

1. **bunk house**
baraquement
2. **whitewashed** blanchis
à la chaux

3. **latch** loquet
4. **bunks** lits

5. **burlap ticking**
matelas en toile de jute
6. **nailed** clouée

7. **shelves** étagères

8. **loaded with**
remplies de

9. **scoff** at se moquer

10. **vials, combs** des
fliales, des peignes
11. **neckties** cravates

12. **cast-iron** en fonte
13. **stovepipe** tuyau
de poêle

14. **littered with**
couverte de

15. **a bright dust-laden**
bar un rayon lumineux
chargé de poussière

16. **beam** faisceau de
lumière

17. **flies shot** des mouches
filaient

18. **stoop-shouldered**
aux épaules tombantes

19. **push-broom**
balai-brosse

Extracts

The bunk house¹ was a long, rectangular building. Inside, the walls were whitewashed² and the floor unpainted. In three walls there were small, square windows, and in the fourth, a solid door with a wooden latch³. Against the walls were eight bunks⁴, five of them made up with blankets and the other three showing their burlap ticking⁵. Over each bunk there was nailed⁶ an apple box with the opening forward so that it made two shelves⁷ for the personal belongings of the occupant of the bunk. And these shelves were loaded with⁸ little articles, soap and talcum powder, razors and those Western magazines ranch men love to read and scoff at⁹ and secretly believe. And there were medicines on the shelves, and little vials, combs¹⁰; and from nails on the box sides, a few neckties¹¹. Near one wall there was a black cast-iron¹² stove, its stovepipe¹³ going straight up through the ceiling. In the middle of the room stood a big square table littered with¹⁴ playing cards, and around it were grouped boxes for the players to sit on.

At about ten o'clock in the morning the sun threw a bright dust-laden bar¹⁵ through one of the side windows, and in and out of the beam¹⁶ flies shot¹⁷ like rushing stars.

The wooden latch raised. The door opened and a tall, stoop-shouldered¹⁸ old man came in. He was dressed in blue jeans and he carried a big push-broom¹⁹ in his left hand. Behind him came George, and behind George, Lennie.

1. **was expectin' you**
vous attendait
2. **sore** remoné

3. **sleeve** manche
4. **stick-like wrist**
poignet comme un
bâton

5. **lice, roaches** and
other scourges pour
cafards et autres
vermines

6. **pants rabbits**
morpions

7. **swamper** homme à
tout faire

8. **label** étiquette

9. **blacksmith** forgeron
10. **nice fella** brave gars

11. **got graybacks** avait
des morpions

12. **neighboring** d'à côté

"The boss was expectin' you¹ last night," the old man said. "He was sore² as hell when you wasn't here to go out this morning." He pointed with his right arm, and out of the sleeve³ came a round stick-like wrist⁴, but no hand. "You can have them two beds there," he said, indicating two bunks near the stove.

George stepped over and threw his blankets down on the burlap sack of straw that was a mattress. He looked into his box shelf and then picked a small yellow can from it. "Say. What the hell's this?"

"I don't know," said the old man.

"Says 'positively kills lice, roaches and other scourges'. What the hell kind of bed you giving us, anyways? We don't want no pants rabbits⁶."

The old swamper⁷ shifted his broom and held it between his elbow and his side while he held out his hand for the can. He studied the label⁸ carefully. "Tell you what—" he said finally, "last guy that had this bed was a blacksmith⁹—hell of a nice fella¹⁰ and as clean a guy as you want to meet. Used to wash his hands even after he ate."

"Then how come he got graybacks¹¹?" George was working up a slow anger. Lennie put his bindle on the neighboring¹² bunk and sat down. He watched George with open mouth. **J**

"Tell you what," said the old swamper. "This here blacksmith—name of Whitey—was the kind of guy that would put that stuff around even if there wasn't no bugs—just to make sure, see? Tell you what he used