AN ANNOTATED TRANSLATION OF CULTURAL TERMS IN JANET LUNN’S SHADOW IN HAWTHORN BAY

THESIS

Submitted in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements for the Degree of Sarjana Sastra

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ABSTRACT

The purpose of this annotated translation is to provide accountability for the cultural terms I chose in translating *the Shadow in Hawthorn Bay* book. The translation problem I found grouped into two parts, namely the term ecology and material culture. All the problems were solved through selection of appropriate methods and procedures. The method of translation used is the communicative method, using that method, the transferred message is acceptable in the TL culture and is easily understood by the target reader. Translation procedure used, such as contextual translation, transference, cultural equivalent, naturalization and so on, are used to tackle that problem found in translating this book. Surveys, source search in the library, and the utilization of internet media taken to produce the translation which is prevalent in the TL culture. From this study, I concluded that the selection of appropriate methods, procedures, and translation steps can solve translation problems.

Key words: annotated translation, cultural terms, translation procedure, translation methods
CHAPTER I
INTRODUCTION

A. Background of the study

Translation is rendering the meaning of a text into another language in the way that the author intended the text (Newmark, 1988:5). According to Catford, he defines that translation is an operation performed on languages: a process of substituting a text in one language for a text in another (Catford, 1). From that sense, we can know that translating is not only from word to word, but the transfer of meaning from ST to TT.

In translating, we will find various problems, one of those is the culture terms which are exist in the text. According to Newmark, culture is the way of life and its manifestations that are peculiar to a community that uses a particular language as its means of expression (Newmark, 1988:94). We can know that the real culture in a text is something related to the expression of the way of life and its manifestation in a group. In translating a text, we will find many cultural terms that are usually incompatible with the culture of the TT.

In this annotating translation, The Shadow in Hawthorn Bay written by Janet Lunn was chosen to be translated as the final assignment of the English Literature Program. This book consists of 16 chapters that tell the story of an adventurous teenager to find his cousin. The book The Shadow in Hawthorn Bay is a literary book for children.

Thus, the translator will find the location of the cultural terms in the ST. After that the translator will dig deeper the appropriate translation from ST to TT. However, in this annotation the translator will not remove the original meaning of ST.

The translator has several questions that appear to develop the study, which are what types of cultural terms that appear in the ST? How to translate cultural terms in ST to TT? Why are those strategies used? Therefore, the translator also states the purpose of
making this study, which is to find out cultural terms that arise in its ST and ascertain strategies used to translate those cultural terms.

B. Description of the selection text

This section will be explained about the text selected by the translator. The explanation which are author's biography, summary of the selected text, and also source text and target text readership. With that explanation, the reader will know more about the text chosen by the author.

1. Author’s Biography

Janet Lunn was born December 28, 1928 in Dallas, Texas, United States. Her origin name is Janet Louise Swaboda, but she has known as Janet Lunn. She is a Canadian children’s writer. When she was infant, she moved with her family to Vermont. She moved again in 1938 to the outskirts of New York City. In 1946, she came to Canada to attend queen’s University and married a fellow student named Richard Lunn. In 1963, she became a Canadian citizen and she lived there. She and her husband had five children. Her husband died in 1987. In 1968, she published her first children book, *Double Spell*. From 1972 to 1975, she was a children’s editor for Clark, Irwin Publisher. She was awarded the Order of Ontario in 1996 and made a Member of the Order of Canada in 1997.

In addition to *The Shadow in Hawthorn Bay*, Janet Lunn also wrote the following works, i.e. *The Root Cellar*, ....

1. *The Hollow Tree*
2. *Twin Spell*
3. *A Rebel’s Daughter: The 1837 Rebellion Diary of Arabella Stevenson*
4. *Amos’s Sweater*
5. *Maud’s House of Dreams: The Life of Lucy Maud Mantgoremy*
2. Synopsis of the Selected Text

*The Shadow in Hawthorn Bay* is a book written by Janet Lunn and published in 1986 by Lester & Orpen Dennys Limited Publisher. This novel is a story of mystery and young love in a richly detailed Canadian historical setting. Although this book also tells about Canadian culture, the language used is easily to understand and also communicative. This book is the winner of the Governor General’s Award for Children’s Literature comes one of Canada’s best-loved, bestselling books for young readers.

Mary Urquhart is a 15-year-old Scottish girl who has second sight that can give her the ability to see ghosts. Her goal is to go to Canada and find her cousin, but it is a dangerous mission. Mary is brave, bold, daring, courageous, full of spirit, and friendly. She cares for her cousin so much, that she's willing to risk everything just to see him. When Mary hears Duncan's cry for help in the beginning of the story, she immediately knows that she must travel to Canada and leave all that is safe to find him. Mary decides to go find Duncan with the help of Mrs. Grant. When she arrives, she finds out that Duncan is now dead, and her aunt and uncle have moved on. Mary knows that Duncan is dead, but she still hears his voice calling out to her. Mary is alone in the Canadian forests. She has to survive on her own, and figure out on what to do next. She can't come home because she doesn't have any money left, and her parents would be disappointed in her. Mary stumbles across new friends in the woods. They accept her for who she is and her second sight. (In the end, Mary gets married, and she still hears Duncan's voice talking to her)

Of the 16 chapters contained in this book, only three chapters are taken as ST to be translated and annotated. These three chapters are:

1. Chapter 1 “Come, Mairi!”
2. Chapter 2 “The Cairngorm Brooch”
3. Chapter 3 “The Andrew MacBride”

The above three chapters are chosen because they cover many annotations that can be annotated. Here is a summary of all source text:
Chapter 1: Come, Mairi!

This chapter talked about Mairi who is a fifteen-year-old Scottish girl. One day, Mairi heard the voice of his cousin Duncan who called her to help him, but actually Duncan was three thousand miles away in Upper Canada. It is because Mary have two sights.

Chapter 2: The Cairngorm Brooch

Mairi talked to her mother and father that she wanted her family brooch (it is a worth brooch, because its from the battle of Floodden Field), she told that she wanted some money to meet with Duncan. But, her family didn’t agree.

Chapter 3: The Andrew MacBride

Mary decided to leave her family and meet with Duncan, she just said goodbye to Mrs. Grant (someone who always hear and know what Mary wants) and Mrs. Grant gave some money to her. Mary will go by using the Andrew MacBride boat, but something bad happened, the boat was delayed for three days, everything that he had was gone. In the end, she could go and had what she need.

3. Source Text & Target Text Readership

*The Shadow in Hawthorn Bay* is addressed to young people, especially those aged 13 to 15 years. According to the publisher of this book, the book is suitable to read by young people because the content is appropriate to the life experiences that young people go through. However, the target audience of TT is different with the ST reader. In Indonesia, the target reader is suitable for teenager aged 15 to 18 years. It is because Indonesian culture has different perspectives on culture and way of life. When in Canada according to the story, young people are able to travel alone or do things familiar with dating. In Indonesia itself, it should not be done. So, we can see that the content of the book is not suitable for children under 15 years old, and it would be better if the book is read by teenagers.
C. Theoretical Framework

This section will be explained about the theory used by the translator in making this thesis. The theories to be described in this section are translation theory, cultural terms, and also translation procedure. So later, the readers can know clearly about theoretical framework are used.

1. Translation

Translation is just not replacing a word from SL to TL. According to Peter Newmark, translation is rendering the meaning of a text into another language in the way that the author intended the text (Newmark, 1988:5). Then, Catford defines that translation is an operation performed on languages: a process of substituting a text in one language for a text in another (Catford 1). We can see that translation is not only a transfer of the language system, but the disclosure of meaning, including the culture in ST that is communicated into the target language in accordance with the meanings contained in SL.

From that sense, we can say that translation is difficult. Language differences as well as cultural backgrounds make translation difficult to do. In translating, the translator must know and understand how cultural differences exist in two languages. Although this is difficult, Hoed says that translation can still be done because of the nature of the translation is universal and the convergence of world cultures.

In translating a text, a translator must know that ST is the benchmark for creating a TT. In other words, a translator must understand the contents of ST and produce a TT that has the same meaning as ST. There are three requirements to be made when the translator wants to translate a text, which is to understand SL, TL, and the subject (Larson, 1984). Thus, it can be helpful when the translator will use a method and procedure.

2. Cultural Terms

Newmark defines culture as the way of life and its manifestations that are peculiar to a community that uses a particular language as its means of expression (Newmark,
Here, we can see that he insists every language group has its own distinctive culture. A culture that exists in a region will definitely have cultural differences with other regions. In other words, if there is a culture within the ST, there must be a different mention in the TT.

When we discuss about cultural terms, this will relate to the cultural categories present in a TT. Cultural categories is a grouping of words or terms within a culture. With the existence of cultural categories, we will be easier in knowing the cultural terms that exist in a text. Adapting Nida, Newmark places "foreign cultural words" in several categories (Newmark 1988: 95-102), namely ecology; material culture; social culture; organisations, customs, activities, procedures, concepts; and gestures and habits.

In translating a cultural terms, a translator must know the cultural meanings that exist within the ST well. After that, the translator can translate the word culture into TT. In translating these cultural terms into ST, a translator must translate them into the correct TL. Thus, in the end, the new cultural terms existing in the TT have the same meaning as those in the TT.

3. Translation Procedure

In translating a book *The Shadow in Hawthorn Bay*, the translator uses several translation procedures from several experts to translate the cultural terms contained in the text. Some of the experts are Peter Newmark, Benny. H. Hoed, and Hatim & Mason. By using the procedure of translation, the text to be annotated will be better understood.

a. Transference

According to Peter Newmark in his book “A Textbook of Translation” transference (*emprunt*, loan word, transcription) is the process of transferring a SL word to a TL text (Newmark, 1988:81). The translator will use this strategy if there is no other term that related to SL word for the text. Transference is also used with a purpose that all of the meaning component in the ST can be change
intactly in the TT and the ST is not lossing the credibility when its change into TT.

b. Contextual Conditioning

Contextual conditioning is translation by providing additional information on words or terms that are missing or unknown in the TT reader culture (Hoed 2006). Hatim & Mason (1992) used the translation with commentary for contextual translation. The example of translation in this final project is material culture (artefact) of bannock which is kind of food is unknown in TL. So, the translator added explanation to it sebuah kue dari Skotlandia yang terbuat dari gandum.

c. Cultural Equivalent

Cultural matching procedure is a translation procedure that replaces the word culture in SL with the word culture in TL (Newmark, 1988:82). The advantages of this procedure are that the translation becomes easily accepted and understood by the TT reader. The concepts, messages, and atmosphere contained in the ST can be described in TT.

d. Descriptive Translation

According to Newmark (1988) this procedure is a translation procedure that replaces the word culture in SL with the word culture in TL. This descriptive translation is used to explain the meaning of terms that have no equivalent in TL. This procedure is used to divert meanings in SL but does not maintain its shape. When a word in SL does not have an exact match in TL. Then, the word is described in descriptive form to explain the meaning it contains.

e. Naturalization

Naturalization procedure is actually a form of transference. However, if in transference the word in the ST is borrowed simply, in naturalization there are adjustments of pronunciation and / or spelling of a foreign word with TL (Newmark 1988). The procedure adjusts the sound so that it is also called
phonological translation. SL spelling is transferred to the TL spelling according to the TL sound system.

D. Methodology of Annotated Translation

One culture language with each other can be very different. It makes the translator have trouble when finding the lexical equivalent. To overcome this, it takes something called Nida (1974) and Larson (1988) as an adjustment. Thus, a strategy is required that is determined by the purpose and method of translation as well as the TT reader. So in this sub will be explained about annotation, translation method, translation process, and also annotation process.

1. Annotation

Annotation is a note added by way of comment or explanation. In a text, we will be difficult to understand some words or terms that exist when the text is not our own language. Therefore, the annotations in translation are so important. With annotations in the translation, the messages conveyed will be more easily understood, since the terms in the ST will be changed or given additional information.

In practice, translation annotations are based on notes and observations that the translator writes while in the translation process, concentrating mainly on problematic parts or, depending on the approach, the parts with interesting features related to the project topic. By searching for the appropriate term in SL, the results in an annotated translation will be understood by the target reader.

2. Translation Method

The main problem of translation is always whether to translate literally or freely. Because of that, of course the translator will be confused about how to translate a text. Therefore, a method is needed in translation. There are eight types of translation methods according to Newmark (Newmark, 45). The eight types of this method are word-for-word translation, literal translation, faithful translation, semantic translation, adaptation, free translation, idiomatic translation, and communicative translation.
Translator prefers to use communicative methods. Communicative method is delivery messages from ST to TT, so that the content and language can be accepted and understood by TT readers. This communicative method gives priority to the reader as well as the message delivered. For example, in this book the sentence *Tanpa sadar dia menyeberangi ladang untuk memakan bannock (sebuah kue dari Skotlandia yang terbuat dari gandum) miliknya dan sedikit keju dengan para perawat ternak muda lainnya yang telah berkumpul di lereng bukit.* By using the communicative method, the material culture *bannock* is translated into *bannock (sebuah kue dari Skotlandia yang terbuat dari gandum)*, so that the borrowing word in the TT will be easily understood by the reader.

