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Translation project:

The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant by Liza Tully

Перекладацький проєкт:

Переклад книги Лізи Таллі «*The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant*»

BA paper

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PERb-1-22-4.0d

*Цими підписом засвідчую,
що подані на захист рукопис
та електронний варіант
є ідентичними*

02.06.2026



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Kyiv – 2026

Abstract

This paper deals with the peculiarities of translating expressive communication in a detective novel, with special attention to literary and rhetorical devices that make the characters' speech vivid and meaningful. The first chapter is dedicated to the translation of a fragment of *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant* by Liza Tully, while the second chapter presents the analysis of the most challenging literary and rhetorical devices in the novel. Particular attention is given to conversational humour, irony, metaphor, parenthesis, climax, enumeration, parataxis and hyperbole as devices that reveal the characters, move the detective plot forward and create the expressive tone of the original text.

Key words: expressive communication, literary and rhetorical devices, conversational humour, irony, dialogue, detective novel.

Анотація

У роботі розглянуто особливості перекладу виразної комунікації в детективному романі з особливою увагою до літературних і риторичних засобів, які роблять мовлення персонажів яскравим і змістовним. Перший розділ присвячено перекладу фрагмента роману Лізи Таллі *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant*, а в другому розділі подано аналіз найскладніших літературних і риторичних засобів у романі. Особливу увагу приділено розмовному гумору, іронії, метафорі, парентезі, клімаксу, перерахуванню, паратаксису та гіперболі як засобам, що розкривають образи персонажів, розвивають детективний сюжет і створюють емоційний тон оригінального тексту.

Ключові слова: виразна комунікація, літературні та риторичні засоби, розмовний гумор, іронія, діалог, детективний роман.

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INTRODUCTION

The relevance of this topic: Expressive conversational communication, which includes conversational humor and literary and rhetorical devices such as hyperbole, metaphor, parenthesis, climax, enumeration, and parataxis, is one of the most challenging aspects of a literary text to translate. These devices characterize the speakers, create tension, build the rhythm of dialogue, and shape the atmosphere of the novel. These elements make the text more vivid and help the reader understand the characters through the way they speak. That is why their translation requires special attention, since the translator has to preserve not only the meaning, but also the tone and expressive effect of the original.

The state of the study of the problem covers research into expressive conversational communication in fictional dialogue and the challenges of its rendering into another language. The theoretical basis of this work draws on the studies of M. Dynel on conversational humour, B. McGuigan and R. Harris on rhetorical devices, L. Molina and A. Hurtado Albir on translation techniques and others.

The object of the research is expressive conversational communication in the dialogues of *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant* by Liza Tully.

The subject of the research is the translation of literary and rhetorical devices used in the dialogues from English into Ukrainian, with a focus on the techniques used to preserve their meaning, tone, and expressive effect.

The aim of the project is to study expressive communication in numerous dialogues in *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant* and to evaluate translation techniques applied in the process of translation.

Objectives of the study:

- 1) to characterize the author's style and the role of dialogue in the novel
- 2) to classify and explore expressive conversational elements used in the book
- 3) to analyze translation methods and techniques applied in the process of translation

The research material is the book “*The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant*” by Liza Tully and its translation into Ukrainian language.

The work consists of an introduction, translation part, and analysis of specific aspects of the text and their translation, and conclusions. The paper includes 24 pages of actual translation and pages of translator’s analysis.

The source text consists of 7,438 words and 41, 674 characters with spaces and the target language translation consists of 6,872 words and 41, 032 characters with spaces.

Chapter 1. Translation of *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant* by Liza Tully

SL Text Chapter 14 The Second-Best Son

The office door opened and Scott came in. He looked distracted and worn-out.

"I hope we can keep this meeting short," he said, lowering himself into the chair behind his desk. "There's a lot going on at the resort today. I'm sure you understand."

He seemed to be aiming for a tone of authority that he couldn't quite achieve. Instead, I got the sense that he was out of his depth, that his feet hadn't yet grown into the professional shoes he was wearing. I could easily commiserate. Impostor syndrome is a real thing. But shouldn't he have passed through that stage by now?

Merritt buttressed him.

"I certainly do understand, Mr. Summersworth. The Wild Goose Resort is a very busy and, I might add, very impressive operation. I imagine there's a lot to keep track of. Hundreds of guests, a large seasonal staff, four restaurants..."

"Five," Scott said.

"Five restaurants," Merritt amended. "Not to mention the hotel and all those cabins. Also a greenhouse and vegetable farm, a day care and children's camp. The roads, the landscaping. And the harbor! How could I forget the harbor? Rental sailboats, waterskiing, sunset cruises, swimming lessons. You clearly have an enormous job, yet everything seems to run very smoothly. The online reviews are outstanding. How on earth do you do it?"

I glanced at my boss with a mix of horror and respect. She'd managed to switch roles from harsh inquisitor to sniveling sycophant in the space of a few minutes, displaying a degree of thespian talent I hadn't known she possessed. Her goggle-eyed flattery seemed too obviously fake to me, but it was having the desired effect on the resort

TL Translation Розділ 14 Другий чудовий син

Двері кабінету відчинилися, і до кімнати зайшов Скотт. Він виглядав розгубленим і виснаженим.

- Сподіваюся, ця розмова не займе багато часу, - сказав він, сідаючи у крісло за письмовим столом. Сьогодні на базі відпочинку чимало справ. Ви ж розумієте.

Здавалося, він намагався говорити авторитетним тоном, але йому це не зовсім вдавалося. У мене склалося враження, що він почувався не у своїй тарілці, ніби ще не доріс до цієї посади. Я могла легко його зрозуміти. Синдром самозванця існує насправді. Але хіба він уже не мав би давно це перерости?

Мерріт підхопила розмову:

- Я вас прекрасно розумію, містере Саммерсворт. Курорт «Wild Goose» - надзвичайно жвавий і, мушу додати, справді вражаючий комплекс. Уявляю, скільки всього потрібно тримати під контролем: сотні гостей, великий сезонний персонал, чотири ресторани...

- П'ять, - додав Скотт

- П'ять ресторанів, - кивнула Мерріт, не кажучи вже про готель і всі ці котеджі. Оранжерея та овочева ферма, дитячий садок і літній табір. Дороги, ландшафт. І гавань! Як я могла забути про гавань? Прокат вітрильників, водні лижі, вечірні круїзи, уроки плавання. Обсяг роботи у вас колосальний, але все, здається, працює без збоїв. Онлайн-відгуки - чудові. Як чорт забирай вам це вдається?

Я глянула на боса водночас із жахом і повагою. За лічені хвилини вона встигла перетворитися з жорсткої слідчої на надміру улесливу співрозмовницю, демонструючи акторську майстерність, про яку я й не підозрювала. Її лестощі здавалися мені надто очевидними, але на керівника курорту вони подіяли саме так, як

manager, who was apparently too needy to sniff out the insincerity. He relaxed, his face softened, and his chest puffed out.

“Love. That’s how, Mrs. Merritt. I love this place, all seven hundred acres of it. I know it like the back of my hand, and I can do every job there is. Except maybe the chef’s job—I can’t cook for shit.” He chuckled at himself.

“You see, my dad insisted that we kids learn the business from the bottom up. He made us work in every area at one time or another. I scooped ice cream, waited tables, washed dishes, even made beds and cleaned bathrooms. I did a lot of the fun stuff too, like driving the waterskiing boat and leading nature hikes. When I was in college, I helped with marketing and publicity, scheduling, reservations, hiring, firing. I learned to source practically every item this club uses: food, alcohol, mattresses, beach chairs, tennis rackets, and god knows how many other things. You name it, I know where to get the best quality at the cheapest price. You’re absolutely correct that running the day-to-day operations is a lot of work. My sisters and brother opted out of the general manager role early on. But I love it. It’s all I ever wanted to do.”

“Day-to-day operations—would those include financial aspects, like payroll, accounting, investing?”

“Payroll is handled by a firm in Burlington. Everything else happens at our parent company, Kingfisher Development. They take care of accounts receivable, accounts payable, and all sorts of other financial matters, including taxes. They do our marketing as well—with significant input from me, of course. And they make the big financial decisions, investing and the like.”

“Your brother runs Kingfisher—isn’t that right? I can only imagine what it must be like to work for a sibling. Is that a problem for you, your brother holding the reins?”

Scott shrank a bit, as if a puff of air had been squeezed out of him. “I wouldn’t say Neil holds the reins, exactly. But...well...I guess he

треба: він розслабився, його обличчя пом’якшало, а груди гордовито випнулися.

- Любов. Ось як, місис Мерріт. Я люблю це місце, усі 3 гектари. Знаю його як свої п’ять пальців і можу виконувати будь-яку роботу. Хіба що роботу шеф-кухаря, я в готуванні повний нуль, - він тихо засміявся.

- Бачте, мій тато наполягав, щоб ми, діти, вивчали бізнес з азів і спробували себе в кожній справі. Я накладав морозиво, обслуговував столи, мив посуд, навіть застилав ліжка й прибирав ванні кімнати. Були й приємніші речі - керувати катером для водних лиж, водити туристів у походи. Коли я навчався в коледжі, допомагав із маркетингом і рекламою, складав розклад, займався бронюванням, наймом і звільненням персоналу. Я навчився закуповувати практично все, що використовує цей клуб: їжу, алкоголь, матраци, пляжні стільці, тенісні ракетки і ще бозна-скільки інших речей. Назвіть будь-що, а я знаю, де дістати найкращу якість за найнижчою ціною. Ви цілком маєте рацію: щоденне управління потребує чималих зусиль. Мої сестри й брат досить рано відмовилися від посади генерального директора. А я - ні. Я це люблю. Це саме те, чим я завжди хотів займатися.

- Щоденне управління включає також фінансові питання - зарплати, бухгалтерію, інвестиції?

- Зарплатами займається фірма в Берлінгтоні. Усі інші процеси зосереджені в нашій материнській компанії Kingfisher Development. Вони ведуть дебіторську та кредиторську заборгованість, а також усі інші фінансові питання, зокрема податки. Маркетинг - теж у їхній компетенції, хоча, звісно, за моєї активної участі. А ключові фінансові рішення, такі як інвестиції та подібне, ухвалюють саме вони.

Ваш брат очолює Kingfisher, так? Уявляю, як це - працювати, коли керівник твій рідний брат. Вас це не напружує - що саме він фактично керує компанією?

Скотт знітився, важко видихаючи.

- Я б не сказав, що Ніл повністю всім керує... хоча, мабуть,

does to some extent. He was always going to run Kingfisher someday. He had the aptitude and the interest, and my father groomed him for it since he was in high school. I always wanted to work here, at Wild Goose. I guess you could say I'm more of a people person, less of a numbers guy, so things worked out the right way."

"Not a math whiz, huh? Me neither."

I nearly choked. Merritt is pushing this suck-up act way too far, I thought.

"How do you get along, you and Neil? Outside the office, I mean," she asked innocently. Scott's face reddened. He tried to cover his discomfort with a stiff smile.

"Uh, well...I guess I have to plead the Fifth on that one." "Siblings can be tough," Merritt said, her voice dripping with sympathy. "How about your mom?"

Did you get along with her?" A few beads of sweat popped out at his hairline.

"My mother? Of course. I loved her. She was my mother."

"I'm sure you did."

"The word saccharine wasn't sweet enough to describe her tone. "We always love our mothers, don't we?" Not Orestes, I thought. Merritt went on.

"Was there any trouble, any conflict, between you and her? Concerning the resort?"

As I was starting to learn, a good liar lies smoothly and fairly quickly—because the lie, long rehearsed, has been waiting on the tip of his tongue, and when its moment to shine finally arrives, it falls from his lips like a plump, perfect raindrop, by all appearances the purest, most natural thing in the world. Scott Summersworth was a terrible liar—slow and clumsy. Even I, rookie that I was, could see him wrestling with himself, wanting to lie but not being able to. Finally, his shoulders slumped as he surrendered his effort to be a worse person than he was.

"Well, there usually is, isn't there? Especially in a family business."

певною мірою - так. Йому завжди судилося очолити Kingfisher. Він завжди цікавився цим, а батько готував його до цього ще зі школи. Я ж завжди хотів працювати тут, у Wild Goose. Напевно, я більше про людей, ніж про цифри, тож у підсумку кожен опинився на своєму місці.

- Не сильний у математиці, еге ж? Я теж, - зауважила Мерріт.

Я ледь не вдавилася. Вона вже надто перегинала палицю з цими лестощами, - подумала я.

- А поза роботою ви з Нілом ладнаєте? - невинно поцікавилася вона. Обличчя Скотта вмить почервоніло. Він спробував приховати збентеження напруженою усмішкою.

- Ну... гадаю, тут я скористаюся правом не свідчити проти себе.

Стосунки між братами й сестрами часто бувають складними, - співчутливо мовила Мерріт.

- А з мамою ви ладнали?

На його скронях з'явилися краплі поту.

- Моя мати? Звісно. Я її любив. Вона ж була моєю матір'ю.

- Авжеж, - сказала вона таким приторним тоном, що жодне слово не могло передати його фальші. Ми ж завжди любимо своїх матерів, правда? Не всі, подумала я.

- Чи виникали між вами конфлікти? Зокрема щодо курорту? - не відступала Мерріт.

Згодом я почала помічати: вправний брехун бреше легко й без затримки, адже неправда, давно відпрацьована, крутиться на кінчику язика і, щойно настає слушний момент, зривається з вуст природно й невимушено. Скотт Саммерсворт був кепським брехуном, повільним і незграбним. Навіть я, хоч і новачок, бачила, як він дає собі подумки ляпаса: прагне збрехати, але не здатен цього зробити. Зрештою його плечі опустилися. Він ніби зрікся спроби стати гіршим, ніж був насправді.

- Таке трапляється, - сказав він. - Особливо в сімейному бізнесі.

- Це правда. Сімейний бізнес часто буває найскладнішим. Ви

“Yes, that’s very true. Family businesses can be the worst. Did you argue about money?” Merritt prompted ever so gently.

“Good guess, Mrs. Merritt,” he said wryly. “My mother thought I was mismanaging the resort’s finances. It wasn’t true, but no matter what I said, I couldn’t convince her. I felt like she was hounding me, badgering me, over a nonexistent problem. So yeah, we argued. It wasn’t nice.”

“How long had the conflict between you and your mother been going on?” His eyes narrowed.

“Why are you asking about this? I thought you were here to investigate my mother’s death.”

“I’m just looking for context,” she said.

“I hope you’re not suggesting that this conflict I had with my mother could be a motive for murder. Is that where you’re going with this?”

“I’m just getting the lay of the land, Mr. Summersworth. I’m not going anywhere at the moment.”

“Well, for your information, the real conflict wasn’t between me and my mother at all. It was between me and my brother. Neil had been whispering things to Mom about me, accusing me of screwing up the resort financially. She finally confessed that. He should’ve talked to me directly if he had concerns about what I was doing—or what he thought I was doing—but I don’t believe he actually wanted to know the truth. He just wanted to spread rumors. He has a low opinion of me, sorry to say. I used to feel hurt by that, used to try to change his mind, but I gave that up long ago.”

“Was there a falling-out over something specific?”

His face grew rigid.

“Nothing worth talking about.” With a fresh glare in his eye, he said, “So, this is what you came here to talk about, is it? Family dynamics. Sibling rivalry. Money problems. You’re investigating us, aren’t you? Me and my siblings, as if one of us could possibly have killed our own mother. It’s outrageous that you would even think such a thing.”

сварилися через гроші? - м’яко підштовхнула його Мерріт.

- Влучили, місіс Мерріт, - з гіркою іронією відповів він. Мати вважала, що я неправильно розпоряджаюся фінансами курорту. Це було неправдою, але я так і не зміг її переконати. Мені здавалося, що вона постійно мене переслідує, дорікає через проблеми, яких насправді не існувало. Так, ми сварилися. Це було неприємно.

- І як довго тривав цей конфлікт?

Його погляд звузився.

