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**TRANSLATION AND ANALYSIS OF SOME DOCUMENTS FOR
ENGLISH INTO SPANISH AND VICE VERSA**

Thesis Submitted to Obtain the Bachelor in English

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Abstract

The main objective of this research was to translate some documents from English into Spanish and vice versa. By accomplishing such translations and analyzing them; the question: What is the effect of the procedures and methods used to translate the documents “Asesinato del misionero” & “La mano de tigre” from Spanish into English and “The Call of Cthulhu” from English into Spanish for the National Mental Health Hospital during the 3rd quarter of 2021? was answered. The texts were translated for the National Mental Health Hospital located in Pavas. The design chosen for this research was the phenomenological design alongside with semantic translation. The main findings were to identify the most frequent translation procedures present in the texts through a color-coding instrument, glossaries, and a text analysis chart. The main conclusions obtained through these instruments point that to ensure a proper and efficient translation, it is necessary to read the text carefully to identify the main challenges when attempting to translate. Besides of identifying challenges, consistency must be always present, that is why glossaries are so important, and finally, each document should be treated differently since not every author is the same and therefore, the structure of the documents changes and its content as well.

Resumen

El objetivo principal de esta investigación fue traducir algunos documentos del inglés al español y viceversa. Al realizar dichas traducciones y analizarlas; la pregunta: ¿Cuál es el efecto de los procedimientos y métodos utilizados para traducir los documentos "Asesinato del misionero" y "La mano de tigre" del español al inglés y "The Call of Cthulhu" del inglés al español para el Hospital Nacional Psiquiátrico durante el tercer trimestre de 2021? fue resuelta. Los textos fueron traducidos para el Hospital Nacional Psiquiátrico ubicado en Pavas. El diseño elegido para esta investigación fue el fenomenológico junto con la traducción semántica. Los principales hallazgos fueron identificar los procedimientos de traducción más frecuentes presentes en los textos a través de un instrumento de codificación por colores, glosarios y un cuadro de análisis de textos. Las principales conclusiones obtenidas a través de estos instrumentos apuntan a que para garantizar una traducción adecuada y eficiente es necesario leer el texto con atención para identificar los principales retos a la hora de intentar traducirlos. Además de identificar los retos, la coherencia debe estar siempre presente, por eso los glosarios son tan importantes y, por último, cada documento debe ser tratado de forma diferente, ya que no todos los autores son iguales y, por tanto, la estructura de los documentos cambia y su contenido también.

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Chapter I

Introductory Framework

During the past year, due to the pandemic that stroke the whole world, a new need came to life. The need of developing new hobbies or skills that can be done indoors to replace outdoors activities, physical contact, and human interaction. For some, it was just matter of buying a new electronic device or start doing yoga. However, for others the new normality became a deep hole of anxiety, stress, and mental breakdowns. This has been-a reality for the young and foreign patients at Costa Rica's National Mental Health Hospital.

This research, besides analyzing and applying translations procedures and methods to some texts from English into Spanish and vice versa and to develop a high-quality outcome, aims to provide some support in creating enjoyable content that patients at the National Mental Health Hospital can use for their entertainment. Therefore, the success of this investigation lays in achieving faithful, accurate, and natural translations into both languages that can be read by the target population according to their most fitted preferences.

1.1 Problem Statement

Since 2020 due to Covid-19 pandemic, many things have changed, including the way how humans interact. The new normality brought along with-it depression, sadness, and loneliness, and for people that has a mental condition and require constant care, these sensations feel even stronger. Moreover, many patients at the National Mental Health Hospital have been struggling to have quality time inside their room or by themselves. Emotional support is key for their treatment and having the opportunity to go outside and play, talk, and share with someone under similar circumstances. Therefore, the hospital is putting efforts into finding new activities for patients to do while human interaction is a bit restricted.

Under this premise, the library of the hospital realized that even though there are some exemplars of leisure literature, there is still a small selection and the need to expand it came to light. Because there are patients from English speaking countries, they also deserve the same opportunities as nationals. The library aims to expand this kind of literature by requesting translations of stories that may serve the purpose of entertainment. For this end, the research targets to contribute to this initiative by providing a complete and accurate translations from English into Spanish and vice versa of national and international stories and thus, analyze the different translation methods and techniques available for use.

1.2 Research Question

What is the effect of the procedures and methods used to translate the documents “Asesinato del misionero” & “La mano de tigre” from Spanish into English and “The Call of Cthulhu” from English into Spanish for the National Mental Health Hospital during the 3rd quarter of 2021?

1.3 Objectives

1.3.1 General objectives

To analyze the effect of the procedures and methods used to translate the documents Asesinato del misionero & La mano de tigre from Spanish into English for Institution and The Call of Cthulhu from English into Spanish for the National Mental Health Hospital

1.3.2 Specific objectives

- To translate the documents Asesinato del misionero & La mano de tigre from Spanish into English for Institution and The Call of Cthulhu from English to Spanish for National Mental Health Hospital

- To apply various translation techniques to the documents to achieve natural, cohesive, and accurate texts
- To evaluate the effect of the translation techniques applied on the documents
- To create a glossary with the most relevant terminology found in both texts

1.4 Justification

This investigation has as purpose to analyze and apply different methods and translation techniques to texts of a literary nature. The idea is to render a high-quality translation following guidelines and holding unto translation principles proposed by Peter Newmark, as according to him, a good translation must be accurate, natural, and faithful. Each principle or characteristic will influence the final product, since if a production lacks faithfulness instead of being a translation, it would be just a paraphrasing of the text or could even end up becoming just an adaptation of the original text. Translating is more than just changing words from a language to another, as the main goal is to convey a whole message to an audience that not only has a different mother tongue, but also has different culture, customs, and traditions. All these factors must be considered to ensure that new readers will understand and interiorize the content of the product without adding or removing information.

It is important to highlight that even though a translation must contain all the characteristics mentioned above, the free translation method will be used in this investigation. The main reason is because the texts studied are literature for entertainment and there is a big timewise gap between when the texts were published and nowadays. Therefore, it is necessary to translate meaning by meaning, which could produce some changes in the structure of sentences and words, but always rendering a faithful, accurate and natural translation. The texts chosen in

Spanish are legends proper of Costa Rica, where there are words-only known inside the country, which of course they will not have a direct translation into English and some modulations or naturalizations must be done to ensure that English-speaking readers feel the same when reading the story as it were written in their mother tongue.

The main benefit of this research lies on demonstrating that the culture and nature of text are not impediment to achieve a good translation worthy of publishing in English speaking countries if necessary or possible. These translations are meant to be submitted to the library at the National Mental Health Hospital of Costa Rica, where currently there is a notable shortage of entertainment literature for patients, especially for the young and foreign population. By providing English translations for foreign patients and Spanish translations for young people, the hospital aims to be more mindful about patients' wellbeing in terms of content and activities. This concern of not having enough leisure literature has been increasing gradually, especially during the ongoing Covid -19 pandemic, where patients are not allowed to do outdoor activities or interact closely with each other. In this time of need is where books are needed the most, since they offer an escape route from routine and boredom, as potentially depression which can lead to suicide attempts.

This effort has the huge goal of preserving the state of mind of a very fragile population that did not ask to be locked out or put through heavy treatment due their conditions. Therefore, by providing them with a text in a language they can understand is without doubt a humanitarian action. Books save lives and if there is a chance to contribute to that cause, help should be offered without any hesitation. Costa Rica's health system is known for not leaving anyone behind and this is being proved with the efforts done by this institution that tries to build a safe space for people that do not have anything that can make them feel safe or close to home. The research is

giving this people the opportunity to feel more familiarized with our history, beliefs, and customs with the sole objective to make them feel at home and not in a territory they feel hostile or unwelcoming.

The idea of creating a safe space not only applies to people from abroad, but also to fellow citizens that, as previously mentioned, wish for a moment where they can be free, where they can forget all their afflictions and swim in an endless sea of words that relate to fabulous stories of monsters, mysteries, and fun. The research also aims to mark the beginning of a new story for the library inside the hospital, by demonstrating that an actual problem is being addressed and the impact caused is not a little thing. It may open the possibility for the library to get a budget-that could be exclusively destined for the acquisition of books for entertainment or to create a donation program where workers and families can contribute to the cause by giving out books on of different topics and genres for all kinds of audience.

In other words, this investigation will install the bases for a library that provides more diverse content and that adds value not only for doctors and workers, but also to all the patients that are there 24/7. It is the beginning of a new program that can bring along wholesomeness, knowledge acquisition, cultural interchange, and brighter days for this population usually left apart. For this end, a proper translation process must be followed, along with the help of a grammar reader and philologist. The translation process, according to Daniel Gile (1994), consists of five recurrent stages. Each stage will be repeated as necessary until the final product is accurate, natural, and faithful. The first stage is called “Meaning Hypothesis” and in this step a possible meaning for the piece of text in the source language is proposed based on the knowledge acquired so far. Once the possible meaning is formulated, it is put into test by analyzing context; this stage is called “Plausibility Test.” If the text analyzed passes the test, then it goes forward in

the process, but if it fails it goes back to the first stage and a new hypothesis is proposed and once again goes under the plausibility test. Afterwards, there is the third stage where the text gets reformulated to meet the target language rules and order. This step has the purpose of making the text natural; achieving naturality might be one of the hardest tasks to complete in translation as many factors are involved. To successfully complete this reformulation, extralinguistic knowledge is required, understanding the culture and the ways to express in the target language prove to be the most useful.

Moving forward along the process there is fourth the stage. Here the faithfulness is put to test. To consider a text faithful must be accurate and natural if the text fails to be natural, it goes back to the previous step to have a new reformulation until it is determined natural. The last step is an aggregate faithfulness test; for this research at this point a philologist will review the translation from English to Spanish and provide all the feedback needed to ensure a product of high quality that patients can read and enjoy. Moreover, the Spanish to English translation will be submitted to a grammar review that guarantees the accuracy of the language structure employed to assure the message is being correctly conveyed from one language to another.

1.5 Antecedents

The history of translation dates back many ages ago with the translation of the bible from Latin to Greek. Munday (2006) states the practice of translation played an important role in human's history, since in the first century AC there were magnificent minds like Cicero and Horace arguing the different ways of translating and then, in the fourth century AC, St Jerome translated the Greek Septuagint Bible into Latin. Approach which later would affect the way how scriptures are translated. This happened on the occidental side of the globe, but on the oriental

side there are records of translation since the first century AC. In China, the Buddhist sutras translation opened an everlasting discussion on translation practices.

Despite of everything mentioned above, the study of translation started to take form as an academic subject in the second half of the twentieth century. The discipline started to be known as “Translation Studies” thanks to the key paper of James S. Holmes in 1972, where he defined the discipline as a “complex of problems clustered round the phenomenon of translating and translations” and Snell-Hornby (1995) complemented Holmes’ definition in her book of translation studies, by defining it as an amazing and independent practice. Nowadays, translation has become an important pillar in society not only in books, but also in economics. Globalization has caused a huge impact in how products are distributed worldwide; consequently, big companies that have supply chains in different areas of the world and sell the same product in every region, have had the need to make sure that their product is understood, accepted, and therefore, consumed. This would not be possible without translating packages, instructions, ingredients. Humans are reluctant about what they do not understand and having customers that do not trust in a company’s products just due to language barriers is a luxury that no one can afford.

This panorama has been considered many times before. Munday, in his book of translation studies published in 2006, mentions a type of translation called “Interlingual translation” that was proposed by Roman Jakobson (1896-1985), which consists of “an interpretation of verbal signs by means of some other language.” This procedure occurs when a text is being translated from a language like Chinese into English and it is in this scenario where the translation studies are being focused. There is the trend to think that translation is not that important in society, but in 2015 the global market for outsourced translation, interpreting, and related technologies was estimated to exceed 38 billion USD and international organizations like

the European Union translated around 24 languages and spend an approximate of 456 million Euros per year on translation and interpretation services.

Even though, the reach and importance of translation around the world has been remarkable, in Costa Rica the panorama changes a little bit. Vargas Gomez (2010) states that it was until 1993 thanks to the initiative of a group of literature and language science's teachers at Universidad Nacional de Costa Rica (UNA) that finally rose the opportunity inside the Costa Rican academic field to conduct systematic investigations about translation. This thanks to the development of study programs on English to Spanish translation degree and a program for French to Spanish, as well. Although, there has been some progress in the field there is still a long road ahead. According to Vega Cernuda (2008), the translation in Costa Rica and its literature is deeply underrated and destined to be forgotten in time and not because of its quality, but instead to the lack of support that many great authors and translators have received throughout the years. He states that writers are meant to be forgotten if they are not translated. Costa Rica has done huge contributions to translation, one of the biggest examples is the translation into "Latin American Spanish" of Shakespeare done by Joaquin Gutierrez, the author of the acclaimed story of "Cocori." However, Editorial of Costa Rica has not yet added into his catalogue a single translation throughout all the years of its trajectory. A study done by UNESCO, called "The Index Translationum," shows that the translation activity in Costa Rica is almost null and creates a big deficit on the intellectual image of the country, because there are people knowledgeable and capable enough to expand that translation activity and fix this lack on intellectual image. Cernuda concludes his research by calling to action all the translators from several universities to expand the translation catalogue that the country has and then, to enrich the

national culture and the Hispanic expression around the world and provide other countries with our words and way to express what other meant in their mother tongues.

1.6 Scope

This research aims to study the effect of the procedures and methods used to translate the documents *Asesinato del misionero* & *La mano de tigre* from Spanish into English and *The Call of Cthulhu* from English into Spanish for the National Mental Health Hospital. By translating these documents, the investigation has as goal to help fighting the depression, boredom, and frustration that mental patients might feel due to the Covid-19 pandemic. The selection of stories seeks to cause true and exciting sensations by using mystery, mysticism, and folklore that leave a good impression among readers and motivate them to keep reading, learning, and growing without worrying about the pandemic and all the negative aspects that are brought with it. This is the first time that an effort of this sort is taking place in this hospital. Therefore, it seeks to earn more support into getting more books meant for entertainment and not only for medical research and contribute into young and foreign patient's wellbeing.

Chapter II

Theoretical Framework

Throughout this research several methods and procedures will be employed with the objective of rendering an accurate, natural, and faithful translation. The main objective of this chapter is to explain and define all the methods or concepts that are useful for the investigation. For defining these concepts, several authors will be consulted. These authors are considered experts in the topic and thanks to their contributions, translation has become a crucial branch in language studies and its importance has been gradually increasing during the last two centuries. Moreover, it is important for the reader to be aware and informed of the technicalities that are involved during a translation process. Knowing to differentiate what type of text is being analyzed is as important as knowing which methods are more convenient to use. Each definition will be broadly explained to ensure a full comprehension of the work at hand.

2.1 Text Analysis

Once that the text has been selected, the next step is defining the approach that is going to be used. There are four major types of approaches when it comes to textual analysis, they go as followed: rhetorical criticism, content analysis, interaction analysis, and performance studies. The terms rhetoric and criticism have interesting connotations, especially when put together, as they often tend to mean something negative, or it is related to tear down or denigrating. However, this approach is a systematic method for analyzing and assessing the persuasive strength of the text. Meanwhile the first approach is focused on persuasion, the other three focus more on content, linguistics, and the aesthetic richness that can be found in texts. This research will rely on the content analysis approach, since its focus are the meanings associated with messages instead of the number of times message variables happen. To conclude, textual analysis is a tool that studies

how authors think, behave, and the patterns they established when writing their works. This is reflected on the words of a famous industrialist, “a person’s language, as a rule, is an index of his or her mind.”

2.1.1 Text Styles

Every text is written with a purpose because there is a need that requires to be fulfilled and depending on that urge the style of the text will change. Styles are meant to be used as a support tool by authors. The famous translator Eugene Nida classifies the style of text in four types, despite if the text is literary or non-literary, the classification goes as follows:

2.1.1.1 Narrative

Soneta Welliya (2011) states that a narrative text is the one which contains three main features: orientation, complication, and resolution. Each of them is closely related to each other, the orientation introduces the character, the place and time where the story is taking place, meanwhile complication describes the crisis that characters must face along the tale and resolution refers to the way how participant solve the issue either for better or for worse. It is important to point out that another big feature of this type of texts is the focused use of verb nouns or phrasal verbs.

2.1.1.2 Description

Rega Giyang (2015) defines a descriptive text as the one that lists characteristics of a person, place, object, or animal. Description in writing is the process of replicating visual images and sensory feeling through words. This type of text can recreate sounds, tastes, feelings, and appearance of objects. The better the description, the more attracted the audience will feel. There are many authors that manage to reach a level of description so breathtaking that they let

readers feel like they are living the story. The best example of this phenomena is the deceased writer H.P. Lovecraft, as he managed to do descriptions that were so vivid that the terror that his characters felt in his text passed on his audience, which made him one of the best horror writers in human history. One main characteristic of this style is that it focuses mainly on linking verbs, adjectives, and adjectival nouns.

2.1.1.3 Discussion

This type of texts is addressed to analyzing, interpreting, and evaluating issues (Blake Education, 2011). They will give readers the tools to develop researching skills like finding information to support their arguments, anticipating and respond to these. Normally, the writer explores different points of view about a topic and concludes with an opinion or comment. With the objective of reaching an effective discussion, all perspectives about an issue must be considered as part of the discussion. It is normal the attitude changes towards different points of view, as the idea is to generate a debate not to persuade. This style focuses on verbs of mental activity, logical arguments, and connectives.

2.1.1.4 Dialogue

Jenlink (2005) defines dialogue as culturally and historically determined way of social discourse achieved by using language and verbal transactions. It refers to community, mutuality and authentic relationship. Dialogue provides a meeting ground and expresses itself in many spontaneous ways. It is a cultural tool that is used for sharing ideas and pass on knowledge, ideas from person to person and out of that interaction new understandings come to life. Dialogue can be also used to create and introduce new thoughts and knowledge into a cultural setting. The idea behind this approach given to dialogue is to suspend opinions and

judgements of what other shares and focuses mainly on understand it. This type of text is more centered in the use of colloquialisms, since the idea is that everyone can understand, interact, and learn new things through a collective mean of communication.

2.1.2 Stylistic Scales

When it comes to translating, the style of the text in question is something that cannot be ignored, for it represents the essence of the author and helps to understand the nature of the message being conveyed. Sawant (2013), in his paper *Stylistic Issues in Translating*, defines stylistics as the linguistic study of style. Literary stylistics has the goal of explaining the relationship between language and artistic function. For studying the stylistic scales of a text, it is important to ask why do authors decide to express themselves in this way? Once this question has been answered, translating becomes much easier. Every author has its own style, which has been to carry out to the target language; otherwise, the text neither be faithful nor accurate. When referring to styles is not only how the author decides to express it, but it also refers to a scale which have been expressed by several well-known authors.

The main way to classify texts is by scales and in this research three different ranges will be analyzed: scale of formality, generality or difficulty and emotional tone. Although this is the preferred method for classification, scales are not the only way to categorize the style of a text. Styles can be also classified according to literature or to specific periods; some of them are: Metaphysical style, Restoration prose style, scientific style; and even related to a specific author, like Lovecraftian style or Shakespearean style. Consequently, for a proper translation it is essential to recognize several elements of styles, analyze them, and finally compare and select the proper stylistic element from the process of analysis evaluation. In other words, for a translator style is as relevant as meaning.

2.1.2.1 Scale of Formality

According to Heylighen, formality is achieved when the meaning of a sentence is independent of context and non-ambiguous. Despite there is a concept for formality, it is important to realize that formality in its theoretical definition cannot be achieved. This is proven in the “Linguistic Complementary Principle” proposed by Lofgren in 1991, where he affirmed that there is no language capable of fully describing its own interpretation processes and subsequently the meaning of its expressions. Taking this into consideration in the textbook on translation, the author classifies formality into eight categories according to the register used for every occasion. The scale is classified as follows:

Officialese: Trespassing beyond this point is completely prohibited by this establishment’s safety policies.

Official: Trespassing beyond here is prohibited.

Formal: You are compelled to not trespass beyond here.

Neutral: Trespassing beyond here is not allowed.

Informal: Please, do not trespass beyond here.

Colloquial: You can’t go further.

Slang: Stay out from here.

Taboo: Stay the fuck out from here. (Researcher’s own creation)

To conclude, the intent of the scale is not to point out if a category is better than another; on the contrary, its goal is to help differentiating and identifying the many ways how language can be used to satisfy the writer’s needs.

2.1.2.2 Scale of Generality or Difficulty

Scales, as showed previously, are ways to classify texts depending on its intention, register, or even author, but those are not the only ones existing. There is a scale designed to measure the complexity or generality of the text. This instrument defines difficulty as the complexity of terminologies used in a text. Difficulty can be also measured by analyzing how general is the vocabulary employed. This means that the less specific or technical the document is, the lesser will be its level of difficulty. Newmark, in his book *Textbook of translation* (1988), provides the following division in the scale: simple, popular, neutral, educated, and technical. The technical category is subdivided in two: technical and opaquely technical, the main difference resides on the fact that the opaquely technical text will be comprehensible only to an expert on the topic, for example: a complex chemical composition procedure will only be understood by an expert chemist, since an amateur one will lack knowledge to fully comprehend what the text is explaining.

Having explained the highest level of difficulty on the scales, the other ones are easier to understand since they will follow the same principle of the kind of vocabulary being used. Simple complexity refers to texts with low difficulty of terminologies. Fairy tales are the best example for this level of the scale, since they are meant for children, so the language used is quite simple and general. Popular generality covers documents with vocabulary of daily life, like a fashion magazine article. Neutral complexity is a balanced level of difficulty that it is not too simple or too complex, it could be a novel where authors employ some words of higher complexity to give to their works more style and class. And finally, there is the educated level, that can be found in texts for educational or institutional purposes. Consequently, this scale, as the others reviewed in this research, is meant for merely classification, not for pointing out which one is better. Thanks

to these scales, researchers can study and analyze a text in more in-depth with the goal of obtaining complete, concise, and solid results, so readers can fully interiorize the objective of the research and the meaning of the work studied.

2.1.3 Scale of Emotional Tone

The last scale defined in this research is the emotional tone scale. According to Meng Ji (2019), in her book *Translating and Communicating Environmental Cultures*, the emotional scale falls into a psychometric category, since the main objective is to measure the level of optimism in the words found in texts. The spectrum of emotional tones comprehends negative and positive emotions. There are some key words that boost or empower the kind of tone used. Meng states that high-frequency emotional words mostly found in multimedia or public post are important, brave, true, care, create, and improve, among others. Probably, the goal of this kind of tone is to motivate readers to follow or adopt cultural changes that are discussed on the posts and related to a common good from author's perspective. Meanwhile, high tone uses highly comforting words, there is also a negative tone which can be mostly found in newspapers posts. This tone can be identified by looking for words like poor, depressing, crazy, suffering, deceiving, and expressions alike. The main goal of this tone is to raise awareness among readers, as it helps to create this sense of tension and from there motive masses to do a change regarding the issue or problematic being exposed.

The emotional scale can be classified also by the intensity of the vocabulary being used. In the book *a Textbook of translation*, Peter Newmark proposes the following category: intense, warm, and factual. In the intense tone the use of intensifies is key, most of them will be adverbs that will increase the impact of the adjective selected, for example instead of saying "you are fast" the author will prefer to say "you are incredibly fast" with the idea of transmitting the

intensity of idea and readers will be able to perceive the message in a more accurate way. The other two categories are not as intense, but they also contribute to convey a message in a livelier way, avoiding the text to sound monotonous and boring for readers.

2.1.4 Text Function

Everything that exists in this world was created with a purpose and with means to reach that purpose. These two factors all together can be defined as function. Frajzyngier and Butter, in their book *The Emergence of Functions in Language*, state that the grammatical system of languages is made of a set of functions and forms that encode those functions. The main importance of the functions lays on the fact that speakers of a language must rely on the functions available to them to be able to communicate and convey the message they want. Therefore, the style, register, tone of a text will be defined by the function of the same.

In fact, functions of a text are a mean to study and discover the semantic structure of a language. Thanks to them linguists can determine the rules of syntax and the grammatical order that writers must use to convey the message they want to transmit. Some of the functions can be considered universal since they reflect basic communicative functions of any language. There are cases where a language can recur to the use of a function more than others, but that does not mean that can be exclusively found in it. An example of this is given by Frajzyngier where he states that the assertive modality is available in every language but in some like Swahili and Bele it has a notorious marker that cannot be found in other tongue. It is like Spanish, at least in Latin America, where the narrative function is more frequently used than in English. Parting from the point that there are universal functions, there are three of them that this research considers important due to the reason that every text will have the main need to either inform, express, or call to action. These three functions are human needs and language is just a mean to fulfill them.

2.1.4.1 Informative Function

It is quite common to mistake a narrative or descriptive text with an informative one, but the difference resides in that an informative text does not seek to create a permanent trace about a certain conceptual structure, instead they draw a mental picture of a given situation. According to Kerpedjiev, in his essay *Generation of Informative Text with Style*, the informative function seeks to describe a situation, either predicted or observed. It also consists of assertions, each one related to an event, observation, or prediction to a given location and time. Normally, features of this function are typical, prevalent, and preferred, so they should be defined through the frequencies of their occurrence.

Informative texts are objective narrative texts that are well-classified by a topic or subject domains and from those domains adopt properly devised models. The key points of the informative function are the facts related to a reality that is not related to the language itself, like reported ideas or theories. When it comes to translation, informative texts can be related to any topic of knowledge, and the format is usually standard. It can be a textbook, a technical report, an article in a magazine or newspaper, a thesis, or even an agenda for a meeting. Another important characteristic of this type of text is that the use of metaphors is not advised, and the dominant styles are the neutral and informal.

To conclude, due to the high availability and different kinds, informative texts represent most of the translators work in international organizations, multi-nationals, private companies, and translation agencies. Therefore, it is normal for translators to deal with this type of texts. When it comes to translating, this type of texts are badly written and it is up to the translator to correct their facts and style. Surging as consequence that the translated versions tend to be better than the original or at least that has been the tendency in the last years. This tendency

is not something negative, instead it denotes a huge progress in the skills that translators have developed.

2.1.4.2 Expressive Function

Every person has the urge or need to express himself/herself, which is one the most basic linguistic functions. According to Williams (1993), there are two basic linguistic functions: communication and expression, where expression surpasses the importance of the communication. A thought must be expressed verbally before it can be communicated verbally; therefore, expression is a requisite of communication. The author refers to expression as the relationship between language and thought in any individual speech act. Moreover, expression can be common as every day social interactions or as deep as the creation of an amazing literary or philosophical text. An example of an amazing use of expressive function is the book written by Nietzsche called *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, where the focus of the whole book are the teachings of the great wise expressed by quotes or points of view towards a topic that were polemical by the time the book was written. From this example expression can also be defined as a dynamic process that only uses, but also creates meaning, by putting thought into verbal form.

In addition, the core of this function is the speaker's mind, the writer, and the originator of the sentence, as the latter is used to express writer's feeling towards a topic. Consequently, it is key for a translator to be able to identify the personal components that can be found in texts that have a dominant expressive function, since they are the expressive element and by any means, they should not be normalized when translating. In other words, that personal touch of the author is what makes a text expressive.

2.1.4.3 Vocative Function

The vocative function is considered by Maj a Glusac and Ana Mikic Colic (2018) as pragmatic-semantic category; in other words, it is a mean to express many linguistic functions. From a functional point of view, vocative expressions are never monosemic. It means that they do not only work for conative function, as it is defined in literature, as they also perform other linguistic functions, like the emotive and poetic one. The vocative function plays a huge role establishing and maintaining communication, that is considered as its phatic function. There is one more function attached to the vocative, which is the referential function. This is attached to the subject and predicative role in the language used in poetry. Previous research on the utility of vocative functions leads to a varied subfunctions that can be performed, the functions of imperativeness, and interrogatives that can be found among them.

The main goal of the vocative function is the readers or to whom the text is addressed to. It is called vocative because it gives a sense to call to action, think, or feel. Let us take for example the great speech given by Martin Luther King called *I have a dream*. In this speech, he called the audience to feel, to react to the discrimination that black people were still living even though slavery was long gone. The typical vocative text for a translator can vary from instructions, propaganda, persuasive writing such as speeches and possibly popular fiction, which aim is to entertain the audience. To conclude, the same principle of the scales is applied to the functions, none of them is better than another. They are designed to support writers, help research, and finally to transmit the message and its essence to the reader.

2.2 Translation Methods

According to Kellou (2020), a translation method can be defined as set of techniques and strategies applied at textual level to transfer a text from a source language (SL) into a target language (TL) in the light of a translation assignment and a contextual situation of

communication. The decision of which method should be used must be taken prior attempting to translate and depends upon many factors. Schaffner (1998) classifies those factors as: primary norms, preliminary norms, and procedural norms. They manage the act of translating before and during the process. The preliminary norms are the ones that argument why a determined text is chosen for translation, while primary norms denote which general strategy is going to be used between domestication or foreignization, and finally, the procedural norms refer to the micro-techniques used at word and sentence level. Since the strategies mentioned above are key for the translation methods, they will be explained briefly. Domestication makes look the text like a fluent translation, like it is an original work and foreignization keeps the foreign features in the translation and transfers the values, beliefs, and culturally specific terms into the translated version. To conclude, the authors refer to the functional theory, which states that the best way to choose the translation method is to take into consideration the purpose and intent of the translated text.

2.2.1 Semantic Translation

Translating is mostly based on choices, whether which method to use or what procedure suits better for the text being translated. Usually, when it comes to translations methods there two that resound in every translator's head: semantic translation and communicative translation. This is not because they are the only methods available, but indeed are the most recognized. Semantic translation, according to Dr.Vardhan (2019), is a method that stays loyal to the author of SLT, instead of the reader. This means that this kind of translation respects the source text above everything else.

Semantic translation is usually preferred for expressive texts, like speeches or articles. However, semantic translation can be also used for informative and communicative texts

with the goal of providing an accurate description that helps to deliver ~~the~~ essential information. Despite that semantic translation can be used almost in ~~for~~ any occasion, it usually sacrifices effectiveness to render as rigorously as possible the exact historical and contextual facts of the text in its SL. The idea is not to discredit this method, but it is important to point out every aspect ~~of it~~ to ensure a proper comprehension of the definition done in this research. Dr. Vardhan concludes by referring to Newmark's words where he stated that even though he proposed both methods, they should not be seen as competence, but as complements and when attempting to translate both methods should be analyzed holistically and be applied from an integrated point of view.

2.2.2 Communicative Translation

As it was previously explained in this research, there are two main types of translation methods. The semantic has been already defined, now it is the turn of the communicative translation. By referring to this method as communicative, it gives the impression that its main goal is to reach readers and make sure that they interiorize what they are reading. Going into further detail, Zheng (2017) defines communicative translation as a method whose intent is to recreate on the reader in the TL an affect as close as the one that readers felt while reading the original. It is clear to see that for this method, the author is not as important as it is for semantic translation and that is why the search of equivalences for TL reader is strongly encouraged. The main goal of this method reduces to be as gentle as possible with second readers, since they are not aware of difficulties or obscurities contained in the text and therefore, they expect a generous transfer of foreign language into their own culture as their language when considered necessary. Zheng concludes her research by pointing out that it is important to first

determine the primary function of the text and its language function, and from there to adopt the most appropriate translation strategies and methods.

2.3 Translation Procedures

The art of translating is a complex and thoroughly process, that is why many famous translators around the world agree that translation procedures are required to ensure a high-quality work. According to Delisle (1988), translation procedures can be defined as methods that translators use when they formulate an equivalent for the purpose of transferring elements of meaning from the source text (ST) to the target text (TT). Even though, this is a very concise explanation, Sumani (2021), in her book *Translation from Theory to Practice*, states that are countless procedures that have been proposed by several famous theorist through time like Nida, Venuti, Loescher, and many more. Among the authors mentioned above, she refers to the analysis made by Eugene Nida, where he divided translation procedures into technical and organizational procedures.

Technical procedures are explained as an analysis of source and target languages, a careful study of the SL text before trying to translate it, and judgements made on the semantic and syntactic approximations. On the other hand, organizational procedures are referred as a constant revaluation of the attempt done, comparisons against other translation works on the same text and as review of the communicative effectiveness by requesting TL readers to evaluate its accuracy and effectiveness and studying their reactions. Continuing with the reading of the other authors, she mentioned that it can be concluded that even though there is a vast number of definitions and procedures all of them have the goal in common, which to achieve a natural, accurate, and faithful translations, where the essence of the ST is carried over to the TT seamlessly.

2.3.1 Transposition

Translation is a world so vast and complex that every piece of a text will have a different way to be translated. Language can be considered as a living thing, since they are constantly changing, and structures differ between languages. That is why several methods have been developed to help translators get their way through these structural changes. The first method that will be analyzed is transposition. López Guix (1997) defines this method as the modification of the grammatical category of part of a sentence without changing its sense. There are many different types of transposition that can be found when attempting to translate a book, some of them are:

Adverb/verb:

He was never seen again. Nadie volvió a verlo.

Adverb/noun

Early this month. A inicios de mes.

Adjective/noun

He easily escaped from prison. Él escapó de prisión con facilidad.

Even though some words changed grammatically the idea of the message remains untouched, that is how transposition is well applied. if by any chance the idea or meaning changes while applying this procedure, it is advised to re-evaluate the choice of wording to avoid committing mistakes like paraphrasing, omission or addition that can negatively affect the result of the translation.

2.3.2 Modulation

The procedure defined previously is more restrictive when compared to modulation, since this gives more freedom to translators to choose words that are best fitted for every occasion. Newmark (1988) defines modulation as variation through a change of viewpoint or perspective. Modulation is often related to the spirit of the language, and it is ruled by the content of the text, since it may change from one culture to another and of course the structure of the content will change from a language to another. As in transposition, there are different types of modulation that will contribute to produce an accurate, faithful, and natural translation. Some of these variations are:

From general to specific:

At the commissary, cops asked to see my papers.

En la estación de policías me pidieron mi identificación.

From Negative to positive and vice versa

The food should not be far.

La comida tiene que estar cerca.

There are many types more but going into further examples will lead to the same conclusion, modulation is designed for helping TL readers to feel more comfortable when reading the translated text, since their cultural aspects and language structure was taken into consideration to guarantee a complete understanding of the author's message.

2.3.3 Omission

This procedure is often considered or classified as a translation mistake. This is due to focus given to the action. Omission is not only a mistake, but also an especially useful

procedure. Vazqu ez-Ayora (1977) states that is a procedure often ignored, which allows to reach an oblique translation through a way contrary to expansion or amplification. Omission can be used to make the idea more concise and get rid of extra wording that may confuse TL readers. An example is the auxiliary verb *can* in English, as it is quite common to use it with verbs that denotate perception, like: “I can hear,” “I can feel,” or “I can smell.” However, Spanish it is not necessary to use it. The reason is that it sounds more natural to say “siento algo en mi” than saying “ puedo sentir algo en mi.” This is not incorrect, but for a native speaker will sound weird and may confuse readers.

Continuing with the situations where omission is helpful, there is also the case of some idiomatic expressions that make sense in English, but not in Spanish. Phrasal verbs are a vivid example of this phenomenon. In English verbs like “wake up” and “hurry up” are quite common, but in Spanish that is not the case, since usually a verb is made from just one word. Therefore, for the examples given above their respective equivalences are “despertarse” and “apurarse.” Here the complement of the preposition is omitted because it is no longer needed in the TL. The examples given prove to be more than convincing in terms that omission is way more than a translation mistake, as it is a useful and powerful procedure that translators can rely on to make their translations sound natural in the TL, and hopefully the procedure starts to earn more credit instead of being ignored or being considered as something bad.

2.3.4 Amplification

There will be occasions where translators will need to amplify the structure of a word or sentence to convey the meaning properly. Unlike omission, amplification is considered a translation procedure and not a mistake. However, this does not mean that care is not advised, since there might be an overuse of amplifications making the text wordy and confusing, instead

of clear and understandable. Vázquez-Ayora (1977) describes amplification as the procedure where more lexemes and morphemes are used in the TL to explain the same idea that the SL is saying. Every procedure must be used with care, as they were created to be used not feared. It is relevant to point out this idea, since sometimes translators may feel that they are not doing a good job because they are adding more words to explain the same idea, but that is not case. What is happening is that the message is being carried out from a language to another with different grammatical and cultural structures.

Amplification can be used in many ways like amplifying the verb, adverb, or even the adjective. This occurs because English is more direct and concise, so native speakers have found a way to say the most they can in the shortest way possible. However, in for Spanish it is the complete opposite, as speakers tend to say the less they can in the shortest way possible, due the intent to be affective, warmth, and polite when talking. Some of the examples mentioned above are:

Amplifying the verb

To scream: gritar asustado/a

Amplifying the adverb

He was running forward without looking back.

Él corría hacia adelante sin mirar atrás.

Amplifying the adjective

The combination made him conspicuous.

El conjunto le daba un aspecto notorio.

Amplification as the other procedures make translators work more bearable and help them finding logical explanations to changes between languages. Thanks to them there have been amazing translations that can be even compared to the original without worrying if there are more words used to explain the same as long its sounds natural and accurate.

2.3.5 Explicitation

There are times where being explicative and specific brings a good contribution to the text being translated. Vázquez-Ayora (1977) refers to explicitation as a type of amplification that obeys above all to the semantics of the language, as it expresses what is implicit in the SL in the TL. This procedure usually tends to facilitate the interpretation of the text and aims for an explicative and specific result. These features can be hidden due to individual linguistic habits, distinguished features of the language, or message receptor's familiarity reasons with aspects of its culture or with the experience being transmitted. The use of explanation is advised when the message may be misunderstood or when the translation of the text may be affected due to omitting certain characteristics that were not needed in the ST but are necessary in the TT. Another possible use is to specify a complex relationship that is understood by original readers, since they know the extralinguistic situation. To conclude, it can be stated that sometimes explanations are necessary, and it is part of the translator's role to identify the situations where an explicitation or specification is required.

