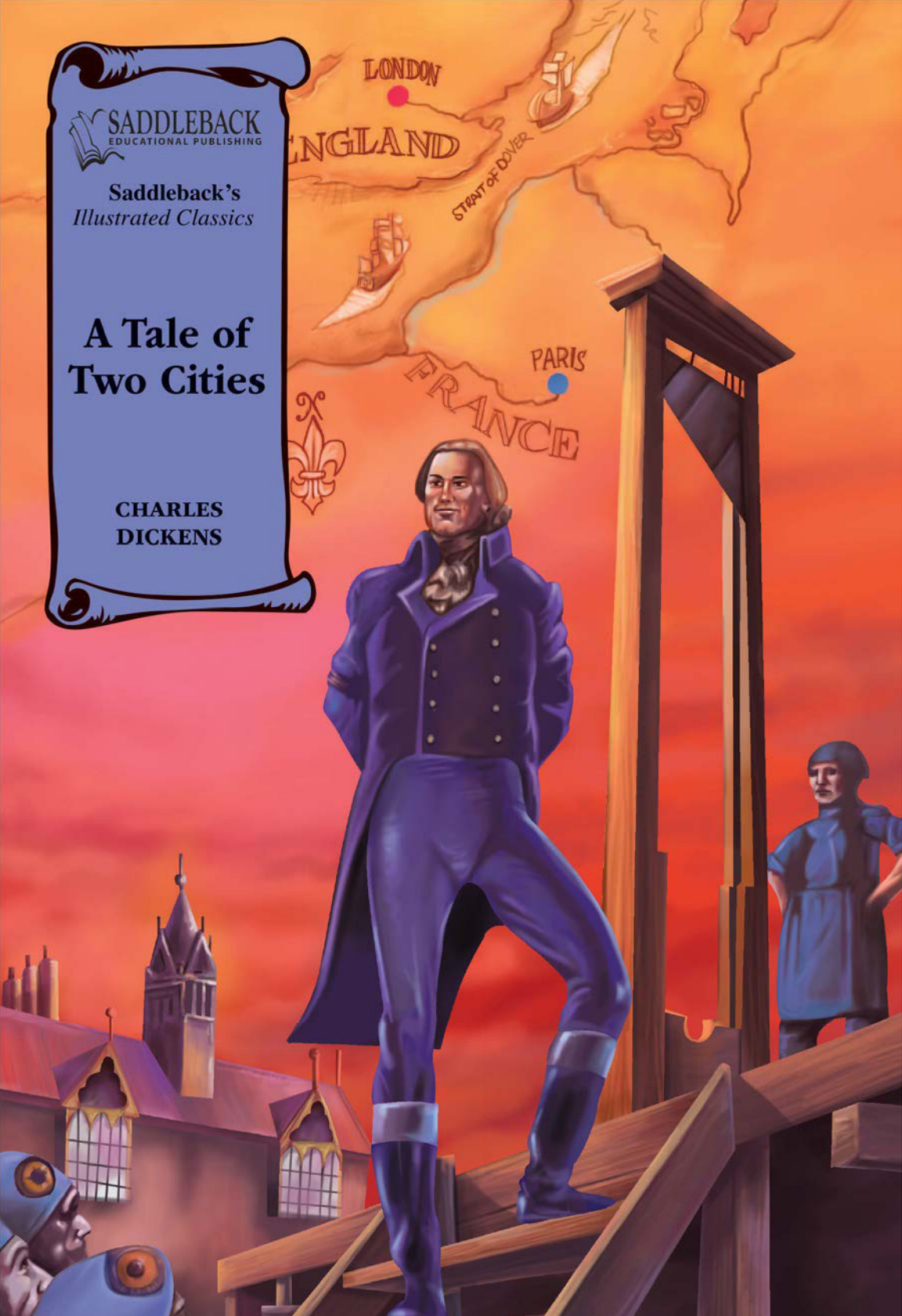


 **SADDLEBACK**
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING

Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics

A Tale of Two Cities

**CHARLES
DICKENS**



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*



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Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens, perhaps the most popular and greatest English novelist of all time, was born in 1812, the son of a clerk in the Navy-Pay office. Although from a poor background and forced to go to work at the age of 10, he was still both ambitious and industrious. His education came on his own through books—those in school as well as his own.

