

Morning drew on apace. The air became more sharp and piercing, as its first dull hue—the death of night, rather than the birth of day — glimmered faintly in the sky. The objects which had looked dim and terrible in the darkness, grew more and more defined, and gradually resolved into their familiar shapes. The rain came down, thick and fast, and pattered noisily among the leafless bushes. But Oliver felt it not, as it beat against him; for he still lay stretched, helpless and unconscious, on his bed of clay.

At length, a low cry of pain broke the stillness that prevailed; and uttering it, the boy awoke. His left arm, rudely bandaged in a shawl, hung heavy and useless at his side: the bandage was saturated with blood. He was so weak, that he could scarcely raise himself into a sitting posture; when he had done so, he looked feebly round for help, and groaned with pain. Trembling in every joint, from cold and exhaustion, he made an effort to stand upright; but, shuddering from head to foot, fell prostrate on the ground.

Charles Dickens

الألفاظ والمبارات :

The objects which had looked terrible in the darkness	الاشياء التي كانت تبدو رهيبية في الظلام
Resolved into their familiar shapes	تحولت الى أشكالها المألوفة
Stretched, helpless and unconscious	متمدد ، بائس ، فاقد الوعي
The stillness that prevailed	السكون السائد
The bandage was saturated with blood	وكانت العصابة مشبعة بالدماء
He was so weak that he could scarcely raise himself into a sitting posture	ولشدته ضعفه لم يستطع الجلوس معتدلا الا بصعوبة