



**CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
OF SANTIAGO DE GUAYAQUIL**

**FACULTY OF ARTS AND HUMANITIES
SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

TITLE OF PAPER

**Annotated Translation of the short story “Cosmic Yo-
yo” by Ross Rocklynne**

AUTHORS:

**Marilin Stefania Chamba Moreno
Karla Stephanie Yagual Salinas**

**SUBMITTED IN FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENT FOR
OBTAINING THE BACHELOR DEGREE IN ENGLISH
LANGUAGE WITH A MINOR IN TRANSLATION**

PROJECT ADVISOR

Ximena Marita Jarrín Hunter

GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR

2021



**CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
OF SANTIAGO DE GUAYAQUIL
FACULTY OF ARTS AND HUMANITIES
SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

CERTIFICATION

We certify that this research project was presented by **Marilin Stefania Chamba Moreno** and **Karla Stephanie Yagual Salinas** as a partial fulfillment of the requirements for the **bachelor's degree in English Language with a Minor in Translation**.

PROJECT ADVISOR

Ximena Marita Jarrín Hunter, M.

DIRECTOR OF ACADEMIC PROGRAM

González Ubilla, Stanley John, M.

Guayaquil, on the 8th day of March of 2021



**CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
OF SANTIAGO DE GUAYAQUIL
FACULTY OF ARTS AND HUMANITIES
SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

STATEMENT OF RESPONSIBILITY

We, **Marilin Stefania Chamba Moreno** and **Karla Stephanie Yagual Salinas**,

HEREBY DECLARE THAT:

The Senior Project: **Annotated Translation of the short story “Cosmic Yo-yo” by Ross Rocklyne**, has been developed based on thorough investigation, respecting the intellectual property rights of third parties regarding citations within the corresponding pages whose sources are included in the bibliography. Consequently, this work is of our full responsibility.

Under this statement, we are responsible for the content, truthfulness and scientific scope of the aforementioned paper.

Guayaquil, on the 8th day of March of 2021

Marilin Stefania Chamba Moreno

Karla Stephanie Yagual Salinas

AUTHORS



**CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
OF SANTIAGO DE GUAYAQUIL
FACULTY OF ARTS AND HUMANITIES
SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

AUTHORIZATION

We, **Marilin Stefania Chamba Moreno** and **Karla Stephanie Yagual Salinas**, authorize the Catholic University of Santiago de Guayaquil to **publish** this Senior Project: **Annotated Translation of the short story “Cosmic Yo-yo”** in the institutional repository. The contents, ideas and criteria in this paper are of our full responsibility and authorship.

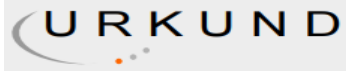
Guayaquil, on the 8th day of March of 2021

Marilin Stefania Chamba Moreno

Karla Stephanie Yagual Salinas

AUTHORS

URKUND REPORT



Urkund Analysis Result

Analysed Document: Thesis Chamba-Yagual.docx (D97438824)
Submitted: 3/6/2021 6:11:00 PM
Submitted By: ximena.jarrin@cu.ucsg.edu.ec
Significance: 0 %

Sources included in the report:

Instances where selected sources appear:

0



**CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
OF SANTIAGO DE GUAYAQUIL
FACULTY OF ARTS AND HUMANITIES
SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

ORAL PRESENTATION COMMITTEE

González Ubilla John, Mgs.
DIRECTOR OF SCHOOL

González Peñafiel Alemania, Mgs.
DEAN OF FACULTY

Rivadeneira Enríquez Sara, Mgs.
REVISOR

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First, I would like to thank God for letting me finish my studies. I wish to acknowledge the people, especially my parents, who played an important role during my studies. Mom and dad, thank you for your support and motivation because this could not have been possible without your advice. I would also like to thank the University, its professors and my mentor, Ximena Jarrín, for her guidance and patience during the process. Finally, I wish to express my gratitude to Miss Sara Rivadeneira who helped me in spite of her limited time.

Marilyn Stefania Chamba Moreno

I want to thank my teachers and tutor, who guided me through this process until I was finally able to achieve my goal. I would like to thank God especially for giving me the strength I needed to move forward and not give up during this adventure.

Karla Stephanie Yagual Salinas

DEDICATION

To my lovely son, and my beloved parents for being my greatest inspiration and support during the process.

Marilyn Stefania Chamba Moreno

Mom, this was possible thanks to you!

Karla Stephanie Yagual Salinas



**CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
OF SANTIAGO DE GUAYAQUIL
FACULTY OF ARTS AND HUMANITIES
SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

GRADE

Ximena Marita Jarrín Hunter, M.

Project Advisor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. INTRODUCTION	2
1.1 JUSTIFICATION.....	2
2. PROBLEM	3
2.1 STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM AND JUSTIFICATION	3
2.2 RESEARCH QUESTIONS	3
2.3 GENERAL OBJECTIVE	3
2.4 SPECIFIC OBJECTIVES.....	3
2.5 LITERATURE REVIEW	4
2.5.1 TRANSLATION	4
2.5.2 THE ROLE OF THE TRANSLATOR	5
2.5.3 TRANSLATION TERMINOLOGY	5
2.5.4 ANNOTATED TRANSLATION	6
2.5.5 LITERARY TRANSLATION.....	6
2.5.6 LITERARY VS NON-LITERARY TEXTS.....	7
2.5.7 SCIENCE FICTION.....	8
2.5.8 TRANSLATING SCIENCE FICTION	9
2.5.9 SCIENCE FICTION STYLE.....	10
2.5.10 TRANSLATION APPROACHES	11
2.5.11 TRANSLATION TECHNIQUES.....	13
2.5.12 ABOUT THE AUTHOR.....	16
2.5.13 ABOUT THE STORY: COSMIC YO-YO.....	16

2.6 METHODOLOGY.....	17
2.7 ANNOTATIONS	18
2.8 CONCLUSIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS	38
CONCLUSIONS.....	38
RECOMMENDATIONS	39
3. BIBLIOGRAPHY	41
4. APPENDIX.....	43
SOURCE TEXT	43
COSMIC YO-YO	43
By ROSS ROCKLYNNE	43
5. TARGET TEXT	62

ABSTRACT

The following research project contains the translation into Spanish of the short story “Cosmic Yo-yo” by Ross Rocklynne, and the corresponding annotations, which consist of an analysis of all the informed decisions that were made when rendering this particular story. This specific analysis was performed through research regarding various translation techniques and approaches. The decision to work on this project was based on two different reasons: the first one is to improve skills as translators of science fiction by providing a translation that contains language and terminology that is imbedded in this particular literary genre; and the second one is to provide a rendering into Spanish of a work that has not been translated for the Spanish-speaking audience yet. The aforementioned analysis was done by developing one chart containing linguistic characteristics and extracts from the original and the translated versions in order to establish parallels and divergence between the two texts. Regarding the translated version, a description of what translation techniques and approaches were used has been added in order to provide recommendations for future translators interested in developing texts of this nature.

Keywords: translation, annotated translation, translation techniques, science fiction, linguistic.

1. INTRODUCTION

1.1 JUSTIFICATION

The science fiction genre has gained immense popularity over the past couple of years in its various forms such as films, comic books or short stories. Science fiction allows to explore different realities that are both logical and possible and to examine deep philosophical questions regarding reality and the mind.

Science fiction stories often portray various scenarios of how our society could function in another way. These stories help the public understand different areas of science such as artificial intelligence and technology, which are themes that have been portrayed in films such as Ex-machina, I, robot and AI: Artificial Intelligence, to name a few.

There is a need for people to consume these types of works in their many different formats; people prefer this genre because they can use their imagination to travel to places that they never thought were possible.

American author Ross Rocklynne (1913-1988) is known for his science fiction works that are set in the future and deal with technological and scientific developments. Because of the relevance of this literary genre in mainstream media, it is significant to translate these types of texts to make them available for people from all around the world to enjoy these stories of fiction to enrich their lives and imagination about stories from different realities and futures that are likely to happen. Since this particular short story is aimed at a Spanish-speaking audience, it has presented challenges due to its fabricated words and science terminology.

In conclusion, a translation into Spanish that could be understood by a variety of speakers of this language has been created. It is relevant to mention that, as there is no Spanish translation of this short story yet, this is a valid and valuable contribution to the Spanish-speaking readership, as it will allow them to enjoy and delight a story in the aforementioned literary genre.

2. PROBLEM

2.1 STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM AND JUSTIFICATION

Translating science fiction literature is not an easy task for a translator due to the specialized scientific terminology. This research project seeks to provide a detailed analysis regarding the translation approaches and techniques used throughout the translation process of a science fiction story into another language. The analysis about the informed decisions that were made to translate this piece of science fiction will serve as a guide for potential translators that decide to work on this particular field.

2.2 RESEARCH QUESTIONS

1. What techniques and approaches are available for the translation of science fiction stories?
2. Does the style and terminology of science fiction texts affect the rendering of these types of texts?

2.3 GENERAL OBJECTIVE

To provide an annotated translation of the short story "COSMIC YO-YO" so as to offer a Spanish version of the literary work that targets young readers of science fiction stories.

2.4 SPECIFIC OBJECTIVES

To tackle the translation problems that arise when translating science fiction.

To apply different translation techniques that aid the rendering of science fiction language.

2.5 LITERATURE REVIEW

2.5.1 TRANSLATION

One of the most important concepts to be defined in this research paper is translation itself because it is necessary to be able to understand what it means before introducing ourselves into the world of translating science fiction.

The concept of translation may be considered obvious since we encounter translations everywhere in our lives. According to the Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary (Lea, Hornby , & Bradbery, 2020), translation is "the process of changing something that is written or spoken into another language." When translation and literature are studied hand-in-hand, it is important to remember that literature alone creates meaning in a variety of ways, coming from the authors point of view, social status, education, gender, race, and other characteristics, making the process of translation completely different from translating a menu, for instance. Newmark (1981, p. 15) considers that "translation is a craft consisting in the attempt to replace a written message and or statement in one language by the same message and/or statement in another language".

Darwish (2010) contributes with his own definition about translation. He poses that "at the center of any definition of translation must be the intention to convey a written message from one language to another" (p. 21). Authors Preciado & Silva Serafín (2007) provide a similar definition for translation; they believe that translation is "the expression of the same idea in a different language, retaining systematically the original sense", (p. 7)

All of the authors cited above agree that translation is the process of adapting verbal or written expressions from one language into an equivalent counterpart in a different language while maintaining the intended message of the source text.

2.5.2 THE ROLE OF THE TRANSLATOR

It is important to define the role of the translator and the skills and abilities he/she must have in order to render texts that are going to be enjoyed by readers as if they had been written in their native language. Sánchez (2009) details the skills that translators must possess:

- Translators should be thoroughly acquainted with both the content and the intended message of the source text.
- Translators should have full command of the two languages involved in a translation in order to approach them at the same level and do justice to both languages.
- Translators should avoid translating a text word-for-word since the intended meaning of the author and the special features of both languages will be lost.
- Translators should comply with the linguistic rules that dominate the target language, except in exceptional cases.

2.5.3 TRANSLATION TERMINOLOGY

Translation has its own specialized and technical terminology like any other field of study. Colina (2015) presents the following terms that will arise during the translation process and will be highlighted throughout this project:

- **Source Text (ST):** term to refer to the original text being translated, which in this case is *Cosmic Yo-yo*.
- **Source Language (SL):** term to refer to the language in which the original text was written. In this particular case, *Cosmic Yo-yo* was written in English.
- **Target Text (TT):** term to refer to the translated version of the original text.

- **Target Language (TL):** term to refer to the language of the translated product. In this particular case, *Cosmic Yo-yo* is being translated to Spanish.

2.5.4 ANNOTATED TRANSLATION

It is imperative to define what annotated translation is since it differs greatly from any other type of translation. It will be useful for future readers of the target text and translators to investigate and analyze the different types of informed decisions that were made when translating the source text.

Annotated translation is “a type of research used in scientific and academic contexts.” In translation, it is a kind of contemplative and examination study in which the translator has to translate a text and at the same time include an overview of the procedures taken to address any problems or difficulties that arose during the translation process, eventually presenting a solution after evaluating all the key points of the original text and their equivalents within the target text (Williams & Chesterman, 2002).

2.5.5 LITERARY TRANSLATION

In his book *A Textbook of Translation*, Newmark, (1988) states that literary translation is one of the most complex translations to tackle. These kinds of texts are filled with various words and meanings that are particular to the source language; whereas a translator will try to aim for a translation containing more earthy and idiomatic English expression to make it more viable for the readership of the target language to understand. Additionally, he recognizes three aspects of literary translation that translators should take into consideration when working on these types of texts:

- **The sub-text:** This particular aspect of literary translation can be known as ‘hidden agenda’, which is about finding what is implied, but not particularly said in a text. The translator’s task is to find the meaning behind the meaning. For an experienced reader, the true meaning of a

text will always be clear, and the translator must arrange the sentence or phrase in such a way that the sub-text of the original work is equally clear in the target language.

- **The notion of the no-equivalent word:** this aspect deals with words that cannot be translated into one single word, but need more explanation, which are usually four or five words more than the original text. This is the part of a literary translation in which a translation is going to struggle with grammar, words and nuances; the translator's assignment is to make an informed decision about the most accurate way to translate that word or phrase while keeping the intended message.
- **The role of context:** A translator must be aware of all the different varieties of context, which does not mean the context must be the prevailing feature in literary translation. When a writer seeks to attempt something different in his text to make it unique, the translator must pursue to follow him while making informed decisions. One important characteristic he points out is that when innovating translators tend to deviate from the original text for the sake of simplicity and clarity. A translator must not undermine the readership.

Landers (2001) states in his book that one of the main goals of literary translation is publication whether the work is a novel, a poem or a play; the translator's job is to make that text accessible to the audience in a language that would otherwise not be available to them.

2.5.6 LITERARY VS NON-LITERARY TEXTS

The distinctions between the two types of texts is straightforward: literary texts are guided by imagination and mind, whereas non-literary texts are profoundly involved in the realm of reality, truth, and events. Poetry (lyrical, tragic and epic), fiction (stories and novels), and drama (tragedy, comedy and farce about life and death) are among the works covered in literature. Among the works

that are covered by non-literary texts are: "encyclopedic dictionaries, names, titles, upper case words." (Newmark, 2004, p. 10)

It is essential to mark the difference between literary and non-literary texts because it is an important concept to understand when translating science fiction works. Literary texts are filled with made-up words, phrases, concepts, and, in some cases, even entire worlds. Bush & Malmkjaer (1998, p. 33) explain that literary texts "involve style as much as meaning and in which the style cannot realistically be separated from the meaning." When translators can fully comprehend the source text and have studied translation techniques, they will be able to render a target text that will maintain the essence of the source material.

2.5.7 SCIENCE FICTION

Booker (2014) in his book *Historical Dictionary of Science Fiction in Literature* posits the following statement:

"Science fiction as we know it, can be defined as speculative fiction set in worlds that differ from our own in fundamental ways, usually because of specific scientific and technological developments beyond those present in our world, but always with a rational explanation". (p. 1)

One of the most particular characteristics of the science fiction genre is that the narrative often takes place in a world different from ours with great technological advances that we can only imagine.

Later in his book, Booker states that the concept has ancient roots, specifically between the 16th and 18th centuries due to the birth of modern science. The creation of science as a way of understanding the world paved the way for authors to create worlds that were both explainable and explicable. This is fundamental to the growth of realism because it is based on the notion that you can grasp the "real" world well enough to construct similar fictional models. It is only reasonable that these models would inevitably be expanded beyond

the boundaries of reality. The final result of this logical expansion, most of the times based on scientific concepts and even on real scientific findings, is science fiction.

James E. Gunn was a famous science fiction writer who provided another definition for the term science fiction. Gunn (2009) explains that:

“Science fiction is a literature set in worlds different from our own – and different in ways that invite the reader to interrogate these differences, to ask “hard questions” about them in terms of what they can tell us about our own world”. (p. 3)

That is mainly the reason why the science fiction genre has become popular in the past couple of years. It gives people an insight of what might happen to humanity in the future, but it also makes people wonder about the future of humans and technology and how they can both interact in different scenarios. Gunn (2000) in his book *The Science of Science Fiction Writing* further explains that “science fiction, then, deals with people as if they were creatures as adaptable as the protoplasm from which they emerged. Change the conditions and humanity will change”, (p. 83) People will always feel curious about the future and technology, mainly how humans will adapt to changes and evolve; therefore, science fiction provides viewers and readers with this vision.

