**Thème L2S3 GR2—DST 1—Proposition de corrigé**

One night, my brother left without a word. When he came into my bedroom, I was reading in the dark with a pocket torch that I used to hide under my pillow, and that allowed me to stay up late after lights out, which was set at 11 o’clock by my father, who intended to “sleep in peace” and claimed that the light of my room disturbed him, though it could not actually reach him. It was midnight and Antoine was fully dressed, his leather jacket open over his black tee-shirt, a bag (slung) over his shoulder. I turned down the sound on my Walkman and took out my earphones. He waved to/at me, and just said “I’m leaving”, and I could easily see that he was trying not to cry. I got up and hugged him. For a long time, I begged him to tell me where he was going, if he was coming back, if he would think of me or write to me, and if one day I could come and join him.

Olivier Adam, *Falaises*, 2005