



UNITED ARAB EMIRATES
MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

2023-2024

Bridge to Success 10

Coursebook



Brooklyn Bridge, USA



Bridge to Success

English Language

Book 10 Coursebook

Grade 9 Advanced

Grade 10 General

Volume 3

1444 - 1445 A.H. / 2023 - 2024 A.D.





UNITED ARAB EMIRATES
MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

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First published 2018

Printed in the United Arab Emirates

Grade 10 Coursebook

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Welcome to *Bridge to Success*

Bridge to Success is a twelve-grade course for learners of English as a second language (ESL). The grades range from the beginning of cycle 1 to the end of cycle 3.

Bridge to Success 10 consists of nine thematic units of study, which include a range of activities, text types and objectives, split over three terms.



The materials reflect the following principles:

- **An Emirati focus, with an international perspective.** Specifically developed for young learners throughout the United Arab Emirates, the themes, situations and literature covered by *Bridge to Success* strive to reflect the Emirati context and encourage learners' curiosity about the wider world. This fosters respect and interest in other cultures and leads to awareness of global citizenship.
- **An enquiry-based, language-rich approach to learning.** *Bridge to Success* engages children as active, creative learners. As learners participate in a wide variety of curriculum-based activities, they simultaneously acquire content knowledge, develop critical thinking skills and practise English language and literacy. The materials incorporate a 'learning to learn' approach, helping children acquire skills and strategies that will help them approach new learning situations with confidence.

- **English for educational success.** To meet the challenges of the future, children need to develop facility with both conversational and academic English. From the earliest stage, *Bridge to Success* addresses both these competencies. *Bridge to Success* presents authentic listening and reading texts, writing tasks, and end-of-unit projects similar to those learners might encounter in English-medium and international schools.

In addition to this Coursebook, the accompanying Workbook provides additional support, reinforcement and practice. Comprehensive support for teachers is provided in the Teacher's Guide.

The following icons are used in this Coursebook:

-  pre-recorded listening activity
-  links to 21st Century Themes and/or Skills

We hope that you and your learners will enjoy using these materials as much as we enjoyed developing them for you.

The *Bridge to Success* team

Contents



content is defined on smart learning app

	Reading/Topic	Listening/Speaking	Use of English	Vocabulary	Writing
Unit 8 Food at home and around the world Pages 295–306	A restaurant review The Mediterranean Diet A restaurant guide What does a restaurant critic do? Jobs in the food industry Different cuisines	Listening: A conversation about restaurants Interview with a chef Identifying intonation Speaking: Discussing restaurants Discussing the Mediterranean diet Talking about your favourite dish Discussing ideas for a book Using functional phrases Advantages and disadvantages of work in the food industry Researching and presenting information about restaurants Discussing a poster	Present perfect continuous <i>as, since</i> <i>made of/with/from</i> modifiers phrasal verbs transitional devices	At a restaurant Talking about diet Food and ingredients Sequencing words Occupations Describing a restaurant/food Signalling language	Making notes on the Mediterranean Diet Write a recipe Using transitional devices An article on a job in the food industry A review of a restaurant A conclusion Design a poster
Unit 9 Film and media Pages 307–319	Profile of an Emirati film director Word play in advertising The history of cinema Documentary filmmaking Film locations Behind the stars	Listening: A conversation about Dubai Studio City Telephone roleplay An interview with volunteers at DIFF Speaking: Phrases to interrupt Telephone roleplay — asking for information Asking questions about someone's profile Discussing advertising Talking about films Discussing film locations Presenting findings	<i>by + verb + ing</i> adjective order intensifiers <i>either ... or/neither ... nor</i> verb + infinitive with <i>to</i> passive voice	The media business Talking about filmmaking Talking about advertising Essay writing Film and cinema Documentary making Talking about locations	Advertising slogans for a new product Summary of a book extract Short description of a film and its locations

LITERATURE

LESSONS

Lesson Title	Reading Objective	Literature Focus
1-2 Contentment and Control (p. 323-324)	To focus on details and how they connect to themes in the novel.	To explore how juxtaposition and motif are used in <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> .
3-4 Genre and the Hero (p. 325-326)	To read and link information from a separate text with the novel.	To explore the main components of adventure stories present in <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> .
5-6 Civilisation and Context (p. 327-328)	To read and infer meaning in <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> .	To explore the historical context of the time and its impact on the novel.
7-8 Character and Tone (p. 329-330)	To analyse parts of the narrative and their contribution to characterisation in <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> .	To explore the narrative tone of the novel.
9-10 Change and the Individual (p. 331-332)	To understand the main points of action in the closing chapters of <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> .	To explore the realistic aspects of the novel and the concept of the individual.

CORE READER

Term 3 Chapters of Study

- 13 A Spanish Shipwreck (p. 333-335)
- 14 A Dream Realised (p. 336-339)
- 15 Teaching Friday (p. 340-342)
- 16 The Rescue (p. 343-345)
- 17 Visitors (p. 346-348)
- 18 Leaving My Island (p. 349-351)
- 19 Return to England (p. 352-354)
- 20 Adventure Again (p. 355-357)

EXTRA READING

Oliver Twist (p. 359-422)



Food at home and around the world

- **Topics** top 10 restaurants; the Mediterranean way; Kerala: a haven of fabulous food; rice, rice everywhere; what is a restaurant critic?; eat your way around the world in the UAE.
- **Use of English** present perfect continuous; *as, since, made of / with / from*; modifiers; phrasal verbs; transitional devices.



Lessons 1–2 Top 10 restaurants

- Do you like going to restaurants?
- Which is the best restaurant in your town?
- How do you choose which restaurant to visit?

Reading

- 1 Complete the review of a new restaurant with the words below.

starter mouth-watering tip
dessert book
dishes dish of the day service

Al Hoot has only been serving for a few weeks, but you need to _____¹ if you want a table. The restaurant is located in the town centre and there is free parking so it's easy to get to. Even if the menu doesn't offer a wide choice, all the fish is fresh and the _____² are simple but tasty.

Before my main course, I had prawn cocktail as a _____³, which looked delicious and was absolutely _____⁴. We were lucky because it was Saturday, so the _____⁵ was grilled calamari, my favourite! Finally, for _____⁶ I had green tea ice-cream.



I can't think of a better place to eat for 100 Dhs. Good food, great atmosphere and excellent _____⁷. Our waitress was very helpful and friendly, so we left a generous _____⁸.

Listening

- 2** Listen to two friends discussing different restaurants. Match restaurants a–e with the descriptions 1–4. There is one extra restaurant.

- a** Bob's Kitchen
- b** Carlton
- c** The Imperial
- d** Mr Pizza
- e** Red's

- 1** _____ is outside the city.
- 2** _____ only opened recently.
- 3** _____ offers special meals for business people.
- 4** _____ has outdoor seating.

Listening strategy

Read the descriptions carefully and underline key words you might hear.

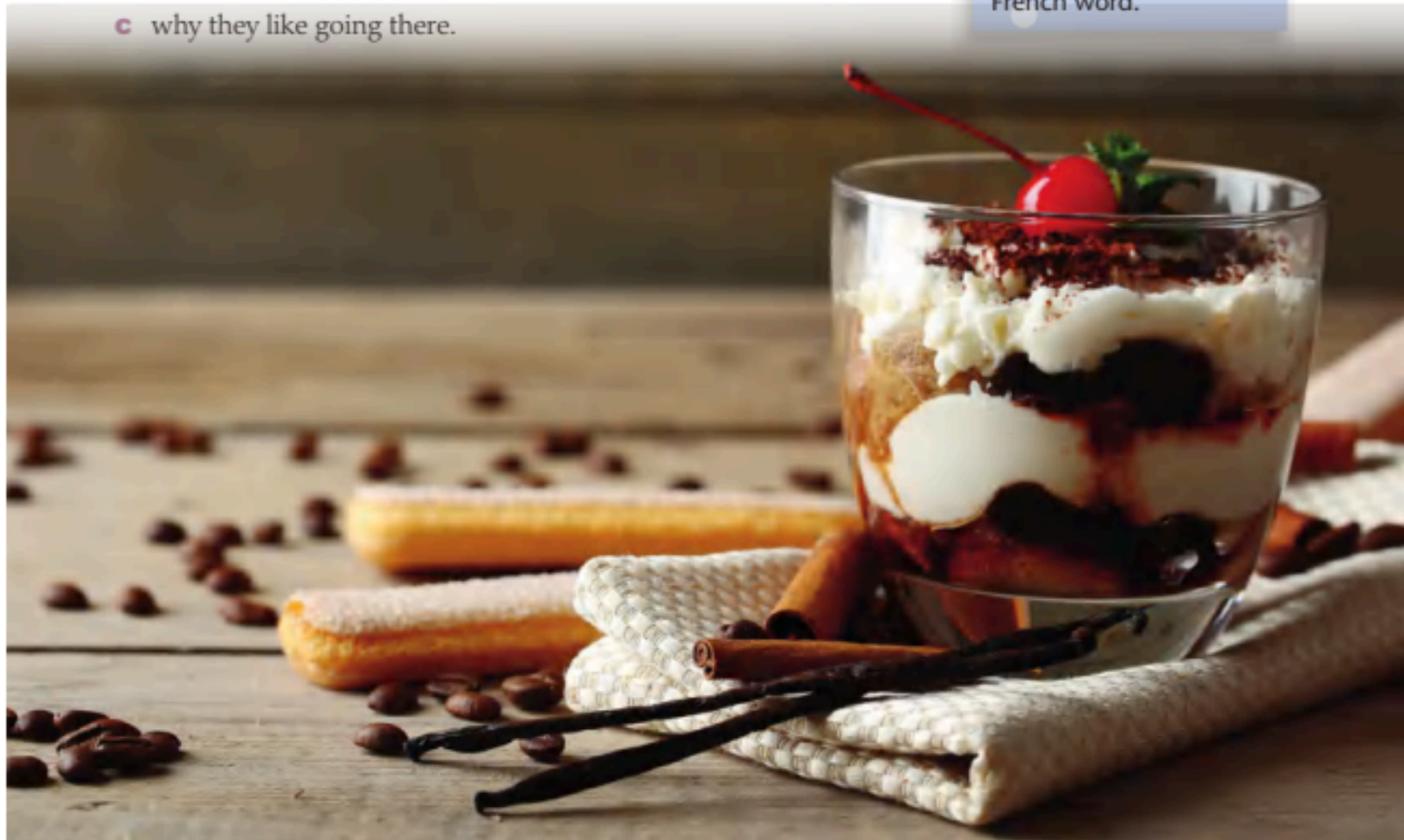
Speaking

- 3** Ask your friend about a restaurant that he or she likes to go to. Ask:

- a** where this restaurant is
- b** what kind of food it serves
- c** why they like going there.

Did you know?

Dessert is actually a French word.



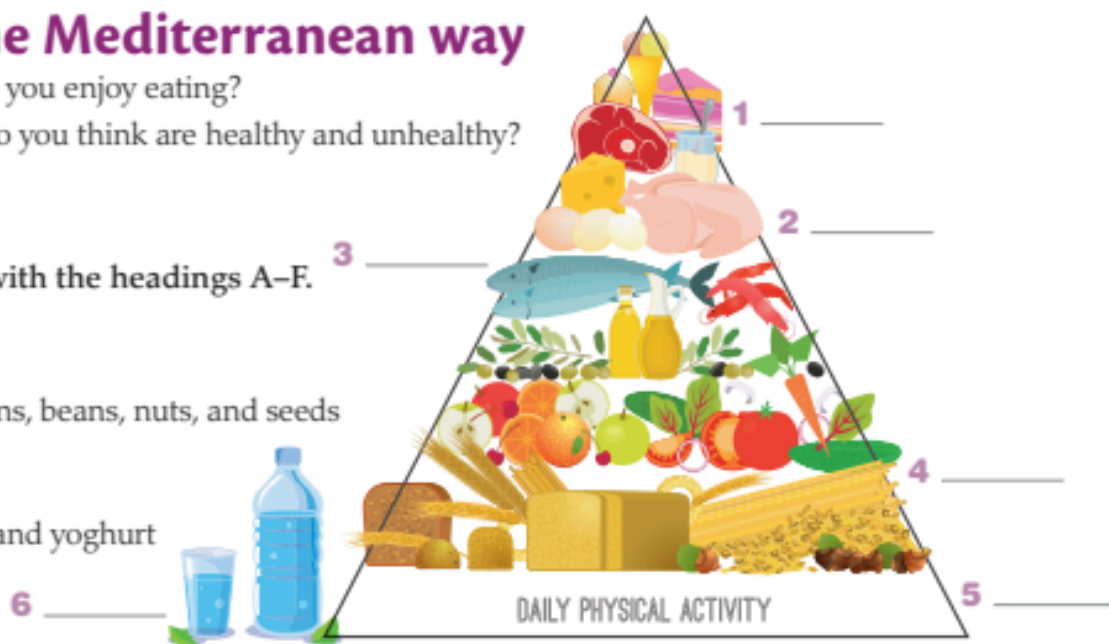
Lessons 3–4 The Mediterranean way

- What kind of food do you enjoy eating?
- What kinds of food do you think are healthy and unhealthy?

Vocabulary

- 1 Label the pyramid with the headings A–F.

- A Drink water
- B Meats and sweets
- C Fruit, vegetables, grains, beans, nuts, and seeds
- D Physical activity
- E Fish and seafood
- F Poultry, eggs, cheese and yoghurt



MEDITERRANEAN DIET

Language tip

Since and as can be used to introduce a reason.

- We should eat less red meat, as it is bad for our hearts.
- The Greeks live longer, since they eat a healthy diet.

Reading strategy

When answering multiple choice questions, read the questions and options carefully. Choose the answer and then scan the text to check if you were correct.

Reading

- 2 Read the article and then answer the questions.

The Mediterranean Diet

For thousands of years, people living in the countries around the Mediterranean have eaten a 'poor' diet of vegetables, fruit, nuts, cheese and fish, but very little red meat and sugar. Experts have known for decades that this diet is the one we should all be following, since it leads to a healthier population with a longer life expectancy.

So, in 1993, a group of experts in the United States drew up an eating plan and a pyramid graphic to encourage healthy eating. They called it the Mediterranean Diet. Unlike most

diets, the Mediterranean Diet is not about going on a diet, but about making a complete lifestyle change. It focuses not just on food, but also on how you eat your meals – sharing with your family and friends, and on taking part in a variety of physical activities and making sure you get enough sleep.

The diet is divided into different food groups and the pyramid shows how often the foods in each group should be eaten. The base of the pyramid contains the food that we should eat more of, as they are the healthiest and more

likely to lead to good health throughout your life. This group consists of food from plants, such as vegetables, fruit, bread, beans, nuts and seeds, and should be eaten every day.

The next group of food, to be eaten at least twice a week, is fish and seafood as it contains important oils which are particularly good for developing your brain. Eggs and dairy products, such as milk and cheese, and chicken should be eaten less frequently, although they are an important source of calcium.

Finally, in the smallest part of the pyramid at the top, are meat and sugary sweets. Too much red meat should be avoided since research has shown that it can lead to certain kinds of cancer and, of course, too much sugar will increase your weight and is bad for your teeth.

Experts also advise people to drink a lot of water rather than coffee, tea and fizzy drinks.

Doctors believe that following a Mediterranean-style diet could help you lose weight, reduce your chances of depression, and possibly improve your brain power.

Mediterranean food is easy to prepare and fairly cheap, so it's ideal for all families. Most importantly, your happiness levels are likely to increase as you will be eating more healthily,

taking regular exercise and spending time with your loved ones.

- 1 Which of these food groups should not be eaten on a regular basis?
 - a Fruit and vegetables.
 - b Fish and seafood.
 - c Beef and lamb.
- 2 Why is sugar at the top of the pyramid?
 - a It can cause cancer.
 - b It should only be eaten occasionally.
 - c It should only be eaten with meat.
- 3 How might people benefit from following the Mediterranean Diet?
 - a They may become more intelligent.
 - b They may become heavier.
 - c They may spend more money.
- 4 Read the question and choose the two correct answers.
What are two of the results of following the Mediterranean Diet?
 - a Increased intelligence.
 - b A healthier lifestyle.
 - c Eating food only in the pyramid.
 - d Eating less meat.
 - e Spending more money on food.

Writing 21st

- 3 Read the article on *The Mediterranean Diet* again and make notes. Use these headings to organise your notes.

- Background
- Food groups
- Results of diet

Speaking

- 4 Work with a partner. Discuss these questions.
 - Would you follow the Mediterranean Diet? Why / Why not?
 - Can a healthy diet change the way you feel about yourself and others?

Lessons 5–6 Kerala – a haven of fabulous food

- Have you ever tried Indian food? If so, did you like it?
- What's your favourite Indian dish? Is it spicy?



Reading

1 Skim-read the brochure. Which topics (a–e) are mentioned?

- ☐ a descriptions of different dishes
- ☐ b general information about food in Kerala
- ☐ c recipes of dishes
- ☐ d names of recommended restaurants
- ☐ e health benefits of dishes

Vocabulary

We use *cuisine* to talk about the styles and methods of cooking of a certain country, for example French cuisine, Syrian cuisine, Emirati cuisine.

Kerala's fabulous food

Kerala is known as the *Land of Spices*. Its cuisine is influenced by different cultures. Every region in Kerala has its own flavours and cuisine. Keralans use a variety of ingredients; their sauces can be made with ginger, cloves and garlic. Keralan cuisine has a lot of seafood like fish and shrimps, but also has a lot of vegetarian dishes made with only vegetables. Food is traditionally served on plates made of banana leaves. Get ready to enjoy every bite you have while in Kerala!

Don't leave Kerala without trying ... !

Appam with stew

Appam is a dish made from rice flour and coconut milk. It's similar to a thin pancake with crispy edges. *Ishtu* or *stew* is like European stew and consists of coconut milk, cinnamon, cloves and shallots, eaten with appams. The stew may also have mango pieces, vegetables and chicken.

Raandhal serves this dish only after 7.00 pm, price range luxury.

Puttu and kadala curry

This is a main breakfast dish eaten all over Kerala. Puttu is a cylindrical steamed rice cake cooked with small pieces of coconut. It's usually served with Kadala curry, a dish of black chickpeas made with green onions, spices and coconut milk that can also be served with bananas.

Dal Rotti serves this dish all day, price range average.



Pumpkin and lentil curry

This is a popular dish in Kerala, made of sliced sweet potatoes. It also usually includes sweet pumpkin that has been boiled in water with salt, pepper, coconut, cumin seeds and garlic, served on rice. It appears on most menus during festivals.

Chifonets serves this dish all day, price range fast food.

Banana fritters (dessert)

Ethakka appam are made of juicy fried banana and are a traditional snack. They're available throughout Kerala and are simply ripe bananas covered with plain flour and deep-fried in oil.

2 Read the text again and match a dish or restaurant with the descriptions.

- a** A dish made from fruit, found in all restaurants, not a main dish.
- b** Not a vegetarian dish, contains coconut milk, eaten with crispy bread.
- c** Only serves certain dishes in the evening.
- d** An Indian fast food restaurant.
- e** Contains coconut, sweet potatoes, eaten with rice.
- f** Can be eaten with bananas, contains coconuts, people eat it for breakfast.

Language Focus**3 Look at the examples from the brochure.**

- a** ... made with ginger, cloves and garlic ...
- b** ... served on plates made of banana leaves ...
- c** ... a dish made from rice flour and coconut milk ...

Think about these questions:

- 1** In sentence a, is there more than one item?
- 2** In sentence b, when they used the banana leaves as plates, were they still recognisable as banana leaves?
- 3** In sentence c, when they used the rice flour and coconut milk in the dish, were they still recognisable as rice flour and coconut milk?

Use of English

- We use *made + of* to talk about unchanged, basic items that create an item (*made of silver*).
- We use *made + with* to talk about things made from different items, usually describing food (*made with lemon juice, sugar and salt*).
- We use *made + from* to talk about things that change to create something new (*cake is made from eggs, sugar and oil*).

Speaking**4 In groups, think about one of your favourite dishes. Tell another learner about it.**

- name of dish
- ingredients
- where you can eat it
- health benefits
- cuisine
- cooking method
- why it's your favourite

Writing**5 With your group, write the recipe for the dish you described. Include this information:**

- ingredients
- cooking temperature
- how to serve
- instructions
- cooking time

Lessons 7–8 Rice, rice everywhere

- What ingredient do these traditional dishes all have in common?
 - Machboos diyay
 - Mohammar bil dibs
 - Mahshi

What other countries around the world traditionally eat rice?



Listening 39

- 1 **21st** Listen to chef Jack Bean talk about his book *Rice around the World*. Which countries did he visit on his world tour?

☐ Spain ☐ Italy ☐ Thailand ☐ Peru ☐ Japan

- 2 Listen again. Are the statements true (T) or false (F)?

- Jack has decided to stop working as a chef.
- The word *Sushi* in Japanese refers to rice with vinegar.
- Sushi* is never eaten with your hands.
- In Thailand, *Kow Mun Gai* is usually eaten at home.
- Kow Mun Gai* is a hot, spicy dish.
- Paella* is made with the same ingredients all over Spain.
- Paella* is a dish that you can make with leftover food.
- Two of the rice dishes are yellow in colour.

Speaking

- 3 Work in pairs. Jack Bean is coming to visit your school to get some new ideas for rice dishes. Decide which traditional rice dish would be best to include in the chapter on the UAE. Why?

- Arseeyah
- Machboos diyay
- Mohammar bil dibs
- Maleh

Language Focus

- 4 **21st** Look at these sentences from the radio show.

- '**Just about every country** in the world has a different way of eating rice.'
- 'Well, I started in Japan where people eat rice **virtually every day**.'
- 'When you talk about sushi, **99% of people think raw fish**.'
- '**Just about every corner** in Thailand has a street vendor.'
- 'One ingredient that **hardly anybody** leaves out is saffron.'

The expressions in bold are all used to talk about:

- ☐ definite quantities ☐ approximate quantities

Language tip

You can learn set phrases in English to talk about quantity. For example, *just about every*, *a lot of*, *a small minority of ...*

Speaking

- 5 a Make a card using eight expressions from Workbook Activities 2 and 3. Example:

Nearly every ...	What do you think?	Well, I'm sorry but I don't agree.	A few
Not so many ...	The way I see it,	I'm totally with you on that.	Just about every ...

- b In groups of three, discuss the topics below giving your opinion. Use the expressions on your card and tick them off when you use them.

Discussion topics:

- Is food an important part of national identity?
- Is it right for farmers to use GM technology in food crops?
- Do you think that famine will be eliminated in the future?

Speaking tip

Being able to disagree politely is really important in communication. The words and expressions you choose are important, but meaning is also conveyed by the intonation you use.

- 6 a Listen to the expressions used for disagreeing. The speaker will say each expression twice. Decide which intonation sounds stronger. Tick the box.

	First time	Second time
1 Well, I'm sorry but I don't agree.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
2 I'm not so sure.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
3 I've got a slightly different take on this.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
4 Actually, I think that ...	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

- b Listen again and practise saying the expressions with the different intonation patterns.

Lessons 9–10 What is a restaurant critic?

- What makes a restaurant special?
- Who decides whether a restaurant is good or bad?

Reading

1 Skim-read the article. Match each heading (1–3) to a paragraph (A–C).

- 1 What does a food critic do?
- 2 How do you get a job as a food critic?
- 3 Is this the best job in the world?

2 Read the article again and answer the questions.

- 1 What do food critics think is wrong with their job?
- 2 Why do many people want to be food critics?
- 3 How can a bad review affect a chef?
- 4 What is the most important skill for a food critic?
- 5 How do food critics spend their time when they are not reviewing restaurants?