2.5.8 TRANSLATING SCIENCE FICTION

As McNelly (1977) points out, “science fiction has as many definitions as literature itself”. Therefore, the first step towards beginning the process of translation is to question what the concept "science fiction" really stands for. As most science fiction texts prefer to set their stories in far-away locations or post-apocalyptic settings, providing a clear answer to this question can become a giant challenge. Ordinary language is also very often severely interrupted or even entirely replaced by a modern vocabulary that instantly makes the task of translating certain literature pieces doubly complicated.

Párraga (2014) posits that scientific terminology is another problem that translators have struggled with while rendering the translation of a science fiction novel or script. There is no definite consensus on the precise meaning of the word science fiction, but there is no question that science is used either as an excuse or as a central part of the narrative framework in this particular form of literature. While the scientific language used in science fiction novels is invented on several occasions, at least some basic scientific knowledge becomes necessary in order to follow the unfolding of the various tales, plots and subplots. Therefore, the translator must not only be capable of competently translating literary texts, but he must also be capable of managing certain scientific terms and principles in both the source and target languages.

It is never a direct task to translate any contemporary piece of literature, but it becomes an even more complicated and challenging task to translate texts from a genre that defies classification and has traditionally been regarded as marginal. In the Spanish background, where science fiction does not have a very popular trajectory, the difficulties and uncertainties inherent in the process are more evident, emphasizes Párraga (2014).

The translator's job becomes more challenging when translating texts from English into Spanish. As Chan & Pollard (2001) point out "an English sentence may be very long, complicated, and fraught with modifying elements at word, phrasal and clausal levels.". Therefore, translators need to be skilled at rendering English texts into a different language and make it both understandable and enjoyable for the audience.

2.5.9 SCIENCE FICTION STYLE

Science fiction has a particular style that helps differentiate these works from any other genre. In the words of Tuttle (2002),

“Science fiction writers often strive for a clear, unambiguous style to make their amazing ideas more acceptable, even seemingly possible. However, when a story is set in another world - whether Middle Earth,

Elfland, or in a Galaxy far, far away -we want to feel the strangeness of it. A distancing effect is good, to emphasize that this world is not *our* world, and the people who inhabit it are different from our neighbours". (p. 79)

When it comes to translating science fiction, the translator has a difficult task at hand. They are presented with many difficulties when encountering a science fiction text because they have to create words or phrases that do not exist neither in the source language nor in the target language. Translators have to determine the kind of language and techniques they need to use to make the target text as clear as possible for that is the essence of the science fiction genre.

2.5.10 TRANSLATION APPROACHES

In his book *A Text of Translation*, English professor and author Peter Newmark (1988) highlights some of the most widespread methods of translation. According to him, these methods of translation can be divided into two sections: translation approaches and translation techniques. The following approaches and techniques are some of the most commonly used:

Communicative Translation

"Communicative translation attempts to render the exact contextual meaning of the original text in such a way that both context and language are readily acceptable and comprehensible to the readership". (Newmark, 1988, p. 41)

The purpose of this translation approach is to make the translation as comprehensible as possible for the readership of the TL. In many cases, the use of this approach will force translators to disregard elements of the SL culture. This particular approach is also known as modulation, which means that the translator will not render the ST phrases and idiomatic expressions word-for-word. Instead, he will identify equivalents that are appropriate renditions in the TL. It is one of the most common approaches used by translators when

rendering pieces of literature as the text's main goal is to entertain the audience, which is something the translator will not be able to achieve if the audience does not understand the different literary elements contained in the story.

Newmark (1991) in his book *About Translation* provides several features of communicative translation such as:

- Texts centered on the reader
- Seeks to explain the author's intention
- Texts accommodate to the target culture and makes the original content more relatable to the reader
- Effective
- Reading the translated version will be more natural, smoother, clearer and more direct.
- The text will adjust to a particular register of language, but it will be longer.
- It may be better than the original version because the translated version will be more powerful and clearer.
- Aimed at a particular audience
- Modulation is permitted as long as the facts are straight, and the readership is pleasantly impressed.
- The translator holds the task of improving or correcting the logic and style of the original work and clarify any type of ambiguity present in the text.

Literal Translation

Newmark states that literal is a kind of translation in which the SL grammatical constructions are simply transformed to the equivalent TL word. Because the words are translated singly, they are often out of context. It is a good way to

start the pre-translation process as it is going to highlight the problems that will need to be tackled during the translation process. It is important to point out that this approach is not often effective when the purpose of the ST is to be communicative. An example of this approach could be translating the phrase “Cut the drive!” in the rendering of “Cosmic Yo-yo” from English into Spanish. The literal rendering would be “¡Corta el manejo!” While the translation is technically correct, it fails when it comes to communicating the actual meaning of the ST. An affective rendering considering the context in which the story is taking place would be “¡Para la nave!”

Faithful Translation

Translation approach in which the translator will try to work on the TT while keeping many elements that were present in the ST as intact as possible. Examples of this approach include keeping names of characters, terms or places that were present in the ST and transfer them to the TT. In the rendition of “Cosmic Yo-yo,” this approach is featured quite often for the names of the characters remained unchanged. One of the characters in the story is named Queazy, and this name could have been rendered into a nickname in Spanish that would have the same connotation but that would create a sense of betrayal to the culture in which the story is placed.

2.5.11 TRANSLATION TECHNIQUES

Compensation

“This (compensation) is said to occur when loss of meaning, sound effect, metaphor or pragmatic effect in one part of a sentence is compensated in another part, or in a contiguous sentence.” (Newmark, 1988, p. 90)

It is a translation technique in which the translation will encounter an inevitable loss in the rendering from the ST to the TT due to linguistic or cultural reasons. The translator will need to make informed decisions and find a way to provide a translation that will make sense for the readership despite the fact that the

TT version will have lost some of the essence present in the ST. The following are the types of compensation used to carry about this project:

- **Compensation in kind:** type of compensation consisting of changing a part of speech or phrase in the ST into another in the TT. For example, a noun phrase in the ST could be modified into a verb phrase in the TT. An example of this type of compensation could be “He automatically reached up as if he would take off his hat” (adverbial phrase) which was translated into “De manera automática levantó la mano como si se quitara el sombrero” (noun phrase).
- **Compensation by merging:** type of compensation consisting of modifying large linguistic units in the ST by condensing them into shorter linguistic units in the TT. Example, “we got to back each other up” which was rendered into “tenemos que apoyarnos”
- **Compensation by splitting:** this type of compensation is the exact opposite to merging, and it consists of taking a linguistic unit from the ST and using more words in the TT to translate it. An example taken from the rendition of “Cosmic Yo-yo” would be “Listen to me, miss” which was translated into “Escúcheme, señorita”. (Three words were used in English, whereas the same message was conveyed into Spanish by using one single word).
- **Compensation in place:** this type of compensation refers to the relocation of a particular textual element in the ST to a different place in the TT, which can be earlier or later.

Aside from compensation, other translation techniques can be used:

Reordering

This particular translation technique consists of shifting an element or effect that was featured in the ST to another part in the TT. This technique is often used by translators to respect the grammatical rules of the TL or to make a phrase or sentence in the ST sound more natural for the audience of the TT. An example taken “Cosmic Yo-yo” would be “May I ask what you interlopers are doing on my asteroid?” which was rendered into “¿Puedo preguntar qué están haciendo en mi asteroide, intrusos?”

Omission

Consists in omitting particular elements of the ST in the TT in order to make it sound more natural for the readership. Translators often tend to use this technique when they feel like certain elements are not necessary to include in the translation as it does not affect the message conveyed in the ST.

Transcreation

This translation technique consists of translating an SL word that has no equivalent in the TL. It is a technique that translators use often when rendering science fiction texts as the word is made up in the ST, which means that a direct equivalent to that word does not exist. It is common practice for translators to use this technique in order to create a new specific term that makes sense within the store and conveys the same message. A good example of this technique is the word “spasticizer” used in “Cosmic Yo-yo”. It is a word that does not exist in English; therefore, it does not have a translation in Spanish. It was rendered as “espástico”.

Transliteration

The technique consists of adapting first the SL word to the pronunciation of the TL. The next step is adapting the word to the word form or morphology of the TL to make it look and sound familiar to the target audience.

The examples provided by Newmark are the following:

Humeur, Edimbourgh, performanz, exhalation.

Modulation

Aranda (2007) expresses that “modulation is a change in the point of view or image due to the difference between linguistic systems or cultures” (p. 16). A particular expression or phrase poses problems for a translator sometimes because it cannot be rendered in the same way as it was in the source text. The author provides two examples to fully understand the definition of modulation:

Life imprisonment – cadena perpetua

S/he brushes her/his teeth every day – Se lava los dientes todos los días.

2.5.12 ABOUT THE AUTHOR

According to the magazine *Amazing Stories* (Palmer, 1938) Ross Rocklynne, as he is known in the editorial world, was an American writer whose works reflected the interest in science fiction. His real name was Ross Louis Rocklin. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio on February 21, 1913. Rocklynne was a contributor to some science fiction pulps (magazines presenting science fiction stories) becoming a professional guest at the first World Science Fiction Convention in 1939.

His works were not as popular as those of his contemporaries, Isaac Asimov, L. Sprague de Camp, and Robert A. Heinlein, but he is considered to be an author blessed with one of the most florid and fascinating imaginations. Among Ross' most popular works are: "The Men and the Mirror" published in 1938. "Time Wants a Skeleton" in 1941 and "Ching Witch!" in 1972. Ross Rocklynne died at the age of 75 on October 29, 1998 in Los Angeles, California, leaving behind his two children: Keith and Jeffrey.

2.5.13 ABOUT THE STORY: COSMIC YO-YO

The premise of Cosmic Yo-Yo is pretty straightforward even before the reader starts reading the story since an advertisement explains a lot of what the plot is about (that is why pretext is an important concept to consider during this translation process). The story goes between the lines of "a couple of asteroid haulers who have created a business out of convincing rich folks on Earth that it would be great to have asteroids in their backyard." This activity seems new at first but later they will find out that they got rivals "who've taken their idea and are in heated competition." (Alex, 2016).

2.6 METHODOLOGY

The analysis of this work will be done through one chart that includes translation techniques with actual examples taken from the rendering into Spanish of the story “Cosmic Yo-yo”. The chart used in the analysis was created according to the reviews suggested by Peter Newmark (1988).

Instrument for analysis

The instrument for analysis focus on the elaboration of one chart consisting of nine translation techniques, featured in both the ST and TT versions of the work as well as the correspondent analysis. The chart is presented as follows:

Techniques	Source text	Target text	Analysis
Compensation by splitting			
Compensation by merging			
Compensation in kind			
Compensation in place			
Modulation			
Reordering			
Omission			
Transliteration			
Transcreation			

2.7 ANNOTATIONS

Translation Technique	ST Version	TT Version	Analysis
<p>Compensation by splitting</p>	<p>She <u>turned</u> and disappeared</p>	<p>Se <u>dio la vuelta</u> y desapareció</p>	<p>The different grammatical constraints of the languages do not allow for the word “turned” to be translated into one word in the TL; therefore, the same action is expressed using two more words.</p>
	<p>The girl <u>holstered her spasticizer</u>, but her completely inhospitable expression did not change.</p>	<p>La chica <u>colocó su espástico otra vez en la pistolera</u>, pero su expresión inhóspita no cambió.</p>	<p>The three main characters had been arguing and the female character pointed the spasticizer at the two male characters. When they came to an agreement, the girl lowered her spasticizer. The word “holstered” refers to the action of placing a gun back in its holster. The word could not be translated as a single word in the TL without losing the meaning and taking the reader out of the story. It was translated into “colocó otra vez en</p>

			la pistolera”, which expresses the same action.
	Suddenly, he turned back to the control board, <u>quartered</u> the vision plate.	De repente, se volvió hacia el tablero de control y <u>dividió</u> la placa de visión <u>en cuatro</u> .	The main character, Bob, was coming up with a plan for all of them to get what they wanted, but he wanted to look at the ship and the asteroid carrying it from different angles. To transmit the message of what he was trying to do, the single word “quartered” was divided into three words to get the message across that he was looking at the ship in the screen from four different angles and not looking at different screens.
	What had happened to Queazy he didn't know. He felt so horrible sick, he didn't care. <u>Then-lights out</u> .	No sabía qué le había pasado a Queazy. Se sentía tan enfermo que no le importaba. <u>Entonces, se apagaron las luces</u> .	The three main characters had been floating in space. One of them, Bob, was running out of oxygen and started seeing flickering points of light in his eyes. When he passed out, the lights were switched off. The same action is

			expressed in Spanish by using the phrase “se apagaron las luces”. It needs more words to convey the same meaning in the TL due to the nature of the Spanish language.
Compensation by merging	“A month!” Parker <u>burst the word out.</u>	“¡Un mes!” Parker <u>gritó</u>	Since the sentence in the ST version already had an exclamation point in the end, it was simply rendered as “gritó” because it made it clear to the audience that the character was yelling during this particular conversation. There is crosslinguistic synonymy.
	He couldn’t think of anything pertinent to say. He knew that he was slowly <u>working up a blush.</u>	No se le ocurrió nada pertinente que decir. Sabía que se estaba <u>sonrojando</u> lentamente.	The phrase “working up a blush” in the ST was condensed into a shorter rendering in the TT. Many times, one language can convey a similar or exact idea in fewer words, as it happens often between English and Spanish. In this case, it was

			condensed into “sonrojando”, which expresses a similar meaning.
	We’re in this together. We got to <u>back each other up</u> , understand?	Estamos juntos en esto, ¿entiende? Tenemos que <u>apoyarnos</u> .	The phrase “back each other up” was shrunk into a one-word rendering. In this particular case, the aforementioned phrase can be translated into one word in the TT. The word “apoyarnos” conveys similar meaning as the phrase in the ST, and it aligns to the features of the Spanish language, which is usually wordier than English.
	A few seconds later, the airlocks swung down, and five men <u>let themselves down</u> to the asteroid’s surface.	Unos segundos después, las esclusas de aire se abrieron y cinco hombres <u>bajaron</u> a la superficie del asteroide.	The main characters encountered the bad guys and were waiting for them to get off the ship. The phrase “let themselves down” is expressing the action the bad guys were performing as they walked down the airlocks. The same action is expressed in Spanish by rendering the phrase as “bajaron”.

