

### III

Gregor's serious **wound**<sup>32</sup>, from which he suffered for over a month (since no one ventured to remove the apple, it remained in his flesh as a visible reminder), seemed by itself to have reminded the father that, in spite of his present unhappy and hateful appearance, Gregor was a member of the family, something one should not treat as an enemy, and that it was, on the contrary, a requirement of family duty to suppress one's aversion and to endure – nothing else, just endure.

And if through his wound Gregor had now apparently lost for good his ability to move and for the time being needed many many minutes to crawl across this room, like an aged invalid (so far as creeping up high was concerned, that was unimaginable), nevertheless for this worsening of his condition, in his opinion, he did get completely satisfactory compensation, because every day towards evening the door to the living room, which he was in the habit of keeping a sharp eye on even one or two hours beforehand, was opened, so that he, lying down in the darkness of his room, invisible from the living room, could see the entire family at the illuminated table and listen to their conversation, to a certain extent with their common permission, a situation quite different from what happened before.



### III

*Těžké zranění, s nímž Řehoř stonal víc než měsíc – jablko, které si nikdo netroufal vyndat, zůstalo v těle jako viditelná upomínka –, patrně i otci připomnělo, že přes svou nynější, smutnou a odpornou podobu je Řehoř členem rodiny, že se s ním nesmí jednat jako s nepřitelem, nýbrž že rodinná povinnost přikazuje spolknout odpor a být trpělivý, nic než trpělivý.*

*A třebaže Řehoř svým zraněním navždy utrpěl újmu na pohyblivosti a prozatím mu jako nějakému starému invalidovi trvalo celé dlouhé minuty, než přešel pokoj – na lezení ve výškách nebylo ani pomyšlení –, dostalo se mu za toto zhoršení stavu náhrady, která se mu zdála zcela dostatečná, v tom, že vždy k večeru se otevřely dveře do obývacího pokoje, z nichž obyčejně už hodinu či dvě předtím nespouštěl oči, a on se pak, leže potmě ve svém pokoji a z obývacího pokoje neviditelný, směl dívat na celou rodinu u osvětleného stolu a poslouchat jaksi s všeobecným souhlasem, tedy docela jinak než dříve, co si povídají.*



Of course, it was no longer the animated social interaction of former times, about which Gregor in small hotel rooms had always thought with a certain longing, when, tired out, he had to throw himself in the damp bedclothes. For the most part what went on now was very quiet. After the evening meal the father fell asleep quickly in his arm chair; the mother and sister talked guardedly to each other in the stillness. Bent far over, the mother sewed fine undergarments for a fashion shop. The sister, who had **taken on**<sup>33</sup> a job as a salesgirl, in the evening studied stenography and French, so as perhaps later to obtain a better position. Sometimes the father woke up and, as if he was quite ignorant that he had been asleep, said to the mother "How long you have been sewing today!" and went right back to sleep, while the mother and the sister smiled tiredly to each other.

With a sort of stubbornness the father refused to **take off** his servant's uniform even at home, and while his sleeping gown hung unused on the coat hook, the father dozed completely dressed in his place, as if he was always ready for his responsibility and even here was waiting for the voice of his superior. As result, in spite of all the care of the mother and sister, his uniform, which even at the start was not new, grew dirty, and Gregor looked, often for the



*Nebyla to už ovšem ta živá zábava jako za dřívějších dob, na niž Řehoř vždy trochu toužebně myslíval v hotelových pokojích, když unaven musel ulehnout do vlhkých peřin. Ted' to většinou probíhalo jen velmi tiše. Otec brzy po večeri usínal v křesle; matka a sestra napomínaly jedna druhou, aby byla zticha; matka, naklánějíc se hluboko ke světlu, šila jemné prádlo pro nějaký módní závod; sestra, která přijala zaměstnání prodavačky, se po večerech učila těsnopisu a francouzštině, aby snad jednou později dostala lepší místo. Někdy se otec probudil, a jako by vůbec nevěděl, že spal, řekl matce: „Jak to zas dnes dlouho šiješ?“ a hned zase usnul, zatímco sestra a matka se na sebe znaveně usmály.*

