

**AN ANNOTATED TRANSLATION OF
FIGURATIVE LANGUAGES IN
JOHN PASSARELLA'S *SUPERNATURAL: NIGHT TERROR***

THESIS

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirement of the Degree of
Sarjana Sastra



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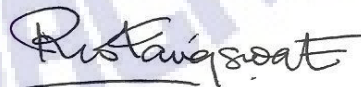
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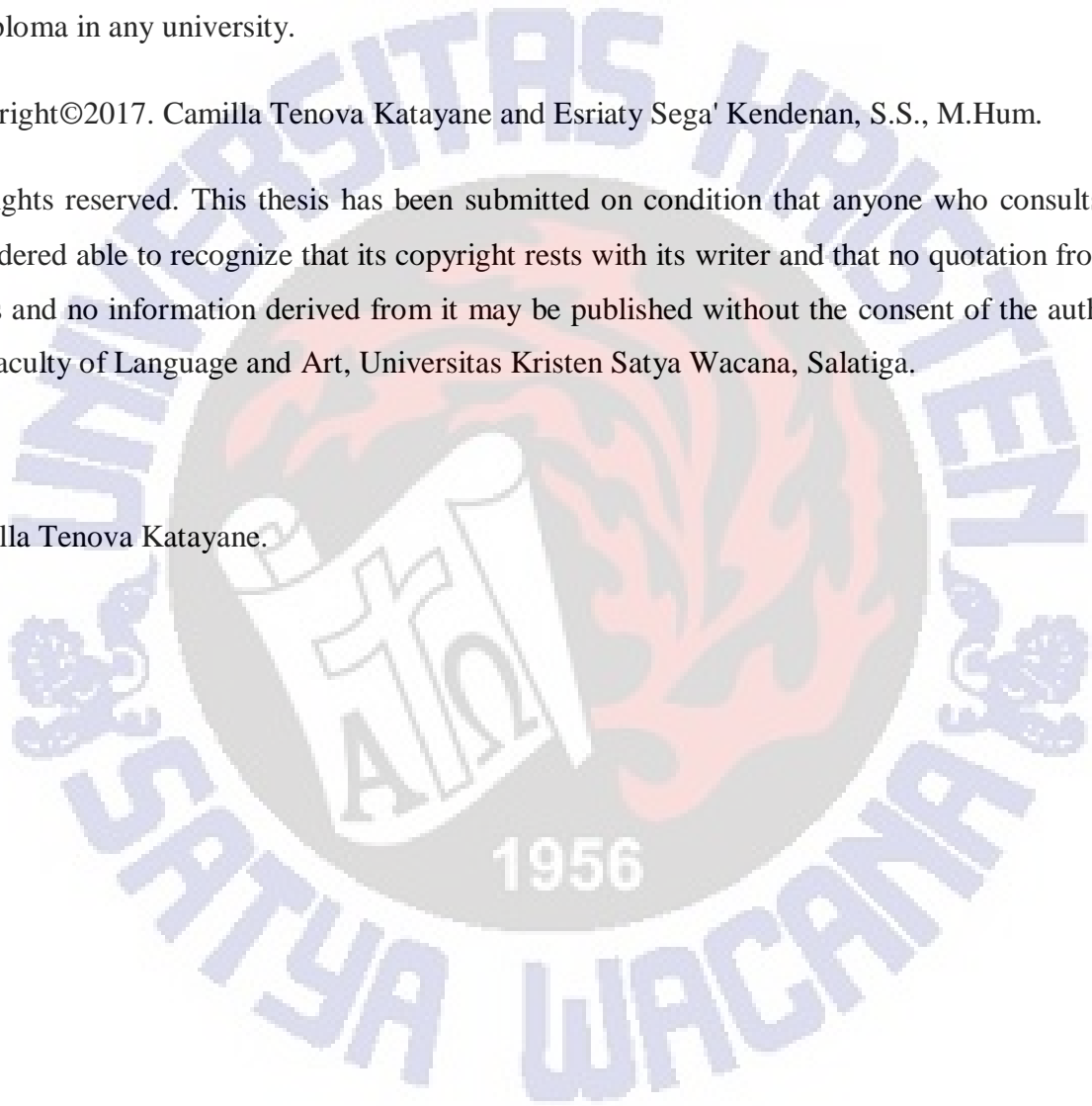
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ABSTRACT

An annotated translation is a term used in the process of clarifying certain translated text by explaining its translation process, as well as the theories used in the translation to justify how the ST resulted in the form of the TT. This paper analyzes John Passarella's *Supernatural: Night Terror* by focusing on analyzing the problems found in the process of translating the following figurative languages: metaphor, simile, hyperbole, personification, and idiom in the ST. This paper discusses the inequivalence between both languages in their figurative aspects where the ST's language doesn't have the equivalent term in the TT's language, conducted in the form of an annotation. The analysis and explanations are conducted from word to sentence level by applying semantic translation method as well as identifying the strategies and procedures applied in the translation process. By applying these procedures and strategies, based on semantic translation method, the translator changed some form of these certain figurative languages with consideration of the sense and meaning of said figurative languages. From the analysis, it is found that some of the figurative language examples are reduced to their senses and some are translated with their aesthetic elements intact.

Keywords: annotated translation, figurative language, metaphor, simile, hyperbole, personification, idiom, translation method, translation strategy, translation procedure.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

A. Background of the Study

Literary works such as novels are popular among people nowadays. With various genres provided in the world of literature, the number of audience of this media could also be as many as the number of the literary works provided. Translation is needed in order to spread the perspectives and messages shared through these literary works' to the audience with different languages. Translation is a process of rendering the meaning of a text into another language in the way that the author intended the text (Newmark, 1988). In translating texts, there might be numerous changes and shifting occurred caused by the process of translating them. It is either influenced by the culture of the TL, or in order to find the equivalent way of expressing the meaning of the SL. In translating a text, a translator should choose whether to keep the structure of the SL text into the TL text as what is intended by the original author, or to make a few changes in order to make the translated text acceptable to the target language's culture.

In order to translate a text from one language to another, a translator needs to have the knowledge of methods or strategies that used to conduct the translation of a text. In the process of translating a text, a translator may found difficulties in translating said text, for example an expressive text, because this kind of text contains aesthetic dimension which commonly contain figurative elements in it. As Bassnett (2002) stated that in order to translate a dramatic or expressive text "any notion of sameness between SL and TL must be discounted. What the translator must do, therefore, is to first determine the function of the SL system and then to find a TL system that will adequately render that function." (p. 123)

Figurative language is a term used for language that functions as an expression to describe something or someone with an object that may or may not have literal equivalence to one another. Figurative language could be a metaphor, simile, personification, hyperbole, etc. To translate this kind of text, a translator must understand the sense of said figurative language that the SL author intended to express instead of its literal meaning. In translating an expressive text, a translator can either translate it literally or make a few changes in order to create an acceptable and equivalent meaning, or at least got to the closest point of the target language's meaning.

1. Research Questions

The questions used as the base in conducting this annotation are as follows:

- a. What are the procedures, strategies, and techniques used by the translator to translate the meaning of the selected figurative languages (metaphor, simile, hyperbole, personification, and idiom)?
- b. Why the translator used that certain strategy and procedures in translating said figurative languages in the text?

2. Objective of Study

The objectives of this annotation according to the research questions are as follows:

- a. To provide theory such as procedures, strategies, and techniques suitable for translating the figurative languages.
- b. To provide additional theory and examples to justify the translation process of the figurative languages.

B. Description of the Selected Text

Supernatural: Night Terror is one of many popular novels in English which have been adapted into a TV series since 2005 for its popularity. Some out of many books of this novel series has been translated into Bahasa Indonesia in recent years, but not all of them. There's a big difference between the script-adapted movie and the original novel, for example, the dialogue and portrayal of the characters or the situation in certain scenes may differ from one another. The translator translated some of the novel's chapters that may not be portrayed properly in the movie, or may not be included in it at all.

1. About the Author

John Passarella is the writer of *Supernatural: Night Terror*. He is a full-time writer, a website designer, and also works in author promotion business of AuthorPromo.com. He focuses mainly in writing works of dark fantasy genres, supernatural thrillers, horror, science fiction, fantasy and mystery. In the recent years, he has been concentrating on horror and supernatural stories.

His first published novel was a co-authored work titled *Wither*, which was purchased by Columbia Pictures in the film rights to *Wither* in a preemptive, pre-publication bid. *Wither* won the Bram Stoker Award in 2000 for Superior Achievement in a First Novel, followed with the media tie-ins *Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Ghoul Trouble* (2000) and *Angel: Avatar* (2001). Next he wrote a stand-alone sequel to *Wither*, which is *Wither's Rain* (2003). In 2004, he had two novels published, *Angel: Monolith* and *Wither's Legacy* and two standalone novels, *Kindred Spirit* (2006) and *Shimmer* (2009). The author had written three original *Supernatural* (CW) tie-in novels for Titan Books, *Night Terror* (2011), *Rite of Passage* (2012), and—the most recent novel—*Supernatural: Cold Fire* (2016), which was preceded by a *Grimm* tie-in: *Grimm: The Chopping Block* (2014), based on the hit NBC TV series.

2. Summary

The *Supernatural* Novel series focuses on two brothers, Sam and Dean Winchester, who were raised by their father, John Winchester, to hunt and kill evil creatures such as monsters, vampires, zombies, genies, ghosts, skin walker, etc, after their mother, Mary, was murdered by evil supernatural being when Sam and Dean were young. After their father's death, Sam and Dean continued their job as hunters of monsters. The following novel: *Supernatural: Night Terror* tells the story about the continuation of their journey as hunters. This time, they face even more powerful supernatural beings such as Angels and Demons. After Sam died in the previous book, Castiel (an Angel) had pulled Sam out from Hell and back to life, but his soul was left in Hell because the Demons wouldn't let go of it. The plot of the analyzed novel followed the storyline when Sam just got his soul back after he and his brother fought even more Demons to get it back. Followed by Sam and Dean's journey to protect people from things that go bumping in the night, with Sam struggling to cast away the other evil version of himself when he had no soul who kept haunting him through his mind.

3. Target Readers

Based on the genre of the novel *Supernatural: Night Terror*, which is a cross-genre work, the blend of Fantasy, Horror, Supernatural, Sci-Fi, thriller, Mystery and Humor, this kind of mixed genre's audience will be more open to the book, based on the conventions of that genre. Since readers are more likely look for many kinds of genre in one book than expecting

it to be a one-way genre, this kind of cross-genre book is more likely to gain a mass of popularity through the changes happened in the plot lines. This novel emphasize the mood, atmosphere and setting in each chapters, by providing different characters (whether minor or major), each with different scenes and plots that are connected at the end of the chapters with the concluding scenes.

Referring to the theme of this novel, it will not only gain the attention of specific genre audience, but will also able to take the attention of readers in general. The writer of this novel enjoys writing thriller and horror genres, but also includes romance and comedy in his work, with the base genre (horror and thriller) carried through the plot of the work. The audience will put interest in their preferred genre while reading the whole story line. For example, there's a touch of mystery with plenty of humor and a tense thriller genre spread all over the novel. While some readers might enjoy all of these genres, the ideal reader prefers to stick with the style of the writer, which is mainly about thriller that will likely gain the attention of thriller genre readers. As mentioned before, this novel is not focusing on one genre only, which convinces people to try reading the book despite their preferences.

C. Theoretical Framework

This paper is focusing on analyzing the aesthetic dimension of both SL and TL, in this case; the figurative languages. The text type of this novel is a narrative and expressive text. The analysis and explanations are done from word to sentence level using Newmark's (1988) *semantic translation method*, in order to maintain the aesthetic value of the ST, as well as identifying the strategies and procedures applied in the translation process. The translator also identify the nature of the source text's language in order to be able to create a relevant analysis, supported by theories that revolve around translation of aesthetic elements or figurative language in this novel.

Newmark (1988) stated that "A semantic translation differs from 'faithful translation' only in as far as it must take more account of the aesthetic value (that is, the beautiful and natural sounds of the SL text, compromising on 'meaning' where appropriate so that no assonance, word-play or repetition jars in the finished version.)" (p. 46), referring to this theory, the translator is using *semantic translation* method to keep the aesthetic value of the ST into the TT

without changing the whole content or meaning of the ST. Thus, by using the method, procedures, and strategies, the translator resorted to some changes in translating the words / phrases to the TT by using words / phrases that probably differ from the ST (literally) but still be able to deliver the message and meaning intended by the ST with consideration of the sense and context of the figurative languages.

Figurative languages are usually found in literary works such as poetry, novel, short story, drama, etc. Figurative languages consisted with various types, and their purposes in literary works are basically as an expression in the form of words and phrases used not with their literal meaning but with more of an imaginative meaning. As Glucksberg (2001) stated that “In figurative language, the intended meaning does not coincide with the literal meanings of the words and sentences that are used.” From this definition, we can see that a figurative language is used in form of words or phrases to express something that is not what of the literal meaning of said certain word or phrase. It means that figurative language expresses certain things in a form of something else, which is out of context or unrelated to each other literally, but figuratively related. Figurative language varies into many kinds, such as metaphor, simile, personification, hyperbole, symbolism, alliteration, onomatopoeia, etc.

The novel *Supernatural: Night Terror* contains various aesthetic dimension of language because of its constant use of figurative language in parts of the story. There are various figurative languages such as metaphor, simile, personification, hyperbole, symbolism, alliteration, onomatopoeia, idiom, etc, found in the novel, but this paper is specifically focused on annotating these following figurative languages supported by different theory, strategy, and procedures of translation:

1. Metaphor

Metaphor is a figurative language that describes something or someone with something else in a way that made it literally non equivalent to one another or sounded nonsensical, Lakoff and Johnson (2008: 8) defined it as “device of the poetic imagination and the rhetorical flourish—a matter of extraordinary rather than ordinary language.” Based on their definition, metaphor is a term in which the use of a language is modified in a way that made it differ from literal concepts of language and their basic meanings. Ortony (1993: 127) suggested that in metaphor’s case, the meaning is derivative and it is not merely coincidental

second meaning but *derivative* of the literal meaning. It can be interpreted that a metaphor is not merely a made up nonsense, but it is developed from the qualities of something or someone it portrayed.

In translating metaphors, a translator needs to identify the context of the ST to be able to get into the meaning and purpose of the metaphor itself. According to Newmark (1988), the purpose of metaphor in a cognitive way is to describe elements such as a mental process or state, a concept, a person, an object, a quality or an action in a more comprehensive and concise way than it is usually used in literal or physical language. The aesthetic and pragmatic purpose of metaphor is simultaneous which is to appeal to the senses, to interest, to clarify graphically, to please, to delight, to surprise. This step in translating a metaphor is crucial for the translator in order to transfer the meaning of the metaphor as the author of the ST intended and to avoid either misinterpretation or confusion to the TL readers.

In order to meet these requirements of translating metaphor, the translator referred to the following theory by Newmark's (1988) suggestion of types of metaphor and procedures of translation:

- 1.1. Dead Metaphor** is a metaphor that hardly relatable to the image it pictured, frequently relate to universal or general terms. "They are particularly used graphically for concepts and for the language of science to clarify or define. Normally dead metaphors are not difficult to translate, but they often defy literal translation," (p. 100) and thus offer choices to the translator whether to reduce it to its sense or to replace it with the equivalent term in TL in their translation.
- 1.2. Cliché Metaphor**, Newmark defined cliché metaphors as "metaphors that have perhaps temporarily outlived their usefulness, that are used as a substitute for clear thought, often emotively, but without corresponding to the facts of the matter," (p. 101) The translator is left with a choice between reducing the cliché metaphor to a simpler and more effective sense or to replace it with a more acceptable metaphor without excluding the nature of the text.
- 1.3. Stock or Standard Metaphor** is the kind of metaphor that has been frequently used from time to time, as Newmark defined it: "a stock metaphor is an established metaphor which in an informal context is an efficient and concise method of covering a physical and/or mental situation both referentially and pragmatically" (p. 101) This type of

metaphor is considered not difficult to be recognized by its audience and it is not affected by the overuse. Stock metaphors may be challenging to translate, because their definite equivalents may be out of date or confusing for different social class or age group. The translator may keep the same image in the TL if it has the appropriate equivalent in the TL register, or to replace the SL image with another standard metaphor from the TL if it exists. If the metaphor is considered too old-fashioned or classical and unfamiliar to a younger audience, the translator can reduce the metaphor to its sense, depends on the importance of the image in the SL and the TL context.

- 1.4. **Adapted Metaphor** is the type of metaphor that is not written by the author themselves, but formulated from another area or language reference. This type of metaphor is similar to stock metaphors, but adapted by a translator or speaker into a new context. “In translation, an adapted stock metaphor should, where possible, be translated by an equivalent adapted metaphor, particularly in a text as 'sacred’” (p. 111). This type of metaphor may become ambiguous and complicated if it were translated literally. The translator may have to reduce the metaphor to its sense with a difficulty to translate the metaphor and to adapt it to the original context.
- 1.5. **Recent Metaphor** is a metaphorical neologism that is recently founded or made up in the SL, or as Newmark stated: “new metaphor designating one of a number of 'prototypical' qualities that continually 'renew' themselves in language.” (p. 111). This type of metaphor is basically a renewal or evolution of previously used metaphors, it may use different or a more recent style of language that is more acceptable to the younger generation. Recent metaphors may refer to new objects of the referent and the level of language of the metaphor. It can be translated to its sense if provided in the TL and is clear to the readership.
- 1.6. **Original Metaphor** is a metaphor created or quoted by the SL writer themselves. Newmark (1988) stated that “this type of metaphor: (a) contain the core of an important writer's message, his personality, his comment on life, and though they may have a more or a less cultural element, these have to be transferred neat; (b) such metaphors are a source of enrichment for the target language,” (p. 112). This type of metaphor should be translated literally, whether universally or culturally. However, if an original cultural metaphor appears a little understandable and not very important, a translator

can sometimes replace it with a descriptive metaphor provided it the TL or reduces it to its sense depending on the contextual factors and the importance of the metaphor in the ST.

2. Simile

Simile is a figurative language that uses the words “like” or “as” to compare two different or unrelated things as being similar. As Ortony (1979) stated that, “traditionally the distinction between metaphor and simile has been made in terms of the distinction between an implicit comparison (metaphor) and an explicit comparison (simile), the latter typically being marked by the presence of “like” or “as.”

As Larson (1984: 246) mentioned that there are techniques for translating simile:

- 2.1. **Keep the same simile.** Translate the simile whether literally or semantically as close as possible to the original simile. This technique requires the translator to create simile with the same form as the original simile in the SL.
- 2.2. **Replace it with another simile, but keep the original meaning.** This technique allowed the translator to replace the simile with other simile provided in the ST. The simile may be unrelated literally but it has to carry the same meaning intended by the author.
- 2.3. **Keep the same simile, but define it** (explain its theme or point of similarity). This technique basically keeps the same simile in the translated text, but requires an elaboration to justify the meaning of the simile in case it is ambiguous and hard to understand for the TL audience.

3. Hyperbole

Hyperbole is a figure of speech in a form of exaggerated statement that is hard to be true and taken literally. It may be an exaggeration, but in expressive perspective “the literal and the hyperbolic expression have to be situated or at least viewed as being situated on the same degree scale, in the present example the numerical and/or temporal scales.” (Claridge, 2011:5). Most hyperboles contain exaggerated expression that made them sounded surreal and sometimes ridiculous. According to Frank’s (2000) principle, a translator needs to recognize the hyperbole and consider whether at times they need to be reduced to a more literal meaning. The translator analyzed the hyperbole examples taken from the novel and

translates them with consideration of the sense and the context of the hyperboles in the SL. As Munday (2004) stated that: “some meanings are figurative and need to be distinguished from the literal meanings...each perhaps requiring a different translation.” Referring to this statement, the translator transferred the meaning of the hyperbole either by reducing it to its sense or by keeping the same hyperbole in the translated text, depends on the context of the text and meanings intended by the SL author.

4. Personification

An expressive term that gives animals or inanimate objects human-like characteristics, for example (1) The book screams in agony as its pages being ripped off the handle, or (2) The wheels squealed in protest.

According to Paxson (1994) there are two definitions of personification, first “refers to the practice of giving an actual personality to an abstraction. This practice has its origins in animism and ancient religion, and is called “personification” by modern theorists of religion and anthropology,” and the second one is “the practice of giving a consciously fictional personality to an abstraction, “impersonating” it. This rhetorical practice requires a separation between the literary pretense of a personality, and the actual state of affairs.” (p. 6). This kind of expression is usually in the form of one word, and when the readers were confronted with this kind of figure of speech in a text, it is unlikely think they might bear non-literal sense and this may lead to an interpretation that is different from the intended one. In order to prevent the misinterpretation of the personification, the translator referred to the following translation strategy by Shahabi (2015:4-5):

4.1. Translation of personification to simile: the expressive meaning remains the same in the TL and a proper modifier is added, a word (mostly, an adjective) to highlights the characteristics attributed to the word in the SL is added to the term; hence, the translator can prevent the reader from creating different (unrelated or, worse, contradictory) images from what the original author intended to convey.

4.2. Literal translation and explaining the ST personification: the ST remains the same in the TT and the word/ phrase’s metaphorical meaning in the ST is explained in the footnote so that the TT reader gets familiar with the SL cultural and metaphorical knowledge.

4.3. Conversion of personification to sense: Where the ST personification is different or does not exist in the TL; it might be substituted for the metaphorical meaning of the personification.

