AN ANNOTATED TRANSLATION OF COMPOUND WORDS IN “THE FOURTH BOOK OF GAME OF THRONES: A FEAST FOR CROWS”

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ABSTRACT

Translation become one of important element in the literature. The translator should know the method and the strategy that the translator uses to make the reader easy to understand the translation text. Translation is the process of translating words or text from one language into another. This study would like to translate a novel entitled “The Fourth Book Of Game Of Thrones: A Feast For Crows.” This study also would like analyze compound words that are found in the novel. Compound word is a combination of two or more words and make a new meaning. The problem of this study are (1) “How to translate compound word”, (2) “What is the translation strategy”, and (3) “Why do use that strategy.” This study aims to (1) “To analyze how to translate compound word”, (2) “To analyze the translation strategy”, and (3) “To explain the reason why the writer choose those strategies.” The result, the writer found 11 compound words in this novel. The writer used Mona Baker’s strategy to translate those 11 compound words. The writer also used Newmark’s theory to translate 7,500 words.

Key words: annotated, translation, compound word, translation strategy
CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

A. Background of The Study

Nowadays, translation become one of important elements in the literature. It will help the target reader easy to understand the source text. The translator should learn the source language very well because if the translator does not master the source language it will make the reader confused when the translator translated it into the target language. The writer should know the method and the strategy to make the reader easy to understand the translation text. The writer uses annotated translation to fulfill his last project. The writer annotated a book from Game of Thrones (GoT). There are seven books of Game of Thrones and the researcher chooses the fourth book.

The writer chooses the fourth book of Game of Thrones “A Feast for Crows”. It has seven series but just three books that has been translated into Indonesia. The translator takes along years to translate it into Indonesian. The translator faces difficult words to translate it. According to Lulu’s.blogspot who translated the first book of GoT, she stated that “The term in the Got is the main problem to the translator. Because since the beginning of the GoT translation involving many parties, the debate over the term often occurs.” In this research, the writer analyzes compound words that appear in the “A Feast for Crows” novel. Compound word is a combination of two or more words that make a new meaning. In this study, the translator annotated problem that
found in translating a literary work, especially in translating the compound word. This study aims to translate and analyze compound words in the novel by George R. R. Martin entitled *Game of Throne: A Feast for Crows*.

Below there are three research questions and the objective of study this research.

1. **Research Questions**
   There are three research questions in this research:
   - How does the translator translate compound word in GoT into the target language?
   - What the translation strategy are suitable for translating compound word in the novel entitled “The Fourth Book Of Game Of Thrones: A Feast For Crows?”
   - Why does the translator choose those strategies?

2. **Objective of Study**
   There are three objective study in this research:
   - To analyze how the translator translate compound words in GoT into target language
   - To choose the translation strategy that suitable for translating compound word
   - To explain the reason why the researcher choose certain strategies
B. Description of The Selected Text

In this part, the writer would give information about GoT’s author and also the brief summary of the book fourth of GoT “A Feast For Crows.”

1. Author

George R. R. Martin is an American novelist and short story writer in the fantasy, fiction, horror, and science fiction genres. He was also a screenwriter, and television producer. He was best known for his international bestselling series of epic fantasy novels, A Song of Ice and Fire, which was later adapted into the HBO dramatic series Game of Thrones (2011).

George R. R. Martin was born on September 20, 1948 in Bayonne, New Jersey, USA. Martin started writing in elementary school. During his high school years at Marist High School, he started writing fan fiction based on the comic books that he adored and began creating new superheroes. Next, he joined Northwestern University where he continued his passion for writing. He earned first a bachelor's degree in journalism in 1970 and then a master's degree in the same subject the following year. Martin lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico, with his wife, Parris McBride. He was previously married to Gale Burnick, from 1975 to 1979.

His first short story "The Hero" to Galaxy, a science fiction magazine, was published in 1971. His first novel titled, “Dying of the Light” published on the following year. Then he became a fantasy and science fiction worlds writer and got a huge achievement in the 1980s. Then it attracted Hollywood’s attention and he worked as a story editor to remake an old story “Twilight Zone” in 1986 and aslo involved in the series “Beauty and The Beast”.
In the middle of 90s, he returned write a prose, his first love and an epic series “A Song of Ice and Fire”, the first famous books of Game of Thrones. He became a top of the best seller list book when he published fourth volume Game of Thrones’ book “A Feast of Crows”. His books were introduced to the television adaption named Game of Thrones, which debuted in 2011 and won a 2015 Emmy for Outstanding drama series. There are seven series of game of thrones book, there are “A Song of Ice and Fire”, “A Clash of Kings”, “A Storm of Words”, “A Feast for Crows”, “A Dance with Dragons”. “The Winds of Winter”, and “A Dream of Spring”. The last two books do not release yet, and the sixth book planned released on May, 2017. But the TV serial has been released the sixth season of the film and the film maker planned releases the seventh season of the film in the middle of this year. The potential reader of source text is a young people in Indonesia because its genre is a fantasy and it attracts young people to read it.

2. The Source Text

A Feast for Crows is George R.R Martin’s book fourth in his series A Song of Ice and Fire. There are many major and minor characters introduced in this novel but in A Feast for Crows only a few major characters from previous books, as well as several minor characters.

After the major events in A Storm of Swords, the kingdoms of Westeros continue to suffer under the rule of the Lannisters, as the war of the Five Kings starts to wane. King’s Landing leads under Queen Cersei's rule, as she declared herself protector and mentor to King Tommen, successor of Joffrey. Cersei starts to find her previous authority over the guards and councilmembers starting to slip. Several of the decisions she makes are met with animosity, such as naming condemned Qyburn as Master of Whisperers
and adding new, disreputable members to the Small Council. Ultimately she is locked in a cell and put to trial for her crimes.

Arya Stark started her journey to revenge on those who want to kill her and finding herself under a pseudonym in the free city of Braavos. She served in the temple and started apprenticing under the renowned assassins known as the Faceless Men. Her sister named Sansa has also been given a false name and identity and lived in the Vale.

Brienne, having sworn an oath to Jaime, begins actively seeking out Sansa Stark. She started her journey to find Arya and Sansa when she heard that both of them still alive. She follows Arya's trail without much success, and ends up being captured by Beric Dondarrion's Brotherhood.

Samwell Tarly accompanies Maester Aemon and wildling Gilly and her child to Oldtown, where he is tasked with conducting research on the Others (Demon), as ordered by Lord Commander Jon Snow. Along the way, he made a relationship with Gilly, and learned that her child is Mance Rayder's son. Samwell also learned that Aemon was sent away as he contained royal blood, being a Targaryen. On their journey, Aemon's health failed and he passed, leaving Sam and Gilly to travel to Oldtown on their own.

At the Iron Islands, Euron Greyjoy is crowned king, to the chagrin of his brother Aeron and his sister Asha. Euron commands his brother Victarion to lay siege to the Shield Islands and the Reach. Euron decides to establish his power and sends Victarion to propose a marriage between Daenerys and Euron. Victarion, however, holds Euron in contempt and intends to marry Daenerys himself.
C. Theoretical Framework

A compound is a combination word that consists of two or more words to make a new meaning. There are two theories about compound word, there are McManis and Fabb. According to McManis (1987:129) a compound is a word formed by the combination of two independents words. According to Fabb (2001:68) a compound is a combination which is consists of two ore more words.

According to *English Grammar*, compounding is the process of combining two words to create a new word. Compound words can be written in three ways: as open compounds (spelled as two words, for example: ice cream), closed compounds (joined to form a single word, for example: doorknob), or hyphenated compounds (two words joined by a hyphen, for example: long-term). Open compound words are compound words written as two separate words but said together as one word with its own meaning. In other terms, a compound word is made up of two or more words that are written separately, meaning they have a space between them. Closed compound words are made up of two words without a space in-between. Hyphenated compound words are formed by using a hyphen, a small dash used to connect words together.

The researcher also uses two theories of translation, there are Newmark and Baker’s theory, Newmark’s theory used to translate 7,500 words. Newmark (1988b) mentions the difference between translation methods and translation procedures. He writes that “while translation methods relate to whole text, translation procedures are used for sentences and the smaller units of language” (p 81). There are eight translation methods from Newmark’s theories, there are:
a. Word for word translation
b. Literal translation
c. Faithful translation
d. Semantic translation
e. Adaptation
f. Free translation
g. Idiomatic translation
h. Communicative translation.

The researcher used communicative translation method. Communicative translation attempts to render contextual meaning of the original that both content and language are acceptable and comprehensible to the readership. The writer chooses this translation method because the writer using the common words that make the target readers easy to understand. For example: the word “masih perawan” and “montok.”

Mona Baker’s theories used to translate annotation. There are eight translation strategy from Mona Baker’s theory:

a. Translation by a more general word

This is one of the commonest stratifies for dealing with many types of non-equivalence, particularly in the area of propositional meaning. It works equally well in most, if not all, languages, since the hierarchical structure of semantic fields is not language-specific.

b. Translation by more expressive word

When there is no word in the target language that expresses the exact meaning as the source language, the translator instead may use a near equivalent which is both more expressive and more formal.
c. **Translation by omission**

This strategy may sound rather drastic, but in fact it does no harm to omit translating a word or expression in some contexts. If the meaning conveyed by a particular item or expression is not vital enough, to the development of the text to justify distracting the reader with lengthy explanations, translators can and often do simply omit translating the word or expression in question.

d. **Translation by cultural substitution**

This strategy involves replacing a culture-specific item or expression with a target language item considering its impact on the target reader. This strategy makes the translated text more natural, more understandable and more familiar to the target reader.

The translator's decision to use this strategy will depend on:

1. The degree to which the translator is given license by those who commission the translation
2. The purpose of the translation

e. **Translation using a loan word or loan word plus explanation**

This strategy is usually used in dealing with culture-specific items, modern concepts, and buzz words. Using the loan word with an explanation is very useful when a word is repeated several times in the text. At the first time the word is mentioned by the explanation and in the next times the word can be used by its own.

f. **Translation by paraphrase using a related word**

This strategy is used when the source item is lexicalized in the target language but in a different form, and when the frequency with which a certain
form is used in the source text is obviously higher than it would be natural in the target language.

g. **Translation by paraphrase using unrelated word**

The paraphrase strategy can be used when the concept in the source item is not lexicalized in the target language. When the meaning of the source item is complex in the target language, the paraphrase strategy may be used instead of using related words; it may be based on modifying a super-ordinate or simply on making clear the meaning of the source item.

h. **Translation by illustration**

This strategy can be useful when the target equivalent item does not cover some aspects of the source item and the equivalent item refers to a physical entity which can be illustrated, particularly in order to avoid over-explanation and to be concise and to the point.

From those strategy, the researcher only choose three translation strategy. There are: translation by more general word, translation by more expressive word, and translation by omisson. The researcher used those strategies because those strategies are suitable and can make the readers easy to understand.

D. **Methodology of Annotated Translation**

Annotated Translation is an independent translation work of students and annotations (notes) that expresses a particular responsibility for the equivalent of his/her chosen. The writer planned to analyze compound word that appears in the *A Feast for Crows* novel. First, the researcher needs some
theories, informations, and studies about translation in translating compound word. Next, the researcher started to translate source text by using Mona Baker’s strategy such as, translation by more general word, more expressive word word and translation by omission. After finishing the translation, the researcher started to analyze the compound word. Then the researcher consulted the translation text and also the analyze or annotation of compound word to get some comments and suggestion.

There are two steps that the writer did: First is the translation steps and second is the annotation steps.

a. Translation Steps

There are seven translation steps that the writer did:
1. Read the novel entitled *Game of Throne: A Feast for Crows*.
2. Highlighted the difficult words and find the correct word in Indonesian Language.
3. Re read the novel and identifying the compound words component that will be analyze or annotated.
5. Consulting and revising the translation text into the supervisor.
6. Reviewing the translation text into the readers.
7. Revising the translation text.

b. Annotating Steps

There are four annotating steps that the writer did:
1. Identifying the compound words component in the novel entitled *Game of Throne: A Feast for Crows*.
2. Annalyzing or annotating the compound words by using Mona Baker’s strategies.
3. consulting and revising the annotation.
4. Writing and finishing the thesis project by combining, revising and fixing the introduction, theoretical framework, translation text, analysis, and reference.
CHAPTER II

TRANSLATION AND ITS SOURCE TEXT

A. TargetText


[8] Armen mengalungkan cambuk kulit yang mengelilingi lehernya, dirangkai dengan penyambung dari timah, kaleng, arang dan tembaga dan seperti

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orang-orang Acolyte kebanyakan, dia tampaknya percaya bahwa para pemula menumbuhkan lobak dari bahu mereka menggantikan kepala.

[9] “Yang terakhir binasa selama pemerintahan Raja Aegon yang Ketiga.”

“Naga yang terakhir di Westeros,” Mollander bersikeras.

[10]“Buang apel itu,” Aleras mendesak lagi.


[13]“Di sini.” Dia menyeret kaki pincangnya, Mollander melompat, berputar, dan mencambuk apel di sisi lengannya ke kabut yang menyelimuti Honeywine. Jika bukan karena kakinya yang pincang, dia akan menjadi ksatria seperti ayahnya. Dia mempunyai kekuatan menjadi ksatria karena lengan yang berotot dan bahannya yang lebar. Jauh dan cepat apel itu melayang...

[14]... tapi tidak secepat busur yang mendesing setelahnya, anak panah yang panjang yang terbuat dari pohon tua dengan bulu merah tua. Pate tidak melihat anak panah yang panjang itu menyangkut di apel, tapi dia mendengarnya. Pemotongan kayu bergema dari seberang sungai, diikuti dengan percikan. Mollander bersiul.

