An Annotated Translation of Metaphor, Simile and Hyperbole in Betsy Byars’ “The Summer of the Swans” Novel

THESIS
Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of The Requirements of the Degree of Sarjana Sastra

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ABSTRACT

The objective of this research was to examine the translation strategies used to render the metaphors, similes and hyperboles into Indonesian and mistakes made in translation. The translator used semantic translation method in order to keep up the original form. Also in order to serve the readers about the original writing style of the author, the translator tried to maintain the author’s writing style even though the target text result is not precisely same with the source text. Newmark states that semantic method is flexible, admits the creative exception to 100% fidelity and allows for the translator’s intuitive empathy with the original (Newmark, 1988). Main purpose on translation with commentary is to find any useful guidelines for a translation decision. The source of data is Betsy Byars novel The Summer of the Swans and its translation. This research aims to analyze the metaphor, simile and categories of hyperbole by using certain translation strategies in translating those metaphor, simile and hyperbole. In this research, there are two theories used, those are: Newmark’s theory to translate metaphor and simile and Sato’s theory for analyzing the categorization of hyperbole and translation strategies by Larson.

There are two elements of metaphors, seven of similes and four of hyperboles annotated in the novel “The Summer of the Swans”. There are four translation strategies in total applied in this translation, in both metaphor and simile used reproducing the same image in the TL and in hyperbole used translation hyperbole to hyperbole and translation hyperbole to simile.

Key words: metaphor, simile, hyperbole, translation strategies
CHAPTER I
INTRODUCTION

A. BACKGROUND OF STUDY

In literary works from different cultural backgrounds of the author, figurative language is an effective way of delivering an idea or feeling or opinion that is hardly understood. By translating figurative language in a story, we are supposed to understand the story fully because the author often states his feeling through parables. Besides, we are also able to fertilize the knowledge about expansive cultural contexts in translation, and to make better the ability to translate and analyze by applying translation strategies or procedures. Hence, to enhance Indonesian children literature, translating a novel by famous children’s literature the author named Betsy Byars’ *The Summer of the Swans* can add more literary values especially from her moral lessons for children. The types of figurative language that come out the most in the story are metaphor, simile, and hyperbole.

B. AUTHOR’S PROFILE

Betsy Cromer Byars was born in North Carolina in 1928 and grew up during the depression. Her parents, George Guy and Nan Rugheimer Cromer, were well educated and avid readers; her mother had majored in drama at a small girls’ school. She is always loved to read, having learned well before she started school. Betsy Cromer Byars started writing children's books as someone unfamiliar with the classic works of the genre. She still read very few children's books, although she is an avid reader of adult fiction. *Clementine* (1962) was her first published book. It was dedicated to her four children, who ranged in age from four to eleven.

Betsy Byars received the Newberry Medal in 1971 for *The Summer of the Swans* and the American Book Award in 1981 for *The Night Swimmers*. Nancy Chambers, editor of the British critical journal Signal, has characterized her as "one of the ten best writers for children in the world. Her books have been translated into at least nine languages, and several of her novels have been dramatized for television.

C. DESCRIPTION OF THE SELECTED TEXT

*The Summer of the Swans* was published in 1970 and adapted for television as *Sara’s Summer of the Swans* in 1974. The story was very simple, it told us about fourteen-year-
old Sara Godfrey’s search for her missing, mentally challenged brother Charlie. This story was one of the translator’s favorite novel ever made by Betsy Byars. The story itself has an uncanny message related to the conflict between Sara’s struggle with adolescence and accepting herself for who she is and others for who they are. The translator chose this story to be translated because this story has not been yet translated in Indonesian language nor researched based on translation which focus on figurative language.

As we know that children’s literature book is very imaginative in describing the situations, emotion, and places which uses figurative language in it. On the other hand, started from the passion of the translator who loves telling story to children, in this translation, the translator has tried to improve her abilities in reaching the good understanding of meaning of figurative expression.

The Summer of the Swans is prospective to be publish for a study for psychology student who concern in learning adolescent behavior and learning about disability children. Psychologically, the author quite good in describing the behavior of teenage behavior and disability kid. While the target text are general, specifically young-adults and teenagers like High School students who are attracted in psychological stories.

As a requirement of the faculty especially in translation major, in composing the final project for a bachelor's degree, the translator has chosen The Summer of the Swans to be translated along the 7,000 words of SL from chapter one to chapter seven.

D. THEORETICAL FRAMEWORK

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). Newmark’s statement is supported by Nababan that translation is a process of transferring the message of a source language text into the target language (Nababan, 2008). In highlight of those descriptions of translation, in doing translation the translation might have changed the form of the text but did not change the sense from source text, so that the readers will get the transferred-message fully.

Betsy Byars’ The Summer of the Swans is a children literature which consists of many figurative languages in it in order to help the readers in visualizing the imagination through texts. Under the work of doing translation, in order to translate this story, the translator applied a framework which consists eight methods of translation by Newmark, those are: word-for-word translation, literal translation, faithful translation, semantic translation, adaptation, free translation, idiomatic translation, and communicative
translation. As a children literature work, Byars depicted situation in imaginative words of her simple writing style, in order to make kids understand the text easily. Accordingly, the translator used semantic translation method in order to keep up the original form. Also in order to serve the readers about the original writing style of the author, the translator tried to maintain the author’s writing style even though the target text result is not precisely same with the source text. Newmark states that semantic method is flexible, admits the creative exception to 100% fidelity and allows for the translator’s intuitive empathy with the original (Newmark, 1988).

However, this story is for children so the type of the text is so imaginative and can find the figurative languages in it easily. Figurative language is an effective way of delivering an idea or feeling or opinion that is hardly understood.

Metaphor can be defined as an indirect comparison between two or more apparently unrelated things or subjects. The point of similarity ’may be physical but often it is chosen for its connotations’ (Newmark, 1988). Based on Peter Newmark, metaphor is used as an ornament, as a figure of speech or trope, as the process of implying a resemblance between one object and another as a poetic device (Newmark, 1984). Another purpose of using metaphor is to become more interesting, more affecting people’s emotion, more colorful and humorous. Aside from metaphor, there is also simile which has a little likeness with it, and relating to these two figurative languages, Newmark has seven procedures for translating metaphor (Newmark, 88-91).

a. Reproducing the same image in the TL. This strategy is appropriate for metaphors that have the same frequency and validity between SL and TL. Example: ray of hope → secercah harapan.

b. Replacing the image in the SL with a standard TL image. This strategy can be used properly if the image frequency in the TL register is the same as in the SL register. This approach is commonly used to translate complex standard metaphors, such as idioms and proverbs whose image always contains cultural connotations that cannot be translated semantically into TL. Example: puppy love → cinta monyet.

c. Translation of metaphor by simile. This strategy is suitable for use if the image of SL has no equivalence in the TL. Example: she’s the spitting image of her mother → dia dan ibunya bagaikan pinang dibelah dua.

d. Translation of metaphor (or simile) by simile plus sense. This strategy is appropriate if the image of SL does not have correspondence in TL, the translator can turn the
metaphor into a simile. Example: It rains cats and dogs → Hujan turun bagai air bah, lebat sekali.

e. Conversion of metaphor to sense. This strategy is to translate metaphors that are loaded with literal meaning. Example: mencari sesuap nasi → to earn a living.

f. Deletion, it is removing the metaphor if the metaphor is not useful, or just make the TT becomes rambling.

g. Same metaphor combined with sense. This procedure is used to translate metaphors that do not have an acceptable equivalent in TL. In this context, the additional information is used to reinforce the image so that the metaphor is understood by the TL reader. Example: Still water runs deep → Air tenang menghanyutkan, jangan dianggap remeh.

Another previous research are by Luh Made Sri Wahyuni, I Gede Oeinada, and Ngurah Indra Pradhana about figurative hyperbole translation. They used Sato’s theory (1978) of hyperbole and translation strategies by Larson (1984).

Larson (1984) stated that figurative hyperbole is an expression that exerts an exaggerated effect on the actual situation and the translator is expected to be able to translate precisely into the TT while maintaining the effect to be highlighted on ST.

Sato (1978) categorized hyperbole in five categorization style of hyperbolic language that consists of: (1) Logical phrase, hyperboles that based on logical phrases that match facts and reality. (2) Lies phrase, hyperbolas that contain lying words or do not match reality. (3) Feelings, hyperbole that based on the circumstances associated with feelings. (4) Figurative expression, (5) Body or physical state, hyperbole based on state, related to physical. For translation strategies, there are:

1. Translation hyperbole to hyperbole, this strategy is best suited for translating hyperboles with a universal image.

2. Translation hyperbole into different hyperbole but have the same meaning, image replacement is done to bridge the cultural differences between SL and TL.

3. Translation hyperbole to simile. This translation strategy is used by changing the language style of the target text which can be performed by the translator to produce non-rigid translation, thus simplifying the depiction of things expressed by the author of the source language. Simile typically uses the words “like” and “as” (Literary Devices web).
4. Deletion, hyperbole in ST did not translate in TT which is almost unnoticed by the speaker.

E. METHODOLOGY

Under this project, there was the source text of *The Summer of the Swans* with its Indonesian translated text that have been studied closely and carefully as the translator showed the process of translating notably for figurative language. By then, the translator’s main purpose on translation with commentary is to find any useful guidelines for a translation decision.

As we know that translation is a process of changing or transferring sentence or message in the sentence from Source Language (SL) into Target Language (TL) correctly. Translation is not always easy in transferring implicit message, which we call it figurative language (Larson, 1989). Hence, there are some helpful steps from Larson’s translation procedure that had been done during this project.

The translation process had been done based on several steps. The first step was reading the whole text for several times. Second, identifying the figurative language by making notes which focused on figurative language in the story. Next step is categorizing and starting to translate the text. Checking thesaurus, dictionary, or informational text through internet were the must to enrich the translator’s knowledge. After that, review, comment and discussion were needed to make the translation of TT better. Friends who expert in English were gave their contribution in doing this. Then, after receiving the comments, the translator directly revised it, and the last step was anatomizing each translated figurative language. For anatomizing the figurative language, the translator had used two different figurative language translation theories. The first is Peter Newmark’s translation theories for translating metaphor and simile, and then Sato’s translation theories for translating hyperbole.

The process of annotating in this study was done in several steps, those are: collecting and categorizing and annotating which parts are using the figurative language and then analyzed using the theories and strategies that the translator have written previously.

In doing this annotated translation, the writer has three research question that will be discussed in this paper. They are:

1. How metaphor, simile, and hyperbole in *The Summer of the Swans* were translated from English into Indonesian?
2. What strategies were used to translate metaphor, simile, and hyperbole in *The Summer of the Swans*?
3. Why those strategies were chosen in translating metaphor, simile, and hyperbole?

Therefore, the objectives of the study are:
1. To show the process of translating metaphor, simile, and hyperbole in *The Summer of the Swans*.
2. To categorize the strategies used in translating metaphor, simile, and hyperbole.
3. To show the rationale to use each strategy.

The significance of providing Betsy Byars’s short story in Indonesian is to enrich Indonesian children literature. Besides, it can also help readers to the message more easily in *The Summer of the Swans*. 


CHAPTER II
TRANSLATION AND ITS SOURCE TEXT

A. TARGET TEXT


[8] “Tinggalkan anjing itu sendiri.”


[12] “Hmm, kalau itu membuatmu merasa begitu meyedihkan, aku akan menonton pertunjukkannya.”

terbangun duduk dan melihat kakinya yang panjang dan kurus. Dia berkata, “Aku mempunyai kaki yang paling besar di sekolahku.”

[14] “Sejujurnya, Sara, aku berharap kamu tidak akan mulai menyebutkan semua hal yang salah pada dirimu karena aku tidak mau mendengarnya lagi.”


[16] “Orang-orang tidak memperhatikan hal semacam itu.”

[17] “Huh!”

