you wish to die by my hand. Heed my warning, youngling, avoid your grandmother's dwelling tonight, or you will come to regret it."

"I don't fear your idle threats, beast. Besides, you have it all wrong, my grandmother doesn't want anyone to be her hei..."

I didn't let her finish as my patience had dried out. I slammed her with my shoulder to the ground and tore the piece of parchment from her belt. I darted away, back into the woods. Once I was far enough, I opened the parchment and knew exactly where the murderer of my beloved was hiding. The night had only just begun.

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Her hiding place was a small house near a small river on the edge of the woods. There were ten guards patrolling the place. Or, more precisely, patrolled the place, before I hunted them down and dragged them into the shadows, one by one. There was only one left. A boy of maybe fifteen winters, shivering and crying at my feet. I raised him up, and whispered in the most menacing voice I could give out.

"Go. Find the one you call the woodsman and tell him to run here as fast as he can if he wants to save his wicked ruler."

With that I let him go and the boy ran as quickly as if he was about to soil himself. I turned to the house and tried opening the door. It was unlocked. I took a deep breath, the time for my revenge had finally arrived. As I stepped inside, I was suddenly showered by a light so bright that I could not see anything in front of me.

"Did you bring my nourishment?"

I heard a voice, rusted by age, say.

"Oh, I guess not then."

She said, as if she had just noticed it was me and not the woman in red. I still couldn't see a thing, although she appeared to see me perfectly.

"How did you find me?"

There was more curiosity in those words than fear. I moved forward instinctively and after a few steps, I had passed the devices that were producing that damned light.

"I found a map. A little red girl gave it to me."

I said as my eyes adjusted to the darkness I was now in. What I saw, when I finally could see, was horrendous. An old woman lying in her bed, her skin dried and hanging from her bones. She had no hair and her bald scalp was covered with purplish dots. Her wrinkles were so deep that they made her face look like a river bank after the water level had decreased. There was a huge cloak hanging on the wall behind her, probably her royal symbol, which she was too frail to wear now and on her side there was a machine the likes of which I had never seen before. There were tubes coming out of it and they vanished somewhere beneath her sheets.

"If you hurt my little girl, I will have your pelt displayed on my wall..."

"And if I had hurt her?"

I interjected, anger rising in my voice.

"If I had killed your little fledgling, would that hurt you? Would that tear away at your cursed heart and make you wish for nothing more than to die and be rid of the pain? Would it? Would it destroy you? Like you destroyed me!?"

She didn't respond. I walked up to her bed and tore the sheets away. She was disgusting. The tubes were pumping some thick liquid straight into her veins.

"How do you think this will end, wolf?"

"It will end with your death, murderer."

"Ah, but do you think they will remember me as a murderer? You think you will be remembered as a father avenging his kind? You are a beast, wolf, and nothing more. My people will hate you and hunt down all of your kin for what you are about to do. I care not if you slay me, I am immortal."

"We shall see about that."

With those words, I raised my arm and brought my claws down heavily on the woman's belly. I knew it would be the most painful there. I felt my hand delve deep into her flesh which yielded like butter to a knife. The old woman let out a cry of pain. It was a sweet sound to my ears. I twisted my hand in her wound. The pain in her face deepened.

"It appears you are not immortal after all, old hag."

"Hah!"

She spat blood at my face.

"Oh... Oh, but I am, wolf... they will remember. Remember me."

She got a hold of herself and her voice became steadier.

"They will mourn me and tell stories about my greatness, because that is how they remember rulers who were cut short by beastly assassins. You are that and nothing more to them. YOU are the killer in their eyes."

"I care not what your people think of me."

"But soon... Soon my people will be the only people. Your kind will die out shortly, beast, and no one will remember you as anything else but feral monsters. A thousand years from now, I might be a legendary ruler who spread her empire and was killed by a creature of the night. Ten thousand years from now, I may be known as a kindly woman who was killed by an evil wolf. It does not matter, because they WILL remember me. And you as well, wolf, I should congratulate you on that. You became a parasite of my immortality, although your role will be quite different..."

