

CHARLES DICKENS

A  
TALE  
of TWO  
CITIES



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CHARLES DICKENS

*A Tale of Two Cities*



INTRODUCED BY  
**RODDY DOYLE**

Abridged by LINDA JENNINGS



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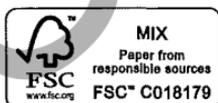
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Sample

## *The Period*

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five.

France rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honour to a dirty procession of

monks. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution.

In England, daring burglaries by armed men, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St Giles's, to search for contraband goods, and the mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers fired on the mob; and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way.

These things, and a thousand like them, came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Environed by them, while the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded, those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and the fair faces, trod with stir enough, and carried their divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one

thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatnesses, and myriads of small creatures – the creatures of this chronicle among the rest – along the roads that lay before them.

Sample

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*The Mail*

It was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked up-hill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy, that the horses had three times already come to a stop.

Two other passengers, besides the one, were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like; and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind, as from the eyes of the body, of his two companions. In those days, travellers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers.

The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers

suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses.

‘Wo-ho!’ said the coachman. ‘So, then! One more pull and you’re at the top and be damned to you, for I have had trouble enough to get you to it!’

The emphatic horse made a decided scramble for it, and the three other horses followed suit.

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach-door to let the passengers in.

‘Tst! Joe!’ cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box. ‘What do you say, Tom?’ They both listened. ‘I say a horse at a canter coming up.’

‘I say a horse at a gallop, Tom,’ returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. ‘Gentlemen! In the king’s name, all of you!’

With this hurried adjuration, he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history, was on the coach-step, getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach and half out of it; they remained in the road below him.

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

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PLUS

An introduction by Roddy Doyle, and a behind-the-scenes journey, including an author profile, a guide to who's who, activities and more . . .

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