

12th St Journal



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March 2022 Issue

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF WALKING

By going for a walk we usually mean strolling along in the fresh air, **surrounded** by nature or **picturesque** scenery. It's one of the few things you can do without expertise, preparation or equipment so we often do not **subject it to** a deeper analysis, **let alone** a philosophical analysis. Do we really need a "philosophy of walking"? Even if some think it's completely unnecessary, I will try to prove that this philosophy deserves your attention. All "lovers of wisdom" have always owed much to the walks, not least because they calm the mind or stimulate reflection. Some philosophers' gratitude was so great that they decided to **devote** a separate part of their reflections to the activity of walking.



The roots of walking in Western European philosophy go back to antiquity, specifically to the Socrates period. Socrates **preached** his doctrine in the streets of Athens and got into conversations with people he met by chance when having pointed out errors and **contradictions** in their arguments. It leads to a thesis that for this great thinker walking was above all a "philosophical tool" that enabled him to recognize the true nature of reality. The **legacy** of Socrates was continued by Aristotle. His pupils took part in philosophical lectures and discussions during long walks **side arm** with their master, and **hence** the name of Aristotle's school came about *peripatos*, which in Greek means "walking" or "a place to walk." Peripatetics, who made a **distinction** between the substance of being as substance and being in the state, and the **formulation** in which motion consists (in the Transition to Being in the Possibility to Being in the Act) believed that exercise in the fresh air facilitated the **acquisition** of knowledge, the development of mentor-student relationships, and influenced the overall **well-being**, to which Aristotle, as the doctor's son, **attached** great importance. Other examples of thinkers who preferred to "philosophize standing" are Plato and other Hellenistic School — the Cynics. Led by Diogenes of the Synopsis, they **despised** property, fame and social norms, believing that they could live happily only by sleeping, consuming food and satisfying sexual needs in the **bosom of nature**. Because of this practise, a **tramp** from place to place become an **inherent** part of their doctrine.

The trend of walking was also practiced by the philosophers of **subsequent** epochs. Immanuel Kant, for example, one of the most important metaphysical philosophers of all time, walked every day at 4:30 p.m. along the street where he lived – exactly eight times **back and forth**. He is said to have **deviated** from his unchangeable route only twice; once, to buy a book by Jean Jacques Rousseau, the other, to **ask after** the French Revolution. His walks were so punctual that the people who lived in the same street in his home town of Königsberg (today Kaliningrad) set their clocks to the rhythm of his walks! A completely different example are the walks of Friedrich Nietzsche. **In addition to** many unusual **notions** such as the death of God, the collapse of Western civilization, and the consequent need to develop a new morality, he was distinguished by the fact that he spent most of his life walking up to eight hours a day. His favorite place for this ritual was the Swiss Alps, including the **shores** of Lake Geneva, but he also travelled all over Europe to find new **hiking trails**. Nietzsche often claimed that his works were created during his mountain tours, later he just wrote them down in his notebooks. In “Ecce homo” the philosopher wrote: “Sit as little as possible; do not believe any idea that was not born in the open air and of free movement – in which the muscles do not also revel”. With these words, Nietzsche probably wanted to establish that only when wandering about can beautiful, brilliant ideas **arise** in the mind of man, just as the **constitution** of the human mind is closely linked to the constitution of his body.

In my opinion, the examples of Nietzsche and Kant’s walks show that the way in which the great philosophers walked **reflects** their way of thinking. The fact that Kant’s route was planned leads him to an **orderly** and logical conclusion. Nietzsche’s long walks through the endless mountains and lakes of the Alps presented his neuroticism and his **inclination** to obsession. Another great thinker, Jean-Jacques Rousseau **in turn**, believed that he could think only if he involved his whole body. A very interesting story about Rousseau’s walks happened when he was fifteen. When he returned late from a Sunday walk, the gate to his hometown of Geneva was already closed. Instead of waiting all morning, the Thinker simply turned his back on her and went forward until he reached Italy and then France. Walking was for him a chance to escape (from everyday life and problems), but also an opportunity to let go of his thoughts. Perhaps, the greatest **contribution** to the philosophy of walking was Henry David Thoreau, the father of anarchism, civil **disobedience** and ecology. **Reluctant** to pay taxes, he built a log cabin in the woods of Walden Pond Lake, Massachusetts, where he lived completely self-sufficient.