2.3.6 Literal Translation

Among the many existent procedures, there is one that works where the TL and SL are very alike. Lopez-Guix (1997) defines literal translation as a procedure that assures a translation that will be idiomatically correct from one language to another, without worrying

about idiomatic changes. The chances of obtaining an acceptable result when translating word by word is proportional to how similar the languages are. In the case of English-Spanish translation, these similarities are hard to find; however, with some adjustments a high level of acceptability can be achieved. However, it presents some difficulty because when translating from English to Spanish the word count increases by twenty percent and when it is done the other way around, the word count decreases the same amount. Many authors consider this procedure a trouble for the translator due to the reduced number of occasions where it can be applicable and most of times literal translation does not transmit what the author meant. Despite of everything that was said about this procedure, it was the main translation procedure in the middle age, since the translation word by word was the only technique that existed, and it have taken centuries to prove that a text faithful to form fails to be faithful to the content of the same.

2.3.7 Punctuation Changes

One of the most important aspects of a text is its punctuation, as it determines how the text should be read. Newmark (1988) states that punctuation is powerful and yet easily overlooked. He advises translators to do a comparative punctuation check between the translated version and the original one. Once the translator has completed the analysis, it is up to him to decide which punctuations marks should be removed and which should be kept. Moreover, punctuation is an essential aspect for analysis, since it provides a semantic indication of the relationship between sentences and clauses, which are different in every language.

There are occasions when the change is merely stylistic, for example the exclamation mark and question mark in Spanish. In this language, it is required to put either an exclamation or interrogation mark at the beginning of the expression and another one at in the end. In English, this is not true as the marks are only used at the end of the sentence. Now that the stylistic

changes have been mentioned, it is also relevant to point out that there are situations where the same punctuation mark has a completely different meaning. Therefore, this is when where translators must be knowledgeable enough to discern the best punctuation equivalence from the SL to the TL, a clear example are suspension points where in French mean a pause, but in English mean omission of a passage.

2.4 Glossaries

Collecting information and storing it for future references is one the best practices that an investigator, writer, or even translator can adopt. Specially for terminology that was discovered during the research, and it is knowledge acquired by the writer. Gapper (2008) defines glossaries as an index of specific terminology which can be consulted in case that the same words appear ahead in your text or if it is a collaborative work, so in this way, the other translators will be aware of the terminology being used and use it as a standard translation throughout the document. Furthermore, glossaries, according to the author, are made of two important types of structures: the macrostructure and the microstructure. The first one it is related to the general structure of the glossary and the last it is focused on the organization of each entry. When the macrostructure is being considered, it is important to analyze if it is necessary to add a preface, indications for users, and an abbreviation chart. Besides, it is advisable to determine if it is necessary to divide the glossary in sectors like English/Spanish and Spanish/English.

On the other hand, the microstructure it is more about designing the structure of each entry, as it refers to entry as the terminology with all the information that is in it. It plays a huge role in the translation procedure, and it is a big help for the translator, too. Glossaries help translators in ensuring that each time a defined term appears in any language, it is used and translated correctly and consistently. This consistency eliminates the uncertainty throughout the

translation process allowing it, at the same time, to be more effective and efficient. Translators will notice several benefits from using glossaries, some of them are:

- Reduce rework and waste throughout the content development and translation processes.
- Reduce time to deliver a finished work.
- Standardize terms when required by the client or company.

It can be assured that if this tool helps translators, it will also benefit the translation process. Glossaries are relevant since they assure accuracy in the process; this is first reason to create a glossary. Language tends to be very flexible and consulting a glossary helps limiting that flexibility for good. The translation speed is another factor that is improved by recurring to this instrument because in that way translators can spend their time researching phrasing, wording, and background information instead of searching for the actual translation.

Now that the benefits of a glossary have been explored, it is time to explain how to build one. Gapper defines a series step to follow for creating a good glossary. The first step is to determine the nature of the glossary, some questions that can help are: Who is the target audience? What would be the primary use of it? And how and when is it going to be used. Once the nature has been defined, the next step is to set the content of the glossary and the selection criteria, and finally what is left is to define the format: how terminologies are going to be sorted, define the aspects of each entry, and standardize the font and size for the whole instrument. By following these steps, translators or any kind of writer will be able to build a glossary that will serve and fulfill their needs and take advantages of this useful and powerful tool.

Chapter III

Methodological Framework

Every research has the need to discover the assumptions of the study to reconstruct data. The main objective of the methodological framework is to detail the selected aspects that are going to be developed along the whole investigation, which must be justified by the researcher. According to Franco (2010), the methodological framework is a set of actions destined to describe and analyze the background of the problem established. This can be achieved through specific procedures like observations and data collection techniques. Research without a methodological framework will not be able to explain the “how” of the study.

Another characteristic to consider is that the methodology of an investigation is considered as progressive; therefore, this framework requires theoretical support that justifies the study on the chosen topic. This tool is based on the formulation of a hypothesis and proving whether it is wrong or correct. For this research, the hypothesis are the translations proposed to two literary texts and by using the methodological framework is going to be proved that the proposal made is to render accurate and faithful translations of the original versions. To summarize, it can be stated that this research will benefit from having a methodological framework, since thanks to this tool, it will be possible to prove, demonstrate, and explain all the procedures applied to prove that the translations done follow every principle that ensures a complete, faithful, and accurate result, and readers will be able to understand them with any cultural or linguistic interference.

3.1 Research Approach

Every investigation must follow a research approach, since it will help to establish a scope in regards on how the investigation should be conducted and which factors should be

considered to meet the objectives proposed at the beginning of the research. There are two types of approach the qualitative and the quantitative. Due to the nature of this investigation, the qualitative one is considered the best approach. Consequently, now that the research approach has been selected, it is necessary to clarify what aspects a qualitative investigation should have. This approach, according to Azuero (2018), used to understand the why and how of the proposal. By using this approach in translation, it is possible to explain through the instruments later defined the reason why of the wording. In other words, it allows to justify the translation procedures employed along with the text analysis done that guarantees the correct election of the translation method.

The qualitative approach has many designs that investigators can use to their advantage, since every design has its own strengths and objectives. Some of them are the grounded theory, ethnographic, and narrative. These designs are related only to the qualitative approach, and it is incorrect to attempt to combine them since it may negatively affect the research process. To conclude, the quantitative approach is used to comprehend a social reality, since it focusses on feelings, thoughts, and not on a unified perspective that cannot be applied to a social fact where there are not laws to follow.

3.2 Research Design

As it was previously mentioned, the qualitative approach is classified in several research designs. Since this investigation is focused on translation, procedures, and methods used to prove that the meaning hypothesis is correct. For this reason, the grounded theory is the best fit. The fact considered is that the theoretical proposals come out of the investigation itself more than out previous studies. For this investigation, the model chose will be the phenomenological design. According to Lester (2007), this model consists of gathering deep information and perceptions

through inductive, qualitative methods such as interviews, discussions, and participant observation, and this data should always be represented from the research(ers)' perspective. This model offers different methods that researchers can employ to achieve their objective. These methods are effective at bringing and collecting experiences from individual's own point of view, and as consequence at challenging structural or normative assumptions. The methods for this research will be the grounded theory and color coding.

The grounded theory allows the creation of systematic designs that help demonstrating all the results obtained through the investigation. The systematic design chosen for this research is a color code chart. A qualitative color coding, according to Bianco (2014), helps to segment visual environments into objects. For this coding, all colors should be perceived as equally important and there should not be any perceptual order in the representation. Along these norms, there is the best practice of not using more than seven colors. Colors can be used to recognize and discriminate information, but it can also be employed to convey high-level information at local or global level.

The color coding in this research will be used to recognize and distinguish every different translation procedure used when translating. The focus will be on seven main translation procedures and each one will have a color that will be easy to differentiate. The spectrum will vary from warm to cold colors. However, the tones will not be too dark or too clear. To summarize, the color coding aims to help readers to comprehend how the translation was done and understand by themselves thanks to the definitions given in Chapter II, the color used according to the concept of each procedure, to and understand why it is being applied to the text.

3.3 Information sources

Sources are essential for conducting good research. The sources are classified as primary and secondary. Northcentral University of California (2021) defines primary sources are the ones that contain first-hand information; this means that the information consulted is the authors' own account on a specific topic or event that they participated in. Primary sources are original documents such as books, research articles, diaries, speeches, manuscripts, letters, interviews, records, and even eyewitness accounts. Subsequently, the University (2021) states that secondary sources describe, summarize, or discuss information present in another source. This means that in most of the cases the author did not participate in the event.

Having in mind the definitions given to each type of source, this research consulted only primary sources, since the texts translated come from the original author and they are not a review or comment about the books themselves. In Chapter II, each definition was consulted from works of highly capable professional in the linguistics field and the credit was respectively given to each author. This does not mean that secondary sources are bad or useless, as there will be other types of research where secondary will be helpful or even required, but for this investigation due to its nature only primary sources were consulted.

3.4 Analysis Categories

So far, the approach, the design of the research, and the nature of the sources consulted have been defined, but there is another concept that for the purpose of this research is important to mention. The analysis categories are the how the objective of the research will be achieved. Since this is an investigation oriented to translation, the main analysis category will be the translations techniques employed to convey the message from TL to SL. These techniques are the ones which allow translators to find the most fitted wording for each utterance in the text. It is

relevant to remember that translations are being done meaning for meaning and not word for word. This approach makes the techniques completely necessary, since thanks to them is that the instruments established in this research will fulfill their goals. To accomplish this research, the information must be classified and categorized, for this end four categories were taken into consideration: translation, translation procedures, glossary, and text analysis.

3.4.1 Translation

Newmark (1998) states that a translation is the render of the meaning of a text into another language in the way the author intended.

3.4.2 Translation Procedures

According to Delisle (1988), translation procedures can be defined as methods that translators use when they formulate an equivalent for the purpose of transferring elements of meaning from the Source Text (ST) to the Target Text (TT).

3.4.3 Translation Method

According to Kellou (2020) a translation method can be defined as set of techniques and strategies applied at textual level to transfer a text from a Source Language (SL) into a Target Language (TL) in the light of a translation assignment and a contextual situation of communication.

3.4.5 Glossary

Gapper (2008) defines glossaries as an index of specific terminology which can be consulted in the case that the same words appear ahead in your text or if it is a collaborative

work, so the other translators will be aware of the terminology being used and use it as a standard translation throughout the document.

3.5 Data Collection Instruments

Complete research should always contain data collection instruments, as they help to register and keep track of the methods used to fulfill the objectives proposed at the beginning of the investigation. For this investigation, three instruments have been selected: Color coding, text analysis, and glossary. The data collection instruments are requisite if the goal is to produce good research that can be consulted through time and the information will still be whole, exact, and true.

3.5.1 Color coding

The color coding was chosen to track and recognized each translation procedure defined in this investigation. By using a color pattern, readers will find easier to understand the translation process done to convey the message from a language to another. Moreover, the researcher will elaborate a chart that will pair a translation procedure to a unique color and will determine how often or needed was the use of certain technique. As a sole purpose of collecting as much as data possible, this procedure will be applied to thirty paragraphs from both translations: fifteen from English and fifteen from Spanish, each paragraph must contain around 100-125 words. The chart will consist of seven translation procedure and seven unique colors.

Table 1

Translation Procedure	Color Assigned
Transposition	

Modulation	
Omission	
Amplification	
Explanation	
Literal Translation	
Punctuation Changes	

Table 1 shows each procedure in the color-code instrument. Source: Researcher's own creation.

3.5.2 Text Analysis Chart

The text analysis chart has the purpose to register the style, function, formality, difficulty and emotional tone of the text, the idea of recording this is to make a general idea of The text analysis chart has as purpose to register the style, function, formality, difficulty, and emotional tone of the text. The idea of recording such information is to have a general idea of the complexity of the text and determine the correct audience. The importance of using this chart as an analysis tool was proposed by Newmark (1998), when he elaborated a fully functional text analysis chart. Newmark's guidelines were followed to design the text analysis chart of this investigation.

Table 2

Text Analysis Factor	Text I	Text II
Text Style		
Scale of Formality		
Scale of Generality		
Scale of Emotional tone		
Text Function		
Translation Method		

Table 2 represents the instrument that the researcher will use to analyze the texts of this research. Source: Researcher's own creation.

3.5.3 Glossary

Finally, there is the glossary that will help to record all the terminologies that the translator considers necessary to obtain naturalness, faithfulness, and accuracy through the whole translation. For this research, two glossaries will be designed: one into English and another one into Spanish. These glossaries will contain four columns for reference: Word in Source Language, Equivalent, Definition, Grammatical Category. The main objective of the glossary is to help the translators to have a terminology database that they use in future translations to avoid all the rework of doing the whole research again for an already known word.

Table 3

Text Title			
Word in Source Language	Equivalent	Definition	Grammatical Category

Table 3 shows the instrument that the researcher will use to create the glossary from English into Spanish and vice versa. Source: Researcher’s own creation.

3.6 Collection Data Process and Data Analysis

Before starting any translation, a well-designed strategy is needed to successfully transmit the message that the author intended to convey. This strategy or the step-by-step approach is the translation process itself. The text must be read carefully before getting an idea of what kind of text is being dealt with. The process of a careful reading is divided into two parts: general and close reading. The general reading has the purpose of giving the translator a clear idea of the main concepts and topics discussed, and the close reading focuses on words within the context and outside of it.

During the translation process many procedures, like the ones already defined in Chapter II will be used according to the translator’s best needs. Sometimes, translators must deal with idiomatic expressions or slangs, so when facing these situations, a bit of a more extensive research is required to be able to whether find an equivalent in the target language or to decide which procedure suits better. Once the translation is finished, it must go through a plausibility test. Newmark (1988) defines this test as a check that translators must do to see if the translation meets all required features that need to be considered completely. It consists of putting into test the way the translation sounds. Does it sound fluent enough? Does it sound natural enough? And Is this translation faithful? If the answer to each question is yes, then the translation has passed

Translation of some Documents

the plausibility test. To conclude the data collection process, the translator selects fifteen paragraphs to analyze the translation procedures with its respective color code.

Chapter IV

Translations

4.1 Translations from English into Spanish

La llamada de Cthulhu

H. P. Lovecraft

I.

El Horror en la arcilla

En mi opinión, no hay nada más misericordioso que la incapacidad del cerebro humano de relacionar todos sus contenidos. Vivimos en una plácida isla de ignorancia en medio de mares negros de infinidad y no fue concebido que llegáramos tan lejos. Hasta ahora las ciencias, cada una orientada en su propia dirección, nos han causado poco daño, pero algún día la unión de conocimientos dispersos nos hará conocer terribles vistas de la realidad y del terrorífico lugar que ocupamos en ella, y solo podremos enloquecer como consecuencia de esta revelación o huir de la luz letal hacia la paz y seguridad en una era de oscuridad.

Los teósofos han supuesto la imponente grandeza del ciclo cósmico donde nuestro mundo y la raza humana causan incidentes transitorios. Ellos han hecho insinuaciones sobre extrañas supervivencias en términos que podrían helar la sangre si no se hubieran enmascarado con un suave optimismo. No obstante, no procede de ellos el singular vistazo de eones prohibidos que me provoca escalofríos cada vez que pienso en él y me vuelve loco en mis sueños. Ese vistazo, como todas las muestras de realidad, fue producto de una recopilación accidental de varias cosas, en este caso un antiguo artículo de periódico y las notas de un profesor fallecido. Espero que nadie más consiga completar tal recopilación, es más, si sigo con vida, jamás aportaré conscientemente otro eslabón a tan terrible cadena. Pienso que el profesor también tenía la

intención de permanecer callado sobre la parte que él llegó a conocer, así como de que hubiera destruido sus notas si no hubiera sufrido una muerte tan repentina.

Mi conocimiento sobre el asunto se remonta al invierno de 1926-27, con la muerte de mi tío abuelo George Gammel Angell, profesor emérito de lenguas semíticas en la Universidad de Brown, en Providence, Rhode Island. El profesor Angell era una autoridad bien conocida en inscripciones antiguas y con frecuencia recurrían a él directores de museos importantes, a esto se debe que su muerte a la edad de 92 años sea recordada por muchos. En el ámbito local, el interés incrementó por la oscuridad en su causa de muerte. El profesor fue atacado mientras regresaba del barco de Newport, cayó repentinamente, como dicen los testigos, después de haber sido golpeado por un negro con aspecto de marinero que había salido de los extraños y oscuros patios de la precipitada ladera, la cual formaba un atajo desde los muelles hasta la casa del difunto en Williams Street. Los médicos no pudieron encontrar ningún trastorno visible, pero concluyeron después de un perplejo debate que la causa de muerte debió ser alguna oscura lesión del corazón, causada por el rápido ascenso de un hombre mayor a través de una pendiente tan pronunciada. En ese momento no vi razón alguna para disentir de esa sentencia, pero después me sentí inclinado a cuestionarla, incluso más que eso.

Como heredero y testamentario de mi tío abuelo que murió viudo y sin hijos era mi deber examinar sus papeles de forma minuciosa, con tal fin me llevé todos sus archivos y cajas a mi cuarto en Boston. Gran parte del material que correlacioné sería publicado después por la Asociación Americana de Arqueología, pero había una caja que me pareció bastante misteriosa y me sentía relucante de enseñársela a otros ojos que no fueran los míos. Esta caja tenía una cerradura y no había podido encontrar la llave hasta que se me ocurrió examinar el llavero que el profesor siempre andaba en el bolsillo. Hasta entonces logré abrirla, pero parece que lo hice solo

para encontrarme con una barrera más fuerte e imponente. ¿Cuál podría ser el significado de aquel extraño bajorrelieve de arcilla y de los incoherentes apuntes, divagaciones y recortes que encontré? ¿Acaso mi tío en sus últimos años de vida se había vuelto crédulo de las más superficiales imposturas? Tomé la decisión de emprender en la búsqueda del excéntrico escultor, responsable del notable trastorno de la paz mental de un anciano.

El bajorrelieve era una brusca pieza rectangular, con un poco más de 2 cm de grosor, y un área de 13 cm x 15 cm, de origen claramente moderno. Por el contrario, su diseño era muy distante de ser moderno en lo que concierne a su atmósfera y sugestión, a pesar de que los caprichos del cubismo y futurismo son muchos y salvajes, no sirven para reproducir la enigmática irregularidad que se esconde detrás de la escritura prehistórica y, claramente, el grosor de aquellos diseños indicaba que era algún tipo de escritura. Aunque ya me encontraba familiarizado con los papeles y colecciones de mi tío, mi memoria fallaba al tratar de identificar de que especie de escritura se podría tratar o incluso al recodar alguna pista de la más remota afinidad a otras.

Sobre estos aparentes jeroglíficos estaba una figura con un evidente propósito gráfico, aunque su ejecución impresionista impedía hacerse una clara idea de su naturaleza. Parecía ser una especie de monstruo o un símbolo que lo representaba de una forma que solo una imaginación enfermiza podría concebir. No estaría traicionando la esencia de aquella cosa si digo que mi imaginación algo extravagante se parecía a imágenes de un pulpo, un dragón y una silueta caricaturesca de un ser humano. Una cabeza viscosa y llena de tentáculos destacaba sobre un cuerpo grotesco y escamoso con unas alas rudimentarias, pero era el contorno general de la figura lo que me resultaba más aterrador. Detrás de la figura estaba mencionado vagamente un trasfondo ciclópeo arquitectónico.

Las escrituras que acompañaban tal rareza, dejando de lado una pila recortes de prensa, habían sido escritas con la mano del profesor Angell y no se veía pretensión literaria alguna en su estilo. Lo que parecía ser el documento principal llevaba como título *CTHULHU CULT* en caracteres trazados de manera minuciosa, para evitar una lectura errónea de una palabra tan poco escuchada. El manuscrito estaba dividido en dos secciones, la primera se titulaba *1995-Dream and Dream work of H.A. Wilcox, 7 Thomas St. Providence, Rhode Island* y el segundo *Narrative of inspector John. R. Legrasse, 121 Bienville St. New Orleans, La., 1908 A. A. S. Mtg. Notes on Same & Prof. Webb's Acct.* El resto de los manuscritos eran notas breves, alguna de ellas acerca de sueños extraños de personas diferentes y otras era citas de libros y revistas teosóficas (en especial *Atlantis and The Lost Lemuria* de W. Scott Elliot) y el resto eran comentarios sobre longevas sociedades secretas y sectas ocultas, con referencias a varios pasajes de libros de índole mitológica y antropológica como *Golden Bough* de Frazer y *Witch-Cult Occidental in Western Europe* de Miss Murray. Los recortes hacían alusión a extrañas enfermedades mentales y a una ola de locura o demencia colectiva que ocurrió en la primavera de 1925.

La primera mitad del manuscrito principal relataba una historia peculiar. Al parecer el 1 de marzo de 1925 un hombre de tez oscura, delgado, de aspecto neurótico y emocionante visitó al profesor Angell llevándole el bajorrelieve que se encontraba bastante húmedo y fresco. En su tarjeta de presentación venía el nombre de Henry Anthony Wilcox y mi tío lo reconoció como el hijo más joven de una buena familia que conocía ligeramente. Recientemente, el joven Wilcox se encontraba estudiando escultura en la Escuela de Diseño de Rhode Island y vivía solo en el edificio Fleur-de-lys, cercano a la institución. Wilcox era un joven precoz de intelecto reconocido, pero de gran excentricidad. Desde niño llamaba la atención por los extraños relatos y sueños que acostumbraba a contar. Él se consideraba *hipersensible psíquicamente*, pero la gente

formal de aquella antigua ciudad comercial lo consideraba nada más como un *tipo raro*. Nunca se relacionó mucho con los de su clase, se retiró de manera paulatina de la vida social y era conocido solo por un pequeño grupo de estetas de otros pueblos. Incluso el Club de Arte de Providence, en su celo de preservar su conservacionismo, lo consideraba una causa perdida.

Motivo de la visita, según el manuscrito del profesor, el escultor le pidió de manera abrupta su ayuda, debido a los conocimientos arqueológicos que tenía para identificar los jeroglíficos que estaban en el bajorrelieve. Él hablaba de manera distraída y afectada que indicaba una simpatía rígida y alienada. Mi tío le contestó con cierta rudeza, ya que la notable frescura de la tablilla reflejaba parentesco con cualquier cosa menos arqueología. La respuesta del joven Wilcox, que impresionó a mi tío a tal punto de recordarla y anotarla al pie de la letra, estaba llena de un matiz fantásticamente poético que de seguro debió marcar toda su conversación y que desde entonces llegué a reconocer como algo muy propio de él, dijo:

—Por supuesto que es nueva, si la hice anoche durante un sueño con extrañas ciudades y los sueños son más antiguos que la melancólica Tiro, la contemplativa Esfinge o la misma Babilonia cercada de jardines.

Fue entonces cuando comenzó con su incoherente relato, que de repente se aprovechó de un somnoliento recuerdo y se ganó el candente interés de mi tío. En la noche anterior había ocurrido un leve terremoto, el de mayor intensidad en los últimos años en Nueva Inglaterra y la imaginación de Wilcox se vio afectada con intensidad. Al irse a dormir tuvo un sueño sin precedentes sobre ciudades ciclópeas de titánicos bloques y monolitos que llegaban hasta el cielo, todo chorreando de un fango verde y siniestro con un horror latente. Los muros y pilares estaban cubiertos de jeroglíficos y desde algún punto en lo profundo salía una voz que al mismo tiempo

no lo era; una sensación caótica que solo la imaginación podría transformar en sonidos y que él intentó interpretar en un desorden casi impronunciable de letras *Cthulhu fhtagn*.

Este revoltijo verbal fue clave para un recuerdo que emocionó y perturbó al profesor Angell. Cuestionó al escultor con minuciosidad científica y estudió con una intensidad casi frenética el bajorrelieve que el joven estaba trabajando, muerto de frío y vestido solamente con sus pijamas cuando el despertar le asaltó de manera desconcertante. Mi tío culpaba a su edad, como afirmó Wilcox posteriormente, por su lentitud en reconocer, tanto los jeroglíficos como su diseño pictórico. Muchas de sus preguntas le parecían fuera de lugar al visitante, especialmente aquellas con intención de relacionar a Wilcox con sectas y sociedades extrañas. El joven no podía entender las repetidas promesas de silencio que se le ofrecieron por aceptar que pertenecía a una extensa organización religiosa de carácter místico o pagano. Cuando el profesor se convenció de que el escultor era ignorante de cualquier tipo de secta o conocimientos crípticos, asedió a su visitante solicitándole informes futuros sobre sus sueños. Esto dio frutos de manera constante, ya que después de la primera entrevista el manuscrito registra llamadas diarias del joven en las cuales relataba fragmentos inquietantes de imágenes nocturnas, cuyo tema era siempre un terrible panorama ciclópeo de piedra empapada y oscura, acompañado de una voz o inteligencia subterránea que, de manera monótona, vociferaba enigmáticos impactos sensoriales que solo podían ser descritos como incoherencias. Los dos sonidos que se repetían con más frecuencia eran aquellos formados por las letras *Cthulhu* y *R'lyeh*.

El 23 de marzo, según indicaba el manuscrito, Wilcox no se presentó y las consultas en lugar donde se alojaba revelaron que había sido atacado por un tipo de fiebre misteriosa y lo llevaron al hogar de su familia en Waterman Street. Wilcox gritó durante la noche, lo que incomodó a los demás artistas que vivían en el edificio y desde entonces solo presentaba estados

alternados entre inconciencia y delirio. Mi tío, de manera inmediata, llamó a la familia y desde ese momento presentó una gran atención al caso al llamar con frecuencia al consultorio del Dr. Tobey en Thayer Street al saber que él estaba a cargo del joven. Al parecer, la mente febril de Wilcox deambulaba en cosas extrañas y el doctor con frecuencia se asustaba al oírlo hablar de ellas. No solo se limitaban a repeticiones de lo que soñaba en un principio, sino que también se referían a una cosa de *kilómetros de altura* que caminaba o se movía con pesadez. Él nunca llegó a describir en su totalidad aquella cosa, pero las palabras ocasionales frenéticas, repetidas por el doctor Tobey, convencieron al profesor de que debía ser igual a la monstruosidad innombrable que Wilcox buscaba representar en su escultura hecha mientras soñaba. El doctor añadió que cualquier referencia a tal objeto era sin excepción un preludio al hundimiento del joven en un estado letárgico. Extrañamente, su temperatura no estaba muy por encima de la ideal, pero su condición, por otra parte, indicaba que se trataba de una auténtica fiebre y no de un trastorno mental.

Alrededor de las 3 de la tarde del 2 de abril, todo rastro de la enfermedad de Wilcox desapareció de manera repentina; se sentó en su cama, asombrado de estar en su casa e ignorando completamente lo que había ocurrido en sus sueños o en la realidad desde la noche del 22 de marzo. Ya dado de alta por su doctor, regresó a su alojamiento tres días después, pero en este punto no era de más ayuda para el profesor Angell. Todo rastro de sus extraños sueños había desaparecido después de su recuperación y mi tío dejó de registrar los pensamientos nocturnos de Wilcox tras una semana de explicaciones inútiles y sin sentido de visiones corrientes.

Aquí terminaba la primera parte del manuscrito, pero algunas referencias a ciertas notas dispersas me dieron mucho en lo que pensar, hasta el punto de que solo mi arraigado escepticismo que caracterizaba mi filosofía en aquel entonces era capaz de explicar mi constante

desconfianza hacia el artista. Las notas describían sueños de varias personas en el mismo periodo que el joven Wilcox tuvo sus extrañas visitas. Al parecer, mi tío rápidamente estableció un extenso conjunto de investigaciones entre casi todos los amigos a los que podría cuestionar sin ser impertinente, solicitándoles reportes nocturnos sobre sus sueños y las fechas de cualquier visión fuera de lo común que hubieran experimentado recientemente. Pareciera que la acogida de su solicitud fue muy variada, pero debió de recibir al menos más respuestas de las que una persona podría manejar sin la ayuda de una secretaria. La correspondencia original no se conservó, pero sus notas formaban un resumen minucioso y bastante significativo. La gente normal de la sociedad y de los negocios —la tradicional *sal de la tierra* de Nueva Inglaterra— mostró en su mayoría resultados negativos, aunque hubo alguno que otro caso aislado de visiones nocturnas inquietantes e indefinidas, siempre entre el 23 de marzo y el 2 de abril, el mismo periodo del delirio del joven Wilcox. Los hombres de ciencia fueron un poco más afectados, a pesar de que hubo cuatro casos de vagas descripciones que sugerían vistazos fugaces a extraños paisajes y en uno de ellos se mencionaba el miedo hacia algo anormal.

Fue de los artistas y los poetas de quienes llegaron las respuestas pertinentes y estoy seguro de que el pánico se hubiera desatado si ellos hubieran podido comparar sus notas. Con las cartas originales ausentes llegué a sospechar que el recopilador había formulado preguntas capciosas o que había redactado la correspondencia, de forma que pudiera corroborar lo que él, de manera latente, estaba dispuesto a confirmar. Esta es la razón por la cual continué pensando que Wilcox, de alguna forma al tanto de datos del pasado que poseía mi tío, había estado aprovechándose del científico veterano. Las respuestas de los estetas narraban una historia perturbadora. Desde el 28 de febrero al 2 de abril una gran cantidad de ellos había soñado cosas muy extrañas y la intensidad de las visiones incrementó en consideración durante el periodo de

delirio de escultor. Más de la cuarta parte de los que informaron algo reportaron escenas y sonidos no muy diferentes a los que Wilcox había descrito. Algunos de los soñadores confesaron haber sentido un miedo intenso hacia una cosa gigantesca e innombrable, visible al final. Uno de los casos descrito con más énfasis en las notas fue muy triste. El sujeto, un arquitecto de renombre con inclinaciones hacia la teología y el ocultismo, enloqueció de manera violenta el día del ataque de Wilcox y murió meses después tras gritar de manera incesante que lo salvaran de un ser salido del infierno. Si mi tío se hubiera referido a estos casos por nombre en lugar de por simples números, yo mismo hubiera intentado llevar a cabo algún tipo de corroboración e investigación personal, pero a como estaban solo tuve éxito rastreando unos pocos. Sin embargo, todo esto confirmó el contenido de las notas. Con frecuencia me he preguntado si todos los sujetos entrevistados por mi tío se sentían tan confundidos como este grupo. Es mejor que nunca reciban una explicación al respecto.

Los recortes de la prensa, como he indicado, hacen alusión a casos de pánico, manía y excentricidad que ocurrieron en el periodo. El profesor Angell tuvo que haber contratado a una agencia de recortes de prensa, ya que la cantidad de extractos era enorme y las fuentes estaban esparcidas por todo el globo. Uno hablaba acerca de un suicidio nocturno en Londres en el que una persona, mientras dormía sola, había saltado por la ventana después de gritar un alarido espantoso. Había otro similar sobre una carta incoherente enviada al editor de un periódico en Sudáfrica, en la que un fanático deduce un futuro terrible a partir de visiones que ha tenido. Un comunicado de California describe a una colonia de teósofos que vestían en forma colectiva túnicas blancas para un tal *cumplimiento glorioso* que nunca llega, mientras que artículos de la India hablan con cautela sobre serios disturbios causados por los nativos hacia finales de marzo. Las orgías vudús se multiplican en Haití y los puestos fronterizos africanos reportan rumores de

mal agüero. Algunos oficiales estadounidenses en Filipinas encuentran ciertas tribus agitadas en estas fechas y la policía de Nueva York es hostigada por una multitud histórica de Levantinos en la noche del 22-23 de marzo. Al oeste de Irlanda también abundan los rumores salvajes y leyendas y un pintor fantástico llamado Ardois-Bonnot cuelga un *Paisaje de en sueño* blasfemo en el salón de primavera de París de 1926. Además, son numerosos los problemas registrados en los manicomios, solo un milagro pudo haber detenido a la fraternidad médica de detectar los paralelismos extraños y llegar a desconcertantes conclusiones. Un extraño montón de recortes en total y en esta fecha apenas puedo imaginar el insensible racionalismo con el que los dejo a un lado. No obstante, a este punto estaba convencido de que el joven Wilcox tenía conocimientos de las materias antiguas mencionadas por el profesor.

II.

El relato del inspector Legrassé

Aquellas cuestiones antiguas que habían hecho al sueño del escultor y el bajo relieve, tan trascendentes para mi tío, constituían el tema principal de la segunda mitad de su largo manuscrito. Al parecer el profesor Angell había visto en una ocasión la diabólica silueta de aquella monstruosidad sin nombre, representada sobre aquellos jeroglíficos desconocidos, y también escuchado las nefastas sílabas que solo pueden interpretarse como algo parecido a *Cthulhu*. Aquella vinculación era tan horrible e inquietante que no resulta nada extraño que el profesor persiguiera al joven Wilcox con preguntas y solicitudes de información.

Esta experiencia previa tuvo lugar en 1908, hace 17 años, cuando la Sociedad Americana de Arqueología celebraba su reunión anual en San Luis. El profesor Angell, como alguien merecedor de su mérito y logros, había desempeñado un rol importante en todas las deliberaciones y fue uno de los primeros en ser abordado por todos los extranjeros que

aprovecharon la convocatoria para hacer preguntas y plantear problemas que requerían respuestas certeras y soluciones expertas.

El jefe de aquellos extranjeros, y por un corto lapso el centro de atención de todos los convocados, era un hombre de mediana edad y aspecto corriente que había venido desde Nueva Orleans en busca de cierta información especial que le resultaba imposible obtener de las fuentes locales. Su nombre era John Raymond Legrasse, inspector de policía de profesión. Trajo consigo en su visita una grotesca, repulsiva y aparentemente muy antigua estatuilla de piedra, cuyo origen era incapaz de identificar. No cabe imaginar que el inspector Legrasse tenía algún tipo de interés por la arqueología, más bien al contrario, su deseo de conocimiento estaba motivado meramente por razones profesionales. La estatuilla, ídolo, fetiche o lo que sea que fuera, había sido confiscada unos meses atrás en los pantanos boscosos de Nueva Orleans durante una redada contra una supuesta reunión vudú, y los rituales practicados eran tan peculiares y espantosos, que la policía no pudo hacer nada más que caer en la cuenta de que se habían encontrado con un culto completamente desconocido e infinitamente más diabólico que el más siniestro círculo africano de vudú. Sobre su origen nada fue descubierto, salvo las erradas e inconcebibles historias sacadas a la fuerza de los detenidos; a esto se debe la ansiedad de la policía por saber de cualquier tipo de tradiciones antiguas que les pueda ayudar a reconocer el horrible símbolo y así rastrear la secta hasta su origen.

El inspector Legrasse no estaba preparado para la exaltación que causó su propuesta. Un simple vistazo al objeto fue suficiente para hacer que los hombres de ciencia allí reunidos se sumergieran en un estado de tensa emoción y no perdieran un solo segundo en agruparse alrededor del policía para contemplar la diminuta figura de tan extraña apariencia y tan remota antigüedad, que daba lugar a inopinadas y arcaicas perspectivas todavía por desvelar. Ninguna

escuela reconocida de escultura había alentado este terrible objeto, incluso así, siglos e incluso miles de años parecían estar marcados sobre su superficie verdosa y oscura superficie de una piedra imposible de identificar.

La figura, que al final fue pasada lentamente de mano en mano para que pudiera estudiarse de manera cercana y detallada, tenía entre 18 cm y 20 cm de altura y estaba esculpida con gran habilidad artesanal. Representaba a un monstruo de perfil vagamente antropoide, pero con una cabeza a similar a un pulpo cuya cara era una masa de tentáculos, un cuerpo cubierto de escamas y de aspecto gomoso, unas garras protuberantes, tanto en extremidades anteriores como posteriores y unas largas y estrechas alas en su espalda. Aquella cosa, la cual parecía estar imbuida de una terrible y antinatural malevolencia, tenía una corpulencia algo hinchada y estaba sentada en cuclillas, con cierto aire maligno, sobre un bloque rectangular o pedestal cubierto de caracteres indescifrables. Las puntas de las alas tocaban el lado posterior del pedestal y su parte trasera ocupaba el centro, mientras que las largas y curvas garras de las dobladas patas inferiores agarraban la parte frontal y se extendían a lo largo del tercio superior del pedestal. La cabeza de cefalópodo estaba inclinada hacia delante, de modo que los extremos de sus tentáculos faciales rozaban la parte posterior de las zarpas enormes delanteras que, a la vez, estaban abrazadas a las rodillas elevadas de la agachada criatura. El aspecto del conjunto resultaba anormalmente vívido e incluso sutilmente terrible, ya que su origen era desconocido. Su vasta, maravillosa e incalculable antigüedad era indiscutible; a pesar de esto no demostraba ninguna relación con cualquier forma artística conocida de los inicios de la civilización o con ninguna otra época. Totalmente separado y aparte, el propio material de confección resultaba un misterio, ya que aquella piedra verdinegra de aspecto maleable con motas y vetas doradas o iridiscentes no se asemejaba a nada conocido por la geología o la mineralogía. Los caracteres a lo largo de la base

eran igualmente desconcertantes y ninguno de los presentes pudo formar la menor idea de su origen lingüístico, a pesar de encontrarse allí la mitad de los expertos mundiales en la materia. Estas inscripciones, así como la estatuilla y su material, formaban parte de algo horriblemente remoto y ajeno a la humanidad como la conocemos; algo que terriblemente sugiere la existencia de antiguos y malignos ciclos de vida en los que nuestro mundo y concepciones no forman parte.