Thus, the communicative method is chosen by the translator, the TT reader can understand what the meaning contained in it. In addition, this method is selected because it is capable of producing matching words that correspond to ST.

3. Translation Process

Nida and Taber offer three processes in translating that are analysing, transferring, and reconstructing. The first process is analyzing the source language message (Nida& Taber, 33). In this step, the translators analyze the SL text in the basis of the relationship of existing grammar (SL and TL grammars) and also analyze the meaning of words and sentences in order to understand the messages comprehensively. In the transferring process, the message is redirected to the target language. It means that the translator begins to translate, and conveys the meaning of SL to the TL. In the last, reconstructing process, the translator adjusts the sentence in the TT to match the order in the target language.

In translating, the translator reads the entire text first. Translators also understand every paragraph that exists. By reading, the translator becomes aware of what the content and message is contained in the text. So, when the translator translates the work, there is no big trouble.

At the translate stage, the translator reads back per paragraph. Then, the translator begins to translate by looking at the paragraph and looking for the right equivalent. By doing this step, the translator will not be encouraged to make a mistake.
At the last stage, the translator does the editing. The translator looked back at the translation, and corrected the translation that was deemed inappropriate. This, aims to have the meaning of the translation in accordance with ST.

4. Annotation Process

In this task, annotations are used to explain how to solve problems arising from cultural differences from SL and TL. The problem can be solved by using translation procedures and searching for the corresponding equivalents, so that the meaning in the ST is properly shifted into the TT. The translator took some steps in annotating translation of Shadow in Hawthorn Bay to Bahasa Indonesia:

1. Looking for cultural terms in ST.
2. Grouping the problematic cultural terms according to the appropriate classification.
3. Finding the right meaning and equality regarding these cultural terms by using trusted sources.
4. Using the right strategy to solve these cultural terms.
5. Explaining why the strategy is used.

Selection of appropriate methods and procedures will result in an accurate and acceptable translation. The discussion in this chapter is used in translating three chapters of Shadow in Hawthorn Bay. The three chapters are translated in Chapter II.
CHAPTER II
TRANSLATION AND ITS SOURCE TEXT

A. TARGET TEXT

Bayangan di Teluk Hawthorn

BAB 1
Datanglah, Mairi!

[1.1] “Datanglah, Mairi! Datanglah kau kemari!”
[1.2] “Duncan, aku tidak bisa! Disini ada anak domba yang sedang kesulitan untuk lahir. Datanglah kau kepadaku!”
[1.3] Mary kembali ke pekerjaannya. Dengan cepat dia berbalik dan menarik anak domba yang sedang berjuang itu, sambil mengerang dengan pelan, hingga, dengan tangisan kemenangan, dia memegangnya dengan kuat di kedua tangannya.
Terdengar tangisan kesedihan burung-burung lapwing, kicauan dari burung thrush, dan domba betina dan bayinya yang mengembik lembut satu sama lain, dia mendengar suara Duncan lagi, “Datanglah, Mairi!” Di dalamnya ada nada seperti rasa kesakitan, sangat mendesak, dia bisa merasakan ketajamannya di dadanya sendiri.


[1.7] “Apakah kau butuh bantuan dengan domba betinamu, Mairi?”

Teriak Annie Morison dari seberang lapangan.

[1.8] “Aku tidak.”

[1.9] “Masuklah kalau begitu, ini waktunya makan malam.”


[1.11] Tapi sudah empat tahun dan satu – satunya kabar yang pernah dia kirim adalah sebuah surat singkat dalam bahasa Inggris, bukan bahasa Gaelic yang dipakai oleh sebagian orang Skotlandiayang mereka semua gunakan, sebuah surat yang dilampirkan di salah satu surat milik Paman Davie setahun setelah mereka pergi.

[1.12] Kanada bagian atas

[1.13] Dekat pemukiman

[1.14] Simpang Collivers

[1.15] 10 Juli 1812

[1.16] Mary sayang,
Di sini tanahnya rendah dan gelap dengan hutan. Kami berencana membuat ladang kecil di situ.

Hormat,

Sepupumu,

Duncan Cameron


Kembali ke masa sekarang, Mary memberi anak domba itu tepukan kasih sayang dan dia bangkit berdiri. Tanpa sadar dia menyeberangi ladang untuk memakan bannock (sebuah kue dari Skotlandia yang terbuat dari gandum) miliknya dan sedikit keju dengan para perawat ternak muda lainnya yang telah berkumpul di lereng bukit.

Pembicaraan itu berlangsung di May Morning, festival musim semi besar hanya seminggu lagi.

“Dan Mairi, kamu akan memiliki karangan bunga rowan dan api May Morning buatanmu, dan juga bannockmu berguling menuruni bukit, dan kamu berada di tengah Gunung Clachan sebelum kami semua keluar dari tempat tidur kami,” Jenny Macintyre tertawa.

“Dan aku bertanya-tanya apakah kamu pernah tidur sama sekali sebelum May Morning?” Callum Grant mengesah.
“Aku akan menjadi wanita tua yang bungkuk dan menunggumu untuk bangkit, Callum Grant,” jawab Mary dengan ketus.

Yang lain tertawa, penuh kegembiraan di musim panas yang akan datang. Acara pertama yang ada di bulan Mei adalah Beltane, yaitu festival kuno dengan ritual apidi setiap puncak bukit, dengan bannocknya (sebuah kue dari Skotlandia yang terbuat dari gandum) yang berguling, dan menggembalakansapi, domba, dan kambing menuju padang rumput yang masih segar di bukit-bukit yang tinggi. Di sana para wanita dan orang muda akan tinggal di tempat teduh milik mereka, sebuah gubuk gunung kecil yang jelek, di sepanjang musim panas itu, sementara para pria bekerja di lembah. Di musim gugur mereka akan pulang ke rumah lagi, orang-orang dan hewan yang gemuk dan bahagia.

Obrolan terus berlanjut, tapi panggilan Duncan dan suara yang terdengar penting di dalamnya begitu kuat sehingga Mary tiba-tiba bangkit dan, tanpa sepatah kata pun, ia meninggalkan kelompok itu. Yang lain tidak terlalu memperhatikan. Mereka terbiasa dengan cara Mary yang begitu tiba-tiba.

Sore itu, gema suara Duncan begitu kuat di kepalanya. Berulang kali dia merasa lega dengan masa kecil mereka bersama.

Lahir pada minggu yang sama, mereka saling memahami sejak awal hampir tak ada kata yang diucapkan. Hampir seperti biasa saat mereka bisa berjalan, keduanya berlomba di atas perbukitan bersama sampai kebatu-batu, sebuah lubang yang dalam, dan luka bakar yang mengalir deras telah menjadi rumah bagi mereka di atas perapian di salah satu rumah mereka. Mereka begitu selaras sehingga ibu Mary memanggil mereka seperti bayangan yang selalu ada. "Dan siapa yang harus mengatakan mana anak itu dan mana bayangannya?" Tanya Bibi Jane - dan sepertinya tidak ada jawaban.

Mereka berdua kecil, berambut hitam, dan bermata gelap, tapi mata Duncan lebih besar dan hitam seperti semak berduri dan orang-orang memanggilnya cantik dengan rambutnya menutupi wajahnya yang kemerah-merahan, dan hidung mancung dan mulut indahnya. Mata Mary tampak terang seperti burung hitam, dan dia tampak polos dengan hidung mancung, kulitnya pucat seperti bunga seribu dan mulut yang timbul di salah satu sudut saat dia merasa terhibur. Mereka memiliki intensitas dan kegembiraan yang luar
biasa, dalam diri Mary, meskipun dia adalah anak yang serius, kadang-kadang mencuat dalam sebuah lagu yang lebih jelas dari pada nyanyian seekor burung. Cara Duncan adalah tertawa dan menari, dan terkadang dia bergumam dengan peluit yang dia buat dari ranting pohon gandarusa.

[1.33] Mary juga memiliki rasa manis dan "lidah yang tajam seperti duri", kata adiknya Jeannie. Hal itu tampak dalam kata-kata cepat dan terkadang tidak baik. Di dalam diri Duncan, itu adalah kemarahan yang semakin lambat, suliran yang berlangsung terus menerus dan memberinya nama Duncan dubb, Duncan yang hitam, karena suasana hatinya yang gelap. Mereka berbeda dengan cara lain juga. Mary begitu keras kepala sama seperti gunung saat dia memikirkannya, Duncan dapat berubah - ubah seperti bayang-bayang di atas danau Highland. Dia akan memulai mendaki bukit untuk mencari sarang rubah, lalu, ketika Mary mengikutinya menuju pohon pakis atau pohon berry, dia akan berubah pikiran dan berlomba menuju sungai untuk mencari seekor ikan salmon. Satu-satunya hal tentang Duncan yang kokoh adalah keinginannya untuk berada di tempat Mary berada. Dia adalah anak laki-laki yang mengerikan ketik menggoda dan bermain-main, tapi saat dia menyiapa Mary dalam kemarahan atau kesakitan, dia akan mengalami kesengsaraan dan, meski sering tampak tidak adil, Mary harus menghiburnya. Tapi dia merawat Mary dengan satu cara yang penting. Karena ada hal lain tentang Mary yang bukan dari Duncan, atau anak-anak lain di lembah kecil. Dia memiliki suatu penglihatan, sebuah karunia dari dua penglihatan itu. Ada kalanya dia bisa melihat ke masa lalu, ke masa depan, ke kejauhan, dan bahkan ke dalam hati orang lain. Orang bilang Mary bisa melihat angin.

[1.34] Dia tidak menganggapnya sebagai karunia. Dia membencinya - sakit kepala, deru kegelapan, kebutuhan yang hingar-bingar untuk memperingatkan orang-orang tentang siapa yang mendapat firasat. Dia membencinya keanehan untuk melihat sesuatu yang terjadi seolah-olah sama nyatanya dengan rumput kapas di atas bukit, kemudian terjadi lagi persis sama, hari, minggu, atau bahkan bertahun-tahun kemudian. Dia benci dipisahkan dengan cara ini. Duncan juga membencinya. Dia tidak menggodanya tentang penglihatan itu, dan karena dia bukan Mary yang merasa dirinya adalah jangkarnya, perlindungannya
dari tatapan dan bisikan dari anak-anak lain, isyarat tergesa-gesa beberapa orang dewasa dibuat untuk menyelamatkan diri mereka seandainya dia memantrai pada mereka.

[1.35] Suatu ketika, di sekolah, Annie Morison telah tersandung pelajaran bacaannya dan bersumpah kepada pihak guru bahwa "Mairi Urquhart memberi mantra jahat kepadaaku." Pak Fraser telah memukul Annie sampai merah dan sakit, tetapi tangisannya mulai menghambat ceritanya dan beberapa anak kemudian berbicara tentang Mary yang sedang tidak beruntung.


[1.37] "Mairi, Mairi, ini adalah hal yang menyakitkan, tentu saja, tapi memang itu kau dan seharusnya." Mata ibunya yang kelam akan bersimpati dan dia akan menuangkan madu ke atas bannock (sebuah kue dari Skotlandia yang terbuat dari gandum) dan membuatnya senang. Mary tidak akan senang.


Mary sering pergi ke pondok tempat pohon rowan tumbuh paling tinggi, dan mawar beraroma khas dan bunga seribu yang kekuning–kuningan tumbuh paling tebal. Dia sangat memperhatikan wanita tua yang tinggi, keras, dan pendiam seperti yang dia lakukan pada Duncan. Dan Nyonya Grant yang dibutuhkan kebanyakan orang, berbicara kepada Mary tentang penderitaan masa kecilnya sendiri sebagai seorang penglihat, tentang pernikahannya yang bahagia, dan tentang Donald, anak lelakinya. Dia memberikan surat anaknya dari New England kepada Mary dan mengatakan kepada bahwa dia mengirimkan uang sehingga ia bisa pergi, suatu hari nanti, untuk tinggal bersamanya.

