MASARYK UNIVERSITY

FACULTY OF EDUCATION

Department of English Language and Literature

Harry Potter – Translation and Analysis of a Selected Chapter

Thesis

Brno 2007

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I declared that I worked on my thesis on my own and that I used only sources mentioned in the Reference section.

I agree with storing my work in the library of the Faculty of Education of Masaryk University in order to be available for educational purposes.

Brno 15th July 2007 Tomáš Plavec

I would like to thank to Mgr. Martin Němec for his assistance that he gave me as the supervisor of my thesis.

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1 Introduction

I chose a translation for my thesis because I had found it very interesting work. Moreover, it was a challenging task to translate a part of a book into Czech with all its qualities it should have for it to be perceived as a piece of literature, not only as a mechanical translation from a language into another.

It was not easy to choose a book but finally I decided to translate a chapter from *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* by J.K. Rowling. I had been no fan of Harry Potter, and neither am I now, but I liked the book. What made the book more interesting for me was the fact that most of proper names used, carry a certain meaning. It would have been much easier to use English forms of the names but it would have lost much of its magic, so I decided to analyse the names too.

The thesis consists of two main parts – practical and theoretical. In the practical one I will translate a chapter from the book. The theoretical part will deal with the analysis of proper names and theory concerned with the translation.

The theoretical part will be based on *K teorii i praxi překladu* by Dagmar Knittlová and *Umění překladu* by Jiří Levý.

2 Practical part

Through the Trapdoor

In years to come, Harry would never quite remember how he had managed to get through his exams when he half expected Voldemort to come bursting through the door at any moment. Yet the days crept by and there could be no doubt that Fluffy was still alive and well behind the locked door.

It was swelteringly hot, especially in the large classroom where they did their written papers. They had been given special, new quills for the exams, which had been bewitched with an Anti-Cheating spell.

They had practical exams as well. Professor Flitwick called them one by one into his class to see if they could make a pineapple tap-dance across a desk. Professor McGonagall watched them turn a mouse into a snuff-box – points were given for how pretty the snuff-box was, but taken away if it had whiskers. Snape made them all nervous, breathing down their necks while they tried to remember how to make a Forgetfulness Potion.

Harry did the best he could, trying to ignore the stabbing pains in his forehead which had been bothering him ever since his trip into the Forest. Neville thought

Padacími dveřmi

V nadcházejících letech nebylo Harrymu jasné, jak se mu podařilo projít všemi zkouškami, když napůl očekával Voldemorta, který mohl kdykoliv vrazit do dveří. Dny se vlekly a nebylo pochyb o tom, že Chloupek je stále živý a zdravý za zamčenými dveřmi.

Všude panovalo dusné horko. Nejvíce ho však pocítili ve velké třídě, kde psali písemky. Na zkoušku dostali nové speciální brky, které byly očarované protiopisovacím zaklínadlem.

Nevyhnuli se ani zkouškám praktickým. Profesor Mihuknot si je volal jednoho po druhém do třídy, aby zjistil, jestli dokáží roztancovat na lavici ananas. Za to profesorka Bručžlučková po nich chtěla, aby proměnili myšku v krabičku na šňupací tabák. Body se přidělovaly podle toho, jak se jim krabička povedla, ale strhávaly se, pokud měla fousy. Když se snažili rozpomenout, jak se vyrábí nápoj zapomnění, Sychravý je znervózňoval funěním za krk.

Harry dělal, co mohl a bodavou bolest na čele, která ho trápila od té doby, co byl v Zakázaném lese, se snažil nevnímat. Podle Nevilla Harry nemohl spát, protože

Harry had a bad case of exam nerves because Harry couldn't sleep, but the truth was that Harry kept being woken by his old nightmares, except that it was now worse than ever because there was a hooded figure dripping blood in it.

Maybe it was because they hadn't seen what Harry had seen in the Forest, or because they didn't have scars burning on their foreheads, but Ron and Hermione didn't seem as worried about the Stone as Harry. The idea of Voldemort certainly scared them, but he didn't keep visiting them in dreams, and they were so busy with their revision they didn't have much time to fret about what Snape or anyone else might be up to.

Their very last exam was History of Magic. One hour of answering questions about batty old wizards who'd invented self-stirring cauldrons and they'd be free, free for a whole wonderful week until their exams results came out. When the ghost of Professor Binns told them to put down their quills and roll up their parchment, Harry couldn't help cheering with the rest.

'That was far easier that I thought it would be,' said Hermione, as they joined the crowds flocking out into the sunny grounds. I needn't have learnt about the 1637 Werewolf Code of Conduct or the uprising of Elfric the Eager.

měl pocuchané nervy ze zkoušek. Pravdou však bylo, že ho ze spaní vzbouzely staré noční můry, které teď byly mnohem horší, protože se v nich objevovala krvavá postava v kápi.

Oproti tomu Ron a Hermiona nevypadali, že by se kvůli kamenu nějak soužili. Možná to bylo tím, že v Zakázaném lese neviděli to co Harry, anebo tím, že je na čele nepálila žádná jizva. Pomyšlení na Voldemorta je jistě děsilo, ale nenavštěvoval je ve snech a navíc měli spoustu práce s přípravou na zkoušky, takže jim nezbylo moc času na to, aby se trápili tím, co by Sychravý nebo někdo jiný mohl zamýšlet.

Poslední zkouška, která je čekala, byla z dějin kouzel – hodina odpovídání na otázky o starých poťouchlých čarodějích, kteří vynalezli samomíchací kotlík a budou to mít za sebou. Báječný týden volna, než se zveřejní výsledky zkoušek. Když je duch profesora Binnse vyzval, aby odložili brky a srolovali pergameny, Harry se nemohl ubránit a zajásal s ostatními.

„Bylo to mnohem lehčí, než jsem čekala," řekla Hermiona, když se připojovali k davu proudícímu na prosluněné prostranství kolem školy. „Nemusela jsem se učit o Vlkodlačím kodexu z roku 1637 ani o Povstání Elfrika

Hermione always liked to go through their exam papers afterwards, but Ron said this made him feel ill, so they wandered down to the lake and flopped under a tree. The Weasley twins and Lee Jordan were tickling the tentacles of a giant squid, which was basking in the warm shallows.

'No more revision,' Ron sighed happily, stretching out on the grass. 'You could look more cheerful, Harry, we've got a week before we find out how badly we've done, there's no need to worry yet.'

Harry was rubbing his forehead.

'I wish I knew what this *means*!' he burst out angrily. 'My scar keeps hurting – it's happened before, but never as often as this.'

'Go to Madam Pomfrey,' Hermione suggested.

'I'm not ill,' said Harry. 'I think it's a warning … it means danger's coming …'

Ron couldn't get worked up, it was too hot.

'Harry, relax, Hermione's right, the Stone's safe as long as Dumbledore's around. Anyway, we've never had any proof Snape found out how to get past Fluffy. He nearly had his leg ripped off once, he's not going to try it again in a hurry. And Neville will play Quidditch for England before Hagrid lets Dumbledore down.'

Chtivého."

Hermiona vždycky ráda probírala, co bylo v testech, ale Ron řekl, že se mu z toho zvedá žaludek, a tak šli k jezeru a bouchli sebou pod strom. Weasleyova dvojčata spolu s Lee Jordanem zrovna lechtali na chapadlech obrovskou oliheň, která se vyhřívala na teplé mělčině.

„Už žádné učení," oddychl si Ron a natáhl se na trávu. „Taky by ses mohl tvářit veseleji, Harry, máme před sebou celý týden, než se dozvíme, jak jsme to zvorali."

Harry si třel čelo.

„Zajímalo by mě, co má tohle znamenat!" vyprskl. „Nikdy mě ta jizva nebolela tak často jako teď."

„Zajdi za madam Pomfreyovou," navrhla Hermiona.

„Nejsem nemocný. Myslím, že je to varování … varování, že se něco stane ..."

Bylo příliš horko na to, aby to Rona rozrušilo.

„Buď v klidu, Harry, Hermiona má pravdu. Dokud je Bzučmelák nablízku, kámen je v bezpečí. A vůbec, nenašli jsme žádný důkaz o tom, že by se Sychravý dozvěděl, jak projít přes Chloupka. Už jednou málem přišel o nohu, nebude to teď narychlo zkoušet znova. To spíš bude hrát Nevill svižňok za Anglii, než by Hagrid nechal Bzučmeláka ve štychu."

Harry nodded, but he couldn't shake off a lurking feeling that there was something he'd forgotten to do, something important. When he tried to explain this, Hermione said, 'That's just the exams. I woke up last night and was halfway through my Transfiguration note before I remembered we'd done that one.'

Harry was quite sure the unsettled feeling didn't have anything to do with work, though. He watched an owl flutter towards the school across the bright blue sky, a note clamped in its mouth. Hagrid was the only one who ever sent him letters. Hagrid would never betray Dumbledore. Hagrid would never tell anyone how to get past Fluffy … never … but –

Harry suddenly jumped to his feet.

'Where're you going?' said Ron sleepily.

'I've just thought of something,' said Harry. He had gone white. 'We've got to go and see Hagrid, now.'

'Why?' panted Hermione, hurrying to keep up.

'Don't you think it's a bit odd,' said Harry, scrambling up the grassy sloope, 'that what Hagrid wants more than anything else is a dragon, and a stranger turns up who just happens to have an egg in his pocket? How many people wandered around with dragon eggs if it's

Harry přikývl, ale nemohl se zbavit zvláštního pocitu, že na něco zapomněl; na něco důležitého. „To je zkouškama," řekla Hermiona, když se to snažil Harry objasnit. „Včera v noci jsem se probudila a byla jsem v polovině poznámek o proměnách, než jsem si uvědomila, že tuhle zkoušku už máme hotovou."

Harry si byl naprosto jistý, že to podivné tušení nemělo se zkouškami nic společného. Pozoroval sovu, která přílétala přes jasně modrou oblohu ke škole a v zobáku svírala zprávu. Hagrid byl jediný, kdo mu kdy poslal dopis. Nikdy by Bzučmeláka nepodvedl, nikdy by nikomu neřekl, jak se dostat přes Chloupka … nikdy …ale -

Harry najednou vyskočil.

„Kam se hrneš?" zeptal se ospale Ron.

Harry zbledl, „Zrovna mě něco napadlo. Musíme jít okamžitě za Hagridem."

„Proč?" lapala Hermiona po dechu a snažila se Harryho dohnat.

Ten se už ale škrábal nahoru po travnatém svahu. „Nepřipadá ti trochu divné, že Hagrid netouží po ničem tolik jako po drakovi a najednou se tu objeví cizí člověk, který má náhodou v kapse dračí vejce? Kolik lidí chodí po světě s dračími vejci, když je to proti

against wizard law? Lucky they found Hagrid, don't you think? Why didn't I see it before?'

'What are you on about?' said Ron, but Harry, sprinting across the grounds towards the Forest, didn't answer.

Hagrid was sitting in an armchair out side his house; his trousers and sleeves were rolled up and he was shelling peas into a large bowl.

'Hullo,' he said, smiling. 'Finished yer exams? Got time fer a drink?'

'Yes, please,' said Ron, but Harry cut across him.

'No, we're in a hurry. Hagrid, I've got to ask you something. You know that night you won Norbert? What did the stranger you were playing cards with look like?'

'Dunno,' said Hagrid casually, 'he wouldn' take his cloak off.'

He saw the three of them look stunned and raised his eyebrows.

'It's not that unusual, yeh get a lot o' funny folk in the Hog's Head – that's one of the pubs down in the village. Mighta bin a dragon dealer, mightn' he? I never saw his face, he kept his hood up.'

Harry sank down next to the bowl of peas.

'What did you talk to him about, Hagrid? Did you mention Hogwarts at all?'

čarodějnickým zákonům? Ještě že padli na Hagrida, nemyslíš? Jak to, že mě to nenapadlo už dřív?"

„Co tím myslíš?" zeptal se Ron, ale Harry neodpověděl a běžel k Zakázanému lesu.

Hagrid seděl v křesle před domem, kalhoty a rukávy měl vyhrnuté a loupal hrách do velké mísy.

„Zdravím děcka," usmál se. „Zkoušky hotový? Dáte si něco k pití?"

„Rád", odpověděl Ron, ale Harry ho přerušil.

„Ne, spěcháme. Hagride, musím se tě na něco zeptat. Ta noc, kdy si vyhrál Norberta, jak vypadal ten cizinec, se kterým si hrál karty?"

„Nevim, nesundal si plášť," odvětil opatrně Hagrid.

Když viděl, jak před ním všichni tři stojí a koukají, pozvedl obočí.

„Není to nic divnýho, u Prasečí palice, to je jedna z krčem dole v dědině, padnete na fůru podivnejch týpků. Moh to bejt třeba dračí handlíř. Do tváře sem mu neviděl, nezdělal si kápi. "

Harry si sedl k misce s hrachem.