*Otec s jakousi umíněností nechtěl ani doma odkládat stejnokroj sluhy; zatímco župan nadarmo visel na věšáku, podřimoval otec na svém místě úplně oblečen, jako by byl neustále ve služební pohotovosti a i tady čekal na hlas svého nadřízeného. Tak se jeho uniforma, která ani na začátku nebyla nová, zašpinila i přes veškerou péči matky a sestry a Řehoř se často celý večer díval*

entire evening, at this clothing, with stains all over it and with its gold buttons always polished, in which the old man, although very uncomfortable, slept peacefully nonetheless.

As soon as the clock struck ten, the mother tried encouraging the father gently to wake up and then persuading him to go to bed, on the ground that he couldn't get a proper sleep here and the father, who had to report for service at six o'clock, really needed a good sleep. But in his stubbornness, which had gripped him since he had become a servant, he insisted always on staying even longer by the table, although he regularly fell asleep and then could only be prevailed upon with the greatest difficulty to trade his chair for the bed. No matter how much the mother and sister might at that point work on him with small admonitions, for a quarter of an hour he would remain shaking his head slowly, his eyes closed, without standing up. The mother would pull him by the sleeve and speak flattering words into his ear; the sister would leave her work to help her mother, but that would not have the desired effect on the father. He would settle himself even more deeply in his arm chair. Only when the two women grabbed him under the armpits would he throw his eyes open, look back and forth at the mother and sister, and habitually say "This is a life. This is the



*na toto oblečení plné skvrn a s vyleštěnými zlatými knoflíky, ve kterém starý pán, ač nepohodlně, ale přece klidně spal.*

*Jak odbilo deset, pokoušela se matka tichými domlouvami otce probudit a pak ho přimět, aby si šel lehnout, neboť tady není přece žádné spaní, jehož má otec, který v šest hodin musí nastoupit službu, nanejvýš zapotřebí. Ale s umíněností, která ho posedla od té doby, co se stal sluhou, trval pokaždé na tom, že ještě zůstane u stolu, ačkoli pak zpravidla usnul, a kromě toho dalo pak velkou práci donutit ho, aby vyměnil židli za postel. Ať na něj matka i sestra sebevíc dorážely mírnými domlouvami, čtvrt hodiny pomalu vrtěl hlavou, oči měl zavřené a nevstával. Matka ho potahovala za rukáv, říkala mu do ucha různé lichotky, sestra nechávala úloh a pomáhala matce, ale na otce to neplatilo. Jen se ještě hlouběji zabořil do křesla. Teprve když ho ženy vzaly pod paži, otevřel oči, díval se z matky na sestru a ze sestry na matku a říkal: „To je život. Takový já mám k stáru klid.“ A opíraje se o obě ženy, zvedl se těžkopádně,*



peace and quiet of my old age.” And propped up by both women, he would heave himself up, elaborately, as if for him it was the greatest travail, allow himself to be led to the door by the women, wave them away there, and proceed on his own from there, while the mother quickly threw down her sewing implements and the sister her pen in order to run after the father and help him some more.

In this overworked and exhausted family who had time to worry any longer about Gregor more than was absolutely necessary? The household was constantly getting smaller. The servant girl was now let go. A huge bony cleaning woman with white hair flapping all over her head came in the morning and the evening to do the heaviest work. The mother took care of everything else in addition to her considerable sewing work. It even happened that various pieces of family jewelry, which previously the mother and sister had been overjoyed to wear on social and festive occasions, were sold, as Gregor found out in the evening from the general discussion of the prices they had fetched. But the greatest complaint was always that they could not leave this apartment, which was too big for their present means, since it was impossible to imagine how Gregor might be moved. But Gregor fully recognized that it was not just



