

Two Translations of *Je Suis Plein D'Autres Aussi* from French into  
English and Spanish

by

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## **An Abstract of the Thesis of**

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This work is two translation pieces of the short story *Je Suis Plein d'Autres Aussi* by Marie-Sabine Roger from French into English and Spanish. The translation is preceded by an essay where I explain my translation process. I outline what methods I used when translating, and how I developed my project. I then give specific examples of difficulties I had translating. I use these to explain some of the types of issues that come up when translating from French into English and Spanish. I separate the translation choices into five categories: Names, Specific words, Sounds, Grammar, and Translation Loss where I then explain the issues I had, and how I overcame them. I begin with explaining how I translated the names of the main character. Then I give other examples of specific words I had troubles with, and I explain my thought process. Then I explain how I translated sounds in the story, how the grammar translates differently between languages, and finally I give a few key examples of where there was significant translation loss. Finally, I conclude with my thoughts on the translation process, and a broader reflection on translating this piece.

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## Introduction

*Je Suis Plein D'Autres Aussi* by Marie-Sabine Roger is a story that follows a little girl with obsessive-compulsive disorder, and autism who is nonverbal. The story is narrated through her eyes, so we hear all her thoughts, and the rituals that she does. It is a story written with elements of stream of consciousness, and she understands words differently than their intended meaning. When I read this book, even though I am not fluent in French I found it fairly easy to read, and I really enjoyed the style of writing, hearing the girl's thought process.

For my thesis, I translated the text into both English and Spanish. I looked at a few different short stories before this book, and while I enjoyed some of them, I chose this book because there are a lot of fun grammatically specific elements that are difficult to translate into English, and some that are easier to translate into Spanish because of the grammatical similarities between French and Spanish. I also chose this book because it has never been translated before into any language, and it has been published, therefore I will not have to ask the author for permission. This story is a bit too long for me to translate the whole thing, so I have translated 17 pages, 3 different passages, all of which have some specific elements that are difficult to translate grammatically. I chose particularly difficult passages to translate because it can exemplify the differences of translating between French and Spanish, and French and English.

I decided to translate into Spanish, as I thought it would be interesting to see how translating from one Romance Language to another would differ compared to a Romance Language to a non-Romance Language. I also specifically chose Spanish because it is part of my Romance Language degree and I wanted to include it in my thesis. Additionally, half of my family are native Spanish speakers, so I wanted to both improve my own Spanish, and create something they could read as well.

I will compare each translation on how they differ in meaning after being translated, and how they remain the same. French and Spanish are both Romance Languages, so the grammar and syntax are similar. On the other hand, French and English sentence structures differ greatly as English is a Germanic language, albeit with Romance influence. My thesis cannot make the broad connections of how Romance Languages translate into each other versus translating a Romance Language in a Germanic Language; however, I can talk about my experience in translating into English and Spanish from French. Through translating I hope to further develop my own translation method. Since this project includes two translations, and three total languages, future works could use my translations as one example to further study how these languages interact with each other, or if someone were to do another translation of the story I translated, they could then be compared.

## Methods

As I am doing a translation of a piece that has not been translated before, I have no other translation to compare it to, nor any analysis of an existing translation of this piece. Therefore, I will cover a bit of different translation methods that translators use, and that I used during my translation process. The book *Thinking French Translation* by Sándor Hervey and Ian Higgins explains these methods. Before I begin talking about these methods, there are a few technical words that are important to know. To start, the Source Text (ST) is the original text that will be translated, and the Target Text (TT) is the translation of the source text. Then there is also the Source Language, which is the language of the ST, and the Target Language, which is the language in which the ST is being translated. Translation loss is the inevitable loss of cultural features. This loss is inevitable because some cultural norms and connotations do not exist in other cultures or languages. For example, one difficulty I have run into in my translation is the usage of “tu,” which in French is the informal way of saying “you,” and there is a formal way of saying “you,” which is “vous.” In Spanish, this exists as well; however, in English there is no such word, so some background context is lost when translating into English. This is not a very significant loss, but there is a loss in understanding the relationship between the characters, that should then be made up for in other ways.

We can discuss the different types of translation that exist. Hervey and Higgins explain that before translating, a translator must read the text and come up with a strategy on what type of translation to do. Now to determine what type of translation, we must ask a few questions. “What is the purpose and intended audience of my translation? What is the purpose of this ST? What genre does it belong to, and what audience is it aimed at? What is its message content? What are its salient linguistic features? What are its principal effects? What are the implications

of all these factors? If a choice must be made among them, which ones should be given priority in ensuring that the TT is fit for its purpose?” (Harvey, Higgins, 6). These questions help us understand the text and decide how to translate the text, and what is most important is to keep in the translation, as there will be inevitable loss.

There are many types of translation; however, the most common one is idiomizing translation, which is a type of translation that retains the ST message; however, it may sacrifice nuances or tones of the ST for the TT to be better understood by the audience. This often refers to idioms or metaphors that are not the same in different languages; one example given is the expression “I’ve got other fish to fry.” In French, the equivalent would be “J’ai d’autres chats à fouetter,” which literally means “I have other cats to whip.” As we can see, this does not make sense in English, and would probably lead to a very concerned US American audience if it were literally translated. There are also two extremes: interlinear translation and free translation. An interlinear translation is rarely used and is a word-for-word literal translation, meaning it does not respect the TL grammar, and strictly follows the SL grammar. For example, the phrase “J’ai un chat noir” would translate to “I have a cat black” instead of a “black cat.” In this example, one can still tell what is being said, however, with more complex sentences it can become incoherent. Generally, it is only used when learning a language to understand syntax better. On the other hand, free translation is a translation that retains the message of the translation; however, the text is very different. One example of a free translation is a gist translation, which is just retaining the message of the ST, and anything extra is removed. This description shows the spectrum of translation, going from very literal to free, and most translations fall somewhere in between.

In terms of cultural translations, as Harvey and Higgins explain, there are the strict translations that retain cultural aspects of the ST, and freer translations that take liberties to make

the text more understandable for the intended audience of the translation. One translation that is stricter is exoticism, which is a translation that wants to keep cultural elements to remind the readers that it is of a different culture. On the other end of the spectrum is cultural transplantation. Cultural transplantation adapts the whole text to the target culture, meaning the translator must rewrite a lot of the text to fit the target culture (Harvey, Higgins). For example, Craig Raine wrote a transplantation piece *1953* from Racine's *Andromaque*, which is originally set in Ancient Greece, while the *1953* text is set in the year 1953. The translated text is not during the same time period, nor area of the original text; however, according to critics, it retains the original message of the play. These extremes are not often used, and most of the time translations fall between the two. Understanding these different types of translations helped me to choose what type of translation I will be doing.

*Je Suis Plein D'Autres Aussi* is a creative piece written for a general audience, so my translation errs on the side of an idiomizing translation and being more faithful to the text to retain the experience of the main character. A translator's job is to share the message and story without getting in the way of storytelling, so a translator, though they may need to make creative changes, should not overpower the TT with their voice.

In terms of the process of translation, translators can either translate on their own, or they can use a translation engine, such as Google Translate, Systran, Amazon Translate, and SmartCat, which means that the engine would do an initial translation, and the translator reviews and edits the translation. Initially Google Translate was not very accurate, but grammatically has come a long way, and many translators use it today. The one thing any translation engine cannot do is understand cultural nuances, specific syntax choices, and intertextual references, or references to other texts in the ST culture, which is where a translator comes in. What I mean by

a specific syntax choice is shown in the book *Interesting Times* by Terry Pratchett and Harper Collins, where the Bursar speaks in reverse, so his sentences make sense if read backwards. For example, he says “Good so be would you if, duff plum of helping second A” (Pratchett, Collins, 19), which, if read backwards, says, “A second helping of plum duff, if you would be so good,” and when translated using a translation engine, it will not pick up on that, so a human translator is needed to create sentence in the TL that makes sense backwards.