I didn't let her finish. I sprang forward and bit her throat out. She didn't have enough time to make a sound as I felt my throat fill with her flesh and blood. The blood was warm and tasted of iron while her flesh was stringy and disgusting. I felt strips of old skin getting caught between my fangs. The old were not meant to be hunted and the entire sensation upset my body. But that didn't stop me. I bit again and again. I tore at her body long after it cooled down. I felt something warm on the fur of my face. At first I thought it was more of her blood, but after a while I realized they were tears flowing from my eyes. I stopped myself then and looked at the work I had done. Her body was almost unrecognizable as human now. Only her eyes remained untouched. Wicked, dead and hateful. Frozen forever in a stage of utter agony. I leaned in close to what remained of her face and whispered.

"I don't care for your immortality or your legend, hag. Dead is dead. You won't hurt anybody anymore as a legend."

Just then I heard a sound at the door.

\*\*\*

"Gran, You here? I got lost on the way, one of the wolves stole the map to your place and I didn't see any guards on their posts. What happened here? You alright?"

I stood up from my hiding place, the cloak of the tyrant covering my body, her cowl on my face. I didn't rise to my full height to give the

appearance of frailty and held my head low to conceal my snout.

"Oh, there you are. I brought you your weekly dose of nutrients, let me just plug `em into your machine and I'll be off. I'm gonna find that wolf and rip him a new one."

I reached out with my hand and flicked the switch next to the hag's bed. All the lights in the front of the room turned on and sunk the red woman in bright light, just like they had done to me when I first arrived. She squinted painfully and placed one hand on front of her face. I moved closer now.

"Gran, I've seen you before, you don't have to treat me like those officers you don't want seeing you in your state. So why all this damned light?"

"All to see you better, my child."

I saw her flinch as she recognized my voice.

"Oh, so you did beat me here. You killed her already?"

I was surprised by the lack of emotion in her voice. For a fleeting moment I thought that maybe I had gotten through to her earlier. The lights turned off, the machines may have died out.

"I spoke the truth when I engaged you and your guards on the crossroads. She lied to you for most of your life. She was an evil manipulator and murderer. SHE was the one who killed your mother. She saw your grandmother for what she was. It is still not too late to turn away and never come back. You would be honoring your mother and you needn't mourn this tyrant."

She was silent for a moment and looked me intently in the eyes. For a moment I foolishly thought she would come through. But there was no remorse in her scent. Then she laughed. It was a cold and ruthless sound which chilled me to the core of my being. My fur stood on end.

"You think I do this out of some hatred for you bastards? Because my evil granny told me some lies? Oh please, wolf. I've known this all for ages and I don't care one bit. Do you want to know why I really do it?"

I didn't answer her. Instead, a low growl escaped from my throat. There would be trouble soon. The time for talking was done.

"I do it, because I like it. Because I love taking your miserable little lives. Not because I hate you, oh no, I don't consider you worthy enough

of such emotions. No, wolf, I kill your kind because it amuses me to see the helpless look on your furry faces when the blood gushes out of you and you realize that your existence came to an end. An end brought by my hand."

That was enough, I couldn't take anymore. I swept the old hag's cloak from my shoulders and leapt at the girl. She jumped to the side in the last moment and drew her sword.

"Dance with me, wolf. I've been wanting to fight one of your kind for ages."

It was my turn to laugh. She really had no idea what she was getting into.

\*\*\*

Her flesh was much tastier than the hag's. There was barely any fat, she probably had a lot of exercise and training. Youthful and refreshing, almost like eating a salmon straight from the stream or a young doe in her prime. I was halfway through her inner organs, saving the tasty heart for last when the axe-wielding bastard finally arrived. My little messenger fulfilled his duty. He burst into the small house and had to pause to catch his breath. His accursed axe was already in his hands. I growled at the sight of that horrendous, murderous tool. The weapon which killed my beloved. But my growl turned into an amused snicker as I saw his expression shift from fatigue to horror. The master murderer himself was shocked when he saw what I had done to the only two people he respected.

I removed the old woman's head from her remains prior to his arrival and placed what remained of it in front of the corpse of the red woman. Her eyes still showed the same agony as they did when I killed her. And the girl must have been quite a sight as well. Her beautiful young body forcefully ripped open with blood everywhere and her intestines hanging loose. I never ate those. That was disgusting.