No obstante, después de que todos los congregados sacudieran sus cabezas, confesando su derrota ante el problema que planteó el inspector, hubo un hombre entre los allí reunidos que creyó percibir una extraña familiaridad en la monstruosa figura y la escritura y que en el momento contó con cierta timidez lo poco que sabía. Esta persona era el difunto William Channing Webb, profesor de antropología en la Universidad de Princeton y un explorador de alto prestigio. El profesor Webb había participado 48 años antes en una expedición a Groenlandia e Islandia en busca de ciertas inscripciones rúnicas que no llegó a encontrar. Mientras remontaban la costa occidental de Groenlandia, se encontraron con una extraña tribu o secta de esquimales degenerados cuya religión, una curiosa forma de adorar al diablo, le provocó escalofríos por lo deliberadamente sanguinaria y repulsiva. Era una fe de la que otros esquimales sabían muy poco y de la que solo se hablaba con pánico, diciendo que procedía de eones horriblemente antiguos y anteriores a la creación de nuestro mundo. Además de ritos indescriptibles y sacrificios humanos, también se practicaban otros extraños ritos de carácter hereditario dirigidos a un antiguo demonio supremo o *tomasuk*. El profesor Webb tomó una cuidadosa transcripción fonética de aquellos ritos de un anciano *angedkok* o hechicero-sacerdote y expresó los sonidos lo mejor que pudo en caracteres latinos. No obstante, en aquellos momentos el asunto de mayor importancia era el fetiche que aquella secta adoraba y alrededor del cual danzaban los sectarios cuando la aurora se alzaba por encima de los acantilados helados. Este era, afirmó el profesor, un tosco bajo relieve

de piedra, que constaba de un horrible dibujo y algunas escrituras crípticas y, según le parecía, era una versión casi similar en todas las características esenciales del objeto bestial colocado frente a los reunidos.

Estos datos, recibidos con incertidumbre y asombro por los miembros convocados probaron ser de especial interés para el inspector Legrasse, que comenzó de inmediato a llenar de preguntas al informante. Debido a que había anotado y copiado un ritual oral escuchado a los adoradores de la secta de los pantanos que sus hombres arrestaron, le suplicó al profesor que recordara lo mejor que pudiera las sílabas que anotó estando con aquellos diabólicos esquimales. Lo que siguió fue una exhaustiva comparación de detalles y un momento de estupefacto silencio cuando el detective y el científico llegaron a la conclusión de la identidad virtual de la frase, común a dos rituales diabólicos de mundos tan distantes. Lo que cantaban a sus ídolos de naturaleza similar, tanto los hechiceros esquimales como los sacerdotes de los pantanos de Luisiana, en esencia era algo muy parecido a esto (las divisiones entre palabras se han supuesto con base en los cortes que tradicionalmente se hacían en la frase al cantarla en voz alta):

“Ph’nglui mglw’nafh Cthulhu R’lyeh wgah’nagl fhtagn”.

Legrasse tenía un punto a su favor frente al profesor Webb, ya que, en varias ocasiones, sus prisioneros mestizos le habían repetido aquello que los viejos oficiantes les contaron, lo que significaban esas palabras. El texto se traduciría como algo parecido a esto:

“En su morada de R’lyeh, el difunto Cthulhu espera soñando”.

En ese momento, como respuesta a una exigencia urgente y generalizada, el inspector Legrasse relató, de la forma más completa posible, su experiencia con los adoradores de los pantanos; un relato que mi tío, como puedo ver, consideró de una profunda trascendencia. La

historia degustó de los más locos sueños de mitómanos y teósofos y demostró el asombroso grado de imaginación cósmica entre aquellos mestizos y parias, de los cuales no sería algo de esperar.

El 1 de noviembre de 1907 la policía de Nueva Orleans recibió un llamado de urgencia de la región pantanosa y lacustre del sur. Los ocupantes ilegales de la zona, en su mayoría primitivos pero amables descendientes de los hombres de Lafitte, eran presa de un terror absoluto debido a algo desconocido que se les había acercado en silencio a robarles durante la noche. Se trataba de vudú, pero un vudú más terrible del que jamás habían llegado a conocer, algunas mujeres y niños habían desaparecido desde que el maléfico tam-tam comenzó su incesante golpeteo a lo lejos en el interior de los negros y embrujados bosques por los que ninguno de los colonos se atrevía a aventurarse. Había gritos demenciales y angustiosos chillidos, cantos que helaban la sangre y danzantes llamas endemoniadas y, según añadió el aterrado mensajero, la gente no podía soportarlo por más tiempo.

De esta forma, un despliegue de veinte policías, repartidos entre dos carruajes y un automóvil, partió en las últimas horas de la tarde con el habitante temeroso de guía. Se bajaron al final del camino transitable y durante kilómetros chapotearon en silencio a través del terrible bosque de cipreses al que la luz del día nunca llegaba. Raíces horribles y lianas perversas de musgos de español les rodeaban y, de vez en cuando, los montones de piedras enmohecidas o los restos de paredes putrefactas intensificadas por la insinuación de residencia morbosa, una sensación depresiva que cada árbol malformado y cada islote fungoso contribuían a crear. A la distancia se podía ver el asentamiento de aquellos habitantes, no más que un miserable montón de cabañas, y sus histéricos moradores corrieron a agruparse alrededor del grupo de linternas que se balanceaban. El embozado ritmo del tam-tam resultaba ahora levemente audible muy muy a lo

lejos y un alarido aterrador se escuchaba a irregulares intervalos cuando el viento cambiaba de dirección. Un brillo rojizo parecía también filtrarse a través de la pálida maleza más allá de las interminables avenidas del bosque nocturno. A pesar de tener todavía miedo a quedarse solos de nuevo, los aterrados habitantes se negaron, de manera rotunda, a avanzar un centímetro más en dirección a aquella escena de adoración profana, de modo que el inspector Legrasse y sus diecinueve colegas se internaron sin guía alguno entre arcadas negras de horror por las que ninguno de ellos había pasado antes.

El área en la que ahora se adentraba la policía había tenido siempre mala reputación, era prácticamente desconocida e inexplorada por el hombre blanco. Había leyendas acerca de un lago oculto jamás visto por ojos mortales, en el que habitaba un enorme y amorfo pólipo blanco de ojos luminiscentes y los habitantes susurraban acerca de unos demonios con alas de murciélago que salían volando de cavernas en el interior de la tierra para adorarlo a la medianoche. Afirmaban que aquello había estado allí desde antes de D'Iberville, desde antes de La Salle, desde antes de los indios e incluso antes que las saludables bestias y aves que habitaban estos bosques. Aquel ente era una pesadilla y verlo suponía la muerte. No obstante, también hacía soñar a los hombres y por esa razón estos sabían lo suficiente como para mantenerse alejados. La orgía vudú estaba teniendo lugar en los márgenes de tan temida zona, pero eso era ya lo suficientemente malo de por sí. Por lo tanto, es posible que el lugar de la celebración hubiera aterrorizado más a los habitantes que los sonidos escalofriantes e incidentes.

Solamente la poesía o la locura pueden hacer justicia a los ruidos escuchados por los hombres de Legrasse a medida que se abrían paso por el oscuro cenagal hacia el rojizo resplandor y el sonido apagado de los tambores. Existen rasgos vocales propios del ser humano y rasgos vocales propios de las bestias, pero resulta horrible escucharlos cuando la fuente de la que

proceden debería producir el sonido contrario. La furia animal y el libertinaje orgiástico se azotaban el uno al otro hasta alcanzar cotas demoniacas, en medio de un éxtasis de aullidos y graznidos que desgarraban aquellos bosques nocturnos y reverberaban por toda su extensión como si se tratase de tormentas pestilentes surgidas de los abismos del infierno. De vez en cuando aquel ulular sin orden ni concierto se detenía y de lo que parecía ser un coro bien orquestado surgían roncadas voces entonando en sonsonete aquella horrible frase o ritual:

“Ph’nglui mglw’nafh Cthulhu R’lyeh wgah’nagl fhtagn”.

Fue entonces cuando los hombres, habiendo alcanzado un lugar donde la vegetación era menos frondosa, se toparon de repente con la visión del terrible espectáculo. Cuatro de ellos se tambalearon, uno se desmayó y otros dos profirieron un desquiciado grito que, afortunadamente, fue enmudecido por la furiosa cacofonía que procedía de la orgía. Legrassé le echó agua de pantano en la cara al desmayado y todos se quedaron allí de pie temblando, casi hipnotizados por el horror.

En un claro natural del pantano había un islote cubierto de hierbas de algo menos de media hectárea, sin árboles y seco. Allí saltaba y se retorció una indescriptible horda de monstruosidad humana que nadie, salvo Sime o Angarola, hubiera sido capaz de retratar. Sin ropa alguna encima, aquellos engendros mestizos rugían, vociferaban y se contorsionaban en torno a una gigantesca hoguera circular en cuyo centro, visible a través de ocasionales aberturas en la cortina de llamas, se alzaba un imponente monolito de granito de unos 2.5 m de altura sobre el cual, de manera incongruente dada su extrema pequeñez, descansaba la horrenda estatuilla. Formando un círculo amplio de diez andamios colocados a intervalos regulares, con el monolito rodeado de llamas, en su centro colgaban bocabajo los cuerpos atrozmente mutilados de los indefensos habitantes de la zona que habían desaparecido. Era dentro de aquella figura donde el

círculo de adoradores saltaba y rugía, desplazándose de izquierda a derecha en una interminable bacanal entre el círculo de cuerpos y el de llamas.

Puede que fuera solamente la imaginación o los ecos producidos por uno de los hombres, un hispano un tanto exaltado, al figurarse que había oído respuestas antifonales al ritual procedentes de algún lugar lejano y sin luz en lo más profundo de aquel bosque de leyendas ancestrales y horrores. Más tarde tuve la ocasión de encontrarme e interrogar a este hombre, se llamaba Joseph D. Gálvez, quien demostró ser moleestamente imaginativo. Llegó hasta el punto de insinuar la existencia de un batir de alas apenas perceptible y de haber vislumbrado unos ojos brillantes y una gigantesca masa blanca más allá de los árboles lejanos, pero creo que lo que sucedía es que había escuchado demasiada superstición local.

La pausa horrible que se tomaron los hombres de Legrasse fue breve. El deber era primero y, aunque debía haber alrededor de un centenar de celebrantes mestizos en la multitud, los policías confiaron en sus armas de fuego y se lanzaron resueltos hacia la nauseabunda derrota. Durante unos cinco minutos el caos y el estruendo resultantes fueron más allá de toda descripción. Se libró una auténtica batalla campal y se abrió fuego, algunos idólatras se dieron a la fuga, pero al final el inspector Legrasse pudo contar hasta 47 detenidos de aspecto hosco, a los que obligó a vestirse a toda prisa y formar entre dos filas de policías. Cinco de los adoradores fallecieron y dos más que habían resultado heridos de gravedad fueron llevados por sus compañeros sobre improvisadas camillas. La imagen que estaba sobre el monolito fue retirada cuidadosamente y transportada por el propio Legrasse.

Tras un viaje de extrema tensión y agotamiento, los detenidos fueron interrogados en la Jefatura de Policía, todos eran hombres de muy baja extracción social, de sangre mestiza y enajenados mentales. La mayoría eran marinos. Unos cuantos negros y mulatos, casi todos de las

Indias occidentales o portugueses de Brava, de las islas de Cabo Verde, aportaban una nota de colorido vudú a la secta heterogénea. No obstante, mucho antes de que se hubieran realizado múltiples interrogatorios, ya se había puesto de manifiesto que en todo aquello había algo mucho más profundo y antiguo que el simple fetichismo negro. Degradados e ignorantes como eran, aquellas criaturas se aferraban con sorprendente firmeza a la idea central de su repugnante fe.

Tal y como dijeron, adoraban a los Grandes Primigenios que existen desde mucho antes que los hombres y que vinieron a este joven mundo desde los cielos. Los Primigenios abandonaron la superficie del planeta para desaparecer en el interior de la tierra o bajo las aguas del mar, pero sus cuerpos sin vida le contaron en sueños sus secretos a los primeros hombres que formaron una secta que jamás ha desaparecido. Esta era la dicha secta y los prisioneros afirmaban que siempre había existido y que continuaría haciéndolo, oculta en lejanas tierras baldías y lugares lúgubres a lo largo y ancho del mundo hasta el momento en que el sumo sacerdote Cthulhu se alce desde su lúgubre morada en la imponente ciudad sumergida de R'yeh y vuelva a poner la tierra bajo su dominio. Algún día él convocaría a todos, cuando las estrellas estuvieran alineadas y la secta secreta esperaría por siempre para liberarlo.

Mientras tanto, nada más debía decirse. Había un secreto que ni siquiera la tortura sería capaz de extraer. La humanidad no era la única vida consciente del planeta, ya que de las tinieblas salían figuras para visitar a los pocos feligreses. No obstante, estos no eran los Primigenios, ningún hombre jamás los había visto. El ídolo esculpido era una representación del gran Cthulhu, pero nadie sabía decir si los demás Primigenios eran o no parecidos a él. Nadie era ya capaz de leer las antiguas escrituras, pero los mensajes eran transmitidos de boca en boca. El ritual cántico no era el ya mencionado secreto, ya que este último nunca era pronunciado en voz

alta, sino susurrado. El cántico solo significaba esto “En su morada de R’lyeh el difunto Cthulhu espera soñando”.

Solo a dos de los detenidos se les consideró lo bastante cuerdos como para ser colgados y el resto fue internado en varias instituciones. Todos negaron haber participado en los asesinatos rituales, afirmaron que las muertes habían sido producidas por los seres de alas negras que se habían dirigido hacia ellos desde su inmemorial templo en el interior del bosque embrujado. No pudo obtenerse ninguna información coherente acerca de esos misteriosos aliados. Casi todo lo que la policía pudo averiguar provino, principalmente, de un anciano mestizo llamado Castro, que decía haber viajado hasta extraños puertos y haber hablado con los líderes inmortales de la secta en las montañas de China.

El viejo Castro recordaba pedazos de una horrible leyenda que hacía palidecer las especulaciones de los teósofos y que el hombre y el mundo parecieran recientes y transitorios. Ha habido épocas remotas en que otros entes gobernaban la Tierra y vivían en sus grandes ciudades. Castro dijo que, según le habían contado aquellos chinos inmortales, todavía podían encontrarse restos de aquellos en piedras ciclópeas de las islas del Pacífico. Ellos murieron muchas eras antes de la aparición del ser humano, pero existen ciertas artes que pueden hacerlos revivir cuando las estrellas estén de nuevo en posición adecuada dentro del ciclo de la eternidad. En efecto, ellos habían venido de las estrellas y habían traído consigo sus imágenes.

Estos grandes antiguos, continuó Castro, no estaban compuestos del todo de carne y hueso. Tenían forma, cosa que quedaba demostrada en aquella imagen esculpida en las estrellas, pero esa forma no estaba hecha de materia. Siempre que las estrellas estuvieran en posición, podían saltar de un mundo a otro a través de los cielos, sin embargo, cuando las estrellas no eran propicias, ellos no podían vivir. Aunque no pudieran vivir tampoco llegarían a morir. Todos

yacen en moradas de piedra en la gran ciudad de R'lyeh, preservados por los hechizos del omnipotente Cthulhu en espera de la gloriosa resurrección cuando las estrellas y la Tierra sean de nuevo favorables. Al llegar ese momento, alguna fuerza del exterior debe servir para liberar sus cuerpos. Los hechizos que los preservaban también les impedían hacer el primer movimiento, por lo que no podían hacer otra cosa más que yacer despiertos en la oscuridad y pensar mientras transcurrían millones de años. Ellos estaban al tanto de todo lo que sucedía en el universo, pero su forma de comunicación era a través de la transmisión de pensamientos. Incluso hoy hablaban en sus tumbas. Cuando después de infinitas épocas de caos, llegaron los primeros hombres, los Grandes Antiguos hablaban con los más sensitivos de entre ellos moldeando sus sueños, ya que solamente así su lengua podría alcanzar las mentes carnales de los mamíferos.

Entonces, susurró Castro, aquellos primeros hombres formaron la secta en torno a unos pequeños ídolos que les mostraron los Grandes Antiguos, ídolos traídos de áreas oscuras desde estrellas sin luz. Esa secta no desaparecerá nunca hasta que las estrellas vuelvan a estar en posición y los sacerdotes ocultos consigan sacar al gran Cthulhu de su tumba para que resucite a Sus súbditos y reanude su dominio sobre la Tierra. Esos tiempos serán fáciles de reconocer, porque la humanidad se habrá vuelto como los Grandes Antiguos, libre y salvaje, más allá del bien y del mal, dejando a un lado la ley y la moral y todos los hombres gritarán y matarán y regocijarán en alegría. Entonces, los antiguos liberados les enseñarán nuevas formas de gritar y de matar, de deleitarse y disfrutar y la Tierra entera arderá en un holocausto de éxtasis y libertad. Mientras tanto, la secta, mediante los ritos apropiados, debe mantener viva la memoria de aquellas costumbres antiguas y escenificar la profecía de su regreso.

En tiempos remotos, hombres elegidos habían hablado en sueños con los antiguos sepultados, pero un día algo sucedió. La gran ciudad pétreo de R'lyeh, con sus tumbas y

monolitos, se hundió bajo las olas y las aguas profundas, llenas de misterio primigenio que ni los pensamientos pueden atravesar, habían cortado aquella comunicación espectral. No obstante, el recuerdo nunca moriría y los sumos sacerdotes afirmaban que la ciudad se alzaría de nuevo cuando las estrellas estén en posición. Entonces saldrán de la tierra los negros espíritus que en ella habitan, enmohecidos y tenebrosos, cargados de rumores siniestros obtenidos en cavernas situadas bajo el mismo fondo del mar. A pesar de esto, el viejo Castro prefería no hablar demasiado acerca de ellos. Se calló de repente y no hubo persuasión o sutileza alguna capaz de sacarle una sola palabra más al respecto. Curiosamente, tampoco quiso hablar acerca del tamaño de los Primigenios. De la secta dijo que, según pensaba, su núcleo yacía en medio de las arenas intransitables del desierto de Arabia donde Irem, la Ciudad de los Pilares, sueña oculta e intacta. La secta no estaba aliada a los cultos europeos de brujería y resultaba prácticamente desconocida más allá de sus propios integrantes. Ningún libro había insinuado siquiera la existencia de este, aunque los chinos imperecederos afirmaron que el Necronomicón, del árabe loco Abdul Alhazred, contenía cierto doble sentido que los iniciados podían interpretar a su antojo, especialmente el tan discutido pareado:

“Lo que no está muerto puede yacer eternamente y con los extraños eones aún la muerte puede morir”.

Legrasse, profundamente impresionado y muy desconcertado, había intentado informarse en vano acerca de las afiliaciones históricas de la secta. Aparentemente, Castro había dicho la verdad cuando afirmó que esta era completamente secreta. Las autoridades de la Universidad de Tulane no pudieron arrojar luz alguna acerca de la estatuilla o la secta y, en aquel momento, el inspector había llegado hasta las máximas autoridades del país para encontrarse únicamente con el relato de Groenlandia del profesor Webb.

El interés febril que el relato de Legrasse despertó durante la reunión, corroborado por la estatuilla, quedó reflejado en la correspondencia subsiguiente de los asistentes, aunque los comentarios que aparecieron en las publicaciones oficiales de la sociedad fueron más bien escasos. La precaución es la principal inquietud para aquellos acostumbrados a enfrentarse, en ocasiones, con charlatanes e impostores. Legrasse prestó la estatuilla durante algún tiempo al profesor Webb, pero le fue devuelta al fallecer este último y permanece hoy en su poder, como he podido comprobar no hace mucho. Es un objeto auténticamente terrible y de inequívoco parecido a la escultura que el joven Wilcox esculpió en sueños.

No me extraña que mi tío se entusiasmara con el relato del escultor, pues ¿cuáles ideas no le llegarían a la cabeza después de lo que Legrasse había aprendido de la secta, si escuchara a un joven sensible decir no solo que había soñado con la estatuilla y los jeroglíficos exactos de la imagen hallada en los pantanos y la tablilla de Groenlandia, sino que en sueños le habían llegado al menos tres de las palabras precisas que componían la fórmula pronunciada, tanto por los diabólicos esquimales como por los mestizos de Luisiana? El inicio inmediato por parte del profesor Angell de una investigación con la mayor minuciosidad resultó eminentemente natural, aunque yo, de manera personal, sospechaba que el joven Wilcox había oído del culto de alguna forma indirecta y que había inventado una serie de sueños para enfatizar aquel misterio y prolongarlo a expensas de mi tío. No cabía duda de que las descripciones de sueños y los recortes recopilados por el profesor corroboraban los hechos, pero la racionalidad de mi mente y la extravagancia de todo este tema me llevaron a adoptar lo que a mi juicio eran las conclusiones más sensatas. Entonces, tras estudiar detenidamente una vez más el manuscrito y correlacionar las notas teosóficas y antropológicas con el relato de la secta de Legrasse, viajé hasta la

residencia del escultor en Providence para echarle la reprimenda que me parecía apropiada por haber embaucado de manera tan atrevida a un hombre educado y de avanzada edad.

Wilcox todavía vivía solo en el Edificio Fleur-de-Lys de Thomas Street, una horrible imitación victoriana de la arquitectura bretona del siglo XVII, que ostentaba una fachada de estuco entre preciosas casas coloniales en la antigua colina, a la sombra de la más hermosa torre georgiana de todos los Estados Unidos. Lo encontré trabajando en su estudio y he de admitir que el genio del escultor era profundo y auténtico solo con ver las obras que allí había esparcidas. Creo que, con el tiempo, será recordado como uno de los grandes artistas de lo decadente, porque había cristalizado en arcilla y algún día reflejaría en el mármol pesadillas y fantasías que solo Arthur Machen evoca en su prosa y Clark Ashton Smith plasma en su verso y pintura.

Moreno, delicado y de un descuidado aspecto, se volvió lánguidamente al llamar a la puerta y me preguntó qué quería sin siquiera levantarse. Mostró cierto interés cuando le dije quién era, pues mi tío había despertado su curiosidad al investigar sus sueños, pero nunca le había explicado la razón del estudio. No amplíé su conocimiento acerca del asunto, pero busqué con cierta sutileza la forma de poder sacarle algo. En poco tiempo pude convencerme de su sinceridad, pues hablaba acerca de sus sueños de una forma que a nadie podía engañar. Estos sueños y los residuos que habían dejado en su subconsciente habían tenido una profunda influencia en su arte, cosa que confirmó al mostrarme una morbosa estatua cuyo contorno casi me hizo estremecer con la potencia de Su siniestra alusión. Wilcox no pudo recordar haber visto el original de esa figura, salvo en su propio bajorrelieve, pero el perfil lo había moldeado inconscientemente sus propias manos. Se trataba de la gigantesca figura sobre la que había desvariado en su delirio. Además, pronto quedó claro que no sabía nada acerca de una secta

secreta, salvo por lo que hubiera dejado salir mi tío con su incesante catecismo. Una vez más me esforcé en imaginar cómo habría podido él experimentar tan extrañas sensaciones.

Hablaba de sus sueños de una forma extraña y poética; haciéndome ver con terrible intensidad la húmeda ciudad ciclópea de piedra verdosa y cubierta de fango cuya geometría, comentó de manera curiosa, era completamente errónea y también escuchar, con temerosa expectación, la incesante y casi llamada mental de las profundidades «Cthulhu fhtagn», «Cthulhu fhtagn». Estas palabras formaban parte de aquel terrible ritual que hablaba de la vigilia onírica del difunto Cthulhu bajo su bóveda pétreo de R'lyeh y me sentí estremecido profundamente a pesar de mis creencias racionales. Estoy seguro de que Wilcox había oído hablar del culto, pero lo había olvidado en medio del montón de sus extrañas lecturas e imaginaciones. Más tarde y en virtud de su predisposición a impresionarse, había hallado una expresión subconsciente de aquello en sus propios sueños, en el bajorrelieve y en la terrible estatua que tenía entonces entre mis manos. El engaño al que había sometido a mi tío era, por lo tanto, uno inocente. El joven tenía un carácter algo amanerado y antipático a la vez, por el que no podría sentir simpatía, pero estaba dispuesto a reconocer su genio y su honestidad. Me despedí de él amistosamente, deseándole todo el éxito que su genio prometía.

El asunto de la secta todavía continuaba fascinándome, hasta el punto de imaginar que alcanzaría la fama personal por mis investigaciones acerca de su origen y conexiones. Visité a Legrasse en Nueva Orleans y charlé tanto con él como con otras personas acerca de aquella vieja redada, vi la terrorífica efigie e incluso interrogué a aquellos prisioneros mestizos que todavía seguían con vida. Por desgracia, el viejo Castro llevaba muerto varios años. Aunque no se tratara más que de una confirmación detallada de lo que mi tío había escrito en sus notas, lo que entonces comprobé de manera tan gráfica consiguió estimularme de nuevo, ya que estaba seguro

de andar tras la pista de una religión auténtica, antigua y absolutamente secreta, cuyo descubrimiento haría de mí un antropólogo de renombre. Mi actitud, como desearía que continuara siendo, todavía era en aquel entonces una de absoluto materialismo, de modo que descarté con una perversidad inexplicable las coincidencias entre las notas relativas a sueños y los extraños recortes recopilados por el profesor Angell.

Algo que empecé a sospechar y que me temo ahora sé a ciencia cierta, es que la muerte de mi tío distó muchísimo de ser natural. Él se derrumbó en un angosto y empinado callejón que llevaba desde unos viejos muelles infestados de mestizos extranjeros, tras un descuidado empujón propinado por un marino negro. No puedo olvidar la sangre mezclada y la actividad marinera de los sectarios de Luisiana y no me sorprendería enterarme de ciertos métodos secretos y agujas envenenadas tan antiguos como los ritos y creencias enigmáticas. Legrasse y sus hombres no han sufrido daño alguno, pero en Noruega ha muerto cierto marinero que fue testigo de cosas extraordinarias. ¿Habrían llegado las indagaciones de mi tío a oídos siniestros después de obtener la información del joven escultor? Creo que el profesor Angell murió porque sabía demasiado y porque podría aprender demasiado. Que yo desaparezca de la misma manera todavía está por verse, porque ahora yo sé demasiado.

III La locura que vino del mar

Si los cielos quisieran concederme alguna vez un favor, pediría que borrarán para siempre las consecuencias que derivaron de aquella ocasión en que, de forma casual, fijé la mirada en un trozo suelto de papel que había sido usado para cubrir un estante. Era difícil que hubiera tropezado en mi rutina cotidiana con algo así, ya que no era sino un viejo ejemplar de un periódico australiano, el Sidney Bulletin del 18 de abril de 1925. Había escapado incluso a la atención de la agencia de recortes de prensa que, justo en la fecha de publicación de este, andaba recopilando ávidamente material para la investigación de mi tío.

Hacía tiempo que había abandonado mis pesquisas acerca de lo que el profesor Angell llamaba *Culto de Cthulhu* y me encontraba visitando a un amigo que tenía en Paterson, Nueva Jersey, que ostentaba el cargo de conservador del museo local, además de ser un mineralogista de renombre. Un día, al examinar las muestras de reserva almacenadas torpemente en los estantes de una habitación en el almacén del museo, mi atención fue captada por una extraña fotografía que aparecía en uno de los viejos periódicos desplegados bajo las piedras. Como he dicho, este era el Sidney Bulletin, pues mi amigo conocía a gente en todas partes y la foto era un grabado en sepia de una horrible imagen de piedra idéntica a la que Legrasse había encontrado en el pantano.

Leí el artículo en detalle tras quitar impacientemente de encima de la hoja las preciosas piezas que la cubrían, pero quedé algo decepcionado al ver que su extensión era algo reducida. Sin embargo, lo que sugería era algo de trascendental importancia para la búsqueda que había mantenido y que comenzaba por aquel entonces a languidecer. El artículo, que arranqué cuidadosamente, decía lo siguiente:

MISTERIOSO BARCO ABANDONADO HALLADO EN ALTAMAR

Llegada en remolque del yate neozelandés armado Vigilant.

Un sobreviviente y un muerto a bordo.

Desesperada lucha y muertes en altamar.

Marinero rescatado se niega a dar detalles sobre extraña experiencia.

Encontrado en posesión de un extraño ídolo.

Prosiguen las investigaciones.

El carguero Vigilant de la naviera Morrison, procedente de Valparaíso, atracó esta mañana en el muelle de Darling Harbour, remolcando al desaparejado y averiado, pero bien armado, el yate de vapor Alert de Dunedin (Nueva Zelanda), que fue avistado el 12 de abril a 34°21' de latitud sur y 152°17' de longitud oeste, llevando a bordo un superviviente y un muerto.

El Vigilant zarpó de Valparaíso el 25 de marzo y el 2 de abril se desvió su rumbo considerablemente hacia el sur, por una fortísima tormenta y olas monstruosas. El 12 de abril el barco fue avistado a la deriva. Aunque parecía desierto, al abordarlo se halló al único superviviente en condiciones cercanas al delirio, así como otro hombre que llevaba muerto más de una semana. El superviviente estaba aferrado a un horrible ídolo de piedra de 30 cm de altura y de origen desconocido, acerca de cuya naturaleza las autoridades de la Universidad de Sidney, la Royal Society y el Museo de College Street, se muestran completamente desconcertadas. El superviviente afirma haberla encontrado en el camarote del yate, en el interior de un pequeño relicario de tallado ordinario.

Este hombre, tras recobrar el sentido, relató una historia bastante extraña acerca de piratería y una sangrienta masacre. Él es Gustaf Johansen, noruego de cierta educación, segundo

de a bordo de la goleta Emma de Auckland, que zarpó hacia El Callao el 20 de febrero con 11 hombres. El Emma, según cuenta Gustaf, se vio retrasado y desviado de su rumbo hacia el sur, por culpa de la gran tempestad del 1 de marzo y el 22 del mismo mes avistó al Alert a 49°51' de latitud sur y 128°34' longitud oeste, llevado por una extraña tripulación de feroz aspecto formada por canacos y mestizos. Al ordenárseles de forma perentoria que dieran media vuelta, el capitán Collins se negó, momento en que la extraña tripulación comenzó a abrir fuego sobre la goleta, salvajemente y sin aviso previo, con una peculiar batería pesada dotada de cañones de bronce que formaba parte de su armamento. Según el superviviente, los hombres del Emma dieron batalla y, aunque la goleta comenzó a hundirse debido a los disparos recibidos por debajo de la línea de flotación, fueron capaces de acercarla a la nave enemiga para abordarla y luchar contra la salvaje tripulación sobre su misma cubierta. Al final se vieron forzados a matar a toda la tripulación enemiga, algo superior en número, por su detestable y desesperada aunque torpe manera de luchar.

Tres de los hombres del Emma resultaron muertos, lo que incluye al capitán Collins y al primero de a bordo Green. Los ocho restantes, con el segundo de a bordo Johansen al mando, se pusieron al frente del yate capturado y retomaron su rumbo original para averiguar cuál era la razón de haberles ordenado dar media vuelta. Al día siguiente, según parece, alcanzaron una pequeña isla en la que desembarcaron, aunque no se sabe de la existencia de ninguna en aquella parte del océano. Seis de los tripulantes murieron en ella, aunque Johansen se muestra extrañamente reservado al llegar a esta parte de la historia y se limita a decir que cayeron por un precipicio rocoso. Más tarde, según parece, él y el último de sus compañeros llegaron al yate y trataron de tripularlo, pero se vieron azotados por la tormenta del 2 de abril. El hombre recuerda poco de lo sucedido entre ese día y el 12 de abril, en que tuvo lugar su rescate y no recuerda

cuándo murió William Briden, su compañero. La muerte de Briden no parece deberse a ninguna causa visible y se le atribuyó a la conmoción o exposición a factores extremos. La información llegada por cable desde Dunedin informa que el Alert es un mercante de cabotaje bien conocido allí, además, gozaba de una mala reputación en los muelles. Era propiedad de un grupo curioso de mestizos cuyos frecuentes encuentros y salidas nocturnas en dirección a los bosques atraían bastante la atención. Este zarpó de manera apresurada justo después de la tormenta y los temblores que tuvieron lugar el 1 de marzo. Nuestro corresponsal en Auckland señala que tanto el Emma como su tripulación gozaban de una excelente reputación y describe a Johansen como un hombre sensato y respetable. El almirantazgo va a realizar una investigación del asunto que comenzará mañana mismo, en ella se tomarán todas las medidas necesarias para persuadir a Johansen de que hable con más libertad de lo que ya ha hecho hasta ahora.

Esto, junto con la fotografía de la estatua infernal, era todo, ¡pero qué serie de ideas empezó a formar en mi cabeza! Aquí había un nuevo tesoro de datos en torno a la Secta de Cthulhu y una clara evidencia de que este tenía extraños intereses, tanto en el mar como en la tierra. ¿Qué motivo incitó a la tripulación mestiza a ordenar al Emma a dar media vuelta mientras navegaba en posesión de aquel horrible ídolo? ¿Cuál era aquella desconocida isla sobre la que murieron seis de los tripulantes del Emma y sobre la que el segundo Johansen se muestra tan reservado? ¿Qué fue lo que sacó a la luz la investigación ordenada por el almirantazgo y qué es lo que se sabía en Dunedin acerca de la maléfica secta? Y lo más sorprendente de todo, ¿cuál era la relación, tan profunda y natural, de aquellas fechas que le daban un malévolo e innegable significado a las diversas series de acontecimientos que mi tío había anotado de manera tan minuciosa?

El 1.º de marzo —es decir, nuestro 28 de febrero según la Línea Internacional de Cambio de Fecha— fue cuando ocurrieron la tormenta y el terremoto. El Alert y su fétida tripulación salieron disparados de Dunedin como llevados por un apremiante llamado, mientras que en el otro lado del mundo, poetas y artistas comenzaban a soñar acerca de una extraña y húmeda ciudad ciclópea, mientras que un joven escultor moldeaba en sueños la forma del temido Cthulhu. El 23 de marzo el desembarco de la tripulación del Emma en una isla desconocida dejó una cifra de seis muertos y en esa misma fecha los sueños de aquellos hombres especialmente sensibles adquirieron una gran viveza y quedaron oscurecidos por el terror a la persecución maligna por parte de un monstruo gigantesco. Mientras tanto un arquitecto enloquecía y un escultor se veía inmerso de repente en el delirio. ¿Y qué hay de la tormenta del 2 de abril, fecha en la que cesaron todos los sueños acerca de la húmeda ciudad y Wilcox salió ileso de las ataduras de aquella extraña fiebre? ¿Qué hay de todo esto y de todas las insinuaciones del viejo Castro acerca de los Grandes Antiguos, sumergidos bajo las aguas y nacidos de las estrellas y de su reino que se avecina, el fiel culto de estos y su dominio de los sueños? ¿Estaba tambaleándome al borde de horrores cósmicos más allá de la capacidad de entendimiento del ser humano? Der ser así, tales horrores deben ser solo de la mente, ya que, de alguna forma, el 2 de abril puso fin a cualquier monstruosa amenaza que había empezado su asedio sobre el alma de la humanidad.

Aquella tarde, tras un día de apresurados telegramas y preparativos, me despedí de mi anfitrión y cogí un tren a San Francisco. En menos de un mes me encontraba en Dunedin, donde comprobé que a pesar de que los miembros de aquel extraño culto solían pasar el rato en las viejas tabernas del puerto, poco se sabía acerca de ellos. La escoria portuaria no era digna de mención especial, aunque corría cierto rumor acerca de un viaje terrestre que estos mestizos habían realizado, en el cual se pudo apreciar en las lejanas colinas un tenue tamborileo y un

resplandor rojizo. En Auckland averigüé que Johansen había regresado con su cabellera rubia vuelta canas después de un interrogatorio superficial y poco exitoso en Sidney y que después de esto había vendido su casita en West Street y zarpó en barco a su antigua residencia en Oslo a vivir con su mujer. De aquella horrenda experiencia no contó a sus amigos nada más que a los oficiales del almirantazgo y todo lo que ellos pudieron hacer fue darme su dirección en Oslo.

Después de aquello me fui a Sidney donde hablé, sin conseguir nada nuevo, con marinos y magistrados del vicealmirantazgo. Pude ver el Alert que había sido vendido para su uso comercial en Circular Quay en Sidney Cove, sin embargo, tampoco logré sacar nada a su evasiva tripulación. La figura hincada con cabeza de cefalópodo, cuerpo de dragón, alas escamosas y el pedestal cubierto de jeroglíficos, se conservaba en el Museo de Hyde Park. Durante un tiempo la estudié con detenimiento, encontrando en ella un acabado funestamente exquisito y con el mismo misterio, antigüedad y el mismo material desconocido del cual estaba hecho el ejemplar más pequeño de Legrasse. Según me dijo el conservador del Museo, los geólogos habían encontrado en ella un monstruoso enigma, ya que llegaron a jurar que en el mundo no había una roca similar a esa. Fue entonces cuando pensé con un escalofrío en lo que el viejo Castro le había dicho a Legrasse acerca de los Grandes Antiguos:

—Ellos vinieron de las estrellas y trajeron sus imágenes consigo.