<p>Compensation in kind</p>	<p>It was <u>ticklish work</u> completely to nullify the “yo-yo’s” speed.</p>	<p>Fue <u>delicado</u> anular la velocidad del “yoyo” por completo.</p>	<p>The noun phrase “ticklish work” was rendered as the adjective “delicado” in the TL. Both extracts refer to the complexity of the task they were doing. The ST focusses on the action performed while the TT focusses on the result.</p>
	<p>He’s always pulling me up short when I go off <u>half-cocked</u>.</p>	<p>Siempre me está tirando de los pelos cuando actúo <u>precipitadamente</u>.</p>	<p>Three of the characters were celebrating the fact they had gotten the asteroid back, but one of the characters had not thought about the consequences they were going to face when they fulfilled the order. The adjective “half-cocked” was rendered as “precipitadamente”, which is an adverb in the TL. The decision regarding the change was to highlight the manner in which he was acting in this specific situation. Both extracts refer to the way in which this particular</p>

			character was acting.
	The girl turned, too. They heard her <u>gasp</u> .	La chica también se dio la vuelta. Escucharon su <u>expresión de asombro</u> .	This extract takes place when the bad guys were nearing the three main characters in their ship. The author describes the action the female character did as she did not know who was coming. The noun “gasp” in the ST was rendered as the noun phrase “expresión de asombro” in the TT. Both versions express the surprised sound the girl made despite being different parts of speech.
	Queazy made a <u>gulping sound</u> and slowly straightened.	Queazy <u>tragó saliva</u> y se enderezó lentamente.	The character, Queazy, was nervous when he realized some had found the asteroid before them. Both extracts refer to the action of swallowing saliva when one’s nervous, but the ST focuses on the sound. The TT takes on a different perspective and

			focused on the action itself.
	<p>“Queazy!” he whispered.</p> <p>“Queazy” I’m <u>running out of air!</u>”</p>	<p>“!Queazy!” susurró.</p> <p>“¡Queazy! <u>¡No puedo respirar!</u>”</p>	<p>One of the characters was thrown into space and was running out of oxygen. The ST phrase “I’m running out of oxygen!” was rendered as “¡no puedo respirar” to express the urgency and desperation he felt as he noticed that the oxygen levels was decreasing and the gravity of the situation. He could have died if they had not found him. It was decided to change the perspective in which the sentence was written to make the reader feel a bit on edge about what was happening to this particular character.</p>
<p>Compensation in place</p>	<p><u>“She checks down to the last dimension,”</u> Bob chortled, working with slide-rule and logarithm tables.</p>	<p><u>“El asteroide tiene todas las medidas exactas,”</u> gritó Bob trabajando con tablas de reglas de deslizamiento y logaritmos.</p>	<p>This sentence is uttered at the beginning of the story when the characters were looking for an asteroid with specific measurements and</p>

			<p>composition. The pronoun “she” was used to refer to the asteroid, but this particular textual effect could not be translated in the TL in the same way. In Spanish, an asteroid is referred to with the pronoun “el”. Therefore, it was rendered as “el asteroide” to reproduce the same effect in the TT.</p>
	<p>Her space-suit was off. <u>She was wearing</u> lightly striped blue slacks and a blue silk blouse and she had a paper flower in her hair.</p>	<p>No llevaba puesto su traje especial. <u>Vestía</u> unos pantalones azules a rayas, una blusa de seda azul y tenía una flor de papel en el cabello.</p>	<p>When this part of the story took place, both male characters had been saved by the female character. Once inside the ship, Bob, one of the male characters, was looking at the girl to thank her. The entire ST extract was focused on his appraisal of her. Due to the grammatical features of the Spanish language, it is possible to shift the textual effect of the pronoun and auxiliary verb “she was” and incorporate it to the main verb. It is a</p>

			<p>matter of style. In Spanish, the conjugation of the verb always references the pronoun or subject of the sentence. The reference to the subject is already present; therefore, mentioning the subject again would be redundant.</p>
	<p>“Oh, hell”, Bob groaned, the serious glory of <u>her eyes</u> making in Shake. He took her hand.</p>	<p>“¡Oh, demonios”, gimió Bob, la sincera adoración en <u>los ojos de Starre</u> le hizo temblar. Tomó su mano.</p>	<p>This extract is taking place in a point in the story where one of the male characters is in love with the female character and vice versa. She was looking at him adoringly. The phrase “her eyes” was rendered as “en los ojos de Starre” because if the translation would have been “en sus ojos” it would be confusing for the audience as there were three people in the ship sharing a common space, not just the two of them. In order to make the situation clear, it was decided to compensate for the</p>

			loss of the pronoun and writing the character's name.
	<p>"It's-it's very important that this-this asteroid stay right where it is," she said huskily. "What <u>will they do?</u>"</p>	<p>"Es...es muy importante que...que este asteroide se quede dónde está", dijo con voz ronca. "¿Qué...qué <u>harán?</u>"</p>	<p>The bad guys were coming in their ship, and the female character was scared about what they were going to do to take the asteroid from them. The phrase "will they do" was incorporated to the verb. In the TL the phrase was rendered as "harán"; this single word carries the entire meaning. If it had been translated as "¿qué harán ellos?", the rendering would feel alien because it is not a normal construction in the Spanish language. The word "harán" expresses the same meaning, and it carries the connotation that the female character is referring to the bad guys.</p>
Modulation	<p>So I decided to trick him and I came out to the asteroid belt and</p>	<p>Así que decidí engañarlo, salí al cinturón de asteroides y elegí un asteroide <u>con</u></p>	<p>During this conversation, the female character was explaining to the male</p>

	<p>picked out an asteroid <u>that was shaped</u> so that a wedding could take place on it.</p>	<p><u>una</u> <u>forma particular</u> para tener una boda sobre el.</p>	<p>characters how she had come up with the plan and how she chose a particular asteroid that would probably never be found. The verb phrase “was shaped” in the ST version is rendered as “con una forma particular” because the verb “shape” is available in Spanish with a different connotation. The direct equivalent is “moldear” which refers to hand-made processes.</p>
	<p>Queazy looked from one to another of them. He <u>waves his hand scornfully</u> at Bob. “You’re plain nuts”.</p>	<p>Queazy los miró el uno al otro. Le hizo <u>un gesto de desprecio con la mano</u> a Bob. “Estás loco.”</p>	<p>The phrase “waves scornfully” was translated as “un gesto de desprecio con la mano” to focus on the action itself. In the ST the focus was placed on the manner in which the gesture was done, but the TT focuses on the action and the movement itself.</p>
			<p>The character, Queazy, was nervous when he realized some had found the asteroid before them. Both</p>

			extracts refer to the action of swallowing saliva when one's nervous, but the ST focuses on the sound. The TT takes on a different perspective and focused on the action itself.
	He hurled straight at Billy Saylor, lifted him off the asteroid and threw him away, into space. He yelled <u>with triumph</u> .	Se lanzó directamente sobre Billy Saylor, lo levantó del asteroide y lo lanzó al espacio. Gritó <u>triumfante</u> .	The three main characters and the bad guys were in a confrontation when this part of the story took place. The adverb phrase "with triumph" was rendered as the adjective "triumfante"; both extracts express the joy he felt as he beat one of the bad guys, even though his celebration was short-lived.
Reordering	"May I ask what <u>you interlopers</u> are doing on my asteroid?"	"¿Puedo preguntar que están haciendo en mi asteroide, <u>intrusos</u> ?"	The phrase is uttered when the female character encounters the two male characters on the asteroid that was hers. The word "interlopers" was placed in the middle of the sentence in the ST, but it was decided to move it to the end of the sentence

			in the TT to make it sound more natural in the TL. The grammatical construction of the TL usually has the person being addressed at the beginning or end of the sentence or question.
	<p>“We’ll be so deep in debt we’ll never be independent again the rest of our lives <u>if we don’t land the asteroid.</u>”</p>	<p>“<u>Si no aterrizamos el asteroide,</u> estaremos tan endeudados que no volveremos a ser independientes el resto de nuestras vidas.”</p>	<p>The characters were facing a quandary because they wanted to help the female character get what she wanted, but they needed to land the asteroid to avoid their business going under. Landing the asteroid was the most important thing to them, so the phrase “if we don’t land the asteroid” was placed at the beginning to highlight this part of the conversation.</p>
	<p>Would you mind telling me, <u>young man,</u> how it is that my granddaughter was in your ship?</p>	<p>¿<u>Joven,</u> le importaría decirme cómo es que mi nieta estaba en su nave?</p>	<p>The sentence has been slightly altered in the TL, specifically the phrase “young man” which was in the middle of the sentence. The decision to move the phrase at the</p>

			beginning of the sentence was to make it sound more natural and to respect the proper structure of the TL.
	“What do you <u>damned fools</u> think you’re trying to do?”	¿Qué están intentando hacer, <u>malditos tontos</u> ?	The sentence was uttered by the bad guys when they were being attacked by the three main characters. The phrase “damned fools” was rendered at the end of the sentence to match with the grammatical structure of the TL. If it had been placed in the middle as it was in the ST, the rendering would have been nonsensical.
Omission	Mildly speaking, the girl was beautiful, and though only her carefully made-up face was visible-cool blue eyes, <u>masterfully coiffed</u> , upswept, glinting brown	En términos simples, la chica era hermosa, y aunque sólo se veía su cara delicadamente maquillada, ojos azules fríos, cabello brillante color marrón arreglado en un peinado alto, labios y barbilla obstinados.	When this extract is explained in the story, one of the male characters was seeing the female character for the first time. He was captured instantly and was admiring her. One of the characteristics of the SL is that sentences are

	<p>hair, willful lips and chin.</p>		<p>often very long and feature several modifying adjectives. The word “masterfully coiffed” were omitted from the TT version because the phrase “cabello brillante color marron arreglado en un peinado alto” transmitted the intended message. It was decided to omit these words to avoid confusing the readers with a sentence structure that does not sound natural in the Spanish language.</p>
	<p>“You’ve taken a whim to stay on an asteroid that doesn’t mean anything to you. But to us- <u>to me and Queazy here-</u> it means our business”.</p>	<p>“Se ha tomado el capricho de quedarse en un asteroide que no significa nada para usted. Pero para nosotros significa nuestro negocio”.</p>	<p>This exchange happened when both male characters were trying to reason with the girl to give them the asteroid. It has been previously stated twice at this point in the story that both male characters, Bob and Queazy, worked together. Since the audience is aware that they are in a partnership, it is redundant to translate the phrase “to me and</p>

			Queazy here” one more time. Moreover, the three of them were the only people in the asteroid and he was addressing the girl. It was clear that he was talking about him and the other male character.
	He ripped out wild curses at the Saylor brothers. <u>Murderers, both of them!</u> Up until this time, he had merely thought of them as business rivals.	Lanzó salvajes insultos contra los hermanos Saylor. <u>¡Asesinos!</u> Hasta entonces, solo los consideraba rivales de negocios.	This extract takes place when the bad guys, the Saylor brothers, had beaten the three main characters; all three of them were floating around in space. It had been stated previously in the story that the Saylor brothers were two, Wally and Billy. It would sound redundant to translate the phrase “both of them” because the audience knew that they were two.
	The <u>dumbbell ship</u> reached the end of its cables, falling a bare twenty feet short of completing its mission.	La <u>nave</u> llegó al final de sus cables, cayendo a unos 6 metros de distancia de completar su misión.	The characters were carrying out their plan of taking the asteroid back from the bad guys. The word “dumbbell” was omitted from the TT because the particular shape of

			<p>the ship had been mentioned three times before in the story. Moreover, the characters had agreed beforehand that they would be using this ship to get the asteroid back to use it as a yoyo due to its shape. This is the particular extract in which the plan is being carried out, so the audience is familiar with the ship they are using.</p>
<p>Transliteration</p>	<p>Bob Parker had received the <u>ethergram</u> three weeks ago.</p>	<p>Bob Parker había recibido el <u>etergrama</u> tres semanas atrás.</p>	<p>A rendering for the word “ethergram” does not exist since it is a made-up word in the SL.</p> <p>The decision to adapt the pronunciation and morphology of the word to that of the TL alphabet was because the word has a similar connotation to the word “telegram”. “Ethergram” is described as a message they receive on spaceships. The readership can make the connection between the two</p>

			<p>words to understand what it means. The decision to render the word as “etergrama” came from the similarity to the aforementioned word; the rendering feels as if it is the same word, but used in a different setting, which is space in this particular case.</p>
	<p>Queazy was across the room in two running strides and he threw in the <u>teleaudio</u>.</p>	<p>Queazy atravesó la habitación en dos pasos agigantados y activó el <u>teleaudio</u>.</p>	<p>The word “teleaudio” does not have a rendering since it is a made up word in the SL. Thus, it was necessary to come up with a word that transmitted the same message. Since the teleaudio was described in the story as a part of the ship that allowed the characters to see and hear what was happening on the outside, as well as establishing communication with other ships, it was rendered as “teleaudio”. The word was adapted to the pronunciation of the TL alphabet to</p>

			help the audience understand what the device does. Also, the decision to render it as “teleaudio” and not “videollamada” was because the latter is associated to cell phones and laptops.
	777 Main Street, Satterfield City, <u>Fontanaland</u> , Mars.	777 Calle principal, Ciudad de Satterfield, <u>Fontanalandia</u> , Marte.	The extract is the address of the moving and hauling company the male characters owned. The word “Fontanaland” was adapted to both the alphabet and morphology of the TL to make it sound more natural to the readers. The rendering “Fontanalandia” also has a fantastical quality to it. As the audience comes across the word, they can sense that it is not a place of this Earth, which is appropriate since the story takes place in space.
Transcreation	Each of these men carried a weapon or more. But he	Cada uno de estos hombres tenía un arma o más. Pero él	The word “spasticizer” does not exist in the SL. Therefore, it was necessary to come

	<p>was thinking of the girl's <u>spasticizer</u>- a paralyzing weapon.</p>	<p>pensaba en el <u>espástico</u> de la chica, ya que era un arma paralizante.</p>	<p>up with a word that would convey the same message. It was decided to render it as “espástico” because the author described it as “a paralyzing weapon” in one part of the story. Also, the author mentions that the weapon produces spastic rays. It was agreed that the rendering is suitable because it would help the readership understand what the weapon is and does. The word “espástico” is derived from the word “espasticidad” in Spanish, which is the stiffening of muscles that prevents normal and fluid movements.</p>
--	--	--	--

2.8 CONCLUSIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS

CONCLUSIONS

- There are several translation approaches available when translating science fiction stories such as literal, faithful or communicative, to name a few; it depends on the translator to analyze the different aspects of the source text that he chooses to be preserved in the target language. When translating “Cosmic Yo-yo”, it was decided to use a communicative translation approach because the main objective is to entertain the audience that is going to read the translated text into their native language.
- There exist various translation techniques to assist translators throughout the entire translation process such as compensation, modulation, transliteration, etc. Out of all the techniques available it was agreed to use nine translation techniques in particular, which are: compensation by merging, compensation by splitting, compensation in place, compensation in kind, modulation, omission, reordering, transcreation and transliteration to efficiently tackle all of the problems that arose during the rendering such as translation of made up words or grammatical elements particular of the source language that could not be rendered in the same way into the target language.
- The style and terminology used in science fiction stories does affect the rendering because there are elements that cannot be translated literally, or the word cannot be borrowed into the target text because it would create a rendering both foreign and difficult to understand for the audience. “Cosmic Yo-yo” contains special elements in its original form such as made-up words, technical terms that do not exist in the original language and phrases or expressions that are imbedded in the source culture. The most challenging task in this particular science fiction story was the translation of technical terms and made-up words. Since the story is set in space, a large part of the conversations between the characters contained scientific terms and concepts. In such instances,

translators need to do extensive research about what the terms mean and, in some cases, what the process actually entails.

- An annotated translation has been created to help future translators that wish to render science fiction stories to analyze all the aspects of a text that have the potential to cause problems during the translation process such as cultural words or phrases, science fiction terminology and made-up words. The analysis provides a detailed explanation of all the informed decisions that were made to translate this particular story according to the context in which the words or phrases were being used.
- A significant conclusion worth mentioning is the great disparity between both languages when it comes to the construction of sentences. Spanish tends to gravitate towards longer forms of terms, phrases or words than English; that is the reason why the technique compensation by splitting will be convenient to use in these particular cases. Moreover, the examples of reordering depict how, sometimes, the order of elements need to be switched during the translation process to make the sentence sound more natural in the TL.

RECOMMENDATIONS

- It is recommended to read and analyze the source text in its entirety to decide what the best translation approach is in order to communicate the intended message and entertain the target audience.
- It is advisable to evaluate all the translation techniques available beforehand as they are going to help render all of the different grammatical characteristics of the source text into the target text for a counterpart that feels natural to the target audience.
- Regarding the various made-up words, it is suggested that translators who wish to dive in the literary field, analyze the roots of the word or phrase and the situation or context in which it is used in the story. To tackle the problem of the several made up words and cultural expressions in the source text, it was decided to use transcreation and transliteration. A clear understanding of the source text will help the

translator render a text that will entertain the audience and not confuse them with all the technical terminology within the story.

- It is recommended for future translators to revise various annotated translations about a topic similar to the one they are trying to tackle to have an idea about the problems that arise during the translation process and what translation techniques they could use to render difficult words, phrases or concepts.
- It is advised for translators to place more emphasis in the overall clarity and readability of the text in the TL and follow its rules and grammatical constraints.

3. BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Alex. (2016, April 29). *Short Reviews - Cosmic Yo-yo by Ross Rocklynne*. Retrieved from Castalia House : <http://www.castaliahouse.com/short-reviews-cosmic-yo-yo-by-ross-rocklynne/>
- Aranda, L. (2007). *Handbook of Spanish-English Translation*. Lanham: University Press of America.
- Booker, M. K. (2014). *Historical Dictionary of Science Fiction in Literature* . Maryland: Rowman & Littlefield.
- Bush , P., & Malmkjaer, K. (1998). *Rimbaud's Rainbow: Literary Translation in Higher Education*. Amsterdam: John Benjamins Publishing Company .
- Chan, S.-w., & Pollard, D. (2001). *An Encyclopedia of Translation: Chinese English, English-Chinese*. Hong Kong: Chinese University Press .
- Colina, S. (2015). *Fundamentals of Translation*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press .
- Darwish, A. (2010). *Elements of Translation: A practical guide for translators* . Melbourne: Writescope Pty Ltd .
- Gunn, J. (2000). *The Science of Science Fiction Writing*. Lanham, Maryland: Scarecrow Press, Inc.
- Gunn, J. (2009). Science Fiction in Western Culture. In M. Booker , & A.-M. Thomas , *The Science Fiction Handbook* (pp. 3-13). New Jersey: John Wiley & Sons.
- Landers, C. (2001). *Literary Translation: A Practical Guide*. Bristol: Multilingual Matters.
- Lea, D., Hornby , A. S., & Bradbery, J. (2020). *Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary* . Oxford : Oxford University Press.
- McNelly, W. (1977). Kurt Vonnegut as Science Fiction Writer. In J. Klinkowitz, & D. Lawler, *Vonnegut in America: An Introduction to the Life and Work of Kurt Vonnegut* (pp. 87-97). New York: Dell Publishing Company .