5. Idiom

Idiom is a figure of speech whose meaning is not predictable from the actual meanings of the words it contains, which means it may or may not be related to the word structures or the literal meaning. Langlotz (2006) defined idiomatic expression as “complex symbols with specific formal, semantic, pragmatic and sociolinguistic characteristics...linguistic constructions that have gone through a sociolinguistic process of conventionalization.” (p. 3). He also stated that “the overall meaning of an idiomatic construction is a semantic extension from the compositional result of the meanings of its lexical constituents.” (p. 4). The meaning of an idiom can be found if it were analyzed properly, aside from the literal meanings and focuses on the sense and message it expresses. Idiom is a fixed expression that may have no equivalent in the TL. Both SL and TL may express their idiomatic expression in various meanings and seldom matches the way they express the same meanings in the same form. To translate the idioms from the novel, the translator refer to Baker’s (2011: 71-78) following strategies for translating idiomatic expressions:

- 5.1. Using an idiom of similar meaning and form.** This strategy requires the translator to find an idiom in the TL which closely matches the same meaning as the idiom from the SL and consists of equivalent lexical items.
- 5.2. Using an idiom of similar meaning but dissimilar form.** This strategy requires the translator to find an idiom other fixed expression in the TL which has a similar meaning to the SL idiom, but consists of different lexical items. This strategy uses an expression with different lexical items to express the idiom in more or less the same context.
- 5.3. Translation by paraphrase.** This strategy is frequently used in translating idioms because of inequivalence between SL and TL, where a matching term of expression cannot be found in the TL or because of the differences in stylistic preferences of both languages. The strategy basically reduces the idiom to its sense by transferring the meanings thorough the translation.

5.4. Translation by omission. This strategy usually applied on single words idiom, it may be removed completely in the TL, usually because it has no close match in the TL, the meaning is difficult to paraphrase, or for stylistic reasons.

D. Methodology of Annotated Translation

The translator read the ST thoroughly and determined its context before the translation process. The next step was to proofread the translated text; the translator passed the translated text to some selected readers and asked for their input and insight in the context of the target language. After the proofreading results and inputs are earned, the translator then analyzed them accordingly to the context of the source text. Next, the translator adjusted the translation based on the inputs received from the readers.

After the proofreading and adjustments, the translator extracted some examples of figurative language from the final or post-proof-read translated chapters of *Supernatural: Night Terror* (prologue, chapter one, and chapter two) such as metaphor, simile, hyperbole, personification, and idiom in the ST. To determine the figurative languages' authenticity, the translator referred to dictionaries and literary theory books of figurative language. The examples were analyzed by focusing on the problems found in the process of figurative language translation, such as inequivalence between both languages term where the TT's language didn't provide the equivalent term of the ST's figurative language. The analysis of said problems were conducted in the form of an annotation or translation with commentary, of each examples extracted from the ST; from word to sentence level by applying semantic translation method as well as identifying the strategies and procedures applied in the translation process. By applying these procedures and strategies, based on semantic translation method, the translator may either translated the figurative languages literally or made a few changes to the form of these certain figurative languages with consideration of the sense and meaning of said figurative languages in order to create an acceptable and equivalent meaning to the TL's readers.

The theoretical model of translation used by the translator was comparative model where the translator lined up the ST and TT side by side and compared the equivalence of the translation, as well as justifying the translation process. The analysis focused on the aesthetic elements of the language in this novel through annotation method or translation with explanatory.

CHAPTER II

TRANSLATION AND ITS SOURCE TEXT

A. TRANSLATED TEXT

PROLOG

[1] Gavin "Shelly" Shelburn melenggang di sepanjang jalan yang dikelilingi pohon-pohon dari pusat kota Clayton Falls, Colorado dengan cukup keyakinan untuk menghindari tuduhan berkeliaran. Terkadang, dia duduk di salah satu bangku-bangku besi kokoh untuk mengistirahatkan kakinya yang terus-menerus sakit, yang menipiskan sol sepatu bot usangnya hingga menyerupai karung beras. Dia menghabiskan sebagian besar jam malamnya bolak-balik di komplek restoran, delapan blok persegi yang dikelilingi restoran paling populer, untuk meminta sedekah.

[2] Entah saat orang-orang akan duduk untuk menyantap hidangan lezat, atau kembali ke mobil mereka setelah makan, strateginya adalah untuk memberikan kesan rasa bersalah pada orang-orang lebih berpunya tersebut. Dengan keadaan ekonomi sangat buruk yang berjuang untuk memperbaiki dirinya sendiri, Shelburn tetap berada di kelas paling bawah. Hal ini tidak begitu membantu meringankan bebannya sebagai seorang yang telah kehilangan istrinya karena penyakit yang kronis, kehilangan pekerjaannya akibat kelalaian di masa kesulitan, dan kehilangan rumahnya karena para bankir yang tak acuh, namun kondisi kemelaratannya saat ini tidak seburuk beberapa tahun terakhir. Dengan catatan pengangguran dan rumahnya yang telah disita, dia hanya bisa menjalani kemiskinannya jika Tuhan berkehendak demikian.

[3] Jatuh miskinnya Gavin Shelburn berawal sebelum masa krisis moneter, tapi dia tidak berpikir untuk menerima simpati dari mereka yang masih dipekerjakan untuk mengisi perutnya, jika perutnya tidak terisi, maka terkadang dia akan berpuasa. Untuk itu, dia berkeliling di malam hari mengenakan topi compang-camping—yang selalu dia tundukkan kepada para wanita dan biasa dibalikinya untuk mengumpulkan uang—bersama dengan mantel kusut yang juga digunakannya sebagai selimut yang menjuntai sampai ke bagian atas sepatu bot bekas yang dipakainya. Pinggang kurusnya terlihat berisi karena kemeja berkancing dua yang dikenakannya yang melapisi satu sama lain, meskipun dia menukar posisi kedua pakaiannya setiap hari ketimbang

mencuci pakaian tersebut. Jika digabungkan, kedua kemeja tersebut memiliki satu lubang kancing. Celana jeans tipisnya masih memiliki sisa-sisa warna hitam aslinya.

[4] Hampir setiap malam, dengan mengandalkan kombinasi dari simpati, rasa bersalah dan mengemis dengan sopan membuat Shelly bisa makan dan, ya, semangatnya pun bangkit, sementara dia menghindari sel tahanan Kepala Polisi Quinn. Tapi sisa efek dari krisis ekonomi memperlambat aktivitas malam di kompleks restoran, terutama pada malam minggu. Dia sudah sampai di pinggiran zona bread-and-butternya, di dekat toko pizza kecil yang terkadang memberinya sisa makanan, dan berniat untuk pergi, ketika seorang wanita paruh baya bergegas keluar dari Joe Pizza Shack dengan sekotak pizza besar dan sebotol Coke dua liter.

[5] "Selamat malam, Nyonya," katanya sambil menundukkan topi serbagunanya.

[6] "Eh," katanya terkejut dan berhenti di tengah perjalanan menuju mobilnya, sebuah mobil Nissan putih yang berada di tempat parkir. "Baiklah." Dia meletakkan kotak pizza itu di kap mobil, mengambil uang dolar kusut dari tasnya dan menaruh itu di topi Shelly. "Ambil ini."

[7] "Terima kasih, Nyonya," katanya, dengan sopan menerima uang tersebut, yang dia masukkan ke saku kirinya karena saku kanannya berlubang di sela-sela jahitannya.

[8] Dengan melambai tak acuh dia mengambil kotak pizzanya, masuk ke dalam mobil, dan melesat pergi.

[9] Asap putih halus bergolak di belakang saat mobil itu menjauh, seakan meresap dari jalan-jalan dan bergulir melewatinya, memberi kesan tak wajar pada daerah suram yang berada di luar jangkauan kesederhanaan kompleks pusat kota. Lebih dari sekedar terisolasi, dia merasa... ditinggalkan, seolah-olah realitas, bersama dengan wanita pinggiran kota itu, telah memutuskan untuk pergi tanpanya.

[10] Dia terdiam sejenak, menatap mobil wanita itu, sebelum memakaikan kembali topinya pada rambutnya yang menipis, beruban dini, dan berbalik kembali ke arah dia datang. Meski dengan khayalan sesaatnya, realitasnya tidak berubah. Meskipun telah menjadi rutinitas, hidupnya tetap susah, tanpa kepastian. Tapi belakangan ini, pikirnya, siapapun tidak memiliki kepastian.

[11] Selama malam yang panjang itu, dia mengumpulkan cukup uang untuk membayar beberapa potong pizza dan minumannya sendiri, tapi terlalu dini baginya untuk mampu membeli makanan lengkap atau minuman beralkohol—atau sebaliknya. Dalam jangka satu jam berikutnya, para pelanggan terakhir akan pulang ke rumah dan duduk di depan layar TV plasma mereka. Tentunya beberapa dari mereka bersedia memberi satu atau dua dollar untuk orang yang jatuh miskin?

[12] Sambil mengabaikan omelan protes berlarut-larut dari perutnya, dia melanjutkan perjalanannya kembali ke pusat komplek restoran. Dia belum berjalan cukup jauh, ketika tiba-tiba dia mendengar suara lain di belakangnya, gesekan seperti baja pada beton, diikuti desisan.

[13] Kaget, dia berbalik. Dan terhuyung mundur tak percaya.

[14] “Buset!” Bisiknya.

[15] Mustahil.

[16] Tangan kanannya menepuk botol yang terselip di dalam saku mantelnya. Hampir penuh. Dia belum meminum isinya. Menyimpannya untuk nanti, saat dia akan berjongkok untuk tidur di malam gelisah lainnya. Tetapi bahkan jika dia telah meminum setiap tetesnya, itu tidak bisa menjelaskan apa yang dilihatnya.

[17] Ukuran makhluk itu seperti dua mobil Nissan. Seekor kadal raksasa, dengan wajah bergerigi hitam, tubuh kuat panjang dan ekor besar bergaris oranye terang. Sebuah nama menggelegak naik di dalam pikirannya, yang diajarkan padanya dalam pelajaran sekolah dasar yang belum terlalu dilupakannya.

[18] Monster Gila.

[19] Lidah bercabang makhluk itu, panjang seperti sebuah pita ukur merah muda, tiba-tiba bergerak ke arahnya, mencicipi udara dengan lidahnya. Kemudian rahangnya terbuka lebar, memperlihatkan mulut dengan deretan gigi tajam berjejer yang bisa melahap kepala dan tubuhnya dalam satu gigitan.

[20] Dia teringat sesuatu tentang monster Gila. Mereka mencampur racun dalam air liur mereka, neurotoksin berbahaya yang akan melumpuhkan mangsa mereka.

[21] “Oh Tuhan ...”

[22] Tidak dapat melepaskan pandangannya dari kadal mengerikan itu, Shelly tersandung beberapa langkah ke belakang. Makhluk seperti ini seharusnya bergerak lambat—tapi panjang mereka juga seharusnya kurang dari dua kaki, yang satu ini dua puluh kali lebih besar dari ukuran itu.

[23] Makhluk itu mengambil satu langkah ke arahnya, sepasang cakar tajam menggores trotoar di bawahnya. Lidahnya menyentil lagi. Lalu keempat kakinya mulai bergolak maju dalam langkah cepat yang menapaki tanah terlalu cepat dibandingkan perkiraan Shelly.

[24] Sambil berpaling dari makhluk yang sangat besar itu, dia berlari terbirit-birit, di luar kendali. Di belakangnya, cakar besar makhluk itu menghantam jalan dalam ritme metronomik menakutkan yang semakin kencang saat jarak antara dia dan makhluk itu menyempit.

[25] “Tolong! Tolong aku!” Teriaknya terengah-engah.

[26] Suaranya bak hilang ditelan malam, dibungkam oleh selimut kabut dan isolasi total. Tidak pernah dia merasa seterasing itu di jalanan Clayton Falls. Sambil menghela napas untuk menjerit lagi, dia merasa lidah panjang, bercabang, lengket dengan apa yang dia bayangkan adalah dosis racun mematikan monster itu, menghantam pipinya yang diselimuti pangkal janggut.

[27] Dia menjerit dalam ketakutan tak terkendali, jantungnya berdebar begitu kencang dia pikir itu akan meledak di dalam dadanya seperti sebuah granat berdarah. Cakar makhluk itu menghantam tumit kanannya dan sepatu botnya terhempas dari kakinya, memutar pergelangan kakinya ke samping dengan menyakitkan. Tertatih, dia nyaris tidak berhasil mempertahankan keseimbangannya, tapi dia tahu waktunya yang telah habis dan berbelok ke kiri, ke sebuah gang di belakang sebuah restoran Cina.

[28] Napas panas monster rakasa Gila menyapu bagian belakang lehernya.

[29] Shelly mendengar suara dentuman keras saat ekor besar makhluk itu menghantam pembatas parkiran.

[30] Gang itu mengarah sepanjang jalan sampai Bell Street, tapi dia juga tidak bisa berlari lebih cepat dari monster itu. Dalam hitungan detik dia akan dilahap dekat tempat dia biasanya memulung untuk makanan sisa, tepat di luar—

[31] Dia berbelok ke kiri, mengangkat lengan kirinya ke tepi gerobak sampah temaram milik restoran itu dan memanjat ke atas penutupnya dan mendarat ke sampah lembab dan berbau busuk.

[32] Tidak lama setelah dia mendarat di bantalan sampah itu, sesuatu, mungkin kepala monster Gila ini, menyerobot di sisi gerobak sampah itu dan mendorongnya ke dalam gang. Logam bergesek dengan dinding bata di bagian belakang restoran Cina itu. Gerobak sampah itu bergerak sambil tersentak saat roda-roda kecilnya menjerit protes.

[33] Tiba-tiba, hentakkan itu berhenti.

[34] Shelly menahan napas, yang dia dengar hanyalah gemuruh detak jantungnya yang tak karuan. Sambil mendudukkan dirinya, sesuatu yang kuat menghantam sisi dalam gerobak sampah, menekuk baja tepat di antara kedua kakinya, dan menghentakkan gerobak sampah itu kembali ke dinding bata. Menyebabkan suara gesekan lain saat cakar makhluk itu meraup gerobak sampah tersebut.

[35] Shelly teringat fakta mengerikan lain tentang monster Gila.

[36] Mereka bisa memanjat.

[37] Dan yang satu ini cukup besar untuk memanjat ke tepi gerobak sampah itu.

[38] Dia terpojok.

[39] Panik, dia meraba-raba sampah berlendir dan lengket itu, mencari sesuatu yang tajam atau keras, apapun yang bisa berfungsi sebagai senjata. Pencariannya menjadi lebih nekat ketika dia melihat cakar makhluk itu menggenggam pinggiran gerobak sampah itu seperti satu set pisau daging. Gerobak sampah itu mulai miring ke depan saat berat tubuh makhluk itu menyimpannya. Shelly mendengar sebuah letusan ketika salah satu roda gerobak sampah itu lepas. Dalam hitungan detik, kepala bergerigi, mata hitam pekat, dan lidah panjang bercabang yang mengerikan itu akan muncul di atasnya dan menghalangi langit malam.

[40] Tangan Shelly yang sedang meraba-raba menyentuh serpihan kayu. Dia membabi buta merabanya karena dia tidak mau berpaling dari penutup gerobak sampah itu. Sebuah peti kayu! batinnya. Tipis, tetapi jika dipecah-pecah salah satu bilahnya bisa digunakan sebagai belati darurat. Jika dia mencungkil mata makhluk itu, mungkin dia akan pergi mencari mangsa selanjutnya di tempat lain.

[41] Tiba-tiba hentakan itu mereda kembali dan gerobak sampah itu kembali menyenggol dinding bata.

[42] Beberapa detik telah berlalu sebelum Shelly menyadari bahwa cakar monster itu telah lepas. Tadinya cakar itu menancap di gerobak sampah baja itu, lalu menghilang lagi. Dia menunggu sejenak, tanpa bergerak, mendengarkan dengan seksama untuk suara apapun. Perlahan, dia sadar akan kebisingan malam di sekitarnya. Gemuruh truk yang lewat, desis ban di aspal, lengkingan klakson yang jauh...dan napasnya yang terengah-engah.

[43] Dia bertumpu pada tangan dan lututnya dan meraih tepian gerobak sampah itu, perlahan menarik dirinya keluar dari antara sampah-sampah, kepalanya mengendap ke atas permukaan gerobak sampah itu seperti sebuah periskop di perairan musuh. Dia mengintip di sepanjang gang, kiri dan kanan.

[44] Tidak ada apapun. Seolah-olah kadal itu telah lenyap dari muka bumi.

[45] “Yang benar saja.”

[46] “Kota ini sangat payah.”

[47] Steven Bullinger yang berusia delapan belas tahun itu menenggak habis isi kaleng bir keduanya, meremas kaleng aluminium kosong itu dan melemparkannya ke salah satu semak-semak hias yang mengelilingi patung perunggu kotor Charles Clayton dan Yeremia Falls di tengah Founders Park.

[48] Tony Lacosta menggeleng. “Kau mengatakan hal yang sama setiap malam.”

[49] “Ya, Bullinger,” kata Lucy Quinn. “Kau butuh hobi baru.” Dia berdiri di antara mereka, menghadap ke arah yang berlawanan, tangannya dimasukkan ke kantong jaketnya, yang merah muda terang dan dipenuhi pola tengkorak hitam kecil. Dia bertugas mengawasi mereka.

[50] Patung perunggu pelopor abad kesembilan belas itu dibentuk mengangkang kuda mereka, berjarak jauh dari satu sama lain dalam bentuk V, diterangi lampu sorot tersembunyi. Clayton menunjuk ke kejauhan, mungkin menunjukkan lokasi bangunan kota ini, sementara Falls menarik tali kekang kudanya. Namun ketiga remaja itu tidak memilih tempat berkeliaran mereka karena rasa bangga akan daerah mereka. Bangku-bangku tepat di belakang kuda perunggu itu terhalang dari pandangan dan tertutupi bayangan di malam hari, di luar silau terang lampu sorot monumen.

[51] Steven menggerutu, “Pastikan kau melihat baik-baik.”

[52] “Kau boleh pergi.”

[53] “Memikirkan hal itu,” kata Steven cemberut. “Membuatku bimbang.”

[54] “Betul,” kata Tony. “Oper satu bir padaku, sebelum kau meminum semuanya.”

[55] Steven menyelipkan tangannya ke dalam ransel terbuka yang dia taruh di bangku taman di sampingnya dan melemparkan sekaleng untuk Tony. Dia menatap Lucy. “Kau mau satu?”

[56] Dia menggeleng. “Tidak usah.” Minum adalah hal terjauh dari pikirannya.

[57] “Kau tidak minum lagi, begitu?”

[58] “Tidak,” katanya membela diri. “Bukan begitu.”

[59] “Khawatir ayahmu akan menangkapmu?” Steven bersikeras.

[60] “Tidak,” katanya, lalu menghela napas. “Mungkin. Dia adalah kepala polisi.”

[61] “Dan kau mengontrolnya.”

[62] Dia mendengus. “Andai saja.”

[63] “Apa alasan sebenarnya?” Tanya Tony dengan jari telunjuk di atas pembuka kaleng, menunggu untuk membukanya.

[64] “Aku tidak tahu,” katanya dan mengangkat bahu. “Sekarang bukan waktu yang tepat.”

[65] “Apa? Sekarang tidak cukup larut bagimu?” Tanya Steven.

[66] Tony mendesah jengkel. “Dia berbicara tentang Teddy, dasar kau tolol.”

[67] “Kemarin adalah peringatan satu tahun,” kata Lucy. “Kalian tidak berpikir tentang kecelakaan itu?”

[68] “Tentu saja,” kata Steven membela diri. “Kalian tidak melihatku mengemudi, ‘kan?”

[69] “Dasar bodoh!” kata Lucy, menendangnya di tulang kering.

[70] “Buset!” Steven tampak lebih marah karena menjatuhkan kaleng bir ketiganya ketimbang ditendang. Dia mengangkat kaleng itu dari tanah sebelum banyak yang tumpah. Kabut putih tipis menyeruak di sekitaran taman, muncul dalam pusaran dan berputar. Steven hanya melihat kabut itu sekilas. “Aku tidak bermaksud apa-apa!”

[71] “Jadi, menjadi brengsek memang alami?”

[72] “Lebih karena latihan terus-menerus,” kata Tony, menyeringai.

[73] “Diam kau,” kata Steven kepadanya. Lalu dia berpaling ke Lucy. “Dengar, tahun lalu semua orang berbicara tentang hal itu. Setiap kali mereka melihatku, atau salah satu di antara kita berjalan ke sebuah ruangan, atau jika mereka berpapasan dengan kita di jalan. Aku tidak ingin mengingatnya. Sejak kebakaran di pabrik... Yang ingin kukatakan adalah, aku bisa menghadapinya dengan caraku sendiri sekarang. Tanpa orang-orang mengungkitnya sepanjang waktu.”

[74] Lucy menyilangkan lengannya dan memelototinya. “Maaf saja jika aku tidak ingin melupakan Teddy.”

[75] “Aku tidak—aku tidak mengatakan—Tony, bicaralah padanya.”

[76] “Tak satu pun dari kita ingin melupakan Teddy,” kata Tony. “Dia dulu pacarmu, tapi kami kenal dengannya sejak sekolah dasar. Dan kami semua... gegabah pada malam itu. Tapi mengungkitnya lagi? Aku pikir itu tidak.... Ada apa? Polisi?”

[77] Lucy menatap patung-patung itu. Matanya membelalak, iris hijaunya didominasi warna putih matanya. Dia menunjuk. “Tiga—tiga kuda.”

[78] Tony mengikuti tatapannya. Steven berbalik di atas bangku, melihat dari balik bahunya. Seekor kuda lain bergerak di antara bentuk V kuda Clayton dan Falls, kuda jantan hitam. Kuku-kukunya berderap pada lantai marmer monumen seukurannya dan mendengus ketika penunggang itu mengarahkannya untuk menjauh dari patung-patung perunggu itu, di antara dua bangku dan melalui celah di semak-semak hias.

[79] “Mereka datang untuk kita,” kata Lucy.

[80] “Apa?” Steven melihatnya, lalu Tony.

[81] Tony menjatuhkan kaleng birnya. “Buset!”

