

# Bachelor Thesis Vertaling 1



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## Introduction

The English Language and Culture bachelor thesis has to be based on a level 3 subject. There are a number of subjects to choose from, such as journalism, linguistics and translation. I chose translation for several reasons. First of all I followed the course “Vertalen en Vertaalreflectie 1” and it turned out to be one of my favorite classes of the year. During the course we often worked in groups and we ended up having many insightful discussions about translation within our group as well as in class. It was especially fun to find out how different backgrounds influenced our decisions on what words to use. It made me more aware of the different language skills we brought with us from our home locations. Another reason is that I have always found translation, or becoming a translator, one of the viable options of what to do when I am done at University. I find it an interesting and fun thing to do. Though I do not intend to take the Master translation I do like to think becoming a translator will always be a possibility.

After making the choice I had to decide on a book. I spoke with C. Koster about the many options laid out for me. I was pleasantly surprised that I could basically pick anything I liked. In my spare time I like to read a lot, and much of it is fiction. At the time I was indulging myself in a twelve book long fantasy series by Robert Jordan, and I decided to take a book from this series for my thesis assignment. I found this an interesting idea since it is a fantasy book, and that in itself already brings along some translation problems, like the fact that the whole story is set in a fictional time, with all the places bearing fictional names and even the characters’ names being out of the ordinary. Overall I saw it as a challenge, and a challenge it has been.

## **Translation style**

Before starting a translation it is a good idea to take a moment to think about what you want to accomplish with it. Do you want the translation to be as accurate as possible or do you want the text to run as smoothly as possible? Do you want to stay as close to the original as possible, or do you allow for a personal interpretation? Most translators try to find a good balance, and that can be tough. Of course the goal of the translation depends on the text. In this case the focus is on a fantasy book. I read the book in English and loved it. So of course I want the people who read the Dutch version to love it as much as I did the English. The goal of my translation has therefore become that the Dutch readers will not be aware of the fact that they are reading a translation, have the same reading experience that I had with the original, and that the translation will be as accurate as possible without readers wondering about awkwardly structured sentences or peculiar word-usage.

## Translation Theories

For the translation I used several theories presented in the book *Denken Over Vertalen*.

One of those theories is by Christiane Nord who identifies four categories of translation problems.

1. Pragmatic translation problems that result from differences in the communication situations in which the source and target text are placed.

An example of this kind of problem would be the translation of “leagues” used as an indicator of space.

2. Translation problems which are specific for two cultures and result from the differences in norms and values between the source and target culture.

Although the source text obviously has its own culture, the aspects of this culture did not have to be translated to another culture seeing as how we are trying to create the same culture, only in a different language. So even though the trouble I had with for instance the translation of swearwords, the only problems that had to be faced was how to express the same culture in a different language. There was no shift from one culture to another.

3. Translation problems which are specific for a language and result from the differences in grammatical structure between the source and target text.

This sort of problem may occur anywhere in the text simply because English and Dutch do not share the same grammatical structure.

4. Text-specific translation problems that occur with translating an individual text of which the solution cannot be applied to other translations. (Such as translating word-games.)

I did not come across any problems in this category.

Another theory that I used especially in the footnotes to my translation is the one by Andrew Chesterman. Chesterman actually identifies a number of translation strategies, and introduces terms for the large range of different forms of translation. Any translation will have used some of the strategies of Chesterman even if the translator did not do so consciously. In the footnotes of my translation I tried to point out as much as possible where I found myself using a particular strategy, and why.

As far as translation theories go, they can only help so much. A good theory may be able to help you with any number of problems you come across, in the end it is still up to the translator to make a choice of which strategy to choose. It is this aspect of translation that appeals most to me personally, because it ensures that no text will ever be translated the same by any translator. Different styles of translation will always be cause for discussion, and since styles change just like people do, it ensures the field of translation will never be boring.

## The Book

The book I chose for my translation is called “The Great Hunt”. It is book two in the bestselling series of twelve by Robert Jordan which is called “The Wheel of Time”. Jordan, born 1948, served two tours in Vietnam, received a degree in Physics and worked at the US Navy as a nuclear engineer before he began writing in 1977. He actually died of cardiac amyloidosis in 2007 before finishing the series, but he had shared all the significant plot details with his family not long before his death. His widow chose Brandon Sanderson to finish the Wheel of Time series.

The part I chose to use is (most of) chapter one, but since the text is written based on the readers knowledge of book one it is only fair that some background information is enclosed.

The story is set in a fictional world which can most accurately be described as a middle age period much like in “Lord of the Rings”. There is magic and there are different races of beings. For example in Lord of the Rings there are “Orcs”, in this world they have “Trollocs”, who are actually just as bad if not worse. There is no relation to the realistic middle ages whatsoever except for that they ride horses and fight with bows and swords.

Book one revolves mostly around the main character “Rand” and his friends. Rand, as it turns out, is not an ordinary farmer as he would like to be, but is in fact the “Dragon Reborn,” the personification of a prophecy that implies he is the person destined to defeat the “Dark One”, who was imprisoned by the Creator at the moment of creation. The Dark One is breaking the seals on his prison, and will soon get out. In Rand’s world

there are people called “Aes Sedai” who are sorcerers. They are people who can tap into the “True Source” (the source of all magic) and channel it as they will. All the Aes Sedai are female. Sometimes Aes Sedai take up a companion to protect them, these are called “Warders”. Aes Sedai hardly ever marry, and when they do it is usually with their Warder. Warders are exceptionally skilled sword masters. Aes Sedai go through a learning process to become Aes Sedai, and upon reaching the final title of Aes Sedai they take a magic oath that ensures they will always tell the truth and that they will never use their powers as a weapon unless it is in self-defense. The True Source exists out of a male and a female half (Saidin and Saidar) and there was a time when there were both male and female Aes Sedai. However, when the Dark One tainted Saidin, the male half of the True Source, all male Aes Sedai went mad which led to the breaking of the world. All males who now show signs of being able to touch Saidin are “gentled” (their connection to the Source is severed) by the Aes Sedai, or killed. It is for this reason that Rand finds himself in trouble, because he is a male who can in fact channel the True Source and if anyone would find out he would be either gentled or killed. There are a few Aes Sedai however, who believe he is the Dragon Reborn and one of them is Moraine, she tries to help Rand. At the point of my translation Rand has just come to believe that he is in fact the Dragon Reborn but he wants nothing to do with it and fears that he will have to leave everything and everyone behind in order to survive. This also because it is said that any male who can channel yet does not receive proper instruction will eventually go mad and die. Since there are no male Aes Sedai left alive, Rand has no one to teach him, and he fears the worst.



## Names and Places

Translating names was one of the major obstacles I met with while working on my translation. The names of the characters obviously belong in the fantasy world and are mostly unlike any names we use today. This is because the fantasy world is a different culture in the same way a strange country can be of another culture. Before translation it is crucial to think about whether the names have some kind of meaning or inside joke, because if so, the Dutch names would have to possess the same ambiguity. In Lincoln Fernandes' paper on the translation of names in childrens fantasy literature he quotes Christiane Nord:

As Nord (2003: 182) has pointed out, just a quick glance at translated texts can reveal that translators do all sorts of things with names; such as substitute, transcribe and omit them. In highlighting the problems concerning the translation of names, scholars usually subsume the issue under a discussion of culture-specific references, where names are seen as culture-specific items (CSIs)<sup>ii</sup> and as such are approached in terms of the complexity of translating cultural patterns (see Aixelá 1996; Tymoczko 1999; and Davies 2003).

