

Just by the coatrack was a window, and he could see his reflection. Head on, he looked a young and handsome thirty-six rather than fortyish and gone to seed. Head on, his widow's peak and the longish wavy blond hair that flowed back from it still looked...well...*Byronic*...rather than a bit lonely on the dome of his skull. Yes, at this head-on angle...it was going to be all right! His long thin nose looked patrician from top to bottom rather than too bulbous in the tip. His big cleft chin did not look overly compromised by the jowls that were forming on either side. His navy blazer, which had been made by Blades eight – no *ten!* – years ago was getting a little...shiny...on the lapels...but he could probably raise the nap with one of those wire brushes...He had the beginnings of a belly and was getting too fleshy in the hips and thighs. But this would be no problem now that he was finished with drinking. Never again. He would begin an exercise regimen tonight. Or tomorrow, in any case; he felt too bilious to think about it tonight. It wouldn't be this pathetic American business of jogging, either. It would be something clean, crisp, brisk, strenuous...English. He thought of medicine balls and exercise ladders and leather horses and Indian clubs and pulley weights and parallel bars and stout ropes with leather bindings on the end, and then he realized that these were the apparatus of the gymnasium at Cross Keys, the school he had attended prior to the University of Kent. Dear God...twenty years ago. But he was still only thirty-six, and he was six-foot-two, and he had a perfectly sound physique, fundamentally.

Tom Wolfe, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*.

(282 words)

Proposition de corrigé

Il y avait une fenêtre tout près du portemanteau, et il y voyait son reflet. De face, il ressemblait davantage à un homme jeune et séduisant de 36 ans plutôt qu'à un quadragénaire qui s'était/est laissé aller [négligé]. De face, son front dégarni (/ son haut front) et ses cheveux blonds et ondulés assez longs qui partaient en arrière en flottant semblaient encore...eh bien...Byroniens ...plutôt qu'un peu esseulés sur le sommet de son crâne. Tout à fait, sous cet angle, de face...tout irait à merveille [/ tout irait pour le mieux] ! [Considéré] de haut en bas, son long nez semblait patricien plutôt que trop bulbeux au bout. Son gros menton fendu ne semblait pas trop compromis par les bajoues qui se formaient de chaque côté. Son blazer bleu marine qu'il avait fait faire à Blades huit ans – non, dix ans ! – auparavant devenait un peu...lustré...sur les manches...mais il pourrait sûrement revivifier le tissu à l'aide de l'une de ces brosses en métal...Une bedaine se dessinait tandis que ses hanches et ses cuisses devenaient trop charnues. Mais cela ne serait plus un problème maintenant qu'il avait arrêté de boire [/la bouteille]. Plus une goutte. Il allait se mettre au sport dès ce soir. Ou demain, en tout cas ; il se sentait trop irascible/irritable pour y penser ce soir. Mais point de cette sorte de pathétique jogging à l'américaine, non. Quelque chose de propre, de vif, de vigoureux et d'éreintant... à l'anglaise. Il imagina (des) medicine-balls, (et des) échelles d'exercice, (et des) chevaux d'arçon, (et des) massues, (et des) appareils de musculation, (et des) barres parallèles, (et des) solides cordes avec des extraforts de cuir au bout quand il se rendit compte que / avant de se rendre compte qu'il s'agissait de l'équipement du gymnase de Cross Keys, l'école où il avait été élève avant d'entrer à l'université de Kent. Bon Dieu...vingt ans déjà. Mais il n'avait jamais que 36 ans à peine, faisait un mètre quatre-vingt, et il avait un physique absolument impeccable, fondamentalement.

Version d'entraînement

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