- Newmark, P. (1981). *Approaches to Translation*. New York: Pergamon Press.
- Newmark, P. (1988). *A Textbook of Translation*. New Jersey: Prentice-Hall International.
- Newmark, P. (1991). *About Translation*. Bristol: Multilingual Matters .
- Newmark, P. (2004). Non-Literary in the Light of Literary Translation. *The Journal of Specialised Translation*, 6.
- Palmer, R. (1938). Meet the Authors . *Amazing Stories*, 6.
- Párraga, J. M. (2014). Translating Science Fiction: a Dystopian Task? *Skopos: revista internacional de traducción e interpretación*, 87-102.
- Preciado, P., & Silva Serafín, M. B. (2007). *English Translation Techniques*. Ciudad de México: Umbral Digital.
- Sánchez , M. (2009). *The Problems of Litrary Translation: A Study of the Theory and Practice of Translation from English into Spanish* . Bern: Peter Lang International Academic Publishers .
- Tuttle, L. (2002). *Writing Fantasy & Science Fiction*. London: A & C Black.
- Williams , J., & Chesterman, A. (2002). *The Map: A Beginner's Guide to Doing Research in Translation Studies*. Manchester: St. Jerome Publishing.

4. APPENDIX

SOURCE TEXT

COSMIC YO-YO

By ROSS ROCKLYNNE

Bob Parker, looking through the photo-amplifiers at the wedge-shaped asteroid, was plainly flabbergasted. Not in his wildest imaginings had he thought they would actually find what they were looking for.

"Cut the drive!" he yelled at Queazy. "I've got it, right on the nose. Queazy, my boy, can you imagine it? We're in the dough. Not only that, we're rich! Come here!"

Queazy discharged their tremendous inertia into the motive-tubes in such a manner that the big, powerful ship was moving at the same rate as the asteroid below—47.05 miles per second. He came slogging back excitedly, put his eyes to the eyepiece. He gasped, and his big body shook with joyful ejaculations.

"She checks down to the last dimension," Bob chortled, working with slide-rule and logarithm tables. "Now all we have to do is find out if she's made of tungsten, iron, quartz crystals, and cinnabar! But there couldn't be two asteroids of that shape anywhere else in the Belt, so this has to be it!"

He jerked a badly crumpled ethergram from his pocket, smoothed it out, and thumbed his nose at the signature.

"Whee! Mr. Andrew S. Burnside, you owe us five hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

Queazy straightened. A slow, likeable smile wreathed his tanned face. "Better take it easy," he advised, "until I land the ship and we use the atomic whirl spectroscope to determine the composition of the asteroid."

"Have it your way," Bob Parker sang, happily. He threw the ethergram to the winds and it fell gently to the deck-plates. While Queazy—so called because his full name was Quentin Zuyler—dropped the ship straight down to the smooth surface of the asteroid, and clamped it tight with magnetic grapples,

Bob flung open the lazarette, brought out two space-suits. Moments later, they were outside the ship, with star-powdered infinity spread to all sides.

In the ship, the ethergram from Andrew S. Burnside, of Philadelphia, one of the richest men in the world, still lay on the deck-plates. It was addressed to: Mr. Robert Parker, President Interplanetary Hauling & Moving Co., 777 Main Street, Satterfield City, Fontanaland, Mars. The ethergram read:

Received your advertising literature a week ago. Would like to state that yes I would like an asteroid in my back yard. Must meet following specifications: 506 feet length, long enough for wedding procession; 98 feet at base, tapering to 10 feet at apex; 9-12 feet thick; topside smooth-plane, underside rough-plane; composed of iron ore, tungsten, quartz crystals, and cinnabar. Must be in my back yard before 11:30 A.M. my time, for important wedding June 2, else order is void. Will pay \$5.00 per ton.

Bob Parker had received that ethergram three weeks ago. And if The Interplanetary Hauling & Moving Co., hadn't been about to go on the rocks (chiefly due to the activities of Saylor & Saylor, a rival firm) neither Bob nor Queazy would have thought of sending an answering ethergram to Burnside stating that they would fill the order. It was, plainly, a hair-brained request. And yet, if by some chance there was such a rigidly specified asteroid, their financial worries would be over. That they had actually discovered the asteroid, using their mass-detectors in a weight-elimination process, seemed like an incredible stroke of luck. For there are literally millions of asteroids in the asteroid belt, and they had been out in space only three weeks.

The "asteroid in your back yard" idea had been Bob Parker's originally. Now it was a fad that was sweeping Earth, and Burnside wasn't the first rich man who had decided to hold a wedding on top of an asteroid. Unfortunately, other interplanetary moving companies had cashed in on that brainstorm, chiefly the firm of the Saylor brothers—which persons Bob Parker intended to punch in the nose some day. And would have before this if he hadn't been lanky and tall while they were giants. Now that he and Queazy had found the asteroid, they were desperate to get it to its destination, for fear that the Saylor brothers might get wind of what was going on, and try to beat them out of their profits.

Which was not so far-fetched, because the firm of Saylor & Saylor made no pretense of being scrupulous.

Now they scuffed along the smooth-plane topside of the asteroid, the magnets in their shoes keeping them from stepping off into space. They came to the broad base of the asteroid-wedge, walked over the edge and "down" the twelve-foot thickness. Here they squatted, and Bob Parker happily clamped the atomic-whirl spectroscope to the rough surface. By the naked eye, they could see iron ore, quartz crystals, cinnabar, but he had the spectroscope and there was no reason why he shouldn't use it. He satisfied himself as to the exterior of the asteroid, and then sent the twin beams deep into its heart. The beams crossed, tore atoms from molecules, revolved them like an infinitely fine powder. The radiations from the sundered molecules traveled back up the beams to the atomic-whirl spectroscope. Bob watched a pointer which moved slowly up and up—past tungsten, past iridium, past gold—

Bob Parker said, in astonishment, "Hell! There's something screwy about this business. Look at that point—"

Neither he nor Queazy had the opportunity to observe the pointer any further. A cold, completely disagreeable feminine voice said,

"May I ask what you interlopers are doing on my asteroid?"

Bob started so badly that the spectroscope's settings were jarred and the lights in its interior died. Bob twisted his head around as far as he could inside the "aquarium"—the glass helmet, and found himself looking at a space-suited girl who was standing on the edge of the asteroid "below."

"Ma'am," said Bob, blinking, "did you say something?"

Queazy made a gulping sound and slowly straightened. He automatically reached up as if he would take off his hat and twist it in his hands.

"I said," remarked the girl, "that you should scam off of my asteroid. And quit poking around at it with that spectroscope. I've already taken a reading. Cinnabar, iron ore, quartz crystals, tungsten. Goodbye."

Bob's nose twitched as he adjusted his glasses, which he wore even inside his suit. He couldn't think of anything pertinent to say. He knew that he was slowly

working up a blush. Mildly speaking, the girl was beautiful, and though only her carefully made-up face was visible—cool blue eyes, masterfully coiffed, upswept, glinting brown hair, wilful lips and chin—Bob suspected the rest of her compared nicely.

Her expression darkened as she saw the completely instinctive way he was looking at her and her radioed-voice rapped out, "Now you two boys go and play somewhere else! Else I'll let the Interplanetary Commission know you've infringed the law. G'bye!"

She turned and disappeared.

Bob awoke from his trance, shouted desperately, "Hey! Wait! *You!*"

He and Queazy caught up with her on the side of the asteroid they hadn't yet examined. It was a rough plane, completing the rigid qualifications Burnside had set down.

"Wait a minute," Bob Parker begged nervously. "I want to make some conversation, lady. I'm sure you don't understand the conditions—"

The girl turned and drew a gun from a holster. It was a spasticizer, and it was three times as big as her gloved hand.

"I understand conditions better than you do," she said. "You want to move this asteroid from its orbit and haul it back to Earth. Unfortunately, this is my home, by common law. Come back in a month. I don't expect to be here then."

"A month!" Parker burst the word out. He started to sweat, then his face became grim. He took two slow steps toward the girl. She blinked and lost her composure and unconsciously backed up two steps. About twenty steps away was her small dumbbell-shaped ship, so shiny and unscarred that it reflected starlight in highlights from its curved surface. A rich girl's ship, Bob Parker thought angrily. A month would be too late!

He said grimly, "Don't worry. I don't intend to pull any rough stuff. I just want you to listen to reason. You've taken a whim to stay on an asteroid that doesn't mean anything to you one way or another. But to us—to me and Queazy here—it means our business. We got an order for this asteroid. Some screwball millionaire wants it for a backyard wedding see? We get five hundred

and fifty thousand dollars for it! If we don't take this asteroid to Earth before June 2, we go back to Satterfield City and work the rest of our lives in the glass factories. Don't we, Queazy?"

Queazy said simply, "That's right, miss. We're in a spot. I assure you we didn't expect to find someone living here."

The girl holstered her spasticizer, but her completely inhospitable expression did not change. She put her hands on the bulging hips of her space-suit. "Okay," she said. "Now I understand the conditions. Now we both understand each other. G'bye again. I'm staying here and—" she smiled sweetly "—it may interest you to know that if I let you have the asteroid you'll save your business, but I'll meet a fate worse than death! So that's that."

Bob recognized finality when he saw it. "Come on, Queazy," he said fuming. "Let this brat have her way. But if I ever run across her without a space-suit on I'm going to give her the licking of her life, right where it'll do the most good!"

He turned angrily, but Queazy grabbed his arm, his mouth falling open. He pointed off into space, beyond the girl.

"What's that?" he whispered.

"What's wha—*Oh!*"

Bob Parker's stomach caved in. A few hundred feet away, floating gently toward the asteroid, came another ship—a ship a trifle bigger than their own. The girl turned, too. They heard her gasp. In another second, Bob was standing next to her. He turned the audio-switch to his headset off, and spoke to the girl by putting his helmet against hers.

"Listen to me, miss," he snapped earnestly, when she tried to draw away. "Don't talk by radio. That ship belongs to the Saylor brothers! Oh, Lord, that this should happen! Somewhere along the line, we've been double-crossed. Those boys are after this asteroid too, and they won't hesitate to pull any rough stuff. We're in this together, understand? We got to back each other up."

The girl nodded dumbly. Suddenly she seemed to be frightened. "It's—it's very important that this—this asteroid stay right where it is," she said huskily. "What—what will they do?"

Bob Parker didn't answer. The big ship had landed, and little blue sparks crackled between the hull and the asteroid as the magnetic clamps took hold. A few seconds later, the airlocks swung down, and five men let themselves down to the asteroid's surface and stood surveying the three who faced them. The two men in the lead stood with their hands on their hips; their darkish, twin faces were grinning broadly.

"A pleasure," drawled Wally Saylor, looking at the girl. "What do you think of this situation Billy?"

"It's obvious," drawled Billy Saylor, rocking back and forth on his heels, "that Bob Parker and company have double-crossed us. We'll have to take steps."

The three men behind the Saylor twins broke into rough, chuckling laughter.

Bob Parker's gorge rose. "Scram," he said coldly. "We've got an ethergram direct from Andrew S. Burnside ordering this asteroid."

"So have we," Wally Saylor smiled—and his smile remained fixed, dangerous. He started moving forward, and the three men in back came abreast, forming a semi-circle which slowly closed in. Bob Parker gave back a step, as he saw their intentions.

"We got here first," he snapped harshly. "Try any funny stuff and we'll report you to the Interplanetary Commission!"

It was Bob Parker's misfortune that he didn't carry a weapon. Each of these men carried one or more, plainly visible. But he was thinking of the girl's spasticizer—a paralyzing weapon. He took a hair-brained chance, jerked the spasticizer from the girl's holster and yelled at Queazy. Queazy got the idea, urged his immense body into motion. He hurled straight at Billy Saylor, lifted him straight off the asteroid and threw him away, into space. He yelled with triumph.

At the same time, the spasticizer Bob held was shot cleanly out of his hand by Wally Saylor. Bob roared, started toward Wally Saylor, knocked the smoking gun from his hand with a sweeping arm. Then something crushing seemed to hit him in the stomach, grabbing at his solar plexus. He doubled up, gurgling with agony. He fell over on his back, and his boots were wrenched loose from

their magnetic grip. Vaguely, before the flickering points of light in his brain subsided to complete darkness, he heard the girl's scream of rage—then a scream of pain.

What had happened to Queazy he didn't know. He felt so horribly sick, he didn't care. Then—lights out.

Bob Parker came to, the emptiness of remote starlight in his face. He opened his eyes. He was slowly revolving on an axis. Sometimes the Sun swept across his line of vision. A cold hammering began at the base of his skull, a sensation similar to that of being buried alive. There was no asteroid, no girl, no Queazy. He was alone in the vastness of space. Alone in a space-suit.

"Queazy!" he whispered. "Queazy! I'm running out of air!"

There was no answer from Queazy. With sick eyes, Bob studied the oxygen indicator. There was only five pounds pressure. Five pounds! That meant he had been floating around out here—how long? Days at least—maybe weeks! It was evident that somebody had given him a dose of spastic rays, enough to screw up every muscle in his body to the snapping point, putting him in such a condition of suspended animation that his oxygen needs were small. He closed his eyes, trying to fight against panic. He was glad he couldn't see any part of his body. He was probably scrawny. And he was hungry!

"I'll starve," he thought. "Or suffocate to death first!"

He couldn't keep himself from taking in great gulps of air. Minutes, then hours passed. He was breathing abnormally, and there wasn't enough air in the first place. He pleaded continually for Queazy, hoping that somehow Queazy could help, when probably Queazy was in the same condition. He ripped out wild curses directed at the Saylor brothers. Murderers, both of them! Up until this time, he had merely thought of them as business rivals. If he ever got out of this—

He groaned. He never would get out of it! After another hour, he was gasping weakly, and yellow spots danced in his eyes. He called Queazy's name once more, knowing that was the last time he would have strength to call it.

And this time the headset spoke back!

Bob Parker made a gurgling sound. A voice came again, washed with static, far away, burbling, but excited. Bob made a rattling sound in his throat. Then his eyes started to close, but he imagined that he saw a ship, shiny and small, driving toward him, growing in size against the backdrop of the Milky Way. He relapsed, a terrific buzzing in his ears.

He did not lose consciousness. He heard voices, Queazy's and the girl's, whoever she was. Somebody grabbed hold of his foot. His "aquarium" was unbuckled and good air washed over his streaming face. The sudden rush of oxygen to his brain dizzied him. Then he was lying on a bunk, and gradually the world beyond his sick body focussed in his clearing eyes and he knew he was alive—and going to stay that way, for awhile anyway.

"Thanks, Queazy," he said huskily.

Queazy was bending over him, his anxiety clearing away from his suddenly brightening face.

"Don't thank me," he whispered. "We'd have both been goners if it hadn't been for her. The Saylor brothers left her paralyzed like us, and when she woke up she was on a slow orbit around her ship. She unstrapped her holster and threw it away from her and it gave her enough reaction to reach the ship. She got inside and used the direction-finder on the telaudio and located me first. The Saylor's scattered us far and wide." Queazy's broad, normally good-humored face twisted blackly. "The so and so's didn't care if we lived or died."

Bob saw the girl now, standing a little behind Queazy, looking down at him curiously, but unhappily. Her space-suit was off. She was wearing lightly striped blue slacks and blue silk blouse and she had a paper flower in her hair. Something in Bob's stomach caved in as his eyes widened on her.

The girl said glumly, "I guess you men won't much care for me when you find out who I am and what I've done. I'm Starre Lowenthal—Andrew S. Burnside's granddaughter!"

Bob came slowly to his feet, and matched Queazy's slowly growing anger.

"Say that again?" he snapped. "This is some kind of dirty trick you and your grandfather cooked up?"

"No!" she exclaimed. "No. My grandfather didn't even know there was an asteroid like this. But I did, long before he ordered it from you—or from the Saylor brothers. You see—well, my granddad's about the stubbornest old hoot-owl in this universe! He's always had his way, and when people stand in his way, that's just a challenge to him. He's been badgering me for years to marry Mac, and so has Mac—"

"Who's Mac?" Queazy demanded.

