

# EnJoY

## English Journal for You

NO: 0 Department of Language Pedagogy and Intercultural Studies, PF UKF in Nitra 06/2013



St. Patrick: Our department going GREEN (but not with envy), p. 3

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## Editorial: Enjoy the Enjoy ☺



**Hey friends!**

Let me introduce you our *English Journal for You – ENJOY!*

This journal is a creative work of students from the Department of Language Pedagogy and Intercultural Studies at the Faculty of Education, Constantine the Philosopher University in Nitra. And you are all more than welcome to contribute if you have some hidden short stories in your drawer; if you create something in English and you want to publish it; or simply if you get some ideas on how to increase the quality and originality of OUR journal. This journal will be published once a semester and it will include not only the creative writings and translations of our students but also the information about the most important “department events”.

Now let me tell you something more about this first issue. What you can find here are short stories written by *Dávid Grich* and *Iveta Štrajanecková* aka *ivadise*; best haiku and poems of this year from the subject of CREATIVE WRITING selected by *Tereza Petrovičová* aka *Tess*; translations of short stories and poems made by *Dávid Grich* and *Lucia Sekerová*, a book review written by *Martina Hajtingerová*, some “food for thought” suggested by *Kitty Vyparinová* aka *Kitty*, language games created by *Ivana Štrajanecková*, an interview with our Irish lecturer, *Ciarán*, and an article about our celebration of St. Patrick’s Day written by me – *Miška Kališová* aka *Kéjla*....

Hope your exams and tests are all successfully done and I want to wish you a hot summer with beautiful experiences (wherever you are going to be) and not many hangovers ;)

Big thanks belong to Doc. PhDr. Katerina Veselá, PhD. and PhDr. Zuzana Tabačková, PhD. ☺

See you at the end of September!

ENJOY the Enjoy! ☺

On behalf of the whole team,  
*Miška Kališová (Kéjla)*



## SECTION WHAT HAPPENED

### *St. Patrick: Going Green*

*14.03.2013 St. Patrick's Day*

Everything started at 10:00am in the vestibule of the Faculty of Education, where our teachers and "helping staff" students met together to decorate the lobby for the performances, eating, raffle and fun☺.

Busy hands were folding St. Patrick's hats from green paper, others were creating a leprechaun's rainbow from balloons (so much fun in blowing the balloons!), others were



hanging decorations and shamrocks on the lights and the walls or putting green food on the tables. Ladder, scissors, coloured papers (green, orange and white of course), Scotch tape or thread did not miss! Where you looked you could see green and green and once again green. The preparations were full of laughter and took about 3 hours. Finally, our St. Patrick's Day was ready to be celebrated!

Teachers and students from our department and their friends started to gather in the vestibule, where you could see curious faces waiting for the program to start. The celebration was opened by our lecturer Ciarán,



who welcomed us in the English, Slovak and Irish language. The program was opened by Connemara (Irish dance group from Banská Bystrica) and continued with a musical performance (Petra Pind'urová, Milan Ivenz), a short dramatic performance "Don't mess with faeries" (Zdenko Kramarčík, Matúš Genský, Atilla Takáč), dance group Eija, the solo dancer from Phantom's Crew (Radovan Kováč), Irish step workshop (Katarína Ďurišová), musical duos and bands (Oxana Gogol', Tomáš Hutlas, Pavol Janík, Patrik Cagan, Tomáš Bozo, Daniel Varga, Zdenko Kramarčík, and Terézia Petrovičová).

With every single performance you could see the audience laughing, dancing or singing and after the great program which put everybody in a good mood we all moved to the room where "green" buffet and raffle were prepared. Everybody was looking forward to the green meal and people flocked around the tables with dainties and tidbits like kiwi pies, shamrock-





shaped gingerbreads, raffaello (can coconut be green?! Yes, it can!), pistachios, cakes and liquorices - of course everything in green!



People were eating, chatting with friends, taking photos and having fun! ☺ Having eaten the food, it was high time to choose the winners! The competition for the most original food was won by Radovan Kováč (who had made the above mentioned delicious green sweet raffaello which was eaten in a second :D), the most original outfit contest was won by Alžbeta Blašková and the most helpful student was Roman Kováč. Then the raffle came! Approximately 20 prizes in the form of books, cups, usb keys, beer barrels or cakes pleased

many students and teachers (some lucky ones won more than once ☺) Everybody was satisfied, everything was perfect so far but have I forgotten something? Oh, yes, the party!

The party took place in Pub 33 which was booked only for us that day. Even if you did not know where this pub in pedestrian precinct was, the Irish music told you ☺ Students and teachers like one big family talked to each other got to know new friends (some of them Irish). Irish whiskey, this distilled alcoholic beverage made from fermented grain mash, did not miss on any table. The after party was the highlight of the day. Music, pictures, great people, new friends, drinks, and fun. Celebration just as it should be (which continued until the early morning). ☺ Thanks to all students but mainly to teachers for their initiative to organize such an event!

See ya green next year ☺

*Kejla*

## Literary Video Conference

04.04.2013

The Department of Language Pedagogy and Intercultural Studies in cooperation with the University of Oklahoma organized a literary video conference which was held on April 4<sup>th</sup>, 2013. Students from our department had an opportunity to discuss an interesting book *Tofu Quilt* with Oklahoma university students of Professor Sara Ann Beach. The book was written by an American writer of Chinese origin, Ching Yeung Russel, and it provided both the American and the Slovak students with an opportunity to change their views on the main characters, motifs, themes, etc. of this literary work. The event was organized by Mgr. Ivana Žemberová, PhD., PhDr. Zuzana Tabačková, PhD. and Mgr. Dušan Valábik. The students who participated in the conference were Lucia Črepová, Tomáš Bozó, Martina Labancová, Kinga Szulcsánová, Zuzana Šimková, Lukáš Turzák, and Daniel Varga. We are looking forward to similar events in the future!