[82] Penunggang kuda itu berpakaian hitam, jubah berkuda, kemeja, celana dan sepatu bot. Tapi hal pertama Lucy perhatikan adalah kepalanya. Sebaliknya, tidak ada kepala. Jubah itu diikatkan pada batang lehernya, namun ujung lehernya sobek dan hanya ada tunggul berdarah. Tidak ada kepala... namun tampak seolah dia bisa melihat segala sesuatu. Dia tampak menatap tepat ke Lucy melalui mata yang tak terlihat.

[83] Penunggang kuda itu memegang kendali kuda menggunakan tangan kirinya karena tangan kanannya memegang sebuah pedang berkilau.

[84] “Lari!” Teriak Tony.

[85] Lucy mematung. Pada saat itu, dia yakin bahwa dia akan terdiam saat penunggang kuda tanpa kepala itu menusukkan pedangnya tepat menembus jantungnya. Tapi Tony meraih salah satu tangan Lucy yang tiba-tiba berkeringat itu dan menariknya ke samping. Dia tersandung ke arah Tony sambil melihat ke belakang, tak dapat mengalihkan pandangannya dari penampakan bak mimpi buruk yang muncul entah dari mana itu.

[86] Steven membuntuti di belakang mereka, terutama karena dia berhenti sebentar untuk mengambil ransel penuh birnya.

[87] Kuda itu meringkik dan berdiri dengan kaki belakangnya. Penunggang itu menendang taji ke sekitarnya dan kuda itu kembali dalam posisi berdiri lalu berlari mengejar mereka, kukunya menghantam tanah dengan tekad yang mematikan. Lucy bisa merasakan getaran di tulang keringnya dan pikir dia bisa muntah kapan saja. Dia baru sadar bahwa dia sedang terisak.

[88] Steven belum sempat menutup ritsleting ranselnya. Setiap beberapa langkah, sekaleng bir terselip keluar dan jatuh ke tanah, mengeluarkan desisan protes busa yang terperangkap. Akhirnya, dia memaki dan melepaskan ranselnya.

[89] Lucy tidak bisa berhenti melirik ke belakang di setiap langkah yang diambilnya. Dia tersandung lagi dan lagi, tapi semangat Tony membantunya tetap tegak. Dia melihat penunggang kuda itu membungkuk pada Steven dan mengayunkan pedangnya disertai suara siulan, bertekad untuk menyamakan pemuda itu dengan kondisi tanpa kepalanya atau mungkin untuk memperbaiki kekurangan kepalanya dengan substitusi acak. Lucy menjerit seketika.

[90] Pedang berkilauan itu meleset tipis dari leher Steven.

[91] Steven pasti merasakan lintasan singkat pedang itu. Dia menepuk tangannya ke tengkuk lehernya, seakan memeriksa apakah ada darah.

[92] Mereka berada di dekat tepian taman, mendekati bangunan kota saat Lucy tersentak ke samping. Dia tersandung dan jatuh menabrak Tony sesaat sebelum dia menuntunnya untuk belok ke kanan.

[93] “Apa—?” kata Lucy.

[94] “Kita harus berpencar,” kata Tony, napasnya terengah-engah.

[95] “Makhluk itu tidak bisa mengejar kita semua.”

[96] “Tapi Steve...”

[97] Getaran di kakinya telah hilang. Dia menoleh ke belakang tapi tidak melihat penunggang kuda tanpa kepala itu. Dengan kaus abu-abu dan celana jins pudarnya, Steven tampak seperti bayangan kabur yang berlari terbirit-birit ke arah Park Lane.

[98] “Ayo,” kata Tony, menarik perhatiannya kembali. “Kurasa dia tidak ada lagi.”

[99] “Apa itu tadi?”

[100] “Pastinya bukan pengawas lingkungan ini.”

[101] Steven tidak pernah berlari begitu cepat dalam hidupnya. Sesaat, antara melepas ransel yang digunakannya untuk menyelundupkan bir keluar dari rumah dan merasakan siulan pedang penunggang kuda ini melintasi lehernya, dia lupa tentang segala sesuatu yang terjadi sebelum kejar-kejaran seperti mimpi buruk itu. Dia berhenti mempertanyakan kemustahilan penunggang kuda tanpa kepala yang muncul entah dari mana itu. Setiap konsentrasinya terfokus pada balapan dengan kematiannya yang tak terelakkan, sambil menahan dorongan kuat untuk memuntahkan setiap ons terakhir bir yang dia minum. Sebuah keraguan, untuk alasan apapun, akan berarti perbedaan antara hidup dan mati. Meski begitu, seorang pria, bahkan seorang pria mabuk, tidak bisa berlari lebih cepat dari seekor kuda dalam waktu yang lama. Steven berpindah ke dekat pepohonan, bersembunyi di balik dahan-dahan rimbun yang menjorok. Bersiap menjatuhkan penunggang itu dari kudanya, dan mungkin kejar-kejaran tadi akan berubah menguntungkan. Tapi dia nyatanya tidak bisa menjatuhkan penunggang kuda tanpa kepala itu, hanya menunda yang tak terelakkan. Gemuruh derap langkah kuda itu tidak lebih dari satu salah langkah jauhnya.

[102] Dengan wajah berkedut kesakitan, dia menerobos dari tepi taman yang terhubung dengan trotoar lebar dan berlari ke Park Lane. Beberapa langkah dalam pelarian paniknya melintasi aspal, dia tersandung dan hampir jatuh berlutut. Dia tertatih dan meringis, menunggu baja keras itu untuk menembus dagingnya. Kemudian dia menyadari bahwa gemuruh suara kuku kuda itu telah berhenti. Dia menoleh dan melihat bahwa penunggang kuda tanpa kepala itu telah lenyap. Dia tak kunjung mengikuti Steven keluar dari taman.

[103] Steven berdiri dan mengintip di belakangnya. Tidak ada yang bergerak di antara pepohonan. Tidak ada kuda. Tidak ada penunggang tanpa kepala. Melihat kiri dan kanan, dia tak

kunjung melihat Tony atau Lucy. Samar-samar dia ingat mereka membelok ke samping, jauh dari pelarian cerobohnya yang menyerupai garis lurus. Strategi yang masuk akal, tapi dia akan menolong mereka.

[104] Atau tidak?

[105] Sambil menatap kembali ke taman, dia bertanya-tanya apakah penunggang kuda itu terjebak di antara tembok taman. Jika teman-temannya masih di taman sekarang, apakah mereka dalam bahaya? Akankah penunggang itu mencari mereka setelah sasaran tunggalnya telah melarikan diri? Steven bisa kembali dan memperingatkan mereka... tapi dia tidak tahu kemana mereka pergi. Apakah penunggang kuda itu bahkan nyata? Mungkinkah mereka membayangkan semuanya? Ketika kau benar-benar berpikir tentang hal itu, itu tidak masuk akal. Bagaimana bisa? Kecuali... sesuatu dalam bir? Produk sabotase? Narkotika dalam kaleng? Tidak, karena Lucy yang pertama melihat penunggang itu dan dia tidak minum bir. Lalu bagaimana—?

[106] PIIP!

[107] Sebuah truk angkutan Ford tua tergelincir melewatinya, supir truk itu meninggalkan serangkaian makiian beriringan dengan asap putih truk yang tebal.

[108] Steven menatap garis cat dan menyadari bahwa dia berhenti di tengah jalan Park Lane. Untung baginya, lalu lintas tidak ramai di malam hari. Dan asap putih itu benar-benar menyebar...

[109] Bukan asap. Kabut putih bak kapas yang tidak dihiraukannya di taman, telah menyebar di sepanjang jalan, berputar-putar di sekitar pergelangan kakinya.

[110] Sebuah mesin cepat—dengan suara gemuruh mendalam—menarik perhatiannya lagi tapi kendaraan ini tidak menghindarinya.

[111] Sekilas, dia dapat melihat warna merah mobil itu, dengan garis-garis putih di kap depannya, dia mengalihkan pandangannya ke supirnya, tapi—

[112] Napas menyeruak keluar dari paru-parunya saat kedua kakinya remuk dan tubuhnya terhempas di udara, terpantul di kap mobil, terhempas melewati kaca depan dan terlempar ke atas atap mobil dan jatuh lagi seakan gravitasi tiba-tiba melepas pengaruhnya. Tiba-tiba, kecelakaan

itu menyimpannya dengan tenaga mengerikan, yang membantingnya ke jalan aspal seakan ditepuk dari atas oleh sebuah tangan raksasa. Kepalanya terbentur dan tengkoraknya tampak kehilangan kepadatannya, membagi pandangannya menjadi dua sisi yang terpisah sepersekian detik sebelum satu sisi menjadi benar-benar gelap dan yang lainnya mulai memudar.

[113] Dia dapat mendengar jeritan seorang wanita dari jauh.

[114] Seorang pria menatapnya dengan wajah syok.

[115] “Oh, Tuhan,” Steven mendengarnya berkata.

[116] Steven ingin menyuruh orang itu untuk tidak khawatir, tapi kata-kata itu keluar campur aduk dan terdengar seperti bahasa asing. Ditambah tubuhnya yang gemetar saat dia berbicara.

[117] “Aku tidak percaya—orang itu—dia menabrakmu dengan sengaja!” kata pria itu.

[118] Steven mencoba menggeleng. Kesalahan besar. Nyeri menusuknya begitu keras hingga dia pingsan sesaat. Mungkin lebih lama. Ketika wajah pucat pria itu kembali terlihat, kali ini dengan ponsel ditelinganya, Steven berusaha menjelaskan apa yang dia lihat sebelum ditabrak tetapi hanya sederet kata terakhir yang berhasil melewati bibir mati rasanya.

[119] “...tidak ada yang mengemudi.”

[120] “Apa—?”

[121] Seorang wanita muda melangkah ke area penglihatan Steven yang berkurang. Dia meraih lengan pria itu.

[122] “Aku—aku tidak percaya ini!” katanya. Suaranya terdengar jauh dan kosong.

[123] “Aku sudah telepon ambulans,” kata pria itu padanya.

[124] “—mencoba untuk mendapatkan nomor plat,” katanya sambil melirik Steven sebentar, cukup lama baginya untuk melihat kengerian dan ketidakpercayaan di wajahnya sebelum dia memalingkan muka. “Blake, aku—aku tidak bisa.”

[125] “Tidak apa-apa,” katanya. “Itu terjadi begitu cepat.”

[126] “Bukan itu maksudku,” katanya. Kata-katanya tidak seirama dengan gerak bibirnya, seolah-olah dia adalah seorang aktris film asing yang diisi suara dengan buruk. Setiap gerakan mulai meninggalkan bercak warna di seluruh pandangan Steven. “Aku sedang melihat tepat pada mobil itu dan mobilnya... lenyap.”

[127] “Lenyap bagaimana?”

[128] Seperti penunggang kuda tanpa kepala itu? Steven bertanya-tanya.

[129] “Aku tidak tahu bagaimana,” katanya. “Tadi mobilnya ada di situ, lalu menghilang.”

[130] Steven berkedip, tapi ketika dia membuka matanya hanya ada kegelapan. Dia pikir mereka mungkin masih berbicara di atasnya tapi satu-satunya suara yang didengarnya adalah sebuah suara lembut, debaran berirama, memudar dan melambat lalu kemudian berhenti...

SATU

[131] Sinar lampu senter Dean Winchester tertuju pada sepasang belunggu kotor yang menjuntai dari baut yang terpasang di balik sebuah kandang pada peternakan kuda Cletus Gillmer. Dia tidak membutuhkan alat forensik untuk menebak penyebab noda tersebut.

[132] “Bajingan gila itu menyekap para korban dengan rantai disini,” katanya.

[133] Di seberang lorong, adiknya, Sam memeriksa ruang penyimpanan, yang didominasi oleh sebuah meja kayu yang kokoh dengan baut-baut disekrupkan ke permukaan setiap sudutnya.

[134] “Dan memutilasi mereka di sini,” jawab Sam.

[135] “Bukan yang dimaksud pak Gillmer saat dia meminta junior untuk mengambil alih pertanian keluarganya.”

[136] Mereka menemukan Cletus Gillmer di rumah pertanian, tergeletak di sebuah kursi tua yang ditambah dengan lakban, matanya melotot dan merah, lidahnya menjulur dan tenggorokannya hancur berantakan. Di atas meja bundar di sampingnya, dia meninggalkan sebuah pistol tua yang masih terisi peluru, dan sebuah daftar tugas aneh yang tampaknya terinterupsi. Setelah “sedot bensin dari generator,” “kubur mayat,” dan “bakar kandang,” dia menulis “bakar” untuk kedua kalinya sebelum menjatuhkan pena di lantai. Dean menebak bahwa “bakar rumah pertanian”

adalah yang mau dia tulis berikutnya, diikuti dengan “masukkan pistol ke mulut” dan “tarik pelatuk.” Rupanya pak tua Gillmer sudah sangat lelah mengejar para remaja pencari-sensasi di lahannya, tapi tidak sebelum orang lain memutuskan untuk membunuhnya.

[137] Sebuah berita di koran lokal tentang peringatan lima tahun “Machete Killings” dan misteri mendadak hilangnya anak laki-laki Cletus yang kejam, Clive Gillmer, telah menciptakan sebuah legenda urban untuk menguji semangat para remaja generasi baru. Dari pembunuh berantai gila sampai hantu “bogeyman” dalam lima tahun. Orang tua itu mencoba menakut-nakuti para remaja itu dengan menciptakan status “tua bangsa gila”, tapi beberapa dari mereka juga menghilang. Dean curiga orang tua itu tahu apa yang dilakukan para Winchester: bogeymen itu sudah siap.

[138] Dalam perjalanan keluar dari rumah pertanian, Sam melihat sepatu merah muda di rerumputan tinggi di samping tangga teras depan, diterangi cahaya bulan. Senter mereka telah memaparkan gadis pemilik sepatu itu dengan leher patah yang dijejalkan di bawah kolong ruangan. Dan daftar tugas itu menuntun mereka ke kandang kuda...

[139] Saat Dean berjalan menuju kandang kedua—dengan tas ransel menggantung di bahu kirinya, senapan terisi dengan peluru garam diapit di bawah lengan kanannya—dia mendengar Sam membuka dan meneliti salah satu kotak perlengkapan di bawah meja.

[140] “Dean!” panggilnya. “Aku menemukan sebuah parang.”

[141] “Terus cari,” kata Dean tanpa sadar. “Tubuh Junior pasti ada di sini.”

[142] Dia membuka pintu kandang berikutnya dengan ujung senapannya. Baut di kandang yang satu ini miring ke bawah. Dean menggenggam dan menggerakannya bolak-balik hingga papan kayu itu patah, potongan kayu lapuk jatuh seperti jerami basah. Senternya berkedip—

[143] Sebuah dentuman keras mengisi kesunyian mengerikan di kandang itu.

[144] Dean berbalik. “Sam!”

[145] Tampak di sampingnya arwah penasaran Clive Gillmer setinggi enam-tujuh kaki, dengan berat tiga ratus pound, dan wajah putih berbintik-bintik, mengenakan kemeja bergaris hitam putih dan kaos putih di bawah baju langsung yang bernoda darah. “Badut Pembunuh,” seperti yang dijuluki pers.

[146] Dean mengayunkan senapannya ke atas, tapi badut itu memukuli lengannya dan menghantamnya ke dinding belakang dengan tenaga yang cukup untuk mematahkan papan-papan lapuk itu. Senapan jatuh dari jari-jarinya yang mati rasa bersamaan dengan senternya.

[147] “Sam! Tolong aku!”

[148] Sebelum Sam mendapatkan jiwanya kembali, Dean tidak yakin kapan adiknya akan membantunya. Tapi itu dulu. Sekarang...

[149] Badut itu mengangkat Dean dan menghantamnya bolak-balik ke dinding kiri dan kanan. Kedua dinding tersebut berada dalam kondisi yang lebih baik daripada dinding belakang, dilihat dari rasa sakit menyengat di rusuknya.

[150] “Marcel Machete ini memiliki masalah mengontrol kemarahan!” teriak Dean.

[151] Dia menghindari kepalan tangan yang membuat sebuah lubang pada dinding di samping kepalanya, tapi terkena tendangan di perutnya dan terjatuh ke lantai, tertegun.

[152] Dentuman yang didengarnya tadi, setelah Sam menemukan parang itu...

[153] “Sammy!”

[154] Hadapi saja. Sam tidak dapat membantunya.

[155] Dean mendengar gemerincing rantai, lalu merasakan baja dingin mengapit lehernya, menusuk dagingnya dan mengencang dengan luar biasa.

[156] Dia berhasil menyelipkan jari-jarinya di bawah rantai itu, mengurangi tekanan cukup lama untuk menghirup udara dan memfokuskan pandangannya. Tangannya yang satu lagi meraba-raba lantai tanah liat berjerami itu hingga jemarinya menggenggam mulut senapannya.

[157] Kaki bersepatu bot Badut itu menendang lengan Dean ke dinding dan sekali lagi senapan itu terlepas dari genggamannya. Pandangan Dean mulai meredup lagi, memudar menjadi hitam di tepinya, ketika dia mendengar letusan senapan dari atas.

[158] Dalam sekejap, tekanan rantai di lehernya hilang dan dia tersandung ke depan, bertumpu pada tangan dan lututnya, terbatuk-batuk dan terengah-engah.

[159] Sam berdiri di lorong, senapan bertengger di tangannya. Jaketnya robek di bagian bahu dan darah menetes dari kepalanya.

[160] “Dia mengejutkanku,” katanya.

[161] Dean mengangguk. “Aku juga,” serunya.

[162] Dean meraih senapannya dan Sam membantunya berdiri. Sambil menyeka jerami dari pakaiannya, Dean mengamati lantai untuk mencari senter dan menemukannya di dekat dinding belakang kandang.

[163] “Ayo cari mayat itu sebelum Baby Huey kembali,” katanya sambil mengambil senter itu.

[164] “Kurasa mayatnya tidak ada di sini,” kata Sam.

[165] Dean tidak menanggapi.

[166] “Dean?” kata Sam.

[167] Dean menatap melalui celah di dinding belakang yang patah. Dia menendang sebuah papan yang patah ke samping.

[168] “Di belakang rumah pertanian,” katanya. “Kau melihatnya?”

[169] Sam melihat di belakang bahunya. “Gudang kayu.”

[170] “Mungkin orang tua itu berencana membakar rumah pertanian itu setelah kandang kuda.”

[171] Sam mengangguk. “Clive tahu target ayahnya yang sebenarnya.”

[172] Mereka menyelip melalui celah di dinding dan berlari di sepanjang pagar kandang, dari belakang rumah pertanian ke gudang peralatan yang tak terpakai di belakang. Sepuluh kaki persegi, depannya terbuka, memaparkan tiga dinding dengan kait untuk berbagai alat pertanian yang sudah lama dipindahkan. Lantainya ditutupi dengan potongan karpet luar yang tidak serasi dikotori dedaunan tua, sobekan kertas koran dan bungkus makanan ringan.

[173] “Tidak ada,” kata Dean datar. “Tidak ada lagi.”

[174] Sam masuk ke gudang, memeriksa sudut ruangan itu dengan senternya. Lantai papan berderit di bawah berat badannya. Dia berhenti, melihat ke bawah, lalu kembali ke Dean.

[175] “Kau berpikir apa yang aku pikirkan?”

[176] “Gudang bawah tanah?”

[177] Sam berjongkok, mengangkat beberapa buah karpet yang tidak rata dan melemparkannya ke samping, memperlihatkan pintu kayu kembar yang diamankan oleh gembok tua dengan belenggu yang memanjang.

[178] “Pemotong baut?”

[179] “Coba ini,” kata Dean, mengoper linggis dari ranselnya.

[180] Sambil menyelipkan ujung linggis di bawah salah satu gagang pintu, Sam mengangkatnya dari kayu lapuk itu sampai sekrupnya keluar. Dia melakukan hal yang sama pada gagang yang lain dan melepas gemboknya.

[181] “Ini dia.”

[182] Dia menyelipkan linggis di bawah pintu itu, mengangkatnya cukup untuk menyelipkan jari-jari di bawahnya. Dia membuka pitu itu diiringi suara protes engsel-engselnya.

[183] “Wah!”

[184] Bau busuk menyerang mereka seperti kekerasan fisik.

[185] Dengan tangan kiri menutup hidung, Sam membungkuk dan membuka pintu yang satunya. Sinar senter Dean menyinari kegelapan di dasar tangga yang reyot dan memaparkan mayat kekar itu dalam sisa-sisa kemeja bergaris dan baju langsung, meringkuk pada perutnya, dengan garpu rumput menancap di punggungnya.

[186] Cukup dalam untuk menusuk paru-paru, pikir Dean. Atau menusuk jantungnya.

[187] “Pak tua itu membunuhnya lima tahun yang lalu. Membiarkannya membusuk,” katanya.

[188] “Membuat orang-orang mengira dia kabur,” kata Sam.

[189] Dia meraih ranselnya dan terkejut.

[190] Muncul di antara mereka, arwah Badut itu lalu menyerang—

[191] “Sam!”

[192] —dan mendorong Sam ke tangga.

[193] Kedua pintu gudang bawah tanah tertutup rapat.

[194] Junior berbalik dan bergegas ke arah Dean, wajah putih kotornya membentuk sebuah seringai mengerikan dan memaparkan gigi yang tak terurus bertahun-tahun.

[195] “Aku telah melihat ulahmu, Tiny,” kata Dean muram, mundur selangkah untuk mengokang senapan dan mengarahkannya ke si Badut pembunuh. “Itu menggemparkan.”

[196] Dia menembakkan sebuah peluru garam ke arah perut arwah itu.

[197] Badut itu menghilang, memberi mereka waktu lebih.

[198] Dean membuka senapannya dan mengisi peluru lain.

[199] Kemudian, bergegas masuk ke gudang. Dia membuka pintu dan mengarahkan senternya ke dalam kegelapan.

