

ANEXOS

Traducción y análisis traductológico de la obra de literatura juvenil *The Creakers* de Tom Fletcher

Trabajo de final de grado en Traducción e Interpretación

Ivanna Gabarrón Sabariego

Tutora: Dra. Lydia Brugué Botia

Curso académico: 2017 - 2018

Grado en Traducción e Interpretación

Facultad de Educación, Traducción y Ciencias Humanas

Universidad de Vic - Universidad Central de Cataluña

Vic, 14 de mayo de 2018

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The magical new tale from bestselling author
TOM FLETCHER



THE CREAKERS

Illustrated by SHANE DEVRIES

Also by Tom Fletcher

THE CHRISTMASAURUS

For younger readers

THERE'S A MONSTER IN YOUR BOOK

Written with Dougie Poynter, for younger readers

THE DINOSAUR THAT POOPED CHRISTMAS

THE DINOSAUR THAT POOPED A PLANET!

THE DINOSAUR THAT POOPED THE PAST!

THE DINOSAUR THAT POOPED THE BED!

THE DINOSAUR THAT POOPED A RAINBOW!

THE DINOSAUR THAT POOPED DADDY!

THE DINOSAUR THAT POOPED A LOT!

(written specially for World Book Day 2015)

THE CREAKERS



TOM FLETCHER

Illustrations by Shane Devries



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Penguin
Random House
UK

First published 2017

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Text design by Mandy Norman

ISBN: 978-0-141-38878-6

You are about to have
an **ADVENTURE** with:



Lucy Dungston



Norman Quirk



Ella Noying



Mr Dungston
(Lucy's dad)



Mrs Dungston
(Lucy's mum)



The Creakers





*What silently waits in the shadows at night?
What's under your bed, keeping just out of sight?
What's patiently waiting while you're counting sheep?
What never comes out unless you're fast asleep?
What makes all the creaks, cracks and clangs in your house?
It isn't the cat, or your dog, or a mouse.
Those noises are made by mysterious creatures.
Read on if you dare and you might meet . . .*

. . . the Creakers.



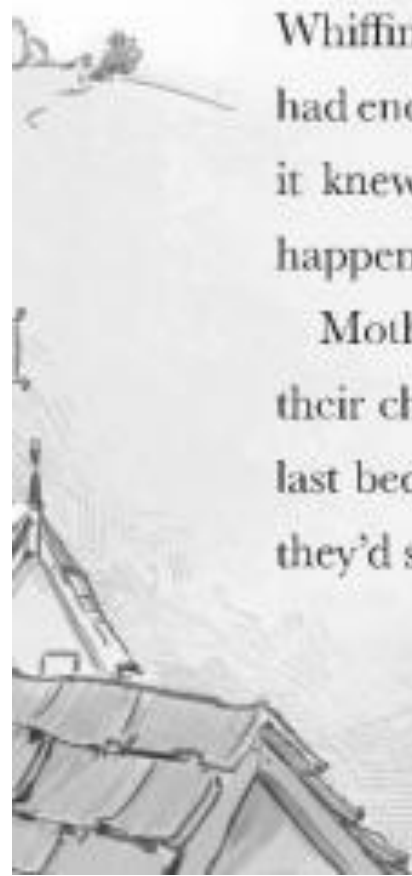


PROLOGUE
**THE NIGHT IT
ALL BEGAN**

The sun disappeared behind the pointed silhouettes of the rooftops of Whiffington Town, like a hungry black dog swallowing a ball of flames.

A thick, eerie darkness fell like no other night Whiffington had ever known. The moon itself barely had enough courage to peek round the clouds, as though it knew that tonight something strange was going to happen.

Mothers and fathers throughout Whiffington tucked their children into bed, unaware that this would be the last bedtime story, the last goodnight kiss, the last time they'd switch off the light.



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Midnight.

One o'clock.

Two o'clock.

Three o'clock.

CREAK . . .

A strange noise broke the silence.

It came from inside one of the houses. With the whole town fast asleep, who could possibly have made that sound?

Or perhaps not *who* but *WHAT*?

. . . CREAK!

There it was again. This time from another house.

Creak!

Creeaak!

CRREEE AAAAAAK!

THE NIGHT IT ALL BEGAN

The sound of creaky wooden floorboards echoed around the hallways of every home in Whiffington.

Something was inside.

Something was **creaking** about.

Something not human.

There were no screams. There were no nightmares. The children slept peacefully, wonderfully unaware that the world around them had changed. It had all happened silently, as if by some strange sort of dark magic, and they wouldn't know anything about it until they woke up the next morning, on the day it all began . . .



CHAPTER ONE
**THE DAY IT
ALL BEGAN**

Let's start on the day it all began.

On the day it all began, Lucy Dungston woke up.

Right. Well, that's a start, but it's not very exciting, is it? Let's try again.

On the day it all began, Lucy Dungston woke up to a rather unusual sound . . .

OK, that's a little better. Let's see what happens next . . .

It was the sound of the alarm clock ringing in her mum's bedroom.

Well, it's got a bit boring again, hasn't it? Let's try that bit one more time . . .

THE DAY IT ALL BEGAN

It was the sound of the alarm clock ringing in her mum's bedroom because Lucy's mum wasn't there to switch it off. You see, Lucy was about to find out that while she was asleep in the night her mum had disappeared . . .

OH. MY. GOSH!

Imagine waking up to find that your mum had disappeared in the night! It gives me the creepy tingles every time I tell this story. I bet you're thinking, This is going to be the best scary story ever. I can't wait to read it and tell all my friends that I'm really brave because I wasn't even one bit scared.

Even though you were totally scared all the way through.

Well, this is only just the beginning. Wait until you read what happens later when the Creakers come out.

Let me know if you get scared . . . because I am!

Back on the day it all began, Lucy climbed out of bed, slipped on her fluffy blue dressing-gown and walked across her creaky floorboards, which were warm from the morning sunlight creeping in through the curtains.

Would you like to know what Lucy looked like?

THE CREAKERS

Of course you would! Here's a picture . . .

As you can see, she had shorter hair than most girls, and it was as brown as mud, or chocolate, and even though Lucy liked it to be short, her mum insisted she keep a fringe.

