

## Translation Practice 28

Mercedes se bajó del coche sin decir nada y vi desaparecer su onírica figura entre la multitud. El comisario:

-Será un placer acompañarles al manicomio –y al chófer- Ramón, prueba por la ronda norte y si también está mal, pon la sirena.

Con dos hábiles maniobras, el chófer salió del tapón y pronto recorrimos las calles a gran velocidad. Comprendí que una vez negociado mi asentimiento a las propuestas del comisario, no había ya razón alguna para que nos demorase el tráfico.

Vi pasar por la ventanilla aceleradamente casas y más casas y bloques de viviendas y fábricas apestosas y vallas pintadas con hoces y martillos y siglas que no entendí, y campos mustios y riachuelos de aguas putrefactas y tendidos eléctricos enmarañados y montañas de residuos industriales y barrios de chalets de sospechosa utilidad y canchas de tenis que se alquilaban por horas, siendo más baratas las de la madrugada, y anuncios de futuras urbanizaciones de ensueño y gasolineras donde vendían pizza y parcelas en venta y restaurantes típicos y un anuncio de Aircom medio roto y pueblos tristes y pinares.

Y yo iba pensando que, después de todo, no me había ido tan mal, que había resuelto un caso complicado en el que, por cierto, quedaban algunos cabos sueltos bastante sospechosos, y había gozado de unos días de libertad y me había divertido y, sobre todo, había conocido a una mujer hermosísima y llena de virtudes a la que no guardaba ningún rencor y cuyo recuerdo me acompañaría siempre.

Y pensé que quizá pudiera aún recomponer el equipo y ganar la liga local y enfrentarnos este año por fin a los esquizofrénicos del Pere Mata y aún arrebatarnos la copa, con un poco de suerte. Y recordé que había una neurótica nueva en el pabellón sur que no me miraba con malos ojos, y que la esposa de un candidato a la alcaldía había prometido regalar una tele en color al manicomio si su marido ganaba las elecciones, y que por fin podría darme una ducha y, ¿quién sabe?, tomarme un café si el doctor Sugrañes no estaba enojado conmigo por haberle metido en la aventura del funicular, y que no se acaba el mundo porque una cosa no salga del todo bien, y que ya habría otras oportunidades de demostrar mi cordura y que, si no las había, yo sabría buscármelas.

**(394 words)**

## **Suggested translation:**

Mercedes got out of the car without (saying/uttering) a word and I saw her oneiric/dream-like figure disappear into the crowd.

The police inspector/superintendent (said):

– It will be a pleasure to escort/accompany you to the asylum/mental hospital –and to the chauffeur/driver– Ramón, try the north road belt / ringroad and if it's also collapsed/blocked, turn the siren on.

With two skilful/smart manoeuvres / turns of the wheel, the chauffeur/driver managed to drive away from the traffic jam and we soon rushed along the streets at great speed. I understood that once I had agreed to the inspector's proposals, there was no reason whatsoever for the traffic to slow us down.

Through the window I saw swiftly passing houses and more houses, and blocks of flats, and stinky factories, and painted fences with sickles and hammers and initials I did not quite understand/I failed to understand, and withered fields, and streams of putrid/stagnant waters, and tangled power lines, and mountains/piles of industrial waste, and neighbourhoods of country houses with suspicious uses, and tennis courts rented for hours/by the hour, the ones in the early morning being cheaper, and advertisements of future dream compounds/residential areas, and petrol stations selling pizza, and land plots on sale and typical restaurants, and a half-broken/partially broken advertisement of Aircom, and gloomy towns, and pine woods/trees.

And I was thinking to myself that, after all, it had not turned out too bad for me, that I had solved a complicated case in which, by the way, there were still some suspicious loose ends, and I had enjoyed some/a few days of freedom, and I had had fun, and, over all, I had met an astonishing woman full of virtues to whom I held no remorse/hard feelings and whose memory would always accompany me/stay with me.

And I thought that perhaps I could still re-assemble/rearrange/reunite the team / get the team together and win the local league, and at last face Pere Mata's schizophrenics this year, and still snatch away the cup, if we were lucky. And I remembered/recalled there was this new neurotic lady at the south pavilion/ward who looked upon me favourably/who did not disapprove of me, and that the wife of one of the candidates for Mayor / to the Mayor's office / to the town hall had promised to give/donate a colour TV to the asylum/mental house provided her husband won the elections, and that at last I could take a shower, and who knows? I could have a coffee if doctor Sagrañes was not upset/cross with me for having him involved in the cable car adventure, and that the world will not end/come to an end if something does not turn out exactly the right way, and that there would be more opportunities to demonstrate my sanity / that I was in my right mind and that, should there not be any, I would know how to find them myself.