## Teaching English at Mlyny

26.04.2013



On Friday, April 26, our department participated in Nitra University Days by organizing its presentation at Mlyny Shopping Mall. On the second floor, in the children`s corner, our students (and future English teachers) prepared special English classes for young learners. Children who went by with their parents had an opportunity to learn English by singing songs, playing games, or drawing. Special thanks for organizing the

event belong to Zuzka Šimková and Lukáš Turzák from the 4th year, Zdenko Kramárčik and Tomáš Schneidgen from the 2nd year and Lenka Pitoňáková from the first year. The whole event was coordinated by Mgr. Mária Schmidtová. Since the classes were especially appreciated by the children (as well as their parents) we are looking forward to organizing the event again next year. Teach you soon!



### Corner of Fame

The winners of this year`s *National Conference of Student Research Activity* held on April 17, 2013:

BACHELOR`S STUDY SECTION:

**Daniela Sorádová** (3<sup>rd</sup> year) – *Subtitling in Translation*

**Lukáš Císar** (3<sup>rd</sup> year) – *Lexical Shifts in the Translation of the Godfather*

MASTER`S STUDY SECTION:

**Tomáš Bozó, Bc.** (5<sup>th</sup> year) – *Autobiographical Aspect of James Joyce`s Work*

**Zdenka Poláková** (from UCM in Trnava) – *British and American English in Technical Terminology*



## SECTION CREativity

### *From Creative Writing Classroom*

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

#### I'M NOT READY

I'm not ready for a winter heart  
 I'm not ready for us to be apart  
 I'm not ready for a look so void  
 I'm not ready for weapons deployed  
 I'm not ready for a smile to fake  
 I'm not ready for those steps to take  
 I'm not ready, no I'm not, at all  
 to give up, deny, forget and crawl

*Tess*

#### LEVIATHAN

There she blows!  
 In the distance, in his might,  
 in the shadow of heavenly light.  
 Shall the devil, shall the god  
 stop the vengeance while he stands aboard?

In the deep of madness,  
 there sleeps the wicked beast  
 in the precarious place,  
 avast man of going there!

By the time the quiet fades,  
 the fiend leaves the dark,  
 hand is clenching lance of doom,  
 for he shall rise again!

The man seeks white mountain,  
 whiter than all the snow  
 that ever buried earth,  
 to reach his own heaven.

For he challenges the one,  
 where rules abandoned god  
 cringing frail and feeble  
 before the wrath from Pequod!

When tormented spirit reigns,  
 when sweet is the devils wail,  
 only one question remains,  
 Hast thou seen the White Whale?

*Matěj Čenský*

**ODE ON AIS**

O, lovely AIS  
Sometimes you make me laugh off my ass  
Sometimes you fill me with void  
And make me cry  
So I just want to wish the administrator to die  
O, AIS, you sleeping beauty  
Complicated as a woman  
So to praise you is my duty  
O, AIS, chest of treasure  
To click 'Log out' is my biggest pleasure  
O, mighty AIS, it's time to end  
But in the evening I'll enter again  
This spectacular land!

*Matěj Genský*

**ODE ON MOUNTAINS**

O, beautiful mountains  
Home of trees and birds  
Home of grass and animals  
I dream of swimming in your mirror-clean  
lakes  
Then just lying and listening to your gentle  
wind  
To become one with your eternal peace

*Lukáš Cisar*

**POEM OF THE SENSES**

Love is like the smell of air after rain  
Addiction is the taste of the sweet chocolate  
Passion is like the touch of my only love  
Love is like the sound of the sea at night  
Pleasure is like the sight of my cute innocent  
dog

Disgust is the smell of drunk man  
Madness is like the taste of sour milk  
Hatred is like the touch of sticky things  
Sadness is like the sound of terrible arguing  
Confusion is the sight of messy room

*Hana Maravová*

**POEM OF THE SENSES**

Devotion is the smell of rain  
Freedom is the taste of snow  
Purity is the touch of sun  
Courage is the sound of thunder  
Beauty is the sight of nature  
Evil is the smell of anger  
Bitter is the taste of hopelessness  
Painful is the touch of biting teeth  
Sadness is the sound of gossip  
Slavery is the sight of ignorance

*Tomáš Schreidgen*

**HAIKU**

He promised her love  
What will past to end of days  
She's dead for too long

*Matuš Genský*

Water all around  
A tin beer floating near  
Sorry, I can't swim

*Lidija Gadarac*

Look! Star is falling!  
Where? I want to make a wish.  
Too late, it is gone.

*Kitty*

All attractive women  
What a paradise for men  
You have a girlfriend

*Lidija Gadarac*

Such a handsome man  
One I want to spend life with  
Oh sh..., he is gay

*Nikola Jacková*

Disgraceful carrot  
Why they put you in my soup  
Always turns out sweet

*Lidija Gadarac*

The birds are singing  
Pretty flowers everywhere  
God damn allergy

*Nikola Jacková*

As you close your eyes  
To feel how pure is the love  
Your tiny heart bursts

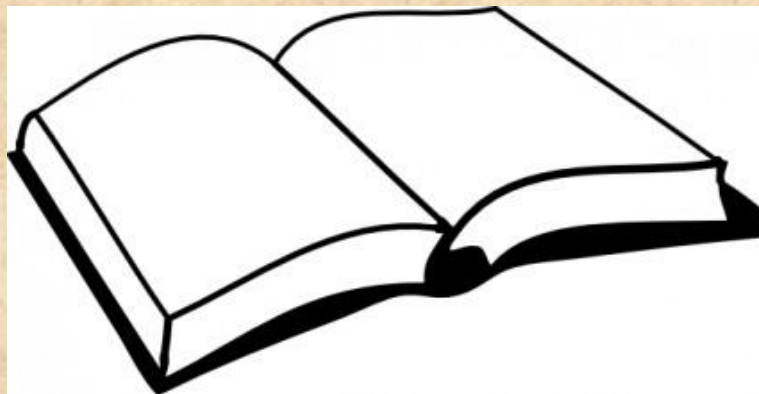
*Tess*



***Riddle***

What am I?  
I can lie, I can stand  
easy to understand.  
People sometimes do not need me  
But they should  
For the reason I am made from wood.  
Sometimes I am easy, sometimes not,  
But you can learn from me a lot.  
When I am used forget about the time,  
Important is every line.  
Fantasy has no limit,  
All the time you can feel the spirit.  
When I am at the end,  
I can be sent  
to teach the others.  
Do you know what am I?  
Don't worry, I will help you  
Just take a look,  
I am a ...