A _____

Food critics are quick to point out that their job isn't as great as it sounds. Instead, they complain that because they eat out most nights they often put on weight and never have time to go to a gym to lose those extra kilos. Furthermore, they argue that when they visit a restaurant they are working, not enjoying themselves. Despite their complaints, most of us reckon that being a food critic sounds like a fantastic job to have, even if you do put on a few kilos. Imagine being paid to eat at some of the top restaurants in the world, such as *Le Cirque* in New York, where meals can cost over \$150 per person? Moreover, critics often 'have to' go back to the same restaurant several times so they can give a fair description of the place.

B _____

Well, they don't just write about the food they eat, although the meal is important, they also check out the restaurant facilities and the service. For example, is the restaurant clean? Are the waiters polite? Does the food arrive quickly? For an ambitious chef who wants to get ahead in the restaurant business, the support of the food critics is very important. Several bad reviews may result in the restaurant closing.

C _____

Unfortunately it's not that easy, especially if you want to be paid. Newspapers don't just hand out huge amounts of money to anybody. They need to be happy that people want to read and enjoy what the critics say. The best food critics start their careers by writing up their opinions on all sorts of things, not just food, and even if they are successful, many critics continue to write blogs about non-food issues. However, whatever complaints the critics have, it still seems like an amazing job.

Vocabulary

- 3 Find phrasal verbs in the articles on page 303 which mean:
- a to become heavier
 - b to mention something to somebody
 - c to record something often from notes
 - d to make progress
 - e to give out something
 - f to see if something is correct or acceptable

Speaking

- 4 Read the job information. In groups, make a list of the good and bad points of each job.



Chef

Place of work: Large or small kitchens.

Money: 66 500 AED+ p/a.

Hours: 30–40 hours per week – may include evenings and weekends.

Qualifications: None. In-service training. Creative.

Role: Chefs prepare and cook many different kinds of food. They may work alone or in a team. Often work very early morning or late at night. Kitchens are busy, noisy and sometimes stressful.



Restaurateur

Place of work: Own restaurant or café.

Money: Varies – depends on success.

Hours: 12+ every day, 7 days a week.

Qualifications: None. Love of food. Good at business. Risk-taker.

Role: Restaurateurs are business people who open and manage restaurants. Need to know about restaurant business, good at choosing right staff, understand food. May have to borrow money to start. Work long hours. Rewarding and can be profitable.



Food inspector

Place of work: Office-based, but many hours outside visiting restaurants and cafés.

Money: 128 000–180 000 AED p/a when qualified.

Hours: 35–39 hours per week including evenings and weekends.

Qualifications: Degree in environmental health. Good spoken and written skills.

Role: Food inspectors visit restaurants, supermarkets and cafés. They check food is safe to eat, kept in fridges, check surfaces are clean. Dirty places may be closed down. Need to deal with possibly difficult situations.

Writing

- 5 Use the notes you made in Activity 4 to write a short article about one of the jobs.
- Talk about the advantages and disadvantages of the job.
 - Say if you think it is a good or bad job to have.
 - Give reasons for your views.

Writing tip

Use linking words such as *despite*, *although*, *moreover* when you want to persuade the reader to agree with your viewpoint.

Use the article about food critics to help you. Write about 100 words.

Lessons 11–12 Eat your way around the world in the UAE

- Do you like to eat in restaurants which offer a different cuisine?
- Does the Emirate you live in have a lot of restaurants with different cuisines?
- Can you recommend any restaurants to the other learners?

Reading

- 1 Read the restaurant reviews and answer the questions below.



Lebanese Ayyam Zaman



Ayyam Zaman is a must-try in Dubai. Classic Lebanese dishes are served with a Western influence. It has a rich appetiser and main dish menu and some delicious desserts good for sharing. A friendly family atmosphere and both indoor and outdoor seating areas.

Must order:
Jallab (dates, grapes and rose water juice served with nuts)

Kousa Bil Laban (zucchini stuffed with minced meat, with yoghurt sauce)

Kunafa (cheese pastry soaked in sugar syrup)

Italian Café Napolitana



Café Napolitana is everything you might expect in an Italian restaurant. It includes a market area where visitors can buy the ingredients they're eating!

A viewing gallery of the chefs making the different dishes makes the experience highly enjoyable!

Must order:
Caprese Salad (made of sliced fresh mozzarella, tomatoes and green basil)

Gnocchi (dumplings made from potato and flour, served with a red sauce)

Raspberry Gelato (fresh Italian ice-cream)

Mexican Rosa Mexicana



Rosa Mexicana is truly an exciting restaurant to eat at. The cheerful, helpful staff provide a great experience. It has a wide range of dishes for both spicy and mild food lovers. A vegetarian and a children's menu is available. Go there early, it gets very busy after 7.00 pm!

Must order:
Guacamole (mashed avocado dip with tomatoes, salt and lemon)

Fajitas (pan-fried chicken or beef with vegetables, rolled in soft bread)

Churros (fried dough sprinkled with sugar or cinnamon)

- 1 What makes the dishes special at Ayyam Zaman?
- 2 Do you think children are allowed at Ayyam Zaman?
- 3 Where can you buy the ingredients for dishes at Café Napolitana?
- 4 What does the viewing gallery at Café Napolitana allow you to do?
- 5 If you don't eat spicy food, is there anything you can order at Rosa Mexicana?
- 6 What do you think is the best time to go to Rosa Mexicana?

Writing

- 2 a** In groups, make a list of the different topics mentioned in the reviews in Activity 1.
Example: *atmosphere*
- b** With your group, think of a restaurant you have all eaten at. Write a short review similar to those in Activity 1. Include the name, what type of restaurant it is and find a picture of the dishes they serve on the Internet. Include other details from your notes.

Listening 41

- 3** Listen to a conversation. What are they talking about?
- a** The best place for spicy food.
 - b** Different experiences in their local restaurants.
 - c** The best local family-friendly restaurant.
- 4** Listen again. Are the statements true (T) or false (F)?
- 1** Rashid didn't like the new Italian restaurant because the food was bad.
 - 2** Malaysian food is usually rice with other ingredients.
 - 3** Nasi lemak contains rice, cucumbers and fried eggs.
 - 4** Mansoor has to travel a long way to find an Indian restaurant.
 - 5** Rashid's wife had a bad experience at an Indian restaurant because the food was cold.

Language Focus

- 5** Look at these words from the conversation. What do they mean? Why were they used?

for instance	a typical example is
such as	specifically

Can you think of any other transitional devices?

Speaking

Language tip

We use some transitional devices to provide examples when speaking or writing.



- 6** With your group, choose three or four restaurants you know which serve different types of cuisine.
- Research and prepare information similar to that in Activities 1 and 2.
 - Present the information to the other groups.

- **Topics** multimedia in the UAE; profile of an Emirati filmmaker; the language of advertising and marketing; the Dubai international film festival; what is a documentary film?; Hollywood films shot in the UAE.
- **Use of English** *by + verb + ing*; adjective order; intensifiers; *either / neither ... or / nor*; verb + infinitive with *to*; passive.



Lessons 1–2 Multimedia in the UAE

- What do you think *multimedia* is?
- What type of media do you prefer to watch or listen to?

Listening 42

- 1 Listen to a conversation. What is DSC (Dubai Studio City)?

- a an organisation that helps production companies
- b a production company
- c a group of production companies

Language tip

Multimedia is made up of two words, *multi* meaning *many* and *media* meaning *communication*.

Listening strategy

You don't need to hear and understand every word. Focus on stressed words because these are usually the important words in a sentence.

- 2 Listen again. Are the statements true (T), false (F) or is there no information (NI)?

- 1 Omar already has a business set up at DSC. _____
- 2 James and Amjad create animated adverts. _____
- 3 Omar had never heard of DSC before he spoke to James and Amjad. _____
- 4 The sound stage at DSC is one of the best in the Middle East. _____
- 5 Amjad believes that processing visas in three weeks is quick. _____

Speaking 43

- 3 Listen to extracts from the conversation. Think about the questions below.

- 1 Is one speaker stopping the other during the conversation?
- 2 What phrases do they use to interrupt?
- 3 Are they polite?

Can you think of any more phrases we can use in this way?

Language Focus

- 4 Look at these phrases from the conversation.

... **by asking** someone already using them, I could get more information ...
 ... **by working** through DSC, you have access to the basic ...
 ... **by bringing** our staff in through them, we saved a lot of time ...

- 1 Is the first part of the phrase an action or a result?
- 2 Is the second part an action or a result?
- 3 Which verb form follows *by*?

Speaking

- 5 Imagine you would like to start a multimedia business. Which field would you choose?

Examples:

- producing animation for websites
- producing videos for advertising agencies
- designing graphics for consumer products
- recording music or voiceover for adverts

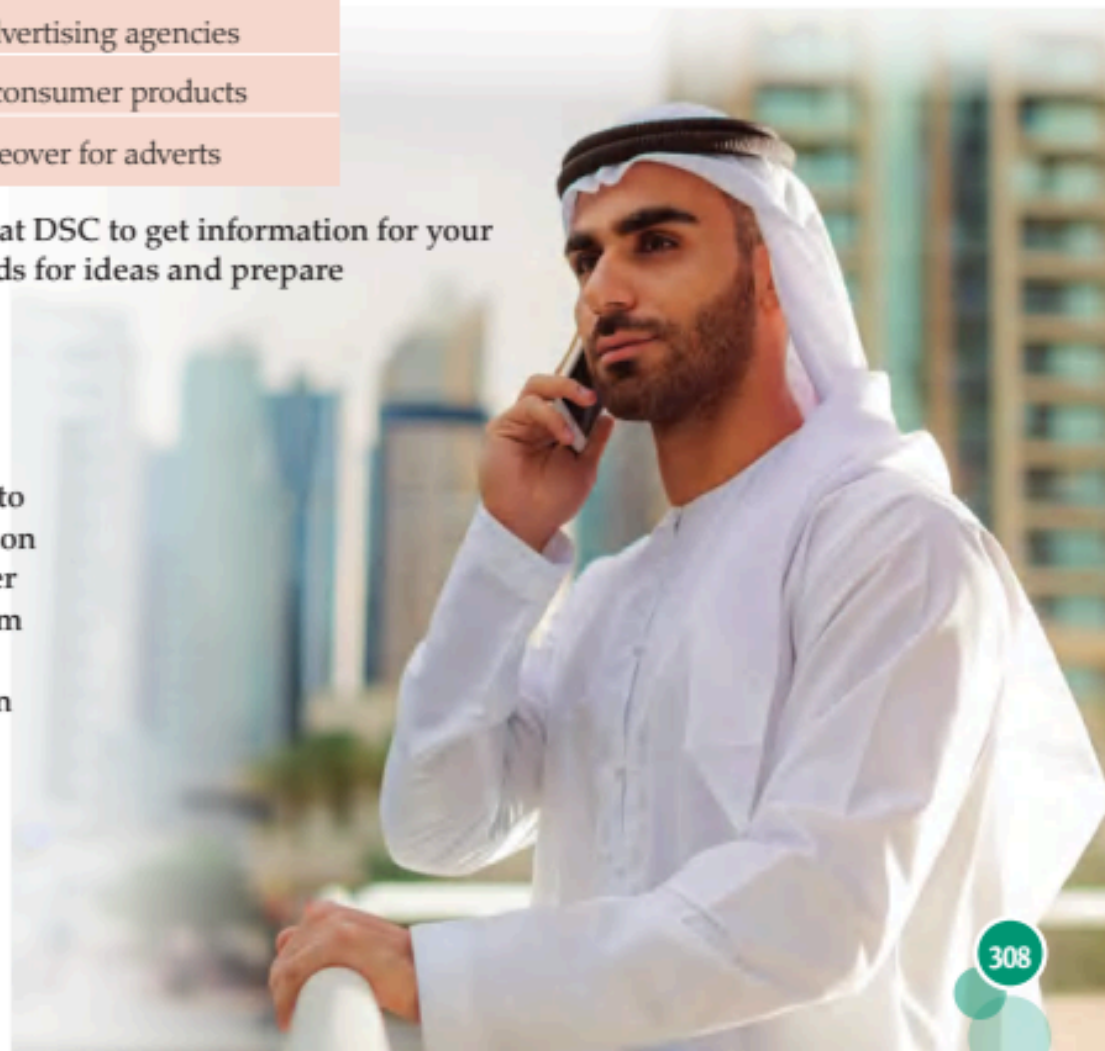
You need to call a contact at DSC to get information for your business. Use the role cards for ideas and prepare what you want to say.

Speaking

- 6 Make the call and try to get as much information as possible. Remember to use the phrases from Activity 3 if you need to interrupt the person you are talking to.

Language tip

We usually use *by* + **verb** + *ing* to show the action taken for a particular result. For example, *By using our services, you will save time.*



Lessons 3–4 Profile of an Emirati filmmaker

- Would you like to be a filmmaker? Why? / Why not?
- What kind of films would you like to make?

Vocabulary

1 Match the words about the film industry with their meanings.

- | | | | |
|----------------|-------|---|--|
| 1 biography | _____ | a | The person who has control of a film, including the money. |
| 2 director | _____ | b | A person who writes the words for films and TV shows. |
| 3 producer | _____ | c | A full-length film with a story. |
| 4 feature film | _____ | d | Words written for a film with instructions about what the actors need to do. |
| 5 box office | _____ | e | The story of a person's life. |
| 6 documentary | _____ | f | A person who tells the actors what to do. |
| 7 screenplay | _____ | g | Place at a theatre or cinema which sells tickets. |
| 8 scriptwriter | _____ | h | A film or TV programme about real facts, not fictional stories. |

Reading

2 Read the biography about Ali F Mostafa. What does he hope to do in the future?

A man with a dream



Ali F Mostafa is a successful Emirati film director and producer. He was born on 25th September 1981 in London. His father is from Dubai and his mother is British. Ali grew up in the UAE.

Ali has been interested in film since childhood, and in 2003 he had the opportunity to follow his dream and attend the prestigious London Film School, where he received an MA in Filmmaking.

At the age of 28, this aspiring young man was named Best Emirati Filmmaker at the Dubai International Film Festival (DIFF) in 2009. His debut film, *City of Life*, is often referred to as the first Emirati feature film and received praise from many influential people in the film industry. It was a film with a powerful message and broke box office records for an Emirati film.

The following year, Mostafa won the Young Filmmaker of the Year award at the Digital Studio Awards and has been called the best Emirati filmmaker of his generation.

Prior to his success with *City of Life*, this talented, hard-working Emirati national directed a number of short movies. In 2005, he produced the film *Under the Sun*, which was shown at DIFF as well as the Rome, Rhode Island and San Francisco International Film Festivals. Mostafa not only directed this film, but wrote the screenplay too. A year later, the film was announced as the winner of the Emirates Film Competition.

That same year, Mostafa started his own production company, called AFM Films, because he wanted to produce his own work without outside influences and control. AFM Films create shorts, documentaries and commercials.

Although Mostafa produces films and is an excellent scriptwriter, his main interest is directing and he continues to work on new, exciting projects which he hopes will raise his profile even more.



3 Read the biography again and answer the questions.

- 1 What qualification did Ali receive from the London Film School?
- 2 What was the title of his first film?
- 3 In which year did Ali win the Young Filmmaker of the Year award?
- 4 Which film won the Emirates Film Competition in 2006?
- 5 What is Ali's production company called?

4 Read the example sentences below. Answer the questions.

A successful Emirati film director.

This aspiring young man was named Best Emirati Filmmaker.

This talented, hard-working Emirati national directed a number of short movies.

- 1 How many adjectives are there in each sentence?
- 2 What do you notice about the order of the adjectives in each sentence?
- 3 Find more examples of sentences that use adjectives in the text.

Language tip

When we use two or more adjectives in a sentence, we need to put them in a certain order. Adjectives that are giving opinions go before adjectives which are giving a fact. For example, *An interesting, old film.*

Speaking

- 5 Read the brief notes about Nujoom Al-Ghanem. Then ask and answer with a partner. Use the question words below.

- When ... ?
- Where ... ?
- What ... ?
- How many ... ?

When was she born?

She was born on 24th October 1962.



Nujoom Al-Ghanem

Date of Birth 24th October 1962

Place of Birth Dubai

Education:

Griffith University, Australia – MA in Cinema Production

Skills:

Film director, producer, screenwriter, poet

Films:

Shorts, documentaries and feature films

Poems:

Seven poetry collections

Awards:

2008 Most Promising UAE Female Filmmaker

2014 Muhr Features – Best Non-Fiction Feature 'Nearby Sky'



Lessons 5–6 The language of advertising and marketing

- What is your favourite TV, magazine or radio advert?
- Do you think advertising works? Why / Why not?

Reading

1 Skim-read the article and choose the best title.

- a How advertising works
- b Wordplay: the tricks of advertising
- c Advertising today

Reading strategy

When you skim-read for the general idea of a text, look at the title, headings and any images first. Then, if you are still not sure, read the first sentence of each paragraph.

Certain words can affect people's emotions

– a fact that all advertisers know. The language used in advertising is chosen to create a **very** positive image of their product.

HERE ARE SOME TRICKS ADVERTISING COMPANIES USE

Playing with language for slogans

Advertisers change grammar rules and language to create memorable slogans. Here are some popular techniques they use:

RHYMING Putting words that sound the same together always makes it easier to remember something! This is what they call a *catchy* slogan; one that people remember for years. A good example is the Duracell batteries slogan 'No battery is stronger longer'.

CONCISE The shorter the message, the easier it is to remember. Can you think of any advertising slogans? How long are they? Adidas's **extremely** unforgettable slogan in 2004 'Impossible is Nothing' is only three words.

COMMAND ACTION Do you sometimes watch an advertisement and feel like you have to do something? This is what advertising campaigns want you to do! Using imperative sentences leads to action. Sprite gave its viewers an order by saying 'Obey your thirst'.

Techniques

To make their products seem **totally** unique and needed, advertisers use specific techniques when designing their campaigns. Here are a few:

CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENTS Knowing someone important is using a product makes people want to buy it. Some products use celebrities to advertise, like Michael Jordan for Nike shoes. Celebrities become the 'face' of brands, so people always think of the product when they see them. George Clooney's adverts for Nespresso are an **especially** good example.

GIVING FACTS Advertisers make claims in their slogans that aren't new. Facts give their product a **really** strong image. De Beers jewellery uses 'A Diamond is Forever' as their slogan, which is something people already know!

ASKING QUESTIONS Do you ever watch TV, read a magazine or listen to the radio and find yourself answering a question in an advertisement? One of the most famous question slogans is 'Got Milk?', which was a health campaign in the USA to get people to drink more milk.



Now you know some of the tricks in the advertising business, will you still believe all these adverts? More importantly, will you still buy all these products?

2 Read the article and choose the correct answer.

- The Duracell batteries slogan is an example of ...
 - rhyming.
 - celebrity endorsement.
 - asking consumers questions.
- The Adidas slogan '*Impossible is Nothing*' is unforgettable because ...
 - it rhymes.
 - it is only three words.
 - it is endorsed by superstar athletes.
- An example of using commands in advertising is ...
 - the milk health campaign advert.
 - the Sprite advert.
 - the Nespresso advert.
- Nike used Michael Jordan in one of its campaigns because ...
 - he is related to sport.
 - he didn't charge them a lot.
 - he drank Nespresso.
- '*Got Milk?*' was used to persuade people to ...
 - drink Nespresso coffee.
 - do more sport.
 - drink milk.

Language Focus

- Look at the words in **bold** in the text.
- What kinds of words follow them?
- Can you still understand the sentence if you remove the word in **bold**?
- What is the job of the words in **bold**?

Use of English

Intensifiers are adverbs. We use **intensifiers** before adjectives to make the adjective stronger.

Writing

- Think of a product you want to create. Write a number of advertising slogans for it. Remember to use intensifiers and the tricks you read about.

Example: *a new drink, an electronic gadget, smart clothes*

Speaking

- Discuss these questions with your group.
 - Do you think it's acceptable that we have to watch and listen to so much advertising?
 - Do you think it's acceptable for children to be targeted by advertising?
 - Do you believe that advertising persuades us to buy things?



Lessons 7–8 The Dubai International Film Festival

- What do volunteers at the festival do?

- help organise events
- appear in films
- make phone calls
- sell tickets
- give information to the public
- write scripts

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ARE YOU OVER 15

and interested in working in the

film industry in the future?

If so, you could be perfect as a volunteer for the Dubai International Film Festival (DIFF). Apply now!

Listening

- 1 **21st** Listen to three volunteers, Amaya, Mira and Samira, being interviewed. Which of the things in the list above do they do?

- 2 Listen again. Are the statements true (T) or false (F)?

- 1 Amaya works closely with famous actors and actresses during the festival.
- 2 Amaya thought the film *Green Light* was a bit boring.
- 3 Mira likes working in the office and dealing with the public.
- 4 Mira feels that the film *Going to Heaven* is a good advert for the UAE.
- 5 Samira volunteered for the festival with her brother and sister.
- 6 Samira especially enjoyed the music on the film *Birds of Passage*.

Speaking

- 3 Look at the prompts below and think about what you would answer. In pairs, ask each other questions related to the prompts.

TELL ME ABOUT:

- a film that you saw recently
- a film character that you really like
- an Emirati film you know
- how often you watch films
- a film that scared you
- a film you know based on a true story

TELL ME ABOUT:

- a film with a surprising ending
- your favourite actor or actress
- a film that has incredible special effects
- a film you thought was boring
- whether you would like to go to DIFF
- an animated film that you've seen.

Vocabulary 21st

- 4 Match the film words below with the correct definitions. There are two extra words.

animation cast character crew director extras plot script soundtrack
stars studio subtitles

- 1 The person who decides how to film the movie.
- 2 The music that is used in the film.
- 3 The main actors or actresses in the film.
- 4 The words the actors learn and say in the film.
- 5 The story of the film.
- 6 All of the actors in the film.
- 7 Minor actors who don't speak and stay in the background.
- 8 All the cameramen, sound engineers and technicians.
- 9 The dialogue in written form across the bottom of the screen.
- 10 The person the actor plays in the film.

Functional language

- 5 Complete the sentences with the words below.

about as by in on

- 1 It stars Tom Hanks ____ the lead character.
- 2 It's directed ____ Steven Spielberg.
- 3 It's set ____ France.
- 4 It's ____ two brothers who are separated.
- 5 It's based ____ a true story.



Speaking

- 6 Talk about your favourite film. Try to use the words from Activity 5.

- Make notes on your favourite film.
- Tell your partner about the film.
- Use the language we have learnt to talk about your film.
- Remember to give details.

'There's this part where ...'

'The special effects were ...'

'The acting is so ...'

'The ending is ...'.

Your favourite film

Name:

Cast:

Director:

Set where:

Plot:

**Reasons why
you like it:**

-
-

Speaking tip

Using the correct word stress is as important as getting the individual sounds right. Stressed syllables are usually slightly louder and have longer vowel sounds than the other syllables in the word, for example **amazing**, **incredible**, **brilliant**. Always make a note of the stressed syllable when you learn a new word.

Lessons 9–10 What is a documentary film?

- What is the difference between a documentary film and a feature film?
- Which do you prefer watching and why?

Reading

- 1 Skim-read the extract below from a chapter in a textbook.
Choose the best title.

- a The documentary maker
- b Interesting documentaries
- c Drama in the media

Documentaries are a popular genre for filmmakers nowadays and there are plenty of good ones out there. However, there are also a lot of bad ones. For the up-and-coming documentary filmmaker, there are a few rules you need to follow before you get your camera out and start filming. Before you decide to make a documentary, you should ask yourself some important questions.

What's it going to be about? It's vital that you find a topic that you feel passionate about and want to share with the world. Many documentaries are made because the filmmaker believes that a particular viewpoint is not being discussed enough in the media.

Is there a story to be told? OK, you've found your topic, but will other people be interested? Although documentaries are non-fiction, you should plan to portray a story or message. The information you find must be factual and accurate, but it can also be funny, disturbing, enlightening or a mixture of all three. Whatever it is, it must hold the viewer's attention. A worthy, but dull topic will just make people want to switch off.



