

The town lay on a broad estuary, its old yellow plastered buildings hugging the beach. And on the beach the white and blue canoes that came from Nayarit were drawn up, canoes preserved for generations by a hard shell-like waterproof plaster whose making was a secret of the fishing people. They were high and graceful canoes with curving bow and stern and a braced section midships where a mast could be stepped to carry a small lateen sail.

The beach was yellow sand, but at the water's edge a rubble of shell and algae took its place. Fiddler crabs bubbled and sputtered in their holes in the sand, and in the shallows little lobsters popped in and out of their tiny homes in the rubble and sand. The sea bottom was rich with crawling and swimming and growing things. The brown algae waved in the gentle currents and the green eel grass swayed and little sea horses clung to its stems. Spotted botete, the poison fish, lay on the bottom in the eel-grass beds, and the bright-coloured swimming crabs scampered over them.

John Steinbeck

الإلفاظ والمبارات :

Estuary	مصب النهر
Its building hugging the beach	كانت مبانيها محاذية لشاطئ البحر
Whose making was secret of the fishing people	كانت صناعتها سرا لا يعرفه الا معشر الصيادين
A small lateen sail	شراع صغير مثلث الشكل
Shell and algae	المحار والطحلب
Lobster	الكركد
And the bright-coloured swimming crabs scampered over them	وكانت السراطين العائمة ذات الالوان الزاهية تفر من حولها