The fantasy names in this book can also be seen as culture-specific, in this case all the differences and strange things about the fantasy world are seen as a different culture. I chose to retain English names as much as possible because the names used fit with the culture depicted in the book, and add to the scene setting. The main character of the book is called "Rand al'Thor". And although "rand" is also the word for "edge" in Dutch it is still unlikely readers will confuse his name with the edge of something. That link will

probably not be made at all because the two meanings are so far apart. It is much like when you know two people by the same name, but sometimes you do not even realize they share the same name until someone mentions it to you. This is because the ideas and thoughts you associate with each person are so different that you do not even stop to think that these diverse entities share a name. Retaining the English names adds mystery to the story. Names such as Nynaeve, Egwene and Moraine sound foreign, exotic and other-worldly. This suits the story since it is important the reader feels as though he or she is taking an epic journey in another world. Another word that is filled with mystery is the word Aes Sedai. This is an interesting word in itself because somehow Robert Jordan has succeeded in turning a word he invented into a word that contains not only meaning, but a way of life. In the book, when someone is an Aes Sedai it says a great deal about this person. In an attempt to figure out the etymology of the word I discovered the following. In the book there is an ancient language called “The Old Tongue”. It can be compared to Latin. No one speaks the Old Tongue anymore, yet some wealthy families still know some words or sentences. The Old Tongue pops up from time to time in the book. The names of the horses that belong to Moraine and her warder Lan are actually in the Old Tongue. “Aldieb”, which means “west wind, the wind that brings the spring rains”, and “Mandarb” which simply means “blade”. In the same fashion Aes Sedai in the Old Tongue means “servant of all”. This is of course fitting seeing as how Aes Sedai are bound to always tell the truth and may not use their powers as a weapon. Their powers are as much a burden as they are a gift. Some words associated with the Aes Sedai such as the One Power and the True Source I did translate, because although these are names, as their capitalization indicates, but they are names with a meaning that can be translated.

Another name that caused a problem was the name for the warder Lan. Lan was kept because it is his personal name and falls in with the rest of the names like Egwene, Mat, Perrin, etc. but something had to be done about “warder”. I considered leaving this word as it is, but an important aspect about this word is that it contains the meaning of warding something off. Warders are the legendary protectors of the Aes Sedai, and their name suggests this in itself. Not translating it would mean losing this to readers with limited understanding of English. The existing Dutch translation of the book actually uses the word “zwaardmeester” in place of warder. However, I find this to be incomplete. “Zwaardmeester” says something about how warders are excellent swordfighters but no more. It has no connection to protector of the Aes Sedai whatsoever. This has been lost in translation. The Dutch word “waker” offers an alternative. “Waker” actually has all the same attributes and layers of meaning. Where warder refers to ward off evil, “waker” refers to “waak over” someone (in this case Aes Sedai). Both words share a core meaning of protectors of something.

Translating places was another interesting obstacle of this translation process. Some of the names refer to actual things and have a clear meaning such as the following: Emond’s Field, Two Rivers, Seven Towers and The Blight. In the text “On Translating Proper Names, with reference to De Witte and Max Havelaar” Theo Hermans describes four ways of transferring names from one language into another:

They can be copied, i.e. reproduced in the target text exactly as they were in the source text. They can be transcribed, i.e. transliterated or adapted on the level of spelling, phonology, etc. A formally unrelated name can be substituted in the target text for any given name in the source text [...]. And insofar as a [...] name

in a source text is enmeshed in the lexicon of that language and acquires ‘meaning’, it can be translated (Hermans 1988: 13).

After I decided upon translating words such as True Source I decided it would be best to stay as consistent as possible and so places were next on the list. Some places were translated fairly straightforward. Two Rivers became Twee Rivieren and Emond’s Field became Emond’s Veld, using the transcription technique. Others proved to be more difficult, such as The Blight. This is because the word Blight contains a layer of meaning but also has strong imagery. Blight conjures up images of infertile, parched land and dead vegetation. There is no word alike in the Dutch language. This is why I chose to use the words “Het Verdorven Land,” obviously a translation rather than a transcription or a copy. It may not be as strong as “The Blight” but “verdorven” does bring about an image of a land where nothing grows or lives. Also, had I chosen to keep the English word “Blight” chances are the meaning might have been lost on many readers. In addition this is a good example of a change in distribution where it takes more words in the target text to say the same as the source text (*Chesterman, Denken over Vertalen p. 254.*) Another place name I came across was the town Fal Dara. Fal Dara does not directly mean or refer to anything. It also does not appear in the online dictionary of the Old Tongue which some dedicated fans put together. I did however find out that the word ‘al’ in the Old Tongue means ‘of’ or ‘son of’. So it might be possible that al Dara has some meaning like ‘son of Dara’, of which Fal Dara might be a derivation. But these are just speculations. Fal Dara remains Fal Dara in the Dutch translation since it causes no obstacle for Dutch readers and the words add to the mystery and culture of the story.

## Swearwords

The translation of curses and words and sentences uttered in frustration turned out to be quite the epic quest. In a case study by María Jesús Fernández Fernández she compares the influence of translating swear words from the popular show “Southpark” from English to Spanish. An interesting conclusion she draws also applies to the translation of the swearwords in my chosen excerpt.

Every country, culture or civilization has different linguistic preferences and patterns when swearing, and this is something that cannot be translated literally. Swear words contain a pragmatic intention that needs to be taken into account in the process of translation. Taboo language should be considered as part of the culture of a language. [...] We should try to find a translation that maintains the original meaning, tone, register, and intention but, at the same time, these translations should be respectful of the idiomatic preferences and the socio-cultural context of the target language [...].

This basically summarizes the reason why it is so important to weigh all the layers of meaning that are contained within a word that is to be translated. Even though the target culture in this case is a culture that never truly existed, the rule still applies. I feel that the translations I chose to use have successfully maintained their original meaning and tone. The fact that these words are considered normal swearwords in the culture of the book needs to be taken into account, so that when translating a word you would most certainly not hear in the streets nowadays, its translation should have this aspect also. Rand often shows his frustration by uttering words like “Light!”, “Burn me!” and “Blood and ashes!”

Of course in his world these words would fit in perfectly. Even though the realm in which Rand lives has no relation to our middle ages, I was inclined to use less modern swearwords in the Dutch translation, because in whatever time this book is taking place, it sure is much less civilized and developed than our modern world, and of course the words would have to seem as strange and foreign as the English ones do for the English readers. The time in which the book is set also offers opportunities for the translator. Since the world is so utterly different, readers will not look surprised at some different swear words either. This, however, does not solve the problem that there are at least three different kinds of swearwords. Swearwords used in society today are often derived from cursing God, this actually started already in the Middle Ages. In the world of *The Wheel of Time* there is no God in the way society nowadays does. However, it seems likely that the swearwords used in the book also curse with whatever is considered holy in their culture, which might be light and fire seeing as how “Light!” and “Burn me!” are both frequently used. Of course the absence of a God means that any optional translations cannot be related to the God of modern society in any way. Which means a word like “verdomme” is out of the question since it derives from “God verdoem mij”.