[18] “Tidak, mereka tidak memperhatikannya. Aku mempunyai tangan yang buruk – lihat jari-jariku- hanya saja aku tidak setiap waktu berkata, “Semuanya, lihatlah jariku yang pendek dan gemuk, aku mempunyai jari yang pendek dan gemuk, semuanya,” untuk membuat orang-orang menyadari hal itu. Kamu seharusnya mengabaikan hal-hal yang salah pada dirimu. Pada kenyataannya, semua orang sangat mengkhawatirkan hal-hal yang salah pada diri mereka sendiri sehingga—“


[21] “Bagaimana kamu tahu?”

[22] “Karena suatu kali ketika dia masuk ke candi Indiadia melepaskan sepatunya di luar dan seorang reporter melihat sepatu tersebut untuk mencari tahu ukurannya.” Dia mencondongkan tubuhnya mendekat kaca dan melihat giginya.

[23] “Kaki Jackie terlihat lebih kecil.”


[27] Wanda keluar dari kamar dan Sara dapat mendengar suara dia memasuki dapur. Sara berbaring kembali di ranjang dengan kepalanya di sebelah Boysie. Dia melihat anjingnya
yang sedang tidur, kemudian menutup wajahnya dengan tangannya dan mulai menangis dengan keras.


[40] Charlie melihat tangkai lolipop yang kosong itu, memasukkannya ke dalam mulutnya, mengambil permen itu, dan dipegangnya dengan kedua tangannya. Sara telah berkata bahwa dia akan membuang permen itu jika ini terjadi lagi dan Charlie mengepalkan tangannya erat-erat dan memalingkan muka darinya.

[41] Perlahan dia mulai menyeret langkah kakinya bergerak maju mundur di tangga. Dia telah melakukan hal ini berulang kali selama bertahun-tahun sehingga meninggalkan bekas
pada papan. Itu adalah kebiasaan yang dia tunjukkan kalau dia sedang khawatir terhadap sesuatu, dan Sara langsung mengenalinya.


[43] Ia mulai menggeleng kepala. Matanya terpejam rapat.


[47] “Nah!”


[50] Charlie telah berpikir bahwa ada sesuatu yang salah. Dia menunggu di bawah selimut sampai dia kembali dengan beberapa jepitan baju dan memukul mereka ke tanah yang keras, mengikatkan ujung selimut ke tanah. “Nah, itu baru tenda.”

[52] Sara memulai membicarakan tentang musim panas lagi, tapi Charlie tidak mendengarnya. Dia bisa tahu dari nada suaranya bahwa dia sama sekali tidak berbicara dengannya. Dia bangkit perlahan dan mulai berjalan melintasi halaman menuju tenda.

[53] Sara mengawasinya saat ia berjalan, satu sosok bertubuh kecil di usianya yang sepuluh tahun, mengenakan celana panjang katun biru yang telah dan kemeja rajut bergaris yang telah longgar karena sering ditarik. Dia memegangi tangki permen lolipop di depannya seolah-olah itu adalah lilin yang bisa padam sewaktu-waktu.

[54] Sara berkata, “Sekarang jangan menjatuhkan permen itu di rerumputan atau permen itu akan benar-benar akan hilang.”


[56] Sara berbaring di atas balok-balok yang keras di teras dan menatap langit-langit.


[60] “Tidak.”

[61] “Yang ingin aku lakukan hanyalah berkendara satu setengah mil dengan motor skuter yang sangat aman ini—”


[63] “Frank sangat berhati-hati. Dia tidak pernah mengalami kecelakaan sekecil apa pun.”

[64] Tidak ada jawaban.

bahwa Bibi Willie akan berdiri di dekat wastafel sambil menggelengkan kepalanya dengan tegas dari satu sisi ke sisi lain.


[67] “Kamu tidak peduli untuk melihat angsa-angsa itu.”


[69] “Baiklah kalau begitu, angsa-angsa itu telah berada di danau tiga hari, dan tidak sekali pun kamu pergi ke sana untuk melihat mereka. Sekarang tiba-tiba kamu harus pergi, tidak sabar menaiki motor yang menggoda ini dan melihat angsa itu.”

[70] “Sekedar informasi, aku sangat ingin melihatnya, hanya ini kesempatan pertamaku.” Dia keluar dari dapur dan menarik pintu lipat yang tertutup di belakangnya.“Dan aku pergi,” katanya dari balik bahunanya.

[71] Wanda keluar rumah, membanting pintu kasa, berjalan melewati Boysie, dan duduk dekat Sara di tangga paling atas.

[72] “Dia tidak pernah menginginkan orang lain untuk bersenang-senang.”

[73] “Aku tahu.”

[74] “Dia membuatku sangat marah. Yang aku inginkan hanyalah berkendara dengan motor skuter milik Frank untuk melihat angsa.” Dia melihat Sara, lalu berhenti dan berkata, “Kemana Charlie pergi?”

[75] “Dia berada di sana di dalam tendanya.”


[77] Sara menegakkan tubuh. “Siapa laki-laki itu?”

[78] “Dia Arnold Hampton, di kelas psikologiku. Kita telah membahas anak-anak yang---”


[80] Kuceritakan semua tentang adikku yang dungu---ini sangat menarik”?” Ini adalah pertama kalinya dia menggunakan istilah “dungu” yang ditujukan pada saudara laki-lakinya, dan dia melihat dengan cepat dari sosok di tenda putih itu wajahnya tiba-tiba terasa
panas. Dan dia buru-buru merobek daun dari semak-semak dekat tangga dan menempelkannya di dahinya.

[80] “Tidak, aku tidak mengatakan itu. Sungguh, Sara, kamu—“ 
[81] “Dan kemudian katamu. „Dan selain aku memberitahumu tentang saudara laki-laki dengkuku, aku juga akan memberitahumu tentang kakak perempuanku yang sebenarnya?“ Dia memindahkan daun itu ke bibirnya dan meniupnya dengan marah. 
[83] “OK, Charlie adalah masalah kita bersama.” 
[85] Dia cepat-cepat turun, melambaikan tangan ke arah anak laki-laki yang berjalan perlahan di jalan dengan motor skuter hijau itu. 
[90] “Tidak.” 
―Kesepakatan apa?‖

―Pernahkah kamu menggunakan motor skuter?‖

―Aku? Aku bahkan tidak pernah mengendarai sepeda.‖

―Ayo cobalah. Aku akan membunyikan ke rumah Tennent dan kembali. Kalau menurutmu ini tidak aman, katakan padaku, 'Frank, ini tidak aman,' dan aku akan membawa motor skuterku dan akan pergi saat matahari terbenam‖

Dia ragu. Ada sesuatu tentang berkendara yang menarik baginya.

Sara berkata pada daun rhododendron, ―Aku rasa Bibi tidak perlu melakukannya. Bibi terlalu tua untuk berkendara di jalan naik turun dengan motor skuter.‖

Dia seketika tahu bahwa dia telah mengatakan hal yang salah, segera Bibi Willie menatapnya dengan marah. ―Terlalu tua!‖ dia menghadapi Sara dengan perasaan marah. ―Umurku hampir 40 tahun.‖ Mungkin jenggotku akan tumbuh jika aku bukan wanita.


"Lalu dari mana semua pembicaraan tentang usiaku ini berasal, aku ingin tahu?" "Begaimanapun,‖ Frank menyela, ―Bibi tidak terlalu tua untuk naik motor skuter.‖

"Aku akan melakukannya."Dia melempar lap piring melintasi kursi dan pergi menuruni tangga. ―Akumungkin mematahkan leherku, tetapi aku akan melakukanya.‖

"Pegang erat, Bibi Willie,‖ seru Wanda.

"Tunggu! Dengar, tanganku tidak pernah berpegangan pada apa pun seperti caraku pegangan pada motor ini. "Dia tertawa, lalu berkata kepada Frank, "Aku tidak belum pernah naik salah satu dari inimotor sebelumnya, percayalah."

"Ini seperti kereta bayi bermotor, Bibi Willie.‖

"Huh!‖


Charlie menyaksikan Bibi Willie duduk di sisi belakang skuter.

―Siap?‖ Tanya Frank.

"Aku siap seperti aku akan selalu siap, percayalah, teruskanjalan, teruskanjalan.‖
Kata-katanya berubah menjadi sebuah jeritan yang melengking saat Frank menjalankan skuter maju, berbalik berbelok, dan kemudian mulai menuruni bukit. Teriakannya, melengking seperti tangisan burung di keheningan. “Frank, Frank, Frankeeee!”

Pada teriakan pertama Charlie berdiri sempoyongan, teringat pada Bibi Willie yang menghilang menuruni bukit. Dia menarik satu sisi tenda saat dia berdiri, menyebabkan sisi yang lainnya ambruk di tanah dan tergantung lemas dari talinya. Dia tersandung, kemudian mendapatkan kembali keseimbangannya.


"Ini lolipop merah yang kotor," kata Sara. "Ini juga terlalu berat bagiku."

"Ayo ke keran dan biarkan aku mencuci tanganmu. Lihat, Bibi Willie sudah kembali sekarang."


Merasakan momen yang menguntungkan ini, Wanda bergerak menuruni jalan. Dia mengibas-ngibaskan air dari tangannya. "Jadi, bisakah saya pergi, Bibi Willie?"

"Oh, pergilah, pergi," katanya, setengah tertawa, setengah mencaci. "Itu lehermu sendiri. Pergilah, patahkan lehermu jika kamu mau."

"Bukan lehernya yang perlu Bibi khawatirkan, tapi lenganku," kata Frank. "Jujur, Bibi Willie, tidak ada setetes darah yang mengalir di dalamnya, seperti mati rasa."

"Oh pergilah, pergilah denganmu."

"Ayo, Si Kecil," kata Frank pada Wanda.


Sara telah tersenyum, tapi segera dia berhenti dan menunduk menatap tangannya. "Kurasakan kamu tidak perlu khawatir tentang itu."

"Heh! Itu akan terjadi, Kamu akan lihat. Kamu akan seperti Wanda. Kamu akan—“
"Tidakkah kaulihat bahwa aku sama sekali tidak seperti Wanda?" Dia duduk dengan tiba-tiba dan menempelkan bibirnya ke lututnya. "Kami sangat berbeda. Wanda seratus kali lebih cantik dariku."

"Kalian berdua mirip. Terkadang di dapur aku mendengarmu dan kupikir aku mendengar Wanda. Nah, betapa miripnya kalian. Semoga telingaku salah jika aku bisa mendengar perbedaannya."

"Mungkin suara kami sama, tapi hanya itu. Aku bisa membuat suaraku terdengar seperti seratus orang yang berbeda. Dengarkan ini dan coba tebak siapa. 'N-B-C! Beautiful downtown Burbank.'"

"Aku tidak berminat untuk bermain tebak-tebakan. Aku ingin kembali ke percakapan awal kita tadi. Ini bukan 'Aku tidak berminat untuk bermain tebak-tebakan. Aku ingin kembali ke percakapan awal kita tadi. Ini bukan bagaimana kamu melihat itu penting, biarkan aku memberitahumumu. Aku punya kakak yang begitu cantik sehingga kamu tidak akan percaya."

"Siapa?"

"Frances, itu siapa."

"Dia tidak secantik itu. Aku pernah melihatnya dan—""

"Saat dia masih muda. Dia begitu cantik sehingga kau tidak akan mempercayainya, tapi seperti iblis, dan—"


"Yah, aku belum selesai dengan percakapan ini, nona muda."

Sara berbalik dan menatap Bibi Willie, menunggunya dengan tangan tertahan di saku belakangnya.


"Dia akan terlalu lelah," kata Sara.

"Jadi berjalanlah pelan."

"Bangunlah, Charlie. Sara akan mengajakmu melihat angsa."

Sara melihat ke matanya dan berkata, "Oh, ayolah," dan menariknya berdiri.


"Nah, ayo, Charlie, atau ini akan menjadi gelap sebelum kita sampai di sana."

"Jangan kamu membuatnya terburu-buru terus, dengar aku, Sara?"

"Aku tidak akan."


"Nah, ayo, Charlie, atau ini akan menjadi gelap sebelum kita sampai di sana."

"Jangan kamu membuatnya terburu-buru terus, dengar aku, Sara?"