But the look on that man's face, the man that killed my beloved, was sweeter than all the juicy flesh in the world. It wasn't just shock, it was something more. That's when I realized something that made my heart skip with glee. He loved her. He longed for her. He wanted to take her young body and fornicate with it until she'd squeal with pain and lust. I saw it all and it made me all the happier that I had taken that away from him. I grabbed her heart, tore it out of her torso and slowly raised myself up from the corpse to my full height, her blood still

flowing from my mouth. I ate her heart right there in front of him. He screamed, tears flowing from his evil eyes and charged at me with his axe raised high above his head.

I didn't dodge. Instead, I swept forth the sword which had been resting by my side until now. This was the exact purpose for which I had brought the weapon with me. I parried his blow and kept avoiding all of his attacks, using the long weapon to keep him at a safe distance from my body. I knew the overwhelming emotions would wear him down soon enough. Indeed, after a few minutes, his blows were becoming sloppier and his balance was off. That was my time, I threw away the weapon and tackled him to the ground. His armor would have resisted my claws and fangs, but I knew their weak points well-enough. I shoved my entire hand into his unprotected armpit. He howled a hellish scream and his axe dropped from his grasp. I leaned in close to his face, breathing the stench of her organs into his nose.

"What is the woodsman without his axe?"

But I underestimated him. With his other hand, he brought forth a dagger, cleverly hidden on his thigh and stabbed me in the side. It was my turn to scream in agony. But I recovered quickly enough, got to my feet, raised him with me and threw him across the room. I charged at him, his weapon still stuck in my side, ignoring the pain. I slashed my claws from side to side, seeking out more weak points on his armor. He was still a formidable foe, but this battle was already decided. Eventually, he fell to his knees, blood dripping from many wounds. He was not the only one. His dagger had done more damage than I cared to admit. He looked me straight in the eyes with hatred in his own. That was the only thing these humans knew how to do. Spread their hatred and sow it everywhere they stepped.

"Finish it. But I'm not going alone, you're going with me, aren't you?"

He whispered. I knew there was truth in those words, I already felt weakened and dizzy. The dagger was etched with silver and it was taking its toll on me. I cared not. My family was avenged and my son would be taken care of. The woodsman was dying, but there was still a smile on his lips.

"At least.... A-at least, I'll be with her soon..."

“No, you shall not. Those whose hearts are eaten by my kind never enter the afterlife, didn't you know that? Their souls are damned to be forever stuck in this world, constantly feeling the pain they had when they died. And she was in a lot of pain, I made sure of that.”

It was a lie, but I wanted to make him miserable one last time. To take away that one tiny flicker of hope he still had of seeing her again. It worked, his eyes filled with tears again. I put all my remaining strength in a final blow and ripped his head off in one strike. It was done.

I crawled away from that accursed place to a nearby river, where I drank and rested and that is where I am now. I am thinking of my son,

Wrainack. I hope you will grow strong, proud and just. That you will be nothing like these monsters that call themselves human. Nothing like your father. Be happy my son. The darkness is falling upon me and I see my beloved. Will I be with her now? Or is it just my imagination, giving me the image of my spiritual partner before I leave this world? It matters not, I take in her image and let the darkness engulf me.

*Tomáš Bozů*

**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 product instructions, the most curious laws used worldwide and pretty failed translations of film or series titles, I want to show you really interesting and ambiguous touristic signs.**

Try to think, how many times you saw such a strange English sign on your holiday? Of course, we are not talking about English speaking countries like the USA or the United Kingdom but about the countries, where English is used as foreign language. In case that signs in non-English speaking countries are translated into English, sometimes a word or two accidentally disappear and the result may have nothing in common with the primary meaning. Ambiguous signs are present everywhere but the country, where there is the biggest amount of confusing signs on the square meter is undoubtedly China. Let's have a look on a very short sample. What do you say? Can you catch the meaning?

**JAPAN**

Hotel room - *You are invited to take advantage of the chambermaid* (Full service, isn't it?)