*David Grieb*



## Purpose of Life

### (a short story)

*Live you dream! Do what you like! Like what you do! And many similar quotes and ideas are surrounding us every day. Personally, I'm getting tired of them and they're getting on my nerves significantly. Yeah, it is good to have a motivation, something to get to motivate you. But stop! It's enough! This is how I feel. Is it really so easy to do what you want? Or am I the only one who doesn't find it so easy? Well... My short story will show you my attitude to all these statements and things as such. But I think you would be more sensible than Tom.*

Hello, my name's Tom. I'm 23. I like to experience new things, places and people. Thanks to my job I travel a lot and I always meet a lot of people. I can't explain why, maybe it's my aura or something like that, but everywhere I go people like me, smile at me and I'm welcomed simply everywhere. I'm a pizza deliverer. I really like this job. Not only because of the possibility to travel but also because of the pizza. I love pizza.

Approximately 4 months ago I chatted with my new colleague. I told her that she'd been working there for 3 weeks and I had never seen her eat a hamburger or our great pizza with meatballs, my favorite one. She said she was a vegetarian. I'd never met a vegetarian, I have always thought that it's just a myth that vegetarians really exist, like elves. But, actually, I believe in elves. I've already seen them in a movie, so they exist. Real people aren't so small and don't have such hairy feet. Anyway, because she was the first vegetarian I'd ever met, I was asking her a lot of questions. The conclusion of our chat was that vegetarianism is her life's purpose. I got really inspired by this so I decided to find my purpose of life, too. I had never dealt with this matter and I didn't

know how to start. I decided to become a vegetarian and a fighter for animal's rights as my colleague.

And this is how it went:

**Day 1:** I told my parents I was not going to eat any meat from then on. They said I was crazy but I didn't care.

**Day 3:** I feel so proud. I feel I've been a vegetarian for my whole life but didn't know about it. I must have been born for this.

**Day 4:** I miss my meatball pizza, chicken nuggets and tasty wings, cheeseburger, beef steak, tuna fish sandwich, spaghetti with meatballs and also bacon. The worst thing is that I smell and see all the delicious meals at work every day. But I've made a pledge and I'll make it!

Demi took me to a protest against circuses today. My vegetarian soul has risen there. There were only 2 people except me and Demi at the protest and looked really ridiculous and weird. They had weird hair which hadn't been brushed probably for years and they wore so unfashionable clothes! But it didn't matter to me. I was born for this, for sure!

Btw. I think Demi is hot for me.

**Day 7:** After yesterday's talk with Demi I decided to start a higher level of protecting animal's rights and stuff. I left my work, packed some clothes, money, a tent. My parents had a great fun of me. They said that I won't manage it for more than 1 hour.

**Day 8:** I'm in a new town, far from home, approximately 10 miles away. I'm sitting in front of one of the KFC restaurants with my billboard saying "Don't eat there. I know the chickens are tasty but don't eat there." I made this slogan by myself. I also made some posters and tried to hand them to people but they



pretended that they didn't see me. After 20 minutes, a security guy came and I had to leave. Never mind, tomorrow I'll be more successful.

**Day 9:** I phoned Demi because I needed some place to charge my phone. She also bought me some food. I told ya, she has feelings for me. The natural meal or I don't know what the hell it was tasted awful but I was very hungry. We had a small talk and then she left.

I did the same thing as yesterday but in front of the McDonald's. Everything was the same, people ignored me, and a security guy chased me away.

**Day 10:** I feel hungry, weak, cold; I miss my bed and meatball pizza. My phone battery has run out. I tried to do the same things as I had done yesterday and the day before. A security guy tried to punch me but he didn't manage it. He said I was stinking and that he didn't want to get an infection from me. Yes, it's true that I haven't taken a shower for 3 days. Never mind, I'll make it. Or I'll die. Hungry, desperate and stinky.

**Day 11:** The same action. I'm protesting and no one gives a s\*\*t. I got really angry. I took a bigger stone and threw it against the window of McDonald's. I was so weak that I didn't manage to throw the stone with strength big enough to break the window. I'm writing this from jail. I was accused from vandalism. I've already phoned my parents and I'm waiting for them. What a shame.

**Day 11 later:** I am home, I took a shower and I.... I..... I ate 2 big meatball pizzas. I couldn't resist. And I tell ya, it was worth it. It felt so good. My parents gave me a nickname – "planteater".

**Day 12:** I went to work to ask for my job. I got it back. I knew that I would get it back. I'm a perfect driver and I speak two languages – American English and British English. I tell ya, British language is really weird.

**Day 12 later:** It's 4 PM. Demi is also at work. She saw me as I was eating a pizza. She came to me saying: "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!" I told her: "I AM LIVING!" The look of her eyes almost killed me. She will probably never talk to me again. But this often happens to me. I'm a heart-breaker. But I think she'll be ok.