„O čem jste mluvili? Zmínil ses vůbec o Prasvicích?"

‘Mighta come up,’ said Hagrid, frowning as he tried to remember. ‘Yeah … he asked what I did, an’ I told him I was gamekeeper here … he asked a bit about the sorta creatures I look after … so I told him … an’ I said what I’d always really wanted was a dragon … an’ then … I can’ remember too well, ‘cause he kept buyin’ me drinks … let’s see … yeah, then he said he had the dragon egg an’ we could play cards fer it if I wanted … but he had ter be sure I could handle it, he didn’ want it ter go ter any old home … so I told him, after Fluffy, a dragon would be easy …’

‘And did he – did he seem interested in Fluffy?’ Harry asked, trying to keep his voice calm.

‘Well - yeah – how many three-headed dogs d’yeh meet, even around Hogwarts? So I told him, Fluffy’s a piece o’ cake if yeh know how to calm him down, jus’ play him a bit o’ music an’ he’ll go straight off ter sleep –’

Hagrid suddenly looked horrified. ‘I shouldn’ta told yeh that!’ he blurted out. ‘Forget I said it! Hey – where’re yeh goin’?’

Harry, Ron and Hermione didn’t speak to each other at all until they came to a halt in the Entrance Hall, which seemed very cold and gloomy after the grounds.

‘We’ve got to go to Dumbledore,’ said

„Mohla na ně přijít řeč,“ snažil se Hagrid zarputile rozpomenout. „Jo, ptal se, co dělám a já na to, že su tady hajnej … trochu se vyptával na zvířata, vo který se starám … a tak sem mu vyložil co a jak … a taky že sem vždycky moc chtěl draka … a pak … už si moc nezpomínám, protože mi kupoval jednoho panáka za druhým … počkejte … potom řekl, že má dračí vejce a že si o něj můžem zakarbanit, jestli chcu … ale že si musí bejt jistej, že se o něj budu umět postarat, nechtěl, aby se dostalo k nějákýmu levákovi … tak sem ho hodil do klidu, že po Chloupkovi pro mě bude drak hračka …“

„A připadlo ti, že se o Chloupka zajímá?“ zeptal se Harry a snažil se tišit svůj hlas.

„No jo, kolikrát potkáš tříhlavýho psa? Dokonce aji tady v Prasvicích je to divný. Takže sem mu objasnil, že Chloupek je brnkačka, když víš jak na něj, jen mu zahraješ pár tónů a spí jak dudek -“

Najednou vypadal Hagrid zděšeně. „Tohle ste se neměli dovědět!“ vyhrkl se sebe. „Zapomeňte na to! Počkat, kam to dete?“

Harry, Ron a Hermiona spolu nepromluvili až do chvíle, kdy se zastavili ve vstupní hale, která vypadala oproti venku velmi chladně a ponuře.

„Musíme jít za Bzučmelákem,“ řekl

Harry. ‘Hagrid told that stranger how to get past Fluffy and it was either Snape or Voldemot under that cloak – it must’ve been easy, once he’d got Hagrid drunk. I just hope Dumbledore believes us. Firenze might back us up if Bane doesn’t stop him. Where’s Dumbledore’s office?’

They looked around, as if hoping to see a sign pointing them in the right direction. They had never been told where Dumbledore lived, nor did they know anyone who had been sent to see him.

‘We’ll just have to -’ Harry began, but a voice suddenly rang across the hall.

‘What are you three doing inside?’

It was Professor McGonagall, carrying a large pile of books.

‘We want to see Professor Dumbledore,’ said Hermione, rather bravely, Harry and Ron thought.

‘See Professor Dumbledore’ Professor McGonagall repeated, as though this was a very fishy thing to want to do. ‘Why?’

Harry swallowed – now what?

‘It’s sort of secret,’ he said, but he wished at once he hadn’t, because Professor McGonagall’s nostrils flared.

Harry. „Hagrid tomu cizinci řekl, jak projít přes Chloupka a ten plášť na sobě měl buďto Sychravý nebo Voldemort – musela to být hračka, potom co se mu podařilo Hagrida opít. Hlavně aby nám Bzučmelák uvěřil. Florenc by se za nás mohl postavit, pokud mu v tom Bane nezabrání. Kde je Bzučmelákova pracovna?“

Rozhlédli se kolem, jakoby by doufali, že uvidí směrovku. Nikdo jim nikdy neřekl, kde Bzučmelák žije a ani nevěděli o někom, koho by tam kdy poslali.

„Prostě musíme -“ začal Harry, ale halou zazněl náhle hlas.

„Co děláte vy tři uvnitř?“

Byla to profesorka Bručžlučková a v rukou nesla obrovskou hromadu knížek.

„Chceme jít za profesorem Bzučmelákem,“ pověděla Hermiona celkem odvážně. Alespoň Harrymu a Ronovi se to odvážné zdálo.

„Za profesorem Bzučmelákem,“ opakovala profesorka Bručžlučková, jakoby to bylo něco velmi podivného. „Proč?“

A co teď, polknul Harry.

„Je to tak trochu tajemství,“ řekl, ale náhle si přál, aby to nikdy nevyslovil, protože jakmile to profesorka Bručžlučková uslyšela, rozšířily se jí nosní dírky.

‘Professor Dumbledore left ten minutes ago,’ she said coldly. ‘He received an urgent owl from the Ministry of Magic and flew off for London at once.’

‘He’s *gone*?’ said Harry frantically. ‘*Now*?’

‘Professor Dumbledore is a very great wizard, Potter, he has many demands on his time -’

‘But this is important.’

‘Something you have to say is more important than the Ministry of Magic, Potter?’

‘Look,’ said Harry, throwing caution to the winds, ‘Professor – it’s about the Philosopher’s Stone -’

Whatever Professor McGonagall had expected, it wasn’t that. The books she was carrying tumbled out of her arms but she didn’t pick them up.

‘How do you know -?’ she spluttered.

'Professor, I think – I *know* – that Sn- that someone’s going to try and steal the Stone. I’ve got to talk to Professor Dumbledore.’

She eyed him with a mixture of hock and suspicion.

‘Professor Dumbledore will be back tomorrow,’ she said finally. ‘I don’t know how you found out about the Stone, but rest assured, no one can possibly steal it, it’s too well protected.’

‘But Professor -’

„Profesor Bzučmelák odešel před deseti minutami,“ oznámila jim suše. „Z Ministerstva kouzel mu poslali spěšnou sovu a on okamžitě odletěl do Londýna.“

„On odletěl?“ vyhrkl Harry. „A teď?“

„Pottere, profesor Bzučmelák je významný čaroděj, ve svém čase musí dostát mnohým povinnostem -.“

„Ale tohle je důležité.“

„Pottere, něco co máte na srdci je důležitější než Ministerstvo kouzel?“

Harry hodil všechny obavy za hlavu, „Víte, paní profesorko, ono jde o kámen mudrců -“

Profesorka Bručžlučková očekávala všechno kromě tohohle. Knihy, které nesla jí vypadly z rukou, ale ona je nezvedla.

„Jak víte - ?“ vyprskla.

„Paní profesorko, já si myslím, totiž vím, že Sy-, že někdo se pokusí ukradnout kámen mudrců. Opravdu musím mluvit s profesorem Bzučmelákem.“

V jejím pohledu se zračila mrzutost i podezření.

„Profesor Bzučmelák se vrátí zítra,“ řekla nakonec. „Nevím jak jste se o kamenu mudrců dozvěděli, ale buďte si naprosto jistí, že jej nikdo ukrást nemůže. Na to je příliš dobře chráněn.“

„Ale paní profesorko -“

‘Potter, I know what I’m talking about,’ she said shortly. She bent down and gathered up the fallen books. ‘I suggest you all go back outside and enjoy the sunshine.’

But they didn’t.

‘It’s tonight,’ said Harry, once he was sure Professor McGonagall was out of earshot. ‘Snape’s going through the trapdoor tonight. He’s found out everything he needs and now he’s got Dumbledore out of the way. He sent that note, I bet the Ministry of Magic will get a real shock when Dumbledore turns up.’

‘But what can we -’

Hermione gasped. Harry and Ron wheeled round.

Snape was standing there.

‘Good afternoon,’ he said smoothly.

They stared at him.

‘You shouldn’t be inside on a day like this,’ he said, with an odd, twisted smile.

‘We were -’ Harry began, without any idea what he was going to say.

‘You want to be more careful,’ said Snape. ‘Hanging around like this, people will think you’re up to something. And Gryffindor really can’t afford to lose any more points, can they?

Harry flushed. They turned to go back outside, but Snape called them back.

„Pottere, vím, o čem mluvím,“ řekla stroze. Sehnula se a posbírala popadané knihy. „Navrhuji, abyste se všichni vrátili ven a užívali si prosluněného dne.“

Oni se však ven nevrátili.

„Stane se to dnes v noci,“ řekl Harry, jakmile si byl jistý, že je profesorka Bručžlučková neuslyší. „Sychravý projde padacími dveřmi dnes v noci. Zjistil si všechno, co potřebuje a teď se zbavil i Bzučmeláka. To on poslal to psaní. Vsadím se, že na Ministerstvu kouzel budou v šoku, až se tam Bzučmelák objeví.“

„Ale co můžeme -“

Hermioně se zatajil dech a Harry s Ronem se rychle otočili.

Stál tam Sychravý.

„Dobré odpoledne,“ pozdravil úlisně.

Zírali na něho.

„V den jako je tento, byste neměli být zavření uvnitř,“ dodal s podivným pokrouceným úsměvem.

„Jenom jsme -“ začal Harry, aniž by věděl, co řekne dál.

„Měli byste si dávat větší pozor. Potulovat se takhle po škole; někdo by si mohl myslet, že něco chystáte.
A Gryffindor si opravdu nemůže dovolit ztratit další body, nemám snad pravdu?“

Harry zrudnul. Otočili se, že půjdou ven, ale Sychravý je zavolal zpátky.

‘Be warned, Potter – any more night-time wanderings and I will personally make sure you are expelled. Good day to you.’ He strode off to the direction of the staff room.

Out on the stone steps, Harry turned to the others.

‘Right, here’s what we’ve got to do,’ he whispered urgently. ‘One of us has got to keep an eye on Snape – wait outside the staff room and follow him if he leaves it. Hermione, you’d better do that.’

‘Why me?’

‘It’s obvious,’ said Ron. ‘You can pretend to be waiting for Professor Flitwick, you know.’ He put on a high voice, ‘Oh Professor Flitwick, I’m so worried, I think I got question fourteen b wrong …’

‘Oh, shut up,’ said Hermione, but she agreed to go and watch out for Snape.

‘And we’d better stay outside the third-floor corridor,’ Harry told Ron. ‘Come on.’

But that part of the plan didn’t work. No sooner had they reached the door separating Fluffy from the rest of the school than Professor McGonagall turned up again, and this time, she lost her temper.

‘I suppose you think you’re harder to get past than a pack of enchantments!’ she

„Varuji vás, Pottere – ještě další noční výlety a osobně se postarám, abyste byl vyloučen. Přeji vám pěkný den.“ Sychravý odkráčel směrem ke sborovně.

Venku na kamenných schodech se Harry obrátil na ostatní.

„Teď to uděláme takhle,“ zašeptal naléhavě. „Jeden z nás musí dohlédnout na Sychravého – počká před sborovnou a půjde za ním, když z ní vyjde. Hermiono, to bude úkol pro tebe.“

„Proč já?“

„To je jasný,“ řekl Ron. „Můžeš přece předstírat, že čekáš na profesora Mihuknota. ‘Ach pane profesore, jsem celá nesvá, myslím, že mám špatně odpověď čtrnáct B’,“ vysvětlil Ron upištěným hlasem.

„Zmlkni,“ neudržela se Hermiona, ale souhlasila a šla dávat pozor na Sychravého.

„A my se raději budeme držet mimo chodbu ve třetím patře. Pojď,“ řekl Harry Ronovi.

Tahle část plánu bohužel nevyšla. Sotva došli ke dveřím, které oddělovaly Chloupka od zbytku školy, narazili znovu na profesorku Bručžlučkovou a ta tentokrát ztratila nervy.

„To se spíš člověk vypořádá s haldou čar než s vámi!“ zahřímala profesorka.

stormed. ‘Enough of this nonsense! If I hear you’ve come anywhere near here again, I’ll take another fifty points from Gryffindor! Yes, Weasley, from my own house!’

Harry and Ron went back to the common room. Harry had just said, ‘At least Hermione’s on Snape’s tail,’ when the portrait of the Fat Lady swung open and Hermione came in.