Selama bertahun–tahun Mary mempelajari penggunaan kamomil, savoury, thyme, dan lovage yang tumbuh di kebun milik Nyonya Grant dan berry hawthorn, burdock, flag, gentian, dan mint yang tumbuh liar di perbukitan di samping sungai, hanya dengan bersama dengan wanita tua itu. Dia juga belajar beberapa mantra sederhana dan mantra untuk penyembuhan, jimat melawan mantra jahat dan mata jahat, tapi ketika datangnya belajar dengan serius, Mary menolak, dengan keras kepala. “Aku tidak akan dipisahkan,” dia akan menangis.


“Apa yang harus dilakukan tubuh, tubuh harus lakukan, dengan satu cara atau lainnya, Mairi.” Ada sedikit rasa kesedihan pada suara Nyonya Grant. Dia menghela napas dan memberi Mary ciuman yang tak biasadi atas kepalanya.

Duncan tidak akan pergi dengan Mary pada kunjungan itu. Dia tidak suka pertemanan Mary dengan Nyonya Grant.
“Mairi,” dia telah memberitahunnya setelah kunjungan pertamanya dengan wanita tua itu. “Itu adalah kerajaan rusa yang kulihat sendiri di bukit Carroch dan aku akan mengikutinya tapi aku tidak akan pergi tanpamu.”

Mary sangat kecewa. Kemudian dia menyadari bahwa tidak ada rusa, hanya Duncan saja yang memberitahunnya bahwa dia tidak akan meninggalkannya. Dan setiap kali dia melakukannya, ada sesuatu yang menakjubkan yang dilihat Duncan - sekilas tentang kucing liar langka itu, rubah betina yang mungkin membiarkan mereka bermain dengan layang-layangnya, bayangan yang pasti telah menjadi cerita rakyat dari Corran Craig – sesuatu yang besar itu hidup di dekat kolam berbatu di luar air terjun, meski tidak ada yang pernah melihatnya.

"Duncan yang hitam, kau tidak usah terlalu memikirkannya." Dengan penuh sesal, Mary tidak akan mengunjungi Nyonya Grant selama satu atau dua minggu.


balik bukit-bukit mereka, ternoda oleh ungu yang gelap dari tumbuhan heather di musim gugur yang lalu, bangkit dan jatuh dan bangkit kembali seperti pekerjaan tanah besar yang ditinggalkan oleh para raksasa yang dulunya merupakan satu-satunya penghuni di negara bagian utara.

[1.51] Mary sangat mencintai tanah itu. Dia merasa seolah-olah dia telah lahir dari bumi ini, bahwa dia berteman dengan whin dan broom dan heather yang tumbuh sangat lebat di lereng bukit, di sana ada akar kecil yang tak terlihat tumbuh di sekujur tubuhnya, meraih tanah, menyerap makanan darinya. Pernah dia memberi tahu Duncan, "Ketika aku sudah tua, aku akan berbaring di atas bukit dan aku akan tidur. Rumput itu akan datang untuk menutupiku saat itu, dan aku akan menjadi bagian dari bukit itu selamanya."

[1.52] "Dan aku juga akan ke sana!"

[1.53] "Kamu juga akan seperti itu, karena kita tidak mungkin menjadi satu. Dan mungkin, Duncan, akan ada pohon rowan yang tumbuh dari kita dan membawa keberuntungan bagi semua orang yang menari di sekitarnya."

[1.54] Selama dua ribu tahun dan lebih, orang-orang Mary telah tinggal di tanah yang indah, keras, dan pantang menyerah ini. Dan, seperti semua orang-orang di Highland, Mary tahu tempat hampir semua leluhurnya tinggal, meninggal, dan dikubur - dan di mana dan kapan hantu mereka berjalan di antara orang hidup. Dia juga tahu, seperti yang dilakukan semua bangsanya, di mana raksasa purba, dewa, dan pahlawan agama kuno berjalan, yang merupakan tempat-tempat suci bagi mereka dan merupakan milik para peri.

[1.55] Para peri, para dewa dan pahlawan-pahlawan, penghuni tunggal di negeri ini, sekarang adalah raja-raja dan ratu-ratu dari dunia yang tak terlihat, muncul ke dunia ini untuk membawa keberuntungan bagi orang-orang yang mereka sukai, menyusahkan orang-orang yang tidak mereka sukai. Orang-orang memanggil mereka tetangga yang baik, orang-orang yang damai, berharap nama-nama yang lebih baik akan menyingkirkan masalah. Beberapa orang menyebut mereka yang tua. Mary dan Duncan memanggil mereka itu dan, karena begitu mereka telah tersesat jauh dari rumah dan membawa keselamatan dengan cahaya yang aneh, mereka yakin mereka disukai dan suatu saat mereka akan menemukan yang tua dan mungkin bertemu dengan sebuah iring-iringan
peri yang bersinar di bawah sinar matahari. Mereka tahu mereka tidak akan pernah takut pada peri.

[1.56] Tapi Duncan sudah pergi. Awalnya kesepian itu terasa begitu tak tertahankan sehingga Mary mencekik harga dirinya dan meminta Nyonya Grant agar bisa membawanya pulang.

[1.57] "Bukan untuk ini pelihat memiliki karunia penyembuhan," Nyonya Grant telah menegurnya. Dan Mary telah tenang, akhirnya, untuk menunggu kembalinya Duncan. Pada saat dia tumbuh dari seorang anak sampai seorang gadis muda. Sekarang, pada umur lima belas tahun, dia hampir tidak lebih tinggi dari usia dua belas tahun dan tidak lebih cantik. Tapi rambutnya tebal dan panjang dan berkilau dan dia memiliki semangat di matanya dan sebuah candaan dengan kata-kata yang datang dan pergi dari sudut mulutnya yang lebar, dan masih ada rasa manis yang mendasar pada sifatnya yang melembutkan lidahnya yang tajam dan mendatangkan lebih dari satu anak laki-laki, menolak untuk takut pada penglihatan kedua nya, untuk datang merayu di depan pintunya. Kaget akan ada siapa saja yang membayangkan dia tidak akan menunggu Duncan, dia dengan tidak sengaja mengirim mereka semua untuk pergi.


[1.59] Dengan banyaknya mawar dan selendang hijau membuat punggungnya terlihat indah, rambutnya yang berdesir di atas ombak hitam di atasnya, dia berlari melintasi ladang, kakinya yang telanjang hampir tidak menyentuh tanah. Dia mengaduk-aduk sandaran batu yang rendah, melompat melintasi arus yang deras, dan akhirnya menaiki bukit, setinggi bukit yang menghadap ke air terjun tempat kelpie, kuda air, yang dikatakan suka memerintah.

[1.60] Sepanjang hidupnya, pada masa senang atau sedih, Mary datang ke bukit ini - bukit peri. Di bawahnya, di dekat tempat pembakaran, ada pohon rowan tempat anak-anak datang untuk menari di May Morning, untuk menceritakan keinginan mereka dan menerima keberuntungan mereka. Di lereng bukit, permata ajaib, perlindungan dari
mantra jahat, dan jantung seperti beludru mudah tumbuh keadaan yang berkelimpahan.
Pada puncak di atas itu Mary dan Duncan yakin mereka akan menemukan yang tua suatu
hari nanti.
[1.61] Dia menjatuhkan diri di puncak bukit, mengulurkan tangannya, dan menempelkan
telinganya ke tanah. Kadang-kadang, di balik suara gemuruh rumput dan serangga yang
bersembunyi di bawahnya, Mary mungkin mendengar suara seruling dan teka-teki musik
peri, dan sesekali, pada saat-saat yang langka, dia yakin bisa mendengar suara bukit itu
sendiri. Suara itu bernyanyi, suara rendah, bahkan lembut, suara petikan, suara
bersenandung, terkadang menyenangkan, terkadang menyedihkan, dan itu berasal dari
dalam jantung bukit. Dalam kegembiraan dan kesedihan yang terdengar itu, dan darinya
Mary sering merasa bahwa dia mendapatkan seluruh kekuatannya.
[1.62] Pada malam ini dia terlalu kesal mendengar apa pun selain kesusahan dalam
hatinya sendiri. "Aku tidak bisa pergi ke Kanada, ohh, bagaimana aku bisa pergi?" Dia
berbisik berulang-ulang. Isakannya ada di tenggorokannya. "Bagaimana bisa kau
menanyakannya padaku? Apakah kau sangat tidak bahagia? Kenapa kau tidak pulang?
Duncan, aku tidak bisa. "Bahkan saat dia mengucapkan kata-kata itu, kegilaan itu tumbuh
di dalam dirinya. Bagaimana mungkin dia tidak mendatanginya? Dia duduk, dan dia
mengepal tangannya. Dia tahu dia tidak punya pilihan lain. Dia harus pergi ke Kanada-
dan seperti yang dia duga, arti dari pergi masuk ke dalam pikiran.
[1.63] Dia terhuyung-huyung menuruni bukit dan melintasi beberapa kaki ke tempat
pohon rowan tua itu berdiri. Dia memeluknya, lengananya memeluk erat pohon itu.
"Ambillah keinginanku," bisiknya dengan cemas, "dan beri aku keberuntungan." 
Kemudian dia berbalik dan melangkah mundur seperti semula.

BAB II
Bros Cairngorm

[2.1] Selalu di malam hari, ketika masa memerah susu, saat dia sampai di padang
ruput. Si sapi hitam kecil itu menangis. Dalam beberapa gerakan cepat, Mary
melepaskan tali yang telah ditancapkannya di semak berbunga kuning, menariiknya
dengan tidak sabar. Dia memeriksa dengan tergesa-gesa domba betina dan domba-
dombanya dan memberikan panggilan yang khas kepada domba-domba dan kambing lainnya, mengabaikan kata-kata kasih sayang dan dorongannya yang biasa. Mereka semua berlari menyusuri jalan setapak ke tempat pondok Urquhart terbelenggu ke dalam hamparan Carroch Hill. Moo-ing dan maa-ing dan baa-ing saling bertabrakan dengan marah sepanjang jalan, binatang-binatang berlari melalui.

[2.2] Dengan kecepatan dan ketidaksabaran yang sama, Mary menempatkan binatang-binatang yang tercengang itu di sampingnya, memerah susu sapi itu, dan membawa ember kayu itu ke batu yang rendah dan berlubang di dekat pintu pondok. Dengan tergesa-gesa ia menggumamkan kata-kata salam ke peri rumah yang kehadirannya membawa keberuntungan bagi keluarga. Dia memasukkan susunya ke dalam lumbung batu untuknya, dengan gugup merapikan rok biru linen kasarnya, menyesuaikan selendang di bahunya, menarik napas dalam-dalam, lalu masuk ke dalam.

[2.3] Pondok itu kecil dan kamar untuk seorang yang gelap dan tebal dengan asap gambut yang naik dari perapian bundar di tengahnya menuju cerobong asap di atap rendah. Berbaur dengan asap itu, bau gandum dan kangkung yang direbus tetap hangat di panci besi besar yang digantung di atas api, dan keju itu menetes dari kainnya ke bak cuci dekat kamar ada satu jendela.

[2.4] Mary selalu merasa setengah tercekik oleh kedekatan pondok yang gelap itu, namun, pada malam ini, dia terlalu merasa gelisah untuk memperhatikannya.


[2.7] "Dia melakukannya. Seekor domba kecil betina." Mary menunduk, mengucapkan syukur, dan mencoba makan. Obrolan mereka tentang pembajakan dan pemintalan hari itu, apakah Patrick Grant akan bisa mengelola uang sewanya, tentang pernikahan Jeannie yang akan datang dengan Johnny Fraser, tapi Mary tidak mau mendengarkan. Seperti ada hal yang luar biasa dan yang buruk yang ingin dia tanyakan. Tiba-tiba dia meletakkan sendoknya di atas meja dengan keras.


Wajah ayahnya yang biasanya kemerahan-merahan, berwarna putih di atas rambutnya yang merah api. Kata-katanya turun perlahan, satu per satu, ke dalam ruang sunyi.

"Dan bagaimana mungkin kamu membutuhkan bros ini?"

"Itu untuk uang."

"Ohh, Mairi, apa ini?" ibunya menangis.

"Ini untuk menjemput Duncan pulang ke rumah."

"Mairi, kau tidak bisa-

"Biarkan gadis ini berbicara." James Urquhart tidak mengalihkan pandangannya dari mata Mary.

"Dia berjanji akan datang dan dia tidak melakukannya." Suara Mary yang rendah bangkit dengan setiap kata berapi-api yang dia ucapkan saat dia menceritakan tentang mendengar suara Duncan. "Dan aku bisa merasakan rasa sakit karena kesakitannya dan kebutuhan akan kebutuhannya dan apa yang ada di dunia ini kecuali bros itu sendiri yang akan membelinya untukku?"