- Навіщо ви про це питаєте? Я думав, ви розслідуєте смерть моєї матері.

- Я просто намагаюся зрозуміти ситуацію, - сказала вона.

- Сподіваюся, ви не натякаєте, що цей конфлікт із матір'ю міг бути мотивом для вбивства. Ви ж не до цього ведете?

-Я лише з’ясовую обставини, містере Саммерсворт. Поки що нічого більше.

- Ну, до вашого відома, справжній конфлікт був зовсім не між мною та матір'ю. Він був між мною та моїм братом. Ніл намовляв маму проти мене, ніби я розтринькую гроші курорту. Вона врешті-решт зізналася в цьому. Йому варто було поговорити зі мною напругу, якщо в нього були занепокоєння щодо моїх дій чи того, що, на його думку, я робив. Але я не думаю, що він насправді хотів знати правду. Він просто хотів поширювати чутки. На жаль, він невисокої думки про мене. Раніше мене це ранило, я намагався змінити його думку, але давно здався.

-А чи була якась конкретна причина для сварки?

Його обличчя завмерло.

- Нічого такого, про що варто говорити.

Він кинув на неї холодний погляд.

- Отже, саме за цим ви й прийшли? Родинні стосунки, суперництво між братами, фінансові проблеми? Ви розслідуєте нас, так? Мене і моїх братів та сестер, ніби хтось із нас міг убити власну матір. Це абсурдно.

- Я лише роблю свою роботу, пане Саммерсворт. Перевіряю всі

“I’m just doing my job, Mr. Summersworth. Ticking all the boxes. With your cooperation, I’ll be able to wrap up my inquiries quickly and get out of your hair. Now, if you don’t mind, I need your timeline for that evening, and whatever you can tell me about your mother’s movements, in as much detail as you can remember.”

“I went through all this with Jim Clemmons. It must be written in a report somewhere.”

“I’m sure it is, but I never rely on reports. I like to hear things with my own ears. Since you’re such an old hand, I probably don’t need to give you the usual caveats about details—you know, to be sure to mention anything unusual, even if it was small.”

Scott drew in a ragged breath and sighed it out.

“As far as my mother goes, I can’t tell you where she was or what she was doing every minute, obviously. I do know that she arrived at the Lodge at around six forty-five. The party had started at six, so she was more than fashionably late. It pissed me off, if you want to know. I mean, I can understand someone being fifteen or twenty minutes late, but the guests were there to see her, specifically, and forty-five minutes was too much. People had started asking if she was going to show up.”

“Did she usually arrive late to events?”

“Depended on what it was. No one wants to be the first to show up to a party, and that’s fine. But there are events where it’s important to be on time. My mother knew the difference. She was very good at timing her entrance. She could read a room, as they say.”

“She came alone?”

“No, she was with Monty Draper, her boyfriend.”

“Then what happened?”

“The usual: a lot of cheek kissing, hellos, happy birthdays, and hugging and gushing about how nice everyone looked. We had an open bar, and the guests had been hitting it hard. They usually do in the hour before dinner at a big function. They like to get their buzz on fast, because once they sit down and the wine is served it’s déclassé to be seen drinking the hard stuff. The band was playing cocktail music,

версії. За вашої співпраці я зможу швидко завершити розслідування і дати вам спокій. А тепер, якщо ви не проти, мені потрібна хронологія подій того вечора і все, що ви можете розповісти про пересування вашої матері, якомога детальніше.

-Я все це вже обговорював із Джимом Клеммонсом. Це десь зафіксовано в його звіті.

- Не сумніваюся, - відповіла вона.

- Але я ніколи не покладаюся лише на звіти. Мені важливо почути все на власні вуха. Оскільки ви в цих справах людина досвідчена, то мені, мабуть, не варто нагадувати про важливість деталей. Ну, ви знаєте, е, навіть якщо це якась дрібниця.

Скотт важко здихнув.

- Щодо моєї матері... я, звісно, не можу сказати, де вона була і що робила кожную хвилину. Знаю лише, що вона приїхала в «Лодж» десь за чверть до сьомої. Так би мовити, епічно запізнилась. Мене це вибісило, якщо вам взагалі то цікаво. П’ятнадцять чи двадцять хвилин ще можна зрозуміти, але гості прийшли саме заради неї, і сорок п’ять хвилин - це занадто. Люди вже почали запитувати, чи вона взагалі з’явиться.

- Вона завжди запізнювалась на заходи?

- Залежало від події. Ніхто не хоче бути першим гостем на вечірці - це нормально. Але є заходи, де важливо прийти вчасно. Моя мати це добре розуміла. Вона вміла правильно вибрати момент для появи. Вона вміла, як то кажуть, відчувати публіку.

- Вона приїхала сама?

- Ні, з Монті Дрейпером, своїм бойфрендом.

- Що ж сталося тоді?

- Усе як завжди: поцілунки в щоку, привітання, побажання з днем народження, обійми й захоплені вигуки про те, який у всіх чудовий вигляд. Бар був відкритий, і гості налягали на нього без зайвих вагань. На великих заходах у годину перед вечерею таке - звична річ: усі хочуть трохи хильнути для настрою, бо щойно всі сідають за столи й починають подавати вино, пити міцні напої вважається поганим тоном. Оркестр грав легку музику, щось

light jazz, just background stuff. Dinner was from seven to around eight thirty. Three courses: salad or appetizer, entrée—beef, chicken, or vegetarian—and dessert. There was a cake, of course, a big, elaborate thing. Mom blew out the candles and everyone cheered. Then the band came back on for real, started playing swing music. My mother loved swing. The whole 1920s vibe really turned her on. She would have made a great flapper.”

He drifted a little, wearing a wistful expression. I supposed he was imagining his mother doing the Charleston in a headdress, a long-beaded necklace, and a skinny sequined dress.

“After that?” Merritt prompted. He shrugged.

“It was a typical party. People danced, they sat in the lounge and talked to their friends, they played pool in the billiards room, visited the kids in the playroom, or they just planted themselves at the bar and pounded ’em down. Usually at this kind of function—weddings especially—someone ends up getting pushed into the swimming pool, and then there are always a few who jump in after them. As long as they keep at least some of their clothes on, we pretend not to notice. As far as I know, that didn’t happen the night of my mother’s party. It was an older crowd.”

“Do you recall where your mother was during the dinner, the dancing, and so on?”

“Well, she had dinner at the head table, obviously, with Monty and me; Neil and his wife, Allison; my half-sister, Lauren, and her husband, Eric; and my sister, Haley, and her wife, Sumiko. Neil and Lauren both have kids. They were in the Kids’ Klub, on the lower level, along with eight or nine other kids. At some point during dinner the child minders—that’s what we call them—took the kids outside. It was still light out, and you could see them playing croquet in their party clothes on the lawn. It was a pretty sight. Mom ran out and hit some balls with them. She loved her grandkids—she loved all kids. It disappointed her that Lauren didn’t visit very often, so she didn’t get a chance to develop good relationships with her three granddaughters.”

джазове, ненав’язливе, радше фоном. Вечеря тривала приблизно з сьомої до пів на дев’яту. Три страви: салат або закуска, основне - яловичина, курка чи вегетаріанський варіант, і десерт. Звісно, був і торт - великий, розкішний. Мама задула свічки, всі аплодували. Потім музиканти заграли свінг (легкий джаз). Мама його обожнювала. Вайб двадцятих років її захоплював. З неї вийшла б чудова флєперка.

Він на мить замовк, із задумливою усмішкою. Я уявила, як він бачить матір, що танцює чарльстон у пір’яному уборі й з довгим намистом з бісеру.

- А потім? - підштовхнула Мерріт.

Він знизав плечима.

-Звичайна вечірка. Хтось танцював, хтось сидів у лаунж-зоні й розмовляв із друзями, грали в більярд, провідували дітей в ігровій кімнаті або просто сиділи біля бару, перекидаючи чарку за чаркою. Зазвичай на таких заходах, особливо на весіллях, когось-таки штовхнуть у басейн, а за ним обов’язково стрибнуть ще декілька. Поки вони залишаються хоча б у якомусь одязі, ми робимо вигляд, що не помічаємо. Наскільки я знаю, того вечора такого не було. Компанія зібралась старша.

- Ви пам’ятаєте, де була ваша мати під час вечері, танців і взагалі того вечора?

-Вечеряла вона, звісно, за почесним столом - зі мною та Монті, з Нілом і його дружиною Еллісон, із моєю зведеною сестрою Лорен та її чоловіком Еріком і з моєю сестрою Гейлі та її дружиною Суміко. У Ніла й Лорен є діти. Вони були в дитячому клубі, на нульовому поверсі, разом із ще вісьмома чи дев’ятьма дітьми. В якийсь момент під час вечері доглядальниці, ми так їх називаємо, вивели дітей надвір. Було ще світло, і їх було видно на галявині: вони грали в крокет просто у святковому вбранні. Гарна була картина. Мама вибігла до них і трохи пограла разом із ними. Вона обожнювала онуків, та й узагалі любила всіх дітей. Її засмучувало, що Лорен приїжджала нечасто, тож у неї не було нагоди як слід зблизитися зі своїми трьома онучками.

“After that?”

“After dinner, Mom made a round of the tables, chatting with everyone. When the band started, she and Monty danced a bit.

Then he went off to play billiards and she chatted some more, and then she left.”

He paused.

“I guess that was one unusual thing. Yes, it was definitely unusual.”

“How so?”

“She asked Monty to take her home early, about nine thirty. The party was still going strong. She loved parties, almost always stayed to the end. So that was unusual.”

“Were you concerned?”

“A little. But I figured she was tired. She is...was...getting older, you know. Not that I'd ever really noticed it before. She was always so determined not to act old; you'd never hear her complaining about a stiff joint or a moment of forgetfulness. But it had been a big night, lots of people and commotion, and I figured maybe she'd just had enough.

She'd done her bit: kissed cheeks, and oohed and aahed, and heard everyone's news, and danced to her favorite song, 'La Vie en rose,' and she was ready to call it a night.”

“So, the last you saw of her and Monty Draper that evening was at about nine thirty.”

“No, I saw Monty again later. Maybe an hour later. I caught up with him at the bar and we had a few drinks.”

“How did he seem to you?”

“Perfectly fine.”

“What did you talk about?”

“He sighed loudly to let us know how irrelevant he thought the question was.”

“Well, let's see if I can remember. The PGA tour was on the TV. We record it and play it on a loop for the guests. So we talked about that. Monty follows sports like I do. Loves games of all kinds. He first

- А далі?

- Після вечері мама підходила до гостей, розмовляла з ними. Коли загравав оркестр, вони з Монті трохи потанцювали. Потім він пішов грати в більярд, вона ще поспілкувалася з гостями, а тоді поїхала.

Він на мить замовк.

-Гадаю, було дещо дивне. Так, це точно було незвично.

- В якому сенсі?

- Вона попросила Монті відвезти її додому раніше, десь близько пів на десяту. Вечірка була в розпалі. Вона любила такі заходи й майже завжди залишалася до кінця. Тож це не було на неї схоже.

- Ви занепокоїлися?

-Трохи. Але я вирішив, що вона просто втомилася. Вона... була... вже в віці, розумієте. Хоча я й не помічав цього раніше. Вона завжди вперто не хотіла виглядати старою. Ніколи не скаржилася ні на суглоби, ні на проблеми з пам'яттю. Але вечір був насичений, багато людей, метушня, і я подумав, що їй просто набридло. Свою програму вона виконала: усіх перецілувала, наслухалася компліментів, дізналася всі останні новини, потанцювала під свою улюблену пісню «La Vie en rose» і вирішила, що на сьогодні досить.

Отже, востаннє того вечора ви бачили її разом із Монті Дрейпером близько пів на десяту?

- Ні, Монті я бачив ще пізніше. Приблизно за годину. Ми перетнулися біля бару й випили по кілька чарок.

- Яким він вам тоді здався?

- Цілком нормальним.

- Про що ви говорили?

- Він голосно зітхнув, аби ми зрозуміли наскільки безглуздим він вважає це запитання.

-Ну, дайте-но згадати. По телевізору йшов Чемпіонат Професійної асоціації гольфу. Ми записуємо гольф і крутимо його для гостей по колу. Тож про це й говорили. Ми записуємо його і крутимо для гостей. Тож ми говорили про це. Монті, як і я, стежить

came to the resort last summer, as a bridge coach—we have a lot of avid bridge players here—and he liked it so much, he never left.”

“What time did he leave the Lodge that night?”

“About eleven thirty, I’d say. That’s when the night manager comes on and the bar closes. We said good night, and that was that.”

“Did he say where he was headed?”

“He didn’t say anything about going back to my mother’s, if that’s what you’re asking. I assumed he was going home.”

“I want to ask you this one more time, Mr. Summersworth, if you don’t mind; think about it hard, please. Did you notice anything else that was unusual that evening? Any interaction or behavior that might be worth mentioning?”

“I really don’t remember anything else out of the ordinary. Except... well, I did see my mother go outside at one point. Must have been about nine o’clock. She was by herself. I thought that was a little strange, so when she returned I asked where she’d been.”

“What did she say, exactly?”

“That she’d needed to get something out of Monty’s car. I didn’t think anything of it.”

“She returned alone?”

“Yes.”

“Was she carrying anything?”

“Um...let me think. No, not that I recall.”

A moment later he realized what he’d said, and he gave an awkward grimace.

“So maybe she didn’t get something out of the car?” “Think back. Perhaps there was something in her hand, something small, or she was wearing an article of clothing—a shawl, for example—that she didn’t have on when she went out.”

Scott frowned.

“No to both those things.”

“Do you know how much time elapsed between her leaving the

за спортом. Обождує всілякі ігри. Він уперше приїхав на курорт минулого літа як тренер з бриджу - у нас тут багато завзятих гравців, і йому так сподобалося, що він так і не поїхав.

- О котрій він того вечора пішов із готелю?

- Десь о пів на дванадцятю. У цей час заступає нічний менеджер і бар зачиняється. Ми попрощалися і на тому все.

-Він казав, куди саме збирається?

-Він нічого не говорив про те, що їде до моєї матері, якщо ви саме про це. Я вирішив, що він поїхав додому.

- Я хочу запитати вас про це ще раз, містере Саммерсворт, якщо не заперечуєте. Добре подумайте, будь ласка. Чи помітили ви того вечора щось незвичне? Якусь ситуацію або поведінку, про яку варто згадати?

- Я справді не пам’ятаю нічого особливого. Хіба що... ну, я бачив, як мама в якийсь момент вийшла надвір. Мабуть, це було близько дев’ятої. Вона була сама. Мені це здалося трохи дивним, тож коли вона повернулася, я спитав, де вона була.

-Що саме вона відповіла?

-Сказала, що їй треба було взяти щось із машини Монті. Я не надав цьому значення.

-Вона повернулася сама?

-Так.

-Вона щось несла?

- Е-е... дайте подумати. Ні, не пригадую.

За мить він усвідомив, що сказав, і ніяково скривився.

-То, можливо, вона нічого не взяла з машини? Спробуйте пригадати. Може, в неї було щось у руці, якась дрібниця? Або, скажімо, на ній був якийсь елемент одягу, шарф чи накидка, якого не було, коли вона виходила?

Скотт насупився.

-Ні. Ні того, ні іншого.

- Ви можете сказати, скільки часу минуло між тим, як вона вийшла з лоджу, і тим, як повернулася?

Lodge and returning?”

“Fifteen, twenty minutes. I was talking with some buddies of mine in the lobby, and as I was facing the main entrance, I could see who was coming in and going out, but I wasn’t keeping track of the time.” As Merritt and I both knew, the parking lot was right across the street. It shouldn’t have taken more than five minutes to retrieve an item from a car.

“Good. That’s helpful. Now, where did you go, Mr. Summersworth, at the end of the night?”

“Me? I went to bed.”

“You live nearby?”

“I live right here. I’ve got a nice suite all to myself on the other side of the Lodge. Bedroom, little living room, kitchenette. I take my meals right here at the resort. What more could a bachelor ask for?” “Can anyone vouch for your whereabouts in the hours between two and four a.m.?”