Estremecido por una confusión mental que nunca había conocido, tomé la decisión de visitar al segundo Johansen en Oslo. Zarpé con destino a Londres, donde abordé otro barco en dirección a la capital noruega y en un día de otoño desembarqué en los muelles bien cuidados a la sombra del Egeberg. La casa de Johansen, como pude descubrir, estaba situada en la vieja ciudad del rey Harold Haardrada, quien conservó el nombre de Oslo en los siglos que la capital estuvo disfrazada como *cristiana*. Hice el breve recorrido en taxi y, con el corazón palpitante, llamé a la

puerta de un pulcro y antiguo edificio con fachada de estuco. Una mujer de gesto triste y vestida de negro fue quien respondió a mi llamada, me llené de decepción cuando ella me dijo con un inglés entrecortado que Gustaf Johansen había muerto.

No vivió mucho después de su regreso, dijo su esposa, ya que los extraños sucesos de 1925 en altamar le habían debilitado. No le había dicho a ella más de lo que había contado públicamente, pero había dejado un largo manuscrito en inglés sobre *asuntos técnicos*, según dijo él, con el fin de protegerla del peligro que podría suponer un examen casual de este. Mientras Gustaf paseaba por un angosto callejón cercano al muelle de Gothenburg, un conjunto de papeles caído desde la ventana de un balcón le había derribado. Dos marinos de Lascar le ayudaron a ponerse en pie, pero este murió antes de que la ambulancia pudiera llegar al lugar. Los médicos no encontraron la causa de muerte, por lo que se dictó que se debía a algún problema del corazón y a su débil constitución.

En aquel momento comencé a sentir un terror royéndome las entrañas que ya nunca me abandonará hasta el día en que yo muera también, ya sea accidentalmente o de cualquier otra forma. Tras convencer a la viuda de que mi conexión con los *asuntos técnicos* de su marido era suficiente para darme derecho de tomar posesión del manuscrito, me llevé el documento y comencé a leerlo en el barco de regreso a Londres. Se trataba de algo sencillo e inconexo —el esfuerzo de un iluso marinero de escribir un diario a después de los hechos—, con el que aspiraba a recordar lo sucedido a diario en ese terrible último viaje. No puedo intentar transcribirlo al pie de la letra, ya era un escrito turbio y redundante, pero contaré lo suficiente como para que se entienda por qué el ruido de las olas rompiendo contra el casco del barco se me hizo tan insufrible y tuve que taparme los oídos con algodón.

Johansen, gracias a Dios, no llegó a saber todo, a pesar de haber visto la ciudad y a aquel ser, pero yo nunca podré volver a dormir tranquilo cuando piense en los horrores que acechan incesantemente a la vida en el tiempo y en el espacio, y en aquellas blasfemias perversas procedentes de antiguas estrellas que sueñan bajo las olas y que son objeto de adoración de una secta de pesadilla, dispuesta y decidida a soltarlas por la Tierra en el momento que otro terremoto haga emerger su monstruosa ciudad pétreo de nuevo hacia el aire y la luz de la superficie.

El viaje de Johansen había comenzado tal y como este le había contado al vicealmirantazgo. El Emma, cargado de lastre, zarpó de Auckland el 20 de febrero y había sufrido en toda su intensidad aquella tormenta provocada por el terremoto que debió atraer desde el fondo del mar a aquellos horrores que forman parte de las pesadillas de los hombres. De nuevo bajo control, la embarcación progresaba a buen ritmo cuando fue detenida por el Alert el 22 de marzo y pude sentir claramente el remordimiento con que Johansen escribió acerca del bombardeo y hundimiento del Emma. Al referirse a los morenos sectarios a bordo del Alert lo hace dando clara muestra de horror. Había una cualidad particularmente abominable en aquellos hombres que casi hacía de su exterminio un deber, Johansen muestra una ingenua extrañeza ante la acusación de crueldad lanzada contra la tripulación del Emma durante el proceso que dirigió el tribunal al cargo de la investigación. Llevados por la curiosidad siguieron el rumbo que llevaban, ahora en el yate capturado y bajo el mando de Gustaf, hasta que avistaron un gran pilar de piedra que sobresalía del mar y en un punto situado a 47°9' de latitud sur y 126°43' de longitud oeste. Llegaron a una costa de lodo, fango y ciclópea mampostería mohosa que no podía ser otra cosa que la sustancia tangible del terror supremo de la Tierra, la ciudad cadavérica y de pesadilla de R'lyeh, construida hacía incontables eones por repugnantes figuras que procedían de las estrellas oscuras. Allí yacía el gran Cthulhu y sus hordas, ocultos bajo bóvedas cubiertas de fango

verdoso; enviando de nuevo, tras incalculables ciclos temporales, aquellos pensamientos que extendían el miedo por los sueños de los más sensibles y que, a la vez, llamaban de manera ineludible a sus fieles a lanzarse en un peregrinaje de liberación y la restauración de su imperio en la Tierra. Johansen no sospechaba nada de esto, ¡pero bien sabe Dios que ya había visto suficiente!

Supongo que lo que emergió de las aguas no era más que una cima de la horrible ciudadela coronada por el monolito donde el gran Cthulhu estaba enterrado. Cada vez que pienso en cuánto debe estar gestándose allá abajo casi me entran ganas de acabar con mi vida de inmediato. Johansen y sus hombres estaban asombrados por la majestuosidad cósmica de aquella empapada Babilonia de antiguos demonios y debieron haberse figurado por ellos mismos que nada de eso pertenecía a este o cualquier otro planeta cuerdo. El desconcierto ante el increíble tamaño de los verdosos bloques de piedra, la vertiginosa altura del gran monolito esculpido y la desconcertante identidad de las colosales estatuas y bajorrelieves con la extraña imagen encontrada en el relicario a bordo del Alert quedaban plasmados, de manera desgarradora, en cada línea de la descripción aterrada de Johansen.

Sin tener idea de lo que era el futurismo, Johansen consiguió alcanzar algo muy parecido a este con su forma de referirse sobre la ciudad, ya que, en lugar de describir una estructura o un edificio definidos, se limitaba solo a dar impresiones generales acerca de los enormes ángulos y las superficies de piedra, superficies demasiado enormes para pertenecer a nada normal o propio de la Tierra e impías por sus horribles imágenes y jeroglíficos. Hago mención del comentario acerca de los ángulos porque me recuerda algo que Wilcox me había contado con respecto a sus espantosos sueños. Él había dicho que la geometría de aquel que vio en ese lugar onírico era anormal, no euclidiana y asquerosamente impregnada de sensaciones de otras esferas y

dimensiones distintas de la nuestra. Ahora era un iletrado marinero el que tenía la misma sensación al contemplar la terrible realidad.

Johansen y sus hombres desembarcaron en la empinada orilla cubierta de lodo de aquella monstruosa Acrópolis y treparon por titánicos bloques fangosos que no se parecían en absoluto a ninguna escalera humana. El mismo sol del cielo parecía desvirtuado cuando era contemplado a través del miasma polarizador que brotaba de aquella perversión empapada de agua de mar, y una retorcida amenaza o incertidumbre acechaba lascivamente en aquellos ángulos desquiciadamente elusivos de roca tallada, en los que una segunda mirada mostraba una superficie cóncava allá donde antes se había visto una convexa.

Algo semejante al miedo ya se había apoderado de los exploradores antes de que pudieran ver algo distinto de rocas, lodo o las abundantes algas marinas. Cada uno hubiera huido de no haber temido al desprecio de los otros y sin entusiasmo siguieron buscando inútilmente, como pudo comprobarse, algún recuerdo que pudieran llevarse del lugar.

Fue Rodríguez, el portugués, el primero en alcanzar la base del monolito describiendo a gritos lo que allí había encontrado. Los demás lo siguieron y miraron con curiosidad a la inmensa puerta esculpida con el ya familiar bajorrelieve, con forma de cefalópodo y dragón. Esta era, según palabras de Johansen, como una enorme puerta de granero y todos estuvieron de acuerdo en que se trataba de una puerta por la presencia alrededor de esta, había un dintel ornado, un umbral y unas jambas, aunque no podían decir si yacía plana como si se tratara de una trampilla o si estaba inclinada como la puerta de un sótano exterior. Como Wilcox hubiera dicho, toda la geometría del lugar era incorrecta. No se podía asegurar que el mar y la tierra estuviesen en posición horizontal, ya que la posición relativa de todo lo demás era fantasmagóricamente variable.

Briden presionó sobre varios lugares de la piedra sin resultado alguno. Donovan tanteó delicadamente por los bordes, apretando sobre cada punto a medida que avanzaba. Este trepó interminablemente sobre aquella grotesca moldura de piedra —aunque a aquello solo se le podía llamar trepar si después de todo la superficie no estuviera en posición horizontal— mientras los demás hombres se preguntaban cómo una puerta, en todo el universo, podía tener semejantes dimensiones. Entonces, suave y lentamente, el panel de media hectárea comenzó a ceder hacia adentro en su parte superior y pudieron ver que se balanceaba. Donovan se deslizó o se propulsó de alguna forma, hacia abajo o a lo largo de la jamba, volviendo con sus compañeros y todos se quedaron contemplando el extraño retroceso de aquel portal monstruosamente labrado. En aquella fantasía de distorsión prismática, la puerta se deslizaba anómalamente en sentido diagonal, de modo que todas las leyes de la materia y la perspectiva parecían trastornadas.

La abertura quedó ennegrecida por una oscuridad casi palpable. Sin embargo, aquella oscuridad tenía una calidad positiva, ya que ocultaba parte de la muralla interior que de lo contrario hubiera quedado al descubierto. Y como si de humo se tratase, esta oscuridad surgió de su confinamiento de infinitos siglos, eclipsando visiblemente el sol a medida que escapaba y agitaba sus membranosas alas hacia un encogido y contrahecho cielo. El hedor que emergía de las recién abiertas profundidades resultaba insoportable. Al poco rato, Hawkins, que tenía un oído muy fino, dijo que creía haber oído un asqueroso chapoteo allá abajo. Todos escucharon con atención y todavía seguían haciéndolo cuando aquello apareció con su forma viscosa moviéndose de manera errática, y a tientas coló su gelatinosa inmensidad verde a través de la negra puerta hacia el contaminado aire exterior de aquella fétida ciudad de locura.

La letra del pobre Johansen estuvo a punto de ceder cuando escribía esto. Él creía que de los seis hombres que jamás alcanzaron el barco, dos habían muerto de puro terror en ese maldito

instante. Aquel ser no podía ser descrito, no hay palabras para expresar semejantes abismos de inmemorial y delirante locura, tales abominables contradicciones de toda la materia, la fuerza y el orden cósmico. ¡Una montaña caminaba o se tambaleaba, Dios mío! ¡Qué asombroso que, a través de la Tierra, un gran arquitecto enloquezca y el pobre Wilcox sufra un delirio de fiebre en ese preciso instante telepático! El ser representado en los ídolos, el engendro verde y viscoso llegado de las estrellas, había despertado para reclamar lo que era suyo. Las estrellas estaban alineadas de nuevo y lo que una secta milenaria había fallado en conseguir por medio de preparativos lo había logrado un grupo de despavoridos marinos por mero accidente. ¡Tras millones de millones de años el gran Cthulhu se alzaba de nuevo, hambriento de placeres!

Tres de los hombres fueron alcanzados por las flácidas garras de la criatura antes de que nadie pudiera siquiera darse la vuelta. Que Dios les conceda el descanso, si es que el descanso existe en el universo. Estos fueron Donovan, Guerrero y Ångstrom. Parker resbaló cuando los tres marinos salieron corriendo frenéticamente hacia el bote sobre interminables panoramas de piedra encostrada de musgo verde y, según jura Johansen, Parker fue tragado por uno de los ángulos de la mampostería que no debería estar ahí; un ángulo que era agudo, pero que se comportaba como si fuera obtuso. Por lo anterior, solo Briden y Johansen consiguieron alcanzar el bote y remar desesperadamente hacia el Alert mientras la monstruosidad descomunal se deslizaba sobre las piedras fangosas y dudaba tambaleante al llegar al borde de las aguas.

A pesar de no haber quedado nadie a bordo después del desembarco, todavía seguía saliendo vapor del Alert y solo fue el esfuerzo en unos momentos de febriles ráfagas hacia arriba y abajo del timón a los motores para volver a ponerlo en marcha. Lentamente, entre los retorcidos horrores de aquella indescriptible escena, el barco comenzó a batir las aguas letales, mientras que en la mampostería de aquella costa cadavérica que no era de este mundo, el titánico ser

procedente de las estrellas lanzaba espumarajos y farfullaba como Polifemo maldiciendo al barco en el que huyó Odiseo. Fue entonces, más osado que el cíclope de cuentos, cuando el gran Cthulhu se deslizó hacia las aguas dejando un rastro grasoso y comenzó a perseguir el barco, levantando olas con sus brazadas de potencia cósmica. Briden volvió la vista y enloqueció, riendo de manera estridente, como continuaría haciéndolo a intervalos hasta que la muerte fue a buscarlo una noche al camarote, mientras Johansen deambulaba en medio del delirio.

No obstante, Johansen no se había rendido todavía. Consciente de que el ser seguramente adelantaría al Alert antes de que este alcanzara la máxima velocidad, decidió hacer algo desesperado y, poniendo los motores a toda máquina, corrió disparado por la cubierta y giró bruscamente el timón. Se formó un fuerte remolino y una corriente de espuma en aquella fétida salmuera y, mientras aumentaba a cada momento la presión del motor, el valiente noruego dirigió el barco en dirección al ser gelatinoso que les perseguía y que se elevaba sobre la inmunda espuma de las aguas como si fuera la popa de un galeón demoniaco. La horrible cabeza de cefalópodo, de retorcidos tentáculos, estaba ya muy cerca del bauprés del robusto yate, pero Johansen continuó manejando de forma implacable. Hubo un estallido como el de una vejiga explotando, una fangosa fetidez como cuando se raja un pez luna, el hedor de mil tumbas abiertas y un sonido que el cronista no pudo transcribir al papel. Durante un instante el barco se vio envuelto por una nube agria y cegadora y después solo quedó una venosa y furiosa vista a popa donde —¡Dios nos proteja! — la dispersa plasticidad del innominable engendro de las estrellas recuperaba, de manera difusa, su odiosa forma original, mientras que la distancia entre ellos crecía cada segundo a medida que el Alert ganaba ímpetu aumentando su velocidad.

Así fue como todo acabó. Después de aquel día Johansen no hizo nada más que obsesionarse con el ídolo y ocuparse de su sustento y el de aquel maníaco de risa enloquecida que

tenía a su lado. No trató de navegar tras aquella audaz pelea, pues semejante reacción le había quitado una parte de su alma. Después llegó la tormenta del 2 de abril y con ella la densa niebla en la que se sumió su consciencia. Sintió un remolino espectral a través de líquidos precipicios de infinidad, vertiginosos recorridos por universos giratorios sobre la cola de un cometa e histéricos saltos desde el fondo de los abismos a la luna y de la luna a los fondos de los abismos, todo esto animado por un histriónico coro de retorcidos y jocosos dioses antiguos y de los burlones diablillos verdes y con alas de murciélago surgidos del tártaro.

Tras aquel sueño vino el rescate, el Vigilant, el tribunal del vicealmirantazgo, las calles de Dunedin y el largo viaje de regreso a su viejo hogar en la casa cerca del castillo Egeberg. No podía contar nada o de lo contrario le tomarían por loco. Escribiría sobre aquello que sabía antes de que la muerte lo alcanzara, pero su mujer no debía enterarse de nada. La muerte sería una bendición si pudiera borrar sus recuerdos.

Ese fue el documento que leí y que ahora he colocado en una caja de latón junto con el bajorrelieve y los papeles del profesor Angell. Con estos irá también mi testimonio, esta prueba de mi sano juicio, donde he reconstruido lo que espero que nadie vuelva jamás a reconstruir. He contemplado todo el horror que el universo pudiera contener y después de eso incluso el cielo primaveral y las flores de veneno serán veneno para mí. Sin embargo, no creo que mi vida vaya a prolongarse mucho. Igual que se fue mi tío, igual que se fue el pobre Johansen, un día me iré yo. Sé demasiado y la secta todavía vive.

Cthulhu continúa también todavía con vida, supongo, de nuevo en aquel abismo de piedra que lo había resguardado desde que el sol era joven. Su ciudad maldita está de nuevo sumergida, ya que el Vigilant pasó por esas aguas de nuevo tras la tormenta de abril, pero sus pastores en la Tierra todavía rugen y saltan y matan alrededor de monolitos rematados por ídolos en lugares

solitarios. El gran Cthulhu debió quedar atrapado por el hundimiento mientras estaba en el interior de su negro abismo o de lo contrario el mundo estaría ahora gritando de miedo y furia. ¿Quién sabe lo que sucederá al final? Lo que ha emergido puede hundirse y lo que se ha hundido puede emerger de nuevo. La repugnancia aguarda y sueña en las profundidades y la decadencia se abre paso entre las tambaleantes ciudades de los hombres. El día llegará. ¡No quiero ni puedo pensarlo! Tan solo pido que, si no sobrevivo a este manuscrito, mis albaceas antepongan la prudencia a la audacia y puedan asegurarse de que nadie más llegue a fijar su atención en él.

4.2 Translations from Spanish into English

Missionary's Murder

Hernán Méndez Salazar

This legend seems to coincide with a particularly important historical quote in the book *ABORIGENES DE COSTA RICA* by Carlos Gagini:

"Fray Pablo de Rebullida, murdered by the Indians, says in a letter dated 1702 that from Urinama to Concepción, Talamanca two languages were spoken, Talamanca and Cabécar; and that the enemies of such Indians were the Térrabas, Toxas and Changuenas. The Tesabas (of the same family as the Terrabas, but who inhabited near Boruca), are tame and have quarreled with the others for their uprising."

As can be seen from the above quote, it was not pointed out where Father Rebullida was killed.

Many years ago, as it is known by the ancients, a priest arrived from the lands they call Spain accompanied by a few Sigwas men. His cassock was completely frayed by the thorns of the vines of the mountain he had to cross to reach these lands. He had endured many hungers and had slept many times in the humid lands of Chiriqui and the entire south. When he arrived in this little town, he liked it so much that he stayed there living with the Indians. He taught them many trades and many things they had not known before. The three men who accompanied him gradually disappeared. One of them was lost in the mountains and was never heard from again; the other

two were bitten by a snake on the same ranch where they lived, and not wanting to take any medicine from the Indians, they died almost at the same time. The priest was left alone among the Indians, who do not know what we are doing when we drink too much liquor.

The good father, in the middle of that mountain, dreamed of seeing two towers of a temple rise and spoke to the Indians in the following words:

-Dear children, I recognize that your hearts are full of will; that your spirits overflow with love for God; that you have placed in this meeting all your valuable knowledge at the service of faith. However, what I propose to you is not something you have imagined. It is something more difficult, more beautiful, more worthy of Our Lord. It is a temple that will require a greater sacrifice than you have proposed: a sacrifice that will not last a day, nor a month, but many months or years.

The Indians kept a deep silence trying to interpret those loving words, loaded with innovative ideas never heard by them before. After a pause, the priest added.

-I notice in you a very natural concern. Possibly, most of you are thinking about the materials for this construction; I only want to ask you in the name of the Lord for your collaboration. I will take care of finding the means and you will take care of the task.

All in chorus exclaimed:

-Count with our help.

In those days, the people of Térraba lived like the awakening of a dream that had lasted for centuries. In all the ranches, there were murmurings about the proposed construction; the most varied conjectures were made about how the important project would be carried out. For some, it would be easy and important; for others, it simply could not be done.

While the ideas went from here to there, all over the ranch complex, the friar, locked up in the ranch that had been constructed for him in two days, was maturing his project. He wanted to

teach them how to make roof tiles, how to use the hand saws to remove the wood, and how to edge the stone to form the bases. Often, he would go out of the small door of the ranch and looking towards the sky he would implore God for the mercy of being able to see the temple raised and to hear one day the ringing of the bells from the dreamed towers.

One fine day the priest resolved to call the people together again. Already for this meeting, he had concrete plans to start the construction and proposed the following:

-The first thing we will do is to select the land where the temple will be located. During this week, we will prepare it and on Sunday, it will be the blessing with a joyful ceremony.

The friar was sure that with this the Indians would work with enthusiasm and dedication. Indeed, during the week, the land was prepared with the help of the whole village, which was exceptionally large. A plain was converted into a beautiful field. Several fruit trees and ornamental plants were immediately brought in, which, in a well-arranged manner by the construction manager, replaced the virgin forest. While the field was rapidly becoming an orchard, a tile factory was being set up in one end of the field. The Indians worked four days in their plots and two days in what today we would call communal help. Soon, an enormous clay oven was built, and it did not take long to have ready a good quantity of tiles that would be used not only for the church and sacristy, but also to build a communal house. Since Indians are highly skilled in handicrafts, this facilitated the rapid completion of the construction. They were building their huts with palms, and so they were eager to see those grooved shapes of baked clay. How would they look and how would they fit on a roof? The priest tried to exploit this longing, by explaining it to them with drawings.

To obtain wood, the friar organized an expedition. It was not at all easy, because as it will be remembered, the three white companions of the priest had disappeared, and the expedition would be very dangerous. They had to cross the jungles of the Talamanca Mountain range. Crossing

through Amuri to Limón, from where they would bring hand saws on their shoulders. Some Indians knew the way perfectly well and the difficulty consisted in convincing the distrustful ones to accompany them; although, they already had some confidence in the friar. Trust was not enough to accompany him on such a risky tour, since they had previously been victims of deceit and betrayal. A few of them were convinced and ten Indians agreed to accompany the friar on the difficult journey.

As if sending off a group, the following Sunday, before the first rays of daylight appeared, they were dismissed with blessings and wishes of triumph. In accordance with his custom, the friar took the podium and with words in which he could not hide his emotion, he said:

-Dear parishioners. I recognize that our purpose is not easy; but let us not consider the task that we begin today as an adventure. Those who expose their lives for the sake of progress, and particularly when it comes to serving God, are not adventurers. I assure you that we do not go alone, that we carry the King of Kings in our head and that He will always protect us. We all run from this moment with the same fate. If we all return, blessed be the hour. However, if any of us or some of us do not return, you can rest assured that those who are missing are heroes who have remained in the difficult path of sacrifice.

As they were leaving, one of the youngest, sensing a final farewell, stepped out of the line and kissed his grandmother. He said something in her ear and immediately joined the group that soon got lost among the abundant vegetation that bordered the narrow path.

The daring adventurers faced the first problems when the raft they skillfully improvised to cross the mighty Térraba River, was about to be destroyed. The setback was overcome thanks to the natives' audacity to fight in the water; if they had fallen into the water, possibly their attempt would have ended there, since they were crossing it precisely in a calm passage of the river where alligators abounded.

They were crossing the long savannahs of Cabagra, when they were surprised by a group of Bribrís, who, surprised by the mysterious parade, had made an emergency call, to which the large group quickly responded. Thanks to the presence of the priest, they were not the victims of an attack since the relations between Térrabas and Bribrís were not cordial.

The young Tabaré, who not only mastered the Térraba, but also Bribrí, had an exchange of words and answered all the questions asked by the members of the Bribrí group, concluding with a friendly meeting. In one of the Cabagras huts, they were allowed to rest. They were served plenty of liquor and some cocoa drinks. In addition, they increased their provisions and accompanied them for a long stretch, relieving them of their heavy loads.

After three days, with very few hours of rest, they arrived in Talamanca, where they were splendidly received. In the evening, a wild boar was roasted in honor of the adventurers. The friar, who without showing his tiredness seemed to fade before the strength and habit of his companions to walk in the mountains, and he took advantage of the opportunity to bring spiritual encouragement, preaching through the interpreter, who was always the stout and intelligent Tabaré, in each tribe. The people from Talamaca were practically the ones who facilitated the achievement of the objectives that moved those good men. They organized a good number of people of their tribe who accompanied them to Limón, where they obtained three saws and full of joy, they undertook the return trip.

Again, in Talamanca they stayed for three days of festivities. Marriages, baptisms, and in the absence of the Hosts, some confessions were celebrated. During a joyful shouting, they said goodbye and began the arduous return journey. It seemed that, apart from the hardness of the journey, the group of 11 would be present again in community. One Friday, after twenty-two days of having left their village, they were able to see a bonfire in the distance, and they shouted to the priest that it was Veragua, the territory of the Térraba, and that they were already very

close to Cabagra. Without measuring the magnitude of the danger, in the darkness of the night, they agreed to advance what they could free of the weight of the day and to be able to arrive to Térraba this way at Saturday nightfall. However, it was very little what they advanced; strong hurricane rains forced them to take shelter in groups in the roots of gigantic trees. Possibly, the joy of having sighted again their lands and of course the tiredness, made them break the discipline of sleeping some and watching others, and all surrendered in the deepest of the dreams.

One of them heard some strange noise at a short distance away, like something crawling through the damp vegetation; however, he fell back into sleep. After a short while, when he awoke again and remembered the strange noise and associated it with the coincidence of having heard an owl hooting near where they slept, which was never a good thing. He stood up quickly and went to the group where the priest was, finding him fast asleep. He did the same with the other group that was a short distance away. He was about to wake them up to continue the trip, sure that the noise was due to the passage of some animal, when suddenly he noticed a trail with marked blood stains.

With a start he shouted to his companions, who, as one man, stood up. The first to notice Tabaré's absence was the friar, who, in his usual slow and serene voice, shouted: "Let's look for Tabaré!" With instinctive speed they followed the trail, until they arrived half a kilometer from where they slept, the trail ended at a thick trunk that had long ago been blown down by the wind. Without hearing a commanding voice, they in a disciplined manner circled the leaning trunk. The eldest, who seemed not to care about his life for the youngest of the group, climbed with such ease as if the trunk were horizontal, with a sharp spear in his right hand and a green branch in his left; the branch served to obstruct the visibility of the beast; he advanced to the middle of the old trunk where he found a huge tiger sleeping peacefully next to his victim, the unfortunate Tabaré.

Almost immediately, the fearsome beast fell down with the spear stuck in its chest, where all the others went, and after the furious fight, it was soon killed. They all turned their anguished gaze towards the brave who had knocked him off the trunk, who, after a gesture of bitterness, slowly bent down and gathered in his arms, practically half the body of the one who until hours before had been his most valuable companion. The friar, after shedding abundant tears, bowed respectfully over the mangled body and after having recited the prayers of rigor, ordered a stretcher to be formed and so he could be taken to Térraba, where he would be buried with all the honors of a hero. Already on the stretcher, the friar, asked to be allowed the sacrifice of being one of those who carried the stretcher to Térraba without relief; but first, stretching his gaze to the heights, as if imploring patience from heaven, he said: "Before leaving this place, I ask for courage and serenity; the beast has not killed him out of malice, but to satisfy a need. Tabaré is not dead, he will live forever in our memory and generations will honor him. This rugged altar that surrounds us must have already become a heavenly altar for those who have just given their lives in the line of duty."

Despite the encouraging words of the shepherd of Souls, from that moment on, when the last stage of the journey began, the sorrow was increased by the silence with which they devoured the distance. Indeed, at nightfall on Saturday evening they arrived without anyone waiting for them because they did not know the day of their return. They took all their cargo to the friar's hut, who with all the finesse that an old friend deserves, placed the mangled body on a rustic table of rods tied to four forks; he asked his companions not to give news of their arrival until they had arranged the body in such a way that its condition would be partially disguised. They immediately set to work, filling the empty parts with balsa, which was plentiful in the region.

However, a curious little boy, who lived in the hut next door, discovered the presence of the travelers in the ranch. He crept stealthily until he reached the grill that served as a wall to the

ranch, something that would not have happened for all the restlessness that existed in the shire for the arrival of the men and the saws. The little boy ran to his ranch first and then to others giving the news, it took a few minutes for most of the tribe to mobilize, and full of curiosity they surrounded the hut. When the door was opened, grim faces started to appear, and they could see the rapid movements of the afflicted priest, who was trying to finish his work as soon as possible. It was at that moment when an old woman appeared. She was moving her head around the group looking for something, the friar managed to see her from behind one of the grills of the wall and went out to meet her and by taking her in his arms tenderly kissed her forehead. The old lady, relieving the father's hard commitment, stepped forward and said to him:

- I understand everything, since that kiss that Tabaré gave me when he said goodbye, I felt the sting that he would not return, but all for the love of God.

He nervously replied:

- Resignation is the best medicine for situations like these, but he is back, and you may go see him.

The first was the old woman, who bowed respectfully over the corpse of her beloved son (grandson); her long braids fell on the neck of Tabaré on whose almost unknown face she placed many kisses and moistened him with her tears and without saying a word, she retired to her home. The whole town gathered and spent the night in vigil commenting on the event. No one remembered the saw again, but they insistently commented on the enormous sacrifice of the religious man, who had one of his delicate shoulders crushed by the burden of the body and the long distance, and of course there was no lack of memories of what had been in the life of the deceased. The following day, he was buried with all the religious honors that the means allowed.

A few days went by, and the only talk was about the group's exploit and the only unfortunate one. In all the huts, groups were formed in search of details about the trip.

After a few days, the father called back to the village and, showing the saws, divided them into groups, and trained one of them, as this one would be in charge of training others in the handling of the saws, so that after two months the wood for the church would be completely ready.

Now the foundations were missing. The father selected the most skilled, and with the brute force of a group of those men dragged to the place where the church was to be built, enough stones, which placed in the hands of the stonecutters put their skillful hands on them. It was a slow work, but as the days went by, those stones of the most varied shapes were transformed into a single form and when they were finished, they were drawn on their sides with artistically carved religious motifs. (Recently, the bases were removed to build a new hermitage and the motifs were left on the surface of the earth, so that they could be observed by the visitors). The work of the church began in the middle of the most varied festivities in which for future misfortunes, the liquor never lacked, as it was the indispensable stimulant in all the works that were carried out, After a year, a group of artists in the work of goldsmithing, had dripped a bell in solid gold.

The friar, very satisfied, left his ranch and moved to the sacristies that were wide. He prepared the inauguration inviting the neighboring tribes, Borucas, Térrabas, Changuañas, and Bribrís; meanwhile, in the town great cumbos of chicha were prepared, they had been dedicated to the hunt managing to accumulate great quantity of meat, besides the variety of foods that they made with corn and cacao.

At half past four in the morning, the number of visitors began to arrive, and with songs in different languages and the characteristic shouting with which they celebrated special events, they filled the town with a concentration that had never been seen before. At eight o'clock in the morning, in an impressive act, the very valuable golden bell was rung for the first time from the right tower of the church, whose fine peals reached long distances. After the blessing of the church, an orchestra of clay whistles, special reed flutes, and small drums enlivened the

atmosphere. The atmosphere was more animated every moment, and the Térrabas were proud of their work. During the sermon of the first and solemn mass, the priest mentioned the merits of Tabaré, for whom the mass was celebrated. After the sermon, an old woman in the middle of the crowd, covering her face, left the hut.

The party kept going for three days, increasing the heat of the liquor, and the reason for the party was diminished; the visitors left in groups and the Térrabas remained. They did not cease in their dancing and drunkenness, so the good friar summoned them to the temple for a special ceremony. There he cordially invited them to put an end to the popular celebrations and to remember that it was a religious celebration; in that ceremony Saint Francis of Assisi was chosen as patron saint of the place.

Every year with the arrival of the fourth of October, big parties were held. The friar's struggle was now, to decrease the ferment drink. However, this did not please many. On the last fourth of October of those festivities and of earthly prosperity, the friar was noticed walking around the temple and admiring it as if he had seen it for the first time. He looked over all the ranchos and the green mountains that surrounded them, until it was time for the sermon, which was the most eloquent of all those he had pronounced. Among other things he said:

- Christ died by the hands of the one He loved the most, and I feel that undeservedly I will suffer the same fate, if so, I beg you to bury me in the garden of this church.

The whole town came out of the church making comments about the very strange sermon that morning. As soon they drank liquor and, as usual, they forgot about all their worries.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the friar was leaning over the High Altar, praying to God to help him put an end to that primitive way of celebrating those feasts, when two drunken savages attacked him from behind and killed him. The Indian who served as butler, soon realized it, and warned the people, who forgetting the party and forgetting everything, remembered the wise

words of the sermon and crowded into the church. There lay the holy priest who had paid with his life for having given everything for the people; but they could not resist seeing that bloody face with a look full of gentleness and forgiveness. The chief of the tribe, visibly indignant, ordered his people to suspend all drinking and set about the task of finding the savages, whose suspicions were imminent about two individuals who had disappeared from the group, leaving their criminal stone axes at the entrance of the temple. Again, the chief whose fury was increasing by the minute added:

-Two piles of firewood must be placed in front of the temple, where the traitors of our dear father will be burned alive.

The women oversaw this task, while the men in groups set out to carefully check all the surrounding mountains. The Indian was very skillful in pursuing the most immediate tracks, so it was not difficult for a group to follow the trail of the fugitives.

The two murderers who had been part of the extraordinary expedition to Limón, did not go very far. They stopped in a stretch of the road, and having lost the effects of the drunkenness, they analyzed their crime and remembered that on many occasions the good priest had spoken to them of Judas, who with a kiss delivered his Master, and even more their conscience was clouded, when there in their ears as in hallucinations they repeated the last words of their innocent victim: - I forgive you, so that God forgives you too.

Without thinking much about it, they agreed and hanging a vine from a branch each, they tied their necks and hanged themselves. When the pursuing group discovered them, they were horrified to see those long tongues sticking out of their mouths. As a corollary to their misfortune, a huge snake encircled the neck of one of them. They resolved to return and leave them at that place. At the news, no one wanted to come to see them, not even their own relatives, and the chief ordered that they be left there to be devoured by the Urus (vultures). The priest was

buried the next day as he had requested, amid funeral songs, and some songs in the Térraba dialect, the party ended amid the deepest pain, and everyone blamed themselves for not having heeded the calls of the Father to leave the drinking excesses.

The following night, the bijos and owls hovered over the huts with their funereal songs, and no one dared to leave their ranches, for they believed that those birds were the spirits of the unfortunate murderers.

After some time, news arrived that a group of outsiders intended to visit Térraba. There was a council of elders and at midnight, amid silence and solitude they visited the ruined temple that had become a nest of bats and swallows and brought down the valuable golden bell and buried it in a secret place; so secret that it went to the tomb with the group that was entrusted with the mission.

The ruin for all was not long in coming; a strange disease that the Sukias could not fight, was quickly killing all the people. Of the few that remained, some formed groups and went to form villages in other lands, leaving here a small village that has never been able to thrive since then.

Some nights, year after year, you can hear a shriek of mourning souls and a sad ringing of a bell that seems to reclaim its old tower.

Tiger's Paw
Hernán Méndez Salazar

Near the road between Térraba and Boruca there are savannas called Mano de Tigre, because there is a stone with a tiger's paw marked on one of them. This stone is one of the main attractions for visitors, although sometimes it goes unnoticed due not knowing where it is located.

As for the Indian, as for us, everything has a reason to be, but especially for them, who are aware of the importance of their past. This tiger's paw that appeared on this stone is not by chance. Here it is shown what a man is capable of, when with true faith, he works in the name of God.

Many years ago, a missionary preaching his religion in the islands of San Blas, Panama, heard about the Orosí, which belonged to the octagon of chiefs called Puririce, mostly located in Cartago. The missionary, who only sought to sow the seeds of his unwavering faith in the land of America, proposed to the chiefs of those islands to provide him with some companions to visit some chiefs in the lands of Cariari. However, these who were always very rebellious did not lend him any man, much less any help. Nevertheless, the tough Spaniard set out on the journey and started it alone.

In Panama, he managed to get a mule and some supplies and set out to face all the problems and dangers he would encounter along the way.

The journey was really a series of miracles, because he was not a man, he was a saint. In the mountains near Chiriqui, he was lost for eight days in the mountains. On the fifth day, overwhelmed by fatigue, but not by the despair that he overcame with his faith, he slept peacefully in a cave according to his custom. At dawn, he was surprised to see a beehive unoccupied, while the hard-working insects flew around him, as if inviting him to satisfy his

hunger, entering their house and tasting the delicious honey. He did so, and after filling an empty jar he had brought with him, he left the cozy house and its inhabitants returned rejoicing at the service they had given. Giving thanks to God and blessing the little bees, he continued in search of the course that would lead him to his goal; already near Chiriqui, a pack of white-faced capuchin monkeys that swung from the branches threw him some fruits that when the saint saw that they were eating, he ate them without reserve; these quenched the thirst that already dominated him, and so he fed in the dense forests that he crossed, observing what animals ate, and he ate it assured that it was not poison.

His arrival to Chiriqui was a real revolution among the Indians who bowed as he passed by, astonished to see a strange light approaching in the dark night, illuminating the passage of a man. The only light they knew was of the day, of the moon, and of the flame. However, since the night was so dark, they tried to find where the flame that illuminated him was, but they failed. When they questioned the stranger, he humbly answered them:

- The night is clear and has allowed me to see the road I am traveling on.

Faced with the insistence of the Indians to inspect what they had seen with their own eyes, the father tried again to convince them by telling them:

-Men can overcome all difficulties with great ease, if we have true faith in the true God who is one. He will not allow hunger, cold, pain, and darkness for those who implore him with true love.

Without feeling entirely satisfied, they ceased their questions. There, he remained preaching for eight days with very satisfactory results for his aspirations to be useful to God and to his fellow men. He continued his solitary journey, preaching to every tribe he came to, until he reached the Cuesta de la Montura, an extremely difficult pass located between Palmar Norte and Maíz Boruca. Halfway up the slope he was carefully herding his mule when he suddenly saw it

roll with all his luggage into the abyss. The missionary, who among other virtues perfectly mastered the virtue of patience, offered to God that inconvenient and laid down on a rocky slope and slept peacefully. The song of the birds announced the arrival of the new day, and already used to supernatural things, he saw without surprise that his mule was beside him with the luggage and unharmed. Once again, he thanked the Creator and continued his way.