From the observations described above, it can also be concluded that there are two basic types of wandering: a wander to think and a wander to rest. Both of them helps us to put our worries and **hardships** behind, but the first one do it through concentration on formulation different thoughts and facing problems and the second by wandering to distance us completely from the world. It is also worth mentioning that a walk against the background of other forms of physical activity is quite unusual. It does not allow **external** motivation (which in sports may be the desire to win) and allows people to focus on character building and strengthening their **willpower**.

Finally, we should ask ourselves how we can use philosophy of walking in our daily routine. After all, each of us, not just great thinkers, needs a break, or an opportunity to think about our life, work or a new idea. There's a huge advantage of this activity - while walking, there is nothing we can do but... walk. You can walk in the wilderness as well as in the city, because both by **immersing** yourself in the greenery or in the thicket of the city streets, will **regain** the joy of existence. Even if we don't have one or two hours for a tramp, it's worth to get off the bus a few stops earlier and cover this short distance on foot. The benefits you can get from walking are absolutely priceless!

~GLOSSARY~

surrounded – otoczony
picturesque – malowniczy
subject it to – poddawać coś czemuś.
let alone – a co dopiero
to devote – poświęcać coś komuś/ czemuś
to preach – głosić
contradictions – sprzeczności
legacy – spuścizna
side arm – u boku
hence – stąd, w wyniku tego
acquisition – nabywanie, przyswajanie
well-being – dobre samopoczucie
to attach (great importance) – przykładać wagę
to despise – pogardzać
bosom of nature – łono natury
tramp – wędrownia
inherent – nieodłączna (np. część)
subsequent (epochs) – późniejsze (epoki)
back and forth – w tę i z powrotem
to deviate (from the route) – zbaczać z trasy
to ask after – rozpytywać o kogoś/ o coś
in addition to sth – oprócz czegoś
notions – terminy (np. filozoficzne)
shore – brzeg
hiking trails – szlaki turystyczne
to arise – pojawiać się
constitution (of human mind) – kondycja (ludzkiego umysłu)
to reflect – odzwierciedlać
orderly – uporządkowany

inclination – skłonność
in turn – z kolei
contribution (to) – wkład (w)
disobedience – nieposłuszeństwo
reluctant – niechętny
to a certain extent – do pewnego stopnia
meandering – kręty, wijący
hardships – trudności życiowe
externally – zewnętrznie
willpower – siła woli
to immerse – zanurzyć się
to regain – odzyskać coś



How Body Positivity Can Get Quite Negative

In the last few years, the Body Positivity movement has become quite a discussed topic among people all across the globe. However, we can trace it back to the late 1960s, when it based its roots in fat acceptance. As Kendra Cherry states in her article "What is Body Positivity?" --- *fat acceptance focuses on ending the culture of fat-shaming and discrimination against people based upon their size or body weight.* The term *body positive* first appeared in 1996. BP movement in its current form **emerged** in 2012, challenging unrealistic feminine beauty standards by stating that *all bodies are beautiful* and that *all people deserve to have a positive body image.*

While the meaning of such message is very **soothing** and comforting, its execution... is not.

The media we consume has always prioritized a certain ideal of western beauty standards. Just think of the tons of posts on Instagram of absolutely gorgeous models and hundreds of random people agreeing with how those tank tops **flatter** their hourglass body shape. Yes, I'm being quite specific, because the media usually **implants** us that white, skinny and able-bodied people are the definition of beauty. As I established before, BP movement fights against those standards, *throws down the glove* to change how society **perceives** the body.

The only problem is that the **emphasis** is still on what you look like rather than what your body can do. All those **statements** about loving yourself – *cough cough* your body – are just there as a quick band aid to feel good for a moment. Have you seen those TikToks showing how people look while sucking their stomach in and then how they look like when they relax their stomach muscles? The **resurgence** of this kind of content tells us that we still prioritize someone's body and shape. We also forget to ask a more important question – why do people feel the need to suck in their stomach in the first place?

Because thinness is still the goal.