*jako by sám sobě byl největším břemenem, nechal se ženami dovést až ke dveřím. Tam jim pokynul, aby šly, a sám pak kráčel dál, zatímco matka honem odhodila šití, sestra pero a obě běžely za otcem, aby mu byly dále nápomocny.*

*Kdo měl v této přepracované a příliš unavené rodině čas starat se o Řehoře víc, než bylo nezbytně nutno? Domácnost se uskrovněla čím dál víc; obrovitá kostnatá posluhovačka s bílými poletujícími vlasy přicházela ráno a večer vykonat tu nejtěžší práci; vše ostatní obstarala matka vedle spousty šití. Stalo se dokonce, že různé rodinné šperky, jež dříve matka s dcerou celé šťastné nosívaly na zábavách a při slavnostech, byly odprodány, jak se Řehoř dověděl večer, když byla řeč o tom, kolik za ně dostaly. Nejvíce si ale všichni stále naříkali, že nemohou odejít z tohoto bytu příliš velikého na nynější poměry, neboť si nedovedli představit, jak přestěhovat Řehoře. Řehoř však dobře viděl, že jim ve stěhování nebrání ani tak ohledy na něj, vždyť by ho snadno mohli*

consideration for him which was preventing a move (for he could have been transported easily in a suitable box with a few air holes); the main thing holding the family back from a change in living quarters was far more their complete hopelessness and the idea that they had been struck by a misfortune like no one else in their entire circle of relatives and acquaintances.

What the world demands of poor people they now carried out to an extreme degree. The father brought breakfast to the **petty**<sup>34</sup> officials at the bank, the mother sacrificed herself for the undergarments of strangers, the sister behind her desk was at the beck and call of customers, but the family's energies did not extend any further. And the wound in his back began to pain Gregor all over again, when now mother and sister, after they had escorted the father to bed, came back, let their work lie, moved close together, and sat cheek to cheek and when his mother would now say, pointing to Gregor's room, "Close the door, Grete," and when Gregor was again in the darkness, while close by the women mingled their tears or, quite dry eyed, stared at the table.

Gregor spent his nights and days with hardly any sleep. Sometimes he thought that the next time the door opened he would take over the family arrangements just as he had earlier. In his imagination appeared again, after a



*přepravit v nějaké vhodné bedně s několika otvory pro vzduch; co rodině hlavně bránilo změnit byt, byla spíše naprostá beznaděj a pomyšlení, že ji postihlo takové neštěstí jako nikoho druhého mezi příbuznými a známými.*

*Co žádá svět od chudáků, to splnili, jak mohli, otec nosil úředníkům v bance snídani, matka se obětovala pro prádlo cizích lidí, sestra pobíhala za pultem, jak zákazníci poroučeli, ale na víc už rodině síly nestačily. A rána v zádech jako by Řehoře znovu rozbolela, když matka a sestra uložily otce a vrátily se zpátky, na práci už nesáhly, přisedly jedna k druhé a tiskly se k sobě tvářemi; když teď matka ukázala na Řehořův pokoj a řekla: „Zavři ty dveře, Markétko,“ a když se Řehoř octl zase potmě, zatímco ženy mísily své slzy nebo dokonce bez slz zíraly do stolu.*

*Noci i dny trávil Řehoř skoro úplně beze spánku. Někdy si říkal, že až se příště otevrou dveře, vezme záležitosti rodiny znovu do svých rukou zcela jako dříve, v myšlenkách se mu zase po dlouhé době objevil šéf a prokurista, příručí*



long time, his employer and supervisor and the apprentices, the excessively gormless custodian, two or three friends from other businesses, a chambermaid from a hotel in the provinces, a loving fleeting memory, a female cashier from a hat shop, whom he had seriously, but too slowly courted – they all appeared mixed in with strangers or people he had already forgotten, but instead of helping him and his family, they were all unapproachable, and he was happy to see them disappear.