“Oh, so now you want my alibi. Ticking the boxes—is that it? Okay, I’ll give it to you, Mrs. Merritt. I was sleeping in my bed between two and four a.m. Alone.”

“Uh-huh. And what kind of car do you drive?”

“A BMW 330e.”

“Color?”

“Black.”

“Very good. Thank you, Mr. Summersworth. You’ve been very helpful.”

“That’s it?”

She paused.

“Well, no. I do have one more question. What’s your opinion of Monty Draper? Do you like him?”

“I do, actually. Though I might be the only one.”

“Really? How so?”

“My two half siblings, Neil and Lauren...they think he’s kind of sleazy, that he was going after Mom for her money. Haley had her reservations too, at first. But I think she’s come around some now. I’ve

-Хвилин п’ятнадцять-двадцять. Я тоді розмовляв із приятелями у вестибюлі. Я стояв обличчям до головного входу й бачив, хто заходив і виходив, але часу спеціально не відстежував.

Меррітт і я чудово знали, що паркінг був просто навпроти. Щоб щось узяти з машини, вистачило б і п’яти хвилин.

-Добре. Це важливо. А тепер скажіть, містере Саммерсворт, де ви були наприкінці вечора?

- Я? Я пішов спати.

- Ви живете неподалік?

- Я живу тут, у самому лоджі. У мене окремий люкс на іншому крилі: спальня, невелика вітальня, мінікухня. Я й харчуюся тут, на курорті. Що ще потрібно холостяку?

-Хтось може підтвердити, де ви перебували між другою та четвертою годинами ночі?

- Ага, тобто тепер вам потрібне моє алібі. Для галочки, так? Гаразд, місіс Меррітт. Я спав у своєму ліжку між другою і четвертою. Сам.

- Розумію. А яким автомобілем ви користуєтесь?

- BMW 330e.

- Колір?

- Чорний.

- Добре. Дякую, містере Саммерсворт. Ви нам дуже допомогли.

- І це все?

Вона на мить замовкла.

- Ні. Є ще одне запитання. Яка ваша думка про Монті Дрейпера? Він вам подобається?

-Взагалі-то, так. Хоча, можливо, я єдиний, кому він подобається.

- Справді? Як так?

- Мої зведені брат і сестра Ніл і Лорен вважають його слизьким типом, думають, що він крутився біля мами через гроші. У Гейлі теж спочатку були сумніви. Але, здається, тепер вона трохи змінила думку. Я спілкувався з ним більше за інших і вважаю, що він

gotten to know him better than the others, and I think he's actually a very decent guy."

"Would you say you're close, you and Monty?"

"I suppose I would. We became friends, and I hope we'll continue being friends."

"Were you aware that he'd asked your mother to marry him?"

"Had he?" Scott let out a delighted chortle. "The old codger! Works fast, doesn't he? I'll have to give him a hard time for that!"

Then his face fell, and he lowered his head. He seemed to have remembered that his mother was gone. There would be no happy wedding to usher in her sunset years.

"Have you spoken to Mr. Draper since your mother's death?"

He shrugged sadly.

"A couple of times, right afterward. It's all a blur; I can't remember what was said. I suppose I ought to call him, see how he's doing. He probably thinks Mom's death was his fault, just like I think it was mine. But it was no one's fault. I know that rationally. And I'm trying like hell to convince my heart of that."

"You have my sympathy, Mr. Summersworth."

Merritt smiled like an angel, then went in for the kill.

"By the way, how long have you and Ms. Valente been lovers?"

He glanced up in sharp surprise.

"What did you say?"

"I'm sorry. Was the question unclear?"

"No, no. I just...I didn't say anything about that. Did Pia tell you?"

"She didn't need to. It couldn't be more obvious. Are you trying to keep it secret?"

"No, not at all," he sputtered.

Merritt's eyebrows went up, and stayed aloft until the resort manager continued.

"Well, maybe a little. Pia's not a resort employee—just to get that straight. She works for an outside agency. So, there's no sexual

насправді цілком порядна людина.

- Ви б сказали, що ви з Монті близькі?

- Гадаю, так. Ми подружилися й, сподіваюся, залишимося друзями.

- Ви знали, що він робив вашій матері пропозицію?

- Справді? - Скотт радісно хихикнув. - От же лис! Швидко працює, еге ж? Треба буде якось його підколоти.

Але усмішка швидко зникла. Він опустил голову, ніби раптом згадав, що його матері більше немає. Ніякого весілля, яке б увінчало її пізні роки, вже не буде.

- Ви спілкувалися з містером Дрейпером після смерті вашої матері?

Він сумно знизав плечима.

- Кілька разів, одразу після того. Все як у тумані, навіть не пригадаю, про що ми говорили. Напевно, мені варто йому подзвонити, дізнатися, як він тримається. Він, мабуть, вважає, що смерть мами це його провина, так само як і я думаю, що це моя. Але насправді ніхто не винен. Я це розумію розумом. Просто серце ніяк не хоче з цим змиритися.

- Прийміть мої співчуття, містере Саммерсворт.

Меррітт усміхнулася янгольською усмішкою і одразу завдала удару.

- До речі, як давно ви з міс Валенте коханці?

Він різко підвів на неї здивований погляд.

- Що ви сказали?

- Перепрошую, питання було незрозумілим?

- Ні, ні. Я просто... я нічого про це не казав. Вам Пія сказала?

- Їй не потрібно було. Це більш ніж очевидно. Ви намагаєтеся тримати це в таємниці?

- Ні, зовсім ні, - пробурмотів він.

Брови Меррітт піднялися і так і залишалися піднятими, поки керівник курорту не продовжив.

- Пія не є співробітницею курорту, це щоб ви одразу розуміли. Вона працює на сторонню агенцію. Тож ні ніякого порушення не

misconduct going on.”

“Good to know,” Merritt said mildly.

“But...” He looked at the floor, kneaded his brow with stiff fingers. “As I said, my mother thought I was screwing up the resort, and my brother is convinced of it. If they ever found out I was dating a housekeeper, especially the one who cleaned Mom’s house...well, that would just give them more ammunition to use against me, so we were keeping it on the Q.T., at least for now. There are other reasons too. Pia’s unsuitable, if you know what I mean, in their book. She’s...” Scott stumbled, unable to find the right word.

“Hispanic?” Merritt supplied.

“Yeah. She’s Hispanic. From an immigrant family. And she doesn’t have a college degree. Not yet, anyway. But she’s planning on getting one very soon. She just needs a little help.”

He sighed.

“Pia understands all this—my job, my family, everything. That’s why she refused to come to Mom’s party with me even though I invited her. She said she’d rather go out with her friends. I tried to convince her to come with me, said I was ready to face the wolves, so to speak. But she insisted Mom’s party wasn’t the right time for that. She wants me, and us, to be in a better place before we go fully public, because she knows that as soon as we do, people will talk.”

He raised his head, looked Merritt in the eye, and said with unexpected force:

“What Pia and I have together is very real, very special. We love each other, and we’re going to make our relationship work, whatever anyone says.”

I wanted to jump up and cheer. I’m a total sucker for declarations of love. But Merritt was unimpressed.

“So, you stand by your statement that you were alone on the night of your mother’s death?”

“Yes,” he said firmly.

“I was alone that night.”

відбувається. Тож, немає ніяких інтимних стосунків.

- Рада це чути,- спокійно мовила Меррітт.

- Але... він опустил погляд і нервово стиснув чоло пальцями, - Як я вже казав, мама була переконана, що я все псував на курорті, а брат у цьому не сумнівається й досі. Якби вони дізналися, що я зустрічаюся з покоївкою, ще й тією, яка прибирала мамин дім... це стало б для них додатковим аргументом проти мене. Тому ми й тримали все в таємниці. Принаймні поки що. Є й інші причини. Пія, скажімо так, “не з їхнього кола”. Вона... - Скотт запнувся, підбираючи слово.

- Латиноамериканка? - підказала Меррітт.

- Так. Вона з родини іммігрантів. І в неї немає вищої освіти. Поки що. Але вона планує її здобути - зовсім скоро. Їй просто потрібна невелика підтримка.

Він знову важко зітхнув.

- Пія все це розуміє: і мою роботу, і мою сім’ю, і всю цю ситуацію. Саме тому вона відмовилася йти зі мною на мамин день народження, хоча я її запрошував. Сказала, що краще проведе вечір із друзями. Я намагався її переконати, говорив, що готовий, так би мовити, взяти удар на себе. Але вона наполягла, що мамине свято - не найкращий момент для цього. Вона хоче, щоб ми опинилися в кращому становищі, перш ніж офіційно заявити про стосунки, бо вона знає, що шойно ми це зробимо, підуть плітки.

Він підняв голову, подивився Меррітт просто в очі й несподівано твердо сказав:

- Те, що між нами з Пією - справжнє. Особливе. Ми кохаємо одне одного і зробимо все, щоб зберегти наші стосунки попри будь-чий розмови.

Мені аж захотілося підхопитися й аплодувати. Я страшенна фанатка гучних зізнань у коханні.

Але Меррітт це не вразило.

Отже, ви підтверджуєте, що в ніч смерті вашої матері були самі?

- Так, - твердо відповів він.

- Я був один.

“You’re aware that you’re leaving yourself without an alibi.” “I didn’t know I needed one,” he said icily.

Chapter 15 An Intriguing Woman with a Lot to Offer

Just then the door flew open and a woman barged in.

“Scott! I need to speak to you!”

I recognized Lauren Perry from the photos on her company website, but just barely. On her website she appeared lithe and lovely, innocent and dewy faced (a fitting advertisement for her skin-care products). A short video showed her wearing an endearingly simple cotton dress and twirling with gentle abandon in a field of wildflowers against the majestic backdrop of the Green Mountains. She looked like Julie Andrews singing “The Hills Are Alive” in *The Sound of Music*.

In person she was very different. Her body was more scrawny than slender—an awkward assemblage of thin bones and pointy angles—and the face that had been so well made-up and attractive on the website was in real life pallid and pinched. Her eyes flashed scornfully when she saw Merritt and me sitting there.

She snapped at her half-brother,

“Who are they?”

“This is Aubrey Merritt, the private investigator Haley hired, and her assistant, Olivia Blunt.”

Lauren reared back, horrified.

“Haley did what? She hired a what?”

“Ms. Merritt is here to investigate Mom’s death. She and Ms. Blunt drove up from New York City yesterday.”

“Oh great. Another investigation. Just what this family needs right now. And Haley never thought to mention this to me?”

“Why would she? You two barely speak.”

“I think I have a right to know when strangers have been brought in to dig around in my family’s business,” Lauren said hotly.

- Ви розумієте, що таким чином залишаєте себе без алібі?
- Я не знав, що воно мені знадобиться, - холодно кинув він.

Розділ 15 Цікава жінка, яка багато чого може запропонувати

Саме в ту мить двері розчинилися навстіж, і до кабінету влетіла жінка.

- Скотте! Мені треба з тобою поговорити!

Я впізнала Лорен Перрі за фотографіями на сайті її компанії, хоча й не одразу. На сайті вона виглядала стрункою й привабливою, свіжою, майже безтурботною - ідеальне обличчя для реклами її косметики. В одному з відео вона була в простій бавовняній сукні й легко крутилася серед польових квітів на тлі Зелених гір. Вона нагадувала Джулі Ендрюс, що співала пісню “The Hills Are Alive” у фільмі «Звуки музики».

Наживо вона виглядала зовсім інакше. Її тіло було радше кістлявим, ніж струнким, а обличчя, яке на сайті завдяки макіяжу здавалося привабливим, у реальності було блідим і напруженим. Побачивши мене із Меррітт, вона кинула на нас погляд, сповнений зневаги.

Вона кинулася до свого зведеного брата.

-А це ще хто? -випалила Лорен

- Це Обрі Меррітт, приватна детективка, яку найняла Гейлі, і її асистентка, Олівія Блант.

Лорен відсахнулася.

-Гейлі що зробила? Найняла детектива?

-Пані Меррітт розслідує смерть мами. Вони приїхали з Нью-Йорка вчора.

-Прекрасно. Ще одне розслідування. Саме те, що зараз потрібно цій родині. І Гейлі навіть не вважала за потрібне мені сказати?

-А навіщо? Ви ж майже не спілкуєтеся.

- Я маю право знати, коли сторонні починають копирсатися в справах моєї родини, - різко сказала Лорен.

“They’re not digging in anyone’s business, just investigating Mom’s death.”

“Your mother’s death.” Scott sighed wearily, as if he’d heard this distinction a hundred times.

Lauren continued.

“This is going too far, even for Haley. Why are you indulging her?”

“Because it means a lot to her, Lauren, and I really don’t see the harm.”

Lauren cast a withering glance toward Merritt and me before turning back to Scott.

“How much access do you intend to give these people?”

“They’re asking about the party, Lauren. And the night Mom—my mother - died. That’s all.”

“You’d better hope that’s all. I’m sure you wouldn’t want them nosing around too much. I mean, in case anything came up...”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” He looked more hurt than angry.

Lauren tilted up her chin and offered a smirk.

All this time I’d been expecting Merritt to jump in and say something, to defend our investigation, or Haley’s right to hire us, or even Scott’s right to indulge his younger sister’s whims. But she seemed content just to sit back and listen.

Scott changed the subject.

“Are the girls with you?”

“They’re right here.”

Lauren stepped aside, and I saw for the first time that there was a little girl standing behind her; and behind her another, smaller one; and behind her a third, even smaller one. I judged their ages to be about eight, six, and four. They were blond like their mother, and also thin and bony; they were dressed in matching one-piece pink bathing suits and had matching French braids woven tightly at the sides of their heads. The only things that distinguished them from one another,

- Вони не копірсаються. Вони розслідують смерть мами.

- Твоєї матері, - уточнила вона. Скотт втомлено зітхнув, ніби чув це уточнення вже всоте.

Лорен вела далі:

- Це вже занадто, навіть для Гейлі. Навіщо ти їй потураєш?

- Бо для неї це важливо, Лорен, і я справді не бачу в цьому нічого поганого.

Лорен кинула на нас із Меррітт нищівний погляд і лише тоді знову обернулася до Скотта.

- Наскільки близько ти збираєшся підпустити цих людей?

- Вони розпитують про вечірку, Лорен. І про ніч, коли мама... моя мами померла. Ось і все.

- Краще б для тебе, щоб це було все. Впевнена, ти б не хотів, щоб вони занадто пхали свого носа. Ну, знаєш, раптом щось спливе...

-І що ти цим хочеш сказати? - у його голосі було більше болю, ніж злості.

Лорен злегка підняла підборіддя й скривилася в самовдоволеній усмішці.

Весь цей час я чекала, що Меррітт втрутиться і щось скаже на захист нашого розслідування, або права Гейлі найняти нас, або навіть права Скотта потурати примхам своєї молодшої сестри. Але, здавалося, її цілком влаштовувало просто сидіти й слухати.

Скотт різко змінив тему:

- Дівчата з тобою?

- Вони тут.

Лорен відступила вбік, і я вперше побачила, що за нею стоїть маленька дівчинка, за нею - ще одна, менша, а за тією - третя, зовсім крихітна. На вигляд їм було років вісім, шість і чотири. Вони були білявками, як і їхня мати, і також худими; одягнені в однакові рожеві суцільні купальники, з туго заплетеними косичками. Єдине, що їх відрізняло, окрім розміру - це їхні шльопанці, що були різних

besides their sizes, were their flip-flops, which were different colors, and the fact that the smallest child clutched a stuffed purple pony with a flowing white mane. They gave the strange impression that they'd been put in a straight line years ago and had simply decided to stay that way. Scott waved them in, and they filed into the room obediently, staring at Merritt and me with unblinking eyes.

"Mrs. Merritt, Ms. Blunt—I'd like you to meet my nieces: Constance, Viveca, and Paulette."

Merritt and I said hello, and before I could ask to meet the pony, Lauren said sharply,

"Girls, wait outside."

They left the same way they'd entered, with neither a smile nor a skip.

