

I know this will probably read like satire, but I'm completely serious.

I can't complete this translation for the life of me. This style of writing makes me physically sick. I have tried over the whole week in various states of intoxication, but not even the encouragement of alcohol was enough. I don't know what causes such discomfort, but I just can't help wanting to strangle the authors for writing in a such pretentious style. I get that it may have been "in" during their time. I'm not judging them. It's just that every time I sat down to translate, reading even a single sentence made my stomach so heavy that I had to literally get up and do something else for half an hour before I got myself back in order.

Every single clause begged me to punch bare-knucled through a foot-thick concrete wall. I eat Lovecraft's weirdness for dinner. The more unusual the style, the more twisted the story, the more I want to binge the whole thing in one sitting. But this made me want to rip up every single copy of it in existence. Sometimes I felt I had to get blackout drunk just to forget how much I hate this text.

I went to the gym after one of the attempts. The sheer rage from this text fueled me through the whole workout. It mocking me from the back of my mind made me so angry I set my personal grip strength record just because I imagined making a fist hard enough to punch the authors in the face.

I have tried every translating position and technique known to man. Translating on a laptop. Translating on a phone. Translating on paper. Sitting in a chair. Lying in bed. Lying on the floor. Sitting outside. Sitting in a café. Sitting in a bar. Hanging upside down from a pullup bar. Hell, I was so desperate for a solution I tried translating it with a calligraphy brush. Every single word brought me closed and closer to absolutely despising all of humanity.

Even music did nothing to help. Be it Elmo's World opening song or Doom's heavy metal beats, I couldn't get through a sentence without wanting to split my head open against a wall.

Lawrence, what the fuck kind of an idiotic expression is "loud threats of speed". Just fucking say the train was approaching! Conrad, stop fucking trying to make yourself feel better by using those long-winded ##### sentences full of, as you probably saw it, big boy expressions. Pretentious fucker, you can't write for shit so you write like that to mask your incompetence.

I have finally found something I hate more than Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid*.

I've written and deleted this rant many times. I hoped that the next time, I would finally muster the willpower to translate this text. But I have failed each and every time.

Fuck this piece of shit and fuck this type of literature.