

There were many men in the inn. They were drinking and talking loudly.

“Do you have a room for the night?” I asked the innkeeper.

“No, we are full. All the men here are whalers on the ships,” he said, but then he smiled at the men in the room. “If you want, I can put you in a room with Queequeg.”

“Who is Queequeg? Where is he?” I asked.

“He is a whaler. He isn’t here now, but he will return soon,” said the man, and then all the men in the room laughed loudly.

“Why are they laughing?” I asked myself. I was very tired, so I went to my room and fell asleep.

Suddenly there was a noise. A man came in and lit a fire in the fireplace. He was a very big man and he was very, very ugly. He had black lines on his face and his body. He only wore a strange skirt. Then he jumped on my bed.

“Help!” I shouted. “Help!”

The barman came in and shouted, “Stop, Queequeg! This man wants a bed for the night. He is sleeping here.” Then the barman looked at me and said, “Don’t be afraid. This is Queequeg. Queequeg is the best whaler on the ocean. He won’t hurt you.” Then the barman laughed and left the room.

Queequeg and I began to talk. Queequeg spoke English very slowly and clearly. I told Queequeg about myself and he told me about himself. Queequeg was from Kokovoko, a place in the Pacific Ocean. He had a good life there but he wanted to see the world. So he left his home and sailed away in a small boat.



loudly	בקול רם
innkeeper	בעל הפונדק
fireplace	קמין
body	גוף
barman	ברמן
clearly	בבהירות, בצורה בהירה
sailed away	הפליג