De facto, fat people are **reaping** little to no benefits from the mainstream of this movement, even though, it was originally created for them. There are many **back handed compliments** surrounding them when they try to simply exist. For example, if a fat person wears something the society doesn't expect them to, they might hear something **along the lines** of *"Oh my God, you're so brave for wearing that!"*. Or to the words "I'm fat" you hear *"Nooo! That's so not true!"* as if being fat is a negative thing. they might hear something **along the lines** of *"Oh my God, you're so brave for wearing that!"*. Or to the words "I'm fat" you hear *"Nooo! That's so not true!"* as if being fat is a negative thing

The word *fat* is just a word to describe someone's body.

BP hasn't been helpful at all. It constantly tells you about how divine you look or how **flawless** you are, without diving in your actual emotions. It **supresses** our own **urges** to express anger, sadness and fear. I've actually had the experience of hating myself into someone that I'm not by ignoring my feelings and just telling myself those affirmations. I just ended up feeling more **insecure**, because I would compare myself to others and go back to my old habits of overthinking.





Salem Tovar touched upon this topic in her video essay, "The Body Positive movement is not so positive anymore". She came to the **conclusion** that many people that belong to this movement don't really care about the others' well-being. They've become so obsessed with blind **worshipping** of every kind of body, especially fat one, that whenever someone is trying to take care of themselves in the way that seems right to them, some of the members of that group do not think of such person as *body positive* anymore. As Salem noticed, "*Everyone is BP until you decide to wear makeup, shave, want to correct something on your face through plastic surgery*" etc. Basically – taking care of your health is not the actual goal.

Fortunately, body positivity is not the only solution for developing the love for your body. Instead of just **persuading** yourself, you can start off by focusing on the way that you feel. Accepting bad feelings and doing something about them. Focusing on things that our outside of physical appearance.

After all – how can you change something that you don't accept? Body neutrality has also proven **efficiency**. It's okay to admit that you don't necessarily love everything about your body. It's **justified** to feel neutral or even indifferent about your body. You can think of it as a vessel, that takes you from point A to point B or does amazing things on a daily basis. Your **worth** and **value** do not lie in your shape or your size or in any other aspect of your appearance. Body image does play a part in self-concept, but it isn't everything. We constantly change and that is what makes us human.

~GLOSSARY~

to **emerge** - pojawiać/wyłaniać się
soothing - kojące
to **flatter** - prawić komplementy, schlebiać
to **implant** - zakorzeniać, wpajać (w tym wypadku: coś komuś)
to **perceive** - postrzegać
emphasis – nacisk, akcent, podkreślenie
statement – twierdzenie, oświadczenie
resurgence – powrót, ponowne pojawienie się
to **reap** - czerpać
back handed compliments – dwuznaczne komplementy
along the lines of sth – podobne do czegoś, na wzór czegoś
flawless - doskonały, bez skazy
suppress - tłumić, stłumić
urge – potrzeba
insecure – niepewny
conclusion – wniosek, konkluzja
to **worship** – wielbić, adorować, czcić
to **persuade** - przekonywać
efficiency - efektywność, skuteczność
justified – uzasadnione, mający słuszne powody
worth, value - wartość
throw down the glove - dosł.: rzucać rękawicę, metaforycznie: rzucać komuś wyzwania



SETTING SAIL FOR A SCIENCE REVOLUTION!

Norway's urban transportation is undergoing a **sustainable** revolution in its **marine** sector as the rest of the world seeks out to **mitigate** the negative impacts of climate change. With its new eco-friendly technology, the construction has **kicked off** on the world's very first green **ferry**.

Financed by the European Union's Horizon innovation program, the project was **aimed** to develop a new sustainable energy system for marine means of transportation. The ferry, called Medstraum - "with electricity" - will be the world's first fully-electric vessel capable of producing zero emissions!

This revolutionary energy system could mean a revolution in urban marine transportation, as it could be powered solely by electric and **hydrogen**-based sources. Such modes of transport are often powered by fossil fuels, which is directly related to the production of air and water pollution. By taking on a new greener **approach** (which is not only green, but also efficient and cost effective), Medstraum will be the first vessel to lead sustainable change and contribute to the EU's goal of reducing transport-related emissions by the year 2050.