"My fiancé, I guess," she said helplessly. "He's one of my granddad's protégés. Granddad's always financing some likely young man and giving him a start in life. Mac has become pretty famous for his Mercurian water-colors—he's an artist. Well, I couldn't hold out any longer. If you knew my grandfather, you'd know how absolutely *impossible* it is to go against him when he's got his mind set! I was just a mass of nerves. So I decided to trick him and I came out to the asteroid belt and picked out an asteroid that was shaped so a wedding could take place on it. I took the measurements and the composition, then I told my grandfather I'd marry Mac if the wedding was in the back yard on top of an asteroid with those measurements and made of iron ore, tungsten, and so forth. He agreed so fast he scared me, and just to make sure that if somebody *did* find the asteroid in time they wouldn't be able to get it back to Earth, I came out here and decided to live here. Asteroids up to a certain size belong to whoever happens to be on them, by common law.... So I had everything figured out—except," she added bitterly, "the Saylor brothers! I guess Granddad wanted to make sure the asteroid was delivered, so he gave the order to several companies."

Bob swore under his breath. He went reeling across to a port, and was gratified to see his and Queazy's big interplanetary hauler floating only a few hundred feet away. He swung around, looked at Queazy.

"How long were we floating around out there?"

"Three weeks, according to the chronometer. The Saylor boys gave us a stiff shot."

"*Ouch!*" Bob groaned. Then he looked at Starre Lowenthal with determination. "Miss, pardon me if I say that this deal you and your granddad cooked up is

plain screwy! With us on the butt end. But I'm going to put this to you plainly. We can catch up with the Saylor brothers even if they are three weeks ahead of us. The Saylor ship and ours both travel on the HH drive—inertia-less. But the asteroid has plenty of inertia, and so they'll have to haul it down to Earth by a long, spiraling orbit. We can go direct and probably catch up with them a few hundred thousand miles this side of Earth. And we can have a fling at getting the asteroid back!"

Her eyes sparkled. "You mean—" she cried. Then her attractive face fell. "Oh," she said. "Oh! And when you get it back, you'll land it."

"That's right," Bob said grimly. "We're in business. For us, it's a matter of survival. If the by-product of delivering the asteroid is your marriage—sorry! But until we do get the asteroid back, we three can work as a team if you're willing. We'll fight the other problem out later. Okay?"

She smiled tremulously. "Okay, I guess."

Queazy looked from one to another of them. He waved his hand scornfully at Bob. "You're plain nuts," he complained. "How do you propose to go about convincing the Saylor brothers they ought to let us have the asteroid back? Remember, commercial ships aren't allowed to carry long-range weapons. And we couldn't ram the Saylor brothers' ship—not without damaging our own ship just as much. Go ahead and answer that."

Bob looked at Queazy dismally. "The old balance-wheel," he groaned at Starre. "He's always pulling me up short when I go off half-cocked. All I know is, that maybe we'll get a good idea as we go along. In the meantime, Starre—ahem—none of us has eaten in three weeks...?"

Starre got the idea. She smiled dazzlingly and vanished toward the galley.

Bob Parker was in love with Starre Lowenthal. He knew that after five days out, as the ship hurled itself at breakneck speed toward Earth; probably that distracting emotion was the real reason he couldn't attach any significance to Starre's dumbbell-shaped ship, which trailed astern, attached by a long cable.

Starre apparently knew he was in love with her, too, for on the fifth day Bob was teaching her the mechanics of operating the hauler, and she gently lifted his hand from a finger-switch.

"Even I know that isn't the control to the Holloway vacuum-feeder, Bob. That switch is for the—ah—the anathern tube, you told me. Right?"

"Right," he said unsteadily. "Anyway, Starre, as I was saying, this ship operates according to the reverse Fitzgerald Contraction Formula. All moving bodies contract in the line of motion. What Holloway and Hammond did was to reverse that universal law. They caused the contraction first—motion had to follow! The gravitonic field affects every atom in the ship with the same speed at the same time. We could go from zero speed to our top speed of two thousand miles a second just like that!"

He snapped his fingers. "No acceleration effects. This type of ship, necessary in our business, can stop flat, back up, ease up, move in any direction, and the passengers wouldn't have any feeling of motion at—Oh, hell!" Bob groaned, the serious glory of her eyes making him shake. He took her hand. "Starre," he said desperately, "I've got to tell you something—"

She jerked her hand away. "No," she exclaimed in an almost frightened voice. "You can't tell me. There's—there's Mac," she finished, faltering. "The asteroid—"

"You *have* to marry him?"

Her eyes filled with tears. "I have to live up to the bargain."

"And ruin your whole life," he ground out. Suddenly, he turned back to the control board, quartered the vision plate. He pointed savagely to the lower left quarter, which gave a rearward view of the dumbbell ship trailing astern.

"There's your ship, Starre." He jabbed his finger at it. "I've got a feeling—and I can't put the thought into concrete words—that somehow the whole solution of the problem of grabbing the asteroid back lies there. But how? *How?*"

Starre's blue eyes followed the long cable back to where it was attached around her ship's narrow midsection.

She shook her head helplessly. "It just looks like a big yo-yo to me."

"A yo-yo?"

"Yes, a yo-yo. That's all." She was belligerent.

"A yo-yo!" Bob Parker yelled the word and almost hit the ceiling, he got out of the chair so fast. "Can you imagine it! A yo-yo!"

He disappeared from the room. "Queazy!" he shouted. "*Queazy, I've got it!*"

It was Queazy who got into his space-suit and did the welding job, fastening two huge supra-steel "eyes" onto the dumbbell-shaped ship's narrow midsection. Into these eyes cables which trailed back to two winches in the big ship's nose were inserted, welded fast, and reinforced.

The nose of the hauler was blunt, perfectly fitted for the job. Bob Parker practiced and experimented for three hours with this yo-yo of cosmic dimensions, while Starre and Queazy stood over him bursting into strange, delighted squeals of laughter whenever the yo-yo reached the end of its double cable and started rolling back up to the ship. Queazy snapped his fingers.

"It'll work!" His gray eyes showed satisfaction. "Now, if only the Saylor brothers are where we calculated!"

They weren't where Bob and Queazy had calculated, as they had discovered the next day. They had expected to pick up the asteroid on their mass-detectors a few hundred thousand miles outside of the Moon's orbit. But now they saw the giant ship attached like a leech to the still bigger asteroid—inside the Moon's orbit! A mere two hundred thousand miles from Earth!

"We have to work fast," Bob stammered, sweating. He got within naked-eye distance of the Saylor brothers' ship. Below, Earth was spread out, a huge crescent shape, part of the Eastern hemisphere vaguely visible through impeding clouds and atmosphere. The enemy ship was two miles distant, a black shadow occulting part of the brilliant sky. It was moving along a down-spiraling path toward Earth.

Queazy's big hand gripped his shoulder. "Go to it, Bob!"

Bob nodded grimly. He backed the hauler up about thirty miles, then sent it forward again, directly toward the Saylor brothers' ship at ten miles per second. And resting on the blunt nose of the ship was the "yo-yo."

There was little doubt the Saylor's saw their approach. But, scornfully, they made no attempt to evade. There was no possible harm the oncoming ship could wreak. Or at least that was what they thought, for Bob brought the hauler's speed down to zero—and Starre Lowenthal's little ship, possessing its own inertia, kept on moving!

It spun away from the hauler's blunt nose, paying out two rigid lengths of cable behind it as it unwound, hurled itself forward like a fantastic spinning cannon ball.

"It's going to hit!"

The excited cry came from Starre. But Bob swore. The dumbbell ship reached the end of its cables, falling a bare twenty feet short of completing its mission. It didn't stop spinning, but came winding back up the cable, at the same terrific speed with which it had left.

Bob sweated, having only fractions of seconds in which to maneuver for the "yo-yo" could strike a fatal blow at the hauler too. It was ticklish work completely to nullify the "yo-yo's" speed. Bob used exactly the same method of catching the "yo-yo" on the blunt nose of the ship as a baseball player uses to catch a hard-driven ball in his glove—namely, by matching the ball's speed and direction almost exactly at the moment of impact. And now Bob's hours of practice paid dividends, for the "yo-yo" came to rest snugly, ready to be released again.

All this had happened in such a short space of time that the Saylor brothers must have had only a bare realization of what was going on. But by the time the "yo-yo" was flung at them again, this time with better calculations, they managed to put the firmly held asteroid between them and the deadly missile. But it was clumsy evasion, for the asteroid was several times as massive as the ship which was towing it, and its inertia was great. And as soon as the little ship came spinning back to rest, Bob flung the hauler to a new vantage point and again the "yo-yo" snapped out.

And this time—collision! Bob yelled as he saw the stern section of the Saylor brothers' ship crumple like tissue paper crushed between the hand. The dumbbell-shaped ship, smaller, and therefore stancher due to the principle of

the arch, wound up again, wobbling a little. It had received a mere dent in its starboard half.

Starre was chortling with glee. Queazy whispered, "Attaboy, Bob! This time we'll knock 'em out of the sky!"

The "yo-yo" came to rest and at the same moment a gong rang excitedly. Bob knew what that meant. The Saylor brothers were trying to establish communication.

Queazy was across the room in two running strides. He threw in the telaudio and almost immediately, Wally Saylor's big body built up in the plate. Wally Saylor's face was quivering with wrath.

"What do you damned fools think you're trying to do?" he roared. "You've crushed in our stern section. You've sliced away half of our stern jets. Air is rushing out! You'll kill us!"

"Now," Bob drawled, "you're getting the idea."

"I'll inform the Interplanetary Commission!" screamed Saylor.

"If you're alive," Bob snarled wrathfully. "And you won't be unless you release the asteroid."

"I'll see you in Hades first!"

"Hades," remarked Bob coldly, "here you come!"

He snapped the hauler into its mile-a-second speed again, stopped it at zero. And the "yo-yo" went on its lone, destructive sortie.

For a fraction of a second Wally Saylor exhibited the countenance of a doomed man. In the telaudio plate, he whirled, and diminished in size with a strangled yell.

The "yo-yo" struck again, but Bob Parker maneuvered its speed in such a manner that it struck in the same place as before, but not as heavily, then rebounded and came spinning back with perfect, sparkling precision. And even before it snuggled itself into its berth, it was apparent that the Saylor brothers had given up. Like a wounded terrier, their ship shook itself free of the asteroid,

hung in black space for a second, then vanished with a flaming puff of released gravitons from its still-intact jets.

The battle was won!

As soon as the hauler had grappled itself onto the prized asteroid, Bob Parker jumped to his feet with a grin on his face as wide as the void. Queazy grabbed his arm and pounded his shoulder. Bob shook him off, losing his elation.

"Cut it," he snapped. "It's too early for the glad-hand business. We've solved one problem, but we've run into another, as we knew we would."

He crossed determinedly to Starre, tipped up her downcast face.

"Starre," he said, "I guess you know I love you. If I asked you to marry me—"

She quivered. "Are you asking me, Bob?" she breathed.

"No! Couldn't ask you to marry me unless I had money. Starre, if it was up to me I'd drop the asteroid on the Moon, and you wouldn't have to take a chance on marrying a man you don't love. But I'm in partnership with Queazy and Queazy has his due—"

Queazy intervened, his grey eyes troubled. "No," he said quietly. "Hold on. I'll willingly forego any interest in the asteroid, Bob."

Bob laughed. "Nuts to you, Queazy! Don't get gallant. We'll be so deep in debt we'll never be independent again the rest of our lives if we don't land the asteroid. Thanks, anyway."

He took a deep breath. "Starre, you'll have to trust me. Today's the last of May. We've got two more days before we have to fill the order. In those two days, I think I can evolve a procedure to put all of us in the clear—with the exception of your fiancé and your grandfather. Which, I think, is as it should be, because these days people pick out their own husbands and wives. In other words, a few minutes before your wedding, the asteroid will be delivered—on schedule!"

"I'll trust you, Bob," Starre said huskily, after a moment of quiet. "But whatever you've got in mind, to put one over on my grandfather, it better be good...."

For a day and a half, ship and attached asteroid pursued a slow, unpowered orbit around Earth. For a day and a half, Bob Parker hardly slept. He gave

Queazy charge of the ship entirely, had him send an ethergram to Andrew S. Burnside announcing that his asteroid would show up in time for the wedding, and that the bride would be there too.

Most of Bob's time was spent on the surface of the asteroid. He took spectroscopic readings from every possible angle, made endless notations on a pad. Sometimes, he worked in his cabin, and Queazy, ambling puzzledly into Bob's presence, could make nothing of the countless pages of calculation strewn about the room—figures which dealt with melting points, refractive indices, atmospheric velocities.

And finally, when Bob tore the ship and prisoned asteroid from their orbit, sent them into Earth's atmosphere, Queazy could make nothing of that either.

For Bob Parker apparently had a rigid schedule to follow in reference to the hour set for Starre's wedding. He hit the atmosphere at a certain second, at a certain speed. He followed a definite route through the atmosphere, slowly moving downward as he crossed the great Asiatic continents. He passed as slowly over the Atlantic, passed above New York City scarcely a dozen miles, and hovered over Philadelphia at last, a mile up.

Then he called Starre into the control room. She looked distracted, pale. She was wearing slacks and was as completely unprepared for her marriage as she could manage. Bob grinned, took her cold hand affectionately.

"We're over Philadelphia, Starre. You can point out the general section of the city of your granddad's home and estate for me. We'll be landing at 11:15 A.M. That's in about a half-hour. Whatever you do, make certain you aren't—ah—married before 12 o'clock. Okay?"

She extracted her hand from his, nodding dumbly. She sat down at the photo-amplifiers, and for the next fifteen minutes studied the streets below and guided him south. Then Bob dropped the ship until it was only a few hundred feet from the ground. Around them pleasure craft circled, and on the streets and fields below people ran excitedly, pointing upward at the largest asteroid ever to be brought to the planet.

The ship labored over the fields with its tremendous burden, finally hovered over a clearing bordered by leafy oak and sycamore trees, part of Burnside's

tremendous "back yard." There was a man with a red flag down there. Bob followed his directions, slowly brought the asteroid, rough side down, onto the carefully tended lawn. Then he lifted the hauler, placed it firmly on the opposite side of the clearing. Bob relaxed, wiped his sweating face, and felt a cool breeze as Queazy opened the airlock.

Minutes later, Starre Lowenthal was the center of an excited, mystified group of wedding guests. Among them was her grandfather, a wrinkled, well-preserved old gentleman who alternately kissed her and flew into rages. Another man, handsome, blond, came rushing up, sweeping everybody out of his way. He took Starre in his arms, fervently. Bob Parker hated him at sight.

Burnside cornered Starre and some sort of an argument ensued. Starre was insisting that she dress for the wedding, and finally her grandfather gave in. Starre flung a final, pleading look at Bob, and then disappeared toward the great white house with the Georgian pillars. Most of the guests trailed after her, and Burnside came stomping up to Bob. He thrust a slip of green paper into his hands.

"There's your check, young man!" he puffed. "Now you can get your greasy ship out of here. What do you mean by waiting until the last minute to bring the asteroid?"

Bob didn't answer. He said politely, "I'd like very much to stay for the wedding, sir."

The old man looked distastefully at his dirty coveralls. "You may," he said testily. "But please view it from a distance."

He started away, then suddenly turned back. "Would you mind telling me, young man, how it is that my granddaughter was in your ship?"

"I'll be glad to, sir," Bob said politely, "after the wedding. It's a long story."

"I've no doubt, I've no doubt," Burnside said, glaring. "But if it's anything scandalous, I don't want to hear it. This is an important wedding." He stomped away, limping.

Bob whirled toward Queazy, tensely, thrust the check into his hands. He jerked it back, hastily endorsed it and thrust it at Queazy again.

"Cash it! Quick! I'll meet you in the Somers Hotel."

Queazy asked no questions, but lifted the ship, and left.

At twenty minutes of twelve, somebody having rushed Starre into a hurried preparation for the wedding, the minister climbed a ladder to the apex of the asteroid, and the wedding march sounded out. Bob saw Starre, walking slowly on her grandfather's arm, her eyes looking straight ahead.

"Now!" Bob prayed. "*Now!*"

He groaned inwardly. It wasn't going to happen! He'd been a fool to think—

Then a yell, completely uninhibited, escaped his lips. The asteroid was quivering, precisely like gelatine dessert. Pieces of iron ore, tungsten, quartz and cinnabar began to fall from its sides. Little rivulets of a silvery-white liquid gushed outward in streams.

The wedding guests leapt to their feet with startled cries, starting running back toward higher ground. The wedding march ended in a clatter of discords. And Bob reached the asteroid as it went to pieces completely. He found himself ankle-deep in rivulets of liquid metal. He was swept off his feet, came up hanging onto a jagged boulder of floating iron ore. He looked around on a mad scene. Screams, yells, tangled legs.

"*Bob!*"

Starre's voice. Bob plunged toward her, yelling above the general tumult. For a radius of several hundred feet, there was a sluggishly moving liquid. People were floating on it, or standing in it ankle-deep, dumbfounded. Bob reached Starre, swept her up in his arms, went slushing off to the edge of the pool. Starre was laughing uncontrollably.