Dalam kesunyian yang diikuti, tetapi tidak dengan Mary, tidak bisa melihat siapa pun. Dia teringat waktu empat tahun yang lalu. Pukul sebelas, dia sudah cukup umur untuk

[2.20] "Bukan untuk belajar satu atau dua hal lagi daripada merawat sapi dan domba, anak perempuan saya," kata ayahnya. "Dan terlebih lagi, kami akan membutuhkan uang yang akan diambil oleh jasanya."

[2.21] Argumen tidak ada gunanya. Semua itu telah dibuat antara James dan Margaret Urquhart dan Gillespies di Tigh na shuidh dan Mary telah pergi melewati perbukitan dan menyeberangi sungai dengan perubahan shift, rok hari terbaiknya, dan sepasang brokat kulit baru yang berharga untuk kakinya diikat dalam seprei linen segar. Rambutnya disisir rapi di punggungnya dan dia memiliki tampilan yang bagus di matanya yang sesuai dengan keras kepala di hatinya.


viii

"Itu tidak mungkin jika aku mendapatkan uang itu."


"Ibu!" Sangat tidak seperti ibunya untuk berbicara dengan kasar dalam sebab apapun. Mary terkejut, dengan cepat marah. "Ibu, aku tidak mau mendengarkan. Duncan dan aku .... "Mary menutup mulutnya, dan dengan kekakuan kaku yang ditunjukkan ayahnya, dia meninggalkan rumah.

Dia mulai jalan lurus ke atas lereng ke arah tornashee. Dia tidak melangkah jauh sebelum langkahnya mulai melambat dan akhirnya berhenti.


[2.32] Tapi tidak ada bantuan untuknya.


[2.34] Dengan langkah pertama, kata-kata perkelahian tua Gaelik dimulai di dalam dirinya, "aduh, aduh," dan saat dia pergi, dia bisa mendengar mereka bergema dari air bakar yang deras dan di angin di sepanjang perbukitan, "aduh, aduh, aduh."

BAB III

Andrew MacBride

[3.1] "Apakah kau pergi, Mairi, tanpa sepatah kata perpisahan?"

[3.2] Mary berhenti.

[3.3] "Akankah kau pergi tanpa menghirup satu kata kecil?"
Mary berputar. Nyonya Grant, jendelanya yang tinggi dan putih kapaknya jelas terlihat di bawah sinar rembulan. Tatapan sedih tapi penuh perhatian melintas di wajahnya yang kuat dan tua. Dia memeluk Mary dengan tatapan mantap selama beberapa saat, lalu dia berbicara dengan nada rendah dan terukur.


"Apakah lebih baik aku tidak pergi? Dia berbisik, akhirnya.


Mary berdiri untuk waktu lama seolah berakar ke tanah. Dia menatap Loch Ness yang berkilauan di bawah cahaya bulan di bawahnya. Dia mendongak ke jalan Nyonya Grant mundur ke kejauhan, tiga kali dia mulai mengejarnya, tiga kali dia ragu-ragu, dan akhirnya mengubah langkahnya ke bawah.

Dia berjalan dengan sengaja menuruni bukit yang panjang dan menyusuri pantai Loch Ness hampir setengah malam, dengan gigih berusaha tidak memikirkan Nyonya Grant, ibunya, ayahnya, atau Jeannie, yang hanya mendengar Duncan, "Datanglah, Mairi, "Dan berulang-ulang kata-kata berkabung, aduh, aduh, seperti dugaan yang tidak pernah ia inginkan untuk kembali.
Ketika dia sampai di reruntuhan Kastil Urquhart dia berhenti, kelelahan. Dia berlindung di bawah dinding batu yang rendah dan runtuh karena kedinginan kabut tebal dan angin menjelang fajar, tidur nyenyak, terbungkus kotak-kotak kasar sampai cukup ringan untuk melihat apa yang ada dalam paket yang diberikan Nyonya Grant padanya.

Paket tersebut menampung dua catatan lima pound Inggris. Dengan uang itu ada sepucuk surat.

Kepada Mairi tersayang


Elizabeth Grant


"Salam, Nyonya," gumam Mary dengan sopan, tidak ingin merasa tidak diinginkan oleh glaistig yang menghantui rumah kepala keluarga keluarganya yang lalu. Dia terbiasa dengan kilasan tak terduga ini ke dunia lain. Dia pergi keluar dan turun dari tebing ke tepi air.
Dia menatap wajahnya yang kecil dan putih yang tercermin di air danau, rambutnya tergantung di kedua sisinya seperti dua pita sutra hitam yang lebar. Dia mencoba senyuman ramah tapi hanya satu sudut mulut pantulan yang tampak sedih. Dia meletakkan tangannya dan memutar wajahnya yang berair.


Bahkan saat dia berbicara, dia diliputi oleh pusing dan wajah Duncan mendekatinya, tidak seperti yang dia ingat tapi terlihat lebih tua, seperti sekarang, dengan keputusasannya di matanya bahwa dia bangkit berdiri, dijejalkan, uang dan spiral melintang ke saku roknya, menyelipkan selendang tua nyonya Grant yang indah di bawah lengannya, dan bergegas kembali ke tempat yang lebih tinggi dan jalan yang menuju ke barat.

Jaraknya empat puluh mil ke kota pelabuhan Fort William tapi rasanya seperti empat puluh ribu untuk Mary. Terkadang sakit kepala dan ketakutan ia berlari, berlari-lari, tersandung di sepanjang jalan setapak, hampir tidak memperhatikan bramboles yang tertangkap di kakinya yang telanjang. Kadang-kadang dia melambat dengan langkah cepat, sangat menyadari pegunungan yang menjulang di atasnya, bunga-bunga bermekaran di sepanjang jalan, dan burung-burung bernyanyi di setiap pohon.


[3.27] Menolak untuk diintimidasi, Mary berbaris menuju kota. Dia bertanya pada seorang wanita tua yang sedang menjual telur di mana dia bisa menemukan kapal layar,
dan wanita tua itu mengarahkannya ke kantor pemilik kapal. Mary menemukan jalan di Andrew MacBride, berlayar dalam minggu ini.

[3.28] Selanjutnya dia mendapati dirinya menginap, dengan sejumlah uang yang mengerikan, di sebuah ruangan kecil yang suram dengan tempat tidur garang yang harus dia bagikan tidak hanya dengan serangga tapi juga tiga wanita lainnya. Mereka adalah Macfeters dari Invergarry, mereka memberitahunya, seorang ibu dan dua anak perempuan, semuanya sedang berlayar di Andrew MacBride. Mary tidak menyukai mereka, rambut dan pakaian kotor mereka yang tidak terawat, atau pembicaraan mereka yang tidak pernah berhenti tentang tentara-tentara di benteng dan pakaian mewah yang ingin mereka beli.


[3.31] Tetapi Maria tidak nyaman tanpa selendang lamanya dan tidak ada sesuatu di langit atau bumi yang bisa meyakinkannya untuk melepaskan salah satu hadiah Nyonya Hibah untuk sesaat.

[3.33] Mary sangat lega melihat betapa baiknya keadaannya sehingga dia sama sekali tidak kesal untuk menemukan, dalam perjalanan kembali ke penginapannya, sebuah tagihan diposting untuk mengatakan bahwa pelayaran Andrew MacBride telah tertunda selama tiga hari. Dengan ceria dia buru-buru memberi tahu berita tentang Macfeeters.
Shadow in Hawthorn Bay

CHAPTER 1

Come, Mairi!

[1.1] “Come, Mairi! Come you here!”

[1.2] “Duncan, I cannot! Here is the lamb making sore trouble getting itself into the world. Come you to me!”

[1.3] Mary went back to her work. Swiftly she turned and tugged the struggling lamb, crooning softly all the while, until, with a cry of triumph, she held it firmly in her two hands.

[1.4] “There now, Sally, there is your wee uan,” she murmured. She laid the lamb beside its mother. It began at once to suckle. Gently stroking the ewe’s still heaving sides, Mary sat back on her heels, tossed her thick black hair from her sweaty face, and watched with satisfaction as the ewe began to clean her baby. Only then did she realize that Duncan had not called from the other side of the hill. He was three thousand miles away in Upper Canada. Yet he had called! Sudden tears prickledd her eyes. In four years it was the first time she had heard his voice. He had sworn so often they could never be parted in life or death but he had gone away. And barely a word since.

[1.5] “While you are gone,” she had said, “we will still be together, Duncan. Our thoughts will travel the miles. And you will be soon home.” Mary had never doubted that. She and Duncan had always been ike one person, two halves of a whole. Cousins, they might as well have been twins, they had been so inseparable – until Uncle Davie and Aunt Jean had decided to leave the Highlands. Over the plaintive cry of the lapwings, the chirping of the thrushes, and the ewe and her baby bleating softly at one another, she heard Duncan’s voice again, “Come, Mairi!” in it there was a ot of such pain, such urgency, she could feel the sharpness of it in her own breast.
“How can I?” she cried aloud. “How can I?”

“Was you wanting help with the ewe, Mairi?”

Annie Morison called from across the field.

“I was not.”

“Come away then, it is dinner time.”

“In a minute.” Mary rested on her heels, pulling her plaid around her against the chill April wind and fine rain. She looked down the green slope over the valley and the hills beyond, remembering the day Duncan had left the glen. Everyone in the township had gone down to the wide path by Loch Ness to see them off. The sun was shining on their six dark heads – Uncle Davie, Aunt Jane, Callum, the baby, Iain, and Duncan. Standing beside the cart that hds the few Cameron possessions they would take with them, tears large in his black eyes, Duncan had promised, “I will come home, Mairi! Next year I will be twelve, I will be soon grown, and I will earn the money to come home.”

But it had been four years and the only word he had ever sent was a brief letter in English, not in the Gaelic they all spoke, a letter enclosed in one of Uncle Davie’s year after they had gone away.

Upper Canada
Near the settlement of
Collivers’ Corners
10th day of July, 1812

Dear Mary,

Here the land is low and dark with forest. We are expected to make crofts of it.

Respectfully,

Your cousin,

Duncan Cameron
Mary hated it. And she had every word memorized. There was nothing in it of the Duncan she knew, of what he was feeling – beyond those mournful words “dark with forest” – and there was nothing in it of plans to come home. There had been letters from Uncle Davie and Aunt Jean to Mary’s mother and father, letters to say that life was hard but good in Upper Canada, letters urging them to emigrate. But although she had written and written to him, there had never been another letter from Duncan, nor any sign at all.

“Four years,” Mary thought bitterly. “Four years and the two of us fifteen years old already. Is it not old enough to be earning the passage home? And now you call me to come to you. Och, Duncan, you know I cannot do that.”

Returning to the present, Mary gave the ewe a final loving pat and rose to her feet. Absently she crossed the field to eat her bannock and her bit of cheese with the other young herders who had gathered in the lee of the hill.

The talk was all of May Morning, the big sprong festival only a week away.

“And Mairi, you will have your rowan wreath and your May Morning fire made. And your bannock rolled down the hill, and you be halfway up Clachan Mountain before the rest of us are out from our beds,” laughed Jenny Macintyre.

“And I wonder do you ever go to bed at all before May Morning?” sighed Callum Grant.

“I would be a bent old woman did I wit for you to rise, Callum Grant,” retorted Mary.

The others laughed, full of the joy of summer coming. The first of May was Beltane, the ancient festival with its ritual fires on every hilltop, its bannock rolling, and the herding of cows and sheep and goats up into fresh pastures in the high hills. There the women and young people would stay in their shielings, the little rough mountain huts, all summer while the men farmed in the lower hills. In the autumn they would trek home again, people and animal fat and happy.
The chatter went on but Duncan’s call and the terrible need in it were so powerful that Mary got suddenly to her feet and, without a word, left the group. The others took little notice. They were used to Mary’s abrupt ways.

All that afternoon, the echo of Duncan’s voice was strong in her head. Over and over she relived their childhood together.

Born in the same week, they had understood one another from the first with hardly a word having to be spoken. Almost as soon as they could walk, the two had gone racing over the hills together until the rocks, the deep corries, and the swift—flowing burns had become more home to them than the hearth in either of their house. They were so in tune that Mary’s mother called them reflections of one another. “And who is to say which is the child and which the shade?” Aunt Jane would ask—and there seemed to be no answer.

They were both small, black-haired, and dark-eyed, but Duncan’s eyes were large and black as sloes and people called him beautiful with his hair curling around his ruddy complexion, and his straight nose and full mouth. Mary’s eyes were bright as blackbird’s, and she was plain and sharp-nosed, with skin as pale as yarrow and a mouth that turned up noticeably at one corner when she was amused. They shared an intensity and a streak of wild joy that, in Mary, though she was a solemn child, sometimes erupted in a song that was clearer than a bird’s. Duncan’s way was to laugh and dance, and sometimes he fluted on a whistle he made from a willow twig.