Do you have a question to answer?

According to Baines (2015), successful documentary makers like to use the film-making process as a voyage of discovery and hope to find answers to their questions. Answering a question in a film adds dramatic tension to the documentary and creates conflict which is more likely to interest the audience.

How long will it be? Unlike feature films, documentaries are quite short, usually between 30 minutes and one hour, and they need to be focused. Many people choose to watch documentaries on the Internet and will switch to another website if the documentary doesn't hold their attention.

When you have answered these questions and feel ready to continue, there are some practical issues to think about, such as finance, equipment and location.

2 Read the extract again. Are the statements true (T), false (F) or is there no information (NI)?

- 1 There are many poor-quality documentaries.
- 2 A documentary must be about a problem in the world today.
- 3 The filmmaker should know the answer to their own question.
- 4 Baines makes documentary films.
- 5 There are a lot of distractions on the Internet.
- 6 Documentary filmmakers need a lot of money to make a film.

Use of English

- 3 In the extract, find and underline examples of verbs followed by *to* + infinitive.
- 4 Write a 100 word summary of the extract in Activity 1. Remember to use your own words. Use the questions below to help you.

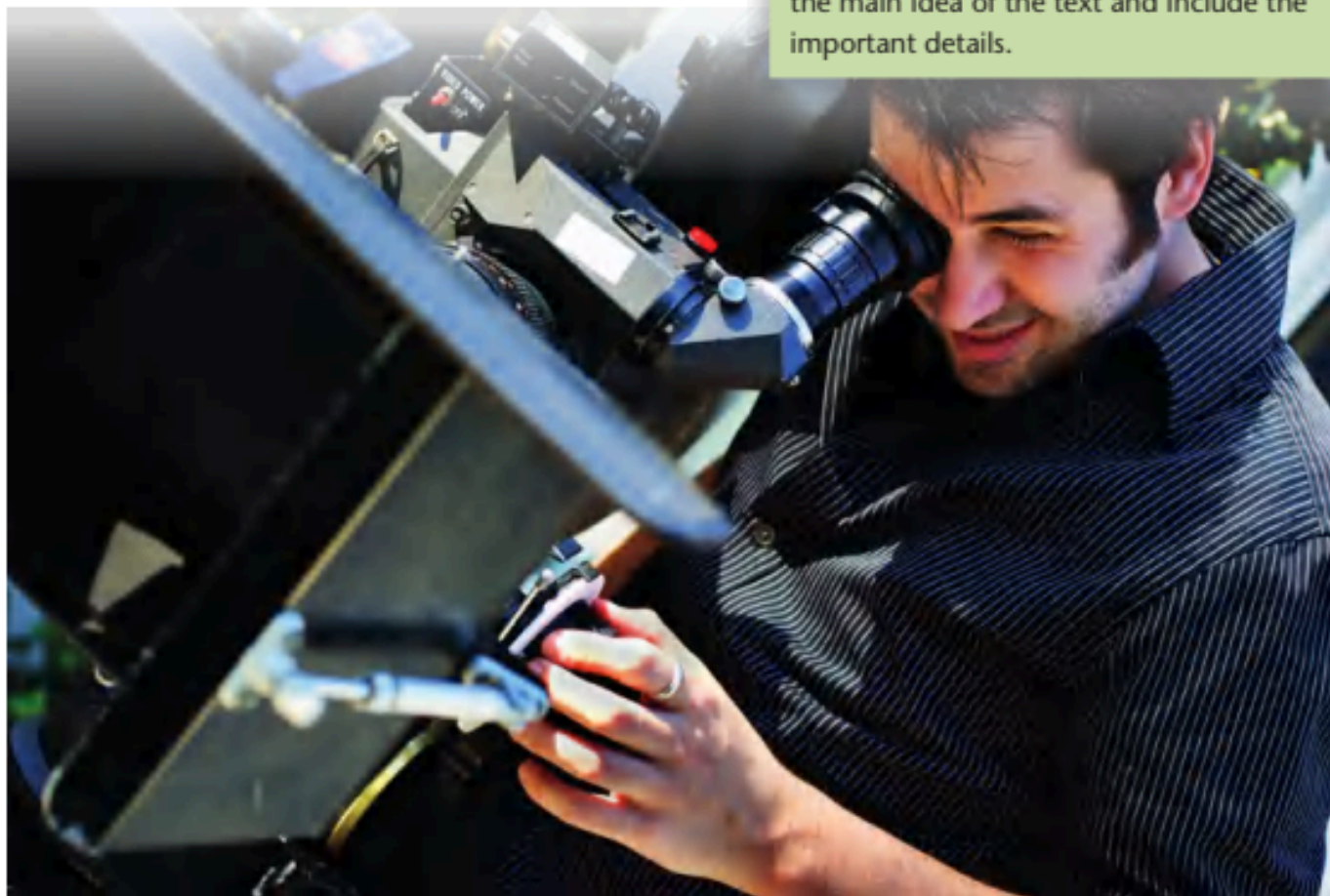
- What is the main idea of the text?
- What evidence supports this?

Language tip

Some verbs are followed by *to* + infinitive, especially verbs of thinking and feeling, such as *choose*, *want* and *like*. For example, *He wants to make a documentary*.

Writing tip

When you summarise a text, you must use your own words. You should state the main idea of the text and include the important details.



Lessons 11–12 Hollywood films shot in the UAE

- Do you like watching films?
- Which films are your favourite?
- Do you think the UAE is a good place to make films?

Reading

- 1 Read the article and answer the questions below.



Locations!

The UAE has recently become a popular location set for filming international films. Over ten Hollywood motion pictures have been filmed in different parts of the UAE, including Abu Dhabi, Dubai and Al Ain. The scenes were shot in deserts, royal palaces and near skyscraper-filled skylines.

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE (2011)

This thrilling film had a very exciting scene shot on Burj Khalifa. The process took 23 days and over 400 crewmembers to make sure everything was perfect.

FAST AND FURIOUS 7 (2015)

This film was shot at various locations in Abu Dhabi including Etihad Towers, Emirates Palace, the Corniche and Al Dhafra. The final version of the film, played in cinemas, had around 30 minutes from Abu Dhabi!

STAR WARS (2015)

Shooting for this film began in April 2014 and cast members travelled to Abu Dhabi in early May. Enormous sets were built for filming. The set included a shuttle-like spacecraft, a large tower and a big market.



Keep an eye out for UAE locations next time you visit the cinema!

- 1 Name two Emirates mentioned in the article.
- 2 How long did the Burj Khalifa scene take to shoot for *Mission Impossible*?
- 3 Name two of the four locations *Fast and Furious 7* was filmed at.
- 4 How much of the filming in Abu Dhabi was included in the final version of *Fast and Furious 7*?
- 5 What was built in Abu Dhabi to film *Star Wars*?
- 6 Was *Star Wars* filmed in one of Abu Dhabi's markets?

Language Focus

2 Look at the sentences from the article and answer the questions.

- Hollywood motion pictures have been filmed in different parts of the UAE.
- The scenes were shot in deserts.
- This film was shot at various locations.
- Enormous sets were built for filming.

1 Did these events happen in the past, present or future? _____

2 Do we know who performed these actions? _____

3 Is it important to know who performed these actions? _____

Language tip

We use the *passive voice* – *to be + past participle* – to talk about actions when we don't know, or it isn't important, who performed the action.

Writing

3 With your group, research another film shot in the UAE. Write a short description using the passive voice.

Things to think about:

- film budget
- location
- main characters
- how long it took to shoot the film

Speaking

4 With your group, discuss the questions below.

- 1 Why do you think a lot of films are being shot in the UAE?
- 2 Do you think this is a good or a bad thing?
- 3 How would you feel if a film was shot in an area near your home or school?



LITERATURE

Robinson Crusoe
by Daniel Defoe

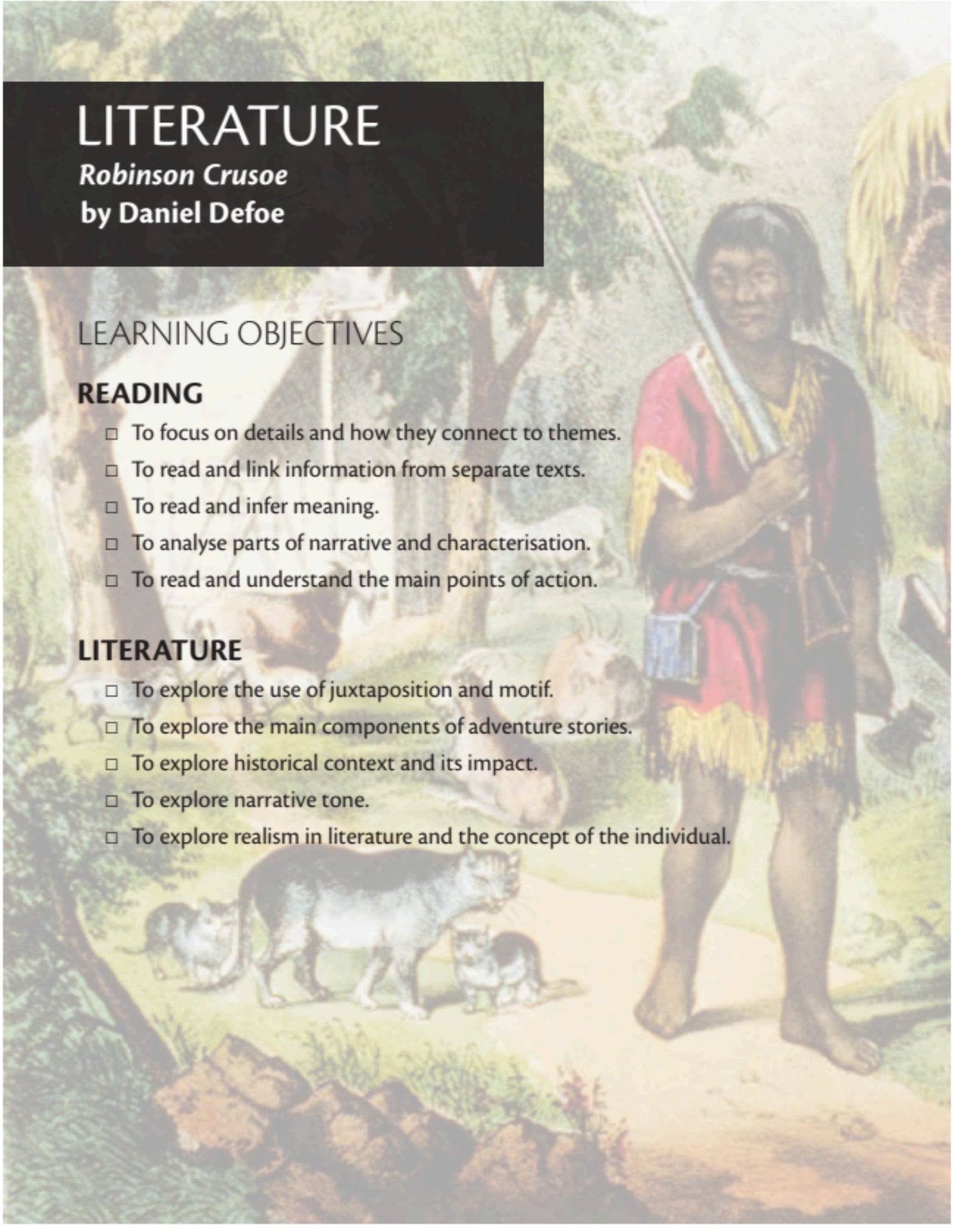
LEARNING OBJECTIVES

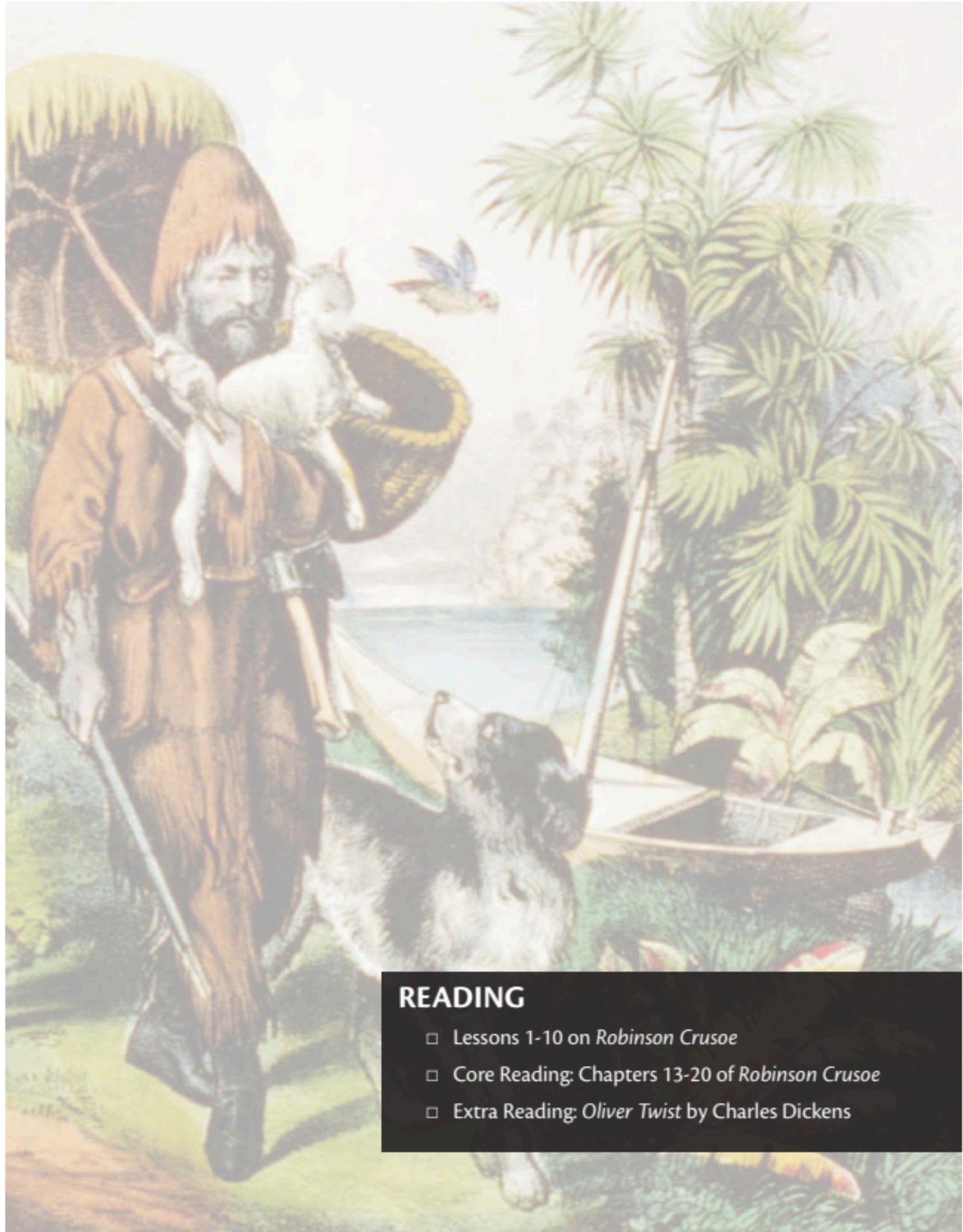
READING

- ❑ To focus on details and how they connect to themes.
- ❑ To read and link information from separate texts.
- ❑ To read and infer meaning.
- ❑ To analyse parts of narrative and characterisation.
- ❑ To read and understand the main points of action.

LITERATURE

- ❑ To explore the use of juxtaposition and motif.
- ❑ To explore the main components of adventure stories.
- ❑ To explore historical context and its impact.
- ❑ To explore narrative tone.
- ❑ To explore realism in literature and the concept of the individual.





READING

- ❑ Lessons 1-10 on *Robinson Crusoe*
- ❑ Core Reading: Chapters 13-20 of *Robinson Crusoe*
- ❑ Extra Reading: *Oliver Twist* by Charles Dickens

Lessons 1–2 **Contentment and Control in *Robinson Crusoe***

- Prior reading: Chapter 13
- To focus on details and how they connect to themes in the novel.
- To explore how juxtaposition and motif are used in *Robinson Crusoe*.

Speaking

1 Read the extract and discuss the questions in pairs.

- Do you think Robinson Crusoe is happy? Why or why not?
- How does Crusoe describe the animals on the island? What purpose do they serve for him?

I had now been on the island for twenty-three years, and I was happy. I had Poll, my parrot, to speak to; he lived with me for twenty-six years. My dog was a loyal friend to me for sixteen years. I always kept a few tame cats, goats and birds within the castle walls for company. I was content.

2 What happens in the rest of the chapter? Do Robinson Crusoe's feelings change?

Reading

3 Read from line 5 "It was December..." to line 16 "...great care and caution".
Questions 1–3 are based on this passage.

- The tribesmen arrive on the island via _____, a motif that represents _____ throughout the novel.
 - land; danger
 - water; justice
 - water; danger
- Once Crusoe sees the tribesmen have left, he goes down to the beach with guns and a sword. This shows that Crusoe
 - is afraid at times, but is still absolutely in control.
 - has no fear and is not afraid of the 'intruders'.
 - is, in fact, not actually in control of the island.
- Crusoe's having built a 'castle' and his use of guns shows that he
 - has completely adapted to life on the island, and has forgotten his life in England.
 - has adapted to an extent, but still has a very Old World way of thinking.
 - only thinks of being rescued.

Reading tip

When reading literature, take time to analyse **details** and think about how they may connect to a deeper meaning or **theme** in the novel.

- 4 Read from line 17 “One day in the middle of May” to the end of Chapter 13 and answer the questions.

- 1 Crusoe hears a ‘gun fired at sea’ and believes that there ‘must be a ship in distress’. This further demonstrates that Crusoe
 - a is still afraid of anyone who comes near ‘his’ island.
 - b associates guns with Europeans, who are not his enemy.
 - c knows that someone has finally come to rescue him.
- 2 Chapter 13 contains two ships that approach the island. One of these is dangerous and the other is not; one makes him afraid and the other gives him hope. This is an example of the literary theme known as
 - a danger.
 - b good versus evil.
 - c juxtaposition.
- 3 Before going to the shipwreck, Crusoe repeats the words, “Oh, if only one had lived!” many, many times. Crusoe’s desire for someone to have survived is because he
 - a is worried about their safety.
 - b is tired of being lonely.
 - c wants to have a servant.
- 4 The fact that Crusoe sails to the shipwreck is evidence that he
 - a once again ignores danger and thinks only about what he believes will make him happy.
 - b feels that this way he can escape from the tribesmen.
 - c is starving and hopes to find food that he can eat.
- 5 Crusoe decides to carry money from the ship to the island despite having no use for it. This shows that he
 - a still has Western ideas.
 - b still hopes to leave the island.
 - c still thinks he might be rescued.
 - d all the above.

Focus

Remember, a common **motif** in *Robinson Crusoe* is that water is connected to danger. Another literary device used in this chapter is **juxtaposition**, which is when an author compares and/or contrasts two elements.

Writing

- 5 Read the following prompt. How far do you agree or disagree? Write a written response.

At the outset of Chapter 13, Robinson Crusoe has been on the island for twenty-three years. After all this time, he is truly happy and in control of his surroundings. He has built a home for himself. He has animal companions. The tribesmen, though possibly dangerous, have not bothered him. Although he misses Western culture, he has truly adapted to life on the island and would choose not to return to Europe even if he were given the opportunity.

Lessons 3–4 Genre and the Hero in *Robinson Crusoe*

- Prior reading: Chapter 14
- To read and link information from a separate text with the novel.
- To explore the main components of adventure stories present in *Robinson Crusoe*.

Reading

- 1 Read and complete the infographic with the correct terms from the box.



Speaking

- 2 Discuss the questions in groups.
- Is Robinson Crusoe an adventure story?
 - Which elements of an adventure story does the novel contain?
 - What examples from the text demonstrate this?

Focus

Literature can be separated into **genres**, which are recognizable categories or styles. Examples of such are comedy, drama, or adventure. Each literary genre has **conventions**, which are the elements by which the genre can be defined.

Reading

- 3 Read the extract on the next page and discuss the question in groups.

- 1 Why does Crusoe save Friday?
- 2 How active is Crusoe in Friday's rescue?
- 3 Who does Crusoe shoot? What causes him to do this?
- 4 How does Crusoe help Friday during and after his escape?

Reading tip

When analyzing literature, there are many texts beyond the original source text that the reader can use to get additional information. **Synthesizing** this information will help the reader to further understand a literary work.

Then, I saw some of the men drag two people from the boats. The first of the men was knocked down and beaten to death by wooden clubs. While this was happening, the second of the men broke free and ran quickly in my direction! Three of the murderous gang began to chase him, but they could not run as fast.

The man continued running until he reached the creek, he plunged in and swam with great speed and landed on the other side. Two of his pursuers jumped into the water to follow him, the third must have been unable to swim. Suddenly, it occurred to me that if I helped this man he could become my companion!

I ran down to the creek towards the attackers. As I came nearer, I saw one of these wild men with a bow and arrow, getting ready to shoot me. I took my gun, aimed and killed him with one shot.

The poor man who had escaped came closer to me, I smiled at him: then he kneeled down, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, he put my foot on his head; this, it seems, was a sign of his gratitude in his culture.

I looked up and saw the other attacker running towards us. My new friend jumped up and pointed at my sword. I gave it to him immediately. As soon as he had it, he ran to his enemy, and killed him with one blow. He then made signs to me that he should bury them with sand, so that the rest of the tribe would not see the bodies.

We quickly buried them in the sand. Then, I helped and guided him to my cave, on the farther part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and some fresh water.

Writing

- 4** Read the description of a traditional adventure hero. How far do you agree that Robinson Crusoe fits the description? Write an essay to explain your answer, using the text to justify your ideas where possible.

True adventure heroes always become heroes by chance. They are often people who others would not consider heroes but are suddenly faced with difficult circumstances and rise to the occasion. Adventure heroes use their intelligence and skill to solve problems; they face danger but demonstrate courage and bravery and manage to escape – albeit barely. Despite having many positive qualities, adventure heroes are not perfect and have weaknesses that make their quest difficult. In the end, however, they defeat their enemies – but only after mastering themselves. Readers like adventure heroes as protagonists who do extraordinary things.

Lessons 5–6 **Civilisation and Context in *Robinson Crusoe***

- Prior reading: Chapters 15 and 16.
- To read and infer meaning in *Robinson Crusoe*.
- To explore the historical context of the time and its impact on the novel.

Speaking

1 Discuss the questions in groups.

- To what extent does Robinson Crusoe recreate Western civilisation on the island?
- To what extent are the different aspects of his life on the island based only on survival versus his own comfort? Think about food, clothing, shelter, animals and personal belongings.
- Would you act in the same way as Crusoe? What would you do differently?

Reading

2 Read the extract and answer the questions.

- 1** Which choice best describes what happens in the passage?
- a** Crusoe teaches Friday but makes him do all the work.
 - b** Crusoe teaches Friday and they work together.
 - c** Crusoe keeps Friday as a slave and treats him badly.
- 2** Which choice provides the best evidence for the answer to the previous question?
- a** Line 5 “...soon Friday could do all the work as well as I could do it.”
 - b** Line 6 “Now that there were two people to feed, we worked together...”
 - c** Line 6–7 “Friday worked hard and I was happier than I had ever been on my island.”
- 3** The word ‘fetch’ in line 3 most nearly means
- a** buy.
 - b** get.
 - c** hold.

After two or three days, one morning I took Friday out to the woods to teach him to shoot. I shot a young goat that was resting under a tree. Friday was at first surprised and scared of the sound the gun made. I pointed to the gun and to the dead goat and signed to Friday to run and fetch the animal. We took it back to the cave and boiled the flesh to make a stew. Friday liked the food very much.