"There's a helicopter on the other side of the house," she cried. "We can get away before they get organized."

They found Queazy in a room at the Somers Hotel. He opened the door, and the worry on his face dissipated as he saw them. Behind him on a table were stacks of five-thousand-dollar bills. Before he could say anything, Starre demanded of him, "I couldn't get married on an asteroid if the asteroid wasn't

there any more, could I, Queazy? One minute the asteroid was there and the next minute I was wading in a metal lake."

"Quicksilver," Bob Parker agreed happily. "The asteroid was almost entirely frozen mercury, except for an outer solid layer of iron ore, tungsten, quartz, cinnabar."

"I just took exterior readings," Starre explained, sheepishly.

"So I figured," continued Bob, "that if I took a lot of spectroscopic readings of the interior I could determine exactly how big a mass of frozen quicksilver there was. And how long it would take to thaw out once it was inside Earth's atmosphere!

"That's the reason I had things scheduled to the dot, Queazy. I coaxed the asteroid along until the mercury was almost thawed out. When the wedding started, it melted all at once, being the same temperature all the way through. Satisfied?"

Queazy looked grave. As gravely, he moved back to the table, gestured to the money. "I hate to spoil your fun, Bob," he said slowly. "We'll have to give this back to Burnside. He didn't ask for quicksilver, you know."

"Didn't he?" Bob grinned smugly. "But he asked for cinnabar, didn't he? Wherever you find quicksilver you find cinnabar. Cinnabar is a source of quicksilver. And vice versa. Cinnabar is a sulphide of quicksilver! Nope, we earned that money, Queazy, my boy. It's ours legally. Hands off!"

He put Starre's shoe on her foot after emptying it of some more quicksilver. She stood up then, moved very close. "You can ask me now, can't you, Bob?" she whispered. She kissed him. "And if you do, that's my answer."

Which, of course, made the question totally unnecessary.

5. TARGET TEXT

Yoyo Cósmico

Ross Rocklynnne

Bob Parker estaba estupefacto mientras miraba a través de los foto amplificadores al asteroide en forma de cuña. Nunca en sus más grandes fantasías pensó que en realidad encontrarían lo que estaban buscando.

"¡Para la nave!", le gritó a Queazy. "Está justamente ahí, en frente de nuestras narices. ¿Queazy, muchacho, puedes creerlo? Encontramos un tesoro. No solo eso, ¡somos ricos! ¡Ven aquí!"

Queazy descargó su poderosa inercia en los tubos motores de tal manera que la gran y poderosa nave se movía a la misma velocidad que el asteroide, por debajo de las 75.71 kilómetros por segundo. Regresó arrastrándose con entusiasmo, poniendo sus ojos en el ocular. Jadeó, y su gran cuerpo se sacudió con movimientos alegres.

"El asteroide tiene todas las medidas exactas", gritó Bob, trabajando con tablas de reglas de deslizamiento y logaritmos. "¡Ahora todo lo que tenemos que hacer es averiguar si está hecha de tungsteno, hierro, cristales de cuarzo y cinabrio! Pero no puede haber dos asteroides de esa forma en ningún otro lugar del Cinturón, ¡así que tiene que ser éste!"

Sacó de su bolsillo un etergrama muy arrugado, lo aplanó, y hojeó la forma.

"¡Sí! ¡El Sr. Andrew S. Burnside nos debe quinientos cincuenta mil dólares!"

Queazy se enderezó. Una sonrisa lenta envolvió su rostro bronceado. "Mejor tómatelo con calma", aconsejó, "hasta que aterrice la nave y usemos el espectrómetro de torbellino atómico para determinar la composición del asteroide".

"Como quieras", cantaba Bob Parker felizmente. Lanzó el etergrama (telegrama que se recibe en las naves especiales) en el aire y cayó suavemente sobre las placas de la cubierta. Mientras que Queazy, así llamado

porque su nombre completo era Quentin Zuyler, dejó caer la nave directamente a la superficie lisa del asteroide, y la sujetó firmemente con grapas magnéticas, Bob abrió el lazareto y sacó dos trajes espaciales. Momentos después, estaban fuera de la nave, con el infinito cubierto de estrellas esparcido por todos lados.

En la nave, el etergrama de Andrew S. Burnside de Filadelfia, uno de los hombres más ricos del mundo, todavía reposaba sobre las placas de la cubierta. Estaba dirigido a: Sr. Robert Parker, Presidente de la Compañía Interplanetaria de Transporte y Mudanza, 777 Calle principal, Ciudad de Satterfield, Fontanalandia, Marte. El etergrama decía:

"Recibí su anuncio publicitario hace una semana. Me gustaría decir que sí, me gustaría tener un asteroide en mi patio trasero. Debe cumplir con las siguientes especificaciones: 154 metros de longitud, lo suficientemente largo para la procesión nupcial; 30 metros en la base, disminuyendo a 3 metros en el ápice; 3-4 metros de espesor; plano superior liso, plano inferior rugoso; compuesto de mineral de hierro, tungsteno, cristales de cuarzo y cinabrio. Debe estar en mi patio trasero antes de las 11:30 a.m., mi hora, para una boda importante el 2 de junio. Caso contrario, el pedido es nulo es nulo. Pagaré 5 dólares por tonelada.

Bob Parker había recibido el etergrama tres semanas atrás. Y si la Compañía Interplanetaria de Transporte y Mudanza no hubiera estado a punto de irse a pique (principalmente debido a las actividades de Saylor & Saylor, una compañía rival) ni a Bob ni a Queazy se les hubiera ocurrido enviar un etergrama de respuesta a Burnside diciendo que cumplirían el pedido. Fue, claramente, una petición muy inteligente. Y aún así, si por alguna casualidad hubiera un asteroide con las mismas especificaciones, sus problemas financieros habrían terminado. Que hubieran descubierto el asteroide, usando sus detectores de masa en un proceso de eliminación de peso, parecía un increíble golpe de suerte. Porque existen literalmente millones de asteroides en el cinturón de asteroides, y habían estado en el espacio sólo tres semanas.

La idea del "asteroide en tu patio trasero" fue originalmente de Bob Parker. Ahora era una moda que estaba arrasando en la Tierra, y Burnside no era el

primer hombre rico que había decidido celebrar una boda en la parte superior de un asteroide. Desafortunadamente, otras compañías de mudanzas interplanetarias habían aprovechado esa idea genial, principalmente la compañía de los hermanos Saylor, personas a las que Bob Parker pretendía golpear en la cara algún día. Y lo habría hecho antes de esto si no hubiera sido alto y flaco mientras que ellos eran gigantes. Ahora que él y Queazy habían encontrado el asteroide, estaban desesperados por llevarlo a su destino, por temor a que los hermanos Saylor se enteraran de lo que estaba pasando, y trataran de robarles su mina de oro. La idea no era tan descabellada porque la compañía Saylor & Saylor no pretendía ser escrupulosa.

Ahora se arrastraban por la parte superior lisa del asteroide, los imanes en sus zapatos les impedían salir al espacio. Llegaron a la amplia base de la orilla del asteroide, caminaron sobre el borde y "bajaron" los 3 metros de espesor. Allí se pusieron en cuclillas, y Bob Parker felizmente sujetó el espectroscopio de remolino atómico a la superficie rugosa. A simple vista, podían ver mineral de hierro, cristales de cuarzo, cinabrio, pero él tenía el espectroscopio y no había razón para no usarlo. Se sintió satisfecho con el exterior del asteroide, y luego envió los rayos dobles a lo profundo de su corazón. Los rayos se cruzaron, arrancaron átomos de las moléculas, los hicieron girar como un polvo delicadamente fino. Las radiaciones de las moléculas rotas viajaron por los rayos hasta el espectroscopio de remolino atómico. Bob observó un puntero que se movía lentamente de arriba hacia abajo –más allá del tungsteno, iridio, oro...

Bob Parker dijo con asombro, "¡Diablos! Hay algo raro en este asteroide. Mira ese punto..."

Ni él ni Queazy tuvieron la oportunidad de observar más el puntero. Una fría y completamente desagradable voz femenina dijo:

"¿Puedo preguntar qué están haciendo en mi asteroide, intrusos?"

Bob empezó tan mal que la configuración del espectroscopio se alteró y las luces de su interior se apagaron. Bob giró la cabeza tanto como pudo dentro

del "acuario", su nombre para el casco de cristal, y se encontró con una chica de traje espacial que estaba de pie en el borde del asteroide.

"Señorita", dijo Bob parpadeando, "¿dijo algo?"

Queazy tragó saliva y se enderezó lentamente. Automáticamente levantó la mano como si se quitara el sombrero y lo retorciera en sus manos.

"Dije", comentó la chica, "que se largaran de mi asteroide. Y dejen de hurgar en el con ese espectroscopio. Hice una lectura. Tiene cinabrio, mineral de hierro, cristales de cuarzo, tungsteno. Adiós."

La nariz de Bob se movió mientras ajustaba sus lentes, los cuales llevaba puestos incluso dentro del traje. No se le ocurrió nada pertinente que decir. Sabía que estaba sonrojando lentamente. En términos simples, la chica era hermosa, y aunque sólo se veía su cara delicadamente maquillada, ojos azules fríos, cabello brillante color marrón arreglado en un peinado alto, labios y barbilla obstinados, Bob sospechaba que el resto de ella era igual de agradable.

Su expresión se oscureció cuando vio la forma completamente instintiva en que él la miraba y su voz por radio dijo: "¡Muchachos, vayan a jugar a otro lugar! Caso contrario, le haré saber a la Comisión Interplanetaria que han infringido la ley. ¡Adiós!"

Se dio la vuelta y desapareció.

Bob se despertó de su trance y gritó desesperadamente: "¡Oiga! ¡Espere! ¡Oiga!"

Él y Queazy la alcanzaron en el lado del asteroide que aún no habían examinado. Era un plano rugoso, el cual completaba las especificaciones que Burnside había establecido.

"Espere un momento", suplicó Bob Parker nervioso. "Quiero tener una conversación, señorita. Estoy seguro de que no entiende las condiciones..."

La chica se giró y produjo un arma de una pistolera. Era un espástico, y era tres veces más grande que su mano enguantada.

"Entiendo las condiciones mejor que tú", dijo. "Quieres mover este asteroide de su órbita y llevarlo a la Tierra. Desafortunadamente, este es mi hogar por ley común. Vuelve en un mes. No espero estar aquí entonces".

"¡Un mes!" Parker gritó. Empezó a sudar y luego su cara se volvió sombría. Dio dos pasos lentos hacia la chica. Ella parpadeó y perdió la compostura e inconscientemente retrocedió dos pasos. A unos veinte pasos estaba su pequeña nave en forma de mancuerna, era tan brillante y sin rayones que reflejaba la luz de las estrellas en forma de destellos en su superficie curva. La nave de una niña rica, pensó Bob Parker con enfado. ¡Un mes sería demasiado tarde!

Dijo sombríamente, "No se preocupe. No tengo intención de hacer nada brusco. Sólo quiero que trate de razonar. Se ha tomado el capricho de quedarse en un asteroide que no significa nada absolutamente nada para usted. Pero para nosotros, significa nuestro negocio. Recibimos una orden para este asteroide. Un millonario chiflado lo quiere para una boda en su patio trasero, ¿entiende? ¡Nos dará quinientos cincuenta mil dólares por él!. Si no llevamos este asteroide a la Tierra antes del 2 de junio, volveremos a Satterfield City y trabajaremos el resto de nuestras vidas en las fábricas de vidrio. ¿No es así, Queazy?"

Queazy dijo simplemente: "Así es, señorita. Estamos en un aprieto. Le aseguro que no esperábamos encontrar a alguien viviendo aquí".

La chica colocó su espástico otra vez en la pistolera, pero su expresión inhóspita no cambió. Puso sus manos en las caderas abultadas de su traje espacial. "Bien", dijo. "Ahora entiendo las condiciones. Ahora ambos nos entendemos. Adiós de nuevo. Me quedo aquí y..." sonrió dulcemente. "Puede que les interese saber que si les dejo el asteroide salvarán su negocio, ¡pero me esperará un destino peor que la muerte! Así que eso es todo."

Bob reconoció la finalidad cuando la vio. "Vamos, Queazy", dijo enfurecido. "Deja que esta mocosa se salga con la suya. Pero si alguna vez me encuentro con ella sin un traje espacial, le daré la paliza de su vida, ¡justo donde le dolerá más!"

Se puso furioso, pero Queazy le agarró el brazo con la boca abierta. Señaló hacia el espacio, más allá de la chica.

"¿Qué es eso?" susurró.

"¿Qué es-Oh!"

El estómago de Bob Parker se derrumbó. A pocos cientos de metros de distancia, flotando suavemente hacia el asteroide, llegó otra nave. Una nave un poco más grande que la de ellos. La chica también se dio vuelta. Escucharon su expresión de asombro. Al siguiente segundo, Bob estaba de pie junto a ella. Apagó el interruptor de audio de sus auriculares y le habló a la chica poniéndole el casco contra el de ella.

"Escúcheme, señorita", le gritó seriamente cuando ella trató de alejarse. "No hable por radio. ¡Esa nave le pertenece a los hermanos Saylor! ¡Oh, Dios, claro que esto iba a pasar! En algún momento nos han traicionado. Esos hombres también están buscando este asteroide y no dudarán hacer cualquier cosa por obtenerlo. Estamos juntos en esto, ¿entiende? Tenemos que apoyarnos."

La chica asintió tontamente. De repente pareció estar asustada. "Es...es muy importante que...que este asteroide se quede dónde está", dijo con voz ronca. "¿Qué... qué harán?"

Bob Parker no respondió. La gran nave había aterrizado y pequeñas chispas azules crepitaban entre el casco y el asteroide mientras las abrazaderas magnéticas se agarraban. Unos segundos después, las esclusas de aire se abrieron, cinco hombres bajaron a la superficie del asteroide y observaron a los tres que se encontraban frente a ellos.

Los dos hombres que iban a la cabeza estaban de pie con las manos en la cadera; sus oscuras caras gemelas sonreían de oreja a oreja.

"Es un placer", dijo Wally Saylor lentamente mirando a la chica. "¿Qué piensas de esta situación, Billy?"

"Es obvio", dijo Billy Saylor lentamente balanceándose de un lado a otro sobre sus talones, "que Bob Parker y compañía nos han traicionado. Tendremos que tomar medidas".

Los tres hombres detrás de los gemelos Saylor se echaron a reír a carcajadas.

La ira de Bob Parker se creció. "Lárguense", dijo fríamente. "Recibimos un etergrama directo de Andrew S. Burnside ordenando este asteroide".

"Nosotros también", sonrió Wally Saylor. Su sonrisa permaneció fija y peligrosa. Empezó a moverse hacia adelante, y los tres hombres de atrás se acercaron formando un semicírculo que se cerró lentamente. Bob Parker dio un paso atrás al ver sus intenciones.

"Llegamos primero", dijo con dureza. "¡Intenten algo y los reportaremos a la Comisión Interplanetaria!"

Fue una desgracia para Bob Parker no llevar un arma. Cada uno de estos hombres llevaba una o más, las cuales eran claramente visibles. Pero él pensaba en el espástico de la chica, ya que era un arma paralizante. Se arriesgó, sacó el espástico de la pistolera de la chica y le gritó a Queazy. Queazy captó la idea e instó a su cuerpo inmenso a moverse. Se lanzó directamente sobre Billy Saylor, lo levantó del asteroide y lo lanzó al espacio. Gritó triunfante.

Al mismo tiempo, el espástico que Bob sostenía fue disparado hábilmente de su mano por Wally Saylor. Bob rugió, se dirigió hacia Wally Saylor, y le quitó la pistola humeante de la mano con su brazo extendido. Entonces sintió un golpe demoledor en el estómago y agarró su plexo solar. Se dobló gritando en agonía. Cayó de espaldas y sus botas se soltaron de su agarre magnético. Antes de que los puntos de luz parpadeantes de su cerebro se redujeran a una completa oscuridad, escuchó vagamente el grito de rabia de la chica y luego un grito de dolor.

No sabía qué le había pasado a Queazy. Se sentía terriblemente enfermo que no le importaba. Entonces, se apagaron las luces.

Bob Parker volvió en sí, con el vacío de la remota luz de las estrellas en su cara y abrió sus ojos. Estaba girando lentamente sobre un eje. A veces el Sol atravesaba su línea de visión. Comenzó a sentir un frío martilleo en la base de su cráneo, una sensación similar a la de ser enterrado vivo. No estaban ni el asteroide, ni la chica, ni Queazy. Estaba solo en la inmensidad del espacio. Solo en un traje espacial.