"Your daughters are very well-behaved," Merritt said with apparent approval.

Well-behaved? I would have gone with robotic.

"My daughters are none of your business." Scott sighed again.

"Lauren, what can I do for you?"

"I need to draw your attention to a few issues around this place that need immediate action, but I think I'll wait until these two"—she jerked her head in our direction—"have left."

Merritt got to her feet, and I followed suit.

"We were just going, as a matter of fact. Thank you for your time, Mr. Summersworth. It was nice to meet you, Ms. Perry."

Lauren turned her back, and Merritt and I walked past her, out the door.

•••

"Wow. Pat Tucci wasn't kidding. Lauren really is a nasty piece of work," I said as soon as we were out of earshot.

"She's an intriguing woman, isn't she?"

Merritt was unruffled, even oddly pleased by the rude behavior we'd just been subjected to.

"She clearly has a lot to offer our investigation. We ought to sit

кольорів, і те, що найменша дитина стискала в руці плюшевого фіолетового поні з розкішною білою гривною. Вони справляли дивне враження. Ніби колись давно їх поставили в один ряд і вони просто вирішили більше ніколи з нього не виходити. Скотт покликав їх, і вони слухняно зайшли до кімнати, некліпаючи дивлячись на нас із Меррітт.

- Пані Меррітт, пані Блант, хочу познайомити вас із моїми племінницями: Констанс, Вівека і Полетт.

Ми з Меррітт привіталися, і перш ніж я встигла попросити познайомити мене з поні, Лорен різко сказала:

- Дівчата, чекайте надворі.

Вони вийшли так само, як і зайшли, без єдиної усмішки чи підстрибування.

-Ваші доньки дуже чемні, - сказала Меррітт із явним схваленням.

- Чемні? Я б радше сказала наче роботи.

- Мої доньки - не ваша справа. Скотт знову зітхнув.

- Лорен, чим я можу тобі допомогти?

- Мені потрібно звернути твою увагу на кілька проблем у цьому місці, що потребують негайного вирішення, але, думаю, я почекаю, доки ці двоє, - вона махнула головою в наш бік, - не підуть.

Меррітт підвелася, і я за нею.

- Власне, ми вже йшли. Дякуємо за ваш час, містере Саммерсворт. Рада була познайомитися, пані Перрі.

Лорен демонстративно відвернулася, і ми з Меррітт пройшли повз неї за двері.

•••

- Ого. Пат Туччі не перебільшував. Лорен - ще та стерва, - сказала я, - щойно ми відійшли на безпечно відстань.

- Цікава жінка, правда?

Меррітт анітрохи не була збентежена, більше того, здавалася дивно задоволеною тією грубістю, якої ми щойно зазнали.

- Вона може дати нам дуже багато для розслідування. Нам варто

down with her as soon as possible.”

“Didn’t you hear her? I doubt she’ll talk to us.”

“Oh, she will. But not until she knows for sure that we’re not going away.

Chapter 16 The Purple Hat Ladies

Merritt told me to meet her in the lobby at noon for the drive to Monty Draper’s apartment in Burlington; until then she had some matters to attend to. Finding myself with about two and a half hours to spend however I wanted to, I hurried back to my room to put on my bathing suit, and then I set out carrying my towel, sun hat, sunscreen, water bottle, and a book about the Boston Strangler that I’d borrowed from Merritt’s library.

(Thank you, Olly, but I’d rather not know, Trevor had said when I offered to describe exactly how Albert DeSalvo carried out his thirteen grisly murders.)

It was a beautiful morning, warm and sunny, and I was looking forward to a swim. Unfortunately the sandy beach near the dock was crowded with families, and the roped-off swimming area was rather small, though that didn’t prevent it from being hawkishly surveilled by several lifeguards with mirrored sunglasses and triangles of white sunscreen on their noses.

Disappointed with the beach, I decided to try one of the four pools at the resort. I thought it might be fun to check them all out and see which one I liked best.

Guided by my now-wrinkled map, I visited the Olympic-sized pool, where sinewy swimmers wearing goggles stroked down watery lanes at high speeds; the kidney-shaped pool, with its own Polynesian-style thatched-roof bar, where well-oiled sunbathers were already (it was only ten a.m.!) sipping exotic drinks and making slinky eyes at one another; and the family pool, with a curvy slide for children and a very wet sandbox for toddlers.

At this point I couldn’t help feeling a bit deflated. My specific

поговорити з нею якнайшвидше.

-Ви її чули? Сумніваюся, що вона захоче з нами розмовляти.

- О, вона заговорить. Але тільки тоді, коли переконається, що ми нікуди не зникнемо.

Розділ 16 Леді в фіолетових капелюшках

Меррітт сказала мені зустрітися з нею в холі опівдні, ми мали їхати до квартири Монті Дрейпера в Берлінгтоні. До того часу в неї були ще якісь справи. Маючи приблизно дві з половиною години, я швидко повернулася до номера, щоб переодягнутися в купальник, а потім вирушила, прихопивши рушник, капелюх від сонця, сонцезахисний крем, пляшку води й книжку про Бостонського душителя, яку позичила з бібліотеки Меррітт.

(«Дякую, Оллі, але я хотів би цього не знати», - сказав Тревор, коли я запропонувала детально розповісти, як саме Альберт ДеСальво скоїв свої тринадцять моторошних убивств.)

Ранок був чудовий еплій і сонячний, і я з нетерпінням чекала можливості поплавати. На жаль, піщаний пляж біля пристані був заповнений родинами, а відгороджена мотузками зона для купання виявилася доволі тісною. Утім, це не завадило кільком рятувальникам у дзеркальних окулярах і з білими плямами сонцезахисного крему на носах пильно її стерегти.

Розчарована пляжем, я вирішила спробувати один із чотирьох басейнів курорту. Мені здалося, що буде цікаво оглянути їх усі й з’ясувати, який із них мені припаде до душі.

Орієнтуючись за вже зім’ятою мапою, я побувала басейні в олімпійського розміру, де підтягнуті плавці в окулярах швидко пливли доріжками; у басейні асиметричної форми з баром під солом’яним дахом, де вже о десятій ранку відвідувачі потягували екзотичні напої і пускали один одному бісики; і у сімейному басейні з вигнутою гіркою для дітей і геть розмклого пісочницею для малюків.

Урешті я відчула, що настрої упав. Жоден із цих варіантів не

needs (beauty, quiet, privacy) were not being met by any of the pool types on offer, which reminded me that I didn't quite fit into the resort as a whole.

First, because I was too poor—I could never afford to vacation here on my own. Second, because if I did have more money, I wouldn't spend it here. I would go someplace much more exciting, maybe the Azores or the Amalfi Coast.

I was making my way back to the lakeshore when, at an intersection of gravel paths, three older women in bathing suits, cover-ups, and hats crossed in front of me. I looked after them with curiosity. Each of their hats was some shade of purple; one was a lavender floral bucket hat, one a plum plaid baseball cap, and one a deep royal purple hat with a wide, floppy brim.

I proceeded on my way, but I hadn't gone very far when I remembered something Pia Valente had told Merritt and me that morning—that Victoria had a group of friends she called her “hat ladies.” I had no idea whether that had anything to do with the trio of seniors who had just crossed my path.

Nevertheless, I turned around. It couldn't hurt to find out, and I had nothing else to do anyway. I hurried back to the intersection and turned left to follow them. I soon caught sight of their purple heads bobbing up ahead, and I quickened my pace until I was close enough that I could hear snippets of their conversation but not so close as to alarm them. It was rather exciting, this bit of independent sleuthing. I didn't expect anything to come of it until I heard one of them say:

“But why? That's what I want to know. She seemed so happy.”

“That's what she wanted us to believe,” another responded.

The next chunk of dialogue was lost as the path skirted a playground filled with shouting children. But as we moved into a quiet grove, I picked up the following:

“Honestly, I think she would have told us if she was depressed.”

“They don't, you know. They're too ashamed.”

задовольняв моїх потреб. Мені хотілося краси, тиші й усамітнення. І це знову нагадало мені, що я тут, загалом кажучи, не на своєму місці.

По-перше, тому що я надто бідна. Я ніколи не змогла б дозволити собі відпочинок тут за власний кошт. А по-друге, навіть якби мала більше грошей, я б не витратила їх саме тут. Я поїхала б у значно захопливіше місце, скажімо, на Азори або на Амальфітанське узбережжя.

Я поверталася до берега озера, коли на перехресті піщаних доріжок переді мною пройшли три літні жінки в купальниках, накидках і капелюхах. Я з цікавістю подивилася їм услід. Кожен капелюх мав свій відтінок фіолетового: один був лавандовою панамою у квіточку, другий - сливовою бейсболкою в клітинку, а третій - глибокого королівського пурпуру з широкими, м'якими краями.

Я пройшла ще трохи, але раптом згадала те, що Пія Валенте розповідала нам із Меррітт вранці. У Вікторії була компанія подруг, яких вона називала «дамами в капелюшках». Я гадки не мала, чи має це якесь відношення до трійці пенсіонерок, що щойно пройшли повз мене.

Тим не менш, я розвернулася. Ех, Хай буде, що буде, та й робити мені все одно не було чого. Я поспішила назад до роздоріжжя і звернула ліворуч, щоб наздогнати їх. Невдовзі я побачила їхні фіолетові капелюшки, що з'являлись попереду і прискорила ходу, тримаючись на такій відстані, щоб чути уривки розмови, але не настільки близько, щоб їх насторожити. Я не очікувала нічого конкретного, аж раптом почула, як одна з них сказала:

- Але чому? Оце мене й цікавить. Вона ж здавалася такою щасливою.

-Такою вона й хотіла здаватися, - відповіла інша.

Наступну частину розмови заглушили крики дітей на майданчику, повз який пролягала доріжка. Та коли ми опинилися в тихому гаю, я знову вловила окремі репліки:

-Чесно кажучи, думаю, вона б нам сказала, якби була в депресії.

“Ashamed? Why? She knew we loved her.”

“There’s a stigma. Still.”

I couldn’t hear anything but murmuring after that, and the next thing I knew, we were passing through a beautiful flower garden. The air was full of a loud buzzing. Fat yellow bees, what seemed like hundreds of them, were suspended before the open petals of roses and other flowers, whose names I didn’t know. When the ladies stopped to watch and exclaim, I hung back, pretending to admire the flowers as well.

They soon proceeded to the end of the garden and let themselves through a gate in a brown picket fence. Tall, skinny, pinelike shrubs hid whatever was on the other side. I waited a decent interval before I followed them through the gate, hoping I wasn’t entering the grounds of a private residence.

A great welcoming cheer went up, and I stopped in my tracks, startled and self-conscious, but the cheering had nothing to do with me. The ladies I’d followed were being greeted by three friends who’d been relaxing in chaise lounges along one side of a lovely little pool. There were hugs in every direction; then the six women started fussing around one another, making a lot of friendly noise. One was wearing a grape-colored visor; the others had purple hats on their lounge chairs. A corpulent woman in a flowery skirted bathing suit noticed me and called out in a resonating contralto,

“Come in, young lady! Any traveler who discovers this grotto is welcome to sit by its cool water and be healed!”

I smiled stiffly to hide my distaste. I couldn’t stand amateur theatrics. Exaggerated vibrato and exalted diction had the same effect on me as fingernails scraping a chalkboard. The woman was right about one thing, though: the pool did resemble a grotto. Its uneven bottom was painted blue gray, making the water look as transparent as it really was, and the pool was surrounded by mossy cobblestones instead of the usual concrete. A small wooden utility shed at the far end was thickly covered with dark green ivy. In front of it was a rock

-Люди не кажуть про це. Їм соромно.

-Соромно? Чому? Вона ж знала, що ми її любимо.

-Це клеймо. Навіть тепер.

Далі я чула лише приглушене бурмотіння, а згодом ми зайшли до розкішного квітника. Повітря наповнив гучний гул. Бджоли, здавалося, їх були сотні, зависали над розкритими пелюстками троянд та інших квітів, назв яких я не знала. Коли жінки зупинилися, щоб подивитися й вигукнути щось захоплене, я трохи відстала, удаючи, що теж милуюся квітами.

Незабаром вони рушили далі, дійшли до кінця саду й пройшли крізь хвіртку в коричневому штахетному паркані. Те, що було за нею, ховали високі, тонкі кущі, схожі на молоді сосни. Я витримала паузу, перш ніж піти слідом, сподіваючись, що не вторгаюся на територію приватного маєтку.

Раптом пролунали радісні вигуки, і я зупинилася як вкопана, злякавшись, але дуже швидко зрозуміла, що ці вигуки не мали до мене жодного стосунку. Жінок, за якими я йшла, зустрічали три їхні подруги, що відпочивали на шезлонгах уздовж одного боку чарівного невеликого басейну. Жінки обійнялися, після чого всі шестеро зібралися разом і почали жваво між собою розмовляти. Одна з них була в панамці виноградного кольору, а фіолетові капелюхи інших лежали на шезлонгах. Повнувата жінка в купальнику з квітчастою спідничкою помітила мене й гукнула гучним контральто:

- Заходь, дівчино! Кожен, хто відкрив для себе цей грот, може сісти біля прохолодної води й перепочити.

Я напружено всміхнулася, намагаючись приховати свою відразу. Я терпіти не можу цих вистав. Надмірний пафос і піднесена, награна манера мовлення діяли на мене так само, як скрегіт нігтів по дошці. Втім, у одному вона мала рацію: басейн і справді нагадував грот. Його нерівне дно було пофарбоване у сіро-блакитний колір, що підкреслювало справжню прозорість води, а замість звичного бетону басейн оточувала поросла мохом кам’яна бруківка. Невеликий дерев’яний сарайчик для інвентарю в дальньому кінці був густо

garden that would have been completely lovely were it not for an obviously fake outcropping through which a stream of water trickled, making a soft musical sound.

The friends settled themselves in a cozy grouping on the chaise lounges and a couple of plastic chairs someone had pulled over from a nearby table. I couldn't believe my good luck. These women were very likely Victoria's "hat lady" friends, and the talk I'd overheard was very likely about Victoria herself.

But what should I do now? I must have been standing there gaping like an idiot, because one member of the gang, looking quite fit in her white one-piece, looked over and said,

"Don't let us bother you, dear. We're just a bunch of harmless old dames."

I smiled again, this time with more sincerity, and set my towel and other things in a spot across the pool from them. I figured I ought to act like a normal resort guest, so I took off the old denim shirt of Trevor's that I'd worn over my bathing suit and I lowered myself gingerly but happily down one step after another into cool, clean water that didn't smell of chlorine. I started to swim a breaststroke the short distance to the far end, keeping my head up while my body adjusted to the temperature; then I ducked and swam underwater in slow, languid strokes, with my hair streaming behind me. There was probably a smile on my face.

After a few lazy laps I eased out of the pool, lathered up with sunscreen, and, with my Mets baseball cap resting gently on my face, stretched out on a lounge chair. The hot sun was beating down, warming my skin, and I was deliciously drowsy from my swim, but that didn't keep me from tuning in to the conversation happening not far away.

The women were all bridge players, apparently, and they were discussing the previous afternoon's bridge game and the potluck dinner they'd had afterward.

One of the ladies said: "Vicki would have loved it."

This remark was met by a few moments of silence. Then a

вкритий темно-зеленим плюшем. Перед ним був кам'яний сад, який був би абсолютно чарівним, якби не явно штучна скеля через яку тоненьким струмком стікала вода, створюючи тихий звук.

Подруги затишно влаштувалися на шезлонгах і кількох пластикових стільцях, які хтось підсунув від сусіднього столика. Я не могла повірити своєму щастю. Ці жінки майже напевно були тими самими «дамами в капелюшках» Вікторії, а розмова, яку я підслухала, майже напевно стосувалася її самої.

Але що робити далі? Мабуть, я стояла там, витріщаючись, як дурепа, адже одна жінка з компанії, досить струнка пані у білому закритому купальнику, зиркнула на мене й промовила:

- Не зважай на нас, любя. Ми ж просто компанія звичайних бабусь.