'It stops you looking like a boy!' her mum would say (this was before she disappeared, of course). This really wound Lucy up, as her fringe always seemed to flop into her eyes, meaning she constantly had to lick her hand and slick it over to one side just so she could see.

Her eyes, once the fringe was out of the way, were greeny-brown . . . or perhaps brown-green.

Either way, they were a bit green and a bit brown. You could say there was nothing particularly remarkable about Lucy at all, and it's true; she was no



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different from any other child in Whiffington, which is another way of saying she was quite remarkable indeed.

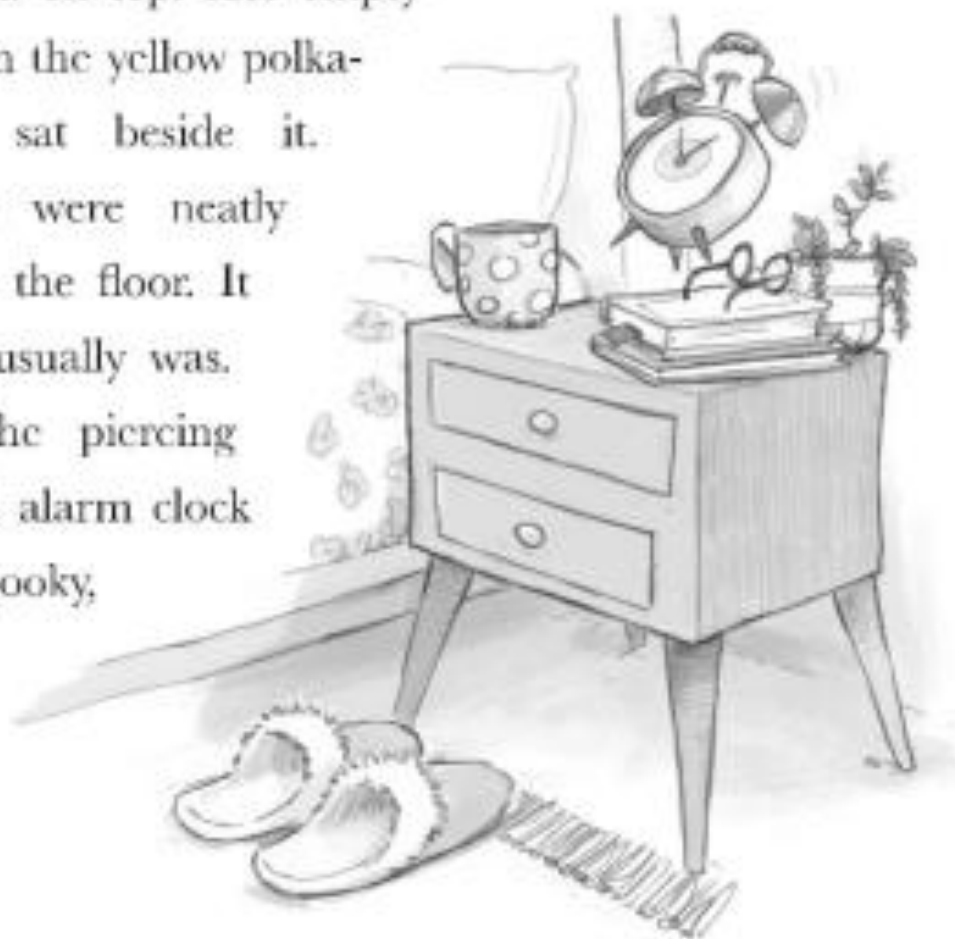
Anyway, more about that later.

'Mum?' Lucy called, padding across the landing towards her mum's bedroom.

But of course you already know there was no reply because her mum was gone!

Lucy's heart started beating faster in her chest as she gently opened the bedroom door and stuck her head inside.

Mrs Dungston's book was still on the bedside table, a bookmark poking out, with her reading glasses perched on top. Her empty cocoa cup with the yellow polka-dot pattern sat beside it. Her slippers were neatly positioned on the floor. It was all as it usually was. Except for the piercing ringing of the alarm clock and the spooky, empty bed.



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Lucy stopped the alarm clock and ran to check the bathroom.

Empty bath.

Empty shower.

Empty loo (although Lucy would have been very surprised to find her mum hiding in there).

She ran downstairs.

Empty kitchen.

Empty living room.

Empty everywhere.

'Mum? **MUM?**' she called, a note of panic rising in her voice, and her heart leaping like a frog in her chest.

She was beginning to get an awful feeling that something terrible might have happened . . . and it was a feeling that Lucy already knew.

You see, the really creepy thing was that this wasn't the first time it had happened to Lucy Dungston.

A few months ago her dad had vanished too!

Unbelievable, right?

Lucy's mum had been devastated.

'Must have run off with another woman,' Lucy had

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heard one of the other mums whispering in the school playground.

‘What a cheating, rotten man!’ another had said, shaking her head.

But Lucy didn’t think her dad was rotten at all. She couldn’t believe he would run off without saying good-bye to her, without leaving a note, without saying where he was going, without finishing the half-eaten chocolate Hobnob and barely sipped cup of tea she’d found on his bedside table the next morning.

So on *this* morning, on the day it all began, Lucy had the strangest feeling that somehow this was all connected, that something weird was going on.

Lucy ran down the hallway, snatched the phone from the little wobbly table and dialled her mum’s mobile number (which she knew off by heart for emergencies, like every sensible eleven-year-old should). But, as her mum’s phone started ringing, Lucy saw it flashing on the arm of the sofa.

Lucy ended the call and hung her head in defeat.

Defeat . . . feet . . . shoes . . . her mum’s shoes!

She ran to the front door. A pair of cosy, flat slip-ons

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with flower-shaped sparkly bits were sitting on the mat, exactly where her mum kicked them off every night and where she'd slip back into them before leaving the house each day. Surely her mum wouldn't have left the house without her shoes . . . would she?

Lucy's heart sank. This all seemed far too familiar. On the day her father disappeared, one of the strangest things was that his favourite chunky black boots with the yellow laces, which he wore every single day, were still sitting by the front door, like he'd never left. Just like her mum's shoes!

Lucy knew there was only one thing for it. She was going to have to call the police.

