

2.5 Teresa

2.5.1

He didn't think it was strange anymore when his old friends started showing up.

He noticed her. She was **staring** at him intensely. She was sitting on a park bench between two men, and they were talking a lot. He could see the older one holding a magazine in his hand.

Poor girl. She needs help. What should he do?

"Let's go," he said, stopping in front of them and reaching out his hand to her.

Then he turned to the older man and said, "She is always talking to people, and I always have to wait for her. But now, we need to leave."

Still looking at him, she stood up and took his hand quickly.

"Goodbye," James said politely to the men.

He put his arm around her and walked away with her. He walked slowly even though he would rather run. He didn't know who those people were. Maybe she was part of their group. What if he was **kidnapping** her?

He didn't usually **pay much attention** to people. He didn't know why he turned his head towards the bench. Maybe it was the look in her eyes, like she was crying for help.

She seemed to be the same age as the students in his bookshop. He calculated quickly. She **must have just started** the university **if he had met** her before his accident.

Learning tip

kidnapping – únos, **to kidnap** – unést někoho

pay (much) attention – věnovat (moc) pozornost(i)

2.5.2

"That was amazing, thank you so much," she said thankfully, once they were far enough. She thought he would let her go now, but he still kept his arm gently behind her back.

"How did you do that, sir? That was cool."

James was surprised that she called him *sir*. On the other hand, if she only knew him as the owner of an antique shop, it kind of made sense.

"Who were those people?" he asked, trying to stay calm. He wanted to talk about something safe, so she wouldn't realize that he didn't remember who she was.

"First, the old man started talking to me. I sat there and listened, thinking maybe he was lonely, and it wouldn't hurt me to close my book and listen to him. But little later the young man sat next to me and started saying strange things. You noticed they were **Jehovah's Witnesses**, right? I was scared, and I couldn't get up because the young man looked like he wouldn't let me go. They were shocked when you took me away without saying much. But now I'm scared to sit in the park alone with my book again," she said quickly in one breath.

Then she looked at him. She liked him. "**Unless**, of course, you come and save me again," she said, smiling.

Culture Clash

Protože v angličtině nerozlišují tykání a vykání, překládá se to jinými výrazovými prostředky, například oslovení "sir – pane". Všimni si v této kapitole, jak je to vyřešené a porovnej s českou verzí.

2.5.3

They reached the end of the park. What should he do now? He was actually going shopping, but it felt strange to tell a woman he hadn't seen in a long time that he was just going to the supermarket. That would be **embarrassing**.

"Where are you going now, young lady?" he asked. He called her *young lady* on purpose, just to stay on the safe side. Sometimes he did this because people tolerated his foreign accent and strange Czech expressions. The Czechs liked how he spoke their language, and no one complained when he sometimes used words incorrectly. He **took advantage of it** sometimes.

"I'm feeling so confused right now; I'd like to go for a beer."

She isn't wasting any time, he thought. He liked her. She was so natural, so simple. So innocent. He didn't mean it literally, as she was flirting with him, but she had a good heart. He hadn't met someone like her in a long time.

He had expected something like this from his Crochet princess. Maybe that was why he was acting more like a *man* rather than an *old friend*. That's why he didn't mention that he was on his way to the supermarket.

"And didn't we tell those guys that we were in a hurry?" he asked, still playing along. He couldn't believe what he had done. He walked up to a girl in the park, said "come", and she followed him. She was right – the situation required a pint.

"I guess we're going to *the Tiger*. **We better hurry**, or we won't find a seat," she joked.

"Do we like going to *the Tiger*?" he asked.

"On Tuesdays, we do," she nodded.

He stopped. "Hey, you know it's Thursday, right?"

True or False?

- a) The girl felt angry when James interrupted her conversation.
- b) James was sure that she was one of his customers, a university student.
- c) The two men were talking to her about religion and she was scared.
- d) James often used his foreign accent as an excuse for small mistakes in Czech.

2.5.4

She laughed. "**Since** you always have to wait for me, and I'm always talking to strangers, and now we're in a hurry to get seats at *the Tiger*, it **might as well** be Tuesday."

He had to agree. Why should anything be real now?