Я знову всміхнулася, проте цього разу щиро. Поклала рушник та інші речі по той бік басейну, навпроти них. Я вирішила поводитися як звичайна гостя курорту, тож зняла стару джинсову сорочку Тревора, яку накинула поверх купальника, і обережно, але з насолодою почала спускатися сходинка за сходинкою в прохолодну, чисту воду, яка зовсім не пахла хлором. Я пропливла брасом коротку дистанцію до дальнього краю басейну, тримаючи голову над водою, поки тіло звикало до температури, а потім пірнула й попливла під водою повільними, лінивими рухами. Напевно, в цей момент я усміхалася.

Зробивши кілька неквапних запливів, я вибралася з басейну, щедро намастила сонцезахисним кремом і, прикривши обличчя бейсболкою "Метс", розляглась на шезлонгу. Сонце нещадно припікало, зігріваючи шкіру; після плавання мене хилило на сон, але це не завадило мені нагострити вуха, прислухаючись до розмови неподалік.

Як з'ясувалося, всі ці жінки грали в бридж, і тепер обговорювали вчорашню партію та спільну вечерю, що була після неї.

- Віккі б це сподобалося, - сказала одна з них.

Ці слова повисли в повітрі. Потім заговорили всі разом:

cascade of voices:

“She was a terrible bridge player herself.”

“So true. She only ever won when she partnered with Monty.”

“She was definitely the teacher’s pet.”

“It was sweet how in love they were.”

“Love? Is that what you call it?”

Once more the conversation paused at a door no one wanted to walk through.

Finally someone said:

“Do you think something was going on with her we didn’t know about? Some kind of awful problem?”

“Her son, you mean,” another replied.

I recognized this voice. It was the contralto belonging to the lady stretched out on the chaise, with her hands clasped over her belly.

“Carla, what are you talking about? What about her son? Which one?”

“Scott, of course. You know he’s a drug addict, don’t you?”

“No! I didn’t know that! Are you sure?”

A couple other voices admitted that they’d also been ignorant of that fact.

“Really? You didn’t know? Well, I suppose she didn’t tell everyone. It was a very private matter, and very painful for her.” Carla sounded pleased to be the only friend in the group with whom the dead woman had shared her secret.

“Tell us, Carla. Details, please.”

A murmur of voices concurred that it was time for Carla to spill the beans. Needing no further persuasion, Carla launched into a fulsome account of Scott Summersworth’s alleged addiction and his mother’s response to it. Now her thundering, theatrical voice was music to my ears as it carried well across the space between us. I pretended to doze.

A condensed version of the story, which was much longer in Carla’s dramatic retelling, would go like this: all was well for a year or two after Scott assumed the role of general manager. Then, on a fateful

-У брідж вона, правду кажучи, грала кепсько.

- Авжеж. Виграла тільки тоді, коли була в парі з Монті.

- Вона ж була явною улюбленицею тренера.

- Було так мило спостерігати, якими закоханими вони були.

- Закохані? Ти це так називаєш?

Розмова знову зайшла в глухий кут, ніби ніхто не наважувся продовжити цю складну тему.

Нарешті хтось промовив:

- Як ви гадаєте, чи було в її житті щось таке, про що ми не знали? Якась жахлива проблема?

-Ти маєш на увазі її сина, - відгукнулася інша.

Я впізнала цей голос. То було контральто жінки, що розляглася на шезлонгу, склавши руки на животі.

- Карло, ти про що? Про якого сина?

- Про Скотта, звісно. Ви ж знаєте, що він наркозалежний, правда?

-Ні! Я про це не знала! Ти впевнена?

Ще кілька голосів зізналися, що для них це теж новина.

- Справді? Ви не знали? Ну, припускаю, вона не всім про це говорила. Це була дуже болюча тема для неї. За тоном Карли відчувалося задоволення. Вона була єдиною з подруг, кому покійна довірила цю таємницю.

- Розкажи нам всі подробиці, Карло!

Усі погодилися, що настав час Карлі викласти все як є. Не потребуючи подальшого вмовляння, Карла почала докладно розповідати про нібито залежність Скотта Саммерсворта та реакцію його матері на це. Тепер її гучний, театральний голос був для мене справжньою знахідкою - він легко долітав через увесь простір між нами. Я зробила вигляд, ніби дрімаю.

Стисла версія цієї історії, яка в емоційному викладі Карли була значно розлогішою, виглядала так. Перші рік чи два після того, як Скотт обійняв посаду генерального директора, все складалося цілком добре. Аж доки одного фатального дня, відомого лише самому Скотту, в його житті не з’явився кокаїн. Далі, крок за

day known only to Scott himself, cocaine entered the picture, and then by slow degrees Scott's life and the lives of everyone around him began to resemble a not so-fun carnival ride. He would be proudly clean for weeks at a time; he'd be smiling and handsome, and the resort would look and feel like a happy place. Then he'd start using again. Back would come the runny nose and the puffy eyes, the tremor in the hands and the raunchy whiff of unwashed clothes. The fits of anger would resume. There would be missed meetings, unreturned calls, and mysterious absences. Servers would cry; landscapers would grouse; guests would complain that the bath towels were not soft and the golf carts needed repair. As the staff learned to avoid their boss, one problem after another went unsolved. The resort lost some of its mojo.

On the really bad days, Scott hit his mother up for money. She always gave it to him, always believing his ardent vow to get clean and stay that way forever. A few days later he'd be back for more money, and she'd be crushed, and sometimes she would have the courage to refuse. That was when Scott's evil twin would appear—that shameless being that looked just like Scott but said and did things Scott himself would never say or do. He broke things and he insulted and berated her, and when she still didn't capitulate he stole from her. It was ugly and heartbreaking and terrifying and hopeless. Vicki suffered from it, Carla said, more than anyone knew.

"Anyway, he's supposedly in recovery now," Carla said lightly, pleased to be wrapping up her story with a happy ending, though the word supposedly left the door open for a sequel.

The little group was stiffly quiet. No doubt they'd heard similar stories before, but this one was more troubling. This one was about Vicki and Scott—a dear friend and her usually affable son, who one woman said she remembered as a skinny blond kid riding a bike and climbing trees.

I remembered Scott too, from an hour earlier, when I'd noticed his sweaty handshake and unkempt appearance, and the way his eyes reddened easily at the mention of his mother.

кроком, життя Скотта і життя всіх, хто був поруч із ним, почало нагадувати американські гірки, що радше виснажують, ніж розважають. Бували тижні, коли він не вживав і щиро вважав це своїм досягненням і курорт в цей час розквітав. Та згодом він знову зривався. Поверталися нежить і набряклі очі, тремтіння в руках і різкий запах давно не випраного одягу. Повертались напади люті. Починалися пропущені зустрічі, дзвінки без відповіді та загадкові зникнення. Офіціанти плакали, садівники бурчали, а гості скаржилися, що банні рушники занадто жорсткі, а гольф-кари потребують ремонту. Оскільки персонал навчився уникати боса, проблеми накопичувалися одна за одною.

У найгірші дні Скотт починав випрошувати в матері гроші. Вона завжди давала, щоразу вірячи його палким обіцянкам зав'язати й більше ніколи не повертатися до цього. За кілька днів він з'являвся знову, просив ще, і вона була зломлена; інколи в неї вистачало мужності відмовити. Саме тоді, за словами Карли, з'являвся «злий двійник» Скотта - безсоромна істота, зовні схожа на нього, але здатна говорити й робити те, на що справжній Скотт ніколи б не зважився. Він трошив речі, ображав і принижував матір, а коли вона й далі не поступалася, просто крав у неї. Це було гидко, боляче, страшно й безнадійно. Віккі, як сказала Карла, страждала від цього більше, ніж хтось міг уявити.

- Ну, а тепер, кажуть, він нібито в зав'язці, - легко підсумувала Карла, задоволена тим, що може завершити свою історію майже щасливою нотою, хоча слово нібито залишало простір для продовження.

Всі напружено мовчали. Без сумніву, вони й раніше чули подібні історії, але ця викликала неабияке занепокоєння. Ця була про Віккі та Скотта - дорогу подругу та її зазвичай привітного сина, якого одна з жінок, за її словами, пам'ятала худим білявим хлопчиком, що катався на велосипеді та лазив по деревах.

Я також згадала Скотта, якого бачила годину тому, коли помітила його спітнілу руку при рукостисканні, неохайний вигляд і те, як його очі легко червоніли при згадці про матір.

He'd seemed shaky to me—like a man still reeling from an emotional body blow. Now I wondered if there was more to it. Was he using, as Carla had hinted he might be? If so, what, if anything, did that mean for the investigation into his mother's death?

After a while a stilted voice announced:

"I'm not surprised. I had a feeling something like that was going on."

And another replied:

"Why go and kill yourself, though? Just because of that. I mean, I know how hard addiction can be on everyone involved. Believe me, I do know. But how would suicide help that? It would just make everything worse. And you said he was in recovery."

"Carla said supposedly. Supposedly in recovery."

"I agree with Lisa. An addicted son is not a good enough reason to kill yourself."

"I'm sorry, girls.... This is a terrible non sequitur, but it really bothers me and I can't stop thinking about it. I just can't picture Vicki throwing herself off a balcony. Can you? It's so violent, so messy. She just wasn't that kind of person. Pills would have been more her style."

"None of it was her style. Not the decision, not the doing.

Nothing."

"In any case, it was cruel of her not to say good-bye."

"The party was her good-bye."

"Oh god. You're right, now that I think of it. That wasn't just her birthday party; it was her farewell, her bon voyage! Now, that was Vicki, one hundred percent. Going out on a high note while the people she loved were just down the road, dancing up a storm."

The women fell silent again, sunk in their grief and awe. A breeze whispered past, carrying the smells of warm earth and flowers. I had half a mind to sit up and identify myself as the assistant to the famous private investigator Aubrey Merritt, who'd been called in to make short work of the very questions that were haunting them.

Він здався мені непевним - ніби людина, що все ще оговтується від нищівного емоційного удару. Тепер я замислилася, чи не було в цьому чогось більшого. Чи він вживав, як натякнула Карла? Якщо так, то що це означало для розслідування смерті його матері, якщо взагалі означало?

Згодом хтось промовив:

- Я не здивована. У мене давно було відчуття, що там щось не так.

Інша жінка відповіла:

- Але ж навіщо через це накладати на себе руки? Просто через це. Я розумію, наскільки важкою є залежність для всіх, хто поруч. Повірте, я справді розумію. Але чим тут допомогло б самогубство? Воно ж тільки все погіршило. До того ж ти сказала, що він нібито в зав'язці.

Карла сказала: нібито. Нібито в зав'язці.

- Я згодна з Лізою. Залежний син - це не привід накладати на себе руки.

- Вибачте, дівчата... це прозвучить дещо недоречно, але це справді не дає мені спокою. Я просто не можу уявити, як Вікі стрибає з балкона. А ви можете? Це так жорстоко, так криваво. Вона просто не була такою людиною. Таблетки були б більше в її стилі.

- Та нічого з цього не було в її стилі. Ні саме рішення, ні спосіб. Нічого.

-У будь-якому разі, це було жорстоко піти, не попрощавшись.

- Вечірка й була її прощанням.

- Це була не просто вечірка з нагоди її дня народження; це було прощання, її лебедина пісня. Ось це й була Вікі - на всі сто. Піти на хорошій ноті, коли люди, яких вона любила, були зовсім поруч, веселилися й гуляли на повну. Жінки знову замовкли, занурені у своє горе й подив. Легкий вітерець прошелестів повз, приносячи запахи теплої землі й квітів. Мені навіть на мить закортіло підвестися й назватися асистенткою відомої приватної детективки Обрі Меррітт, яку запросили, щоб швидко розставити всі крапки над «і» у питаннях, що так мучили цих жінок.

I even toyed with the idea of interviewing them myself—on my boss’s behalf, of course. I would’ve relished the opportunity to flap my fledgling detective wings, but even if I’d had the moxie to do that, risking Merritt’s ire in the process, it likely wouldn’t have been a productive path.

The women’s discussion showed that they had no more clues about the cause of Victoria Summersworth’s death than I did. Tellingly, the possibility of murder hadn’t been mentioned at all, much less any hint of a likely motive or suspect. And I had to consider that any information I shared with these talkative girls would no doubt spread around the resort like a blazing wildfire, providing advance warning to the as-yet-hidden killer, if he or she existed.

I was lost in these thoughts when a fresh voice made itself known. It was soft and hesitant. I might not have heard it at all if the other women hadn’t been quiet.

“What if she was killed?”

“Killed? By whom?”

“A serial killer.”

“Oh, Sandra, don’t be ridiculous. Has Vermont ever had a serial killer? Even one?”

“Wait. Sandra’s right. What if she was murdered? Maybe not by a serial killer, but by a violent psychopath wandering around the resort.”

“Or a burglar. What if a burglar knew about Vicki’s party.”

“Honestly, who didn’t know about Vicki’s party?”

“And broke in while the party was going on, figuring the house would be empty? Then Vicki went home early, for whatever reason, and caught him in the act?”

“You’re saying a burglar threw her off the balcony?”

“Why not? That makes just as much sense as her killing herself, doesn’t it?”

The ladies seemed about to embark upon another round of speculation when the small voice intervened, with a bit more energy than before.

Я навіть на мить замислилася над тим, щоб самій їх розпитати. Звісно, від імені своєї начальниці. Спокуса спробувати себе в ролі детектива була великою, та навіть якби я зважилася на це, ризикуючи накликати на себе гнів Меррітт, користі з цього, швидше за все, не було б.

З розмови цих жінок ставало очевидно: вони знали про причину смерті Вікторії Саммерсворт не більше, ніж я сама. Показово, що можливість убивства взагалі не пролунала - ані найменшого натяку ні на ймовірний мотив, ні на можливого підозрюваного. До того ж я мала врахувати, що будь-яка інформація, якою я б поділилася з цими балакучими жіночками, без сумніву, розлетиться по всьому курорту, зі швидкістю світла попередивши ще невиявленого вбивцю, якщо такий узагалі існував. Я була занурена в ці думки, коли раптом пролунав новий голос - тихий, невпевнений. Я могла б і не почути його, якби решта жінок не мовчала.

- А що, як її вбили?

- Вбили? Хто?

- Серійний вбивця.

- Ой, Сандро, не сміши. У Вермонті колись був серійний убивця? Хоч один?

- Зачекайте. А раптом Сандра має рацію? А що, як це було вбивство? Можливо, не серійник, а якийсь агресивний психопат, що тинявся курортом.

-Або грабіжник. Що, як грабіжник знав про вечірку Вікі

- Та про неї всі знали!

- І вломився в будинок, думаючи, що там нікого немає? А Вікі повернулася раніше, з якоїсь причини, і застала його на гарячому?

- Ти хочеш сказати, що грабіжник скинув її з балкона?

- А чому ні? Це звучить не менш правдоподібно, ніж версія про самогубство, хіба ні?

Здавалося, пані вже ось-ось візьмуться за нове коло роздумів, аж раптом у розмову втрутився тихий голос - цього разу трохи впевненіший, ніж раніше.

- Чи хтось із вас пам’ятає того молодого чоловіка, який крутився

“Do any of you remember that young man who was loitering at the pool when we were doing water aerobics? It was a couple of weeks ago. The children were having swimming lessons at one end and we were at the other with our kickboards—four or five of us, anyway, including Vicki. Remember I said I thought he was a pedophile stalking the children?”

A few snorts of derision followed this question. Apparently, Sandra was not a favorite. Nevertheless, she went on.

“Oh, come on. You must remember. He was dressed very inappropriately for the pool, in jeans and a hoodie and sunglasses, with a canvas hat pulled down over his face. And on such a warm day! I expected him to follow after the children when they left—I was ready to say something to their parents if he did. But he stayed right where he was. That’s when I realized it actually wasn’t the children he was after. He was stalking us—a bunch of old ladies! Which is quite disturbing too, when you think about it. You better believe I kept a sharp eye on him after that, but I soon realized that no, I was wrong again. It wasn’t us he was interested in. It was Vicki. Specifically. He was watching her every move. His eyes were positively glued to her.”