**Day 13:** I figured out that vegetarianism is not my life's purpose and I think that I was right thinking that vegetarianism is a myth. I tell ya, vegetarians are not people. They must have been born on another planet or maybe they escaped from a clinic. How can a human being live without meat? Impossible. And I tell ya, I also figured out that eating meat isn't a crime as Demi used to say. Because meat tastes as good as hell. Hell is the opposite of heaven. God is from Heaven. Jesus is God's brother. Jesus sacrificed a lamb. For there were no other animals during Jesus' life he sacrificed a lamb. If there were chicken, he would have sacrificed them as well. And Jesus did only a good think. So butchers only continue in what Jesus began. I think that Jesus is so proud of us. Vegetarians are those who are bad. Oh. God, I'm so smart.

Written By

*ivradise*

## SECTION TRANSlaneTION

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

### From Translation Classroom

*In the Translation Studies classroom, students were asked to translate one of Adrian Mole's poems dedicated to his lifelong love, Pandora. Let's look at some suggestions:*

#### Original

PANDORA! PANDORA! PANDORA!

Oh! my love,

My heart is yearning,

My mouth is dry,

My soul is burning.

You're in Tunisia,

I am here.

Remember me and shed a tear.

Come back tanned and brown and healthy.

You're lucky that your dad is wealthy.

PANDORA! PANDORA! PANDORA!

Ach láska moja,

Moje srdce po tebe túži,

Ústa mi už sucho súži,

Moja duša horí.

Ja som tu a ty v Tunisku pri mori.

Spomeň si na mňa a vyroň slzičku malinkú,

Vráť sa opálená, hnedá a zdravá.

Máš šťastie, že máš otca v balíku.

Translated by

*Kitty*

PANDORA! PANDORA! PANDORA!

Láska moja!

Moje srdce nevzdá sa bez boja

Ústa v púšť sa mi menia

V duši sa mi čerti ženia

Ja som tu a ty v Tunisku sa slníš

Možno pri spomienke na mňa aj slzu roníš

Vráť sa ku mne opálená, živá a zdravá

Aj tvoj otec vie, že ty si pre mňa tá pravá!

Translated by

*Tess*

PANDORA! PANDORA! PANDORA!

Ó! moja láska,

Moje srdce túži,

Ústa sú suché,

Zrak len vôkol krúži.

Ty si v Tunisku,

Ja som tu.

Spomeň si na mňa a utri slzu.

Vráť sa krásne opálená.

Ja pred tebou padnem na kolená.

Translated by

*Tomáš Schneider*



## Original

### MALO TO BYŤ INAK

*a short story written and adapted into English by David Grick*

Zbehlo sa to tak strašne rýchlo. Desať rokov manželstva s tebou bolo pre mňa tých najkrajších v živote. Prvé pohľady, úsmevy, naše prvé náhodné stretnutie pri Dunaji, keď si sa mi tak veľmi vyhýbala, no osud to zariadil úplne inak. Nečudoval som sa, vedel som o tvojom nevydarenom vzťahu s akýmsi Petrom. Vtedy som ešte nevedel, že s ním mám tol'ko spoločné...

V živote ťa postretlo viac zlého ako dobrého, no ja som jednoducho trval na tom, že budeš moja prvá ojazdná a zároveň posledná... Od prvej chvíle, keď som ťa uvidel, som to vedel. V našich časoch sa totiž ešte dalo veriť v lásku na prvý pohľad. Nie ako dnes, keď ženy nevenujú pohľad a úsmev mužom, ale skôr kľúčom od ich auta či kreditkám, ktorých je tol'ko, že ich nedokážu ani spočítať...

Po istom čase, keď som si myslel, že ťa už konečne zlomím, si sa mi oddala sama. Nenútené, ľahko a zároveň nespútane. Ten pocit, keď som ťa držal vo svojom náručí, bol som si istý, že celá celúčku patríš iba mne, mám doteraz vo svojej mysli a nemôžem naň zabudnúť.

Kiežby som to aspoň chcel.

Všetko sa to zbehlo tak strašne rýchlo... Máš pocit, že je po všetkom. Viem to. Aj keď mi nič nepovieš, ja vidím v твоjich očiach, že som ťa sklamal. Nie raz, nie dvakrát. Neveríš mojim slovám, keď ti hovorím, že sa tej fľaše už nedotknem. Ja to ale myslím úprimne. Prosím, ver mi. Nechcel som. Vážne som nechcel. Celý život som bol presvedčený o tom, že som silný chlap. Aj som ním bol.

Keď sme sa vzali a prisahali si, že budeme pri sebe stáť v šťastí i nešťastí, v zdraví aj chorobe, netušil som, že každodenné problémy nebudem zvládať ľahko. Počuješ ma? Som nešťastný a chorý... tak prečo pri mne viac nestojíš? Nevládol som to. Keď som prišiel nadržanom opitý, nevedel sa ani vyzliecť, plakala si, pomáhala mi dostať sa do postele a prosila si ma, nech to už viac neurobím. Bála si sa o mňa. Celú noc si nespala, vedel som to, aj keď si sa k tomu nikdy nepriznala. Tvoje kruhy pod očami mi však povedali všetko. Úplne všetko. Niekoľkokrát si sa mi aj pokúšala dovolať, no môj telefón si len

pokojne vibroval v našom aute. Vtedy to bolo ešte naše auto, až kým som ho neprepil. Bol by som dal život za to, keby som si hneď vtedy uvedomil, ako veľmi ťa tým raním. A ja som nechcel, nechcel som, miloval som ťa a aj ťa stále milujem, ak nie viac, no vidím, že ty už v našu lásku neveríš. A ja sa ti nečudujem, tak, ako sa nečudujem, prečo si nechala Petra. Nikdy si mi o vašom vzťahu nechcela povedať viac a ja som nevedel prečo.

Teraz to už viem.

Videl som ho odchádzať z liečebne v ten deň, keď som tam prišiel ja. Odhodlal som sa, už to tak ďalej jednoducho nešlo. Naše vymenené pohľady si povedali všetko, čo len mohli. V ten okamih som si prisahal, že keď odtiaľto odídem, už nikdy ma nad ránom nezažiješ opitého, neschopného dostať sa do postele, kde si tol'ké noci musela spať sama. Bezo mňa. Sľub som nedodrжал, aj keď som ťa na kolenách prosil o odpustenie a ty si bola tá, ktorá mi odpustila a snažila sa mi zo všetkých síl pomôcť, ja som bol ten, čo ťa opäť sklamal.