But then he was in no mood to worry about his family. He was filled with sheer anger over the wretched care he was getting, even though he couldn't imagine anything for which he might have an appetite. Still, he made plans about how he could take from the larder what he at all account deserved, even if he wasn't hungry. Without thinking any more about how one might be able to give Gregor special pleasure, the sister now kicked some food or other very quickly into his room in the morning and at noon, before she ran off to her shop, and in the evening, quite indifferent about whether the food had perhaps only been tasted or, what happened most frequently, remained entirely undisturbed, she whisked it out with one sweep of her broom. The task of cleaning his room, which she now always carried out in the evening, could not be done any more quickly. Streaks of dirt ran along the walls; here and there lay tangles of dust



*a učedníci, ten zabeđený podomek, dva tři přátelé z jiných obchodů, pokojská z jednoho hotelu na venkově, milá, letmá vzpomínka, pokladní z jednoho kloboučnictví, o niž se vážně, avšak příliš váhavě ucházel – ti všichni se mu zjevovali pomícháni s cizími lidmi, ale místo aby jemu a jeho rodině pomohli, byli vesměs nepřístupní, a on byl rád, když zmizeli.*

*Pak zas ale vůbec neměl náladu starat se o rodinu, jen se vztekal na špatnou obsluhu, a ačkoli si nedovedl představit nic, nač by měl chuť, přece osnoval plány, jak se dostat do spíže a vzít si tam, co mu přece jen náleží, i když nemá hlad. Sestra teď už nepřemýšlela, čím se Řehořovi zvlášť zavděčit, ráno a v poledne, než odběhla do obchodu, strčila Řehořovi ve spěchu nohou do pokoje nějaké to jídlo, jedno jaké, a večer je máchnutím koštěte vymetla, nestarajíc se o to, jestli jídlo aspoň okusil nebo jestli se ho – což se stávalo nejčastěji – vůbec ani nedotkl. Úklid pokoje, který teď obstarávala vždy večer, se už ani nedal odbyť rychleji. Špinavé šmouhy se táhly po stěnách, místy se válely chuchvalce prachu a smetí. První dobou se Řehoř pokaždé, když sestra*





and garbage. At first, when his sister arrived, Gregor positioned himself in a particularly filthy corner in order with this posture to make something of a protest. But he could have well stayed there for weeks without his sister's changing her ways. Indeed, she perceived the dirt as much as he did, but she had decided just to let it stay.

In this business, with a touchiness which was **quite**<sup>35</sup> new to her and which had generally taken over the entire family, she kept watch to see that the cleaning of Gregor's room remained reserved for her. Once his mother had undertaken a major cleaning of Gregor's room, which she had only completed successfully after using a few buckets of water. But the extensive dampness made Gregor sick and he lay supine, embittered and immobile on the couch. However, the mother's punishment was not delayed for long. For in the evening the sister had hardly observed the change in Gregor's room before she ran into the living room mightily offended and, in spite of her mother's hand lifted high in entreaty, broke out in a fit of crying. Her parents (the father had, of course, woken up with a start in his arm chair) at first looked at her astonished and helpless; until they started to get agitated. Turning to his right, the father heaped reproaches on the mother that she was not to take over the cleaning of



*přišla, postavil do takového zvláště příznačného koutu, jako by jí vyčítal. Ale byl by tam snad mohl stát celé týdny, sestrou by to nepohnulo, viděla přece špínu stejně jako on, jenže se rozhodla, že se o ni nebude starat.*

*Primo s nedůtklivostí u ní zcela novou, která posedla vůbec celou rodinu, dbala na to, aby úklid Řehořova pokoje zůstal vyhrazen jí. Jednou matka podrobila Řehořův pokoj velikému smýčení, při němž spotřebovala několik kbelíků vody – Řehořovi bylo to velké vlhko ovšem také protivné a roztrpčeně a nehnuté ležel rozvalený na pohovce –, avšak trest ji neminul. Sotva totiž sestra večer zpozorovala změnu v Řehořově pokoji, běžela náramně uražená do obývacího pokoje, a ač ji matka lomíc rukama zapřísahala, propukla v křečovitý pláč, kterému rodiče – otce to samozřejmě vyplašilo z křesla – nejdřív s bezmocným úžasem přihlíželi; až i oni se rozčílili; napravo otec vyčítal matce, že nenechala Řehořův pokoj vysmýčit sestře; nalevo zas křičel na sestru, že už*







