**Translate into English**

On avait débarrassé la table et le restaurant se vidait. Camille ne bougeait pas. Elle fumait et commandait des cafés pour ne pas être mise à la porte.

Il y avait un monsieur édenté dans le fond, un vieil Asiatique qui parlait et riait tout seul.

La jeune fille qui les avait servies se tenait derrière le bar. Elle essuyait des verres et lui adressait, de temps à autre quelques remontrances dans leur langue. Le vieux se renfrognait, se taisait un moment puis reprenait son monologue idiot.

— Vous allez fermer ? demanda Camille.
— Non, répondit-elle en déposant un bol devant le vieux, on ne sert plus, mais on reste ouvert. Vous voulez un autre café ?
— Non, non merci. Je peux rester encore un peu ?
— Mais, oui, restez ! Tant que vous êtes là, ça l'occupe !
— Vous voulez dire que c'est moi qui le fais rire comme ça ?
— Vous ou n'importe qui…

Camille dévisagea le vieil homme et lui rendit son sourire.

Anna GAVALDA, *Ensemble, c'est tout*, Éd. Le Dilettante, 2004.

*Translate into French*

She was walking homewards along Central Park South, looking out at the trees in the park, already yellow and orange with the advancing fall, when she became aware of a set of footsteps maintaining the exact same cadence as hers. This was one of the tricks she had learned at Lyne – it was almost as effective as someone tapping you on the shoulder. She stopped to adjust the strap on her shoe and, looking casually round, saw Romer three or four paces behind her, staring intently into the window of a jeweller's shop. He turned on his heel and, after a brief pause, she followed him back along Sixth Avenue, where she saw him go into a large delicatessen. She joined the queue at the counter further down from him and watched him order a sandwich and a beer and go to sit in a busy corner. She bought a coffee and walked over to him. 'Hello,' she said. 'May I join you?'[...]

'We all have to take more precautions,' he said. 'Double-check, triple-check. To tell the truth, we're a little worried that some of our American friends have become too intrigued by what we're up to.'

William Boyd, *Restless*, 2006.