Bojím sa. Tak strašne sa bojím. Že som stratil akúkoľvek šancu dať to celé do poriadku, že už nikdy nič nebude také, ako bývalo. Bojím sa, že o teba nebudem môcť viac bojovať. Pretože budem znova opitý... Všetci naokolo mi stále hovorili, že keď neprestanem, Kim odo mňa odíde k inému, ktorý jej dá všetko, nielen pocit bezmocného strachu a úzkosti, ktorým som ju naplňal ja. A ty si odišla. Za iným, ktorý ti vrátil úsmev a pocit toho, že si jediná, milovaná, chcená... Neveril som, až kým som vás spolu nestretol, keď som šiel od svokrovcov. Vtedy to ešte boli moji svokrovcovia. Držali ste sa za ruky, bozkávali sa. Na tvojej tvári som videl ten úsmev, ktorý som tak dôverne poznal. Spoznal som aj jeho. Bol už trochu šedivý, aj vrások na čele mal viac, ako keď som ho stretol cestou do liečebne... V tej chvíli som si všetko uvedomil.

Je koniec, je po všetkom... Odišla si a ja viem, že to bolo len z toho dôvodu, že on dokázal prestať a ja nie, ináč by si sa k nemu nebola vrátila. Počul som, že sa máš dobre, už sa viac necítiš opustená... Ja som opustený, to ale neznamená, že som sám.

Pamätáš sa na tie hádky typu: „Ja ťa ľúbim viac!“? – vyzerá to tak, že som vyhral.



## Translation

### IT SHOULD BE DIFFERENT

Everything happened so quickly. Being married with you for ten years was the best thing that has ever happened to me. I remember very first looks, smiles, our first casual meeting by the Danube when you were trying to avoid me but our common destiny arranged it all in a completely different way. I wasn't surprised. I knew something about your failed relationship with Peter. That time I didn't know I had so much in common with him...

In your life you went through more bad things than the good ones but I still pressed my point that you would be my first real and the last one at the same time. I knew it from the very first time I saw you. In our times we could believe in love at first sight. Not as these days when women do not give their smiles and looks to men but to their car keys or credit cards which are so numerous that they can't count them.

After certain time when I thought I was going to break you finally, you devoted yourself to me. I still have that feeling in my mind as I hold you in my arms and I am totally sure you all belong to me. And I still can't forget.

I wish I could.

It all passed so quickly. You have a feeling that everything is over. I know it. Even if you don't tell me anything I see it in your eyes, you have been disappointed with me. Not once, not twice. You don't believe my words when I'm telling you I won't take a bottle anymore. But I'm honest. Please, believe me. I didn't want to. I really didn't. I was convinced I was a strong man all my life. And I was that strong.

When we got married and promised to stand by each other's side in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, as well as through the good times and the bad, I hadn't the slightest idea that I wouldn't handle everyday troubles so easily. Can you hear me? I'm sick and unhappy so why you're not standing by my side? I'm done.

When I came home in the morning drunk and dirty I couldn't take my clothes off, you were crying, helping me to get to bed and begging me not to drink anymore. You were afraid of losing me. You hadn't been sleeping all the time, I knew it although

you never confessed to it. The circles under your eyes, however, told me everything. Absolutely everything. You had been trying to call me several times but my phone had just been vibrating in our car. It was our car that time until I drunk it away. I would have given my life for you if I had realized in that moment how much I hurt you. I didn't want it, I didn't, I loved you and I still do but I see that you believe in our love no longer. And I'm not surprised as same as I wasn't when you left Peter. You never wanted to tell me more about you two and I didn't know why.

Now I know.

I saw him leaving addiction centre that day when I came there. I plucked up the courage to stay there, it couldn't go that way anymore. Our exchanged looks told each other every little thing they could. In that moment I swore to myself that you would never see me drunk, unable to get in bed where you had to sleep alone for so many nights. I didn't keep my word although I was begging you to forgive down on my knees and you did and tried to do your best to help me, I was the only one who made you disappointed again.

I'm afraid. So afraid that I lost any chance to put it right, that nothing will be as it was. I'm afraid I won't be able to fight for you anymore because I will be drunk again. Everybody was still saying to me that if I didn't stop, Kim would find someone else, someone who would give her everything not just helpless fear and anxiety that I filled her with. And you left. You found another man who brought that lost smile back on your face and made you feel the only one, loved and wanted... I couldn't believe until I met you both when I went from my parents-in-law. They were mine that time. He held his hand in yours and you were kissing. I saw that smile on your face which I knew so intimately. I also recognized him. He was a little bit grey-haired and had more forehead wrinkles since I met him on my way to the addiction centre... I understood every little thing in that moment.

It's over. Yes, it is. You left and I know the only reason was that Peter could stop and I couldn't, you wouldn't come back to him for another reason. I heard you're fine, you feel lonely no longer. I'm lonely but it doesn't mean I'm alone.

Do you remember quarrels like "I love you more!"?  
- I think I won.



---

## A. A. Milne`s Poems in Slovak Translation

Translated by *Lucia Seherová*

### Original

#### Spring morning

Where am I going? I don't quite know.  
Down to the stream where the king-cups grow –  
Up to the hill where the pine-trees blow –  
Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.

Where am I going? The clouds sail by,  
Little ones, baby ones, over the sky.  
Where am I going? The shadows pass,  
Little ones, baby ones, over the grass.

