

Concours de traduction **Vocable**

Chers lecteurs,

Quand une histoire d'amour tourne au cauchemar, c'est la vie de deux familles qui vole en éclats...

C'est ce que nous livre *PLAY DEAD (Sans un adieu)* d'Harlan Coben, déjà machiavélique à souhait, publié aux éditions Belfond le 07/10/10.

Nous vous proposons pour cet été de traduire l'extrait de son prologue.

Gagnez la publication de votre traduction dans **Vocable Anglais et Vocable All English datés du 30/09/10 et un exemplaire de *PLAY DEAD (Sans un adieu)* édité par les éditions Belfond et en librairie le 07/10/10.**



Le lauréat verra sa traduction présentée dans **Vocable Anglais et Vocable All English datés du 30 septembre 2010.**

Pour participer :
Traduisez en français l'extrait ci-contre, choisi par notre rédaction en collaboration avec les éditions Belfond, et présenté en version originale.

Adressez la traduction avant le 16/09/10 à minuit (le cachet de la Poste faisant foi) à :

Vocable - Concours
PLAY DEAD
56 rue Fondary, 75015 Paris.

Les copies devront être tapées et non-manuscrites ; vos nom, prénom, adresse, mail, numéro de téléphone devront être indiqués.

Aucune traduction ne pourra être retenue sans ces conditions respectées.

Un jury composé de la rédaction de **Vocable Anglais** sélectionnera la meilleure traduction. Elle sera publiée dans **Vocable Anglais et Vocable All English datés du 30/09/10.**

Le nom du lauréat — sous réserve de son acceptation, sera publié de même.

PLAY DEAD (Sans un adieu)

by Harlan Coben

Prologue

May 29, 1960

It would be a mistake to look directly at her when she spoke. Her words, he knew, could not affect him; her face and body could.

Sinclair turned and gazed out the window as she closed the door. It was a warm day, and outside he could see many of the students lazing in the sun. A few played touch football, but most just lay on blankets, couples cuddling close to one another; opened text books sprawled near them, ignored, giving the illusion at least that they had actually planned to study.

A flash of golden highlights drew his vision toward a head of blonde hair. He turned and recognized the pretty sophomore heartthrob from his two p.m. class. Half a dozen boys surrounded her, all battling for her attention, all hoping to draw her brightest smile. A stereo from one of the rooms blasted Buddy Holly's final single across the commons. Once again, he looked at the attractive blonde who was not one-tenth as striking as the brunette standing behind him.

"Well?" he asked.

From across the room, the stunning beauty nodded and then realized he was still not facing her. "Yes."

He sighted heavily. Below his window, a few of the boys moved away from the blonde with dejected faces, as though they had been eliminated from a competition which, he guessed, they were.

"You're sure?"

"Of course, I'm sure."

Sinclair nodded, though he could not say why he did so. "What are you going to do?"

She stared at him in disbelief. "Correct me if I'm wrong," she began with blatant annoyance, "but I think you might be involved in this, too."

Again he nodded for no reason. On the commons, another boy had been thrown from the ring, leaving only two to battle for the blonde's potential favors. He turned his attention to the touch football game and watched a pass float slowly through the humid air. A bare-chested boy extended his hands. The ball spiraled toward him, bounced off his fingertips, and landed on the ground.

Sinclair concentrated on the game, feeling the boy's disappointment, trying his best to ignore the power she wielded over his mind. His eyes inadvertently shifted back to the blonde. A winner had been chosen. With down-turned eyes, the runner-up stood and sulked off.

"Will you please turn around a face me?"

A smile played on his lips, but he was not foolish enough to turn around, to expose himself to her devastating

weapons, to allow her to cast her sensual spell over him. He looked down at the young man who had captured the blonde. Even from his window on the second floor, he could see the hunger in the boy's wide eyes as he moved in to claim his hard-sought prey. The boy kissed her. His hands began to wander.

To the victor goes the spoils.



(BÉATRICE LE GRAND)

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