Another issue a translator has to take into account when translating are hyperonyms and hyponyms. A hyponym is a word with fewer definitions, specifically compared to a hyperonym which has more definitions. For example, in French “belle-mère” can either mean “stepmother” or “mother-in-law,” so “belle-mère” is a hyperonym. A translation engine may not always translate these correctly into the correct definition, so again that is where a human translator is needed.

In addition, translators are constantly doing research. They are not specifically doing scientific research, but since part of the job is understanding and translating a culture, they must be aware of cultural norms, so they are constantly on Google. You can use websites from specific countries to get information about that country, and you can search the keyword you are looking for and the country's website domain. For example, if I want to use the Mexican Spanish dictionary, I will search “diccionario .mx” and generally Mexican websites will show up.

For my thesis, I mainly translated on my own; however, sometimes I did use Google Translate. I specifically translated into American English, and Mexican Spanish. I chose to do this because my family speaks Mexican Spanish. To help myself keep my languages straight, as I can easily mix up all three, when I was translating into a specific language I would listen to

music in that language. This is not a common translation technique, but it is what helped me think in the languages I was translating into.

## Project Development and Research

As I worked on my thesis, I thought about how to format it. Since this is such a peculiar short story, with many stylistic choices that don't follow the normal writing conventions, I decided it made sense to talk about the specific difficulties I had with translation. The first part of this thesis gives a few key examples of translation choices I made and then my translation at the end are my translations, English and Spanish respectively. I broke the translation choices section into 5 sections: Names, Specific words, Sounds, Grammar, and Translation Loss. I chose these sections because the main characters' names were a big part of this story. I also chose to have a section for specific words that were difficult to translate, so that I could explain my thought process on why I decided to translate them the way I did. Then I have the Sounds section for noises that were present in the story that were translated. I also have a section to talk about the difficulties with translating grammar, as different languages have different grammar rules, and the last section Translation Loss is to talk about any major translation loss that happened in my translation, and how I dealt with it.

Since my thesis is a translation piece, I will be relying mainly on my own work for the analysis aspect, with the exception of the *Thinking French Translation* book, which provides the different translation methods. I used some external sources to understand cultural phrases in the text that I do not understand, such as asking people from the Source Culture, and then asked native speakers of the language I am translating into, to see if it sounds right. I also used [wordreference.com](http://wordreference.com) to check on words if I forgot. This research helped me understand the text better on a cultural level, and thus helped me create a better translation.

## Translation Choices

### Names

One of the first choices I had to make when beginning translation work is how and if I wanted to translate the main character's name. For Juliette, I would not translate it because it is her own name with French cultural identification; however, she has a lot of nicknames in this story, and those would not make sense if I did not translate them, so I did translate those.

For example, one of her nicknames is "Tromoche," which is two words put together "trop-moche," which means "too-ugly". The question is, how do I translate this? I could combine the two words in English "Tugly", but it is not as obvious that it means "too ugly" as the French counterpart. I decided just to go with "Ugly," because the meaning is obvious, and it is something a kid would say. "Ugly Face" could have worked as well; however, that felt too long, and not so much something someone would call themselves, even if they are calling themselves ugly. For Spanish, I did a similar translation as in the English where I did not translate it literally, and I instead translated it into "Feita," however this connotation makes a bit more sense because in Mexican culture it is common to have nicknames by adding "ito" or "ita" to the end of a descriptive word. "Ita" is a diminutive ending that does give it a bit of an endearing sound, even if "fea" means ugly, so it is not as strong of a name as the English or French nickname.

Another name I had a lot of difficulty translating was "Mabikette" because it rhymes with Juliette but is also a nickname for children; "Mon biquet" literally means "My little goat." This is not a common nickname for kids in English though, so I tried to come up with a name that also has the possessive "my" and mentioned an animal, but it was not too long. I looked on a few different "Nickname for kids" blogs, and I could not find a nickname that rhymes with Juliette, so I focused on retaining a similar meaning. I came up with "Myduckie" as "duckie" is a more

old-fashioned nickname, and these are older women calling her “Mabikette,” and it has the possessive “my.” In the Spanish translation it was a bit easier. I found on a nickname blog “Mi Osita,” which literally means “My little Bear,” which both has the possessive “my” and mentions an animal. I double checked with my mother, as she is a parent, to see if it was something an adult would say to a child. Another nickname that I could not translate directly was “Poussin” as it literally means “chick,” like a baby duck, but in English “chick” has a different connotation, so I used the wordreference.com translation which was “hun,” and in Spanish I translated to “cariño.”

The last two nicknames are just pronouns, so I did not have to come up with a new name, but “toi” does not have an exact translation, because it means “you” in English, but is used differently from “tu” in French which also means “you.” Luckily, the meaning does not change much.

One of the easier nicknames was “la pauvre,” which means “the poor girl” or “the poor thing,” which is also an expression in English. It can also be directly translated to “Pobrecita” in Spanish. The translation into Spanish is a bit more direct, because it retains the gender of the person, whereas if you translate it into “the poor thing” the gender is lost, so I used “poor girl” instead.

The protagonist calls all the older women “mamies,” which can easily be translated to “granny” in English; however, in Spanish, I was debating between “abuelita,” “abue,” and “tita,” but I had never heard of “tita” before, and “abue” does not get the gender across, which is important because later in the story, on page 22, they say “papis-mamies” so there does need to be a gender differentiation.

## Specific Words

Some other words were also difficult to translate. For example, “petipa-fourmir” is not a real word in French; it combines “petit” “pas” and “fourmir” into one word, and changes “fourmi” into a verb with the “r,” so for the English translation I just translated the idea, and not the literal smushing of the words “little” “steps” “ant,” because in English it does not sound great, or make much sense grammatically. Thus, I translated it to “ant-steps,” which gets the idea of little ant steps across. In Spanish it was easier, as I could just translate “petit pas” into “pasito” and “fourmir” into “hormigar.”

In this book, Juliette is a kid, so she says “parce que” incorrectly, which looks like “pasque.” For the English translation I went with “cause” as short for “because” because it is a shortened version that people use, as there is not really a way for English speakers to mispronounce “because.” For the Spanish translation, I decided to use “poque” because the “r” would be harder for a child to pronounce, and I confirmed with my family members who speak Spanish with their children to verify it was a pronunciation that does happen with children.

Another difficult translation was “Criiiii.” “Criiii” is the word scream, but also the sound of screams as Juliette starts screaming mid thinking she is not going to scream. I decided to translate it into “screeeaaaam.” One issue with this translation that I could not fix was that it does not match with other words that have the screaming sound in them. For example, she tries to say “fini” and starts screaming, so she says “finiiiiiiii” and the “iii” match in both “criii” and “finiii,”; however, the “eee” in “screeeaaaam” does not match with “finiiiiish,” and I could not come up with a way to make the screaming sounds match. In Spanish, I translated it to “gritar” and the “iii” is supposed to be the screaming sound. This works out with the screaming sound as

“griiiiita” can match with “termiiiiina,” and while these do not work perfectly because the end of the word is not a screaming sound, Spanish speakers will still understand what is being said.

## **Sounds**

I also had to translate a lot of sounds. For example, “bang” in French stays the same in English but is “bum” in Spanish. The French sound “chleuk” in English is “click” and in Spanish it would be “clic”. These are not particularly difficult to translate, however I found it interesting how the spellings differ. “Tap” and “tip” in French stay the same in English, but in Spanish they change to “taz” and “ta.” There are other more difficult sounds as well. For example, the sound of a seatbelt “zzzouzzz.” Unlike the other sounds, this is not a common sound that already exists, so I went into my car and pulled the seatbelt and thought about what it sounded like for me. For English, I came up with “zzzzz,” and for Spanish I came up with “zzzzzd,” and then I verified with some family members whose first language is Spanish.