For the word “Light!” I did choose the Dutch word “Hemel!”. Though some might say that “Hemel” (Heaven) is related to God since He is supposed to reside in heaven. I believe that “Hemel” can also be seen separate from God in that it refers to the sky and in a way also to the light of the sky. This fits since “Light” obviously refers to light of some kind. “Light” in Rand’s world could refer to a light from the sky, and they might believe that when someone dies they go to the “Light”. In this aspect I think “Hemel” is not a bad choice, since it contains all of these possible layers as well. An

extra bonus is that “Hemel” is in fact an old fashioned way of expressing distress or frustration in Dutch. “Burn me!” is another problem. If things were different, “verdomme” would fit in well here since it also makes a reference to the speaker, and dooms him as it were, just as burn me suggests to burn the speaker. Unfortunately “verdomme” implies God, plus it seems a tad too modern for this text seeing as how “verdomme” is actually used in modern spoken Dutch. I have chosen to use the alternative “Vervloekt!” because this word is hardly ever used in modern Dutch, but it is a known swearword in older literature, and it is also quite old fashioned. “Vervloekt” also has the necessary layer of reference, although it does not literally say “vervloek mij” it does imply that something or someone is getting cursed. Had I used “vervloek mij”, even though it might be more accurate, it is something that would appear strange to Dutch readers, and that is something I very much want to avoid. Besides, if the aim was accuracy I might as well have used “verbrand mij” because that sounds just as strange, whereas “vervloekt” is probably known to most readers and will not raise any eyebrows. This leaves “Blood and Ashes!”, probably the most difficult of the three. “Blood and Ashes” obviously contains very dark and vile imagery. This same meaning would have to be taken into consideration for the Dutch translation. After spending some time on the subject I eventually came back to the possibility of using “Bloed en as” and I chose to retain this literal translation because even though it might sound strange now, in a book filled with mystical words and a world so utterly different from our own, “bloed en as” hardly seems a stretch.

## Miscellaneous

In the chapter I chose to translate not many expressions or figures of speech occur, but there was one which instantly fell into a difficult category since there is no Dutch equivalent. At some point in the text Lan says to Rand “You know what’s sniffing at your heels.” By this he means that he knows that Rand knows that he is the person the prophecy speaks about, which means that many people will come to search for him or kill him or try to use him for their own interests. The sniffing in this quote most likely relates to the sniffing of a hunting dog in search of its prey, Rand being the prey. As the Dutch translation I chose “Je weet wat er op de loer ligt,” to make sure the meaning stays the same and so that a figure of speech is translated by another figure of speech. Something that “op de loer ligt” reminds us of a tiger ready to pounce, something dark and dangerous waiting to grab you when you least expect it. Just as sniffing at your heels implies the hunter is on your trail and will be upon you at any moment. In some way this is exactly the position Rand is in at that point in the book. He knows he has to do something, he knows if he does nothing the worst might happen. He resides in the calm before the storm. In Andrew Chestermans translation strategies in *Denken over Vertalen* (p.256) this is a change of trope of the kind where the type of trope does not change, yet lexically the new trope is not related to that of the source text.

There were a few occurrences where something that was hard to explain in English was actually easier to describe in Dutch. An example of such an occurrence was the translation of “a chest-high, crenellated wall.” While I was struggling with things like “een gekartelde muur tot borsthoogte” it suddenly occurred to me that the Dutch word



“borstwering” was exactly what was being talked about here. This discovery made the whole sentence run much more smoothly as well. Using Chesterman’s article about translation strategies from *Denken over Vertalen* (p. 254), this is a good example of a change in distribution where something that takes five words to express in English can be expressed in just one word in Dutch. Objects also caused their share of difficulty, since they were words not commonly used in Dutch. For example when Lan and Rand have their talk about swords and they use words such as scabbard, hilt, sheath and heron-marked. Another such case came forth in the first paragraph where the wind blows over “wood-shingled rooftops”. Since a translation like “de wind waaide over de daken met houten dakspanen” is not exactly smooth, my first choice was “houtgedekte daken”, though this still sounded not quite right. Eventually it became “houten daken”. Even though this loses some of the details, in this case those details are sacrificed in order to have a sentence that runs fluently.

Another word which stirred up some trouble was the word “Void”. In the English version of the book Rand summons up a void in his mind with a single flame in it, and concentrates on this when he is in battle or, later on, as he channels the True Source. The problem is that the word void contains imagery, it reminds us of a sort of empty universe or a black hole. The Dutch word I chose to use, “Leegte” does bring across the emptiness but it is definitely not as “pretty” as void is in this sense. However, due to consistency it would be unwise to leave it in English. Since the word “Leegte” is more explicit than the word “Void” seeing as how “Void” describes an empty place and “Leegte” actually names it so, this is a change in level of explicitness which is one of the pragmatic strategies mentioned by Chesterman in *Denken over Vertalen* (p.258).

## The Translation

De geur van dood was bijna verdwenen lang voordat de wind het ommuurde stadje Fal Dara op de heuvels bereikte en rond een toren in het midden van de vesting zwiepte; een toren waarop twee mannen leken te dansen. Het hoog gelegen Fal Dara, door muren beschermd, was een stad zowel als fort, en nog nooit veroverd, nooit verraden<sup>1</sup>. De wind hilde als een klaagzang over houten daken, langs hoge stenen schoorstenen en nog hogere torens.

Rand al'Thor, bovenlichaam ontbloot, rilde van de koude streling van de wind en hij klemde zijn vingers om het lange heft van het oefenzwaard in zijn handen. De hete zon deed zijn borst glimmen en zijn donkere rossige haren lagen in krulletjes tegen zijn voorhoofd geplakt. Een zwakke geur in de wind kriebelde in zijn neus, maar hij associeerde het niet met het beeld van een pas geopend oud graf dat door zijn hoofd flitste. Hij was zich amper van de geur of het beeld bewust; hij probeerde zijn hoofd leeg te houden, maar de man met wie hij het dak van de toren deelde bleef de leegheid binnendringen. De toren had een doorsnede van tien voet, omcirkeld door een borstwering met kantelen. Meer dan groot genoeg om je niet in het nauw gedreven<sup>2</sup> te voelen, behalve wanneer gedeeld met een Waker.

Hoewel Rand nog jong was, was hij langer dan de meeste mannen. Lan was echter net zo lang als hij en zwaarder gespierd, ook al was hij minder breed in de

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<sup>1</sup> Change in cohesion. I was forced to add a few words to make the sentence stand on its own. In English the sentence was “Hard-walled and high, Fal Dara, both keep and town, never taken, never betrayed.” Which isn't actually a sentence at all, and it made no sense writing it down like that in Dutch.

<sup>2</sup> Change in distribution and explicitness. Even though the source text uses the word “crowded”, I chose to use “in het nauw gedreven” although “in het nauw gedreven” is more explicitly unpleasant than “crowded” it is essentially what Robert Jordan suggests is happening. I did this because there is no fitting equivalent for “crowded” in Dutch, at least not in the sense it is used here.

schouders. Een dunne band gevlochten leer voorkwam dat het lange haar in de Waker's gezicht viel, een gezicht dat uit steen gehouwen leek, een gaaf gezicht, in tegenstelling met de grijze tint in zijn bakkebaarden. Ondanks de hitte en inspanning glinsterde het zweet slechts lichtjes op zijn borst en armen. Rand keek zoekend in Lans ijzige blauwe ogen, op jacht naar een glimp van wat de man van plan was. Het leek alsof de Waker nooit met zijn ogen knipperde, en het oefenzwaard in zijn handen bewoog zeker en zuiver terwijl hij soepel van de ene in de andere houding overging.

Met een bundel dunne, losjes gebonden latten in plaats van een lemmet, maakte het oefenzwaard bij elke rake slag een luide klap en liet op de huid<sup>3</sup> een zwelling achter. Rand wist dit maar al te goed. Drie dunne rode strepen schrijnden op zijn ribben, en nog één brandde op zijn schouder. Het had al zijn inspanning gekost niet nog meer versierd te worden. Lan bleef ongedeed<sup>4</sup>.

Zoals hem was geleerd, vormde Rand een enkele vlam in zijn hoofd en concentreerde zich erop; hij probeerde de vlam te voeden met al zijn passies en emoties om een leegte in zichzelf te creëren die zelfs elke gedachte buitensloot. De leegheid kwam. Zoals te vaak het geval was de laatste tijd was het geen perfecte leegheid; de vlam was er nog, of een gevoel van licht dat golven door de stilte stuurde. Maar het was genoeg, nog net. De koele vrede van de leegte overkwam hem en hij was één met het oefenzwaard, met de vlakke stenen onder zijn laarzen, zelfs met Lan. Alles was één en hij

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<sup>3</sup> Change of cohesion. In English the word used is "flesh" ("...leave a welt where it hit flesh."). I chose to use the Dutch word "Huid" because "vlees" is not something you'd use very often in Dutch. (en liet op het vlees een zwelling achter.) "Vlees" is not used to being used in certain ways that the English "flesh" is.