[200] “Sam! Sammy!” panggilnya.

[201] “Disini, Dean,” jawabnya. “Aku baik-baik saja.”

[202] Dean mengamati tangga yang reyot itu, menyapu ruang bawah tanah dengan senternya lalu menemukan rak-rak kayu berjejer yang menempel di dinding, dipenuhi berbagai macam stoples dan wadah plastik, sayuran busuk dan daging asin bau yang sudah lama ditinggal. Di lantai, duduk di samping mayat yang membusuk, Sam memijat lehernya dengan satu tangan sambil melindungi matanya dari cahaya senter dengan tangan yang satunya.

[203] “Ayo selesaikan ini,” kata Dean sambil melempar sekaleng garam laut pada adiknya. Dia merogoh tasnya untuk mengambil botol minyak pembakar.

[204] Sam bangkit berdiri, menempelkan tangan ke pinggangnya dan meringis. Tapi dia menahan rasa sakit dan nyeri yang tersisa karena bergelinding menuruni tangga itu dan menabur garam dengan sembarang ke atas mayat Clive.

“Apa yang salah dengan badut-badut?” dia bertanya-tanya. “Pelawak dengan sumpah bisu?”

[206] “Yang ini lupa tentang aturan ‘tidak ada alat peraga,’” jawab Dean.

[207] Dean meremas wadah aluminium itu dan menyiram minyak bolak-balik di atas mayat, kepala sampai kaki.

[208] “Badut Pembunuh.” Sam menggelengkan kepalanya. “Bakar dia.”

[209] Sesuatu terbentuk dalam kegelapan.

[210] Lampu senter mereka meredup.

[211] “Bung, kita tidak sendiri!”

[212] Dari balik bayang-bayang, sebuah lengan kokoh melingkar di sekitar leher Sam dan menariknya kembali ke dalam kegelapan. Mereka menabrak rak di bagian belakang gudang bawah tanah, merusak rak-rak dan menyebabkan stoples-stoples pecah terbentur satu sama lain di lantai.

[213] Menutupi suara panik Sam yang sedang berontak, Dean mengambil pemantik Zippo dari saku jaketnya, menjentikkannya untuk memicu nyala api, lalu melemparkannya ke atas mayat Badut itu. Saat api telah menyala, Dean mendengar Sam terengah dan jatuh di antara kaca-kaca yang hancur. Gagang kayu garpu rumput yang menancap di punggung Badut itu terbakar dan api itu dengan cepat menyulut rak di kanannya. Dalam hitungan detik, api menyapu dinding belakang dan kemudian menyebar ke kiri. Dean menyadari bahwa jika api itu menjalar sampai di tangga, mereka akan terjebak dalam neraka mereka sendiri.

[214] “Sam!”

[215] “Pergilah!” teriak Sam, menghindari mayat yang terbakar itu sambil tertatih.

[216] Dean menggenggam lengan atas Sam cukup lama untuk meyeimbangkannya, lalu mendorongnya ke arah tangga kayu itu. Sam menaiki tangga dua per satu. Salah satu papan retak karena berat badannya tapi Sam bangun dan keluar. Panas menjadi tak tertahankan. Dean melindungi wajahnya dengan lengannya, menahan napas dan menyipitkan mata melewati asap hitam yang mengepul saat dia menyusul adiknya. Kobaran api membakar tumitnya ketika api lapar itu meraung keluar dari bawah tanah. Dia berguling keluar dari gudang, yang terbakar sepenuhnya beberapa saat kemudian, dan menghirup semulut penuh udara segar Nebraska.

[217] Dean meninggalkan Impala yang diparkir di tepi jalan dan masuk ke sebuah kedai lokal. Dengan rusuk kesakitan dan mulut terasa seperti asap pahit, dia hanya menginginkan satu atau tiga bir dingin untuk menambah rasa mati rasa yang dibutuhkannya untuk tidur sepanjang malam.

[218] Tinggal beberapa jam sebelum waktu tutup, tapi kedai itu sepi. Meja, bilik dan bangku kosong, sebuah meja billiard tak terpakai, dan speaker musik diam. Sebuah TV layar datar yang terpasang di atas kedai menayangkan pertandingan sepak bola di belahan dunia lain, volumenya dipelankan menjadi suara gumaman. Selain Dean, seorang bartender paruh baya adalah satu-satunya orang di tempat itu.

[219] Sambil mengetukkan ujung penghapus pensil di giginya, bartender itu menunduk pada setumpuk kertas di meja dengan konsentrasi seseorang yang sedang menghitung pajaknya. Saat Dean mendekati bar, dia melihat bahwa objek konsentrasi pria itu adalah sebuah taruhan balap kuda. Pria itu melihat ketika dia mendekatinya.

[220] “Mau pesan apa?”

[221] “Apapun yang ada di menu,” kata Dean sambil duduk di bangku terdekat. Dia meletakkan lengan bawahnya di tepi meja yang empuk dan menghela napas. “Dengan beberapa kacang.”

[222] “Tentu saja,” kata si bartender sambil menurunkan gelas. “Malam yang sepi, ya?”

[223] “Awalnya tidak seperti itu.”

[224] “Masalah?”

[225] “Masalah yang sama.” Bartender itu meletakkan gelasny di bawah keran krom dan menarik tuas kuningannya. Cairan kekuningan itu mengalir ke dalam gelas, hampir penuh. Tapi di saat terisi setengah, volume bir itu mulai menurun.

[226] “Aneh sekali,” gumam bartender itu.

[227] “Lubang di gelas?”

[228] “Tidak, tidak, gelasny baik-baik saja.” Meskipun demikian, bartender itu melepaskan tuas, meletakkan gelas itu ke samping dan mulai mengisi penggantinya. Hasilnya sama. Secepat alirannya ke gelas, birnya tampak... menguap. “Ini tidak masuk akal. Biar aku mencoba yang lain.” Dia melangkah ke tuas berikut dan mengulangi prosesnya. Bir mengalir ke gelas dan langsung menghilang. Bartender itu menggaruk rambut pirang pendeknya. “Ini tidak pernah terjadi sebelumnya.”

[229] “Pertama kali untuk segalanya, sobat.”

[230] “Mungkin itu tangki CO2. Bagaimana dengan botol?”

[231] Dean mengangguk. Menepuk meja di depannya.

[232] “Lokal? Impor? Microbrew?”

[233] “Ayo mulai dengan yang lokal lalu yang lain.”

[234] Bartender itu meraih botol cokelat berleher panjang dari bawah meja, membuka tutupnya, menimbulkan uap tipis, dan menggesernya ke arah Dean dengan gelas dari keran tadi.

[235] Dean memutuskan untuk melewati gelas itu dan mengangkat ujung botol dingin itu ke bibirnya. Dia memiringkan botol itu ke belakang dan...tidak ada yang keluar.

[236] “Buset!” katanya.

[237] “Ada apa?”

[238] “Ini kosong.”

[239] “Itu tidak mungkin.”

[240] Dean mengangkat botol itu di atas gelas. Tidak setetespun keluar.

[241] “Biarkan aku mencobanya,” kata si bartender sambil meraih satu botol yang baru. Dia mengocok botol itu bolak-balik dan isinya bergolak di dalam botol. Dia kemudian membuka tutupnya dan memiringkannya di atas gelas Dean. Semburan uap menyeruak dari botol dan hilang. Beberapa tetes cairan menyentuh bagian bawah gelas dan segera menguap. Bartender itu menyingkirkan botol kosong itu dan mencoba yang ketiga, dan keempat, merek-merek lain, semuanya tanpa hasil.

[242] “Kaleng,” kata Dean. “Bagaimana dengan yang kaleng?”

[243] Bartender itu membuka pintu di belakang meja kasir ke ruang belakang, dan kembali beberapa saat kemudian dengan selusin bir.

[244] “Ini dikirim hari ini,” katanya.

[245] Dia menarik penutup dari kaleng pertama dan mereka mendengar desisan samar saat uap berputar keluar dari lubangnya. Satu demi satu, gelas itu tetap kosong.

[246] Dean menggeleng. “Ini tidak mungkin.”

[247] “Maafkan aku,” kata bartender itu. “Apa yang bisa kulakukan?”

[248] “Cobalah yang lain,” kata Dean. “Apapun. Whisky, rum, vodka. Peach schnapps!”

[249] Tidak ada yang berhasil. Bartender itu mencoba wiski Irlandia, vodka Rusia, dan rum Jamaika.

[250] “Aku tidak bisa menjelaskan ini,” kata si bartender, tak percaya. “Apa maksudnya?”

[251] Dean menyadari dengungan audio yang berasal dari televisi di atas bar telah berubah. Dia melirik ke atas dan melihat sebuah buletin berita telah menggantikan pertandingan sepak bola. Seorang pembawa berita berusia akhir dua puluhan berbicara saat sebuah berita berjalan dibawahnya memberitahu Dean dengan jelas bahwa persediaan minuman beralkohol di dunia menjadi tidak stabil.

[252] “Volumenya,” katanya. “Naikkan volumenya!”

[253] Bartender itu mengambil sebuah remot kecil dan menaikkan volumenya.

[254] “...para ilmuwan tetap bingung dengan penyusutan drastis yang tiba-tiba terjadi pada alkohol dalam bentuk apapun.”

[255] Dean menatap terperanjat. “Kau pasti bercanda!”

[256] “Kedai ini sudah ada di keluargaku selama enam puluh tahun,” kata bartender itu dengan murung. “Dan semuanya hilang?”

[257] Si pembawa berita melanjutkan dengan nada optimis, “...hadapilah kenyataan baru bahwa kita telah menjadi satu bangsa, di seluruh dunia, para non-alkoholik.”

[258] “Dia tersenyum” kata Dean sambil menunjuk menuduh. “Kenapa dia tersenyum? Dia tidak boleh tersenyum karena ini.”

[259] “Oh, baiklah,” kata bartender itu, yang anehnya sekarang merasa enteng dengan kabar berakhirnya bisnis keluarganya. “Bagaimana kalau sesuatu yang tidak beralkohol?”

[260] “Tidak,” kata Dean, mundur tiba-tiba dan menjatuhkan bangkunya.

[261] “Pop? Atau susu?”

[262] “Tidak!”

[263] “Jus kotak? Air mineral?”

[264] “Tidak!”

[265] “Baiklah,” kata si bartender, menjentikkan jarinya. “Satu Shirley Temple. Tidak ada alkohol di dalamnya!”

[266] “Bung! Yang benar saja?”

[267] Dean mundur ke pintu, menarik gagangnya tapi pintunya tidak mau terbuka. Dengan frustrasi, dia menghantamkan tinjunya di permukaan kayu pintu itu.

[268] “Krim telur?”

[269] “Tidaaaak!”

[270] Dean menegakkan dirinya, jantungnya berdebar kencang. Rasa kebingungan sesaat memudar dan dia ingat di mana dia berada. Penginapan asing yang mereka sewa di Lincoln, Nebraska. Dia duduk dalam kegelapan dan menahan dorongan konyol untuk menyalakan CNN dan mengkonfirmasi keamanan minuman beralkohol di dunia.

[271] Di seberang ruangan, tergeletak di tempat tidurnya seolah tidur adalah alam sadarnya, Sam mengumamkan sesuatu tentang pemburu.

[272] Dean menumpuk bantal di kepala tempat tidurnya dan berbaring dengan hati-hati, menahan protes tajam dari tulang rusuknya di setiap gerakan kakunya. Merasa seolah-olah dia habis ditendang berulang kali oleh seekor bagal bertabiat buruk. Jam pada radio di samping tempat tidur menunjukkan bahwa dia tertidur kurang dari satu jam. Dia akan membutuhkan paling sedikit beberapa jam sebelum mereka melanjutkan perjalanan. Kopi akan mengurus sisanya.

[273] “Tapi jangan mimpi lagi.”

DUA

[274] Sam Winchester berdiri di gudang bawah tanah itu lagi.

[275] Ruang penyimpanan bawah tanah itu kosong. Tidak ada rak, stoples atau wadah plastik. Bahkan mayat Badut Pembunuh dan garpu rumput yang membunuhnya telah hilang. Tidak ada bukti dari kobaran api dahsyat itu.

[276] Dia berdiri di kaki tangga kayu, cahaya bulan menerobos ke lantai di kedua sisinya, tapi tidak cukup jauh untuk menembus kegelapan yang menyelimuti bagian belakang ruangan itu. Dan meski ruangan itu tampak kosong, Sam tidak sendiri. Suatu sosok dengan tinggi dan bobot yang sama degannya berdiri di balik bayang-bayang yang menatapnya.

[277] “Apa maumu?” tanya Sam.

[278] “Menggantikanmu.”

[279] “Mengapa?”

[280] “Karena aku lebih baik darimu.”

[281] Sam ingin maju, menggapai ke dalam kegelapan, tapi dia terpaku di tempatnya berdiri, seolah menyeimbangkan diri di tebing curam. Satu salah langkah dan dia bisa jatuh; mungkin takkan berhenti terjatuh. Dia dekat dengan sesuatu yang berbahaya di sini. Harus hati-hati. Dia pernah tersesat sebelumnya. Berapa kali dia bisa tersesat lagi sebelum tidak mungkin menemukan jalan kembali pada...dirinya sendiri?

[282] Sosok itu melangkah maju, muncul dari bayang-bayang. Seperti melihat ke cermin, Sam menatap versi dirinya yang lain. Sam tanpa jiwa. Dan Sam itu menyinggai padanya.

[283] “Jiwamu adalah sebuah beban. Itu membuatmu lemah.”

[284] “Kau tidak terkendali. Kau mencoba membunuh Bobby untuk menyelamatkan dirimu sendiri.”

[285] “Menyelamatkan diri adalah sifat yang terhormat bagi seorang pemburu.” Sam tanpa jiwa berjalan mengitarinya dalam lingkaran acak sementara Sam berjuang untuk menggerakkan kakinya. Dia terpaku ditempat.

[286] “Kau tidak berbeda dengan monster yang kau buru.”

[287] “Terus katakan itu pada dirimu sendiri, Sammy,” katanya. “Kita berdua tahu aku adalah pemburu yang lebih handal.”

[288] “Tidak masalah,” kata Sam. “Kau sudah lenyap.”

[289] “Benarkah?” tanya Sam tanpa jiwa. “Atau... bisa jadi jiwamu sedang melemah akhir-akhir ini. Barang rusak. Mungkin tidak akan bertahan lama. Satu dorongan kecil—” Sam tanpa jiwa menunjuk dada Sam dengan jari telunjuknya dan dia terhuyung mundur selangkah sebelum mengembalikan keseimbangannya—“dan bam! Aku kembali “dan bam! Aku kembali mengambil alih.”

[290] “Tidak,” kata Sam. “Itu tidak akan terjadi.”

[291] “Kau akan terkejut,” kata Sam tanpa jiwa. “Kau tidak bebas dariku. Tidak akan pernah. Aku masih di sana, tidak sabar untuk keluar.”

[292] “Tidak!”

[293] Sam terpaku di tempat sementara Sam tanpa jiwa memiliki kebebasan bergerak sepenuhnya. Dia berjalan di belakang Sam dan berhenti di tangga. Sam menolehkan kepalanya untuk mengawasi Sam tanpa jiwa.

[294] “Kau tidak seaman yang kau kira.”

[295] Sam tanpa jiwa menaiki tangga yang berderit. Sebelum menghilang ditelan malam, dia berbalik dan menggelengkan kepalanya.

[296] “Sebaiknya kau waspada, Sammy.”

[297] Dengan firasat tidak enak, Sam melihat ke sekeliling gudang bawah tanah yang gelap itu. Kata-kata perpisahan Sam tanpa jiwa telah menjadi peringatan, tidak salah, tapi apa—

[298] Melalui telapak kakinya, dia merasakan getaran, seolah tanah itu berdenyut. Dan dengan getaran itu, dia bisa mengendalikan kakinya lagi. Tapi saat dia mengubah posisinya, lantai ruang bawah tanah mulai tenggelam dari tengah ke sisinya, beton tersebut hancur hingga menjadi kerikil—atau pasir. Bahkan dinding pun mulai runtuh, masuk ke lubang yang melebar itu. Sam melompat ke tangga kayu, tertatih ke depan untuk meraih kaki tangga dengan kedua tangannya. Lantai itu runtuh dengan cepat hingga dia kehilangan pijakan. Dia menarik dirinya cukup jauh ke atas tangga hingga berlutut, lalu berdiri. Tapi tanpa lantai untuk menopang tangga, dia tidak mampu menopang seluruh bobot tubuhnya. Anak tangga di bawah kakinya retak di bagian tengah, terlepas dari yang lain. Saat dia melompat ke anak tangga berikutnya, dia mendengar suara retak yang tajam dan melihat ujung tangga paling atas terlepas dari dinding. Sam menerjang ke arah pintu keluar—

[299] —dan menabrak sebuah pembatas tak terlihat.

[300] Dia menaruh tangannya pada batasan yang tampak seperti penghalang kaca, beberapa inci tebalnya. Setelah menghantam tinjunya ke kaca itu tanpa hasil, dia menabrakkan pundaknya ke pembatas kaca dan hampir terjatuh dari tangga yang reyot itu. Setelah menyeimbangkan dirinya, dia mendorong punggungnya pada penghalang transparan itu dan mencoba menyingkirkannya.

Pandangannya jatuh ke tengah gudang bawah tanah dimana pusaran pasir tenggelam ke dalam kegelapan.

[301] Tiba-tiba tangga itu ambruk di bawahnya.

[302] Saat terjatuh, dia melontarkan satu lengan dan menangkap kerangka kayu yang hancur, menggenggam papan itu seolah-olah itu adalah pelampung di lautan pasir yang berputar-putar. Tak lama kemudian dia terjebak arus itu, terputar-putar di sekitarnya dan ke bawah, semakin mendekati kegelapan yang akan menenggelamkannya—

[303] “Haah!”

[304] Sam duduk di tempat tidur penginapan, jantungnya berdebar saat dia mencoba mengingat di mana dia berada. Tengah malam, tapi cahaya dingin yang terlontar dari parkir penginapan menerobos melalui celah gordena dan membagi ruangan menjadi dua bagian. Di sisi lain, dia melihat Dean bersandar di kepala ranjangnya. Terlalu gelap untuk mengetahui apakah kakaknya sudah bangun.

[305] “Dean?”

[306] “Ya.”

[307] “Rusuk?”

[308] “Menunggu efek aspirin.”

[309] “Baiklah.”

[310] “Mimpi buruk?”

[311] “Sejelas itukah?”

[312] “Terbangun pada jam tiga pagi itu menakutkan,” kata Dean. “Aku juga mimpi buruk. Mengerikan.”

[313] “Benarkah?” Sam punya firasat buruk bahwa Dean telah menyaksikan mimpinya. Atau memiliki mimpi yang sama. Mereka pernah mengalami hal-hal yang lebih aneh. “Tentang apa?”

[314] Sam mendengarkannya tak percaya.

[315] “...dan lebihnya lagi,” tambah Dean. “Aku terjebak di sana dengan pria itu.”

[316] “Itu mimpi burukmu?” Sam mendengus.

[317] “Semua bir, Sam. Di dunia. Hilang!”

[318] “Wow.”

[319] “Apa? Katakan padaku kalau mimpimu lebih buruk?”

[320] “Tidak—aku—tidak,” kata Sam. Sebenarnya, dia merasa lega Dean tidak tahu apa yang telah mengganggu alam bawah sadarnya. Seperti biasa, Dean menganggap mental adiknya terlalu rapuh. Tidak perlu menambah kekhawatirannya. “Mimpiku—baik saja.”

[321] Raut Dean berubah. Dia turun dari tempat tidur dengan gerutuan pelan karena rasa sakit, dan berjalan menuju Sam, seberkas cahaya melukis kilauan sesaat yang melintasi ekspresi prihatinnya.

[322] “Sam, jika ini sesuatu yang serius, mungkin aku harus mengetahuinya.”

[323] “Dengar, Dean, aku mengerti. Kau mengkhawatirkan aku. Tapi ini... bukan apa-apa. Sungguh. Bukan apa-apa. Ok, Bung?”

[324] “Kalau begitu katakan padaku.”

[325] “Tentang badut itu, oke? Aku kembali ke gudang bawah tanah Gillmer.” paling tidak bagian itu benar adanya. “Terlalu dekat dengan badut itu.”

[326] “Badut licik,” kata Dean sambil mengangguk. “Baiklah.”

[327] “Kau terdengar tidak yakin.”

[328] “Tidak. Aku yakin. Tapi bukan berarti kita harus melupakan bahwa kau memiliki tembok di dalam kepalamu yang mengurung kenangan yang teramat sangat buruk.”

[329] “Bung, apa kau serius berpikir aku akan melupakan tembok di pikiranku?”

[330] “Tidak. Kau benar. Masalahnya, kau pasti akan memperburuk kondisimu.”

[331] “Aku tidak memperburuk apapun,” kata Sam putus asa.

[332] “Aku sedang tidur. Bermimpi Itu normal kan? Sesuatu yang tidak bisa kulakukan saat jiwaku hilang.” Sam menarik napas dalam-dalam. “Bukannya aku bisa mengendalikan mimpiku.”

[333] Dean memikirkannya sejenak dan mengangguk. “Tapi, jika kau melihat ada celah di dinding itu, beritahu aku. Oke?”