“How would you know that if he was wearing sunglasses?”

“I just knew. I can’t say how, but I knew.”

“Did you tell Vicki?”

“Of course. I wouldn’t dream of not telling someone if I thought they were in danger. She admitted that she’d noticed him too but didn’t think anything of it. Told me I was letting my imagination run away with me. I didn’t argue with her, but I didn’t forget about that young man either. I kept my eyes peeled for him, and I’m pretty sure I saw him hanging around the resort a few times after that. Always alone and always with the sunglasses and hat.”

“Sandra, everyone around here wears sunglasses and a hat!”

“That’s not all. He was at Vicki’s birthday party too.”

This gave the women pause.

Finally, one of them spoke up.

біля басейну, коли ми займалися аквааеробікою? Це було кілька тижнів тому. Діти тоді мали уроки плавання з одного боку, а ми з іншого, зі своїми дошками, нас було четверо чи п’ятеро, зокрема й Вікі. Пам’ятаєте, я казала, що мені здалося, ніби він педофіл, який стежить за дітьми?

У відповідь пролунало кілька зневажливих фиркань. Схоже, Сандра не мала авторитету в цій компанії. Та вона все ж продовжила:

- Та годі вам. Ви точно маєте пам’ятати. Він був одягнений зовсім не для басейну: джинси, худі та сонцезахисні окуляри, а на обличчя натягнута панама. І це в такий теплий день! Я чекала, що він піде за дітьми, коли ті розходяться, я вже була готова сказати про це їхнім батькам, якби він так зробив. Але він залишився стояти на місці. Саме тоді я зрозуміла, що насправді його цікавили не діти. Він стежив за нами - за компанією старших жінок. А це, якщо замислитися, теж доволі дивно. Повірте, після того я не спускала з нього очей, але незабаром зрозуміла: ні, я знову помилялася. Його цікавили не ми. Його цікавила Вікі. Саме вона. Він буквально стежив за кожним її рухом. Його погляд був буквально прикутий до неї.

- А як ти могла це знати, якщо він був у сонцезахисних окулярах?

- Я просто знала. Не можу пояснити як, але знала.

- Ти сказала про це Вікі?

-Звісно. Я б нізащо не промовчала, якби вважала, що комусь загрожує небезпека. Вона зізналася, що теж його помітила, але не надала цьому значення. Сказала, що в мене занадто розвинена уява. Я не стала з нею сперечатися, але й про того чоловіка не забула. Я пильно його виглядала і майже впевнена, що бачила, як він кілька разів вештався курортом після того. Завжди один, завжди в окулярах і капелюсі.

- Сандро, та тут кожен носить окуляри й капелюх!

- Це ще не все. Він був і на дні народження Вікі.

Це на мить змусило всіх завмерти. Нарешті, одна з них

“Are you sure about that?”

“Well, not one hundred percent. But there was definitely a young man standing out in the lobby, near the door. A tall young man, quite slim and lanky, just like the one at the pool. I’m quite sure he wasn’t there as a guest. He wasn’t dressed right, and I hadn’t seen him during dinner. He was just there, if you know what I mean. Not doing anything, not talking to anyone. Just watching. It gave me an eerie feeling, and I’ve always thought that as women we need to pay attention to those feelings, because we never know where danger might be lurking, do we?”

“That sounds kind of vague, Sandra, but if you really think that guy was up to no good, you should have told the police.”

“I did! They said they’d look into it, but it was obvious they didn’t take me seriously. Like you all don’t.”

No one rushed to assure Sandra that she was believed. Instead a hush descended over the pool. I supposed we were all wondering the same thing. Did Vicki have a stalker? If so, who? And why?

Despite that alarming possibility, I was quietly excited. I couldn’t wait to share what I’d learned with my boss. I checked my phone and saw that the time I’d spent eavesdropping had really flown by. I would have to hurry if I wanted to get to the Lodge in time to meet Merritt. I didn’t dare keep her waiting again.

заговорила.

-Ти впевнена?

- Ну... не на сто відсотків. Але в вестибюлі, біля входу, точно стояв молодий чоловік. Високий, худорлявий - дуже схожий на того, що був біля басейну. Я майже певна, що він не був гостем. Він був недоречно одягнений, і я не бачила його під час вечері. Він просто стояв там, розумієте? Нічого не робив, ні з ким не розмовляв. Просто дивився. У мене від цього пішли мурашки по шкірі. І я завжди вважала, що жінкам варто прислухатися до таких відчуттів, бо ніколи не знаєш, де може приховуватись небезпека.

-Це звучить трохи неоднозначно, Сандра, але якщо ти дійсно вважаєш, що той чоловік мав недобрі наміри, тобі слід було повідомити про це поліцію.

- Я повідомила! Вони сказали, що розберуться, але було очевидно, що мене не сприйняли серйозно. Як і всі ви.

Ніхто не поспішив запевнити Сандру, що їй вірять. Натомість над басейном нависла тиша. Я припустила, що ми всі задавалися одним і тим самим питанням. Чи був у Вікі хтось, хто її переслідував? Якщо так, то хто? І чому? Попри цю тривожну новину, я відчувала азарт. Мені кортіло якомога швидше поділитися здобутою інформацією з босом. Я глянула на телефон і побачила, що час за підслуховуванням пролетів непомітно. Доведеться поквартитися, якщо я хочу дістатися до «Лоджа» вчасно і зустріти Меррітт. Я не наважувалася знову змусити її чекати.

Chapter 2. Challenges of Rendering Expressive Conversational Communication of *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant* by Liza Tully Into Ukrainian

2.1. Book description

Liza Tully is a pen name used by the American author Elisabeth Brink, who also publishes dark thrillers under the name Elisabeth Elo and literary fiction as Elisabeth Panttaja Brink. Before turning to fiction full time, Brink built a remarkably varied professional background: she worked as an editor at a children's magazine, a project manager at a technology company, and a counselor at a halfway house. She holds Doctor of Philosophy in American Literature from Brandeis University and graduated magna cum laude from Brown University (Liza Tully, 2025).

After years of writing grim thrillers set in places like Siberia, Tully made a conscious decision to try something completely different. She wanted to combine her love of crime fiction with humor in a way that would say something true about human nature. The result was her debut series of cozy mysteries, *The Merritt and Blunt Mysteries*. Her first book in the series, "The World's Greatest Detective and Her Just Okay Assistant", was published by Berkley on July 8, 2025 (Elisabeth Elo, 2025).

The novel belongs to the cozy mystery subgenre of crime fiction. Cozy mysteries are defined by several key characteristics: sex and violence are downplayed or absent entirely, the crime takes place offstage, and the focus falls squarely on the puzzle aspect of the crime rather than its darkness. Another equally important element is the setting. Cozy mysteries typically take place in a small, close-knit community where everyone knows one another, whether it's a village, a small town, or another place where people interact closely. (RT Book Reviews, 2023). This genre has a large and devoted audience, and readers are drawn to it for many reasons: intricate plots, engaging characters, charming settings, and a focus on puzzle-solving. (Novel Suspects, 2020). Many readers also appreciate the humor and lightheartedness that contrast nicely with darker detective novels. All these elements are present in Tully's novel, making it a standout example of the genre. The crime is solved through careful observation and logical reasoning, the killer turns out to be someone close to the victim, and the book concludes with a perfect ending that leaves no loose ends.

The novel centers on the death of Victoria Summersworth, who fell from the balcony of her home on the night of her 65th birthday. Her body was found on the rocky shore of Lake Champlain in Vermont. The police ruled her death a suicide, but Victoria's daughter, Hayley, is convinced it was murder. That is why she hires private investigator Aubrey Merritt to investigate the case. Merritt, along with her newly hired assistant Olivia Blunt, heads to the Summersworth family's luxurious resort, "Wild Goose," where they discover that the Summersworth family is a complicated web of lies, ambitions, and resentments (Amazon, 2025).

The novel is built around the relationship between the two main characters, who are opposites in everything. Aubrey Merritt is a sixty-year-old woman with a sharp mind, a photographic memory, and no interest in being liked by others. She is logical, reserved, and concerned only with getting to the truth (Aunt Agatha's 2025). She is often described as demanding and difficult to get along with. Her ability to see what others miss makes her one of the most effective investigators in the country (The Diary of a Reader, 2025) Olivia Blunt, the narrator, is a 25-year-old former fact-checker who is enthusiastic, emotionally open, and determined to succeed. The dynamic between the two is often compared to the relationship between Sherlock Holmes and Watson, between a brilliant, sometimes harsh mentor and a devoted but imperfect student. The tension in their relationship, and the qualities they learn from each other, makes the novel so humorous and emotionally deep (Publishers Weekly, 2025).

The novel raises several themes. One of the most prominent is Olivia's personal growth. At first, she lacks self-confidence and makes mistakes, but she gradually learns to trust her own

judgment. Her relationship with Merritt played a key role in this. Merritt is strict, sometimes even unfair, but her demanding approach forces Olivia to grow up. At the same time, secrets are the driving force behind the investigation. Almost everyone in the Summersworth family is hiding something, and the deeper Merritt and Olivia dig, the harder it becomes to tell who is lying and who is simply frightened. Also, questions of loyalty arise over and over. We can observe it between brothers and sisters, between parents and children, between people who love one another but don't fully trust each other (Books That Slay, 2025).

Despite all this, the book never feels tedious. A sense of warmth and humor can be felt on almost every page. Tully wanted to create a novel that would give readers a break from reality and leave them feeling refreshed. Her aim was for people to finish the book with a smile, a little more patience with themselves and those around them, and a deeper sense of how beautiful and absurd life can be at the same time (Writer's Digest, 2025).

2.2. The Role of dialogues and literal and rhetoric in *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant* by Liza Tully

Fictional dialogue is one of the main narrative modes used in prose fiction. It is the direct speech of two or more characters within a literary text. Nykänen and Koivisto see fictional dialogue as a sympathy-promoting mode that engages the reader emotionally and ethically with the characters and their story world. (Nykänen and Koivisto, 2016, p. 2) This makes dialogue more than a simple exchange of words. It becomes a way for the reader to feel close to the characters and to understand them.

Another key feature of fictional dialogue is that it gives a separate voice to every character. The reader can tell a lot about characters from the way they speak: their education, their background, their mood, their relationship with other people in the scene. McKee puts this very clearly: "each of his characters speaks with a syntax, rhythm, tonality, and, most importantly, word choices that no one but that character would use" (McKee, 2016, p. 9). That is why a few lines of dialogue can often reveal more about a character than a detailed description. Even one short reply can show whether a person feels safe or threatened, whether they are honest or hiding something.

Dialogue also has many functions, and they often appear at the same time. St. John mentions several of these functions, explaining that dialogue can reveal a character's goals, motivations and inner conflicts, deliver information, create emotion and increase tension (St. John, 2013, p.187). These elements are key in detective fiction, where the entire plot is based on what the characters say, what they are hiding, and what is eventually revealed.

All of this is very important for *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant* by Liza Tully. This novel mostly avoids descriptive details. The narrator briefly notes when someone enters a room or where someone is leaving. Everything else is conveyed through dialogue: the circumstances of the crime, the relationships between the characters, and their reactions to the victim's death. Two main types of dialogue are used in the novel. The first type is interrogation, during which Detective Merritt questions the suspects. The second type is a polylogue, during which her assistant Olivia overhears a conversation among a group of women.

Let's start with a first type. Interrogation means a direct conversation between two people during which the detective asks questions of a suspect or witness. These scenes follow a clear logical structure. The detective asks, and the other person answers. The dialogues are usually dynamic, consisting of brief questions and answers. This rhythm is no accident. As Cadera and Pavić Pintarić point out, in detective novels information about the crime is delivered in small parts, which keeps the reader in suspense and pushes them to guess the possible outcome (Cadera & Pavić Pintarić 2014, p. 10). The truth is not revealed to the reader immediately. It unfolds gradually through what the characters say or refuse to admit.

- “Good guess, Mrs. Merritt,” he said wryly.
- “My mother thought I was mismanaging the resort’s finances. It wasn’t true, but no matter what I said, I couldn’t convince her.”
- “How long had the conflict between you and your mother been going on?”
- “Why are you asking about this? I thought you were here to investigate my mother’s death?”
- “I’m just looking for context,” she said.
- “I hope you’re not suggesting that this conflict I had with my mother could be a motive for murder.”
- “I’m just getting the lay of the land, Mr. Summersworth. I’m not going anywhere at the moment.” (Tully, 2025, p. 120)

What makes these interrogation scenes distinctive, however, is that their verbal texture is far from dry or procedural. This emotional intensity is created by the expressiveness that runs through the story. Margaret Apresyan writes: “On a broad scale, expressiveness is defined as a magnification of the speech figurativeness and expression” and connects it directly with the emotional dimension of language. Apresyan further identifies expressiveness as comprising four interrelated subcategories: emotionality, evaluation, figurativeness, and tension - none of which functions separately (Margaret Apresyan, 2018, p.8).

One of the most distinctive features of Tully's expressive strategy is her sustained use of conversational humor. Marta Dynel describe it as "an umbrella term for various verbal chunks created spontaneously or repeated verbatim for the sake of amusing the recipient, either directly contributing to the semantic content of the ongoing conversation or diverting its flow into a humorous mode" (Marta Dynel, 2009, p. 1285). The humor in the novel is mostly ironic and sarcastic. Each humorous exchange reveals something about the speaker, their intelligence, insecurity, or strategy. According to the classification proposed by Dynel, the most prominent types of conversational humor present in the novel are witticisms, retorts, putdowns, and self-denigrating humor.

Witticism

A witticism is a clever and humorous textual unit interwoven into a conversational exchange that is not necessarily humorous in nature. Unlike canned jokes, witticisms occur spontaneously and overtly convey meanings besides facilitating humor (Dynel,2009, p. 128). This is significant in the novel because it makes the interrogation less direct and more psychologically subtle. Through witticisms, the characters can express irony, avoid awkward topics, or influence their interlocutor without applying direct pressure. For example:

“I have to plead the Fifth on that one.” (Tully, 2025, p.120).

This Scott’s phrase is a striking example of witticism. He uses a legal term in a private family context when Merritt asks him about his relationship with Neil. The humorous effect comes from the contrast between formal legal language and casual private conversation. At the same time, this phrase helps Scott avoid giving a direct answer and shows that the topic is uncomfortable for him.

Another example:

“Not a math whiz, huh? Me neither.” (Tully, 2025, p.120)

In this situation, Merritt pretends to share Scott's weakness to make him feel comfortable. The author uses this witticism to show Merritt's manipulative intelligence, she sounds friendly, but she is in full control of the conversation.

Retort

Another prominent form of conversational humor in the novel is the retort - a quick and witty response to a preceding turn, with which it forms an adjacency pair. (Dynel, 2009, p. 1291). Unlike an ordinary answer, a retort is usually unexpected and confrontational. It reacts to the previous utterance immediately and changes the direction or emotional force of the exchange. Dynel also notes that retorts often function as an “adversarial game of trumping,” where one speaker tries to outdo the previous turn (Dynel, 2009, p. 1291).

In *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant*, two main types of retorts can be distinguished. The first type is a **rapid verbal exchange between two participants**, usually organized as question-answer. This type is typical of interrogation scenes because it creates a tense rhythm and shows psychological pressure between the speakers. For example:

"I'm sorry. Was the question unclear?" (Tully, 2025, p.127)

In fact, Merritt apologizes to Scott, yet the true meaning of this phrase is entirely different. Merritt uses such retorts as a means of pressure combined with sarcasm. She avoids conflict, instead replying in a way that leaves her conversation partner almost without a chance to get away.

The second type of retort in the novel is based on a rhetorical question. Schaffer's define it as a challenging statement, which either shows the obviousness of the speaker's answer or, on the contrary, the speaker's inability to answer (Schaffer, 2005, Dynel, 2009, p. 1292).