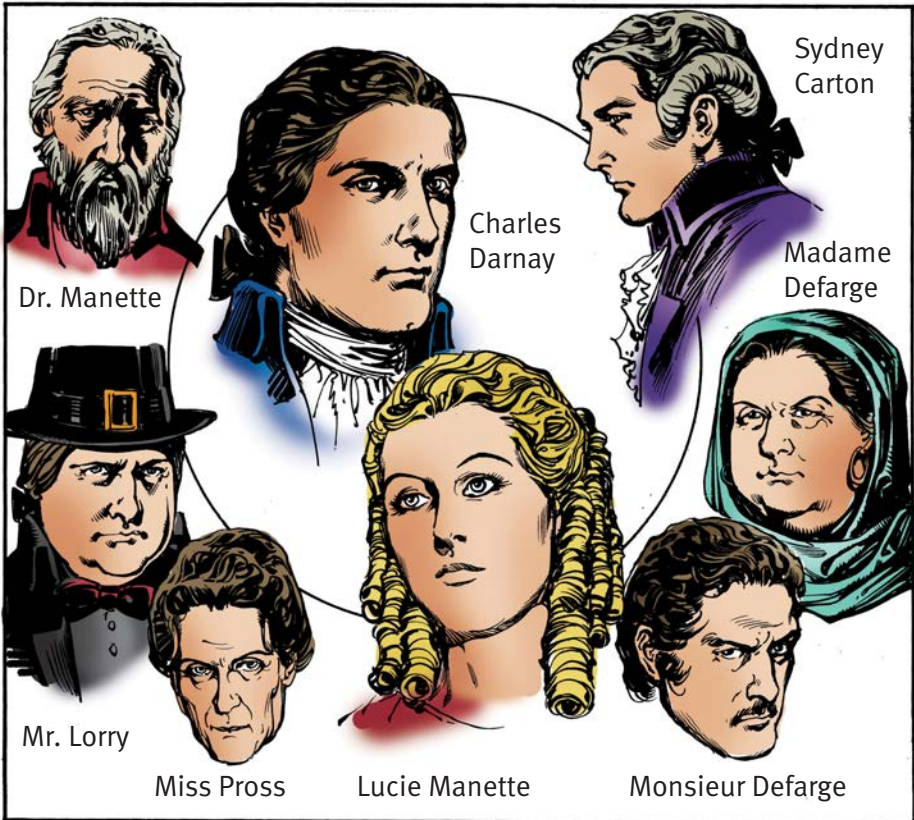
Dickens wrote of people as he saw them, and because of his concern for social conditions in England, created some of the most memorable, timeless characters in literature. At 31 years old, in order to pay some pressing debts, he wrote *A Christmas Carol*, a wonderful, intriguing, joyful mystery about the spirit of Christmas, and without question one of the most widely read classics of all time. The particular characters Dickens created for this story—Scrooge, Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim, and the Ghosts of Christmas—will always remain indelibly etched in literature.

The turning point in his life came at the time of his marriage. Both his wedding day and his first publication occurred in the same year. Some of his other timeless stories such as *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Great Expectations* were immensely popular in Victorian England; however, it is said that *A Christmas Carol* is his finest accomplishment.

Dickens, surely one of the greatest storytellers and creators of memorable characters, died in 1870.