‘I’m sorry, Harry!’ she wailed. ‘Snape came out and asked me what I was doing, so I said I was waiting for Flitwick, and Snape went to get him, and I’ve only just got away. I don’t know where Snape went.’

‘Well, that’s it then, isn’t it?’ Harry said.

The other two stared at him. He was pale and his eyes were glittering.

‘I’m going out of here tonight and I’m going to try and get to the Stone first.’

‘You’re mad!’ said Ron.

‘You can’t!’ said Hermione. ‘After what McGonagall and Snape have said? You’ll be expelled!’

‘SO WHAT?’ Harry shouted. ‘Don’t you understand? If Snape gets hold of the Stone, Voldemort’s coming back! Haven’t you heard what it was like when he was trying to take over? There won’t be any Hogwarts to get expelled from! He’ll flatten it, or turn it into a school for the

„Už té hlouposti mám až po krk! Jestli se dozvím, že jste se sem ještě přiblížili, strhnu Gryffindoru dalších padesát bodů! Ano Weasley, a to i když je to moje vlastní kolej!“

Harry s Ronem se vrátili do klubovny. „Aspoň že Hermiona je v patách Sychravému,“ poznamenal Harry ve chvíli, kdy se pohnul na zdi portrét Tlusté Dámy a dovnitř vešla Hermiona.

„Je mi to líto, Harry!“ zanaříkla. „Sychravý vyšel ze sborovny a zeptal se mě, co tam dělám. Řekla jsem mu, že čekám na Mihuknota a on ho přivedl. Teď jsem tady a nevím, kam zmizel.“

„Tak a je to!“ řekl Harry.

Oba na něj koukali. Byl bledý a v očích mu jiskřilo.

„V noci půjdu a zkusím se ke kamenu dostat jako první.“

„Zbláznil ses!“ řekl Ron.

„To nemůžeš!“ přidala se Hermiona. „Po tom co řekla Bručžlučková a Sychravý? Vyloučí tě ze školy!“

„NO A CO?“ zakřičel Harry. „Vy tomu nerozumíte? Jestli se Sychravý zmocní kamene, Voldemort se vrátí! Copak jste neslyšeli, jak to vypadalo, když se snažil dostat k moci? Nebudou žádné Prasvice, ze kterých by se mohl někdo vyloučit! Srovná je se zemí, nebo z nich udělá školu

Dark Arts! Losing points doesn't matter any more, can't you see? D'you think he'll leave you and your families alone if Gryffindor win the House Cup? If I get caught before I can get to the Stone, well, I'll have to go back to the Dursleys and wait for Voldemort to find me there. It's only dying a bit later than I would have done, because I'm never going over to the Dark side! I'm going through that trapdoor tonight and nothing you two say is going to stoop me! Voldemort killed my parents, remember?'

He glared at them.

'You're right, Harry,' said Hermione in a small voice.

'I'll use the Invisibility Cloak,' said Harry. It's just lucky I got it back.'

'But will it cover all three of us?' said Ron.

'All – all three of us?'

'Oh, come off it, you don't think we'd let you go alone?'

'Of course not,' said Hermione briskly. 'How do you think you'd get to the Stone without us? I'd better go and look through my books, there might be something useful …'

'But if we get caught, you two will be expelled, too.'

'Not if I can help it,' said Hermione

černé magie! Na ztrátě bodů už nezáleží, nechápete to? Myslíte si, že když vyhraje Gryffindor školní pohár, tak vás a vaše rodiny nechá být? Jestli mě chytí dřív, než se dostanu ke kamenu, no tak prostě budu muset zpátky k Dursleyovým a budu čekat, až si pro mě Voldemort přijde. Znamenalo by to zemřít jen o něco později, protože já se k temným silám přidat nehodlám!
V noci projdu těmi padacími dveřmi a nic, co vy dva řeknete, mě nezastaví!
Voldemort mi zabil rodiče, vzpomínáte?"

Harry rozčileně sledoval Hermionu a Rona.

„Máš pravdu," souhlasila tiše Hermiona.

„Vezmu si neviditelný plášť. Ještě že ho mám zase zpátky," odvětil Harry.

„Ale vejdeme se tam všichni tři?" zeptal se Ron.

„Všichni tři?"

„Ale no tak nech toho, snad si nemyslíš, že bychom tě nechali jít samotného?"

„Samozřejmě že ne," dodala rázně Hermiona. „Jak si představuješ, že by ses bez nás dostal až ke kamenu? Raději půjdu a projdu si svoje knihy, třeba najdu něco, co se bude hodit …"

„Ale jestli nás chytí, vyloučí i vás dva."

„Ne když půjdu s vámi," dodala

grimly. ‘Flitwick told me in secret that I got a hundred and twelve per cent on his exam. They’re not throwing me out after that.’

*

After dinner the three of them sat nervously apart in the common room. Nobody bothered them; none of the Gryffindors had anything to say to Harry any more, after all. This was the first night he hadn’t been upset by it. Hermione was skimming through all her notes, hoping to come across one of the enchantments they were about to try and break. Harry and Ron didn’t talk much. Both of them were thinking about what they were about to do.

Slowly, the room emptied as people drifted off to bed.

‘Better get the Cloak,’ Ron muttered, as Lee Jordan finally left, stretching and yawning. Harry ran upstairs to their dark dormitory. He pulled out the Cloak and then his eyes fell on the flute Hagrid had given him for Christmas. He pocketed it to use on Fluffy – he didn’t feel much like singing.

He ran back down to the common room.

‘We’d better put the Cloak on here, and make sure it covers all three of us – if Filch spots one of our feet wandering along on its own -’

Hermiona zarputile. „Mihuknot mi mezi čtyřma očima řekl, že z jeho zkoušky mám sto dvanáct procent. S tímhle mě nemůžou vyrazit.“

*

Po večeři seděli všichni tři nervózně stranou v klubovně. Nikdo si jich nevšímal. Po tom všem už neměl nikdo z gryffindorských Harrymu co říct. Dnes v noci to bylo poprvé, co mu to nevadilo. Hermiona se probírala poznámkami a doufala, že padne na nějaké z kouzel, které se pokusí později prolomit. Harry a Ron moc nemluvili. Oba přemýšleli o tom, co se zrovna chystají udělat.

Všichni pomalu odcházeli na kutě a místnost byla minutu od minuty osamělejší.

„Měli bychom zajít pro plášť,“ zamumlal Ron, když se Lee Jordan protáhl, zívnul a odešel. Harry vyběhl do tmavé ložnice. Když vytáhl plášť, oči mu padly na flétnu, kterou mu dal Hagrid k Vánocům a strčil ji do kapsy. Ne pro to, že by mu bylo do zpěvu, ale protože s ní uspí Chloupka.

Seběhl zpátky do klubovny.

„Plášť bychom si měli oblíknout raději tady a musíme se taky ujistit, že nás zakrývá všechny tři – kdyby si Čorka všimnul nějaké naší nohy, která si tu sama

vykračuje -“

‘What are you doing?’ said a voice from the corner of the room. Neville appeared from behind an armchair, clutching Trevor the toad, who looked as though he’d been making another bid for freedom.

„Co to děláte?“ ozval se hlas z rohu místnosti. Nevill vyšel zpoza křesla a v ruce držel ropuchu Trevora, který vypadal, že se pokouší znovu pláchnout.

‘Nothing, Neville, nothing,’ said Harry, hurriedly putting the Cloak behind his back.

„Nic, Neville, vůbec nic,“ řekl Harry a rychle schovával plášť za záda.

Neville stared at their guilty faces.

Nevill civěl na jejich provinilé obličeje.

‘You’re going out again,’ he said.

„Zase se chystáte ven,“ řekl.

‘No, no, no,’ said Hermione. ‘No, we’re not. Why don’t you go to bed, Neville?’

„Ne, to ne,“ vyvedla ho z omylu Hermiona. „Vůbec ne. Proč si nejdeš lehnout, Neville?“

Harry looked at the grandfather clock by the door. They couldn’t afford to waste any more time, Snape might even now be playing Fluffy to sleep.

Harry se podíval na skříňové pendlovky u dveří. Nemůžou ztrácet čas, Sychravý už možná touhle dobou uspává Chloupka.

‘You can’t go out,’ said Neville, ‘you’ll be caught again. Gryffindor will be in even more trouble.’

„Nemůžete jít ven, zase vás chytí a Gryffindor na tom bude ještě hůř,“ vyčítal Nevill.

‘You don’t understand,’ said Harry, ‘this is important.’

„Ty tomu nerozumíš, tohle je důležité,“ řekl Harry.

But Neville was clearly steeling himself to do something desperate.

Ale Nevill se jasně odhodlával udělat něco zoufalého.

‘I won’t let you do it,’ he said, hurrying to stand in front of the portrait hole. ‘I’ll – I’ll fight you!’

„Já vám to nedovolím,“ vyhrkl Nevill a postavil se před otvor s portrétem. „Já … já … klidně se s váma poperu!“

‘*Neville*,’ Ron exploded, ‘get away form that hole and don’t be an idiot -’

Ron už se neudržel: „Neville, vypadni od té díry a nechovej se jako pitomec -“

‘Don’t you call me an idiot!’ said Neville. ‘I don’t think you should be

„Neříkej mi, že sem pitomec!“ ohradil se Nevill. „Už byste neměli porušovat

breaking any more rules! And you were the one who told me to stand up to people!'

'Yes, but not to *us*,' said Ron in exasperation. 'Neville, you don't know what you're doing.' He took a step forward and Neville dropped Trevor the toad, who leapt out of sight.

'Go on then, try and hit me!' said Neville, raising his fists. 'I'm ready!'

Harry turned to Hermione.

'*Do something,*' he said desperately.

'Neville,' she said, 'I'm really, really sorry about this.'

She raised her wand.

'*Petrificus Totalus*!' she cried, pointing it at Neville.

Neville's arms snapped to his sides. His legs sprang together. His whole body rigid, he swayed where he stood and then fell flat on his face, stiff as a board.

Hermione ran to turn him over. Neville's jaws were jammed together so he couldn't speak. Only his eyes were moving, looking at them in horror.

'What've you done to him?' Harry whispered.

'It's the full Body-Bind,' said Hermione miserably. 'Oh, Neville, I'm so sorry.'

žádná školní pravidla! A ty si byl ten, kdo mi říkal, abych se ostatním postavil!"

„Ostatním ano, ale ne nám," rozčiloval se Ron. „Neville, ty nevíš, co děláš." Když k němu Ron přistoupil, upustil Nevill ropuchu a ta odskákala z dohledu.

„No tak poď, vraž mi jednu!" pobízel Nevill Rona a šermoval pěstmi ve vzduchu. „Sem připravenej!"

Harry se otočil na Hermionu.

„No tak udělej něco," zaprosil zoufale.

„Neville, je mi to opravdu moc líto," řekla Hermiona.

Zvedla svoji hůlku, namířila ji na Nevilla a vykřikla: „*Petrifikus totalus*!"

Nevillovi se připleskly ruce k bokům, nohy mu scvakly dohromady a celé tělo mu najednou strnulo. Zavrávoral na místě, kde stál a tuhý jak veka spadl na obličej.

Hermiona se rozběhla a přetočila ho na záda. Nevillovi čelisti byly přimáčklé jedna k druhé, takže nemohl mluvit. Mohl hýbat jen očima a s hrůzou sledoval všechny kolem.

„Cos mu to udělala?" zašeptal Harry.

„Je to úplný tělošňur," pronesla těžce Hermiona. „Ach Neville, tolik mě to mrzí."

‘We had to, Neville, no time to explain,’ said Harry.

‘You’ll understand later, Neville,’ said Ron, as they stepped over him and pulled on the Invisibility Cloak.

But leaving Neville lying motionless on the floor didn’t feel like a very good omen. In their nervous state, every statue’s shadow looked like Filch, every distant breath of wind sounded like Peeves swooping down on them.

At the foot of the first set of stairs, they spotted Mrs Norris skulking near the top.

‘Oh, let’s kick her, just this once,’ Ron whispered in Harry’s ear, but Harry shook his head. As they climbed carefully around her, Mrs Norris turned her lamp-like eyes on them, but didn’t do anything.

They didn’t meet anyone else until they reached the staircase up to the third floor. Peeves was bobbing halfway up, loosening the carpet so that people would trip.

‘Who’s there?’ he said suddenly as they climbed towards him. He narrowed his wicked black eyes. ‘Know you’re there, even if I can’t see you. Are you ghoulie or ghostie or wee student beastie?’

He rose up in the air and floated there, squinting at them.

‘Should call Filch, I should, if something’s creeping around unseen.’

„Neměli jsme jinou možnost, není čas na vysvětlování,“ řekl Harry.

„Později to pochopíš,“ dodal Ron, když ho překračovali a navlékali na sebe neviditelný plášť.

