

- 1** Lisez la source du texte et cochez ce que vous vous attendez à lire puis survolez le texte du regard et dites quels sont les éléments qui sont visuellement facilement identifiables.

I'd been in Cambridge a year when Steven arrived. He'd also come to Girton to read Economics. "Does it rain here often?" This was the first thing Steve said to me. Except he said "rhine," not rain, and I stared at him thinking, *What?* He was standing behind me in the lunch queue, a tall and skinny eighteen-year-old, with a wooden tray in his hand. He repeated his question in response to my blank look, scarlet cheeked now. When I figured out what he'd said, I still thought, *What?* I gave some uninterested reply and turned to the curly-haired boy who was with him – Kevin, he told me his name was – hoping for a more inspiring chat. Steve later told me he thought, *you arrogant cow.*

The two of them quickly became the comics in our group. They regaled us with wildly exaggerated impersonations of characters from their local neighbourhoods, savouring the knowing that in Cambridge they would not be maimed for this, as they would be back home.

Steve and Kevin relied on each other to navigate Cambridge, an untried terrain for these two working-class boys, Steve from East London and Kevin from Basildon in Essex. So that at the sherry reception to meet the Mistress of the college, Steve nudged Kevin as he told her, "Me and my friend we want to..." but too late, she corrected him and said "You mean, my friend and I."

In those days, Steve wore a green bomber jacket, Doc Martens boots, and a West Ham football scarf. This look of urban toughness was at once defeated because his grandmother had knitted STEPHEN across his scarf, as you would for a five-year-old.

So they'd act the thief who stole the neighbour's TV and displayed it in his own living room – even though the neighbour was a friend who often popped over for a chat (and probably to watch *Crimewatch UK*, who knows). Or “hard men” who strutted the street saying, “You looking a’ me or chewing a brick?” and were affronted if you looked them in the eye. And those with ambitions to make it big in the world of crime – wannabe bank robbers and bare-knuckle fighters who lived by the code of not “grassing up” friend or foe to the law.

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Wave. A Memoir of Life after the Tsunami, 2013.