Charles Dickens

A Tale of Two Cities



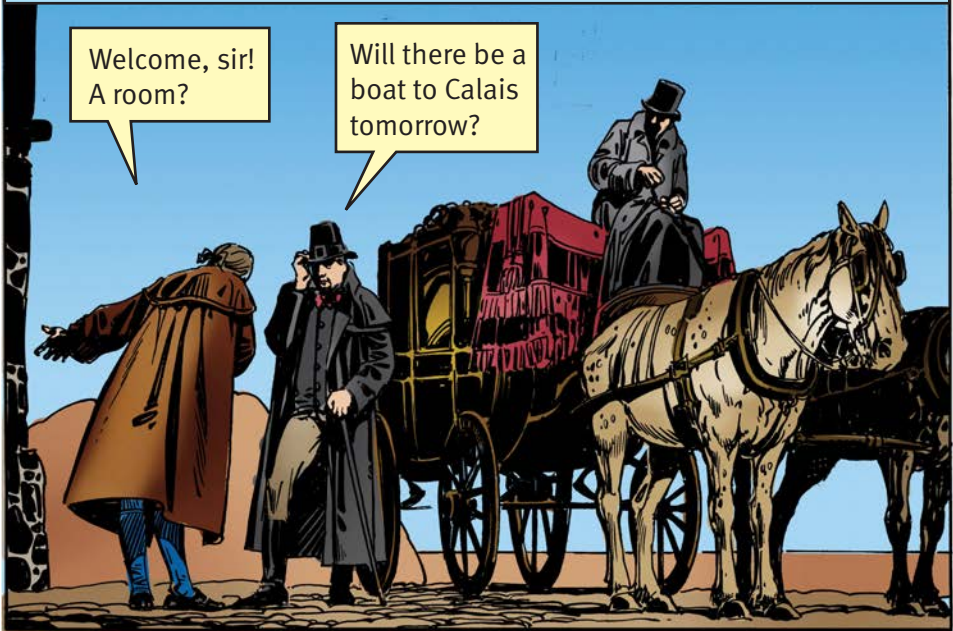
Until the year 1775, the kings of both France and England ruled with great power. But they did not rule kindly or fairly, and people all over were dying from hunger. At last the peasants of France, some 300,000 in number, joined together to overthrow the King. They captured him, tried him, found him guilty, and had him beheaded.

“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 season of Light,
it was the season of Darkness,
it was the spring of hope,
it was the season of despair.”



It is at this time that our story takes place . . . set in the cities of Paris and London . . . the people are some of the innocent and some of the guilty who were alive at that time.

One winter day in 1775, the mail coach from London finished its journey to Dover.



Welcome, sir!
A room?

Will there be a
boat to Calais
tomorrow?

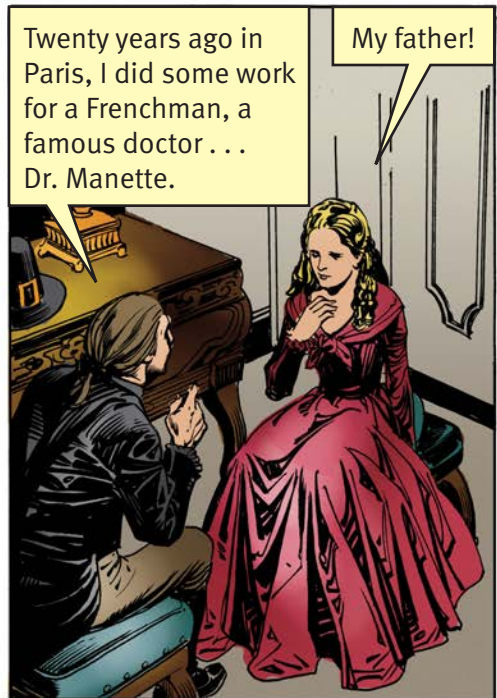


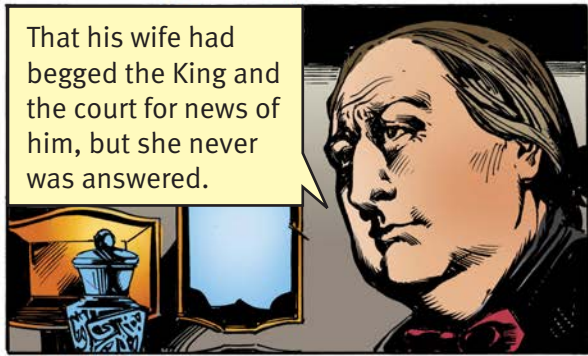
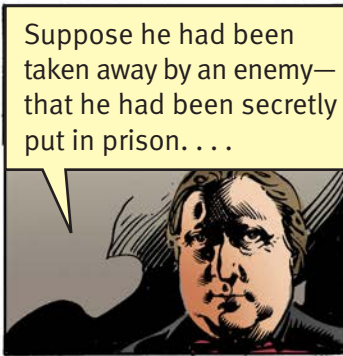
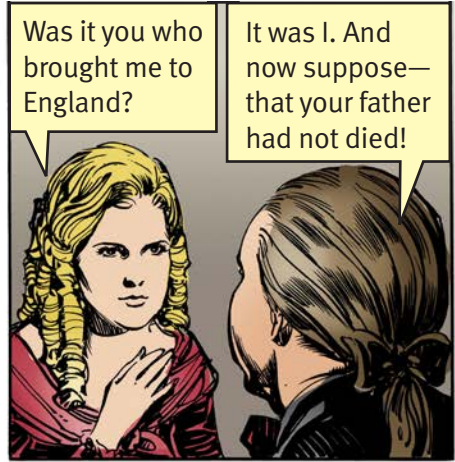
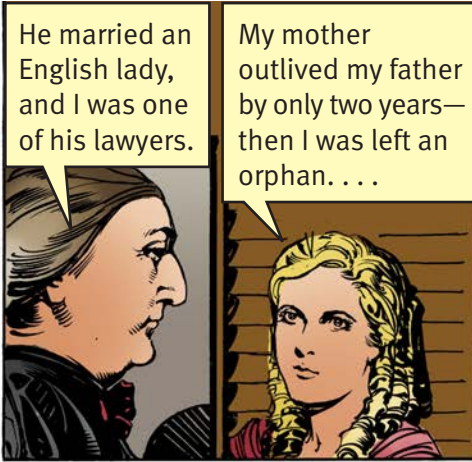
Yes, sir, if the
weather holds.