Gregor's room from the sister and, turning to his left, he shouted at the sister that she would no longer be allowed to clean Gregor's room ever again, while the mother tried to pull the father, beside himself in his excitement, into the bedroom; the sister, shaken by her crying fit, pounded on the table with her tiny fists, and Gregor hissed at all this, angry that no one thought about shutting the door and sparing him the sight of this commotion.

But even when the sister, exhausted from her daily work, had grown tired of caring for Gregor as she had before, even then the mother did not have to come at all on her behalf. And Gregor did not have to be neglected. For now the cleaning woman was there. This old widow, who in her long life must have managed to survive the worst with the help of her bony frame, had no real horror of Gregor. Without being in the least curious, she had once by chance opened Gregor's door. At the sight of Gregor, who, totally surprised, began to scamper here and there, although no one was chasing him, she remained standing with her hands folded across her stomach staring at him. Since then she did not fail to open the door furtively a little every morning and evening to look in on Gregor. At first, she also called him to her with words which she presumably thought were friendly, like "Come here for a bit, old dung beetle!"



*nikdy nebude smět u Řehoře uklízet; zatím se matka pokoušela otce, který se už rozčilením neznal, odvléci do ložnice; sestra, otrásajíc se vzlykotem, tloukla drobnými pěstmi do stolu; a Řehoř nahlas syčel vzteky, že nikoho nenapadlo zavřít dveře a ušetřit ho té podívané a toho rámusu.*

*Ale i když sestru, vyčerpanou zaměstnáním, omrzelo starat se o Řehoře jako dřív, nebylo ještě vůbec zapotřebí, aby ji zastávala matka, a přece nemusel být Řehoř zanedbáván. Vždyť tu teď byla posluhovačka. Tato stará vdova, která díky své silné kostře přestála v životě už asi leccjakou svízel, necítila vlastně k Řehořovi odpor. Bez nějaké zvláštní zvědavosti otevřela jednou náhodou dveře do Řehořova pokoje, a jak uviděla Řehoře, který byl tak překvapen, že ačkoli ho nikdo nehonil, začal pobíhat sem a tam, zůstala stát s rukama složenýma v klíně. Od té doby neopominula vždycky ráno a večer na okamžik pootevřít dveře a nahlédnout k Řehořovi. Ze začátku ho dokonce přivolávala slovy, která se jí patrně zdála vlídná, jako „Pojď sem, ty starý hovnivále!“ nebo*



or “Hey, look at the old dung beetle!” Addressed in such a manner, Gregor answered nothing, but remained motionless in his place, as if the door had not been opened at all. If only, instead of allowing this cleaning woman to disturb him uselessly whenever she felt like it, they had instead given her orders to clean up his room every day! One day in the early morning (a hard downpour, perhaps already a sign of the coming spring, struck the window panes) when the cleaning woman started up once again with her usual conversation, Gregor was so bitter that he turned towards her, as if for an attack, although slowly and weakly. But instead of being afraid of him, the cleaning woman merely lifted up a chair standing close by the door and, as she stood there with her mouth wide open, her intention was clear: she would close her mouth only when the chair in her hand had been thrown down on Gregor’s back. “This goes no further, all right?” she asked, as Gregor turned himself around again, and she placed the chair calmly back in the corner.