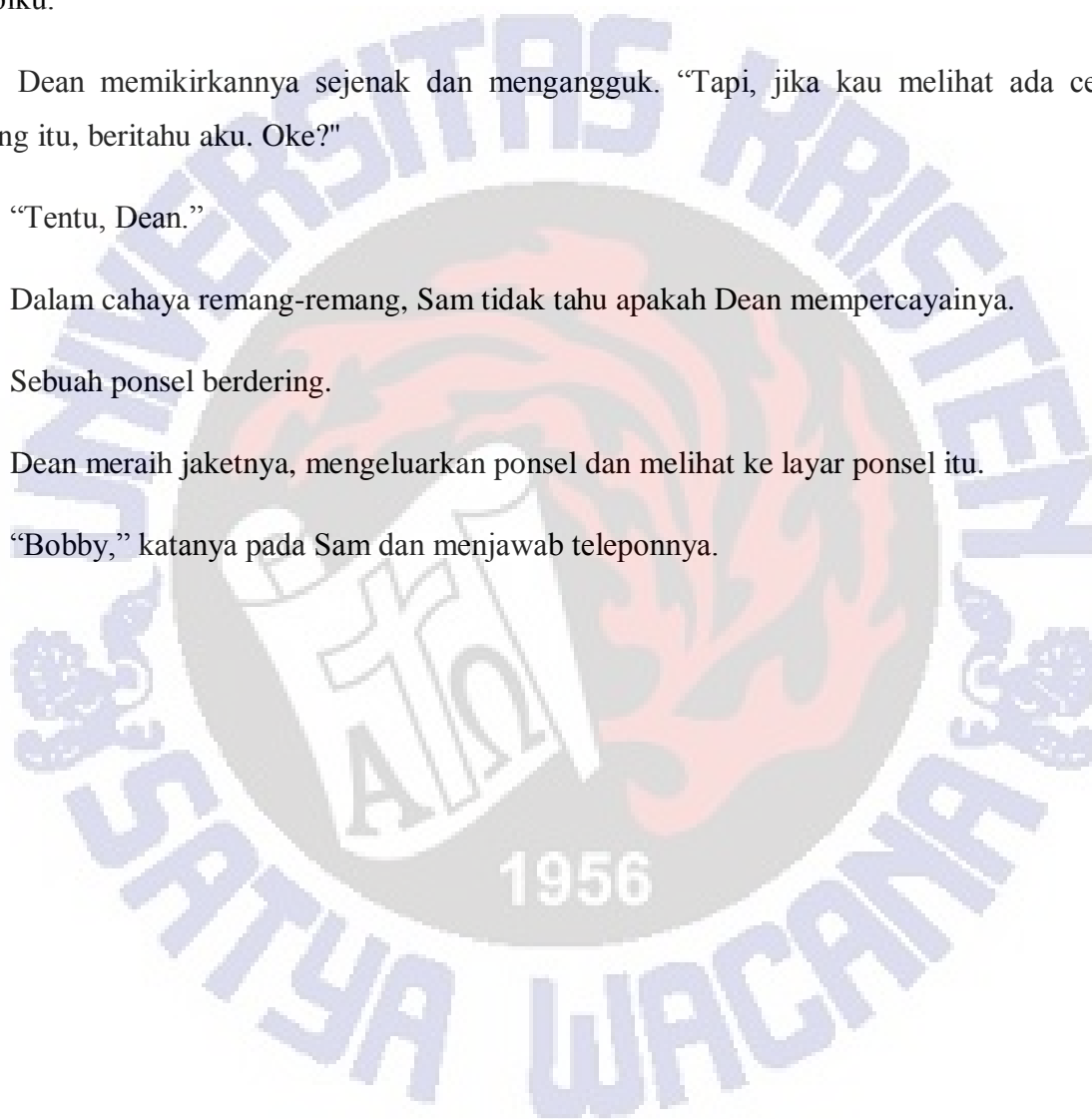
[334] “Tentu, Dean.”

[335] Dalam cahaya remang-remang, Sam tidak tahu apakah Dean mempercayainya.

[336] Sebuah ponsel berdering.

[337] Dean meraih jaketnya, mengeluarkan ponsel dan melihat ke layar ponsel itu.

[338] “Bobby,” katanya pada Sam dan menjawab teleponnya.



B. SOURCE TEXT

PROLOGUE

[1] Gavin “Shelly” Shelburn ambled along the tree-lined streets of downtown Clayton Falls, Colorado with enough conviction to avoid any charges of loitering. Occasionally, he sat on one of the secured wrought-iron benches to rest his perpetually sore feet, which had worn down the soles of his scuffed boots to the intimation of rice paper. Mostly, he spent the evening hours circling the restaurant district, eight square blocks encompassing the most popular sit-down restaurants, asking for handouts.

[2] Whether people were about to sit down to a good meal, or returning to their cars after enjoying a fine repast, his strategy was to impart a touch of guilt on these more fortunate citizens. With a notoriously bad economy struggling to right itself, Shelburn remained on the bottom looking up. Not that it was much consolation to a man who had lost his wife to a lengthy illness, his job to subsequent neglect in unforgiving times, and his house to dispassionate bankers, but his current disenfranchised condition lacked the stigma of years past. With record unemployment and housing foreclosures “There but for the grace of God, go I” had become a familiar refrain.

[3] The decline and fall of Gavin Shelburn had begun in advance of the so-called Great Recession, but he wasn’t above accepting the sympathy of those still gainfully employed to keep his stomach, if not full, then at least occasionally mindful of its gastric function. To that end, he made his nightly rounds wearing a battered fedora—which he unfailingly tipped to the ladies and regularly flipped over to accommodate folded donations—along with a rumpled overcoat that also served as his blanket and fell to the top of his second-hand combat boots. His gaunt torso gained some bulk from the two button-down shirts he wore, one over the other, though he switched the layers each day in lieu of regular laundering. Combined, the two shirts had a complement of buttons sufficient for one. His threadbare jeans retained a hint of their original black color.

[4] On most nights, the reliable combination of sympathy, guilt and polite panhandling kept Shelly’s stomach fed and, yes, his spirits warm, while steering clear of Chief Quinn’s holding cell. But the lingering effects of a poor economy led to slow evenings in the restaurant district,

especially on weeknights. He'd reached the outskirts of his bread-andbutter zone, near the smaller pizza joints which offered slim pickings at the best of times, and was about to head back, when a middle-aged woman rushed out of Joe's Pizza Shack with a large pizza box and a two liter bottle of Coke.

[5] "Good evening, Madam," he said, tipping his multipurpose fedora.

[6] "Oh," she said, startled, pausing in her dash to her car, a white Nissan idling at an unfed parking meter. "All right." She set the pizza box on the hood of the car, fished a crumpled dollar bill out of her purse and dropped it in his hat. "Here ya go."

[7] "Thank you, Madam," he said, graciously accepting the dollar, which he stuffed into his left pocket since the right had a hole that had traveled the entire length of the seam.

[8] With a careless wave she gathered up her pizza box, jumped in the car, and sped off.

[9] A fine white mist roiled in her wake, seeming to seep in from the side streets and roll past him, lending an unearthly quality to the gritty areas that lay beyond the reach of the urban gentrification of the downtown district. More than isolated, he felt... abandoned, as if reality, along with the suburban woman, had decided to move on without him.

[10] He stood for a moment, staring after her car, before pushing the fedora back down over his thinning, prematurely gray hair, and turned back the way he had come. Despite momentary delusions to the contrary, his reality had not changed. Though it had become routine, his life remained unpleasant, with no guarantees. But these days, he thought, nobody has any guarantees.

[11] Over the course of the slow evening, he'd collected enough to pay for a few slices of pizza and a beverage to call his own, but it was too soon to reward himself with a meal or a drink—alcoholic or otherwise. Within the next hour, the last wave of sated diners would be heading home to park themselves in front of their high-definition plasma screens. Surely a few would spare a buck or two for a neighbor who had fallen on hard times?

[12] Ignoring a protracted grumble of protest from his stomach, he continued his trek back toward the heart of the restaurant district. He hadn't gotten far, when he heard another sound behind him, a scrape like steel on concrete followed by a sudden, slurping hiss.

[13] Startled, he whirled around. And staggered backward in disbelief.

[14] “What the hell?” he whispered.

[15] It wasn’t possible.

[16] His right hand patted the flask tucked into his overcoat pocket. Almost full. He hadn’t touched the stuff. Was saving it for later, when he would hunker down for another fitful night’s sleep. But even if he had drained every drop, it couldn’t explain what he saw.

[17] It was easily as long as two Nissans. A giant lizard, with a black pebbled face, its long powerful body and massive tail banded with bright orange. A name bubbled up from his subconscious, planted there in his grade school years and not quite forgotten.

[18] Gila monster.

[19] Its forked tongue, long as a pink yardstick, flickered out toward him, tasting the air. Then its jaws spread open, revealing a row of sharp teeth lining a mouth that could accommodate his head and entire torso in a single bite.

[20] He remembered something else about Gila monsters. They released venom in their saliva, a nasty neurotoxin that would paralyze their prey.

[21] “Sweet Jesus...”

[22] Unable to tear his gaze away from the monstrous lizard, Shelly stumbled back several paces. These creatures were supposed to be slow—but they were also supposed to be less than two feet long. This one was twenty times that size.

[23] It took a step toward him, one set of sharp claws scraping the pavement beneath it. The tongue flicked out again. Then all four legs began to churn forward in an alternating stride that covered ground much too quickly for Shelly’s liking.

[24] Turning his back on the enormous creature, he ran almost doubled over, out of control. Behind him, the raking claws stuck the concrete in a frightening, metronomic rhythm that gained in volume as the distance between him and the creature withered away.

[25] “Help! Somebody, help me!” he screamed breathlessly.

[26] His voice seemed lost in the night, silenced by the blanket of mist and his total isolation. Never had he felt more alone on the streets of Clayton Falls than at that moment. Gasping in a breath to scream again, he felt the monster’s long, forked tongue, sticky with what he imagined a lethal dose of venom, strafe his stubble-covered cheek.

[27] He squealed in uncontrolled fright, his heart pounding so hard he thought it would burst in his chest like a bloodfilled grenade. Claws slapped down on his right heel and the combat boot was wrenched off his foot, twisting his ankle painfully to the side. Staggering, he barely managed to maintain his balance, but knew his time had run out, so he veered left, into an alley behind a Chinese restaurant.

[28] The hot breath of the giant Gila monster washed over the back of his neck.

[29] Shelly heard a loud thump as the creature’s enormous tail stuck a parking meter.

[30] The alley ran all the way through to Bell Street, but he couldn’t outrun the creature here, either. In seconds he would be devoured close to where he often scavenged for discarded food himself, right out of the—

[31] He veered to the left, raised his left arm up to the edge of the shadowy bulk of the restaurant’s Dumpster and heaved himself over the lip and down into the damp and malodorous refuse.

[32] No sooner had he landed in the cushion of garbage than something, probably the Gila monster’s head, stuck the side of the Dumpster and propelled it down the alley. Metal shrieked against the brick wall opposite the rear of the Chinese restaurant. The Dumpster trundled spastically as its undersized wheels squealed in protest.

[33] Abruptly, the jittery motion stopped.

[34] Shelly held his breath. All he heard was the thunderous beating of his overtaxed heart. As he pushed himself up to a sitting position, something powerful struck the side of the Dumpster, dimpling the steel right between his feet, and rocking the container back into the brick wall. Another protracted screech as the creature’s claws raked the exterior.

[35] Shelly remembered another unfortunate fact about Gila monsters.

[36] They could climb.

[37] And this one was large enough to raise itself over the edge of the Dumpster.

[38] He was cornered.

[39] Frantically, he swept his hands through the slimy and sticky refuse, searching for something sharp or hard, anything that could serve as a weapon. His search became more desperate when he saw the creature's claws wrap around the rim of the Dumpster like a matching set of butcher knives. The trash bin began to tilt forward as the creature's weight pressed down on it. Shelly heard an explosive pop as one of the wheels sheared off the base. It was only a matter of seconds before the pebbled head, beady black eyes, and grotesquely long, forked tongue would rise over him and block out the sky.

[40] Shelly's foraging hand slammed into a wooden slat. He blindly traced its dimensions because he refused to look away from the Dumpster's opening. A produce crate! he realized. Flimsy, but if he broke it apart he could use one of the slats as a makeshift dagger. Poke its eye out and maybe it would go elsewhere for its next meal.

[41] Abruptly the Dumpster eased back and bumped into the brick wall.

[42] Long seconds passed before Shelly realized the claws were gone. One moment they'd been pressed against the steel, the next they were absent. He waited a minute, motionless, listening intently for any sound. Gradually, he became aware of the ambient noise of the night. The rumble of passing trucks, the hiss of tires on asphalt, the toot of distant horns... his own ragged breathing.

[43] He rolled onto his hands and knees and reached for the edge of the Dumpster, slowly pulling himself up out of the garbage, his head rising above the surface like a periscope in enemy waters. He peered along the length of the alley, left and right.

[44] Nothing. As if the lizard had dropped off the face of the earth.

[45] "I'll be damned."

[46] “This town is so lame.”

[47] Eighteen-year-old Steven Bullinger drained his second can of beer, crumpled the empty aluminum can and tossed it into one of the decorative bushes that ringed the tarnished bronze statues of Charles Clayton and Jeremiah Falls at the center of Founders Park.

[48] Tony Lacosta shook his head. “You say that every night.”

[49] “Yeah, Bullinger,” Lucy Quinn said. “You need new material.” She stood between them, facing the opposite direction, hands stuffed into the pockets of her hoodie, which was hot pink and densely patterned with tiny black skulls. She was the lookout.

[50] The bronze nineteenth-century pioneers were depicted astride their horses, angled away from each other in a V-shape, illuminated by recessed floodlights. Clayton pointed into the distance, possibly indicating the site of the present municipal building, while Falls pulled up on his horse’s reins. But the three teens did not choose their loitering spot out of any sense of civic pride. The benches directly behind the bronze horses were obstructed from view and cloaked in shadow at night, beyond the harsh glare of the monument’s floodlights.

[51] Steven grumbled, “Making sure you were paying attention.”

[52] “You could leave.”

[53] “Thinking about it,” Steven said sullenly. “Weighing my options.”

[54] “Right,” Tony said. “Toss me a beer before you drink them all.”

[55] Steven slipped his hand into the open backpack he’d set on the park bench next to him and tossed a can to Tony. He looked at Lucy. “You want one?”

[56] She shook her head. “I’m good.” Drinking was the furthest thing from her mind.

[57] “You don’t drink no more, is that it?”

[58] “No,” she said defensively. “It’s not that.”

[59] “Worried your dad will catch you?” Steven persisted.

[60] “No,” she said, then sighed. “Maybe. He is the chief of police.”

[61] “And you have him wrapped around your finger.”

[62] She scoffed. “I wish.”

[63] “What’s the real reason?” Tony asked, index finger poised over the tab, waiting to open the can.

[64] “I don’t know,” she said and shrugged. “The timing.”

[65] “What? Not late enough for you?” Steven asked.

[66] Tony heaved an exasperated sigh. “She’s talking about Teddy, you dumbass.”

[67] “Yesterday was the one-year anniversary,” Lucy said. “You guys don’t think about the accident?”

[68] “Sure I do,” Steven said defensively. “Don’t see me driving, do you?”

[69] “Jackass!” Lucy said, kicking him in the shin.

[70] “What the hell?” Steven seemed more upset about dropping his third can of beer than about the kick. He scooped it off the ground before much had spilled. A thin white mist had rolled across the park grounds, progressing in eddies and swirls. Steven only gave it a moment’s notice. “I didn’t mean anything by it!”

[71] “So being a jerk comes naturally?”

[72] “More like constant practice,” Tony said, smirking.

[73] “Shut up,” Steven said to him. Then he turned to Lucy. “Look, a year ago that’s all people talked about. Every time they saw me. Any of us walk into a room or if they passed us on the street. Can’t say I miss that. Ever since the factory fire... All I’m saying is, I get to deal with it on my own terms now. Without people shoving it in my face all the time.”

[74] Lucy crossed her arms and glared at him. “Excuse me if I don’t want to forget about Teddy.”

[75] “I don’t—I didn’t say—Tony, talk to her.”

[76] “None of us want to forget Teddy,” Tony said. “He was your boyfriend, but we knew him since grade school. And we were all... stupid that night. But dwelling on it? I don’t think that’s... What’s wrong? Cops?”

[77] Lucy was staring at the statues. Her eyes were wide, her green irises ringed with white. She pointed. “Three—three horses.”

[78] Tony followed her gaze. Steven twisted around on the bench, looking over his shoulder. Moving within the V created by the horses of Clayton and Falls was another horse, a black stallion. Its hooves clopped on the marble base of the life-sized monument and it snorted as its rider steered it away from the bronze tableau, between two benches and through a gap in the decorative bushes.

[79] “It’s coming for us,” Lucy said.

[80] “What?” Steven looked from her to Tony.

[81] Tony dropped his beer can. “What the hell?”

[82] The rider was clad in black, a riding cloak, shirt, trousers and boots. But the first thing Lucy noticed was his head. Rather, his lack of a head. The cloak was tied around the trunk of his neck, but the neck ended in a ragged, bloody stump. No head... and yet she had the feeling he could see everything. He seemed to be staring right at her through invisible eyes.

[83] The rider held the horse’s reins bunched in his left hand because his right hand held a gleaming sword.

[84] “Run!” Tony yelled.

[85] Lucy was paralyzed. In that moment, she was sure she would have stood still as the headless horseman shoved the sword straight through her heart. But Tony grabbed one of her suddenly

clammy hands and tugged her sideways. She stumbled after him, looking back, unable to take her eyes off the nightmarish apparition that had materialized out of thin air.

[86] Steven trailed behind them, mainly because he had paused to grab his beer-filled backpack.

[87] The horse whinnied and reared up on its hind legs. The rider kicked spurs into the horse's flanks and it dropped down to all fours and galloped after them, its hooves pounding the earth with deadly determination. Lucy could feel the vibration in her shins and thought she would throw up any second. She realized she was sobbing.

[88] Steven hadn't paused to zip up his backpack. Every few strides a beer can slipped free and tumbled to the ground, letting out a protesting hiss of pressurized foam. Finally, he cursed and tossed the backpack aside.

[89] Lucy couldn't help glancing back every other step. She stumbled again and again, but Tony's momentum kept her upright. She saw the horseman bear down on Steven and swing his sword in a whistling arc, determined to reduce the young man to his own headless condition or perhaps remedy his cranial loss by random substitution. Lucy gave an involuntary shriek.

[90] The gleaming blade missed Steven's neck by a whisker.

[91] Steven must have felt its swift passage. He clapped a hand to the nape of his neck, as if checking for blood.

[92] They were near the edge of the park, within sight of the municipal building, when Lucy was jerked to the side. She stumbled and fell against Tony for a moment before he led her to the right.

[93] "What—?" she began.

[94] "We need to split up," Tony said, his breathing ragged.

[95] "Can't chase all of us."

[96] "But Steve..."

[97] The vibration in her legs was gone. She glanced back but could no longer see the headless horseman. In his gray sweatshirt and faded jeans, Steven was a blur of motion running and stumbling toward Park Lane.

[98] “C’mon,” Tony said, pulling her attention back. “Think we lost him.”

[99] “What was that?”

[100] “Sure as hell wasn’t the neighborhood watch.”

[101] Steven had never run so fast in his life. At some point, between tossing aside the backpack he’d used to smuggle beer out of the house and feeling the horseman’s sword whistle past his neck, he forgot about everything that had led up to the nightmarish chase. He stopped questioning the impossibility of a man without a head riding a horse that had appeared out of nowhere. Every iota of his concentration focused on racing from his imminent death, while suppressing the powerful urge to vomit up every last ounce of beer he had imbibed. A single hesitation, for whatever reason, would mean the difference between life and death. Even so, a man, even a sober man, couldn’t outrun a horse for long. Steven veered close to tree trunks, favoring those with low hanging limbs. Unseat the horseman and the chase turned in his favor. But it seemed he couldn’t shake the headless rider, only postpone the inevitable. The thunderous rumble of hooves was never more than one false step away.

[102] Face contorted in a rictus of pain, he burst from the edge of the park, bounded across the wide sidewalk and sprinted onto Park Lane. Several steps into his panicked flight across the blacktop, he stumbled and almost fell to his knees. Doubled over, he cringed, waiting for the hard steel to bite into his flesh. Then it occurred to him that the thundering noise of hooves had stopped. He looked back and saw that the headless horseman had vanished. He had never followed Steven out of the park.

[103] Steven straightened and peered behind him. Nothing moving between the trees. No horse. No headless rider. Looking left and right, he couldn’t see Tony or Lucy. Vaguely he recalled them veering to the side, away from his mindless, straight-line flight. Sensible strategy, but he would have had their back.

[104] Or would he?

[105] Staring back at the park, he wondered if the horseman was confined within its boundaries. If his friends remained in the park now, were they in danger? Would the rider seek them out after his solo target had escaped? Steven could go back and warn them... but he had no idea where they had gone. Was the horseman even real? Could they have imagined the whole thing? When you really thought about it, it made no sense. How could it? Unless...something in the beer? Product tampering? LSD in the cans? No, because Lucy had seen it first and she hadn't had any beer. Then how—?

[106] BEEP!

[107] A battered Ford pickup truck swerved around him, the driver leaving behind a string of curses with the truck's pungent white exhaust.

[108] Steven looked down at the painted line and realized that he'd pulled up in the middle of Park Lane. Fortunately for him, traffic was light in the evening. And the white exhaust was really spreading...

[109] Not exhaust. The white, cottony mist he'd barely acknowledged in the park had spread out across the road, swirling around his ankles.

[110] An accelerating motor—a deep-throated roar—drew his attention up again but this vehicle didn't swerve.

[111] He had a moment to register the color red, with a white stripe across the hood leading his eye to the driver, but—

[112] Air exploded out of his lungs as his legs shattered and his body flipped through the air, bounding across the hood of the car, skipping past the windshield and tumbling up and away from the roof as if gravity had suddenly released any claim to his mass. But just as suddenly, it reclaimed him with punishing force, slamming him down onto the blacktop as if swatted from above by a giant hand. His head struck and his skull seemed to lose its rigidity, his vision splitting into two separate views a split second before one side went completely dark and the other began to fade.

[113] Somewhere he heard a woman scream.

[114] A man looked down at him, shock on his face.

[115] “Oh, God,” Steven heard him say.