Then I wish a
room for myself—
and one for a
young lady who
will arrive shortly.



She may ask for me by
name—Lorry—or she
may ask for the man
from Tellson's Bank.





It will be his ghost!

No! Greatly changed, worn out, but alive, and taken to the house of an old servant in Paris.



We will go to him there—I to prove who he is, and you to bring him back to life!



In the St. Antoine area of Paris, on a narrow, dirty street, was the wine shop of M. and Mme. Defarge. Mr. Lorry took Lucie there upon their arrival in Paris.

M. Defarge?

Sit down. My husband will be here soon.



M. Defarge entered the shop smiling, open-faced.

Good day. May I help you?

We came to see Dr. Manette.



He led them into an apartment, up a steep, dark, dirty staircase with garbage on every landing.

Best to start slowly. It is five flights up.



When he learned who Mr. Lorry was, he was changed instantly into an angry man.

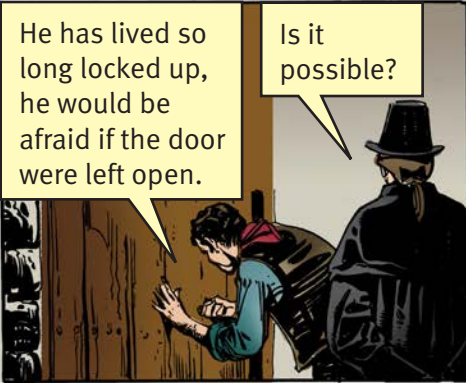
This way, please.



He stopped at the door of an attic room and took out a key.

He has lived so long locked up, he would be afraid if the door were left open.

Is it possible?

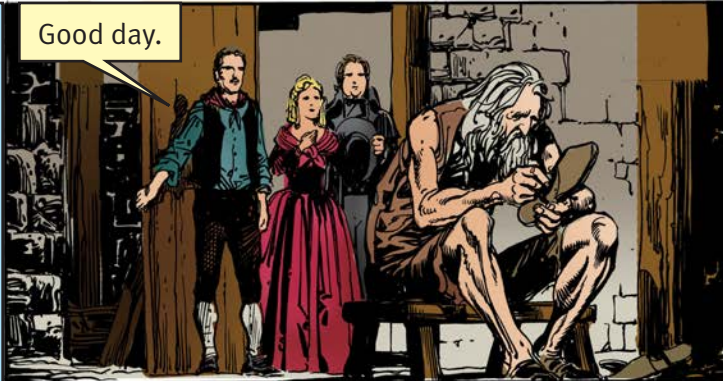


Possible? Yes. And many other such things are possible, and done—done! Every day!



One would have said the attic room was too dark for work; yet a man sat on a low bench, very busy making shoes.

Good day.



You have a visitor.

Dr. Manette, do you remember me?



For a second it looked as if he might remember.