~GLOSSARY~

sustainable - zdolny do podtrzymania, odnawialny, przyjazny dla środowiska

marine - morski

to mitigate - łagodzić, osłabiać

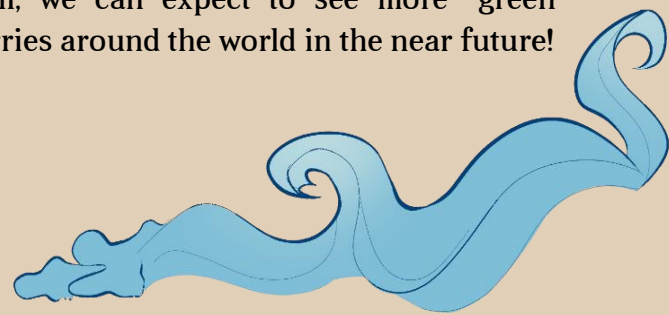
to kick off - rozpocząć

to be aimed to - mieć na celu

hydrogen - wodór

approach - podejście

This futuristic-looking, fully electric ferry will soon appear on Norwegian waters, and is sure to make a positive impact on the environment as well as promote sustainability. Its creators are also planning to produce two more boats such as Medstraum, and test them out in London and Belgium. The ferries will mostly focus on passenger operations, however, if trials go well, we can expect to see more "green" ferries around the world in the near future!



Book Reviews and Recommendations

„Witchborn” – Nicholas Bowling

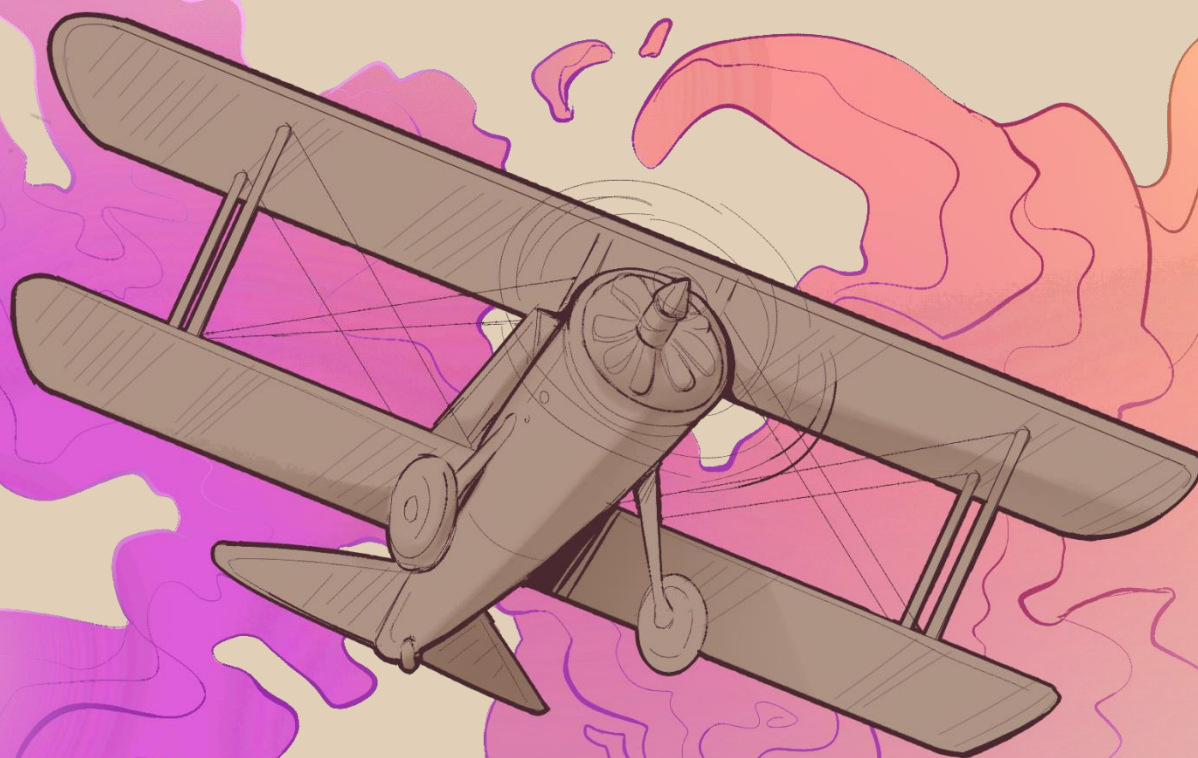
This was the first book I've read this year, and as I read in the countryside, I could not imagine a better place to read this young – adult, fantasy novel. The vibe of old, dark London in the sixteenth century, fairytales and stories about witches, mixed with historical events of that period, create an unique and beautiful world, to set a story in.