[116] Steven wanted to tell the man not to worry, but the words came out jumbled and seemed to originate far away. Didn’t help that he was shivering as he spoke.

[117] “I can’t believe—that guy—he hit you on purpose!” the man declared.

[118] Steven tried to shake his head. Big mistake. Pain knifed through him so fiercely he blacked out for a second. Maybe longer. When the man’s pale face returned, this time with a cell phone pressed to his ear, Steven tried to explain what he saw before the moment of impact but only the last two words made it past his numb lips.

[119] “...nobody driving.”

[120] “What—?”

[121] A young woman stepped into Steven’s diminishing field of vision. She grabbed the man’s arm.

[122] “I—I can’t believe it!” she said. Her voice sounded distant and hollow.

[123] “I called an ambulance,” the man told her.

[124] “—tried to get the license plate,” she said, glancing briefly at Steven, long enough for him to see the horror and disbelief on her face before she looked away. “Blake, I—I couldn’t.”

[125] “That’s okay,” he said. “It happened so fast.”

[126] “That’s not what I mean,” she said. Her words were out of sync with her lips, as if she were an actress in a poorly dubbed foreign film. Movement began to leave smears of color across Steven’s vision. “I was looking right at the car and it... vanished.”

[127] “Vanished how?”

[128] Like the headless horseman? Steven wondered.

[129] “I don’t know how,” she said. “One second it was there. And the next it was gone.”

[130] Steven blinked, but when he opened his eyes there was only darkness. He thought they might still be talking above him but the only sound he heard was a soft, rhythmic thumping, fading and slowing and then nothing...

ONE

[131] The beam of Dean Winchester's flashlight played over the pair of stained manacles dangling from an eyebolt mounted in the back of a stall in Cletus Gillmer's horse stable. He didn't need a forensic kit to guess the nature of the stains.

[132] "Sick bastard kept the victims chained back here," he said.

[133] Across the aisle, his brother Sam examined the tack room, dominated by a sturdy wooden work table with eyebolts screwed into the surface at each corner.

[134] "And chopped them up over here," Sam responded.

[135] "Not what old man Gillmer had in mind when he asked junior to take over the family farm."

[136] They'd found Cletus Gillmer in the farmhouse, sprawled on an old recliner patched with duct tape, his eyes bulging and bloodshot, his tongue protruding and his throat savagely crushed. On the round table beside him, he'd left behind an old, loaded revolver and a curious, apparently interrupted, to-do list. After "siphon gasoline from generator," "bury body," and "burn stable," he'd written "burn" a second time before dropping the pen on the floor. Dean guessed that "burn farmhouse" would have been next, followed by "insert revolver in mouth" and "pull trigger." Apparently old man Gillmer had grown weary of chasing thrill-seeking teens off his property, but not before somebody else decided to punch his ticket.

[137] A local newspaper's piece on the five-year anniversary of the machete killings and the sudden, mysterious disappearance of Cletus' murderous son, Clive Gillmer, had created an urban legend to test the mettle of a new crop of teenagers. From deranged serial killer to phantom bogeyman in five years. The old man tried to scare the kids away, garnering "crazy old coot" status, but some had gone missing nonetheless. Dean suspected the old man knew what the Winchesters did: bogeymen have teeth.

[138] On their way out of the farmhouse, Sam spotted the pink sneaker in the high grass beside the front porch steps, bathed in moonlight. Their flashlights had revealed the young woman with a broken neck stuffed under the crawlspace. And so the to-do list had led them to the horse stable...

[139] As Dean walked toward the second stall—duffel bag hanging from his left shoulder, shotgun loaded with rock salt cradled under his right arm—he heard Sam open and search one of the tack trunks under the table.

[140] “Dean!” he called. “Found a machete.”

[141] “Keep looking,” Dean said absently. “Junior’s body’s gotta be here.”

[142] He opened the next stall door with the tip of his shotgun. The eyebolt in this one was angled down. Dean grabbed it, wiggled it back and forth, felt the wood planking give, bits of rotted wood falling away like damp mulch. His flashlight flickered—

[143] A loud crash broke the eerie silence of the stable.

[144] Dean whirled. “Sam!”

[145] Looming over him was the six-foot-seven, three-hundredpound vengeful spirit of Clive Gillmer, in mottled whiteface, wearing the traditional black-and-white striped shirt under blood-stained bib overalls. “The Machete Mime,” as the press had dubbed him.

[146] Dean swung the shotgun up, but the Mime clubbed his arm away and rammed him against the back wall with enough force to split the weakened boards. The shotgun fell from his numb fingers along with the flashlight.

[147] “Sam! Little help!”

[148] Before Sam regained his soul, Dean was never sure when his brother would have his back. But that was before. Now...

[149] The Mime picked Dean up and slammed him against the wall to the right and then to the left. Both were in better shape than the rear wall, if the sharp pain in his ribs was any judge.

[150] “Marcel Machete here has anger management issues!” Dean yelled.

[151] He dodged a fist which punched a hole in the wall next to his head, but caught a knee in the gut and dropped to the ground, stunned.

[152] The crash he’d heard earlier, after Sam discovered the machete...

[153] “Sammy!”

[154] Face it. Sam’s out of commission.

[155] Dean heard a clanking of chains, then felt cold steel encircle his neck, bite into his flesh and inexorably tighten.

[156] He managed to slip his fingers under the chain and alleviate the pressure long enough to suck in some air and clear his vision. His other hand scrabbled across the matted straw of the dirt floor until his fingers closed around the barrel of his shotgun.

[157] The Mime’s booted foot kicked Dean’s arm against the wall and once again the shotgun slipped from his grasp. Dean’s vision began to dim again, fading to black at the edges, when he heard a shotgun blast from above.

[158] In an instant, the pressure of the chains around his neck was gone and he was stumbling forward onto hands and knees, coughing and gasping for air.

[159] Sam stood in the aisle, shotgun braced in his hands. His jacket was torn at the shoulder seam and a line of blood trickled from his scalp.

[160] “He surprised me,” he stated.

[161] Dean nodded. “Makes two of us,” he rasped.

[162] Dean grabbed his own shotgun and Sam helped him to his feet. Brushing straw off his clothes, Dean scanned the ground for his flashlight and found it near the back wall of the stall.

[163] “Let’s find the body before Baby Huey comes back,” he said, scooping it up.

[164] “Don’t think it’s here,” Sam said.

[165] Dean didn't respond.

[166] "Dean?" Sam said.

[167] Dean stared through the gap in the broken back wall. He kicked a split plank out of the way.

[168] "Behind the farmhouse," he said. "You see that?"

[169] Sam looked past his shoulder. "Wooden shed."

[170] "We assumed the old man planned to burn the farmhouse after the stable."

[171] Sam nodded. "Clive knew his father's real target."

[172] They slipped through the gap in the wall and raced along the corral fence, behind the farmhouse to the unprepossessing tool shed in back. Ten feet square, it was open in front, revealing three walls with hooks for various farm implements long ago removed. The floor was covered with mismatched scraps of outdoor carpeting littered with old leaves, yellowed sections of torn newsprint and snack food wrappers.

[173] "Nothing," Dean said flatly. "More nothing."

[174] Sam walked into the shed, probing the corners of the single room with his flashlight beam. Boards squeaked under his weight. He stopped, looked down, then back up at Dean.

[175] "You thinking what I'm thinking?"

[176] "Root cellar?"

[177] Sam crouched, lifted a few uneven squares of carpet and tossed them aside, revealing twin wooden doors secured by an old padlock with an elongated shackle.

[178] "Bolt cutters?"

[179] "Try this," Dean said, passing him a crowbar from his duffel.

[180] Slipping the straight end under one of the door handles, Sam levered it up and out of the rotting wood until the screws popped out. He repeated the process on the other handle and wiggled the padlock free.

[181] “Here goes.”

[182] He wedged the crowbar under the edge of the right-hand door and raised it enough to slip his fingers under it. He flung it open to the squeal of protesting hinges.

[183] “Whoa!”

[184] The stench assailed them like a physical presence.

[185] Left hand pressed against his nose, Sam leaned over and flipped open the other door. Dean’s flashlight beam speared the darkness at the bottom of the rickety staircase and revealed the hulking corpse in the remnants of a striped shirt and bib overalls, curled on its stomach, with a pitchfork buried in its back.

[186] Deep enough to puncture lungs, Dean thought. Or skewer his heart.

[187] “Old man put him down five years ago. Left him to rot,” he said.

[188] “Let everyone assume he’d run off,” Sam said.

[189] He reached down for his own duffel bag and so was caught by surprise.

[190] Flickering into existence between them, the Mime’s spirit charged—

[191] “Sam!”

[192] —and shoved Sam down the stairs.

[193] Both root-cellar doors slammed shut.

[194] Junior spun around and rushed Dean, his marred white face stretched wide in a hideous grin that revealed years of dental neglect.

[195] “I’ve seen your act, Tiny,” Dean said grimly, taking a step back to pump the shotgun’s action and level the barrel at the killer Mime. “It blows.”

[196] He blasted a round of rock salt into the spirit's torso.

[197] The Mime vanished, buying them some more time.

[198] Dean slammed the action bar down and back to chamber another round.

[199] Then, rushing into the shed, he flipped the doors open and aimed his flashlight into the darkness.

[200] "Sam! Sammy!" he called.

[201] "Here, Dean," came the reply. "I'm okay."

[202] Dean negotiated the rickety stairs, sweeping the underground room with his flashlight to reveal sagging multi-tiered wooden shelves lining the walls, filled with an assortment of mason jars and plastic containers, rotting vegetables and rancid salted meats long since abandoned. On the floor, sitting beside the decaying corpse, Sam massaged his neck with one hand while shielding his eyes from the light with the other.

[203] "Let's end this," Dean said, tossing his brother a canister of sea salt. He rifled through his bag for the container of lighter fluid.

[204] Sam climbed to his feet, pressed a hand to his lower back and winced. But he shook off the residual aches and pains of having rolled down the stairs and spread salt liberally over Clive's remains.

[205] "What is it with mimes anyway?" he wondered. "Clowns with a vow of silence?"

[206] "This one forgot the rule about 'no props,'" Dean replied.

[207] Dean squeezed the aluminum container and flicked the stream of lighter fluid back and forth over the corpse, head to toe.

[208] "Machete Mime." Sam shook his head. "Light him up."

[209] Something took shape in the darkness.

[210] Their flashlights dimmed.

[211] “Dude, we’re not alone!”

[212] Out of the shadows a beefy arm snaked around Sam’s throat and pulled him back into the darkness. They crashed into the shelving in the back of the root cellar, busting shelves and sending jars shattering against each other on the floor.

[213] Blocking out the frantic sounds of Sam’s dire struggle, Dean fished his Zippo lighter out of his jacket pocket, flicked it to spark a flame, then tossed it on the Mime’s remains. As the fire caught hold, Dean heard Sam gasp and stumble forward across the shattered glass. The wooden handle of the pitchfork protruding from the Mime’s back caught fire and the racing flames quickly ignited the shelves to the right. In seconds, the fire swept along the back wall and then spread to the left. Dean realized that if it reached the stairs they’d find themselves trapped in their own private inferno.

[214] “Sam!”

[215] “Go!” Sam yelled, veering unsteadily around the burning corpse.

[216] Dean caught Sam’s upper arm long enough to steady him, then shoved him toward the wooden staircase. Sam took the stairs two at a time. One of the boards cracked under his weight but Sam was up and out. The heat had become unbearable. Dean shielded his face with his arm, holding his breath and squinting through the roiling black smoke as he followed his brother. Flames scorched his heels as the hungry fire roared up out of the ground. He rolled clear of the shed, which was engulfed moments later, and gulped down huge mouthfuls of fresh Nebraska air.

[217] Dean left the Impala parked at the curb and walked into a local tavern. With his ribs aching and his mouth tasting of bitter smoke, he wanted nothing more than a cold one or three to apply the layer of numbness he needed to sleep through the night.

[218] It was a few hours before closing time, but the barroom was deserted. Tables, booths and stools were empty, the lone pool table unemployed, and the jukebox silent. A flat-screen TV angled over the bar displayed a soccer match in some other part of the world, the volume turned

down to white noise hum. Other than Dean, the middle-aged bartender was the only person in the place.

[219] Tapping the eraser end of a pencil against his teeth, the bartender was hunched over a pile of papers on the countertop with the concentration of someone working on his taxes. As Dean neared the bar, he saw the object of the man's concentration was a horse racing form. The man looked up at his approach.

[220] "Get you something?"

[221] "Whatever you got on tap," Dean said, sitting on the nearest stool. He rested his forearms on the padded edge of the counter and sighed. "Maybe a few peanuts."

[222] "Sure," the bartender said, taking down a glass. "Quiet night, huh?"

[223] "Didn't start out that way."

[224] "Problems?"

[225] "Same old same old." The bartender held the glass under the chrome faucet and pulled the brass lever. Amber liquid flowed into the glass, rising toward the brim. But at the halfway point, the beer level began to fall.

[226] "That's odd," the bartender murmured.

[227] "Hole in the glass?"

[228] "No, no, the glass is fine." Nonetheless, the bartender released the lever, set the glass aside and began to fill a replacement. Same result. As fast as the beer flowed into the glass, it seemed to... evaporate. "This makes no sense. Let me try another one." He sidestepped to the next draft lever and repeated the process. Beer flowed into the glass and was as quickly gone. The bartender passed a hand over his closecropped blond hair. "This has never happened before."

[229] "First time for everything, pal."

[230] "Maybe it's the CO2 tank. How about a bottle?"

[231] Dean nodded. Tapped the countertop in front of him.

[232] “Domestic? Import? Microbrew?”

[233] “Let’s start with domestic and go from there.”

[234] The bartender grabbed a long-necked brown bottle from under the counter, popped off the cap, releasing thin streams of vapor, and slid it across to Dean with the glass from the tap.

[235] Dean decided to skip the middleman and raised the tip of the cold bottle to his lips. He tilted the bottle back and...nothing came out.

[236] “What the hell?” he declared.

[237] “What’s wrong?”

[238] “It’s empty.”

[239] “That’s impossible.”

[240] Dean upended the bottle over the glass. Not a drop fell out.

[241] “Let me try that,” the bartender said, grabbing a fresh bottle. He eased it back and forth and liquid sloshed within the bottle. He then popped the cap and titled it over Dean’s glass. Wisps of vapor escaped the bottle and dissipated. A few drops of liquid struck the bottom of the glass and promptly evaporated. The bartender pushed the empty bottle aside and tried a third, and a fourth, different labels, all without success.

[242] “Cans,” Dean said. “What about cans?”

[243] The bartender opened a door behind the counter into a back room, and returned a moment later with a six-pack.

[244] “These were delivered today,” he stated.

[245] He pulled the tab off the first can and they heard a faint hiss as vapor spiraled out the opening. One can after another, the glass remained empty.

[246] Dean shook his head. “This is not happening.”

[247] “I’m sorry,” the bartender said. “What can I do?”

[248] “Try something else,” Dean said. “Anything. Whiskey, rum, vodka. Peach schnapps!”

[249] Nothing worked. The bartender tried Irish whiskey, Russian vodka, and Jamaican rum.

[250] “I can’t explain this,” the bartender said, incredulous. “What does it mean?”

[251] Dean noticed the audio hum emanating from the television set above the bar had changed. He glanced up and saw a news bulletin had replaced the soccer match. A telegenic news anchor in her late twenties spoke while a news crawl informed Dean one letter at a time that the world’s supply of alcoholic beverages had become unstable.

[252] “The volume,” he said. “Turn it up!”

[253] The bartender pointed a slim remote control at the set and raised the volume.

[254] “...the scientific community remains baffled by the sudden and complete volatility of alcohol in any form.”

[255] Dean stared aghast. “You gotta be kidding me!”

[256] “This bar’s been in my family for sixty years,” the bartender said morosely. “And it’s all gone?”

[257] The news anchor continued in an upbeat tone, “...face the new reality that we have become a nation, indeed an entire world, of teetotalers.”

[258] “She’s smiling,” Dean said, pointing accusingly. “Why is she smiling? She can’t smile about this.”

[259] “Oh, well,” the bartender said, now strangely at peace with the family-business-ending news. “How about something nonalcoholic?”

[260] “No,” Dean said, backing away abruptly and knocking over his stool.

[261] “Pop? Or milk?”

[262] “No!”

[263] “Juice box? Bottled water?”

[264] “No!”

[265] “Got it,” the bartender said, snapping his fingers. “A Shirley Temple. No alcohol in that!”

[266] “Dude! Seriously?”

[267] Dean backed up to the door, tugged on the handle but the door wouldn’t open. In frustration, he pounded his fists on the wood panels.

[268] “An egg cream?”

[269] “Nooooo!”

[270] Dean sat upright, heart racing. A fleeting sense of displacement faded and he remembered where he was. The nondescript motel they’d checked into in Lincoln, Nebraska. He sat in the dark and fought the ridiculous urge to turn on CNN to confirm the safety of the world’s alcoholic beverages.

[271] Across the room, sprawled on his bed as if sleep had been an afterthought, Sam mumbled something about hunters.

[272] Dean stacked pillows against his headboard and laid back gingerly, enduring sharp protests from his ribs with each awkward movement. Felt as if he’d been kicked repeatedly by a mule with a sour disposition. Bedside clock radio told him he’d been asleep less than an hour. He’d need at least a few more before they hit the road. Coffee would take care of the rest.

[273] “But no more dreams.”

TWO

[274] Sam Winchester stood in the root cellar again.

[275] The underground storage room was empty. No shelves or mason jars or plastic containers. Even the Machete Mime’s corpse and the pitchfork that had killed him were gone. No evidence of the all-consuming fire.

[276] He stood at the bottom of the wooden stairs, moonlight spilling across the floor on either side of him, but not reaching far enough to penetrate the darkness that shrouded the back of the

room. And though the room seemed empty, Sam was not alone. A shape of equal height and mass stood within the shadows staring back at him.

[277] “What do you want?” Sam asked.

[278] “To replace you.”

[279] “Why?”

[280] “Because I’m better at it than you are.”

[281] Sam wanted to step forward, to reach into the darkness, but he was paralyzed where he stood, as if balanced on a precipice. One false step and he could fall; maybe never stop falling. He was close to something dangerous here. Had to be careful. He’d lost his way before. How many times could he go astray before it became impossible to find his way back to... himself?

[282] The other took a step forward, emerging from the shadows. Like looking in a mirror, Sam stared at another version of himself. Sam without a soul. And that Sam was smirking at him.

[283] “Your soul is a burden. It makes you weak.”

[284] “You were out of control. You tried to kill Bobby to save yourself.”

[285] “Self-preservation is an admirable trait in a hunter.” Soulless Sam walked around him in a loose circle while Sam struggled to move his legs. He was pinned to the spot.

[286] “You were no different from the monsters you hunted.”

[287] “Keep telling yourself that, Sammy,” he said. “We both know I was the more effective hunter.”

[288] “Doesn’t matter,” Sam said. “You’re done.”

[289] “Am I?” Soulless Sam asked. “Or... could be that soul of yours is a poor fit these days. Damaged goods. Might not stick around for the long haul. One little push—” Soulless Sam poked him in the chest with a forefinger and Sam staggered back a step before regaining his balance—“and poof! I’m back in the driver’s seat.”

[290] “No,” Sam said. “That’s not gonna happen.”

[291] “You’d be surprised,” Soulless Sam said. “You’re not free of me. Never will be. I’m still in there, itching to get out.”

[292] “No!”

[293] Sam was frozen to the spot while Soulless Sam had complete freedom of movement. He walked behind Sam and paused at the staircase. Sam twisted his head around to keep Soulless Sam in view.

[294] “Not as safe as you think you are.”

[295] Soulless Sam climbed the creaking stairs. Before he disappeared into the night, he turned back and shook his head.

[296] “Better watch your step, Sammy.”

[297] With a sense of impending doom, Sam looked around the dark root cellar. Soulless Sam’s parting words had been a warning, no mistaking that but what—

[298] Through the soles of his feet, he felt vibrations, as if the ground was pulsing. And with that chthonic disturbance, he regained control of his feet. But the moment he shifted his position, the cellar floor began to sink from the center outward, the concrete crumbling to the consistency of gravel—or sand. Even the walls began to slide down, funneling into the widening hole. Sam leapt toward the wooden staircase, falling forward to grab the bottom step with his hands. The ground fell away so quickly it offered him no support. He pulled himself up the stairs far enough to get his knees, and then his feet under him. But without the floor to brace the staircase, it was unable to support his full weight. The tread beneath his feet cracked down the middle, separating from the riser. As he jumped up to the next step, he heard a sharp crack and saw the top tread separating from the front wall. Sam lunged toward the exit—

[299] —and struck an invisible barrier.

[300] He pressed his hand against what appeared to be a glass barrier, several inches thick. After pounding his fists against the glass to no effect, he rammed his shoulder against it and almost fell

off the teetering staircase. Catching his balance he pressed his back against the transparent barrier and tried to push it out of the way. His gaze dropped to the center of the root cellar where a whirlpool of sand sank into darkness.

[301] Suddenly the staircase collapsed under him.

[302] Falling, he flung out an arm and caught the shattered wooden framework, clinging to the wood as if it were a life preserver in the swirling ocean of sand. Soon he was caught in the current, cycling around and down, ever closer to the darkness that would consume him—

[303] “Whoa!”

[304] Sam sat up on the motel bed, heart racing as he tried to remember where he was. Middle of the night, but cold light cast from the motel parking lot sliced through a gap in the curtains and split the room in half. On the other side, he saw Dean propped up against his headboard. Too dark to tell if his brother was awake.

[305] “Dean?”

[306] “Yeah.”

[307] “Ribs?”

[308] “Waiting for the aspirin to kick in.”

[309] “Right.”

[310] “Bad dream?”

[311] “That obvious?”

