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| Testo di partenza | Testo tradotto dal candidato | Spazio a disposizione del correttore | Penalità |
| *Argus House, Residence of Harold,*  *Duke of Pardloe* |  |  |  |
| Lord John Grey eyed the ribbon-tied packet on his knee as though it were a bomb. In fact, it couldn't have been more explosive had it been filled with black powder and equipped with a fuse. |  |  |  |
| His attitude as he handed it to his brother must have reflected this knowledge, for Hal fixed him with a gimlet eye and raised one brow. He said nothing, though, flicking loose both ribbon and wrapping with an impatient gesture and bending his head at once over the thick sheaf of densely written sheets that emerged. |  |  |  |
| Grey couldn't stand to watch him read through Charles Carruthers's postmortem denunciation, recalling each damning page as Hal read it. He stood up and went to the window of the library that looked out into the back garden of Argus House, ignoring the swish of turning pages and the occasional blasphemous mutterings behind him. |  |  |  |
| Hal's three boys were playing a game of tigers and hunters, leaping out at one another from behind the shrubbery with shrill roars, followed by shrieks of delight and yells of "Bang! Take that, you striped son of a bitch!" |  |  |  |
| The nurse seated on the edge of the fish pool, keeping a tight grip on baby Dottie's gown, looked up at this but merely rolled her eyes with a martyred expression. |  |  |  |
| *Flesh and blood has its limits,* her expression said clearly, and she resumed paddling a hand in the water, luring one of the big goldfish dose so that Dottie could drop bits of bread to it. |  |  |  |
| John longed to be down there with them. It was a rare day for early April, and he felt the pulse of it in his blood, urging him to be outside, running barefoot through young grass. *Running naked down into the water* ... |  |  |  |
| The sun was high, flooding warm through the glass of the French windows, and he closed his eyes and turned his face up to it*.* |  |  |  |
| *Siverly.* The name floated in the darkness behind his eyes, pasted across the blank face of an imagined cartoon major, drawn in uniform, an outsize sword brandished in his hand and bags of money stuffed into the back of his breeches, obscene bulges under the skirt of his coat. |  |  |  |
| One or two had fallen to the ground, bursting open so that you could see the contents-coin in one, the other filled with what looked like poppets, small wooden doll-like things. Each one with a tiny knife through its heart. |  |  |  |
| Hal swore in German behind him. He must have reached the part about the rifles; German oaths were reserved for the most stringent occasions, French being used for minor things like a burnt dinner, and Latin for formal insults committed to paper. |  |  |  |
| Minnie wouldn't let either Hal or John swear in English in the house, not wanting the boys to acquire low habits. John could have told her it was too late for such caution but didn't. |  |  |  |
| He turned round to see Hal on his feet, pale with rage, a sheet of paper crumpled in one hand.  "How dare he? How *dare* he?" |  |  |  |
| A small knot he hadn't known was there dissolved under John's ribs. His brother had built his own regiment, the 46th, out of his own blood and bones; no one was less likely to overlook or condone military malfeasance. |  |  |  |
| Still, Hal’s response reassured him. “You believe Carruthers, then?”  Hal glared at him.  “Don’t you? You knew the man.” |  |  |  |