She'd never done that before, and her heart was pounding like a drum in her chest as she pressed the number nine three times with a shaky, nervous finger.

Now what do you suppose happened next? If you think a police officer answered the phone and said, *'It's OK, Lucy, we've found your mum and we'll bring her home right away and we'll even pick up some breakfast for you too. What would you like?'* then you'd be very wrong indeed and should probably never write a book.

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What actually happened was possibly the worst thing Lucy could think of . . .

Nothing.

The phone just rang, and rang, and rang, and carried on ringing until Lucy hung up.

'Since when do the police not answer the phone?' Lucy said to herself, her voice sounding unusually loud in the empty house.

A little voice in her head told her the answer: *When something spooky is going on . . .*

Lucy pulled open the front door and stepped out into the stinking morning air. Oh, it was quite normal for the air to be stinky outside the Dungston family's house. It smelled like a mixture of bum gas with a hint of mature sock cheese, and had a sharp after-scent of freshly brewed cabbage. It wasn't the house that smelled – it was the truck parked in the driveway. It was one of those chunky, clunky, nostril-stinging, rubbish-collecting trucks that trundle around town with those jolly-looking, grubby people in grimy overalls collecting everyone's rotten rubbish bags.

Lucy's dad had been one of those jolly-looking,

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grubby rubbish-collecting people. He was the bin man for Whiffington Town, where he lived – *sorry*, where he USED to live – before he disappeared. Since he vanished, his truck had been parked in the driveway, stinking out the whole street. Of course, Mrs Dungston had tried to sell the truck, but no one wanted a stinky old thing like that. Even Whiffington Scrap Metal said that the pong was too strong for them to crush it! And so there it stayed, on Lucy's driveway.

If you ever find yourself behind one of these trucks, take a little sniff, just a little one, and you'll know what Lucy Dungston's house smelled like.

Anyway, back to the day it all began!

Out in Lucy's street, Clutter Avenue, she noticed instantly that things weren't right. Usually there was a long line of traffic clogging up the road as mums and dads took their kids to school and went to work and drove to the post office and the hairdresser's and did all the boring stuff grown-ups do. But today the road wasn't busy. It wasn't just not-busy – it was completely deserted. Not a single car. Lucy looked left, then right, then left again, then right again, then she repeated that about

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twenty more times, which I won't bother to write because that would just be silly, but when she had finished she was convinced she was right – something weird was definitely happening in Whiffington Town.

'What the jiggins is going on?' she said to herself.

What the jiggins indeed, Lucy.

Where was Mr Ratcliffe, the wrinkly old man who did yoga in his front garden in his underpants? (He claimed it was the secret to staying young.)

Where was Molly the milk lady, who delivered fresh bottles of milk from her electric van?

Where was Mario, the Italian man from the next street, who jogged past every morning in his skimpy Lycra shorts?

Where *was* everyone?!

That's when Lucy heard a noise. Her heart leapt. Was it her mum?

A long, slow creak came from somewhere along Clutter Avenue, followed by a sudden **CLANG!**

'Hello?' Lucy called.

'Mama?' a small voice asked from behind the garden fence two doors down.

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'Oh, Ella! It's just you!'

Lucy sighed in relief as Ella Noying appeared. First her bouncy Afro hair peeped out into the street, followed by her round cheeks and her big deep brown eyes that always managed to get her out of trouble. She was wearing bright pink pyjamas made of shiny silk, with her initials embroidered on the pocket. In one hand was a pair of pink, heart-shaped designer sunglasses.

Lucy never saw Ella anywhere without those.

'Lucy, I can't find Mama or Papa and my avocado needs mashing,' Ella whined.

Before Lucy could reply, another door opened across the street.

'Dad?' whispered Norman Quirk, a boy from Lucy's year at school, as he hesitantly stepped into his front garden. Norman was dressed in a pristinely ironed, meticulously clean Scout uniform, which was covered

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in the most achievement badges Lucy had ever seen.

Here is a list of some of Norman's badges:

- a *tree-climbing* badge
- a *tent-pitching* badge
- a badge for *spreading-butter-on-toast-all-the-way-to-the-edges*
- the *indoor-challenge* badge
- the *outdoor-challenge* badge
- the *shake-it-all-about-door challenge* badge
- a *bed-making* badge
- a *cake-baking* badge
- an *eating-the-cake-you-bake-in-the-bed-you-make* badge
- the *remembering-to-wash-your-belly-button* badge
- and even a badge for *collecting-lots-of-badges*

. . . and there were a few empty spots on his uniform he needed to fill with new badges.

'Oh, hi . . . Er, I mean, good morning, civilians!'



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Norman said, nervously holding up three fingers in Scout salute, before fiddling with his neatly combed, mousy-blond hair. With his other hand, he covered his mouth to hide his train-track braces.

'You haven't seen my dad, have you?' he asked, scooping a handful of mud from his front garden and sniffing it as if trying to pick up his dad's scent. When Norman bent down, Lucy caught sight of his Transformers socks.

Ella giggled at him, not really in a mean way, but just because she found Norman sort of funny. Everyone did. Norman was . . . different.

Sometimes people who are different get laughed at, but it's always the different ones who make a difference, Lucy heard her dad's voice say in her head. He had his own way of looking at things. On cloudy days, he'd tell Lucy, 'The sun just needs a holiday so it can shine better tomorrow!' When she came second to her friend Giorgina in the sack race on Sports Day, he told her, 'Don't be upset. You just made your friend really happy!' And, when she asked him if he liked being a bin man, he said, 'You'd be surprised what people throw away, Lucy. One man's

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rubbish is another man's favourite pair of black boots!' and clipped his heels together with a wink.

'No, I've not seen your dad, sorry,' Lucy said, shaking off her daydream about her own father and elbowing Ella to stop her laughing. 'My mum's missing too.'

Suddenly another door opened and Sissy McNab ran out into the street in tears. Then Toby Cobblesmith, who had his shoes on the wrong feet. Next out came William Trundle and Brenda Payne, searching for their mum and dad, then another kid, and another, until, one by one, every child in Whiffington Town came stumbling out of their houses in their PJs, dressing-gowns and slippers, trying to find their parents. Nans and grandads, aunts and uncles – they were all gone too. There wasn't a single grown-up to be seen.