The novels tells the story, of a young girl named Alyce, who had just lost her mother and her home. Now she's alone in the cold streets of London, trying to escape witch – hunters, discover mysteries of her and her mother's lives, and find a place to stay, even just for a while. Life back then was not easy for orphaned girls, especially the ones who could have been witches...

Although the characters' backgrounds and the story itself, could have been deepened, the author, without a doubt, managed to create a magical world, so easy to dive into. The characters are really human – even if very likable, still flawed and imperfect, in a way so natural for every one of us.

It's a perfect read for a rainy and foggy evening, to feel the aesthetic of the book. The writing style makes it easy to read this novel in one sitting, and I would definitely recommend it to fantasy stans, as well as to historical books fans!





„All the Bright Places – Jennifer Niven

This book was lent to me by my friend, and heavily recommended by everyone I have ever talked about it with. It's a young – adult fiction, inspired by author's life story.

The storyline follows two narratives, of two main characters – Violet and Finch. Both of them dealing with tragedies of their own, they found each other in the hardest times. They seem to be polar opposites, but when the two of them are paired for a geography project, and start travelling together, they also learn their similarities.

„All the bright places” is a beautifully written story, filled with love, emotion and references to „Waves” by Virginia Woolf. With an unexpected and heartwrenching ending, this book was a cause to many tears of mine.

The novel is composed with two intertwining perspectives, which gives us an interesting view at both of the characters' points of view. The story is written in common parlance, but both of the characters are very sensitive and poetic, and so are their thoughts, which creates a very beautiful and special diegetic world.

In addition, one of the characters was creating an online magazine for teenagers throughout the book, which inspired the author to bring one to life as well. Thanks to that, the website called „germmagazine” with a „you start here” catchphrase – just like in the book – has been up and running for years now. It's a place for people of all ages, nationalities and interests, to be creative, vulnerable and open! I truly recommend to check it out and get inspired or creative!

Before the fish fall asleep

A crime story by Hanna Chładzińska

Part one

Indian Ocean, Ship „Charlotte”, 1823, 103 Day od sailing.

No one knew for sure who spotted the **loot** first. Perhaps it was the **lieutenant** with the **crooked** nose and the strange name Button who, because of his own hunger, kept checking the fishing net more often than he was ordered. Or, it might have been a captain whose only entertainment was to wander on the main deck through the bent silhouettes that **scrubbed** the deck, to **sneak** the pipe, and when the tobacco was used up, just to pretend to be sneaking it. Whoever that finder was, when he saw their hope of salvation in the net, he cried out of joy. An instant later, the deck boards in several parts of the ship sounded with the **moans** as more people passed on the joyful news to the others. The **rumble** penetrated into the darkest and dirtiest corner of the ship where Doctor Chrisholm and Oliver Farrow were. It happened when the doctor attentively watched Farrow put a cloth around his nose with one hand to protect himself from the **omnipresent** fetor, and spread a strange-smelling **ointment** on the **festering wound** of a prisoner with the other. They'd been listening for some time to the sounds coming from the living decks. The moment one of the guards came to them, shouting in an excited voice something that seemed to sound like "fish!" the doctor was at first **stunned**, but after a while he stood up again and followed the guardian as fast as his walking stick allowed him to. The doctor, before he left, forgot to order Farrow to take care of the sick, and so his helper decided to follow him. When they reached the main deck, they found a large crowd of several dozen sailors, soldiers, their families and many other passengers on the ship, who were delighted with the full net. The catch meant meat and a full stomach for the next day. This simple calculation caused many, who did not feel it an insult to their **social standing**, to rush to help bring out a giant animal. The fish was fat and so big that even the oldest sailors shook their heads in disbelief. The scales that covered the animal shone like a second sun and made it appear like a **deity**.