His arrival to Boruca was a real party. He was welcomed as if they had news of his arrival. He stayed there more than anywhere else, given the Brunucas' insistence that he stay among them, but his goal was Orosí and he had to keep going. He always preferred to walk at night to avoid the heat that in those weathers the weight of the sun gives, especially considering the beast that accompanied him. In Boruca, there were talks about gifts and a pompous farewell, this was a cause of concern for him. This was opposed to his humility that always kept him away from honors and applause, he always said:

- “He who pursues honors, serves the lord of fame.”

Faced with this circumstance, he preferred to go out when everyone was asleep and so he did. One night when the restorative peace of the daily work was noticeable in all the Borucas huts, he saddled his mule and went out silently and when he arrived at this stone, he felt a supernatural desire to rest. He lowered the load of his mule, which with a halter on his neck he put to graze. His sleep was interrupted by a fight between beasts. A tiger of a size never seen before had attacked the mule and killed it.

For the first time the holy man was on the verge of losing his patience, but he quickly regained his composure, and addressing the beast, he spoke to it in a decisive way. You have killed my mule, to satisfy your hunger, now you can satisfy it until you take a nap, but before sun rise you will have to carry this load and carry me to the end of my journey. The wild beast lowered its head and went towards its victim and satiated its appetite. The father, as if nothing had happened,

wrapped himself in his towel and slept for a few more hours. Once rested he woke up before dawn; he saddled his new beast, put his load on it and as punishment he climbed on the load to continue his path. When the miracle occurred, the huge beast put his paw on this stone, leaving its mark, which has been a source of admiration for many generations.

Since then, the holy priest walked only at night, avoiding arousing the curiosity of the tribes as he passed by, who would possibly think in their own way when they saw him mounted on one of the most fearsome beasts for the Indians. Despite the silence with which he crossed Térraba, the enormous tracks of the carnivore awakened the curiosity of the whole population.

Later, it was known that the extraordinary man had given freedom to the tiger in the mountains of Puebla under the warning not to harm any human being. From there he went with his burden on his back to meet the cacique Orosí. There, he ended his life that is a historical example for all generations.

Chapter V

Data Analysis

The purpose of this chapter is to illustrate the results collected once the documents “The Call of Cthulhu” from English to Spanish and “Asesinato del misionero” and “Mano de tigre” from Spanish to English were translated. For this end, specific instruments were chosen to achieve this goal. They consist in a text analysis of chart, color code for translation procedures and glossaries for each text. The text chart will help to understand the intention of the text and how its structure was designed. The color code will assist on recognizing which procedures, defined in chapter 2, were used to achieve a natural and faithful translation. Finally, the glossary will serve as a reference for the translator to keep at hand the equivalent of words for future reference.

5.1 Analysis and Interpretation of the Results

As mentioned above the intent of this chapter is to use precise instruments that can help gathering the information and results obtained through the translation process. The interpretation occurs in three ways or steps. For this research, the first instrument chosen is the text analysis chart where the researcher will define the function of the text in generality, emotional tone, formality, style, and the type of translation. The next instrument will capture every procedure employed to achieve a natural and faithful translation through a color code established by the researcher. To finish with the glossaries whose function is to become a reference for the translator to maintain the coherence throughout the texts.

5.1.1 Text Analysis

Each instrument has a purpose to fulfill, the upcoming chart has the function to help the translator to understand the concepts and their equivalents to faithfully transmit the

message the author's intended message of different cultures. The importance relies on that a translation without its faithfulness and accuracy can be considered one and therefore is subject to mistakes and misinterpretations that in some case may be fatal for the person that is reading the message. The researcher did the analysis of each text and were defined as follows.

Table 4

Text Analysis Element	“The Call of Cthulhu”	“Asesinato del misionero”	“Mano de tigre”
Text Style	Narrative	Narrative	Narrative
Stylistic Scale of Formality	Neutral	Colloquial	Colloquial
Stylistic Scale of Generality	Simple	Simple	Simple
Stylistic Scale of Emotional tone	Intense	Intense	Warm
Text Function	Expressive	Expressive	Expressive
Type of Translation	Semantic	Semantic	Semantic

*Table 1 shows the instrument that the researcher will use to analyze the texts under study.
Source: Researcher's own creation.*

5.1.2 Color Coding

This instrument aims to illustrate in a detailed manner everything that happened when translating from one language to another. It is unknown to readers all the existing procedures that a translator uses in his day to day. Having this in mind, a color code was designed where each procedure, defined in Chapter II of this research, will have a unique color assigned and will be applied to the translated text. The paragraphs that will go through the color analysis must be around 100-150 words. Fifteen paragraphs from each translation will be selected giving a total of thirty analysis samples. The color will register how often each procedure was employed. The original paragraph will be placed above the translated one for easier understanding. The colors assigned go as shown below.

Table 5

Translation Procedure	Color Assigned
Transposition	Grey
Modulation	Red
Omission	Blue
Amplification	Orange
Explanation	Purple
Literal Translation	Green

Punctuation Changes	
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Table 5 shows the color that represents each procedure in the color-code instrument.

Source: Researcher's own creation.

5.1.2.1 Color Coding of “Asesinato del misionero” and “Mano de tigre”

Paragraph 1

Hace muchos años, según es sabido por los antiguos, llego desde esas tierras que llaman España, un padrecito acompañado por unos hombres siguas. Su sotana estaba completamente deshilachada por las espinas de los bejucos de la montaña que tuvo que atravesar para llegar a estas tierras. Había aguantado muchas hambres y había dormido muchas veces en las húmedas tierras de Chiriquí y todo el sur. Al llegar a este pueblecillo, le gustó tanto que se quedó viviendo con los indios. Les enseñó muchos trabajos y muchas cosas que hasta entonces no conocían. Los tres hombres que le acompañaban fueron desapareciendo. Uno de ellos se perdió en las montañas y nunca se supo de él; los otros dos fueron mordidos por una serpiente en el mismo rancho donde vivían, y, por no querer tomar ninguna medicina de los indios, murieron casi a la vez. El padrecito quedó solo entre los indios, que no sabemos que estamos haciendo cuando tomamos mucha chicha.

Many years ago, as it is known by the ancients, a priest arrived from the lands they call Spain accompanied by a few Siguas men. His cassock was completely frayed by the thorns of the vines of the mountain he had to cross to reach these lands. He had endured many hungers and had slept many times in the humid lands of Chiriquí and the entire south. When he arrived in this little town, he liked it so much that he stayed there living with the Indians. He taught them many trades and many things they had not known before. The three men who accompanied him gradually

disappeared. One of them was lost in the mountains and was never heard from again; the other two were bitten by a snake on the same ranch where they lived, and not wanting to take any medicine from the Indians, they died almost at the same time. The priest was left alone among the Indians, who do not know what we are doing when we drink too much liquor.

Paragraph 2

El buen padrecito, en medio de aquella montaña, soñaba ver elevarse dos torres de un templo y hablo a los indios en las siguientes palabras:

-Queridos hijos, reconozco que vuestros corazones están llenos de voluntad; que vuestros espíritus rebosan de amor hacia Dios; que habéis puesto en esta reunión todos vuestros valiosos conocimientos al servicio de la fe. Pero lo que yo os propongo no es algo así como lo que habéis imaginado. Es algo más difícil, más hermoso, más digno de Nuestro Señor. Es un templo que urgirá de un sacrificio mayor del que habéis propuesto: un sacrificio que no durará un día, ni un mes, muchos meses o años.

The good father, in the middle of that mountain, dreamed of seeing two towers of a temple rise and spoke to the Indians in the following words:

-Dear children, I recognize that your hearts are full of will; that your spirits overflow with love for God; that you have placed in this meeting all your valuable knowledge at the service of faith. However, what I propose to you is not something you have imagined. It is something more difficult, more beautiful, more worthy of Our Lord. It is a temple that will require a greater sacrifice than you have proposed: a sacrifice that will not last a day, nor a month, but many months or years.

Paragraph 3

En aquellos días los pobladores de Térraba vivieron como el despertar de un sueño que había perdurado tras los siglos. En todos los ranchos se murmuraba sobre la propuesta construcción; se hacían las más variadas conjeturas sobre el cómo se llevaría a cabo el importante proyecto. Para unos resultaría fácil e importante; para otros, simplemente no se podía hacer.

Mientras que las ideas iban de aquí a allá, por toda la ranchería, el fraile, encerrado en el rancho que le habían construido en dos días, maduraba su proyecto. Quería él enseñar a elaborar la teja, a usar las sierras de mano para sacar la madera y cantear la piedra para formar las basas. Con frecuencia salía por la reducida puerta del rancho y mirando hacia el cielo imploraba a Dios la merced de poder ver levantado el templo y oír un día el redoble de las campanas desde las soñadas torres.

In those days, the people of Térraba lived like the awakening of a dream that had lasted for centuries. In all the ranches, there were murmurings about the proposed construction; the most varied conjectures were made about how the important project would be carried out. For some, it would be easy and important; for others, it simply could not be done.

While the ideas went from here to there, all over the ranch complex, the friar, locked up in the ranch that had been constructed for him in two days, was maturing his project. He wanted to teach them how to make roof tiles, how to use the hand saws to remove the wood, and how to edge the stone to form the bases. Often, he would go out of the small door of the ranch and looking towards the sky he would implore God for the mercy of being able to see the temple raised and to hear one day the ringing of the bells from the dreamed towers.

Paragraph 4

El fraile estaba seguro de que con esto los indios trabajarían con entusiasmo y dedicación. Efectivamente, en el transcurso de la semana se preparó el terreno mediante el concurso de todo el pueblo que era muy grande. Una llanura quedó convertida en un bello campo. Fue traída de inmediato una serie de siembros de árboles frutales y plantas de ornato que, en forma bien dispuesta por el director de la obra, sustituyeron a la selva virgen. Mientras el campo se iba convirtiendo rápidamente en un huerto, en uno de sus extremos se montaba una fábrica de tejas. Los indios trabajaban cuatro días en sus parcelas y dos días en lo que hoy llamaríamos ayuda Comunal. Pronto fue construido un enorme horno de barro y poco tiempo se tardó en tener lista una buena cantidad de tejas que servirían ya no solo para iglesia y sacristía sino, también, para construir una casa comunal. Como el indio es sumamente hábil para las manualidades esto facilitó la rápida realización de la empresa. Ellos construían sus ranchos con palmas y por ello, sentían ansias de ver aquellas acanaladas formas de barro cocido. ¿Como se verían y como se colocarían sobre un techo? El cura trataba de explotar esta ansia, explicándoles con dibujos.

The friar was sure that with this the Indians would work with enthusiasm and dedication. Indeed, during the week, the land was prepared with the help of the whole village, which was exceptionally large. A plain was converted into a beautiful field. Several fruit trees and ornamental plants were immediately brought in, which, in a well-arranged manner by the construction manager, replaced the virgin forest. While the field was rapidly becoming an orchard, a tile factory was being set up in one end of the field. The Indians worked four days in their plots and two days in what today we would call communal help. Soon, an enormous clay oven was built, and it did not take long to have ready a good quantity of tiles that would be used not only for the church and sacristy, but also to build a communal house. Since Indians are highly skilled in handicrafts, this facilitated the rapid completion of the construction. They were

building their huts with palms, and so they were eager to see those grooved shapes of baked clay. How would they look and how would they fit on a roof? The priest tried to exploit this longing, by explaining it to them with drawings.

Paragraph 5

Para conseguir madera el fraile organizó una expedición. No resultó nada fácil, pues como se recordará, los tres compañeros blancos del cura habían desaparecido y la expedición resultaría muy peligrosa. Debían atravesar las selvas de la cordillera de Talamanca. Cruzar por Amuri hasta Limón, desde donde traerían sierras de mano, al hombro. Algunos indios conocían perfectamente el camino y la dificultad consistió en convencer a los desconfiados a que los acompañaran, pese a que ya le tenían cierta confianza al fraile. Confianza que no era suficiente como para acompañarle en una gira de tanto riesgo, pues, anteriormente habían sido víctimas de engaños y traiciones. Convencidos unos cuantos, diez indios aceptaron acompañar al religioso en la difícil travesía.

To obtain wood, the friar organized an expedition. It was not easy at all, because as it will be remembered, the three white companions of the priest had disappeared, and the expedition would be very dangerous. They had to cross the jungles of the Talamanca Mountain range. Crossing through Amuri to Limón, from where they would bring hand saws on their shoulders. Some Indians knew the way perfectly well and the difficulty consisted on convincing the distrustful ones to accompany them; although, they already had some confidence in the friar. Trust was not enough to accompany him on such a risky tour since they had previously been victims of deceit and betrayal. A few of them were convinced and ten Indians agreed to join the friar on the difficult journey.

Paragraph 6

Queridos feligreses. Reconozco que nuestro propósito no es fácil; pero no consideremos la tarea que hoy iniciamos como una aventura. Quienes exponen su vida en aras del progreso, y particularmente tratándose de servir a Dios no son, aventureros. Les aseguro que no vamos solos, que llevamos a nuestra cabeza al Rey de Reyes y que en todo momento nos protegerá. Todos correremos desde este momento la misma suerte. Si regresamos todos, bendita sea la hora. Pero, si no regresamos todos o alguno, pueden tener la seguridad **sus parientes que ese o esos que faltaren, son héroes que se han quedado en el difícil trillo del sacrificio.**

-Dear parishioners. I recognize that our purpose is not easy; but let us not consider the task that we begin today as an adventure. Those who expose their lives for the sake of progress, and particularly when it comes to serving God, are not adventurers. I assure you that we do not go alone, that we carry the King of Kings in our head and that He will always protect us. We all run from this moment the same fate. If we all return, blessed be the hour. However, if any of us or some of us do not return, you can rest assured that those who are missing are heroes who have stayed in the difficult path of sacrifice.

Paragraph 7

La primera fue la viejecita, que se inclinó respetuosamente sobre el cadáver del amado hijo (nieto); sus largas trenzas cayeron sobre el cuello de Tabaré en cuyo rostro casi desconocido depositó muchos besos y le humedeció con sus lágrimas y sin decir una sola palabra se retiró a su rancho. Todo el pueblo se reunió y paso en vela la noche comentando el suceso. Nadie se volvió a acordar de la sierra, más comentaban con insistencia el enorme sacrificio del religioso que tenía uno de sus delicados hombros molidos por la carga del cuerpo y la larga distancia, y desde luego

no faltaban los recuerdos de lo que había sido en la vida el desaparecido. Al día siguiente fue sepultado con todos los honores religiosos que permitieron los medios.

The first was the old woman, who bowed respectfully over the corpse of her beloved son (grandson); her long braids fell on the neck of Tabaré on whose almost unknown face she placed many kisses and moistened him with her tears and without saying a word, she retired to her home. The whole town gathered and spent the night in vigil commenting on the event. No one remembered the saw again, but they insistently commented on the enormous sacrifice of the religious man, who had one of his delicate shoulders crushed by the burden of the body and the long distance, and of course there was no lack of memories of what had been in the life of the deceased. The following day, he was buried with all the religious honors that the means allowed.

Paragraph 8

Ahora faltaban las basas; el padre selecciono a los más hábiles, y con la fuerza bruta de un grupo de aquellos hombres arrastraron hasta el lugar donde se construiría la iglesia, el número suficiente de piedras, que puestas en manos de los picapedreros pusieron sobre ellas sus hábiles manos. Fue un trabajo lento pero conforme avanzaban los días, aquellas piedras de las más variadas formas, se fueron transformando en una sola forma y cuando estuvieron finalizadas, fueron dibujadas en sus costados con motivos religiosos artísticamente tallados. (Recientemente se extrajeron las basas para construir una nueva ermita y los motivos fueron dejados fuera de la superficie de la tierra para que puedan ser observados por los visitantes). El trabajo de la iglesia se inició en medio de las más variadas fiestas en las que para futuras desgracias, nunca faltaba la chicha, que era el estimulante indispensable en todas las labores que se realizaban; al cabo de un año el templo se levantó. En el transcurso de ese año un grupo de artistas en el trabajo de orfebrería, habían chorreado una campana en oro macizo.

Now the foundations were missing. The father selected the most skilled, and with the brute force of a group of those men dragged to the place where the church was to be built, enough stones, which placed in the hands of the stonecutters put their skillful hands on them. It was a slow work, but as the days went by, those stones of the most varied shapes were transformed into a single form and when they were finished, they were drawn on their sides with artistically carved religious motifs. (Recently, the bases were removed to build a new hermitage and the motifs were left on the surface of the earth, so that they could be observed by the visitors). The work of the church began in the middle of the most varied festivities in which for future misfortunes, the liquor never lacked, as it was the indispensable stimulant in all the works that were carried out. After a year the temple was finished and during that year a group of artists in goldsmithing had dripped a bell in solid gold.

Paragraph 9

Cada año a la llegada de 1 cuatro de octubre se hacían grandes fiestas. La lucha del fraile era ahora, disminuir la bebida del fermento, esto no gustó a algunos. El ultimo cuatro de octubre de esas fiestas y de prosperidad terraba, se notó al fraile paseándose alrededor del templo y admirándolo como si lo viese por primera vez, tendió una mirada sobre todos los ranchos y sobre las verdes montañas que los rodeaban, hasta que se llegó la hora de 1 sermón, que fue el más elocuente de todos los que había pronunciado. Entre otras cosas dijo:

-Cristo murió por manos de quien El más amaba, y siento que inmerecidamente correré su misma suerte, si así fuera yo les ruego sepultarme en el huerto de esta iglesia.

Every year with the arrival of the fourth of October, big parties were held. The friar's struggle was now, to decrease the ferment drinking. However, this did not please many. On the last fourth

of October of those festivities and of Térraba's prosperity, the friar was seen walking around the temple and admiring it as if he had seen it for the first time. He looked over all the ranches and the green mountains that surrounded them, until it was time for the sermon, which was the most eloquent of all those he had pronounced. Among other things he said:

Christ died by the hands of the one He loved the most, and I feel that undeservedly I will suffer the same fate, if so, I beg you to bury me in the garden of this church.

Paragraph 10

A las tres de la tarde, estaba el fraile inclinado sobre el Altar Mayor, rogando a Dios que le ayudara a terminar con aquella primitiva forma de celebrar esas fiestas, cuando dos salvajes ebrios le atacaron por la espalda dándole muerte. El indio que le servía de mayordomo, pronto se dio cuenta y dio aviso al pueblo, que olvidando la fiesta y olvidándolo todo, recordó de las sabias palabras del sermón y se aglomeró en la iglesia. Ahí yacía el santo sacerdote que había pagado con su vida el haber dado todo por un pueblo; todos querían verle primero, pero no resistían ver aquel rostro ensangrentado con una mirada llena de dulzura y de perdón. El jefe de la tribu, visiblemente indignado ordenó a su pueblo suspender toda bebida y darse a la tarea de encontrar a los salvajes, cuyas sospechas eran inminentes sobre dos individuos que habían desaparecido del grupo, dejando sus criminales hachas de piedra a la entrada del templo. Nuevamente el jefe cuyo furor aumentaba en cada minuto, agregó:

-Es preciso que se pongan frente al templo dos estibas de leña donde serán quemados vivos los traidores de nuestro querido padre.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the friar was leaning over the High Altar, praying to God to help him put an end to that primitive way of celebrating those feasts, when two drunken savages

attacked him from behind and killed him. The Indian who served him as butler, soon realized it, and warned the people, who forgetting the party and forgetting everything, remembered the wise words of the sermon and crowded into the church. There lay the holy priest who had paid with his life for having given everything for the people; but they could not resist seeing that bloody face with a look full of gentleness and forgiveness. The chief of the tribe, visibly indignant, ordered his people to suspend all drinking and set about the task of finding the savages, whose suspicions were imminent about two individuals who had disappeared from the group, leaving their criminal stone axes at the entrance of the temple. Again, the chief whose fury was increasing by the minute added:

-Two piles of firewood must be placed in front of the temple, where the traitors of our dear father will be burned alive.

Paragraph 11

Sin pensarlo mucho se pusieron de acuerdo y colgando un bejuco de una rama cada uno, se ataron su cuello y se ahorcaron. Cuando el grupo que les perseguía los descubrió, se horrorizo al ver aquellas largas lenguas fuera de sus bocas. Como corolario a su desgracia, una enorme serpiente rodeaba el cuello de uno de ellos. Resolvieron regresar y dejarlos en aquel lugar. Ante la noticia, nadie quiso venir a verlos ni sus propios familiares, y el jefe ordeno que se dejasen allí para que fueran devorados por los Urns (zopilotes). El cura fue sepultado el día siguiente conforme lo había solicitado, en medio de cantos fúnebres, y algunos cantos en dialecto térraba, lo fiesta terminaron en medio del más profundo dolor, y todos se auto culpaban por no haber atendido los llamados del Padre para que dejaran los excesos en la chicha.

Without thinking much about it, they agreed and hanging a vine from a branch each, they tied their necks and hanged themselves. When the pursuing group discovered them, they were horrified to see those long tongues sticking out of their mouths. As a corollary to their misfortune, a huge snake encircled the neck of one of them. They resolved to return and leave them at that place. At the news, no one wanted to come to see them, not even their own relatives, and the chief ordered that they be left there to be devoured by the Urus (vultures). The priest was buried the next day as he had requested, amid funeral songs, and some songs in the Térraba dialect, the party ended amid the deepest pain, and everyone blamed themselves for not having heeded the calls of the Father to leave the drinking excesses.

Paragraph 12

Para el aborigen, como para nosotros todo tiene una razón de ser, pero muy especialmente para ellos que son conscientes de la importancia de su pasado. Esta mano de tigre que aparece sobre esta piedra no es por obra de la casualidad. Aquí se puso de manifiesto de lo que es capaz el hombre cuando con verdadera fe, obra en nombre de Dios.

Hace muchos años, un misionero que predicaba su religión en las Islas de San Blas de Panamá, oyó hablar del Orosi, que pertenecía al octágono de caciques denominados Puririce, ubicados en su mayoría en Cartago. El misionero que solo perseguía en las tierras de América dejar sembrada la semilla de su inquebrantable fe, propuso a los caciques de esas islas que le proporcionan algunos acompañantes para visitar algunos Caciques de las Sierras de Cariari. Pero estos que siempre fueron muy rebeldes no le prestaron ningún hombre, ni mucho menos ninguna ayuda. Pero el recio español se propuso la gira y la inició solo.

As for the Indian, as for us, everything has a reason to be, but especially for them, who are aware of the importance of their past. This tiger's paw that appeared on this stone is not by chance. Here it is shown what a man is capable of, when with true faith, he works in the name of God.

Many years ago, a missionary preaching his religion in the islands of San Blas, Panama, heard about the Orosí, which belonged to the octagon of chiefs called Puririce, mostly located in Cartago. The missionary, who only sought to sow the seeds of his unwavering faith in the land of America, proposed to the chiefs of those islands to provide him with some companions to visit some chiefs in the lands of Cariari. However, these who were always very rebellious did not lend him any man, much less any help. Nevertheless, the tough Spaniard set out on the journey and started it alone.

Paragraph 13

Sin sentirse del todo satisfechos cesaron en sus preguntas. Allí permaneció predicando durante ocho días con frutos muy satisfactorios para sus aspiraciones de ser útil a Dios y a sus semejantes. Continuó su solitaria gira, predicando a cada tribu que llegaba, hasta que llego a la Cuesta de la Montura, paso sumamente difícil que se localiza entre Palmar Norte y El Maíz Boruca; al llegar a media cuesta arreaba cuidadosamente su mula cuando de pronto la vio rodar con todo el equipaje hasta el abismo. El misionero que entre otras virtudes dominaba perfectamente la de la paciencia ofreció a Dios aquel contratiempo y se arrecostó sobre una piedra de la rocosa cuesta y durmió tranquilamente. El canto de las avcillas que anunciaron la llegada del nuevo día, y ya acostumbrado a las cosas sobrenaturales, vio sin sorpresa que su mulita estaba a su lado con el equipaje e ilesa. Una vez más dio gracias al Creador y siguió su marcha.

Without feeling entirely satisfied, they ceased their questions. There, he remained preaching for eight days with very satisfactory results for his aspirations to be useful to God and to his fellow men. He continued his solitary journey, preaching to every tribe he came to, until he reached the Cuesta de la Montura, an extremely difficult pass located between Palmar Norte and Maíz Boruca. Halfway up the slope he was carefully herding his mule when he suddenly saw it roll with all his luggage into the abyss. The missionary, who among other virtues perfectly mastered the virtue of patience, offered to God that inconvenient and laid down on a rocky slope and slept peacefully. The song of the birds announced the arrival of the new day, and already used to supernatural things, he saw without surprise that his mule was beside him with the luggage and unharmed. Once again, he thanked the Creator and continued his way.

Paragraph 14

Su llegada a Boruca fue una verdad era fiesta, le recibieron como si tuvieran noticias de su llegada; allí permaneció más que en ningún otro lugar, dada la insistencia de los Bruncas para que se quedara entre ellos, pero su meta era Orosí y debía seguir el camino. Siempre prefería caminar por las noches para evadir el calor que en esos climas da el peso del sol, muy especialmente considerando a la bestia que le acompañaba. En Boruca que se hablaba de obsequios y una despedida pomposa, le fue motivo de preocupación. Esto se oponía a su humildad que le alejaba siempre de los honores y los aplausos, siempre decía:

“Quien persigue los honores, sirve al señor de la fama”

His arrival to Boruca was a real party. He was welcomed as if they had news of his arrival. He stayed there more than anywhere else, given the Bruncas' insistence that he stay among them, but his goal was Orosí, and he had to keep going. He always preferred to walk at night to avoid the

heat that in those weathers the weight of the sun gives, especially considering the beast that accompanied him. In Boruca, there were talks about gifts and a pompous farewell, this was a cause of concern for him. This was opposed to his humility that always kept him away from honors and applause, he always said:

- “He who pursues honors, serves the lord of fame.”

Paragraph 15

Por primera vez el santo varón estuvo a punto de perder la paciencia, pero recobro rápidamente la calma. Y dirigiéndose a la fiera, le hablo en forma determinante; has matado mi mula, para saciar tu hombre, ahora puedes saciarla y hasta hacer la siesta, pero antes del amanecer tendrás que llevar esta carga y llevarme a mi hasta el fin de mi jornada; la salvaje bestia bajo su cabeza y se dirigió hacia su víctima y sacio su apetito. El padre como si nada hubiese ocurrido, se envolvió en su toalla y durmió algunas horas más. Una vez descansado se levantó antes de que apareciera el día; ensilló su nueva bestia, que puso su carga y como castigo se montó sobre la carga para seguir su gira. Cuando se produjo el milagro, la enorme bestia puso su mano sobre esta piedra, dejando grabada su huella, que ha sido motivo de admiración por muchas generaciones.

For the first time the holy man was on the verge of losing his patience, but he quickly regained his composure, and addressing the beast, he spoke to it in a decisive way. You have killed my mule to satisfy your hunger, now you can satisfy it and even take a nap, but before sun rise you will have to carry this load and carry me to the end of my journey. The wild beast lowered its head and went towards its victim and satiated its appetite. The father, as if nothing had happened, wrapped himself in his towel and slept for a few more hours. Once rested, he woke up before dawn; he saddled his new beast, put his load on it and as punishment he climbed on the load to

continue his path. When the miracle occurred, the huge beast put its paw on this stone, leaving its mark, which has been a source of admiration for many generations.

5.1.2.2 Color coding of “The Call of Cthulhu”

Paragraph 1

The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little; but some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age.

En mi opinión, no hay nada más misericordioso que la incapacidad del cerebro humano de relacionar todos sus contenidos. Vivimos en una plácida isla de ignorancia en medio de mares negros de infinidad y no fue concebido que llegáramos tan lejos. Hasta ahora las ciencias, cada una orientada en su propia dirección, nos han causado poco daño, pero algún día la unión de conocimientos dispersos nos hará conocer terribles vistas de la realidad y del terrorífico lugar que ocupamos en ella, y solo podremos enloquecer como consecuencia de esta revelación o huir de la luz letal hacia la paz y seguridad en una era de oscuridad.

Paragraph 2

The bas-relief was a rough rectangle less than an inch thick and about five by six inches in area; obviously of modern origin. Its designs, however, were far from modern in atmosphere and suggestion; for although the vagaries of cubism and futurism are many and wild, they do not often reproduce that cryptic regularity which lurks in prehistoric writing. And writing of some

kind the bulk of these designs seemed certainly to be; though my memory, despite much familiarity with the papers and collections of my uncle, failed in any way to identify this particular species, or even to hint at its remotest affiliations.

El bajorrelieve era una brusca pieza rectangular, con un poco más de 2 cm de grosor, y un área de 13 cm x 15 cm, de origen claramente moderno. Por el contrario, su diseño era muy distante de ser moderno en lo que concierne a su atmósfera y sugestión, a pesar de que los caprichos del cubismo y futurismo son muchos y salvajes, no sirven para reproducir la enigmática irregularidad que se esconde detrás de la escritura prehistórica y, claramente, el grosor de aquellos diseños indicaba que era algún tipo de escritura. Aunque ya me encontraba familiarizado con los papeles y colecciones de mi tío, mi memoria fallaba al tratar de identificar de que especie de escritura se podría tratar o incluso al recordar alguna pista de la más remota afinidad a otras.

Paragraph 3

Above these apparent hieroglyphics was a figure of evidently pictorial intent, though its impressionistic execution forbade a very clear idea of its nature. It seemed to be a sort of monster, or symbol representing a monster, of a form which only a diseased fancy could conceive. If I say that my somewhat extravagant imagination yielded simultaneous pictures of an octopus, a dragon, and a human caricature, I shall not be unfaithful to the spirit of the thing. A pulpy, tentacled head surmounted a grotesque and scaly body with rudimentary wings; but it was the general outline of the whole which made it most shockingly frightful. Behind the figure was a vague suggestion of a Cyclopean architectural background.

Sobre estos aparentes jeroglíficos estaba una figura con un evidente propósito gráfico, aunque su ejecución impresionista impedía hacerse una clara idea de su naturaleza. Parecía ser una especie

de monstruo o un símbolo que lo representaba de una forma que solo una imaginación enfermiza podría concebir. No estaría traicionando la esencia de aquella cosa si digo que mi imaginación algo extravagante resembled imágenes de un pulpo, un dragón y una silueta caricaturesca de un ser humano. Una cabeza viscosa y llena de tentáculos destacaba sobre un cuerpo grotesco y escamoso con unas alas rudimentarias, pero era el contorno general de la figura lo que me resultaba más aterrador. Detrás de la figura estaba mencionado vagamente un trasfondo ciclópeo arquitectónico.

Paragraph 4

On the occasion of the visit, ran the professor's manuscript, the sculptor abruptly asked for the benefit of his host's archaeological knowledge in identifying the hieroglyphics on the bas-relief. He spoke in a dreamy, stilted manner which suggested pose and alienated sympathy; and my uncle shewed some sharpness in replying, for the conspicuous freshness of the tablet implied kinship with anything but archaeology. Young Wilcox's rejoinder, which impressed my uncle enough to make him recall and record it verbatim, was of a fantastically poetic cast which must have typified his whole conversation, and which I have since found highly characteristic of him. He said, "It is new, indeed, for I made it last night in a dream of strange cities; and dreams are older than brooding Tyre, or the contemplative Sphinx, or garden-girdled Babylon."

Motivo de la visita, estaba el manuscrito del profesor, el escultor le pidió de manera abrupta su ayuda, debido a los conocimientos arqueológicos que tenía para identificar los jeroglíficos que estaban en el bajorrelieve. Él hablaba de manera distraída y afectada que indicaba una simpatía rígida y alienada. Mi tío le contestó con cierta rudeza, ya que la notable frescura de la tablilla reflejaba parentesco con cualquier cosa menos arqueología. La respuesta del joven Wilcox, que impresionó a mi tío a tal punto de recordarla y anotarla al pie de la letra, estaba llena

de un matiz fantásticamente poético que de seguro debió marcar toda su conversación y que desde entonces llegué a reconocer como algo muy propio de él, dijo:

—Por supuesto que es nueva, si la hice anoche durante un sueño con extrañas ciudades y los sueños son más antiguos que la melancólica Tiro, la contemplativa Esfinge o la misma Babilonia cercada de jardines.

Paragraph 5

This verbal jumble was the key to the recollection which excited and disturbed Professor Angell. He questioned the sculptor with scientific minuteness; and studied with almost frantic intensity the bas-relief on which the youth had found himself working, chilled and clad only in his night-clothes, when waking had stolen bewilderingly over him. My uncle blamed his old age, Wilcox afterward said, for his slowness in recognising both hieroglyphics and pictorial design. Many of his questions seemed highly out-of-place to his visitor, especially those which tried to connect the latter with strange cults or societies; and Wilcox could not understand the repeated promises of silence which he was offered in exchange for an admission of membership in some widespread mystical or paganly religious body. When Professor Angell became convinced that the sculptor was indeed ignorant of any cult or system of cryptic lore, he besieged his visitor with demands for future reports of dreams. This bore regular fruit, for after the first interview the manuscript records daily calls of the young man, during which he related startling fragments of nocturnal imagery whose burden was always some terrible Cyclopean vista of dark and dripping stone, with a subterrene voice or intelligence shouting monotonously in enigmatical sense-impacts unscritable save as gibberish. The two sounds most frequently repeated are those rendered by the letters “Cthulhu” and “R’lyeh”.

Este revoltijo verbal fue clave para un recuerdo que emocionó y perturbó al profesor Angell. Cuestionó al escultor con minuciosidad científica y estudió con una intensidad casi frenética el bajorrelieve que el joven estaba trabajando, muerto de frío y vestido solamente con sus pijamas cuando el despertar le asaltó de manera desconcertante. Mi tío culpaba a su edad, como afirmó Wilcox posteriormente, por su lentitud en reconocer, tanto los jeroglíficos como su diseño pictórico. Muchas de sus preguntas le parecían fuera de lugar al visitante, especialmente aquellas con intención de relacionar a Wilcox con sectas y sociedades extrañas. El joven no podía entender las repetidas promesas de silencio que se le ofrecieron por aceptar que pertenecía a una extensa organización religiosa de carácter místico o pagano. Cuando el profesor se convenció de que el escultor era ignorante de cualquier tipo de secta o conocimientos crípticos, asedió a su visitante solicitándole informes futuros sobre sus sueños. Esto dio frutos de manera constante, ya que después de la primera entrevista el manuscrito registra llamadas diarias del joven en las cuales relataba fragmentos inquietantes de imágenes nocturnas, cuyo tema era siempre un terrible panorama ciclópeo de piedra empapada y oscura, acompañado de una voz o inteligencia subterránea que, de manera monótona, vociferaba enigmáticos impactos sensoriales que solo podían ser descritos como incoherencias. Los dos sonidos que se repetían con más frecuencia eran aquellos formados por las letras *Cthulhu* y *R'lyeh*.

Paragraph 6

The chief of these outsiders, and in a short time the focus of interest for the entire meeting, was a commonplace-looking middle-aged man who had travelled all the way from New Orleans for certain special information unobtainable from any local source. His name was John Raymond Legrasse, and he was by profession an Inspector of Police. With him he bore the subject of his visit, a grotesque, repulsive, and apparently very ancient stone statuette whose origin he was at a

loss to determine. It must not be fancied that Inspector Legrasse had the least interest in archaeology. On the contrary, his wish for enlightenment was prompted by purely professional considerations. The statuette, idol, fetish, or whatever it was, had been captured some months before in the wooded swamps south of New Orleans during a raid on a supposed voodoo meeting; and so singular and hideous were the rites connected with it, that the police could not but realise that they had stumbled on a **dark** cult totally unknown **to them**, and infinitely more diabolic than even the blackest of the African voodoo circles. Of its origin, apart from the erratic and unbelievable tales extorted from the captured members, absolutely nothing was to be discovered; hence the anxiety of the police for any antiquarian lore which might help them to place the frightful symbol, and through it track down the cult to its fountain-head.

El jefe de aquellos **extranjeros**, y por un corto lapso el **centro de atención de todos los convocados**, era un hombre de mediana edad y aspecto corriente que había venido desde Nueva Orleans **en busca de cierta información especial que le resultaba imposible obtener** de las fuentes locales. **Su nombre era John Raymond Legrasse**, inspector de policía de profesión. **Trajo consigo en su visita una grotesca, repulsiva y aparentemente muy antigua** estatuilla de piedra, cuyo origen era incapaz de identificar. **No cabe imaginar** que el inspector Legrasse tenía algún tipo de interés por la arqueología, más bien al contrario, su deseo de conocimiento **estaba motivado** meramente por razones profesionales. La estatuilla, ídolo, fetiche o lo que sea que fuera, había sido **confiscada unos meses atrás en los pantanos boscosos de Nueva Orleans durante una redada contra una supuesta reunión vudú, y los rituales practicados eran tan peculiares y espantosos**, que la policía no pudo hacer nada más que caer en la cuenta de que se habían encontrado con un **culto completamente desconocido e infinitamente más diabólico** que el más siniestro círculo africano **de vudú**. Sobre su origen nada fue descubierto, salvo las erradas e inconcebibles historias sacadas

a la fuerza de los detenidos; a esto se debe la ansiedad de la policía por saber de cualquier tipo de tradiciones antiguas que les pueda ayudar a reconocer el horrible símbolo y así rastrear la secta hasta su origen.