5 The next day I taught him how to make bread, and soon Friday could do all the work as well as I could do it.

Now that there were two people to feed, we worked together to prepare more land to harvest. Friday worked hard and I was happier than I had ever been on my island. Friday began to talk very well and understand the names of almost everything.

- 3 Read from line 19 "Friday soon began..." to line 43 "... us to his nation." Questions 1-3 are on this passage.

- 1 In this extract, Crusoe is surprised to learn that some of the shipwrecked sailors are alive
 - a but still considers Friday and his people to be 'wild' despite them having saved the sailors.
 - b but knows Friday and his people are not savages.
 - c and is now afraid they will want their gold and dog back.
- 2 Which lines best show that the mainland tribes are just as human, and therefore civilised, as Europeans?
 - a Line 19 "Friday soon began to understand all I said to him."
 - b Line 27 "...they make brother with them."
 - c Line 33 "I be much glad to be at my own nation."
- 3 Which lines best reveal Crusoe's real attitude toward Friday and his countrymen?
 - a Line 31 "I could see he missed his own country a lot."
 - b Lines 34 "What would you do there?" said I. "Would you turn wild again? Would you kill men?"
 - c Lines 43 "So, I told Friday I would make a boat to carry us to his nation."

Reading tip

Robinson Crusoe is a novel which contains many themes, some of which are obvious while others are not. From the interactions between Crusoe and Friday, the reader can **infer** that the novel deals not only with the relationship between two characters, but also society's views at the time of publication.

- 4 What examples are there in Chapters 15 and 16 that show Friday is equally as civilised as any human?

Writing

- 5 Read the Focus Tip box, then write a response to the following question: How does the characterisation of Friday and Defoe's representation of the tribespeople challenge or support the prevailing views on native populations at the time?

Focus

In the early 18th century, much of the world was controlled by European powers, which had extended their influence across the globe starting in the 15th century. These colonial powers generally viewed the inhabitants of Africa and the Americas as wild, inferior and even immoral. Many colonial Europeans even considered it their 'duty' to teach non-Europeans how to be 'civilised'.

Robinson Crusoe, which was published in the United Kingdom in 1719, deals extensively with this theme. The narrator, an Englishman, often expresses ideas similar to those which were common during his time – that the people he encounters during his travels are inferior and need to be 'taught' how to be moral, civilised human beings. The author, however, does include elements in the novel that contrast this idea.

Lessons 7–8 **Character and Tone in *Robinson Crusoe***

- Prior reading: Chapters 17 and 18.
- To analyse parts of the narrative and their contribution to characterisation in *Robinson Crusoe*.
- To explore the narrative tone of the novel.

Speaking

1 Reread the opening lines of *Robinson Crusoe* and discuss the questions.

- What type of narrative voice does the author use?
- To what extent is the text objective and factual or subjective and emotional? What lines demonstrate this?

My name is Robinson Crusoe. I was born in 1632, in the city of York, England. I lived there with my mother and father; my father had made his fortune as a successful merchant.

I had two older brothers, one of which was killed in battle against the Spaniards. I never knew my second brother, as he disappeared suddenly and my parents never found out what happened to him.

- 5 My father was desperate for me to join the family business and become successful. However, I wanted nothing more than to go to sea and explore the world; this led me strongly against the will of my father. Nothing my family or friends said could change my mind.

2 What examples can you recall from the novel where the narrator expresses strong feelings and emotions?

Reading

3 Read the extract and answer the questions.

- Which choice best describes what happens in the passage?
 - Crusoe becomes extremely emotional because he cannot believe he is finally saved.
 - Crusoe becomes extremely emotional because he cannot stand the idea of leaving the island behind after so many years.
 - Crusoe becomes extremely emotional because he cannot stand the idea of leaving Friday behind.
 - Crusoe, as usual, is very emotional and simply expresses his feelings to the captain.
- This extract stands out in the novel because Crusoe
 - is clearly going to be in danger.

Reading tip

In *Robinson Crusoe*, the narrator is characterised indirectly. The reader must infer from the Crusoe's thoughts and actions from various parts of the novel what he is like.

- b** suddenly hates the island.
 - c** is rarely emotional.
 - d** has become too old to travel.
- 4 The word *shore* as used in line 1 most nearly means
- a** desert.
 - b** beach.
 - c** forest.
 - d** mountain.
- 5 The overall tone of the extract is
- a** emotive.
 - b** cold.
 - c** factual.
 - d** sad.

I looked at the ship; it was about half a mile from the shore. We could see the crew had weighed her anchor as soon as they had received the orders from the men who had returned from the island. The weather was good, and they were able to bring the ship close to the mouth of the little creek. When I could see the ship clearly, I was ready to fall down with the surprise: now I could see and believe that I was saved!

- 5 I tried to thank the captain for finding and saving us, but I could find no words and was unable to speak; he took me in his arms and I had to hold on to him tightly, or I would have fallen to the ground. After some time, I sat on the ground and stared at the ship, and it was a long time before I could speak another word. During all this time, the poor man said a thousand kind things to me to help me recover from the shock, but such was the flood of joy in my heart that I broke down in tears.
- 10 The captain and his men were here to save me and Friday and I could not express how grateful I was to him and his men for finding and helping us.

Focus

The **narrative tone** in *Robinson Crusoe* varies throughout the novel. Although much of it tends to be objective, there are passages where the focus is on Crusoe's emotional state. The author uses these changes in order to further engage the reader and deepen his/her connection with the protagonist.

Writing

- 4 Throughout *Robinson Crusoe*, Defoe alters the style and tone of the narrative. Why does he do this? What does this achieve?

Lessons 9–10 **Change and the Individual in *Robinson Crusoe***

- Prior reading: Chapters 19 and 20.
- To understand the main points of action in the closing chapters of *Robinson Crusoe*.
- To explore the realistic aspects of the novel and the concept of the individual.

Speaking

1 Discuss the questions in groups.

- What is the focus of each of the final chapters of *Robinson Crusoe*?
- What does Crusoe find out about his family?
- How long does Crusoe stay in England after arriving for the first time? Why does he leave?
- Does Crusoe settle down at the end of the story? Does he ever travel again?
- Does the novel end how you expected? Why/Why not?

Reading

2 Read from line 6 “I arrived in England...” to line 24 “transferred to me”. Answer the questions.

1 Which choice best describes what happens in the extract?

- a** Crusoe returns to England with great ceremony and is given a warm welcome by his family and friends.
- b** Crusoe returns to England only to realise his parents are dead, he has no money and that he must travel to Lisbon to collect money he is owed.
- c** Crusoe returns to England only to realise his parents are dead and that as a result, he should have just stayed on the island.
- d** Crusoe returns to England only to realise his parents are dead, that he dislikes England and that he wants to continue travelling.

2 Crusoe describes his parents having died in his absence

- a** with no emotion.
- b** with some emotion.
- c** with great emotion.

3 The overall tone of the extract is

- a** dramatic.
- b** exciting.
- c** boring.
- d** realistic.

3 Read from line 9 “Anyone would think...” to the end of the chapter. Questions 1–3 are based on this passage.

Reading tip

The final chapters of a novel correspond to the last plot stage in Freytag’s pyramid: **resolution**. In adventure stories, the hero generally ends up where they started, but having experienced a great many things on their journey. *Robinson Crusoe* differs slightly, as the novel does not end with the narrator back home in England, but rather, still away on an adventure.

- 1 Which choice best describes what happens in the extract?
 - a Crusoe settles in England and never travels again.
 - b Crusoe tries to settle in England, but ends up returning to the island to live.
 - c Crusoe tries to settle down but ends up returning to the island for a visit only to die at sea on the way back to England.
 - d Crusoe tries to settle in England but ends up going on more adventures, including a trip to the island.
- 2 Based on his trip to the island, Crusoe
 - a still considers the island to be 'his'.
 - b still considers the island to be 'his', which he intends to sell.
 - c plans to return and live on 'his' island.
 - d plans to return and take control of 'his' island.
- 3 Based on the final lines of the novel, Crusoe
 - a will finally return to England and settle down.
 - b will continue to travel and have adventures.
 - c wishes he could stay on the island forever.
 - d wishes he had never left England in the first place.

Focus

Robinson Crusoe, which was first published in 1719, is often considered to be the first English novel. An immediate success, it serves as an example of the shift from medieval literary styles to **realistic fiction**. In fact, the first edition did not even contain the author's name, but rather, claimed that the work had been penned by Robinson Crusoe 'himself'. Beyond this, there are a number of other elements that lean towards realism, including a first-person narrator, detailed descriptions, journal entries, and real places; much of the novel consists of Crusoe performing daily tasks, many of which are uninteresting and repetitive. Emotive language is rare in the novel, used only occasionally. Breaking from the literary conventions of the day, *Robinson Crusoe* marks the beginning of an interest in novels which do not contain imaginary worlds, but instead, reflect reality.

Speaking

- 4 Hold a debate on the following topic: Crusoe is a changed man at the close of the novel.

Speaking

In a debate, you can strengthen your argument by **conceding**. This is when you admit that some of what the other side states is true, but their main idea is not correct. Some useful phrases to concede an argument are:

It's true that...	..., but...
I agree (with you) that...	However, ...
I can understand that...	On the other hand, ...
	Nevertheless, ...

Core Reading

Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe

Chapter 13

A Spanish Shipwreck

I had now been on the island for twenty-three years and I was happy. I had Poll, my parrot, to speak to; he lived with me for twenty six years. My dog was a **loyal** friend to me for sixteen years. I always kept a few tame cats, goats and birds within the castle walls for company. I was **content** and soon forgot about the murderous men who had visited my island.

- 5 It was December. I went out before sunrise and was surprised to see the light of a fire on the shore. I was terrified and ran back to my castle, climbed the ladder and pulled it up after me.

I stayed for about two hours and began to wonder what was happening on the beach. So setting up my ladder, I left my castle and climbed to the top of the hill. When I reached the top, I laid on the ground and began to look. I could see nine tribesmen sitting around a small fire.

- 10 They had two canoes that they had pulled up on to the sand. To my relief, I soon saw them drag their canoes into the water and start to row away from the island.

As soon as I saw them shipped and gone, I took two guns upon my shoulders, two pistols in my belt and a sword. I ran to their fire. Going down to the shore, I could see the horror they had left behind: blood and bones.

- 15 After this **discovery**, I spent my days worried and afraid of these men. I could not sleep, and if I did I had frightful dreams. If I ever left my castle, I took the great care and **caution**.

One day in the middle of May, I was surprised to hear the noise of a gun fired at sea. I rushed to the top of the hill, thinking this must be a ship in **distress**! I collected as much dry wood as I could find and set it on fire at the top of the hill. If there was a ship, they would see my fire and help me! Soon

Vocabulary

loyal: always liking and supporting someone or something, sometimes when other people do not
content: happy and satisfied

discovery: the act of finding something new
caution: great care and attention
distress: a strong feeling of sadness, worry or pain

20 I heard another gun; the ship had heard my signal and they were replying!

I had no choice but to wait until sunrise. Early in the morning I ran to the top of the hill and looked out for the ship. I could see something very far out to sea. As I looked closer, I saw it was the wreck of a ship caught on the rocks.

I could do no more than **pity** the ship's crew. I knew they must have been killed in the wreck. I
25 wished just one man had made it to the island to be my companion and save me from my loneliness. I repeated the words, "Oh, if only one had lived!" a thousand times. But it was not to be; I never knew whether any men were saved out of that ship or not, but I did find the body of a drowned boy come on shore near the shipwreck.

When the sea was calm, I decided to sail my boat to the wreck, hoping to find someone alive. I
30 had to plan my journey and sail very carefully, avoiding the rocks and currents.

It took me two hours to get to the wreck. Now I was closer, I could see it was a Spanish ship. It was stuck fast, jammed in between two rocks. The ship had been beaten to pieces. As I came closer, a dog appeared; seeing me the dog barked, jumped in the sea and swam to my boat. I pulled him up and gave him some bread and fresh water.

35 I could find no one else alive or any food supplies that had not been ruined by the sea water. I found and took two chests back to the island to open.

There were several guns in the ship's cabin, two little **brass** kettles, a **copper** pot, and a **gridiron**; I took these things and the dog back to my island. I slept that night in the boat and in the morning I opened the chests. In the first chest, I found several useful things. I found in one a fine case of
40 bottles filled with **cordial** waters. I found two pots of very good sweetmeats, undamaged by the salt-water. I found some good shirts and many white handkerchiefs which I could use to wipe my face on a hot day.

The second chest held three great bags of coins and some small bars or wedges of gold. Even though I had no use for money, I carried it back to my cave. The ship must have carried a great deal
45 of money and treasure before the storm had ruined it.

Vocabulary

pity: a feeling of sadness for someone else's situation

brass: a bright yellow metal

copper: a red / brown metal

gridiron: a frame of metal bars used for grilling meat or fish over an open fire

cordial: a sweet drink made from fruit

Check your Understanding

1 How long has Robinson Crusoe been on the island now?

2 Who does Crusoe see on the island? How many of them are there?

3 Crusoe sees another ship. Where does he believe it is from? What has happened to the crew?

4 How long does it take for Crusoe to sail to the ship?

5 What items does Crusoe get from the ship?

Chapter 14

A Dream Realised

I began to relax again. For two years, life carried on and was easy, but my head was filled with projects and designs how, if it were possible, I might get away from this island.

It was a rainy March night. I had now been alone on my island for twenty-four years and I was lying in my hammock awake. My mind raced and I ran over the whole history of my life. I reflected
5 on how happy I was during the first years on the island, and then the years of fear and anxiety after seeing the foot print in the sand.

I thought seriously about the real danger I had been in for so many years on this very island, and how I had walked about not knowing that danger could have been anywhere and come at any time.

10 What would happen if these wild men caught me? How could I escape if I was attacked? If I was to escape the island and reach the mainland, how would I know they would not be there waiting for me? Even though I was scared, I had as it were no power to stop my mind from escaping the island to the mainland on my boat.

Exhausted with these thoughts, I fell into a deep sleep. I dreamed I saw angry tribesmen arrive
15 on the shore. They had another man they brought to kill. All of a sudden, this man broke free and ran for his life. He ran to my castle and I gave him my ladder to climb and helped him to my cave. Finally, I was no longer alone! I woke suddenly, sad that it was just a dream.

For another year and a half I waited, keeping watch over the shores of my kingdom.

One morning, I was surprised to see five canoes on the beach. Immediately, I took my guns and
20 climbed to the top of the hill. I looked down to the shore and saw thirty tribesmen dancing around a fire.

Then, I saw some of the men drag two people from the boats. The first of the men was knocked down and beaten to death by wooden clubs. While this was happening, the second of the men

Vocabulary

exhausted: extremely tired

broke free and ran quickly in my direction! Three of the murderous **gang** began to chase him, but
 25 they could not run as fast.

The man continued running until he reached the creek. He **plunged** in and swam with great speed and landed on the other side. Two of his **pursuers** jumped into the water to follow him; the third must have been unable to swim. Suddenly, it occurred to me that if I helped this man he could become my companion!

30 I ran down to the creek towards the attackers. As I came nearer, I saw one of these wild men with a bow and arrow getting ready to shoot me. I took my gun, aimed and killed him with one shot.

The poor man who had escaped came closer to me. I smiled at him. Then he kneeled down, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, he put my foot on his head. This, it seems, was a sign of his **gratitude** in his culture.

35 I looked up and saw the other attacker running towards us. My new friend jumped up and pointed at my sword. I gave it to him immediately. As soon as he had it, he ran to his enemy and killed him with one blow. He then made signs to me that he should bury them with sand, so that the rest of the tribe would not see the bodies.

We quickly buried them in the sand. Then, I helped and guided him to my cave, on the farther part
 40 of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and some fresh water.

He was a handsome man, perfectly made, with straight, strong **limbs**; he was tall, and I thought about twenty-six years old. He had a friendly face. His hair was long and black and his eyes sparkled. His face was round and plump with a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine set of white teeth.

45 After some time had passed, I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me. I called him Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I taught him to say *Yes* and *No* and to know the meaning of these words. I gave him some clothes, which he was very happy with.

I gave Friday a sword and a gun. He also had a bow and arrows at his back. I carried two guns and together we marched to the place where the murderers had been. When I came to the place my
 50 very blood ran cold in my veins. The place was covered with human bones, the ground dyed red with their blood and great pieces of human flesh left here and there.

Friday, by his signs, told me there had been a battle between this tribe and his. The winning tribe had taken prisoners to the island to violently kill them, in what I thought must be a tribal **ritual**.

Vocabulary

pursuer: someone who is chasing someone or something

gratitude: the feeling of being thankful

limb: an arm or leg of a person or animal

ritual: a set of actions that are part of a ceremony

gang: a group of criminals

plunge: to fall down suddenly into something

We left the bloody scene and returned to our castle and here I made Friday some clothes out of goat skin. He was very pleased.

The next day, I made a little tent for him between the two walls of the castle. I did not need to think of my own safety: Friday was a faithful, loving friend. He was like a son to me and I think he would have sacrificed his life to save mine. I was so happy to have a companion and I taught him about life on the island so he would be able to help me in every task.

Check your Understanding

1 How long has Robinson Crusoe been alone on the island now?

2 What is Crusoe preoccupied with towards the beginning of the chapter?

3 What does Crusoe dream about?

4 How many tribesmen come to the island? Why are they there? How does this compare to the other trips to the island that Crusoe witnesses?

5 Put the sentences in order to make a correct summary of events.

- ___ Three tribesmen follow the second man.
- ___ Crusoe and the man go to his cave.
- ___ The second man runs away from the tribesmen.
- ___ Crusoe and the man bury the two tribesmen they have killed.
- ___ The first man is killed.
- ___ Crusoe kills one of the tribesmen.
- ___ The man who has escaped kisses the ground.

6 What does Crusoe name the man he helps? What does he look like?

7 Describe the relationship between Crusoe and his new companion.

Chapter 15

Teaching Friday

After two or three days, one morning I took Friday out to the woods to teach him to shoot. I shot a young goat that was resting under a tree. Friday was at first surprised and scared of the sound the gun made. I pointed to the gun and to the dead goat and signed to Friday to run and fetch the animal. We took it back to the cave and boiled the **flesh** to make a stew. Friday liked the food very
5 much.

The next day I taught him how to make bread and soon Friday could do all the work as well as I could do it.

Now there were two people to feed, we worked together to prepare more land for harvest. Friday worked hard and I was happier than I had ever been on my island. Friday began to talk very well
10 and understand the names of almost everything.

I asked him questions about his own country and about the battles he had fought in. Friday told me he had landed on my island before.

I asked him how far was it from our island to the shore and whether the canoes often got lost at sea. He told me there was no danger: the current and wind was always one way in the morning,
15 the other in the afternoon.

He told me that in a place **beyond** the setting of the moon, there was a place where white bearded men lived. I asked if we could get to this place and he told me, "Yes, yes, you may go in two canoe." He meant we must take a large boat, as big as two canoes.

Friday soon began to understand all I said to him. I told him my own history, how I had come to
20 the island and how long I had been there.

I described to him my home country of England. I told him about the ship wrecks and showed him

Vocabulary

flesh: the soft part of the body between the skin and the bone

beyond: further away in the distance

where the boats had sunk. I told him about the other men who had drowned.

Friday excitedly added, "We save the white mans from drown, the boat full of white mans." I asked him how many. He told me counting on his fingers up to seventeen. I asked him what had
25 happened to the men. He told me, "They live, they live in my country."

He told me the men had been living with his people for about four years and that the tribes did not hurt them. I asked him why they did not kill them. He said, "No, they make brother with them."

It was some time after this conversation that we were on top of the hill. The weather was very clear and the air was still and because of this, we could see land far off in the distance. Friday looked
30 towards the land and started jumping and dancing. He called out, "Oh joy! Oh glad! There see my country! There my **nation!**" He looked so happy. I could see he missed his own country a lot.

I called to him and said, "Friday, do you want to be back in your own country, your own nation?"

"Yes," he said, "I be much glad to be at my own nation."

"What would you do there?" said I. "Would you turn wild again? Would you kill men?"

35 He looked very serious, and shaking his head, said, "No, no, Friday tell them to live good; no kill man, they willing love learn."

Then I asked him if he would go back to them. He smiled and told me that he could not swim so far. I told him I would make a canoe for him and he said that he would go if I would go with him.

"I'd go, but they would kill me."

40 "No, no. Me make, they no kill you; me make, they much love you." He meant he would tell them how I had killed his enemies and saved his life, and so he would make them love me.

After this conversation, I felt it would be safe to go to the mainland with Friday and I wanted to make the journey. So, I told Friday I would make a boat to carry us to his nation.

Vocabulary

nation: a country or group of people living in one area with their own laws and language



Check your Understanding

- 1** What things does Robinson Crusoe teach Friday? Does Friday help Crusoe with his everyday tasks?

- 2** How has Friday being on the island affected Crusoe's mood?

- 3** What contact has Friday had with Europeans? What does Crusoe learn about the shipwreck?

- 4** Where is Friday from? Has he ever been to the island before?

- 5** How does Friday feel about his nation? Does he wish to return? Will he live the same way as he did before?

- 6** What does Robinson Crusoe decide to do at the end of the chapter?

Chapter 16

The Rescue

I went with Friday to find a large tree to chop down, so we could make a canoe big enough to take us to the mainland. It took a month's hard work to finish the boat, two months to fit the masts and the sails and two weeks to carry it on **rollers** to the water. The canoe was big enough to carry twenty men.

- 5 When the large canoe was in the water, it amazed me to see how well Friday could turn and **paddle** the boat along.

We spent every day preparing for our voyage; we had to make sure we had enough supplies. I asked Friday to go to the shore to find a turtle for the eggs and the meat. Soon, I heard Friday shout, "O master! O master! O bad! O bad!"

- 10 "What's the matter, Friday?" says I.

"Over there," says he, "one, two, three canoes!"

"Well, Friday," said I, "do not be frightened. Can you fight, Friday?"

"Me shoot," says he, "but there come many great number. Me die when you die."

So I got our guns and my great sword and I gave Friday an axe.

- 15 I looked and saw a group of men on the beach, they had two prisoners with them and they were here to kill these men. I decided that we must go to the beach and fight to save the prisoners. I told Friday to stay close to me and to stay quiet.

As we marched towards them, I thought about whether this was the right thing to do. These people had done nothing wrong to me. It was none of my business – Friday had reason: these

- 20 people were his enemy and the enemy of his nation. However this was not true for me; I decided to just to see what was happening – but not to attack.

I told Friday to climb a tree to get a better view of the beach. He told me the men were dancing around the fire; they had killed one of their prisoners, the other lay tied up on the sand. He told

Vocabulary

roller: a long tube that turns over and over to carry things along

paddle: to push poles through the water to move a boat along

me the prisoner was still alive, and he looked like a white bearded man.

- 25 I decided we had to help the **remaining** prisoner. We both aimed our guns and shot at the murderers. Friday killed two men with one shot and wounded three more; I killed one and hurt two. The rest of the attackers ran around **yelling** and screaming like wild animals.

"Now, Friday," says I, "follow me." We marched towards the prisoner, shooting at our attackers. Friday continued to fire at them while I took my knife and cut the ropes that **bound** the prisoner.

- 30 I asked him where he was from and I understood that he was from Spain. I gave him a pistol and my sword. He took them very thankfully and flew upon his murderers. He cut two of them to pieces in an instant.

- Friday pursued the rest of the men with no weapon in his hand but his axe, and with that he killed three. The young prisoner chased some of the men and hurt them badly; Friday jumped to help
35 and killed them all. Only one was too quick; he ran and jumped into the sea, then swam to a canoe and joined two others who were escaping. We had killed them all, except for the three who now were quickly paddling away.

- I was worried the men who escaped would go and fetch more of their tribe to come back and attack us. I jumped in one of the canoes they had left on the beach to chase them, and I was surprised to
40 see a man, bound and afraid, lying at the bottom of the boat. We had found another prisoner, but he seemed almost dead.