"Aku tidak akan."


"Aku rasa penampilan adalah hal terpenting di dunia ini. Kalau kamu nampak tampak manis, kamu manis; kalau kamu nampak tampak pintar, kamu pintar, dan kalau kamu tidak seperti apa-apa, maka kamu bukan apa-apa.

"Aku telah menulis sebuah karangan pendek pada suatu waktu di sekolah tentang di mana penampilan menjadi adalah hal terpenting di dunia, dan aku mendapat nilai D—ya nilai D! Itu adalah nilai yang buruk sekali.

"Setelah kelas, guru memanggilku dan memberitahuku hal lama tentang penampilan di mana penampilan tidak dianggap penting, dan bagaimana beberapa orang yang paling jelek di dunia ini bahwasanya adalah orang yang paling cerdas dan paling baik dan paling pintar."

Mereka berjalan melewati rumah keluarga Tennent yang saat seperti ada seseorang di dalam yang menyalakan TV, dan mereka mendengar Eddie Albert bernyanyi, "Greeeeeeeen acres is—" sebelum lagu itu berakhir. Charlie berhenti sebentar, mengenali music pembuka dari salah satu program favoritnya, menatap Sara, dan menunggu.

Dia mengeluh dan lanjut berjalan. Hampir semua rumah telah diatur berdekatan seolah-olah berkumpul untuk keselamatan, dan di sebelah rumah-rumah itu adalah bukit-bukit Virginia Barat yang menjulang, sekarang gelap dalam bayangan malam.

Bukit-bukit itu seperti telah ada ratusan tahun lamanya, lahan hutan yang tidak datar, kecuali pertambangan terbuka yang telah dimulai di bukit-bukit sebelah utara, pepohonan dan bumi telah diretas, meninggalkan tebing-tebing pucat yang tidak alami.


Mary mendekat ke jendela. “Tunggu, aku keluar.”

Sara menunggu di pinggir jalan hingga Mary keluar dari halaman. “Aku tidak bisa pergi karena sepupuku di sini dan dia akan memotong rambutku,” kata Mary, “tapi apakah kamu sudah mendapatkan gaunmu kemarin?”

“Tidak.”

“Kenapa tidak? Aku kira bibimu bilang kalau kamu boleh.”

“Dia bilang, ketika kami sampai di toko dan dia melihat berapa harganya dia bilang itu bodoh untuk membayar begitu banyak uang untuk sebuah gaun sedangkan dia bisa membuatkanku gaun seperti itu.”

“Mengecewakan.”

“Ya, karena sayangnya dia tidak bisa membuatkan gaun yang benar-benar seperti itu, dia hanya bisa membuat gaun yang semacam itu. Kamu ingat bagaimana garis-garis itu berdampingan secara diagonal di bagian depan gaun itu? Yah, dia sudah terlanjur memotong gaun untukku dan aku dapat melihat bahwa tidak ada satu garis pun yang bertemu.”

“Oh, Sara.”
“Aku bisa melihat ketika dia memotongnya di mana garis-garis itu tidak akan bertemu dan aku terus berkata, 'tidak benar, Bibi Willie, garis-garisnya tidak akan bertemu,' dan selama itu aku memekik, guntingnya berkedip dan dia bergumam, 'Garis-garisnya akan bertemu, garis-garisnya akan bertemu,' dan kemudian dia memegangnya dengan kemenangan besar dan tidak satu garis pun bertemu.”

"Itu mengerikan, karena aku ingat betul saat kamu menunjukkan kepadaku pola garis-garis pada gaun itu bertemu, itu terlihat sangat bagus."

"Aku sadar akan hal itu. Sekarang itu membuat terlihat seperti satu setengah tubuh kira-kira dua inci lebih pendek dari separuh lainnya."

"Dengar, mari masuklah dan lihat seputup memotong rambutku, mau?"

"Aku lebih baik tidak. Aku telah berjanji pada Bibi Willie untuk membawa Charlie melihat angsa."

"Masuk saja dan lihat bagaimana dia akan memotongnya. Dia memiliki semua jenis buku tentang gaya rambut."


"Yang mana?"

"Ini, barang-barang oranye yang mengerikan ini, yang membuatku terlihat seperti Donald Bebek atau sejenisnya."

Charlie duduk dalam keheningan yang tiba-tiba, membungkuk di atas lututnya, di tangga paling bawah. Seluruh dunia tampak seperti telah berhenti berputar ketika Sara pergi ke rumah Weicek, dan dia tidak bergerak untuk waktu yang lama. Satu-satunya suara yang terdengar adalah suara arlojinya.

Arloji itu sangat menyenangkan baginya. Dia tidak tahu tentang jam atau menit, tapi dia suka mendengarkannya dan melihat jarum jam merah pendek itu bergerak mengelilingi tanda penunjuk waktu, menghitung detik demi detik, dan diaolah yang ingat setiap pagi setelah sarapan agar Bibi Willie memakaikan jam itu untuknya. Sekarang dia menyandarkan lengannya ke kaki dan melihat jam tangan.

Dia merasa kesepekan. Dia akan seperti ini sewaktu diasendirian di tempat yang asing, dan dia berubah dengan cepat saat dia mendengar pintu kasa terbuka untuk melihat apakah itu Sara. Ketika dia melihat Ny. Weicek dan seorang wanita lain dia berbalik dan melihat
arlojinya. Saat dia membungkuk, terlihat luka ringan setengah lingkaran yang pucat di antara bagian belakang kemeja dan celananya.

[175] "Siapa anak laki-laki itu, Allie?"


[178] "Tidak bicara sama sekali?"

[179] "Jika memang begitu berarti tidak ada seorangpun yang pernah mendengarnya, bukan sejak sakitnya. Dia bisa mengerti apa yang kamu katakan padanya, dan dia pergi ke sekolah, dan mereka bilang dia bisa menulis alfabet, tapi dia tidak bisa bicara."


[182] Dia berbalik dan dengan patuh mengulurkan lengan yang berarloji itu.


[187] "Tanpa memandangnya, dia mulai berjalan menuju jalan.

[188] "Charlie, Sara ingin kau menunggunya."

[189] "Mungkin dia tidak mendengarmu, Allie."


[192] Dia berlari keluar rumah dan menangkap lengan Charlie, "Untuk apa kamu pulang? Bukannya kamu ingin melihat angsa?"
Dia berdiri tanpa memandangnya.

"Jujur saja, aku meninggalkanmu sendirian selama satu detik dan kamu pergi begitu saja. Ayo." Dia menarik lengannya dengan tidak sabar.

Saat mereka menuruni bukit, dia melambaikan tangan kepada Mary, yang berada di dekat jendela, dan berkata kepada Charlie, "Aku harap angsa itu layak untuk dilihat di balik semua masalah yang akan aku hadapi ini."


"Sara menunggu sementara Charlie melangkah dengan hati-hati melewati selokan sempit itu, lalu mereka berdua berjalan melintasi lahan dengan berdampingan, Sara menendang-nendang kakinya dengan gelisah di rumput yang lebat.

Target Text

Ada sesuatu yang sangat indah tentang angsa. Warna putihnya, keanggunan mereka di danau yang gelap ini, gerakan mereka yang luar biasa membuat Sara menarik napas saat dia dan Charlie mengelilingi tempat pembuangan pohon pinus.

"Itu mereka, Charlie."

Sara bisa memberitahu saat yang tepat Charlie melihat mereka karena Charlie mempererat pegangan tangannya; dia memegang tangannya dengan erat Sara untuk pertama kalinya sejak mereka meninggalkan rumah Mary.Lalu dia berhenti.

"Ada angsa."

Keenam angsa itu tampak tidak bergerak di atas air, leher mereka semua melengkung pada sudut yang sama, sehingga tampak seperti hanya ada satu angsa dengan lima bayangan.


"Hei, Sara!"

Dia melihat ke seberang danau dan melihat Wanda dan Frank, yang melewati jalan."Sara, dengar, beritahu Bibi Willie bahwa Frank dan aku akan pergi ke rumah saudara perempuan Frank untuk melihat bayinya yang baru lahir."

"Baiklah."

"Aku akan sampai di rumah pukul sebelas."

"Angsanya menuju ke sini, Charlie. Mereka melihatmu, aku percaya."

Mereka menyaksikan dalam diam sejenak saat suara skuter itu menghilang. Lalu Sara duduk di rumput, menyilangkan kakinya seperti gaya yoga, dan mengambil batang yang terjepit di salah satu sepatu tenis oranyenya.

"Duduklah, Charlie. Jangan hanya berdiri di sana."


Dia berhenti sejenak, memasukkan potongan roti ke mulutnya sendiri, dan duduk mengunyah sebentar.


Dia memberikan Charlie potongan roti lain. "Bagaimanapun, itulah yang Wanda pikirkan, karena angsa di universitas sudah tidak ada lagi."


Salah satu angsa menyelam di bawah air dan muncul untuk menggoyang bulunya. Lalu ia bergerak melintasi air. Perlahan-lahan angsa lainnya mengikuti, mencelupkan leher panjang mereka ke air untuk menangkap sisa remah-remah roti.


Dia duduk tanpa bergerak, tetap melihat angsa pada sisi lain danau.


Dia terus menggelengkan kepalanya bolak-balik

"Inilah sebabnya mengapa aku tidak ingin membawamu kemana-mana, karena kamu tidak mau pulang saat aku mau pulang."

Dengan jari-jarinya dia mulai menggenggam rumput panjang di sisinya seolah-olah ini akan membantunya bertahan jika Sara mencoba menariknya berdiri.

"Kamu benar-benar menjengkelkan, kamu tahu itu?" Dia tidak menatapnya dan Sara menghela napas lalu berkata, "Baiklah, jika aku tinggal lima menit lagi, maukah kamu pergi?" Dia membungkuk dan menunjuk pada arloji Charlie. "Jarum itu ke kanan. Ketika jarum besar sampai di situ, kita pulang, oke?"

Dia mengangguk.

"Janji?"

Dia mengangguk lagi.

"Baiklah." Ada pohon yang menggantung di atas air dan Sara pergi dan bersandar di sana.

Charlie sudah mulai menggelengkan kepalanya lagi, sambil terus mengamati angsa yang meluncur melintasi air yang gelap.
Sambil menipiskan mata ke langit, Sara mulai menendang kakinya ke belakang dan ke depan di rumput yang lebat. "Tinggal sebulan, Charlie, musim panas akan berakhir," katanya tanpa memandangnya, "dan aku akan sangat senang."

Sampai tahun ini, sepertinya, hidupnya telah mengalir seiring dengan keserasian ritmis. Empat belas tahun pertama hidupnya semua tampak sama. Dia mencintai adiknya tanpa iri, bibinya tanpa mendapatinya berbuat kasar, saudara laki-lakinya tanpa rasa kasihan. Sekarang semua itu berubah. Dia dipenuhi dengan ketidakpuasan, kemarahan tentang dirinya sendiri, kehidupannya, keluarganya, yang membuatnya berpikir bahwa dia tidak akan pernah puas lagi.

Dia berbalik dan melihat angsa itu. Tiba-tiba tanpa diduga air matanya keluar dan mengaburkan bayangan angsa menjadi lingkaran-lingkaran putih, dan dia berkedip. Lalu dia berkata dengan keras. "Tiga menit lagi, Charlie."

Sara berbaring di tempat tidur dengan lampu padam saat Wanda masuk ke kamar tidur malam itu. Sara mengenakan piyama tua dengan lengan baju yang dipotong dan kaki digulung. Sara melihat saat Wanda bergerak pelan menyeberangi ruangan dan kemudian tersandung pintu lemari meja rias dan menyalakan lampu.


"Apakah kamu bersenang-senang, Wanda?" "Ya."

"Kamu melihat bayi itu?"

"Dia imut. Dia tampak persis seperti Frank. Kamu tidak akan percaya itu."

"Bayi yang malang."