[15]“Kau membuang bagian tengahnya. Manis”

[16]Tidak semanis Rosey. Pate mencintai mata cokelat serta dadanya, dan cara dia tersenyum ketika dia melihat Pate. Dia menyukai lesung pipinya. Kadang-kadang dia berjalan tanpa alas kaki saat dia melayani, untuk merasakan rumput di bawah kakinya. Dia juga menyukai hal tersebut. Dia menyukai wanginya, cara dia mengucir rambut keritingnya di balik telinganya. Dia bahkan menyukai jari kakinya. Suatu malam, dia membiarkan Pate menggosok jari kakinya dan menggelitiknya dan Pate membuat cerita lucu untuk jari kakinya agar Rosey tetap terkikik-kikik.

Tidak selamanya begitu. Sesekali dia bermimpi menjadi maester di istana, melayani beberapa raja yang murah hati yang akan menghormatinya karena kebijaksanaannya dan memberikan seekor putih polos sebagai ucapan terimakasih atas pelayanannya. Begitu tinggi di kuda polos, betapa mulia, tersenyum pada rakyat miskin ketika dia melewati mereka di jalan.

Suatu malam di Quill dan ruang umum Tankard, setelah meminum dua cangkir sari apel yang sangat keras, Pate telah membual bahwa dia tidak selamanya pemula.

“Betul sekali,” Leo si pemalas berteriak. “Kau akan menjadi mantan pemula, peternak babi.”

Dia mengeringkan ampas dari cangkirnya. Penerangan teras dari Quill dan Tankard adalah pulau yang bercahaya dengan lautan yang berkabut pagi ini. Downriver, suar dari Hightower mengapung di malam yang berkabut seperti sinar bulan yang samar, tetapi cahayanya sedikit mengangkat semangatnya.

Para ahli seharusnya sudah datang sekarang. Apakah terjadi cemoohan yang kejam atau terjadi sesuatu pada pria itu? Hal ini bukanlah yang pertama kalinya bahwa keberuntungan yang baik berubah menjadi tidak baik bagi Pate. Sesekali dia merasa beruntung menjadi orang yang dipilih
untuk membantu si tua Archmaester Walgrave dengan gagak-gagak, tidak pernah bermimpi bahwa jauh sebelumnya dia bisa menjadi pelayan, membersihkan kamar, dan memakaikan pakaian untuk dia setiap pagi. Semua orang mengatakan bahwa Walgrave telah melupakan banyak ravencraft daripada kebanyakan maesters yang pernah tahu, jadi Pate menganggap sebuah rantai besi berwarna hitam itu setidaknya bisa dia harapkan, hanya untuk menemukan bahwa Walgrave tidak bisa memberinya satu pun. Orang tua itu tetap menjadi seorang archmaester hanya dengan sifat sopan santunnya. Sama hebatnya dengan maester seperti dahulu, sekarang jubahnya menyembunyikan pakaian kotor, dan setengah tahun yang lalu beberapa pertapa menemukan dirinya menangis di perpustakaan, tidak bisa mencari jalan kembali ke kamarnya. Maester Gormon duduk di bawah topeng besi di istana Walgrave, seorang Gormon yang sama yang menuduh Pate sebagai pencuri.

[23]Di pohon apel dekat sumber mata air, burung bulbul mulai berkicau. Suaranya merdu, sebuah jeda selamat datang dari jeritan keras dan seekor gagak hitam yang tak pernah berhenti dia rindui sepanjang hari. Si gagak putih mengetahui namanya, dan akan bergumam satu sama lain setiap kali mereka melihat dia, “Pate, Pate, Pate,” hingga dia ingin berteriak. Si burung putih yang besar adalah kebanggaan Archaemaster Walgrave. Dia menginginkan mereka untuk memakan Pate ketika dia meninggal, tapi Pate setengah curiga mereka bermaksud memakannya juga.

[24]Mungkin itu merupakan sari apel yang sangat keras – dia datang kesini bukan untuk meminumnya, tapi Alleras terlanjur membeli untuk merayakan rekannya dan rasa bersalah membuat dirinya haus – tapi ini hampir terdengar seolah burung bulbul berkicau emas untuk besi, emas untuk besi, emas untuk besi. Sepertinya terdengar aneh karena hal itu merupakan
apa yang orang asing katakan dimalam Rosey membawa dua dari mereka bersama.

[25]“Siapakah kau ?” Pate bertanya padanya, dan pria itu menjawab, “Seorang ahli. Aku bisa merubah besi menjadi emas.”

[26]Dan kemudian koin itu berada di tangannya, menari di jemarinya, warna emas kuning lembut bersinar di bawah cahaya lilin. Di satu sisinya bergambar naga berkepala tiga, di sisi lainnya bergambar kepala dari beberapa raja yang telah mati. Emas untuk besi, Pate ingat, kamu tidak bisa melakukannya lebih baik. Apakah kamu menginginkan dia? Apakah kamu mencintainya?

[27]“Aku bukan seorang pencuri,” dia telah memberitahu pada si pria itu yang menganggap dirinya seorang ahli, “Saya adalah seorang pemula di Citadel.” Ahli itu menundukkan kepalanya, dan mengatakan, “Jika kamu harus mempertimbangkan kembali, aku akan kembali kesini tiga hari lagi, dengan nagaku.”

[28]Tiga hari sudah berlalu. Pate telah kembali ke Quill dan Tankard, dia masih tampak bimbang, tapi alih-alih si ahli, dia menemukan Mollander dan Armen dan Sphinx dengan menyeret Roone. Hal ini akan menimbulkan kecurigaan jika tidak bergabung dengan mereka.


[30]“Oldtown bukanlah dunia,” seru Mollander sangat keras.

[32]“Ayahku selalu mengatakan bahwa dunia lebih besar dari istana manapun,” imbuh Mollander.

[33]“Naga-naga itu paling tidak seharusnya sesuatu yang mungkin ditemukan di Qarth dan Asshai serta Yi Ti. Cerita-cerita dari pelaut ini...”

[34]“... merupakan cerita yang dikisahkan oleh pelaut,” Armen mencela. “Para pelaut, tuanku Mollander.

[35]Kembali ke dermaga, dan aku bertaruh kamu akan menemukan para pelaut yang akan memberitahumu tentang putri duyung yang sedang berkumpul, atau bagaimana mereka sepanjang tahun di perut ikan.”

[36]“Bagaimana kamu tahu mereka tidak melakukannya?” Mollander menyisir rerumputan untuk mencari beberapa apel.

[37]“Kamu perlu berlutut untuk bersumpah bahwa mereka tidak melakukannya. Seorang pelaut dengan kisahnya, aye, seorang pria mungkin akan menertawakan hal itu, tapi ketika para pendayung dari empat kapal berbeda menceritakan kisah yang sama dalam empat bahasa yang berbeda...”

[38]“Kisahnya tidak sama lagi.” Armen bersikeras.

[39]“Naga di Asshai, naga di Qarth, naga di Meereen, naga Dothraki, naga membeaskan para budak... masing-masing menceritakan kisah yang berbeda dari yang terakhir.”

[40]“Hanya dalam rinciannya.”
Mollander semakin keras kepala ketika dia mabuk, dan bahkan saat sadar dia juga keras kepala.

“Semua berbicara tentang naga, dan seorang ratu muda yang cantik.”

Satu-satunya naga yang dipedulikan oleh Pate adalah yang berbadan kuning emas. Dia penasaran atas apa yang telah terjadi pada para ahli itu. Pada hari ketiga. Dia mengatakan akan berada disini.

“Ada apel lain didekat kakimu,” Alleras meneriaki Mollander,
“dan aku masih memiliki dua anak panah di wadahnya.”

“Persetan dengan wadah panahmu.” Mollander meraup rejeki nomplok.

“Yang satu ini, ada cacingnya,” keluhnya, kemudian membuangnya.

Anak panah itu menancap di apel dan mulai terjatuh serta membelahnya menjadi dua. Yang setengah mendarat di atap menara, kemudian menggelinding di atap yang rendah, memantul dan Armen gagal menangkapnya.

“Jika kamu memotong cacing menjadi dua bagian, kamu membuat dua cacing,” acolyte itu memberitahu mereka.

“Kalau saja cara itu berhasil pada apel, tak seorangpun yang merasa lapar,” kata Alleras dengan senyum manisnya.

Si Sphinx juga selalu tersenyum, seolah-olah dia mengetahui beberapa rahasia lelucon. Hal ini memberinya tatapan jahat yang berjalan dengan baik dengan dagunya yang runcing, seorang janda yang berambut ikal lebat berwarna hitam pekat.

Kendati demikian, Pate... dia telah berada di Citadel selama lima tahun, tiba saat dia berusia tidak lebih dari tiga puluh tahun, namun lehernya tetap berwarna merah muda seperti pada saat pertama kali dia tiba di Westerlands. Dua kali dia yakin bahwa dirinya telah siap. Saat pertama kali, dia telah pergi sebelum Archmaester Vaellyn mempertunjukkan pengetahuannya tentang langit. Sebagai gantinya, dia belajar bagaimana Vinegar Vaellyn mendapatkan namanya itu. Butuh dua tahun bagi Pate mengumpulkan keberaniannya untuk mencoba kembali. Kali ini dia menyerahkan dirinya kepada si tua Archmaester Ebrose yang ramah, yang terkenal dengan suaranya yang lembut dan baik hati, tapi desahan Ebrose entah bagaimana terbukti sama menyakitkannya dengan tongkat Vaellyn.


“Apa yang kamu ketahui dari yang aku tidak ketahui?” Mollander menggerutu.

Dia mengincar apel di atas ranting, kemudian melompat, menariknya kebawah dan melemparkannya keatas. Alleras menarik tali busurnya kembali hingga belakang telinganya, berbalik dengan anggun mengikuti sasarannya yang terbang ke udara. Dia melepaskan busurnya ketika apel itu mulai turun.

“Kamu selalu melewatkan tembakan terakhirmu,” kata Roone.

Apel itu terjebak ke dalam sungai, dan busur itu tidak mengenai.

“Lihat?” kata Roone.

“Hari dimana kamu terus bersama dengan mereka semua adalah hari dimana kamu berhenti berkembang.”

Alleras menurunkan busurnya dan memasukannya ke wadah kulit. Busur itu terukir dari hati emas, terbuat dari kayu yang langka dan legendaris dari Summer Isles. Pate pernah mencoba membengkokkan busur itu namun gagal. Si Sphinx terlihat meremehkan, namun ada kekuatan di
kedua lengan kecilnya, saat Alleras melangkahkan kakinya melewati bangku dan mengambil gelas anggurnya.

[63]“Naga itu memiliki tiga kepala,” dia mengumumkan dengan logat Dornish yang lembut dan perlahan.

[64]“Apakah ini sebuah rahasia?” Roone ingin mengetahuinya.

[65]“Para Sphinx selalu berbicara dengan rahasia dalam dongeng.”

[66]“Bukan rahasia.”


[68]Si Leo yang malas dijuluki Alleras “Si Sphinx.”


[70]“Tidak ada seekor naga yang pernah memiliki tiga kepala kecuali pada perisai dan spanduk. Armen si Acolyte mengatakan dengan tegas.

[71]“Itu merupakan tuduhan yang kejam, tidak lebih. Selanjutnya, semua klan Targaryens telah mati.”

[72]“Tidak semuanya,” kata Alleras.

[73]“Si raja Beggar memiliki saudara perempuan.”

[74]“Aku pikir kepalanya terbentur dinding,” kata Roone.

[75]“Tidak,” imbuh Alleras.

[76]“Dia merupakan anak muda Pangeran Rhaegar, yang kepalanya dihempaskan ke dinding oleh pria pemberani dari klan Lannister. Kita berbicara mengenai saudara perempuan Rhaegar, yang lahir di Dragonstone sebelum tempat itu rubuh. Mereka menyebutnya Daenerys.”
[77]“Si Stomborn. Aku ingat dia sekarang.”
[78]Mollander mengangkat tinggi gelas anggurnya, mengaduk sari apel.
[79]“Ini untuknya!”
[80]Dia menelan ludah, memban ting gelas kosongnya, bersenda, dan mengusap mulutnya dengan tangannya.
[81]“Dimana Rosey? Ratu kita berhak mendapatkan sari apel itu lagi, bukan begitu?”
[82]Armen si Acolyte melihat dengan gugup.
[83]“Pelankan suaramu, bodoh. Kamu seharusnya tidak memikirkan hal-hal seperti itu. Kamu tidak pernah mengetahui siapa yang mendengarkan omonganmu. Si Spider memiliki mata-mata dimana-dimana.”
[84]“Ah, jangan kencing di celanamu, Armen. Saya menawarkan minuman, bukan pemberontakan.”
[85]Pate mendengarkan seorang sedang tertawa. Suara yang lembut dan licik terdengar dari belakangnya.
[86]“Aku selalu tahu bahwa kamu seorang penipu, Hopfrog.”
[87]Si Leo yang malas berjalan membungkuk melewati jembatan kayu tua, dengan mengenakan satin bergaris hijau dan emas, dengan setengah jubah sutra berwarna hitam yang disematkan di bahunya dengan giok mawar....
[88]Mollander merintih saat melihatnya.
[89]“Itu sangat mengganggu. Pergi. Kamu tidak diterima disini.”
[90]Alleras memengang lengannya untuk menenangkannya.
[91]“Leo. Tuanku. Aku mengerti bahwa tuan masih dibatasi ke Citadel selama...”
[92]“... tiga hari lagi.” Leo si pemalas
[93]“Perestan mengatakan dunia ini berusia empat puluh ribu tahun. Mollos mengatakan lima ratus ribu tahun. Apa tiga hari itu, aku bertanya padamu?”
[94]Meski ada selusin meja kosong di teras, Leo duduk di meja mereka.