The tropical sun was high above the turning **circle of Capricorn**. The heat made the deck of the three-masted ship and the sea, cruelly **firm** and still, on which there was not a piece of land to be seen, and the ship was swaying in the air before the eyes. The sun **dazzled** and heated all the metal on the ship, almost to the point of **red glow**. As if bored by waiting for the wind, the sails **dangled** loosely and provided hardly any shade to those who were present. When the excitement had subsided, the crew, their wives and children, tired from the heat, fled under the deck. Only the captain and the highest-ranking officers were gathered around the fish, to discuss what should be done with such an unusual find. Farrow and the doctor also stayed there still for a while. Doctor Chrisholm, an elderly man with a messy beard, tried to clean his glasses and stared thoughtfully at the horizon, and finally ordered his assistant and **servant** in one person: "Return to your duties, Mr. Farrow"

Although Farrow wanted to observe the fish more closely, he did not object to the experience and humility he gained during the voyage. He could still remember one day being spotted by a soldier in a crowd, and a note read to him by the captain of the ship, according to which he came to the **aid** of the ship's doctor. He was chosen because, as argued, he was one of the few people on board who had any education, particularly relevant to anatomy. From then on, Farrow could walk and talk wherever he wanted and with whom he wanted, and when he arrived in New South Wales (if they were able to sail there) he was to be given a piece of land for his own **cultivation**.

That's why he **vowed** to be **obedient**. He found the stairs and **plunged** back into the darkness that blinded him for a moment. It took him a little over a quarter of an hour to cross the corridors where the accommodations for the senior officers and their families were located. As he went deeper, he passed the cabins, which became more and more modest, still the cabins intended for soldiers, sailors, adventurers and all other ordinary passengers. At last, he reached the level of the prison. The moment he entered it, it seemed as if he was entering another world. The first thing he realized, as always, when he entered the place where he had spent the last few months, was a huge crowd. Over a hundred souls were trapped there on the way to Sydney, Rose Hill and Norfolk, fortresses in the mysterious country of Australia. Because of the **proximity** of the **boiler house**, it was also ruthlessly stuffy on the deck separated for the prisoners. Dirt and **mold stains** one could spot almost everywhere. Altogether, it was an unbearable mix. Although before Farrow tried to locate "his prisoner", someone grabbed his hand and pulled him in the opposite direction.

"Where?... - That was all Farrow could find out before he was **out of breath** and could no longer protest. He was led by a soldier named Burke, who was a tall and energetic young man whom Farrow had met a few days earlier. Although he was a soldier and Farrow, although he enjoyed more freedom than the people who were bound beneath the deck, he was still a prisoner, so for a moment he was overwhelmed with fear, which could harm the Highest on the ship. They walked unimaginably fast, and to his great surprise, they stepped straight into the Doctor's cabin. It was **equipped** for the laboratory and offered a magnificent panopticum in which **specimens** of plants and animals were found from almost every area on which the English had only **set their foot**. Now, that she first noticed, it was Officer Lancaster - one of the most high-ranked men on board - who was being held by three other soldiers. Crumbs of sweat laced over his face and neck, and the medals and buckles that had been seen on his chest until they were struck down. "Mr. Farrow, I couldn't find the doctor anywhere, so I brought you here" Burke said. He had been caught taking the items with him, pointing to the doctor's devastated office, scattered knives, needles, and a few **vials** of broken chemicals. "Perhaps we caught the mastermind for all the thefts - the young officer stretched out his chest proudly.

In fact, there have been a number of unexplained disappearances on the ship for some time. At first, buttons, spoons and other small items disappeared, but in time the same fate also affected food **drums** and even ropes. But no matter how ridiculously large and hard to hide the missing items on board were, no one could find a trace of them. And now, all of a sudden, they showed up...

"Liar! "At the same moment, Lancaster shouted, red-faced, neither angry nor crying. "The Captain ordered me to, Captain..."

