Dix fois, je suis passée devant la maison. Il y avait de la lumière dans la cuisine. Je n’osais pas entrer, peut-être à cause de la nuit. Ou de ce que j’avais à lui dire. Il était ici et il était si tard.

J’ai poussé la barrière et j’ai regardé par la fenêtre. Je l’ai vu, devant la cheminée. Assis. Il regardait le feu. Il portait un gros pull de laine clair, on aurait dit un pull de ski.

Il regardait juste le feu. Et moi, je le regardais lui, et j’ai compris que je ne pourrais pas faire autrement qu’entrer.

Que je devais faire cela.

Que j’aurais aimé qu’il le fasse pour moi.

J’ai poussé la porte.

Il a à peine tourné la tête. Seule la lumière des flammes éclairait la pièce. Je voyais ses mains dans les reflets, son visage. Un sourire est passé sur ses lèvres, et je n’aurais su dire si c’était de la joie ou de la tristesse, sans doute un mélange des deux.

Claudie Gallay, *Les Déferlantes*, 2008

**Proposition de corrigé :**

I walked/went past the house a dozen/ten times. There was a light on in the kitchen. I did not dare go in, perhaps because it was nighttime. Or because of what I had to tell him. He was there, and it was so late.

I pushed through the gate and looked in the window. I saw him sitting by the fireplace. He was looking at the fire. He was wearing a large jumper of light wool, like a ski sweater.

As for me, I was looking at him, and I understood that I had no (other) choice but to go in.

That I had to do it.

That I would have wanted him to do it for me.

I pushed the door open.

He scarcely/barely looked up/turned his head. The only light in the room was from the flames/Only the light of the flames lit up the room. I saw/could see his hands in the glow, and his face. A smile passed over his lips, and I could not have said whether it was joy or sadness, surely/most probably a mixture of the two.