21
“Belikan aku secangkir emas Arbor, Hopfrog, dan mungkin aku tidak akan memberitahu ayahku tentang roti panggangmu. Ubin-ubin itu mengarah padaku di Checkered Hazard, dan aku menyiya-nyiakan daging rusa untuk makan malam. Daging babi yang masih menyusui dengan saus prem, diisi dengan kacang kastanye dan truffle putih. Pria itu harus makan. Apa yang kalian punya?”

“Daging domba,” Mollander bergumam.

Dia terdengar tidak menyukainya.


Alleras kembali tersenyum padanya.


Mata Leo berwarna merah kecoklatan yang cerah dan kedengkian.


Dia mengacungkan jarinya ke arah Pate.

Jika aku memukulnya di bagian mulutnya dengan cangkirku, aku bisa menghancurkan setengah giginya, pikir Pate. Pate si anak babi yang ternoda adalah pahlawan dari ribuan kish yang ribut: seorang yang baik hati, seorang pria yang bodoh tapi selalu mengalahkan tuan tanah yang gemuk, ksatria angkuh dan sombong yang mengelilingi kehidupannya. Entah bagaimana kebodohanannya ternyata sangat licik; kisah-kisah itu selalu berakhir dengan Pate yang ternoda duduk di kursi raja atau meniduri beberapa anak perempuan ksatria. Tapi itu hanyalah sebuah
kisah. Di dunia nyata, anak babi itu tidak pernah bernasib baik. Kadang-kadang Pate mengira ibunya pasti membenci dirinya karena menamainya seperti itu.

[105] Alleras tidak lagu tersenyum.
[106] “Kamu akan meminta maaf.”
[107] “Akankah aku?” kata Leo.
[108] “Bagaimana aku bisa, dengan tenggorokanku yang sangat kering...”
[110] “Kamu memalukan Citadel dengan menjadi salah satu dari kita.”
[114] “Orang kampung itu mempunyai hak untuk itu. Anak perempuan raja gila masih hidup, dan dia menetaskan tiga naga itu.”
[119] Armen mengerutkan bibirnya karena tidak setuju.
[120] “Marwyn tidak berbicara. Archmaester Perestan akan menjadi yang pertama memberitahumu.”

23
“Archmaester Ryan juga berkata seperti itu,” kata Roone.

Leo menguap. “Lautan itu basah, Matahari itu hangat, dan para menagerie membenci para mastiff.

Dia memiliki nama ejekan untuk semua orang, pikir Pate, tapi dia tidak bisa menyangkal bahwa Marwyn terlihat lebih besar daripada seorang maester. Seolah ingin menggigitmu. Si tukang sihir tidak seperti maester lainnya. Orang-orang berkata bahwa dia harus menjaga hubungannya dengan para pelacur dan tukang sihir, berbicara dengan orang Ibbenese yang berbudi hitam dan orang Summer Islanders yang kasar dengan menggunakan bahasa mereka sendiri, serta dikorbankan untuk persembahan dewa di kuil kecil pelaut di dekat dermaga. Orang-orang bergosip melihatnya berkelahi di bawah tanah kota, di saluran tikus dan di rumah bordil hitam, mendampingi orang-orang yang bersandiwara bisu, para penyanyi, para penjual pedang, bahkan para pengemis. Bahkan beberapa berbisik bahwa dia pernah membunuh seorang pria dengan tinjauannya.

Ketika Marwyn telah kembali ke Oldtown, setelah menghabiskan 8 tahun di timur untuk memetakan jarak pulau-pulau, mencari buku yang hilang, dan belajar dengan penyihir dan bayangan, Vinegar Vaellyn menjuluki “Marwyn si penyihir.” Julukan itu segera tersebar di seluruh Oldtown, dan sangat menganggu Vaellyn.

“Tinggalkan mantra dan berdoa untuk para pendeta dan septon serta gunakan akalmu untuk mempelajari kebenaran yang bisa dipercayai,” Archmaester Ryam menasehati Pate, namun cincin Ryam dan tongkat serta topeng yang berwarna kuning emas dan rantai maesternya tidak memiliki hubungan dengan baja dari Valyrian.

Armen menunduk memandangi si Leo yang malas. Dia memiliki hidung yang sempurna, panjang dan tipis serta mancung.
“Archmaester Marwyn percaya pada hal-hal yang aneh,” katanya, “Tapi dia tidak mempunyai bukti tentang naga daripada Mollander. Hanya kisah beberapa pelaut.”

“Kamu salah,” kata Leo.

“Ada gelas yang terbuat dari lilin terbakar di kamar si penyihir.”


“Apakah gelas lilin itu?” tanya Roone.

Armen si Acolyte menelan ludah. “Suatu malam sebelum seorang acolyte mengatakan sumpahnya. Dia harus berdiri siaga di ruangan besi. Tidak ada lentera yang diperbolehkan, tidak ada obor, tidak ada lampu, tidak ada lilin kecil yang panjang... hanya lilin obisidian. Dia harus menghabiskan sepanjang malam dalam kegelapan, kecuali dia bisa menyala lilin itu. Beberapa akan mencobanya. Orang bodoh dan keras kepala yang telah mempelajari hal ini menyebutnya misteri abadi. Sering kali mereka memotong jari mereka karena pucuk lilin dikatakan dapat setajam pisau cukur. Kemudian, dengan tangan yang berlumur darah, mereka harus menunggu hingga fajar, merenungkan kegagalan mereka. Orang-orang yang lebih bijaksana akan pergi tidur atau menghabiskan malam mereka dengan berdoa, namun setiap tahunnya selalu ada yang mencoba hal itu.”

“Ya.” Pate pernah mendengarkan kisah yang sama.
“Tapi apa gunanya lilin yang tidak mengeluarkan cahaya?”

“Hal ini merupakan suatu pelajaran,” kata Armen,

“Pelajaran terakhir yang harus kita pelajari sebelum kita mengenakan rantai maester kita.

Gelas dari lilin itu merupakan representasi dari kejujuran dan pembelajaran, hal yang langka dan indah serta rapuh. Hal itu disimbolkan dengan sebuah lilin yang mengingatkan kita bahwa seorang maester harus melemparkan cahaya kemanapun dia berada, dan hal itu bisa sangat tajam untuk mengingatkan kita bahwa pengetahuan bisa menjadi bahaya. Orang bijak mungkin tumbuh sombong dalam kebijaksanaan mereka, namun seorang maester harus selalu tetap rendah hati. Gelas lilin itu mengingatkan kita akan hal itu juga. Bahkan setelah dia mengucapkan sumpahnya dan mengenakan rantainya serta pergi keluar untuk melayani, seorang maester akan berpikir kembali dalam kegelapan dari kewaspadaannya dan ingat bagaimana tidak ada yang bisa dia lakukan untuk menyalakan lilin itu... bahkan dengan pengetahuan, beberapa hal tidak mungkin dilakukan.”

Si Leo yang malas tertawa terbahak-bahak.

“Tidak mungkin bagi kamu. Aku melihat lilin terbakar dengan mataku sendiri.”

“Kamu melihat beberapa lilin terbakar, aku tidak ragu,” kata Armen.

“Sebuah lilin hitam, mungkin.”

“Aku tahu apa yang aku lihat. Cahayanya itu aneh dan terang, jauh lebih terang daripada lilin lebih atau lilin dari lemak. Cahaya ini membuat bayangan aneh dan nyala apinya tidak pernah berkedip-kedip bahkan ketika udara berhembus melalui pintu yang terbuka di belakangku.”

Armen menyilangkan tangannya. “Obsidian tidaklah terbakar.”

“Dragonglass,” kata Pate.

“Rakyat miskin menamainya dragonglass.”
Entah bagaimana itu sangat penting.

“Mereka melakukannya,” renung Alleras, Sphinx,

“Dan jika ada naga lagi di dunia ini...” “Naga dan Hal-hal yang gaib,”
kata Leo.

“Domba abu-abu telah menutup mata mereka, tapi mastiff melihat
keajaiban dan teror akan menimpa kita. Era untuk dewa-dewa dan para
pahlawan.”

Dia meregangkan tubuhnya, tersenyum dengan senyuman gilanya. “Itu
sungguh layak, aku mengatakannya.”

“Kita sudah cukup mabuk,” kata Armen.

“Pagi akan terbit lebih cepat daripada yang kita inginkan, dan
Archmaester Ebrose akan berbicara mengenai sifat-sifat urin. Mereka
yang bermaksud menempa tautan perak pasti tidak merindukan
pembicaraannya.”

“Jauh dariku untuk mencegahmu mencicipi kencing,” kata Leo.

“Aku sendiri lebih suka mencicipi emas Arbor.”

“Jika pilihannya kencing atau kamu, aku akan meminum kencingku.”

Mollander berdiri dari mejanya.

“Ayo, Roone.”

Si Sphinx mengambil kopernya.

“Waktunya tidur bagiku. Aku berharap aku akan memimpikan naga
dan gelas lilin itu.”

“Kalian semua?” Leo mengangkat bahunya.

“Baik, Rosey akan tetap tinggal. Mungkin aku akan membangunkan
kue manis kita dan membuat seorang wanita darinya.”

Alleras melihat tatapan wajah Pate.

“Jika dia tidak memiliki rekan untuk meminum anggur, dia tidak bisa
memiliki naga untuk seorang wanita.”
“Aye,” kata Mollander.

“Disamping itu, dibutuhkan pria untuk menggandeng seorang wanita. Ikutlah dengan kami, Pate. Si tua Walgrave akan bangun ketika matahari terbit. Dia akan membutuhkanmu untuk membantu dirinya mengetahui rahasia itu.”

Jika dia ingat siapa aku sekarang. Archmaester Walgrave tidak menyangka satu gagak dari yang lain, tapi dia tidak begitu baik dengan orang lain. Beberapa hari dia sepertinya mengira Pate adalah seseorang yang bernama Cressen.

“Belum lama,” katanya pada teman-temannya.

“Aku akan tinggal sebentar.”

Fajar belum mucul, tidak lama lagi. Si ahli mungkin masih akan datang dan Pate bermaksud berada disini jika si ahli melakukannya.

“Seperti harapanmu,” kata Armen.

Alleras tak henti-hentinya menatap Pate, kemudian menyandarkan busurnya ke bahunya yang kurus dan mengikuti yang lain menuju ke jembatan. Mollander begitu mabuk hingga harus berjalan dengan tangannya merangkul; pundak Roone agar tidak terjatuh. Jarak Citadel tidak begitu jauh seperti burung gagak terbang, namun tak seorangpun dari mereka adalah burung gagak dan Oldtown merupakan sebuah labirin kota, semua gang sempit dan bersilangan.

“Berhati-hatilah,” Pate mendengar Armen mengatakannya ketika kabut sungai menelan mereka, “malam hari yang lembab, dan jalanan berbatu akan licin.”

Ketika mereka pergi, Si Leo yang malas menatap Pate dengan sinis.

“Betapa menyedihkan. Si Sphinx telah mencuri semua peraknya, meninggalkan aku bersama Pate si anak babi bernoda ini.”

Dia menggeliat kemudian menguap.

“Bagaimana keadaan si kecil Rosey yang tercinta ?”
“Dia sedang tidur,” kata Pate dengan singkat.
“Telanjang, aku tidak ragu.” Leo meringis.
“Apakah kamu pikir dia benar-benar naga yang bernilai? Suatu hari aku harus mencari tahu.”
Pate lebih baik mengetahuinya daripada menjawabnya. Leo tidak membutuhkan jawaban.
“Aku beraharap sesekali aku akan mencabulinya, harga dirinya akan turun bahkan anak babu itu bisa membelinya. Kamu harus berterima kasih padaku.”
Aku harus membunuhmu, pikir Pate, tapi dia tidak cukup mabuk untuk mengakhiri hidupnya. Leo telah berlatih dengan tangannya, dan diketahui sangat mematikan menggunakan pedang yang sangat bagus serta belati. Dan jika Pate harus membunuhnya, itu berarti kepalanya juga. Leo memiliki dua nama dimana Pate adalah salah satunya dan yang kedua adalah Tyrell. Ser Moryn Tyrell, komandan dari kota Oldtown adalah ayah Leo. Mace Tyrell, raja dari Highgarden dan penguasa daerah selatan, adalah sepupu Leo. Dan Si tua dari Oldtown, raja Leyton dari Hightower, yang diberi penghargaan “Pelindung Citadel” diantara banyak gelarnya, adalah pembawa bendera dari klan Tyrell. Biarkan saja, Pate mengatakan pada dirinya sendiri. Dia mengatakan bahwa hal-hal itu akan melukainya.
Ketika dia mundur dari bangkunya dan kemudian berdiri, efek samping dari sari apel yang sangat keras itu membuatnya pusing. Dia harus meletakkan tangannya diatas meja untuk menenangkan dirinya.
“Tinggalkan Rosey,” katanya.
“Tinggalkan saja dia, atau aku mungkin akan membunuhmu.”
Leo Tyrell mengibaskan rambutnya dari matanya.
“Aku tidak bertarung dengan si anak babi. Pergilah.”
Pate berbalik dan meninggalkan teras itu. Sepatu haknya menginjak papan rapuh jembatan tua itu. Tak lama kemudian, dia tiba di sisi yang lain, warna langit timur berubah menjadi pink. Dunia itu luas, gumamnya pada dirinya sendiri. Jika aku membeli keledai, aku tetap dapat mengembarka jalanan dan menuju Seven Kingdom, menyelamatkan rakyat miskin dan membelai rambut mereka. Aku bisa menaiki beberapa kapal, mendayung, dan berlayar menuju Qarth melalui gerbang Jade untuk melihat naga berdarah ini untuk diriku sendiri. Tapi bagaimanapun juga, dia belum sampai di Citadel.
Throne, kita semua perlu mempelajari kata-kata dari lagu pendeta berjubah merah itu, pikir Pate, namun sepertinya bukan seperti itu. Tywin Lannister telah menghancurkan Stannis dan R’hllor di tanah Blackwater, dan tak lama kemudian dia akan menyelesaikannya dan menyusun kepala Baratheon di atas gerbang King’s Landing.