To že nechali Nevilla nehybně ležet na podlaze a odešli bohužel nevypadalo jako dobré znamení. Byli tak nervózní, že každý stín sochy vypadal jako Čorka a každý závan větru zněl jako by se na ně vrhal Nevrlec.

Když stáli u prvního schodiště, všimli si jak nahoře obchází paní Norrisová.

„Nakopnem ji, jen tentokrát, no tak,“ žadonil Ron Harrymu do ucha, ale Harry zavrtěl hlavou. Když kolem paní Norrisové opatrně stoupali po schodech, pohlédla na ně svýma očima, které žhnuly jak dvě lampy, ale nic neudělala.

Nikoho jiného nepotkali až do chvíli, než dorazili ke schodišti do třetího patra. Tam si zhruba v polovině schodů poletoval Nevrlec a uvolňoval koberec, aby o něj někdo zakopnul.

„Kdo tam?“ vyhrkl, když k němu přicházeli a přivřel své škodolibé, černé oči. „Vím, že tam jsi, i když tě nevidím. Jsi upír, duch, nebo je z tebe cítit usmrkaného studenta puch?“

Nevrlec se zvedl od země, mhouřil očima a vznášel se ve vzduchu.

„Měl bych zavolat Čorku a jestli se tu potají něco plíží, tak to udělám.“

Harry had a sudden idea.

'Peeves,' he said, in a hoarse whisper, 'the Bloody Baron has his own reasons for being invisible.' Peeves almost fell out of the air in shock. He caught himself in time and hovered about a foot off the stairs.

'So sorry, your bloodiness, Mr Baron, sir,' he said greasily. 'My mistake, my mistake – I didn't see you – of course I didn't, you're invisible – forgive old Peevsiee his little joke, sir.'

'I have business here, Peeves,' croaked Harry. 'Stay away form this place tonight.'

'I will, sir, I most certainly will,' said Peeves, rising up in the air again. 'Hope your business goes well, Baron, I'll not bother you.'

And he scooted off.

'*Brilliant*, Harry!' whispered Ron.

A few seconds later, they were there, outside the third-floor corridor – and the door was already ajar.

'Well, there you are,' Harry said quietly. 'Snape's already got past Fluffy.'

Seeing the open door somehow seemed to impress upon all three of them what was facing them. Underneath the Cloak, Harry turned to the other two.

'If you want to go back, I won't blame

Harryho najednou něco napadlo.

„Nevrlče, Krvavý Baron má své vlastní důvody, proč je neviditelný," zasípal tiše. Nevrlec se šokem málem zřítil k zemi. Včas se vzpamatoval a několik centimetrů nad schody se zase vznesl.

„Moc se omlouvám, vaše krvavosti, pane barone, sire," podlézal. „Je to jen moje chyba – neviděl jsem vás – to je jasné, že jsem vás neviděl, jste neviditelný – sire, odpusťte starému Nevrlíčkovi ten drobný žertík."

„Mám tu nějakou práci, Nevrlče," zaskřehotal Harry. „Dnes v noci se tu už neukazuj."

„Nebojte se, sire, určitě mě tu už neuvidíte," řekl Nevrlec a vznesl se zase do vzduchu. „Doufám, že vám to vyjde, nebudu vás obtěžovat, barone," dodal a odplachtil pryč.

„To byla senzace, Harry!" zašeptal Ron.

Za několik málo vteřin byli na místě, vyšli z chodby ve třetím patře a … dveře už byly pootevřené.

„Tak a máme to," řekl tiše Harry. „Sychravý už se dostal přes Chloupka."

Otevřené dveře a to co na ně čekalo za nimi na všechny tři silně zapůsobilo. Harry se pod plášťem obrátil k ostatním.

„Jestli se chcete vrátit, nebudu vám to

you,' he said. 'You can take the Cloak, I won't need it now.'

'Don't be stupid,' said Ron.

'We're coming,' said Hermione.

Harry pushed the door open.

As the door creaked, low, rumbling growls met their ears. All three of the dog's noses sniffed madly in their direction, even though it couldn't see them.

'What's that at its feet?' Hermione whispered.

'Looks like a harp,' said Ron. 'Snape must have left it there.'

'It must wake up the moment you stop playing,' said Harry. 'Well, here goes …'

He put Hagrid's flute to his lips and blew. It wasn't really a tune, but from the first note the beast's eyes began to droop. Harry hardly drew breath. Slowly, the dog's growl ceased – it tottered on its paws and fell to its knees, then it slumped to the ground, fast asleep.

'Keep playing,' Ron warned Harry as they slipped out of the Cloak and crept towards the trapdoor. They could feel the dog's hot, smelly breath as they approached the giant heads.

'I think we'll be able to pull the door open,' said Ron, peering over the dog's legs. He bent and pulled the ring of the trapdoor, which swung up and open.

mít za zlé. Klidně si vemte i plášť, už ho nebudu potřebovat."

„Přestaň plácat," řekl Ron.

„Jdeme s tebou," přidala se Hermiona.

Dveře zavrzaly, když do nich Harry strčil a z místnosti bylo slyšet tiché burácivé mručení. Všechny tři psí hlavy zuřivě čmuchaly jejich směrem, i když je neviděly.

„Co to má u tlap?" zašeptala Hermiona.

„Vypadá to jako malá harfička," odpověděl Ron. „Musel ji tu nechat Sychravý."

„Určitě se probudí, jakmile přestaneš hrát," konstatoval Harry. „Deme na to …"

Přiložil si flétnu od Hagrida ke rtům a zafoukal. Nebyla to opravdová melodie, ale od první noty se začaly tomu stvoření klížit oči. Harry sotva dýchal. Psí bručení pomalu ustávalo – zvíře zavrávoralo, kleslo na kolena a nakonec se úplně sesulo spící k zemi.

„Nepřestávej hrát," varoval ho Ron, když vyklouzli z pláště a plížili se k padacím dveřím. Když se přiblížili k obrovským hlavám, ucítili horký páchnoucí dech.

„Podle mě ty dveře zvládneme otevřít," řekl Ron a zíral přes psí nohy. Sehnul se a zatáhl za kruh na padacích dveřích, které náhle vyskočily.

‘What can you see?’ Hermione said anxiously.

‘Nothing – just black – there’s no way of climbing down, we’ll just have to drop.’

Harry, who was still playing the flute, waved at Ron to get his attention and pointed at himself.

‘You want to go first? Are you sure?’ said Ron. ‘I don’t know how deep this thing goes. Give the flute to Hermione so she can keep him asleep.’

Harry handed the flute over. In the few seconds’ silence, the dog growled and twitched, but the moment Hermione began to play, it fell back into its deep sleep.

Harry climbed over it and looked down through the trapdoor. There was no sign of the bottom.

He lowered himself through the hole until he was hanging on by his fingertips. Then he looked up at Ron and said, ‘If anything happens to me, don’t follow. Go straight to the owlery and send Hedwig to Dumbledore, right?’

‘Right,’ said Ron.

‘See you in a minute, I hope …’

And Harry let go. Cold, damp air rushed past him as he fell down, down, down and –

FLUMP. With a funny, muffled sort of thump he landed on something soft. He sat up and felt around, his eyes not used to the

„Co vidíš?“ zeptala se ustrašeně Hermiona.

„Nic – jenom tmu – nedá se slézt dolů, musíme skočit.“

Harry, který pořád hrál na flétnu, na Rona mával a ukazoval na sebe, aby upoutal pozornost.

„Chceš jít první? Jsi si tím jistý?“ zeptal se Ron. „Nevím, jak je tam hluboko. Dej tu flétnu Hermioně, ať se to zvíře neprobudí.“

Harry jí podal flétnu. V těch několika vteřinách ticha pes zavrčel a škubnul sebou. Jakmile však začala Hermiona hrát, opět tvrdě usnul.

Harry jej přelezl a podíval se dolů padacími dveřmi - dno neviděl.

Spustil se otvorem, dokud nevisel na špičkách prstů. Potom se podíval na Rona a řekl: „Kdyby se mi něco stalo, nechoďte za mnou. Běžte rovnou do sovince a pošlete Bzučmelákovi Hedviku.“

„Dobře,“ řekl Ron.

„Uvidíme se za chvilku; aspoň doufám ...“

Harry se pustil. Cítil, jak kolem něj proudí chladný, vlhký vzduch a on padá, padá, padá a –

ŽUCH. S legračním, tlumeným bouchnutím přistál Harry na něčem měkkém. Posadil se a omakával prostor

gloom. It felt as though he was sitting on some sort of plant.

'It's OK!' he called up to the light the size of a postage stamp which was the open trapdoor. 'It's a soft landing, you can jump!'

Ron followed straight away. He landed sprawled next to Harry.

'What's this stuff?' were his first words.

'Dunno, sort of plant thing. I suppose it's here to break the fall. Come on, Hermione!'

The distant music stopped. There was a loud bark form the dog, but Hermione had already jumped. She landed on Harry's other side.

'We must be miles under the school,' she said.

'Lucky this plant thing's here, really,' said Ron.

'*Lucky*!' shrieked Hermione. 'Look at you both!'

She leapt up and struggled towards a damp wall. She had to struggle because the moment she had landed, the plant had started to twist snake-like tendrils around her ankles. As for Harry and Ron, their legs had already been bound tightly in long creepers without their noticing.

Hermione had managed to free herself before the plant got a firm grip on her.

kolem sebe, protože oči se ještě nepřizpůsobily šeru. Připadal si, jako kdyby seděl na nějaké rostlině.

„Je to v pořádku!" volal nahoru. Z otevřených padacích dveří zůstalo jen světélko velké jako poštovní známka. „Skočte, čeká vás měkké přistání!"

Ron ho hned následoval. Rozplácl se vedle něj.

„Co to je?" bylo první, co řekl.

„Nevím, nějaká rostlina. Asi by to mělo tlumit ten pád. Hermiono, teď ty!"

Vzdálená hudba ustala a v tom se ozvalo hlasité šťěknutí. To už ale padala Hermiona dolů. Dopadla vedle Harryho na opačné straně než Ron.

„Musíme být kilometry pod školou," konstatovala.

„Ještě štěstí, že je tady ta kytka," poznamenal Ron.

„*Štěstí*!" zapištěla Hermiona. „Koukněte se na sebe!"

Vyskočila a prodírala se k vlhké zdi. Musela se prodírat, protože ve chvíli, kdy dopadla, začala jí kolem kotníků rostlina ovíjet šlahouny jako malá háďata. Harry a Ron si vůbec nevšimli, že jejich nohy už jsou pevně sevřeny dlouhými liánami.

Hermioně se podařilo vymanit, než ji rostlina pevně sevřela. Teď s hrůzou

Now she watched in horror as the two boys fought to pull the plant off them, but the more they strained against it, the tighter and faster the plant wound around them.

'Stop moving!' Hermione ordered them. 'I know what this is – it's Devil's Snare!'

'Oh, I'm so glad we know what it's called, that's a great help,' snarled Ron, leaning back, trying to stop the plant curling around his neck.

'Shut up, I'm trying to remember how to kill it!' said Hermione.

'Well, hurry up, I can't breathe!' Harry gasped, wrestling with it as it curled around his chest.

'Devil's Snare, Devil's Snare … What did Professor Sprout say? It likes the dark and the damp -'

"So light a fire!" Harry choked.

'Yes – of course – but there's no wood!' Hermione cried, wringing her hands.

'HAVE YOU GONE MAD?' Ron bellowed, 'ARE YOU A WITCH OR NOT?'

'Oh, right!' said Hermione, and she whipped out her wand, waved it, muttered something and sent a jet of the same bluebell flames she had used on Snape at

pozorovala, jak se oba její společníci urputně snaží rostlině vysmeknout, ale čím více sebou smýkali, tím rychleji a pevněji je rostlina spoutávala.

„Nehýbejte se!" nařídila. „Já vím, co to je – je to ďáblova léčka."

„To mě opravdu těší, že víme, jak se tomu říká, to je náramná pomoc," zabručel Ron. Nakláněl se dozadu a snažil se zabránit rostlině, aby se mu obtočila kolem krku.

„Drž zobák, snažím se vzpomenout, jak to zlikvidovat!"

„Tak dělej, nemůžu dýchat!" vyrazil ze sebe Harry a zápasil s rostlinou, která se mu obmotávala kolem hrudníku.

„Ďáblova léčka, ďáblova léčka … co nám o ní říkala profesorka Výhonková? Má ráda tmu a vlhko –"

„Rozdělej oheň!" vymáčkl ze sebe přidušeně Harry.

„No jasně – ale není tady dřevo!" křičela Hermiona a mávala kolem sebe rukama.

„POMÁTLA SES?" ječel Ron, „JSI SNAD ČARODĚJKA!"