Paragraph 7

This data, received with suspense and astonishment by the assembled members, proved doubly exciting to Inspector Legrasse; and he began at once to ply his informant with questions. Having noted and copied an oral ritual among the swamp cult-worshippers his men had arrested, he besought the professor to remember as best he might the syllables taken down amongst the diabolist Esquimaux. There then followed an exhaustive comparison of details, and a moment of really awed silence when both detective and scientist agreed on the virtual identity of the phrase common to two hellish rituals so many worlds of distance apart. What, in substance, both the Esquimau wizards and the Louisiana swamp-priests had chanted to their kindred idols was something very like this—the word-divisions being guessed at from traditional breaks in the phrase as chanted aloud:

“Ph’nglui mglw’nafh Cthulhu R’lyeh wgah’nagl fhtagn.”

Estos datos, recibidos con incertidumbre y asombro por los miembros convocados probaron ser de especial interés para el inspector Legrasse, que comenzó de inmediato a llenar de preguntas al informante. Debido a que había anotado y copiado un ritual oral escuchado a los adoradores de la secta de los pantanos que sus hombres arrestaron, le suplicó al profesor que recordara lo mejor que pudiera las sílabas que anotó estando con aquellos diabólicos esquimales. Lo que siguió fue una exhaustiva comparación de detalles y un momento de estupefacto silencio cuando el detective y el científico llegaron a la conclusión de la identidad virtual de la frase, común a dos

rituales diabólicos de mundos tan distantes. Lo que cantaban a sus ídolos de naturaleza similar, tanto los hechiceros esquimales como los sacerdotes de los pantanos de Luisiana, en esencia era algo muy parecido a esto (las divisiones entre palabras se han supuesto con base en los cortes que tradicionalmente se hacían en la frase al cantarla en voz alta):

“Ph’nglui mglw’nafh Cthulhu R’lyeh wgah’nagl fhtagn”.

Paragraph 8

Legrasse had one point in advance of Professor Webb, for several among his mongrel prisoners had repeated to him what older celebrants had told them the words meant. This text, as given, ran something like this:

“In his house at R’lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming.”

And now, in response to a general and urgent demand, Inspector Legrasse related as fully as possible his experience with the swamp worshippers; telling a story to which I could see my uncle attached profound significance. It savoured of the wildest dreams of myth-maker and theosophist, and disclosed an astonishing degree of cosmic imagination among such half-castes and pariahs as might be least expected to possess it.

Legrasse tenía un punto a su favor frente al profesor Webb, ya que, en varias ocasiones, sus prisioneros mestizos le habían repetido aquello que los viejos oficiantes les contaron, lo que significaban esas palabras. El texto se traduciría como algo parecido a esto:

“En su morada de R’lyeh, el difunto Cthulhu espera soñando”.

En ese momento, como respuesta a una exigencia urgente y generalizada, el inspector Legrasse relató, de la forma más completa posible, su experiencia con los adoradores de los

pantanos; un relato que mi tío, como puedo ver, consideró de una profunda trascendencia. La historia degustó de los más locos sueños de mitómanos y teósofos y demostró el asombroso grado de imaginación cósmica entre aquellos mestizos y parias, de los cuales no sería algo de esperar.

Paragraph 9

Only poetry or madness could do justice to the noises heard by Legrasse's men as they ploughed on through the black morass toward the red glare and the muffled tom-toms. There are vocal qualities peculiar to men, and vocal qualities peculiar to beasts; **and it is** terrible to hear the one when the source should yield the other. Animal fury and orgiastic licence here whipped **themselves** to daemoniac heights by howls and squawking ecstasies that tore and reverberated through those nighted woods like pestilential tempests from the gulfs of hell. Now and then the less organised ululation would cease, and from what seemed a well-drilled chorus of hoarse voices would rise in sing-song chant that hideous phrase or ritual:

“Ph’nglui mglw’nafh Cthulhu R’lyeh wgah’nagl fhtagn.”

Solamente la poesía o la locura pueden hacer justicia a los ruidos escuchados por los hombres de Legrasse a medida que se abrían paso por el oscuro cenagal hacia el rojizo resplandor y el sonido apagado de los tambores. Existen rasgos vocales propios del ser humano y rasgos vocales propios de las bestias, pero resulta horrible escucharlos cuando la fuente de la que proceden debería producir el sonido contrario. La furia animal y el libertinaje orgiástico se azotaban el uno al otro hasta alcanzar cotas demoniacas, en medio de un éxtasis de aullidos y graznidos que desgarraban aquellos bosques nocturnos y reverberaban por toda su extensión como si se tratase de tormentas pestilentes surgidas de los abismos del infierno. De vez en cuando aquel ulular sin orden ni

concierto se detenía y de lo que parecía ser un coro bien orquestado surgían roncadas voces entonando en sonsonete aquella horrible frase o ritual:

“Ph’nglui mglw’nafh Cthulhu R’lyeh wgah’nagl fhtagn”.

Paragraph 10

It may have been only imagination and it may have been only echoes which induced one of the men, an excitable Spaniard, to fancy he heard antiphonal responses to the ritual from some far and unilluminated spot deeper within the wood of ancient legendry and horror. This man, Joseph D. Galvez, I later met and questioned; and he proved distractingly imaginative. He indeed went so far as to hint of the faint beating of great wings, and of a glimpse of shining eyes and a mountainous white bulk beyond the remotest trees—but I suppose he had been hearing too much native superstition.

Puede que fuera solamente la imaginación o los ecos producidos por uno de los hombres, un hispano un tanto exaltado, al figurarse que había oído respuestas antifonales al ritual procedentes de algún lugar lejano y sin luz en lo más profundo de aquel bosque de leyendas ancestrales y horrores. Más tarde tuve la ocasión de encontrarme e interrogar a este hombre, se llamaba Joseph D. Gálvez, quien demostró ser moleestamente imaginativo. Llegó hasta el punto de insinuar la existencia de un batir de alas apenas perceptible y de haber vislumbrado unos ojos brillantes y una gigantesca masa blanca más allá de los árboles lejanos, pero creo que lo que sucedía es que había escuchado demasiada superstición local.

Paragraph 11

I had largely given over my inquiries into what Professor Angell called the “Cthulhu Cult”, and was visiting a learned friend in Paterson, New Jersey; the curator of a local museum and a

mineralogist of note. Examining one day the reserve specimens roughly set on the storage shelves in a rear room of the museum, my eye was caught by an odd picture in one of the old papers spread beneath the stones. It was the Sydney Bulletin I have mentioned, for my friend has wide affiliations in all conceivable foreign parts; and the picture was a half-tone cut of a hideous stone image almost identical with that which Legrasse had found in the swamp.

Hacía tiempo que había abandonado mis pesquisas acerca de lo que el profesor Angell llamaba Culto de Cthulhu y me encontraba visitando a un amigo que tenía en Paterson, Nueva Jersey, que ostentaba el cargo de conservador del museo local, además de ser un mineralogista de renombre. Un día, al examinar las muestras de reserva almacenadas torpemente en los estantes de una habitación en el almacén del museo, mi atención fue captada por una extraña fotografía que aparecía en uno de los viejos periódicos desplegados bajo las piedras. Como he dicho, este era el Sidney Bulletin, pues mi amigo conocía a gente en todas partes y la foto era un grabado en sepia de una horrible imagen de piedra idéntica a la que Legrasse había encontrado en el pantano.

Paragraph 12

The Vigilant left Valparaiso March 25th, and on April 2nd was driven considerably south of her course by exceptionally heavy storms and monster waves. On April 12th the derelict was sighted; and though apparently deserted, was found upon boarding to contain one survivor in a half-delirious condition and one man who had evidently been dead for more than a week. The living man was clutching a horrible stone idol of unknown origin, about a foot in height, regarding whose nature authorities at Sydney University, the Royal Society, and the Museum in College Street all profess complete bafflement, and which the survivor says he found in the cabin of the yacht, in a small carved shrine of common pattern.

El Vigilant zarpó de Valparaíso el 25 de marzo y el 2 de abril desvió su rumbo considerablemente hacia el sur, por una fortísima tormenta y olas monstruosas. El 12 de abril, el barco fue avistado a la deriva. Aunque parecía desierto, al abordarlo se halló al único superviviente en condiciones cercanas al delirio, así como otro hombre que llevaba muerto más de una semana. El superviviente estaba aferrado a un horrible ídolo de piedra de 30 cm de altura y de origen desconocido, acerca de cuya naturaleza las autoridades de la Universidad de Sidney, la Royal Society y el Museo de College Street, se muestran completamente desconcertadas. El superviviente afirma haberla encontrado en el camarote del yate, en el interior de un pequeño relicario de tallado ordinario.

Paragraph 13

Shaken with such a mental revolution as I had never before known, I now resolved to visit Mate Johansen in Oslo. Sailing for London, I reembarked at once for the Norwegian capital; and one autumn day landed at the trim wharves in the shadow of the Egeberg. Johansen's address, I discovered, lay in the Old Town of King Harold Haardrada, which kept alive the name of Oslo during all the centuries that the greater city masqueraded as "Christiana". I made the brief trip by taxicab, and knocked with palpitant heart at the door of a neat and ancient building with plastered front. A sad-faced woman in black answered my summons, and I was stung with disappointment when she told me in halting English that Gustaf Johansen was no more.

Estremecido por una confusión mental que nunca había conocido, tomé la decisión de visitar al segundo Johansen en Oslo. Zarpé con destino a Londres, donde abordé otro barco en dirección a la capital noruega y en un día de otoño desembarqué en los muelles bien cuidados a la sombra del Egeberg. La casa de Johansen, como pude descubrir, estaba situada en la vieja ciudad del rey Harold Haardrada, quien conservó el nombre de Oslo en los siglos que la capital estuvo

disfrazada como cristiana. Hice el breve recorrido en taxi y, con el corazón palpitante, llamé a la puerta de un pulcro y antiguo edificio con fachada de estuco. Una mujer de gesto triste y vestida de negro fue quien respondió a mi llamada, me llené de decepción cuando ella me dijo con un inglés entrecortado que Gustaf Johansen había muerto.

Paragraph 14

Poor Johansen's handwriting almost gave out when he wrote of this. Of the six men who never reached the ship, he thinks two perished of pure fright in that accursed instant. The Thing cannot be described—there is no language for such abysses of shrieking and immemorial lunacy, such eldritch contradictions of all matter, force, and cosmic order. A mountain walked or stumbled. God! What wonder that across the earth a great architect went mad, and poor Wilcox raved with fever in that telepathic instant? The Thing of the idols, the green, sticky spawn of the stars, had awaked to claim his own. The stars were right again, and what an age-old cult had failed to do by design, a band of innocent sailors had done by accident. After vigintillions of years great Cthulhu was loose again and ravening for delight.

La letra del pobre Johansen estuvo a punto de ceder cuando escribía esto. Él creía que de los seis hombres que jamás alcanzaron el barco, dos habían muerto de puro terror en ese maldito instante. Aquel ser no podía ser descrito, no hay palabras para expresar semejantes abismos de inmemorial y delirante locura, tales abominables contradicciones de toda la materia, la fuerza y el orden cósmico. ¡Una montaña caminaba o se tambaleaba, Dios mío! ¡Qué asombroso que, a través de la Tierra, un gran arquitecto enloquezca y el pobre Wilcox sufra un delirio de fiebre en ese preciso instante telepático! El ser representado en los ídolos, el engendro verde y viscoso llegado de las estrellas, había despertado para reclamar lo que era suyo. Las estrellas estaban alineadas de nuevo y lo que una secta milenaria había fallado en conseguir por medio de preparativos lo había

logrado un grupo de despavoridos marinos por mero accidente. ¡Tras millones de millones de años el gran Cthulhu se alzaba de nuevo, hambriento de placeres!

Paragraph 15

Cthulhu still lives, too, I suppose, again in that chasm of stone which has shielded him since the sun was young. His accursed city is sunken once more, for the Vigilant sailed over the spot after the April storm; but his ministers on earth still bellow and prance and slay around idol-capped monoliths in lonely places. He must have been trapped by the sinking whilst within his black abyss, or else the world would by now be screaming with fright and frenzy. Who knows the end? What has risen may sink, and what has sunk may rise. Loathsomeness waits and dreams in the deep, and decay spreads over the tottering cities of men. A time will come—but I must not and cannot think! Let me pray that, if I do not survive this manuscript, my executors may put caution before audacity and see that it meets no other eye.

Cthulhu continúa también todavía con vida, supongo, de nuevo en aquel abismo de piedra que lo había resguardado desde que el sol era joven. Su ciudad maldita está de nuevo sumergida, ya que el Vigilant pasó por esas aguas de nuevo tras la tormenta de abril, pero sus pastores en la Tierra todavía rugen y saltan y matan alrededor de monolitos rematados por ídolos en lugares solitarios. El gran Cthulhu debió quedar atrapado por el hundimiento mientras estaba en el interior de su negro abismo o de lo contrario el mundo estaría ahora gritando de miedo y furia. ¿Quién sabe lo que sucederá al final? Lo que ha emergido puede hundirse y lo que se ha hundido puede emerger de nuevo. La repugnancia aguarda y sueña en las profundidades y la decadencia se abre paso entre las tambaleantes ciudades de los hombres. El día llegará. ¡No quiero ni puedo pensarlo! Tan solo pido que, si no sobrevivo a este manuscrito, mis albaceas antepongan la prudencia a la audacia y puedan asegurarse de que nadie más llegue a fijar su atención en él.

5.1.3 Glossary

Besides the text analysis chart and the color-coding instrument, there is something else as important as the previously mentioned. Glossaries are designed to serve as reference and create consistency throughout the whole translation. Translators use them to capture complex terminology that was hard to find an equivalent to or also can be used as support for the readers that may have some kind a challenge trying to understand the meaning of a word. For this research, the translator created a glossary for each text translated, which would be a total of 3 glossaries. One for “La llama de Cthulhu,” another one for “Missionary’s Murder,” and the last one for “Tiger’s Paw” which include the original term, its equivalent, definition and grammatical category.

5.1.3.1 Glossary from English into Spanish

Table 6

La llamada de Cthulhu			
Word in Source Language	Equivalent	Definition	Grammatical Category
<i>Inability</i>	<i>Incapacidad</i>	<i>Lack of sufficient power, resources, or capacity</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Midst</i>	<i>En medio</i>	<i>Interior or central part or point</i>	<i>Preposition</i>
<i>Emeritus</i>	<i>Emérito</i>	<i>Retired person allowed to conserve as honorary title the rank of the last office held</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Executor</i>	<i>Albacea/Testamentario</i>	<i>Person appointed by a testator to execute a will</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Thoroughness</i>	<i>Minucioso/a</i>	<i>Carefull about detail</i>	<i>Adjective</i>
<i>Averse</i>	<i>Reluctante</i>	<i>Having a feeling of repugnance,dislike</i>	<i>Adjective</i>
<i>Queer</i>	<i>Extraño/a</i>	<i>Differing in some way from what is usual or normal</i>	<i>Adjective</i>

<i>Bas-relief</i>	<i>Bajorrelieve</i>	<i>Sculptural Relief</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Alienated</i>	<i>Alienada</i>	<i>Feeling withdrawn or separated from others or from society as a whole</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Jumble</i>	<i>Revoltijo</i>	<i>Things mingled together with no order</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Malady</i>	<i>Enfermedad</i>	<i>Unwholesome or disordered condition</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Sky-flung</i>	<i>Llegaban hasta el Cielo</i>	<i>Spread towards the sky</i>	<i>Adjective</i>
<i>Statuette</i>	<i>Estatuilla</i>	<i>Miniature statue</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Feelers</i>	<i>Tentáculos</i>	<i>Tactile process of an animal</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Lagoon</i>	<i>Lacustre</i>	<i>Related to lagoons or lakes</i>	<i>Adjective</i>
<i>Boon</i>	<i>Favor</i>	<i>A timely benefit</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Derelict</i>	<i>Abandonado</i>	<i>Abandoned by the owner or occupant</i>	<i>Adjective</i>
<i>Freighter</i>	<i>Carguero</i>	<i>Ship or airplane used chiefly to carry</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Kanakas</i>	<i>Canacos</i>	<i>People that belong to different tribes of south sea islands</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Mongrels</i>	<i>Mestizo</i>	<i>An individual resulting from the interbreeding of diverse breeds</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Gnawing</i>	<i>Royendo</i>	<i>To bite or chew on with the teeth</i>	<i>Verb</i>
<i>Masonry</i>	<i>Mampostería</i>	<i>Something constructed of materials used by masons</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Hordes</i>	<i>Hordas</i>	<i>Large unorganized group of individuals</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Chasm</i>	<i>Abismo</i>	<i>A deep cleft in the surface of a plane</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Loathsomeness</i>	<i>Repugnancia</i>	<i>Causing a strong feeling of dislike or disinclination</i>	<i>Adjective</i>

5.1.3.2 Glossary from Spanish into English

Table 7

Missionary's Murder			
Word in Source Language	Equivalent	Definition	Grammatical Category
<i>Sotana</i>	<i>Cassock</i>	<i>A close-fitting ankle-length garment worn especially in Roman Catholic and Anglican churches by the clergy and by laypersons assisting in services.</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Bejucos</i>	<i>Vines</i>	<i>A plant whose stem requires support, and which climbs by tendrils or twining or creeps along the ground</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Habia Perdurado</i>	<i>Lasted</i>	<i>To continue in time</i>	<i>Verb</i>
<i>Tejas</i>	<i>Roof Tiles</i>	<i>A flat or curved piece of fired clay, stone, or concrete used especially for roofs, floors, or walls and often for ornamental work</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Plantas de Ornato</i>	<i>Ornamental Plants</i>	<i>Plant cultivated for its beauty not its use</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Feligreses</i>	<i>Parishioners</i>	<i>Member of a Parish</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Saíno</i>	<i>Wild Boar</i>	<i>Wild Pig</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Destrozado</i>	<i>Mangled</i>	<i>Severely injured or damaged by cutting, tearing, or crushing</i>	<i>Adjective</i>
<i>Horquetas</i>	<i>Forks</i>	<i>An implement with two or more prongs used especially for taking up</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Comarca</i>	<i>Shire</i>	<i>An administrative subdivision</i>	<i>Noun</i>
<i>Mustia</i>	<i>Grim</i>	<i>Ghastly, repellent, or sinister in character</i>	<i>Adjective</i>

Basas	<i>Foundations</i>	<i>An usually stone or concrete structure that supports a building from underneath</i>	<i>Noun</i>
Sacristías	<i>Sacristies</i>	<i>Room in a church where sacred vessels and vestments are kept and where the clergy vests</i>	<i>Noun</i>
Repiques	<i>Peals</i>	<i>The loud ringing of bells</i>	<i>Noun</i>
Chicha	<i>Liquor</i>	<i>Fermented alcoholic beverage</i>	<i>Noun</i>

Table 8

Tiger's Paw			
Word in Source Language	Equivalent	Definition	Grammatical Category
Aborígen	<i>Indian</i>	<i>A member of any of the indigenous peoples of the western hemisphere</i>	<i>Noun</i>
Agobiado	<i>Overwhelmed</i>	<i>Overcome by force or numbers</i>	<i>Adjective</i>
Costumbre	<i>Custom</i>	<i>A usage or practice common to many or to a particular place or class or habitual with an individual</i>	<i>Noun</i>
Cariblanco	<i>White-faced capuchin monkeys</i>	<i>A species of monkey</i>	<i>Noun</i>
Saciaron	<i>Quenched</i>	<i>To relieve or satisfy with liquid</i>	<i>Verb</i>
Imploran	<i>Implore</i>	<i>To say (something) as a request in a sincere or urgent manner</i>	<i>Verb</i>
Cuesta	<i>Slope</i>	<i>Upward or downward slant or inclination or degree of slant</i>	<i>Noun</i>
Ensiló	<i>Saddled</i>	<i>To put a saddle on</i>	<i>Verb</i>
Cabestro	<i>Halter</i>	<i>A rope or strap for</i>	<i>Noun</i>

		<i>leading or tying an animal</i>	
<i>Pacer</i>	<i>Graze</i>	<i>To feed on growing herbage, attached algae, or phytoplankton</i>	<i>Verb</i>

Chapter VI

Conclusions and Recommendations

Within this chapter, the conclusion and recommendations for future studies will be discussed. The main objectives of this research were defined in Chapter I and, now it is time to

relate each objective with their respective outcome to demonstrate how each of them was fulfilled along the execution of this research. For this end, the researcher will detail the conclusions gathered through the application of procedures analyzed in Chapter V. Additionally, a set of recommendations will be given to future students that most likely will be involved in similar investigation of analyzing translation procedures in texts of a different nature.

6.1 Purpose of the Conclusion

The main purpose of the conclusion in this investigation is to share the obtained results and prove that the objectives proposed were achieved. In this chapter, the researcher will demonstrate the utility of the analysis of the translation procedures applied in three texts, the first one being from English into Spanish and the other two from Spanish into English.

6.2 Conclusions

6.2.1 To translate the documents “Asesinato del misionero” & “La mano de tigre” from Spanish into English for Institution and “The Call of Cthulhu” from English to Spanish for National Mental Health Hospital.

The translation of a text cannot be carried out without reading and analyzing the text in question. Newmark (1998) proposes that the analysis of a text must begin with a general reading with the objective of getting a wider picture of what the text is about. This means that with this preliminary reading, the translator must identify the main topic, the message, and the objective of the texts being translated. Once the translators have identified these elements, they must perform a close reading. This reading differs in intention from the first one, since by performing a close reading the translator can capture the style, the function, the scale of formality, generality, the emotional tone of the text, and of course which translation method is best suited for those texts.

By carrying out these steps, it is possible to identify possible difficulties ,such as technical vocabulary, metaphors, or slangs that need special care when attempting the translation. By identifying all these elements, translators can assure a more precise rendering of the text by employing the most effective translations methods and procedures.

For the texts analyzed in this research, the semantic method was the most suited because the source texts are of literary nature. They are fiction stories with the sole purpose of entertaining readers and taking them to places and situations that probably only can be pictured through the author´s words. The semantic method takes care of the semantic and syntactic structures of the target language, this means that this method will render the author´s message in the target language taking into consideration faithfulness, accuracy, and naturality. To conclude, thanks to the proper selection of procedures and methods the translator was able to achieve this objective accurately.

6.2.2 To apply various translation techniques to the documents to achieve natural, cohesive, and accurate texts.

After the analysis of the text has been completed, the translator needs to consider which translation procedures are best to render and convey the message in the target language. According to Delisle (1988), translation procedures can be defined as methods that translators use when they formulate an equivalent for the purpose of transferring elements of meaning from the Source Text (ST) to the Target Text (TT). They aim to adjust the text to the structural requirements and semantic structure of the target text. They serve to preserve the essence of the message and, at the same time, they also preserve the accuracy and faithfulness to authors words and source language structure. For the translator to be able to choose which procedure fits best, the creation of a text analysis chart was required. This chart can be found in Chapter V and

became a guide for conducting a proper translation. Additionally, the researcher to achieve this end resorted to a color-coding analysis, which proves how the different translation procedures were applied through the text to achieve a successful translation.

6.2.3 To evaluate the effect of the translation techniques applied on the documents.

After the translation procedures were applied to the target texts, the color-coding analysis made possible to capture the most frequent procedures, some similarities, and exclusive characteristics of the text proper of their source language and of course its culture. In the first text “The Call of Cthulhu” that was translated from English to Spanish, the most frequent procedures were modulation and transposition. These procedures proved to be very helpful as there was an alteration in the order of verbs, adjectives, and noun from English to Spanish. Therefore, by applying this technique, the translator was able to convey the message without altering the essence of the text, which is one of the biggest concerns when performing a semantic translation. In contrast to the modulation, omission was also heavily applied since in English the noun is always required to give a correct meaning to the idea, but in Spanish the noun can be omitted and still give a full and coherent meaning.

For the second and third text, “Asesinato del Misionero” and “Mano de tigre,” that were translated from Spanish to English, the most frequent procedures used were literal translation, modulation, and punctuation changes. Literal translation proved to be very helpful in these texts since the language used was not complex at all and there was usually a way to convey the message in English with ease. Of course, some modulations were done to achieve a natural reading and make sure that people from a different culture could understand all the events that occurred in the stories and the context behind them. The main fact that made these translations so fluent in English was the low complexity vocabulary used by the author and, even though, they

were very old stories, the register used was very neutral and the use of idiomatic expressions or words proper from the Costa Rican culture was almost inexistent. The success of the translation not only lays in the decisions made on which method and procedures to use, but also on the choices made on which instruments would capture best the results obtained through out the whole process.

6.2.4 To create a glossary with the most relevant terminology found in both texts

The construction of glossaries allows the translator to create a record of words that may represent some sort of challenge to translate. It may be because the order of the words or due to that a given word may have several meanings depending on the context where it is being used. The main objective of the glossaries is creating a sense of consistency throughout the whole translation, allowing the translator to keep track of the equivalent they decided to use and keep using it in the text or in future cases where the same word under the context may appear.

Glossaries are not only helpful for translators, for they also represent a huge help to the readership, since they work as a knowledge base for them. It may happen that someone may not know the meaning of a word despite of being the language that person speaks. In cases like this, the reader may consult the glossary to understand the meaning of the word and therefore, the whole sense of the sentence, idea, or paragraph being read. The translator for achieving this goal created glossaries using the following structure: word in Source Language, Equivalent, Definition and Grammatical Category. By including those fields, the researcher assures that anyone that consults the glossary will find all what they need to fully understand the text and therefore successfully convey the author's message.

6.3 Restatement of the Research Question

What is the effect of the procedures and methods used to translate the documents “Asesinato del misionero” & “La mano de tigre” from Spanish into English and “The Call of Cthulhu” from English into Spanish for the National Mental Health Hospital during the 3rd quarter of 2021?

The effects of applying translation procedures on the texts that were analyzed according to the definitions can be found in Chapter II, where the theoretical framework was developed to explain the relevant perspective of different experts in the field, who have their own concept about text style, stylistic scales, text function, translation methods, and translation procedures. This collection of data served as the foundations for this investigation. As a conclusion, having applied the knowledge mentioned above, along with the translator’s own knowledge, and the extensive investigations to carry out the translations, it has been demonstrated that the correct usage of translation procedures worked to render a translation from English to Spanish and from Spanish to English that conveyed the authors’ messages, while preserving the texts’ styles and therefore, equivalently natural.

6.4 Recommendations

The last but no least important section of this chapter are the recommendations. These pieces of advice can be considered as important facts that researcher discovered during the whole investigation and can be useful as future references or future research conducted by the same researcher or their fellow students.

The first recommendation for opening this section is to choose the texts to be translated way before beginning to work in the first chapters. The main reason is that the university needs to

approve the documents before any translation is attempted. In addition, by selecting the text with anticipation will help to elaborate a better justification for the project and in case the selected texts are not good enough for the investigation there is still time left to reformulate the research question and find new texts that are best suited for the project.

Once the texts have been approved by the university and the research questions and objectives have been defined, the immediate thing to do is to start translating. It works best to start translating at an early stage of the research because is the most time-consuming process. The translators should work on the selected texts as soon as they have the approval because in that way, it is guaranteed that there will be enough time to focus on Chapters I, II and III during the workshop. It is a huge relief to know that some progress has been made and it is much easier to retake where it was left than starting from scratch. Another piece of advice to support this recommendation is to divide the translation into chunks, for it is better to translate three or four pages per day than translate a whole text in days due bad time management and planification.

The third piece of advice is linked to the second one. Planification is your best friend. To develop this research, the translator, on this research, used the scrum methodology for planning. The researcher not only divided the translation into chunks, but also created time frames of two weeks called sprints with defined goals of what had to be achieved during that allowed time. Setting goals in a short period of time boost productivity and reduces procrastination. A clear example in this research was to complete the translation of “The Call of Cthulhu” in no more than two weeks. Following this methodology also helps to develop discipline and commitment with the task at hand.

Planification, discipline, and commitment are important, but they are not everything. During a research like this one there are moments where help will be required. From that premise

the fourth recommendation is formulated. Do not hesitate in asking for help, rely on your tutor, professors from other courses, and even friends can be a huge support during the process. For this research the translator shared with a few friends the translated texts to get feedback from a reader whose mother tongue is the target language of the translation. By doing this, the translator was able to determine if the texts were natural, accurate and fluent enough to be considered as appropriate translations.

These recommendations are not to be considered as a magical formula, everyone is different and therefore, each process will differ from others, these guidelines may help fellow translators that are about to embark in this journey of conducting research by themselves.

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Annexes

“Asesinato del misionero” & “La mano de tigre”

ASESINATO DEL MISIONERO

Hernán Méndez Salazar.

Esta leyenda parece coincidir con una cita histórica muy importante que está en el libro ABORIGENES DE COSTA RICA, de Carlos Gagini:

“Fray Pablo de Rebullida, asesinado por los indios, dice en una carta fechada en 1702 que desde Urinama hasta la Concepción de Talamanca se hablaban dos lenguas, Talamanca y Cabécar: y que los enemigos de estos indios eran los Térrabas, Toxas y Changueñas. Los Tesabas (de la misma familia de los Térrabas, pero que habitaban cerca de Boruca), son mansos y han reñido con los otros por su levantamiento”.

Como se desprende de la cita anterior, no se señala dónde fue asesinado el padre Rebullida.

Hace muchos años, según es sabido por los antiguos, llegó desde esas tierras que llaman España, un padrecito acompañado por unos hombres siguas. Su sotana estaba completamente deshilachada por las espigas de los bejucos de la montaña que tuvo que atravesar para llegar a estas tierras. Había aguantado muchas hambres y había dormido muchas veces en las húmedas tierras de Chiriquí y todo el sur. Al llegar a este pueblecillo, le gustó tanto que se quedó viviendo con los indios. Les enseñó muchos trabajos y muchas cosas que hasta entonces no conocían. Los tres hombres que le acompañaban fueron desapareciendo. Uno de ellos se perdió en las montañas y nunca se supo de él; los otros dos fueron mordidos por una serpiente en el mismo rancho donde vivían, y, por no querer tomar ninguna medicina de los indios, murieron casi a la vez. El padrecito quedó

solo entre los indios, que no sabemos qué estamos haciendo cuando tomamos mucha chicha.

El buen padrecito, en medio de aquella montaña, soñaba ver elevarse dos torres de un templo y habló a los indios en las siguientes palabras:

-Queridos hijos, reconozco que vuestros corazones están llenos de voluntad; que vuestros espíritus rebosan de amor hacia Dios; que habéis puesto en esta reunión todos vuestros valiosos conocimientos al servicio de la fe. Pero lo que yo os propongo no es algo así como lo que habéis imaginado. Es algo más difícil, más hermoso, más digno de Nuestro Señor. Es un templo que urgirá de un sacrificio mayor del que habéis propuesto: un sacrificio que no durará un día, ni un mes, muchos meses o años.

Los indios guardaron un profundo silencio tratando de interpretar aquellas amorosas palabras, cargadas de ideas innovadoras jamás oídas por ellos. Después de una pausa agregó el sacerdote.

-Noto en vosotros una preocupación muy natural, posiblemente la mayoría estará pensando en los materiales para esa construcción; sólo quiero pedirles en nombre del Señor vuestra colaboración. Yo me encargaré de buscar los medios y vosotros os encargaréis del trabajo.

Todos a coro exclamaron:

-Cuente con nuestra ayuda.

En aquellos días los pobladores de Térraba vivieron como el despertar de un sueño que había perdurado tras los siglos. En todos los ranchos se murmuraba sobre la propuesta construcción; se hacían las más variadas conjeturas sobre el cómo se llevaría a cabo el importante proyecto. Para unos

resultaría fácil e importante; para otros, simplemente no se podía hacer.

Mientras que las ideas iban de aquí a allá, por toda la ranchería, el fraile, encerrado en el rancho que le habían construido en dos días, maduraba su proyecto. Quería él enseñar a elaborar la teja, a usar las sierras de mano para sacar la madera y cantar la piedra para formar las basas. Con frecuencia salía por la reducida puerta del rancho y mirando hacia el cielo imploraba a Dios la merced de poder ver levantado el templo y oír un día el redoble de las campanas desde las soñadas torres.

Un buen día el cura se resolvió a convocar al pueblo de nuevo. Ya para esta reunión tenía planes concretos para iniciar la obra y propuso lo siguiente:

-Lo primero que haremos será seleccionar el terreno donde se ubicará el templo, en el transcurso de esta semana lo prepararemos y el domingo será la bendición con una alegre ceremonia.

El fraile estaba seguro que con esto los indios trabajarían con entusiasmo y dedicación. Efectivamente, en el transcurso de la semana se preparó el terreno mediante el concurso de todo el pueblo que era muy grande. Una llanura quedó convertida en un bello campo. Fue traída de inmediato una serie de siembros de árboles frutales y plantas de ornato que, en forma bien dispuesta por el director de la obra, sustituyeron a la selva virgen. Mientras el campo se iba convirtiendo rápidamente en un huerto, en uno de sus extremos se montaba una fábrica de tejas. Los indios trabajaban cuatro días en sus parcelas y dos días en lo que hoy llamaríamos ayuda comunal. Pronto fue construido un enorme horno de barro y poco tiempo se tardó en tener lista una buena cantidad de tejas que servirían ya no sólo para iglesia y sacristía sino, también, para construir una casa comunal. Como el indio es

sumamente hábil para las manualidades esto facilitó la rápida realización de la empresa. Ellos construían sus ranchos con palmas y por ello, sentían ansias de ver aquellas acanaladas formas de barro cocido. ¿Cómo se verían y cómo se colocarían sobre un techo? El cura trataba de explotar esta ansia, explicándoles con dibujos.

Para conseguir madera el fraile organizó una expedición. No resultó nada fácil, pues como se recordará, los tres compañeros blancos del cura habían desaparecido y la expedición resultaría muy peligrosa. Debían atravesar las selvas de la cordillera de Talamanca. Cruzar por Amuri hasta Limón, desde donde traerían sierras de mano, al hombro. Algunos indios conocían perfectamente el camino y la dificultad consistió en convencer a los desconfiados a que los acompañaran, pese a que ya le tenían cierta confianza al fraile. Confianza que no era suficiente como para acompañarle en una gira de tanto riesgo, pues, anteriormente habían sido víctimas de engaños y traiciones. Convencidos unos cuantos, diez indios aceptaron acompañar al religioso en la difícil travesía.

Como quien despide a un grupo, al domingo siguiente, antes de aparecer los primeros rayos del día, fueron despedidos con bendiciones y augurios de triunfo. Conforme su costumbre, el fraile tomó tribuna y con palabras en que no pudo ocultar su emoción, manifestó:

—Queridos feligreses. Reconozco que nuestro propósito no es fácil; pero no consideremos la tarea que hoy iniciamos como una aventura. Quienes exponen su vida en aras del progreso, y particularmente tratándose de servir a Dios no son, aventureros. Les aseguro que no vamos solos, que llevamos a nuestra cabeza al Rey de Reyes y que en todo momento nos protegerá. Todos corremos desde este momento la misma suerte. Si regresamos todos, bendita sea la hora. Pero, si no regresamos todos o alguno, pueden tener la seguridad sus parientes que ese o esos que faltaren, son héroes que se han quedado en el difícil trillo del sacrificio.

Al momento de partir, uno de los más jóvenes, presintiendo una despedida definitiva, se apartó de la fila y dio un beso a su abuelita. Algo le dijo al oído e incorporóse de inmediato al grupo que pronto se perdió entre la abundante vegetación que bordeaba el estrecho caminillo.

Los atrevidos expedicionarios afrontaron los primeros problemas cuando estuvo a punto de ser destruída la balsa que hábilmente improvisaron para atravesar el caudaloso Río Térraba. El contratiempo se fue superando gracias a la audacia de los nativos para luchar en el agua; de haber caído al agua, posiblemente allí habría terminado su intento, pues lo cruzaban precisamente en un paso tranquilo del río donde abundaban los lagartos.

Atravesaban las largas sabanas de Cabagra cuando fueron sorprendidos por un grupo de Bribri, que extrañados por el misterioso desfile, habían hecho un llamado de emergencia al que acudieron rápidamente el numeroso grupo que les salió al paso. Gracias a la presencia del sacerdote no fueron víctimas de un ataque ya que las relaciones entre térrabas y bribri no eran cordiales.

El joven Tabaré que no sólo dominaba el Térraba, sino también el Bribri, mantuvo un intercambio de palabras y contestó todas las preguntas que le hicieron los integrantes del grupo bribri, concluyendo con una amistosa reunión. En uno de los ranchos cabagras les permitieron descansar, les sirvieron suficiente chicha y alguna bebida de cacao. Además, aumentaron sus víveres y les acompañaron un largo trecho aliviándoles sus pesadas cargas.

Después de tres días, con muy pocas horas de descanso llegaron a Talamanca, donde fueron espléndidamente recibidos. Por la noche se asó un saíno en honor a los expedicionarios. El fraile, que sin demostrar su cansancio parecía desvanecerse ante la fortaleza y costumbre de sus compañeros para caminar en las montañas, aprovechaba la oportunidad en cada tribu, para llevar el aliento espiritual, prédicas

que hacía a través del intérprete, que siempre fue el fornido e inteligente Tabaré. Los talamancas prácticamente fueron los que facilitaron la consecución de los objetivos que movían a aquellos buenos hombres, estos organizaron un buen número de su tribu que los acompañó hasta Limón, donde consiguieron tres sierras y llenos de alegría emprendieron el regreso. Nuevamente en Talamanca permanecieron tres días, que fueron de fiesta. Se celebraron matrimonios, bautizos y en ausencia de las Hostias, algunas confesiones. En medio de una gritería de júbilo se despidieron y emprendieron el penoso camino de regreso. Todo parecía que aparte de la dureza de la travesía el grupo de 11 se haría presente de nuevo en comunidad. Un viernes, después de veintidós días de haber abandonado su pueblo, lograron divisar a lo lejos una fogata que en medio de gritos anunciaron al cura, que se trataba de Veragua, territorio térraba y que ya estaban muy cerca de Cabagra. Sin medir la magnitud del peligro, en la oscuridad de la noche, acordaron avanzar lo que pudieran libres del peso del día y poder llegar así al anochecer del sábado a Térraba. Pero fue muy poco lo que avanzaron; fuertes lluvias huracanadas les obligaron a guarecerse por grupos en las raíces de gigantescos árboles. Posiblemente la alegría de haber divisado de nuevo sus tierras y desde luego el cansancio, les hizo romper la disciplina de dormir unos y velar otros, y todos se entregaron en el más profundo de los sueños.