"Tidak, dia sangat penyayang, dengan ikal merah kecil di sekitar kepalanya." Wanda menggantikan pakaianya dengan cepat, mematikan lampu, lalu naik ke tempat tidur di samping Sara. Dia merapikan bantalnya dan menatap langit-langit. "Frank sangat baik, bukan begitu?"

"Dia baik" "Apa kamu tidak menyukainya?" "Dia bangun dengan satu siku dan menatap Sara dengan piyama bergaris-garis besar."

"Aku mengatakan, dia baik."

"Apa yang tidak kamu suka?"

"Aku tidak mengatakan bahwa aku tidak menyukainya."

"Aku tahu, tapi aku bisa menjelaskannya. Apa yang tidak kamu suka? "
"Untuk satu hal, dia tidak pernah memperhatikan Charlie. Ketika dia datang malam ini, dia bahkan tidak berbicara dengannya."

"Dia mungkin tidak melihatnya di tenda. Bagaimanapun, dia suka Charlie—dia bilang begitu. Apa lagi?"

"Oh, tidak, hanya saja dia selalu berpura-pura, cara dia menyebut kamu si kecil dan memberikanmu sebuah film."

"Aku suka saat dia memanggilku si Kecil. Tunggu saja sampai seseorang memanggilmu si Kecil."

"Aku ingin tahu siapa yang bisa memanggilku si Kecil kecuali Giant Jolly Green."

"Oh, Sara."

"Badanku lebih besar dari semua orang yang ku kenal."

"Kamu akan menemukan seseorang."

"Ya, mungkin jika aku beruntung, beruntung bisa bertemu seseorang dari negara asing yang aneh dimana pria menghargai gadis kurus dengan kaki yang besar dan hidung bengkok. Setiap kali aku melihat sebuah film, biarpun itu terjadi di negara terluar dan asing di dunia, seperti di mana wanita menari dengan kembang sepatu dan bra, para wanita masih sedikit terlihat cantik. Kemudian dia berkata, 'Pokoknya, Aku benci anak laki-laki. Mereka semua hanya satu dan sama.'"

"Sara, ada apa?"

"Tidak papa."

"Tidak, aku serius. Apa yang salahmu?"

"Aku tidak tahu. Aku hanya merasa tidak enak."

"Tubuh yang mengerikan?"

"Sekarang jangan mulai menjadi perawat."

"Baiklah. Saya ingin tahu."

"Tidak, tidak secara tubuh mengerikan memang mengerikan. Aku merasa ingin mulai menjerit dan menendang dan aku ingin melompat dan merobohkan tirai dan merobek seprai dan lubang di lubang di dinding. Aku ingin mencabut pakaianku dan membakarnya dan—"

"Nah, mengapa kamu tidak mencobanya jika itu membuatmu merasa lebih baik?"

"tidak." Dia mengangkat papan atas dan melihatnya mengepul di udara lalu menurunkan tubuhnya. Dia bisa merasakan kain itu pada bagian kakinya.
[1] Sara Godfrey was lying on the bed tying a kerchief on the dog, Boysie. “Hold your chin up, Boysie, will you?” she said as she braced herself on one elbow. The dog was old, slept all the time, and he was lying on his side with his eyes closed while she lifted his head and tied the scarf.

[2] Her sister Wanda was sitting at the dressing table combing her hair. Wanda said, “Why don’t you leave Boysie alone?”

[3] “There’s nothing else to do,” Sara answered without looking up. “You want to see a show?”


[6] “Now I know I don’t want to see it.”

[7] Sara held up the dog with the kerchief neatly tied beneath his chin and said, “The first face of Boysie, proudly presented for your entertainment and amusement, is the Russian Peasant Woman. Taaaaaa-daaaaaa!”

[8] “Leave the dog alone”

[9] “He likes to be in shows don’t you Boysie?” She untied the scarf, refolded it and set it carefully on top of the dog’s head. “And now for the second face of Boysie, we travel halfway around the world to the mysterious East, where we see Boysie the Inscrutable Hindu. Taaaaaa-daaaaaa!”

[10] With a sight turned and looked at the dog. “That’s pathetic. In people’s age that dog is eighty-four years old.” She shook a can of hair spray and sprayed her hair. “And besides, that’s my good scarf.”


[12] “Well, if it’s going to make you that miserable, I’ll watch the show.”

[13] “I don’t want to do it anymore. It’s no fun now. This place smells like a perfume factory.” She put the scarf over her face and stared up through the thin blue material. Beside her, Boysie lay back down and curled himself into a ball. They lay without moving for a moment and then Sara sat up on the bad and looked down at her long, lanky legs. She said, “I have the biggest feet in my school.”

[14] “Honestly Sara, I hope you are not going to start listing all the millions of things wrong with you because I just don’t want to hear it again.”
“Well, it’s the truth about my feet. One time in Phys Ed the boys started throwing the girls’ sneakers around and Bull Durham got my sneakers and put them on they fit perfectly! How do you think it feels to wear the same size shoe as Bull Durham?”

“People don’t notice things like that.”

“Huh!”

“No, they don’t. I have perfectly terrible hand—look at my fingers—only I don’t go around all the time saying, ‘Everybody, look at my stubby fingers, I have stubby fingers, everybody,’ to make people notice. You should just ignore things that are wrong with you. The truth is everyone else is so worried about what’s wrong with them that—”

“It’s very difficult to ignore the fact that you have huge feet when Bull Durham is dancing all over the gym in your shoes. They were not stretched the tiniest little bit when he took them off either.”

“You wear the same size shoe as Jackie Kennedy Onassis if that makes you feel any better.”

“How do you know?”

“Because one time when she was going into an Indian temple she had to leave her shoes outside and some reporter looked in them to see what size they were.” She leaned close to the mirror and looked at her teeth.

“Her feet look littler.”

“That’s because she doesn’t wear orange sneakers.”

“I like my orange sneakers.” Sara sat on the edge of the bed, slipped her feet into the shoes, and held them up. “What’s wrong with them?”

“Nothing, except that when you want to hide something, you don’t go painting it orange. I’ve got to go. Frank’s coming.”

She went out door and Sara could hear her crossing into the kitchen. Sara lay back on the bed, her head next to Boysie. She looked at the sleeping dog, then covered her face with her hands and began to cry noisily.

“Oh, Boysie, Boysie, I’m crying,” she wailed. Years ago, when Boysie was a young dog, he could not bear to hear anyone cry. Sara had only to pretend she was crying and Boysie would come running. He would whine and dig at her with his paws and lick her hands until she stopped. Now he lay his eyes closed.

“Boysie, I’m crying,” she said again. “I’m really crying this time. Boysie doesn’t love me.”

The dog shifted easily without opening his eyes.
“Boysie, Boysie, I’m crying, I’m so sad, Boysie,” she wailed, then stopped and sat up abruptly. “You don’t care about anybody, do you, Boysie? A person could cry herself to death these days and you wouldn’t care.”

She got up and left the room. In the hall she heard the tapping noises of Boysie’s feet behind her and she said without looking at him, “I don’t want you now, Boysie, Go on back in the bedroom. Go on.” She went a few steps farther and, when he continued to follow her, turned and looked at him. “In case you are confused, Boysie, a dog suppose comfort people and run up and nozzle them and make them feel better. All you want to do is lie on soft things and high bones in the house because you are too lazy to go outside. Just go on back in the bedroom.”

She did not know exactly why this was true. She was doing the same things she had done last summer—walk to Dairy Queen with her friend Mary, baby-sit for Mrs. Hodges, watch television—and yet everything was different. It was as if her life was a huge kaleidoscope, and the kaleidoscope had been turned and now everything was changed. The same stones, shaken, no longer made the same design.

Charlie looked at the empty sucker stick, reached into his mouth, took out the candy, and held them together in his hand. Sara had said she would throw the candy away if this happened again and he closed his fist tightly and looked away from her.

Slowly he began to shuffle his feet back and forth on the step. He had done this so many times over the years that two grooves had been worn into the boards. It was a nervous habit that showed he was concerned about something, and Sara recognized it at once.

“All right, Charlie,” she said wearily. “Where’s your sucker?”

He began to shake his head slowly from side to side. His eyes were squeezed shut.

“I’m not going to take it away from you. I’m going to fix it one more time.”

He was unwilling to trust her and continued to shake his head. The movement was steady and mechanical, as if it would continue forever, and she watched him for a movement.

Then, with a sigh, she lifted his hand and attempted to pry his fingers loose. “Honestly, Charlie, you’re holding onto this grubby piece of candy like it was a crown jewel or something. Now, let go.” He opened his eyes and watched while she took the candy from him.
and put the stick in. The stick was now bent almost double, and she held it out to him carefully.

[48]“There.”

[47]He took the sucker and held it without putting it into his mouth, still troubled by the unsteadiness of the bent stick. Sara looked down at her hands and began to pull at a broken fingernail. There was something similar about them in that moment, the same oval face, round brown eyes, brown hair hanging over the forehead, freckles on the nose. Then Charlie glanced up and the illusion was broken.

[49]Still holding his sucker, he looked across the yard and saw the tent he had made over the clothesline that morning. He had taken an old white blanket out into the yard, hung it over the low clothesline, and then got under it. He had sat there with the blanket blowing against him until Sara came out and said, “Charlie, you have to fasten the ends down, like this. It isn’t a tent if it’s just hanging in the wind.”

[50]He had thought there was something wrong. He waited beneath the blanket until she came back with some clothespins and hammered them into the hard earth, fastening the edges of the blanket to the ground. “Now, that’s a tent.”

[51]The tent had pleased him. The warmth of the sun coming through the thin cotton blanket, the shadows of the trees moving overhead had made him drowsy and comfortable and now he wanted to be back in the tent.

[52]Sara had started talking about the summer again, but he did not listen. He could tell from the tone of her voice that she was not really talking to him at all. He got up slowly and began to walk across the yard toward the tent.

[53]Sara watched him as he walked, a small figure for his ten years, wearing faded blue jeans and a striped knit shirt that was stretched out of shape. He was holding the sucker in front of him as if it were a candle that might go out at any moment.

[54]Sara said, “Don’t drop that candy in the grass now or it’s really going to be lost.”

[55]She watched while he bent, crawled into the tent, and sat down. The sun was behind the tent now and she could see his silhouette. Carefully he put the sucker back into his mouth.

[56]Then Sara lay back on the hard boards of the porch and looked up at the ceiling.

[57]In the house Wanda and Aunt Willie were still arguing. Sara could hear every word even out on the porch. Aunt Willie, who had been taking care of them since the death of their mother six years ago, was saying loudly, “No, not on a motorcycle. No motorcycle!”

[58]Sara grimaced. It was not only the loudness of Aunt Willie’s voice that she disliked. It was everything—-the way she bossed them, the way she never really listened, the way she
never cared what she said. She had once announced loud enough for everyone in Carter’s Drugstore to hear that Sara needed a good dose of magnesia.

[59] “It isn’t a motorcycle, it’s a motor scooter.” Wanda was speaking patiently, as if to a small child. “They’re practically like bicycles.”

[60] “No.”

[61] “All I want to do is to ride one half mile on this perfectly safe motor scooter—“

[62] “No. It’s absolutely and positively no. No!”

[63] “Frank is very careful. He has never had even the tiniest accident.”

[64] No answer.

[65] “Aunt Willie, it is perfectly safe. He takes his mother to the grocery store on it. Anyway, I am old enough to go without permission and I wish you’d realize it. I am nineteen years old.” No answer. Sara knew that Aunt Willie would be standing by the sink shaking her head emphatically from side to side.

[66] “Aunt Willie, he’s going to be here any minute. He’s coming all the way over here just to drive me to the lake to see the swans.”

[67] “You don’t care that for seeing those swans.”

[68] “I do too. I love birds.”

[69] “All right then, those swans has been on the lake three days, and not once have you gone over to see them. Now all of a sudden you have to go, can’t wait one minute to get on this devil motorcycle and see those swans.”

[70] “For your information, I have been dying to see them, only this is my first chance.” She went out of the kitchen and pulled the swinging door shut behind her. “And I’m going,” she said over her shoulder.

[71] Wanda came out of the house, slammed the screen door, stepped over Boysie, and sat by Sara on the top step.