„Aha, to je pravda!" Hermiona, vytasila hůlku, zamávala s ní ve vzduchu, něco zamumlala a z hůlky vylétl na rostlinu proud plamenů modrých jako luční

the plant. In a matter of seconds, the two boys felt it loosening its grip as it cringed away from the light and warmth. Wriggling and flailing, it unravelled itself from their bodies and they were able to pull free.

'Lucky you pay attention in Herbology, Hermione,' said Harry as he joined her by the wall, wiping sweat off his face.

'Yeah,' said Ron, 'and lucky Harry doesn't lose his head in a crisis – "there's no wood", *honestly.*'

'This way,' said Harry, pointing down a stone passageway which was the only way on.

All they could hear apart from their footsteps was the gentle drip of water trickling down the walls. The passageway sloped downwards and Harry was reminded of Gringotts. With an unpleasant jolt of the heart, he remembered the dragons said to be guarding vaults in the wizards' bank. If they met a dragon, a fully grown dragon – Norbert had been bad enough …

'Can you hear something?' Ron whispered.

Harry listened. A soft rustling and clinking seemed to be coming from up ahead.

'Do you think it's a ghost?'

'I don't know … sounds like wings to

zvonky; stejný jako ten, který poslala na Sychravého. Během několika vteřin ucítili oba chlapci, jak rostlina uvolňuje svůj stisk a uhýbá před světlem a teplem. Liány se kroutily, házely sebou a rozplétaly sevření kolem jejich těl, až byli oba schopni vyvléknout se.

Harry se postavil ke zdi k Hermioně a otíral si pot z obličeje. „Ještě žes dávala pozor v bylinkářství."

„Jo, a na rovinu, ještě že Harry umí zachovat klid, když se vyskytne problém – 'není tady dřevo'."

„Tudy," ukázal Harry na kamenný průchod, jedinou cestu, která vedla dál.

Kromě svých kroků slyšeli jen tiché kapání vody, která v pramíncích stékala po zdech. Cesta se svažovala dolů a Harry si vzpomněl na Gringottské kopky. Když si uvědomil, že o trezorech v čarodějnické bance se povídá, že je hlídají draci, nepříjemně mu škublo u srdce. Jestli cestou potkají draka, dospělého draka – i s Norbertem měli co dělat …

„Neslyšíte nic?" zašeptal Ron.

Harry se zaposlouchal. Z prostoru před nimi jakoby přicházelo slabounké šramocení a cinkání.

„Myslíte, že je to duch?"

„Nevím … připadá mi to spíš jako zvuk

me.'

'There's light ahead – I can see something moving.'

They reached the end of the passageway and saw before them a brilliantly lit chamber, its ceiling arching high above them. It was full of small, jewel-bright birds, fluttering and tumbling all around the room. On the opposite side of the chamber was a heavy, wooden door.

'Do you think they'll attack us if we cross the room?' said Ron.

'Probably,' said Harry. 'They don't look very vicious, but I suppose if they all swooped down at once …Well, there's nothing for it … I'll run.'

He took a deep breath, covered his face with his arms and sprinted across the room. He expected to feel sharp beaks and claws tearing at him any second, but nothing happened. He reached the door untouched. He pulled the handle, but it was locked.

The other two followed him. They tugged and heaved at the door, but it wouldn't budge, not even when Hermione tried her Alohomora Charm.

'Now what?' said Ron.

'These birds … they can't be here just for decoration,' said Hermione.

They watched the birds soaring overhead, glittering – glittering?

'They're not birds!' Harry said

křídel."

„Je tam světlo a něco se tam hýbe."

Došli na konec chodby a uviděli před sebou komnatu plnou světla. Strop se klenul vysoko nad nimi, po celé místnosti poletovali jako třepetající se šperky malinkatí ptáčci a na druhé straně komnaty byly těžké dřevěné dveře.

„Myslíš, že se na nás vrhnou, když projdeme tou místností?" zeptal se Ron.

„Možná," odpověděl Harry. „Nevypadají, že by byli zlí, ale kdyby se na nás sesypali všichni na jednou … Nedá se nic dělat … zkusím to."

Zhluboka se nadechl, rukama si zakryl obličej a vyrazil místností vpřed. Celou dobu čekal, že se do něj pustí ostré zobáky a drápy, ale nic se nestalo. V pořádku doběhl až ke dveřím. Chytil za kliku, ale bylo zamčeno.

Ron a Hermiona ho následovali. Tahali a cloumali dveřmi, ale ty se ani nehly. Dokonce nepomohlo ani Hermionino kouzelné Alohomora.

„A teď co?" zeptal se Ron.

„Ti ptáci … nemůžou tady být jen tak na ozdobu," řekla Hermiona.

Dívali se, jak se jim ptáci vznáší nad hlavami a třpytí se – třpytí se?

„To nejsou ptáci, jsou to přece klíče!"

suddenly, 'they're *keys*! Winged keys – look carefully. So that must mean …' he looked around the chamber while the other two squinted up at the flock of keys. '… Yes – look! Broomsticks! We've got to catch the key to the door!'

'But there are *hundreds* of them!'

Ron examined the lock on the door.

'We're looking for a big, old-fashioned one – probably silver, like the handle.'

They seized a broomstick each and kicked off into the air, soaring into the midst of the cloud of keys. They grabbed and snatched but the bewitched keys darted and dived so quickly it was almost impossible to catch one.

Not for nothing, though, was Harry the youngest Seeker in a century. He had a knack for spotting things other people didn't. After a minute's weaving about through the whirl of rainbow feathers, he noticed a large silver key that had a bent wing, as if it had already been caught and stuffed roughly into the keyhole.

'That one!' he called to the others. 'That big one – there – no, there – with bright blue wings – the feathers are all crumpled on one side.'

Ron went speeding in the direction that Harry was pointing, crashed into the ceiling and nearly fell off his broom.

'We've got to close in on it!' Harry

vyhrkl Harry. „Okřídlené klíče – podívejte se pořádně. Takže to znamená …" zatímco Ron a Hermiona mžourali po hejnu klíčů, rozhlížel se Harry po komnatě … „Koukněte, jsou tu košťata! Klíč od těch dveří si musíme chytit!"

„Ale jsou jich tady stovky!"

Ron prohlížel zámek na dveřích.

„Hledáme velký starý klíč, asi stříbrný stejně jako ta klika."

Každý si vzali koště a odstartovali k výšinám. Vznesli se do mlžného mraku klíčů. Chmatali a natahovali se po nich, ale očarované klíče svištěly kolem a klesaly dolů tak rychle, že bylo skoro nemožné nějaký chytit.

Ne pro nic za nic byl však Harry nejmladším chytačem tohoto století. Byl obdařen talentem, který mu umožňoval všimnout si věcí, které jiní lidé neviděli. Asi minutu se proplétal změtí duhového peří, když postřehl mohutný stříbrný klíč s pokřiveným křídlem. Vypadal, jako kdyby ho už někdo chytil a násilím vecpal do klíčové dírky.

„Tam ten to je!" zavolal na ostatní. „Ten velký – támhle – ne, tam, s bledě modrými křídly – na jedné straně má zmuchlané peří."

Ron se zběsile rozletěl směrem, kterým Harry ukazoval, ale vrazil do stropu a téměř spadl z koštěte.

„Musíme ho obklíčit!" volal Harry

called, not taking his eyes off the key with the damaged wing. 'Ron, you come at it from above – Hermione, stay below and stop it going down – and I'll try and catch it. Right, NOW!'

Ron dived, Hermione rocketed upwards, the key dodged them both and Harry streaked after it! It sped towards the wall, Harry leant forward and with a nasty crunching noise, pinned it against the stone with one hand. Ron and Hermione's cheers echoed around the high chamber.

They landed quickly and Harry ran to the door, the key struggling in his hand. He rammed it into the lock and turned – it worked. The moment the lock had clicked open, the key took flight again, looking very battered now that it had been caught twice.

'Ready?' Harry asked the other two, his hand on the door handle. They nodded. He pulled the door open.

The next chamber was so dark they couldn't see anything at all. But as they stepped into it, light suddenly flooded the room to reveal an astonishing sight.

They were standing on the edge of a huge chessboard, behind the black chessmen, which were all taller than they were and carved from what looked like black stone. Facing them, way across the chamber, were the white pieces. Harry, Ron and Hermione shivered slightly – the

a nespustil z klíče s pochroumaným křídlem oči. „Rone, ty to vem ze shora – Hermiono, zůstaň dole a nenech ho proletět spodem – a já ho zkusím chytit. Dobře. TEĎ! "

Ron se spustil dolů, Hermiona vyrazila nahoru, klíč prokličkoval mezi oběma a Harry se vyřítil za ním! Klíč se rozletěl proti zdi, Harry se předklonil a s nepříjemným zaskřípěním jej přitlačil rukou ke kamenné stěně. Komnatou se rozlehl Ronův a Hermionin jásot.

Rychle přistáli a Harry běžel ke dveřím. Klíč, který svíral v ruce se nechtěl vzdát. Harry jej vrazil do zámku a otočil – fungovalo to. Zámek cvakl a klíč znovu uletěl. Dost ho však vzalo, že se nechal chytit po druhé.

„Jdeme na to?" zeptal se Harry s rukou na klice. Přikývli a Harry zatáhl za dveře.

V další místnosti byla taková tma, že vůbec nic neviděli. Jakmile však do ní vešli, zaplavilo ji náhle světlo a odhalilo ohromující podívanou.

Stáli na okraji obrovské šachovnice. Před sebou měli černé figury, které se zdály být vytesány z černého kamene. Každá z nich byla vyšší než oni sami. Z druhé strany sálu na ně hleděly figury bílé. Harry, Ron a Hermiona se slabě otřásli – tyčící se bíle figury neměly tvář.

towering white chessmen had no faces.

‘Now what do we do?’ Harry whispered.

‘It’s obvious, isn’t it?’ said Ron. ‘We’ve got to play out way across the room.’

Behind the white pieces they could see another door.

‘How?’ said Hermione nervously.

‘I think,’ said Ron, ‘we’re going to have to be chessmen.’

He walked up to a black knight and put his hand out to touch the knight’s horse. At once, the stone sprang to life. The horse pawed the ground and the knight turned his helmeted head to look down at Ron.

‘Do we – er – have to join you to get across?’

The black knight nodded. Ron turned to the other two.

‘This wants thinking about …’ he said. ‘I suppose we’ve got to take the place of the three of the black pieces …’

Harry and Hermione stayed quiet, watching Ron think. Finally he said, ‘Now, don’t be offended or anything, but neither of you are that good at chess -’

‘We’re not offended,’ said Harry quickly. ‘Just tell us what to do.’

‘Well, Harry, you take the place of that bishop, and Hermione, you go there

„Co budeme dělat teď?“ zašeptal Harry.

„To je jasný jak facka,“ řekl Ron. „Musíme si vyhrát cestu místností.“

Za bílými šachovými figurami uviděli další dveře.

„A jak to uděláme?“ zeptala se nervózně Hermiona.

„Podle mě budeme muset hrát místo těch figur.“

Ron přistoupil k rytíři na černém koni a natáhl na koně ruku. Kámen z nenadání ožil. Kůň zahrabal kopyty o zem, rytíř otočil hlavou v helmě a podíval se dolů na Rona.

„Musíme se – hm – musíme se k vám přidat, abychom se dostali na druhou stranu?“

Rytíř na černém koni přikývl. Ron se obrátil na ostatní.

„Stačí uvažovat …“ řekl. „Vypadá to, že budeme muset hrát místo tří černých figur…“

Harry a Hermiona nic neříkali a jen sledovali, jak Ron přemýšlí. Ten nakonec řekl: „Takže, neuražte se, ale ani jeden z vás šachy moc neumí -“

„My se neurazíme,“ ujistil ho rychle Harry. „Prostě nám řekni, co máme dělat.“

„Harry, ty se postav na místo támhletoho střelce a ty Hermiono, si

instead of that castle.'

'What about you?'

'I'm going to be a knight,' said Ron.

The chessmen seemed to have been listening, because at these words a knight, a bishop and a castle turned their backs on the white pieces and walked off the board leaving three empty squares which Harry, Ron and Hermione took.

'White always plays first in chess,' said Ron, peering across the board. 'Yes … look …'

A white pawn had moved forward two squares.

Ron started to direct the black pieces. They moved silently wherever he sent them. Harry's knees were trembling. What if they lost?

'Harry – move diagonally four squares to the right.'

Their first real shock came when their other knight was taken. The white queen smashed him to the floor and dragged him off the board, where he lay quite still, face down.

'Had to let that happen,' said Ron, looking shaken. 'Leaves you free to take that bishop, Hermione, go on.'

Every time one of their men was lost, the white pieces showed no mercy. Soon there was a huddle of limp black players slumped along the wall. Twice, Ron only

stoupni místo tamté věže."

„Co budeš dělat ty?"

„Já budu hrát za koně," řekl Ron.

