

ANGLAIS

Commenter en anglais le texte suivant et le traduire à partir de « A few months after they began... » jusqu'à « ... begging to be examined. ».

Chacko began to visit the café quite often.

He always came with his invisible companion and his friendly smile. Even when it wasn't Margaret Kochamma who served him, he sought her out with his eyes, and they exchanged secret smiles that invoked the joint memory of their Laugh.

5 Margaret Kochamma found herself looking forward to the Rumples Porcupine's visits. Without anxiety, but with a sort of creeping affection. She learned that he was a Rhodes Scholar from India. That he read Classics. And rowed for Balliol.

Until the day she married him she never believed that she would ever consent to be his wife.

10 A few months after they began to go out together, he began to smuggle her into his rooms, where he lived like a helpless, exiled prince. Despite the best efforts of his scout and cleaning lady, his room was always filthy. Books, empty wine bottles, dirty underwear and cigarette butts littered the floor. Cupboards were dangerous to open because clothes and books and shoes would cascade down and some of his books were heavy enough to inflict real
15 damage. Margaret Kochamma's tiny, ordered life relinquished itself to this truly baroque bedlam with the quiet gasp of a warm body entering a chilly sea.

She discovered that underneath the aspect of the Rumples Porcupine, a tortured Marxist was at war with an impossible, incurable Romantic — who forgot the candles, who broke the wine glasses, who lost the ring. Who made love to her with a passion that took her
20 breath away. She had always thought of herself as a somewhat uninteresting, thick-waisted, thick-ankled girl. Not bad-looking. Not special. But when she was with Chacko, old limits were pushed back. Horizons expanded.

She had never before met a man who spoke of the world — of what it was, and how it came to be, or what he thought would become of it — in the way in which other men she
25 knew discussed their jobs, their friends or their weekends at the beach.

Being with Chacko made Margaret Kochamma feel as though her soul had escaped from the narrow confines of her island country into the vast, extravagant spaces of his. He made her feel as though the world belonged to them — as though it lay before them like an opened frog on a dissecting table, begging to be examined.

30 In the year she knew him, before they were married, she discovered a little magic in herself, and for a while felt like a blithe genie released from her lamp. She was perhaps too young to realize that what she assumed was her love for Chacko was actually a tentative, timorous acceptance of herself.

As for Chacko, Margaret Kochamma was the first female friend he had ever had. Not
35 just the first woman that he had slept with, but his first real companion. What Chacko loved most about her was her self-sufficiency. Perhaps it wasn't remarkable in the average English woman, but it was remarkable to Chacko.

45 He loved the fact that Margaret Kochamma didn't cling to him. That she was uncertain about her feelings for him. That he never knew till the last day whether or not she would marry him. He loved the way she would sit up naked in his bed, her long white back swivelled away from him, look at her watch and say in her practical way — "Oops, I must be off." He loved the way she wobbled to work every morning on her bicycle. He encouraged their differences in opinion, and inwardly rejoiced at her occasional outbursts of exasperation at his decadence.

50 He was grateful to her for not wanting to look after him. For not offering to tidy his room. For not being his cloying mother. He grew to depend on Margaret Kochamma for not depending on him. He adored her for not adoring him.

Of his family Margaret Kochamma knew very little. He seldom spoke of them.

55 The truth is that in his years at Oxford, Chacko rarely thought of them. Too much was happening in his life and Ayemenem seemed so far away. The river too small. The fish too few.

He had no pressing reasons to stay in touch with his parents. The Rhodes Scholarship was generous. He needed no money. He was deeply in love with his love for Margaret Kochamma and had no room in his heart for anyone else.

60 Mammachi wrote to him regularly, with detailed descriptions of her sordid squabbles with her husband and her worries about Ammu's future. He hardly ever read a whole letter. Sometimes he never bothered to open them at all. He never wrote back.

65 Even the one time he did return (when he stopped Pappachi from hitting Mammachi with the brass vase, and a rocking chair was murdered in the moonlight), he was hardly aware of how stung his father had been, or his mother's redoubled adoration of him, or his young sister's sudden beauty. He came and went in a trance, yearning from the moment he arrived to return to the long-backed white girl who waited for him.

70 The winter after he came down from Balliol (he did badly in his exams), Margaret Kochamma and Chacko were married. Without her family's consent. Without his family's knowledge.

Arundhati ROY (1961-), *The God of Small Things*, 1997.