## **Grammar**

There are some grammar differences that make it harder to translate between French and English than between French and Spanish. For example, the order of adjectives: in French and Spanish they go after the noun, but in English they go before the noun. This has become second nature, and in this story, it does not matter as much to understand the story, but in a different type of literature, such as poetry, the order can matter a lot to the meaning. Additionally, possession is similar between French and Spanish, but differs in English. In English we have the “s” to show possession, but in both French and Spanish, they put the object first then say, “of the owner.” For example, on page 19, the original text says, “La porte de la chambre de cette mamie est restée ouverte,” which can be translated to, “The door of the room of this granny is open,” but instead I

translated it to “The door of this granny’s room is left open”; however, it could have gone further and said, “This granny’s room’s door is left open”; however, the double possessive sounds jumbled and odd.

Another grammar issue that I had was punctuation. When translating something, if it is written with mistakes, you can either decide to keep the mistakes or fix them to make it easier to read. The narrator when thinking does not often use commas, so I decided to not add commas in those certain passages as it was a stylistic choice the author was making to simulate a stream of consciousness. One example of this is on page 19 when she says “Je pense *si je viens goûter si je viens laisse-moi tranquille je viens.*” I translated it as “I think *yes I’m coming for a snack yes I’m coming leave me in peace I’m coming.*” This is confusing, so I could add commas to say “I think *yes I’m coming for a snack, yes I’m coming, leave me in peace, I’m coming*”; however, this does not give the same stream of consciousness that the original has without punctuation, and since the original is also confusing, I decided to leave it.

Another thing to consider when translating is the syntax of sentences. French and Spanish syntax tend to be more similar, as opposed to English which tends to differ more. For example, a common example is the order of adjectives; in English adjectives are placed before the noun, whereas in Spanish and French, they are placed afterwards. In this particular book, the syntax was sometimes wrong, as the narrator is a child, so I had to also translate the incorrect syntax, but it had to be an incorrect syntax that makes sense for a child to say.

### **Translation Loss**

One of the major translation losses that happened was in the English translation. The little girl is upset that a granny closed the book before they finished the story, so she thinks “ouvre-le, ouvre-le...vre-moi.” This has a double meaning in French as to open the book for me, but it also

has the meaning of “open me” as in open her to understand her. It is a very powerful moment that translates well into Spanish as “...bre me” which holds the same connotations, however the English one does not. I could not translate it as “...pen me” because that does not convey that she’s giving directions to open the book for her, so I translated it to “...pen to me” which gives the directions of opening the book but lacks the underlying connotation of “open her.” I decided to repeat “open me,” which would be considered compensation, as I do add something that was not there to make up for the initial translation loss.

Another translation loss, though not as major, was translating the name of a house that she mentions called the Bleuets house. This is referencing a specific type of blue flower that has a soft connotation, and in the story, it clashes with her image of the children that live there, so I looked it up to see if I could find an American equivalent; I could not, so I decided to keep the name Bleuets, and not translate it. For the Spanish translation, I asked my family members if they knew what an “aciano” was (the Spanish names for Bleuet), to see if it was a commonly known flower; however, they did not recognize it, so that would not work either. While it was very helpful to have my family members as consultants as they are native Spanish speakers, and are the general demographic for my translation, having more Spanish speakers as consultants could make my translation better, as my family is from a specific area of Mexico, and as Mexico is very big, there are variations within the languages in the country as well, so having more Spanish speakers from other parts of Mexico could give different perspectives on what words or concepts would apply better.

## Conclusion

This translation is not perfect, and there are many ways other translators would translate it. I tried to retain the stream-of-consciousness style that the narrator speaks in, and I wanted to keep the grammatical inaccuracies that she uses. There were times when I had to remind myself how I translated specific recurring words that had multiple possible translations. I also sometimes struggled to figure out how literal I wanted to translate and would flip flop between more literal and less literal. As it is a translation, it cannot perfectly describe everything that was said with the same connotation; however, rereading my own translations really helped me find these inconsistencies and polish the translations to decide if I should be more literal or less so. Through this project I got to practice and develop my translation method, and to experience different translating methods in English and Spanish. As Spanish is not my first language, my translation method involved more help from outside sources compared to my English translation.

One of the reasons I chose to translate into Spanish was because I was curious as to how translating between two Romance Languages would differ from translating between a Romance Language and English, which is a Germanic language. While I was translating to Spanish, I found there were some grammar aspects that I could translate more easily; and similar to the English translation, there were some phrases that were unable to retain the full meaning. Through this process I learned what sources are helpful when translating, how to weed out unhelpful sources, and what works well for me.

## I Am Lots of Other People Too

### Passage 1:

The door opens, the feet of this granny stop in front of me. They are very old feet in gray slippers neither checkered nor stripped.

Slippers are not dangerous.

“Hey you, here you are?”

It’s true, I have another name. It’s “you”.

I’d forgotten. I need to forget. To forget, it’s bad.

I’ll repeat it 30 times without breathing, just in case. YouYouYouYouYou...

I don’t stop if I can. YouYouYou...

I’m lucky enough to know how to count, YouYouYou... If I didn’t know how to count, how would I, well, count? I’m lucky enough, don’t stop. YouYouYou...Shit how many did I do? I shouldn’t say shit either. But I don’t say it like the others, I say it in my head.

YouYouYou...

“What are you waiting for? Do you want something?”

You.You.You.

“You don’t ever talk, huh?”

And you... thirty

*Saved.*

This granny pets my head in passing.

“you’re not going to get your snack?”

I send my thoughts very hard towards her slippers, so they will go up to her eyes.

I think *yes I'm coming to get a snack yes I'm coming leave me at peace I'm coming.*

The old slippers, they understand everything.

They are intelligent. The poor things.

As Lucile says, about me: “the worst, is that I am sure she understands everything, this kid. I am sure that she is smart. The poor girl.”

The slippers, they understand. They take this granny to the stairs.

This granny walks in the hallway with little ant steps. I see it just out of the corner of my eye, cause if I turn my head too much, I've lost.

She taps the wall sometimes. One step, tap on the wall. Three steps. Taptap. She must be scared the same as me.

Did I say that, that my name is also Me?

Me-Juliette-Ugly-Myduckie-hun-Juju-You- Poor girl.

Well, I swing 10 times, and after I get up.

And one and two and three and four and five and six and...

*You ready?*

*Yeah, but sshh.*

The door of this granny's room is left open.

I see this giant cushion like the sun. If the floor wasn't there, or if there weren't any stripes I would look for the yellow cushion.

If there weren't ifs everywhere, nothing would make me ever get me in trouble.

Even not going down the stairs cause it's time for a snack.

In the kitchen there's a table. On the table there's a white bowl. In the center of the white bowl there is chocolate, well arranged into pointed mountains. Not *too* pointed.

To the right of the bowl, there are two pieces of bread laid out like rails that don't touch.

The spoon is to the left. It's not bad. In this kitchen here I have right to left. It's permitted.

The spoon is facing down. The napkin is next to the spoon.

In front of this bowl, there is this plastic cup of orange juice.

It is refilled until the one-two-three-four: fifth line.

The lines on the plastic cups, I'm allowed.

“So, you come to sit down, Myduckie? Your milk is going to get cold...”

I wash first my hands with soap scrubbing well everywhere between my fingers and again and again-and the back of my hands it's very important the back- and under my fingernails too it's very important under.

Afterwards, I do my chair tour. Three in one way. Two in the other. Then three. I tap on the edge of the table. *Tiptaptiptip. Taptip.* So far so good,

Just in front of me, there is this granny who eats her snack too. Lucile holds her cup of orange juice, cause her hands tremble and often she spills. Sometimes it's me that spills. Sometimes it's me.