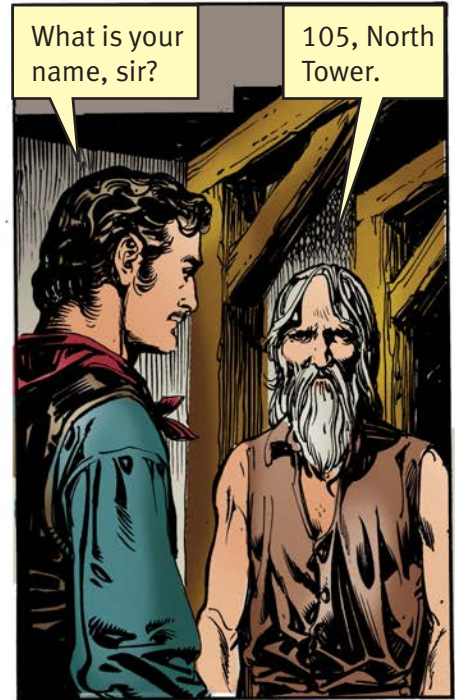
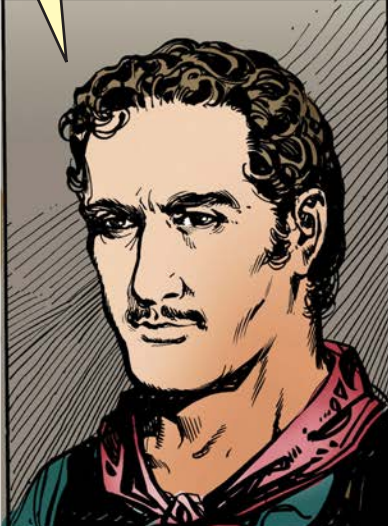
Then darkness fell again. With a deep sigh, he returned to work.



Do you know him?

Yes. For a moment I saw the face I once knew!

He learned shoemaking in prison. He knows nothing else, not even his name, and calls himself by his cell number.



What is your name, sir?

105, North Tower.

Lucie stepped near Dr. Manette.



What—who are you?

Oh, sir! Oh, my dear!

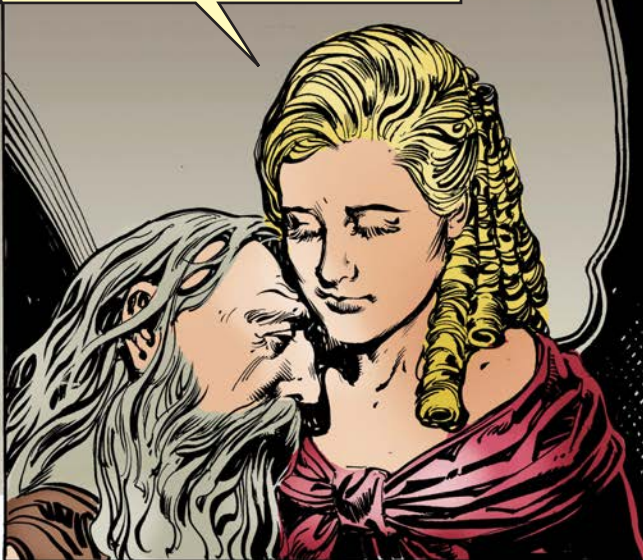
That voice—this golden hair—the same as . . . But no, you are too young, how can it be? What is your name, my gentle angel?

At another time you shall know my name.

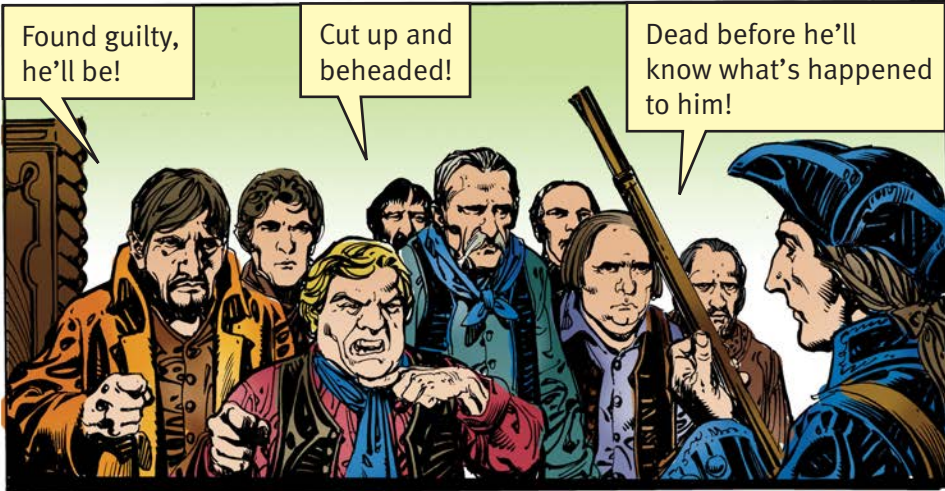


For now, believe me that your pain is over! I have come to take you to England to be at peace and at rest.