[312] “Case of the three a.m. shakes,” Dean said. “Had a doozy myself. Terrifying.”

[313] “Really?” Sam had the unsettling idea that Dean had witnessed Sam’s dream. Or had the same dream. They’d seen stranger things. “What about?”

[314] Sam listened with a growing incredulity.

[315] “...and to top it off,” Dean finished. “I was trapped there with that guy.”

[316] “That was your terrifying nightmare?” Sam scoffed.

[317] “All the beer, Sam. In the world. Gone!”

[318] “Wow.”

[319] “What? Tell me yours was worse?”

[320] “No—I—no,” Sam said. Actually, he was relieved that Dean didn’t know what had plagued his subconscious. As it was, Dean thought his brother’s psyche was too fragile. No need to add fuel to that fire. “It was—was fine.”

[321] Dean’s demeanor changed. He climbed off the bed with a soft grunt of pain, and walked toward Sam, the slice of light momentarily painting a swath of illumination across his concerned expression.

[322] “Sam, if this is something serious, maybe I oughta know about it.”

[323] “Look, Dean, I get it. You’re worried about me. But this is... nothing. Really. Nothing at all. Okay, man?”

[324] “Then tell me.”

[325] “It was the Mime, all right? I was back in Gillmer’s root cellar.” At least that part was true. “Too close to the clown thing.”

[326] “Stealth clowns,” Dean said, nodding. “Right.”

[327] “You don’t sound convinced.”

[328] “No. I’m convinced. But that don’t mean we should forget you have a wall inside your head keeping a hell storm of memories bottled up.”

[329] “Dude, do you seriously think I’d forget about the wall in my mind?”

[330] “No. You’re right. Thing about a scab is, you pick at it.”

[331] “I’m not picking at anything,” Sam said in exasperation.

[332] “I was sleeping. Dreaming. That’s normal, right? Something I couldn’t do when my soul was MIA.” Sam took a deep breath. “It’s not like I can control my dreams.”

[333] Dean thought about it for a moment and nodded. “But, you notice any cracks in the wall, you tell me. Right?”

[334] “Sure, Dean.”

[335] In the dim lighting, Sam couldn’t tell if his brother believed him.

[336] A cell phone rang.

[337] Dean grabbed his jacket, pulled out his mobile and glanced down at the display.

[338] Bobby,” he told Sam and answered the call.



CHAPTER III

ANNOTATION

The annotations of the following figurative languages are divided into five parts: **metaphor, simile, hyperbole, personification, and idiom**; each consisted of five examples extracted from the novel. Each type of the figurative languages is annotated accordingly to the methodology and theories provided in the Theoretical Frameworks sections.

A. Metaphor

In annotating the metaphor, the translator referred to Newmark's (1989) terminology for discussing metaphors by dividing them into:

1. **Image:** the imagery portrayed by the metaphor.
2. **Object:** what is described by the metaphor,
3. **Sense:** could be the literal meaning of the metaphor; or the resemblance of the semantic aspect of both object and image that portray the actual meaning of the metaphor;

After specifying the metaphor according to this methodology, the translator provides the explanation for each metaphor, supported by theories of translation strategies, and examples from other sources

Table 3.1

Metaphor 1

Par.	ST	TT
2	With a notoriously bad economy struggling to right itself, Shelburn remained <u>on the bottom looking up</u> .	Dengan keadaan ekonomi sangat buruk yang berjuang untuk memperbaiki dirinya sendiri, Shelburn tetap <u>berada di kelas paling bawah</u> .

Image: on the bottom

Object: looking up

Sense: the character remained at the bottom of an unsuccessful life.

The phrase “look up” in table 3.1 literally means looking toward an upper direction or something above someone’s range of view; it could also be a phrasal verb that has a figurative meaning which is “to become better” (Cambridge). The type of this metaphor is Standard or Stock Metaphor, as it is usually used in expressive terms, e.g. “I hope things will start to look up in the new year.”; “Our financial situation is looking up at last.” The metaphor “looking up” was translated by reducing it to its sense followed by description of its sense in the context where the character was pictured as a cast out who remained at the bottom of an unsuccessful life in the society with: “berada di kelas paling bawah.” This form is more understandable and fits the context of said metaphor in the TL instead of its literal meaning: “melihat ke atas” which could lead to a misinterpretation of the character doing the literal action (which he didn’t), and also will differ from what the author intended to deliver to his readers.

Table 3.2
Metaphor 2

Par.	ST	TT
281	He’d <u>lost his way</u> before. How many times could he go astray before it became impossible to find his way back to... himself?	Dia pernah <u>tersesat</u> sebelumnya. Berapa kali dia bisa tersesat lagi sebelum tidak mungkin menemukan jalan kembali pada...dirinya sendiri?

Image: lost

Object: way

Sense: being defiant or straying away from the right path of life.

The word “way” in table 3.2 could be interpreted as “path” or an expressive description about making a right decision. This metaphor is a Standard or Stock Metaphor. Note that there are two “way” words in this paragraph. The first “way” was translated by combining the phrase “lost his way” into one word which is “tersesat”. The sentence started with a “he”, so this was done in order to avoid unnecessary repetition of the determiner “dia” or “nya” by keeping it simple and clear. The second “way” was translated literally using its established

equivalent, referring to Newmark (1988: 109), “A stock metaphor can only be translated exactly if the image is transferred within a correspondingly acceptable and established collocation.” The word “jalan” in Bahasa Indonesia is usually used in aesthetic expressions, e.g: “jalan kehidupan”, so the image of the metaphor can still be understood to the TL audience even with the literal translation.

Table 3.3
Metaphor 3

Par.	ST	TT
328	“No. I’m convinced. But that don’t mean we should forget you have a <u>wall inside your head</u> keeping a hell storm of memories bottled up.”	“Tidak. Aku yakin. Tapi bukan berarti kita harus melupakan bahwa kau memiliki <u>tembok di dalam kepalamu</u> yang mengurung kenangan yang teramat sangat buruk.”

Image: inside your head

Object: wall

Sense: a psychological barrier or limit someone purposely put up in their own mind in order to forget things they refuse to remember out of traumatic or unfortunate events.

A “wall” in this metaphor is similar to a barrier that could be seen as something that limits and keeps the character’s unwanted and traumatic memories in one place. This is a Stock or Standard metaphor that is usually used in literary works such as novel, short story, poetry, or other types of literary works that deals with figurative terms; e.g. “One day someone will come along, will tear down those walls you’ve built around your heart.” The metaphor is translated literally, because the translation “tembok” could be considered as an expression that matches the established equivalent of this metaphor in Bahasa Indonesia as it is frequently used as a figurative expression; e.g. “Tembok yang memisahkan kita”, which is still understandable to the reader without unnecessary elaboration.

Table 3.4
Metaphor 4

Par.	ST	TT
312	“ <u>Case of the three a.m. shakes</u> ,” Dean said. “Had a doozy myself. Terrifying.”	“ <u>Terbangun pada jam tiga pagi itu menakutkan</u> ,” kata Dean. “Aku juga mimpi buruk. Mengerikan.”

Image: shakes

Object: case

Sense: waking up unintentionally caused by a nightmare.

The term “case” in this metaphor pretty much sums up the situation of “waking up” suddenly in the middle of a sleep. The metaphor is an Original Metaphor constructed by the author, because it is unusual for writers to add this term to describe such situation in their literally works out of the ambiguity. As Newmark (1988: 112) described this kind of metaphors as ones that are created or quoted by the authors themselves which contain the important elements of the writer’s message, personality, comment on life, and though they may have a more or a less cultural element, the meaning of this type of metaphor have to be transferred as close as possible to the SL. The translator transferred the meaning to TL by reducing it to its sense instead of using the literal translation “kasus” or “perkara”, because it would be difficult for the readers to interpret the sense of this metaphor in the TL with the literal meanings, referring to Newmark’s statement that “if an original metaphor appears to you to be a little obscure and not very important, you can sometimes replace it with a descriptive metaphor or reduce it to sense.” (p. 112).

Table 3.5
Metaphor 5

Par.	ST	TT
330	“No. You’re right. <u>Thing about a scab is, you pick at it.</u> ”	“Tidak. Kau benar. <u>Masalahnya, kau pasti akan memperburuk kondisimu.</u> ”

Image: pick (scratching or peeling)

Object: a scab

Sense: making things or problems worse by dwelling too much about it.

A “scab” mentioned by the character is an expression that could be interpreted as a “problem” figuratively; both terms have similar qualities whereas a scab will reopen a wound if picked and a problem will become worse if it remains unsolved and continuously dwelled over. The metaphor is an Original Metaphor; authors usually chose terms such as “wound” or “scar” to describe bad or unfortunate situations faced by their characters; e.g. “He kept reopening the old scar from his past.” The translator reduced the metaphor to its sense in the TL; “scab” is translated to its sense by paraphrasing and description of what the character’s current condition is like instead of using its literal meaning: “keropeng” which could trigger a misconception among the TL readers.

The metaphors were translated mostly by reduction of the said figurative language examples into the sense instead of the literal translations. The finding from this metaphor’s annotation section shows that; from the five metaphor examples, three metaphors were translated by reduction to their sense, one metaphor was translated literally, and one metaphor was translated by couplet. The problems leading to the application of these translation procedures were the inequivalence between SL and TL; where there’s no apparent or fixed expression available in the TL to support the translation of these metaphor with a figurative term to the TL.

B. Simile

In annotating the Simile, the translator divided the following figurative languages into:

1. **Object:** the objects used as a simile,
2. **Images:** the image (person, object, etc.) portrayed by the previous objects,
3. **Point of similarity:** the similar qualities of both objects (object and image), followed by the sense and explanation of the similes based on Larson's (1984) translation technique.

Table 3.6

Simile 1

Par.	ST	TT
112	...it reclaimed him with punishing force, <u>slamming him down onto the blacktop as if swatted from above by a giant hand.</u>	...kecelakaan itu menimpunya dengan tenaga mengerikan, yang <u>membantingnya ke jalan aspal seakan ditepuk dari atas oleh sebuah tangan raksasa.</u>

Object: it (the accident)

Image: a giant hand

Point of Similarity: the force and effect caused by their actions.

The simile compares the brutal force of a car accident that slammed the novel's character onto the ground in agonizing pain, with an imagery of being swatted by a giant hand like a mosquito that cause the same effect of crushing pain especially when the character landed on rock-solid asphalt. The object "it" is translated and defined to specify the event into "kecelakaan itu" and the image "a giant hand" is translated literally into "sebuah tangan raksasa" which leaves the simile in the same form as the original simile in the SL by translating it as close as possible to fit the target language's structure in the translation.

Table 3.7

Simile 2

Par.	ST	TT
126	<p>“That’s not what I mean,” she said. <u>Her words were out of sync with her lips, as if she were an actress in a poorly dubbed foreign film.</u></p>	<p>“Bukan itu maksudku,” katanya. <u>Kata-katanya tidak seirama dengan gerak bibirnya, seolah-olah dia adalah seorang aktris film asing yang diisi suara dengan buruk.</u></p>

Object: her (out of sync) words.

Image: a poorly dubbed foreign film

Point of Similarity: the out of sync movements of the lips.

This simile compares the character’s panicked dialogue which is not in sync with her lips movement with a poorly dubbed foreign movie. Both objects is similar to one another in sense when a person panicked or stuttered, he / she might speak with quivering lips that made it look like the voice and lips movement are out of sync, while a poorly dubbed foreign movie would be the same if the voice actor failed to mimic the movie actors’ lips movement. The object “her words were out of sync with her lips” is translated directly to “kata-katanya tidak seirama dengan gerak bibirnya” and the image “a poorly dubbed foreign film” is translated into “film asing yang diisi suara dengan buruk” which uses the same simile as the ST’s without any addition or paraphrasing to keep the simile from the ST without changing the structure.

Table 3.8

Simile 3

Par.	ST	TT
281	<p>Sam wanted to step forward, to reach into the darkness, but <u>he was paralyzed where he stood, as if balanced on a precipice.</u></p>	<p>Sam ingin maju, menggapai ke dalam kegelapan, tapi <u>dia terpaku di tempatnya berdiri, seolah menyeimbangkan diri di tebing curam.</u></p>

Object: paralyzed

Image: balanced (on a precipice)

Point of Similarity: their lack of movements.

The simile compares the character's urge to move but unable to do so because he is paralyzed where he stood, with a situation where someone is balancing themselves on the edge of a steep cliff. Both of these situations are similar for comparison in the sense of fear and dread felt by a person who wanted to move but has no power to control their own limbs, the same could happen to a person who stood on a precipice. The translator keeps the same simile, but define it using Baker's (2011) theory, which translates the simile with translation by paraphrase using unrelated word (p. 38) in the word 'paralyzed' which is used to describe the character's situation, which if it were translated literally would mean 'lumpuh' or physically and permanently disabled. It is translated with paraphrase using unrelated word into 'terpaku' which means figuratively or temporary unable to move. This change caused the word in the TT to not relate literally with the meaning of the ST's word. However, the sense of the imagery of the character's stiff and still body is still understandable.

Table 3.9

Simile 4

Par.	ST	TT
298	Through the soles of his feet, <u>he felt vibrations, as if the ground was pulsing.</u>	Melalui telapak kakinya, <u>dia merasakan getaran, seolah tanah itu berdenyut.</u>

Object: vibration

Image: (the ground) pulsing

Point of Similarity: their slight movements.

This simile compares a vibration at the beginning of an earthquake that the novel's character felt through his feet, with a pulsing of the ground. The simile is translated by maintaining the same simile in the translated text. The words in comparison: "vibration" is translated literally into "getaran" and the image of "the ground was pulsing" is also translated literally into "tanah itu berdenyut". The simile remains intact but transferred to the TL language and can be considered understandable to the TL audience in the expressive sense.

Table 3.10

Simile 5

Par.	ST	TT
302	Falling, he flung out an arm and caught the shattered wooden framework, <u>clinging to the wood as if it were a life preserver in the swirling ocean of sand.</u>	Saat terjatuh, dia melontarkan satu lengan dan menangkap kerangka kayu yang hancur, <u>menggenggam papan itu seolah-olah itu adalah pelampung di lautan pasir yang berputar-putar.</u>

Object: a plank of wood

Image: a life preserver

Point of Similarity: the object and image is similar in their functions for the character.

Considering the situation he was stuck with, both of these objects have one similar quality which is as an object to prevent the novel's character from drowning into a whirlpool of sand in the collapsing floor. The simile compares a plank of wood the character held onto with a lifebuoy. The translator translates the simile by keeping the same simile but define it with Baker's (2011) strategy of translation by paraphrase using unrelated word (p. 38). The word 'wood' which literally means 'kayu' was translated into 'papan'. This strategy is applied in order to specify what kind of "wood" the character was holding onto. If the translator only used "kayu", the reader may found it difficult to picture the object since it is too broad in the sense it could be in any shape.

The similes were translated mostly by couplets (combination of reduction and literal translation). The findings from this simile annotation show that; out of the five examples, three similes were translated by couplets and the rest of the simile were translated by their literal meanings. The problems found in the translation process of the similes are the terms used in the figurative languages; some of the simile may still be acceptable by translating them literally to the TL, but some examples of these simile will differ from the figurative function and the scene portrayed by the SL's author. In order to avoid misconception among the readers of the TL, the figurative languages are reduced accordingly to the TL's context.

C. Hyperbole

In annotating the Hyperbole, the translator will specify which word or phrase that is considered a hyperbole in the paragraph of each example as well as pointing out their literal and figurative meanings followed by the explanation from both SL and TL context.

Table 3.11

Hyperbole 1

Par.	ST	TT
39	It was only a matter of seconds before the pebbled head, beady black eyes, and <u>grotesquely long, forked tongue</u> would rise over him and block out the sky.	Dalam hitungan detik, kepala bergerigi, mata hitam pekat, dan <u>lidah panjang bercabang yang mengerikan itu</u> akan muncul di atasnya dan menghalangi langit malam.

The author described the creature's tongue by stressing its length using the phrase "grotesquely long". The hyperbole is translated with translation by paraphrase using unrelated word strategy (Baker, 2011). The word "grotesque" is an adjective in English that means "strange and unpleasant, especially in a silly or slightly frightening way" (Cambridge), which in Indonesian literally means "aneh" is translated into "mengerikan". Despite the literal meaning in the TL, the SL context of this word held a negative and more gruesome connotation, and is not the same as "weird", it is likely to fit the description of "grossly frightening". So the strategy is applied in order to maintain the aesthetic function of hyperbole in the TT. The translator also rearranges the punctuation to fit the TT's language structure. So, the comma (,) is omitted and the TT is rearranged by combining the separated phrases into a sentence "lidah panjang bercabang yang mengerikan itu".

Table 3.12

Hyperbole 2

Par.	ST	TT
34	Shelly held his breath. All he heard was <u>the thunderous beating of his overtaxed heart</u> .	Shelly menahan napas, yang dia dengar hanyalah <u>gemuruh detak jantungnya yang tak karuan</u> .

This hyperbole stresses the description of the character’s heartbeat using the phrase “the thunderous beating” and his heart condition with “his overtaxed heart”. The first half of the hyperbole is translated directly with the object “heart”; “the thunderous beating (of his heart)” to “gemuruh detak jantungnya”. The second half of the hyperbole however, is rearranged into a new structure. In English the word “overtax” is a verb that could be understood as “difficulty” or “to cause to feel tired or confused as a result of doing too much or doing something too difficult” (Cambridge), but in Indonesian there’s no matching expression to this figure of speech. The phrase “his overtaxed heart” is translated with translation by paraphrase strategy, since the literal meaning “menarik pajak berlebihan” would make no sense because the novel character’s situation is nowhere near any literal taxing purposes and also because it will sound unfitting in the TL. The translator chose to reduce the hyperbole to its sense to fit the TL’s context; the phrase “tak karuan” is more or less expressive, exaggerating, and also fits the message the author intended to describe, thus it fits the figurative quality of the ST’s hyperbole.

Table 3.13

Hyperbole 3

Par.	ST	TT
84	The horse whinnied and reared up on its hind legs. The rider kicked spurs into the horse’s flanks and it dropped down to all fours and galloped after them, <u>its hooves pounding the earth with deadly determination.</u>	Kuda itu meringkik dan berdiri dengan kaki belakangnya. Penunggang kuda itu menendang taji ke sekitarnya dan kuda itu kembali dalam posisi berdiri lalu berlari mengejar mereka, <u>kukukunya menghantam tanah dengan tekad yang mematikan.</u>

The hyperbole focused on stressing the imagery of loud and intimidating sound the horse’s hooves caused by running on the ground when it chases the characters with the phrase “deadly determination”. It is translated without reducing the aesthetic elements of the hyperbole, since the equivalent expression of this figure of speech can be found in the literal

translation of the TL; “its hooves” could be directly translated to “kuku-kukunya”, “pounding the earth” to “menghantam tanah”, and “with deadly determination” is translated into “dengan tekad yang mematikan”. These three phrases of the hyperbole could still be understood in their literal translation without more elaborating.

Table 3.14

Hyperbole 4

Par.	ST	TT
102	<u>The thunderous rumble of hooves</u> was never more than one false step away.	<u>Gemuruh derap langkah kuda itu</u> tidak lebih dari satu salah langkah jauhnya.

This hyperbole also stresses the sound effect imagery of the horse’s hooves when it’s chasing the characters. The sense of the whole sentence is that the horse’s intimidating figure is not far behind them, indicated by the “thunderous rumble” of its hooves pounding the ground each time it galloped toward them. The hyperbole is translated with translation by paraphrase using unrelated word strategy. First, the word “hooves” literal translation means “kuku-kuku kuda”, the translator paraphrase the word into an unrelated word “langkah”. This change is made in order to maintain the exaggerating effect of the hyperbole in the ST. Second, the hyperbole says “thunderous rumble”, both words basically describe a sound effect; “thunderous” is an adjective which means “extremely loud” e.g. ¹thunderous applause; ²a thunderous reception) and “rumble” means “to make a continuous low sound”, e.g. ¹the tanks rumbled (=moved slowly, making a continuous noise) across the battlefield; ²we could hear the rumble of distant guns/thunder (Cambridge). The sense of these two sound effects is the loud but distant sounds of the horse’s hooves. However, the translator specifies the sound source with “derap” in the place of “rumble”, which is not related at all. The purpose is to add the source of those thunderous sounds instead of using both sound effects in one sentence, which if translated literally; “gemuruh pelan”, would become a contradiction in the TL.

Table 3.15

Hyperbole 5

Par.	ST	TT
112	<u>Air exploded out of his lungs as his legs shattered</u> and his body flipped through the air, bounding across the hood of the car,	<u>Napas menyeruak keluar dari paru-parunya saat kedua kakinya remuk</u> dan tubuhnya terhempas di udara, terpantul di kap mobil,

The hyperbole stresses the expression describing the character's breath bursting out of his lungs while he was hit by a car using "explode" as an indicator and the word "shatter" (which usually used to describe fragile objects like glass) to describe his legs' bones breaking by the impact. It is translated with translation by paraphrase using unrelated word strategy since the literal translation has no equivalence with the hyperbole's sense. The word "explode" in literal translation means "meledak" which is acceptable in the SL, but in the TL it will sound overly exaggerated, comical, and hard to picture; so it is translated into "menyeruak" which fits the sense and imagery intended by the hyperbole. The word "shatter" means "to (cause something to) break suddenly into very small pieces" (Cambridge). This word is usually used in expressive terms, e.g. His heart shattered into a million tiny pieces. In English it is acceptable to use such expression to describe the situation, but in the TL, the literal translation "kakinya hancur berkeping-keping" will also sound overly exaggerated and gory, since the character of the novel's legs didn't exactly shattered into pieces. It is translated by reducing the expression into its sense: "remuk" instead of "hancur berkeping-keping" to avoid misinterpretation of the situation.