When I spill I don't like it cause it flows and it's wet and it stains and it's cold. But me, I don't tremble. Me.

This granny smiled at me. I don't look at her fully, but I know it.

I never look fully. Otherwise, I am *bad*. This granny I can look at a bit, anyway.

Always all smiles. On this ear that I see, she has an earring with a little white pearl.

I would like to touch it.

Maybe it's an allowed white pearl?

I don't know.

--But she is well behaved today, our Juliette...says this granny.

--Yes, that's true... hey, here Mrs.Guibert is coming! Finish your snack Myduckie. After that we'll go to the rabbits.

I really like the rabbits.

I'm allowed.

Mrs. Guibert does the housework in this room. Mrs. Guibert comes two times a week.

Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday-Thursday-Friday-Saturday-Sunday-*Monday*: she comes Monday. And also Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday-Thursday-*Friday*. And Friday.

I don't know what she looks like. I don't look at her.

I don't know what she's like, but I know how she thinks. She doesn't like me. Neither me, nor this granny in front of me.

Sometimes this Mrs. Guibert says to Lucile:

"Me, I don't mind that you have to earn a living. But aaaanywayy! Host family, it's not a life, for you. Aaaaanywayy..."

Lucile is a host family. For the parents. And me.

Cause my house is far. It took a long time in the car to get to the Home.

Too long, the whole time hitting my head on the windowpane, bang, bang, baaaang.

Counting the red lights that are red (and not counting the green cause that doesn't count).

Lucile is my host family, cause she knows my mama. And cause at the Bleuets home, I don't rest at night. I can't. I am *bad*.

There are children crying in the hallway. The cries of crazy children that scare me. Lalou, she is nice but the crazy kids are not. It's normal, they're crazy.

-You know, if we hadn't taken her home, this kid, I don't know what she would have become, frankly. Her parents should have picked her up. There aren't any other homes for her, around here.

-And farther away? They could put her in a boarding school farther away.

-She would let herself waste away, the poor sweetheart. She needs someone to take care of her. She's quiet. Here, she's doing better. Right, Myduckie, you're doing better?

-Say, she just spilled her drink, your granny.

-Ah well, granny, you had a little accident? That's okay, no big deal... here, a little wipe, it absorbs more, you see? Wait, I'll serve you some more. I'll hold the glass for you, this time.

There!

-And why do they not keep her all the time at their place, their child?

-Her mom is very tired. You know, sometimes, Juliette, she is a bit... difficult. For me, it's okay, it's different. But for a mom, it's too hard, you know?

-If I'd had a kid like that, it would've killed me!

-Don't say that, Mrs. Guibert. Not in front of her. First of all, she is extremely smart, you know. And also, she understands everything, Myduckie.

-Maybe, maybe. But aaaanyways! The way she doesn't speak, of never looking people in the eyes. These bizarre things that she does, counting all the time on her hands. Turning on the light, turning it off, washing her hands without stopping... I swear, it makes me uneasy...

-It's because she's shy, my Juliette... Well, my sweetheart, are you shy?

The first slice is done. I have to do my toast rounds for the second time. One way. Now the other.

If I don't do two rounds, I'm not allowed to eat. You must always finish with the slice on the left. Always.

Maybe before, I have to check something? It's this Mrs. Guibert who made me think, about the light. Maybe, it doesn't work anymore, the light.

I have to check. *Click*.

“Go, go sit down, Myduckie. It will be too late, after, for the rabbits...”

*Yeah yeah I will sit down since clack all's going well.*

We leave through the kitchen door. It has six glazed panes. I touch the handle *one-two*. No, I cheated. I must wash my hands, again. And then start all over. Touch the thumb grip on it. *And one and two, tap* on the wall.

-Is it okay, I can open it now, Myduckie?

-...

-Off you go, go on!

It is very nice in this stable yard in the back. It is very nice behind this wall of the stable yard in the back, behind this little door that leads into this giant backyard where Lucile puts the rabbits.

Those are very pretty rabbits. The rabbits in the back.

The rabbits I'm allowed.

I don't like everything in this house here. I don't like the little chicks-little ducks on the wall of the room.

I don't like these giant tiles in this downstairs hallway. I don't like ant-stepping in this upstairs hallway. I don't like this flooring right-*lef*... if I don't say it, maybe it stops existing?

*What?...*

*You know what.*

*No, what?*

*Er...the left.*

I don't like Mrs. Guibert.

I like the little rabbits a lot.

“Hey, Myduckie, you coming to give grass to Fifine? Look how she recognizes you now! You saw, she came to say hello! You saw? You saw?”

*Yes I saw I saw I have eyes they are made to see so I saw I don't have a choice.*

Finfine has all beige fur. Ffine, she has babies all the time. In the cage there are *one-two-three-four-five-six*: six little babies. I have the right to touch them if I want. I have the right to take them if I want. It's lucky cause that's what I want.

I'm lucky anyhow. If I was in a house without rabbits I wouldn't see any. Rabbits. But here I can see them. I'm lucky, the rabbits I am allowed. And I like them.

"Open your arms wide, I'm going to give you Ffine. Are you ready?... Oh wow! This fat old lady, how heavy she is! Careful, I'm going to give her to you. Gently. There..."

*It's heavy-it's soft-it's heavy-it's soft-it's seavy-it's hoft...*

"You don't want to tell her she's pretty, to Ffine? In her ear, like the other day... She will be happy. I am sure that she'll understand you..."

Ffine also, she is intelligent- the poor thing.

-I'm going to water the tomatoes. You aren't going to let go of her, right? You holding her tight? You know, if you let her fall, she will be hurt... Be careful, okay?

-...

-Good, I'm going to the tomatoes. Tell her that she's pretty, okay?

*You're pretty Ffine you're pretty I love you alot alot alot alot alot... you understand me?*

These rabbits. They have a house with a wire fence. This little door that opens, it has 93 holes in the fence. And a half. The big side that doesn't open there are 375 hotels in the fence. Without a half.

Yeah but if that has changed from last time?

*And one and two and three...*

*And the edges of the holes? You have to count them, the edges of the holes?*

*I don't know.*

When I walk in the grass it gets my feet wet. I like that a little bit, but not too much. It's a little bit good, though.

We go back in the house with tomatoes. These tomatoes are red with a green stem that looks like a star.

Green. I can touch the red. Not the green. I can touch the red, it's allowed.

We go back in the house through the backdoor with the *one-two-three-four-five-six*: six panes. I dry my feet well. One wipe per pane. Each foot except the left.

“Come on, Myduckie, don't stay in the doorway, move, you're making us bring the heat inside.

Outside in the garden, there is the heat of the garden.

Inside the house it's the heat of the house.

They aren't the same. You shouldn't mix them.

It's not allowed.

Tonight we are eating tomato salad and chicken.

Lucile tells me: *But before we must shower and shampoo and right after don't scream, please.*

I won't scream I won't scream I won't scream Aaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!!!!

-But why does she always do this, when you wash her, shit?

Mathieu has to yell at Lucile, cause I'm screeeeeeeeaming!

-I don't know. They said that that makes her scared. Are you scared, Myduckie?

-She's throwing a tantrum, you know! You are too patient with her, she's taking advantage of you.

-She does this too at the Home, you know that. Lalou let us know. Stop, Juliette, you're scratching me! Stop wiggling like that, I'm almost finished!

Fiiiiiiiiiiiiish!

-She's wearing on my nerves, this kid, I swear. I don't know how you can stay so patient.

-Okay, it's done, it's done, there! Look how pretty you are, Myduckie. Look how pretty you are, all clean, all styled... you see?

*Yeah I see I see I have eyes so I see unlucky for me.*

I see Ugly in the window, so thin with pointy bones on her shoulders, small flat pink tits, and an outie belly button.

*Go in!*

- Well what are you up to, with your belly button? It's very nice as is, leave it, you're going to hurt yourself!