Zdálo se, že šachové figury poslouchají, protože jakmile Ron domluvil, kůň, střelec a věž se otočili zády k bílým figurám a odkráčeli ze šachovnice. Uvolnili Harrymu, Ronovi a Hermioně tři pole.

„Býlí pokaždé začínají," řekl Ron a upřeně hleděl na druhou stranu šachovnice. „Jasně … podívejte …"

Bílý pěšák poskočil o dvě pole.

Ron začal řídit černé. Figury se tiše sunuly, kamkoliv je poslal. Harrymu se třásla kolena strachem, co by se stalo, kdyby prohráli.

„Harry, táhni napříč o čtyři pole doprava."

Opravdový šok zažili poprvé ve chvíli, kdy přišli o druhého koně. Bílá královna ho bezcitně srazila k zemi a odtáhla ze šachovnice, kde bez hnutí ležel obličejem dolů.

„Neměli jsme na výběr," vysvětloval Ron. Vypadal, že to s ním zamávalo. „Hermiono, teď můžeš vzít toho střelce, jdi na to."

Pokaždé když prohráli nějakou figuru, byly bílé šachy nemilosrdné. Brzy u zdi malátně ležela hromada popadaných černých hráčů. Dvakrát si Ron všiml až na

just noticed in time that Harry and Hermione were in danger. He himself darted around the board taking almost as many white pieces as they had lost black ones.

'We're nearly there,' he muttered suddenly. 'Let me think – let me think …'

The white queen turned her blank face towards him.

'Yes …' said Ron softly, 'it's the only way … I've got to be taken.'

'NO!' Harry and Hermione shouted.

'That's chess!' snapped Ron. 'You've got to make some sacrifices! I'll make my move and she'll take me – that leaves you free to checkmate the king, Harry!

'But -'

'Do you want to stop Snape or not?'

'Ron -'

'Look, if you don't hurry up, he'll already have the Stone!'

There was nothing else for it.

'Ready?' Ron called, his face pale but determined. 'Here I go – now, don't hang around once you've won.'

He stepped forward and the white queen pounced. She struck Ron hard around the head with her stone arm and he crashed to the floor – Hermione screamed but stayed on her square – the white queen dragged Ron to one side. He looked as if he'd been knocked out.

poslední chvíli, že Harrymu a Hermioně hrozí nebezpečí. On sám se činil na jedničku. Posbíral téměř tolik bílých, o kolik černých přišli.

„Už tam skoro jsme," zamumlal najednou. „Nechte mě přemýšlet, nechte mě zamyslet se …"

Bílá královna na něj obrátila svůj matný obličej.

„Je to tak … nedá se nic dělat," řekl tiše. „Teď přišla řada na mě."

„NE!" zakřičeli Harry s Hermionou.

„Takhle to v šachu chodí!" štěkl Ron. „Člověk musí umět něco obětovat! Já potáhnu, ona půjde po mně a ty Harry, dáš šach-mat!"

„Ale vždyť -"

„Chceš Sychravého zastavit, nebo ne?"

„Rone - "

„Hele, když sebou nehodíte, dostane se ke kamenu před vámi!"

Nedalo se nic dělat.

„Můžeme?" zavolal Ron. Byl bledý, ale odhodlaný. „Jdu na to – když už jednou vyhrajete, tak tady nečumákujte a jděte."

Vykročil vpřed a bílá královna se na něho vrhla. Kamennou rukou ho těžce udeřila po hlavě a Ron se zřítil k zemi – Hermiona vykřikla, ale zůstala stát na svém poli – bílá královna odtáhla Rona na stranu. Zdálo se, že je omráčený.

Shaking, Harry moved three spaces to the left.

The white king took off his crown and threw it at Harry's feet. They had won. The chessmen parted and bowed, leaving the door ahead clear. With one last desperate look back at Ron, Harry and Hermione charged through the door and up the next passageway.

'What if he's -?'

'He'll be alright,' said Harry, trying to convince himself. 'What do you reckon's next?'

'We've had Sprout's, that was the Devil's Snare – Flitwick must've put charms on the keys – McGonagall transfigured the chessmen to make them alive – that leaves Quirrell's spell, and Snape's …'

They had reached another door.

'All right?' Harry whispered.

'Go on.'

Harry pushed it open.

A disgusting smell filled their nostrils, making both of them pull their robes up over their noses. Eyes watering, they saw, flat on the floor in front of them, a troll even larger than the one they had tackled, out cold with a bloody lump on its head.

'I'm glad we didn't have to fight that one,' Harry whispered, as they stepped carefully over one of its massive legs.

Harry se třásl, ale poskočil o tři pole doleva.

Bílý král si sundal korunu a hodil ji Harrymu k nohám. Zvítězili. Šachy se rozestoupily a uklonily se. Cesta vpřed byla volná. Harry a Hermiona se ještě jednou zoufale ohlédli za Ronem, rozběhli se do dveří a pokračovali dál chodbou.

„Co když je -?"

„Dostane se z toho," snažil se Harry přesvědčit sám sebe. „Co myslíš, že nás čeká teď?"

„Máme za sebou Výhonkovou, to byla ďáblova léčka – Mihuknot musel očarovat ty klíče – Bručžlučková oživila šachové figury – takže nám zbývá Třasařík a Sychravý …"

Došli k dalším dveřím.

„Jsi v pořádku?" zašeptal Harry.

„Jdeme."

Harry se opřel do dveří.

Nosní dírky se jim naplnily odporným puchem a do očí jim vhrkly slzy. Oba si přetáhli přes nos hábity. Na podlaze před sebou uviděli v bezvědomí ležet rozpláclého trola s krvavou boulí na hlavě. Byl ještě větší než ten, kterého se jim už podařilo složit.

„Jsem rád, že jsme se nemuseli bít i s tímhle," zašeptal Harry, když opatrně překračovali jednu z trolových obrovských

‘Come on, I can’t breathe.’

He pulled open the next door, both of them hardly daring to look at what came next – but there was nothing very frightening in here, just a table with seven differently shaped bottles standing on it in a line.

‘Snape’s,’ said Harry. ‘What do we have to do?’

They stepped over the threshold and immediately a fire sprang up behind them in the doorway. It wasn’t ordinary fire either; it was purple. At the same instant, black flames shot up in the doorway leading onwards. They were trapped.

‘Look!’ Hermione seized a roll of paper lying next to the bottles. Harry looked over her shoulder to read it:

Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind,
Two of us will help you, whichever you would find,
One among us seven will let you move ahead,
Another will transport the drinker back instead,
Two among our number hold only nettle wine,
Three of us are killers, waiting hidden in line.
Choose, unless you wish to stay here for evermore,

noh. „Hoď sebou, nedá se tady dýchat.“

Harry otevřel další dveře. Oba se téměř neodvážili pohlédnout na to, co je za nimi čekalo – nebylo tam ale nic strašlivého, jen stůl se sedmi láhvemi různých tvarů. Všechny stály vyrovnané v řadě.

„Tohle je od Sychravého,“ řekl Harry. „Co s tím máme dělat?“

Překročili práh a ze země mezi futry okamžitě vyšlehl oheň. Nebyl to ale obyčejný oheň, byl fialový. Ve stejný okamžik vytryskly plameny ze dveří, které vedly dál z místnosti. Byli v pasti.

„Podívej!“ Hermiona zvedla srolovaný papír, který ležel vedle lahví. Harry jí koukl přes rameno a četl:

Těžká bude cesta tvá, už nemůžeš si hrát,
dva jsme na chlup stejní, když zvolíš nás,
tak budeš rád.
Jeden z nás je přítel tvůj, ten pomůže ti vpřed,
ten druhý však povede tě známou cestou zpět.
Co tu jsme, z nás všech dva plni vína z kopřiv jsou,
pro tři z nás je smrt tvá tou nejlepší představou.
Zvol si chytře, nechceš-li tu celou věčnost stát,
hle, tu nabídnem ti čtvero našich

To help you in your choice, we give you these clues four:
First, however slyly the poison tries to hide
You will always find some on nettle wine's left side;
Second, different are those who stand at either end,
But if you would move onwards, neither is your friend;
Third, as you see clearly, all are different size,
Neither dwarf nor giant holds death in their insides;
Fourth, the second left and the second on the right
Are twins once you taste them, though different at first sight.

moudrých rad:
Věz, že všechny jedy jsou lstiví protivníci,
ti skrývají se vínu z kopřiv po levici.
Různí jsou ti, jež konce řady mlčky chrání,
ti však tiše stojíce v cestě vpřed ti brání.
Každý jeden se klanil různým velikostem,
ni skrček, ni obr jest dnes kruté smrti postem.
Poslední tou radou jest, že druzí z obou stran,
ne vzhledem, však chutí rovni jsou si jak pár vran.

Hermione let out a great sigh and Harry, amazed, saw that she was smiling, the very last thing he felt like doing.

'*Brilliant*,' said Hermione. 'This isn't magic – it's logic – a puzzle. A lot of the greatest wizards haven't got an ounce of logic, they'd be stuck in here for ever.'

'But so will we, won't we?'

'Of course not,' said Hermione. 'Everything we need is here on this paper. Seven bottles: three are poison; two are wine; one will get us safely through the black fire and one will get us back through

Hermiona si s úlevou oddechla a ohromený Harry uviděl, že se usmívá. To bylo to poslední, na co měl chuť.

„*Výborně*," řekla Hermiona. „To není kouzlo – je to logika – tohle je rébus. Nespočet těch nejlepších čarodějů nemá ani za nehet logického myšlení, zůstali by tady vězet navždy."

„No ale my tady uvízneme taky."

„Pochopitelně že ne," řekla Hermiona. „Všechno co potřebujeme je napsané tady na tom papíru. Sedm láhví: tři jsou jedy, dvě vína, jedna nás bezpečně dostane černým ohněm a jedna nám pomůže zpět

the purple.'

'But how do we know which to drink?'

'Give me a minute.'

Hermione read the paper several times. Then she walked up and down the line of bottles, muttering to herself and pointing at them. At last, she clapped her hands.

'Got it,' she said. 'The smallest bottle will get us through the black fire – towards the Stone.'

Harry looked at the tiny bottle.

'There's only enough there for one of us,' he said. 'That's hardly one swallow.''

They looked at each other.

'Which one will get you back through the purple flames?'

Hermione pointed at a rounded bottle at the right end of the line.

'You drink,' said Harry. 'No, listen – get back and get Ron – grab brooms from the flying-key room, they'll get you out of the trapdoor and past Fluffy – go straight to the owlery and send Hedwig to Dumbledore, we need him. I might be able to hold Snape off for a while, but I'm no match for him really.'

'But Harry – what if You-Know-Who's with him?'

'Well – I was lucky once, wasn't I?' said Harry, pointing at his scar. 'I might

tím fialovým."

„Ale jak zjistíme, kterého se máme napít?"

„Dej mi vteřinku."

Hermiona si několikrát pročetla papír, potom přešla ze strany na stranu kolem řady láhví, něco si mumlala a ukazovala na ně. Nakonec tleskla rukama.

„Mám to. Nejmenší láhev nás provede černým ohněm ke kamenu."

Harry se podíval na tu malinkou lahvičku.

„Bude to stačit jen jednomu z nás. Je to sotva jeden lok."

Pohlédli jeden na druhého.

„Který ti pomůže zpátky těmi fialovými plameny?"

Hermiona ukázala na buclatou láhev na pravém konci.

„Ty první," řekl Harry. „Ne, poslouchej – vrať se a vem Rona – popadněte košťata z místnosti s létajícími klíči. S košťaty proletíte padacími dveřmi a kolem Chloupka. Jdi rovnou do sovince a pošli Bzučmelákovi Hedviku. Potřebujeme jeho pomoc. Možná se mi na chvíli podaří Sychravého udržet, ale ve skutečnosti pro něj nejsem protivník."

„Ale Harry, co když je s ním Ty-Víš-Kdo?"

„Už jednou jsem měl štěstí," ukázal Harry na svoji jizvu. „Třeba mi to vyjde

get lucky again.'

Hermione's lip trembled and she suddenly dashed at Harry and threw her arms around him.

'*Hermione*!'

'Harry – you're a great wizard, you know.'

'I'm not as good as you,' said Harry, very embarrassed, as she let go of him.

'Me!' said Hermione. 'Books! And cleverness! There are more important things – friendship and bravery and – oh Harry – be *careful*!'

'You drink first,' said Harry. 'You are sure which is which, aren't you?'

'Positive,' said Hermione. She took a long drink from the round bottle at the end and shuddered.

'It's not poison?' said Harry anxiously.

'No – but it's like ice.'

'Quick, go, before it wears off.'

'Good luck – take care -'

'Go!'

Hermione turned and walked straight through the purple fire.