"Of course he ordered you, sir, to rob the doctor", Burke **snorted**. "Take him out of here!" he shouted to the soldiers before Farrow fully realized the strangeness of these **accusations**. "The captain decides what to do with you!" - those, who held Lancaster, though unsure, finally began to **execute** the order.

Before Farrow recovered from the situation he just experienced, another **unforeseen** event occurred. At the **threshold** of the cabin none other than Doctor Rudyard Chrisholm appeared, the only one who could probably find a rational explanation. Farrow had not yet opened his mouth when the doctor passed him like he was a ghost. All of Chrisholm's attention was focused on the two sailors who followed him and carried the fish that caused so much excitement at noon of the same day. With visible effort, they finally put them on the table. From then on, the fish could look with its proud eye at the **assembled** ones. I don't think Farrow has ever seen the Doctor as radiant as he did before. Surprisingly, he didn't even seem to recognize the traces of the thief's intrusion. All in all, he seemed to see nothing but a fish.

"He's a wonderful specimen, Mr. Farrow." He saw Farrow was still in the same room. "The captain has instructed us to examine carefully what this species is and whether its meat is suitable for eating. In that case, Mr. Farrow, we are going to have a feast!"

The fish basically turned out to have a delicate and juicy meat; known to mankind, but very rarely on the seas. This information has put the crew in a very good mood. He remained undisturbed, till the attention of everyone was drawn to the problem of missing items. This time it was candles, a lot of candles, stored under-deck with other **supplies**. A young, frightened boy, one of the sailors, showed the seekers a billion times where he had last seen them, which did nothing to change the fact that they too were the **prey** of a mysterious thief. But this time they didn't want to worry about it. During the feast the candles were taken from the other decks. Although it was mainly the **crème de la crème of the society**, the good doctor found him a piece of beautifully **reddened** fish on which both had worked so hard. Of course, since Farrow thought he was an honorable man, he didn't keep the whole present for himself. He went to the galley to thank his companions, the other freed prisoners working in the kitchen, who had also done him many small favours in the past. As they had a feast on a secretly stolen portion of the supplies, enjoying themselves as much as the men and women on the upper deck, Farrow's fate found himself on that day when he least expected it. He had hardly left the kitchen when the doctor was waiting for him.

"Mr. Farrow, the Captain's again suffers from his sickness, and he's expecting us".

Oliver nodded. Dizziness was a typical suffering of the captain, which **haunts** him even more often since the ship floats in the windless Indian Ocean, prisoners and crew are decimated by diseases, and mysterious thefts destroy items they might soon find necessary to survive. One way to relieve his suffering was **bloodletting** which was made regularly every few days. Farrow knew this, and he left to do his duty.

The gentlemen did not even have to knock on the door, they were immediately let into the Captain's cabin. The largest and most magnificent cabin on the entire ship with many exquisite furnishings, fabrics and artwork. Inside they found a **butler**, a **maid**, and other servants, whom the captain dismissed with a single movement of his royal hand. When they were alone, Farrow was once with Doctor Crisholm. Without hesitation, they spread out their toolbox for this procedure, consisting of a few needles, a knife, a metal **vessel** and a strip of cloth. The captain took a quick look at it (it seemed as he was anxious), but did not protest when the doctor's assistant made a slight **incision** behind the right ear and **dripped** it **sluggishly** into the dislocated vessel. Farrow waited for a while for the bleeding to stop, placed the material on a small wound and waited for the bleeding to stop, and then cut again, this time from the other side of his head.

In the meantime, something strange happened to him. He felt his mouth dry and **fluffs** appear in front of his eyes.

"Doctor"... he moaned, because the room was shaking like a big storm. Crisholm **muttered** something in reply and took the needle away. He then began to talk to him again and put the tool back in his hand. The phlebotomy took a very long time. Oliver Farrow wasn't probably counting the conditions he suffered during that operation. It was alternately cold and hot for him, the room pressed on him alternately and stretched out to an unbelievable size, sometimes swaying, at other times he stood still. The world grew tired of this indecision and eventually **devoured** itself. The captain, the knife and his hand were gone. There was nothing left but darkness.

Farrow was awakened by a cold breeze on his face, a rhythmical knock and an orange sun slowly emerging beyond the horizon, painting the sky red, pink and yellow.