I cut the ropes that tied him and called Friday to help me. As soon as Friday saw the man's face, he began to cry and hug and kiss him; he then told me that the man was his father.

- This put an end to our pursuit of the canoe carrying the other attackers, who we hoped would be
45 lost at sea.

Friday ran to fetch fresh water and two loaves of bread for his father and the Spaniard, so they could regain some strength.

Friday, a strong man, carried the Spaniard on his back to our castle. He then returned for his father. They were too weak to climb the ladder, so we made them a comfortable tent just outside the walls.

- 50 As soon as the two weak, rescued prisoners were resting, I told Friday to boil and stew a goat. When the food was ready we carried it to them. We set up a table in their tent and ate our dinner together.

After we had dined, Friday went to fetch our guns from the place of battle, and the next day he buried the dead bodies of the tribesmen, which were lying in the sun.

Now, there were four people on my island and this made me very happy.

Vocabulary

remaining: continue to stay behind after other people have left the scene

yell: to shout or scream loudly with their own

bound: tied with rope

Check your Understanding

1 What do Crusoe and Friday make? How long does it take them?

2 Who comes to the island? What have they come to do?

3 Why does Crusoe decide to attack the tribesmen on the beach?

4 How many tribesmen do Crusoe and the others kill? How many get away? How does this happen?

5 How does Friday react to the other prisoner they rescue? Why?

6 What do Crusoe and Friday do with the newly-freed men?

7 How does Robinson Crusoe feel at the end of the chapter?

Chapter 17

Visitors

I spoke a little Spanish and I was able to talk to the Spaniard about how he came to be **captured**. He told me that he had been living peacefully with a tribe along with sixteen of his countrymen. Their ship had been wrecked and they had been lucky to make it alive to the coast.

He told me they were all very honest men, but they didn't have any weapons, or enough clothes
5 and food. The Spaniard wanted me to help bring them to the island and he promised me that if I could help them, they would live and die by me.

If we saved these men, we would need a lot of provisions. So, for six months we worked very hard to have enough corn, rice, dried fruit and meat for everyone.

The Spaniard and Friday's father took our large canoe and filled it with bread, dried grapes and
10 water. I gave them each a gun and told them only to fire if necessary. They set sail and aimed to be back in eight days.

On the morning of the ninth day, Friday woke me shouting, "Master, Master, they are come! They are come!" I jumped up and ran to the shore. I soon saw that this was not the boat carrying out friends. It was an English boat carrying men from my own country! Further in the distance I could
15 see a **grand** ship – an English ship!

I was still unsure if these men were dangerous or not, so I told Friday to stay hidden while I moved to the beach to take a closer look. I could see that there were eleven men in the boat, and I could now see for certain that they were English.

I could see no prisoners or weapons which was a great relief. Friday joined me and we continued
20 to watch from behind a tree; we watched as the men landed on the beach, left their boat on the shore and began exploring the island.

It was clear to see which of these men was the captain, as he directed his crew and gave them orders. I decided it was safe to approach him. After all, he could help transport me away from the island and back to my home in England.

Vocabulary

capture: to take someone as prisoner
grand: important and large

25 As we walked down the shore towards these welcome visitors, I could see they were surprised and shocked to see anyone on the island at all, especially two men who looked like myself and Friday. As I approached them, I said, "Gentlemen, do not be scared. Perhaps you can help me. I am an Englishman. I have been deserted on this island for twenty-eight years."

The ship's captain called me to him and we sat on the sand and shared our stories. I told him my
30 whole history and it affected him deeply. I told them how I came to be here and how I had survived all these years on the island. I asked him whether he would be able to save myself and Friday by taking us away with him on his ship. He quickly agreed to helping us leave the island and ordered seven of his men to return to the ship and prepare it for the journey.

I invited the rest of the men to my home. I gave them food and water and showed them how I had
35 been living for twenty-eight years. The captain admired my castle and how perfectly I had hidden and protected it with a **grove** of trees.

The captain told me that his ship was on course to sail back to England, and with it, I would finally be able to return to my own country and see the family I had **abandoned** so long ago.

Suddenly, as I viewed and thought about all that I had **accomplished** and built – my castle, my
40 flocks of goats, tame birds and cats, my fields full of corn and barley – I felt sad to leave it all behind.

Vocabulary

grove: a group of trees planted together

abandoned: left behind for a long time or forever

accomplished: able to do or finish something successfully

Check your Understanding

1 How was Robinson Crusoe able to communicate with the Spaniard?

2 What does Crusoe decide to do regarding the Spaniard's countrymen? How long does he wait before doing this? Why?

3 Who leaves the island? Where are they going? How long are they supposed to be gone?

4 Why does Friday wake Crusoe up shouting?

5 Who comes to the island? Are they dangerous?

6 How long has Robinson Crusoe been living on the island?

7 How does Crusoe feel at the end of the chapter? Why?

Chapter 18

Leaving my Island

I now realized that it was time to leave the island. I led the captain, his men and Friday as we climbed to the top of the hill to take a final view of my island, my kingdom. The captain hugged me, "My dear friend," says he, "there's your ship; after so many difficult years, she will carry you home to England – where you belong."

- 5 I looked at the ship; it was about half a mile from the shore. We could see the crew had weighed her **anchor** as soon as they had received the orders from the men who had returned from the island. The weather was good, and they were able to bring the ship close to the mouth of the little creek. When I could see the ship clearly, I was ready to fall down with the surprise: now I could see and believe that I was saved!
- 10 I tried to thank the captain for finding and saving us, but I could find no words and was unable to speak; he took me in his arms and I had to hold on to him tightly, or I would have fallen to the ground. After some time, I sat on the ground and **stared** at the ship, and it was a long time before I could speak another word. During all this time, the poor man said a thousand kind things to me to help me recover from the shock, but such was the flood of joy in my heart that I broke down in tears.
- 15 The captain and his men were here to save me and Friday and I could not **express** how grateful I was to him and his men for finding and helping us.

I told the captain I needed to stay that night on the island to prepare my things, and that he should go on board and make sure everything was ready on the ship. He agreed and said he would send the boat on shore next day to collect us.

- 20 Some of his men decided to stay and live on the island. So that night, I told them my story and how I had lived on the island all these years. I showed them my **fortifications**, the way I made my bread, planted my corn, and dried my grapes, and anything else that would help them live an easy and pleasant life.

Vocabulary

anchor: a heavy object on a strong rope or chain that is dropped from a boat to stop it from moving

stare: to look directly at something for a long time

express: to show a feeling or opinion

fortification: strong walls that protect a place



I told them about Friday's father and the Spaniard who would be returning to the island soon with
25 more men. I wrote a letter for them for when they arrived: the letter told them to live and work
with these men in peace.

I left them guns and ammunition and three swords. I gave them a description of the way I managed
the goats and directions to milk and fatten them, and also how to make both butter and cheese. I
prepared them as much as I could for life on my island.

30 The next morning, we could see the men rowing the smaller boat from the ship to the shore and
we rushed down to meet it. The captain called aloud to the boat and ordered his men bring us all to
the ship.

Check your Understanding

1 What does Robinson Crusoe see from the top of the hill? How does he react?

2 Where does Crusoe decide to spend his last night before leaving for England? Why?

3 What do some of the men from the ship decide to do?

4 What does Crusoe show some of the men how to do?

5 Where are the Spaniard and Friday's father?

6 What does Crusoe leave on the island?

7 What do Crusoe and Friday see in the morning?

Chapter 19

Return to England

The next day, we prepared to sail. Finally, I was leaving my island behind and returning to **society**.

I took with me the great goat-skin cap I had made, my umbrella, and one of my parrots; in addition to all the money I had found on the wreck of the Spanish ship. We left the island on the 19th of December, in the year 1686, after I had been on the island twenty-eight years, two months and
5 nineteen days.

I arrived in England the 11th of June, in the year 1687, having been gone for thirty-five years. Friday was excited and amazed by everything he saw.

England had changed a lot while I had been gone and there was a lot to understand. We traveled to Yorkshire to find my family; when we arrived, I discovered my father and mother had died. I
10 found my two sisters, and two of the children of one of my brothers alive and well. My family had thought that I had died and my parents had not left me any money. I realized that I needed money to live in this world.

I decided to go to Lisbon to find the family of my old business partner in Brazil. I wanted to find information about the **state** of my **plantation** in the Brazils, and of what had happened to my
15 partner, who I thought may have died years ago. My man Friday came with me and was a most faithful companion.

We found his family and they told me my partner was still alive. He believed I had been lost and drowned long ago but had kept the plantation working in case any of my family should need it. His family informed me that the plantation was doing very well, my partner had become
20 very rich managing it and that he would be very happy to hear that I was alive. They told me that even though he thought I had died, every year my partner had saved my share of the plantation **profits**.

They were very fair, honest people, and very wealthy; they were happy to help me contact my partner and have the money I was owed transferred to me.

Vocabulary

society: a large group of people who live together in an organised way

plantation: a large farm that grows crops

profit: money made through a business

25 There were ships in the river of Lisbon just ready to go away to Brazil. I entered my name in a public register, confirming that I was alive, and that I was the same person that owned the plantation land. In less than seven months I received a large packet from my partner in Brazil.

There was a letter for me from my old friend and loyal business partner. He congratulated me on being alive, gave me an account of how the **estate** was improved, and what it produced a year, with
30 the particulars of the number of squares, or acres that it contained. He invited me very passionately to come back to Brazil and take over the running of the plantation. He wrote about our friendship and how pleased he was that I was able to find his family in Lisbon.

He also sent me also five chests of excellent sweetmeats and a hundred pieces of gold. Another ship in the same fleet brought me one thousand two hundred chests of sugar, eight hundred rolls of
35 tobacco and the rest of the whole account in gold.

It is impossible to express the happiness in my heart when I found all my wealth about me; I now had more than five thousand pounds in money, and an estate in the Brazils that earned more than a thousand pounds a year. This was more than enough money to care for my family and Friday.

Now I had to decide what to do with my new life and fortune. I prepared to go to England with all
40 my wealth.

I thanked those people in Lisbon who had helped me and I wrote to my partner to thank him for looking after my plantation and told him I would write again soon.

Having settled my business in Lisbon, I sold the cargo I had received from Brazil and I set sail for England with Friday.

Vocabulary

estate: a large area of land owned by a family



Check your Understanding

- 1 What does Robinson Crusoe take with him when he leaves the island?

- 2 When does Crusoe leave the island? How long has he been there?

- 3 When does Crusoe arrive in England? How long has it been since he left?

- 4 Where does he travel to in England? Does he find any family members? Who?

- 5 Where does Crusoe travel to next? Why?

- 6 Who does Crusoe get in touch with? Who do they help him contact? What does Crusoe receive as a result?

- 7 What is Crusoe's financial situation at the end of the chapter?

Chapter 20

Adventure Again

I thought that my travels were now over and I bought land and an estate in England, where I thought I could **settle** and grow old.

I decided to sell my plantation in Brazil and wrote to my partner and offered to sell the business to him. He paid me thirty-three thousand pieces of eight and in return, I signed the instrument of sale in the form his family sent from Lisbon.

I have now shared the first part of a life of fortune and adventure – it is a story that the world has never seen the like of before, beginning with **disaster** but closing much more happily than I could ever have hoped for.

Anyone would think that in this state of good fortune I was past adventure and travel, but I was born to a wandering life.

I especially thought about going to see my island. I needed to know what became of the Spaniard and his friends, and Friday often talked about his father and wondered what happened to him.

During my time in England I looked after my two nephews, the children of one of my brothers. The eldest I raised as a gentleman and provided him with an estate. The other worked with the captain of a ship and after five years, he had become a sensible and bold young man. I bought him a good ship and sent him to sea.

For years I tried to settle in England, but when my nephew returned after a successful voyage to Spain telling stories of adventure, I realized I was bored of England and **eager** to return to the seas. I decided to join him on his next adventure; this was in the year 1694.

During this voyage I visited my island, and saw my **successors** the Spaniards, and heard the story of their lives and their time on my island. The stories they told me were full of wonderful experiences and unfortunate accidents – they also told me about their battles with the tribesmen, who landed several times upon the island.

Vocabulary

settle: to find a place and make a home

disaster: a sudden event that causes a lot of damage

eager: wanting very much to have something

successor: someone or something that comes after someone or something else

Friday asked about his father; they informed him that he had made it safely back to his people on
25 the mainland. This news made Friday so happy tears ran down his face.

The population of the island had now increased. Five of the Spaniards had made the dangerous journey to the mainland and brought back eleven men and five women, and there were now about twenty young children on the island.

We stayed on the island for twenty days and left them supplies of guns, ammunition, clothes, tools,
30 and two workmen, a carpenter and a blacksmith I had brought from England. I also brought some sheep and five cows, three of which were with calf.

Everyone on the island seemed content and happy; they had no plans to return to life on the mainland. As our ship sailed away, I looked back at the kingdom I had built and was grateful to see it **thriving**.

35 As we set sail, I knew I would have more adventures with Friday, which I shall write about in the Second Part of my Story.

Vocabulary

thriving: doing well and becoming successful

Check your Understanding

- 1 What does Robinson Crusoe do with his plantation in Brazil?

- 2 What does Crusoe do during his time in England? What becomes of his nephews?

- 3 What makes Crusoe decide to travel again? Who does he join for an adventure? What year does he leave?

- 4 Where does Crusoe travel to? Who does he see there?


- 5 What information does Friday find out about his father? How does he react?

- 6 How many people are living on Crusoe's island now?

- 7 How long does Crusoe stay on the island? What are some of the supplies that he leaves there?

- 8 What is Crusoe's feeling as he leaves the island?

- 9 Is the journey Crusoe takes in Chapter 20 his final one?



Extra Reading

Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens

Chapter 1

The Workhouse

In a large, cold **workhouse** in a town in England a boy named Oliver Twist was born. He was brought into a world of sorrow and trouble by a local surgeon and nurse. It seemed doubtful that he would live very long as he initially struggled to breathe, gasping for breath on a little mattress. After a few struggles, Oliver breathed, sneezed, and screamed to let all the other inmates of the workhouse know that he had arrived. The pale face of a young woman raised feebly from the pillow, and a faint voice said, "Let me see the child, and die."

The surgeon had been sitting with his face turned towards the fire, giving the palms of his hands a warm and a rub. As the young woman spoke, he rose, advanced to the bed and said, in a surprisingly kind tone, "Oh, you must not talk about dying yet." The patient shook her head and stretched out her hand towards the child. The surgeon deposited the baby in her arms. She imprinted her cold white lips passionately on its forehead, passed her hands over her face, gazed wildly round, shuddered, fell back and died.

"Poor dear!" said the nurse, "She came here last night. No one knows where she's from." She wrapped Oliver in an old blanket. He was an **orphan** of a workhouse, alone in the world, despised by all and pitied by none.

During the early years of his childhood, Oliver was brought up in an **orphanage** that had connections with the workhouse. The orphanage owner, Mrs. Mann, was a very unkind woman who did not care about the orphans. The conditions were appalling. The children were barely considered and were always left hungry. The orphanage was filthy and dangerous and many of the children died from cold, lack of food or neglect. By his ninth birthday, Oliver Twist was a pale, thin child, much smaller than he

Vocabulary

workhouse: a place where very poor people in Britain used to work for food and a place to stay

orphan: a child whose parents are dead

orphanage: a home for children whose parents are dead

should be. Despite this, he had a good sturdy spirit.

On his ninth birthday, the orphanage had a surprise visit from Mr. Bumble, much to the dismay of Mrs. Mann. Mr. Bumble was a fat community official who had an air of importance around him that forced everyone to obey his wishes. He met with Mrs. Mann and declared "Oliver Twist is now too old to remain here, so the community board has decided to bring him back to the workhouse. I have come out myself to take him there. So, let me see him at once."

"I'll fetch him directly," said Mrs. Mann, leaving the room. Not long after, Oliver was led into the room. "Bow to the gentleman, Oliver," instructed Mrs. Mann. Oliver bowed immediately.

"Will you go along with me, Oliver?" asked Mr. Bumble grandly. Oliver told him that he would.

With a slice of bread in his hand, and a little brown cloth cap on his head, Oliver was then led away by Mr. Bumble from the wretched orphanage where he had spent his gloomy infant years. And yet he burst with an agony of childish grief as the gate closed after him. He was leaving behind his home and the only friends he had ever known, and a sense of his loneliness in the great wide world sank into his heart for the first time.

In the workhouse, Oliver soon learned that the workers were issued three meals of thin **gruel** a day, with an onion twice a week, and half a roll on Sundays. The room in which the boys were fed was a large stone hall, with a copper pot at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, with one or two assistants, served the gruel at mealtimes. Oliver and his companions were very hungry, but they never asked for a second bowl of gruel.

After three months, Oliver was truly in need of a second helping of the awful gruel to avoid **starvation**. He was miserable and desperate with hunger. He rose from the table, and advanced to the master, bowl and spoon in hand, said "Please, sir, I want some more." The master was a fat, healthy man but he turned very pale. He gazed in astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper pot. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the rest of the boys were paralysed with fear.

"What!" gasped the master in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," repeated Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the spoon, hit his arm, and shrieked aloud for Mr. Bumble to come to deal with Oliver Twist. Mr. Bumble did not know what to do so he brought the issue to the workhouse board for advice. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered

Vocabulary

gruel: a liquid meal made from oatmeal boiled in milk or water

starvation: suffering or death caused by having not enough food

to stay in a small room away from everyone else and an advert was hung on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the workhouse.

Oliver was left in confinement for a week. He cried bitterly all day, and when the long, dismal night came, he spread his little hands before his eyes to shut out the darkness, and curled up in the corner, trying to sleep. The cold, hard walls were protection in the gloom and loneliness which surrounded him.

One morning, Mr. Gamfield, a **chimney sweep**, was passing the workhouse and noticed the advert on the gate. He did a quick calculation of the amount of money he was in debt for and realised that the five pounds being offered for Oliver would solve all his problems. He approached the workhouse and asked if he could take the boy to be his **apprentice**. He did not care that the work could kill Oliver, he was only thinking of the money. Mr. Bumble did not care about Oliver's well-being and so he agreed that Mr. Gamfield could have Oliver, depending on whether the deal was approved by a judge.

Oliver was cleaned up and given a clean shirt to wear as well as a bowl of gruel and an unusual allowance of bread for his appearance before the judge. Mr. Bumble gave him strict instructions to behave and to agree with everything that he was going to say. It was the critical moment of Oliver's fate. It almost seemed he was to be a chimney-sweep apprentice, no doubt meeting death in one of the chimneys, but the kind judge looked at Oliver and recognised that he was terrified by the idea. He asked Oliver why he looked so pale and distressed. Oliver told him that he would much rather go back to the workhouse to starve or be beaten than to go work for the horrible chimney-sweep. With that, the judge refused to approve the deal and ordered that Oliver be taken back to the workhouse. The next morning, the public were once again informed that five pounds would be paid to anybody who would take possession of Oliver Twist.

That night was cold, dark and dreary. Oliver looked out the window of the room he had been sleeping in. The stars seemed farther from the earth than he had ever seen them before. There was no wind and the shadows thrown by the trees upon the ground looked death-like, from being so still. He softly opened the door of the room. He used the expiring light of a candle to tie the few items of clothing he had in a **handkerchief** and sat down on a bench to wait for morning. With the first ray of light that struggled through the cracks in the shutters, Oliver arose and opened the front door of the workhouse. After one timid look around – and a moment's pause of **hesitation** – he closed it behind him and was in the open street. He looked to the right and to the left, uncertain whether he should leave.

He remembered seeing wagons toiling up the hill. He took the same route and walked quickly.

Vocabulary

chimney sweep: a person whose job is cleaning out the structure that allows smoke to escape from a fireplace

apprentice: a person who is learning a trade from a skilled employer, usually working for

low wages

handkerchief: a square of cotton used to wipe the nose

hesitation: the action of pausing before saying or doing something

His heart beat rapidly when he thought of the trouble he would get in if he was caught, and he half decided to turn back. He had come a long way though, so he decided to continue on his way. Besides, it was so early that there was very little fear of being seen, so, he walked on. When he was nearly five **miles** away from the town, he heard someone coming along the road. He ran and hid behind hedges, fearing that he might have been followed and be taken back to the workhouse. Then he sat down to rest by the side of a wall, and began to think – for the first time – where he had better go and try to live.

The wall he sat on had large characters painted on it, showing that it was just seventy miles from that spot to London. The name awakened a new train of ideas in the boy's mind. London! That great place! Nobody, not even Mr. Bumble, could ever find him there! He had often heard the old men in the workhouse say that no lad of spirit wanted for anything in London, and that there were ways of living in that vast city, which those who had grown up in the country had no idea of. It was the very place for a homeless boy, who would die in the streets unless someone helped him. As these things passed through his thoughts, he jumped upon his feet, and again walked forward.

Vocabulary

mile: a unit of measurement that is the same as about 1.6 kilometres

Chapter 2

Oliver's New Family

Oliver walked twenty miles that day and all that time tasted nothing but a crust of dry bread, and a few mouthfuls of water. When the night came, he turned into a field and crept under a haystack, determined to lie there until morning. He felt frightened at first, for the wind moaned sadly over the empty fields. He was cold and hungry, and more alone than he had ever felt before. Being very tired with his walk, however, he soon fell asleep and forgot his troubles.

He spent the next seven days walking and begging for food and water. Most people ignored him but a few kind-hearted people offered him small amounts of food that helped him to continue his journey. Finally, he reached a small town just outside London. The sun was rising in all its splendid beauty, but the light only served to show the boy his own loneliness, as he sat, with bleeding feet and covered with dust, upon a doorstep. He sat quietly watching people and thinking of how far he had come. He noticed that a boy, who had passed him carelessly some minutes before, had returned, and was now surveying him from the opposite side of the street. He did not give him any attention at first, but the boy continued to observe him for so long, that Oliver raised his head, and returned his steady look. Upon this, the boy crossed over, and walking close up to Oliver, said "Hello! Are you ok?"

The boy was about Oliver's age but was one of the strangest looking boys that Oliver had ever seen. He was a stubby-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy, and was as dirty as one could imagine, but he had the airs and manners of a man. He was short for his age: with rather bent legs, and little, sharp, ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so lightly, that it threatened to fall off every moment - and would have done so, very often, if he had not had a habit of every now and then giving his head a sudden twitch, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels. He had rolled the sleeves up, half-way up his arms and had his hands planted in the pockets of his corduroy trousers.

"I am very hungry and tired," replied Oliver, the tears standing in his eyes as he spoke. "I have walked a long way. I have been walking these seven days."

"Walking for seven days!" said the young gentleman. "Oh, I see. Come, you want food, and you shall have it. Up with you!"

Assisting Oliver to rise, the young gentleman took him to a nearby shop, where he purchased some meat and a half loaf of bread. He gave them to Oliver who made a long and hearty meal, during the progress of which the strange boy eyed him from time to time with great attention.

"Going to London?" asked the strange boy.

"Yes," replied Oliver.

"Got anywhere to stay?"

"No."

"Money?"

"No." The strange boy whistled, and put his arms into his pockets, as far as the big coat-sleeves would let them go.

"Do you live in London?" inquired Oliver.

"Yes. I do, when I'm at home," replied the boy. "I suppose you want some place to sleep in tonight, don't you?"

"I do, indeed," answered Oliver. "I have not slept under a roof since I left the countryside."

"Don't worry," said the young gentleman. "I've got to be in London tonight and I know a respectable old gentleman who lives there. He'll give you lodgings for nothing."

This unexpected offer of shelter was too tempting to be resisted, especially as it was immediately followed up with a promise that the old gentleman would provide Oliver with a comfortable place. This led to a friendly conversation, from which Oliver discovered that his friend's name was Jack Dawkins, and that among his friends he was better known as 'The Artful Dodger'. He explained that he was a **protégé** of the elderly gentleman.