If you were a cloud, and sailed up there,  
You'd sail on water as blue as air,  
And you'd see me here in the fields and say:  
„Doesn't the sky look green to-day?“

Where am I going? The high rooks call:  
„It's awful fun to be born at all.“  
Where am I going? The ring-doves coo:  
„We do have beautiful things to do.“

If you were a bird, and lived on high,  
You'd lean on the wind when the wind came  
by,  
You'd say to the wind when it took you away:  
„That's where I wanted to go to-day!“

Where am I going? I don't quite know.  
What does it matter where people go?  
Down to the wood where the blue-bells grow –  
Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.

### Translation

#### Ráno na jar

Kamže to idem? Nevieľm vlastne.  
Tam, kde záruľlie kvitne ťšťastne.  
Na kopec k boroviciam pôjdem.  
Kdekoľvek - no kam - vlastne neviem.

Kamže to idem? Hore – fíjú -  
Oblaky po nebi lietajú.  
Kamže to idem? Tíene v tráve  
Sa mihli nečakane práve.

Ten oblak, ktorý pláva hore  
Vo vzduchu ako po jazere  
Sa pozrie dolu a povie si:  
„Nebo je zelené akési.“

Kamže to idem? Havran vraví:  
„Narodil som sa do zábavy.“  
Kamže to idem? Holub volá:  
„Zážitkov čaká kopa celá.“

Ten vták čo na oblohe žije  
Si len ľahne keď vietor veje.  
S vetrom letí a istotne vie:  
„Sem! Sem som dnes chcel ísť, inde nie!“

Kamže to idem? Vlastne neviem.  
Záleží na tom kam dnes pôjdem?  
Tam, kde zvončeky kvitnú krásne.  
Kdekoľvek - no kam - neviem vlastne.

**Wind on the Hill**

No one can tell me,  
Nobody knows,  
Where the wind comes from,  
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere  
As fast as it can,  
I couldn't keep up with it,  
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding  
The string of my kite,  
It would blow the wind  
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,  
Wherever it blew,  
I should know that the wind  
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them  
Where the wind goes...  
But where the wind comes from  
Nobody knows.

**The friend**

There are lots and lots of people who are always  
asking things,  
Like dates and pounds-and-ounces and the names  
of funny kings,  
And the answer's either sixpence or a hundred  
inches long.  
And I know they'll think me silly if I get the  
answer wrong.

So Pooh and I go whispering, and Pooh looks very  
bright,  
And says: "Well, I say sixpence, but I don't  
suppose I'm right."  
And then it doesn't matter what the answer ought  
to be,  
Coz if he's right, I'm right, and if he's wrong, it  
isn't me.

**Vietor na kopci**

Nikto mi nepovie  
Nikto to nevie  
Skadiaľ vietor veje,  
Kam ďalej speje.

Z neznáma k nám letí  
Vždy bude prvým  
Nedobehnem vietor  
Ani keď bežím.

No ak by som zastal,  
A draka držal,  
Vietor by ho niesol  
Celý deň aj noc.

Keď by som ho našiel,  
Tam, kam zaletí,  
Budem isto istý -  
Vietor tam bol tiež.

A potom vám poviem  
Kam vietor išiel...  
No odkiaľ k nám prišiel  
To nikto nevie.

**Kamarát**

Poznám veľmi veľa ľudí, ktorým neustále  
otázky víria hlavou.  
zaujímajú ich dátumy, ceny tovarov a mená  
čudných kráľov.  
A ich odpoveď je vždy 10 eur alebo približne 5  
kilometrov.  
A ja viem, že tých, čo ju nepoznajú, považujú za  
veľkých hlupákov.

Tak preto si radšej najprv ja a Pú šepkáme a Pú  
sa tvári múdro  
A vraví: „Možnože sa mýlim, no myslím si, že to  
je tých 10 euro.“  
Potom mi už nezáleží na tom, ako by naša  
odpoveď zniet mala  
Lebo ak má pravdu, mám ju aj ja; ak nie, moja  
odpoveď to nebola.

*Translated from A.A. Milne's books Now We Are  
Six and When We Were Very Young.*



## Interview

*Our lecturer, Mr. Ciaran Chapman is leaving our department. Therefore, we decided to ask him a few questions about his impressions from our university, Slovakia, and some more...*

### **What from the UKF will you miss the most?**

I think for me definitely the students, some of whom I formed a very good relationship with. I think I was surprised at how informal it was between student and lecturer, but for me this was the type of environment I would prefer- as it enabled some students to become comfortable with my accent, and express themselves.

### **Are you going to visit your family during the summer?**

Actually no, I am moving to Bratislava and will be starting a new job straight away for the summer months. However, some members of my family will be coming to visit me here in Slovakia again. This shall be very different from any time that they have visited me before, as this time I shall be helping them explore Bratislava rather than Nitra.

### **You were talking much about your big family at the seminars. Can you tell us once again how big your family is?**

Haha yes I have an exceedingly big family. It is hard to keep count, but I have roughly 14 uncles, 13 aunts, and 124 cousins overall. Now that is directly related regarding uncles and aunts, not those who are married in. It is a big big family I know, and Christmas is pretty crazy as a result, but I think it is somewhat normal for Irish families, and our family parties are great when we all get together.

### **What in your childhood did you like to do?**



A mixture of things, between reading and sports really. I was, and am, a massive football fan. I played semi-professional in Ireland, and I would probably say that was my favourite past-time when I was younger.

### **Do you like Slovakia? Why yes, why not?**

I love it here. I love the nature the people, weather, social life, everything really. Only issues I have here is I don't like the bureaucracy here, but I do not believe I am alone there.

### **How did you get here?**

The first time I came here, I came as a student. I then came back on teaching practice, which is part of the course I studied back home, and while on this practice I was offered work. It has been an amazing opportunity for me here, and I am very sad that my time in Nitra is coming to an end.