[194] Gerobak tukang daging bergerumuh melewati Pate yang menyusuri jalan sungai, lima anak babi dibelakang mencengkik dengan kesal. Karena terhindar dari jalannya, dia hanya menghindari tumpahan ember berisi tanah yang dibuang oleh seorang warga dari jendela diatas kepalanya.

Dia berjongkok dengan satu lutut, mencoba menggosok lumpur dari jubahnya, saat ada suara yang berkata, “Besok pagi, Pate.”

Si ahli berdiri didepannya.

Pate berdiri. “Hari ketiga.. katamu kamu akan berada di Quill dan Tankard.”

“Kamu bersama dengan teman-temanmu. Bukanlah keinginanku untuk memaksakan persahabatan kita.”

Si ahli mengenakan jubah penjelajah berkerudung yang berwarna coklat dan tidak mencolok. Matahari telah terbit mengintip di atas atap dari belakang bahunya, jadi ini merupakan hal yang sulit untuk mengeluarkan wajahnya dari kerudungnya.

“Sudahkah kamu memutuskan?” Haruskah dia memaksaku mengatakannya? “Aku seharusnya seorang pencuri.” Aku pikir kamu seharusnya seorang pencuri.”

Bagian yang paling sulit adalah berlutut dan menarik sandaran dengan kuat dari tempat tidur Archmaester Walgrave. Meskipun kotak itu dibuat dengan keras dan diikat dengan rantai, kuncinya rusak. Maester Gormon menuduh Pate yang merusaknya, namun itu tidak benar. Walgrave merusak kuncinya sendiri, setelah kehilangan kunci untuk membukanya.

Didalam, Pate menemukan sekantong rusa perak, sekotak rambut kuning yang diikat dengan pita, miniatur wanita yang menyerupai Walgrave (bahkan kumisnya), dan sarung tangan ksatria yang terbuat dari
kulit lobster. Tuntutan itu berasal dari seorang pangeran, Walgrave mengklaim, meski dia sepertinya tidak ingat lagi yang mana. Saat Pate menggoyangkannya, kuncinya jatuh ke lantai.


[204] “Pate,” salah satu gagak berwarna putih memanggilnya, “Pate, Pate, Pate.”


[206] “Jika kamu memiliki apa yang aku perlukan.”


[208] Pate tidak mau dirinya di tipu.


“Jalan ini cukup jauh,” kata Pate.

“Tidak ada siapa-siapa. Kita akan melakukannya disini.”

“Seperti permintaanmu.”

“Aku menginginkan nagaku.”

“Aku sangat menginginkannya.”

Koinnya dikeluarkan. Si ahli membuat koin berjalan di jemarinya, seperti yang dia lakukan ketika Rosey membawa mereka bersama. Dalam cahaya pagi hari, naga itu berkilauan saat bergerak, dan memberi cahaya emas di jari-jari si ahli.

Pate mengambilnya dari tangannya. Emas itu terasa hangat di telapak tangannya. Dia memasukkan ke mulutnya dan mengigitnya seperti cara pria yang dilihatnya lakukan. Sesungguhnya, dia tidak yakin seperti apa rasa emas yang sebenarnya, namun dia tidak ingin terlihat bodoh.

“Kuncinya?” si ahli bertanya dengan sopan.

Sesuatu membuat Pate ragu.

“Apakah ini buku yang kamu inginkan?”

Beberapa orang tua Valyrian menggulungnya kedalam kubah yang terkunci dimana gulungan itu dianggap satu-satunya salinan yang masih ada di dunia ini.

“Apa yang aku butuhkan bukanlah urusanmu.”

“Tidak.”


“Tunjukkan wajahmu.”

“Seperti yang kamu minta.” Si ahli menurunkan kerudungnya.

Dia hanya seorang pria, dan wajahnya hanya berupa wajah biasa. Wajah seorang pria muda, pada umumnya, dengan lesung pipi dan janggut tipis. Sebuah bekas luka tampak sama di pipi kanannya. Dia memiliki
hidung yang bengkok, dan rambut hitam yang lebat melingkar di sekitar telinganya. Itu bukan wajah yang dikenali Pate.

“Aku tidak tahu siapa kamu.”
“Aku juga tidak.”
“Siapa kamu?”
“Oh.”

Pate kehabisan kata-kata. Dia mengambil kunci itu dan meletakkannya di tangan orang asing itu, merasa pusing dan hampir pingsan. Rosey, dia mengingatkan dirinya sendiri.

“Kita sudah selesai.”


“Apa yang terjadi?” katanya.

Kakinya berubah jadi air.
“Aku tidak tahu.

“Dan tidak akan pernah tahu,” kata sebuah suara yang sedih.

Batu-batu besar itu terangkat untuk menciumnya. Pate mencoba menangis untuk meminta bantuan, namun suaranya tidak bisa keluar. Pikiran terakhirnya adalah Rosey.

Nabi menenggelamkan orang-orang di Wyk yang hebat ketika mereka datang untuk memberitahunnya bahwa raja telah meninggal. Hal ini suram, pagi yang dingin, dan lautan sama besarnya dengan langit. Tiga orang pertama telah menawarkan hidup mereka kepada dewa yang tenggelam tanpa rasa takut, namun yang keempat memiliki iman yang lemah dan mulai berjuang untuk bernafas. Sambil berdiri diatas ombak, Aeron menggendong anak laki-laki yang telanjang itu dibahunya dan mendorong kepalanya kebawah saat dia mencoba untuk bernafas.
“Kau harus punya keberanian,” katanya.

“Kita datang dari lautan, dan kita harus kembali ke lautan. Buka mulutmu dan minum berkat dari dewa ini. Isi paru-parumu dengan air, kamu mungkin mati dan terlahir kembali. Pertarungan bukanlah hal yang baik.”

Entah anak itu tidak bisa mendengarnya dengan kepalanya dibawah ombak, atau jika tidak, imannya telah benar-benar meninggalkannya. Dia mulai menendang dan dengan sangat terburu-buru Aeron memanggil bantuan. Empat dari orang-orang yang tenggelam tenggelam mengulurkan tangan untuk menangkap orang-orang malang itu dan menahannya di bawah air.

“Oh dewa yang menenggelamkan kita,” pendeta itu berdoa dengan suara yang mendalam seperti lautan, “biarkan Emmond, pelayanmu terlahir kembali dari lautan, seperti kau. Berkati dia dengan garam, berkati dia dengan batu, berkati dia dengan baja.”

Akhirnya, sudah selesai. Tidak ada lagi udara yang menggelegak dari mulutnya, dan semua kekuatan telah hilang dari badannya. Wajah yang tenggelam di lautan dangkal Emmond, pucat dan dingin serta damai.

Saat itulah Damphair menyadari bahwa tiga penunggang kuda telah bergabung dengan orang-orang yang tenggelam di pantai yang berkerikil. Aeron tahu si Sparr, seorang pria tua yang berwajah yang tergores dengan mata yang berair yang suara buruannya adalah bagian hukum dari Wyk yang hebat. Anaknya Steffarion menemaninya, dengan pemuda yang lain yang berjubah gelap berlapis bulu merah yang disematkan dipundaknya dengan bros hiasan yang menunjukkan warhorn hitam dan emas dari Goodbrothers. Salah satu anak Gorold, tanya pendeta itu sekilas. Tiga anak laki-laki yang tinggi terlahir dari istri terakhir Goodbrothers, setelah selusin anak perempuan, dan katanya tak seorangpun pria yang dapat memberitahu anak laki-laki yang lain Aeron Damphair tidak sudi
mencobanya. Entah ini Greydon atau Gormond atau Gran, pendeta itu tidak punya waktu untuknya.


[250] Yang satunya kembali. Ini merupakan pertanda dari kebaikan Dewa Tenggelam, kata para pria. Setiap pendeta lain kehilangan seorang pria dari waktu ke waktu, bahkan Tarle the Thrice-Drowned, yang dulu pernah dianggap suci sehingga diberi mahkota raja. Namun Aeron Grejoy tidak
pernah. Dia adalah Damphair, yang telah melihat aula berair dewa itu sendiri dan kembali menceritakannya.

[251] “Bangkit,” dia memberitahu anak gagap itu saat menepuk punggungnya yang telanjang.


[253] Tapi bangkitlah.”

[254] Anak laki-laki itu batuk dengan keras, mengeluarkan banyak air.

“Bangkitlah lagi.”

[255] Semua perkataanmu dibawa dengan sakit, namun hal itu merupakan cara di dunia ini, seorang pria harus bertarung untuk hidup.

[256] “Bangkitlah lagi.”

[257] Emmond sempoyongan berdiri.

[258] “Lebih keras. Dan lebih kuat.”


[261] “Sekarang kamu milik laut, jadi lautan telah mempersenjatai kamu,” kata Aeron.

[262] “Kita berdoa agar kamu menggunakan tongkatmu dengan keras, melawan semua musuh dewa kita.”

[263] Baru saat itu pulih pendeta beralih ke tiga penunggang, mengawasi dari pelana mereka.

[264] “Apakah anda datang untuk ditenggelamkan, rajaku?”

[265] Si Sparr batuk.

[266] “Aku telah tenggelam seperti anak laki-laki,” katanya,
“dan anak laki-lakiku atas namanya.”

Aeron mendengus. Steffarion Sparr telah diberikan kepada Dewa Sparr tenggelam segera setelah lahir dan dia tidak ragu lagi. Dia tahu arti semuanya ini, dengan cepat mencelupkan ke bak air laut yang langka membasahi kepala bayi. Tak heran kalau ironi sudah ditaklukkan, mereka yang pernah bergoyang kesana mendengar suara ombak.

“Itu tidak benar tenggelam,” dia memberitahu para penunggang.

“Dia yang tidak mati sebenarnya tidak bisa berharap bangkit dari kematian.

Mengapa kamu datang, jika tidak menunjukkan imanmu?”

“Anak laki-laki tuan Gorold datang mencarimu, membawa berita.”

Sparr menunjukkan pemuda di jubah merah. Anak itu tampak tidak lebih dari enam dan sepuluh.

"Aye, dan kau siapa?” Tanya Aeron.

“Gormond. Gormond Goodbrother, jika itu menyenangkan rajaku. Apakah kamu pernah tenggelam, Gormond Goodbrother?”

“Pada hari namaku, Damphair. Ayahku mengirimku untuk menemukanmu dan membawamu kepadanya. Dia perlu bertemu denganmu.”

“Di sini aku berdiri. Biarkan Tuan Gorold datang dan menikmati matanya. Aeron mengambil kulit dari Rus, yang baru berisi dengan air laut.”

Si pendeta itu mengeluarkan pelampung dan menenggelamkannya.

“Aku akan membawamu ke tempat penahanan,” desak Gormond muda, dari atas kudanya.

Dia takut untuk turun, agar sepatu botnya basah.

“Aku memiliki perintah dari dewa yang harus dilaksanakan.”

Aeron Grejoy adalah dewa. Dia tidak menderita dari raja-raja yang memerintahnya seperti seseorang yang mengkudeta.
“Gorold memiliki seekor burung,” kata Sparr.

“Seekor burung maester, dari Pyke,” konfirmasi dari Gormond.

Memiliki sayap yang gelap, dan suara yang menakutkan.

“Burung-burung gagak terbang melewati garam dan batu. Jika ada berita yang menyangkutku bicaralah sekarang juga.”

“Kabar gembira seperti yang kita dengar hanya untuk telinga Anda saja, Damphair,” kata Sparr.

"Ini bukan hal yang akan saya bicarakan di sini sebelum yang lain ini.”

“Orang-orang yang lain ini adalah orang-orangku yang tenggelam, rajaku, sama seperti diriku. Aku tidak memiliki rahasia dari mereka, atau dari dewa kami, di samping laut yang suci aku berdiri.”

Orang-orang yang berkuda saling bertatapan.

“Beritahu dia,” kata Sparr, dan pemuda si jubah merah itu mengumpulkan keberaniiannya.

“Raja itu telah mati,” katanya, sejelas itu. Empat kata singkat, namun laut itu sendiri bergetar ketika dia mengucapkannya.
[1] “Dragons,” said Mollander. He snatched a withered apple off the ground and tossed it hand to hand.


[3] He slipped an arrow from his quiver and nocked it to his bowstring.

[4] “I should like to see a dragon.” Roone was the youngest of them, a chunky boy still two years shy of manhood. “I should like that very much.”

[5] And I should like to sleep with Rosey’s arms around me, Pate thought. He shifted restlessly on the bench. By the morrow the girl could well be his. I will take her far from Oldtown, across the narrow sea to one of the Free Cities. There were no maesters there, no one to accuse him.

[6] He could hear Emma’s laughter coming through a shuttered window overhead, mingled with the deeper voice of the man she was entertaining. She was the oldest of the serving wenches at the Quill and Tankard, forty if she was a day, but still pretty in a fleshy sort of way. Rosey was her daughter, fifteen and freshly flowered. Emma had decreed that Rosey’s maidenhead would cost a golden dragon. Pate had saved nine silver stags and a pot of copper stars and pennies, for all the good that would do him. He would have stood a better chance of hatching a real dragon than saving up enough coin to make a golden one.