“Captain!”

The vastness of the ocean curled a few feet beneath, and in the **fierce gusts** that hit them for the first time since they entered the Indian Ocean, individual drops flew into his face. Perhaps out of amazement, perhaps for an entirely different reason that he could not yet identify, thoughts went through his head in lethargy, like flies unable to decide where to sit. The first thing he could tell for sure was that he had a pain in his neck. Carefully he tried to touch the room around him. Yes, he was certainly leaning against the wooden frame of the window. As Farrow turned his head as if looking back, he discovered a monumental painting on the ceiling with a picturesque painting and richly decorated **mahogany** furniture. He remembered this place. He was coming here with Doctor Christholm every time Captain needed to relieve him of a protracted illness, the cause of which must have been known only to the doctor and to God. How could he be inside and outside the captain’s cabin? As the scattered thoughts were assembled, he realized that a part of his body was sitting in a strange, semi-lying position on a sofa **embroidered** with Persian and Indian **fabrics**. Another part of his body **protruded** out of the broken window (which he could conclude from how much he had burned his shoulder and stains on his shirt), so it looked like a shirt being let dry in the sun. He gently pressed his head and shoulder through the window frame, sat down and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

“Captain! Captain, can you hear me?” Only then did he realize that the rhythmic knocking on the door had to be caused by the butler. In the background a voice came through, apparently increasingly worried that his **superior** had always been on his feet at the time. But at the very moment when Farrow came to this conclusion, the servant was evidently no longer able to stand, and at last the creaking of the door was heard. He didn’t **dodge** a few steps when he suddenly paused and sucked in the air loudly. The two men looked at each other in surprise. Farrow looked at the butler’s fleeting eyes and some asymmetrical freckles on his face, as he bowed gradually in surprise, **mingled** with horror. In the hand of the freed prisoner, Doctor Christholm’s servant was still holding the small decorative blade with which he bled the captain the night before.

TO BE CONTINUED

(17)



~GLOSSARY~

loot — zdobycz
lieutenant — porucznik
crooked — krzywy
to scrub — szorować
to sneak — ćmić (np. fajkę)
moans — jęki
rumble — łoskot
omnipresent — wszechobecny
ointment — maść
festering wound — jątrząca się rana
stunned — oszołomiony
social standing — status społeczny
deity — bóstwo
circle of Capricorn — zwrotnik Koziorożca
firm — niewzruszony
to dazzle — razić (o świetle)
red glow — rozgrzany do czerwoności
to dangle — zwisać
servant — służa
aid — pomocnik
cultivation — uprawa
to vow — przyrzec
obedient — posłuszny
to plunge — pogрузić się (np. w ciemności)
proximity — bliskość
boiler house — kotłownia
mold stains — plamy pleśni
out of breath — bez tchu
equipped — wyposażony
specimen — okaz
to set foot — postawić stopę (np. na nowym lądzie)
vial — fiolka, butelka
drum — beczka
to snort — prychnąć

accusation — oskarżenie
to execute — wyegzekwować, wypełnić
unforeseen — nieprzewidziany
threshold — próg
assembled (in the cabin) — zebrani (w kajucie)
supplies — zapasy
prey — ofiara (np. drapieżnika)
crème de la crème of a society — śmietanka towarzystwa
reddened — zarumieniona
bloodletting — upuszczanie krwi
supplies — zapasy
crème de la crème of a society — śmietanka towarzystwa
reddened — zarumieniona
to haunt — nawiedzać
bloodletting — upuszczanie krwi
butler — lokaj
maid — pokojówka
vessel — naczynie
incision — nacięcie
to drip — kapać, ciec
sluggishly — niemrawo, ospale (tu: powoli)
fluffs — kurz, kłaczki
to mutter — wymamrotać
to devour — pochłonać, pożerać
fierce gusts — gwałtowne podmuchy
mahogany — machoniowe
embroidered — wyszywane
fabrics — tkaniny
to protrude — wystawać, sterczeć
superior — zwierzchnik
to dodge — ująć (np. kilka kroków)
mingled — coś pomieszane z czymś (np. po-
dziw pomieszany z lękiem)

|| CREDITS ||

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Thank you!