There was such a kerfuffle in Clutter Avenue: some children were crying; others were laughing; and a few were still fast asleep in bed and hadn't noticed anything yet.

'What's going on?' they shouted (the ones who were awake).

'Where are our parents?' they called.

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‘What are we going to do?’ they yelled.

Lucy took a breath and tried to think. ‘What would my mum do?’ she said to herself. ‘How did my mum find out what was going on in the world?’

Then, before she knew what she was doing, Lucy found herself clambering on to the steps of her dad’s stinking rubbish truck, and above the noise she yelled . . .

‘THE NEWS!’

There was silence. Everyone turned to look at Lucy.

‘We have to watch the news! I know it’s super-boring, but whenever my mum wants to know what’s going on in the world she always watches the news,’ she told them.

The children looked at each other, uncertain. I’m sure you know that the news is the biggest snorefest on TV, but Lucy had a point.

‘She’s right . . .’ Norman whispered to Ella, too frightened to say it out loud.

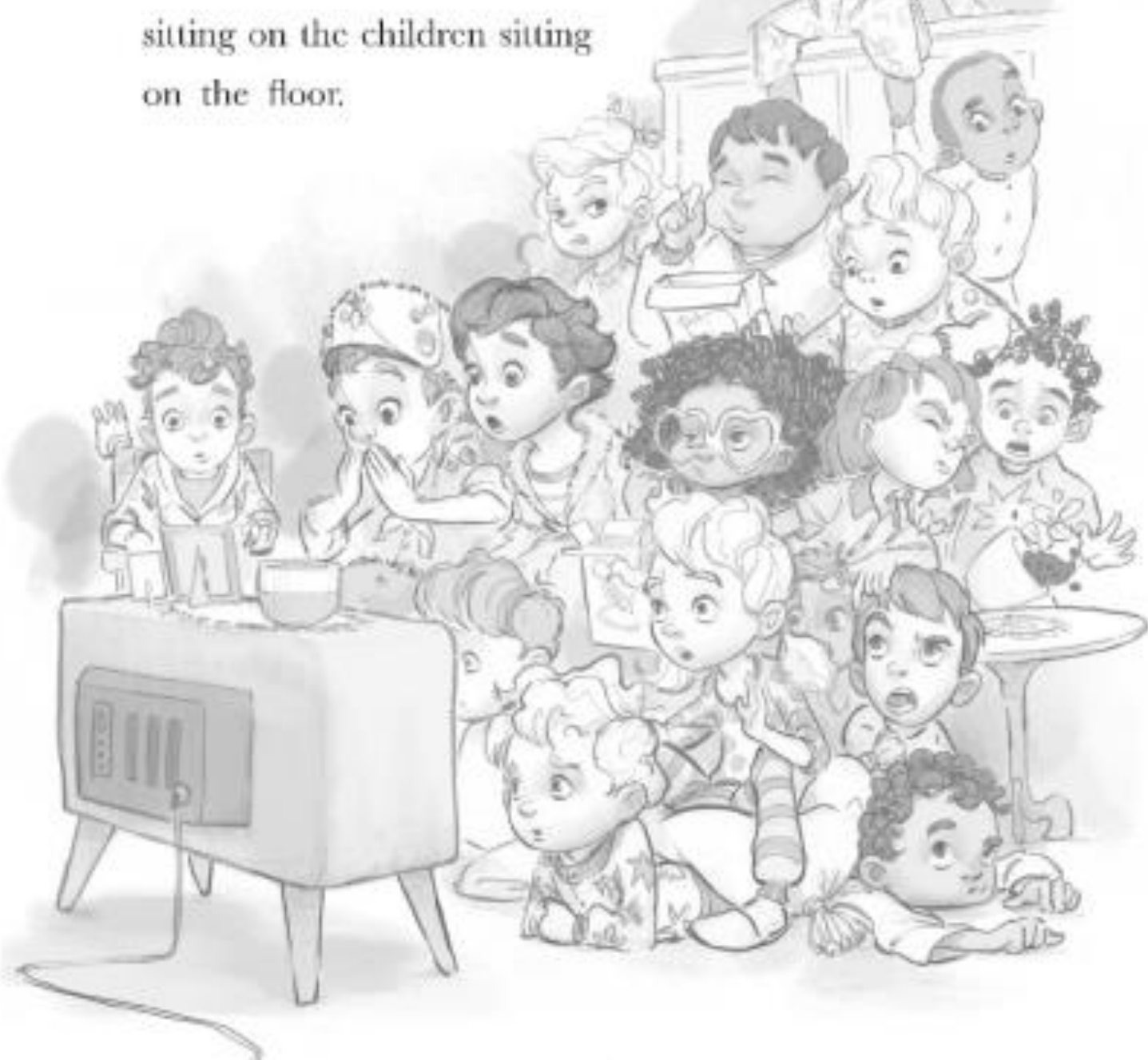
‘SHE’S RIGHT!’ Ella shouted, not frightened of anyone.

‘To the television!’ they all cried in unison, and every

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child on Clutter Avenue in Whiffington Town pushed past Lucy and piled into her house.

In a matter of seconds her living room was full from carpet to ceiling with scared children in their PJs. There were children sitting on the floor. There were children sitting on the children sitting on the floor.



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There were even children sitting on the children sitting on the children sitting on the floor! They were all terrified, mainly because their parents were missing, but also a little bit freaked out because they were about to watch the news without being made to.

Lucy switched on her TV.

'Have you got any popcorn?' asked a child sitting on the floor.

'Sorry, I don't think we do,' Lucy replied.

'Chocolate Hobnobs?' asked a child sitting on the child sitting on the floor.

'No chocolate Hobnobs either. Mum doesn't buy those any more. Not since – well, never mind. We just don't have any.'

'You mean we have to watch TV without any snacks?' moaned Ella, who was sitting on the child sitting on the child sitting on the floor.

'Oh, OK – I'll see what we've got!' promised Lucy, whizzing off to the kitchen. She returned a few minutes later with all the boxes of cereal from the cupboard and handed them around the room. 'Take a handful and pass it on,' she said, then got back to

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finding the twenty-four-hour news channel.

The moment it flicked on, her heart stopped.