[72] “She never wants anyone to have any fun.”

[73] “I know.”

[74] “She makes me so mad. All I want to do is just ride down to see the swans on Frank’s motor scooter.” She looked at Sara, then broke off and said, “Where did Charlie go?”

[75] “He’s over there in his tent.”

[76] “I see him now. I wish Frank would hurry up and get here before Aunt Willie comes out.” She stood, looked down the street, and sat back on the steps. “Did I tell you what that boy in my psychology class last year said about Charlie?”

[77] Sara straightened. “What boy?”
“This boy Arnold Hampton, in my psychology class. We were discussing children who--"

“You mean you talk about Charlie to perfect strangers? To your class? I think that’s awful.” She put her feet into the two grooves worn in the steps by Charlie. “What do you say? Let me tell you all about my retarded brother--- it’s so interesting”? It was the first time in her life that she had used the term “retarded” in connection with her brother, and she looked quickly away from the figure in the white tent. Her face felt suddenly hot and she snapped a leaf from the rhododendron bush by the steps and held it against her forehead.

“No, I don’t say that. Honestly, Sara, you---"

“And then do you say, „And while I’m telling you about my retarded brother, I’ll also tell you about my real hung-up sister”?” She moved the leaf to her lips and blew against it angrily.

“No, I don’t say that because you’re not all that fascinating, if you want to know the truth. Anyway, Arnold Hampton’s father happens to be a pediatrician and Arnold is sincerely interested in working boys like Charlie. He is even helping start a camp which Charlie may get to go to next summer, and all because I talked to him in my psychology class.” She sighed. “You’re impossible, you know that? I can’t imagine why I even try to tell you anything.”

“Well, Charles our problem.”

“He’s everybody’s. There is no--- Oh, here comes Frank.” She broke off and got to her feet. “Tell Aunt Willie I’ll be home later.”

She started quickly down the walk, waving to the boy who was making his way slowly up the street on a green motor scooter.

“Wait, wait, you wait.” Aunt Willie came onto the porch drying her hands on a dish towel. She stood at the top of the steps until Frank, a thin boy with red hair, brought the motor scooter to a stop. As he kicked down the stand she called out. “Frank, listen, save yourself some steps. Wanda’s not going anywhere on that motorcycle.”

“Aw, Aunt Willie,” Frank said. He opened the gate and came slowly up the walk. “All we’re going to do is go down to the lake. We don’t even have to get on the highway for that.”

“No motorcycles,” she said. “You go break your neck if you want to. That’s not my business. Wanda, left in my care, is not going to break her neck on any motorcycle.”

“Nobody’s going to break his neck. We’re just going to have a very uneventful ride down the road to the lake. Then we’re going to turn around and have a very uneventful ride back.”
“No.”

“I tell you what,” Frank said. “I’ll make a deal with you.”

“What deal?”

“Have you ever been on a motor scooter?”

“Me? I never even rode on a bicycle.”

“Try it. Come on. I’ll ride you down to the Tennents’ house and back. Then if you think it’s not safe, you say to me, ‘Frank, it’s not safe,’ and I’ll take my motor scooter and ride off into the sunset.”

She hesitated. There was something about a ride that appealed to her.

Sara said against the rhododendron leaf, “I don’t think you ought to. You’re too old to be riding up and down the street on a motor scooter.”

She knew instantly she had said the wrong thing, for at once Aunt Willie turned to her angrily. “Too old!” She faced Sara with indignation. “I am barely forty years old. May I grow a beard if I’m not.” She stepped closer, her voice rising. “Who says I’m so old?” She held the dish towel in front of her, like a matador taunting a bull. The dish towel flicked the air once.

“Nobody said anything,” Sara said wearily. She threw the leaf down and brushed it off the step with her foot.

“Then where did all this talk about my age come from, I’d like to know?”

“Anyway,” Frank interrupted, “you’re not too old to ride a motor scooter.”

“I’ll do it.” She threw the dish towel across the chair and went down the steps. “I may break my neck but I’ll do it.”

“Hold on tight, Aunt Willie,” Wanda called.

“Hold on! Listen, my hands never held on to anything the way I’m going to hold on this motorcycle.” She laughed, then said to Frank, “I never rode on one of these before, believe me.”

“It’s just like a motorized baby carriage, Aunt Willie.”

“Huh!”

“This ought to be good,” Wanda said. She called, “Hey, Charlie,” waited until he looked out from the tent, and then said, “Watch Aunt Willie. She’s going to ride the motor scooter.”

Charlie watched Aunt Willie settle herself sidesaddle on the back of the scooter.

“Ready?” Frank asked.

“I’m as ready as I’ll ever be, believe me, go on, go on.”
Her words rose into a piercing scream as Frank moved the scooter forward, turned, and then started down the hill. Her scream, shrill as a bird’s cry, hung in the still air. “Frank, Frank, Frankeeeeee!”

At the first cry Charlie staggered to his feet, staring in alarm at Aunt Willie disappearing down the hill. He pulled on one side of the tent as he got to his feet, causing the other to snap loose at the ground and hang limp from the line. He stumbled, then regained his balance.

Wanda saw him and said, “It’s all right, Charlie, she’s having a good time. She likes it. It’s all right.” She crossed the yard, took him by the hand, and led him to the steps. “What have you got all over yourself?”

“It’s a gross red sucker,” Sara said. “It’s all over me too.”

“Come on over to the spigot and let me wash your hands. See, Aunt Willie’s coming back now.”

In front of the Tennents’ house Frank was swinging the scooter around, pivoting on one foot and Aunt Willie stopped screaming long enough to call to the Tennents, “Bernie, Midge, look who’s on a motorcycle!” Then she began screaming again as Frank started the uphill climb. As they came to a stop Aunt Willie’s changed to laughter. “Huh, old woman, am I! Old woman!” Still laughing, she stepped off the scooter.

“You’re all right, Aunt Willie,” Frank said.

Sensing a moment of advantage, Wanda moved down the walk. She was shaking the water from her hands. “So can I go, Aunt Willie?”

“Oh, go on, go on,” she said, half laughing, half scolding. “It’s your own neck. Go on, break your neck if you want to.”

“It’s not her neck you have to worry about, it’s my arms,” Frank said. “Honest, Aunt Willie, there’s not a drop of blood circulating in them.”

“On, go on, go on with you.”

“Come on, Little One,” Frank said to Wanda.

Aunt Willie came and stood by Sara, and they watched Wanda climb on the back of the motor scooter. As Wanda and Frank drove off, Aunt Willie laughed again and said, “Next thing, you’ll be going off with some boy on a motorcycle.”

Sara had been smiling, but at once she stopped and looked down at her hands. “I don’t think you have to worry about that.”

“Huh! It will happen, you’ll see. You’ll be just like Wanda. You’ll be—“

“Don’t you see that I’m nothing like Wanda at all?” She sat down abruptly and put her lips against her knees. “We are so different. Wanda is a hundred times prettier than I am.”
“You are just alike, you two. Sometimes in the kitchen I hear you and I think I’m hearing Wanda. That’s how alike you are. May my ears fall off if I can hear the difference.”

“Maybe our voices are alike, but that’s all. I can make my voice sound like a hundred different people. Listen to this and guess who it is. ‘N-B-C! Beautiful downtown Burbank.’”

“I’m not in the mood for a guessing game. I’m in the mood to get back to our original conversation, let me tell you. I had a sister so beautiful It’s not you wouldn’t believe it.”

“Who?”

“Frances, that’s who.”

“She wasn’t all that beautiful. I’ve seen her and—”

“When she was young she was. So beautiful you wouldn’t believe it, but such a devil, and—”

“It is too important how you look. Parents are always saying it’s not how you look that counts. I’ve heard that all my life. It doesn’t matter how you look. It doesn’t matter how you look. Huh! If you want to find out how much it matters, just let your hair get too long or put on too much eye makeup and listen to the screams.” She got up abruptly and said, “I think I’ll walk over and see the swans myself.”

“Well, I have not finished with this conversation yet, young lady.”

Sara turned and looked at Aunt Willie, waited with her hands jammed into her back pockets.

“Oh, never mind,” Aunt Willie said, picking up her dish towel and shaking it. “I might as well hold a conversation with this towel as with you when you get that look on your face. Go on and see the swans.” She broke off. “Hey, Charlie, you want to go with Sara to see the swans?”

“He’ll get too tired,” Sara said.

“So walk slow.”

“I never get to do anything by myself I have to take him everywhere. I have him all day and Wanda all night. In allthis whole house I have one drawer to myself. One drawer.”

“Get up, Charlie. Sara’s going to take you to see the swans.”

Sara looked down into his eyes and said, “Oh, come on,” and drew him to his feet.

“Wait, there’s some bread from supper.” Aunt Willie ran into the house and came back with four rolls. “Take them. Here. Let Charlie feed the swans.”

“Well, come on, Charlie, or it’s going to be dark before we get there.”

“Don’t you rush him along, hear me, Sara?”

“I won’t.”
Holding Sara’s hand, Charlie went slowly down the walk. He hesitated at the gate and then moved with her onto the sidewalk. As they walked down the hill, his feet made a continuous scratching sound on the concrete.

When they were out of earshot Sara said, “Aunt Willie thinks she knows everything. I get so sick of hearing how I am exactly like Wanda when Wanda is beautiful. I think she’s just beautiful. If I could look like anyone in the world, I would want to look like her.” She kicked at some high grass by the sidewalk. “And it does too matter how you look, I can tell you that.” She walked ahead angrily for a few steps, then waited for Charlie and took his hand again.

“I think how you look is the most important thing in the world. If you look cute, you are cute; if you look smart, you are smart, and if you don’t look like anything, then you aren’t anything.

“I wrote a theme on that one time in school, about looks being the most important thing in the world, and I got a D---a D! Which is a terrible grade.

“After class the teacher called me up and told me the same old business about looks not being important, and how some of the ugliest people in the world were the smartest and kindest and cleverest.”

They walked past the Tennents’ house just as someone inside turned on the television, and they heard Eddie Albert singing, “Greeeeeen acres is—“ before it was turned down. Charlie paused a moment, recognizing the beginning of one of his favorite programs, looked up at Sara, and waited.

“Come on,” Sara said. “And then there was this girl in my English class named Thelma Louise and she wrote a paper entitled ‘Making People Happy’ and she got an A. An A! Which is as good as you can get. It was sickening. Thelma Louise is a beautiful girl with blond hair and naturally curly eyelashes, so what does she know? Anyway, one time Hazel went over to Thelma Louise’s, and she said the rug was worn thin in front of the mirror in Thelma Louise’s room because Thelma Louise stood there all the time watching herself.”

She sighed and continued to walk. Most of the houses were set close together as if huddled for safety, and on either side of the houses the West Virginia hills rose, black now in the early evening shadows. The hills were as they had been for hundreds of years, rugged forest land, except that strip mining had begun on the hills to the north, and the trees and earth had been hacked away, leaving unnatural cliffs of pale washed earth.

Sara paused. They were now in front of Mary Weicke’s house and she said, “Stop a minute. I’ve got to speak to Mary.” She could hear Mary’s record player, and she longed to
be up in Mary’s room, leaning back against the pink dotted bedspread listening to Mary’s endless collection of records. “Mary!” she called. “You want to walk to the pond with me and Charlie and see the swans?”

[155]Mary came to the window. “Wait, I’m coming out.”

[156]Sara waited on the sidewalk until Mary came out into the yard. “I can’t go because my cousin’s here and she’s going to cut my hair,” Mary said, “but did you get your dress yesterday?”

[157]“No.”

[158]“Why not? I thought your aunt said you could.”

[159]“She said, but when we got in the store and she saw how much it cost she said it was foolish to pay so much for a dress when she could make me one just like it.”

[160]“Disappointment.”

[161]“Yes, because unfortunately she can’t make one just like it, she can only make one kind of like it. You remember how the stripes came together diagonally in the front of that dress? Well, she already has mine cut out and I can see that not one stripe meets.”

[162]“Oh, Sara.”