<sup>4</sup> Change of cohesion. The English "Lan bore not a mark." is being freely translated. This is also a case of change in distribution because less lexical units are required to convey the same message. I could have chosen for "Lan bleef onversierd" but this sounds a bit childish, and "Lan bore not a mark" is anything but childish so the difference would have been too great.

bewoog zich zonder gedachten in een ritme dat de Waker stap voor stap en beweging voor beweging evenaarde.

De wind stak weer op<sup>5</sup> en voerde uit de vesting het gerinkel van bellen met zich mee. *Iemand viert nog steeds dat het eindelijk lente is.* De vreemde gedachte flakkerde door de leegte op golven van licht die de leegheid verstoorde, en alsof de Waker Rand's gedachten kon lezen wervelde het oefenzwaard in Lans handen.

Een lange minuut vulde het vlotte *klap-klap-klap* van gebonden latten die elkaar raakten het dak van de toren<sup>6</sup>. Rand deed geen poging de andere man te raken; hij had zijn handen vol<sup>7</sup> aan het voorkomen dat de Waker's slagen hem troffen. Rand pareerde Lans slagen op het laatste moment maar werd teruggedwongen. Lans gezichtsuitdrukking veranderde niet; het oefenzwaard leek te leven in zijn handen. Plotseling veranderde de Wakers zwaaiende slag halverwege in een stoot. Verrast deinsde<sup>8</sup> Rand naar achteren, hij kroop al in elkaar voor de klap waarvan hij wist dat hij hem dit keer niet zou ontwijken. De wind huilde over de toren... en hield hem gevangen. Het was alsof de lucht opeens stolde en hem vasthield in een cocon. Ze drukte hem naar voren. Tijd en beweging vertraagden; verafschuwd keek hij toe hoe Lans oefenzwaard zich richting zijn borst bewoog. Er was niets traags of zachts aan de klap. Zijn ribben kraakten alsof hij met een hamer werd geslagen. Hij kreunde, maar de wind gaf niet toe, in plaats daarvan dreef ze

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<sup>5</sup> Change of cohesion. "The wind rose again" could have been "Het begon weer te waaien" or "De wind wakkerde weer aan" but in my opinion "De wind stak weer op" fits best here because it carries imagery. Also it uses fewer words, like the English version, this makes for a better read.

<sup>6</sup> Change of Structure. I switched the sentence around so that it is now in the same structure style as it would be in the Dutch language.

<sup>7</sup> Change of trope. The English "it was all he could do to.." is very hard to translate, we do not have a direct equivalent for such a sentence in Dutch. This is why I chose to use "hij had zijn handen vol" even though this is a metaphor in place of where the source text had none.

<sup>8</sup>Change of stress. Although the English version uses the words "stepped back", in my opinion "deinsde" is more appropriate than "stapte naar achteren" because "stapte naar achteren" sounds like a very calm and controlled thing to do. Yet the situation Rand is in is all but calm and controlled. "Deinsde" carries a sense of ducking away fearfully, and definitely does not sound calm or controlled, which would be out of place in this sentence.

hem steeds verder naar voren. De latten van Lans oefenzwaard bogen en kromde zich—tergend langzaam leek het voor Rand—en verbrijzelden toen, scherpe punten naderden zijn hart, gepunte latten doorboorden zijn huid. Pijn schoot door zijn lichaam; zijn hele huid voelde opengereten. Hij brandde alsof de zon was opgevlakkerd om hem te verschroeien als een stukje spek in een pan.

Met een schreeuw gooide hij zichzelf naar achteren en viel struikelend<sup>9</sup> tegen de borstwering. Met trillende hand raakte hij de sneden op zijn borst aan en hief bebloede handen ongelovig voor zijn grijze ogen.

“En wat was dat voor dwaze zet, schaapherder?” Raspte Lan. “Je weet nu toch beter, of zou tenminste beter moeten weten als je niet alles wat ik je geleerd hebt bent vergeten. Hoe erg ben je--?” Hij zweeg toen Rand naar hem opkeek. “De wind.” Rands mond was droog. “Ze—ze duwde me! Ze... ze was massief als een muur!”

De Waker staarde hem in stilte aan en bood toen zijn hand. Rand aanvaarde en liet zich overeind trekken.

“Vreemde dingen kunnen gebeuren zo dicht bij Het Verdorven Land,” zei Lan uiteindelijk, maar ondanks de matheid van de woorden klonk hij verontrust. Dat op zich was vreemd. Wakers, de half legendarische krijgers in dienst van de Aes Sedai, vertoonden zelden emoties, en Lan vertoonde weinig zelfs voor een Waker. Hij slingerde het versplinterde latten zwaard aan de kant en leunde tegen de muur waar hun echte zwaarden lagen, uit de weg van hun oefening.

“Niet zoiets,” protesteerde Rand. Hij voegde zich bij de andere man, hurkend met zijn rug tegen de stenen. Zo was de muur hoger dan zijn hoofd, een soort van

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<sup>9</sup> Move of unit. In the English version the word stumble is still in the first part of the sentence, in Dutch it's not. “With a shout, he threw himself stumbling back, falling against the stone wall.” This is also a case of change in level of abstractness. “Stone wall” becomes “borstwering”, which is more concise.

bescherming tegen de wind. Als dat al wind was. Geen enkele wind had ooit zo... solide... gevoeld. “Hemel! Misschien niet eens *in* Het Verdorven Land.”

“Voor iemand zoals jij...” Lan haalde zijn schouders op alsof dat alles uitlegde. “Hoelang nog tot je vertrek, schaapherder? Een maand sinds je zei dat je zou gaan, en ik dacht dat je nu al twee weken weg zou zijn.”

Rand staarde verrast naar hem op. *Hij doet alsof er niets is gebeurd!* Fronsend legde hij zijn oefenzwaard neer en hief zijn echte zwaard op zijn knieën, vingers glijdend over het lange in leer gebonden heft dat was ingelegd met een bronzen reiger. Nog een reiger stond op de schede, en nog een op het weggestoken<sup>10</sup> lemmet. Het was nog steeds een beetje raar voor hem dat hij een zwaard had, wat voor zwaard dan ook. Maar al helemaal één met een zwaardmeesters stempel. Hij was een boer uit de Twee Rivieren, nu zo ver weg. Misschien wel voor altijd zo ver weg. Hij was een herder zoals zijn vader—*Ik was een herder. Wat ben ik nu?*—en zijn vader had hem een met een reiger gemarkeerd zwaard gegeven. *Tam is mijn vader, wat ze ook zeggen.* Hij wenste dat zijn eigen gedachten niet klonken alsof hij zichzelf probeerde te overtuigen.

Opnieuw leek Lan zijn gedachten te lezen. “In de Grenslanden is het zo schaapherder, als een man een kind grootbrengt is dat kind van hem, en niemand kan dat tegenspreken.”

Met een boze frons<sup>11</sup> negeerde hij de Wakers woorden. Het ging niemand wat aan behalve hem. “Ik wil dit leren gebruiken. Ik moet het leren.” Het had hem problemen

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<sup>10</sup> Change in abstraction level. In English the word sheathed is used. Since there is no equivalent in Dutch I chose to use “weggestoken”. This does indicate that the blade is sheathed, though the word is not as “pretty” and less concrete than its English counterpart.