Dentist - *Teeth extracted by the latest Methodist.* (No, thank you!)

Clothes shop - *Our nylons are the best for long run.* (Ladies, now you know what the best thing for running is.)

Hotel room - *If you want just condition of warm air in your room, please control yourself.* (Behave!)

Hotel room - *It is forbidden to steal hotel towels, please. If you are not a person to do such a thing, please do not read this notice* (So, that means, you all are towel thieves because you have just read it!)

**NORWAY**

Bar - *Ladies are requested not to deliver children in the bar* (And why not?)

**ITALY, ROME**

Laundry room - *Ladies, leave your clothes here and spend the afternoon having a good time* (I thought that nudism is allowed only at the beach...)

**FRANCE, PARIS**

Boutique - *Dresses for street walking* (And what should I wear inside the building?)

Hotel elevator - *Please, leave your property at the front desk* (Do you always bring your house on a holiday with you?)

**SWITZERLAND**

Restaurant Menu - *Our wines leave you nothing to hope for* (Good to know before drinking!)

**DENMARK, COPENHAGEN**

Airport - *We take your bags and send them in all directions* (Please, my direction is enough...)

**THAILAND**

Notice offering a ride on a donkey - *Would you like to ride on your own ass?* (Show me how!)

Restaurant - *Our food is guaranteed not to cause pregnancy* (And what food does?)

Rest room - *Toilet out of order. Please use the floor.* (Are you sure?)

## CZECH REPUBLIC

Travel agency - *Take one of our horse-driven city tours - we guarantee no miscarriages* (What?)

## EGYPT

Restaurant - *Half Grilled Chicken and Herpes* (I'm just thinking, how the herpes can be served)

## ROMANIA

Rest room - *Higiene gurarantee* (100% sure?)

Hotel front desk - *The lift is being fixed for the next day. During that time we regret that you will be unbearable*

(All right, thank you for telling...)

## RUSSIA

Bar - *Bar is presently open because it is not closed* (Oh, really?)

Repair shop - *We can repair anything. Please knock hard on the door, the bell doesn't work.* (So door bell is not anything?)

## KENYA, NAIROBI

Road sign - *Elephants please stay in your car*

(I definitely want to see those cars!)

Animal reservation - *Please do not put your hand into the orphan's mouth or risk loosing a finger. Management will not be responsible for any injuries* (What kind of orphan?)

## CHINA

Parking sign - *Racist park* (More than welcoming sign...)

Parking sign - *Temporary park only for getting off*

(How long do I have to get off from the car to be allowed to park there?)

Public park - *The grass is smiling at you. Please, detour!* (Now you know, Chinese grass is smiling.)

Supermarket section - *A time sex thing*

(Interesting section. By the way, originally there are sold disposable products)

Fishmonger's market - *Fresh crap* (Do you mean carp?)

Spa characterisation - *Foot care, Body care, Head care, Horny care* (Can you specify it?)

Customer Service in a changing room - *Please don't touch yourself. Let us help you to try out. Thank you!* (Remind me, what is the shop offering? Clothes?)

Leaflet - *If you cannot read, this leaflet will tell you how to get lessons.* (Once again, if I cannot read, I can read how to read in the leaflet? Magic!)

Bakery - *There we have Chinese cakes preparing for foreigners*

(So there are different cakes for Chinese people and different for foreigners?)

Public Park - *A lighted dog-end may burn a wooden land*

(Look how various you can tell such a simple phrase as "Do not smoke!")

Beauty centre - *Ass hair salon*

Tourist guide - *Fish Dance Music Training Place* (How much is the ticket??)

Sign on the rubbish bin - *Fruit leather Suitcase* (Is that a new trend to have a wooden suitcase?)

Airport sign - *Take luggage of foreigner - No charge*

(And that's the story how I got a new suitcase for free)

Hotel elevator - *Love elevator* (So sweet...)

Restaurant - *Translate server error* (No idea..)