[7] “You were born too late for dragons, lad,” Armen the Acolyte told Roone.

[8] Armen wore a leather thong about his neck, strung with links of pewter, tin, lead, and copper, and like most acolytes he seemed to believe that novices had turnips growing from their shoulders in place of heads.

[9] “The last one perished during the reign of King Aegon the Third.”

“The last dragon in Westeros,” insisted Mollander.


[11] He was a comely youth, their Sphinx. All the serving wenches doted on him. Even Rosey would sometimes touch him on the arm when she brought him wine, and Pate had to gnash his teeth and pretend not to see.
“The last dragon in Westeros was the last dragon,” said Armen doggedly. “That is well known.” “The apple,” Alleras said. “Unless you mean to eat it.”

“Here.” Dragging his clubfoot, Mollander took a short hop, whirled, and whipped the apple sidearm into the mists that hung above the Honeywine. If not for his foot, he would have been a knight like his father. He had the strength for it in those thick arms and broad shoulders. Far and fast the apple flew...

...but not as fast as the arrow that whistled after it, a yard-long shaft of golden wood fletched with scarlet feathers. Pate did not see the arrow catch the apple, but he heard it. A soft chunk echoed back across the river, followed by a splash.

Mollander whistled. “You cored it. Sweet.”

Not half as sweet as Rosey. Pate loved her hazel eyes and budding breasts, and the way she smiled every time she saw him. He loved the dimples in her cheeks. Sometimes she went barefoot as she served, to feel the grass beneath her feet. He loved that too. He loved the clean fresh smell of her, the way her hair curled behind her ears. He even loved her toes. One night she’d let him rub her feet and play with them, and he’d made up a funny tale for every toe to keep her giggling.

Perhaps he would do better to remain on this side of the narrow sea. He could buy a donkey with the coin he’d saved, and he and Rosey could take turns riding it as they wandered Westeros. Ebrose might not think him worthy of the silver, but Pate knew how to set a bone and leech a fever. The smallfolk would be grateful for his help. If he could learn to cut hair and shave beards, he might even be a barber. That would be enough, he told himself, so long as I had Rosey. Rosey was all that he wanted in the world.
That had not always been so. Once he had dreamed of being a maester in a castle, in service to some open-handed lord who would honor him for his wisdom and bestow a fine white horse on him to thank him for his service. How high he’d ride, how nobly, smiling down at the smallfolk when he passed them on the road...

One night in the Quill and Tankard’s common room, after his second tankard of fearsomely strong cider, Pate had boasted that he would not always be a novice.

“Too true,” Lazy Leo had called out. “You’ll be a former novice, herding swine.”

He drained the dregs of his tankard. The torchlit terrace of the Quill and Tankard was an island of light in a sea of mist this morning. Downriver, the distant beacon of the Hightower floated in the damp of night like a hazy orange moon, but the light did little to lift his spirits.

The alchemist should have come by now. Had it all been some cruel jape, or had something happened to the man? It would not have been the first time that good fortune had turned sour on Pate. He had once counted himself lucky to be chosen to help old Archmaester Walgrave with the ravens, never dreaming that before long he would also be fetching the man’s meals, sweeping out his chambers, and dressing him every morning. Everyone said that Walgrave had forgotten more of ravencraft than most maesters ever knew, so Pate assumed a black iron link was the least that he could hope for, only to find that Walgrave could not grant him one. The old man remained an archmaester only by courtesy. As great a maester as once he’d been, now his robes concealed soiled smallclothes oft as not, and half a year ago some acolytes found him weeping in the Library, unable to find his way back to his chambers. Maester Gorman sat below the iron mask in Walgrave’s place, the same Gorman who had once accused Pate of theft.
In the apple tree beside the water, a nightingale began to sing. It was a sweet sound, a welcome respite from the harsh screams and endless quorking of the ravens he had tended all day long. The white ravens knew his name, and would mutter it to each other whenever they caught sight of him, “Pate, Pate, Pate,” until he wanted to scream. The big white birds were Archmaester Walgrave’s pride. He wanted them to eat him when he died, but Pate half suspected that they meant to eat him too.

Perhaps it was the fearsomely strong cider—he had not come here to drink, but Alleras had been buying to celebrate his copper link, and guilt had made him thirsty—but it almost sounded as if the nightingale were trilling gold for iron, gold for iron, gold for iron. Which was passing strange, because that was what the stranger had said the night Rosey brought the two of them together.

“Who are you?” Pate had demanded of him, and the man had replied, “An alchemist. I can change iron into gold.”

And then the coin was in his hand, dancing across his knuckles, the soft yellow gold shining in the candlelight. On one side was a three-headed dragon, on the other the head of some dead king. Gold for iron, Pate remembered, you won’t do better. Do you want her? Do you love her?

“I am no thief,” he had told the man who called himself the alchemist, “I am a novice of the Citadel.” The alchemist had bowed his head, and said, “If you should reconsider, I shall return here three days hence, with my dragon.”

Three days had passed. Pate had returned to the Quill and Tankard, still uncertain what he was, but instead of the alchemist he’d found Mollander and Armen and the Sphinx, with Roone in tow. It would have raised suspicions not to join them.
The Quill and Tankard never closed. For six hundred years it had been standing on its island in the Honeywine, and never once had its doors been shut to trade. Though the tall, timbered building leaned toward the south the way novices sometimes leaned after a tankard, Pate expected that the inn would go on standing for another six hundred years, selling wine and ale and fearsomely strong cider to rivermen and seamen, smiths and singers, priests and princes, and the novices and acolytes of the Citadel.

“Oldtown is not the world,” declared Mollander, too loudly.

He was a knight’s son, and drunk as drunk could be. Since they brought him word of his father’s death upon the Blackwater, he got drunk most every night. Even in Oldtown, far from the fighting and safe behind its walls, the War of the Five Kings had touched them all... although Archmaester Benedict insisted that there had never been a war of five kings, since Renly Baratheon had been slain before Balon Greyjoy had crowned himself.

“My father always said the world was bigger than any lord’s castle,” Mollander went on.

“Dragons must be the least of the things a man might find in Qarth and Asshai and Yi Ti. These sailors’ stories...”

“... are stories told by sailors,” Armen interrupted. “Sailors, my dear Mollander.

Go back down to the docks, and I wager you’ll find sailors who’ll tell you of the mermaids that they bedded, or how they spent a year in the belly of a fish.”

“How do you know they didn’t?” Mollander thumped through the grass, looking for more apples.

“You’d need to be down the belly yourself to swear they weren’t. One sailor with a story, aye, a man might laugh at that, but when oarsmen off four different ships tell the same tale in four different tongues...”
“The tales are not the same,” insisted Armen.

“Dragons in Asshai, dragons in Qarth, dragons in Meereen, Dothraki
dragons, dragons freeing slaves... each telling differs from the last.”

“Only in details.”

Mollander grew more stubborn when he drank, and even when sober
he was bullheaded.

“All speak of dragons, and a beautiful young queen.”

The only dragon Pate cared about was made of yellow gold. He
wondered what had happened to the alchemist. The third day. He said he’d
be here.

“There’s another apple near your foot,” Alleras called to Mollander,

“and I still have two arrows in my quiver.”

“Fuck your quiver.” Mollander scooped up the windfall.

“This one’s wormy,” he complained, but he threw it anyway.

The arrow caught the apple as it began to fall and sliced it clean in
two. One half landed on a turret roof, tumbled to a lower roof, bounced,
and missed Armen by a foot.

“If you cut a worm in two, you make two worms,” the acolyte
informed them.

“If only it worked that way with apples, no one would ever need go
hungry,” said Alleras with one of his soft smiles.

The Sphinx was always smiling, as if he knew some secret jape. It
gave him a wicked look that went well with his pointed chin, widow’s
peak, and dense mat of close-cropped jet-black curls.

Alleras would make a maester. He had only been at the Citadel for a
year, yet already he had forged three links of his maester’s chain. Armen
might have more, but each of his had taken him a year to earn. Still, he
would make a maester too. Roone and Mollander remained pink-necked
novices, but Roone was very young and Mollander preferred drinking to reading.

Pate, though... He had been five years at the Citadel, arriving when he was no more than three-and-ten, yet his neck remained as pink as it had been on the day he first arrived from the westerlands. Twice had he believed himself ready. The first time he had gone before Archmaester Vaellyn to demonstrate his knowledge of the heavens. Instead he learned how Vinegar Vaellyn had earned that name. It took Pate two years to summon up the courage to try again. This time he submitted himself to kindly old Archmaester Ebrose, renowned for his soft voice and gentle hands, but Ebrose’s sighs had somehow proved just as painful as Vaellyn’s barbs.

“One last apple,” promised Alleras,

“and I will tell you what I suspect about these dragons.”

“What could you know that I don’t?” grumbled Mollander.

He spied an apple on a branch, jumped up, pulled it down, and threw. Alleras drew his bowstring back to his ear, turning gracefully to follow the target in flight. He loosed his shaft just as the apple began to fall.

“You always miss your last shot,” said Roone.

The apple splashed down into the river, untouched.

“See?” said Roone.

“The day you make them all is the day you stop improving.”

Alleras unstrung his longbow and eased it into its leather case. The bow was carved from goldenheart, a rare and fabled wood from the Summer Isles. Pate had tried to bend it once, and failed. The Sphinx looks slight, but there’s strength in those slim arms, he reflected, as Alleras threw a leg across the bench and reached for his wine cup.

“The dragon has three heads,” he announced in his soft Dornish drawl.

“Is this a riddle?” Roone wanted to know.
“Sphinxes always speak in riddles in the tales.”
“No riddle.”
Alleras sipped his wine. The rest of them were quaffing tankards of the fearsomely strong cider that the Quill and Tankard was renowned for, but he preferred the strange, sweet wines of his mother’s country. Even in Oldtown such wines did not come cheap.
It had been Lazy Leo who dubbed Alleras “the Sphinx.”
A sphinx is a bit of this, a bit of that: a human face, the body of a lion, the wings of a hawk. Alleras was the same: his father was a Dornishman, his mother a black-skinned Summer Islander. His own skin was dark as teak. And like the green marble sphinxes that flanked the Citadel’s main gate, Alleras had eyes of onyx.
“No dragon has ever had three heads except on shields and banners,” Armen the Acolyte said firmly.
“That was a heraldic charge, no more. Furthermore, the Targaryens are all dead.”
“Not all,” said Alleras.
“The Beggar King had a sister.”
“I thought her head was smashed against a wall,” said Roone.
“No,” said Alleras.
“It was Prince Rhaegar’s young son Aegon whose head was dashed against the wall by the Lion of Lannister’s brave men. We speak of Rhaegar’s sister, born on Dragonstone before its fall. The one they called Daenerys.”
“The Stormborn. I recall her now.”
Mollander lifted his tankard high, sloshing the cider that remained.
“Here’s to her!”
He gulped, slammed his empty tankard down, belched, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.
“Where’s Rosey? Our rightful queen deserves another round of cider, wouldn’t you say?”

Armen the Acolyte looked alarmed.

“Lower your voice, fool. You should not even jape about such things. You never know who could be listening. The Spider has ears everywhere.”

“Ah, don’t piss your breeches, Armen. I was proposing a drink, not a rebellion.”

Pate heard a chuckle. A soft, sly voice called out from behind him.

“I always knew you were a traitor, Hopfrog.”

Lazy Leo was slouching by the foot of the old plank bridge, draped in satin striped in green and gold, with a black silk half cape pinned to his shoulder by a rose of jade. The wine he’d dribbled down his front had been a robust red, judging from the color of the spots. A lock of his ash-blond hair fell down across one eye

Mollander bristled at the sight of him.

“Bugger that. Go away. You are not welcome here.”

Alleras laid a hand upon his arm to calm him, whilst Armen frowned.

“Leo. My lord. I had understood that you were still confined to the Citadel for...”

“... three more days.” Lazy Leo shrugged.

“Perestan says the world is forty thousand years old. Mollos says five hundred thousand. What are three days, I ask you?”

Though there were a dozen empty tables on the terrace, Leo sat himself at theirs.

“Buy me a cup of Arbor gold, Hopfrog, and perhaps I won’t inform my father of your toast. The tiles turned against me at the Checkered...”
Hazard, and I wasted my last stag on supper. Suckling pig in plum sauce, stuffed with chestnuts and white truffles. A man must eat. What did you lads have?”

“Mutton,” muttered Mollander. He sounded none too pleased about it. “We shared a haunch of boiled mutton.”

“I’m certain it was filling.” Leo turned to Alleras.

“A lord’s son should be open-handed, Sphinx. I understand you won your copper link. I’ll drink to that.”

Alleras smiled back at him.

“I only buy for friends. And I am no lord’s son, I’ve told you that. My mother was a trader.”

Leo’s eyes were hazel, bright with wine and malice.

“Young mother was a monkey from the Summer Isles. The Dornish will fuck anything with a hole between its legs. Meaning no offense. You may be brown as a nut, but at least you bathe. Unlike our spotted pig boy.”

He waved a hand toward Pate.

If I hit him in the mouth with my tankard, I could knock out half his teeth, Pate thought. Spotted Pate the pig boy was the hero of a thousand ribald stories: a good-hearted, empty-headed lout who always managed to best the fat lordlings, haughty knights, and pompous septons who beset him. Somehow his stupidity would turn out to have been a sort of uncouth cunning; the tales always ended with Spotted Pate sitting on a lord’s high seat or bedding some knight’s daughter. But those were stories. In the real world pig boys never fared so well. Pate sometimes thought his mother must have hated him to have named him as she did.