This type of retort is visible in the Olivia's inner comment about Scott:

"But shouldn't he have passed through that stage by now?" (Tully, 2025, p.118)

In this case, the question is not asked to get an answer. Olivia has already hinted that Scott seems insecure in his professional role, but this rhetorical question strengthens that judgment. Therefore, this line is humorous only indirectly. The main function is criticism. It adds irony to the narrator's observation and demonstrates her skeptical attitude toward Scott.

Putdown and teasing

Lisa Tully uses elements known as putdown and teasing. The boundary between putdown and teasing is one of the most debated questions in humor research. Putdowns are "remarks which are truly abusive and disparaging, usually carrying no humor to be appreciated by the butt (Dynel, 2009, p. 1294). They are based on ridicule, mocking, or sarcasm and are directed at a specific target. Teasing, by contrast, is considered inherently playful, when no offence is meant by the teaser, and thus humorous force should be appreciated by both interlocutors (Dynel, 2009, p. 1293). In Tully's novel, the line between these two categories is constantly shifting, depending on who speaks and why.

"Lauren really is a nasty piece of work." (Tully, 2025, p.131)

This is a clear putdown. Olivia says it behind Lauren's back, not to her face. Dynel notes that in real-life discourse, putdowns are more often directed at people who are not aware that such remarks are being made about them. (Dynel, 2009, p. 1294). Lauren does not hear this remark and has no chance to respond. The phrase carries no playfulness at all, and the author uses it to show that Olivia has made up her mind about Lauren completely and instantly.

"Her goggle-eyed flattery too obviously fake to me, but it was having the desired effect on the resort manager, who was apparently too needy to sniff out the insincerity" (Tully, 2025, p.118).

This example is closer to teasing than to a putdown. Olivia describes Merritt's performance in sharp, mocking language, but there is no intention to hurt. On the contrary, Olivia is clearly impressed by the result. The phrase "***Her goggle-eyed flattery***" sounds critical, but the tone is admiring. Dynel describes teasing as a form where the speaker does not mean to be genuinely offensive towards the hearer, even while simultaneously implicitly conveying pertinent meanings. (Dynel, 2009, p. 1293).

Self-denigrating humor

Conversational humor does not always take the form of light hearted banter; it may have a serious, even bitter edge (Norrick & Chiaro, 2009.p37). Self-denigrating humor arises when the speaker directs a brickbat at him or herself. It functions as an indication of pre-conceived self-presentation politics and self-assuredness (Dynel, 2009, p. 1295).

"Except maybe the chef's job—I can't cook for shit." (Tully, 2025, p.119).

Here Scott directs the humorous criticism at himself. He has just described how well he knows the resort and how he can do almost every job there, but then he suddenly lowers this self-praise by admitting that he cannot cook.

Irony

Irony plays an important role in the interrogation dialogues as well. Simpson describes it as the gap between what you say and what you mean (Simpson, 2017, p. 303).

Scott, for instance, says his mother was "*more than fashionably late.*" (Tully, 2025, p.122) She was actually forty-five minutes late, and it angered him, but he hides that behind an ironic phrase.

Or another example when he finds out about Monty's proposal:

"The old codger! Works fast, doesn't he? ...Then his face fell, and he lowered his head" (Tully, 2025, p.126).

He sounds amused, almost happy. A moment later his face falls. That shift from a light, ironic tone to a sudden sense of sadness is what gives the dialogue its emotional depth.

Polylogue

The second form of verbal interaction found in the novel is the polylogue. Unlike a dialogue, which involves two people, a polylogue is a form of speech that depicts a conversation, discussion, or exchange of thoughts between three or more people. Its participants express their views on a common topic in turn, and the conversation develops in multiple directions at once. Kerbrat-Orecchioni describes polylogue as "structurally highly complex, as well as unstable and unpredictable in their organization" (Kerbrat-Orecchioni, 2004, p. 3). This unpredictability is a key feature of polylogue. In contrast to a controlled interchange of views in dialogues, a polylogue has no single voice directing the conversation, so topics, emotions, and information arise spontaneously.

For example, the following exchange illustrates the structure of the polylogue:

"What if she was killed?" "Killed? By whom?" "A serial killer." "Oh, Sandra, don't be ridiculous. Has Vermont ever had a serial killer? Even one?" "Wait. Sandra's right. What if she was murdered? Maybe not by a serial killer, but by a violent psychopath wandering around the resort." "Or a burglar. What if a burglar knew about Vicki's party — honestly, who didn't know about Vicki's party? — and broke in while the party was going on, figuring the house would be empty?" (Tully, 2025, p.138)

Several women speak at once, each giving their version of events, interrupting and contradicting one another without waiting for a response. The rapid shift between conflicting theories-serial killer, psychopath, and burglar-creates an ironic and comical effect. The women unconsciously take on the role of investigators, but they do so in an emotional, spontaneous, and completely chaotic manner. The novel first mentions the possibility of murder after this rash conversation.

The polylogue scenes contain many of the same expressive elements found in the interrogations - witticisms, retorts, self-denigrating humor, and others - all appear in the women's conversation. Besides these, the polylogue also include such devices as hyperbole and metaphor.

McGuigan describes **hyperbole** as the exaggeration of a specific part of a statement to emphasize it or draw attention to it, adding that the reader should never take it literally (McGuigan.2007).

For example, when Scott passionately declares his love for Pia, Olivia responds: "I'm a **total sucker for declarations of love.**" (Tully, 2025, p.123)

Olivia is obviously not literally a "**sucker**". She uses hyperbole to express her feelings without sounding too serious or sentimental. This exaggeration makes her reaction more emotional, natural, and slightly humorous. It also helps reveal Olivia's character. She is touched by this moment, but at the same time maintains an ironic tone in the conversation.

We can see another example of hyperbole in the description of the scene: "Fat yellow bees, what **seemed like hundreds of them,**" (Tully, 2025, p.133). The phrase "**seemed like hundreds of them**" is a clear exaggeration of the quantity. The narrator exaggerates the number to emphasize just how deeply this scene impressed her.

Metaphor in the polylogue appears at moments where simple, direct expression would not be enough to carry the emotional weight. Metaphor is a device that connects one subject with another that may not be obviously related (McGuigan.2007).

A clear example is the phrase "**to usher in her sunset years**". The last period of Victoria's life is compared to a sunset, with qualities such as warmth, loveliness, and inevitable fading associated with the concept of aging.

Another example is "Once more the conversation *paused at a door* no one wanted to walk through" (Tully, 2025, p.135).

This metaphor compares the conversation to a person standing at a door. The door here symbolizes a tough or uncomfortable topic. The characters realize they must discuss it, but try to avoid doing so. Thus, the metaphor builds tension and shows that the conversation has reached a sensitive point.

Apart from conversational humor, other literary and rhetoric devices are also used in the novel. Harris defines such devices as techniques that "involve the use of words in special, unusual ways: either in unusual arrangements or with special and unusual meaning" (Harris, 2003, p. 1). McGuigan adds that rhetoric devices as a whole is a tool that enhances the composition and aims to persuade, inform, express a personal opinion, or simply entertain the reader ([McGuigan, 2007, p.15). In every case, the goal is to add clarity, interest, power and sometimes fun to the communication"(Harris, 2003, p.1). Among these devices, the most common in the novel are parenthesis, climax, enumeration, and parataxis.

Parenthesis

Parenthesis is a rhetorical device that adds extra information or commentary within the main sentence. McGuigan explains that parenthesis works as "the written equivalent of the spoken aside" and can be marked by dashes, commas, or brackets (McGuigan, 2007). The purpose of parentheses is to interrupt the main thought in order to add something the speaker considers important, namely a clarification, a reaction, or an emotional comment. In spoken conversation, this often feels spontaneous, as if the person cannot hold the thought back.

In the novel, the narrator uses parenthesis to add personal reactions and explanations that reveal her character and way of thinking.

For example, Olivia says: "*I even toyed with the idea of interviewing them myself — on my boss's behalf, of course.*" (Tully, 2025, p.138).

This brief phrase conveys two things to the reader at once. First, Olivia is determined and ambitious enough to consider striking out on her own, yet she is also aware of her status and careful not to overstep her bounds. The word "*of course*" adds a slightly self-conscious tone, as if she is trying to reassure not only the reader but also herself.

Another example is: "*First, because I was too poor — I could never afford to vacation here on my own.*" (Tully, 2025, p.133).

Here the clause "*I could never afford to vacation here on my own*" explains and intensifies the meaning of the word "*poor.*" Without it, the sentence would simply state a fact. Such parenthesis adds emotional depth to the narrative and make Olivia's voice honest and self-aware. In a novel where she rarely describes herself, these small elements become one of the main ways the reader gets to know her.

Description

The interrogation scenes in the novel do not always follow a rapid question-and-answer pattern. There are moments when the detective needs more than a short reply, for example she needs a full picture of what happened, who was where, and how people behaved. In these moments, the suspect is encouraged to give longer, more detailed answers, and the dialogue shifts from a fast exchange to something closer to storytelling within the conversation.

Wood explains this connection between dialogue and description in her study: "description and dialogue are usually discussed as entirely separate techniques. In practice, however, description and dialogue often become inextricable and always have similar functions: to enrich the readers' understanding of a story, to move the story forward, and to help the readers 'see' a character" (Wood, 1999, p. 65).

Also, Cadera and Pavić Pintarić note that character portrayal in fiction "can be presented through narrative discourse describing the character from the outside or through direct or indirect

speech through the mode of speech of the character itself" (Cadera & Pavić Pintarić, 2014, p. 13). Tully relies entirely on the second option. The reader learns what the party looked like, who sat at which table, what the band played, and how the guests behaved from the words of the people being questioned.

The extended responses in the interrogation scenes are not simply informative; they are also shaped by expressive elements that add rhythm, atmosphere, and emotional weight to what the characters say. Rhetorical devices such as climax, enumeration, and parataxis are particularly prominent.

Climax is a rhetorical device in which elements are arranged in a specific order of intensity. McGuigan defines it as a way of organizing ideas in your writing so that they proceed from the least to the most important. He also adds that a climax will usually make use of parallelism as well, to help drive home the build-up of ideas (McGuigan, 2007, p.121).

In the novel, climax appears within descriptive passages to build an emotional effect gradually.

For example, when Scott describes how the guests greeted his mother at the party, he says: *"a lot of cheek kissing, hellos, happy birthdays, and hugging and gushing about how nice everyone looked."* (Tully, 2025, p.122]

The list moves from brief, formal gestures (a kiss on the cheek, a hello), toward increasingly emotional and involved behavior (hugging and gushing). The reader feels the warmth of the event growing as the sentence progresses, which gives a sense of how important Victoria was to the people around her.

Enumeration - refers to the act of supplying a list of details about something. It is used structurally to expand on a central idea, lending force to that idea by enumerating its many different facets. According to McGuigan, it is used structurally to expand on a central idea, lending force to that idea by enumerating its many different facets (McGuigan, 2007, p.169).

In the novel, Scott describes his early work at the resort: *"I scooped ice cream, waited tables, washed dishes, even made beds and cleaned bathrooms."* (Tully, 2025, p.119)

The number of different tasks listed here is what creates the effect - Scott has done everything, from serving guests to cleaning after them. The enumeration shows the range of his experience and his willingness to do any kind of work

Parataxis is a rhetorical device in which clauses are placed next to each other without subordinating conjunctions. McGuigan adds that parataxis often implies a sense of immediacy, indicating multiple things happening at once (McGuigan, 2007, p.229). In the novel, parataxis appears when characters describe busy scenes with many parallel actions.

The clearest example is Scott's account of the party: *"People danced, they sat in the lounge and talked to their friends, they played pool in the billiards room, visited the kids in the playroom, or they just planted themselves at the bar and pounded 'em down."* (Tully, 2025, p.123)

This structure recreates the atmosphere of the party - busy, noisy, full of different people doing different things at the same time.

The literary and rhetoric devices analyzed in this section, such as conversational humor, parenthesis, climax, enumeration, parataxis, hyperbole, and metaphor, are what make the dialogue in the novel so expressive and give each conversation its emotional depth.

2.3. Ways of rendering literal and rhetoric devices in "The World's Greatest Detective and Her Just Okay Assistant" by Liza Tully

Literary translation is a complex process, as the translator must convey not only the literal meaning of the source text but also its style, tone, emotional nuance, and rhythm. This is especially important in detective fiction, where dialogue often drives plot development.

The translation of expressive elements in *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant*, requires special attention. The analysis presented in this section focuses on how these elements are translated into Ukrainian and which translation decisions help preserve their original tone, emotions, and other functions.

Witticism

Witticisms were among the most challenging cases for translation, as their humorous effect is not easy to render into Ukrainian. Most witticisms in the novel are built on English idioms, cultural allusions, or metaphorical images that do not exist in Ukrainian.

Let's analyze some examples:

During the interrogation, Merritt asks Scott about his relationship with his brother. Scott does not want to answer and tries to deflect the question with a joke:

"I have to plead the Fifth on that one." (Tully, 2025, p.120)]

"Я скористаюсь правом не свідчити проти себе."

The Fifth Amendment is an American legal concept that protects citizens from self-incrimination. To render this phrase, modulation was applied. According to Molina and Albir, modulation is changing the point of view or cognitive category in relation to the ST (Molina, Hurtado Albir, 2002, p. 510). The focus shifts from the American legal reference to the general idea of refusing to answer. This modulation makes the phrase clear for the Ukrainian reader, although the translation sounds more formal and slightly reduces the humorous, conversational tone of Scott's remark.

Another example of modulation:

"to get their buzz on fast" (Tully, 2025, p.122).

"усі хочуть трохи хильнути для настрою"

The English phrase ***"to get their buzz on fast"*** is a colloquial expression meaning to feel the effect of alcohol quickly. The Ukrainian translation does not emphasize the result of drinking - getting drunk quickly. Instead, it shifts the focus to the intention of drinking – ***"хильнути для настрою"***. The verb ***"хильнути"*** preserves the informal tone of the original.

However, not all witticisms required such a significant shift. In some cases, Ukrainian language already has a phrase that works in the same situation.

"How on earth do you do it?" (Tully, 2025, p.119)

"Як чорт забирай вам це вдається?"

The English phrase ***"how on earth"*** expresses exasperated admiration, and Ukrainian has its own equivalent ***"як чорт забирай"***, which carries the same informal, slightly exaggerated tone. It was translated by established equivalent - a term or expression recognized by dictionaries or language in use as an equivalent in the target language (Molina, Hurtado Albir, 2002, p. 510).

Not all expressive elements can be rendered only through idiomatic equivalence or modulation; some of them require cultural adaptation.

Adaptation is used when the source text contains a culture-specific or practically unfamiliar element. Molina and Hurtado Albir describe adaptation as replacing a source-culture element with a target-culture element that performs a similar function (Molina, Hurtado Albir, 2002, p. 509).

For example:

"I love this place, all seven hundred acres of it." (Tully, 2025, p.119)

"Я люблю це місце, усі 3 гектари."

The measurement unit ***"acres"*** is adopted by ***"гектари"***, which are more familiar to Ukrainian readers. The main function of the sentence is not to give exact geographical information, but to show Scott's emotional attachment to the resort. If the original measurement were preserved, the reader might focus on converting the unit instead of perceiving Scott's pride. Adaptation allows the emotional meaning to remain central.

The most complex case is one where neither an equivalent, nor a shift in metaphor, nor a factual substitution is sufficient.

"her bon voyage!" (Tully, 2025, p.138)

“це було прощання, її лебедина пісня”

In this case, discursive creation was used. Discursive creation is an established temporary equivalence that is unpredictable outside the context. (Molina, Hurtado Albir, 2002, p. 511) This technique is especially useful when the literal meaning of the phrase is less important than its symbolic function.

Phrase **“her bon voyage!”** suggests a final act, a last performance, something beautiful and tragic before the end. This choice fits the context better than a direct translation, which would sound too plain and would not convey the symbolic meaning of the scene. Discursive creation therefore helps to preserve the emotional depth of the utterance. The Ukrainian **“лебедина пісня”** changes the image completely, but it captures the idea of a final meaningful act.

