

## CONCOURS DE TRADUCTION

Extrait de *L'Invisible Madame Orwell* de Anna Funder  
Roman traduit par Carine Chichereau

It's dark outside now and dinner has been cleared. She slides back again behind the desk by the window, pulls the letter from her pocket. When she unfolds it, some sand falls out. She brushes it away. There is more to tell Norah, but she doesn't know how to say it in a way that wouldn't be laying it on too thick. It's all true, of course, but also, when you put it down in black and white, too much. As a wedding present someone in the village gave them a jar of marmalade, solid and golden. That first morning when she put it on the table, he was aghast – he wanted it decanted into a pot. She laughed, but she did it. He'd wanted the two of them to dress for dinner, too. When she called that an 'affectation' it was his turn to laugh with delight and say, 'Yes, I suppose it is', so they didn't. Other times his sensitivities were overwhelming. When the lavatory backed up, overflowing muck all over the seat and into the box, he said he simply couldn't do anything about it. (It was true he wasn't well, but no one would be faced with that.) There was no money for a plumber. She'd put his waders on, done it with garden gloves and a bucket. That she really can't tell Norah. Or her brother. Or Lydia. She doesn't know if she is protecting him or herself by not telling.

Titre original :

Wifedom

Mrs. Orwell's Invisible Life

Éditeur original : Hamish Hamilton, 2023

© Anna Funder, 2023