"¡Queazy!" susurró. "¡Queazy! ¡No puedo respirar!"

No hubo respuesta de Queazy. Con los ojos enfermos, Bob estudió el indicador de oxígeno. Sólo había cinco libras de presión. ¡Cinco libras! Eso significaba que había estado flotando por allí... ¿cuánto tiempo? Días, al menos... ¡quizá semanas! Era evidente que alguien le había dado una dosis de rayos espásticos, lo suficiente para arruinar todos los músculos de su cuerpo hasta el punto de ruptura, poniéndolo en tal estado de animación suspendida que sus necesidades de oxígeno eran pequeñas. Cerró los ojos tratando de luchar contra el pánico. Se alegró de no poder ver ninguna parte de su cuerpo. Probablemente estaba flaco. ¡Y tenía hambre!

"Moriré de hambre", pensó. "¡O moriré asfixiado primero!"

No pudo evitar tomar grandes bocanadas de aire. Minutos y luego horas pasaron. Respiraba de forma anormal y no había suficiente aire en primer lugar. Suplicaba continuamente a que Queazy llegara, esperando que de alguna manera lo pudiera ayudar, cuando probablemente Queazy estaba en la misma condición. Lanzó salvajes insultos contra los hermanos Saylor. ¡Asesinos! Hasta entonces, sólo los consideraba rivales de negocios. Si algún día salía de esta...

Se quejó. ¡Nunca saldría de esta! Después de otra hora, jadeaba débilmente y manchas amarillas bailaban en sus ojos. Llamó el nombre de Queazy una vez más sabiendo que era la última vez que tendría fuerzas para llamarlo.

¡Y esta vez el auricular le respondió!

Bob Parker hizo un sonido de gorgoteo. Volvió a escuchar una voz envuelta en interferencia. Era lejana y balbuceante pero emocionada. Bob hizo un

sonido de traqueteo en su garganta. Entonces sus ojos comenzaron a cerrarse, pero se imaginó que veía una nave, brillante y pequeña, acercándose a él, creciendo en tamaño contra el telón de fondo de la Vía Láctea. Recayó con un terrible zumbido en sus oídos.

No perdió el conocimiento. Escuchó voces, la de Queazy y la de la chica, quienquiera que ella fuera. Alguien le agarró el pie. Su "acuario" estaba desabrochado y el aire bañaba su rostro. La entrada repentina de oxígeno en su cerebro lo mareó. Luego se encontró tumbado en una litera y gradualmente el mundo más allá de su cuerpo enfermo se enfocó en sus ojos despejados y supo que estaba vivo, y que iba a seguir así, por lo menos por un tiempo.

"Gracias, Queazy", dijo con voz ronca.

Queazy se inclinó sobre él. La ansiedad se desvaneció de su rostro, el cual estaba brillante de pronto.

"No me agradezcas", susurró. "Ambos estaríamos muertos si no fuera por ella. Los hermanos Saylor la dejaron paralizada como nosotros, y cuando despertó estaba en una órbita lenta alrededor de su nave. Desató su pistolera y la lanzó lejos, lo que le dio suficiente reacción para llegar a la nave. Se metió dentro, usó el radiogoniómetro del teleaudio y me localizó a mí primero. Los Saylor nos dispersaron por todas partes". La amplia cara de Queazy, normalmente de buen humor, se retorció sombríamente. "A los fulanos no les importaba si vivíamos o moríamos".

Bob vio a la chica de pie un poco detrás de Queazy, mirándole con curiosidad, pero sin alegría. No llevaba puesto su traje espacial. Vestía unos pantalones azules a rayas, una blusa de seda azul y tenía una flor de papel en el cabello. El estómago de Bob se desplomó cuando sus ojos se abrieron sobre ella.

La chica dijo sombríamente: "Supongo que no les importaré cuando descubran quién soy y lo que he hecho". ¡Soy Starre Lowenthal, nieta de Andrew S. Burnside!"

Bob se puso de pie lentamente y coincidió con la ira creciente de Queazy.

"¿Repita eso?", dijo. "¿Esto es algún tipo de truco sucio que usted y su abuelo tramaron?"

"¡No!" exclamó. "No. Mi abuelo ni siquiera sabía que había un asteroide como éste. Pero yo sí, mucho antes de que se lo ordenara a ustedes, o a los hermanos Saylor. ¡Verán, mi abuelo es el hombre más terco de este universo! Siempre se ha salido con la suya, y cuando la gente se interpone en su camino, eso es sólo un desafío para él. Me ha estado insistiendo durante años para que me case con Mac, y Mac ha hecho lo mismo..."

"¿Quién es Mac?" Queazy exigió.

"Mi prometido, supongo", dijo ella con impotencia. "Es uno de los pupilos de mi abuelo. Mi abuelo siempre financia a algún joven y le ayuda a comenzar en la vida. Mac se ha hecho muy famoso por sus pinturas de acuarela mercurianas. Es un artista. Bueno, no podía aguantar más tiempo. ¡Si conocieran a mi abuelo, sabrían lo absolutamente imposible que es ir en contra de él cuando está decidido! Yo era una bola de nervios. Así que decidí engañarlo, salí al cinturón de asteroides y elegí un asteroide con una forma particular para tener una boda sobre él. Tomé las medidas y la composición, luego le dije a mi abuelo que me casaría con Mac si la boda se celebraba en el patio trasero encima de un asteroide con esas medidas hecho de mineral de hierro, tungsteno, etcétera. Aceptó tan rápido que me asustó, y sólo para asegurarme de que si alguien encontraba el asteroide a tiempo no podría llevarlo a la Tierra, vine hacia acá y decidí vivir aquí. Por ley común, los asteroides hasta un cierto tamaño pertenecen a quienquiera que esté en ellos... Así que lo tenía todo planeado, excepto", añadió amargamente, "¡los hermanos Saylor! Supongo que el abuelo quería asegurarse de que el asteroide fuera entregado, así que le dio la orden a varias compañías".

Bob juró en voz baja. Se dirigió tambaleándose a un puerto, y se sintió satisfecho de ver el gran remolcador interplanetario de Queazy y de él flotando a unos cientos de metros de distancia. Se dio la vuelta y miró a Queazy.

"¿Cuánto tiempo estuvimos flotando allí afuera?"

"Según el cronómetro, tres semanas. Los Saylor nos dieron un buen golpe".

"¡Ay!" Bob se quejó. Luego miró a Starre Lowenthal con determinación. "¡Señorita, perdóneme si le digo que este trato que usted y su abuelo tramaron es una locura! Con nosotros en el otro extremo. Pero le voy a decir claramente. Podemos alcanzar a los hermanos Saylor, aunque nos lleven tres semanas de ventaja. La nave Saylor y la nuestra viajan en la transmisión HH sin inercia. Pero el asteroide tiene mucha inercia, así que tendrán que transportarlo a la Tierra en una larga órbita en espiral. Podemos ir directamente y probablemente los alcancemos a unos cientos de miles de kilómetros de este lado de la Tierra. ¡Y podemos divertirnos recuperando el asteroide!".

Sus ojos brillaron. "Quieres decir...", lloró. Entonces su cara atractiva cayó. "Oh", dijo. "¡Oh! Y cuando lo recuperes, lo aterrizarás."

"Así es", dijo Bob con tristeza. "Es nuestro negocio. Para nosotros, es una cuestión de supervivencia. Si la consecuencia de la entrega del asteroide es su matrimonio, ¡lo siento! Si está dispuesta, los tres podemos trabajar en equipo hasta que recuperemos el asteroide. Resolveremos el otro problema después. ¿De acuerdo?"

Ella sonrió trémulamente. "Está bien, supongo."

Queazy los miró el uno al otro. Le hizo un gesto de desprecio con la mano a Bob. "Estás loco", se quejó. "¿Cómo piensas convencer a los hermanos Saylor de que nos devuelvan el asteroide? Recuerda, las naves comerciales no pueden llevar armas de largo alcance. Y no podríamos embestir la nave de los hermanos Saylor... no sin dañar nuestra propia nave. Adelante, responde a eso".

Bob miró a Queazy con desazón. "La vieja rueda de balance", gimió a Starre. "Siempre me está tirando de los pelos cuando actúo precipitadamente. Todo lo que sé es que tal vez tengamos una buena idea a medida que avanzamos. Mientras tanto, Starre, ninguno de nosotros ha comido en tres semanas..."

Starre entendió, sonrió deslumbrantemente y desapareció hacia la cocina.

Bob Parker estaba enamorado de Starre Lowenthal. Lo supo después de cinco días de viaje, mientras la nave se lanzaba a una velocidad vertiginosa

hacia la Tierra. Probablemente ese sentimiento de distracción era la verdadera razón por la que no podía darle ningún significado a la nave en forma de mancuerna de Starre, que se arrastraba hacia atrás atada por un largo cable.

Starre aparentemente sabía que estaba enamorado de ella, ya que al quinto día Bob le enseñó la mecánica de funcionamiento del remolcador, y ella levantó suavemente su mano de un interruptor de dedo.

"Incluso yo sé que ese no es el control del alimentador de vacío de Holloway, Bob. Me dijiste que ese interruptor es para el tubo anathern. ¿Verdad?"

"Claro", dijo de manera insegura. "En fin, Starre, como decía, esta nave funciona según la fórmula de contracción de Fitzgerald en inversa. Todos los cuerpos en movimiento se contraen en la línea de movimiento. Lo que Holloway y Hammond hicieron fue invertir esa ley universal. ¡Hicieron que la contracción del primer movimiento tuviera que seguir! El campo gravitatorio afecta a cada átomo en la nave con la misma velocidad al mismo tiempo. ¡Podríamos pasar de la velocidad cero a la velocidad máxima de tres mil kilómetros por segundo, así como así!"

Chasqueó los dedos. "No hay efectos de aceleración. Este tipo de nave, necesaria en nuestro negocio, puede detenerse en seco, retroceder, aflojar, moverse en cualquier dirección y los pasajeros no tendrían ninguna sensación de movimiento en... ¡Oh, demonios!" Bob gimió, la sincera adoración en los ojos de Starre le hizo temblar. Tomó su mano. "Starre", dijo desesperadamente, "Tengo que decirte algo..."

Ella apartó la mano. "No", exclamó con una voz casi asustada. "No puedes decírmelo. Tengo... tengo a Mac", terminó, vacilante. "El asteroide..."

"¿*Tienes* que casarte con él?"

Sus ojos se llenaron de lágrimas. "Tengo que cumplir con el trato".

"Y arruinar toda tu vida", dijo sin emoción. De repente, se volvió hacia el tablero de control y dividió la placa de visión en cuatro. Apuntó salvajemente

a la parte inferior izquierda, lo que le dio una vista trasera de la nave en forma de mancuernas que iba hacia atrás.

"Ahí está tu nave, Starre". La apunto con el dedo. "Tengo el presentimiento, y no puedo ponerlo en palabras concretas, de que de alguna manera toda la solución del problema de agarrar el asteroide está ahí. ¿Pero cómo? ¿Cómo?"

Los ojos azules de Starre siguieron el largo cable hasta donde estaba atado a la estrecha sección media de su nave.

Sacudió la cabeza con gesto de impotencia. "A mí me parece un gran yoyo".

"¿Un yoyo?"

"Sí, un yoyo. Eso es todo." Ella era beligerante.

"¡Un yoyo!" Bob Parker gritó la palabra y casi golpea el techo. Se levantó de la silla tan rápido. "¡Puedes imaginártelo! ¡Un yoyo!"

Desapareció de la habitación. "¡Queazy!", gritó. "*¡Queazy, lo tengo!*"

Fue Queazy quien se puso su traje espacial e hizo el trabajo de soldadura sujetando dos enormes "ojos" supraacústicos en la estrecha sección media de la nave en forma de mancuerna. En estos ojos se insertaron, soldaron rápidamente y reforzaron cables que se arrastraban hasta dos cabrestantes en la nariz de la gran nave.

La nariz del remolcador era desafilada y perfecta para el trabajo. Bob Parker practicó y experimentó durante tres horas con este yoyo de dimensiones cósmicas, mientras que Starre y Queazy se pararon junto a él estallando en extraños y encantados chillidos de risa cada vez que el yoyo llegaba al final de su doble cable y comenzaba a rodar de vuelta a la nave. Queazy chasqueó los dedos.

"¡Funcionará!" Sus ojos grises mostraron satisfacción. "¡Si los hermanos Saylor estuvieran donde calculamos!"

No estaban donde Bob y Queazy habían calculado, como descubrieron al día siguiente. Esperaban detectar el asteroide en sus detectores de masa a unos

cientos de miles de kilómetros fuera de la órbita de la luna. Pero ahora veían la gigantesca nave atada como una sanguijuela al asteroide aún más grande, ¡dentro de la órbita de la Luna! ¡Apenas a trescientos mil kilómetros de la Tierra!

"Tenemos que trabajar rápido", tartamudeó Bob sudando. La nave de los hermanos Saylos era visible a poca distancia. Debajo, la Tierra estaba extendida, una enorme forma de media luna, parte del hemisferio oriental vagamente visible a través de las nubes y la atmósfera. La nave enemiga estaba a tres kilómetros de distancia, una sombra negra que ocultaba parte del brillante cielo. Se movía a lo largo de un camino en espiral descendente hacia la Tierra.

La gran mano de Queazy se agarró a su hombro. "¡Hazlo, Bob!"

Bob asintió sombríamente. Retrocedió el remolcador unos cuarenta y ocho kilómetros, y luego lo envió de nuevo hacia adelante, directamente hacia el barco de los hermanos Saylor a dieciseis kilómetros por segundo. Y descansando en la nariz desafilada de la nave estaba el "yoyo".

No había duda de que los Saylor vieron su aproximación. Pero, desdeñosamente, no hicieron ningún intento de evasión. No había ningún daño posible que la nave que se acercaba pudiera causar. O al menos eso fue lo que pensaron, ya que Bob redujo la velocidad del remolcador a cero y la pequeña nave de Starre Lowenthal, que poseía su propia inercia, ¡siguió moviéndose!

Se alejó de la nariz desafilada del remolcador, aflojando dos cables rígidos detrás de él mientras se desenrollaba, y se lanzó hacia adelante como una fantástica bala de cañón giratoria.

"¡Va a golpear!"

El grito emocionado vino de Starre, pero Bob maldijo. La nave llegó al final de sus cables, cayendo a unos 6 metros de distancia de completar su misión. No dejó de girar, pero volvió a subir por el cable a la misma velocidad increíble con la que se había ido.

Bob sudó porque contaba sólo fracciones de segundos para maniobrar ya que el "yoyo" también podría dar un golpe fatal al remolcador. Fue delicado anular la velocidad del "yoyo" por completo. Bob utilizó exactamente el mismo método para atrapar el "yoyo" en la nariz desafilada de la nave que utiliza un jugador de béisbol para atrapar una bola dura en su guante, es decir, haciendo coincidir la velocidad y la dirección de la bola casi completamente en el momento del impacto. Y ahora las horas de práctica de Bob dieron sus frutos, ya que el "yoyo" reposaba cómodamente listo para ser lanzado de nuevo.

Todo esto había sucedido en un espacio de tiempo tan corto que los hermanos Saylor debieron tener sólo una mínima idea de lo que estaba pasando. Pero para cuando el "yoyo" fue lanzado de nuevo, esta vez con mejores cálculos, se las arreglaron para poner el asteroide firmemente sujeto entre ellos y el misil mortal. Pero fue una torpe evasión, ya que el asteroide era varias veces más grande que la nave que lo remolcaba y su inercia era inmensa. Y tan pronto como la pequeña nave volvió a girar para reposar, Bob arrojó el remolcador a un nuevo punto de vista y de nuevo el "yoyo" se soltó.

¡Y esta vez colisionaron! Bob gritó cuando vio la sección de popa de la nave de los hermanos Saylor arrugarse como papel aplastado en la mano. La nave en forma de mancuerna se enrolló de nuevo tambaleándose un poco. Era más pequeña, y por lo tanto más firme debido al principio del arco. La nave había recibido una simple abolladura en su mitad de estribor.

Starre se regocijaba con alegría. Queazy susurró: "¡Bien hecho, Bob! ¡Esta vez derrotaremos a la competencia!"

El "yoyo" se detuvo y en ese mismo momento sonó un gong con entusiasmo. Bob sabía lo que eso significaba. Los hermanos Saylor intentaban comunicarse con ellos.

Queazy atravesó la habitación en dos pasos agigantados. Activó el telaudio y, casi de inmediato, el gran cuerpo de Wally Saylor apareció en la pantalla. La cara de Wally Saylor temblaba de ira.