"And I'm buying you a beer, sir. For saving me. But only a pint – *the Tiger* is really expensive."

He had been to *the Tiger* a few times. It had the atmosphere of a typical Czech pub, but local people didn't go there much. She probably didn't go there often either; she just named the first place that came to her mind. It was a famous place. Very noisy.

They had to sit across from each other at a long, wide table. It would be hard to talk in all the noise. But maybe that was better. Once they stopped joking about their meeting tonight, he wanted to avoid talking about the past. He would have to tell her the truth. And he had already explained what happened to him – so many times – to so many people... that **he wasn't willing to do** it ever again.

Learning tip

since – zde ve významu "jelikož"

will – vůle (i "last will" = poslední vůle); **to be willing** – být ochotný

wasn't willing to → odmítal, nebyl ochotný to udělat

wasn't going to → nechystal se to udělat, neměl to v plánu, v úmyslu

didn't want to → nechtěl

2.5.5

They clinked their beer glasses, in true Czech style.

"Can you stop calling me *sir*? Or I'll have to keep calling you *young lady*."

"Where are you from? You speak well, but you have an accent," she asked.

"Australia."

"Really? You sound a bit Russian to me. Plus, you're tall and blond, like a typical bad guy in a movie from behind the **Iron Curtain**."

"Iron Curtain?" He hadn't heard that expression before.

She laughed again. "Never mind, sir. I just didn't think there was English in your accent. Who taught you Czech?"

"My mother. And what about the *sir*?" He raised his glass. They clinked their glasses once more.

"Hi, I'm James."

"Teresa." She nodded and took a **deep sip** of her beer.

"So, what are you doing these days, Teresa?" He asked, trying to learn more about her because he didn't want to say something wrong.

"The usual."

That didn't help him much.

"And what do you do?" she asked him.

"The same old thing." He gave her the same kind of answer.

"Well, **since** we're old **pals**...." She shrugged her shoulders. "What else would we talk about, right? If it weren't Tuesday on a Thursday, it would be pretty boring after all these years."

Learning tip

Iron Curtain – železná opona; konzultuj s českou verzí, kde bylo předmětem konverzace jiné slovo, které ale v AJ neexistuje; proto si v anglické verzi musí autor poradit oklikou – uvádím to tu jako důkaz, že nepotřebuješ nikdy doslovný překlad, potřebuješ vždy předat ten dojem, myšlenku

2.5.6

He took his chance, "See, I'm not looking for big changes. Even after all these years, I'm still at the same antique bookstore, still opening at eleven and closing at seven. Nothing has changed. Except **you don't come by** anymore."

"I actually go to antique bookshops all the time because new books are so expensive. I always need something to read."

"Then **come by** my shop sometime. I need someone to take some books away; the shop is crammed."

"Okay. Where is it?"

"Still in the same place."

"Well, maybe, but I need to know where that is. Joking about knowing each other is fun, but that won't help me."

"Joking?"

"You don't know that word?"

"I know it. I just don't understand. Or... don't you remember me?" he asked, and it sounded strange. Because that was the question people always asked "*him*".

"Where from?"

He was confused. "From the antique shop, I think," he said carefully.

She frowned. "I'm so sorry, but I really don't remember. And I think I would remember you. I'm sure."

"Did you have an accident?" he asked, surprised.

"You mean the scar on my forehead? That was a long time ago. The scar looks worse than it was."

True of false?

- e) Teresa wasted no time and started flirting with James.
- f) James was sure he met Teresa before his accident.

2.5.7

"I have a scar too," he said, running his fingers through his hair to reveal a bald spot on his head.

"That's a big one," she said with interest.

"It is. And it was a lot worse than it looks now. I was unconscious for a few days."

"Shall we go somewhere else? We've finished the beer, and I can't afford another one in here."

"I'll pay for this one," he said.

"But you can't do that. It means I didn't really invite you if you pay now. I don't want to owe you anything. We've had a nice chat, and it's still crazy that we connected like this just by looking at each other when we don't even know each other... Even though you think you know me."

They ordered another beer.

"Are you sure it's just some kind of mystery, like fate or something? Not just that we really met before?"

"I really don't remember. Unless I lost my memory."