*Go in!*

It doesn't go in.

## **Passage 2:**

And at this moment, this granny, she says:

“I will tell you a story.”

It’s a story of a little rabbit that wants to go on a walk in the forest. Then he goes too far. Then he finds himself lost. He no longer has his papa, his mama, his brothers, nor his sisters. He is all alone.

This granny, she tells stories well. She says the words well when the baby rabbit is scared. She says well poooooor little rabbit, how scared he is, all alone, in this biiiig forest. It’s a bad forest, at first it has flowers, little birds, pretty trees. But now it’s all black with branches that scratch and it’s full of beasts hidden in the weeds, we don’t see them but I know they’re there. And this poooor baby rabbit that is all alone without his papa, his mama, his brothers, his sisters. This soft baby rabbit that would like to call his mama but can’t. And would like to scream but it doesn’t come out.

The mama rabbit is sad.

She says, very loudly, on the path, where are you My duckie, where are you?

My my my! At the crossroad she goes left.

*No, don't go that way! The baby didn't go that way. You hear me mama rabbit?*

*She doesn't hear me.*

And papa rabbit searches everywhere too. The papa who asked all the animals have you seen my baby? You know him well, the littlest one, the prettiest one? With soft fur like this, giant eyes like this, long years like this. A real beauty of a baby rabbit, what a shame.

And he asks the dog the cat the rooster the goat. And he asks the pig, the horse, the sheep. No one has seen the baby, no one knows where he is.

*He is there, on the page on the right!*

*They don't even look. They don't. They don't*

In the forest it's full of traps. Full of large eyes on the tree branches, they frown behind the back of the baby rabbit. Beasts with pinchers claws and spikes. Dirty mean beasts that pinch that scratch that jab and will come to eaaaaaaaat him!

And traps to fall into and to stay trapped in.

But suddenly...says the granny.

"Dinner's ready!" yells Lucile from the back.

"Oh, I believe that they're calling us to go eat! I will tell you the rest of the story in a bit", says this granny while closing the book on the forest-baby lost-mama looking-beasts that pinch-and all.

And all.

I don't want the story to stop, I don't want the baby rabbit to be lost all mealtime. All alone trapped in the book in this cabinet.

When she closed it, this book, it has to make it night for the baby rabbit. It has to make him crushed in the pages, with his back and his stomach of the book in hard cardstock, that squeeze him, that press everywhere. The Black of the black book, in the more intense black of the cabinet. And this baby all alone who screams but no one hears him. Who screams. Who screams.

Who screeeeeeeeeeaaams.

And this granny who comes to me, *don't touch me*, who asks what I have, why I cry.

*I'm not the one screaming, it's the baby rabbit in the book in the cabinet open-it open-it open-it. You don't hear how he screeaaams.*

This Lucile who runs downstairs, her hand that stops the *bang bang* of my head but the wall always always comes back. This hand-cushion between the hard wall and then me. This voice that says:

“Calm down, Myduckie. Calm down, theerree... It's okay. Theerree...”

*I won't calm down-theerree. For this baby it's serious theerree. And his mama and his papa. It's serious-serious-serious-theerree. Open-it to him-open-it to him...*

*...pen to me.*

“Why are you crying, Myduckie, why?”

*Why don't you tell her why? You tell her?*

*No, I don't tell her I don't know I can't. I can't. I can't.*

Lucile carries me in her arms I am full of head kicks.

*Let go of me.*

She carries me saying don't scratch me, Juliette stop, stop your feet stop.

This Lucile goes down the stairs. And there. I didn't walk in the hallway with my feet. I didn't walk like an ant. Everything is starting over.

-I'm going to give you your syrup, now, Myduckie. It will get better, you'll see. But in what state she gets herself this kid, it's incredible! Ouch! Stop a bit with your feet!

-Can I do something to help you?

-No-no, granny, that's nice, but I am used to it, after all this time. Don't worry. I will give her her sedative right away. Sit at the table, in the meantime. I'll take care of you.

This syrup is sticky with sugar. Orange stickyness that's not very good.

“Open your mouth!”

*No.*

“Please, open!”

*No.*

“Well you're making me angry!”

*Don't be angry.*

This syrup slips into my mouth comes out the sides dripping.

“Don't spit it out, Juliette, or you'll make me angry!”

“Oh, she had a fit again? You have to have patience, anyyyway! You don't want me to take her?”

This Mrs. Guibert wants to take me. I don't want. I don't want. I'm scared.

I count something easy. Something to un-scare. *One-two-three-four*: four chairs around this table. *One-two-three-four-five-six*: six white cupboard doors in this kitchen.

“She seems to be calming down”, says Lucile.

*One-two-three-four-five*: five stripes on this plastic cup.

“Right, Myduckie? Come on, another spoonful, open wide this time! It's just syrup, you're not going to make a fuss about it.”

This syrup is gross. But it's just syrup I'm not going to make a fuss about it. So I'm not going to make a fuss, not true.

*And how does the story end? Of the rabbit. How does it end?*

After I must go clean this dirty bathroom. I must take this glove this tap water this soap that doesn't sting the eyes. Wash this whole face full of bad luck syrup.

"Off you go! A little poke on the face! It will freshen you up, do you a bit of good. There, you see?"

*I see I see I have eyes so I see I don't have a choice I have to.*

I see Ugly in the mirror curls in wet rings glued on the top of the face. I see the face of Ugly her red eyes her red mouth her white skin.

### **Passage 3:**

When I have to leave I feel *bad*. It's a very heavy badness that comes up in little by little to my belly my head. The very heavy bad that ant-steps up, and takes all the space inside.

Sometimes I am so that I can't move at all to look at my mama my papa getting smaller and smaller in the window of the car.

-It's weird, it's hard to know if she understands, if she feels something when she leaves her parents. You saw? She doesn't even react! She didn't even turn her head towards them, when they said goodbye to her. It's like she doesn't care...

-I don't believe it. No really, I don't believe it. I believe it's the opposite, she is too emotional...

-You okay, Juliette? You said bye to papa and mama, You said goodbye?

*No, I didn't say goodbye I didn't-if I don't do it it's not a goodbye if I don't say goodbye I don't leave-it's just if I say goodbye then I will go but if I say nothing it's like I did nothing it's like if I stayed there then I will not go-so no I didn't say goodbye I didn't.*

*I'm not going to.*

*I won't. I won't.*

-She's a real wall this kid. A real wall.

-Don't say that, Mathieu. You like her too, I know it.

-I'd like it if she reacted a bit, dammit. Can you imagine what her mother is feeling, right now? Can you imagine? What shit! Go on, Juliette, wave goodbye to them. Turn your head at least, I don't know, make an effort. Oh, Juliette!? You hear me?

*I hear you I hear you I have Little-Ears so I hear you I don't turn my head cause my mama is very small far behind small enough to fall into a trap. And I don't want that. I want to stay with mama and papa. I don't want this Home this Lalou this Tania that cries cries this Joris that drools and this Frank that does nothing. I don't want this Mrs. Guibert-anywayys- and you I don't want you either. I don't even want Lucile and this granny very nice and Fifine and all the soft baby rabbits.*

*I want my mommy-my daddy*

It's long this road. It's too long, hitting the whole time the head on the window, *bang, bang, baaaang.*

Counting the red lights that are red (and not counting the green ones cause they don't count).

Pulling this seatbelt *zzzzzzzzzzzz*

Letting go of the seatbelt click pulling *zzzzzzzzzzzz* letting it go *click.*

It's too long. It's always long.

## Soy Tantas Otras También

### Pasaje 1:

La puerta se abre, los pies de la abuelita se paran enfrente de mí. Estos son los pies viejos en pantuflas grises, ni cuadradas ni rayadas.

Las pantuflas no son peligrosas.

“¿Mira, estás allí?”