[163]“I could see when she was cutting it that the stripes weren’t going to meet and I kept saying, ‘It’s not right, Aunt Willie, the stripes aren’t going to meet,’ and all the while I’m screaming, the scissors are flashing and she is muttering, ‘The stripes will meet, the stripes will meet,’ and then she holds it up in great triumph and not one stripe meets.”

[164]“That’s awful, because I remember thinking when you showed me the dress that it was the way the stripes met that looked so good.”

[165]“I am aware of that. It now makes me look like one half of my body is about two inches lower than the other half.”

[166]“Listen, come on in and watch my cousin cut my hair, can you?”

[167]“I better not. I promised Aunt Willie I’d take Charlie to see swans.”

[168]“Well, just come in and see how she’s going to cut it. She has a whole book of hair styles.”

[169]“Oh, all right, for a minute. Charlie, you sit down right there.”

[170]She pointed to the steps. “Right there now and don’t move, hear me? Don’t move off that step. Don’t even stand up.” Then she went in the house with Mary, saying, “I really can’t stay but a minute because I’ve got to take Charlie down to see the swans and then I’ve got to get home in time to dye my tennis shoes—”

[170]“Which ones?”
“These, these awful orange things, They make me look like Donald Duck or something.”

Charlie sat in the sudden stillness, hunched over his knees, on the bottom step. The whole world seemed to have been turned off when Sara went into the Wicket’s house, and he did not move for a long time. The only sound was ticking of his watch.

The watch was a great pleasure to him. He had no knowledge of hours or minutes, but he liked to listen to it and to watch the small red hand moving around the dial, counting off the seconds, and it was he who remembered every morning after breakfast to have Aunt Willie wind it for him. Now he rested his arm across his legs and looked at the watch.

He had a lonely feeling. He got this whenever he was by himself in a strange place, and he turned quickly when he heard the screen door open to see if it was Sara. When he saw Mrs. Weicek and another woman he turned back and looked at his watch. As he bent over, a pale half circle of flesh showed between the back of his shirt and his pants.

“Who’s the little boy, Allie?” Mrs. Weicek said, “That’s Sara’s brother, Charlie. You remember me telling you about him. He’s the one that can’t talk. Hasn’t spoken a word since he was three years old.”

“Doesn’t talk at all?”

“If he does, no one’s ever heard him, not since his illness. He can understand what you say to him, and he goes to school, and they say he can write the alphabet, but he can’t talk.”

Charlie did not hear them. He put his car against his watch and listened to the sound. There was something about the rhythmic ticking that never failed to soothe him. The watch was a magic charm whose tiny noise and movements could block out the whole clamoring world.

Mrs. Weicek said, “Ask him what time it is, Ernestine. He is so proud of the watch. Everyone always asks him what time it is.” Then without waiting, she herself said, “What time is it, Charlie? What time is it?”

He turned and obediently held out the arm with the watch on it.

“My goodness, it’s after eight o’clock,” Mrs. Weicek said.

“Thank you, Charlie. Charlie keeps everyone informed of the time. We just couldn’t get along without him.”

The two women sat in the rocking chairs on the porch, moving slowly back and forth. The noise of the chairs and the creaking floor boards made Charlie forget the watch for a moment. He got slowly to his feet and stood looking up the street.

“Sit down, Charlie, and wait for Sara,” Mrs. Weicek said.
“Without looking at her, he began to walk toward the street."

“Charlie, Sara wants you to wait for her.”

“Maybe he doesn’t hear you, Allie.”

“He hears me all right. Charlie, wait for Sara. Wait now.” Then she called, “Sara, your brother’s leaving.”

Sara looked out the upstairs window and said, “All right, Charlie, I’m coming. Will you wait for a minute? Mary, I’ve got to go.”

She ran out of the house and caught Charlie by the arm. “What are you going home for? Don’t you want to see the swans?”

He stood without looking at her.

“Honestly, I leave you alone for one second and off you go. Now come on.” She tugged his arm impatiently.

As they started down the hill together she waved to Mary, who was at the window, and said to Charlie, “I hope the swans are worth all this trouble I’m going to.”

“We’ll probably get there and they’ll be gone,” she added. They walked in silence. Then Sara said, “Here’s where we cut across the field.” She waited while he stepped carefully over the narrow ditch, and then the two of them walked across the field side by side, Sara kicking her feet restlessly in the deep grass.

There was something painfully beautiful about the swans. The whiteness, the elegance of them on this dark lake, the incredible ease of their movements made Sara catch her breath as she and Charlie rounded the dump of pines.

“There they are, Charlie.”

“She could tell the exact moment he saw them because his hand tightened; he really held her hand for the first time since they had left Mary’s. Then he stopped.

“There are the swans.”

The six swans seemed motionless on the water, their necks all arched at the same angle so that it seemed there was only one swan mirrored five times.

“There are the swans,” she said again. She felt she would like to stand there pointing out the swans to Charlie for the rest of the summer. She watched as they drifted slowly across the water.

“Hey, Sara!”

She looked across the lake and saw Wanda and Frank, who had come by the road. “Sara, listen, tell Aunt Willie that Frank and I are going over to his sister’s to see her new baby.”
“All right.”
“I’ll be home at eleven.”
She watched as Wanda and Frank got back on the motor scooter. At the roar of the scooter, the startled swans changed direction and moved toward Sara. She and Charlie walked closer to the lake.
“The swans are coming over here, Charlie. They see you, I believe.”
They watched in silence for a moment as the sound of the scooter faded. Then Sara sat down on the grass, crossed her legs yoga style, and picked out a stick which was wedged inside one of the orange tennis shoes.
“Sit down, Charlie. Don’t just stand there.”
Awkwardly, with his legs angled out in front of him, he sat on the grass. Sara pulled off a piece of a roll and tossed it to the swans. “Now they’ll come over here,” she said. “They love bread.”
She paused, put a piece of roll into her own mouth, and sat chewing for a moment.
“I saw the swans when they flew here, did you know that, Charlie? I was out on our porch last Friday and I looked up, and they were coming over the house and they looked so funny, like frying pans with their necks stretched out.” She handed him a roll. “Here. Give the swans something to eat. Look, watch me. Like that.”
She watched him, then said, “No, Charlie, small pieces, because swans get things caught in their throats easily. No, that’s too little. That’s just a crumb. Like that.”
She watched while he threw the bread into the pond, then said, “You know where the swans live most of the time? At the university, which is a big school, and right in the middle of the university is a lake and that’s where the swans live. Only sometimes, for no reason, the swans decide to fly away, and off they go to another pond or another lake. This one isn’t half as pretty as the lake at the university, but here they are.”
She handed Charlie another roll. “Anyway, that’s what Wanda thinks, because the swans at the university are gone.”
Charlie turned, motioned that he wanted another roll for the swans, and she gave him the last one. He threw it into the water in four large pieces and put out his hand for another.
“No more. That’s all.” She showed him her empty hands.
One of the swans dived under the water and rose to shake its feathers. Then it moved across the water. Slowly the other swans followed, dipping their long necks far into the water to catch any remaining pieces of bread.
Sara leaned forward and put her hands on Charlie’s shoulders. His body felt soft, as if the muscles had never been used. “The swans are exactly alike,” she said. “Exactly. No one can tell them apart.”

She began to rub Charlie’s back slowly, carefully. Then she stopped abruptly and clapped him on the shoulders. “Well, let’s go home.”

He sat without moving, still looking at the swans on the other side of the lake.

“Come on, Charlie.” She knew he had heard her, yet he still did not move. “Come on.” She got to her feet and stood looking down at him. She held out her hand to help him up, but he did not even glance at her. He continued to watch the swans.

“Come on, Charlie. Mary may come up later and help me dye my shoes.” She looked at him, then snatched a leaf from the limb overhead and threw it at the water. She waited, stuck her hands in her back pockets, and said tiredly, “Come on, Charlie.”

He began to shake his head slowly back and forth without looking at her.

“Mary’s coming up to help me dye my shoes and if you don’t come on we won’t have time to do them and I’ll end up wearing these same awful Donald Duck shoes all year. Come on.”

He continued to shake his head back and forth.

“This is why I never want to bring you anywhere, because you won’t go home when I’m ready.”

With his fingers he began to hold the long grass on either side of him as if this would help him if she tried to pull him to his feet.

“You are really irritating, you know that?” He did not look at her and she sighed and said, “All right, if I stay five more minutes, will you go?” She bent down and showed him on his watch. “That’s to right there. When the big hand gets there, we go home, all right?”

He nodded.

“Promise?”

He nodded again.

“All right.” There was a tree that hung over the water and she went and leaned against it.

“All right, Charlie, four more minutes now,” she called.

Already he had started shaking his head again, all the while watching the swans gliding across the dark water.
Squinting up at the sky, Sara began to kick her foot back and forth in the deep grass. “In just a month, Charlie, the summer will be over,” she said without looking at him, “and I will be so glad.”

Up until this year, it seemed, her life had flowed along with rhythmic evenness. The first fourteen years of her life all seemed the same. She had loved her sister without envy, her aunt without finding her coarse, her brother without pity. Now all that was changed. She was filled with a discontent, an anger about herself, her life, her family, that made her think she would never be content again.

She turned and looked at the swans. The sudden, unexpected tears in her eyes blurred the images of the swans into white circles, and she blinked. Then she said aloud. “Three minutes, Charlie.”

Sara was lying in bed with the lights out when Wanda came into the bedroom that night. Sara was wearing an old pair of her father’s pajamas with the sleeves cut out and the legs rolled up. She watched as Wanda moved quietly across the room and then stumbled over the dressing-table closet door and turned on the light.

“You can put on the big light if you want. I’m awake,” Sara said.

“Now you tell me.”

“Did you have a good time, Wanda?”

“Yes.”

“Did you get to see the baby?”

“He was cute. He looked exactly like Frank. You wouldn’t have believed.”

“Poor baby.”

“No, he was darling, really he was, with little red curls all over his head.” She undressed quickly, turned off the closet light, and then got into bed beside Sara. She smoothed her pillow and looked up at the ceiling. “Frank is so nice, don’t you think?”

“He’s all right”

“Don’t you like him?” She rose up on one elbow and looked down at Sara in the big striped pajamas.

“I said he was all right.”

“Well, what don’t you like?”

“I didn’t say I didn’t like him.”

“I know, but I can tell. What don’t you like?”

“For one thing, he never pays any attention to Charlie. When he came up the walk tonight he didn’t even speak to him.”
“He probably didn’t see him in the tent. Anyway, he likes Charlie—he told me so. What else?”

“Oh, nothing, it’s just that he’s always so affected, the way he calls you Little One and gives you those real meaningful movie-star looks.”

“I love it when he calls me Little One. Just wait till someone calls you Little One.”

“I’d like to know who could call me Little one except the Jolly Green Giant.”

“Oh, Sara.”

“Well I’m bigger than everyone I know”

“You’ll find someone.”

“Yes, maybe if I’m lucky I’ll lucky I’ll meet somebody from some weird foreign country where men value tall skinny girls with big feet and crooked noses. Every time I see a movie, though, even If it takes place in the weirdest, foreignest country in the world, like where women dance in gauze bloomers and tin bras, the women are still little and beautiful.”

The she said, “Anyway, I hate boys. They’re all just one big nothing.’

“Sara, What’s wrong?”

“Nothing”

“No, I mean it. What’s really wrong?”

“I don’t know. I just feel awful.”

“Physically awful?”

“Now don’t start being the nurse.”

“Well. I want to know.”

“No, not physically awful just plain awful. I feel like I want to start screaming and kicking and I want to jump up and tear down the curtains and rip up the sheets and hummer holes in the walls. I want to yank my clothes and burn them and—“

“Well, why don’t you try it if it would make you feel better?”