Cash Point – *Currency Recycle Service* (Greenpeace forever!)  
 Bank of Communication – *We offer you an individual and a male service* (My question is - For what??)  
 Road warning sign – *Warm tips! Please do not chase, slapstick.* (Alright, I'm lost)  
 Hotel – *Room of foreign visitor*  
 Rest room – *Deformed Man End Place / Special for Deformed* (No comment...)  
 Road sign – *Beware of safety!*  
 Street sign – *Beware of missing foot* (Yes, sir.)  
 Shoe shop – *No Discunt* (Is that a new brand?)  
 Public Park – *Slip and fall down carefully!* (Can you show me how, please?)  
 Food store – *Grab me now! Cock / Cock Zero* (Do you mean Coke?)  
 Street sign – *Poisonous and Evil Rubbish Here!* (How can we recognise evil rubbish from the angel one?)  
 Rest room – *No Sh\*tting, Thank you!* (OK!)  
 Restaurant – *Please don't be edible* (Well, I'll try..)  
 Sign above fire extinguisher – *Hand Grenade* (Let's Armour!)  
 Hospital – *C\*nt Examination* (OMG)  
 Sign for wet floor – *Execution in process* (I really don't want to know how they wash the floor)  
 Public Park – *I like your smile, but unlike you put your shoes on my face.*  
 (= means Do not step on the grass)  
*Do not disturb, tiny grass is dreaming*

#### RESTAURANT MENU FROM CHINA

*Whatever* (Sounds good.)  
*Rape when greenstuffs* (Pure vegetable ☺ )  
*Sixi Roasted Husband* (Give me the recipe!)  
*The wild germ hot soup with crisps* (No, thanks)  
*Meat muscle stupid bean sprouts* (Well, not every bean can be clever)  
*Meat Fried Cat Ear / Fried Pulls Out the Rotten Child* (I really don't want to know how it tastes...)  
*Fu\*k the duck until exploded / Fu\*k to burn the crayfish* (Looks delicious ! P.S. – they meant “dry”)  
*Seasoned Seaweed* (What? Does it grow under the water too?)  
*Soup for sluts*  
*Spicy Grandma* (Please, tell me why and how can this happen?)  
*Smell of urine mixed with dried* (I think I should reconsider whether I still like Chinese food)  
 Lunch menu: *Stewed Fish, Wild speculation, Cucumber hill and Hill silk knot* (Are you curious?)

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#### SOURCE:

Lina D. 2013. *35 Hilarious Chinese Translation Fails* [online].[Cit-2014-01-12]. Available at:  
<http://www.boredpanda.com/funny-chinese-translation-fails/>.