"¿Qué están intentando hacer, malditos tontos?", gritó. "Han aplastado nuestra sección de popa. Han cortado la mitad de nuestros jets de popa. ¡El aire se está escapando! ¡Nos matarán!"

"Ahora", dijo Bob lentamente, "están entendiendo la idea".

"¡Le informaré a la Comisión Interplanetaria!" gritó Saylor.

"Si estás vivo", gruñó Bob con ira. "Y no lo estarás a menos que liberes el asteroide."

"¡Te veré primero en el Hades!"

"Hades", comentó Bob fríamente, "¡aquí van!"

Volvió a colocar el remolcador a su velocidad de kilómetro y medio y lo detuvo en cero. El "yoyo" se fue en su misión solitaria y destructiva.

Durante una fracción de segundo, Wally Saylor mostró la expresión de un hombre condenado. En la pantalla del teleaudio, dio vueltas y disminuyó en tamaño con un grito estrangulado.

El "yoyo" golpeó de nuevo, pero Bob Parker maniobró su velocidad de tal manera que golpeó en el mismo lugar que antes, pero no tan fuerte, luego rebotó y volvió a girar con perfecta precisión. Y antes de que se reposara en su embarcadero, era evidente que los hermanos Saylor se habían dado por vencidos. Como un terrier herido, su nave se liberó del asteroide, se quedó en el espacio negro por un segundo y luego desapareció en una nube ardiente de gravitones liberados desde los jets que aún estaban intactos.

¡La batalla estaba ganada!

Tan pronto como el remolcador se había agarrado al preciado asteroide, Bob Parker se puso de pie con una sonrisa en su rostro tan amplia como el vacío. Queazy le agarró del brazo y le golpeó el hombro. Bob lo sacudió perdiendo su euforia.

"No hagas eso", dijo. "Es demasiado pronto para celebrar. Hemos resuelto un problema, pero nos hemos topado con otro, lo cual sabíamos que pasaría".

Cruzó con determinación hacia Starre e inclinó su rostro abatido.

"Starre", dijo, "Supongo que sabes que te amo. Si te pidiera que te casaras conmigo..."

Se estremeció. "¿Me estás preguntando, Bob?", respiró.

"¡No! No podría pedirte que te cases conmigo a menos que tuviera dinero. Starre, si dependiera de mí, dejaría el asteroide en la Luna y no tendrías que correr el riesgo de casarte con un hombre al que no amas. Pero estoy en sociedad con Queazy y él tiene derecho a su parte..."

Queazy intervino. Sus ojos grises se notaban preocupados. "No", dijo en voz baja. "Esperen. Renunciaré voluntariamente a cualquier interés en el asteroide, Bob".

Bob se rió. "¡Estás loco, Queazy! No te pongas galante. Si no aterrizamos el asteroide, estaremos tan endeudados que no volveremos a ser independientes el resto de nuestras vidas. Gracias, de todos modos".

Respiró hondo. "Starre, tendrás que confiar en mí. Hoy es el último día de mayo. Tenemos dos días más antes de que tengamos que cumplir con la orden. En esos dos días, creo que puedo desarrollar un procedimiento para dejarnos a todos libres de deudas, con la excepción de tu prometido y tu abuelo. Lo cual, creo, es como debería ser porque hoy en día la gente elige a sus propios esposos y esposas. En otras palabras, unos minutos antes de tu boda, el asteroide será entregado en el plazo previsto!"

"Confiaré en ti, Bob", dijo Starre con voz ronca después de un momento de silencio. "Pero lo que sea que tengas en mente para engañar a mi abuelo, más te vale que sea bueno..."

Durante un día y medio, la nave y el asteroide atado a ella adjunto viajaron en una órbita lenta y sin energía alrededor de la Tierra. Durante un día y medio, Bob Parker apenas durmió. Le dio a Queazy el mando de la nave por completo, le hizo enviar un etergrama a Andrew S. Burnside anunciando que su asteroide aparecería a tiempo para la boda y que la novia también estaría allí.

Bob pasó la mayoría del tiempo en la superficie del asteroide. Tomó lecturas espectroscópicas desde todos los ángulos posibles e hizo interminables anotaciones en un bloc. A veces trabajaba en su cabina y Queazy, divagando desconcertadamente en presencia de Bob, no podía entender nada de las incontables páginas de cálculo esparcidas alrededor del cuarto. Eran figuras acerca de los puntos de fusión, los índices de refracción, las velocidades atmosféricas.

Queazy tampoco pudo entender nada cuando Bob finalmente sacó la nave y el asteroide de su órbita, enviándolos a la atmósfera de la Tierra.

Bob Parker aparentemente tenía un horario estricto que seguir en referencia a la hora fijada para la boda de Starre. Llegó a la atmósfera a un cierto segundo, a una cierta velocidad. Siguió una ruta definida a través de la atmósfera, moviéndose lentamente hacia abajo mientras cruzaba los grandes continentes asiáticos. Pasó tan lentamente sobre el Atlántico, pasó por encima de la ciudad de Nueva York apenas a unos diecinueve kilómetros por hora y finalmente sobrevoló Filadelfia, a un kilómetro de altura.

Luego llamó a Starre a la sala de control. Parecía distraída y estaba pálida. Llevaba pantalones de vestir y no estaba preparada en lo absoluto para su matrimonio. Bob sonrió y tomó su fría mano con cariño.

"Estamos sobre Filadelfia, Starre. Puedes señalarme la parte general de la ciudad donde están la casa y la propiedad de tu abuelo. Aterrizaremos a las 11:15 a.m. Eso es en media hora. Hagas lo que hagas, asegúrate de no estar casada antes de las 12. ¿De acuerdo?"

Ella extrajo su mano de la de él asintiendo con la cabeza tontamente. Se sentó en los foto-amplificadores, y durante los siguientes 15 minutos estudió las calles de abajo y lo guió hacia el sur. Entonces Bob dejó caer la nave hasta que estaba a unos pocos metros del suelo. A su alrededor, las naves de recreación daban vueltas, y en las calles y campos de abajo la gente corría emocionada apuntando hacia arriba al más grande asteroide jamás traído al planeta.

La nave sobrevolaba los campos con su tremenda carga. Finalmente, flotaba sobre un campo bordeado por frondosos robles y sicomoros, parte del tremendo "patio trasero" de Burnside. Había un hombre con una bandera roja ahí abajo. Bob siguió sus instrucciones y lentamente colocó el asteroide, con el lado áspero hacia abajo, sobre el césped perfectamente cuidado. Luego levantó el remolcador y lo colocó firmemente en el lado opuesto del campo. Bob se relajó, se limpió la cara sudorosa y sintió una brisa fresca mientras Queazy abría el compartimiento.

Minutos después, Starre Lowenthal era el centro de un emocionado y desconcertado grupo de invitados a la boda. Entre ellos estaba su abuelo, un viejo caballero arrugado y bien conservado que la besaba y se ponía furioso al mismo tiempo. Otro hombre, guapo y rubio, vino corriendo, moviendo a todo el mundo fuera de su camino. Tomó a Starre en sus brazos fervientemente. Bob Parker lo odió apenas lo vio.

Burnside acorraló a Starre y se produjo una especie de discusión. Starre insistía en vestirse para la boda y, finalmente, su abuelo cedió. Starre lanzó una última mirada suplicante a Bob, y luego desapareció hacia la gran casa blanca con los pilares georgianos. La mayoría de los invitados la siguieron y Burnside se acercó a Bob. Le puso en sus manos un trozo de papel verde.

"¡Ahí está su cheque, joven!", resopló. "Ahora puede sacar su nave llena de grasa de aquí. ¿Qué estaba pensando con esperar hasta el último minuto para traer el asteroide?"

Bob no respondió. Dijo educadamente: "Me gustaría mucho quedarme para la boda, señor".

El viejo miró con desagrado a su overol sucio. "Puede hacerlo", dijo malhumoradamente. "Pero, por favor, véala desde lejos."

Empezó a alejarse, y de repente se volvió. "¿Joven, le importaría decirme cómo es que mi nieta estaba en su nave?"

"Con mucho gusto, señor", dijo Bob educadamente, "después de la boda. Es una larga historia".

"Sin dudas, sin dudas", dijo Burnside mirándolo. "Pero si es algo escandaloso, no quiero oírlo. Esta es una boda importante". Se alejó cojeando.

Bob estaba tenso, se dirigió a Queazy y le puso el cheque en sus manos. Se lo quitó, lo endosó rápidamente y se lo dio a Queazy otra vez.

"¡Cóbralo! ¡Rápido! Te veré en el Hotel Somers."

Queazy no hizo preguntas, pero levantó la nave y se fue.

Faltaban veinte minutos para las doce, alguien había llevado a Starre a una preparación apresurada para la boda, el ministro subió una escalera hasta el ápice del asteroide y la marcha nupcial sonó. Bob vio a Starre caminando lentamente del brazo de su abuelo con los ojos mirando al frente.

"¡Ahora!" Bob suplicó. "*¡Ahora!*"

Gimió en su interior. ¡No iba a suceder! Había sido un tonto al pensar...

Entonces un grito, completamente desinhibido, se escapó de sus labios. El asteroide temblaba como gelatina. Trozos de mineral de hierro, tungsteno, cuarzo y cinabrio comenzaron a caer de sus lados. Pequeños riachuelos de un líquido plateado salían a chorros.

Los invitados a la boda se pusieron de pie con gritos de asombro y empezaron a correr hacia una parte más alta. La marcha nupcial terminó en un estruendo de discordancia. Y Bob corrió hacia el asteroide mientras se hacía pedazos por completo. Se encontró hasta los tobillos en los riachuelos de metal líquido. Fue arrastrado por sus pies y subió colgándose de una roca dentada de mineral de hierro flotante. Miró a su alrededor en una escena de locos. Gritos, chillidos, piernas enredadas.

"¡Bob!"

La voz de Starre. Bob se lanzó hacia ella gritando por encima del tumulto general. En un radio de varios cientos de metros, había un líquido que se movía lentamente. La gente atónita flotaba en él o se paraba en él hasta los tobillos. Bob llegó hacia Starre, la alzó en sus brazos y fueron arrastrados hasta el borde de la piscina. Starre se reía incontrolablemente.

"Hay un helicóptero al otro lado de la casa", gritó. "Podemos escapar antes de que se organicen".

Encontraron a Queazy en una habitación del Hotel Somers. Abrió la puerta y la preocupación de su cara se disipó al verlos. Detrás de él, en una mesa, había pilas de billetes de cinco mil dólares. Antes de que pudiera decir algo, Starre le preguntó: "No podría casarme en un asteroide si el asteroide ya no estaba allí, ¿verdad, Queazy? En un momento el asteroide estaba allí y al siguiente estaba caminando en un lago de metal".

"Mercurio", Bob Parker estaba felizmente de acuerdo. "El asteroide estaba casi totalmente compuesto de mercurio congelado, excepto por una capa externa sólida de mineral de hierro, tungsteno, cuarzo, cinabrio."

"Sólo tomé lecturas exteriores", explicó Starre tímidamente.

"Así que pensé", continuó Bob, "que si tomaba muchas lecturas espectroscópicas del interior podría determinar exactamente cuán grande era la masa de mercurio congelado. ¡Y cuánto tiempo llevaría el tomaría descongelarse una vez que estuviera dentro de la atmósfera de la Tierra!

"Esa es la razón por la que tenía las cosas programadas hasta el último minuto, Queazy. Mantuve el asteroide en el aire hasta que el mercurio estuviese casi descongelado. Cuando empezó la boda, se derritió de golpe, teniendo la misma temperatura todo el tiempo. ¿Satisfecho?"

Queazy tenía una mirada seria. Con la misma seriedad, volvió a la mesa y señaló el dinero. "Odio ser aguafiestas, Bob", dijo lentamente. "Tendremos que devolverle esto a Burnside. No pidió mercurio movedizo."

"¿No lo hizo?" Bob sonrió de forma presumida. "Pero pidió cinabrio, ¿verdad? Dondequiera que encuentres mercurio, encontrarás cinabrio. El cinabrio es una fuente de mercurio. Y viceversa. ¡El cinabrio es sulfuro de mercurio! No, nos ganamos ese dinero, Queazy, muchacho. Es nuestro legalmente. ¡Quita las manos!"

Le puso el zapato de Starre en el pie después de vaciarlo de más mercurio. Entonces ella se puso de pie y se acercó mucho. "Puedes hacerme la

pregunta ahora, ¿verdad, Bob?", susurró. Lo besó. "Y si lo haces, esa es mi respuesta."

Lo que, por supuesto, hizo que la pregunta fuera totalmente innecesaria.



DECLARACIÓN Y AUTORIZACIÓN

Nosotras, **Marilin Stefania Chamba Moreno y Karla Stephanie Yagual Salinas**, con C.C: # 1105738312 y 0926467408 autoras del trabajo de titulación: **Annotated Translation of the short story “Cosmic Yo-yo” by Ross Rocklyne** previo a la obtención del título de **Licenciadas en Lengua Inglesa** en la Universidad Católica de Santiago de Guayaquil.

1.- Declaramos tener pleno conocimiento de la obligación que tienen las instituciones de educación superior, de conformidad con el Artículo 144 de la Ley Orgánica de Educación Superior, de entregar a la SENESCYT en formato digital una copia del referido trabajo de titulación para que sea integrado al Sistema Nacional de Información de la Educación Superior del Ecuador para su difusión pública respetando los derechos de autor.

2.- Autorizamos a la SENESCYT a tener una copia del referido trabajo de titulación, con el propósito de generar un repositorio que democratice la información, respetando las políticas de propiedad intelectual vigentes.

Guayaquil, **8 de marzo de 2021**

f. _____
Marilin Stefania Chamba Moreno
C.C: #1105738312

f. _____
Karla Stephanie Yagual Salinas
C.C.: #0926467408

REPOSITORIO NACIONAL EN CIENCIA Y TECNOLOGÍA		
FICHA DE REGISTRO DE TESIS/TRABAJO DE TITULACIÓN		
TÍTULO Y SUBTÍTULO:	Annotated Translation of the short story “Cosmic Yo-yo” by Ross Rocklynne	
AUTOR(ES)	Marilyn Stefania Chamba Moreno & Karla Stephanie Yagual Salinas	
REVISOR(ES)/TUTOR(ES)	Ximena Marita Jarrín Hunter & Sara Inés Rivadeneira Enríquez	
INSTITUCIÓN:	Universidad Católica de Santiago de Guayaquil	
FACULTAD:	Artes y Humanidades	
CARRERA:	Lengua Inglesa	
TÍTULO OBTENIDO:	Licenciadas en Lengua Inglesa	
FECHA DE PUBLICACIÓN:	8 de marzo de 2021	No. DE PÁGINAS: 83
ÁREAS TEMÁTICAS:	Traducción, Lingüística	
PALABRAS CLAVES/ KEYWORDS:	Translation, Annotated Translation, Translation Techniques, Science Fiction, Linguistic.	
RESUMEN/ABSTRACT (150-250 palabras):		
<p>The following research project contains the translation into Spanish of the short story “Cosmic Yo-yo” by Ross Rocklynne, and the corresponding annotations, which consist of an analysis of all the informed decisions that were made when rendering this particular story. This specific analysis was performed through research regarding various translation techniques and approaches. The decision to work on this project was based on two different reasons: the first one is to improve skills as translators of science fiction by providing a translation that contains language and terminology that is imbedded in this particular literary genre; and the second one is to provide a rendering into Spanish of a work that has not been translated for the Spanish-speaking audience yet. The aforementioned analysis was done by developing one chart containing linguistic characteristics and extracts from the original and the translated versions in order to establish parallels and divergence between the two texts. Regarding the translated version, a description of what translation techniques and approaches were used has been added in order to provide recommendations for future translators interested in developing texts of this nature.</p>		
ADJUNTO PDF:	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> SI	<input type="checkbox"/> NO
CONTACTO CON AUTOR/ES:	Teléfono: +593 996579789 + 593 963351964	E-mail: marilinstefania@hotmail.com karlayagual1988@gmail.com
CONTACTO CON LA INSTITUCIÓN (COORDINADOR DEL PROCESO UTE)::	Nombre: Jarrín Hunter, Ximena Marita	
	Teléfono: +593-4-6043752/593-9-99614680	
	E-mail: xjarrin@yahoo.com ; Ximena.jarrin@cu.ucsg.edu.ec	
SECCIÓN PARA USO DE BIBLIOTECA		
Nº. DE REGISTRO (en base a datos):		
Nº. DE CLASIFICACIÓN:		
DIRECCIÓN URL (tesis en la web):		