‘Oh no!’ Lucy cried. **‘Look!’**

The crowd of children all spat out their cornflakes and Cheerios in shock, showering the room with chewed bits of soggy cereal.

On the TV they could see the normal news desk, the normal sheets of paper and the normal coffee mug, but there was something very *not*-normal about it.

The news presenter was missing!

Ella pushed through to the front. ‘Try another channel! Maybe your TV is broken, Lucy. Don’t you have a *TV-repair* badge?’ she demanded, turning to Norman, who tried his best to hide when everyone looked at him.

‘Perhaps I could take a look?’ he said sheepishly as the children nudged him across the room towards the telly. ‘Sorry, oops, watch out!’ he muttered as he stepped on almost everybody’s fingers.

‘Well? Why isn’t it working?’ Ella said, bashing the remote on the side of the TV.

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‘Erm . . . well . . . I actually *do* have a badge in *TV-remote-control functions*. And as the only member of the Whiffington Scout Troop present today –’

‘Aren’t you the *only* member of the Scout Troop, full stop?’ asked Ella. Everybody laughed.

Norman sat down, looking defeated, on what he thought was the arm of the sofa, but it was actually the head of another child sitting on another child.

‘Here, just do your best,’ Lucy said, taking the remote from Ella and handing it to Norman. Norman smiled at her, for once forgetting to hide his braces. He flicked through a few channels, hoping to find a grown-up of any kind looking back out at them.

Silly Sunrise, the kids’ show, had no Funzo the Clown getting pied in the face today. *Wakey-Wakey*, *Whiffington* had no Piers Snoregan, although that was probably an improvement. Norman flicked through the sports channels, the shopping network, the cooking shows, *Whiffington Weather* and just about every channel he could think of. Not a single one of them had a single grown-up.

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It was almost as if every adult on the planet had just disappeared overnight, from Lucy's mum to the news presenter . . .

. . . they had all just **GONE!**



CHAPTER SEVEN

FOUR CREAKERS

Lucy jumped into bed that night faster than she'd ever done before. She was so fearful that something might grab her ankles from underneath the bed as she climbed up that she literally leapt from the floorboards to the mattress and pulled her bedcovers up and over her head. She didn't even bother to take off her dungarees, brush her teeth or tidy the house! She left it all messy and grubby.

And what a grubby mess it was!

There was all sorts of rubbish and litter scattered here, there and everywhere from the piles of children who had been in and out of her house over the last

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couple of days. So many crumbs of breakfast cereal had been trodden into the carpet that it felt more like walking on sand. She'd been so busy confiscating dangerous items from wally-chops children today that, unlike yesterday, she hadn't washed the dishes, emptied the rubbish bins or done any washing whatsoever.

The house was, quite simply, Dis-Gus-Ting.

But Lucy didn't care about that right now. Her breathing was heavy and the warmth of her breath soon filled up the small space under her duvet, making it hot and sticky. She tried to be as still and as quiet as she could, listening out for any strange sounds, any sign of that creature with those black eyes. But she was so scared and nervous that all she could hear was the sound of her own blood pumping around her body, beating in her eardrums like a persistent drummer who won't shut up when you're trying to think.

As the night wore on and the children of Whiffington grew sleepy from the second day of grown-up-less chaos, the noises from out in the streets began to settle. Soon everything was still. Everything was calm.

That is always when the weirdest things happen.

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Lucy heard it.

Her heart stopped.

She recognized it instantly.

She'd walked across her bedroom thousands and thousands of times and she knew that sound better than anyone: the unmistakable creak of the old wooden floorboards right next to her bed. The floorboards that only ever creaked when someone . . . or *something* . . . stepped on them.

Then she heard it again.

Then again.

. . . and once more.

Four times in total.

Then the smell
came.



FOUR CREAKERS

It was foul and rotten, like a freshly pooped nappy, or off milk. It was so strong that Lucy could hardly even breathe. The thick duvet felt heavy as she hid beneath it, part of her wanting to stay covered, the other desperate to peck out and see what was creaking around her bedroom.

Then she heard something even more terrifying than a creak. She heard sniffing, followed by a delighted . . .

‘Ahhhhhhhhh . . .’

It spoke!

Or at least it made a noise.

‘This be the place!’

Yep, it definitely spoke. Although it didn’t sound like you or me when we speak. This voice was croaky, creaky, disgusting.

‘This be where *it* lives . . .’ croaked the creature.

‘Shhhhhh, the kidderling be hearin’ you. It be hidin’ just under the bedcovers,’ squeaked another one.

‘Shall we snatch it up?’ scratched a different one, with a voice like nails running down a chalkboard. That was three separate creatures Lucy had counted.

THREE!

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There was a silence.

Snatch me up? Lucy thought. *Please don't snatch me up. Don't snatch me up. Don't snatch me up . . .*

'No . . . not this dark,' grunted a fourth voice. 'Let's just take what we be creakin' for and be gone back to the Woleb.'

The Woleb? thought Lucy. *Where on earth is the Woleb?* She'd certainly never heard of anywhere with a name like that.

Suddenly Lucy heard another creak – and then another, and another. These creaks were the sound of someone – or *something* – creeping across her bedroom, across the floorboards closer to her wardrobe.

They were followed by the sound of her wardrobe door opening.

'Well, where be it?' grunted the grunter.

'It be in 'ere somewhere! I saw the kidderling get it out last dark!' muttered the scratchy one.

They all started rummaging around. Lucy heard hangers clanging and drawers being opened and closed. These creatures weren't trying to be quiet, not tonight.

'It's good fun, innit, not 'avin' to creak around so

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quiet neemore, not since we snatched all 'em grown-ups,' blabbed the croaky one.

'Shut up, you dunglicker! We be Creakers, we still gotter creak!' huffed the grunter.

Creakers, Lucy thought. *So that's what they're called.* The word made her shudder and her skin crawl with creepiness.

'*It might be earwiggin'!*' added the grunter, and somehow Lucy felt these *Creakers* all looking in her direction on the other side of the duvet.

'So whats if it is. I don't care neemore,' screeched the scratcher.

'Let's get that stinkerful green coat and be off,' whispered the squeaker.

Lucy suddenly realized what the Creakers were looking for.