**Was celebration of St. Patrick at UKF similar as in Northern Ireland? Did we fulfill your expectations? ☺**

Actually it was similar in the sense of the green and the music, and of course the after-party was very similar. It was brilliant. However, it was different for me also. I would normally spend my St Patrick's day with my family and friends back home, and seeing their photos etc from their celebrations made me a little homesick. But overall, my expectations were fulfilled and more. The effort from the students and the staff here was heart-warming. It really helped make me feel at home.

**What are your plans to the future?**

Work and study. I want to study more, but also work at the same time. Unfortunately I get

'itchy feet' and do not like to stay in one place for too long. But other than that those are my plans until I finish my studies.

**Who do you miss from home the most?**

My family

**Do you like Slovak beer? ☺**

Haha of course! I think my tastebuds would have to be dead if I didn't.

*Kejla*

**READING READY: Book Review****BOOK DISCUSSED: *Dracula The Un-dead*  
written by Dacre Stoker and Ian Holt**

And before I start I should probably clarify, that even if someone named 'Stoker' published a book titled *Dracula*, it's not the same book we may at first think of. The original *Dracula* written by Bram Stoker was first published in 1897. This book however, is a sequel by Stoker's great grand-nephew and a screenwriter Ian Holt, and even though the mentioned *Dracula* is the one who we can remember from the past, his story now happens all along with main protagonists of the heroic company, 25 years later.

The book evokes oddly familiar feelings and images, but yet is strangely different at the same time. The characters are back, but the 25 years between the last time we saw them made its work. Van Helsing, the leader of the adventurous gathering that chased after *Dracula* 25 years ago is now old and dying; Jonathan and Mina Harker are unhappily married living with the shadow of their past

upon their heads and their son unaware of his parents' past. Arthur Holmwood, Lucy's fiancé, is now full of anger and bitterness over his loss, and Dr. Jack Seward, is a drug addict, obsessed with fighting the undead. The book opens with his sad effort to kill a believed-to-be vampire he tracks for some time, and thus end up his life as a hero; proving his worth once more and regaining respect.

But what's up with the title? I let you think about Stoker's choice of writing of the word *Un-Dead*, for now. Got it? But wait a minute... Our heroes killed the man back in Transylvania! Or didn't they? You can take the title as a kind of foreshadowing, or you may pay attention to the plot and consider the evil haunting our protagonists as something unknown. Either way, the title helps a lot. Whether it is about telling the history of the undead (vampire) once known as *Dracula*, or the roots of this new dark power which is tracking down our heroes after 25 years of silence.



If I had to compare, Bram Stoker's original novel was written in epistolary style, with the entire story told through letters and diary entries, with first person points of view. Dracula the Un-dead is, on the other hand, written in third person from multiple points of view, which frees up the constraints of the storytelling but loses its gothic novel feeling a little. The resulting novel has something of a screenplay in it. The original story is clearly plot-driven while in the sequel, the story is more focused on each individual rather than on the group; the story is character-driven.

In the original piece, we could only imagine what was implied by Bram, but Dacre describes it all (which to be honest sometimes loses its charm). Bram hints at many things, while Dacre says them straight out. Bram poetically invokes many images, while Dacre, in true 21st century style, not only says them, but adorns.

In short, this book can be considered rather disappointing if you are reading it as a sequel to the original piece. For those who love the good old Dracula, this is definitely not the best book ever written. The great deal of gothic atmosphere is lost, substituted with rather brutal descriptions of torment and death which does not suit to everyone. Authors also changed the dates of the original story from 1898 to 1888 and extended the time that Dracula spent in England, so they could include links to the Jack the Ripper cases - considered as a smart move to find connections for developing a detective story by authors, but not by many readers. Also the tale within the tale can be considered a little offensive by fans of Bram Stoker.

But as an individual piece it has certain aesthetic value. Stoker and Holt have used a lot of the common and well known associations of the vampire story, including Vlad III and Elizabeth Bathory. The authors have managed to produce a readable and enjoyable story that

is fast paced and entertaining (as long as you look past the clichés and occasional predictable actions) although it doesn't provide anything new. The main idea of the piece is to declare that nothing is as it seems and even the darkest personality has secrets of its own and reasons for treating the world the way it does. In this spirit, Dacre changed the original story to suit this statement.

What I think as a problem with this book is the fact that someone took characters and plot from the well-known and generally loved original gothic horror book and tried to create sort of a shocking, surprising piece full of contrasts but it did not turn out the way he intended. Changed the subtle, elegant, stunning horror for brutal, naturalistic imagery and took each of main characters and turned them upside down (Seward into a wrecked morphine addict, Holmwood into a suicidal depressive, Harker into a drunk, Mina into a depressed housewife and Van Helsing into a crazed Dutchman). Generally, described the fall of heroic company to such unhappy conditions which was caused by the deep trauma from what they experienced in the past. As the time flew, they sunk into the pit of despair.

For me, I express a "Yes" to the horror-like concept of the plot, gripping and realistic descriptions and dark atmosphere in which your dreams and internal ghosts come to life, but "No" to the transformation of good old-fashioned villain - dark, supernatural, gothic figure, with burning desire for blood; into some sensitive, romantic hero suffering from the rejection of a woman.

*Martina Hajtingerová*

## Enjoy English

What the .... ?

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



**Because life is not only about serious things, I prepared for you the most curious and daft human acts. Let's start with a list of the most illogical but really funny instructions displayed on different products.**

*Batman's costume for children:*

NOTE: YOU CANNOT FLY WITH THIS COSTUME. (Well, another children's dream was destroyed.)

*Small toy vehicle for kids:*

CAUTION! THIS PRODUCT IS MOVING WHILE USED.

(OK. Forget about the grammar, but what should I do with that instead of moving?)

*Package of peanuts from XYZ Airlines:*

INSTRUCTIONS: 1. OPEN THE PACKAGE

2. EAT PEANUTS (Thanks God for these instructions!)

*Tiramisu from a well-known store:*

(Instructions were placed on the bottom side of the box)

NOTE: DO NOT TURN THE BOX UPSIDE DOWN. (Oops! Too late...)