Mary had, too, both a sweetness and a “tongue sharp as a thorn”, said her sister Jeannie. It showed itself in quick, sometimes unkind words. In Duncan it was a slower burning anger, a sulking that lasted and lasted and gave him the name Duncan dubb, Duncan the black, for his dark moods. They were different in other ways, too. Mary was as unmovable as a mountain when she had made up her mind to something, Duncan as changeable as the shadows on a Highland loch. He would start off up the hill to hunt for the fox’s lair, then, when Mary had followed into the bracken or the berry thicket, he would change his mind and race off towards the stream to find a salmon. The only thing about Duncan that was steadfast was his desire to be where Mary was. He was a terrible boy for teasing and playing tricks, but when his tormenting turned Mary from him in anger or hurt, he would retreat into misery and, although it often seemed unfair, Mary
would have to comfort him. But he took care of Mary in one important way. For there was something else about Mary that was not so of Duncan, or any of the other children in the glen. She had the *an da shelladh*, the gift of the two sights. There were times she could see into the past, into the future, into the distance, and even into the hearts of others. People said Mary could see the wind.

[1.34] She did not think it a gift. She hated it—the headaches, the rush of blackness, the frenzied need to warn those about whom she had the premonitions. She hated the strangeness of seeing a thing happen as though it were as real as the cotton grass on the hill, then having it happen exactly the same, days, weeks, or even years later. She hated being set apart in this way. Duncan hated it too. He did not tease her about the *an da shelladh*, and because he didn’t Mary felt he was her anchor, her protection from the glances and whispers of the other children, the hasty gestures some adults made to save themselves in case she put spells on them.

[1.35] Once, in school, Annie Morison had stumbled over her reading lesson and sworn to the dominie that “Mairi Urquhart has ill-wished me.” Mr. Fraser had strapped Annie’s had until it was red and sore but she had tearfully struck to her story and some of the children had talked afterwards about Mary being unchancy.

[1.36] As a small child Mary had more than once begged her mother to take away the gift. “Gift! Gift!” she would storm, her eyes heavy with misery. “It is no gift. It is my misfortune.”

[1.37] “Mairi, Mairi, it is a sore thing, surely, but it is what you are and must be.” Her mother’s dark eyes would be sympathetic and she would give Mary a bit of honey on her oat bannock and rock her for comfort. Mary would not be comforted.

[1.38] Old Mrs. Grant told her much the same thing. Mrs. Grant was the only person in the township who understood how Mary felt. She lived alone in her cottage under the brow of Drum Eildean across the burn, not far from the waterfall. Her husband was long since dead and her only son had gone to America before Mary was born. She too had the gift of second sight. It was to her the people of the glen went for spells against bad luck and ill wishes, and for the *taibhes*, the glimpses into the future she could sometimes give them. And although all the women in the glen were versed in herbal cures and knew the
charms against ill, it was often felt that Mrs. Grant’s gift and her healing hands gave the remedies special power.

[1.39] The minister, Mr. Graeme, at St. Kilda’s parish church, preached that it was sinful to believe in spells and the like and that those who did would burn for ever in hell. All the same, the people came to the spae wife for their needs, as people in the glen had always done.

[1.40] Mary went often to the cottage where the rowan grew tallest, and the spicy-scented roses and the creamy-white yarrow grew thickest. She cared almost as much for this tall, stern, quiet old woman as she did for Duncan. And Mrs. Grant, who was so reserved with most people, talked to Mary of the pain of her own childhood as a seer, of her happy marriage, and of Donald, her son. She shared his letters from New England with Mary and told her that he was sending money so that she could go, some day, to live with him.

[1.41] Over the years Mary learned the uses of the camomile, savoury, thyme, and lovage that grew in Mrs. Grant’s garden and of the hawthorn, burdock, flag, gentian, and mint that grew wild on the hills and beside the streams, just by being with the old woman. She learned too some of the simple charms and spells for haling, the charms against ill-wishing and the evil eye, but when it came to studying seriously Mary refused, stubbornly. “I will not be set apart so,” she would cry.

[1.42] “Mairi, Mairi, you have the gifts. You have the an da shelladh. You have the knowledge in your in your heart to turn away evil. You have the healing in your hands. And what gifts the good God gives us, those gifts must we cherish and nurture. Remember you well the story our own dear Lord tells of the talents.”

[1.43] “I will not. Mother Grant, do not weigh me with such needs of folk. Is it not enough to have to see their ills before they do, themselves? Jenny Black burn pained so in her back for the witch doll Mairi Carmichael set in the burn, sotted old Angus Morrison choking to death on his dram – what need have I of this?”

[1.44] “What a body is given to do, a body must do – one way or another, Mairi.” There was a tinge of sadness in Mrs. Grant’s voice. She sighed and gave Mary an unaccustomed kiss on the top of her head.
Duncan would not go with Mary on those visits. He did not like her friendship with Mrs. Grant.

“Mairi,” he had told her after her first long visit with the old woman. “It was the royal stag himself I saw on Carroch Hill and I could have followed him but I would not without you.”

Mary had been bitterly disappointed. Then she had realized that there had been no deer, that is was only Duncan’s way of telling her she was not to leave him. And every time she did there was a wondrous something Duncan had seen – a glimpse of the rare wildcat, a vixen that might have let them play with her kits, a shadow that was sure to have been the urisk over by the Corran Craig – that great lived up by the rocky pool beyond the waterfall, though no one had ever seen it.

“Duncan dubh, you are not to mind so much.” Contrite, Mary would not visit Mrs. Grant for a week or two.

All this Mary was remembering as she tramped around the meadow, whistling the lambs from the high crevices in the rocks where they loved to climb, checking now and then to see that the ewe and her new baby were all right. “Och, Duncan dubh, how could you have gone away at all!” she whispered furiously. “I would have hidden myself away in the coire na cailleach and never gone. Never. Never.”

Ignoring the calls of the others as they herded their animals towards home, Mary stood on the slope of the pasture looking down over the hills. It had stopped raining. In that sudden brilliance of the sky that comes in the unexpected moments in the Highlands, the pasture blazed with the gold of the whin and broom in flower, the honey-sweet perfume of them rich in the air. The little loch just below the slope was ringed with aspen and rowan and birch softly green with early leaf. Above its dark water, small black terns and the great curlews wheeled in uneven circles against the wind, the sharp keek-keek-keek of the terns punctuating the curlews’ wild cries. High on Carroch Hill to the west, Donald Cameron’s cows grazing on the ridge were silhouetted against the deep, gentian-blue sky. Far below, Loch Ness shone white as a white swan’s wing and, away on the other side, the fields were green with spring. Beyond them the hills, smudged with the darkened purple of last autumn’s heather, rose and fell and rose again like massive earthworks left by the giants who were once the sole inhabitants of the north country.
Mary loved the land fiercely. She felt as though she had been born out of its earth, that she was kin to the whin and broom and heather that grew so profusely over the hillsides, that there were tiny unseen roots growing along her body, reaching out for the land, drawing nourishment from it. Once she had told Duncan, “When I am old, I will lie myself down on the hill and I will sleep. The grass will come to cover me then, and I will be part of the hill for ever.”

“And I will be there, too!”

“You will, for we are not to be part. And maybe, Duncan, there will be arowan tree grow out of us and bring good fortune to all who dance around it.”

For two thousand years and more, Mary’s people had lived on this beautiful, harsh, unyielding soil. And, like all Highlanders, Mary knew where almost every one of her ancestors had lived, died, and been buried – and where and when their ghosts walked among the living. She knew too, as all her people did, where the ancient giants, gods, and heroes of the old religions walked, which were the places sacred to them and which belonged to the fairies.

The fairies, the sitheachean, once gods and heroes, the sole dwellers in the land, were now the kings and queens of the unseen world, emerging into this world to bring good luck to those they favoured, trouble to those they did not. People called them the good neighbours, the people of peace, hoping the flattering names would keep away the trouble. Some simply called them the old ones. Mary and Duncan called them that and, because once they had been lost far from home and led to safety by a strange light, they had been sure that they were favoured and that one day they would find the old ones and perhaps meet a fairy cavalcade shining in the sun. They knew they would never fear the fairies.

But Duncan had gone away. At first the loneliness had seemed so unbearable that Mary had choked back her pride and asked Mrs. Grant for a charm to bring him home.

“It is not for this a seer has the healing gifts,” Mrs. Grant had reproved her. And Mary had settled down, finally, to await Duncan’s return. In time she had grown from a child to a young girl. Now, at fifteen, she was hardly taller than she had been at twelve and no more beautiful. But her hair was thick and long and shiny and she had a spark in her eyes and a quirk of humour that came and went from the corner of her wide mouth,
and there was still an underlying sweetness to her nature that softened her sharp tongue and brought more than one boy, refusing to be afraid of her two sights, to come courting at her door. Astonished there would be any who imagined she would not wait for Duncan, she unceremoniously sent them all away.

[1.58] Mary looked across the Great Glen through sudden tears. “I cannot come where you are, Duncan,” she cried. The wind tore the words from her lips and carried them down into the valley but Duncan’s voice in Mary’s head, “Come, Mairi,” in such pain, was still strong. Abruptly she gathered up her skirt, clutched her plaid at her neck, and headed up the slope.

[1.59] With the rose and green check of the shawl making a bright sail behind her, her hair rippling in black waves above it, she ran across the fields, her bare feet scarcely touching the ground. She scrambled over the low stone dikes, leapt across the rushing streams, and at last clambered up the side of the high, round hill that overlooked the waterfall where the kelpie, the water horse, was said to rule.

[1.60] All her life, in times of joy or trouble, Mary had come to this hill – the tornashee, the fairies’ hill. Below it, near the burn, was the rowan tree where the children came to dance on May Morning, to tell their wishes and receive their luck. On the slopes of the hill the magic pearlwort, the safeguard against evil spells, and the velvet heart’s-ease grew in greatest abundance. It was on that round summit that Mary and Duncan had been sure they would find the old ones one day.

[1.61] She threw herself down on the hilltop, stretched out her arms, and put her ear against the ground. Sometimes, beyond the rustling noises of the grass and of the insects that burrowes beneath it, Mary could hear what might be the pipes and fiddles of fairy music, and once in a great while, in rare moments, she was sure she could hear the voice of the hill itself. It was a singing sound, a low, even, soft, thrumming, humming sound, sometimes joyful, sometimes sad, and it came from deep in the heart of the hill. In that sound joy and sorrow met and from it Mary often felt that she drew all her strength.

[1.62] On this evening she was too upset to hear anything but the distress in her own heart. “I cannot go to Canada, och, how can I go?” she whispered over and over. A sob was in her throat. “How can you ask it of me? Are you so unhappy? Why do you not come home? Duncan, I cannot.” Even as she said the words, the frenzy was growing in
her. How could she not go to him? She sat up, her hands clenched into tight fists. She knew she had no choice. She had to go to Canada – and as she thought it, the means of going came to mind.

[1.63] She stumbled down the hill and across the few feet to where the old rowan tree stood. She put her face against it, her arms tightly around it. “Take my wishes,” she whispered brokenly, “and bring me good fortune.” Then she turned and walked stiffly back the way she had come.

CHAPTER II

The Cairngorm Brooch

[2.1] It was always evening, way past milking time, when she reached the pasture. The little black cow was bawling. In a few swift movements, Mary untied the rope that had tethered it to a broom bush, yanking it impatiently. She made a cursory inspection of the ewe and its lamb and gave a sharp whoo-ee to the rest of the sheep and the goats, neglecting her usual words of affection and encouragement. She all but ran along the path to where the Urquhart cottage lay snuggled into a hollow of Carroch Hill. Moo-ing and maa-ing and baa-ing indignantly, bumping into each other along the way, the animals trotted after her.

[2.2] With that same speed and impatience, Mary settled the disgruntled beasts in the byre, milked the cow, and carried the wooden pail to the low, hollowed stone by the cottage door. Hastily she murmured the words of greeting to the bodach, the house fairy whose presence brought good fortune to the family. She pured his milk into the stone for him, nervously smoothed the rough blue linen of her skirt, adjusted her shawl around her shoulders, took a deep breath, and went inside.

[2.3] The cottage was small and its single room was dark and thick with the peat smoke that rose from the round hearth in its centre towards the chimney in the low roof. Mingling with the smoke were the odours of the boiled oats and kale keeping warm in the
large iron pot that hung over the fire, and the cheese dripping from its cloth into the sink near the room’s single window.

[2.4] Mary always felt half smothered by the dark closeness of the cottage but, on this evening, she was too perturbed to notice.

[2.5] “Slan leat,” she greeted her mother, her father, and her sister Jeannie, as though she were not bothered in any way, and sat down at her place at the board table.