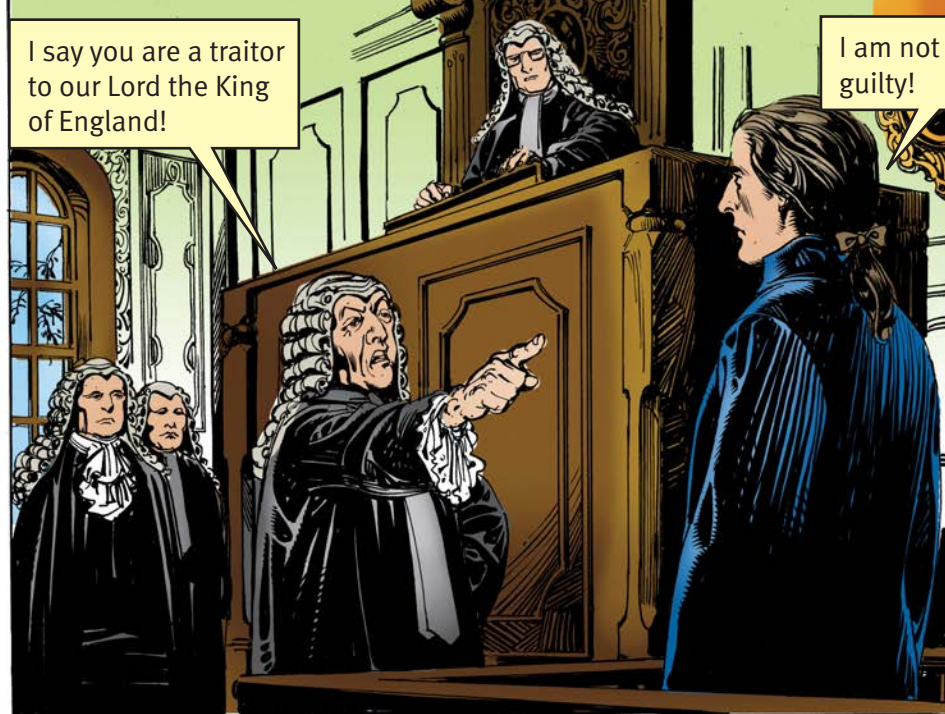
So, by coach and by ship, Dr. Manette was taken to London. Slowly, Lucie's tender care brought him back to health. They lived quietly and happily in a pleasant house just off Soho square, where Dr. Manette's medical knowledge and skill brought him many patients.



Five years passed. Then, in 1780, there was great excitement in London over the trial for treason of Charles Darnay, a young Frenchman.



The prisoner was charged with traveling between England and France to give English secrets to the French King.



The court's lawyer claimed that the proof went back as far as five years. Miss Lucie Manette was called as a witness.

Yes, Mr. Darnay was aboard ship when I brought my ill father from France to London.



He was very kind and gentle and helped to care for my father. I hope I do him no harm today.



The court's lawyer called another witness, a man who was once a servant of Darnay's.

My master often traveled between France and England.



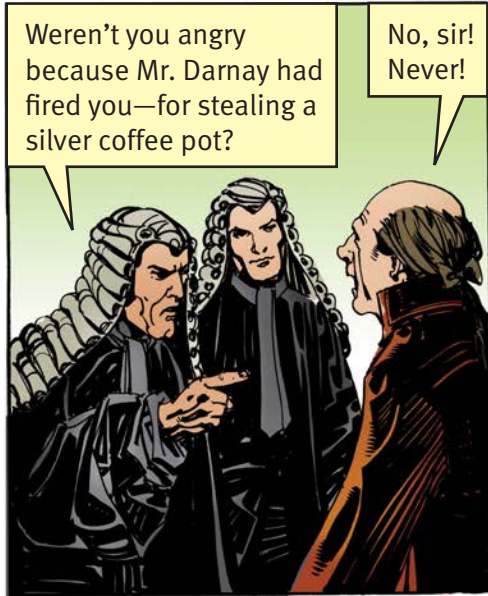
I saw important looking lists and papers in his pockets and in his desk.



Sometimes I saw him show such lists to Frenchmen!



Darnay's lawyer said that his travels were on personal business. Then he asked the servant questions.



Another witness said that he had seen Darnay collecting information near a military post.

