

Anglais

Le passage que vous allez devoir traduire est extrait de la nouvelle « **Big Bend** », publiée en 2008 par **L.E Leone** au sein d'un recueil de nouvelles éponyme.

L.E Leone vit à San Francisco, où elle a écrit pendant vingt ans dans les colonnes du *San Francisco Bay Guardian*. Quand elle ne s'occupe pas de ses poules, elle apprend l'écriture et le foot aux enfants. À ses heures perdues, elle chante des hymnes au beurre à travers tous les États-Unis avec son groupe, Sister Exister.

Dans cette nouvelle, un marginal, Richie Buffett, et une fillette de treize ans adepte de tennis, se lancent dans un road trip à travers les États-Unis. Lors du passage qui nous intéresse, ils se trouvent dans un désert du Nevada, au beau milieu de nulle part.

En traduisant, gardez bien en tête que cette année à Arles, le thème des Assises de la traduction littéraire c'est **traduire l'humour**. Alors n'hésitez pas, soyez inventifs !

We stopped before dark and made a little campfire, cooked a couple of steaks and a can of beans.

There was no moon that night, and the stars were bigger and brighter than I'd ever seen them, Big Bend included. We didn't bother to set up our brand-new tent ; neither one of us saw any great need to be inside. No bugs. No rain. Hardly any wind. It was cold, but our new sleeping bags were good to go all the way down to forty below, so we rolled them out on either side of our dying fire, and we kicked back, constellation naming.

« Look, there's Old Gonzalo the Sombrero-Wearing Pizza Spinner with One Foot Soaking in a Bucket of Epsom Salts and the Other One in the Sauce, » I said.

« Where ? » said Darla.

I pointed straight up. There were stars everywhere. *Everywhere*, and not just stars but galaxies, shooting stars, planets, satellites, airplanes... « See the pepperoni ? » I said.

Darla caught on. « Oh, yeah. There, » she said, « right next to Chippo the Sky-Size Chocolate Chip Cookie with Ninety-Nine Gazillion Chocolate Chips in It. »

« Where ? » I said.

She pointed straight up.

« Oh, right, » I said. « I thought that was Herman the Cowboy Hippo in His Faux Pearl Necklace with All the Ducks in the Universe Standing in a Line on His Back Waiting to Get in to See *Godzilla vs. the Mob, Part II*. »

Darla scoffed.

« Where did you think we were ? » she said. « Australia ? You can't see Herman the Four-Paw Hippo with All the Ducks Waiting in Line to See *Godzilla* in the northern hemisphere this time of year, yoo goon. »

« I forgot, » I said.

« Look, » she said... and the game went on and on and on, through school bullies and traffic jams, mountain ranges and redwood Christmas trees, until, just when it was about to stop being funny, Darla kicked it into another plane with her « very very very rare sighting » of the constellation « Two Stars Sort of Next to Each Other. »

« Do you see it ? » she asked.

« No. Where ? »

Nowhere, Nevada was a fine place for tennis, too.