Uno de ellos oyó algún ruido extraño a una corta distancia, como algo que se arrastraba entre la humedecida vegetación; se enderezó, pero volvió a caer por el sueño. Poco duró su nuevo sueño, cuando despertó de nuevo y recordó el extraño ruido y lo asoció con la coincidencia de haber oído cantar un búho cerca de donde dormían, cosa que nunca era buena. Se paró con rapidez y se dirigió al grupo donde se encontraba el sacerdote, encontrándolo profundamente dormido, lo mismo hizo con el otro grupo que estaba a muy corta distancia. Ya se disponía a despertarlos para continuar

el viaje, seguro que aquel ruido obedeció al paso de algún animal, cuando de pronto advirtió un rastro con marcadas manchas de sangre. Con sobresalto gritó a sus compañeros que como un solo hombre se pusieron de pie. El primero en advertir la ausencia de Tabaré fue el fraile, quien terminando con su costumbre de voz pausada y serena, lanzó un grito: ¡A buscar a Tabaré! Con una rapidez instintiva siguieron el rastro, hasta llegar a un medio kilómetro de donde durmieron, el rastro finalizó en un grueso tronco que hacía tiempo había sido derribado por el viento. Sin oírse una voz de mando, rodearon disciplinadamente el inclinado tronco. El mayor que parecía no importarle su vida por el menor del grupo, subió con una facilidad tal como si el tronco estuviese horizontal, con una filosa lanza en su mano derecha y una rama verde en la izquierda; la rama servía para obstaculizar la visibilidad de la fiera; avanzó hasta mediados del viejo tronco donde encontró a un enorme tigre que dormía plácidamente a la par de su víctima, -el desafortunado Tabaré-. Pronto cayó la temible bestia con la lanza clavada en el pecho, donde acudieron todos los demás, y tras enfurecida lucha, pronto le dieron muerte. Todos tendieron su angustiada mirada hacia el valiente que le había derribado del tronco, quien después de un gesto de amargura, se inclinó lentamente y recogió entre sus brazos, prácticamente un medio cuerpo de quien hasta horas antes había sido su más valioso compañero. El fraile, después de derramar abundantes lágrimas, se inclinó respetuosamente sobre el destrozado cuerpo y tras haber rezado las oraciones de rigor, ordenó que se formara una camilla y fuese llevado hasta Térraba donde sería sepultado con todos los honores de un héroe; ya sobre la camilla, el fraile pidió que le fuese permitido el sacrificio de ser uno de los que llevaran la camilla hasta Térraba sin relevo; pero antes, tendiendo su mirada a las alturas, como implorando paciencia del cielo dijo: -Antes de partir de este lugar, les pido ánimo y serenidad; la fiera no le ha matado por maldad, sino por satisfacer una necesidad. Tabaré no ha muerto,

vivirá eternamente en nuestro recuerdo y las generaciones le honrarán. Este agreste altar que nos rodea, ya debe haberse convertido en un altar celestial, para quien acaba de entregar su vida cumpliendo con el deber. A pesar de las alentadoras palabras del pastor de Almas, desde aquel momento, en que se inició la última etapa del camino, la pena se aumentó por el silencio con que devoraron la distancia. Efectivamente al anochecer del sábado llegaron sin que nadie los esperara por desconocer el día de su regreso; llevaron todo su cargamento al rancho del fraile, quien con toda la fineza que merece un viejo amigo puso el destrozado cuerpo sobre una rústica mesa de varillas atadas a cuatro horquetas; pidió a sus compañeros que no dieran noticia de su llegada hasta tanto no arreglaran el cuerpo de tal suerte que se disimulara en parte su estado. De inmediato pusieron manos en la obra, rellenando las partes vacías con balsa que abundaba en la región.

Pero un curioso chiquillo que vivía en rancho inmediato descubrió la presencia de los viajeros en el rancho, quien se deslizó sigilosamente hasta llegar al envarillado que le servía de pared al rancho, cosa que no hubiese ocurrido de no haber la inquietud que existía en toda la comarca por la llegada de los hombres y de las sierras. El chiquillo corrió a su rancho primero y luego a otros dando la nueva, pocos minutos tardó en movilizarse la mayoría de la tribu, que llenos de curiosidad rodearon el rancho. Al abrirse la puertecilla fueron apareciendo caras mustias notándose movimientos muy rápidos del afligido cura que trataba de terminar su trabajo cuanto antes. Todos encontraron al salir sus familiares y amigos, con quienes se abrazaron, fue en ese momento cuando apareció una anciana, que movía su cabeza por todo el grupo buscando algo, el fraile la logró ver desde el envarillado de una de las paredes y le salió al encuentro y tomándola entre sus brazos con ternura le besó la frente. La viejecita, aliviando el duro compromiso del padre se adelantó y le dijo:

-Todo lo comprendo, desde aquel beso que me diera Tabaré a la despedida se me clavó el aguijón de que no regresaría, pero todo sea por el Amor de Dios.

El contestó nerviosamente:

-La resignación es la mejor medicina para estos casos, pero sí ha regresado, pueden pasar a verlo.

La primera fue la viejecita, que se inclinó respetuosamente sobre el cadáver del amado hijo (nieto); sus largas trenzas cayeron sobre el cuello de Tabaré en cuyo rostro casi desconocido depositó muchos besos y le humedeció con sus lágrimas y sin decir una sola palabra se retiró a su rancho. Todo el pueblo se reunió y pasó en vela la noche comentando el suceso. Nadie se volvió a acordar de la sierra, más comentaban con insistencia el enorme sacrificio del religioso que tenía uno de sus delicados hombros molidos por la carga del cuerpo y la larga distancia, y desde luego no faltaban los recuerdos de lo que había sido en la vida el desaparecido. Al día siguiente fue sepultado con todos los honores religiosos que permitieron los medios.

Pasaron algunos días y sólo se hablaba de la hazaña del grupo y del único desafortunado; en todos los ranchos de sus integrantes se formaban grupos en busca de detalles sobre la travesía.

Pasados algunos días, el padre llamó de nuevo al pueblo y mostrando las sierras los dividió en grupos, adiestró a uno y éste se encargó de adiestrar a otros en el manejo de las sierras para al cabo de dos meses tener completamente lista la madera de la iglesia.

Ahora faltaban las basas; el padre seleccionó a los más hábiles, y con la fuerza bruta de un grupo de aquellos hombres arrastraron hasta el lugar donde se construiría la iglesia, el número suficiente de piedras, que puestas en manos de los picapedreros pusieron sobre ellas sus hábiles

manos. Fue un trabajo lento pero conforme avanzaban los días, aquellas piedras de las más variadas formas, se fueron transformando en una sola forma y cuando estuvieron finalizadas, fueron dibujadas en sus costados con motivos religiosos artísticamente tallados. (Recientemente se extrajeron las basas para construir una nueva ermita y los motivos fueron dejados fuera de la superficie de la tierra para que puedan ser observados por los visitantes). El trabajo de la iglesia se inició en medio de las más variadas fiestas en las que para futuras desgracias, nunca faltaba la chicha, que era el estimulante indispensable en todas las labores que se realizaban; al cabo de un año el templo se levantó. En el transcurso de ese año un grupo de artistas en el trabajo de orfebrería, habían chorreado una campana en oro macizo.

El fraile, muy satisfecho abandonó su rancho y se trasladó a las sacristías que eran amplias, preparó la inauguración invitando a las tribus vecinas, Borucas, Térrabas, Changueñas y Bribrís; entre tanto en el pueblo se preparaban grandes cumbos de chicha, se habían dedicado a la cacería logrando acumular gran cantidad de carne, además de la variedad de comidas que hacían con el maíz y el cacao.

A las cuatro y media de la mañana comenzó la cantidad de visitantes, que con cantos de distintas lenguas y el característico griterío con que celebraban los actos especiales, fueron llenando el pueblo con una concentración que jamás se había visto. A las ocho de la mañana, en un impresionante acto se hizo sonar por primera vez desde la torre derecha de la iglesia la valiosísima campana de oro, cuyos finos repiques llegaron a largas distancias. Después de la bendición del templo, alegró el ambiente una orquesta de pitos de barro, flautas de cañas especiales y pequeños tambores. El ambiente a cada momento era más animado, y los térrabas más orgullosos de su obra. En el sermón de la primera y solemne misa el Cura hizo mención de los méritos de Tabaré, por quien se celebraba aquella misa. Después del sermón, una

anciana en medio de la multitud cubriéndose su cara se retiró al rancho.

La fiesta se extendió tres días aumentando el calor de la chicha, y disminuyendo el motivo de la fiesta; los visitantes se retiraron en grupos y quedaron los térrabas que no cesaban en sus bailes y borracheras, por lo que el buen fraile les convocó de emergencia al templo a una ceremonia especial. Allí les invitó cordialmente a poner fin a las celebraciones populares y recordar que se trataba de una celebración religiosa; en esa ceremonia se eligió como patrono del lugar a San Francisco de Asís.

Cada año a la llegada del cuatro de octubre se hacían grandes fiestas. La lucha del fraile era ahora, disminuir la bebida del fermento, esto no gustó a algunos. El último cuatro de octubre de esas fiestas y de prosperidad térraba, se notó al fraile paseándose alrededor del templo y admirándolo como si lo viese por primera vez, tendió una mirada sobre todos los ranchos y sobre las verdes montañas que los rodeaban, hasta que se llegó la hora del sermón, que fue el más elocuente de todos los que había pronunciado. Entre otras cosas dijo:

-Cristo murió por manos de quien El más amaba, y siento que inmerecidamente correré su misma suerte, si así fuera yo les ruego sepultarme en el huerto de esta iglesia.

Todo el pueblo salió de la iglesia haciendo unos y otros comentarios sobre el extrañísimo sermón de aquella mañana. Pronto se dieron a la bebida de la chicha y como de costumbre se olvidaron de todas las inquietudes.

A las tres de la tarde, estaba el fraile inclinado sobre el Altar Mayor, rogando a Dios que le ayudara a terminar con aquella primitiva forma de celebrar esas fiestas, cuando dos salvajes ebrios le atacaron por la espalda dándole muerte. El indio que le servía de mayordomo, pronto se dio cuenta y dio aviso al pueblo, que olvidando la fiesta y olvidándolo todo, recordó de las sabias palabras del sermón y se aglomeró en

la iglesia. Ahí yacía el santo sacerdote que había pagado con su vida el haber dado todo por un pueblo; todos querían verle primero, pero no resistían ver aquel rostro ensangrentado con una mirada llena de dulzura y de perdón. El jefe de la tribu, visiblemente indignado ordenó a su pueblo suspender toda bebida y darse a la tarea de encontrar a los salvajes, cuyas sospechas eran inminentes sobre dos individuos que habían desaparecido del grupo, dejando sus criminales hachas de piedra a la entrada del templo. Nuevamente el jefe cuyo furor aumentaba en cada minuto, agregó:

-Es preciso que se pongan frente al templo dos estibas de leña donde serán quemados vivos los traidores de nuestro querido padre.

Las mujeres se encargaron de esta tarea, mientras que los hombres en grupos se propusieron a revisar cuidadosamente todas las montañas aledañas. El indio que es muy diestro en perseguir las huellas más inmediatas, no le fue difícil a un grupo seguir la pista de los fugitivos.

Los dos asesinos que habían formado parte de la extraordinaria expedición a Limón, no fueron muy lejos; en un trecho del camino se detuvieron, y habiendo perdido los efectos de la borrachera, analizaron su crimen y recordaron que en muchas ocasiones el buen sacerdote les había hablado de Judas que con un beso entregó a su Maestro, y más aún se les nubló la conciencia, cuando ahí en sus oídos como en alucinaciones que se repetían las últimas palabras de su inocente víctima: -Yo los perdono para que Dios los perdone.

Sin pensarlo mucho se pusieron de acuerdo y colgando un bejuco de una rama cada uno, se ataron su cuello y se ahorcaron. Cuando el grupo que les perseguía los descubrió,

se horrorizó al ver aquellas largas lenguas fuera de sus bocas. Como corolario a su desgracia, una enorme serpiente rodeaba el cuello de uno de ellos. Resolvieron regresar y dejarlos en aquel lugar. Ante la noticia, nadie quiso venir a verlos ni sus propios familiares, y el jefe ordenó que se dejaran allí para que fueran devorados por los Urús (zopilotes). El cura fue sepultado el día siguiente conforme lo había solicitado, en medio de cantos fúnebres, y algunos cantos en dialecto térraba, la fiesta terminó en medio del más profundo dolor, y todos se auto culpaban por no haber atendido los llamados del Padre para que dejaran los excesos en la chicha.

La noche siguiente, bijos y lechuzas revolotearon sobre los ranchos con sus fúnebres cantos y, nadie se atrevió a salir de sus ranchos, pues creían que aquellas aves eran los espíritus de los desgraciados asesinos.

Pasado algún tiempo, llegó la noticia que un grupo de forasteros se proponía visitar Térraba; hubo un consejo de ancianos y a media noche, en medio del silencio y la soledad visitaron el ruinoso templo que se había convertido en nido de murciélagos y golondrinas y bajaron la valiosa campana de oro y la enterraron en un lugar secreto, tan secreto que se fue hasta la tumba con el grupo a que se encargó la misión.

La ruina para todos no se hizo esperar; una extraña enfermedad que no pudieron combatir los sukias, fue terminando rápidamente con todas las gentes. De los pocos que quedaron, algunos formando grupos fueron a formar pueblos en otras tierras, quedando aquí un pequeño pueblo que nunca ha podido levantar cabeza.

Algunas noches, año tras año, se oye un alarido de almas penando y un triste repicar de una campana que parece reclamar su vieja torre.

LA MANO DE TIGRE
Hernán Méndez Salazar.

En las inmediaciones del camino entre Térraba y Boruca existen las sabanas denominadas de Mano de Tigre, por existir en una de ellas una piedra con una mano de tigre marcada; esta piedra es uno de los motivos de mayor atracción de los visitantes, aunque algunas veces pasa inadvertida debido a su desconocimiento del lugar donde está ubicada.

Para el aborigen, como para nosotros todo tiene una razón de ser, pero muy especialmente para ellos que son conscientes de la importancia de su pasado. Esta mano de tigre que aparece sobre esta piedra no es por obra de la casualidad. Aquí se puso de manifiesto de lo que es capaz el hombre cuando con verdadera fe, obra en nombre de Dios.

Hace muchos años, un misionero que predicaba su religión en las Islas de San Blas de Panamá, oyó hablar del Orosí, que pertenecía al octógono de caciques denominados Puririce, ubicados en su mayoría en Cartago. El misionero que sólo perseguía en las tierras de América dejar sembrada la semilla de su inquebrantable fe, propuso a los caciques de esas islas que le proporcionaran algunos acompañantes para visitar algunos Caciques de las tierras de Cariari. Pero estos que siempre fueron muy rebeldes no le prestaron ningún hombre, ni mucho menos ninguna ayuda. Pero el recio español se propuso la gira y la inició solo.

En Panamá, logró conseguir una mula y algunas provisiones y se dispuso a afrontar todos los problemas y peligros que encontraría en el camino.

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Realmente la travesía fue toda una consecución de milagros, porque no era un hombre, era un santo. En las montañas próximas a Chiriquí, se extravió durante ocho días en la montaña; al quinto día agobiado por el cansancio, más no por la desesperación que superaba con su fe, durmió tranquilamente en una cueva conforme su costumbre. Al amanecer vio sorprendido que un panal de abejas quedaba desocupado, mientras los laboriosos insectos volaban a su alrededor, como invitándole a saciar su hambre, entrando a su casa y saboreando la deliciosa miel. Así lo hizo y después de llenar una vasija que traía ya vacía, se apartó de la acogedora casa y sus habitantes volvieron regocijadas del servicio que habían prestado. Dando gracias a Dios y bendiciendo a las abejitas, continuó en busca del rumbo que le llevara a su meta; ya cerca de Chiriquí, una manada de cariblancos que se balanceaban de entre las ramas le lanzaron a su paso algunas frutas que al ver el santo que ellos las comían, las comió sin reservas; estas le saciaron la sed que ya le dominaba, y así se alimentaba en los cerrados bosques que fue cruzando, observaba lo que comían los animales, y él lo comía seguro de que no era veneno.

Su llegada a Chiriquí fue una verdadera revolución entre los indios que se inclinaron a su paso, asombrados de ver que en la oscura noche se acercaba una extraña luz que iluminaba el paso de un hombre. La única luz que ellos conocían era la del día, de la luna y de la llama. Pero como la noche era tan oscura, trataban de encontrar donde estaba la llama que le iluminaba sin conseguirlo. Cuando interrogaron al desconocido, éste les respondió con toda humildad:

-La noche es clara y me ha permitido ver el camino por donde transito-

Ante la insistencia de los indios por escudriñar aquello que habían visto con sus propios ojos; el padre volvió de nuevo a tratar de convencerlos diciéndoles:

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-Los hombres podemos vencer todas las dificultades con gran facilidad, si tenemos verdadera fe en el verdadero Dios que es uno solo. El no permitirá el hambre, el frío, el dolor y la oscuridad para aquellos que le imploran con amor verdadero-

Sin sentirse del todo satisfechos cesaron en sus preguntas. Allí permaneció predicando durante ocho días con frutos muy satisfactorios para sus aspiraciones de ser útil a Dios y a sus semejantes. Continuó su solitaria gira, predicando a cada tribu que llegaba, hasta que llegó a la Cuesta de la Montura, paso sumamente difícil que se localiza entre Palmar Norte y El Maíz Boruca; al llegar a media cuesta arreaba cuidadosamente su mula cuando de pronto la vio rodar con todo el equipaje hasta el abismo. El misionero que entre otras virtudes dominaba perfectamente la de la paciencia ofreció a Dios aquel contratiempo y se arrecostó sobre una piedra de la rocosa cuesta y durmió tranquilamente. El canto de las avecillas le anunciaron la llegada del nuevo día, y ya acostumbrado a las cosas sobrenaturales, vio sin sorpresa que su mulita estaba a su lado con el equipaje e ileso. Una vez más dio gracias al Creador y siguió su marcha.

Su llegada a Boruca fue una verdadera fiesta, le recibieron como si tuvieran noticias de su llegada; allí permaneció más que en ningún otro lugar, dada la insistencia de los Bruncas para que se quedara entre ellos, pero su meta era Orosí y debía seguir el camino. Siempre prefería caminar por las noches para evadir el calor que en esos climas da el peso del sol, muy especialmente considerando a la bestia que le acompañaba. En Boruca que se hablaba de obsequios y una despedida pomposa, le fue motivo de preocupación. Esto se oponía a su humildad que le alejaba siempre de los honores y los aplausos, siempre decía:

"Quien persigue los honores, sirve al señor de la fama".

Ante esta circunstancia, prefirió salir cuando todos dormían. Así lo hizo. Una noche cuando se notaba la paz

reparadora de la labor cotidiana en todos los ranchos Borucas, ensilló su mula y salió silenciosamente y cuando llegó a esta piedra, sintió un deseo sobrenatural de descansar, bajó la carga de su mula, que con un cabestro en el pescuezo puso a pacer. El tomó una toalla, se abrigó y se durmió profundamente. Su sueño fue interrumpido por una lucha entre bestias. Un tigre de tamaño jamás visto había atacado a la mula y la había matado.

Por primera vez el santo varón estuvo a punto de perder la paciencia, pero recobró rápidamente la calma. Y dirigiéndose a la fiera, le habló en forma determinante; has matado mi mula, para saciar tu hambre, ahora puedes saciarla y hasta hacer la siesta, pero antes del amanecer tendrás que llevar esta carga y llevarme a mí hasta el fin de mi jornada; la salvaje bestia bajó su cabeza y se dirigió hacia su víctima y sació su apetito. El padre como si nada hubiese ocurrido, se envolvió en su toalla y durmió algunas horas más. Una vez descansado se levantó antes de que apareciera el día; ensilló su nueva bestia, le puso su carga y como castigo se montó sobre la carga para seguir su gira. Cuando se produjo el milagro, la enorme bestia puso su mano sobre esta piedra, dejando grabada su huella, que ha sido motivo de admiración por muchas generaciones.

Desde entonces el santo sacerdote caminaba únicamente por las noches, para no despertar la curiosidad de las tribus a su paso, que posiblemente pensarían a su modo al verlo montado sobre una de las fieras más temibles para los indios. Pese a su silencio con que atravesó Térraba, las enormes huellas del carnívoro despertaron la curiosidad de toda la población.

Más tarde se supo, que aquel hombre extraordinario había dado libertad al tigre en las montañas de la Puebla bajo la advertencia de no hacer daño a ningún ser humano y que desde allí fue con su carga a la espalda, hasta encontrarse con el cacique Orosí; allí terminó su vida que es histórico ejemplo para todas las generaciones.

“The Call of Cthulhu”

I.

The Horror in Clay.

The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little; but some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age.

Theosophists have guessed at the awesome grandeur of the cosmic cycle wherein our world and human race form transient incidents. They have hinted at strange survivals in terms which would freeze the blood if not masked by a bland optimism. But it is not from them that there came the single glimpse of forbidden aeons which chills me when I think of it and maddens me when I dream of it. That glimpse, like all dread glimpses of truth, flashed out from an accidental piecing together of separated things—in

this case an old newspaper item and the notes of a dead professor. I hope that no one else will accomplish this piecing out; certainly, if I live, I shall never knowingly supply a link in so hideous a chain. I think that the professor, too, intended to keep silent regarding the part he knew, and that he would have destroyed his notes had not sudden death seized him.

My knowledge of the thing began in the winter of 1926–27 with the death of my grand-uncle George Gammell Angell, Professor Emeritus of Semitic Languages in Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. Professor Angell was widely known as an authority on ancient inscriptions, and had frequently been resorted to by the heads of prominent museums; so that his passing at the age of ninety-two may be recalled by many. Locally, interest was intensified by the obscurity of the cause of death. The professor had been stricken whilst returning from the Newport boat; falling suddenly, as witnesses said, after having been jostled by a nautical-looking negro who had come from one of the queer dark courts on the precipitous hillside which formed a short cut from the waterfront to the deceased's home in Williams Street. Physicians were unable to find any visible disorder, but concluded after perplexed debate that some obscure lesion of the heart, induced by the brisk ascent of so steep a hill by so elderly a man, was responsible for the end. At the time I saw no reason to dissent from this dictum, but latterly I am inclined to wonder—and more than wonder.

As my grand-uncle's heir and executor, for he died a childless widower, I was expected to go over his papers with some thoroughness; and for that purpose moved his entire set of files and boxes to my quarters in Boston. Much of the material which I correlated will be later published by the American Archaeological Society, but there was one box which I found exceedingly puzzling, and which I felt much averse from shewing to other eyes. It had been locked, and I did not find the key till it occurred to me to examine the personal ring which the professor carried always in his pocket. Then indeed I succeeded in opening it, but when I did so seemed only to be confronted by a greater and more closely locked barrier. For what could be the meaning of the queer clay bas-relief and the disjointed jottings, ramblings, and cuttings which I found? Had my uncle, in his latter years, become credulous of the most superficial impostures? I resolved to search out the eccentric sculptor responsible for this apparent disturbance of an old man's peace of mind.

The bas-relief was a rough rectangle less than an inch thick and about five by six inches in area; obviously of modern origin. Its designs, however, were far from modern in atmosphere and suggestion; for although the vagaries of cubism and futurism are many and wild, they do not often reproduce that cryptic regularity which lurks in prehistoric writing. And writing of some kind the bulk of these designs seemed certainly to be; though my memory, despite much familiarity with the papers and collections of my uncle, failed in any way to identify this particular species, or even to hint at its remotest affiliations.

Above these apparent hieroglyphics was a figure of evidently pictorial intent, though its impressionistic execution forbade a very clear idea of its nature. It seemed to be a sort of monster, or symbol representing a monster, of a form which only a diseased fancy could conceive. If I say that my somewhat extravagant imagination yielded simultaneous pictures of an octopus, a dragon, and a human caricature, I shall not be unfaithful to the spirit of the thing. A pulpy, tentacled head surmounted a grotesque and scaly body with rudimentary wings; but it was the *general outline* of the whole which made it most shockingly frightful. Behind the figure was a vague suggestion of a Cyclopean architectural background.

The writing accompanying this oddity was, aside from a stack of press cuttings, in Professor Angell's most recent hand; and made no pretence to literary style. What seemed to be the main document was headed "CTHULHU CULT" in characters painstakingly printed to avoid the erroneous reading of a word so

unheard-of. The manuscript was divided into two sections, the first of which was headed "1925—Dream and Dream Work of H. A. Wilcox, 7 Thomas St., Providence, R.I.", and the second, "Narrative of Inspector John R. Legrasse, 121 Bienville St., New Orleans, La., at 1908 A. A. S. Mtg.—Notes on Same, & Prof. Webb's Acct." The other manuscript papers were all brief notes, some of them accounts of the queer dreams of different persons, some of them citations from theosophical books and magazines (notably W. Scott-Elliot's *Atlantis and the Lost Lemuria*), and the rest comments on long-surviving secret societies and hidden cults, with references to passages in such mythological and anthropological source-books as Frazer's *Golden Bough* and Miss Murray's *Witch-Cult in Western Europe*. The cuttings largely alluded to outré mental illnesses and outbreaks of group folly or mania in the spring of 1925.

The first half of the principal manuscript told a very peculiar tale. It appears that on March 1st, 1925, a thin, dark young man of neurotic and excited aspect had called upon Professor Angell bearing the singular clay bas-relief, which was then exceedingly damp and fresh. His card bore the name of Henry Anthony Wilcox, and my uncle had recognised him as the youngest son of an excellent family slightly known to him, who had latterly been studying sculpture at the Rhode Island School of Design and living alone at the Fleur-de-Lys Building near that institution. Wilcox was a precocious youth of known genius but great eccentricity, and had from childhood excited attention through the strange stories and odd dreams he was in the habit of relating. He called himself "psychically hypersensitive", but the staid folk of the ancient commercial city dismissed him as merely "queer". Never mingling much with his kind, he had dropped gradually from social visibility, and was now known only to a small group of aesthetes from other towns. Even the Providence Art Club, anxious to preserve its conservatism, had found him quite hopeless.

On the occasion of the visit, ran the professor's manuscript, the sculptor abruptly asked for the benefit of his host's archaeological knowledge in identifying the hieroglyphics on the bas-relief. He spoke in a dreamy, stilted manner which suggested pose and alienated sympathy; and my uncle shewed some sharpness in replying, for the conspicuous freshness of the tablet implied kinship with anything but archaeology. Young Wilcox's rejoinder, which impressed my uncle enough to make him recall and record it verbatim, was of a fantastically poetic cast which must have typified his whole conversation, and which I have since found highly characteristic of him. He said, "It is new, indeed, for I made it last night in a dream of strange cities; and dreams are older than brooding Tyre, or the contemplative Sphinx, or garden-girdled Babylon."

It was then that he began that rambling tale which suddenly played upon a sleeping memory and won the fevered interest of my uncle. There had been a slight earthquake tremor the night before, the most considerable felt in New England for some years; and Wilcox's imagination had been keenly affected. Upon retiring, he had had an unprecedented dream of great Cyclopean cities of titan blocks and sky-flung monoliths, all dripping with green ooze and sinister with latent horror. Hieroglyphics had covered the walls and pillars, and from some undetermined point below had come a voice that was not a voice; a chaotic sensation which only fancy could transmute into sound, but which he attempted to render by the almost unpronounceable jumble of letters, "*Cthulhu fhtagn*".

This verbal jumble was the key to the recollection which excited and disturbed Professor Angell. He questioned the sculptor with scientific minuteness; and studied with almost frantic intensity the bas-relief on which the youth had found himself working, chilled and clad only in his night-clothes, when waking had stolen bewilderingly over him. My uncle blamed his old age, Wilcox afterward said, for his slowness in recognising both hieroglyphics and pictorial design. Many of his questions seemed highly out-of-place to his visitor, especially those which tried to connect the latter with strange cults or

societies; and Wilcox could not understand the repeated promises of silence which he was offered in exchange for an admission of membership in some widespread mystical or paganly religious body. When Professor Angell became convinced that the sculptor was indeed ignorant of any cult or system of cryptic lore, he besieged his visitor with demands for future reports of dreams. This bore regular fruit, for after the first interview the manuscript records daily calls of the young man, during which he related startling fragments of nocturnal imagery whose burden was always some terrible Cyclopean vista of dark and dripping stone, with a subterrene voice or intelligence shouting monotonously in enigmatical sense-impacts uninscribable save as gibberish. The two sounds most frequently repeated are those rendered by the letters "*Cthulhu*" and "*R'lyeh*".

On March 23d, the manuscript continued, Wilcox failed to appear; and inquiries at his quarters revealed that he had been stricken with an obscure sort of fever and taken to the home of his family in Waterman Street. He had cried out in the night, arousing several other artists in the building, and had manifested since then only alternations of unconsciousness and delirium. My uncle at once telephoned the family, and from that time forward kept close watch of the case; calling often at the Thayer Street office of Dr. Tobey, whom he learned to be in charge. The youth's febrile mind, apparently, was dwelling on strange things; and the doctor shuddered now and then as he spoke of them. They included not only a repetition of what he had formerly dreamed, but touched wildly on a gigantic thing "miles high" which walked or lumbered about. He at no time fully described this object, but occasional frantic words, as repeated by Dr. Tobey, convinced the professor that it must be identical with the nameless monstrosity he had sought to depict in his dream-sculpture. Reference to this object, the doctor added, was invariably a prelude to the young man's subsidence into lethargy. His temperature, oddly enough, was not greatly above normal; but his whole condition was otherwise such as to suggest true fever rather than mental disorder.

On April 2nd at about 3 p.m. every trace of Wilcox's malady suddenly ceased. He sat upright in bed, astonished to find himself at home and completely ignorant of what had happened in dream or reality since the night of March 22nd. Pronounced well by his physician, he returned to his quarters in three days; but to Professor Angell he was of no further assistance. All traces of strange dreaming had vanished with his recovery, and my uncle kept no record of his night-thoughts after a week of pointless and irrelevant accounts of thoroughly usual visions.

Here the first part of the manuscript ended, but references to certain of the scattered notes gave me much material for thought—so much, in fact, that only the ingrained scepticism then forming my philosophy can account for my continued distrust of the artist. The notes in question were those descriptive of the dreams of various persons covering the same period as that in which young Wilcox had had his strange visitations. My uncle, it seems, had quickly instituted a prodigiously far-flung body of inquiries amongst nearly all the friends whom he could question without impertinence, asking for nightly reports of their dreams, and the dates of any notable visions for some time past. The reception of his request seems to have been varied; but he must, at the very least, have received more responses than any ordinary man could have handled without a secretary. This original correspondence was not preserved, but his notes formed a thorough and really significant digest. Average people in society and business—New England's traditional "salt of the earth"—gave an almost completely negative result, though scattered cases of uneasy but formless nocturnal impressions appear here and there, always between March 23d and April 2nd—the period of young Wilcox's delirium. Scientific men were little more affected, though four cases of vague description suggest fugitive glimpses of strange landscapes, and in one case there is mentioned a dread of something abnormal.

It was from the artists and poets that the pertinent answers came, and I know that panic would have broken loose had they been able to compare notes. As it was, lacking their original letters, I half suspected the compiler of having asked leading questions, or of having edited the correspondence in corroboration of what he had latently resolved to see. That is why I continued to feel that Wilcox, somehow cognisant of the old data which my uncle had possessed, had been imposing on the veteran scientist. These responses from aesthetes told a disturbing tale. From February 28th to April 2nd a large proportion of them had dreamed very bizarre things, the intensity of the dreams being immeasurably the stronger during the period of the sculptor's delirium. Over a fourth of those who reported anything, reported scenes and half-sounds not unlike those which Wilcox had described; and some of the dreamers confessed acute fear of the gigantic nameless thing visible toward the last. One case, which the note describes with emphasis, was very sad. The subject, a widely known architect with leanings toward theosophy and occultism, went violently insane on the date of young Wilcox's seizure, and expired several months later after incessant screamings to be saved from some escaped denizen of hell. Had my uncle referred to these cases by name instead of merely by number, I should have attempted some corroboration and personal investigation; but as it was, I succeeded in tracing down only a few. All of these, however, bore out the notes in full. I have often wondered if all the objects of the professor's questioning felt as puzzled as did this fraction. It is well that no explanation shall ever reach them.

The press cuttings, as I have intimated, touched on cases of panic, mania, and eccentricity during the given period. Professor Angell must have employed a cutting bureau, for the number of extracts was tremendous and the sources scattered throughout the globe. Here was a nocturnal suicide in London, where a lone sleeper had leaped from a window after a shocking cry. Here likewise a rambling letter to the editor of a paper in South America, where a fanatic deduces a dire future from visions he has seen. A despatch from California describes a theosophist colony as donning white robes en masse for some "glorious fulfilment" which never arrives, whilst items from India speak guardedly of serious native unrest toward the end of March. Voodoo orgies multiply in Hayti, and African outposts report ominous mutterings. American officers in the Philippines find certain tribes bothersome about this time, and New York policemen are mobbed by hysterical Levantines on the night of March 22–23. The west of Ireland, too, is full of wild rumour and legendry, and a fantastic painter named Ardois-Bonnot hangs a blasphemous "Dream Landscape" in the Paris spring salon of 1926. And so numerous are the recorded troubles in insane asylums, that only a miracle can have stopped the medical fraternity from noting strange parallelisms and drawing mystified conclusions. A weird bunch of cuttings, all told; and I can at this date scarcely envisage the callous rationalism with which I set them aside. But I was then convinced that young Wilcox had known of the older matters mentioned by the professor.

II.

The Tale of Inspector Legrasse.

The older matters which had made the sculptor's dream and bas-relief so significant to my uncle formed the subject of the second half of his long manuscript. Once before, it appears, Professor Angell had seen the hellish outlines of the nameless monstrosity, puzzled over the unknown hieroglyphics, and heard the ominous syllables which can be rendered only as "*Cthulhu*"; and all this in so stirring and horrible a connexion that it is small wonder he pursued young Wilcox with queries and demands for data.

The earlier experience had come in 1908, seventeen years before, when the American Archaeological Society held its annual meeting in St. Louis. Professor Angell, as befitted one of his authority and attainments, had had a prominent part in all the deliberations; and was one of the first to be approached by the several outsiders who took advantage of the convocation to offer questions for correct answering and problems for expert solution.

The chief of these outsiders, and in a short time the focus of interest for the entire meeting, was a commonplace-looking middle-aged man who had travelled all the way from New Orleans for certain special information unobtainable from any local source. His name was John Raymond Legrasse, and he was by profession an Inspector of Police. With him he bore the subject of his visit, a grotesque, repulsive, and apparently very ancient stone statuette whose origin he was at a loss to determine. It must not be fancied that Inspector Legrasse had the least interest in archaeology. On the contrary, his wish for enlightenment was prompted by purely professional considerations. The statuette, idol, fetish, or whatever it was, had been captured some months before in the wooded swamps south of New Orleans during a raid on a supposed voodoo meeting; and so singular and hideous were the rites connected with it, that the police could not but realise that they had stumbled on a dark cult totally unknown to them, and infinitely more diabolic than even the blackest of the African voodoo circles. Of its origin, apart from the erratic and unbelievable tales extorted from the captured members, absolutely nothing was to be discovered; hence the anxiety of the police for any antiquarian lore which might help them to place the frightful symbol, and through it track down the cult to its fountain-head.

Inspector Legrasse was scarcely prepared for the sensation which his offering created. One sight of the thing had been enough to throw the assembled men of science into a state of tense excitement, and they lost no time in crowding around him to gaze at the diminutive figure whose utter strangeness and air of genuinely abysmal antiquity hinted so potently at unopened and archaic vistas. No recognised school of sculpture had animated this terrible object, yet centuries and even thousands of years seemed recorded in its dim and greenish surface of unplaceable stone.

The figure, which was finally passed slowly from man to man for close and careful study, was between seven and eight inches in height, and of exquisitely artistic workmanship. It represented a monster of vaguely anthropoid outline, but with an octopus-like head whose face was a mass of feelers, a scaly, rubbery-looking body, prodigious claws on hind and fore feet, and long, narrow wings behind. This thing, which seemed instinct with a fearsome and unnatural malignancy, was of a somewhat bloated corpulence, and squatted evilly on a rectangular block or pedestal covered with undecipherable characters. The tips of the wings touched the back edge of the block, the seat occupied the centre, whilst the long, curved claws of the doubled-up, crouching hind legs gripped the front edge and extended a quarter of the way down toward the bottom of the pedestal. The cephalopod head was bent forward, so that the ends of the facial feelers brushed the backs of huge fore paws which clasped the croucher's elevated knees. The aspect of the whole was abnormally life-like, and the more subtly fearful because its source was so totally unknown. Its vast, awesome, and incalculable age was unmistakable; yet not one link did it shew with any known type of art belonging to civilisation's youth—or indeed to any other time. Totally separate and apart, its very material was a mystery; for the soapy, greenish-black stone with its golden or iridescent flecks and striations resembled nothing familiar to geology or mineralogy. The characters along the base were equally baffling; and no member present, despite a representation of half the world's expert learning in this field, could form the least notion of even their remotest linguistic kinship. They, like the subject and material, belonged to something horribly remote and distinct from mankind as we know it; something frightfully suggestive of old and unhallowed cycles of life in which our

world and our conceptions have no part.