ENJOY ☺

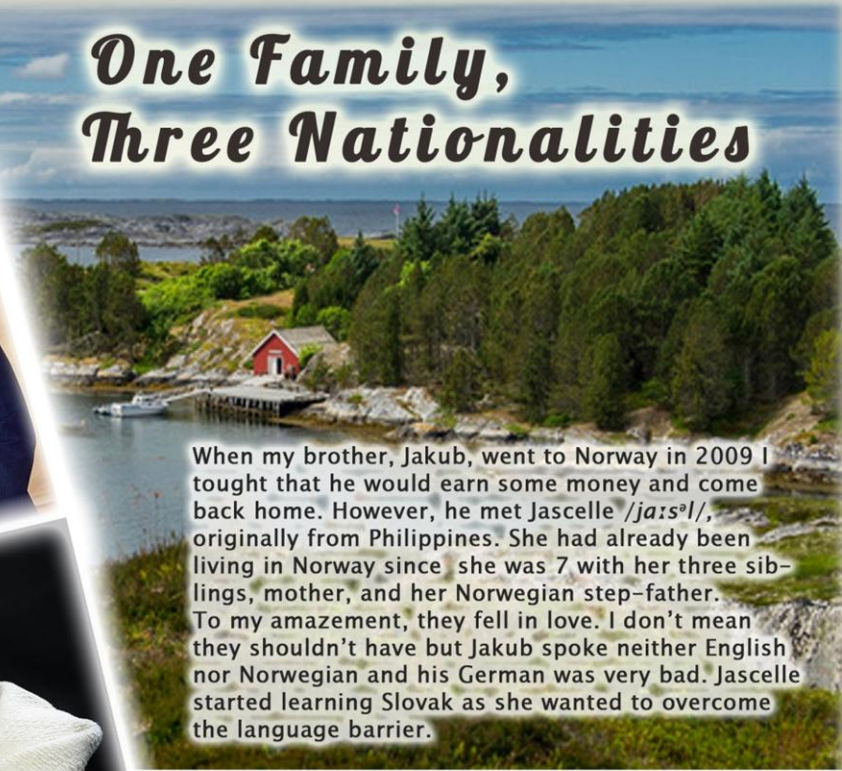
*Kitty Vyparinová*



**INTERCULTURAL ENCOUNTERS**



# One Family, Three Nationalities



When my brother, Jakub, went to Norway in 2009 I thought that he would earn some money and come back home. However, he met Jascelle /jarsel/, originally from Philippines. She had already been living in Norway since she was 7 with her three siblings, mother, and her Norwegian step-father. To my amazement, they fell in love. I don't mean they shouldn't have but Jakub spoke neither English nor Norwegian and his German was very bad. Jascelle started learning Slovak as she wanted to overcome the language barrier.

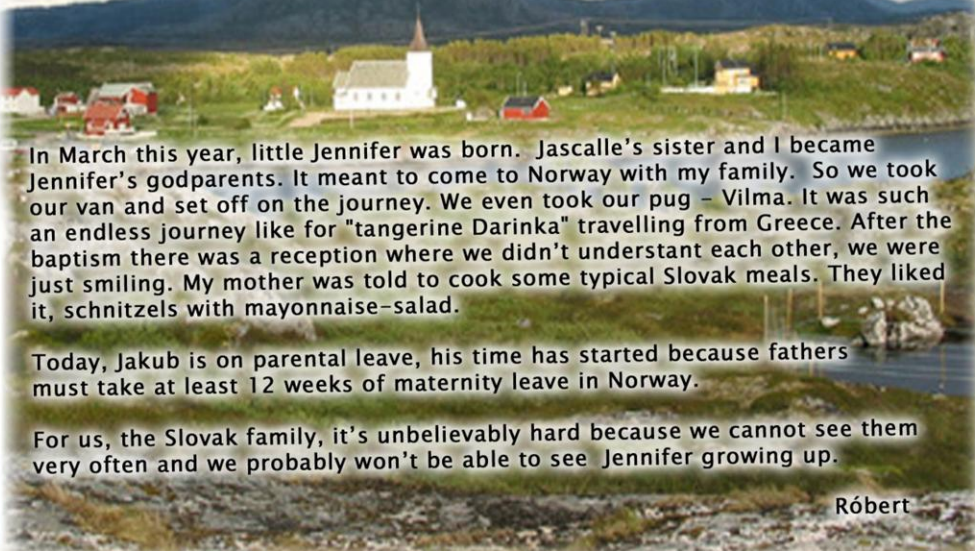


Nowadays Jascelle (23) can communicate in Slovak without any hesitation. Jakub (25) has still some problems with Norwegian but at least he is trying.

Since the beginning of their relationship, they've been living together on the island of Hitra in the west of Norway. They have even been working in the same company.



In 2012 when Jakub and Jascelle went on holiday to Croatia, there were some problems at the Croatian borders because Jascelle's surname is Brevik and the Croatian police thought that she was probably Anders Breivik's relative. It looked like that - "You are Brevik!? From Norway!? Come with us!" They checked everything, suitcases, the boot of the car, even the glove box. It was quite embarrassing. In 2013 they went to Philippines instead.



In March this year, little Jennifer was born. Jascelle's sister and I became Jennifer's godparents. It meant to come to Norway with my family. So we took our van and set off on the journey. We even took our pug - Vilma. It was such an endless journey like for "tangerine Darinka" travelling from Greece. After the baptism there was a reception where we didn't understand each other, we were just smiling. My mother was told to cook some typical Slovak meals. They liked it, schnitzels with mayonnaise-salad.

Today, Jakub is on parental leave, his time has started because fathers must take at least 12 weeks of maternity leave in Norway.

For us, the Slovak family, it's unbelievably hard because we cannot see them very often and we probably won't be able to see Jennifer growing up.

Róbert



**Robert Valovič**

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