Alleras was no longer smiling.

“You will apologize.”

“Will I?” said Leo.

“How can I, with my throat so dry...”
“You shame your House with every word you say,” Alleras told him.

“You shame the Citadel by being one of us.”

“I know. So buy me some wine, that I might drown my shame.”

Mollander said, “I would tear your tongue out by the roots.”

“Truly? Then how would I tell you about the dragons?” Leo shrugged again.

“The mongrel has the right of it. The Mad King’s daughter is alive, and she’s hatched herself three dragons.”

“Three?” said Roone, astonished.

Leo patted his hand. “More than two and less than four. I would not try for my golden link just yet if I were you.”

“You leave him be,” warned Mollander.

“Such a chivalrous Hopfrog. As you wish. Every man off every ship that’s sailed within a hundred leagues of Qarth is speaking of these dragons. A few will even tell you that they’ve seen them. The Mage is inclined to believe them.”

Armen pursed his lips in disapproval.

“Marwyn is unsound. Archmaester Perestan would be the first to tell you that.”

“Archmaester Ryam says so too,” said Roone. Leo yawned.

“The sea is wet, the sun is warm, and the menagerie hates the mastiff.”

He has a mocking name for everyone, thought Pate, but he could not deny that Marwyn looked more a mastiff than a maester. As if he wants to bite you. The Mage was not like other maesters.

People said that he kept company with whores and hedge wizards, talked with hairy Ibbenese and pitch-black Summer Islanders in their own tongues, and sacrificed to queer gods at the little sailors’ temples down by the wharves. Men spoke of seeing him down in the undercity, in rat pits and black brothels, consorting with mummers, singers, sellswords, even
beggars. Some even whispered that once he had killed a man with his fists.

When Marwyn had returned to Oldtown, after spending eight years in the east mapping distant lands, searching for lost books, and studying with warlocks and shadowbinders, Vinegar Vaelflyn had dubbed him “Marwyn the Mage.” The name was soon all over Oldtown, to Vaelflyn’s vast annoyance.

“Leave spells and prayers to priests and septons and bend your wits to learning truths a man can trust in,” Archmaester Ryam had once counseled Pate, but Ryam’s ring and rod and mask were yellow gold, and his maester’s chain had no link of Valyrian steel.

Armen looked down his nose at Lazy Leos. He had the perfect nose for it, long and thin and pointed.

“Archmaester Marwyn believes in many curious things,” he said, “but he has no more proof of dragons than Mollander. Just more sailors’ stories.”

“You’re wrong,” said Leo.

“There is a glass candle burning in the Mage’s chambers.”

A hush fell over the torchlit terrace. Armen sighed and shook his head. Mollander began to laugh. The Sphinx studied Leo with his big black eyes. Roone looked lost. Pate knew about the glass candles, though he had never seen one burn. They were the worst-kept secret of the Citadel. It was said that they had been brought to Oldtown from Valyria a thousand years before the Doom. He had heard there were four; one was green and three were black, and all were tall and twisted.

“What are these glass candles?” asked Roone.

Armen the Acolyte cleared his throat.

“The night before an acolyte says his vows, he must stand a vigil in the vault. No lantern is permitted him, no torch, no lamp, no taper... only a
candle of obsidian. He must spend the night in darkness, unless he can
light that candle. Some will try. The foolish and the stubborn, those who
have made a study of these so-called higher mysteries. Often they cut their
fingers, for the ridges on the candles are said to be as sharp as razors.
Then, with bloody hands, they must wait upon the dawn, brooding on their
failure. Wiser men simply go to sleep, or spend their night in prayer, but
every year there are always a few who must try.”

“Yes.” Pate had heard the same stories.

“But what’s the use of a candle that casts no light?”

“It is a lesson,” Armen said, “the last lesson we must learn before we
don our maester’s chains.

The glass candle is meant to represent truth and learning, rare and
beautiful and fragile things. It is made in the shape of a candle to remind
us that a maester must cast light wherever he serves, and it is sharp to
remind us that knowledge can be dangerous. Wise men may grow arrogant
in their wisdom, but a maester must always remain humble. The glass
candle reminds us of that as well. Even after he has said his vow and
donne his chain and gone forth to serve, a maester will think back on the
darkness of his vigil and remember how nothing that he did could make
the candle burn... for even with knowledge, some things are not possible.”

Lazy Leo burst out laughing.

“Not possible for you, you mean. I saw the candle burning with my
own eyes.”

“You saw some candle burning, I don’t doubt,” said Armen.

“A candle of black wax, perhaps.”

“I know what I saw. The light was queer and bright, much brighter
than any beeswax or tallow candle. It cast strange shadows and the flame
never flickered, not even when a draft blew through the open door behind
me.”
Armen crossed his arms. “Obsidian does not burn.”

“Dragonglass,” Pate said.

“The smallfolk call it dragonglass.”

Somehow that seemed important.

“They do,” mused Alleras, the Sphinx, “and if there are dragons in the world again...”

“Dragons and darker things,” said Leo.

“The grey sheep have closed their eyes, but the mastiff sees the truth.
Old powers waken. Shadows stir. An age of wonder and terror will soon be upon us, an age for gods and heroes.”

He stretched, smiling his lazy smile. “That’s worth a round, I’d say.”

“We’ve drunk enough,” said Armen.

“Morn will be upon us sooner than we’d like, and Archmaester Ebrose will be speaking on the properties of urine. Those who mean to forge a silver link would do well not to miss his talk.”

“Far be it from me to keep you from the piss tasting,” said Leo.

“Myself, I prefer the taste of Arbor gold.”

“If the choice is piss or you, I’ll drink piss.”

Mollander pushed back from the table.

“Come, Roone.”

The Sphinx reached for his bowcase.

“It’s bed for me as well. I expect I’ll dream of dragons and glass candles.”

“All of you?” Leo shrugged.

“Well, Rosey will remain. Perhaps I’ll wake our little sweetmeat and make a woman of her.”

Alleras saw the look on Pate’s face.

“If he does not have a copper for a cup of wine, he cannot have a dragon for the girl.”
“Aye,” said Mollander.

“Besides, it takes a man to make a woman. Come with us, Pate. Old Walgrave will wake when the sun comes up. He’ll be needing you to help him to the privy.”

If he remembers who I am today. Archmaester Walgrave had no trouble telling one raven from another, but he was not so good with people. Some days he seemed to think Pate was someone named Cressen.

“Not just yet,” he told his friends.

“I’m going to stay awhile.”

Dawn had not broken, not quite. The alchemist might still be coming, and Pate meant to be here if he did.

“As you wish,” said Armen.

Alleras gave Pate a lingering look, then slung his bow over one slim shoulder and followed the others toward the bridge. Mollander was so drunk he had to walk with a hand on Roone’s shoulder to keep from falling. The Citadel was no great distance as the raven flies, but none of them were ravens and Oldtown was a veritable labyrinth of a city, all wynds and crisscrossing alleys and narrow crookback streets.

“Careful,” Pate heard Armen say as the river mists swallowed up the four of them, “the night is damp, and the cobbles will be slippery.”

When they were gone, Lazy Leo considered Pate sourly across the table.

“How sad. The Sphinx has stolen off with all his silver, abandoning me to Spotted Pate the pig boy.”

He stretched, yawning.

“How is our lovely little Rosey, pray?”

“She’s sleeping,” Pate said curtly.

“Naked, I don’t doubt.” Leo grinned.
“Do you think she’s truly worth a dragon? One day I suppose I must find out.”

Pate knew better than to reply to that. Leo needed no reply.

“I expect that once I’ve broken in the wench, her price will fall to where even pig boys will be able to afford her. You ought to thank me.”

I ought to kill you, Pate thought, but he was not near drunk enough to throw away his life. Leo had been trained to arms, and was known to be deadly with bravo’s blade and dagger. And if Pate should somehow kill him, it would mean his own head too. Leo had two names where Pate had only one, and his second was Tyrell. Ser Moryn Tyrell, commander of the City Watch of Oldtown, was Leo’s father. Mace Tyrell, Lord of Highgarden and Warden of the South, was Leo’s cousin. And Oldtown’s Old Man, Lord Leyton of the Hightower, who numbered “Protector of the Citadel” amongst his many titles, was a sworn bannerman of House Tyrell. Let it go, Pate told himself. He says these things just to wound me.

The mists were lightening to the east. Dawn, Pate realized. Dawn has come, and the alchemist has not. He did not know whether he should laugh or cry. Am I still a thief if I put it all back and no one ever knows? It was another question that he had no answer for, like those that Ebrose and Vaellyn had once asked him.

When he pushed back from the bench and got to his feet, the fearsomely strong cider all went to his head at once. He had to put a hand on the table to steady himself.

“Leave Rosey be,” he said, by way of parting.

“Just leave her be, or I may kill you.”

Leo Tyrell flicked the hair back from his eye.

“I do not fight duels with pig boys. Go away.”

Pate turned and crossed the terrace. His heels rang against the weathered planks of the old bridge. By the time he reached the other side,
the eastern sky was turning pink. The world is wide, he told himself. If I bought that donkey, I could still wander the roads and byways of the Seven Kingdoms, leeching the smallfolk and picking nits out of their hair. I could sign on to some ship, pull an oar, and sail to Qarth by the Jade Gates to see these bloody dragons for myself. I do not need to go back to old Walgrave and the ravens. Yet somehow his feet turned back toward the Citadel.

When the first shaft of sunlight broke through the clouds to the east, morning bells began to peal from the Sailor’s Sept down by the harbor. The Lord’s Sept joined in a moment later, then the Seven Shrines from their gardens across the Honeywine, and finally the Starry Sept that had been the seat of the High Septon for a thousand years before Aegon landed at King’s Landing. They made a mighty music. Though not so sweet as one small nightingale.

He could hear singing too, beneath the pealing of the bells. Each morning at first light the red priests gathered to welcome the sun outside their modest wharfside temple. For the night is dark and full of terrors. Pate had heard them cry those words a hundred times, asking their god R’hllor to save them from the darkness. The Seven were gods enough for him, but he had heard that Stannis Baratheon worshiped at the nightfires now. He had even put the fiery heart of R’hllor on his banners in place of the crowned stag. If he should win the Iron Throne, we’ll all need to learn the words of the red priests’ song, Pate thought, but that was not likely. Tywin Lannister had smashed Stannis and R’hllor upon the Blackwater, and soon enough he would finish them and mount the head of the Baratheon pretender on a spike above the gates of King’s Landing.

As the night’s mists burned away, Oldtown took form around him, emerging ghostlike from the predawn gloom. Pate had never seen King’s Landing, but he knew it was a daub-and-wattle city, a sprawl of mud
streets, thatched roofs, and wooden hovels. Oldtown was built in stone, and all its streets were cobbled, down to the meanest alley. The city was never more beautiful than at break of day. West of the Honeywine, the Guildhalls lined the bank like a row of palaces. Upriver, the domes and towers of the Citadel rose on both sides of the river, connected by stone bridges crowded with halls and houses. Downstream, below the black marble walls and arched windows of the Starry Sept, the manses of the pious clustered like children gathered round the feet of an old dowager.

And beyond, where the Honeywine widened into Whispering Sound, rose the Hightower, its beacon fires bright against the dawn. From where it stood atop the bluffs of Battle Island, its shadow cut the city like a sword. Those born and raised in Oldtown could tell the time of day by where that shadow fell. Some claimed a man could see all the way to the Wall from the top. Perhaps that was why Lord Leyton had not made the descent in more than a decade, preferring to rule his city from the clouds.

A butcher’s cart rumbled past Pate down the river road, five piglets in the back squealing in distress. Dodging from its path, he just avoided being spattered as a townswoman emptied a pail of night soil from a window overhead. When I am a maester in a castle I will have a horse to ride, he thought. Then he tripped upon a cobble and wondered who he was fooling. There would be no chain for him, no seat at a lord’s high table, no tall white horse to ride. His days would be spent listening to ravens quork and scrubbing shit stains off Archmaester Walgrave’s smallclothes.

He was on one knee, trying to wipe the mud off his robes, when a voice said, “Good morrow, Pate.”

The alchemist was standing over him.

Pate rose. “The third day... you said you would be at the Quill and Tankard.”
“You were with your friends. It was not my wish to intrude upon your fellowship.”

The alchemist wore a hooded traveler’s cloak, brown and nondescript. The rising sun was peeking over the rooftops behind his shoulder, so it was hard to make out the face beneath his hood.

“Have you decided what you are?” Must he make me say it? “I suppose I am a thief.” “I thought you might be.”

The hardest part had been getting down on his hands and knees to pull the strongbox from underneath Archmaester Walgrave’s bed. Though the box was stoutly made and bound with iron, its lock was broken. Maester Gorman had suspected Pate of breaking it, but that wasn’t true. Walgrave had broken the lock himself, after losing the key that opened it.

Inside, Pate had found a bag of silver stags, a lock of yellow hair tied up in a ribbon, a painted miniature of a woman who resembled Walgrave (even to her mustache), and a knight’s gauntlet made of lobstered steel. The gauntlet had belonged to a prince, Walgrave claimed, though he could no longer seem to recall which one. When Pate shook it, the key fell out onto the floor.

If I pick that up, I am a thief, he remembered thinking. The key was old and heavy, made of black iron; supposedly it opened every door at the Citadel. Only the archmaesters had such keys. The others carried theirs upon their person or hid them away in some safe place, but if Walgrave had hidden his, no one would ever have seen it again. Pate snatched up the key and had been halfway to the door before turning back to take the silver too. A thief was a thief, whether he stole a little or a lot. “Pate,” one of the white ravens had called after him, “Pate, Pate, Pate.”

