

١ — A TALE OF TWO CITIES

A wonderful corner for echoes, it has been remarked, that corner where the Doctor lived. Ever busily winding the golden thread which bound her husband, and her father, and herself, and her old directness and companion, in a life of quiet bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

At first, there were times, though she was a perfectly happy young wife, when her work would slowly fall from her hands, and her eyes would be dimmed. For, there was something coming in the echoes, something light, afar off, and scarcely audible yet, that stirred her heart too much. Fluttering hopes and doubts — hope, of a love as yet unknown to her: doubts, of her remaining upon earth, to enjoy that new delight — divided her breast. Among the echoes then, there would arise the sound of footsteps at her own early grave; and thoughts of the husband who would be left so desolate, and who would mourn for her so much, swelled to her eyes, and broke like waves.

Charles Dickens

الإلفاظ والمباريات :

Echoes	أصداء
Listening to the echoing footsteps of years	تنصت لأصداء خطى السنين
Scarcely audible	يكاد لا يسمع
That stirred her heart too much	كان ذلك يهز قلبها هزا
To flutter	رفرف
Hopes and doubts divided her breast	كانت الآمال والشكوك تقسم صدرها
Grave	قبر
Desolate	مهجور ، وحيد
To mourn for her	يتفجع عليها