The finding from this annotation section of hyperbole shows that; three of the five hyperbole examples were reduced to their sense, one hyperbole was translated literally, and one hyperbole was translated by couplet. The translation techniques were applied to fit the TL's linguistic expression. Most of the hyperboles in the examples would not make any sense and would be off of the novel's context if they were to be translated literally. These hyperboles' exaggeration and figurative terms may be acceptable and understandable in the SL, but would sound surreal and absurd in the TL, thus, the translator chose to translate them mostly by reduction to their sense.

D. Personification

In annotating the Personifications, the translator will specify the following examples into the **objects** that being personified, the **images** pictured by said objects, and **senses** of each personification, supported by the explanation of the figurative languages' literal and figurative meaning.

Table 3.16

Personification 1

Par.	ST	TT
12	Ignoring a <u>protracted grumble of protest from his stomach</u> , he continued his trek back toward the heart of the restaurant district.	Sambil mengabaikan <u>omelan protes berlarut-larut dari perutnya</u> , dia melanjutkan perjalanannya kembali ke pusat kompleks restoran.

Object: his (the novel character's) stomach.

Image: grumble of protest

Sense: The sound caused by the character's stomach from lack of food.

The author described the grumbling sound of an empty stomach by "grumble of protest. The "grumble" of stomach is an established expression in English to describe such situation, "grumble" could be used as an adjective but it is also a verb that means "to complain about someone or something in an annoyed way", e.g. she spent the evening grumbling to me about her job (Cambridge). The word "protest" is the triggering point of this personification; it caused the character's stomach to be pictured as if it is capable of showing its emotion or angered reaction of a person. The personification "a protracted grumble of protest from his stomach" is translated into "omelan protes berlarut-larut dari perutnya". The translation is carried by keeping the same personification to maintain the expressive element of said personification and also because the phrases have equivalent matches provided in the TL which would still be understandable to the readers without any changes or addition in the figurative language.

Table 3.17

Personification 2

Par.	ST	TT
32	<u>Metal shrieked against the brick wall</u> opposite the rear of the Chinese restaurant.	<u>Logam bergesek dengan dinding bata di</u> bagian belakang restoran Cina itu.

Object: metal (the dumpster)

Image: shrieked

Sense: The loud sound caused by a metal Dumpster grinding the brick wall.

The personification pictured the piercing sound of a metal dumpster grinding against the brick wall with a shrieking sound of a living thing or a person. The word “shriek” means “a short, loud, high cry, especially one produced suddenly as an expression of a powerful emotion”, e.g. ¹shrieks of delight; ²he suddenly let out a piercing shriek (Cambridge). This expression creates the imagery of the metal dumpster shrieking in agony as it grinded against the solid brick wall. To make it understandable to the TL’s readers, the translator reduced said personification to its sense instead of using its literal meaning “logam menjerit di tembok” which makes no sense. This strategy resulted in the loss of the personification’s aesthetic function as a figurative language in the TT. However, the personification is reduced to sense in order to match the TL’s context, since there are no equivalent expressions to match said personification and to prevent confusion or misinterpretation of the reader.

Table 3.18

Personification 3

Par.	ST	TT
88	Every few strides a beer can slipped free and tumbled to the ground, letting out a <u>protesting hiss of pressurized foam</u> .	Setiap beberapa langkah, sekaleng bir terselip keluar dan jatuh ke tanah, mengeluarkan <u>desisan protes busa yang terperangkap</u> .

Object: foam (in an unopened beer can)

Image: a protesting hiss

Sense: The noises of pressurized foam in the unopened beer can that fell on the ground.

The author described the foaming sound of an unopened can of beer with a protesting hissing sound that only a living thing or person is capable of doing. “Hiss” could be used as sound effect of inanimate things such as a hot iron, a heated pan, etc; but the indicator “protest” in the sentence created the imagery of the foam as a person who is hissing in protest. The word “hiss” means: “to make a noise like a long “s”” or “to say something in a quiet angry way”, e.g. ¹People in the audience were hissing their disapproval; ²“Shut up, Tom!” she hissed (Cambridge). The translator translated the personification part literally; the word “pressurized” is translated using unrelated word “terperangkap” instead of the literal translation “tekanan udara” which would sound odd and confusing to the readers; to maintain the aesthetic element of the personification by providing the situation of said object and also to match the TL’s context.

Table 3.19
Personification 4

Par.	ST	TT
272	Dean stacked pillows against his headboard and laid back gingerly, enduring <u>sharp protests from his ribs</u> with each awkward movement.	Dean menumpuk bantal di kepala tempat tidurnya dan berbaring dengan hati-hati, menahan <u>protes tajam dari tulang rusuknya</u> di setiap gerakan kakunya.

Object: his (the novel character’s) ribs

Image: sharp protests

Sense: The character’s busted ribs ache every time he moves around.

A small movement caused by internal wounds could cause sharp and agonizing pain to its owner, the pain could be interpreted as a protest of the said wound figuratively begging the owner to stop moving. The author described the pain caused by the character’s busted ribs with a sharp protest of a person. The personification “sharp protests from his ribs” is translated by its literal meaning “protes tajam dari tulang rusuknya”, without losing the expressive element of said personification since the equivalent match of the terms used in the

SL is available in the TL. The phrases are equivalent with the literal translation and could still be identified in the TL as a figurative language.

Table 3.20

Personification 5

Par.	ST	TT
321	Dean's demeanor changed. He climbed off the bed with a soft grunt of pain, and walked toward Sam, <u>the slice of light momentarily painting a swath of illumination across his concerned expression.</u>	Raut Dean berubah. Dia turun dari tempat tidur dengan gerutuan pelan karena rasa sakit, dan berjalan menuju Sam, <u>seberkas cahaya melukis kilauan sesaat yang melintasi ekspresi prihatinnya.</u>

Object: the slice of light

Image: painting (a swath of illumination)

Sense: The light revealed the character's concerned expression as he walked pass the window for a brief moment.

The light shining on the character's face for a brief moment could figuratively be interpreted as a paintbrush and the character's face is a canvas it painted with its rays. The author described the light briefly landing on the character's face as something that's capable of 'painting' on his face. The personification is translated partly by its literal meaning and also translation by paraphrasing. The phrase "the slice of light" is translated into "seberkas cahaya" instead of the literal translation "sepotong cahaya" to maintain the expressive trait; also because the literal translation doesn't make sense and out of context. "Illumination" is translated to "kilauan" instead of the literal meaning: "penerangan", because it is unfitting in the figurative context of the TL. The translator chose "kilauan", because it fits the expressive context and able to deliver the meaning intended by the personification. The word "momentarily" is rearranged to a different part of the sentence, thus creating a different sentence structure. This arrangement change the way the personification is originally delivered, but the translated version still carries the figurative element and message

expressed by the SL's personification. The translator keeps it semantically close as possible to the ST with the consideration of its sense in the TL's context.

The personification examples in this annotation section were translated mostly with combination of reduction and literal sense of the said figurative languages. The finding shows that; out of the five examples quoted from the novel, two of the personifications were translated literally, the other two personifications were translated by couplet, and one personification was translated by reduction to its sense. The problem found in the translation process of these personifications lies in the figurative use of the terms in the SL; some of the terms would not make any sense and sound odd if they were to be translated with the literal meaning to the TL.

E. Idiom

In this annotation section, the translator will point out the **idiom**, the **sense** or meaning of the idiom based on Cambridge Advanced Learner's Dictionary, and the explanation of the translation process supported by Baker's (2011) strategy of translating idiom.

Table 3.21

Idiom 1

Par.	ST	TT
2	With record unemployment and housing foreclosures " <u>There but for the grace of God, go I</u> " had become a familiar refrain.	Dengan catatan pengangguran dan rumahnya yang telah disita, <u>dia hanya bisa menjalani kemiskinannya jika Tuhan berkehendak demikian.</u>

Idiom: There but for the grace of God, go I.

Sense: The idiom means something bad that has happened to someone else could have happened to you.

The context of this idiom expresses a situation where someone is living in a hard time of life and couldn't do anything to prevent or get away from the situation he / she is stuck in, supported by the character's situation in the novel as a poor and homeless beggar. The character complained about his life but still living through the hardships knowing that someone else could have worse life than his. The idiom is translated to its sense, referring to Baker's (2011) translation strategy of translating idiom by paraphrase, since there's no idiom of similar meaning and form in the SL. The paraphrase reduced the idiom from a figurative language to a regular sentence with no aesthetic elements in the TT, but the message it intended to deliver is still transferred in a different form.

Table 3.22

Idiom 2

Par.	ST	TT
11	Within the next hour, the last wave of sated diners would be heading home to park themselves in front of their high-definition plasma screens. Surely a few would spare a buck or two for a neighbor who had <u>fallen on hard times</u> ?	Dalam jangka satu jam berikutnya, para pelanggan terakhir akan pulang ke rumah dan duduk di depan layar TV plasma mereka. Tentunya beberapa dari mereka bersedia memberi satu atau dua dollar untuk <u>orang yang jatuh miskin</u> ?

Idiom: fallen on hard times

Sense: the idiom is “fall on hard times” which means to lose your money and start to have a difficult life.

The character used this idiom to describe the misfortune that caused him to be a homeless bum. As to Baker (2011) suggested that in translating an idiomatic expression the translator can use the strategy of translating using an idiom of similar meaning but dissimilar form. The idiom is translated by using another figure of speech from the TL which is “jatuh miskin”, instead of its literal meaning “jatuh di waktu sulit”. These two figures of speech are not exactly the same in their form but are equivalent to one another in expressing the same meaning which means “become poor”. Although it is translated in a different form of

expression, the idiom's sense and meaning is still intact for both of these expressions have the same meaning.

Table 3.23

Idiom 3

Par.	ST	TT
44	Nothing. As if the lizard had <u>dropped off the face of the earth.</u>	Tidak ada apapun. Seolah-olah kadal itu telah <u>lenyap dari muka bumi.</u>

Idiom: dropped off the face of the earth.

Sense: the idiom is “disappear off the face of the earth (also: be wiped off the face of the earth) means to disappear completely.

The author described the creature's sudden disappearance using the idiom to stresses the odds of the current situation the character was in. The idiom is translated to its sense; applying translation strategy for idiomatic expression by paraphrase (Baker 2011), because there is no expression that matches the form of this idiom in the TL. The translator decided not to use the literal translation of said idiom; “jatuh dari muka bumi”, because it doesn't make sense and sounded out of context. The paraphrase doesn't completely reduce the idiom's aesthetic element because the translation “lenyap dari muka bumi” could still be considered expressive in the TL.

Table 3.24

Idiom 4

Par.	ST	TT
61	“And you have him <u>wrapped around your finger.</u> ”	“Dan kau <u>mengontrolnya.</u> ”

Idiom: wrapped around your finger.

Sense: the idiom is “wrap (something) around / round our little finger” which means to persuade someone easily to do what you want them to do.

The character insisted that his friend got her father wrapped around her finger because he would always listen to what she asked of him. The translator transferred the idiom to its sense with the strategy for translating idiomatic expression by paraphrase (Baker 2011) into “mengontrolnya” instead of the literal meaning: “menggenggamnya”, because it is out of the text’s context and not expressive whatsoever. The paraphrase completely removed the idiom’s aesthetic element and shortens the whole sentence into a simple translation, losing the figurative elements in the translation process and only the sense is put in the TT.

Table 3.25

Idiom 5

Par.	ST	TT
272	He’d need at least a few more before they <u>hit the road</u> . Coffee would take care of the rest.	Dia akan membutuhkan paling sedikit beberapa jam sebelum mereka <u>melanjutkan perjalanan</u> . Kopi akan mengurus sisanya.

Idiom: hit the road.

Sense: the idiom means to leave a place or begin a journey.

The character suggested that he should get some rest before he and his brother continue their investigation to the next town. Since there’s no idiom of similar or dissimilar meaning and form that matches this idiom. The translator decided to reduce the idiom to its sense with Baker’s (2011) strategy for translating idiomatic expression by paraphrase, because the literal meaning doesn’t make any sense in the TL’s context. If it were translated literally into “memukul jalan”, not only the message intended by the novel’s author is gone, but it will also sound funny and ridiculous to read. The paraphrase is done in order to be able to transfer the message and sense of the idiom to the TL, although the strategy completely reduces the

idiom's aesthetic element and transfers it to its sense in a simple phrase, the meaning intended is still intact in a form of other phrases.

The idioms in this annotation section were translated mostly by reduction to their sense. The finding shows that; three of the five idiom examples were translated by reduction to their senses and the rest were translated with equivalent fixed expressions provided in the TL. The problems in the translation process of these idioms depends on whether the TL has the required fixed expressions to express the idioms, if there are no equivalent figurative expression in the TL that could match the idiom's meaning; the translator have to translate the idiom by reduction to their sense in order to be able to transfer their meaning to the TL



CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION AND SUGGESTION

A. Conclusion

Based on the findings presented in the previous chapter, in the novel *Supernatural: Night Terror* and its translation, some categories of figurative terms were found and analyzed. There were specifically five types of figurative languages analyzed in this paper: metaphor, simile, hyperbole, personification, and idiom; with a total of twenty five examples each annotated in the previous parts of this paper. Some techniques of translation were applied in the translation of figurative terms from Indonesian into English. There were different techniques, strategy, and procedures of translation applied in the translation of the five types of figurative languages in the novel, including the applications of single and double techniques of translation in each figurative language.

From the annotation of the translation, it could be concluded that the most frequently applied translation strategy of the figurative languages is by reducing them to their sense in the TL. Among the five examples of each figurative language in the annotation, the findings show that:

1. The metaphors were translated mostly by reducing the said figurative language into their sense instead of the literal meanings. Out of five metaphor examples, three of them were translated by reduction, one was translated literally, and one was translated by couplet. The problems leading to the application of these procedures were the inequivalence between SL and TL where there's no fixed expression available in the TL to support the figurative term of the TL.
2. The similes were translated mostly by couplets or combination of reduction and literal translation. Three of the five examples were translated by couplets, and the rest were translated by literal meaning. The problems in translating the similes are the terms used in the figurative languages. Some of the terms may be acceptable with literal translation to the TL, but some differ from the figurative function and the scene pictured by the SL. To avoid misconception among the readers, the figurative languages are reduced accordingly to the TL's concept.

3. The hyperboles were translated mainly by reduction of said figurative languages, three of the examples were reduced to their senses, one was translated literally, and one by couplet. These translation techniques were applied in order to fit the TL's linguistic expression. Most of the hyperboles in the examples would sound off of the novel's context if translated literally, in this case, the exaggeration and figurative terms may be acceptable in the SL, but would make no sense and sounded surreal or absurd in the TL.
4. The personifications were translated mainly with combination of reduction and literal sense of the figurative languages, out of the five examples quoted from the novel, two were translated literally, the other two were translated by couplet, and one was translated by reduction to its sense. The problem in translating these personifications is in the figurative use of the terms in SL. Some of the terms would sound odd if translated with the literal meaning to the TL.
5. The idioms were translated mostly by reduction to their sense. Three of the idioms were translated by reduction to their senses and the rest were translated to fixed expressions available in the TL. The translation process of these idioms depends on the TL's fixed expressions, if there are no equivalent figurative terms in the TL that could transfer the idiom's meaning; it means the idiom must be reduced to its sense in order to be able to transfer its meaning.

The overall techniques, strategy, and procedures applied for the translation of these figurative languages were SL-oriented translation which consisted of borrowing and TL-oriented techniques of translation including paraphrase, description, established equivalent, generalization, reduction, and couplet or combination of established equivalent and reduction. The factors leading to the applications of these strategies were linguistic differences, and also translator's preference in order to be able transfer the meaning of said figurative language to the TL properly.

B. Suggestion

Although in translating figurative language, it is likely done by reducing said figurative language into the sense and more understandable term, it may be more efficient to determine the essence of both SL and TL texts firsthand before annotating the figurative languages in them. In beginning the analysis, you have to gather relevant references accordingly to the type of text analyzed, in this thesis' case, expressive text, to provide you with the understanding of the text's nature or context. The lack of information and necessary source may result in failure to identify the essence of the text less analyzing the figurative language. Therefore, it is recommended to identify and understand the areas of figurative language in both SL and TL before translating and annotating the text for better result.

First of all, you have to identify the type of figurative language by determining it with reliable sources in order to avoid misconception in identifying the figurative language's type, such as: dictionaries and thesaurus. There are various types of figurative languages, and sometimes it is difficult to distinguish them. For example, simile and metaphor; which are akin to one another because of their criteria in using two elements in comparison.

After you are sure about the figurative language's type, supported by the sources you have, you can annotate those figurative languages with the theory which includes: methods, strategies, or procedures, accordingly to the type of the figurative languages. The theories are crucial to backup your statement and opinion in the annotation. Therefore, it is recommended to apply the theories to assist your annotation.

Those are the suggestions recommended in annotating a text, specifically in annotating figurative languages. There are still many types of figurative languages contained in this translation that have not been annotated yet, so it is possible for future annotation, analysis, and critics.

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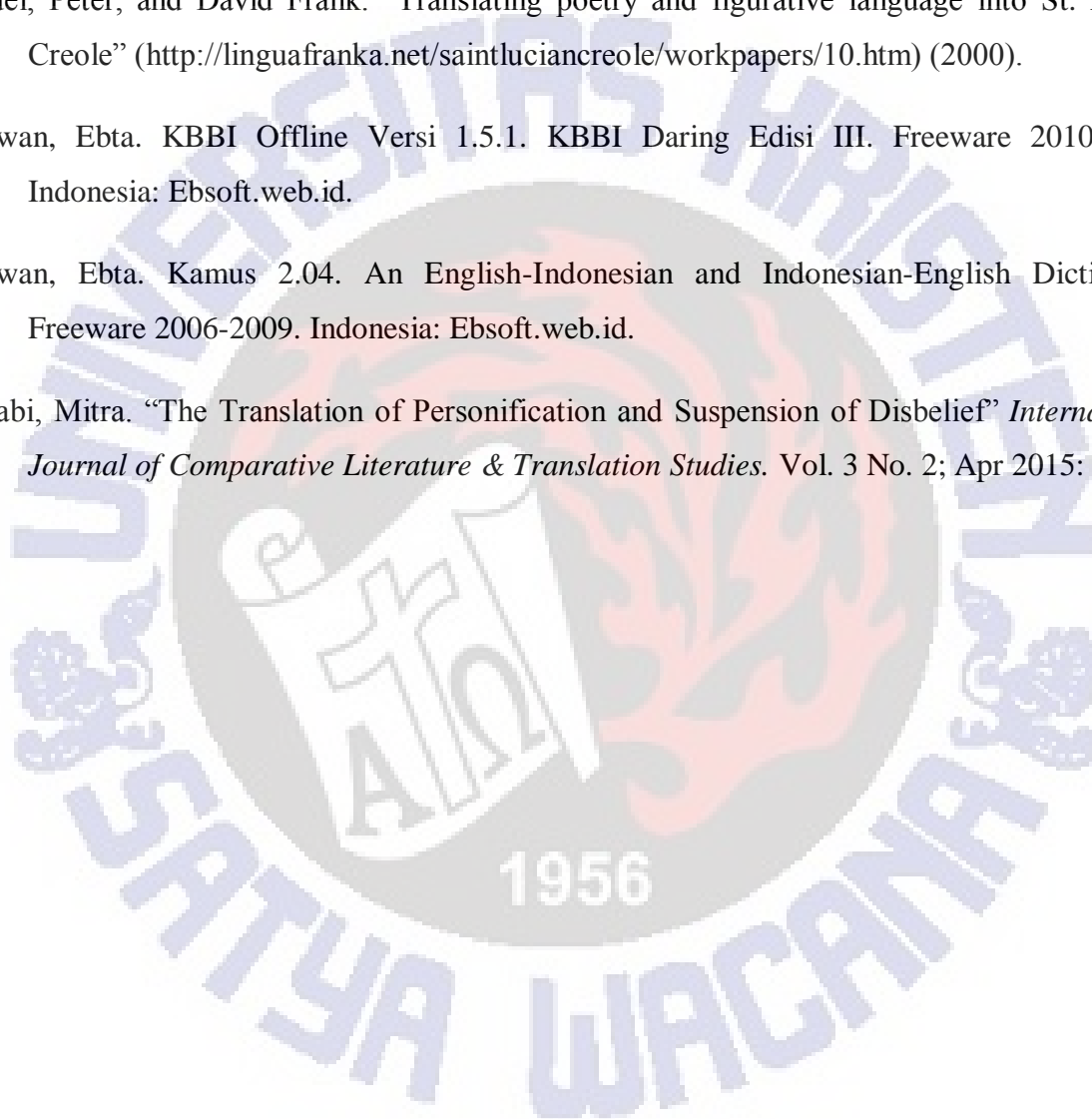
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GLOSSARY

This glossary is made as a facility to provide help for the readers to understand some of the terms used in this thesis, including some technical terms which are used repeatedly. There are other technical terms which require deeper explanations which may have not been included in this glossary.

abstraction A subject which has a very general and broad context that cannot be based on real situations.

aesthetic A term used in relation to the study of beauty or artistic aspect of something.

annotation An explanation or opinion placed on a subject to provide clarification of said subject.

basic meaning A simple and not complicated meaning that provide the base or starting point from which something can develop.

cognitive meaning A meaning related to empirical and conscious process of thinking.

cotext of text A concept following the situation and background of a text.

equivalent meaning A meaning related whether literally or contextually to certain terms.

essence of text The basic and important idea or concept held by a text.

expressive text A type of text that contains figurative terms and aesthetic dimension.

figurative meaning A meaning that may or may not be related to a subjectified term. This type of meaning usually is imaginative and needs a deeper thinking to clarify its actual meaning.

inequivalence A term used when there is a clash between the meanings, usually resulted in contradiction of the subject's value, purpose, and quality.

lexical meaning A meaning related to a two-word terms.

nature of text The type or characterctic held by certain type of text.

neologism A new term in a form of word or expression that provides a new meaning for an existing word or expression.