Es verdad que tengo otro nombre. Me llamo Tú. Había olvidado. Necesito olvidar.

Olvidar es malo.

Voy a repetirlo treinta veces sin respirar, por si acaso. TúTúTúTúTú...

Pues tengo suerte. TúTúTú...

Si no supiera contar, ¿cómo haría para contar? Tengo suerte, pues. TúTúTú...

mierda à cuántos estaba? No se debe decir mierda tampoco. Pero no lo digo como los otros, lo digo en mi cabeza.

TúTúTú...

“¿Qué esperas? ¿Quieres algo?”

Tú.Tú.Tú.

No hablas nunca ¿no?”

Y Tú. Treinta.

*Salvada.*

Esta abuelita me acaricia de paso. “¿No vienes a comerte tu merienda?”

Pienso muy fuerte hacia sus pantuflas, para que le suba a los ojos.

Pienso *sí vengo a comer sí vengo déjame tranquila vengo.*

Las pantuflas de los viejos, lo comprenden todo. Son inteligentes. Pobrecitas.

Como ella dice Lucile, de mí: “Lo peor, es que estoy segura de que ella comprende todo, esta niña. Estoy segura de que es inteligente. Pobrecita.”

Las pantuflas, comprendieron. Llevan a esta abuelita hacia la escalera.

Esta abuelita camina en el corredor en pequeños pasos de hormiga. La veo solo en el rincón de mi ojo, porque si giro la cabeza de más, me pierdo.

Ella golpea la pared de tiempo a tiempo. Un paso, *taz* en la pared. Tres pasos. *Taztaz*. Ella debe tener miedo igual que yo.

¿Ya se lo dije, que también me llamo Yo?

Yo-Juliette-Feita- Miosita-Cariño-Juju-Tú-Pobrecita

Bueno, me columpio diez veces, y después me levanto.

Y uno y dos y tres y cuatro y cinco y seis y...

¿Estas lista?

¿Sí, pero *chch*?

La puerta del cuarto de esta abuelita quedó abierta.

Veó ese gran cojín como un sol. Si el piso no fuera allá, o si no tuviera las rayas, iría buscar el cojín amarillo.

Si no hubiera sido en todas partes, nada me asustaría nunca.

Ni descender las escaleras porque es la hora de la merienda. En la cocina, hay una mesa. En la mesa hay un bol blanco. En el centro del bol blanco hay chocolate, bien arreglado con picos como de la montaña. No *demasiados* picos.

A la derecha del bol, hay dos pedazos de pan tostados planteados. Ellos están planteados como los rieles que no cruzan.

La cuchara está a la izquierda. No pasa nada. En esta cocina-así yo puedo *a la izquierda*. Es permitible.

La cuchara tiene está hacia abajo. La servilleta está al lado de la cuchara.

Enfrente de ese bol, hay ese vaso de jugo de naranja en plástico.

Se llena hasta *uno-dos-tres-cuatro*: la cuarta raya.

En los vasos de plástico, las rayas, y puedo.

“Pues, vienes a sentarte, ¿Miosita? Tu leche se va a enfriar...”

Me lavo primero las manos con el jabón frotando bien todo en todas partes entre mis dedos y otra vez y otra vez- y el dorso de las manos es muy importante el dorso- y a dentro también es muy importante a dentro.

Después me doy vueltas de silla. Tres en una dirección. Dos en el otro. Y después tres. Golpeteo sobre el borde de la mesa. *Tatatata. Tata*. Hasta ahí, bien.

Justo enfrente de mí, está esta abuelita que come la merienda también. Lucile tiene su vaso de jugo de naranjas, porque ella tiembla de las manos y a menudo ella lo derrama. A veces soy yo quien lo derrama. A veces soy yo.

Cuando yo derramo no me gusta porque se corre y moja y ensucia y es frío. Pero yo no tiemblo.

Esta abuelita me da una sonrisa. No la miro en pleno pero yo lo sé.

Nunca miro en pleno. Si lo hago, soy mala. Esta abuelita, sí puedo mirarle la mitad. Una mejilla entera y una oreja también. En esta oreja que veo, tiene un arete con una pequeña perla blanca.

Me gustaría mucho tocarla.

*¿Puede ser una perla blanca permitida?*

*No sé.*

-Pero, qué buena es hoy, nuestra Juliette... dice esta abuelita.

-Sí, es verdad... Mira, ¡ahí está Doña Guibert quien viene! Termina tu merienda, Miosita.

Después iremos con los conejos.

Me gustan mucho los conejos.

Y puedo.

Doña Guibert hace la limpieza en esa sala. Doña Guibert viene dos veces por semana.

Lunes-martes-miércoles-jueves-viernes-sábado-domingo-*lunes*: ella viene el lunes. Y después también lunes-martes-miércoles-jueves-*viernes*. Y el viernes.

No sé cómo está ella. No la miro.

No sé cómo está ella, pero sé cómo ella piensa. No le gusto a ella. Ni yo, ni esta abuelita enfrente de mí.

A veces esta Doña Guibert dice a Lucile:

“Estoy de acuerdo en que hay que ganarse la vida. ¡Pero siiinn embargo! Familia sustituta, no es una existencia, para usted. Siiin embargo...”

Lucile es familia sustituta. Para los abuelitos-abuelitas. Y para mí.

Porque mi casa está lejos. Es largo en el carro para llegar al Hogar.

Demasiado largo, para golpear todo el viaje la cabeza sobre el vidrio, bum, bum, buuum.

A contar las luces rojas que estén rojas (y no cuento las verdes porque esas no cuentan).

Lucile es familia sustituta para mí, porque ella conoce a mi mamá. Y porque en el hogar de los Bleuets no descanso en la noche. No puedo. Soy mala.

Hay los llantos de los niños en el pasillo. Los llantos de los niños locos que me asustan.

Lalou es amable pero no los niños locos. Es normal, son unos locos.

Usted sabe, si nosotros no la habíamos traído a nuestra casa, esta niña, no sé cómo habría sido, francamente. Sus padres habrán debido recuperarla. No hay otro hogar para ella en la región.

- ¿Y más lejos? Ellos podían ponerla en un internado más lejos.

-Ella se consumiría, pobrecita. Necesita que la cuidemos bien. A calmada. Aquí, le va mucho mejor. ¿Verdad, Miosita, que estás mejor?

-Mira, ella derramó su vaso, tu abuelita.

-Ay, abuelita, ¿tuvo un accidente? No importa, está bien, no importa... ¿Tenga, un trapo, absorba más, ve? Espere, voy a volver a servirle a usted. Yo sostengo el vaso para usted, esta vez. Allíí!

- ¿Y porque ellos no la dejan quedarse todo el tiempo en su casa, es niña de ellos?

-Su mamá está muy cansada. Usted sabe, a veces, Juliette, ella es un poquito...dificil. Para mí, está bien, es diferente. Pero para una mamá, es demasiado dificil, ¿entiende?

¡Si yo hubiese tenido una niña como esta, me hubiera muerto!

No debe decir eso, Doña Guibert. No enfrente de ella. En primer lugar, ella es tremendamente lista, sabe. Y además, ella entiende todo, Miosita.

Tal vez sí, tal vez sí. ¡Pero siiiin embargo! La manera en que no habla, nunca nos mira en los ojos. Esas cosas extrañas que ella hace, contar todo el tiempo en sus dedos. Prender-apagar, lavarse las manos sin parar ...A mí, se lo digo, me pone incómoda.

Es porque es tímida, mi Juliette... ¿Verdad, mi niña, que eres tímida?

El primer pan tostado se acabó. Tengo que hacer mi segunda ronda de pan tostado. En una dirección. En la otra. Si no hago las dos rondas, no puedo comer. Hay que siempre acabar con el pan tostado de la izquierda. Siempre.