“Do you have my dragon?” he asked the alchemist.

“If you have what I require.”

“Give it here. I want to see.”
Pate did not intend to let himself be cheated.

“The river road is not the place. Come.”

He had no time to think about it, to weigh his choices. The alchemist was walking away. Pate had to follow or lose Rosey and the dragon both, forever. He followed. As they walked, he slipped his hand up into his sleeve. He could feel the key, safe inside the hidden pocket he had sewn there. Maester’s robes were full of pockets. He had known that since he was a boy. He had to hurry to keep pace with the alchemist’s longer strides. They went down an alley, around a corner, through the old Thieves Market, along Ragpicker’s Wynd. Finally, the man turned into another alley, narrower than the first.

“This is far enough,” said Pate.

“There’s no one about. We’ll do it here.”

“As you wish.”

“I want my dragon.”

“To be sure.”

The coin appeared. The alchemist made it walk across his knuckles, the way he had when Rosey brought the two of them together. In the morning light the dragon glittered as it moved, and gave the alchemist’s fingers a golden glow.

Pate grabbed it from his hand. The gold felt warm against his palm. He brought it to his mouth and bit down on it the way he’d seen men do. If truth be told, he wasn’t sure what gold should taste like, but he did not want to look a fool.

“The key?” the alchemist inquired politely.

Something made Pate hesitate.

“Is it some book you want?”

Some of the old Valyrian scrolls down in the locked vaults were said to be the only surviving copies in the world.
“What I want is none of your concern.”

“No.”

It’s done, Pate told himself. Go. Run back to the Quill and Tankard, wake Rosey with a kiss, and tell her she belongs to you. Yet still he lingered.

“Show me your face.”

“As you wish.” The alchemist pulled his hood down.

He was just a man, and his face was just a face. A young man’s face, ordinary, with full cheeks and the shadow of a beard. A scar showed faintly on his right cheek. He had a hooked nose, and a mat of dense black hair that curled tightly around his ears. It was not a face Pate recognized.

“I do not know you.”

“Nor I you.”

“Who are you?”

“A stranger. No one. Truly.”

“Oh.”

Pate had run out of words. He drew out the key and put it in the stranger’s hand, feeling light-headed, almost giddy. Rosey, he reminded himself.

“We’re done, then.”

He was halfway down the alley when the cobblestones began to move beneath his feet. The stones are slick and wet, he thought, but that was not it. He could feel his heart hammering in his chest.

“What’s happening?” he said.

His legs had turned to water.

“I don’t understand.”

“And never will,” a voice said sadly.

The cobblestones rushed up to kiss him. Pate tried to cry for help, but his voice was failing too. His last thought was of Rosey.
The prophet was drowning men on Great Wyk when they came to tell him that the king was dead. It was a bleak, cold morning, and the sea was as leaden as the sky. The first three men had offered their lives to the Drowned God fearlessly, but the fourth was weak in faith and began to struggle as his lungs cried out for air. Standing waist-deep in the surf, Aeron seized the naked boy by the shoulders and pushed his head back down as he tried to snatch a breath.

“Have courage,” he said.

“We came from the sea, and to the sea we must return. Open your mouth and drink deep of god’s blessing. Fill your lungs with water, that you may die and be reborn. It does no good to fight.”

Either the boy could not hear him with his head beneath the waves, or else his faith had utterly deserted him. He began to kick and thrash so wildly that Aeron had to call for help. Four of his drowned men waded out to seize the wretch and hold him underwater.

“Lord God who drowned for us,” the priest prayed, in a voice as deep as the sea, “let Emmond your servant be reborn from the sea, as you were. Bless him with salt, bless him with stone, bless him with steel.”

Finally, it was done. No more air was bubbling from his mouth, and all the strength had gone out of his limbs. Facedown in the shallow sea floated Emmond, pale and cold and peaceful.

That was when the Damphair realized that three horsemen had joined his drowned men on the pebbled shore. Aeron knew the Sparr, a hatchet-faced old man with watery eyes whose quavery voice was law on this part of Great Wyk. His son Steffarion accompanied him, with another youth whose dark red fur-lined cloak was pinned at the shoulder with an ornate brooch that showed the black-and-gold warhorn of the Goodbrothers. One of Gorold’s sons, the priest decided at a glance. Three tall sons had been born to Goodbrother’s wife late in life, after a dozen daughters, and it was
said that no man could tell one son from the others. Aeron Damphair did not deign to try. Whether this be Greydon or Gormond or Gran, the priest had no time for him.

He growled a brusque command, and his drowned men seized the dead boy by his arms and legs to carry him above the tideline. The priest followed, naked but for a sealskin clout that covered his private parts. Goosefleshed and dripping, he splashed back onto land, across cold wet sand and sea-scoured pebbles. One of his drowned men handed him a robe of heavy roughspun dyed in mottled greens and blues and greys, the colors of the sea and the Drowned God. Aeron donned the robe and pulled his hair free. Black and wet, that hair; no blade had touched it since the sea had raised him up. It draped his shoulders like a ragged, ropy cloak, and fell down past his waist. Aeron wove strands of seaweed through it, and through his tangled, uncut beard.

His drowned men formed a circle around the dead boy, praying. Norjen worked his arms whilst Rus knelt astride him, pumping on his chest, but all moved aside for Aeron. He pried apart the boy’s cold lips with his fingers and gave Emmond the kiss of life, and again, and again, until the sea came gushing from his mouth. The boy began to cough and spit, and his eyes blinked open, full of fear.

Drowned God’s favor, men said. Every other priest lost a man from time to time, even Tarle the Thrice-Drowned, who had once been thought so holy that he was picked to crown a king. But never Aeron Greyjoy. He was the Damphair, who had seen the god’s own watery halls and returned to tell of it.

“Rise,” he told the sputtering boy as he slapped him on his naked back.

“You have drowned and been returned to us. What is dead can never die.”
“But rises.”

The boy coughed violently, bringing up more water.

“Rises again.”

Every word was bought with pain, but that was the way of the world;
a man must fight to live.

“Rises again.”

Emmond staggered to his feet. “Harder. And stronger.”

“You belong to the god now,” Aeron told him.

The other drowned men gathered round and each gave him a punch
and a kiss to welcome him to the brotherhood. One helped him don a
roughspun robe of mottled blue and green and grey. Another presented
him with a driftwood cudgel.

You belong to the sea now, so the sea has armed you,” Aeron said.

“We pray that you shall wield your cudgel fiercely, against all the
enemies of our god.”

Only then did the priest turn to the three riders, watching from their
saddles.

“Have you come to be drowned, my lords?”

The Sparr coughed.

“I was drowned as a boy,” he said,

“and my son upon his name day.” Aeron snorted.

That Steffarion Sparr had been given to the Drowned God soon after
birth he had no doubt. He knew the manner of it too, a quick dip into a tub
of seawater that scarce wet the infant’s head. Small wonder the ironborn
had been conquered, they who once held sway everywhere the sound of
waves was heard.

“That is no true drowning,” he told the riders.

“He that does not die in truth cannot hope to rise from death. Why have
you come, if not to prove your faith?”
“Lord Gorold’s son came seeking you, with news.”

The Sparr indicated the youth in the red cloak. The boy looked to be no more than six-and-ten.

“Aye, and which are you?” Aeron demanded.

“Gormond. Gormond Goodbrother, if it please my lord.”

“It is the Drowned God we must please. Have you been drowned, Gormond Goodbrother?”

“On my name day, Damphair. My father sent me to find you and bring you to him. He needs to see you.”

“Here I stand. Let Lord Gorold come and feast his eyes.”

Aeron took a leather skin from Rus, freshly filled with water from the sea. The priest pulled out the cork and took a swallow.

“I am to bring you to the keep,” insisted young Gormond, from atop his horse.”

He is afraid to dismount, lest he get his boots wet.

“I have the god’s work to do.”

Aeron Greyjoy was a prophet. He did not suffer petty lords ordering him about like some thrall.

“Gorold’s had a bird,” said the Sparr.

“A maester’s bird, from Pyke,” Gormond confirmed.

Dark wings, dark words.

“The ravens fly o’er salt and stone. If there are tidings that concern me, speak them now.”

“Such tidings as we bear are for your ears alone, Damphair,” the Sparr said.

“These are not matters I would speak of here before these others.”

“These others are my drowned men, god’s servants, just as I am. I have no secrets from them, nor from our god, beside whose holy sea I stand.”
The horsemen exchanged a look.

“Tell him,” said the Sparr, and the youth in the red cloak summoned up his courage.

“The king is dead,” he said, as plain as that. Four small words, yet the sea itself trembled when he uttered them.
CHAPTER III

ANNOTATION

This part contains of how the writer using Mona Baker’s strategies to translate compound words. There are 11 compound words which is classified as open, closed, and hyphenated compound words. There are three strategies that used for translated the compound word, those are: translation by more general word, translation by more expressive word, and translation by omission. Below are the annotations that found in *The Fourth Book Of Game Of Thrones: A Feast For Crows* with 11 compound words.

A. Open Compound Words

Open compounds spelled as two words. Open compound words are compound words written as two separate words but said together as one word with its own meaning. In other terms, a compound word is made up of two or more words that are written separately, meaning they have a space between them.

Example: ice cream, full moon

Table 3.1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paragraph</th>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>She was the oldest of the serving wenches at the Quill and Tankard, forty if she was a day, but still pretty in a fleshy sort of way.</td>
<td>Dia adalah wanita tertua yang melayani di Quill dan Tankard, empat puluh tahun tetapi tetap cantik dan montok.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
word consists of two words; “fleshy” and “sort of way.” “Fleshy” is defined by Cambridge dictionary as having a lot of soft flesh means gemuk and “sort of way” means badan or bentuk. Its literal translation is bertubuh gemuk. The translator changed it into montok that means her body is chubby but still attractive. The word montok is sometimes used to describe the woman’s body shape. According to KBBI (Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia) montok means padat or berisi and sintal. The word montok can be seen in another novel entitled Oskep (p.94): “Nah, gitu. Jangan menangis. Relakan Udin. Yuk kita ambil kopi. Saya doakan nanti kamu dapat jodoh yang benar. Dapat istri yang montok.” From that novel, the meaning of montok matching with the translator’s explanation that its meaning is berisi or padat but still attractive. The translator used the word montok because in the story the author tells about the woman’s appearance and her body is attractive. The translator uses more general word translation strategy because the word montok has been familiar for Indonesian people, especially men when they a woman who has stocky body but her body still tight and shaped.

Table 3.2
Freshly flowered :: masih perawan

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paragraph</th>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Rosey was her daughter, fifteen and freshly flowered</td>
<td>Rosey adalah anak perempuan Emma, berumur 15 tahun dan masih perawan</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“Freshly flowered” in Table 3.2 is a type of open compound word. This compound word consists of two words; “freshly” and “flowered”. “Freshly” means segar or baru saja and “flowered” means berbunga. Freshly flowered means the flower that bloom for the first time and it looks fresh. In other word the flower has not been
touched at all. Its literal translation is *bunga yang segar*. The translator translated it into *masih perawan*. According to KBBI (Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia) *perawan* means *anak dara, gadis, anak perempuan yang menginjak dewasa*. The use of word *perawan* can be found in the novel entitled *Anak Perawan di Sarang Penyamun*: “Haji Sahak membawa berpuluh-puluh kerbau dan beberapa macam barang dagangan lainnya. Istri dan anak perawannya juga ikut bersamanya.” From that novel, the word *anak perawannya* is matching with the translator’s explanation which means his daughter is still virgin. The translator translated *freshly flowered* into *masih perawan* instead of *bunga yang segar* because the female character does not have sex before and still fifteen years old, in other word she is virgin. The translator used more general word translation strategy because the word “*masih perawan*” is easy to understand to the target readers and commonly used by the target readers.

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Table 3.3

<table>
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<th>Paragraph</th>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>He loved the clean fresh smell of her, the way her hair curled behind her ears</td>
<td>Dia menyukai wanginya, cara dia mengucir rambut keritingnya di balik telinganya.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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“Clean fresh smell” in Table 3.3 is a type of open compound word. This compound word consist of three words; “clean”, “fresh”, and “smell”. According to *Cambridge Dictionary* “Clean” means not dirty, honest, moral, not rough, complete. “Fresh” means new, recent, natural, air, clean, not tried. “Smell” means characteristic, discover,and ability. According to KBBI (Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia) *wangi*
means berbau sedap, harum. The literal translation meaning of “clean fresh smell” is bau segar yang wangi. The translator translated it into wanginya. The example of the word wanginya in another novel titled Korupsi (p.69); “Aku merasa mencium wanginya cat rambut, wanginya kulit.” From that novel, the word wanginya also represents how fresh and clean her hair and skin. According to Cambridge dictionary, the word fresh is also represents word clean so the translator only translated it into wanginya because in the story the man loved the woman’s smell. The translator used more general word translation strategy because the word wangi contains the meaning of the word clean and fresh. When he smell a good fragrance, he assumes that the woman looked clean and fresh.

