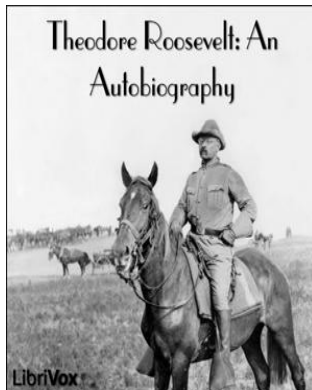


Text:



My father, Theodore Roosevelt, was the best man I ever knew. He combined strength and courage with gentleness, tenderness, and great unselfishness. He would not tolerate in us children selfishness or cruelty, idleness, cowardice, or untruthfulness. As we grew older he made us understand that the same standard of clean living was demanded for the boys as for the girls; that what was wrong in a woman could not be right in a man. With great love and patience, and the most understanding sympathy and consideration, he combined insistence on discipline. He never physically punished me but once, but he was the only man of whom I was ever really afraid. I do not mean that it was a wrong fear, for he was entirely just, and we children adored him. We used to wait in the library in the evening until we could hear his key rattling in the latch of the front hall, and then rush out to greet him; and we would troop into his room while he was dressing, to stay there as long as we were permitted, eagerly examining anything which came out of his pockets which could be regarded as an attractive novelty. Every child has fixed in his memory various details which strike it as of grave importance. The trinkets he used to keep in a little box on his dressing-table we children always used to speak of as "treasures." The word, and some of the trinkets themselves, passed on to the next generation. My own children, when small, used to troop into my room while I was dressing, and the gradually accumulating trinkets in the "ditty-box"—the gift of an enlisted man in the navy—always excited rapturous joy. [...]

The punishing incident I have referred to happened when I was four years old. I bit my elder sister's arm. I do not remember biting her arm, but I do remember running down to the yard, perfectly conscious that I had committed a crime. From the yard I went into the kitchen, got some dough from the cook, and crawled under the kitchen table. In a minute or two my father entered from the yard and asked where I was. The warm-hearted Irish cook had a characteristic contempt for "informers," but although she said nothing she compromised between informing and her conscience by casting a look under the table. My father immediately dropped on all fours and darted for me. I feebly heaved the dough at him, and, having the advantage of him because I could stand up under the table, got a fair start for the stairs, but was caught halfway up them. The punishment that ensued fitted the crime, and I hope—and believe—that it did me good.

_ From: Theodore Roosevelt, An Autobiography

<https://www.bartleby.com/55/1.html>

النص:

كوخ افريقي

يتم بناء الكوخ الإفريقي من قبل الأفارقة بالطين والخشب والفروع وله تاريخ يعود إلى آلاف السنين. وهو أحد الأشكال التقليدية الأكثر شعبية في إفريقيا بين الزولو والبانطو وهو عبارة عن منزل به غرفة طينية مع قاعدة دائرية، سقف مخروطي الشكل مغطى بالعشب والفروع والقش حيث لا توجد نوافذ، الباب مفتوح من الجانب ، لا يزيد ارتفاعه عن 75 سم ، ويقدر عرضه بحوالي 60 سم. و تكون هذه الأكواخ قريبة من بعضها البعض ، في دائرة غير منتظمة ، ومحاطة بأسوار لمنع الماشية من الخروج منها ، ويتكون مما جمعه من الأغصان اللينة والرطبة . ومن ثم دور النساء في إتمام عملية البناء، فيضعن السقف بعد صنعه بالعشب والقش و نشره بالتساوي مع دقة معينة وتسطيحها ، فلديهن مهارة في سد الفجوات والشقوق لمنع مياه الأمطار من التسلل إلى المقصورة ومقاومة التقلبات المناخية.

وقد تم بناء الأكواخ بطرق وأشكال مختلفة ، لذا فإن ما يوجد على ساحل غرب إفريقيا يختلف عما يوجد في وسط وجنوب إفريقيا. حيث تم استخدام مجموعة من المواد المتاحة في البيئة ، مثل القش ، والخشب ، والطين ، والطوب الطيني ، والتربة المضغوطة والحجارة في بلدان شمال إفريقيا ، والملاط والحجر الجاف المنتشر في منطقة القرن. كما تم استخدام المواد غير القابلة للتلف (مثل القش والخشب) ، وكذلك القش والخشب بخلاف الحجر ، في جنوب وجنوب شرق إفريقيا.

