



PAPER PLANES

Expert



JANICE HALLY

HER OTHER LIFE



Version audio
GRATUITE

didier

Her
Other
Life
Janice
Hally

Cet ouvrage est précédemment paru sous le titre *Distant Echo*

didier

Direction artistique : Jamie Keenan
Graphisme de couverture : SKGD-Création
Mise en page : MCP
Édition : Claudine Varin
Suivi édition 2023 : Tamara El Jisr
Responsable éditoriale : Catherine Laurent

Enregistrements, montage et mixage : Studio Corby Texte lu par Peter Hudson

« Le photocopillage, c'est l'usage abusif et collectif de la photocopie sans autorisation des auteurs et des éditeurs.

Largement répandu dans les établissements d'enseignement, le photocopillage menace l'avenir du livre, car il met en danger son équilibre économique. Il prive les auteurs d'une juste rémunération.

En dehors de l'usage privé du copiste, toute reproduction totale ou partielle de cet ouvrage est interdite. »

« La loi du 11 mars 1957 n'autorisant, au terme des alinéas 2 et 3 de l'article 41, d'une part, que les copies ou reproductions strictement réservées à l'usage privé du copiste et non destinées à une utilisation collective » et, d'autre part, que les analyses et les courtes citations dans un but d'exemple et d'illustration, « toute représentation ou reproduction intégrale, ou partielle, faite sans le consentement de l'auteur ou de ses ayants droit ou ayants cause, est illicite. » (alinéa 1er de l'article 40) – « Cette représentation ou reproduction, par quelque procédé que ce soit, constituerait donc une contrefaçon sanctionnée par les articles 425 et suivants du Code pénal. »

© Les Éditions Didier, une marque des Éditions Hatier, Paris, 2010

ISBN 978-2-278-10547-2 – ISSN 2271-7269

Dépôt légal : 10547/01

achevé d'imprimer en Italie en mars 2023

par Grafica Veneta (Trebaseleghe)





Une collection imaginée avec humour,
enthousiasme et provocation par Rupert Morgan

Tous les titres que vous pourrez lire en anglais ! ^{enfin}



Intermédiaire

A2→B1

- Macbeth and the Creature from Hell, *Roger Morris*
- Romeo and Juliet in Las Vegas, *Rupert Morgan*
- Login: Dracula, *Peter Flynn*
- Bubonic Britain, *Philippa Boston*
- Deadly Jobs, *Philippa Boston*
- Blitz Britain, *Philippa Boston*
- Killer Sports, *Philippa Boston*



Avancé

B1→B2

- Frankenstein 2.0, *Roger Morris*
- Live Fast, Die Young, *Rupert Morgan*
- Rock Rebels, *Rupert Morgan*
- The River Killers, *Michael Gregorio*
- After The Sea Rose, *M. F. W. Curran*



Expert

B2→C1

- The Blackout, *Rupert Morgan*
- Her Other Life, *Janice Hally*
- The Princes of Prohibition, *Rupert Morgan*
- The Guilty Innocent, *Philippa Boston*
- The Trader, *Rupert Morgan*

→ Retrouvez l'ensemble des titres de la collection sur www.paperplanes.fr



Chapter 1

I

COGITO ERGO SUM. *Je pense, donc je suis. I think, therefore I am.*

Lost in my thoughts, I looked out of the train window and saw the curve of the viaduct ahead and a spectacular gorge below. I suddenly realised that the train was speeding through the heart of the South West toward Toulouse, and I would soon be face-to-face with the enigma of Marilyn Jensen.

I think, therefore I am.

Establishing that we exist is a start, but Descartes didn't continue the discourse with the question: "I am... but *who* am I?"

When I was a student, this was always the source of much debate. Psychology, psychiatry, medicine, philosophy, religion: all proffered theories, but none could completely explain the essence

of a person's individuality, their personality, their *spirit*.

What made me so different from Philippe Rohart, for example? We had taken the same classes, passed the same examinations, gained the same qualifications. So what had motivated him to create his empire within the medical system, but compelled¹ me to escape it? And why, since he had little but contempt² for my choices, had he telephoned me first thing this morning, anxious for my help?

The little buffet cart rattled to a stop beside me and I bought a coffee. As the water dripped through the filter into the plastic cup, I thought back to eight o'clock that morning in my apartment in Paris. Philippe had used his secretary to place the call. He did it to ensure that I realised how important he was these days. She had informed me that "Dr Philippe Rohart, the *Chef de Clinique* of Hôpital Casselardit in Toulouse" was on the line, and paused as if giving me time to stand to attention before announcing that she would connect me to him.

I almost expected a musical fanfare, but after a brief pause Philippe came on the line, breathless, hesitant "Hello? Alexandre? Hello?"

1. compel: *obliger*

2. he had little but contempt: *il n'avait que du mépris*

I detected a small tremor as he observed the pleasantries of asking how I was, and what I was doing these days. He was doing his best to be sociable, but it was clear that he had a favour to ask and was nervous about introducing the subject. I enjoyed prolonging his agony by telling him about my latest book. Even across the phone line I could hear that he was congratulating me on my success through clenched teeth.

Finally, I allowed him to divulge his business. He launched into the story of Marilyn Jensen, an American tourist who had fallen from a mountain path at Saint-Cirq Lapopie.

“She was in a coma after the fall,” he told me, “Now she has regained consciousness, but is exhibiting retrograde amnesia.”

“So she can’t recollect the accident. That’s not unusual.”

“More than that, Alexandre. It’s global. It’s not just the accident that’s a blank. She can’t remember anything about herself. Doesn’t recognise her fiancé. He was at her side while she was comatose, but since she regained consciousness, we’re not permitting him to enter her room because it’s too perturbing for her. She has no idea who he is. I’d like you to come and have a look at her.”

I've encountered amnesia often in patients. It can take many forms. It can be caused by trauma, physical or mental. It can be caused by tumours, seizures*, or degenerative disease.

Sometimes the memories are still there, hidden in some cranial cache, and they can be accessed again as if recovering data from a faulty computer's hard drive. Sometimes the memories, and the person that they formed, are lost forever.

I had studied in the USA, and I assumed Philippe was calling me in because he wanted someone proficient in English to help with the case of this young American woman. But then he explained how it was more complicated than I realised.

"There was a slight cut on the left side of her head. No fractures showed in X-rays. We're doing a CT scan to see if there is any injury to the left hemisphere of her brain. At the moment, she seems to have a form of aphasia. She cannot comprehend or speak her native English."

I didn't understand: if she had lost the ability to talk, how was she communicating with them about her amnesia?

"It's the strangest thing, Alexandre," Philippe continued, "she understands and can speak perfectly... *in French*."

* seizure: *crise d'épilepsie*