[2.6] “Did Sally have her lamb, then? Mary’s mother rose from her place and dished kale and oatmeal porridge onto a wooden plate and poured a cup of buttermilk.

[2.7] “She did that. A fine bit of a ewe lamb.” Mary bowed her head, said her grace, and tried to eat. The talk was of the day’s ploughing and spinning, of whether or not Patrick Grant was going to be able to manage his rent, of Jeannie’s coming marriage to Johnny Fraser, but Mary did not listen. It was such a great thing, such a terrible thing she was going to ask. Suddenly she set her spoon on the table with a bang.

[2.8] “I will be needing the cairngorm brooch.” She almost shouted, she was so nervous. Someone – Jeannie or Mary’s mother-gasped. Quietly, his face showing no emotion, her father said, “Mairi, I believe you spoke but I did not quite make out what it was you said.”

[2.9] Mary clenched her hands at her sides. Her pale face flushed but she spoke as evenly as her father. “I said, Father, that I will be needing the cairngorm brooch, it that lies wrapped in its linen in the kist.” She nodded towards the large wooden chest that stood in the far corner of the room. Again there was the sound, softer this time, of sharply indrawn breath.

[2.10] The brooch was large, flat silver circlet, marked in an ancient Celtic pattern, the cairngorm stone in its centre the clear, peaty-brown colour of a Highland stream. The brooch had been given to a James Urquhart three hundred years earlier, after the battle of Flodden field, because she had saved the life of his chief. It was handsome and the only possession of real value the Urquharts had.
Her father’s usually ruddy face was white against his fire-red hair. His words dropped slowly, one by one, into the silent room.

“And what might you think you will be needing the brooch for?”

“It is for passage money.”

“Och, Mairi, what is this?” cried her mother.

“It is to fetch Duncan away home.”

Mairi, you cannot—“

“Let the lass speak.” James Urquhart had not taken his eyes from Mary’s eyes.

“He promised he would come and he did not.” Mary’s low voice rose with every impassioned word she spoke as she told about hearing Duncan’s voice. “And I could feel the pain of his pain and the need of his need and what is there in all the world but the brooch itself that will buy passage for me?”

In the silence that followed Mary did not, could not look at anybody. She was remembering a time four years back. At eleven, she had been old enough to go to work as a kitchen maid for Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie at the big house. Old enough to learn something of household skills, her mother had said. Mary had known the rudiments of cooking and spinning. She had always known how to wash clothes but never anything of weaving or knitting, the skills Jeannie had learned so well. And she had had no intention of learning them.

“It is not for me to learn a thing or two more than caring for the cows and the sheep, my lass,” her father had said. “And what is more, we will be needing the money your service will fetch.”

Argument had been useless. The terms had been drawn up between James and Margaret Urquhart and the Gillespies at Tigh na shuidh and Mary had gone off over the hills and across the river with her change of shifts, her Sunday-best skirt, and a precious pair of new leather brogans for her feet tied up in a square of fresh linen. Her hair was
combed neatly down her back and she has a set look in her eyes that matched the stubbornness in her heart.

[2.22] At Tigh na shuidh she had learned the ways of ladies and gentlemen, the workings of a big house, how to scrub fine silver and good pewter and china dishes, and a great deal more English than the dominies at the school at Balnacairn had taught. “Very promising,” Mrs. Gillespie had said, but at the end of six months Mary had tied her spare shift, her Sunday-best skirt, and her brogans into her linen kerchief and gone back across the river and over the hills.

[2.23] Greeting her father on her own doorstep, she had said, “It is not for me to be spending my life as a kitchen maid. I am meant for the beasts of the pasture.” The money had had to be given back to Mr. Mrs. Gillespie and Mary had gone back out into the hills to herd cows and sheep with Duncan. Six months later Duncan left the Glen.

[2.24] Some memory of that time may have been in Mary’s father’s mind too. He stood up slowly and leaned, palms down, on the table. His grey eyes were almost black with anger, his hair had fallen over his forehead.

[2.25] “The brooch has stayed in our family these three hundred years.” He turned from the table and left the house.

[2.26] Mary’s mother said nothing. The set of her head under her white cap, the clatter of the wooden platters as she cleared the table, showed how upset she was. Jeannie reached over and put her hand on Mary’s. Jeannie had red hair like her father, but her features were soft and her nature gentle. “Canada is a far place to go alone. Such a far place. It might be you would get there. Mairi, but you might not get home again.”

[2.27] “That could not be did I have the passage money.”

[2.28] “Passage money!” Mary’s mother spun around from the sink where she had been scouring the plates. “Passage money!” Her balck eyes-so like Mary’s-were blazing. “You would take yourself by yourself thousands of miles after a voice in your head, and him not sending you thought or word these four years? Though he is my own nephew, son to my own brother, I say it, Duncan Cameron is a thoughtless and sulky lad. Do davie’s or
Jean’s letters say that were it not for Duncan’s willing hands they would be lost? They do not! They write of Callum’s willing hands, of Callum’s black-breaking work, and him but ten years old. Mairi, put him from you. You who are so strong-minded, so wilful about everything else, would follow that lad’s restless piping wherever, whenever he cares to lead you. Do not you give your life away to him. There’s better lads than he here in the glen. There’s Callum Grant pining for but a smile from you, and others too. Do not think of this again.”

[2.29] “Mother!” It was so unlike her mother to speak out violently in any cause. Mary was shocked, then swiftly angered. “mother, I will not listen. Duncan and I….” Mary clamped her mouth shut, and with the same stiff back her father had shown, she left the house.

[2.30] She started straight up the slope in the direction of the tomashee. She had not gone far before her steps began to slow and finally halted.

[2.31] “They are right. How dared I ask for that? How could I have?” Her face grew hot for shame. “What am I to do?” She sat down, her head in her hands. She was shaking from shame, from the sting of her mother’s words and her father’s anger. She longed to go ask for the comfort of forgiveness—but could not. She needed to go where Duncan called—but could not do that either. Tormented, she began to pace up and down the slope. “Mother, father, Jeannie!” she cried, begging for their help.

[2.32] But there was no help for her.

[2.33] “I must find Duncan. I must. He is in such need.” She started back down the slope towards the path. “I cannot go home now. I cannot face them. Some how I must go!” On the path she stopped once more. The last of the day was gone. The evening mist had lifted and the moon shone bright over the land. From where she stood Mary could just see the heather thatch of her home. She brushed the tears from her eyes and took a deep, shaky breath. She dropped to her knees and whispered a prayer for her mother, her father, her sister, the animals, the house, and, finally, “all who may come to stay in it while I am gone.” For the length of a single heartbeat she hesitated, then turned away and continued resolutely down the hill towards the road leading to the west.
[2.34] With the first step the old Gaelic mourning words began inside her, “och-on, och-on,” and as she went she could hear them echoing from the rushing water of the burns and in the wind along the hills, “och-on, och-on, och-on” alas, alas, alas.

CHAPTER III
The Andrew MacBride

[3.1] “Are you leaving, then, Mairi, without a word of farewell?”

[3.2] Mary stopped.

[3.3] “Will you leave without the breath of one small word?”

[3.4] Mary spun around. It was Mrs. Grant, her tall frame and the white of her bonnet clearly outlined in the moonlight. A sad but affectionate look crossed her strong, old face. She held Mary with her steady gaze for a long minute, then she spoke in low, measured tones.

[3.5] “You will make your voyage but it will bring you sorrow and many trials. Twice will you refuse your destiny, twice will you seek it before you embrace it as your own.” She paused. “The dark holds grave danger for you, Mairi. Beware the dark.”

[3.6] An owl hooted near the small loch just below the path. The scent of the whin flowers was strong on the night air. Mary’s heart was racing and it was a moment or two before she could reply.

[3.7] “Would it be better that I not go? She whispered, at last.

[3.8] “What will be will be,” answered the old woman. “I have three gifts to travel with you. One is for need. One is for good fortune. One is for blessing.” She pressed a paper packet into one of Mary’s hands, a spindle whorl into the other. She laid a fine, soft wool plaid of red and black and green tartan over Mary’s arm. Then she bent down and kissed her gravely on both cheeks, turned, and strode away up the path.
Mary stood for a long time as though rooted to the ground. She looked at Loch Ness glimmering in the moonlight far below. She looked up the path at Mrs. Grant retreating into the distance, three times she started after her, three times she hesitated, and at last turned her steps downward.

She marched purposefully down the long hill and along the shore of Loch Ness for almost half the night, trying desperately not to think about Mrs. Grant, her mother, her father, or Jeannie, hearing only Duncan’s “Come, Mairi,” and over and over the mourning words, *och-on, och-on*, as thought she never meant to return.

When she came to the ruins of Urquhart Castle she stopped, exhausted. She sheltered under a low, crumbling stone wall against the cold of the heavy mist and the pre-dawn wind, sleeping fitfully, wrapped in her rough plaid until it was light enough to see what was in the packet Mrs. Grant had given her.

The packet held two English five-pound notes. With the money there was a letter.

*Mo Mairi, gradach*

Here is money for your passage. I who am aged, I who have lived on Drum Eildean all my life, will not leave it. I who was married in the plaid I give you do not wish to be buried in it. It is for you to be married in and my blessing comes with it. The spindle whorl is very old. My great-grandmother told me she had it from her great-grandmother and that it was already old when she used it. It is made from rowan wood for your good fortune. May our Lord and all his angels travel with you.

Elizabeth Grant

Mary looked at the money in her laps, the money Donald Grant had been sending his mother from Americas for thirty years. It was so much! She stroked the worn wood of the spindle whorl. *How* like Mrs. Grant to give her this double amulet-a rowan wood spindle-against evil spells. She got up from the shadow of the cold, damp wall. She paced around the ruins, now putting her hands on the mossy stones, now looking up at the grey sky from the grass- and weed-covered floor of the roofless castle hall. For one surprised
moment she saw the stone floor and a black-beamed ceiling and a fire on a great hearth. A woman in a green gown stood before the fire.

[3.16] “Greetings, lady,” Mary murmured politely, not wanting to be ill-wished by the glaistig who haunted the home of her family’s long-ago chiefs. She was used to these unexpected glimpses into the other world. She went outside and climbed down the cliff to the water’s edge.

[3.17] She looked down at her small, white face reflected in the lake water, her hair hanging down on either side like two broad, black silk ribbons. She tried a friendly smile but only one corner of the reflection’s mouth turned up ruefully. She put her hand down and churned up her watery likeness.

[3.18] “I cannot take the money,” she told herself unhappily, although the words “Mary, my dear one” touched her almost unbearably. “It is well and good for her to say she will not go from Drum Eildean but there is Donald. She looked at, but did not really see, a pair of moorheens gathering twigs close by the shore. The money was more than enough, she was sure, to buy her passage and provisions to take her to Upper Canada. But the realization that Upper Canada was three thousand miles away was beginning to sink into her awareness. She knew the journey took seven weeks when the weather was clear and the seas calm. And she had heard tales of ships that foundered at sea in the great Atlantic storms. She was going into this danger and she had spoken not a word of farewell to her family. “I cannot go!” she said aloud. The moorhens bobbed nervously off from shore.

[3.19] Even as she spoke, she was beset by dizziness and Duncan’s face came to her, not as she remembered it but older-looking, as he must be now, with such desperation in his eyes that she sprang to her feet, stuffed the money and the spindle whorl into the pocket of her skirt, tucked Mrs. Grant’s beautiful old shawl under her arm, and scrambled back up to higher ground and the path that led to the west.

[3.20] It was forty miles to the port town of Fort William but it seemed like forty thousand to Mary. Sometimes sick with headache and apprehension she ran, jogged, stumbled along the path, hardly noticing the brambles that caught at her bare feet.
Sometimes she slowed to a brisk stride, intensely aware of the mountains looming over her, the flowers blooming along the way, and the birds singing in every tree.

[3.21] “I will come back again. I will,” she cried, causing a group of travellers to quicken their steps as they passed and to scarcely nod in greeting.

[3.22] She stopped for the night—during a heavy rain—to eat and sleep in a house. It was near where she crossed the River Oich, a mile or so past Fort Augustus. She frightened the kindly old couple who gave her supper and a bed by her scratched and dishevelled appearance and the distraught look in her eyes. She knew it and could do nothing about it.

[3.23] Sometimes her natural good humor asserted itself. She sang with the birds in the early morning as she bathed in the river. Once she stopped to get a drink of water from a small boy at a spring. She shared their noon meal with a gang of men working on the canal that was to connect the chain of lochs along the Great Glen.