*Label on the tractor – the real one ☺*

CAUTION! DANGER! BEWARE OF DEATH! (Practice makes perfect!)

*Package of peanuts:*

CAUTION! THIS PRODUCT CONTAINS NUTS! (Really?)

*Label on the shirt from China:*

CAUTION! DO NOT IRON THE SHIRT WHILE WEARING. (Such a great idea!)

*Envelope opener:*

NOTE: THE OPENER HAS SHARP BLADES! WEAR THE GLASSES IN CASE OF OPENING THE ENVELOPE.

(And what about my fingers?)

*Air condition:*

CAUTION! DO NOT LET THE AIR CONDITION FALL OUT FROM THE WINDOW.

(That's why I've bought it.)

*Energizer batteries (4 pieces):*

NOTE: IN CASE OF INGESTION, SEEK MEDICAL ATTENTION!

*Baby buggy:*

NOTE: DO NOT FOLD THE PRAM WHILE THE CHILD SITS IN IT. (Because that's the usual procedure.)



*Wing mirror on the bike helmet:*

NOTE: KEEP IN MIND, OBJECTS SEEN IN THE MIRROR ARE BEHIND YOU!  
(Where? Behind? Now I understand.)

*Insect repellent from New Zealand:*

NOTE: THIS PRODUCT WAS NOT TESTED ON ANIMALS. (But maybe it works!)

*Label on the house lighting:*

INSTRUCTIONS: USE FOR LIGHTING OF LARGE AREAS. THE LIGHT IS NOT INTENDED FOR DARK PLACES. (So, what should I do with this light?)

*Christmas lights for China:*

NOTE: USE THE LIGHTS ONLY INDOORS OR OUTDOORS! (I'm sorry, where cannot I use those lights?)

*Hairdryer from the USA:*

CAUTION! DO NOT USE IN SLEEP.

*Wheelbarrow:*

CAUTION! DO NOT USE WHEN THE OUTDOOR TEMPERATURE RISES TO 60°C.  
(Why? That's a perfect time for gardening.)

*Chain saw from Sweden:*

CAUTION! DO NOT TRY TO STOP THE CHAIN SAW WITH YOUR HANDS OR GENITALS.  
(What person can write this on a chain saw?)

*Bathing cap from the hotel:*

NOTE: USE ONLY ON THE HEAD! (And what about my second and third head?)

*Sleeping pills:*

CAUTION! CAN CAUSE SLEEPINESS! (Please remind me, for what I bought those pills?)

*Blanket from China:*

CAUTION! DO NOT USE AS A PROTECTION AGAINST TORNADO. (Because it doesn't work??)

*Flavoured milk from Great Britain:*

AFTER OPENING DO NOT TURN THE BOTTLE UPSIDE DOWN. (And how can I pour it into the glass?)

*Instructions to compose a PC in the USA:*

TO PREVENT THE CONDENSATION OF THE WATER, WAIT WHILE WARMING TO THE ROOM TEMPERATURE. (It makes sense, but those instructions were inside the box.)

*Egg-shaped soap:*

INSTRUCTIONS: USE AS REGULAR SOAP. (And that is how?)

*Pudding:*

CAUTION! THE PRODUCT IS HOT AFTER HEATING. (Really?)

*Food processor from Japan:*

DO NOT USE TO OTHER PURPOSE. (Now I'm really curious...)

*Kitty*

## Games for Your English

On the following pages we have prepared some games and exercises for you to practice your English. Enjoy ☺. If you cross the following words, you will discover the holiday message from our team:

Words to be found:

adverb, attitude, base, east, esteem, ESIT (Ecole de Superieure d'Interpretes et de Traducteurs), exam, faculty, final, idiom, KLIS, lexis, lies, mimetic, money, noun, our, phonetics, poem, polysemy, polysystem, present, simultaneous, skopos, speed, steam, style, stylistics syntax, tense, thesaurus, vocabulary, vote

Y	S	P	E	E	D	Y	T	L	U	C	A	F
R	H	E	S	A	B	N	A	E	V	A	E	I
A	A	I	T	R	E	X	A	M	N	U	O	N
L	T	H	E	S	A	U	R	U	S	S	N	A
U	I	V	E	D	U	T	I	T	T	A	E	L
B	D	R	M	E	T	S	Y	S	Y	L	O	P
A	P	C	E	E	H	L	O	K	L	I	S	O
C	I	T	E	M	I	M	L	I	E	I	D	L
O	O	A	A	S	O	U	R	M	O	N	E	Y
V	S	E	T	I	A	S	O	P	O	K	S	S
T	T	I	D	X	A	T	N	Y	S	Y	!	E
S	C	I	T	E	N	O	H	P	P	O	E	M
S	I	M	U	L	T	A	N	E	O	U	S	Y

***So, did you manage to find our message for you? If so, fill it in:***

\_\_\_\_\_!

Created by

*lradise*



## Show Us Your Creativity!

Try to translate into Slovak the speech of V from the film **V for Vendetta** by using words beginning with the same letter. Challenging? Try anyway!

„Voila! In view humble vaudevillian veteran, cast vicariously as both victim and villain by the vicissitudes of fate. This visage, no mere veneer of vanity, is a vestige of the vox populi now vacant, vanished. However, this valorous visitation of a bygone vexation stands vivified, and has vowed to vanquish these venal and virulent vermin, vanguarding vice and vouchsafing the violently vicious and voracious violation of volition.

The only verdict is vengeance; a vendetta, held as a votive not in vain, for the value and veracity of such shall one day vindicate the vigilant and the virtuous.

Verily this vichyssoise of verbiage veers most verbose, so let me simply add that its my very good honour to meet you and you may call me V.”

*lradise*

You can send your suggestions to: [ztabackova@ukf.sk](mailto:ztabackova@ukf.sk).

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

WRITE YOU SOON!

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You may also find us on Facebook!