My dad's jacket! she thought.

Then she froze as she remembered what was in the jacket pocket: her father's silver harmonica. Her heart began pumping faster and faster. *They can't take my dad's things. They're all I have to remember him by!*

There was a frustrated rattle of hangers from the

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wardrobe. 'It not be in 'ere!' grumbled the scratchy one.

'That sneaksy little kidder must've hid it somewhere else,' croaked the creaky one.

'Check the rest of the house!' ordered the hisser, and Lucy heard the four creatures all move at once, creaking across her wooden floor, out of her bedroom and into her mum's room across the landing.

I have to stop them taking Dad's jacket! thought Lucy.

Wait just a creak, Lucy. There are four Creakers creaking around in the next room. You're all alone, hiding beneath your bedcovers. Are you sure you want to try to stop them?

Yes! thought Lucy.

Wow – you're braver than I am, Lucy! OK, good luck!

Lucy gulped as she pulled the corner of her duvet down with trembling hands. She peeked out and saw that her bedroom was empty, but she could hear the creaks and croaks of the creatures searching her mum's room.

'Check them drawers! We wants that coat!' one of the creatures hissed.

Lucy looked at her open wardrobe and at the wooden panel that was still in place, hiding her dad's stinky work

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coat. Whether it was a moment of courage or pure insanity, Lucy leapt out of bed and legged it straight to her wardrobe. She heaped all her clothes on top of the panel to make sure it stayed properly hidden.

‘Wait!’ hissed a voice, and everything went quiet.

‘I smell stink.’

‘I smell dread!’

‘I smell a kidderling outta bed . . .’ croaked the four creatures, and then Lucy heard the most terrifying sound she’d heard all night.

The creatures all started creaking back towards her bedroom.

Lucy’s eyes darted around her room. She knew hiding underneath her duvet wasn’t going to get her out of this. She couldn’t run out of the door or the Creakers would snatch her. She looked at her bedroom window, but it was far too high to jump.

Would you be quiet while I’m thinking! Lucy thought.

Who, me? Sorry!

Where can I go? she thought. *Not out of the door, not out of the window. They’ll find me in the wardrobe . . . there must be another way.*

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That's when she saw it – the shadowy gap beneath her bed.

If these Creakers got into my room that way, then maybe I can get out that way!

The creaks grew louder as the creatures shuffled out of her mum's bedroom and into the hallway just outside her door.

'Gonna snatch that kidderling!' they croaked.

'Gotter finds that grubby coat!' they cried.

Lucy had no time to think it through. It was under the bed, or be snatched by these four things that were about to come creaking through her bedroom door any second!

She bolted towards her bed as fast as her legs could bolt, and just as she got to it she dropped down and slid straight underneath.

For a few moments Lucy lay trembling in the darkness underneath her bed. All of a sudden she began to experience the strangest sensation. The hard wooden floorboards beneath her didn't feel as hard as normal.

In fact, the floor under Lucy's bed didn't feel normal at all.

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Lucy pressed the palms of her hands against it. It was soft and squishy, like bubblegum or warm cookie dough – and, before Lucy knew what was happening, she found herself sinking into the floor like quicksand.

She was being pulled into the world below.

She clawed at the floor as it began to swallow her up, but it was no good, she was going into it, whether she liked it or not. The doughy floor tightened as she sank up to her chest, then to her neck, her mouth, her nose, and, just as the room above disappeared completely, Lucy caught a glimpse of four pairs of twinkling black eyes peering at her from the doorway.

'The kidderling be goin' down to the Woleb!' they hissed.

And with that Lucy was gone.



ANEXO 2. TÉCNICAS DE TRADUCCIÓN

- ADAPTACIÓN:

	(TO)	(TM)
Nombres propios	Chocolate Hobnobs	Galletas Príncipe
	Cheerios	Choco Krispies
	Silly Sunrise	Art Attack
Lenguaje Creakers	'This be where it lives...'	—Esto ser donde cosa vive...
	'Shhhhhh, the kidderling be hearin' you. It be hdin' just under the bedcovers'	—¡Chsss! la cosa pequeña estar oír a ti. Estar escondida bajo sábanas
	'So whats if it is. I don't care neemore'	—¿Y, qué si está? No importar más
Onomatopeyas	CLANG!	¡CLONC!
	CRACKS	CRACKS
	OH!	¡PUAJ!
	Oops	¡Uy!
	Ahhhhhhhhh...	Ahhhh...
	Shsssss!	¡Chsss!
	<i>Wow</i>	<i>¡Vaya!</i>
Juegos de palabras	Lucy Dungston	Esther Quiol
	Normal Quirk	Álex Céntrico
	Ella Noying	Penélope Sada
	Mr. Ratcliffe	Sr. Rátiguez
	Molly	Muriel
	Sissy McNab	Silvia Birla
	William Trundle	Guillermo Rueda
	Brenda Payne	Brenda Palma
	Toby Cobblesmith	Tomás Forjalosa
	Piers Snoregan	Marcelino Roncaldo

	Clutter Avenue	Avenida Batiburrillo
	Whiffington	Pueblo Lorcillo
	What the <i>jiggins</i> is going on?	¿Qué <i>cojines</i> está pasando?
Rima	‘I smell stink .’ ‘I smell dread! ’ ‘I smell a kidderling outta bed ...’	—Oler hedor . —Oler terror . —Oler cosa pequeña fuera de edredón ...
	The children slept peacefully, wonderfully unaware that the world around them had changed.	Los niños durmieron tranquilamente, ignorando inocentemente que el mundo a su alrededor había cambiado.
	<i>Well, that’s a start, but it’s not very exciting, is it? Let’s try again.</i>	<i>Bueno, eso es un comienzo, pero no es demasiado emocionante, ¿verdad? Volvamos a empezar.</i>
	If you think a police officer answered the phone and said [...]	Si piensas que un agente de policía contestó a la llamada y dijo [...]
	If you ever find yourself behind one of these trucks, take a little sniff , just a little one, and you’ll know what Lucy Dungston’s house smelled like.	Si alguna vez te encuentras detrás de uno de estos camiones, inhala un poco, solamente un poquito y sabrás cómo olía la casa de Esther Quiol.
	But today the road wans’t busy .	Pero hoy la calle no estaba transitada .
	‘Lucy, I can’t find Mama or Papa and my avocado needs mashing ,’ Ella whined.	—Esther, no encuentro a mi mami ni a mi papi y alguien tiene que exprimir las naranjas —gimoteó Penélope.
	‘Dad?’ whispered Norman Quirk, a boy from Lucy’s year at school , as he hesitantly stepped into his front garden.	—¿Padre? —susurró Álex Céntrico, un compañero de la clase de Esther, mientras entraba, dubitativo, en su jardín.
	[...] he asked, scooping a handful of mud from his front garden and sniffing it as if trying to pick up his dad’s scent .	[...] preguntó, cogiendo un puñado de barro de su jardín y oliéndolo como si intentara encontrar el rastro de su padre.
	Ella giggled at him, not really in a mean way , but just because she found Norman sort of funny .	Penélope se rio de él, no con malicia en realidad, sino solamente porque veía algo gracioso en Álex .

