

It was not very long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the captain, though not, as you will see, of his affairs. It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to see the spring. He sank daily, and my mother and I had all the inn upon our hands; and were kept busy enough, without paying much regard to our unpleasant guest.

It was one January morning, very early — a pinching, frosty morning—the cove all grey with hoar-frost, the ripple lapping softly on the stones, the sun still low and only touching the hilltops and shining far to seaward. The captain had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the beach, his cutlass swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass telescope under his arm, his hat tilted back upon his head. I remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound I heard of him, as he turned the big rock, was a loud snort of indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Dr Livesey.

R. L. Stevenson

الألفاظ والمبارات :

The mysterious events that rid us	الحوادث الغامضة التي خلصتنا
of the captain	من الكابتن
A bitter cold winter	شتاء قارس
Frost	صقيع
Gales	زوابع
Our unpleasant guest	ضيفنا البغيض
To rise earlier than usual	استيقظ أبكر من المعتاد
Cutlass	سيف قصير مقوس
Brass telescope	تلسكوب من النحاس الأصفر
Snort of indignation	شجرة مسخط