

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER

Someone  
I Loved

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Anna Gavalda

Author of *I Wish Someone Were Waiting for Me Somewhere*

Also by Anna Gavalda

I WISH SOMEONE WERE WAITING FOR ME SOMEWHERE

ENSEMBLE, C'EST TOUT

A n n a G a v a l d a

# Someone I Loved

*Translated from the French by*

Catherine Evans

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Someone I Loved

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*For Constance*

Someone I Loved

“What did you say?”

“I said I’m going to take them. It will do them good to get away for a while.”

“But when?” my mother-in-law asked.

“Now.”

“Now? You’re not thinking . . .”

“Yes, I am.”

“What are you talking about? It’s nearly eleven! Pierre, you—”

“Suzanne, I’m talking to Chloé. Chloé, listen to me. I’ve got a notion to take you away from here. What do you say?”

I say nothing.

“Do you think it’s a bad idea?”

“I don’t know.”

“Go get your things. We’ll leave when you get back.”

“I don’t want to go to my place.”

“Then don’t. We’ll sort everything out when we get there.”

“But you don’t—”

“Chloé, Chloé, please. Trust me.”

My mother-in-law continued to protest:

“But—! You’re not really going to wake up the children! The house isn’t even heated, and there’s nothing to eat! Nothing for the girls! They—”

He stood up.

• • •

Marion is sleeping in her car seat, her thumb next to her lips. Lucie is beside her, rolled in a ball.

I look at my father-in-law. He sits upright. His hands grip the steering wheel. He hasn’t said a word since we left. I see his profile when we enter the headlights of oncoming cars. I think that he is as unhappy as I am. That he’s tired. Disappointed.

He feels my gaze:

“Why don’t you get some sleep? You should get some



rest, you know—lean your seat back and drift off. We’ve got a long way to go . . .”

“I can’t,” I tell him. “I’m watching over you.”

He smiles at me. It’s barely a smile.

“No . . . it’s the other way around.”

We return to our private thoughts.

I cry behind my hands.

We're parked at a service station. I take advantage of his absence to check my cell phone.

No messages.

Of course.

What a fool I am.

What a fool . . .

I turn the radio on, then off.

He returns.

“Do you want to go in? Do you want something?”

I give in.

I press the wrong button; my cup fills with a nauseating liquid that I throw away at once.