Harry took a deep breath and picked up the smallest bottle. He turned to face the black flames.

'Here I come,' he said and he drained the little bottle in one gulp.

It was indeed as though ice was flooding his body. He put the bottle down and walked forward; he braced himself,

znovu."

Harmioně se třásl ret, náhle se vrhla k Harrymu a objala ho.

„*Hermiono*!"

„Harry – ty jsi výborný čaroděj, pamatuj si to."

„Na tebe nemám," řekl Harry v rozpacích, když ho pustila.

„Na mě!" řekla Hermiona. „Jsou to jen knihy a chytrost! Existují ale důležitější věci – přátelství, odvaha a – ach Harry – buď opatrný!"

„Napij se první," řekl Harry. „Jsi si jistá, která je která?"

„Naprosto." Hermiona se pořádně napila z buclaté láhve na konci řady a otřásla se.

„Není to jed, že ne?" obával se Harry.

„Ne, ale je to jako led."

„Rychle, jdi, než to kouzlo vyprchá."

„Hodně štěstí, dávej pozor …"

„Běž už!"

Hermiona se otočila a prošla přímo fialovým ohněm.

Harry se zhluboka nadechl a vzal nejmenší láhev. Otočil se tváří k černým plamenům.

„Tak tady jsem," řekl a vypil tu malou lahvičku jedním hltem.

Bylo to opravdu jako by mu led zasypal celé tělo. Položil láhev a vykročil vpřed. Dodal si síly, viděl jak mu černé plameny

saw the black flames licking his body but couldn't feel them – then he was on the other side, in the last chamber.	oblizují tělo, ale necítil je – potom se ocitl na druhé straně v poslední komnatě.
There was already someone there – but it wasn't Snape. It wasn't even Voldemort.	Někdo už tam však byl, ale nebyl to Sychravý ani Voldemort.

3 Theoretical part

The first section of the theoretical part will deal with the analysis of proper names. Theory about various phenomena of pragmatic, grammatical and lexical equivalence will follow. The last passage will deal with translating verses.

3.1 Analysis of proper names

There is usually no equivalence when translating proper names from a language into another. There are several possibilities how to solve the problem of the zero equivalence, however, I will mention only those of them that are useful by translating names.

Firstly, the translator can Czechisize the names and make them look as much Czech as possible, e.g. *Aunt Gastonia – teta Gastónie*. This is quite important especially in literature for children, which Harry Potter certainly is, although it has many adult readers. In general, it helps people who cannot speak a foreign language from which a book is translated, for instance from English, and make a piece of literature more natural for them.

Secondly, the translator can make a calque, at least a partial one. A target text expression is built according to grammatical structure of the corresponding source text expression, e.g. *North Carolina – Severní Karolína*.

Thirdly, he can borrow the word from English and use a loanword, e.g. *software*.

Fourthly, he can make a cultural transplantation – the name would be replaced by a name with same or similar cultural connotation. That means that the cultural transplantation deletes items specific to the source culture and replaces them with items specific to the target culture, e.g. *Jack and Jill – Jeníček a Mařenka*. (All examples were used according to Knittlová 85.)

Translated names must look like names also in the target language. It is important to keep their form of a name. A translator can create a name that actually does not look like a name-word in Czech. It only carries the meaning of the word but it has lost its name essence, e.g. "*pan Nedělka*" v. "*pan Neděle*" (Levý 151).

3.1.1 Proper names

- Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger

→ Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, Hermiona Grangerová

I decided to keep the names of the main characters in their English form. The only change that I made was by *Hermione* – I Czechisized her name, so instead of *Hermione* I used the form *Hermiona* with the ending *–a* and I added the typical Czech *-ová* for woman family names to her family name. The names of Harry Potter and his friends do not have any special meaning or function in the book, so there was no need to translate them into Czech.

- Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia, Dudley Dursley

→ strýc Vernon, teta Petúnie, Dudley Dursley

The only change I made, apart from translation of *uncle* and *aunt*, was again Czechisizing of the name *Petunia*.

- Albus Dumbledore → Bělus Bzučmelák

The first name of this character corresponds to the Latin word *albus – bílý*. I wanted to keep the ending *–us* because of its Latin tinge and still wanted to express the meaning of the word because it has its importance (white as a symbol of good, the appearance of the character), so I created the name *Bělus*.

Dumbledore is an old Devonshire word for *bumblebee* and originates in West Country dialect, the same dialect that Hagrid speaks. The author of the book imagined the character "wandering around the castle humming to himself." <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Albus_Dumbledore> It was easy to use the Czech word *čmelák* and add to it the quality of humming, or buzzing when connected with a beetle, and create the name *Bzučmelák*.

- Minerva McGonagall → Minerva Bručžlučková

Minerva was the name of the Roman goddess of wisdom. I wanted to keep the fact of being wise carried in the name of the teacher and used it too.

However, I changed the name *McGonagall*, which was inspired by a 19th century poet William Topaz McGonagall. I used similarity of the name with the English words *nag – bručet* and *gall – žluč* and created the name *Bručžlučková*, that in a certain way corresponds to the character of the teacher.

- Severus Snape → Severus Sychravý

Severus is a Latin word for strict, harsh or severe and may correspond to the name of the Roman emperor Septimius Severus, who was known for his cruel rule.

The name *Snape* was inspired by the village of Snape in the English county of Suffolk. During the writing of the book the author was also influenced by one of her own teachers from her childhood who was very unkind to his pupils.

In some world translations of Harry Potter the name of Professor Snape was translated into different languages expressing his characteristic of being arrogant and unpleasant. That is why I tried something similar and translated his name into Czech as *Sychravý*, which may connote an unpleasant feeling of cold.

- Professor Quirrell → profesor Třasařík

Nervous tics and shutter are typical for the teacher. He is scared of his students and even of the subject he teaches. That was the main reason why I used the name Třasařík inspired by the Czech words *třást se* or *roztřesený*.

- Professor Sprout → profesorka Výhonková
- Professor Binns → profesor Binns
- Professor Flitwick → profesor Mihuknot

I used the English words *flit – mihnout se* and *wick – knot* and created some kind of a calque.

- Madam Hooch, Madam Pomfrey → madam Hoochová, madam Pomfreyová

- Voldemort → Voldemort

The name can be divided into three parts, into three French words: *vol – flight*, *theft*, *de – of*, *from* and *mort – death* (also with the meaning *dead*, *dead man*), *end*. The word is French and that was one of the reasons why I used it in its form also in my translation. It is foreign for English children as well as for Czech ones. There is no use to translate it. Moreover, in Czech the phrase *Lord Voldemort* rhymes because of the Czech pronunciation of *lord* with voiceless *–t* at the end.

- You-Know-Who, He Who Must Not Be Named → Ty-Víš-Kdo, Ten, který nesmí být jmenován

- Rubeus Hagrid → Rubínus Hagrid

Rubeus is a Latin word for *red*, *reddish* and that is why I used the stem of the word *rubín*, a red precious stone, and created the name *Rubínus*.

Hagrid "comes from an old English word *hagridden* that means to have a nightmarish night, particularly when hung over" according to <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rubeus_Hagrid>. It is known about Hagrid that he likes drinking alcohol. I used the name *Hagrid*, too, because I was not sure if a name with similar meaning would not have a negative connotation.

- Mr Argus Filch and Mrs Norris → Argus Čorka a paní Norrisová

The name *Argus* has its origin in Greek *Argós*, who was a mythological giant with hundred eyes. He was a vigilant guardian who served the goddess Hera as a watchman. The character's job is to go through school corridors and keep students under supervision. That means that the name *Argus* is quite important and I decided to keep it in the form of *Argus*.

The word *filch* is a slang word for *steal* and I used the stem of Czech *čorovat* instead of other synonyms such as *šlohnout*, *štípnout* etc. and created the name *Čorka*.

The character of Mrs Norris was inspired by one of Jane Austen's characters in *Mansfield Park* who was "a nosy, interfering character, who made the life difficult for the heroine, Fanny Price," according to <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Argus_Filch>. That reflects the task of the cat Mrs Norris in Harry Potter.

- Fat Lady → Tlustá Dáma

- Peeves → Nevrlec
- Fat Friar → Tlustý Mnich
- Bloody Baron → Krvavý Baron
- Sir Nicholas de Mimsy-Porpington, Nearly Headless Nick → sir Nicholas de Mimsy-Porpington, Skoro Bezhlavý Nick

- Hedwig → Hedvika
- Scabbers → Strupák
- Trevor the toad → ropucha Trevor
- Fang → Tesák
- Fluffy → Chloupek
- Norbert the Norwegian Ridgeback → Norbert, norský ridžbek

I used the Czechisized word *ridžbek* because the species of that dragon has a ridge of scales on his back that runs from its tail to head, similar to a breed of the dog. The Czechisized form *ridžbek* may seem strange but it is used in Czech too next to the English version *ridgeback*.

3.2 Pragmatic equivalence

Placement of the text in a specific situational and experience context of a certain language society is an important part of the text. Not respecting of the component would lead to misinterpretation of the text. The differences in pragmatic equivalence are for instance in arrangement of information in address or in usage of address in written or spoken language or in irony.

Examples:

'Look,' said Harry, throwing caution to the winds, 'Professor – it's about ….'
~ Harry hodil všechny obavy za hlavu, „Víte paní profesorko, ono jde o …"
'Professor, I think - …' ~ „Paní profesorko, já si myslím …"

p. 13

'Oh, I'm so glad we know what it's called, that's a great help,'...

~ „To mě opravdu těší, že víme, jak se tomu říká, to je náramná pomoc,"...

p. 26

3.2.1 Dialects in translation

Choice of the language used in the text belongs to the pragmatic sphere, too. The choice has its communicative value. There is a reason for using a dialect, a foreign language or for using the language in another untraditional way. The writer usually wants to express special circumstances. The circumstances make the text richer and may be used for characterising the speakers.

It is typical for nowadays literature to use the language in all its forms and to use all its qualities to show that the text is alive and still valid. Means such as spoken language in text, dialects, vulgarisms and slang expressions are used. The aim is to express subjectivity, spontaneity, spoken atmosphere and informal relationship between the writer and the reader. The problem goes hand in hand with expressing emotionality and expressivity that is closely related to peripheral levels of standard forms of the language.

There is no theory for 'translating' expressivity. It is an intuitive process and the best way is to analyze the text properly. It is essential to respect the whole style in which a book is written. Moreover, different languages have different level of expressivity.

As for dialects, the whole reproduction of pragmatic information is impossible because words of a dialect in the target language do not coincide with the place of the plot. They are too bound on a certain group of people. Moreover, dialects may have a different position to the standard language, both in the source and in the target language. The position of dialects differs in various linguistic-social groups. They can be a sign of lower education sometimes and on the other hand, they can be used also even by educated speakers another time.

Substitution with a certain dialect from the target language would not lead to equivalent pragmatic information in these cases. It could even cause a negative connotation. The perception of such solution could be ambiguous – some readers could be offended and other could find the dialect funny. The translation would have a different connotation that the original text lacks. It would be a serious mistake because

it would differ from the author's intention. It is important to express the main idea that is carried by using a dialect, for instance that the speaker comes from the city and not from the countryside. It is impossible to express by vocabulary means that he or she is a cockney speaker.

When translating dialects, there are rules to be obeyed. It is important to find the marked language sphere and find out how to express its function in the target language. It is very risky to try to find a dialect in Czech which would have the same or similar status and cultural association as the English dialect used. It would be a cultural transplantation but it would be chancy.

The best solution is to suggest features of a dialect, but not a specific one. It is possible to use a reporting clause with information about the dialect, e.g. *she replied in the Yorkshire dialect*, and the rest of the reported speech write in the standard language.

There are two main principles. Firstly, the whole semantic information is reproduced totally but the pragmatic information is reproduced only partially. That is to use colloquial words with the same semantic information instead of dialectical words of the target language. There would be less of the pragmatic information, when using colloquial words. It would lead to neutral words with the same meaning as the dialectical words and the pragmatic information may not be translated even partially.

Secondly, the semantic information can be separated from the pragmatic one. The pragmatic information is optional and is not bound on the place where it occurs. Removing of the pragmatic information is possible any time when it should show cultural level of a character or his or her environment. The dialectical words are indications of the speech, not a copy of what is said, so the place of the pragmatic information is chance.

A pragmatic neutral expression which originally was not neutral may be compensated by use of a dialectical word which was in the source text originally neutral. Pragmatic information bound on lexical level may be replaced by pragmatic information bound on grammatical level or the level of phonetics. This is called compensation in the terms of translating.

3.2.2 Foreign language in text

The crucial point in the case of a foreign language in the text is its function. Function is the most important element also when a foreign language is used in literature only in

suggestions to create the atmosphere, for instance in address, phrases or greetings. The foreign language is kept in translation in its original form in these cases. The same rule is applied for expressions with meanings that are easily guessable from the context.