[3.24] The mountains were growing higher as she neared Fort William. Late in the afternoon of the second day Ben Navis came in sight, towering over the whole mountain range, higher than any mountain Mary had ever seen. But is great, rounded bulk, covered with snow, looked for all the world like the white wool on the back of a fat old ewe. Mary smiled.

[3.25] She reached the edge of town by evening. “Here is it, then,” she told herself bravely. “Well, it is not so grand, even, as is Inverness.” She smoothed her hair as best she could and straightened her skirt.

[3.26] The town was one long street running parallel to Loch Linnhe, the big sea loch that harboured the sailing ships from the west. Short, busy, narrow streets led from the high street to the piers and warehouses crowed with people shouting and calling over the screech of the big white gulls along the water’s edge. The fort that gave the town its name stood guard over the northern end of it, the redcoated soldiers visible against the grey stone walls.

[3.27] Refusing to be intimidated, Mary marched into town. She enquired of an old woman selling eggs where she might find a sailing ship, and the old woman directed her
to the ship owners’ offices. Mary found passage on the *Andrew MacBride*, sailing within the week.

[3.28] Next she found herself lodging, at a terrible amount of money, in a dingy little room with a lumpy bed she had to share not only with bugs but with three other women. They were the Macfeters from Invergarry, they told her, a mother and two daughters, all sailing on the *Andrew MacBride*. Mary did not like them, their dirty, unkempt hair and clothes, or their never-ceasing talk of the soldiers at the fort and the fancy clothes they meant to buy.

[3.29] The following morning she found the market and bought her provisions for the voyage: oats for bannock, potatoes, cheese, and a few dried apples. Emboldened by the success of her venture, she bought a change of clothing too: a linen shift and skirt, a pair of woolen stockings, a pair of brogans, and a comb. She was pleased with herself for having managed so well, although it seemed to her that the linen was not as finely woven nor the dye so rich a blue as that at home. The shoes were poorly made and the whole cost a great deal more than she had thought it would. She bought a basket for the food and made bundles of the clothes and lugged them to her lodging.

[3.30] Flora Macfeeter was in the room changing her clothes. For an instant Mary saw an image of Flora, old, tired, and sour-looking, but she said nothing to the smiling face. Flora told Mary where she might buy a sheet of paper to write a letter home. “And we will look after your things,” she said kindly. “It will be my mother or it will ne Margaret or me will be here. Och, if it were my back—one this warm day I could not bear the weight of a single plaid.

[3.31] But Mary was not comfortable without her old shawl and nothing in heaven or earth could have convinced her to let go of one of Mrs. Grants’s gifts for a single moment.

[3.32] She found the stationer’s shop and wrote her letter. “Please forgive me,” she wrote, “for I cannot help myself. You know I must go.” She signed it, “Your loving Mairi,” and left a blot by her name where a tear had fallen. By good fortune the stationer
had a relative on his way to Invermoriston whose brother was courting a girl in Inchnatarf and would carry the letter up the glen.

[3.33] Mary was so relieved at how well matters were turning out that she wasn’t in the least upset to discover, on her way back to her lodging, a bill posted to say that the Andrew MacBride’s sailing was delayed for three days. Cheerfully she hurried to tell the Macfeeters the news
CHAPTER III
ANNOTATION

This chapter contains an explanation of the cultural terms that exist in the translation of *Shadow in Hawthorn Bay*. The existing issues will be discussed in annotation form. Thus, annotations contain responsibility for the cultural terms chosen by the translator due to the problems arise in their translation process. The responsibility is based on the theories discussed in the previous chapter.

To solve the problem, the author classifies existing annotation topics based on existing types of cultural terms first, such as ecology and material culture. After that, the problem will be grouped again into the translation procedure. And finally, the author will annotate as an explanation or alteration done in the translation.

A. Ecology

Adapting Nida, Peter Newmark (1988, 95) says that ecology is one of the categories in the cultural terms. Included in the ecology categories are flora, fauna, winds, plains, and also hills. In translating the cultural terms found in *Shadow in Hawthorn Bay*, the translator discovers term that belongs to the ecology, such as lapwings, hawthorn, berry, savoury, thyme, lovage, burdock, gentian, yarrow, bracken, rowan, flag, and also camomile. The procedures used for the translation of the annotation are contextual translation, transference, cultural equivalent, and naturalization.

1. Contextual Translation

Contextual translation is a procedure that aims to provide additional information into words or terms that are not known in the TT culture. By using this procedure, the reader will better understand the word or term referred to, because of the short explanation.
This table shows the annotated translation of “lapwings” to “burung-burung lapwing”.

Table 3.1

Lapwings :: burung-burung lapwing

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<thead>
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<tr>
<td>[1.5]</td>
<td>Over the plaintive cry of the lapwings, the chirping of the thrushes, and the ewe and her baby bleating softly at one another, she heard Duncan’s voice again, “Come, Mairi!” in it there was a great deal of such pain, such urgency, she could feel the sharpness of it in her own breast.</td>
<td>Terdengar tangisan kesedihan burung-burung lapwing, kicauan dari burung trush, dan suara domba betina dan bayinya yang mengembik lembut satu sama lain, dia mendengar suara Duncan lagi, “Datanglah, Mairi!” di dalamnya ada nada seperti rasa kesakitan, sangat mendesak, dia bisa merasakan ketajamannya di dadanya sendiri.</td>
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In the Cambridge Dictionary, the meaning of lapwings is a small dark bird with a white chest and raised feathers on its head. From that sense we become know of what the shape and characteristics of the lapwings are. In https://burung.org/endemic-bird-list/?lang=en, it is explained that lapwings are one of the rare endemic. In Indonesia itself, the “lapwings” called as Trulek Jawa. Characteristic of Trulek Jawa has the color of brownish black fur with a white pattern on the chest, and besides also have a little crested over the head. But, the translator did not use the term of Trulek Jawa, because the story is from Canada. If the translator keeps to use that translation, the Canadian culture will not exist in the translation.
From the above understanding, translator uses contextual translation strategy which is adding an information in the TT. The translator still maintain the word “lapwing”, because the translator does not want to omit the Canadian culture in the TT. So, the translator chooses to translate “lapwings” become burung-burung lapwing.

This table shows the annotated translation of “hawthorn” to “berry hawthorn”.

Table 3.2
Hawthorn :: berry hawthorn

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<td>[1.41]</td>
<td>… and of the hawthorn, burdock, flag, gentian, and mint that grew wild on the hills and beside the streams…</td>
<td>… dan berry hawthorn, burdock, flag, gentian, dan mint yang tumbuh liar di perbukitan dan di samping arus …</td>
</tr>
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In the Merriam Webster dictionary, the definition of “hawthorn” is any of a genus (Crataegus) of spring-flowering spiny shrubs or small trees of the rose family with glossy and often lobed leaves, white or pink fragrant flowers, and small red fruits. From that definition, we know that actually “hawthorn” is a plant which have a red berry fruit. According to http://www.khasiat.co.id/buah/hawthorn-berry.html, “hawthorn” is commonly called as berry hawthorn, because it has many berries. The color of the red fruit with a small fruit size makes this “hawthorn” fruit looks like a cherry.

Actually, in Indonesia there are some “hawthorns” that grow in some places. Some of Indonesian calls this plant as berry because of the red fruit that fruitful in that tree. Here, the translator did not just use berry to call “hawthorn”. But, here, the translator adding berry within “hawthorn”, so that readers can understand that the berry tree which is meant is berry hawthorn, and not the other berry tree. So, the translation of the “hawthorn” becomes berry hawthorn.
This table shows the annotated translation of “berry” to “pohon berry”

Table 3.3

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<td>… when Mary had followed into the bracken or the berry thicket, he would change his mind and race off towards the stream to find a salmon.</td>
<td>… saat Mary masuk ke dalam hutan pohon paku atau sekelompok lebat pohon berry, dia akan berubah pikiran dan berlomba menuju sungai untuk mencari seekor salmon.</td>
</tr>
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</table>

According to the Merriam Webster dictionary, “berry” is a pulpy and usually edible fruit (such as strawberry, raspberry, or checkerberry) of small size irrespective of its structure. From the definition, there are many kinds of berry. In the ST, the author of Shadow in Hawthorn Bay does not point the exact “berry”. So, here, the translator does not know the “berry” which is aimed in the ST.

In translating “berry”, the translator has two possibilities in translating “berry”, buah berry or pohon berry. Viewed in terms of context, a more appropriate translation is pohon berry because in the context of the phrase it is written that Mary goes to the forest. Then, there is a word thicket which means something like a shrub. If the translator uses the translation of buah berry, it will not proper to the context. So, the translator chooses to translate it into pohon berry.

In translating the problem of cultural terms that exist in the ST in the form of ecology. Translation procedure used to handle the problem of cultural term is contextual translation. This procedure can handle the problem by adding some required information. So it can be concluded that the cultural term in the form of ecology can be solved by using contextual translation.
2. Transference

Transference is one of the procedures proposed by Peter Newmark, while Vinay & Dalbernet (1995) using the term borrowing and Baker (1992) using the term translation by using translation using a loan word. According to Newmark (1988), transference is used when in ST a word is unknown in the TL culture and refers in certain situations that are typical of the SL culture.

This table shows the annotated translation of “savoury” to “savoury”.

Table 3.4

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<td>Selama bertahun-tahun Mary mempelajari penggunaan kamomil, savoury, thyme, dan lovage yang tumbuh di kebun Nyonya Grant…</td>
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</table>

In the https://tanaman.co.id/tanaman-summer-savory.html, “savoury” is a genus of Satureja spice plants belonging to the mint tribe (Lamiaceae) and is related to rosemary and thyme. In Indonesia itself, there is no other term that same with “savoury”. The translator also try to find in the KBBI, but there are no terms to call “savoury”.

According to http://bibitbunga.com/summer-savory/, “savoury” plants are commonly used in the spices of European cuisine such as sausage, red bean soup, and others. So that in the Indonesian cooking itself is not used, because the aroma is less appropriate with the taste of Indonesian. Because of that, the translator used transference procedure to translate “savoury” plant. According to Newmark, transference is used if the word in ST is not known in the TL culture and refers at a particular place or situation characteristic of the SL culture. So, the translator chooses to keep using the word “savoury”.

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This table shows the annotated translation of “thyme” to “thyme”.

Table 3.5

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“Thyme” is a one of many herbal plants come from Egypt. In the Merriam Webster dictionary, it has been stated that “thyme” is 1: any of a genus (Thymus) of Eurasian mints with small pungent aromatic leaves; especially: a Mediterranean garden herb (T. vulgaris) and 2: thyme leaves used as a seasoning. In its development, “thyme” is widely used in almost all European, Portuguese, Lebanese, Turkish, Spanish, Caribbean and Middle Eastern cuisines. The smell of this spice leaf more comfortable when it is dried. The smell of “thyme” is perfect to spice up grilled meats, and soups. In the making of broth, “thyme” is often added in the blend of ‘bouquet of garni’ with onion, carrot and leek and parsley. In Indonesia, the “thyme” is rare to find, because sometimes is imported from another country. In Indonesia also there is no term to call “thyme”.

Therefore, the translator still maintain the term “thyme” become “thyme”. The translator uses transference procedure to translate “thyme”. This term is maintained, as there is no other term in the Indonesian language. In addition, this is done, so that the component of meaning in the word ST can be fully transferred into the TT and that the ST does not lose its credibility, and its meaning remains understandable.
This table shows the annotated translation of “lovage” to “lovage”.

Table 3.6

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In the Merriam Webster dictionary, “lovage” is defined as any of several aromatic perennial herbs of the carrot family; especially: a European herb (Levisticum officinale) sometimes cultivated for use in medicine especially as a diuretic and in cooker usually as a flavoring agent. “Lovage” plant commonly found in Europe. The shape is like a combination of large trunked celery and parsley leaf flat. The taste and aroma look like celery. “Lovage” is usually used as a flavor enhancer of soup or soup is also added to the salad. The sees used as spices and roots can be used as vegetable.

In translating the word “lovage”, the translator has checked the corresponding match with the “lovage”. However, translators did not find the term for “lovage”, In Indonesia itself, not many people who use “lovage” for food. Therefore, here, the translator maintains the word “lovage”. Because there is no other term to call “lovage”, the translator decided to translate “lovage” as “lovage”, which is using transference procedure.
According to the dictionary, which is Merriam Webster, “burdock” is any of a genus (Arctium) of coarse composite herbs bearing globular flower heads with prickly bracts. “Burdock” has been used for centuries to treat various diseases. In traditional medicine is used as a blood purifier - to remove blood flow from toxins, as a diuretic. This plant has many advantages.