¿Tal vez antes, debo comprobar algo? Esa Doña Guibert me hizo pensar, lo de la luz. Tal vez, ya no funciona, la luz.

Debo comprobar. *Clic*.

“Ve, ve a sentarte, Miosita. Será demasiado tarde, después, para los conejos...”

*Sí sí voy a sentarme ya qué clac todo está bien.*

Salimos por la puerta de la cocina. Tiene seis vidrios de cristal. Toco la perilla *uno-dos*. No, me equivoqué. Tengo que lavarme las manos, otra vez. Y además todo vuelve a comenzar. Tocar la manilla del pulgar encima. *Y uno y dos, taz* sobre la pared.

¿Bueno, ya puedo abrir ahora, Miosita?

...

Vé, vaya, vamos!

Es muy bonito este patio detrás. Es muy bonito detrás de esta pared del patio detrás, detrás está una pequeña puerta que da hacia este gran jardín detrás donde Lucile pone los conejos.

Esos son muy lindos conejos. Los conejos de detrás. Los conejos si puedo.

No me gusta todo en esa casa-acá. No me gustan los pollitos y los patitos sobre la pared del cuarto.

No me gustan esos grandes azulejos en ese pasillo de abajo. No me gustan los pasitos-de-hormigar en el pasillo de arriba. ¿No me gusta ese piso de la derecha-izqu... si no le digo, tal vez deja de existir?

¿Qué?...

*Tú sabes qué.*

No, ¿qué?

*Esto, el izquierdo.*

No me gusta Doña Guibert.

Me gustan mucho los conejitos.

“¿Mira, Miosita, vienes a dar hierba a Fifine? ¡Mira como ella te reconoce ahora! ¡viste, ella vino a decirte hola! ¿Viste? ¿Viste?”

*Sí, vi, vi, tengo los ojos son para ver entonces vi no tengo la opción.*

Fifine tiene el pelo todo beige. Fifine tiene bebés todo el tiempo. En la jaula hay *uno-dos-tres-cuatro-cinco-seis*: seis pequeños bebés. Puedo tocarlos sí quiero. Puedo recogerlos si quiero. Que suerte tengo porque es lo que quiero. Qué bueno.

Tengo suerte. Si estuviera en una casa sin conejos no los vería. Los conejos. Pero aquí los veo. La buena suerte sobre todo es que los conejos sí puedo. Y eso me gusta.

“Abre tus brazos grandes, voy a darte a Fifine. ¿Estás lista?... ¡Ay, ay, ay! Esta gordita, ¡cuánto pesa! Cuidado, te la doy. Suavemente. Yaaa...”

*Es pesada-es suave-es pesada-es suave-es sesada-es puave...*

“No quieres decirle a Fifine que es bonita? En la oreja, como el otro día... Se pondrá contenta. Estoy segura de que ella te comprende...”

Fifine también, es inteligente- pobrecita.

-Voy a regar los tomates. ¿No la sueltes, ¿eh? ¿Tú la tienes bien? ¿Sabes, si tu la dejas caer, ella se lastimará... ¿Ten cuidado, oyes?

-...

-Bueno, voy a los tomates. Díle que es bonita, ¿oyes?

*Tu eres bonita Fifine tu eres bonita te amo fuerte fuerte fuerte fuerte fuerte... ¿Tú me entiendes?*

Estos conejos, tienen una casa con una alambrada. Esa pequeña puerta que se abre, y tiene noventa-y-tres hoyos en la barda de alambre. Y medio. En el lado grande que no se abre hay tres cientos setenta hoyos en la barda de alambre. Sin el medio.

Sí pero si eso cambió desde el tiempo pasado?

Y uno y dos y tres...

*¿Y las orillas de la barda de alambre? ¿Necesita contarlos, las orillas de la barda de alambre?*

*No sé.*

Quando camino en la hierba me mojo los pies. Me gusta un poco pero no mucho. Es un poco bueno, sin embargo.

Entramos a la casa con los tomates. Esos tomates son rojos con un tallo verde que es como una estrella.

Verde. Puedo tocar el rojo. El verde no. Puedo tocar el rojo, está permitido.

Entramos a la casa por la puerta de atrás con los *uno-dos-tres-cuatro-cinco-seis*: seis vidrios. Me seco bien los pies. Una pasada por vidrio. Cada pie excepto el izquierdo.

“Va, Miosita, no te quedes en la puerta, avanza, nos haces dejar entrar el calor del jardín.”

Afuera en el jardín, hay calor de jardín.

Dentro de la casa es calor de casa.

No son los mismos. No se deben mezclar.

No es permitido.

Esta noche comeremos la ensalada de tomates y pollo.

Lucile me dice: Antes nos tenemos que duchar y lavar el pelo y después, *no grites, por favor.*

No grito no grito no grito. Griiitooooo!

-Pero porque hace esto todo el tiempo, cuando la lavas, ¿mierda?

Mathieu regaña a Lucile, porque griiitooooo!

-No sé. Dicen que eso le da miedo.

¿Tienes miedo, Miosita?

- ¡Lo que tiene es un berrinche! Eres demasiado paciente con ella, se aprovecha de ti.

-Hacía lo mismo en el Hogar, lo sabes bien. Lalou nos había avisado. Para, Juliette, ¡me arañas! ¡Para de patalear así, casi termino!

Terminooooo!

-Me agota la energía, esta chiquilla, te lo juro. No sé cómo tú haces para quedarte tan paciente.

-Ve, ya terminé, ya terminé, ¡yaaa! Mira como eres bonita, Miosita. Mira como tú eres bonita, toda limpia, todo bien peinada... ¿ves?

*Si miro miro tengo los ojos entonces miro mala suerte para mí.*

Veo Feita en el espejo, toda flaca con los huesos puntiagudos de los hombros, pequeñas tetas rosas todas planas, y el ombligo que sale.

*¡Entra!*

-Pero ¿qué haces con tu ombligo? Está muy bien como está, déjalo, ¡que te vas a lastimar!

*¡Entra!*

No entra.

## **Pasaje 2:**

Y en este momento-ahorita, esta abuelita, ella dice:

“Voy a contarte una historia.”

Es una historia de un conejito que quiere ir a pasear por el bosque. Entonces se va demasiado lejos. Entonces se encuentra perdido. Ya no tiene a su papá su mamá sus hermanos sus hermanas. Esta solo.

Esta abuelita ella cuenta las historias bien. Ella dice las palabras bien cuando bebé conejo se asusta. Ella dice bien, poooobre pequeño conejito, como tiene miedo, solo, en ese bosque tan graaaande. Es un villano, ese bosque, al comienzo tiene flores y pájaritos de los hermosos árboles. Pero ahora está todo negro con ramas que arañan y esta lleno de bestias escondidas en la hierba no los vemos pero sé que están allí. Y ese poobre bebé conejito que está solo sin su papá su mamá sus hermanos sus hermanas. Ese bebé conejo suave que quería llamar a su mamá pero no puede. Y quería gritar y no le sale.

La mamá coneja está triste.

Ella dice, bien fuerte, en el camino, ¿dónde estás Mi osito, dónde estás?

¡Uy uy uy! A la intersección ella gira al izquierdo.

*¡No vayas por allá! El bebé no fue por allá. ¿Me escuchas mamá coneja?*

*Ella no me escucha.*

Y el papá conejo quien busca en todas partes también. El papá quien pregunta a todos los animales ¿ustedes no vieron a mi bebé? Ustedes saben bien, el más pequeño, ¿el más bonito? Con una cola suave como está, dos ojos grandes así, las orejas largas como estas. Una verdadera belleza de bebé conejo, qué lástima.

Pregunta al perro al gato al gallo a la cabra. Pregunta al cerdo al caballo y a la borrega. Nadie vio el bebé, nadie sabe dónde está.