Examples:

'Petrificus Totalus!' she cried ... ~ ... a vykřikla: „Petrifikus totalus!"

p. 20

Severus ~ Severus, Voldemort ~ Voldemort

3.3 Grammatical equivalence

Languages differ not only in vocabularies but also in their grammatical systems. Some grammatical categories may differ, such as category of number or gender, and some may not occur at all, such as category of verbal aspect or various tenses.

If there is a grammatical category which the target language does not have or does have but less developed, the problem can be solved by lexical means. Nevertheless, the meaning is emphasised without any reason sometimes.

On the other hand, if the target language has a grammatical category more or the category is more developed than in the source language, it is essential to express the meaning. It is not clear enough every time if the meaning was realized properly, e.g. the category of gender must be expressed obligatorily in Czech but in English, sometimes, it is impossible to recognize it even in context.

3.3.1 Sentence condensation

Means of condensation in English are infinitive constructions, gerunds and participles. They are closely connected with nominal tendencies of English and its economical expressing.

Czech uses finite verb forms instead of the condensers and that is why dependant or independent clauses are added in translations. The translator must recognize relations between the clauses and choose a proper linking expression. The meaning may be ambiguous sometimes. Moreover, adding of conjunctions makes the text more cohesive and it may influence the text negatively. The text is too logically linked together, which

is not a problem in specialized literature, but it is viewed as a disturbing element in prose.

Examples:

'No more revision,' Ron sighed happily, stretching out on the grass.

~ „Už žádné učení," oddychl si Ron a natáhl se na trávu.

p. 8

'Look,' said Harry, throwing caution to the winds, 'Professor ...'

~ Harry hodil všechny obavy za hlavu, „Víte, paní profesorko ..."

p. 13

3.4 Lexical equivalence

Lexical equivalence corresponds to meanings of single words. In different languages there are differences in denotation, the primary meaning of a word, and in connotation, ideas and feelings that the addressee associates with a word, too. In the latter the differences are even huger.

There are three main types of words: words with absolute, partial and zero equivalence. I will mention only a few cases of lexical equivalence connected with problems I had to solve in my translation.

3.4.1 Connotative differences

The difference in connotation of various words is sometimes the reason why there is only partial equivalence. Connotative components may be sometimes stronger than denotative ones. Certain lexical units are even viewed as expressive all the time.

Expressive and stylistic connotations are to be distinguished. The term *expressive* means emphasizing and strengthening of the utterance. Emotionality and intensity are its important elements. Emotional utterances signalize speaker's relationship to what is said. There is more of expressive function than communicative function by expressive expressions. This is important mostly by translating into a language with a different structure – the function of the emotional expressions must not be lost. This is often harder than translating expressions without any emotionality which are more straightforward.

Different languages use different means of expressing emotionality and different languages express emotionality in a different degree. Means of expressing emotionality are used to express emotional attitudes. They are interjections or diminutives. Some of them are used primarily with their communicative function and they express emotionality secondarily, others express emotionality primarily.

Emotional expressions in English are more concentrated than in Czech. They have a radiation effect meanwhile there are used broader on more elements in Czech. Emotionality in English is often only suggested, context-bound. It is not explicitly mentioned whereas Czech uses richly its morphology to express the same. The Czech language combines emotionality with stylistic usage of various language layers, mostly non-standard, which even strengthens the effect of the expression.

3.4.2 Stylistic connotation

Stylistic connotative elements differ from middle-neutral expressions upwards on one hand (poetic, archaic or bookish expressions), and downwards (colloquial, slang or vulgar expressions) on the other hand. Lexemes with slang connotation are to be found mostly in spoken language but they are more and more visible also in written literature to show typical features of the characters.

Examples:

... we give these clues for ... ~ ... nabídnem ti čtvero našich moudrých rad ...

... neither is your friend ... ~ ... tiše stojíce v cestě vpřed ti brání ...

... neither dwarf nor giant ... ~ ... ni skrček, ni obr ...

p. 36

... so I told him, after Fluffy, a dragon would be easy ...

~ ... tak sem ho hodil do klidu, že po Chloupkovi pro mě bude drak hračka ...

p. 11

3.4.3 Expressive connotation

An emotionally neutral expression may correspond to a Czech diminutive. The choice whether to translate the expression neutral or as a diminutive depends often only on translator's subjective feeling.

Examples:

...McGonagall watched them turn a mouse into ...
~ ...Bručžlučková po nich chtěla, aby proměnili myšku ...

p. 6

... started to twist snake-like tendrils ... ~ ... začala ...ovíjet šlahouny jako malá háďata

p. 25

Czech diminutives do not have to express an emotional attitude all the time. They can simply refer to objects of small size. This information in English is often only context-bound. In such cases a Czech diminutive equivalence is necessary. Use of a non-diminutive word would indicate a different reality.

Example:

'Looks like a harp,'... ~ „Vypadá to jako malá harfička,"... *p. 23*

English is an analytic language and uses different means of making diminutives than Czech, a synthetic language. English expresses emotionality analytically and lexically by using combinations of emotionally neutral words. These words express often the information of an emotional attitude, e.g. *little* or *tiny*. *Little* denotes a small size and connotes a positive emotional attitude at the same time. *Tiny* signals even smaller size than *little* does.

Examples:

... his little joke, ... ~ „... ten drobný žertík."

p. 22

... small, jewel-bright birds... ~ ... jako třepetající se šperky malinkatí ptáčci ...

p. 28

... tiny bottle. ~ ... malinkou lahvičku.

p. 37

3.4.4 Interjections

Interjections symbolize human feelings in the text. These special words have a strong emotional meaning. Primary interjections lack any denotation, whereas secondary interjections may still express a part from their original meaning. There is no correspondence between Czech and English interjections but they are more easily found in English.

Examples:

FLUMP. ~ ŽUCH.

p. 24

Hey – where yeh goin'?' ~ „Počkat, kam to dete?"

p. 11

'Oh Professor Flitwick ... ' ~ „Ach pane profesore, ... "

'Oh, shut up,'... ~ „Zmlkni," ...

p. 15

A very common interjection in English is *well*. There is no counterpart in Czech and the translation of the word may differ according to the contextual situation, moreover, sometimes there is no equivalent in translation at all.

Examples:

'Well – yeah - ... ~ „No jo, ... *p. 11*

'Well, that's it then, isn't it?' ~ „Tak a je to!" *p. 16*

... before I can get to the Stone, well, I'll have to ...

~ ... než se dostanu ke kamenu, no tak prostě budu muset ... *p. 17*

'Well, there you are,'... ~ „Tak a máme to," ... *p. 22*

'Well, hurry up, ... ' ~ „Tak dělej, ... " *p. 26*

'Well, Harry, you take the place of ... ' ~ „Harry, ty se postav ... " *p. 31*

'Well – I was lucky once, wasn't I?' ~ „Už jednou jsem měl štěstí," ... *p. 37*

3.4.5 Vulgarisms

Vulgarisms are taboo words. It depends on time and society what is acceptable and what is not. Connotation and vulgarity of vulgar expressions change. It is important to know the linguistic and extra-linguistic aspects as well as the pragmatic one.

Example:

'... and don't be an idiot -' ~ „... a nechovej se jako pitomec –"

p. 19

3.5 Verse in translation

This section of my thesis will deal with problems connected with translation of poetry. However, although the rebus I translated was in verse, it was not a real piece of poetry, so I will not take in account some specific problems such as different rhythm and rhyme forms of poetry in different languages and the solution of their translation

but I will write about the problem more in general. My aim is to describe only the most characteristic features of translating verses.

3.5.1 Poetry and prose

In prose, there is an idea expressed by a sentence. There are no boundaries in sentences – they can be shorter or longer as the writer needs. In poetry, there is rather a motif expressed by a scene.

Example:

Fourth, the second left and the second on the right
Are twins once you taste them, though different at first sight.
~ Poslední tou radou jest, že druzí z obou stran,
ne vzhledem, však chutí rovni jsou si jak pár vran. *p. 36*

There is a connection not only among sentence relations but among verses and their parts too. There are limits within which the author must express his ideas.

There are material differences between poetry and prose, too. Poetry uses much shorter words than prose. "The average length of a word in English prose is 1.4 syllable and 1.28 syllable in English poetry. The difference in Czech is even bigger – 2.4 syllables in prose and 1.8 syllable in poetry." (Levý 226) Moreover, the words in poetry are chosen mainly according to their form because of the lack of space in poems.

3.5.2 Rhymed verses

Rhymed verses are even more difficult to translate. Free translation is more specific for rhyme translations because it is unusual to find two words that would rhyme in English and would have two Czech equivalents, at least with similar meaning, that would rhyme too. The most important is to express the idea rather than the concrete meaning.

Example:

Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind,
Two of us will help you, whichever you would find, ...
~ Těžká bude cesta tvá, už nemůžeš si hrát,
dva jsme na chlup stejní, když zvolíš nás, tak budeš rád.

p. 35

3.5.3 Rhythm

Most of nowadays Slavonic and Germanic poetry is written in syllable-tonic verse. Number of stresses, syllables and placement of unstressed syllables between stressed syllables are important. Translations among those languages are translations from similar prosodic systems, however, there are still problems in rhythm.

Stressed syllables are the main body in English verses. Intervals within stressed syllables are approximately same although they may contain different number of unstressed syllables. This is caused by reduction in English words. Unstressed syllables do not have an outstanding influence on the rhythm.

Syllable system is the main body of Czech verses. Every syllable more is viewed as a disturbance. Czech stress is not very noticeable when compared to the English one, so stressed as well as unstressed syllables have similar acoustic value. Czech syllable-tonic verse is the most syllabic of all.

A tone is an important aspect for rhythm in English verses whereas syllables are essential in Czech verses.

3.5.4 Meaning density

Meaning density is a problem. A certain idea expressed in different national languages takes a different number of syllables. Czech has smaller meaning density than English – words used in English poetry contain usually fewer syllables than words used in Czech poems, viz. *3.4.1 Verse and prose*. However, "a text translated from English into Czech is only 20% longer." (Levý 233) The reason is the fact that English, as an analytic language, needs often two words to express one Czech lexical unit.

There are several possibilities how to solve the problem. Firstly, when deciding among synonyms, the translator chooses the shorter one. Secondly, several meanings may be condensed in one expression or some componential meaning may be omitted. Thirdly, the number of verses is broadened. And fourthly, a syllable is added.

Example:

One among us seven will let you move ahead,
Another will transport the drinker back instead, ... *(12)*
~ Jeden z nás je přítel tvůj, ten pomůže ti vpřed,
ten druhý však povede tě známou cestou zpět. *(13)*

p. 35

4 Conclusion

Work on my thesis was very worthy for me not only from the practical point of view but also because of its theoretical part. I learned much about theory of translation, which helped me a lot also when I revised my translation. Much new information helped me to understand better the relationship and difference between Czech and English. The translation showed me more clearly that translating is hard work but it is worth the effort for sure.

Even when someone does not intend to translate literature I would recommend him or her to try it at least once or twice and read some books about theory of translation because I think it improve his or her knowledge of English. Moreover, all of foreign language speakers are forced to translate texts or interpret spoken language time to time.

5 Summary

My thesis consists of two main parts – practical and theoretical one. The practical part contains my translation of a chapter from *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* by J.K. Rowling. The theoretical part is divided into five subparts – Analysis of proper names, Pragmatic, Grammatical, Lexical equivalence and Verses in translation. The first subpart deals with an analysis of characters' proper names and in the rest of subparts other theoretical questions concerning my translation, such as translating dialects, interjections and verses follow. The theory is illustrated by examples from my translation.

The whole thesis is based on *K teorii i praxi překladu* by Dagmar Knittlová and *Umění překladu* by Jiří Levý. A CD-ROM with the electronic form of my thesis is enclosed on the last page.

Resumé

Moje bakalářská práce má dvě hlavní části – praktickou a teoretickou. Praktickou část tvoří překlad kapitoly z *Harryho Pottera a kamene mudrců* od J.K. Rowlingové. Teoretická část je rozdělena do pěti oddílů – analýza vlastních jmen postav, ekvivalence na rovině pragmatické, gramatické, lexikální a verš v překladu.

V prvním oddílu jsem rozebral vlastní jména hlavních postav a ve zbytku práce jsem se věnoval teoretickým otázkám, které se vztahují k mému překladu, např. překlad dialektů, citoslovcí a veršů. Část teoretická je obohacena o ukázky z mého překladu z části praktické.

Práce je založena na knihách *K teorii i praxi překladu* od Dagmar Knittlové a *Umění překladu* od Jiřího Levého. V závěru je přiloženo CD s elektronickou podobou mé bakalářské práce.

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7 CD-ROM

This CD-ROM contains the electronic version of my thesis.