"Trust me, you don't want that. It's not fun at all. It happened to me," he finally admitted.

By then, **the bitter, unfiltered beer** was making him talk more. "I forgot a lot five years ago, and I've been living like in a dream ever since. When I saw you, I thought we **must've known** each other. I thought I was helping an old friend, not just some random person. Nothing mystical."

"That must be so interesting, forgetting everything," she said, thinking. "You could forget the people (who) you didn't like, and you wouldn't have to deal with them. **You'd** have peace of mind."

"Yeah, maybe. But what about the people I *did* like? Maybe I walk past them now, ignoring them. They must feel terrible, and I don't even know."

2.5.8

Teresa took a sip and seemed to be thinking about it.

"So, we really don't know each other?" James continued. "I'm actually a bit relieved. I wasn't sure if I owed you an explanation, and I don't."

"Oh no, I missed my chance! I **could have told** you (that) we were in love and everything. Then, if I dragged you to bed tonight, it wouldn't look so strange. I could just say that was what you always wanted."

A chill went down his spine because she had just described Julie perfectly. He was finishing his second beer and felt more relaxed than usual, so he responded to a completely different part of her joke.

"If you drag me to bed, I'll believe anything," he laughed.

She reached across the table and put her hand on his. He didn't understand why. Then he added, "It's the beer talking. It's been a really nice evening, but now I should go to bed. Would you like me to walk you somewhere?"

"Yes, I would, if you don't mind."

They walked outside the pub. The street felt peaceful compared to the inside noise.

"Where to?" he asked.

"To your antique bookstore, please. I still don't know where it is."

"Don't be silly. I'll take you home in a cab. You're beautiful and fun, but you're too young."

"How young do you think I am?"

"About twenty-three?"

"Yeah, exactly," she said, surprised. She had expected him to guess she was younger. After all, at twenty-three, she wasn't too young for him to worry about her.

"You're married, aren't you?"

"What?"

2.5.9

"Never mind. I get it. Please don't walk me anywhere. It was cool, some kind of telepathy, but I guess it's over now. I just don't like excuses. You can't take me home, so you blame my age. It's my fault."

"Sweet girl!" he laughed. "Is that really what you think? I'm not talking about your age; I'm talking about mine. You're too young for me. I'm already kind of an old man. Single, but old."

She looked him over **from head to toe**, like she was giving him an expert opinion.

"Fifteen years isn't that much, is it? It's a lot, but it's ok for what we want to do together," she teased him, sliding her hands under his belt and pulling herself closer to him. "It's just right."

She was playing with him. He felt terrible. She was beautiful and young, and for the first time, he was painfully aware of his age. Damn!

"If there were fifteen years between us, you'd be..." He stopped. It felt wrong to even talk about this with her. "I don't think you want a forty-five-year-old man in your bed."

"No way! You're forty-five? Oh my God, you're older than my dad!" she exclaimed in surprise.

He really didn't need to hear that, but at the same time, he was relieved. The limit was clear.

What was wrong with him? Why was he rejecting her? Was he really feeling that old? Maybe he was. Maybe... yeah.

from head to toe – od hlavy k patě (v angličtině doslova "k prstům na nohou")
pozor: **finger** je jen prst na ruce, na noze jsou "toes"

2.5.10

"I still owe you a beer, sir," she said, calling him *sir* again, and it was over.

"I'll come to your antique shop sometime and pay you back. But now, I'll take the tram, that's fine."

She pushed him away gently, giving him one more look. No, he didn't look forty-five. He definitely looked better than her father, who was three years younger. Well, if it was the truth. She still didn't quite believe James. She thought it was just his way of **getting rid of her**. It wasn't very nice, but she forgave him.

Their meeting had been so special that she still believed there had to be more to it. They couldn't just say goodbye forever.

Curious Questions

- g) What did Teresa think, and what did she do, when James talked as if they already knew each other?
- h) If you were Teresa, would you believe James's story about losing his memory, or would you think he was just flirting? Why?
- i) Teresa was shocked when she realised that James was older than her father.
- j) Why do you think James rejected Teresa? Was it really because of his/her age? He didn't even want to speak about sex with her – why?