As John Dawkins objected to entering London before nightfall, it was nearly eleven o'clock when they reached the city. The Dodger travelled at a rapid pace, directing Oliver to follow close behind. Although Oliver had enough to occupy his attention with keeping his leader in sight, he could not help taking a few hasty glances on either side of the way, as he passed along. He had never seen a dirtier or more wretched place. The street was very narrow and muddy, and the air was thick with filthy odours. Oliver was just considering whether he should run away when they reached the bottom of the hill. The Dodger caught him by the arm, pushed open the door of a house, pulled him into the passage and closed the door behind them.

"Now, then!" cried a voice from below, in reply to a whistle from the Dodger.

"Plummy and slam!" was the reply.

This seemed to be some password or signal that all was right; for the light of a candle gleamed on the

Vocabulary

protégé: a person who is supported and guided by a more experienced person

wall at the end of the passage; and a man's face peeped out, from where a bit of the old kitchen staircase had been broken away.

"There's two of you," said the man, pushing the candle farther out, and shielding his eyes with his hand. "Who's the other one?"

"A new friend," replied Jack Dawkins, pulling Oliver forward.

"Where did he come from?"

"Greenland. Is Fagin upstairs?"

"Yes, he's sorting the handkerchiefs. Up you go!"

The candle was drawn back, and the face disappeared. Oliver, feeling his way with one hand, and having the other firmly grasped by his companion, climbed with much difficulty the dark and broken stairs: which his leader bounded up with an ease that showed he was well acquainted with them. He threw open the door of a back room and drew Oliver in after him.

The walls and ceiling of the room were perfectly black with age and dirt. There was a table before the fire, upon which were a candle, two or three pots, a loaf and butter, and a plate. In a frying pan, which was on the fire, some sausages were cooking, and standing over them, with a toasting-fork in his hand, was a very old shrivelled man, whose wicked and **repulsive** face was covered by a quantity of matted red hair. He was dressed in a greasy gown, with his throat bare, and seemed to be dividing his attention between the frying pan and the clothes horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging. Several rough beds made of old sacks, were huddled side by side on the floor. Seated round the table were four or five boys, none older than the Dodger. They all crowded around the Dodger as he whispered a few words to the man, and then turned around and grinned at Oliver. So did the man himself, toasting-fork in hand.

"This is him, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins, "my friend Oliver Twist." Fagin grinned, took Oliver by the hand and asked him to join them. Upon this, a young gentleman came up to him and shook both his hands very hard. One young gentleman was very excited to hang up his cap for him and another was so helpful that he put his hands in Oliver's pockets so that, as he was very tired, he might not have the trouble of emptying them himself, when he went to bed.

"We are very glad to see you, Oliver," said Fagin. "Dodger, take off the sausages and prepare a seat near the fire for Oliver." He saw that Oliver was looking questioningly at the many handkerchiefs.

Vocabulary

repulsive: causing strong disgust

"Ah, you're staring at the handkerchiefs! There is a good many of them, isn't there? We're just getting them ready for the wash; that's all, Oliver; that's all. Haha!"

The end of this speech received a **boisterous** shout from all the pupils of the merry old gentleman. The old gentleman then invited them to start dinner. Oliver ate his share, and Fagin then mixed him a cup of hot tea, telling him he must drink it all quickly, because another gentleman wanted the cup. Oliver did as he was desired. Immediately afterwards he felt himself gently lifted on to one of the sacks, and then he sunk into a deep sleep.

It was late next morning when Oliver awoke, from a sound, long sleep. There was no one in the room but Fagin, who was boiling some coffee in a saucepan for breakfast and whistling softly to himself as he stirred it round and round, with an iron spoon. He would stop every now and then to listen when there was the smallest noise below: and when he had satisfied himself, he would go on whistling and stirring again, as before. When the coffee was done, Fagin drew the saucepan to the hob. Standing as if he did not know what to do with himself, he turned around and looked at Oliver, and called him by his name. Oliver did not answer and stayed still to appear to be still asleep. Fagin stepped gently to the door, which he fastened. He opened a hidden hole in the floor and took out a small box, which he placed carefully on the table. His eyes glistened as he raised the lid, and looked in. Dragging an old chair to the table, he sat down and took from it a magnificent gold watch, sparkling with jewels. At least half a dozen more were taken from the same box, and surveyed with equal pleasure, as well as rings, **brooches**, bracelets, and other articles of jewellery, of such magnificent materials, and costly workmanship, that Oliver had no idea, even of their names.

As Fagin examined the treasures, his bright dark eyes, which had been staring at the riches before him, fell on Oliver's face. The boy's eyes were fixed on his in silent curiosity, and although the recognition was only for an instant it was enough to show the old man that he had been observed. He closed the lid of the box with a loud crash, and, laying his hand on a bread knife which was on the table, furiously stood up. Even in this terror, Oliver could see that Fagin was shaking a lot though, for the knife quivered in the air.

"What's that?" said Fagin. "What do you watch me for? Why are you awake? What have you seen? Speak out, boy! Quick, quick! For your life."

"I wasn't able to sleep any longer, sir," replied Oliver meekly. "I am very sorry if I have disturbed you, sir."

"You were not awake an hour ago?" asked Fagin, scowling fiercely at the boy.

"No! No, indeed!" replied Oliver.

Vocabulary

boisterous: very noisy and active

brooch: a piece of jewelry that uses a pin to close, worn by a woman near her neck

"Are you sure?" cried Fagin, with a still fiercer look than before, and a threatening attitude.

"I promise I was not, sir," replied Oliver, earnestly. "I was not, indeed, sir."

Fagin abruptly resumed his old manner, and played with the knife a little, before he laid it down, as if to show that he had picked it up in a joking manner. 125

"Of course, I know that, my dear. I only tried to frighten you. You're a brave boy. Ha! you're a brave boy, Oliver." Fagin rubbed his hands and chuckled but glanced uneasily at the box.

"Did you see any of these pretty things, my dear?" said Fagin, laying his hand upon it after a short pause.

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver.

"Ah!" said Fagin, turning rather pale. "They...they're mine, Oliver; my little property. All I have to live upon in my old age. People call me a miser, my dear. Only a miser; that's all."

Oliver thought the old gentleman must be a miser to live in such a dirty place, with so many expensive watches, but perhaps his fondness for the Dodger and the other boys cost him a good deal of money. He asked if he might get up.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," replied the old gentleman. "Stay. There's a jug of water in the corner by the door. Bring it here and I'll give you a basin to wash in, my dear."

Oliver got up; walked across the room; and stooped for an instant to raise the jug. When he turned his head, the box was gone.

He had barely washed himself, and made everything tidy, by emptying the basin out of the window, when the Dodger returned accompanied by a very energetic young friend, whom Oliver had seen the previous night, and who was now formally introduced to him as Charley Bates. The four sat down, to a breakfast of coffee and some hot rolls which the Dodger had brought home in the crown of his hat.

"Well," said Fagin, glancing slyly at Oliver, and addressing himself to the Dodger, "I hope you've been at work this morning, my dears?"

"Hard," replied the Dodger.

"As nails," added Charley Bates.

"Good boys, good boys!" said Fagin. "What have you got, Dodger?"

"A couple of pocket-books," replied that young gentleman.

"Lined?" inquired Fagin with eagerness.

"Pretty well," replied the Dodger, producing two pocket-books; one green, and the other red.

"Not so heavy as they might be," said Fagin, after looking at the insides carefully; "but very neat and nicely made. Skillful workman, isn't he, Oliver?"

"Very indeed, sir," said Oliver, at which Mr. Charles Bates laughed loudly, very much to the amazement of Oliver, who saw nothing to laugh at in anything that had passed.

"And what have you got, my dear?" Fagin asked Charley Bates.

"Handkerchiefs," replied Charley Bates, at the same time producing four handkerchiefs.

"Well," said Fagin, inspecting them closely, "they're very good ones. You haven't marked them well, though, Charley, so the marks shall be picked out with a needle, and we'll teach Oliver how to do it. Shall we, Oliver? Haha!"

"If you please, sir," said Oliver.

"You'd like to be able to make handkerchiefs as easy as Charley Bates, wouldn't you, my dear?" said Fagin.

"Very much, indeed, if you'll teach me, sir," replied Oliver.

Charley Bates saw something so hilarious in this reply, that he burst into another laugh which made him spit out the coffee he had sipped. "He is so jolly green!" said Charley when he recovered, as an apology to the company for his impolite behaviour. The Dodger said nothing, but he smoothed Oliver's hair over his eyes, and said he'd know better soon enough; upon which the old gentleman, observing Oliver's colour rising, changed the subject by asking whether there had been much of a crowd at the market that morning? This made him wonder more and more, for it was plain from the replies of the two boys that they had both been there, and Oliver naturally wondered how they could have found the time to be so very **industrious**.

When the breakfast was cleared away the merry old gentleman and the two boys played a very curious and uncommon game. Fagin placed a box in one pocket of his trousers, a notebook in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat pocket, with a chain round his neck, and stuck a fake diamond pin in his shirt. He buttoned his coat tight round him and put his glasses case and handkerchief in his pockets. He then walked up and down the room with a stick, in **imitation** of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets. Sometimes he stopped at the fireplace, and sometimes at the door, making believe that he was staring with all his might into shop windows. He would look constantly round him, for fear of thieves, and would keep slapping all his pockets in turn, to see that he hadn't lost anything, in such a very funny and natural manner, that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face. All this time, the two boys followed him closely about, getting out of his sight, so **nimbly**, every time he turned around, that it was impossible to follow their motions. At last, the Dodger stepped on his toes, or ran upon his boot accidentally, while

Vocabulary

nimbly: to move quickly and lightly

industrious: hard-working

imitation: an act of copying a person's speech or mannerisms, especially to be funny

Charley Bates stumbled up against his behind. In that one moment they took from him, with the most extraordinary speed, the box, notebook, watch, chain, shirt-pin, handkerchief, even the glasses case. If the old gentleman felt a hand in any one of his pockets, he cried out where it was and then the game began all over again. When this game had been played a great many times, they took a break and laughed at how well they had performed.

A couple of young ladies came to deliver some things to Fagin, one of whom was named Beth, and the other Nancy. They had a good deal of hair, not very neatly tied up, and were rather untidy about the shoes and stockings. They were not exactly pretty but they were remarkably kind and friendly in their manners. Oliver thought them very polite young ladies indeed. After a while they left and Charley and the Dodger left shortly after, all having been kindly given money to spend by Fagin.

"There, my dear," said Fagin. "That's a pleasant life, isn't it? They have gone out for the day."

"Have they done work, sir?" inquired Oliver.

"Yes," said Fagin; "that is, unless they should unexpectedly come across any when they are out, and they won't neglect it. Make them your role models, my dear. Do everything they bid you and take their advice in all matters - especially the Dodger's, my dear. He'll be a great man himself, and will make you one too, if you learn from him. Is my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket, my dear?" asked Fagin, stopping short.

"Yes, sir," said Oliver.

"See if you can take it out, without my feeling it, as you saw them do, when we were at play this morning."

Oliver held up the bottom of the pocket with one hand, as he had seen the Dodger hold it, and drew the handkerchief lightly out of it with the other.

"Is it gone?" cried Fagin.

"Here it is, sir," said Oliver, showing it in his hand.

"You're a clever boy, my dear," said the playful old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head approvingly. "I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a **shilling** for you. If you go on, in this way, you'll be the greatest man of the time. And now come here, and I'll show you how to take the marks out of the handkerchiefs."

Oliver wondered what picking the old gentleman's pocket in play had to do with his chances of being a great man. But, thinking that Fagin, being so much his senior, must know best, he followed him quietly to the table, and was soon deeply involved in his new study.

Vocabulary

nimbly: to move quickly and lightly

shilling: a coin used in Britain before 1971 that was equal to $\frac{1}{20}$ of a British pound

Chapter 3

Oliver's Arrest

For many days, Oliver remained in Fagin's room picking the marks out of the many handkerchiefs, and sometimes taking part in the game already described, which the two boys and Fagin played every morning. One morning, Oliver got permission from Fagin to work outside with his new friends. There had been no handkerchiefs to work upon for two or three days, and the dinners had been rather small. The three boys went out, the Dodger with his coat-sleeves tucked up, and his hat cocked to the side, as usual, Charley Bates with his hands in his pockets, and Oliver between them, wondering where they were going, and what kind of job he would be learning to do. The Dodger made a sudden stop, put his finger on his lips and drew his companions back again with the greatest caution.

"What's the matter?" demanded Oliver.

"Hush!" replied the Dodger. "Do you see that old man at the bookstall?"

"The old gentleman over the way?" said Oliver. "Yes, I see him."

"He'll do," said the Dodger.

"A perfect target," observed Charley Bates.

The two boys walked **stealthily** across the road and got close behind the old gentleman whose attention was on some books. Oliver walked a few paces after them and stood looking on in silent amazement. The old gentleman was a very respectable-looking person. He was dressed very well. He had picked up a book from the stall, and there he stood, reading away. Oliver watched with horror and alarm as he stood a few paces off, looking on with his eyelids as wide open as they would possibly go, to see the Dodger plunge his hand into the old gentleman's pocket, and pull out a handkerchief! The Dodger handed it to Charley Bates and they both ran away around the corner at full speed!

In an instant the whole mystery of the handkerchiefs, and the watches, and the jewels, and Fagin rushed upon the boy's mind. He stood with the blood tingling through all his veins from terror, that he felt as if he were in a burning fire. Then, confused and frightened, he began to panic, and, not knowing what he was doing, ran off as fast as he could.

Vocabulary

stealthily: in a quiet and cautious manner to avoid being noticed

This was all done in a minute's space. In the very instant when Oliver began to run, the old gentleman, putting his hand to his pocket, and missing his handkerchief, turned sharply round. Seeing the boy running away, he very naturally **concluded** that Oliver was the thief, and shouting 'Stop! Thief!' with all his might, ran after him, book in hand.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" A **mob** was forming in pursuit of Oliver. The cry was taken up by a hundred voices, and the crowd grew at every turning. Away they fly, splashing through the mud, and rattling along the pavements; up go the windows, out run the people, onward press the mob. There is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in humans. One wretched breathless child, panting with exhaustion, terror in his looks, agony in his eyes, large drops of sweat streaming down his face, straining every nerve to get away from his pursuers, and as they follow on his track, and gain upon him, they hail his decreasing strength with joy. "Stop thief!"

Oliver was stopped at last! He was down on the pavement, and the crowd eagerly gathered round him, each newcomer, jostling and struggling with the others to catch a glimpse.

"Stand aside!"

"Give him a little air!"

"Nonsense! he doesn't deserve it."

"Where's the gentleman?"

"Here he is, coming down the street."

"Make room there for the gentleman!"

"Is this the boy, sir?"

"Yes."

Oliver lay, covered with mud and dust, and bleeding from the mouth, looking wildly round upon the heap of faces that surrounded him.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I am afraid it is the boy."

A police officer made his way through the crowd and seized Oliver by the collar. "Come, get up," said the man, roughly.

"It wasn't me indeed, sir. It was two other boys," said Oliver, clasping his hands passionately, and looking round. "They are here somewhere."

Vocabulary

conclude: using reasoning to arrive at a judgement or opinion

mob: a large crowd of people that causes trouble or violence

"Don't hurt him," said the old gentleman, **compassionately**.

Oliver, who could hardly stand, made a move to raise himself on his feet, and was at once lugged along the streets by the jacket-collar, at a rapid pace. The gentleman walked on with them by the officer's side.

"Are you the party that's been robbed, sir?" inquired the police officer.

"Yes, I am," replied the old gentleman; "but I am not sure that this boy actually took the handkerchief. I...I would rather not press charges."

"He must go before the judge now, sir," replied the police officer.

"There is something in that boy's face," said the old gentleman to himself as he walked slowly away, tapping his chin with the cover of the book, in a thoughtful manner; "something that touches and interests me. Can he be innocent? He looked like...Oh my!" exclaimed the old gentleman, halting very abruptly, and staring up into the sky, "Where have I seen something like that look before?"

So, he was brought in front of the judge who asked the gentleman his name. "Mr. Brownlow" was his response. Then with many interruptions, and repeated insults, Mr. Brownlow tried to explain what happened, observing that, in the surprise of the moment, he had run after the boy because he had saw him running away. He expressed his hope that he would be dealt with as kindly as possible, but the judge was not interested and wanted to sentence Oliver to hard labour in a workhouse.

Just then, the owner of the bookstall arrived and asked if he could tell the court what he had seen. "I saw three boys, two others and the prisoner here, standing on the opposite side of the road, when this gentleman was reading. The robbery was committed by another boy. I saw it done, and I saw that this boy was perfectly amazed and confused by it." Upon hearing this, the judge agreed that Oliver should be freed so Mr. Brownlow left the court. When he went outside, he saw little Oliver Twist on his back on the pavement, with his shirt unbuttoned, and his temples bathed with water, his face a deadly white and a cold tremble convulsing his whole frame. Mr. Brownlow and the bookstall owner called a coach and carefully laid Oliver on the seat. They then drove away.

After the robbery, the Dodger and Charley Bates did not stop running until they were back at Fagin's.

"Where's Oliver?" asked Fagin, rising with a threatening look. "Where's the boy?"

The young thieves looked uneasily at each other. But they made no reply.

"What's become of the boy?" said Fagin, seizing the Dodger tightly by the collar, and

Vocabulary

compassionately: in a manner showing concern for someone who is sick, hurt or poor

threatening him. "Speak out, or I'll beat you!"

"The police got him, and that's all about it," said the Dodger, sullenly. "Come, let go of me, will you!" He swung out of the big coat, which he left in Fagin's hands.

Just then a man came to the door. He was a stoutly-built fellow in a black velvet coat, and very dirty trousers. He had a brown hat on his head, and a dirty handkerchief around his neck. He had a beard of three days' growth, and two scowling eyes, one of which displayed various coloured symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow. He was Fagin's **associate**, Bill Sikes, a housebreaker and thief. A white shaggy dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, skulked into the room beside him. Mr. Sikes and Fagin discussed the cause and manner of Oliver's capture.

"I'm afraid," said Fagin, "that he may say something which will get us into trouble."

"That's very likely," returned Sikes with a **malicious** grin.

"I'm afraid that, if the game was up with us, it might be up with a good many more, and that it would come out rather worse for you than it would for me, my dear," said Fagin.

"Somebody must find out what he told them," said Mr. Sikes in a much lower tone than he had taken since he came in. Fagin nodded.

"If he hasn't told the police about us, and is put in jail, there's no fear till he comes out again," said Mr. Sikes, "and then he must be taken care of. You must get hold of him somehow."

Just then, the young ladies that Oliver had met the previous day, Beth and Nancy, arrived. Fagin and Bill Sikes explained the situation to them. They explained that they needed someone to go to find out where Oliver was and what had happened to him.

"Nancy, my dear," said Fagin in a soothing manner, "what do you say?"

"That it won't do, so it's no use trying to convince me, Fagin," replied Nancy.

"Why, you're just the very person for it," reasoned Mr. Sikes, "nobody about here knows anything of you."

"And as I don't want them to," replied Nancy.

"She'll go, Fagin," said Sikes.

"No, she won't, Fagin," said Nancy.

Vocabulary

associate: a person who you work with or spend time with

malicious: having the desire to harm another person

"Yes, she will, Fagin," said Sikes.

And Mr. Sikes was right. With threats and promises, the lady had no choice but to do what Bill Sikes said. So, Nancy, pretending to be Oliver's sister, went to the police station to find out what happened. The officer explained what had happened in court and that Oliver had taken ill. He explained that Oliver had been taken by the old gentleman. She immediately reported back what she had been told to Fagin and Bill Sikes. They decided to put all their efforts into finding where he had been taken to and bringing him back.

Chapter 4

Oliver's Recovery

The coach stopped before a neat house, in a quiet shady street near Pentonville. Here, a bed was prepared for Oliver and he was taken care of with a kindness that knew no bounds. But, for many days, Oliver was so ill that he was unaware of all the goodness of his new friends. Weak and thin, he awoke at last from what seemed to have been a long and troubled dream. Feebly raising himself in the bed, with his head resting on his trembling arm, he looked anxiously around. "What room is this? Where have I been brought to?" said Oliver. "This is not the place I went to sleep in." He uttered these words in a feeble voice, being very faint and weak, but they were overheard at once. The curtain at the bed's head was hastily drawn back, and a motherly old lady, very neatly and precisely dressed, rose as she undrew it, from an armchair close by, in which she had been sitting sewing.

"Hush, my dear," said the old lady softly. "You must be very quiet, or you will be ill again, and you have been very bad, as bad as bad could be. Lie down again and rest."

With those words, Mrs. Bedwin very gently placed Oliver's head upon the pillow and, smoothing back his hair from his forehead, looked so kindly and lovingly in his face, that he could not help placing his little withered hand in hers. So, Oliver kept very still; partly because he was anxious to obey the kind Mrs. Bedwin in all things, and partly, to tell the truth, because he was completely exhausted. There was a portrait of a woman above Oliver's bed. He felt a strange warmth when he looked at it and felt as if the woman in the painting wanted to take care of him.

"Are you fond of pictures, dear?" inquired Mrs. Bedwin, seeing that Oliver had fixed his eyes, most intently, on the portrait.

"I don't quite know," said Oliver, without taking his eyes from the canvas; "I have seen so few that I hardly know. What a kind face that lady's is!" He continued to gaze in awe at the portrait.

Mr. Brownlow entered the room and enquired about how Oliver was feeling. He pointed hastily to the picture over Oliver's head, and then to the boy's face. There was its living copy. The eyes, the head, the mouth, every feature was the same. The expression was, for the instant, so precisely alike, that the minutest line seemed copied with startling accuracy. He was shocked by the likeness so he left

the room puzzled, wondering how it could be that Oliver looked so similar to the lady in the picture.

They were happy days, those of Oliver's recovery. Everything was so quiet, and neat, and orderly, everybody so kind and gentle that after the noise and **turbulence** in the midst of which he had always lived, it was wonderful. He was no sooner strong enough to put on his clothes, when Mr. Brownlow provided him with a complete new suit, a new cap, and a new pair of shoes. Oliver had never had a new suit before. One evening, as he was sitting talking to Mrs. Bedwin, there came a message down from Mr. Brownlow, that if Oliver Twist felt pretty well, he should like to see him in his study, and talk to him a little while. Oliver tapped at the study door. When Mr. Brownlow called to him to come in, he found himself in a little back room, quite full of books, with a window, looking into some pleasant little gardens. There was a table drawn up before the window, at which Mr. Brownlow was seated reading. When he saw Oliver, he pushed the book away from him, and told him to come near the table, and sit down. Oliver **complied**, marvelling not only at the number of books that were in the room but that there are people who read and write these books to make the world wiser.

"Now," said Mr. Brownlow, "I want you to pay great attention, my boy, to what I am going to say. I shall talk to you **without any reserve** because I am sure you are well able to understand me, as many older persons would be."

"Oh, don't tell you are going to send me away, sir!" exclaimed Oliver, alarmed at the old gentleman's serious tone! "Don't turn me out of doors to wander in the streets again. Let me stay here and be a servant. Don't send me back to the wretched place I came from. Have **mercy** upon a poor boy, sir!"

"My dear child," said the old gentleman, moved by the warmth of Oliver's sudden appeal, "you need not be afraid of my deserting you, unless you give me cause."

"I never, never will, sir," interposed Oliver.