Gregor ate hardly anything any more. Only when he chanced to move past the food which had been prepared did he, as a game, take a bit into his mouth, hold it there for hours, and generally spit it out again. At first he thought it might be his sadness over the condition of his room which kept him from eating, but



*„Podívejme se na něho, starého hovnivála!“ Na taková oslovení Řehoř vůbec neodpovídal, nýbrž zůstával bez hnutí na místě, jako by se byly dveře vůbec neotevřely. Kdyby byli raději té posluhovačce nařídili, aby mu v pokoji denně uklidila, místo aby jí dovolovali nadarmo ho vyrušovat, kdy se jí zachce! Jednou časně ráno – do oken bil prudký déšť, možná že už znamení bližícího se jara – začala posluhovačka zase se svými řečmi, což Řehoře tak roztrpčilo, že se proti ní, ovšem pomalu a chabě, obrátil, jako by chtěl zaútočit. Posluhovačka však, místo aby se zalekla, zvedla pouze do výšky židli stojící kousek ode dveří, a jak tu tak stála s ústy dokořán, bylo jasné, že je nehodlá zavřít dřív, dokud židle v její ruce nedopadne na Řehořův hřbet. „Tak co, dál už to nejde?“ zeptala se, když se Řehoř zase obrátil, a s klidem postavila židli zpátky do kouta.*

*Řehoř teď už nejedl skoro vůbec nic. Jen když šel náhodou kolem přichystaného jídla, vzal si do úst sousto na hraní, nechal je tam celé hodiny a pak je většinou vyplivl. Nejdříve myslel, že mu nechutná ze zármutku nad tím,*



he very soon became reconciled to the alterations in his room. People had grown accustomed to put into storage in his room things which they couldn't put anywhere else, and at this point there were many such things, now that they had rented one room of the apartment to three lodgers. These **solemn**<sup>36</sup> gentlemen (all three had full beards, as Gregor once found out through a crack in the door) were meticulously intent on tidiness, not only in their own room but (since they had now rented a room here) in the entire household, and particularly in the kitchen. They simply did not tolerate any useless or shoddy stuff. Moreover, for the most part they had brought with them their own pieces of furniture. Thus, many items had become superfluous, and these were not really things one could sell or things people wanted to throw out. All these items ended up in Gregor's room, even the box of ashes and the garbage pail from the kitchen. The cleaning woman, always in a hurry, simply flung anything that was momentarily useless into Gregor's room. Fortunately Gregor generally saw only the relevant object and the hand which held it. The cleaning woman perhaps was intending, when time and opportunity allowed, to take the stuff out again or to throw everything out all at once, but in fact the things remained lying there, wherever they had ended up at the first throw, unless Gregor squirmed his way through the accumulation of junk and moved it. At



*jak vypadá jeho pokoj, ale právě se změnami v pokoji se velmi brzy smířil. Ostatní si zvykli stavět mu do pokoje věci, které se jinam nevešly, a takových věcí bylo teď spousta, poněvadž do jednoho z pokojů vzali na byt tři pány. Tito vážní pánové – všichni tři měli plnovousy, jak jednou Řehoř zjistil škvírkou ve dveřích – dbali úzkostlivě na pořádek, nejen u sebe v pokoji, ale když už se tu jednou ubytovali, v celé domácnosti, tedy zejména v kuchyni. Zbytečné nebo dokonce špinavé krámy nesnášeli. Kromě toho si většinu zařízení přivezli s sebou. Z tohoto důvodu zde teď byla spousta zbytečných věcí, které se sice nedaly prodat, ale přitom je bylo škoda vyhodit. Všechny ty věci putovaly k Řehořovi do pokoje. Stejně tak nádoba na popel a bedna na odpadky z kuchyně. Co nebylo zrovna k potřebě, hodila posluhovačka, která měla naspěch; jednoduše k Řehořovi do pokoje; Řehoř vidal naštěstí většinou jen dotyčný předmět a ruku, která ho držela: Posluhovačka měla možná v úmyslu, že časem, až se to bude hodit, zase ty věci odnese nebo je vyhodí všechny najednou, ve skutečnosti však zůstávaly ležet tam, kam prvně dopadly, pokud se*