“Because it wouldn’t.” She lifted the top sheet and watched as it billowed in the air and then lowered on her body. She could feel the cloth as it settled on the bare part of her legs.
CHAPTER III
ANNOTATION

_The Summer of the Swans_ by Betsy Byars as a children fiction book has plenty of figurative language. In the course of this project of translation, there are many elements that had been discovered, but only fourteen of figurative languages were selected and analyzed. Those fourteen elements consist of two metaphors, seven similes, and four hyperboles. The translation of metaphor and simile used Newmark (1988) translation strategy and Larson (1989) translation strategies for translating figurative hyperbole.

A. METAPHOR

Larson (1989) explained that metaphor and simile is a grammatical form representing two propositions in a semantic structure. Each proposition consists of a topic and a designation (about the topic). By then compared with the second proposition that is the image or illustration (figurative) and the point of similarity.

The translator used Newmark’s seven procedure of translating metaphor (88-91). There are two metaphors found in the selected text that was translated into Indonesian using reproducing the same image in the TL procedure.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>128</td>
<td>“She wasn’t all that beautiful. I’ve seen her and—“ “When she was young she was. So beautiful you wouldn’t believe it, but such a devil, and—“</td>
<td>“Dia tidak secantik itu. Aku pernah melihatnya dan—“ &quot;Saat dia masih muda. Dia begitu cantik sehingga kau tidak akan mempercayainya, tapi seperti iblis, dan—“</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Topic: Frances, Aunt Willie’s sister
Image: Beautiful
Sense: Bad attitude

The statement of Aunt Willie in table 3.1 was so deep in meaning. The word “but” made a contrast to compare image and the resemblance. In the sentence Aunt Willie tried to
teach Sara to behave a good attitude, to not be like Frances, who’s pretty but had bad attitude like devil. Jake Kail’s post on his website explained about the characteristic of devil, those are deceiver, tempter, thief, murderer, and distorter. In this context, Aunt Willie want to teach Sara that inner beauty is also important; it means that the prettiness must follow a good attitude. The purpose of this metaphor is to add some aesthetic value to the story.

The translator did not replace the image with different image in Indonesian. The translator added word *dia* to make the readers easily understand that the author was explaining about the object that is Frances, Aunt Willie’s sister, so, the translator did not replace the image with different image in TT.

Table 3.2

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paragraph</td>
<td>“I never get to do anything by myself. I have to take him everywhere. I have him all day and Wanda all night. In all this whole house I have one drawer to myself. One drawer.”</td>
<td>&quot;Saya tidak pernah melakukan apa pun sendiri, saya harus membawanya kemana-mana. Aku memilikinya sepanjang hari dan Wanda semalaman. Di keseluruhan rumah ini aku punya satu laci untuk diriku sendiri. Satu laci.”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Topic: Sara’s life
Image: One drawer / small space
Sense: Small space.

The statement of Sara about “one drawer” in table 3.2 is in order to criticize her life at home. After doing translation of each chapter, the translator tried to dig Sara’s problem at home. As the story said, Wanda and Sara are sisters and they have one younger disability brother, Charlie, which need more attention than other healthy kids. In the story, Sara, the only one who take care her brother by herself. Wanda did not have time for Charlie, plus now she has a boyfriend as her focus. That’s why Sara also said “I never get to do anything by myself I have to take him everywhere. I have him all day and Wanda all night,” it means that Wanda do effortlessly toward her brother, also as the eldest sister she has to take care Charlie much more than what Sara’s had done. By comparing one drawer and Sara’s life, we can presume that injustice was happened to Sara’s life. That is about she had no time for herself.
and she gave her time only to take Charlie, while Wanda only focused on her teenage life. The purpose of this metaphor is to make the text more dramatic.

The translator used the same image as in the ST because the image was clear to be understood by the readers. At first the translator wanted to omit “one drawer” at the last sentence. Then, move to the aesthetic or the contribution of why the author repeat the words of “one drawer,” the translator decided not to delete and directly translated it because the translator presume that it was as the emphasis of what Sara’s criticizing about.

B. SIMILE

As same as translating simile, Larson (1989), explained that metaphor and simile is a grammatical form representing two propositions in a semantic structure. To learn deeper about how to identify and translating a simile, please pay attention to a sentence below:

- They fought like cats and dogs.

First of all, we have to identify the sentence of figurative language used. By then, analyze it: simile they fought like cats and dogs based on two propositions. Those are:

1. Topic: they
2. Image: cats and dogs
3. Point of similarity: fought

The sentence is quiet easy and clear to analyze because topic, image/illustration and the point of similarity was mentioned. It implicitly explain that they fought like cats and dogs which means that cats and dogs never make peace or they fought like a real enemy.

There are seven similes found and annotated in the selected text using reproducing the same image in the TL from Newmark’s seven procedure of translating simile.

Table 3.3
Simile 1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>“I don’t want to do it anymore. It’s no fun now. This place smells</td>
<td>“Aku tidak mau melakukannya lagi. Sudah tidak menyenangkan lagi.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>like a perfume factory.” She put the scarf over her face and stared</td>
<td>Tempat ini baunya menyengat seperti pabrik minyak wangi.” Dia menaruh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>up through the thin blue material. Beside her, Boysie lay back</td>
<td>syal di seputar wajahnya dan melihat melalui bahan biru syalnya yang</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>down and curled</td>
<td>tipis.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


himself into a ball.

Di sebelahnya, Boysie berbaring meringkuk menyerupai sebuah bola.

Topic: Sara’s and Wanda’s bedroom
Image: Perfume Factory
Point of similarity: The Smells

The statement of “This place smells like a perfume factory” in table 3.3 spoken by Sara when Wanda sprayed the hair spray on her hair in their bedroom. The smell is so fragrance but the statement is not totally to mock or taunt Wanda. The statement is only to tease Wanda because she was preparing to go dating with her boyfriend.

To render the exact contextual meaning of the original in such a way that both content and language are readily acceptable and comprehensible to the readers, the translator added a word menyengat directly after bau in order to make reader easily in getting the illustration what kind of smell is that and supported by the words seperti pabrik minyak wangi which means that one or two bottles of perfume is enough to make us feel like to vomit because of the smell. So, the translator hope the word menyengat could help readers to imagine that we cannot stand to smell perfume in its factory, as on the table 3.4 to make the sentences clearer about the resemblance, and the translator did not change the image.

Table 3.4
Simile 2

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>“You wear the same size shoe as Jackie Kennedy Onassis if that makes you feel any better.”</td>
<td>“Kamu memakai sepatu yang berukuran sama dengan Jackie Kennedy Onassis jika itu membuatmu merasa lebih baik.”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Topic: The shoe size
Image: Jackie Kennedy Onassis feet size
Point of similarity: Feet size.

By comparing Sara’s shoes and Jackie Kennedy Onassis, the author wanted the reader to imagine that she suggested to wear the same size shoe as Jackie Kennedy Onassis, which she has tinier feet size than Sara’s feet size. Next, the words “if that makes you feel any
better” mean that Wanda’s want to show her empathy or her indignation against Sara. As you know, Sara oftently spoke about her lack of confidence of having huge feet. Sara suggested to wear shoe which the size have to as same as Jackie’s feet’s size. In order to make Sara’s feet look littler. For your information, Jackie Kennedy Onassis only had 10 US for feet size (www.wikifeet.com/Jacqueline_Kennedy).

As the result of translation, the translator used the same image as in the ST because the image in the ST is obviously to be understood. In this sentence there was no complicated word were found to be translated. By then, the translator did not change the translation of object, image, and resemblance.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paragraph 39</td>
<td>She did not know exactly why this was true. She was doing the same things she had done last summer—walk to Dairy Queen with her friend Mary, baby-sit for Mrs. Hodges, watch television—and yet everything was different. It was as if her life was a huge kaleidoscope, and the kaleidoscope had been turned and now everything was changed. The same stones, shaken, no longer made the same design.</td>
<td>Dia tidak tahu persis mengapa ini true. Dia melakukan hal yang sama dengan yang dia lakukan pada musim panas yang lalu--berjalan ke Dairy Queen bersama temannya Mary, penjaga anak Mrs. Hodges ketika ia pergi, menonton televisi--namun semua berbeda. Hal ini seolah-olah hidupnya adalah sebuah kaleidoskop besar, dan kaleidoskop telah berubah dan sekarang semua berubah. Batu-batu yang sama, terguncang, tidak lagi membuat desain yang sama.”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
As a deeper analysis, the word "her life was a huge kaleidoscope" means the furthest that you can see. The word *kaleidoscope* literally means a tube that has mirrors and loose pieces of colored glass or plastic inside at one end so that you see many different patterns when you turn the tube while looking in through the other end (Merriam-Webster Dictionary). The word of *kaleidoscope* is used to portray Sara’s life, as “*kaleidoscope*”, which means Sara’s life is changed because “the kaleidoscope had been turned.” This metaphoric expression showing the same point of similarity, that is between “life” and “kaleidoscope”. It tells the reader that “her life” is changed because of the life had been turned.

The translator did not replace the words with different meaning in TT because the image is clear to use “kaleidoskop” to show the imagery that the author of the story wanted to depict. Yet, the word selection of kaleidoscope is felt fit to synonymize about life that life itself is changeable.

### Table 3.6
**Simile 4**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paragraph 97</td>
<td>She stepped closer, her voice rising. “Who says I’m so old?” She held the dish towel in front of her, like a matador taunting a bull. The dish towel flicked the air once.</td>
<td>&quot;Dia melangkah mendekat, suaranya meninggi. &quot;Siapa bilang aku sudah begitu tua?&quot; Dia memegang lap piring di depannya, seperti seorang matador mengejek seekor banteng. Lap piring itu dikibaskan di udara sekali.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Object: She held the dish towel in front of her

Image: a matador taunting a bull

Point of Similarity: She held the dish towel in front of her with two hands and she flicked it on the air, like the way matador held the red flag in order to tease a bull.

Pronoun ‘she’ on the sentence made reference to Aunt Willie. The use of “like” in the sentence helps to draw the resemblance between the way she held the dish towel and the way a matador held a red flag. And this can make the visualization of holding the thing clearer of
how she and the matador held and flicked the things, i.e. towel for Aunt and red flag for matador. By comparing she and a matador, the author wanted the reader to visualize she held the dish towel in front of her like a matador taunting a bull, so that we know the circumstance. The goal of using this metaphor is to make reader easy to imagine the situation of the character’s action in the story.

As the result of translation, the translator tried to use the same image in the TT as in the ST because the image in the ST is clearly understood.

**Table 3.7**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paragraph 110</td>
<td>Her words rose into a piercing scream as Frank moved the scooter forward, turned, and then started down the hill. Her scream, shrill as a bird’s cry, hung in the still air. “Frank, Frank, Frankeeeeee!”</td>
<td>Kata-katanya berubah menjadi sebuah jeritan yang melengking saat Frank menjalankan skuter maju, berbalik, dan kemudian mulai menuruni bukit. Teriakannya, melengking seperti tangisan burung di keheningan. “Frank, Frank, Frankeee!“</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Topic: her scream shrill
Image: a bird’s cry hung in the still air
Point of similarity: their voice sounds annoying

Her scream is compared with bird’s cry. According to thesaurus of Merriam Webster, the word of cry is a loud vocal expression of strong emotion and a sudden short emotional utterance; the word of scream is to cry out loudly and emotionally. The same point of scream and cry is that typically recognize from the sound that involved emotion in it, such as fear for her and pain for a bird. The word ‘shrill’ in the sentence is very it to depict how loud the sound of her scream and bird’s cry, which is simply said annoying to hear.

To help readers understand about the purpose, the translator simplified the meaning of ‘still air’. The word ‘still air’ can be translated as ‘keheningan’ which firstly the translator translated it as *udara yang menggema*. The word ‘keheningan’ gave a contrast depiction for the reader to imagine how loud the scream in the still air. In addition, in the story geographically can be seen that it was in hills area. So that the still air can be analyzed the
situation in the hills is that tranquility, stillness, silence, quiet and peace, as on the table 3.2 to make the sentences clearer about the resemblance, and the translator did not change the image to keep the premier sense.