*¡Está allá, sobre la página derecha!*

*Ellos ni siquiera miran. Y no. Y no.*

El bosque está lleno de trampas. Lleno de grandes ojos sobre las ramas de los árboles, que fruncen el ceño detrás de la espalda del bebé conejo. Las bestias con pinzas y uñas y picos. ¡Las bestias sucias malvadas que pinchan que arañan que pican y van a venir a comeeeerle!

Y en las trampas se caerá y quedará encarcelado.

Pero de repente... dice la abuelita.

“¡A la mesa!” grita la voz de Lucile de abajo.

“¡Ay, creo que ella nos llama para ir a comer! Te contaré el resto de la historia dentro de un ratito”, dice esa abuelita cerrando el libro sobre el bosque- bebé perdido- mamá que busca- bestias que pican- y todo.

Y todo.

No quiero que la historia pare, no quiero que el bebé conejo siga perdido durante todo el tiempo de la comida. Solito atrapado en el libro en ese armario.

Cuando ella lo cierra, ese libro, debe hacersele noche a ese bebé conejo. Debe estar aplastado en las páginas, con un dorso y un estómago del libro de cartón duro, que le cierran, que le apachurra en todas partes. El negro del libro negro, en el negro más profundo del armario. Y ese bebé solito grita, pero nadie le escucha. Que grita. Que grita.

Que griiitaaaaa.

Y esta abuelita que me aproxima, *no me toque*, que pregunta lo que tengo, porque grito.

*No soy yo la que grita es ese bebé conejito en el libro en el armario abre-le abre-le abre-le. No lo escucha cómo él griiitaaa.*

Esta Lucile que corre en los escalones, su mano que para el *buum buum* de mi cabeza pero la pared siempre siempre vuelve. Esta mano-cojín entre la pared dura y después yo. Esa voz que dice:

“Calmate, Miosita. Calmate, yaaaa... No pasa nada mal. Yaaaaa...”

*No me calmo-yaaa. Para ese bebé pasa mal-yaaa. Y su mamá y su papá. Pasa-mal- mal-mal -yaaa. Abre-le-abre-le...*

*...bre-me.*

“Porqué gritas, Miosita, ¿por qué?”

*¿Por qué no le dices por qué? ¿Se lo dices?*

*No, no le digo no sé no puedo. Y no. Y no.*

Lucile me carga en sus brazos estoy llena de patadas y puño en la cabeza.

*Suéltame.*

Me carga diciéndome no me arañes, Juliette para, para con tus pies, para.

Esa Lucile baja esos escalones. Ahí está. No camino en el corredor con mis pies. No tengo pasitos-hormigas. Todo vuelve a comenzar.

-Voy a darte tu jarabe, eh, Miosita. Te pondrá mejor, tú verás. Pero en qué estado se pone esta niña, ¡no es posible! ¡Ay! ¡Para un poco con tus pies!

- ¿Puedo hacer algo, para ayudarle?

-No-no, abuelita, usted es muy amable, pero estoy acostumbrada, desde hace tiempo. No se preocupe. Voy a darle su calmante inmediatamente. Mientras siéntese en la mesa. Yo te cuido.

Ese jarabe es pegajoso con azúcar. Pegajoso de naranja no muy bueno.

“Abre la boca!”

*No.*

“Por favor, ¡abre!”

*No.*

“Bueno me enojo!”

*No te enojas.*

Este jarabe corre en mi boca sale por los lados goteando.

“¡No te vomitas, Juliette, o me enojo!”

“¿Ay, otra vez con su crisis? ¡cuánta paciencia se necesita, siiiin embargo! ¿Quiere usted que la recoja?”

Esta Doña Guibert quiere recogerme. No quiero. No quiero. Me asusta.

Cuento algo fácil. Algo para de-asustarme. *Uno-dos-tres-cuatro*: cuatro sillas alrededor de esa mesa. *Uno-dos-tres-cuatro-cinco-seis*: seis puertas de los gabinetes blancos de esta cocina. *Uno-dos-tres-cuatro*...

“Parece que se calma”, dice Lucile

*Uno-dos-tres-cuatro-cinco*: cinco rayas en este vaso de plástico.

“¿Eh, Miosita? Vaya, una otra cucharada, ¡abre bien grande esta vez! Nada más es jarabe, no vayas a tener un berrinche.

Ese jarabe es asqueroso. Pero nomás es jarabe no voy a tener un berrinche. Pues no voy a tener un berrinche, verdad.

*¿Y cómo termina la historia? Del conejito. ¿Cómo termina?*

Después tengo que ir a limpiarme esta cara toda sucia en el baño. Tengo que tomar ese guante, esa agua de la llave ese jabón que no arde los ojos. Lavar toda esa boca llena de mala suerte de jarabe.

“Vamos! ¡Una lavadita en la cara! Te va a refrescar, te hara bien. Yaaaa, ves?”

*Sí, veo, veo tengo los ojos son para ver entonces veo no puedo escoger es necesario.*

Veo Feita en el espejo con sus rizos mojados pegados sobre toda lo arriba de la cara.

Veo la cara de Feita sus ojos rojos su boca roja y su piel blanca.

### **Pasaje 3:**

Cuando debo salir me pongo *mal*. Es un mal muy fatigoso que sube en pequeños pasos en mi estómago mi cabeza. Es el mal fatigoso que sube en pasitos-hormigar, y toma todo el espacio dentro.

A veces estoy tan *mal* que no puedo moverme para nada a ver a mi mamá mi papá más y más chiquitos en el vidrio del carro.

-Es sorprendente, sin embargo, nosotros nos preguntamos si ella comprende, si siente algo en dejar a sus padres. ¿Vio? ¡Ella ni siquiera reacciona! Ella ni siquiera volteó la cabeza hacia ellos, cuando ellos le dijeron adiós. Parece que no le importa.

-No creo. No, de verdad, no creo. Creo que es todo lo contrario, se emociona demasiado...

- ¿Todo bien, Juliette? ¿Les dices adiós a papá-mamá, les dices adiós?

*No hago adiós no hago- si no hago no es un adiós si no digo adiós no me voy- sólo si me fuera, haría adiós pero si no diría nada es como si no me vaya pero si no dijera nada es como no me haría nada es como si me quedaría aquí y no me iría- entonces no digo adiós no hago.*

*No me voy.*

*Y no. Y no.*

-Es un verdadero muro esta niña. Un verdadero muro.

-No digas eso, Mathieu. Te cae bien también, lo sé.

-Me gustaría sobre todo que ella reaccionara un poco, carajo. ¿Imagínate cómo debe sentirse su madre en este momento? ¿Te imaginas? ¡Qué mierda! Vamos, Juliette, les hace adiós. Voltea la cabeza al menos, no sé, haz un esfuerzo. ¿¡Oh, Juliette!?! ¿Me oyes?

*Te oigo te oigo tengo las Pequeñas-Orejas entonces te oigo no volteo la cabeza porque mi mamá está muy pequeña y demasiado lejos muy pequeña para caer en una trampa. Y yo no quiero. Quiero quedarme con mamá y papá. No quiero este Hogar esta Lalou esta Tania que llora llora este Joris que babea y este Franck que no hace nada. No quiero esta Señora Guibert-siiiiiiin embargo- y a ti tampoco no te quiero a ti. Ni siquiera quiero a Lucile y a está abuelita muy linda y Fifine y todos sus conejitos suaves.*

*Quiero a mi mamá-mi papá.*

Es largo el camino. Es demasiado largo, para golpear todo el tiempo la cabeza sobre el vidrio, *bum, bum, buuuuum.*

Para contar las luces rojas que son rojas (y no contar las verdes porque no cuentan).

Para jalar este cinturón *zzzzzzd* para soltar este cinturón *clic* jalar *zzzzzzd* soltar *clic*.

Es demasiado largo. Demasiado largo todo el tiempo.

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