"I hope not," replied the old gentleman. "I do not think you ever will. I have been **deceived**, before, but I feel strongly disposed to trust you, nevertheless, and I am more interested in your behalf than I can well account for, even to myself. The persons on whom I have **bestowed** my dearest love, lie deep in their graves, but, although the happiness and delight of my life lie buried there too, I have not made a coffin of my heart, and sealed it up, forever, on my best affections. Deep **affliction** has but strengthened and refined them. I only say this, because you have a young heart, and knowing that I have suffered great pain and sorrow, you will be more careful, perhaps, not to wound me again. You say you are an orphan, without a friend in the world. All the inquiries I have

Vocabulary

turbulence: a state of confusion or disorder

comply: to do what you have been asked or ordered to do

without reserve: to do or say something in a free and complete way

mercy: kind treatment of someone who could

be treated harshly

deceive: to make someone believe something that is untrue

bestow: to give something as a gift or honour

been able to make confirm the statement. Let me hear your story; where you come from; who brought you up; and how you got into the company in which I found you. Speak the truth, and you shall not be friendless while I live."

But before Oliver could tell his story, they were interrupted by a visit from Mr. Brownlow's friend, Mr. Grimwig. They all had tea together and then Oliver went outside the house to run an errand for Mr. Brownlow. He was asked to bring some books back to the bookstall and to pay Mr. Brownlow's bill of five **pounds**.

"Let me see; he'll be back in twenty minutes, at the longest," said Mr. Brownlow, pulling out his watch, and placing it on the table. "It will be dark by that time."

"Oh! you really expect him to come back, do you?" inquired Mr. Grimwig. He was suspicious of Oliver and his intentions.

"Don't you?" asked Mr. Brownlow, smiling.

"No," he said, hitting the table with his fist, "I do not. The boy has a new suit of clothes on his back, a set of valuable books under his arm, and a five-pound note in his pocket. He'll join his old friends, the thieves, and laugh at you. If ever that boy returns to this house, sir, I'll eat my head."

Vocabulary

affliction: something that causes pain or suffering
pound: a unit of money in the United Kingdom

Chapter 5

The Kidnapping

Bill Sikes sat waiting in a dark, dingy restaurant. At his feet, sat his white-coated, red-eyed dog; who occupied himself in licking a large, fresh cut on one side of his mouth, which appeared to be the result of some recent conflict. Bill Sikes was in foul humour and kicked the dog in anger and frustration. Mr. Sikes spoke to the dog in the very harshest key of a very harsh voice. He started to beat the dog again when Fagin came through the door and the dog darted out to safety.

"What did you come in between me and my dog for?" said Sikes, with a fierce gesture.

Fagin rubbed his hands; and, sitting down at the table, affected to laugh at his friend. He was obviously very ill at ease, however.

"Grin away," said Sikes, surveying him with **contempt**, "grin away. You'll never have the laugh at me, though. I've got the upper hand over you, Fagin."

"Well, well, my dear," said Fagin, "I know all that; we have a mutual interest, Bill."

"Well, what have you got to say to me?" asked Sikes.

"Here is your share. It's rather more than it ought to be, my dear, but as I know you'll do me a good turn another time, and..."

"Where is it? Hand it over!" interposed the robber, impatiently.

"Yes, yes, Bill; give me time, give me time," replied Fagin, soothingly. "Here it is! All safe!" As he spoke, he drew forth an old cotton handkerchief from his pocket, and untying a large knot in one corner, produced a small brown paper packet. Sikes, snatching it from him, hastily opened it and proceeded to count the money it contained.

"This is all, is it?" inquired Sikes.

"All," replied Fagin.

Vocabulary

contempt: a feeling that someone or something is not worthy of respect

"You haven't opened the parcel and swallowed one or two as you come along, have you?" inquired Sikes, suspiciously. "Don't put on an injured look at the question; you've done it many a time."

They were interrupted by the arrival of Nancy who updated them with the latest news in the search for Oliver Twist. She had an idea of the area he had been taken to and was going to go there to see if she could find him. Nancy soon left, accompanied by Bill, to continue the search.

Oliver was on his way to the bookstall. He was walking along, thinking how happy and contented he was feeling when Nancy found him. She grabbed him and dragged him with her, making a big show of pretending to have found her brother. Bill Sikes appeared, grabbed the money and books from Oliver and instructed his dog to guard Oliver. Weak with recent illness, stupefied by the suddenness of the attack, terrified by the fierce growling of the dog, and the brutality of the man, what could one poor child do! Darkness had set in and it was an unfriendly neighbourhood. No help was near, so resistance was useless. In another moment he was dragged into a labyrinth of dark narrow courts and was forced along them at a pace which caused him to give a few cries.

Back in Mr. Brownlow's house, the gas lamps were lighted; Mrs. Bedwin was waiting anxiously at the open door; the servant had run up the street twenty times to see if there were any traces of Oliver; and still the two old gentlemen sat waiting in the dark parlour, with the watch between them.

Bill Sikes, Nancy and Oliver walked on, by little-frequented and dirty alleys, for a full half an hour meeting very few people, and those they saw appeared to hold much the same low position in society as Mr. Sikes himself. They turned into a very filthy narrow street, nearly full of old clothes shops. The dog running forward, as if conscious that there was no further occasion for his keeping on guard, stopped before the door of a shop that was closed and apparently untenanted. The house was in bad condition, and on the door was nailed a board, advertising that it was to let, which looked as if it had hung there for many years. Nancy stooped below the shutters, and Oliver heard the sound of a bell. They crossed to the opposite side of the street and stood for a few moments under a lamp. A noise, as if a window was gently raised, was heard and soon afterwards the door softly opened. Mr. Sikes then seized the terrified boy by the collar and all three were quickly inside the house. They crossed an empty kitchen and, opening the door of a low earthy-smelling room which seemed to have been built in a small backyard, were received with a shout of laughter. They were greeted by The Artful Dodger, Charley Bates and Fagin. The Dodger and Charley rifled through Oliver's pockets to see if there was anything they could take.

Vocabulary

stupefy: to become confused or unable to think properly

"Look at his clothes, Fagin!" said Charley, putting the light so close to his new jacket as nearly to set him on fire. "Look at his clothes! Super fine cloth, and the heavy cut! Oh, my eye, what a sight! And his books, too! Nothing but a gentleman, Fagin!"

"Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear," said Fagin, bowing with mock **humility**. "The Dodger shall give you another suit, my dear, for fear you should spoil that special one. Why didn't you write, my dear, and say you were coming? We'd have gotten something warm for dinner."

At this, Charley Bates roared again, so loud, that Fagin himself relaxed, and even the Dodger smiled as he drew forth the five-pound note from Oliver's pocket.

"Hello, what's that?" inquired Sikes, stepping forward as Fagin seized the note. "That's mine, Fagin."

"No, no, my dear," said Fagin. "It's mine, Bill, mine. You can have the books."

"If that isn't mine!" said Bill Sikes, putting on his hat with a determined air, "mine and Nancy's that is, I'll take the boy back again."

Fagin was startled. Oliver was startled too, though from a very different cause, for he hoped that the dispute might really end in his being taken back.

"Come! Hand it over, will you?" said Sikes.

"This is hardly fair, Bill. Hardly fair, is it, Nancy?" inquired Fagin.

"Fair, or not fair," retorted Sikes, "hand it over, I tell you! Do you think Nancy and me have got nothing else to do with our precious time but to spend it in scouting after, and kidnapping, every young boy that gets grabbed because of you? Give it here, you old skeleton, give it here!" With this gentle complaint, Mr. Sikes plucked the note from between Fagin's finger and thumb, and looking the old man coolly in the face, folded it up small, and tied it in his neckerchief.

"That's for our share of the trouble," said Sikes, "and not half enough either. You may keep the books, if you're fond of reading. If you aren't, sell them."

"They belong to the old gentleman," said Oliver, wringing his hands, "to the good, kind, old gentleman who took me into his house, and had me nursed, when I was near dying of the fever. Oh, please send them back! Send him back the books and money. Keep me here all my life but please, please send them back. He'll think I stole them. The old lady and all of them who were so kind to me will think I stole them. Oh, do have mercy upon me, and send them back!" With these words, which were uttered with all the energy of passionate grief, Oliver fell upon his knees at Fagin's feet and beat his hands

Vocabulary

humility: the quality of not thinking you are better than others

together, in perfect **desperation**.

"The boy's right," remarked Fagin, looking around, and knitting his shaggy eyebrows into a hard knot. "You're right, Oliver, you're right; they WILL think you have stolen them. Haha!" chuckled Fagin, rubbing his hands, "it couldn't have happened better, if we had chosen our time!" Oliver jumped suddenly to his feet and tore wildly from the room, uttering shrieks for help, which made the bare old house echo to the roof.

"Keep back the dog, Bill!" cried Nancy, springing before the door, and closing it, as Fagin and his two pupils darted out in pursuit. "Keep back the dog; he'll tear the boy to pieces."

"It would serve him right!" cried Sikes. "Stand back from me!"

"I don't care for that, Bill. I don't care for that," screamed the girl, struggling to stop him, "the child won't be torn down by the dog, unless you kill me first."

"Won't he!" said Sikes, gritting his teeth. "I'll soon do that, if you don't keep away."

Fagin and the two boys returned, dragging Oliver among them.

"What's the matter here!" said Fagin, looking round.

"The girl's gone mad, I think," replied Sikes, savagely.

"No, she hasn't," said Nancy, pale and breathless, "no, she hasn't, Fagin; don't think it."

"So, you wanted to get away, Oliver, did you?" said Fagin, taking up a jagged and knotted stick from the corner of the fireplace. Oliver made no reply. But he watched Fagin's motions, and breathed quickly.

"Wanted to get assistance; called for the police, did you?" sneered Fagin, catching the boy by the arm.

"We'll cure you of that, my young master." He inflicted a sharp blow on Oliver's shoulders with the stick, and was raising it for a second blow, when the girl, rushing forward, grabbed it from his hand. She flung it into the fire, with a force that brought some of the glowing coals whirling out into the room.

"I won't stand by and see it done, Fagin," cried the girl. "You've got the boy so what more do you need? Let him be or I shall kill you all." The girl stamped her foot violently on the floor as she vented this threat, and with her lips compressed, and her hands clenched, looked alternately at Fagin and Bill Sikes, her face quite colourless from the passion of rage into which she had gradually worked herself.

"Why, Nancy!" said Fagin, in a soothing tone after a pause, during which he and Mr. Sikes had

Vocabulary

desperation: a strong feeling of sadness or fear and loss of hope

stared at one another in a **disconcerted** manner, "you're more clever than ever tonight. Ha! ha! my dear, you are acting beautifully."

"Am I?" said the girl. "Take care I don't overdo it. You will be the worse for it, Fagin, if I do and so I tell you in good time to keep clear of me."

"What do you mean by this?" said Sikes, "What do you mean by it? Do you know who you are?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about it," replied the girl, laughing hysterically and shaking her head from side to side with a poor assumption of **indifference**.

"Well, then, keep quiet," warned Sikes, with a growl that he was accustomed to use when addressing his dog, "or I'll quiet you for a good long time to come." The girl laughed again, even less composedly than before, and, darting a hasty look at Sikes, turned her face aside, and bit her lip till the blood came.

"Come, come, Sikes," said Fagin appealing to him in a soft tone, and motioning towards the boys, who were eagerly attentive to all that passed, "we must have **civil** words; civil words, Bill."

"Civil words!" cried Nancy, whose passion was frightful to see. "Civil words, you villain! Yes, you deserve them from me. I thieved for you when I was a child not half as old as this!" pointing to Oliver.

"I have been in the same trade, and in the same service, for twelve years since. Don't you know it?"

The girl said nothing more; but made such a rush at Fagin that would probably have left signal marks of her revenge upon him, had not her wrists been seized by Sikes at the right moment; upon which, she made a few ineffectual struggles, and fainted. "She's all right now," said Sikes, laying her down in a corner. Fagin wiped his forehead and smiled, as if it were a relief to have the disturbance over, but neither he, nor Sikes, nor the dog, nor the boys, seemed to consider it in any other light than a common occurrence **incidental** to business.

Charley led Oliver into the next room, gave him old clothes to put on and left him in the dark, locking the door behind him. He was sick and weary, and he soon fell sound asleep.

Vocabulary

disconcerted: unsettled or confused

indifference: lack of interest or concern

civil: to be courteous and polite

incidental: happening as a result of something

Chapter 6

Mr. Brownlow's Disappointment

Back at the workhouse that Oliver had escaped from, Mr. Bumble was sitting down to have a cup of tea and read the daily newspaper. The very first paragraph upon which Mr. Bumble's eye rested, was the following advertisement:

FIVE GUINEAS REWARD

'A young boy, named Oliver Twist, **absconded**, or was **enticed**, last Thursday evening, from his home, at Pentonville, and has not since been heard of. The above reward will be paid to any person who has information that leads to the discovery of Oliver Twist, or information that throws any light upon his previous history.'

And then followed a full description of Oliver's dress, person, appearance, and disappearance, with the name and address of Mr. Brownlow at full length. Mr. Bumble opened his eyes, read the advertisement, slowly and carefully, three times and in something a little more than five minutes was on his way to Pentonville, having actually, in his excitement, left this tea untasted.

"Is Mr. Brownlow at home?" inquired Mr. Bumble from the girl who opened the door. To this inquiry the girl returned the not uncommon, but rather evasive reply of "I don't know; where do you come from?" Mr. Bumble no sooner uttered Oliver's name, in explanation of his errand than Mrs. Bedwin, who had been listening at the parlour door, ran into the passage in a breathless state. "Come in, come in," said the old lady. "I knew we would hear of him. Poor dear! I knew we would. I was certain of it! I said so all along." The old lady hurried back into the parlour again and seating herself on a sofa, burst into tears. The girl had run upstairs meanwhile, and now returned with a request that Mr. Bumble would follow her immediately, which he did. He was shown into the little back study, where Mr. Brownlow and his friend Mr. Grimwig sat. Mr. Bumble sat himself down.

"Now, sir, you come as a result of having seen the advertisement?" asked Mr. Brownlow.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Bumble.

Vocabulary

guinea: an old British coin which was worth 21 shillings

abscond: to go away or escape from somewhere secretly

entice: to attract someone by offering

something that is appealing or interesting

"Do you know where this poor boy is now?"

"No more than anybody," replied Mr. Bumble.

"Well, what do you know of him?" inquired the old gentleman. "Speak out, my friend, if you have anything to say. What do you know of him?"

Mr. Bumble put down his hat, unbuttoned his coat, folded his arms, inclined his head in a **retrospective** manner and, after a few moments' reflection, commenced his story. In Mr. Bumble's description, Oliver was born of bad parents, abandoned for others to take care of. That he had, from his birth, displayed no better qualities than betrayal, rudeness, and **malice**. That he had terminated his brief career in the place of his birth, by running away in the night from his workhouse. In proof of his really being the person he said he was, Mr. Bumble laid upon the table the papers he had brought. Folding his arms again, he then awaited Mr. Brownlow's observations.

"I fear it is all too true," said the old gentleman sorrowfully, after looking over the papers. "I would gladly have given you treble the money, if it had been favourable to the boy." It is not improbable that if Mr. Bumble had possessed this information at an earlier period of the interview, he might have imparted a very different colouring to his little history. It was too late to do it now, however, so he shook his head gravely, pocketed the five guineas and left the room. Mr. Brownlow paced the room to and fro for some minutes, evidently so much disturbed by Mr. Bumble's tale, that even Mr. Grimwig decided not to vex him further. After a while he stopped and rang the bell violently.

"Mrs. Bedwin," said Mr. Brownlow, when the housekeeper appeared, "that boy, Oliver, is an imposter."

"It can't be, sir. It cannot be," said the old lady energetically.

"I tell you he is," retorted the old gentleman. "What do you mean by can't be? We have just heard a full account of him from his birth; and he has been a little villain, all his life."

"I never will believe it, sir," replied the old lady, firmly. "Never!"

"You old women never believe anything but quack-doctors, and lying story-books," growled Mr. Grimwig. "I knew it all along. Why didn't you take my advice in the beginning? You would if he hadn't had a fever, I suppose, eh? He was interesting, wasn't he? Interesting! Bah!" And Mr. Grimwig poked the fire with a flourish.

Vocabulary

desperation: relating to the past or something that happened in the past

malice: an intention to cause harm to someone

"He was a dear, grateful, gentle child, sir," retorted Mrs. Bedwin, indignantly. "I know what children are, sir, and have done these forty years and people who can't say the same, shouldn't say anything about them. That's my opinion!"

This was a hard hit at Mr. Grimwig, who was a bachelor. As it elicited nothing from that gentleman but a smile, the old lady tossed her head, and smoothed down her apron preparing to make another speech, when she was stopped by Mr. Brownlow.

"Silence!" said the old gentleman, **feigning** an anger he was far from feeling. "Never let me hear the boy's name again. I rang to tell you that. Never! You may leave the room, Mrs. Bedwin. Remember, I am very serious." There were sad hearts at Mr. Brownlow's that night.

Vocabulary

feign: to pretend to be affected by something

Chapter 7

Big Plans

The next day, when the Dodger and Charley Bates had gone out to work, Mr. Fagin took the opportunity to read Oliver a long lecture on the sin of **ingratitude**, of which he demonstrated he had been guilty by running away from his anxious friends. Even more, in trying to escape from them after so much trouble and expense had been incurred in his recovery. Mr. Fagin laid great stress on the fact of how he had taken Oliver in, and cherished him, when, without his timely aid, he might have perished with hunger. He told him a story of another young boy that he had helped who went to the police and told them stories but ended up in prison himself for the crimes he had committed. Little Oliver's blood ran cold, as he listened to Fagin's words, and understood the dark threats conveyed in them. Fagin, smiling hideously, patted Oliver on the head, and said, that if he kept himself quiet, and applied himself to business, he saw they would be very good friends yet. Then, taking his hat, and covering himself with an old patched coat, he went out, and locked the door behind him.

So, Oliver remained all that day, and for the greater part of many subsequent days, seeing nobody, between early morning and midnight, and left during the long hours to commune with his own thoughts. Which, never failing to revert to his kind friends, and the opinion they must long ago have formed of him, were sad indeed.

After a week or so, Fagin left the door unlocked and he was at liberty to wander about the house. It was a very dirty place. The rooms upstairs had great high wooden chimney-pieces and large doors, with panelled walls which, although they were black with neglect and dust, were ornamented in various ways. From all of these tokens Oliver concluded that a long time ago, before Fagin was born, it had belonged to better people, and had perhaps been quite warm and handsome - dismal and dreary as it looked now. Spiders had built their webs in the angles of the walls and ceilings and sometimes, when Oliver walked softly into a room, the mice would scamper across the floor, and run back terrified to their holes. With these exceptions, there was neither sight nor sound of any living thing and often, when it grew dark, and he was tired of wandering from room to room, he would crouch in the corner of the passage by the door to the street, to be as near living people as he could, and would remain there, listening and counting the hours, until Fagin or the boys returned.

Vocabulary

ingratitude: lack of appreciation or thanks for something

One afternoon, the Dodger and Charley Bates came back after being engaged out that evening. The Dodger took it into his head to command Oliver to assist him in his room, straightway. Oliver was glad to make himself useful, happy to have some faces, however bad, to look upon. He at once expressed his readiness and, kneeling on the floor, while the Dodger sat upon the table so that he could take his foot in his laps, he applied himself to cleaning his boots.

"Why don't you put yourself under Fagin, Oliver?" said Charley.

"And make your fortune?" added the Dodger, with a grin.

"I don't like it," replied Oliver, timidly. "I wish they would let me go. I...I...would rather go."

"And Fagin would rather not!" said Charley. Oliver knew this too well but thinking it might be dangerous to express his feelings more openly, he only sighed, and went on with his boot-cleaning. "You've been brought up bad," said the Dodger, surveying his boots with much satisfaction when Oliver had polished them. "Fagin will make something of you, though, or you'll be the first he ever had that turned out unprofitable. You'd better begin at once, for you'll come to the trade long before you think of it, and you're only losing time, Oliver."

From this day, Oliver was seldom left alone. He was placed in almost constant communication with the two boys, who played the old game with Fagin every day, whether for their own improvement or Oliver's, only Mr. Fagin knew. At other times the old man would tell them stories of robberies he had committed in his younger days, mixed up with so much that was funny and curious, that Oliver could not help laughing heartily, and showing that he was amused in spite of all his better feelings.

It was a chill, damp, windy night, when Fagin, buttoning his coat tight round his shrivelled body, and pulling the collar up over his ears so as completely to obscure the lower part of his face, emerged from his den. He paused on the step as the door was locked and chained behind him, and having listened while the boys made all secure, and until their retreating footsteps were no longer audible, slunk down the street as quickly as he could. The mud lay thick upon the stones, and a black mist hung over the streets. The rain fell sluggishly down, and everything felt cold and clammy to the touch. As he glided stealthily along, creeping beneath the shelter of the walls and doorways, the hideous old man seemed like some horrid reptile, covered in the slime and darkness through which he moved, crawling forth, by night, in search of some rich offal for a meal. Fagin was evidently too familiar with the ground he **traversed** to be at all bewildered, either by the darkness of the night, or the **intricacies** of the way. He hurried through several alleys and streets, and at length turned into one, lighted only by a single lamp at the farther end. At the door of a house in this street, he knocked. Having exchanged a few muttered words with the person who opened it, he walked upstairs. A dog growled as he touched the handle of a

Vocabulary

traverse: to move across an area

room-door, and a man's voice demanded who was there.

"Only me, Bill, only me, my dear," said Fagin looking in.

"Bring in your body then," said Sikes. "Lie down, you stupid brute! Don't you know Fagin?" Apparently, the dog had been somewhat deceived by Mr. Fagin's outer garment; for as Fagin unbuttoned it, and threw it over the back of a chair, he retired to the corner from which he had risen, wagging his tail as he went, to show that he was as well satisfied as it was in his nature to be.

"Well!" said Sikes.

"Well, my dear. Ah! Nancy. It is cold, Nancy dear," said Fagin, as he warmed his skinny hands over the fire. "It seems to go right through one," added the old man, touching his side.

"It must be a piercer, if it finds its way through your heart," said Mr. Sikes.

Fagin glanced round the room, not in curiosity, for he had seen it often before, but in a restless and suspicious manner habitual to him. It was a meanly furnished apartment, with nothing but the contents of the closet to induce the belief that its occupier was anything but a working man, and with no more suspicious articles displayed to view than two or three heavy bludgeons which stood in a corner, and a 'life-preserver' that hung over the chimney-piece.

"About the house at Chertsey, Bill?" said Fagin, drawing his chair forward, and speaking in a very low voice.

"Yes. What about it?" inquired Sikes.

"Ah! you know what I mean, my dear," said Fagin. "He knows what I mean, Nancy, doesn't he?"

"No, he doesn't," sneered Mr. Sikes. "Speak out and call things by their right names. Don't sit there, winking and blinking, and talking to me in hints, as if you weren't the very first that thought about the robbery. What do you mean?"

"Hush, Bill, hush!" said Fagin, who had in vain attempted to stop this burst of **indignation**; "somebody will hear us, my dear. Somebody will hear us."

"Let them hear!" said Sikes; "I don't care." But as Mr. Sikes did care, on reflection, he dropped his voice as he said the words, and grew calmer.

"There, there," said Fagin, coaxingly. "It was only my caution, nothing more. Now, my dear, about that house at Chertsey; when is it to be done, Bill, eh? When is it to be done?" said Fagin, rubbing

Vocabulary

intricacy: something that is complicated or detailed

indignation: anger caused by something that is unfair or wrong

his hands, and elevating his eyebrows in a rapture of anticipation.

"Not at all," replied Sikes coldly.

"Not to be done at all!" echoed Fagin, leaning back in his chair.

"No, not at all," replied Sikes. "At least it can't be a put-up job, as we expected."

"Then it hasn't been properly gone about," said Fagin, turning pale with anger. "Don't tell me...!"

"But I will tell you," retorted Sikes. "Who are you that's not to be told? I tell you that Toby Crackit has been hanging about the place for a fortnight, and he can't get one of the servants in line."