<sup>11</sup> The English word “scowling” needs to have its meaning written out here since there is no word for scowling in Dutch. Since “het voorhoofd fronsen en daarbij boos/dreigend kijken” is definitely not an option, I chose to use “met een boze frons”. This is also an example of the use of pragmatic particles to

gebracht, een reiger-gemarkeerd zwaard te dragen. Niet iedereen wist wat het betekende of merkte dat hij het droeg, maar zelfs dan, een reiger-gemarkeerd zwaard, al helemaal in de handen van iemand zo jong als hij<sup>12</sup>, trok toch de verkeerde soort aandacht. “Ik kon soms nog bluffen, als ik niet kon vluchten, en voor de rest heb ik geluk gehad. Maar wat als ik niet kan vluchten of bluffen, en mijn geluk is op?”

“Je kunt het verkopen,” zei Lan voorzichtig. “Dat zwaard is zeldzaam zelfs voor een reiger-gemarkeerd zwaard. Je zou er een nette prijs voor krijgen.”

“Nee!” Het was een idee dat ook in zijn gedachten had gespeeld<sup>13</sup>, maar hij verwierp het voor dezelfde reden als altijd en nog heftiger nu iemand anders het voorstelde. *Zolang ik het behoud heb ik het recht Tam mijn vader te noemen. Hij heeft het mij gegeven, en dat geeft me het recht.* “Ik dacht dat elk reiger-gemarkeerd zwaard zeldzaam was.”

Lan keek hem zijdelings aan. “Tam heeft het je dus niet verteld? Hij moet het weten. Misschien geloofde hij het niet. Velen geloven het niet.” Hij greep zijn eigen zwaard, bijna de tweeling van die van Rand behalve de reigers, en rosde de schede af. Het lemmet, iets gebogen en aan één kant scherp, schitterde zilverig in het zonlicht.

Het was het zwaard van de koningen van Malkier. Lan sprak er nooit over—hij hield er zelfs niet van als anderen erover spraken—maar al’ Lan Mandragoran was Heer

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make a sentence run smoothly, which occurs throughout this translation as well. These particles come forth to acquire a norm of *vlot leesbaar Nederlands*.

<sup>12</sup> Paraphrase and change of abstraction level. In English the sentence goes: “..a heron-mark blade, especially in the hands of a youth barely old enough to be called a man..”. In Dutch the sentence is simplified since “al helemaal in de handen van een jongen nog maar net oud genoeg om een man genoemd te mogen worden” sounds just bad. The translation is obviously more abstract. In this case that piece of extra depth is sacrificed for a sentence that runs smoothly.

<sup>13</sup> Change of cohesion. The English sentence “It was an idea he had thought of more than once” could also be translated with “Het was een idee waar hij al meer dan eens aan had gedacht”, however, I chose the current solution because I think it gives a better image of how Rand has been thinking about it from time to time. In my opinion Dutch, in this case, offers a “prettier” way of describing Rand’s thoughts than English.

van de Zeven Torens, Heer van de Wateren, en ongekroonde koning van Malkier. De Zeven Torens waren nu gebroken, en de Duizend Wateren een broedplaats voor onzuivere dingen. Malkier lag opgeslokt door Het Verdorven Land, en van al de Malkieri Heren was er nog één in leven.

Er werd gezegd dat Lan een Waker was geworden, gebonden aan een Aes Sedai, zodat hij in Het Verdorven Land zijn dood zou vinden samen met de rest van zijn bloed. Rand had Lan inderdaad zijn leven<sup>14</sup> op het spel zien zetten schijnbaar ongeacht zijn eigen veiligheid, maar hij verhiel Moraines veiligheid, de Aes Sedai aan wie hij gebonden was, boven alles. Rand geloofde niet dat Lan echt de dood zou zoeken zolang Moraine nog leefde.

Lan draaide zijn zwaard in het licht, en sprak; “In de Oorlog van de Schaduw, de Ene Kracht zelf werd gebruikt als wapen, en wapens werden gemaakt met de Ene Kracht. Sommige wapens *gebruikte* de Ene Kracht, dingen die een stad in één klap konden vernietigen en het land voor mijlen<sup>15</sup> aaneen verwoestten.

Het is maar goed ook dat die allemaal verloren zijn gegaan met het Breken van de wereld; maar goed ook dat niemand zich het vervaardigen ervan herinnert. Maar er waren ook eenvoudiger wapens, voor diegenen die tegen Mydraal<sup>16</sup> vochten en ergere dingen die de Heren der Verschrikking maakten, zwaard tegen zwaard.”

“Met de Ene Kracht onttrokken Aes Sedai ijzer en andere metalen aan de aarde, smolten het, smeedden het en gaven het vorm. Alles met de Ene Kracht. Zwaarden, maar

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<sup>14</sup> Change of abstraction level. The source text does not actually use the word “life” but in stead “..seen Lan put himself in harm’s way”. The translation is more concrete because I chose to use “leven op het spel zetten”. Harm’s way does not specifically state this, but it is implied in this context. I made the implication explicit.

<sup>15</sup> Culture-specific translation problem, in English the word “Leagues” is used, since kilometers was out of the question I was left with “mijlen” which is not so bad since the Dutch language is also familiar with the word “mijlenver”.

<sup>16</sup> Here I removed a “D” from the English “Myddraal” for a better read in Dutch.



ook andere wapens. Veel van deze wapens die de Breking overleefden werden vernietigd door hen die de Aes Sedai creaties vreesden en haatten, en anderen verdwenen door de jaren heen. Er zijn er nog maar een paar en weinig mensen weten wat het werkelijk zijn. Er zijn legendes over geschreven, hoogmoedige verhalen over zwaarden die een eigen kracht leken te bezitten. Je hebt de minstreel verhalen vast wel gehoord.

De realiteit is genoeg. Lemmets die niet verbrijzelen of breken, en nooit hun scherpte verliezen. Ik heb mannen ze zien slijpen—doen alsof ze aan het slijpen waren, eigenlijk—maar alleen omdat ze niet konden geloven dat een zwaard het na gebruik niet nodig had. Het enige wat ze ooit deden was hun oliestenen verspillen.”

“Die wapens werden door de Aes Sedai gemaakt en er zullen nooit anderen zijn. Toen het gedaan was eindigde oorlog en tijdperk gezamenlijk, met de wereld in stukken, met meer onbegraven doden dan levenden en de levenden op de vlucht, op zoek naar een plek, welke plek dan ook, waar ze veilig zouden zijn, met de helft van de vrouwen in tranen omdat ze man en zoons nooit meer terug zouden zien; toen het voorbij was, zweerden de Aes Sedai die nog leefden dat ze nooit meer een wapen zouden smeden waarmee een man een ander zou doden. Elke Aes Sedai zwoer het, en elke vrouw van hen heeft sindsdien haar woord gehouden. Zelfs de Rode Ajah, en zij geven niet veel om wat voor man dan ook.”

“Een van deze zwaarden, een eenvoudig soldaten zwaard”—met een zwakke grijns, bijna verdrietig, als de Waker al emoties vertoonde, liet hij het zwaard terug in de schede glijden—“werd iets anders. Aan de andere kant, zwaarden die voor generaals gemaakt werden, met lemmets zo hard dat geen smid er een markering op kon maken, terwijl er al een reiger in stond, die zwaarden werden begeerd.”

Rands handen trokken zich snel weg<sup>17</sup> van het zwaard dat op zijn knieën lag. Het kantelde, en instinctief greep hij het voordat het op de stenen vloer viel. “Bedoel je dat Aes Sedai dit hebben gemaakt? Ik dacht dat je het over *jouw*<sup>18</sup> zwaard had.”