Table 3.4

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paragraph</th>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Downriver, the distant beacon of the Hightower floated in the damp of night like a hazy orange moon, but the light did little to lift his spirits.</td>
<td>Downriver, suar dari Hightower mengapung di malam yang berkabut seperti sinar bulan yang samar, tetapi cahayanya sedikit mengangkat semangatnya.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“Hazy orange moon” in Table 3.4 is a type of open compound word. This compound word consist of three words; “hazy”, “orange”, and “moon”. “Hazy” means samar, “orange” means oranye, and “moon” means bulan. Its literal translation is sinar bulan yang samar berwarna oranye. The translator translated it into sinar bulan yang samar. Based on KBBI (Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia) the word samar means kurang jelas, tersembunyi, kabur, tidak kelihatan nyata so the translator omitted the
The example of the word *sinar bulan yang samar* in another novel entitled *Tanggal Menyala* (chapter 2):


According to that novel, we do not really know what is the colour of the moon, but its light is quite enough to lamp the street. The translator omitted the word *orange* because in the story that the colour of hazy moon was not clear because of the mist. The translator used translation by omission strategy because the word *sinar bulan yang samar* means that the colour of the moon did not clear.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paragraph</th>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>It was a <em>sweet sound</em>, a welcome respite from the harsh screams and endless quorking of the ravens he had tended all day long</td>
<td><em>Suaranya merdu</em>, sebuah jeda selamat datang dari jeritan keras dan seekor gagak hitam yang tak pernah berhenti dia rindukan sepanjang hari.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“Sweet sound” in Table 3.5 is a type of open compound word. This compound word consists of two words; “sweet” and “sound”. According to Cambridge dictionary “Sweet” means taste, pleasant, kind, or attractive and “sound” means something that you can hear or that can be heard. Its literal translation is suaranya manis. The translator changed it into suaranya merdu. The word manis is commonly used for the taste and merdu matched with sound or voice. The example of the word suara merdu in the Nyanyian Ibu (p.100); “Suara Nabi Daud yang merdu itu pun bisa memukau binatang, angin, alam, dan segala isinya.” That novel explain that his voice fascinating. So, the translator translated it into suaranya merdu because it represents to human/bird voice. Merdu means the sound is good and pleasant to hear. The translator used more expressive word translation strategy because the words suaranya merdu can affect the mood and also shows that he enjoyed listening to that sound.

Table 3.6

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paragraph</th>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>“If only it worked that way with apples, no one would ever need go hungry,” said Alleras with one of his soft smiles</td>
<td>“Kalau saja cara itu berhasil pada apel, tak seorangpun yang merasa lapar,” kata Alleras dengan senyum manisnya</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“Soft smiles” in Table 3.6 is a type of open compound word. This compound word consists of two words; “soft” and “smile”. According to Cambridge dictionary, “Soft” means not hard or firm, gentle, easy, and “smile” means a happy or friendly expression on the face which

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the mouth curve up slightly, often with the lips moving apart so that the teeth can be seen. Its literal translation *senyum lembutnya*. The translator translated it into *manis*. The example of the word *senyum manisnya* in another novel entitled *Suamiku Calon Mertuaku* (p.123); “Dimas menggeser duduknya lebih dekat. “Mau Daddy pijitin.” “Enggh boleh.” Winda mengangguk dengan senyum manis dibibirnya.”

According to that example, the word *senyum manisnya* represents that the woman character treat well or expressed something good to the man. According to KBBI (Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia) *lembut* means *lunak, halus, lemah, baik hati, tidak pemarah* meanwhile *manis* means *rasa seperti gula, elok, mungil, sangat menarik hati (tentang muka, senyum, perkataan)*. The translator translated it into *senyum manisnya* because sometimes this word can expressed a good treat to others but in the novel it expressed a satire to others. The man character did not agree with someone statement. The translator used more expressive word translation strategy because the word *senyum manisnya* is an expressive face which is can give good or bad impression.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paragraph</th>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>This time he submitted himself to kindly old Archmaester Ebrose, renowned for his soft voice and gentle hands, but Ebrose’s sighs had somehow proved just as painful as Vaellyn’s barbs.</td>
<td>Kali ini dia menyerahkan dirinya kepada si tua Archmaester Ebrose yang ramah, yang terkenal dengan suaranya yang lembut dan baik hati, tapi desahan Ebrose entah bagaimana terbukti sama menyakitikannya dengan tongkat Vaellyn.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“Gentle hands” in Table 3.7 is a type of open compound word. This compound word consists of two words; “gentle” and “hand”. “Gentle” means lembut, ramah or sopan and “hands” means tangan. Its literal translation is tangan yang lembut. According to the Cambridgedictionary, the word gentle also can be translated into calm, kind and soft. Meanwhile “hands” means body parts, cards, help, person, involvement, clap, writing, and measurement. The translator translated it into baik hati. According to KBBI (Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia) baik hati means berbudi baik, mengukir di hati, lembut hati, murah senyum. The example of the word baik hati in another novel entitled Unwanted (p.111); “Tom berusaha keras menahan rasa sakit itu, tapi terlalu sakit. Air mata mengalir di pipinya. Punggungnya terasa sakit sekali, sangat menyiksaanya. Dia hampir saja memekik, tapi dia tidak ingin membuat malu di depan tuan barunya yang baik hati. Tom berusaha menahannya, dan mencoba untuk tak banyak bergerak. The word gentle hands was translated into baik hati based on one of the meanings of “gentle”, i.e “kind” because in the story the man shows a good attitude to treat others. The translator used more expressive word translation strategy because the word “baik hati” can give the impression that he is a good or kind person and also represents a good personality.

B. Closed Compound Words
Closed compound words are made up of two words without a space in-between.

Example: notebook, superman, bookstore.

Table 3.8

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paragraph</th>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>How high he’d ride, how</td>
<td>Begitu tinggi diamenungganginya,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“Smallfolk” in Table 3.8 is a type of closed compound word. This compound word consist of two words; “small” and “folk”. According to Cambridge dictionary, “Small” means little, young, limited activity, not important, ashamed, or letter size and “folk” means people, or music. Its literal translation is rakyat kecil. According to KBBI (Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia) rakyat miskin means those who do not have any money, food even a house. Meanwhile rakyat kecil means they have less food, or less money. The example of the word rakyat miskin in another novel entitled Pelangi Melbourne: dua dunia satu cinta: “Itu sumbangsih peradaban yang luar biasa. Pasti akan dikenang sepanjang masa. Karya tentang toleransi akan semakin memberikan inspirasi bagi pembelaan rakyat-rakyat miskin di Calcutta, India, yang pada akhirnya meraih Nobel Perdamaian.” From that novel, the word rakyat miskin means that they do not have power to protest to the government and their life are very poor. The translator translated it into rakyat miskin because those people in the story have no food, no money, and do not have a title. In other word they are very poor. The translator used more general word translation strategy because the translator wants to show that the smallfolk’s life are very poor because of the king’s rules. When people saw rakyat miskin, they thought that their life are very hard.

Table 3.9

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Shadowbinders :: bayangan</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paragraph</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Oldtown, after spending eight years in the east mapping distant lands, searching for lost books, and studying with warlocks and shadowbinders, Vinegar Vaellyn had dubbed him “Marwyn the Mage.”

— Shadowbinders” in Table 3.9 is a type of closed compound word. This compound word consists of two words; “shadow” and “binders”. According to Cambridge dictionary “Shadow” means darkness, small amount, follow, and “binders” means cover, job, machine, substance. Its literal translation is pengikat bayangan. The translator translated it into bayangan. According to KBBI (Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia) bayangan means wujud hitam yang tampak dibalik benda yang kena sinar, rupa/wujud yang kurang jelas dalam gelap, angan-angan, khayal dan sesuatu yang seakan-akan ada, tetapi sebenarnya tidak ada. The example of the word bayangan in another novel entitled Novel Tanpa Nama (p.20); “Bayangan itu bergerak mondar-mandir di antara dahan-dahan pohon itu. Bayangan itu menaiki cabang demi cabang pohon dan ketika sampai di puncaknya, bayangan itu berdiri tegak.” From that novel, the word bayangan is matching with the translator’s explanation which is said that bayangan is invicible but can act likes human. The translator only translated it into bayangan because based on KBBI bayangan is something that invisible but could behave like human being. Based on this story, the man has relationship with that shadow. Shadow is identically with the magical or mystical thing and it also linked with an evil. In the past, people asked help to evil to request a strong power or attacked someone with magical things. In Indonesia it called santet. The translator used more general word translation strategy because the word bayangan symbolize
an evil things. When target readers hear the word *bayangan*, they already knew that there was an evil and bad things will happen.

Table 3.10

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paragraph</th>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>129</td>
<td>As the night’s mists burned away, Oldtown took form around him, emerging ghostlike from the <em>predawn gloom</em></td>
<td>Saat kabut malam menyelimuti, Oldtown terbentuk disekitarnya, muncul sosok seperti hantu dari <em>kegelapan</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“Predawn gloom” in Table 3.10 is a type of closed compound word. This compound word consists of three words; “pre”, “dawn” and “gloom”. According to Cambridge dictionary “Pre” means *before*, “dawn” means *the period in the day when light from the sun begins to appear in the sky* and “gloom” means *without hope*, and *darkness*. Its literal translation is *menjelang subuh yang gelap*. The translator only translated into *kegelapan* because the condition in the predawn is dark which is has same meaning with the word *gloom*. According to KBBI (Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia) *kegelapan* means tidak ada cahaya, kelam, tidak terang. *K gelapan* also symbolizes a satanic, mystic, negative things and devil worship. The example of the word *kegelapan* in another novel titled *Peri Di Seberang Bukit Pelangi* (p.27); “Namun bisikan malam telah sadarkan jiwa, hingga segenap penghuni raga tetap bertahan di sisi Peri Tegar. Mengawalnya di antara cekaman barisan cemara dan tumpukan kegelapan yang berdiri di pekatnya malam.” From that novel, we know that *kegelapan* brings to negative impact and also mystic. The translator translated it into
*kegelapan* because in the story the word *predawn* represents a ghost which comes out to the town. Ghost is usually identical with darkness. The translator used more general word translation strategy because when target readers hear the word *kegelapan*, they already know that this word means a negative things and it also a ghost’s habitats.

**C. Hyphenated Compound Word**

Hyphenated compounds is two words joined by a hyphen. Hyphenated compound words are formed by using a hyphen, a small dash used to connect words together.

Example: long-term, fifty-nine

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paragraph</th>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>...but not as fast as the arrow that whistled after it, a <em>yard-long</em> shaft of golden wood fletched with scarlet feathers. Pate did not see the arrow catch the apple, but he heard it</td>
<td>... tapi tidak secepat busur yang mendesing setelahnya, <em>anak panah yang panjang</em> yang terbuat dari pohon tua dengan bulu merah tua. Pate tidak melihat anak panah yang panjang itu menyangkut di apel, tapi dia mendengarnya.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“A yard-long-shaft” in Table 3.11 is a type of hypenated compound word. This compound word consists of three words; “a yard”, “long”, and “shaft”. According to *Cambridge dictionary* “A yard” means a unit of measurement equal to three feet or approximately 91.4 centimetres. Meanwhile “long” means distance, time or many
words and “shaft” means long object, passage, remark or treatment. Its literal translation is *jarak yang panjang*. The translator changed *shaft* into *anak panah yang panjang* because it represent as a long object (the object in the story is a weapon). According to KBBI (Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia) *anak panah* means *senjata tajam yang berupa barang panjang, runcing pada ujungnya dan diberi bulu atau barang lain yang serupa pada pangkalnya yang berfungsi sebagai penjaga keseimbangan, dilepaskan dengan menggunakan busur*. The use of the word *anak panah yang panjang* in the novel entitled *Lepas Waktu* (p.221): “Senjata utama Arjuna berupa panah selalu siap di tangan.” From that novel, we know that Arjuna is a part of *wayang* and his life is very traditional and the weapon that he used was an arrow. The translator changed it into *anak panah yang panjang* because in the story the man character using it to catch the apple, so it represents as an arrow. In this story, arrow is one of weapon that used for war. People did not know how to make a gun yet and also they did not the ingredients to make a gun, so they only knew how to make a traditional weapon such as arrow, sword, and spear. The translator used more general word translation strategy because *anak panah* already known as a traditional weapon. Many tribes in Indonesia used arrow as their traditional weapon, so it can make the target readers easy to understand.
CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION AND SUGGESTION

Below the writer would give conclusion about this research and also gives some suggestion to the target reader.

A. Conclusion

The researcher annotated 11 compound words. In chapter 1 of the novel *The Fourth Book Of Game Of Thrones: A Feast For Crows*, the researcher found 11 compound words which is classified as 7 open compound words, 3 closed compound words and 1 hyphenated compound word.

The strategies that the researcher used are translation by a more general word, translation by more expressive word, and translation by omission based on Mona Baker’s strategy. The researcher chose those strategies because those are more suitable to translate the compound words in the story. Those strategies are understandable for the readers. The researcher used communicative translation method by Newmark because it will help the readers easy to understand the 7,500 translated words.

B. Suggestion

Based on the conclusion, the researcher wants to give some suggestions that might be useful for the readers.

First, if you want to translate literary works you should give more attention in the meaning and the translation strategy that compatible to the translate into Indonesia and make readers easy to understand.
Second, the researcher hopes that this study can help the readers to find and understand about compound word and the translation strategy which the researcher used to translate it into the target text.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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REFERENCES


GLOSSARY

Acolyte  A title from Archmaester. The position is above the novice and under the teacher

Alchemist  The expert

A nightingale  Kind of bird

Annotate  Add notes to (a text or diagram) giving explanation or comment.

Archmaester  Senior maester

Cider  Kind of alcohol

Compound  A combination of two words or more

King’s Landing  The center of 7 kingdoms

Maester  People who can heal someone, educated people

Novice  People who do not have skill

Obsidian  A material which made from vulcano

Sphinx  The body likes a lion and the head is likes human

Translation  The process of translating words or text from one language into another

Tankard  A cup