

A/

It was at least eight o'clock and my father still had not called me / woken me up / had not woken me up yet ; ou . The rain had drowned the last hunting party.

Paul said to me (ou bien après paroles)

« When it stops raining, I'll go to get / harvest / pick snails”

I jumped off the bed.

« You know that we're leaving tomorrow, right / don't you ? »

I hoped I could arouse some spectacular feeling of despair in him which I could have used / turned to my advantage. He did not answer anything because / for he was too busy tying his shoelaces.

“We will no longer go hunting ; there will no longer be any ants, any pregadiou / (praying) mantises / mantes, any cicadas // no more ants, no more pregadiou and no more cicadas. Back in town / once we are back in town, there won't be any tress, any garden / there'll be no trees, no garden; we'll have to go to school!”

« Oh, yeah, great ! » he said cheerfully. “There's Fusier in my class / in our class. Fusier is very good looking (nice looking ?). I like him very much. I'm going to tell him everything ».

“So,” I said harshly , “you're happy the holidays are over ? Is that it? / Are you?”

“Oh, yes (I am)!” he said. “And there's my set of tin soldiers at home, too!”

“So? Why / How come you were crying last night?”

He opened his big blue eyes wide and said:

“Don't know.”

Text B/

The avenue was silent. We could hear the rustling of the trees.

“Do you know this part of the town?” she asked me.

“I do”.

I was no longer quite so sure. Now that she was walking by my side, I felt as though it was the first time I had walked / was walking along this avenue. Yet I was not dreaming. The car was still there, parked under the trees.

“I've rented this car... and I hardly know how to drive...”

TEXT C /

Every evening at around eight he would leave his grandmother's empty flat and take the métro as far as Passy. In those days, the station there was very small. He climbed the stairs to one of the buildings near the public garden. On the top floor of the building there lived a woman, who was fifteen years younger than him and whose acquaintance he had made in a café in April that year. She was a green-eyed blonde with somewhat dreamy looks and she looked as young as him.

She had explained to him that she was the wife of an officer / she was married to an officer from whom she had had no news / she hadn't heard since the start of the war. .

TEXTE D/

On rainy days, Anne-Marie would ask me what I wanted to do / felt like doing / fancied doing, and we ... / . We would hesitate for a long time about whether to go // we would hesitate between (going to) the circus, the Châtelet theatre, the *Maison Electrique*, or the *Musée Grévin*; at ... / . At the last minute, with deliberate / studied casualness / with feigned nonchalance, we would settle on going to a picture house / to the film theatre / to the cinema / to the movies (US) / to the movie theater (US). Just as we were opening [opened OKish] the door of the flat / to the flat, my grandfather invariably appeared in the doorway of his study / at the door of his study and asked: "Where are you going, children / my dears". "To the cinema", my mother would say. He would frown and she would quickly add: "To the Pantheon cinema; it's very close / it's only a stone's throw away. We only have to cross the Rue Soufflot". He would let us go with a shrug of his shoulders.

TEXT E/

"Since my husband died, five years ago, I have lived alone in a small house I own at Etretat. To be more exact, until last Sunday I was living there alone but for a maid, a local girl who had been in my service for several years. She died during Sunday night, Inspector; in a way, she died instead of me, and that is why I have come to beg your help. (...) May I, very briefly, tell you my story?"

"Please do".

"Every evening, for at least twenty years, I've been in the habit of taking some medicine to make me sleep, since I suffer from insomnia. It's a sleeping-draught in liquid form, rather bitter, but the bitterness / whose bitterness is counterbalanced by a strong taste of aniseed. (...) On Sunday, as on any other evening, I prepared my glass of medicine before going to bed, and Rose was (standing) next to me when I was ready to take it.

"I took one sip and found it tasted more bitter than usual. 'I must have put in more than twelve drops, Rose. I shan't / won't drink any more.'

"She took the glass as usual. Did she taste it out of curiosity? Did she swallow it all? It seems quite likely, because the glass was found empty in her room".

TEXT F/

When / As he gets to New Orleans, heavy rain is crashing down on the windscreen / windshield of his car. He can no longer see anything / a thing / He can't see anything anymore. He tries to switch on the windscreen wipers / to get the windscreen wipers to work but that is pathetic. The rain is making a deafening / an overpowering sound and, once more / once again, the oil rig comes up (again). He starts to shake. He *is* scared, not of the outburst of violence / of fury coming from the heavens but of the memories that assail him again / beset him again / are surrounding him again. He is stuck in the car / in the passenger compartment and, once more, he is thinking of Malogan, his friend, whose eyes were blurred with sadness and who started talking / would start talking on the days of heavy rain on the rig whereas he remained silent / he never opened his mouth / he would never say a word / he was as silent as a grave the rest of the time. "We've taken everything", he would say, talking about men in disgust. "And now, instead of giving, we keep taking". According to Malogan / For Malogan, nature could sense it / could feel it –man's selfishness – and she was getting angry at it / because of it. "She resents us / She holds it against us", he said / used to say. Right there, (as he is) stuck in his car, with the rain pelting down so hard that it sounds like hail, he remembers Malogan. And Malogan would go on about gas and oil pipes, about the thousands of pipes which we pierced (the) earth with / which we drilled into earth and which were always thirsty.