“Niet alle reiger-gemarkeerde zwaarden zijn Aes Sedai werk. Weinig mannen hanteren een zwaard met de behendigheid om een zwaardmeester genoemd te worden en een reiger-gemarkeerd zwaard toegekend te krijgen, maar zelfs dan, er zijn zo weinig Aes Sedai zwaarden over dat niet meer dan een handvol er één heeft. De meeste komen van meester grofsmeden; het beste staal dat men kan maken, en toch gesmeed door mensenhanden. Maar die daar, schaapherder... die zou een verhaal kunnen vertellen van drieduizend jaren en meer.”

“Ik kan ze niet ontkomen,” zei Rand, “of wel?” Hij balanceerde het zwaard voor hem op de punt van de schede; het zag er niet anders uit dan voorheen. “Aes Sedai werk.” *Maar Tam heeft het me gegeven. Mijn vader heeft het me gegeven.* Hij weigerde te denken aan hoe een herder uit de Twee Rivieren<sup>19</sup> aan een reiger-gemarkeerd zwaard was gekomen. Er zaten gevaarlijke stromingen in zulke gedachten, dieptes die hij niet wilde verkennen.

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<sup>17</sup> Change of distribution. Something that's easy to say in English with only two words (jerked away) takes four words to be said in Dutch (trokken zich snel weg). Unfortunately Dutch does not have a word for the nervously/quick pulling away of hands.

<sup>18</sup> Culture specific translation problem. This is a typical problem French, German and Dutch translators of English deal with. In English the simple word “your” is used here. In Dutch, however, there are forms of politeness to consider. Do I use the Dutch word “jouw” or “uw” in this sentence? Because I read the books I know that the Warder and Rand have been though a lot together, and for Dutch standards I am quite sure they would be on “jou” terms by now, which is why I used it.

<sup>19</sup> Change of structure. “Two Rivers shepherd” becomes “schaapherder uit de Twee Rivieren”. Because “Twee Rivieren schaapherder” is not something you can get away with in Dutch.

“Wil je dan echt vertrekken<sup>20</sup>, schaapherder? Ik vraag het nog maar een keer. Waarom ben je dan nog niet weg? Het zwaard? Ik zou het je in vijf jaar waardig kunnen maken, van jou een zwaardmeester maken. Je bent snel van geest, hebt goede balans, en je maakt niet tweemaal dezelfde fout. Maar ik heb geen vijf jaar om je te scholen, en jij hebt geen vijf jaar tijd het te leren. Je hebt niet eens een jaar, en dat weet je. Zoals je er nu voor staat<sup>21</sup> zul je jezelf niet in de voet steken. Je houding zegt dat het zwaard aan je middel hoort, schaapherder, en de meeste dorpsbullebakken zullen het aanvoelen. Maar zo was het bijna sinds de dag dat je het droeg. Dus waarom ben je hier nog?”

“Mat en Perrin zijn nog hier,” mompelde Rand. “Ik wil niet vertrekken voordat zij gaan. Ik zal ze nooit—misschien zal ik ze—ze jaren niet meer zien.” Zijn hoofd viel terug tegen de muur. “Bloed en as! Ze denken tenminste alleen maar dat ik gek ben dat ik niet met ze mee naar huis ga. De helft van de tijd kijkt Nynaeve me aan alsof ik zes jaar oud ben en m’n knie gestoten heb en ze alles beter gaat maken; de andere keren kijkt ze alsof ik een vreemdeling ben. Iemand die ze misschien beledigt als ze teveel kijkt. Ze is een Wijsheid, en trouwens, ik denk niet dat ze ooit ergens bang voor is geweest, maar ze...” Hij schudde zijn hoofd. “En Egwene. Vervloekt! Ze weet waarom ik weg moet maar elke keer als ik er iets over zeg kijkt ze me aan en krijg ik een knoop in m’n maag<sup>22</sup> en...” Hij

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<sup>20</sup>Change in abstraction level. In English “to get away” is used and I chose to make “vertrekken” out of it, this is more abstract than the source text but it was very difficult finding a word that ran well in this context and was not too concrete either like “ontsnappen”.

<sup>21</sup>Change of Cohesion. The English “as it is” causes for added pragmatic particles in Dutch, because “zoals je er nu voor staat” simply sounds a lot better than “zoals het is”. Besides “zoals je er nu voor staat” carries exactly the same kind of meaning as “as it is”.

<sup>22</sup>Culture specific translation problem. The English “I knot up inside” receives the additional word “maag” in Dutch because this is the expression most commonly used in Dutch. Dutch people do not say “krijg in een knoop van binnen/in m’n binnenste”.

deed zijn ogen dicht, zwaardheft tegen zijn voorhoofd drukkend alsof hij zijn gedachten ermee weg kon drukken. “Ik zou willen.. ik wou...”<sup>23</sup>,

“Je wenst dat alles weer zou kunnen zijn hoe het was, schaapherder? Of wens je dat het meisje met jou mee zou gaan in plaats van naar Tar Valon? Denk je dat ze een Aes Sedai worden op zal geven voor een levenlang ronddwalen? Met jou? Als je het op de juiste manier zegt, misschien. Liefde is een eigenaardig iets.” Opeens klonk Lan vermoeid. “Zo eigenaardig als het maar kan.”

“Nee.” Het was wat hij had gewenst, dat ze met hem mee zou willen. Hij deed zijn ogen open, rechte zijn rug en maakte zijn stem vastberaden. “Nee, ik zou haar niet met me mee laten komen zelfs als ze het vroeg.” Hij kon haar dat gewoon niet aandoen. *Maar Hemel, zou het niet mooi zijn, ook al is het maar voor even, als ze zei dat ze wilde?* Ze wordt zo koppig als een ezel<sup>24</sup> als ze denkt dat ik haar probeer te vertellen wat ze wel en niet moet doen, maar hier kan ik haar nog voor beschermen.” Hij wenste dat ze thuis was in Emonds Veld, maar alle hoop daarop was vervlogen de dag dat Moraine naar de Twee Rivieren kwam. “Zelfs als het betekend dat ze toch een Aes Sedai wordt!” Uit zijn ooghoek zag hij Lans geheven wenkbrauw, en hij liep rood aan<sup>25</sup>.

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<sup>23</sup> Paraphrase. In the source text three times the same word is used in this sentence (“I wish... I wish...” “You wish everything could be the way it was, shepherd?”) yet in Dutch I chose to use three different words. The reason for this change is that in my opinion “Ik wens.. ik wens..” is not something a Dutch person would say. It is okay to say once but when a person is in thought as obviously Rand appears to be I think they would use a more common version of “wens” which is “wou”. At the third time I chose to use wish because here Lan is the speaker and he’s obviously stating the obvious to Rand, and using “wens” in this context also adds the meaning that it really is wishful thinking that Rand is into, and that that is something he of all people cannot afford to do considering the position he is in.

<sup>24</sup> Change of trope. “Muley stubborn” is replaced with “zo koppig als een ezel” so the metaphor stays intact but it is replaced with a well-known Dutch one.

<sup>25</sup> Change of distribution. In the source text the words are “..and he flushed.”. Unfortunately we do not have a word for getting a red face except “blozen”. Since the source text does not say “he blushed” and “blozen is also something more suitable to girls I chose to use ‘rood aanlopen’. This can also be seen as a culture specific translation problem since a word like ‘flushed’ is simply unavailable in Dutch.

“En dat zijn alle redenen? Je wilt zoveel mogelijk tijd met je vrienden van thuis doorbrengen voordat ze weggaan? Daarom treuzel je zo<sup>26</sup>? Je weet wat er op de loer ligt.<sup>27</sup>”

Rand sprong boos overeind. “Okee dan, het is Moraine! Zonder haar zou ik hier niet eens zijn, en ze wil zelfs nog niet met me praten.”