In Indonesia itself this plant is pretty much found, because of its advantages. In Indonesia, there are some people who cultivate this plant. But, even so, some people do not know the name for this plant. Since this plant is not a native plant from Indonesia, the translator still used the “burdock” term in translating into TT. Therefore, the translator did not translate “burdock”, and still use that term. Within this way, the SL term will be use in TL, by using transference procedure.
This table shows the annotated translation of “gentian” to “gentian”.

Table 3.8

Gentian :: gentian

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According to Merriam Webster dictionary, the definition of “gentian” is 1: *any of nemorous herbs* (family Gentianaceae, the gentian family, and especially genus Gentiana) *with opposite smooth leaves and showy usually blue flowers*; 2: *the rhizome and roots of a yellow-flowered gentian* (Gentiana lutea) *of southern Europe that is used as a tonic, stomachis, and flavoring in vermouth*. From the definition, we can understand that actually “gentian” is a herbal plant that has many advantages.

This “gentian” plant is a plant that originated in Europe and usually grows in cold mountain regions. In Indonesia, no such plant can grow. Since this plant has not existed in Indonesia area, and also not many people know it, then the translator chose to keep using the term. So here in the TT, the word “gentian” is still used.

In translating the problem of cultural term in the form of ecology that appears in translating ST into TT. The translator has used transference procedure. The procedure is effectively used to translate several words of ST that have no equivalent in the TT. By using this procedure, the translation results in TT still use the word in ST. So it can be concluded that the procedure is effective and can be used to translate ecology problems that arise.
3. Cultural Equivalent

Cultural equivalent procedure is translation procedure that replacing the cultural word in SL with the word culture in TL (Newmark 1988, 82). The advantages of this procedure are that the translation becomes easily accepted and understood by the TT reader. The concepts, messages, and atmosphere contained in ST can be described in TT.

This table shows the annotated translation of “yarrow” to “bunga daun seribu”.

Table 3.9

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<tr>
<td>[1.32]</td>
<td>Mary’s eyes were bright as a blackbird’s, and she was plain and shapenosed, with skin as pale as yarrow and a mouth that turned up noticeably at one corner when she was amused.</td>
<td>Mata Mary tampak terang seperti burung hitam, dia polos dan hidungnya mancung, dengan kulit pucat seperti bunga daun seribu dan mulut yang muncul di salah satu sudut ketika dia merasa terhibur.</td>
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</table>

In the Meriam Webster dictionary, the meaning of “yarrow” is *a widely naturalized strong-scented Eurasian composite herb (Achillea millefolium) with finely dissected leaves and small usually white corymbose flowers*. The translator did not use “yarrow” for the translation in the TT, because if the translator still use “yarrow” for the translation, the reader will not understand what “yarrow” is. Then, the translator also did not use the meaning from the dictionary, because its too long, and less appropriate to be understood.

Then, the translator tried to find the similarity name of the “yarrow” plant in the target culture, which is Indonesia. According to [http://www.tamanhusadagrahafamili.com/daun-seribu-achillea-millefolium-1/](http://www.tamanhusadagrahafamili.com/daun-seribu-achillea-millefolium-1/), the other name of “yarrow” in Indonesia is daun seribu. So, by using cultural equivalent by Peter newmark, the translator translated “yarrow” become bunga daun seribu.
This table shows the annotated translation of “bracken” to “tumbuhan paku”.

Table 3.10

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<td>… when Mary had followed into the bracken or the berry thicket, he would change his mind and race off towards the stream to find a salmon</td>
<td>Saat Mary masuk ke dalam hutan tumbuhan paku atau berry yang lebih tebal, dia akan berubah pikiran dan berlomba menuju sungai untuk mencari seekor salmon.</td>
</tr>
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</table>

“Bracken” is spores plant. According to the Merriam Webster dictionary, “bracken” is a large coarse fern, especially: a nearly cosmopolitan brake (Pteridium aquilinium) found in most tropical and temperate regions. From that definition, the reader will not understand, because they do not get the shape picture of “bracken” itself. So, here, the translator tried to find the same term to call “bracken” in Indonesia.

By looking for in the website, the translator found in the https://books.google.co.id/books?id=7_R4CAAAQBAJ&pg=PA368&lpg=PA368&dq=bracken+tumbuhan&source=bl&ots=w_Bj5Irgu&sig=1zs6Mrg5v4AMDp3YijO7aOczT4&hl=id&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjFopX1u-DXAhXKYo8KHTrjC3YQ6AFIQzAH#v=onepage&q=bracken%20tumbuhan&f=false that the other name of the “bracken” is tumbuhan paku/pakis. Here, the translator chose to use that term to call “bracken”. Indonesian people itself have known what tumbuhan paku is. So, the translator decided to translate “bracken” becomes tumbuhan paku, using culture equivalent.
This table shows the annotated translation of “rowan” to “pohon abu gunung”.

Table 3.11

Rowan :: pohon abu gunung

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[1.40]</td>
<td>Mary went often to the cottage where the rowan grew tallest, and the spicy-scented roses and …</td>
<td>Mary sering pergi ke pondok dimana pohon abu gunung tumbuh paling tinggi, dan aroma mawar yang wangi.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

From the ST, the translator found the word “rowan”, “rowan” itself is a plant comes from Canada. In the Merriam Webster dictionary, the definition of “rowan” is either of two mountain ashes with flat corymbys of white flowers followed by small red pomes: a: one (Sourbus aucuparia) native to Eurasia that has become naturalized in the U.S. and Canada, b: one (S.americana) native to the eastern U.S. and Canada. In this case, the translator prefer to not use the “rowan” term. So, the translator try to find another way to translate the rowan plant.

According to http://kamus-internasional.com/definitions/?indonesian_word=rowan_tree, in Indonesia itself, there is another term to call “rowan”, which is pohon abu gunung. The translator, use cultural equivalent procedure to translate “rowan”, which is find the other name in the target culture that has a same meaning like the source culture. So, the translator translates “rowan” become pohon abu gunung.
This table shows the annotated translation of “flag” to “dlingu”.

Table 3.12

Flag :: dlingu

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[1.41]</td>
<td>… and of the hawthorn, burdock, flag, gentian, and mint that grew wild on the hills and beside the streams…</td>
<td>… dan hawthorn, burdock, dlingu, gentian, dan mint yang tumbuh liar di perbukitan dan di samping arus …</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

According to Merriam Webster dictionary, the definition of “flag” is *any of various monocotyledonous plants with long ensiform leaves*. “Flag” is a medicinal plant that is quite commonly found in Indonesia. “Flag” itself is a plant that has many properties to cure fever, swelling, and others. In translating the term “flag”, the translator finds another in the Indonesian culture. There are some who call it *dlingu* and there are also who call it *dringo*. Here, the translator chooses to use the term *dlingu*, as the term is familiar to the Indonesian people.

Cultural equivalent procedure have been used by translator in translating the existing ecology problems in translating ST into TT. Cultural equivalent is used when a word in ST has the word equation in TT. In other words, a cultural word in ST is translated with the same cultural word in the TT. Thus, in the end this procedure is useful in translating the ecology problem in translating ST.

4. Naturalization

In naturalization there are adjustments of pronunciation and / or spelling of a foreign word with TL (Newmark 1988). The procedure adjusts the sound so that it is also called phonological translation. The SL spelling is diverted to the TL spelling according to the TL sound system.
This table shows the annotated translation of “chamomile” to “kamomil”.

Table 3.13

Chamomile :: kamomil

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[1.41]</td>
<td>Over the years Mary learned the uses of the camomile, savoury, thyme, and lovage that grew in Mrs Grant’s garden …</td>
<td>Selama bertahun-tahun Mary mempelajari penggunaan kamomil, savoury, thyme, dan lovage yang tumbuh di kebun Nyonya Grant…</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

One of definition of “camomile” according to Merriam Webster is a perennial composite (see 1composite 1b) herb (Chamaemelum nobile synonym Anthemis nobilis) of Europe and North Africa with aromatic (see 1aromatic 1) foliage and flower heads. Usually camomile is used to be made into herbal tea. Because “camomile” plant have many advantages to body, many of Indonesian already know this plant.

Here, the translator use naturalization procedure to translate the “camomile”. The translator try to translate the word “camomile” become kamomil. It is in accordance with the naturalization procedure that diverts the SL spelling to the TL spelling according to the TL sound system. In the KBBI, https://kbbi.kemdikbud.go.id/entri/kamomil the term of kamomil is exist in Indonesia, the meaning and the object of kamomil is same like “camomile”. So, the translator translates the “camomile” become kamomil.

Naturalization procedure is used by translator in translating existing ecology problem in translating ST to TT. This procedure is used to translate a word inside ST into
TT simply by changing the pronunciation or spelling. This procedure is appropriately used to translate the ecological problems present in ST to TT.

One of the cultural terms which is ecology, that we can see above is one of cultural term in the form of plants. Ecology cultural term can not only be translated using a single procedure. However, in translating the cultural term, we can see that we can use some of the procedures. Thus, it can be concluded that the cultural term in the form of ecology possible to be translated, because of the many procedures offered.

B. Material Culture (Artefact)

Adapting from Nida, Newmark (1988, 95) classifies that material culture (artefacts) are part of the cultural terms. Which includes material culture is food, clothes, housing, transport and communications. In the text of The Shadow in Hawthorn Bay, there is one material culture that exist, which is bannock.

Contextual Conditioning is a procedure that aims to provide additional information into words or terms that are not known in the TT culture. By using this procedure, the reader will be better understood word or term referred to, because of the short explanation.

This table shows the annotated translation of “bannock” to “bannock (sebuah kue dari Skotlandia yang terbuat dari gandum)”.

Table 3.14

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[1.23]</td>
<td>Absently she crossed the field to eat her bannock and her bit of cheese with the other young herders who had gathered in the lee of the hill.</td>
<td>Tanpa sadar dia menyeberangi ladang untuk memakan bannock (sebuah kue dari Skotlandia yang terbuat dari gandum) miliknya dan sedikit keju dengan para</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Bannock is a material culture from Scotland which is a food. In Cambridge Dictionary, the meaning of *bannock* is *a flat Scottish cake made of oatmeal*. In Indonesian itself, there is no cake that resembles with *bannock*. In the Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia itself there is no meaning of *bannock*.

In this case the translator use contextual translation where the translator adding an information about what *bannock* is. The additional information is a brief definition of what a bannock is. Bannock is a Scottish cake made from oatmeal. The translator translates it become *bannock* (sebuah kue dari Skotlandia yang terbuat dari gandum). So, the meaning of *bannock* will be more understandable by the reader.

In annotate the material culture in the text of Shadows in Hawthorn Bay, which is Bannock. The translator uses a contextual translation procedure, where this procedure provides information or additional meaning about the thing. Thus, in the end it can be concluded that in translating material culture, contextual translation procedure can be used because of its effectiveness in giving explanation.
CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION AND SUGGESTIONS

A. CONCLUSION

Translating a popular book containing Canadian culture is a challenge for me. The reason is that the writer is required to have language skills and SL cultural knowledge especially those related to cultural terms. The author also has to have knowledge related to concepts and terms related to the field that underlies the text and gathers all of that knowledge in such a way resulting in an operative text. Therefore, before translating, the author has to extend knowledge in that field both through books and dictionary terms.

The cultural terms in the book of Shadow in Hawthorn Bay is quite a lot, so the author should group it. This is not an easy thing. But, there are various procedures offered by experts, so making translation easier. In the annotation of this translation, the author also seeks a suitable and appropriate solution, so that the results can be accepted and understood by the TT reader.

The translation procedure offered by the experts is helpful to the translator in solving the translation problem especially on the lexical level. However, in the author opinion, it would be better if the existing procedures are grouped based on the usual translation problem facing the translator. Grouping it will greatly facilitate the translator without reducing his creativity in translating.

B. SUGGESTIONS

Due to the weaknesses present in this annotated translation, researchers strongly advise that everyone who will carry out this annotated translation make more annotations. In addition, annotations are added not only in terms of cultural terms, but can be idiom and various problems that exist. If more annotations are made, it will be clearer for the reader's understanding of the various subject areas.
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http://kbbi.web.id/

http://www.khasiat.co.id/buah/hawthorn-berry.html
## GLOSSARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>An da shelladh</td>
<td>The two sight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bodach</td>
<td>Brownie, hobgoblin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coire na cailleach</td>
<td>Hag’s cave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dia</td>
<td>God</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dubh</td>
<td>Black</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaelic</td>
<td>A language that some of Scotlandian use</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May Morning</td>
<td>A fire festival in Scotland, and occurs in May morning.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slan leat</td>
<td>Goodbye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sitheachean</td>
<td>Fairies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taibhes</td>
<td>A vision of the second sight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tornashee</td>
<td>The fairies’ hill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uan</td>
<td>Lamb</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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Salatiga, August 3, 2018

Author