Otros	Lucy heard her dad's voice say in her head .	Esther recordó las palabras de su padre.
	'One man's rubbish is another man's favourite pair of black boots!' and clipped his heels together with a wink.	¡La basura de uno es el par de botas negras favorito de otro!—Y golpeó los talones con un movimiento rápido seguido de un guiño.
	Then Toby Cobblesmith, who had his shoes on the wrong feet .	Después, Tomás Forjalosa, quien llevaba puestos sus zapatos en el pie contrario .
	I'm sure you know that the news is the biggest snorefest on TV, but Lucy had a point.	Estoy seguro de que sabes que las noticias son lo más aburrido de la tele , pero Esther estaba en lo cierto.
	[...] but also a Little bit freaked out because they were about to watch the news without being made to .	[...] pero también estaban un poco asustados porque estaban a punto de ver las noticias por su propia iniciativa .
	'You mean we have to watch TV without any snacks ?'	—¿Quieres decir que tenemos que ver la tele sin zampar nada?
	'Aren't you the only member of the Scout Troop, full stop ?'	—¿No eres tú el <i>único</i> miembro de la tropa Scout y punto ?
	Norman flicked through the sports channels, the shopping network , the cooking shows, Whiffington Weather and just about every channel he could think of.	Álex pasó a los canales de deportes, al de la teletienda , a los concursos de cocina, al del tiempo de Pueblo Lorcillo y a cada canal que se le pudo ocurrir.
	She'd been so busy confiscating dangerous items from wally-chops children today that [...]	Esther había estado ese día tan ocupada confiscando cosas peligrosas de las manzas de niños bobos que [...]
	She tried to be as still and as quiet as she could, listening out for any strange sounds [...]	Intentó estar lo más quieta y callada que podía, agudizando el oído para escuchar cualquier sonido extraño [...]
It was foul and rotten, like freshly pooped nappy , or off milk.	Era fétido y podrido, como un pañal recién estrenado o leche caducada.	
Where on earth is the Woleb?	<i>¿Dónde está Vertedo?</i>	

Lucy heard hangers clanging and drawers being opened and closed.	Esther escuchó el tintineo de las perchas y los cajones abriéndose y cerrándose.
A thick, eerie darkness fell like no other night Whiffington had ever known .	Una abundante e inquietante oscuridad cayó sobre Pueblo Lorcillo como nunca antes había sucedido .
[...] she called, a note of panic rising in her voice , and her heart leaping like a frog in her chest .	[...] la llamó con una voz que denotaba cada vez más pánico y su corazón saltando como una rana en el pecho .
[...] Lucy had heard one of the other mums whispering in the school playground.	[...] Esther había oído cotillear a una de las otras madres en el patio de la escuela.
'What a cheating, rotten man! ' another had said, shaking her head.	—¡Qué hombre tan asquerosamente mentiroso y despreciable! —había dicho otra, sacudiendo la cabeza.
Where was Mario, the Italian man from the next street, who jogged past every morning in his skimpy Lycra shorts ?	¿Dónde estaba Mario, el italiano de la siguiente calle, quien salía a correr cada mañana en sus pantalones cortos, muy cortos, de licra ?
[...] without saying where he was going, without finishing the half-eaten chocolate Hobnob and barely sipper cup of tea she'd found on his bedside table the next morning.	[...] sin decirle dónde iba, sin acabarse la galleta Príncipe mordida y sin apenas beberse la taza de té que había encontrado en su mesita de noche a la mañana siguiente.

- AMPLIACIÓN LINGÜÍSTICA:

(TO)	(TM)
[...] and you might meet... The Creakers.	[...] y quizás conozcas a los Creakers, si puedes .
Mothers and fathers throughout Whiffington tucked their children into bed, unaware that this would be the last bedtime story, the last goodnight kiss, the last time they'd switch off the light.	Las madres y padres de todo Pueblo Lorcillo arroparon en la cama a sus hijos, ignorando que sería el último cuento para dormir que leerían , el último beso de buenas noches que darían , la última vez que apagarían la luz.
Empty everywhere.	Todo completamente vacío.
[...](which she knew off by heart for emergencies, like every sensible eleven-year-old should).	[...] (el cual sabía de memoria para las emergencias, como cada niño sensato de once años debería saber hacer).
The sun disappeared behind the pointed silhouettes of the rooftops of Whiffington Town, like a hungry black dog swallowing a ball of flames.	El sol desapareció detrás de las siluetas puntiagudas de los tejados de Pueblo Lorcillo, como un negro perro hambriento engullendo una bola de fuego en llamas.
Mrs Dungston's book was still on the bedside table, a bookmark poking out, with her Reading glassed perched on top.	El libro de la señora Quiol todavía estaba sobre la mesita de noche con un punto de libro que asomaba y con las gafas de leer posadas encima.
Her empty cocoa cup with the yellow polka-dot pattern sat beside it.	Su taza de cacao con lunares amarillos vacía estaba colocada justo a su lado .
'What a cheating, rotten man!' another had said, shaking her head.	—¡Qué hombre tan asquerosamente mentiroso y despreciable! —había dicho otra, sacudiendo la cabeza.
If you ever find yourself behind one of these trucks, take a little sniff, just a little one, and you'll know what Lucy Dungston's house smelled like.	Si alguna vez te encuentras detrás de uno de estos camiones, inhala un poco, solamente un poquito y sabrás cómo olía la casa de Esther Quiol.
[...] Norman said, nervously holding up three fingers in Scout salute, before fiddling with his neatly combed, mousy-blond hair.	[...] dijo Álex levantando nervioso tres dedos como se hace en el saludo Scout, antes de jugar con su cabello rubio oscuro tan bien peinado.
With his other hand, he covered his mouth to hide his train-track braces.	Con su otra mano, se cubría la boca para esconder sus aparatos en forma de vía de tren.
When she came second to her friend Giorgina in the sack race on Sports Day, he told her [...]	Cuando llegó segunda y su amiga Georgina quedó primera en la carrera de sacos en el Día del deporte, le dijo: [...]