“Zonder haar zou je dood zijn, schaapherder,” zei Lan mat, maar Rand raasde voort.

“Ze zegt... ze vertelt me vreselijke dingen over mezelf”—zijn knokkels werden wit om het zwaard. *Dat ik krankzinnig zal worden en sterf!*—“en dan wil ze opeens geen woord meer tegen me zeggen. Ze doet alsof ik niets veranderd ben sinds de dag dat ze me vond, en dat stinkt.<sup>28</sup>”

“Wil je dat ze je behandelt als wat je bent?”

“Nee! Dat bedoel ik niet. Vervloekt, ik weet de helft van de tijd zelf niet wat ik bedoel. Dat wil ik niet, en ik ben bang voor het andere. En nu is ze vertrokken, verdwenen...”

“Ik heb je verteld dat ze soms alleen moet zijn. Het is niet aan jou, of wie dan ook, om haar acties in twijfel te trekken.”

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<sup>26</sup> Change of trope. In the source text the words “dragging your feet” are used in this sentence. This is of course a metaphor but unfortunately there is no equivalent-metaphor available in Dutch language so we have to do without.

<sup>27</sup> Change of trope. The source text metaphor is replaced by a metaphor though not the exact same one. “You know what’s sniffing at your heels” becomes “Je weet wat er op de loer ligt”.

<sup>28</sup> Change of distribution. In the source text it says “and that smells wrong too.” This is replaced by the single word “stinkt” in Dutch. Though it is just a single word, it does carry all the weight of “and that smells wrong too.”

“...zonder iemand te vertellen waar ze heenging, of wanneer ze weer terugkomt, of ze überhaupt<sup>29</sup> terugkomt. Ze moet me toch iets hulpvaardigs kunnen vertellen, Lan. Iets. Ze moet wel. Als ze ooit terugkomt.”

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<sup>29</sup> Change of distribution and stress. I chose to be more concrete than the source text by adding the word “überhaupt”. This puts extra stress on the possibility that Moraine may never come back. (...or even if she would be back.”)

## The Original

The smell of death was all but gone long before the wind reached the stone-walled town of Fal Dara on its hills, and whipped around a tower of the fortress in the very center of the town, a tower atop which two men seemed to dance. Hard-walled and high, Fal Dara, both keep and town, never taken, never betrayed. The wind moaned across wood-shingled rooftops, around tall stone chimneys and taller towers, moaned like a dirge.

Stripped to the waist, Rand al'Thor shivered at the wind's cold caress, and his fingers flexed on the long hilt of the practice sword he held. The hot sun had slicked his chest, and his dark, reddish hair clung to his head in a sweat-curled mat. A faint odor in the swirl of air made his nose twitch, but he did not connect the smell with the image of an old grave fresh-opened that flashed through his head. He was barely aware of odor or image at all; he strove to keep his mind empty, but the other man sharing the tower top with him kept intruding on the emptiness. Ten paces across, the tower top was, encircled by a chest-high, crenellated wall. Big enough and more not to feel crowded, except when shared with a Warder.

Young as he was, Rand was taller than most men, but Lan stood just as tall and more heavily muscled, if not quite so broad in the shoulders. A narrow band of braided leather held the Warder's long hair back from his face, a face that seemed made from stony planes and angles, a face unlined as if to belie the tinge of gray at his temples. Despite the heat and exertion, only a light coat of sweat glistened on his chest and arms. Rand searched Lan's icy blue eyes, hunting for some hint of what the other man intended.

The Warder never seemed to blink, and the practice sword in his hands moved surely and smoothly as he flowed from one stance to another.

With a bundle of thin, loosely bound staves in place of a blade, the practice sword would make a loud clack when it struck anything, and leave a welt where it hit flesh. Rand knew all too well. Three thin red lines stung on his ribs, and another burned his shoulder. It had taken all his efforts not to wear more decorations. Lan bore not a mark.

As he had been taught, Rand formed a single flame in his mind and concentrated on it, tried to feed all emotion and passion into it, to form a void within himself, with even thought outside. Emptiness came. As was too often the case of late it was not a perfect emptiness; the flame still remained, or some sense of light sending ripples through the stillness. But it was enough, barely. The cool peace of the void crept over him, and he was one with the practice sword, with the smooth stones under his boots, even with Lan. All was one, and he moved without thought in a rhythm that matched the Warder's step for step and move for move.

The wind rose again, bringing the ringing of bells from the town. *Somebody's still celebrating that spring has finally come.* The extraneous thought fluttered through the void on waves of light, disturbing the emptiness, and as if the Warder could read Rand's mind, the practice sword whirled in Lan's hands.

For a long minute the swift *clack-clack-clack* of bundled lathes meeting filled the tower top. Rand made no effort to reach the other man; it was all he could do to keep the Warder's strikes from reaching him. Turning Lan's blows at the last possible moment, he was forced back. Lan's expression never changed; the practice sword seemed alive in his hands. Abruptly the Warder's swinging slash changed in mid-motion to a thrust. Caught



by surprise, Rand stepped back, already wincing with the blow he knew he could not stop this time.

The wind howled across the tower . . . and trapped him. It was as if the air had suddenly jelled, holding him in a cocoon. Pushing him forward. Time and motion slowed; horrified, he watched Lan's practice sword drift toward his chest. There was nothing slow or soft about the impact. His ribs creaked as if he had been struck with a hammer. He grunted, but the wind would not allow him to give way; it still carried him forward, instead. The lathes of Lan's practice sword flexed and bent - ever so slowly, it seemed to Rand - then shattered, sharp points oozing toward his heart, jagged lathes piercing his skin. Pain lanced through his body; his whole skin felt slashed. He burned as though the sun had flared to crisp him like bacon in a pan.

With a shout, he threw himself stumbling back, falling against the stone wall. Hand trembling, he touched the gashes on his chest and raised bloody fingers before his gray eyes in disbelief.

"And what was that fool move, shepherd?" Lan grated. "You know better by now, or should unless you have forgotten everything I've tried to teach you. How badly are you - ?" He cut off as Rand looked up at him.

"The wind." Rand's mouth was dry. "It - it pushed me! It . . . It was solid as a wall!"

The Warder stared at him in silence, then offered a hand. Rand took it and let himself be pulled to his feet.

"Strange things can happen this close to the Blight," Lan said finally, but for all the flatness of the words he sounded troubled. That in itself was strange. Warders, those

half-legendary warriors who served the Aes Sedai, seldom showed emotion, and Lan showed little even for a Warder. He tossed the shattered lathe sword aside and leaned against the wall where their real swords lay, out of the way of their practice.

"Not like that," Rand protested. He joined the other man, squatting with his back against the stone. That way the top of the wall was higher than his head, protection of a kind from the wind. If it was a wind. No wind had ever felt . . . solid . . . like that. "Peace! Maybe not even in the Blight."

"For someone like you . . . ." Lan shrugged as if that explained everything. "How long before you leave, sheepherder? A month since you said you were going, and I thought you'd be three weeks gone by now."

Rand stared up at him in surprise. *He's acting like nothing happened!* Frowning, he set down the practice sword and lifted his real sword to his knees, fingers running along the long, leather-wrapped hilt inset with a bronze heron. Another bronze heron stood on the scabbard, and yet another was scribed on the sheathed blade. It was still a little strange to him that he had a sword. Any sword, much less one with a blademaster's mark. He was a farmer from the Two Rivers, so far away, now. Maybe far away forever, now. He was a shepherd like his father - *I was a shepherd. What am I now?* - and his father had given him a heron-marked sword. *Tam is my father, no matter what anybody says.* He wished his own thoughts did not sound as if he was trying to convince himself.

