

24 — IN A MEXICAN VILLAGE

The electric light in Sayula was as inconstant as everything else. It would come on at half-past six in the evening and it might burn till ten at night, when the village went dark with a click. But usually it did no such thing. Often it refused to sputter into being till seven, or half-past, or even eight o'clock. But its worst trick was that of popping out just in the middle of supper, or just when you were writing a letter. All of a sudden, the black Mexican night came down on you with a thud. And then everybody running blindly for matches and candles, with a calling of frightened voices. Why were they always frightened? Then the electric light, like a wounded thing, would try to revive, and a red glow would burn in the bulbs, sinister. All held their breath — was it coming or not?

D. H. Lawrence

الألفاظ والعبارات :

Inconstant	متقلب ، لا استقرار له
To sputter	يفرقع
But its worst trick	ولكن أشد أدواره مكرًا
Popping out	أن ينقطع فجأة
All of a sudden	فجأة ، بئنة
Thud	صوت مكتوم لضربة
Frightened voices	أصوات مذعورة
Sinister	رهيب
All held their breath	حبس الجميع أنفاسهم