'SHE'S RIGHT!' Ella shouted, not frightened of anyone.	—¡TIENE RAZÓN! —chilló Penélope, sin tenerle miedo a nadie.
Ella pushed through to the front.	Penélope empujó y se dirigió hacia delante.
[...] all she could hear was the sound of her own blood pumping around her body, beating in her eardrums like a persistent drummer who won't shut up when you're trying to think.	[...] todo lo que podía escuchar era el sonido del bombeo de su propia sangre recorriéndole el cuerpo y que le golpeaba los tímpanos como un incesante tamborileo y que no te deja pensar.
Ella pushed through to the front.	Penélope empujó a los niños y se dirigió hacia delante.

- AMPLIFICACIÓN:

(TO)	(TM)
What's under your bed keeping just of sight?	¿Qué se esconde bajo tu cama fuera de sospecha?
'To the television!' they all cried in unison, and every child on Clutter Avenue in Whiffington Town pushed past Lucy and piled into her house.	—¡A la televisión! —gritaron todos al unísono y todos los niños en la Avenida Batiburrillo de Pueblo Lorcillo arrastraron a Esther y corrieron a amontonarse en su casa.
They were followed by the sound of her wardrobe door opening.	A esos crujidos les siguió el sonido de la puerta de su armario abriéndose.

- COMPRESIÓN LINGÜÍSTICA:

(TO)	(TM)
'Sorry, I don't think we do, ' Lucy replied.	—Lo siento, diría que no —contestó Esther.
'No chocolate Hobnobs either. Mum doesn't buy those any more. Not since...— well, never mind.	— No, tampoco. Mamá ya no las compra. No desde...—bueno, olvídale.
Surely her mum wouldn't have left the house without her shoes... would she?	Ciertamente, su madre no hubiera salido de casa sin sus zapatos... ¿o sí?

- CREACIÓN DISCURSIVA:

(TO)	(TM)
Woleb	Vertedo
The <i>shake-it-all-about-door challenge</i> badge.	Una insignia del reto de sacudir las botas en la <i>puerta</i> .

- EQUIVALENTE ACUÑADO:

(TO)	(TM)
What silently waits in the shadows at night?	¿Qué entre las sombras de la noche silenciosamente acecha ?
<i>Sometimes people who are different get laughed at, but it's always the different ones who make a difference.</i>	<i>A veces se ríen de la gente que es diferente, pero siempre son los diferentes los que marcan la diferencia.</i>
First, her bouncy Afro hair peeped out into the Street, followed by her round cheeks and her big deep brown eyes that always managed to get her out of trouble .	Primero, asomó su abultado pelo afro en la calle, seguido por sus mejillas redondeadas y sus grandes y profundos ojos marrones, los cuales siempre lograban sacarla del apuro .
Then she froze as she remembered what was in the jacket pocket.	Entonces, la sangre se le congeló cuando recordó qué había en el bolsillo de la chaqueta.

- GENERALIZACIÓN:

(TO)	(TM)
Wakey-Wakey, Whiffington	Buenos días, Pueblo Lorcillo
Where was Mr Ratcliffe, the wrinkly old man who did yoga in his front garden in his underpants?	¿Dónde estaba el señor Ratínguez, el viejo arrugado que hacía yoga en calzoncillos en su jardín ?
She'd never done that before, and her heart was pounding like a drum in her chest as she pressed the number nine three times .	Nunca lo había hecho antes y su corazón la aporreaba como un tambor en el pecho a medida que marcaba esos tres números con un dedo nervioso y tembloroso.
'Shhhhhh, the kidderling be hearin' you. It be hidin' just under the bedcovers,' squeaked another one.	—¡Chsss! la cosa pequeña estar oír a ti. Estar escondido bajo sábanas —chirrió otro.

- OMISIÓN:

(TO)	(TM)
"OK, Lucy, we've found your mum and we'll bring her home right away and we'll even pick up some breakfast for you too . What would you like?"	<i>"Está bien, Esther, hemos encontrado a tu madre y la llevaremos a casa ahora mismo e, incluso, también pasaremos a comprar algo de desayuno. ¿Qué te gustaría?"</i>
Where was Mario, the Italian man from the next street, who jogged past every morning in his skimpy Lycra shorts?	¿Dónde estaba Mario, el italiano de la siguiente calle, quien salía a correr cada mañana en sus pantalones cortos, muy cortos, de licra?
[...] the sound of her own blood pumping around her body, beating in her eardrums like a persistent drummer who won't shut up when you're trying to think.	[...] el sonido del bombeo de su propia sangre recorriéndole el cuerpo y que le golpeaba los tímpanos como un incesante tamborileo que no te deja pensar.

- PARTICULARIZACIÓN:

(TO)	(TM)
What makes all the creaks, cracks and clangs in your house ?	¿Qué hace todos esos creaks, cracks y clongs en tu habitación ?
The <i>shake-it-all-about-door challenge</i> badge.	Una insignia del <i>reto de sacudir las botas en la puerta</i> .

- PRÉSTAMO:

(TO)	(TM)
Scout	<i>scout</i>
Creakers	Creakers
Creak	Creak

- TRADUCCIÓN LITERAL:

(TO)	(TM)
Dis-Gus-Ting	AS-QUE-RO-SO
Creak	Crujido
Bum gas	Pedo
It isn't the cat, or your dog, or a mouse	No es el gato, ni el perro ni un ratón