Again Lan seemed to read his mind. "In the Borderlands, sheepherder, if a man has the raising of a child, that child is his, and none can say different. "

Scowling, Rand ignored the Warder's words. It was no one's business but his own. "I want to learn how to use this. I need to." It had caused him problems, carrying a heron-

marked sword. Not everybody knew what it meant, or even noticed it, but even so a heron-mark blade, especially in the hands of a youth barely old enough to be called a man, still attracted the wrong sort of attention. "I've been able to bluff sometimes, when I could not run, and I've been lucky, besides. But what happens when I can't run, and I can't bluff, and my luck runs out?"

"You could sell it," Lan said carefully. "That blade is rare even among heron-mark swords. It would fetch a pretty price."

"No!" It was an idea he had thought of more than once, but he rejected it now for the same reason he always had, and more fiercely for coming from someone else. *As long as I keep it, I have the right to call Tam father. He gave it to me, and it gives me the right.* "I thought any heron-mark blade was rare."

Lan gave him a sidelong look. "Tam didn't tell you, then? He must know. Perhaps he didn't believe. Many do not." He snatched up his own sword, almost the twin of Rand's except for the lack of herons, and whipped off the scabbard. The blade, slightly curved and single-edged, glittered silvery in the sunlight.

It was the sword of the kings of Malkier. Lan did not speak of it - he did not even like others to speak of it - but al'Lan Mandragoran was Lord of the Seven Towers, Lord of the Lakes, and uncrowned King of Malkier. The Seven Towers were broken now, and the Thousand Lakes the lair of unclean things. Malkier lay swallowed by the Great Blight, and of all the Malkieri lords, only one still lived.

Some said Lan had become a Warder, bonding himself to an Aes Sedai, so he could seek death in the Blight and join the rest of his blood. Rand had indeed seen Lan put himself in harm's way seemingly without regard for his own safety, but far beyond

his own life and safety he held those of Moiraine, the Aes Sedai who held his bond. Rand did not think Lan would truly seek death while Moiraine lived.

Turning his blade in the light, Lan spoke. "In the War of the Shadow, the One Power itself was used as a weapon, and weapons were made with the One Power. Some weapons *used* the One Power, things that could destroy an entire city at one blow, lay waste to the land for leagues. Just as well those were all lost in the Breaking; just as well no one remembers the making of them. But there were simpler weapons, too, for those who would face Myrddraal, and worse things the Dreadlords made, blade to blade.

"With the One Power, Aes Sedai drew iron and other metals from the earth, smelted them, formed and wrought them. All with the Power. Swords, and other weapons, too. Many that survived the Breaking of the World were destroyed by men who feared and hated Aes Sedai work, and others have vanished with the years. Few remain, and few men truly know what they are. There have been legends of them, swollen tales of swords that seemed to have a power of their own. You've heard the gleemen's tales. The reality is enough. Blades that will not shatter or break, and never lose their edge. I've seen men sharpening them—playing at sharpening, as it were—but only because they could not believe a sword did not need it after use. All they ever did was wear away their oilstones.

"Those weapons the Aes Sedai made, and there will never be others. When it was done, war and Age ended together, with the world shattered, with more dead unburied than there were alive and those alive fleeing, trying to find some place, any place, of safety, with every second woman weeping because she'd never see husband or sons again; when it was done, the Aes Sedai who still lived swore they would never again make a weapon for one man to kill another. Every Aes Sedai swore it, and every woman

of them since has kept that oath. Even the Red Ajah, and they care little what happens to any male.

"One of those swords, a plain soldier's sword" - with a faint grimace, almost sad, if the Warder could be said to show emotion, he slid the blade back into its sheath - "became something more. On the other hand, those made for lord-generals, with blades so hard no bladesmith could mark them, yet marked already with a heron, those blades became sought after."

Rand's hands jerked away from the sword propped on his knees. It toppled, and instinctively he grabbed it before it hit the floorstones. "You mean Aes Sedai made this? I thought you were talking about *your* sword."

"Not all heron-mark blades are Aes Sedai work. Few men handle a sword with the skill to be named blademaster and be awarded a heron-mark blade, but even so, not enough Aes Sedai blades remain for more than a handful to have one. Most come from master bladesmiths; the finest steel men can make, yet still wrought by a man's hands. But that one, shepherder . . . that one could tell a tale of three thousand years and more."

"I can't get away from them," Rand said, "can I?" He balanced the sword in front of him on scabbard point; it looked no different than it had before he knew. "Aes Sedai work." *But Tam gave it to me. My father gave it to me.* He refused to think of how a Two Rivers shepherd had come by a heron-mark blade. There were dangerous currents in such thoughts, deeps he did not want to explore.

"Do you really want to get away, shepherder? I'll ask again. Why are you not gone, then? The sword? In five years I could make you worthy of it, make you a blademaster. You have quick wrists, good balance, and you don't make the same mistake

twice. But I do not have five years to give over to teaching you, and you do not have five years for learning. You have not even one year, and you know it. As it is, you will not stab yourself in the foot. You hold yourself as if the sword belongs at your waist, shepherder, and most village bullies will sense it. But you've had that much almost since the day you put it on. So why are you still here?"

"Mat and Perrin are still here," Rand mumbled. "I don't want to leave before they do. I won't ever-I might not see them again for-for years, maybe." His head dropped back against the wall. "Blood and ashes! At least they just think I'm crazy not to go home with them. Half the time Nynaeve looks at me like I'm six years old and I've skinned my knee, and she's going to make it better; the other half she looks like she's seeing a stranger. One she might offend if she looks too closely, at that. She's a Wisdom, and besides that, I don't think she's ever been afraid of anything, but she . . ." He shook his head. "And Egwene. Burn me! She knows why I have to go, but every time I mention it she looks at me, and I knot up inside and . . ." He closed his eyes, pressing the sword hilt against his forehead as if he could press what he was thinking out of existence. "I wish . . . I wish . . ."

"You wish everything could be the way it was, shepherder? Or you wish the girl would go with you instead of to Tar Valon? You think she'll give up becoming an Aes Sedai for a life of wandering? With you? If you put it to her in the right way, she might. Love is an odd thing." Lan sounded suddenly weary. "As odd a thing as there is."

"No." It was what he had been wishing, that she would want to go with him. He opened his eyes and squared his back and made his voice firm.

"No, I wouldn't let her come with me if she did ask." He could not do that to her. *But Light, wouldn't it be sweet, just for a minute, if she said she wanted to?* "She gets muley stubborn if she thinks I'm trying to tell her what to do, but I can still protect her from that." He wished she were back home in Emond's Field, but all hope of that had gone the day Moiraine came to the Two Rivers. "Even if it means she does become an Aes Sedai!" The corner of his eye caught Lan's raised eyebrow, and he flushed.

"And that is all the reason? You want to spend as much time as you can with your friends from home before they go? That's why you're dragging your feet? You know what's sniffing at your heels."

Rand surged angrily to his feet. "All right, it's Moiraine! I wouldn't even be here if not for her, and she won't as much as talk to me."

"You'd be dead if not for her, sheepherder," Lan said flatly, but Rand rushed on.

"She tells me . . . tells me horrible things about myself"-his knuckles whitened on the sword. *That I'm going to go mad and die!* - "and then suddenly she won't even say two words to me. She acts as if I'm no different than the day she found me, and that smells wrong, too."

"You want her to treat you like what you are?"

"No! I don't mean that. Burn me, I don't know what I mean half the time. I don't want that, and I'm scared of the other. Now she's gone off somewhere, vanished . . ."

"I told you she needs to be alone sometimes. It isn't for you, or anyone else, to question her actions."

". . . without telling anybody where she was going, or when she'd be back, or even if she would be back. She has to be able to tell me something to help me, Lan. Something. She has to. If she ever comes back."



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