Retort

As it was discussed in Section 2.2, retorts in the novel divided into two distinct types. The **first type** is the rapid exchange between two participants. The **second type** is when a character throws a series of questions at himself or herself, one after another, without waiting for answers. Both types present distinct translation challenges.

Let's start with a first type. The vivid example is:

“I'm sorry. Was the question unclear?” (Tully, 2025, p.127)

“Перепрошую, питання було незрозумілим?”

This retort is translated through **structural modulation**. Structural modulation changes the grammatical structure of the sentence. (Al Salti, 2024) Here we can see two separate English sentences are joined into one, with the apology and the rhetorical question compressed into a single syntactic arc. This actually makes the retort sharper in Ukrainian, because the sarcasm flows without a break. The psychological effect is the same.

Another example of the first type of retorts is:

“Not a math whiz, huh? Me neither.” (Tully, 2025, p.120)

“Не сильний у математиці, еге ж? Я теж.”

The phrase **“math whiz”** literally means a person who is very good at mathematics. Instead of translating it as **“математичний геній”** or **“знавець математики”**, this phrase is modulated as **“сильний у математиці”**. This changes the focus from the idea of being exceptionally talented to the idea of lacking confidence or skill. Such modulation is appropriate because the phrase appears in a casual exchange, not in a formal description of ability.

The second part, **“Me neither”**, is also modulated. In English, the phrase is negative, while in Ukrainian it becomes the affirmative **“Я теж”**. This sounds more natural after the previous negative statement **“Не сильний у математиці”**. Such transformation keeps the quick rhythm of the retort and preserves Merritt's attempt to create informal solidarity with the interlocutor.

The second type of retort can be seen in the following example:

“How could I forget the harbor?” (Tully, 2025, p.118)

“Як я могла забути про гавань?”

In this case literal translation is effective because the Ukrainian language allows the same rhetorical structure. Merritt pretends to be impressed by the scale of Scott's work, and the question makes her admiration sound more emotional and theatrical. The translation preserves this effect because the rhetorical form remains natural in Ukrainian.

“But shouldn't he have passed through that stage by now?” (Tully, 2025, p.118)

“Але хіба він уже не мав би давно це переросту?”

Here modulation is used. The English phrase **“passed through that stage”** means that Scott should already have moved beyond a certain emotional or psychological phase. In Ukrainian, this idea is rendered as **“переросту”**. This word sounds more evaluative. It suggests that Scott's behavior looks immature, as if he has not grown into the role he is expected to perform. The translation therefore makes Olivia's attitude clearer. She is not only describing Scott's insecurity, but also judging it.

Irony / Self denigrating humor

“displaying a degree of thespian talent I hadn’t known she possessed” (Tully, 2025, p.118)

“демонструючи акторську майстерність, про яку я й не підозрювала.”

This example is translated through **established equivalent** and **modulation**. The phrase *“thespian talent”* means acting ability, so *“акторська майстерність”* is a natural Ukrainian equivalent that keeps the theatrical meaning.

Modulation appears in the way the whole phrase is adapted to Ukrainian. In the original, the focus is on the “degree of talent” Merritt seems to possess. In the translation, the focus shifts to the action itself.

Another ironic phrase is:

“The old codger!” (Tully, 2025, p.126)

“От же лус!”

This example is also translated through modulation. The English phrase *“old codger”* focuses on age and eccentricity, while the Ukrainian *“лус”* shifts the focus to slyness.

Self-denigrated humor is illustrated in this example:

“I could see him wrestling with himself” (Tully, 2025, p.120)

“як він дає собі подумки ляпаса.”

“I could see him wrestling with himself” was modulated as *“як він дає собі подумки ляпаса.”* The image changes from “fighting with himself” to “mentally slapping himself.” This keeps the ironic tone and makes his awkward attempt to lie more expressive.

Putdown / teasing

As mentioned in Section 2.2, teasing and putdown are closely related. Let's analyze the translation of both:

“Her goggle-eyed flattery seemed too obviously fake to me...” (Tully, 2025, p.118)

“Її лестощі здавалися мені надто очевидними...”

This is an example of reduction - a translation technique that involves the suppression of a source text element in the target text, intended to increase the economy of expression (Molina & Hurtado Albir, 2002, p. 510). In Ukrainian, the modifier *“goggle-eyed”* is omitted, leaving only the neutral word *“лестощі.”* The visual image is lost; however, the ironic tone is provided by the context, making this additional detail unnecessary in the translation.

“Lauren really is a nasty piece of work.” (Tully, 2025, p.131)

“Лорен - це та стерва.”

Here modulation was applied. The detached English expression *“piece of work”* becomes the blunt and emotionally charged *“стерва,”* which makes the contempt feel sharper and more immediate for the Ukrainian reader.

Hyperbole

“I’m a total sucker for declarations of love” (Tully, 2025, p.128)

“Я страшенна фанатка гучних зізнань у коханні”

This is an example of modulation. The English "sucker" implies a person who is easily affected, almost foolishly so. The Ukrainian "страшенна фанатка" shifts the image from weakness to enthusiasm, but the emotional core remains the same.

“The whole 1920s vibe” (Tully, 2025, p.122)

“Вайб двадцятих років”

Borrowing was applied to translate this hyperbole. Borrowing is taking a word or expression straight from another language (Molina, Hurtado Albir, 2002, p. 499). The English word *“vibe”* has become widespread in informal Ukrainian as *“вайб,”* especially among youth. By keeping this word, we preserve the relaxed, informal tone of the original and maintains the same writing style. If we translated this word as *“атмосфера,”* we would not be able to capture the author’s writing style.

Metaphor

“Once more the conversation paused at a door no one wanted to walk through” (Tully, 2025, p.135)

“Розмова знову зайшла в глухий кут, ніби ніхто не наважується продовжити цю складну тему.”

Here established equivalent was used. The English metaphor compares a difficult conversational topic to a closed door. The Ukrainian "глухий кут" is a different image but serves the same function. The metaphor changes in form but not in meaning.

Description

As it was said before, descriptions in the novel are often built not as separate authorial passages, but as parts of characters' speech and they include various expressive element.

First stylistic element is climax. In the given examples, the climax is used to ensure that the description unfolds gradually. It may move from something specific to something more general, or from a subtle reaction to a more noticeable emotional response. In translation, the main challenge is to preserve this gradual development.

“The band was playing cocktail music, light jazz, just background stuff.” (Tully, 2025, p.122)

“Оркестр грав легку музику, щось джазове, ненав'язливе, радше фоном.”

This example presents a climax that moves from a concrete musical detail to a general impression of the scene. The main translation technique here is **generalization**. Generalization means to translate a term for a more general one. The English phrase *cocktail music* is quite specific and refers to a particular kind of light music usually associated with social events. In Ukrainian, it is rendered as *легку музику*, which is broader and less culturally marked.

The same tendency could be observed in the following part of the sentence: *“light jazz”* becomes *“щось джазове.”* and just *“background stuff”* is translated as *“радше фоном.”* This keeps the main function of the original phrase: the music was not important by itself; it only created a background. So, the Ukrainian translation makes the description more general, but it preserves the logic of the climax.

“...my job, my family, everything.” (Tully, 2025, p.127)

“...і мою роботу, і мою сім'ю, і всю цю ситуацію.”

Unlike the previous example, where it was translated more broadly, this case shows the opposite technique - **particularization**. In the source text, the climax shifts from two specific elements, such as *“my job”* and *“my family”*, to the very general word *“everything.”*

However, in the Ukrainian translation, *“everything”* is not rendered as *“усе.”* Instead, it becomes *“усю цю ситуацію.”* This makes the final element more specific and directly related to the context of the scene. Scott is not talking about absolutely everything in his life. He means the entire situation surrounding his work, family problems, and the investigation.

One more example:

“He relaxed, his face softened, and his chest puffed out.” (Tully, 2025, p.119)

“Він розслабився, його обличчя пом'якшало, а груди гордовито випнулися.”

In Ukrainian, the phrase *“his chest puffed out”* is translated as *“груди гордовито випнулися.”* The translator adds the word *“гордовито,”* so the **amplification** technique is used here. This addition is reasonable because the idea of being proud is already implied in the English expression. Without the word *“гордовито,”* the Ukrainian phrase would describe only the physical movement and might sound less expressive.

Below are descriptions with various stylistic elements:

Guided by my now-wrinkled map, I visited the Olympic-sized pool, where sinewy swimmers wearing goggles stroked down watery lanes at high speeds; the kidney-shaped pool, with its own Polynesian-style thatched-roof bar, where well-oiled sunbathers were already (it was only ten a.m.!) sipping exotic drinks and making slinky eyes at one another; and the family pool, with a curvy slide for children and a very wet sandbox for toddlers. (Tully, 2025, p.132)

Орієнтуючись за вже зім'ятою мапою, я побувала в басейні олімпійського розміру, де підтягнуті плавці в окулярах швидко пливли доріжками; у басейні асиметричної форми

з баром під солом'яним дахом, де вже о десятій ранку відвідувачі потягували екзотичні напої і пускали один одному бісики; і у сімейному басейні з вигнутою гіркою для дітей і геть розмоклою пісочницею для малюків.

This passage consists of **enumeration**: Olivia lists three pools one after another, each described with vivid, specific details. Within this structure, the author also adds a **witticism** (*making slinky eyes at one another*), giving Olivia's description an ironic undertone that might otherwise have been neutral.

Several translation techniques were applied to render this passage into Ukrainian.

The compound adjective “*kidney-shaped*” is rendered as “*асиметричної форми*”. A literal translation would sound overly technical in Ukrainian, as if it belonged to a medical text rather than a novel. **Generalization** was applied here. The specific shape reference (kidney) is replaced with a more general description (asymmetrical).

The technique of reduction was used when translating the phrases “*Polynesian-style thatched-roof bar*,” and “*well-oiled sunbathers*.” These phrases were rendered as “*з баром під солом'яним дахом*,” and “*відвідувачі*,” respectively.

In both cases, we keep the details that are most essential to the scene. The first translation preserves the visual image of the bar, while the second focuses on the people by the pool without overloading the sentence with unnecessary descriptions. This makes the Ukrainian version flow more smoothly and naturally.

Witticism “*Making slinky eyes at one another*” is rendered by the established equivalent “*пускали один одному бісики*.” This keeps the playful and slightly mocking tone of Olivia's narration.

Another example:

It was a typical party. People danced, they sat in the lounge and talked to their friends, they played pool in the billiards room, visited the kids in the playroom, or they just planted themselves at the bar and pounded 'em down. Usually at this kind of function—weddings especially—someone ends up getting pushed into the swimming pool, and then there are always a few who jump in after them. (Tully, 2025, p.123)

Звичайна вечірка. Хтось танцював, хтось сидів у лаунж-зоні й розмовляв із друзями, грали в більярд, провідували дітей в ігровій кімнаті або просто сиділи біля бару, перекидаючи чарку за чаркою. Зазвичай на таких заходах, особливо на весіллях, когось-таки штовхнуть у басейн, а за ним обов'язково стрибнуть ще декілька.

This passage combines **parataxis** and **parenthetical expressions**. We can see parataxis in the description of the list of actions. For example, “*people were dancing, sitting, playing billiards, visiting the children, and sitting at the bar*.” In the Ukrainian translation, structural modulation was applied. Instead of repeating the phrase “*вони*,” it was rendered as “*хтось танцював, хтось сидів... грав...*” This preserves the sense that many actions are happening simultaneously, making the party lively and fun.

The phrase “*especially at weddings*” is a **parenthesis**. It is an additional comment that clarifies exactly which events Scott is referring to. In Ukrainian, it is translated literally as “**особливо на весіллях**.”

Though, all techniques of translation were applied in the process of translation to preserve Liza Tully's expressiveness and humour in dialogues that became core elements of her narrative.

CONCLUSIONS

The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant by Liza Tully is a detective story set at a resort in Vermont, where Detective Merritt investigates the death of Victoria Summersworth. The story is narrated by her assistant Olivia, and nearly all events are conveyed through dialogues rather than description.

The analysis given in this chapter has shown that the dialogues in *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant* are not just a way for the characters to communicate, but the primary tool through which the plot develops. There are almost no descriptions, commentary, or emotional guidance from the author. Instead, everything the reader wants to know, such as the circumstances of the crime, the characters' traits, and the emotional atmosphere of each scene, is derived directly from what the characters say and how they say it.

The forms of verbal interaction found in this book, such as interrogation and polylogue, have different features. Interrogation is controlled and strategic. It is based on the tension between the detective's questions and the suspect's answers. Polylogue is spontaneous and emotionally charged. It is shaped by the unpredictable dynamics of a group conversation.

Both forms rely on a variety of devices, including conversational humor, climax, enumeration, parataxis, metaphor, hyperbole, and others. These elements allow dialogue to carry such a significant narrative weight in the novel. They characterize speakers, build tension, deliver information, and create atmosphere.

The translation techniques were defined according to the classification by Molina and Hurtado Albir. Analysis showed the following frequency of techniques applied in the process of rendering such devices into Ukrainian:

- Modulation (24%)
- Literal translation (22%)
- Structural modulation (12%)
- Established equivalent (11%)
- Reduction (9%)
- Amplification (9%)
- Particularization (6%)
- Generalization (3%)
- Transposition (3%)
- Discursive creation, adaptation, borrowing (1%)

The statistics show that the most common technique in the translation of *The world's greatest detective and her just okay assistant* is modulation, followed by literal translation and structural modulation. Next are established equivalents and reduction. Techniques such as amplification, generalization, and transposition were used less frequently. Discursive creation, adaptation, and borrowing account for the smallest percentage, as they were used only in a few specific cases.

To sum up, all the objectives of this project were completed. The main goal was to preserve Liza Tully's unique style while making the text natural and engaging for the Ukrainian reader.

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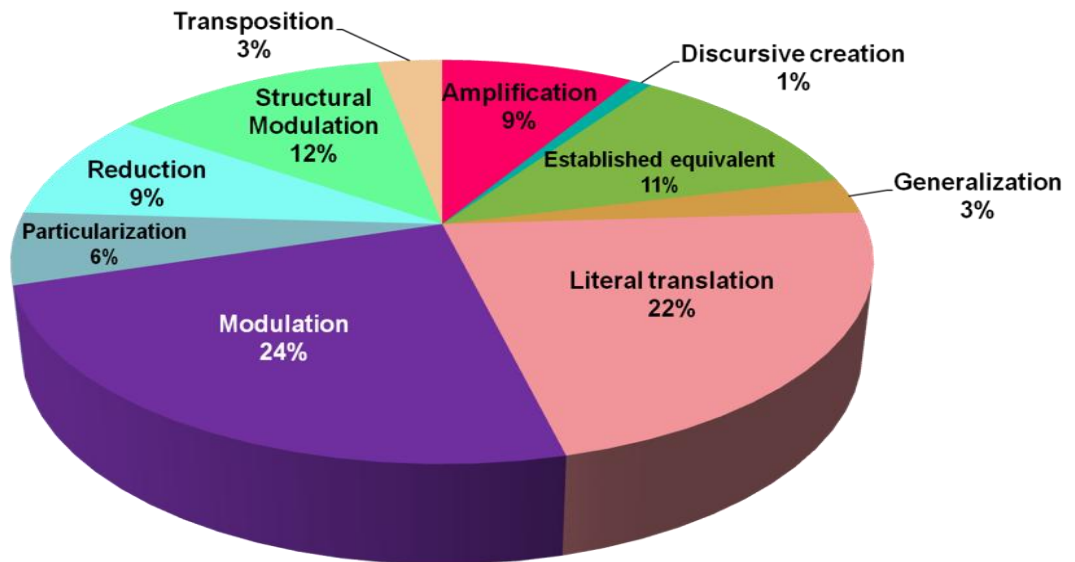
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APPENDICES

Appendix A

Chart of translation techniques in The World's Greatest Detective and Her Just Okay Assistant



Appendix B

Chart of literary and rhetoric devices in The World's Greatest Detective and Her Just Okay Assistant