And yet, as the members severally shook their heads and confessed defeat at the Inspector's problem, there was one man in that gathering who suspected a touch of bizarre familiarity in the monstrous shape and writing, and who presently told with some diffidence of the odd trifle he knew. This person was the late William Channing Webb, Professor of Anthropology in Princeton University, and an explorer of no slight note. Professor Webb had been engaged, forty-eight years before, in a tour of Greenland and Iceland in search of some Runic inscriptions which he failed to unearth; and whilst high up on the West Greenland coast had encountered a singular tribe or cult of degenerate Esquimaux whose religion, a curious form of devil-worship, chilled him with its deliberate bloodthirstiness and repulsiveness. It was a faith of which other Esquimaux knew little, and which they mentioned only with shudders, saying that it had come down from horribly ancient aeons before ever the world was made. Besides nameless rites and human sacrifices there were certain queer hereditary rituals addressed to a supreme elder devil or *tornasuk*; and of this Professor Webb had taken a careful phonetic copy from an aged *angedkok* or wizard-priest, expressing the sounds in Roman letters as best he knew how. But just now of prime significance was the fetish which this cult had cherished, and around which they danced when the aurora leaped high over the ice cliffs. It was, the professor stated, a very crude bas-relief of stone, comprising a hideous picture and some cryptic writing. And so far as he could tell, it was a rough parallel in all essential features of the bestial thing now lying before the meeting.

This data, received with suspense and astonishment by the assembled members, proved doubly exciting to Inspector Legrasse; and he began at once to ply his informant with questions. Having noted and copied an oral ritual among the swamp cult-worshippers his men had arrested, he besought the professor to remember as best he might the syllables taken down amongst the diabolist Esquimaux. There then followed an exhaustive comparison of details, and a moment of really awed silence when both detective and scientist agreed on the virtual identity of the phrase common to two hellish rituals so many worlds of distance apart. What, in substance, both the Esquimaux wizards and the Louisiana swamp-priests had chanted to their kindred idols was something very like this—the word-divisions being guessed at from traditional breaks in the phrase as chanted aloud:

"Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn."

Legrasse had one point in advance of Professor Webb, for several among his mongrel prisoners had repeated to him what older celebrants had told them the words meant. This text, as given, ran something like this:

"In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming."

And now, in response to a general and urgent demand, Inspector Legrasse related as fully as possible his experience with the swamp worshippers; telling a story to which I could see my uncle attached profound significance. It savoured of the wildest dreams of myth-maker and theosophist, and disclosed an astonishing degree of cosmic imagination among such half-castes and pariahs as might be least expected to possess it.

On November 1st, 1907, there had come to the New Orleans police a frantic summons from the swamp and lagoon country to the south. The squatters there, mostly primitive but good-natured descendants of Lafitte's men, were in the grip of stark terror from an unknown thing which had stolen upon them in the night. It was voodoo, apparently, but voodoo of a more terrible sort than they had ever known; and some of their women and children had disappeared since the malevolent tom-tom had begun its incessant beating far within the black haunted woods where no dweller ventured. There were insane shouts and harrowing screams, soul-chilling chants and dancing devil-flames; and, the frightened

messenger added, the people could stand it no more.

So a body of twenty police, filling two carriages and an automobile, had set out in the late afternoon with the shivering squatter as a guide. At the end of the passable road they alighted, and for miles splashed on in silence through the terrible cypress woods where day never came. Ugly roots and malignant hanging nooses of Spanish moss beset them, and now and then a pile of dank stones or fragment of a rotting wall intensified by its hint of morbid habitation a depression which every malformed tree and every fungous islet combined to create. At length the squatter settlement, a miserable huddle of huts, hove in sight; and hysterical dwellers ran out to cluster around the group of bobbing lanterns. The muffled beat of tom-toms was now faintly audible far, far ahead; and a curdling shriek came at infrequent intervals when the wind shifted. A reddish glare, too, seemed to filter through the pale undergrowth beyond endless avenues of forest night. Reluctant even to be left alone again, each one of the cowed squatters refused point-blank to advance another inch toward the scene of unholy worship, so Inspector Legrasse and his nineteen colleagues plunged on unguided into black arcades of horror that none of them had ever trod before.

The region now entered by the police was one of traditionally evil repute, substantially unknown and untraversed by white men. There were legends of a hidden lake unglimped by mortal sight, in which dwelt a huge, formless white polypous thing with luminous eyes; and squatters whispered that bat-winged devils flew up out of caverns in inner earth to worship it at midnight. They said it had been there before D'Iberville, before La Salle, before the Indians, and before even the wholesome beasts and birds of the woods. It was nightmare itself, and to see it was to die. But it made men dream, and so they knew enough to keep away. The present voodoo orgy was, indeed, on the merest fringe of this abhorred area, but that location was bad enough; hence perhaps the very place of the worship had terrified the squatters more than the shocking sounds and incidents.

Only poetry or madness could do justice to the noises heard by Legrasse's men as they ploughed on through the black morass toward the red glare and the muffled tom-toms. There are vocal qualities peculiar to men, and vocal qualities peculiar to beasts; and it is terrible to hear the one when the source should yield the other. Animal fury and orgiastic licence here whipped themselves to daemonic heights by howls and squawking ecstasies that tore and reverberated through those nighted woods like pestilential tempests from the gulfs of hell. Now and then the less organised ululation would cease, and from what seemed a well-drilled chorus of hoarse voices would rise in sing-song chant that hideous phrase or ritual:

"Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn."

Then the men, having reached a spot where the trees were thinner, came suddenly in sight of the spectacle itself. Four of them reeled, one fainted, and two were shaken into a frantic cry which the mad cacophony of the orgy fortunately deadened. Legrasse dashed swamp water on the face of the fainting man, and all stood trembling and nearly hypnotised with horror.

In a natural glade of the swamp stood a grassy island of perhaps an acre's extent, clear of trees and tolerably dry. On this now leaped and twisted a more indescribable horde of human abnormality than any but a Sime or an Angarola could paint. Void of clothing, this hybrid spawn were braying, bellowing, and writhing about a monstrous ring-shaped bonfire; in the centre of which, revealed by occasional rifts in the curtain of flame, stood a great granite monolith some eight feet in height; on top of which, incongruous with its diminutiveness, rested the noxious carven statuette. From a wide circle of ten scaffolds set up at regular intervals with the flame-girt monolith as a centre hung, head downward, the oddly marred bodies of the helpless squatters who had disappeared. It was inside this circle that the ring

of worshippers jumped and roared, the general direction of the mass motion being from left to right in endless Bacchanal between the ring of bodies and the ring of fire.

It may have been only imagination and it may have been only echoes which induced one of the men, an excitable Spaniard, to fancy he heard antiphonal responses to the ritual from some far and unilluminated spot deeper within the wood of ancient legendry and horror. This man, Joseph D. Galvez, I later met and questioned; and he proved distractingly imaginative. He indeed went so far as to hint of the faint beating of great wings, and of a glimpse of shining eyes and a mountainous white bulk beyond the remotest trees—but I suppose he had been hearing too much native superstition.

Actually, the horrified pause of the men was of comparatively brief duration. Duty came first; and although there must have been nearly a hundred mongrel celebrants in the throng, the police relied on their firearms and plunged determinedly into the nauseous rout. For five minutes the resultant din and chaos were beyond description. Wild blows were struck, shots were fired, and escapes were made; but in the end Legrasse was able to count some forty-seven sullen prisoners, whom he forced to dress in haste and fall into line between two rows of policemen. Five of the worshippers lay dead, and two severely wounded ones were carried away on improvised stretchers by their fellow-prisoners. The image on the monolith, of course, was carefully removed and carried back by Legrasse.

Examined at headquarters after a trip of intense strain and weariness, the prisoners all proved to be men of a very low, mixed-blooded, and mentally aberrant type. Most were seamen, and a sprinkling of negroes and mulattoes, largely West Indians or Brava Portuguese from the Cape Verde Islands, gave a colouring of voodooism to the heterogeneous cult. But before many questions were asked, it became manifest that something far deeper and older than negro fetichism was involved. Degraded and ignorant as they were, the creatures held with surprising consistency to the central idea of their loathsome faith.

They worshipped, so they said, the Great Old Ones who lived ages before there were any men, and who came to the young world out of the sky. Those Old Ones were gone now, inside the earth and under the sea; but their dead bodies had told their secrets in dreams to the first men, who formed a cult which had never died. This was that cult, and the prisoners said it had always existed and always would exist, hidden in distant wastes and dark places all over the world until the time when the great priest Cthulhu, from his dark house in the mighty city of R'lyeh under the waters, should rise and bring the earth again beneath his sway. Some day he would call, when the stars were ready, and the secret cult would always be waiting to liberate him.

Meanwhile no more must be told. There was a secret which even torture could not extract. Mankind was not absolutely alone among the conscious things of earth, for shapes came out of the dark to visit the faithful few. But these were not the Great Old Ones. No man had ever seen the Old Ones. The carved idol was great Cthulhu, but none might say whether or not the others were precisely like him. No one could read the old writing now, but things were told by word of mouth. The chanted ritual was not the secret—that was never spoken aloud, only whispered. The chant meant only this: "In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming."

Only two of the prisoners were found sane enough to be hanged, and the rest were committed to various institutions. All denied a part in the ritual murders, and averred that the killing had been done by Black Winged Ones which had come to them from their immemorial meeting-place in the haunted wood. But of those mysterious allies no coherent account could ever be gained. What the police did extract, came mainly from an immensely aged mestizo named Castro, who claimed to have sailed to strange ports and talked with undying leaders of the cult in the mountains of China.

Old Castro remembered bits of hideous legend that paled the speculations of theosophists and

made man and the world seem recent and transient indeed. There had been aeons when other Things ruled on the earth, and They had had great cities. Remains of Them, he said the deathless Chinamen had told him, were still to be found as Cyclopean stones on islands in the Pacific. They all died vast epochs of time before men came, but there were arts which could revive Them when the stars had come round again to the right positions in the cycle of eternity. They had, indeed, come themselves from the stars, and brought Their images with Them.

These Great Old Ones, Castro continued, were not composed altogether of flesh and blood. They had shape—for did not this star-fashioned image prove it?—but that shape was not made of matter. When the stars were right, They could plunge from world to world through the sky; but when the stars were wrong, They could not live. But although They no longer lived, They would never really die. They all lay in stone houses in Their great city of R'lyeh, preserved by the spells of mighty Cthulhu for a glorious resurrection when the stars and the earth might once more be ready for Them. But at that time some force from outside must serve to liberate Their bodies. The spells that preserved Them intact likewise prevented Them from making an initial move, and They could only lie awake in the dark and think whilst uncounted millions of years rolled by. They knew all that was occurring in the universe, but Their mode of speech was transmitted thought. Even now They talked in Their tombs. When, after infinities of chaos, the first men came, the Great Old Ones spoke to the sensitive among them by moulding their dreams; for only thus could Their language reach the fleshly minds of mammals.

Then, whispered Castro, those first men formed the cult around small idols which the Great Ones shewed them; idols brought in dim aeras from dark stars. That cult would never die till the stars came right again, and the secret priests would take great Cthulhu from His tomb to revive His subjects and resume His rule of earth. The time would be easy to know, for then mankind would have become as the Great Old Ones; free and wild and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown aside and all men shouting and killing and revelling in joy. Then the liberated Old Ones would teach them new ways to shout and kill and revel and enjoy themselves, and all the earth would flame with a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom. Meanwhile the cult, by appropriate rites, must keep alive the memory of those ancient ways and shadow forth the prophecy of their return.

In the elder time chosen men had talked with the entombed Old Ones in dreams, but then something had happened. The great stone city R'lyeh, with its monoliths and sepulchres, had sunk beneath the waves; and the deep waters, full of the one primal mystery through which not even thought can pass, had cut off the spectral intercourse. But memory never died, and high-priests said that the city would rise again when the stars were right. Then came out of the earth the black spirits of earth, mouldy and shadowy, and full of dim rumours picked up in caverns beneath forgotten sea-bottoms. But of them old Castro dared not speak much. He cut himself off hurriedly, and no amount of persuasion or subtlety could elicit more in this direction. The *size* of the Old Ones, too, he curiously declined to mention. Of the cult, he said that he thought the centre lay amid the pathless deserts of Arabia, where Irem, the City of Pillars, dreams hidden and untouched. It was not allied to the European witch-cult, and was virtually unknown beyond its members. No book had ever really hinted of it, though the deathless Chinamen said that there were double meanings in the *Necronomicon* of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred which the initiated might read as they chose, especially the much-discussed couplet:

“That is not dead which can eternal lie,

And with strange aeons even death may die."

Legrasse, deeply impressed and not a little bewildered, had inquired in vain concerning the historic affiliations of the cult. Castro, apparently, had told the truth when he said that it was wholly secret. The authorities at Tulane University could shed no light upon either cult or image, and now the detective had come to the highest authorities in the country and met with no more than the Greenland tale of Professor Webb.

The feverish interest aroused at the meeting by Legrasse's tale, corroborated as it was by the statuette, is echoed in the subsequent correspondence of those who attended; although scant mention occurs in the formal publications of the society. Caution is the first care of those accustomed to face occasional charlatanry and imposture. Legrasse for some time lent the image to Professor Webb, but at the latter's death it was returned to him and remains in his possession, where I viewed it not long ago. It is truly a terrible thing, and unmistakably akin to the dream-sculpture of young Wilcox.

That my uncle was excited by the tale of the sculptor I did not wonder, for what thoughts must arise upon hearing, after a knowledge of what Legrasse had learned of the cult, of a sensitive young man who had *dreamed* not only the figure and exact hieroglyphics of the swamp-found image and the Greenland devil tablet, but had come *in his dreams* upon at least three of the precise words of the formula uttered alike by Esquimau diabolists and mongrel Louisianans? Professor Angell's instant start on an investigation of the utmost thoroughness was eminently natural; though privately I suspected young Wilcox of having heard of the cult in some indirect way, and of having invented a series of dreams to heighten and continue the mystery at my uncle's expense. The dream-narratives and cuttings collected by the professor were, of course, strong corroboration; but the rationalism of my mind and the extravagance of the whole subject led me to adopt what I thought the most sensible conclusions. So, after thoroughly studying the manuscript again and correlating the theosophical and anthropological notes with the cult narrative of Legrasse, I made a trip to Providence to see the sculptor and give him the rebuke I thought proper for so boldly imposing upon a learned and aged man.

Wilcox still lived alone in the Fleur-de-Lys Building in Thomas Street, a hideous Victorian imitation of seventeenth-century Breton architecture which flaunts its stuccoed front amidst the lovely colonial houses on the ancient hill, and under the very shadow of the finest Georgian steeple in America. I found him at work in his rooms, and at once conceded from the specimens scattered about that his genius is indeed profound and authentic. He will, I believe, some time be heard from as one of the great decadents; for he has crystallised in clay and will one day mirror in marble those nightmares and phantasies which Arthur Machen evokes in prose, and Clark Ashton Smith makes visible in verse and in painting.

Dark, frail, and somewhat unkempt in aspect, he turned languidly at my knock and asked me my business without rising. When I told him who I was, he displayed some interest; for my uncle had excited his curiosity in probing his strange dreams, yet had never explained the reason for the study. I did not enlarge his knowledge in this regard, but sought with some subtlety to draw him out. In a short time I became convinced of his absolute sincerity, for he spoke of the dreams in a manner none could mistake. They and their subconscious residuum had influenced his art profoundly, and he shewed me a morbid statue whose contours almost made me shake with the potency of its black suggestion. He could not recall having seen the original of this thing except in his own dream bas-relief, but the outlines had formed themselves insensibly under his hands. It was, no doubt, the giant shape he had raved of in delirium. That he really knew nothing of the hidden cult, save from what my uncle's relentless catechism

had let fall, he soon made clear; and again I strove to think of some way in which he could possibly have received the weird impressions.

He talked of his dreams in a strangely poetic fashion; making me see with terrible vividness the damp Cyclopean city of slimy green stone—whose *geometry*, he oddly said, was *all wrong*—and hear with frightened expectancy the ceaseless, half-mental calling from underground: “*Cthulhu fhtagn*”, “*Cthulhu fhtagn*”. These words had formed part of that dread ritual which told of dead Cthulhu’s dream-vigil in his stone vault at R’lyeh, and I felt deeply moved despite my rational beliefs. Wilcox, I was sure, had heard of the cult in some casual way, and had soon forgotten it amidst the mass of his equally weird reading and imagining. Later, by virtue of its sheer impressiveness, it had found subconscious expression in dreams, in the bas-relief, and in the terrible statue I now beheld; so that his imposture upon my uncle had been a very innocent one. The youth was of a type, at once slightly affected and slightly ill-mannered, which I could never like; but I was willing enough now to admit both his genius and his honesty. I took leave of him amicably, and wish him all the success his talent promises.

The matter of the cult still remained to fascinate me, and at times I had visions of personal fame from researches into its origin and connexions. I visited New Orleans, talked with Legrasse and others of that old-time raiding-party, saw the frightful image, and even questioned such of the mongrel prisoners as still survived. Old Castro, unfortunately, had been dead for some years. What I now heard so graphically at first-hand, though it was really no more than a detailed confirmation of what my uncle had written, excited me afresh; for I felt sure that I was on the track of a very real, very secret, and very ancient religion whose discovery would make me an anthropologist of note. My attitude was still one of absolute materialism, *as I wish it still were*, and I discounted with almost inexplicable perversity the coincidence of the dream notes and odd cuttings collected by Professor Angell.

One thing I began to suspect, and which I now fear I *know*, is that my uncle’s death was far from natural. He fell on a narrow hill street leading up from an ancient waterfront swarming with foreign mongrels, after a careless push from a negro sailor. I did not forget the mixed blood and marine pursuits of the cult-members in Louisiana, and would not be surprised to learn of secret methods and poison needles as ruthless and as anciently known as the cryptic rites and beliefs. Legrasse and his men, it is true, have been let alone; but in Norway a certain seaman who saw things is dead. Might not the deeper inquiries of my uncle after encountering the sculptor’s data have come to sinister ears? I think Professor Angell died because he knew too much, or because he was likely to learn too much. Whether I shall go as he did remains to be seen, for I have learned much now.

III.

The Madness from the Sea.

If heaven ever wishes to grant me a boon, it will be a total effacing of the results of a mere chance which fixed my eye on a certain stray piece of shelf-paper. It was nothing on which I would naturally have stumbled in the course of my daily round, for it was an old number of an Australian journal, the *Sydney Bulletin* for April 18, 1925. It had escaped even the cutting bureau which had at the time of its issuance been avidly collecting material for my uncle’s research.

I had largely given over my inquiries into what Professor Angell called the “Cthulhu Cult”, and was visiting a learned friend in Paterson, New Jersey; the curator of a local museum and a mineralogist of

note. Examining one day the reserve specimens roughly set on the storage shelves in a rear room of the museum, my eye was caught by an odd picture in one of the old papers spread beneath the stones. It was the *Sydney Bulletin* I have mentioned, for my friend has wide affiliations in all conceivable foreign parts; and the picture was a half-tone cut of a hideous stone image almost identical with that which Legrasse had found in the swamp.

Eagerly clearing the sheet of its precious contents, I scanned the item in detail; and was disappointed to find it of only moderate length. What it suggested, however, was of portentous significance to my flagging quest; and I carefully tore it out for immediate action. It read as follows:

MYSTERY DERELICT FOUND AT SEA

Vigilant Arrives With Helpless Armed New Zealand Yacht in Tow.

One Survivor and Dead Man Found Aboard. Tale of

Desperate Battle and Deaths at Sea.

Rescued Seaman Refuses

Particulars of Strange Experience.

Odd Idol Found in His Possession. Inquiry

to Follow.

The Morrison Co.'s freighter *Vigilant*, bound from Valparaiso, arrived this morning at its wharf in Darling Harbour, having in tow the battled and disabled but heavily armed steam yacht *Alert* of Dunedin, N. Z., which was sighted April 12th in S. Latitude 34° 21', W. Longitude 152° 17' with one living and one dead man aboard.

The *Vigilant* left Valparaiso March 25th, and on April 2nd was driven considerably south of her course by exceptionally heavy storms and monster waves. On April 12th the derelict was sighted; and though apparently deserted, was found upon boarding to contain one survivor in a half-delirious condition and one man who had evidently been dead for more than a week. The living man was clutching a horrible stone idol of unknown origin, about a foot in height, regarding whose nature authorities at Sydney University, the Royal Society, and the Museum in College Street all profess complete bafflement, and which the survivor says he found in the cabin of the yacht, in a small carved shrine of common pattern.

This man, after recovering his senses, told an exceedingly strange story of piracy and slaughter. He is Gustaf Johansen, a Norwegian of some intelligence, and had been second mate of the two-masted schooner *Emma* of Auckland, which sailed for Callao February 20th with a complement of eleven men. The *Emma*, he says, was delayed and thrown widely south of her course by the great storm of March 1st, and on March 22nd, in S. Latitude 49° 51', W. Longitude 128° 34', encountered the *Alert*, manned by a queer and evil-looking crew of Kanakas and half-castes. Being ordered peremptorily to turn back, Capt. Collins refused; whereupon the strange crew began to fire savagely and without warning upon the schooner with a peculiarly heavy battery of brass cannon forming part of the yacht's equipment. The *Emma's* men shewed fight, says the survivor, and though the schooner began to sink from shots beneath the waterline they managed to heave alongside their enemy and board her, grappling with the savage crew on the yacht's deck, and being forced to kill them all, the number being slightly superior, because of their particularly abhorrent and desperate though rather clumsy mode of fighting.

Three of the *Emma's* men, including Capt. Collins and First Mate Green, were killed; and the

remaining eight under Second Mate Johansen proceeded to navigate the captured yacht, going ahead in their original direction to see if any reason for their ordering back had existed. The next day, it appears, they raised and landed on a small island, although none is known to exist in that part of the ocean; and six of the men somehow died ashore, though Johansen is queerly reticent about this part of his story, and speaks only of their falling into a rock chasm. Later, it seems, he and one companion boarded the yacht and tried to manage her, but were beaten about by the storm of April 2nd. From that time till his rescue on the 12th the man remembers little, and he does not even recall when William Briden, his companion, died. Briden's death reveals no apparent cause, and was probably due to excitement or exposure. Cable advices from Dunedin report that the *Alert* was well known there as an island trader, and bore an evil reputation along the waterfront. It was owned by a curious group of half-castes whose frequent meetings and night trips to the woods attracted no little curiosity; and it had set sail in great haste just after the storm and earth tremors of March 1st. Our Auckland correspondent gives the *Emma* and her crew an excellent reputation, and Johansen is described as a sober and worthy man. The admiralty will institute an inquiry on the whole matter beginning tomorrow, at which every effort will be made to induce Johansen to speak more freely than he has done hitherto.

This was all, together with the picture of the hellish image; but what a train of ideas it started in my mind! Here were new treasuries of data on the Cthulhu Cult, and evidence that it had strange interests at sea as well as on land. What motive prompted the hybrid crew to order back the *Emma* as they sailed about with their hideous idol? What was the unknown island on which six of the *Emma's* crew had died, and about which the mate Johansen was so secretive? What had the vice-admiralty's investigation brought out, and what was known of the noxious cult in Dunedin? And most marvellous of all, what deep and more than natural linkage of dates was this which gave a malign and now undeniable significance to the various turns of events so carefully noted by my uncle?

March 1st—our February 28th according to the International Date Line—the earthquake and storm had come. From Dunedin the *Alert* and her noisome crew had darted eagerly forth as if imperiously summoned, and on the other side of the earth poets and artists had begun to dream of a strange, dank Cyclopean city whilst a young sculptor had moulded in his sleep the form of the dreaded Cthulhu. March 23d the crew of the *Emma* landed on an unknown island and left six men dead; and on that date the dreams of sensitive men assumed a heightened vividness and darkened with dread of a giant monster's malign pursuit, whilst an architect had gone mad and a sculptor had lapsed suddenly into delirium! And what of this storm of April 2nd—the date on which all dreams of the dank city ceased, and Wilcox emerged unharmed from the bondage of strange fever? What of all this—and of those hints of old Castro about the sunken, star-born Old Ones and their coming reign; their faithful cult *and their mastery of dreams*? Was I tottering on the brink of cosmic horrors beyond man's power to bear? If so, they must be horrors of the mind alone, for in some way the second of April had put a stop to whatever monstrous menace had begun its siege of mankind's soul.

That evening, after a day of hurried cabling and arranging, I bade my host adieu and took a train for San Francisco. In less than a month I was in Dunedin; where, however, I found that little was known of the strange cult-members who had lingered in the old sea-taverns. Waterfront scum was far too common for special mention; though there was vague talk about one inland trip these mongrels had made, during which faint drumming and red flame were noted on the distant hills. In Auckland I learned that Johansen had returned *with yellow hair turned white* after a perfunctory and inconclusive questioning at Sydney, and had thereafter sold his cottage in West Street and sailed with his wife to his old home in Oslo. Of his stirring experience he would tell his friends no more than he had told the

admiralty officials, and all they could do was to give me his Oslo address.

After that I went to Sydney and talked profitlessly with seamen and members of the vice-admiralty court. I saw the *Alert*, now sold and in commercial use, at Circular Quay in Sydney Cove, but gained nothing from its non-committal bulk. The crouching image with its cuttlefish head, dragon body, scaly wings, and hieroglyphed pedestal, was preserved in the Museum at Hyde Park; and I studied it long and well, finding it a thing of balefully exquisite workmanship, and with the same utter mystery, terrible antiquity, and unearthly strangeness of material which I had noted in Legrasse's smaller specimen. Geologists, the curator told me, had found it a monstrous puzzle; for they vowed that the world held no rock like it. Then I thought with a shudder of what old Castro had told Legrasse about the primal Great Ones: "They had come from the stars, and had brought Their images with Them."

Shaken with such a mental revolution as I had never before known, I now resolved to visit Mate Johansen in Oslo. Sailing for London, I reëmbarked at once for the Norwegian capital; and one autumn day landed at the trim wharves in the shadow of the Egeberg. Johansen's address, I discovered, lay in the Old Town of King Harold Haardrada, which kept alive the name of Oslo during all the centuries that the greater city masqueraded as "Christiana". I made the brief trip by taxicab, and knocked with palpitant heart at the door of a neat and ancient building with plastered front. A sad-faced woman in black answered my summons, and I was stung with disappointment when she told me in halting English that Gustaf Johansen was no more.

He had not survived his return, said his wife, for the doings at sea in 1925 had broken him. He had told her no more than he had told the public, but had left a long manuscript—of "technical matters" as he said—written in English, evidently in order to safeguard her from the peril of casual perusal. During a walk through a narrow lane near the Gothenburg dock, a bundle of papers falling from an attic window had knocked him down. Two Lascar sailors at once helped him to his feet, but before the ambulance could reach him he was dead. Physicians found no adequate cause for the end, and laid it to heart trouble and a weakened constitution.

I now felt gnawing at my vitals that dark terror which will never leave me till I, too, am at rest; "accidentally" or otherwise. Persuading the widow that my connexion with her husband's "technical matters" was sufficient to entitle me to his manuscript, I bore the document away and began to read it on the London boat. It was a simple, rambling thing—a naive sailor's effort at a post-facto diary—and strove to recall day by day that last awful voyage. I cannot attempt to transcribe it verbatim in all its cloudiness and redundance, but I will tell its gist enough to shew why the sound of the water against the vessel's sides became so unendurable to me that I stopped my ears with cotton.

Johansen, thank God, did not know quite all, even though he saw the city and the Thing, but I shall never sleep calmly again when I think of the horrors that lurk ceaselessly behind life in time and in space, and of those unhallowed blasphemies from elder stars which dream beneath the sea, known and favoured by a nightmare cult ready and eager to loose them on the world whenever another earthquake shall heave their monstrous stone city again to the sun and air.

Johansen's voyage had begun just as he told it to the vice-admiralty. The *Emma*, in ballast, had cleared Auckland on February 20th, and had felt the full force of that earthquake-born tempest which must have heaved up from the sea-bottom the horrors that filled men's dreams. Once more under control, the ship was making good progress when held up by the *Alert* on March 22nd, and I could feel the mate's regret as he wrote of her bombardment and sinking. Of the swarthy cult-fiends on the *Alert* he speaks with significant horror. There was some peculiarly abominable quality about them which made their destruction seem almost a duty, and Johansen shews ingenuous wonder at the charge

of ruthlessness brought against his party during the proceedings of the court of inquiry. Then, driven ahead by curiosity in their captured yacht under Johansen's command, the men sight a great stone pillar sticking out of the sea, and in S. Latitude 47° 9', W. Longitude 126° 43' come upon a coast-line of mingled mud, ooze, and weedy Cyclopean masonry which can be nothing less than the tangible substance of earth's supreme terror—the nightmare corpse-city of R'lyeh, that was built in measureless aeons behind history by the vast, loathsome shapes that seeped down from the dark stars. There lay great Cthulhu and his hordes, hidden in green slimy vaults and sending out at last, after cycles incalculable, the thoughts that spread fear to the dreams of the sensitive and called imperiously to the faithful to come on a pilgrimage of liberation and restoration. All this Johansen did not suspect, but God knows he soon saw enough!

I suppose that only a single mountain-top, the hideous monolith-crowned citadel whereon great Cthulhu was buried, actually emerged from the waters. When I think of the *extent* of all that may be brooding down there I almost wish to kill myself forthwith. Johansen and his men were awed by the cosmic majesty of this dripping Babylon of elder daemons, and must have guessed without guidance that it was nothing of this or of any sane planet. Awe at the unbelievable size of the greenish stone blocks, at the dizzying height of the great carven monolith, and at the stupefying identity of the colossal statues and bas-reliefs with the queer image found in the shrine on the *Alert*, is poignantly visible in every line of the mate's frightened description.

Without knowing what futurism is like, Johansen achieved something very close to it when he spoke of the city; for instead of describing any definite structure or building, he dwells only on broad impressions of vast angles and stone surfaces—surfaces too great to belong to any thing right or proper for this earth, and impious with horrible images and hieroglyphs. I mention his talk about *angles* because it suggests something Wilcox had told me of his awful dreams. He had said that the *geometry* of the dream-place he saw was abnormal, non-Euclidean, and loathsomely redolent of spheres and dimensions apart from ours. Now an unlettered seaman felt the same thing whilst gazing at the terrible reality.

Johansen and his men landed at a sloping mud-bank on this monstrous Acropolis, and clambered slipperily up over titan oozy blocks which could have been no mortal staircase. The very sun of heaven seemed distorted when viewed through the polarising miasma welling out from this sea-soaked perversion, and twisted menace and suspense lurked leeringly in those crazily elusive angles of carven rock where a second glance shewed concavity after the first shewed convexity.

Something very like fright had come over all the explorers before anything more definite than rock and ooze and weed was seen. Each would have fled had he not feared the scorn of the others, and it was only half-heartedly that they searched—vainly, as it proved—for some portable souvenir to bear away.

It was Rodriguez the Portuguese who climbed up the foot of the monolith and shouted of what he had found. The rest followed him, and looked curiously at the immense carved door with the now familiar squid-dragon bas-relief. It was, Johansen said, like a great barn-door; and they all felt that it was a door because of the ornate lintel, threshold, and jambs around it, though they could not decide whether it lay flat like a trap-door or slantwise like an outside cellar-door. As Wilcox would have said, the geometry of the place was all wrong. One could not be sure that the sea and the ground were horizontal, hence the relative position of everything else seemed phantasmally variable.

Briden pushed at the stone in several places without result. Then Donovan felt over it delicately around the edge, pressing each point separately as he went. He climbed interminably along the grotesque stone moulding—that is, one would call it climbing if the thing was not after all horizontal—and the men wondered how any door in the universe could be so vast. Then, very softly and slowly, the

acre-great panel began to give inward at the top; and they saw that it was balanced. Donovan slid or somehow propelled himself down or along the jamb and rejoined his fellows, and everyone watched the queer recession of the monstrously carved portal. In this phantasy of prismatic distortion it moved anomalously in a diagonal way, so that all the rules of matter and perspective seemed upset.

The aperture was black with a darkness almost material. That tenebrousness was indeed a *positive quality*; for it obscured such parts of the inner walls as ought to have been revealed, and actually burst forth like smoke from its aeon-long imprisonment, visibly darkening the sun as it slunk away into the shrunken and gibbous sky on flapping membranous wings. The odour arising from the newly opened depths was intolerable, and at length the quick-eared Hawkins thought he heard a nasty, slopping sound down there. Everyone listened, and everyone was listening still when it lumbered slobberingly into sight and gropingly squeezed its gelatinous green immensity through the black doorway into the tainted outside air of that poison city of madness.

Poor Johansen's handwriting almost gave out when he wrote of this. Of the six men who never reached the ship, he thinks two perished of pure fright in that accursed instant. The Thing cannot be described—there is no language for such abysses of shrieking and immemorial lunacy, such eldritch contradictions of all matter, force, and cosmic order. A mountain walked or stumbled. God! What wonder that across the earth a great architect went mad, and poor Wilcox raved with fever in that telepathic instant? The Thing of the idols, the green, sticky spawn of the stars, had awaked to claim his own. The stars were right again, and what an age-old cult had failed to do by design, a band of innocent sailors had done by accident. After vigintillions of years great Cthulhu was loose again, and ravening for delight.

Three men were swept up by the flabby claws before anybody turned. God rest them, if there be any rest in the universe. They were Donovan, Guerrero, and Ångstrom. Parker slipped as the other three were plunging frenziedly over endless vistas of green-crusting rock to the boat, and Johansen swears he was swallowed up by an angle of masonry which shouldn't have been there; an angle which was acute, but behaved as if it were obtuse. So only Briden and Johansen reached the boat, and pulled desperately for the *Alert* as the mountainous monstrosity flopped down the slimy stones and hesitated floundering at the edge of the water.

Steam had not been suffered to go down entirely, despite the departure of all hands for the shore; and it was the work of only a few moments of feverish rushing up and down between wheel and engines to get the *Alert* under way. Slowly, amidst the distorted horrors of that indescribable scene, she began to churn the lethal waters; whilst on the masonry of that charnel shore that was not of earth the titan Thing from the stars slavered and gibbered like Polypheme cursing the fleeing ship of Odysseus. Then, bolder than the storied Cyclops, great Cthulhu slid greasily into the water and began to pursue with vast wave-raising strokes of cosmic potency. Briden looked back and went mad, laughing shrilly as he kept on laughing at intervals till death found him one night in the cabin whilst Johansen was wandering deliriously.

But Johansen had not given out yet. Knowing that the Thing could surely overtake the *Alert* until steam was fully up, he resolved on a desperate chance; and, setting the engine for full speed, ran lightning-like on deck and reversed the wheel. There was a mighty eddying and foaming in the noisome brine, and as the steam mounted higher and higher the brave Norwegian drove his vessel head on against the pursuing jelly which rose above the unclean froth like the stern of a daemon galleon. The awful squid-head with writhing feelers came nearly up to the bowsprit of the sturdy yacht, but Johansen drove on relentlessly. There was a bursting as of an exploding bladder, a slushy nastiness as of a cloven

sunfish, a stench as of a thousand opened graves, and a sound that the chronicler would not put on paper. For an instant the ship was befouled by an acrid and blinding green cloud, and then there was only a venomous seething astern; where—God in heaven!—the scattered plasticity of that nameless sky-spawn was nebulously *recombining* in its hateful original form, whilst its distance widened every second as the *Alert* gained impetus from its mounting steam.

That was all. After that Johansen only brooded over the idol in the cabin and attended to a few matters of food for himself and the laughing maniac by his side. He did not try to navigate after the first bold flight, for the reaction had taken something out of his soul. Then came the storm of April 2nd, and a gathering of the clouds about his consciousness. There is a sense of spectral whirling through liquid gulfs of infinity, of dizzying rides through reeling universes on a comet's tail, and of hysterical plunges from the pit to the moon and from the moon back again to the pit, all livened by a cachinnating chorus of the distorted, hilarious elder gods and the green, bat-winged mocking imps of Tartarus.

Out of that dream came rescue—the *Vigilant*, the vice-admiralty court, the streets of Dunedin, and the long voyage back home to the old house by the Egeberg. He could not tell—they would think him mad. He would write of what he knew before death came, but his wife must not guess. Death would be a boon if only it could blot out the memories.

That was the document I read, and now I have placed it in the tin box beside the bas-relief and the papers of Professor Angell. With it shall go this record of mine—this test of my own sanity, wherein is pieced together that which I hope may never be pieced together again. I have looked upon all that the universe has to hold of horror, and even the skies of spring and the flowers of summer must ever afterward be poison to me. But I do not think my life will be long. As my uncle went, as poor Johansen went, so I shall go. I know too much, and the cult still lives.

Cthulhu still lives, too, I suppose, again in that chasm of stone which has shielded him since the sun was young. His accursed city is sunken once more, for the *Vigilant* sailed over the spot after the April storm; but his ministers on earth still bellow and prance and slay around idol-capped monoliths in lonely places. He must have been trapped by the sinking whilst within his black abyss, or else the world would by now be screaming with fright and frenzy. Who knows the end? What has risen may sink, and what has sunk may rise. Loathsomeness waits and dreams in the deep, and decay spreads over the tottering cities of men. A time will come—but I must not and cannot think! Let me pray that, if I do not survive this manuscript, my executors may put caution before audacity and see that it meets no other eye.