Table 3.8
Simile 6

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>These, these awful orange</td>
<td>Ini, barang-barang oranye yang</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>things. They make me look</td>
<td>mengerikan ini. Mereka membuatku</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>like Donald Duck or</td>
<td>terlihat seperti Donald Bebek atau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>something.</td>
<td>sejenisnya.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Topic: awful orange shoes  
Image: Donald Duck’s feet  
Point of similarity: the color and size

Before go deeper to understand this sentence, it is better to understand the main point of this sentence that is about the word ‘awful’. Why the character mentioned the word awful to portray the orange shoes? In the previous chapter, (chapter 1) it mentioned that the character in the story had the biggest feet in her school and also by chance she had and wore orange shoes, which is made the character felt diffident by using those shoes. By comparing those orange shoes and Donald Duck’s feet, the author wanted the reader to visualize how awful the orange shoes were, so that we know the feeling of having or using those orange shoes. The goal of using this metaphor is to make reader easy to imagine the emotion of the character’s feeling in the story.

As the result of translation, the translator tried to use the same image as in the ST because the image in the ST is obviously to be understood. By then, the translator did not change the object, image, and resemblance.

Table 3.9
Simile 7

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“I saw the swans when they</td>
<td>&quot;Aku melihat angsa saat mereka terbang</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>flew here, did you know that,</td>
<td>ke sini, apakah kamu tahu itu, Charlie?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Charlie? I</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
was out on our porch last Friday and I looked up, and they were coming over the house and they looked so funny, like frying pans with their necks stretched out.

Aku keluar di teras kami Jumat lalu dan aku melihat ke atas, dan mereka melintasi rumah dan mereka tampak sangat lucu, seperti wajan penggorengan dengan leher mereka yang terulur keluar.

Topic: Flying Swans
Image: frying pans
Point of similarity: The shape

Simile in table 3.5 describes the shape of the flying swans are like frying pans. Spontaneously, it looked funny because it was like seeing flying frying pans, which their shape is flat and round (swan’s body) and a handle (swan’s neck) (Pinterest, ‘image of flying swan’). By comparing flying swans and frying pans, the author wanted the reader to visualize the shape of flying pans seen from the bottom. The goal of using this simile is to make reader easy to imagine the shape of the flying swans in the story. Besides, it makes the story more colorful and put some humor to avoid the flatness.

As the result of translation, the translator tried to use the same image as in the ST because the image in the ST is obviously to be understood. The translator did not change the translation of object, image, and resemblance because the image is clear enough to understand.

As conclusion of seven elements simile translation analysis, the translator found that by chance all of the similes used only one translation procedure. That is reproducing the same image in the TL. This strategy is appropriate for simile that have the same frequency and validity between SL and TL.

C. HYPERBOLE

The next figurative expression analysis found in The Summer of the Swans is figurative hyperbole. According to Sato, Sato (1978) categorized hyperbole in five categorization. Those are: Logical phrase, Lies phrase, Feelings, Figurative expression, Body or physical state.

These are the translation procedure: hyperbole to hyperbole, hyperbole into different hyperbole, hyperbole to simile, and deletion. From four procedures, the translator only used two procedures. That was hyperbole to hyperbole and hyperbole to simile.
1. Translation hyperbole to hyperbole.

This strategy is translating hyperboles from ST to TT with a general image (applies to all people or for the whole world). There are two elements discussed using this procedure.

### Table 3.10
Hyperbole 1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paragraph 31</td>
<td>“Boysie, Boysie, I’m crying, I’m so sad, Boysie,” she waited, then stopped and sat up abruptly. “You don’t care about anybody, do you, Boysie? A person could cry herself to death these days and you wouldn’t care.”</td>
<td>“Boysie, Boysie, aku menangis, aku sangat sedih, Boysie,”dia menangis, lalu dia berhenti menangis dan segera terduduk. “Kamu tidak peduli lagi akan siapapun, Boysie? Di zaman ini seseorang dapat menangis terus-menerus (hingga mati) dan kamu tidak akan peduli.”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Hyperbole expression “A person could cry herself to death these days and you wouldn’t care” in Table 3.10 is translated into *Di zaman ini seseorang dapat menangis terus-menerus (hingga mati) dan kamu tidak akan peduli*. The word "cry herself to death" means the furthest that you can see; where the people can cry to death because of falling deeply in a feeling of sadness. The words “cry to death” identified as hyperbole because simply say that it is seem impossible to see or hear people death because of crying. “cry to death” into *menangis terus-menerus* which shows that someone might like so sad and it makes her crying hardly.

“Cry to death” is clearly can be categorized as feeling hyperbolic language because the word cry raises feelings of sadness (sorrow, regret, etc.) with tears and sounds (sobbing, screaming) (‘cry’ KBBI Daring). Cry itself is a universal image where all people around the world understand the image of ‘cry’. And crying is one of human’s activity.

Overall, the translator translated the ST above into *Di zaman ini seseorang dapat menangis terus-menerus (hingga mati) dan kamu tidak akan peduli*. The translator added words *hingga mati* to make it clearer to the readers and in Indonesian that is analyzed as hyperbole too. So, procedure used for this sentence is translation hyperbole to hyperbole.
The result of the translation showed that it is more acceptable for the reader because it is understandable and no rigid, also the message of the ST delivered fully in the TL. But firstly the translator translate it into and the result was: seseorang bisa menangisi dirinya hingga mati di hari-hari ini dan kamu tidak akan peduli. The result was rigid to read because we have to translate gramatically as same as the ST.

Table 3.11
Hyperbole 2

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Paragraph 180</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>There was something about the rhythmic ticking that never failed to soothe him. <strong>The watch was a magic charm whose tiny noise and movements could block out the whole clamoring world.</strong></td>
<td>Ada sesuatu tentang detak ritmis yang tak pernah gagal untuk menenangkan Charlie. <strong>Arloji itu adalah pesona ajaib yang suara dan pergerakannya yang kecil bisa menghalangi keseluruhan dunia yang ramai.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The word “block out” is an exaggeration of describing effect of the watch. “The watch” itself described that a small thing could enchanted the character to enjoy his own world himself. The translator felt that the author is put this imaginative sentence to portray the situation of Charlie that he is a disability kid and based on the translator’s reading about disability kid’s behaviour, usually they feel inconfidence and better to be alone and feel lonely. So, the translator think that this is very powerful sentence to depict how the behaviour of a disability kid in ejoying their ‘toy’. The universal image above is “the watch” where all people know about how the watch look like. That is small clock, commonly worn on the wrist or placed in a pocket.

The table above categorized as logical phrase hyperbolic language because the figurative hyperbole “block out” is rational because most of disability children enjoy their own world. So the logical phrases match to the facts and reality of disability kid’s behaviour.

2. Translation hyperbole to simile.

There two elements using this procedure.
Table 3.12
Hyperbole 3

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paragraph 119</td>
<td>Honest, Aunt Willie, there’s not a drop of blood circulating in them.</td>
<td>Jujur, Bibi Willie, tidak ada setetes darah yang mengalir di dalamnya, seperti mati rasa.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

According to Dr. Awi Muliadi Wijaya in his journal says that blood flow to all parts of the body continuously to guarantee the supply of oxygen and other nutrients substances so that organs can function properly (Info Dokter Web). When blood stops flowing in the body means the heart is stopped working and it means died. In this sentence Frank supposed on hard handheld by Aunt Willie made he felt that there is no more blood circulating in them. According to the author using a sentence in the form of hyperbola is to describe how the hands that hard handheld with very tightly by the 40-year-old woman. Table above categorized as body or physical state hyperbolic language. Because it mentioned about part of body which is sick.

The translator used translation strategy of hyperbole to simile. In TT the translator added words seperti mati rasa to dramitize the sentence and also to make it more understandable of how sick Frank’s hand. Based on Literary Device web, the word seperti in TT is recognized as simile.

By changing the language style of the target text which can be performed by the translator to produce non-rigid translation, thus simplifying the depiction of things expressed by the author of the source language.

Table 3.13
Hyperbole 4

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paragraph 172</td>
<td>Charlie sat in the sudden stillness, hunched over his knees, on the bottom step. The whole world seemed to have been turned off when Sara went into the Weicek’s house, and he did not move for</td>
<td>Charlie duduk dalam keheningan yang tiba-tiba, membungkuk di atas lututnya, di tangga paling bawah. Seluruh dunia nampak seperti telah berhenti berputar</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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The word “turned off” is an overstatement of describing the effect of Charlie left at Weicek’s home by Sara. The word “turned off” means that Charlie felt alone and lonely because Sara who the only one sister who accompanied and understood him. He felt alienated.

The table above categorized as feeling phrase hyperbolic language because the figurative hyperbole “turned off” means stopped. And what do you think of how the world seemed to have been turned off? It means doomsday where this earth have been stopped turning around and all in it died. So, deal with ‘grief’, according to Cambridge Daring, grief means very great sadness (Cambridge Daring). It means that Charlie felt greatly sad because of he did not in Sara’s side. He felt alienated surround other people and in the text mentioned sign that ‘he did not move for a long time’ it means that he did not comfort surrounds new people. Based on Huffington Post, one of introvert personality person is scanningly seemed like Charlie, that’s feeling alienated and avoid socializing with other people (Huffington Post Web).

The translator used translation strategy of hyperbole to simile. In TT the translator added words seperti mati rasa to dramitize the sentence and also to make it more understandable of how sick Frank’s hand. Based on Literary Device web, the word seperti in TT is recognized as simile.

As conclusion, the translation proof Sato’s theory for hyperbole that hyperbole can be translated into simile. Overall, from four hyperboles expression above, it seperated into two strategies. Those are, two elements translated from hyperbole to hyperbole and two elements translated from hyperbole into simile.
CHAPTER IV
CONCLUSION AND SUGGESTION

This study of annotated translation of metaphor, simile, and hyperbole expression in novel *The Summer of the Swans*, has been conducted to enrich us about translation world. Thus, the purpose of this study are: (1) to show the process of translating metaphor, simile, and hyperbole in *The Summer of the Swans*, (2) to categorize the strategies used in translating metaphor, simile, and hyperbole, and (3) to show the rationale to use each strategy, had been achieved. While the importance is to help readers understand the meaning of figurative language more easily in *The Summer of the Swans*.

Because this story is for children, the usage of the words is not complicated. Also, children story book usually avoid implicit message in telling the story. For Peter Newmark’s translation of metaphor procedure, there were only one of seven strategies that were used. The strategy is reproducing the same image in TL. It is because in this children fiction book was not using difficult words or complicated imaginative sense. And back to the target reader that this book is for young-adult or teenage.

Hence, Peter Newmark and Larson strategies are useful and helpful to be used for this project of annotated translation for figurative language. In spite of that, still many of provoking interest translation to be discussed related to the figurative language in literary works. In this story, the translator only discussed small aspect of figurative language.

Overall, in this translation and annotation figurative language of a chil-lit novel the translator did not find any crucial problem in it. It was mentioned in the reason of selecting text of *The Summer of the Swans* is that children’s literature book is very imaginative in describing the situations, emotion, and places which uses figurative language in it. In the practice of translation under this thesis project the translator found that there is no significant problem. The setting of the story is also can be analyzed effortlessly because the translator can find the place in the place where the translator live.

For the next research, the translator hopes the other translators who are going to analyze annotated translation can dig more about another untouched figurative language with another wider theory.
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GLOSSARY

- Eddie Albert: an American actor.
- Dairy Queen: name of ice cream and fast-food restaurant.
- Phys Ed: an abbreviation of physical education.
- Green Acres: an American sitcom starring Eddie Albert and Eva Gabor as a couple who move from New York City to a country farm.
- Kaleidoscope: a toy consisting of a tube containing mirrors and pieces of colored glass or paper, whose reflections produce changing patterns that are visible through an eyehole when the tube is rotated.
- Jackie Onassis: she is wife of President John F. Kennedy. She was both admired and criticized for her fashionable clothing.
- Rhododendron: a shrub or small tree of the heath family, with large clusters of bell-shaped flowers and typically with large evergreen leaves, widely grown as an ornamental.
- N-B-C! Beautiful downtown Burbank: a jargon of television show which premiered in 1968 on the NBC television network in Burbank.