"Do you mean to tell me, Bill," said Fagin, softening as the other grew heated, "that neither of the two men in the house can be got over?"

"Yes, I do mean to tell you so," replied Sikes. "The old lady has had them these twenty years, and if you were to give them five hundred pounds, they wouldn't be in it."

"But do you mean to say, my dear," remonstrated Fagin, "that the women can't be got over?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Sikes.

"Not at all?" said Fagin incredulously.

"Not at all according to Toby Crackit," replied Sikes. "He says it's all of no use."

Fagin looked blank at this information. After **ruminating** for some minutes with his chin sunk on his chest, he raised his head and said, with a deep sigh, that if flash Toby Crackit reported right, he feared the game was up. "And yet," said the old man, dropping his hands on his knees, "it's a sad thing, my dear, to lose so much when we had set our hearts upon it." A long silence ensued, during which Fagin was plunged in deep thought, with his face wrinkled into an expression of **villainy**. Sikes eyed him **furtively** from time to time. Nancy, apparently fearful of irritating the housebreaker, sat with her eyes fixed upon the fire, as if she had been deaf to all that passed.

"Fagin," said Sikes, abruptly breaking the stillness that prevailed; "is it worth fifty pounds extra, if it's safely done from the outside?"

"Yes," said Fagin, as suddenly rousing himself.

"Is it a bargain?" inquired Sikes.

"Yes, my dear, yes," replied Fagin, his eyes glistening, and every muscle in his face working, with the

Vocabulary

ruminate: to think carefully about something

villainy: evil behaviour or actions

furtively: done in a quiet way to avoid being noticed

excitement that the inquiry had awakened.

"Then," said Sikes, thrusting aside Fagin's hand, with some disdain, "let it come off as soon as you like. Toby and me were over the garden wall the night afore last, sounding the panels of the door and shutters. The crib's barred up at night like a jail, but there's one part we can crack, safe and softly."

"Which is that, Bill?" asked Fagin eagerly.

"Well," whispered Sikes, "as you cross the lawn..."

"Yes?" said Fagin, bending his head forward, with his eyes almost starting out of it.

"Umph!" cried Sikes, stopping short, as the girl, scarcely moving her head, looked suddenly round, and pointed for an instant to Fagin's face. "Never mind which part it is. You can't do it without me, I know, but it's best to be on the safe side when one deals with you."

"As you like, my dear, as you like" replied Fagin. "Is there no help wanted, but yours and Toby's?"

"None," said Sikes. "Except a boy. You must find us a suitable boy."

"A boy!" asked Fagin.

"I want a boy, and he mustn't be a big one!" said Mr. Sikes.

Fagin nodded his head towards Nancy, who was still gazing at the fire and intimated, by a sign, that he would like her to be told to leave the room. Sikes shrugged his shoulders impatiently, as if he thought the precaution unnecessary, but complied, nevertheless, by requesting that Nancy fetch him a pot of tea.

"You don't want any tea," said Nancy, folding her arms, and retaining her seat very composedly.

"I tell you I do!" replied Sikes.

"Nonsense," replied the girl coolly, "Go on, Fagin. I know what he's going to say, Bill. He needn't mind me." Fagin still hesitated. Sikes looked from one to the other in some surprise.

"Why, you don't mind the old girl, do you, Fagin?" he asked. "You've known her long enough to trust her. She isn't going to tell anyone. Are you Nancy?"

"I should think not!" replied the young lady, drawing her chair up to the table and putting her elbows upon it.

"No, no, my dear, I know you're not," said Fagin, "but..." and again the old man paused.

"But what?" inquired Sikes.

"I didn't know whether she might be out of sorts, you know, my dear, as she was the other night," replied Fagin.

"Now, Fagin," said Nancy with a laugh. "Tell Bill at once, about Oliver!"

"Ha! you're a clever one, my dear, the sharpest girl I ever saw!" said Fagin, patting her on the neck.

"It was about Oliver I was going to speak, sure enough."

"What about him?" demanded Sikes.

"He's the boy for you, my dear," replied Fagin in a hoarse whisper, laying his finger on the side of his nose and grinning frightfully.

"Oliver?" exclaimed Sikes.

"Yes," replied Fagin. "He's been in training these last few weeks, and it's time he began to work for his bread. Besides, the others are all too big."

"Well, he is just the size I want," said Mr. Sikes, ruminating.

"And will do everything you want, Bill, my dear," interposed Fagin; "he can't help himself. That is, if you frighten him enough."

"When is it to be done?" asked Nancy.

"The night after tomorrow," replied Sikes in a surly voice.

"Good," said Fagin; "there's no moon."

"It's all planned," replied Sikes, interrupting him. "Never mind particulars. You'd better bring the boy here tomorrow night."

After some discussion, it was decided that Nancy should go to Fagin's the following evening when the night had set in and bring Oliver away with her. "Goodnight, Nancy," said Fagin, muffling himself up as before. Their eyes met, and Fagin **scrutinised** her, narrowly. There was no flinching about the girl. She was as true and earnest in the matter as could be.

Vocabulary

scrutinise: to examine something carefully

Chapter 8

The Night Before

When Oliver awoke in the morning, he was a good deal surprised to find that a new pair of shoes, with strong thick soles, had been placed at his bedside and that his old shoes had been removed. At first, he was pleased with the discovery, hoping that it might be the forerunner of his release. Such thoughts were quickly dispelled, on his sitting down to breakfast along with Fagin, who told him, in a tone and manner which increased his alarm, that he was to be taken to the residence of Bill Sikes that night.

"To...to...stay there, sir?" asked Oliver, anxiously.

"No, no, my dear. Not to stay there," replied Fagin. "We shouldn't like to lose you. Don't be afraid, Oliver, you shall come back to us again. We won't be so cruel as to send you away, my dear. Oh no, no!" The old man, who was stooping over the fire toasting a piece of bread, looked round as he bantered Oliver, and chuckled as if to show that he knew he would still be very glad to get away if he could.

"I suppose," said Fagin, fixing his eyes on Oliver, "you want to know what you're going to Bill's for...eh, my dear?" Oliver coloured, involuntarily, to find that the old thief had been reading his thoughts but boldly said he wanted to know. "Why do you think?" inquired Fagin, parrying the question.

"Indeed, I don't know, sir," replied Oliver.

"Bah!" said Fagin, turning away with a disappointed expression from a close inspection of the boy's face. "Wait until Bill tells you, then." He seemed vexed by Oliver's not expressing any greater curiosity on the subject, but the truth is, that, although Oliver felt very anxious, he was too much confused by the earnest cunning of Fagin's looks, and his own **speculations**, to make any further inquiries just then. He had no other opportunity, for Fagin remained very surly and silent until night, when he prepared to go out.

"You may burn a candle," said Fagin, putting one upon the table. "And here's a book for you to read, until they come to fetch you. Goodnight!"

"Goodnight," replied Oliver, softly.

Fagin walked to the door, looking over his shoulder at the boy as he went. Suddenly stopping, he called him by his name. Oliver looked up and Fagin, pointing to the candle, motioned him to light it.

Vocabulary

speculation: guesses about something that is not known

He did so and, as he placed the candlestick upon the table, saw that Fagin was gazing fixedly at him, from the dark end of the room. "Take heed, Oliver! take heed!" said the old man, shaking his right hand before him in a warning manner. "He's a rough man and thinks nothing of blood when his own is up. Whatever happens, say nothing and do what he bids you." Placing a strong emphasis on the last word, he suffered his features gradually to resolve themselves into a **ghastly** grin, and, nodding his head, left the room. Oliver leaned his head upon his hand when the old man disappeared, and pondered, with a trembling heart, on the words he had just heard. He remained deep in thought with his head buried in his hands, when a rustling noise aroused him.

"What's that!" he cried, starting up, and catching sight of a figure standing by the door. "Who's there?"

"Me. Only me," replied a tremulous voice. Oliver raised the candle above his head and looked towards the door. It was Nancy.

"Put down the light," said the girl, turning away her head. "It hurts my eyes." Oliver saw that she was very pale, and gently inquired if she were ill. The girl threw herself into a chair, with her back towards him and wrung her hands, but made no reply.

"Has anything happened?" asked Oliver. "Can I help you? I will if I can. I will, indeed."

She rocked herself to and fro, caught her throat, and, uttering a gurgling sound, gasped for breath.

"Nancy!" cried Oliver, "What is it?" The girl beat her hands upon her knees, and her feet upon the ground and, suddenly stopping, drew her shawl close round her and shivered with cold. Oliver stirred the fire. Drawing her chair close to it, she sat there, for a little time, without speaking but at length she raised her head and looked round.

"I don't know what comes over me sometimes," said she, affecting to busy herself in arranging her dress, "it's this damp, dirty room, I think. Now, Oliver, dear, are you ready?"

"Am I to go with you?" asked Oliver.

"Yes. I have come from Bill," replied the girl. "You are to go with me."

"What for?" asked Oliver, recoiling.

"What for?" echoed the girl, raising her eyes, and averting them again, the moment they encountered the boy's face. "Oh! For no harm."

"I don't believe it," said Oliver, who had watched her closely.

"Hush!" said the girl, stooping over him, and pointing to the door as she looked cautiously round.

"You can't help yourself. I have tried hard for you, but all to no purpose. You are hedged round and

Vocabulary

ghastly: very shocking or horrible

round. If ever you are to get loose from here, this is not the time."

Struck by the energy of her manner, Oliver looked up in her face with great surprise. She seemed to speak the truth; her expression was white and agitated, and she trembled with very earnestness. "I have saved you from being ill-used once, and I will again, and I do now," continued the girl aloud, "for those who would have fetched you, if I had not, would have been far rougher than me. I have promised for your being quiet and silent. If you are not, you will only do harm to yourself and me too, and perhaps be my death. Remember this! And don't let me suffer more for you, just now. If I could help you, I would, but I have not the power. They don't mean to harm you. Whatever they make you do, is no fault of yours."

They left the room. The door was opened quickly, by someone shrouded in the darkness, and was as quickly closed, when they had passed out in to the dark, cold streets. For one brief moment, Oliver cast a hurried glance along the empty street, and a cry for help hung upon his lips. But the girl's voice was in his ear, **beseeking** him in such tones of agony to remember her, that he had not the heart to utter it. While he hesitated, the opportunity was gone; he was already in the house, and the door was shut.

"Hello!" shouted Sikes, appearing at the head of the stairs, with a candle. "Oh! That's the time of day. So, you've got the kid. Come on!" said Sikes when they had all reached the room, closing the door as he spoke.

"Yes, here he is," replied Nancy.

"Did he come quietly?" inquired Sikes.

"Like a lamb," replied Nancy.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Sikes, looking grimly at Oliver.

Addressing his new pupil, Mr. Sikes pulled off Oliver's cap and threw it into a corner, and then, taking him by the shoulder, sat himself down by the table, and stood the boy in front of him.

"Now, first, do you know what this is?" inquired Sikes, taking up a pocket-pistol which lay on the table. Oliver replied in the **affirmative**.

"Well, then, look here," continued Sikes. "This is powder, that there's a bullet and this is a little bit of an old hat for wadding." Oliver murmured his comprehension of the different bodies referred to and Mr. Sikes proceeded to load the pistol, with great precision and **deliberation**.

"Now it's loaded," said Mr. Sikes, when he had finished.

"Yes, I see it is, sir," replied Oliver.

Vocabulary

beseech: to beg someone for something
in the affirmative: positive or meaning 'yes'
deliberation: careful thought or discussion done to make a decision

"Well," said the robber, grasping Oliver's wrist, and putting the barrel so close to his temple that they touched, at which moment the boy could not repress a start, "if you speak a word when you're outside with me, except when I speak to you, that loading will be in your head without notice."

For a long time that night, Oliver lay awake, thinking about Bill's threats. Weary with watching and anxiety, he fell asleep at last. When he awoke, the table was covered with tea-things, and Sikes was thrusting various articles into the pockets of his coat, which hung over the back of a chair. Nancy was busily engaged in preparing breakfast. It was not yet daylight, for the candle was still burning, and it was quite dark outside. A sharp rain, too, was beating against the window-panes, and the sky looked black and cloudy. "Now, then!" growled Sikes, as Oliver started up, "half-past five! Look sharp, or you'll get no breakfast, for it is late." Nancy, scarcely looking at the boy, threw him a handkerchief to tie round his throat. Sikes gave him a large rough cape to button over his shoulders. He gave his hand to the robber, who, merely pausing to show him with a menacing gesture that he had that same pistol in a side-pocket of his coat, clasped it firmly in his, and, exchanging a farewell with Nancy, led him away.

Chapter 9

The Robbery

It was a cheerless morning when they got into the street, blowing and raining hard and the clouds looking dull and stormy. The night had been very wet and large pools of water had collected in the road. There was a faint glimmering of the coming day in the sky but it rather **aggravated** than relieved the gloom of the scene, the sombre light only serving to pale that which the street lamps afforded, without shedding any warmer or brighter tints upon the wet house-tops and dreary streets. There appeared to be nobody stirring in that quarter of the town. The windows of the houses were all closely shut and the streets through which they passed were noiseless and empty.

By the time they had turned into the Bethnal Green Road, the day had fairly begun to break. It was market morning. The ground was covered, nearly ankle-deep, with filth and dirt. A thick steam, endlessly rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog, which seemed to rest upon the chimney tops, hung heavily above. All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary pens as could be crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep. Tied up to posts by the gutter side were long lines of beasts and oxen, three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, **hawkers**, boys, thieves, idlers, and **vagabonds** of every low grade were mingled together in a mass. The whistling of countrymen, the barking dogs, the bellowing and plunging of the oxen, the bleating of sheep, the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides. The ringing of bells and roar of voices, that issued from every house; the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping and yelling. The hideous din that resounded from every corner of the market and the unwashed, unshaven and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng, rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene, which quite confounded the senses.

Mr. Sikes, dragging Oliver after him, elbowed his way through the thickest of the crowd, and bestowed very little attention on the numerous sights and sounds, which so astonished the boy. He nodded, twice or thrice, to a passing friend and, resisting as many invitations to take a cup of tea, pressed steadily onward, until they were clear of the turmoil. They travelled a long way, for

Vocabulary

aggravate: to make a problem worse or more serious

hawker: a person who travels about selling things, usually advertising them by shouting

vagabond: a person who goes from place to place without a home or job

most of the day, getting a lift from a man with a horse and cart and then travelling further on foot. Sikes kept going, until they were close upon the bridge, then they turned suddenly down a bank upon the left. "The water!" thought Oliver, turning sick with fear. "He has brought me to this lonely place to murder me!" He was about to throw himself on the ground, and make one struggle for his young life, when he saw that they stood before a solitary house, all ruinous and decayed. There was a window on each side of the **dilapidated** entrance and one story above, but no light was visible as would have been expected as evening was turning to night. The house was dark, dismantled and from its appearance seemed uninhabited. Sikes, with Oliver's hand still in his, softly approached the low porch, and raised the latch. The door yielded to the pressure, and they passed in together.

Sikes pushed Oliver before him, and they entered a low dark room with a smoky fire, two or three broken chairs, a table, and a very old couch, on which, with his legs much higher than his head, a man was lounging at full length, smoking a long clay pipe. He was dressed in a smartly-cut coat, with large brass buttons, an orange neckerchief, a patterned waistcoat and **drab** trousers. Mr. Crackit had no very great quantity of hair, either upon his head or face, but what he had was of a reddish dye, and tortured into long corkscrew curls, through which he occasionally thrust some very dirty fingers, ornamented with large common rings. He was a bit above medium size, and apparently rather weak in the legs but this by no means reduced his own admiration of his boots, which he **contemplated**, in their elevated position, with lively satisfaction. "Bill, my boy!" said this figure, turning his head towards the door, "I'm glad to see you. I was almost afraid you'd given it up, in which case I should have made a personal venture. Hello!" Uttering this exclamation in a tone of great surprise, as his eyes rested on Oliver, Mr. Toby Crackit brought himself into a sitting posture, and demanded who that was. "The boy. Only the boy!" replied Sikes, drawing a chair towards the fire. "Now," said Sikes, as he resumed his seat, "if you'll give us something to eat and drink while we're waiting, you'll put some heart in us, or in me, at all events. Sit down by the fire, Oliver, and rest yourself, for you'll have to go out with us again tonight, though not very far off."

Oliver looked at Sikes, in mute and timid wonder, and drawing a stool to the fire, sat with his aching head upon his hands, scarcely knowing where he was, or what was passing around him. Sikes satisfied his appetite however Oliver could eat nothing but a small crust of bread which they made him swallow, then the two men laid themselves down on chairs for a short nap. Oliver retained his stool by the fire. They slept, or appeared to sleep, for some time, nobody stirring. Oliver fell into a heavy doze, when he was roused by Toby Crackit jumping up and declaring it was after midnight. In an instant, they were on their legs, and all were actively engaged in busy preparation. Sikes and his companion enveloped their

Vocabulary

dilapidated: in bad condition because of age or lack of care

drab: too plain or dull to be interesting

contemplate: to think deeply about something

necks and chins in large dark shawls and drew on their coats. The man went to the door and returned to announce that all was quiet. The two robbers issued forth with Oliver between them.

It was now intensely dark. The fog was much heavier than it had been in the early part of the night and the atmosphere was so damp, that, although no rain fell, Oliver's hair and eyebrows, within a few minutes after leaving the house, had become stiff with the half-frozen moisture that was floating about. They crossed the bridge and kept on towards the lights which he had seen before. They were at no great distance off and, as they walked pretty briskly, they soon arrived at a house in Chertsey. Oliver suddenly realised that they were there to break into a house and tried to resist, begging Sikes to let him go, but to no avail. There was a little window, about five feet and a half above the ground, at the back of the house which belonged to a kitchen at the end of the passage. The opening was so small, that the residents had probably not thought it worthwhile to defend it more securely, but it was large enough to admit a boy of Oliver's size, nevertheless. A very brief exercise of Mr. Sike's art, sufficed to overcome the fastening of the lattice and it soon stood wide open.

"Now listen," whispered Sikes, drawing a dark lantern from his pocket, and throwing the glare full on Oliver's face. "I'm a going to put you through there. Take this light and go softly up the steps straight afore you, and along the little hall, to the front door. Unfasten it, and let us in."

"There's a bolt at the top, you won't be able to reach," interposed Toby. "Stand upon one of the hall chairs. There are three there."

"Keep quiet, can't you?" replied Sikes, with a threatening look. "The room door is open, is it?"

"Wide," replied Toby, after peeping in to satisfy himself. "The game of that is, that they always leave it open with a catch, so that the dog, who's got a bed in here, may walk up and down the passage when he feels wakeful." Although Mr. Crackit spoke in a scarcely audible whisper, and laughed without noise, Sikes **imperiously** commanded him to be silent, and to get to work. Toby complied, by first producing his lantern, and placing it on the ground, then by planting himself firmly with his head against the wall beneath the window, and his hands upon his knees, so as to make a step of his back. This was no sooner done than Sikes, mounting upon him, put Oliver gently through the window with his feet first and, without leaving hold of his collar, planted him safely on the floor inside. "Take this lantern," said Sikes, looking into the room. "Do you see the stairs before you?" Oliver, more dead than alive, gasped out, "Yes." Sikes, pointing to the front door with the pistol-barrel, briefly advised him to take notice that he was within shot all the way and that if he faltered, he would fall dead that instant.

"It's done in a minute," said Sikes, in the same low whisper. "Directly I leave go of you, do your work!"

Vocabulary

imperiously: with the attitude of someone who gives orders and expects others to obey

"What's that?" whispered the other man. They listened intently.

"Nothing," said Sikes, releasing his hold of Oliver. "Now!"

In the short time he had had to collect his senses, the boy had firmly resolved that, whether he died in the attempt or not, he would make one effort to dart upstairs from the hall and alarm the family. Filled with this idea, he advanced at once, but stealthily. "Come back!" suddenly cried Sikes aloud. "Back! back!" Scared by the sudden breaking of the dead stillness of the place, and by a loud cry which followed it, Oliver let his lantern fall, and knew not whether to advance or fly. The cry was repeated - a light appeared - a vision of two terrified half-dressed men at the top of the stairs swam before his eyes - a flash...a loud noise...a smoke...a crash somewhere, but where he knew not, and he staggered back. Sikes had disappeared for an instant, but he was up again and had him by the collar before the smoke had cleared away. He fired his own pistol after the men, who were already retreating and dragged the boy up. "Clasp your arm tighter," said Sikes, as he drew him through the window. "Give me a shawl here. They've hit him. Quick! How the boy bleeds!" Then, came the loud ringing of a bell, mingled with the noise of firearms, and the shouts of men, and the sensation of being carried over uneven ground at a rapid pace. And then, the noises grew confused in the distance and a cold deadly feeling crept over the boy's heart and he saw or heard no more.

Chapter 10

Poor Oliver

Sikes rested the body of the wounded boy across his bended knee and turned his head, for an instant, to look back at his pursuers. There was little to be made out, in the mist and darkness but the loud shouting of men vibrated through the air, and the barking of the neighbouring dogs, roused by the sound of the alarm bell, resounded in every direction. "Stop, you white-livered hound!" cried the robber, shouting after Toby Crackit, who, making the best use of his long legs, was already ahead. "Stop!" The repetition of the word brought Toby to a dead standstill. For he was not quite satisfied that he was beyond the range of pistol-shot and Sikes was in no mood to be played with. "Give me a hand with the boy! Come back!" cried Sikes, beckoning furiously to his accomplice. Toby made a show of returning but ventured, in a low voice, broken for want of breath, to intimate considerable **reluctance** as he came slowly along. "Quicker!" cried Sikes, laying the boy in a dry ditch at his feet, and drawing a pistol from his pocket. "Don't play with me."

At this moment, the noise grew louder. Sikes, again looking round, could discern that the men who had given chase were already climbing the gate of the field in which he stood and that a couple of dogs were some paces in advance of them. "It's all up, Bill!" cried Toby, "drop the kid, and show them your heels. "With this parting advice, Mr. Crackit, preferring the chance of being shot by his friend, to the certainty of being taken by his enemies, turned tail, and darted off at full speed. Sikes clenched his teeth and took one look around, threw the cape in which he had been hurriedly muffled over the powerless form of Oliver, ran along the front of the hedge, as if to distract the attention of those behind from the spot where the boy lay, paused for a second, before another hedge which met it at right angles, and whirling his pistol high into the air, cleared it at a bound and was gone. The air grew colder as day came slowly on and the mist rolled along the ground like a dense cloud of smoke. The grass was wet, the pathways, and low places, were all dirt and water, the damp breath of an unwholesome wind went weakly by, with a hollow moaning. Still, Oliver lay motionless and insensible on the spot where Sikes had left him.

Morning drew on. The air become sharper and piercing, as its first dull hue - the death of night, rather than the birth of day - glimmered faintly in the sky. The objects which had looked dim

Vocabulary

reluctance: unwillingness or not being eager to do something

and terrible in the darkness, grew more and more defined, and gradually resolved into their familiar shapes. The rain came down, thick and fast, and pattered noisily among the leafless bushes. But Oliver felt it not as it beat against him, for he still lay stretched, helpless and unconscious on his bed of clay. A low cry of pain broke the stillness that prevailed and, uttering it, the boy awoke. His left arm, rudely bandaged in a shawl, hung heavy and useless at his side; the bandage was saturated with blood. He was so weak, that he could scarcely raise himself into a sitting posture. When he had done so, he looked feebly round for help, and groaned with pain. Trembling in every joint, from cold and exhaustion, he made an effort to stand upright but, shuddering from head to foot, fell exhausted on the ground. After a short return of the dullness which he had been so long plunged, Oliver, urged by a creeping sickness at his heart which seemed to warn him that if he lay there he must surely die, got upon his feet, and struggled to walk. His head was dizzy, and he staggered to and from. But he kept up, nevertheless, and, with his head drooping languidly, went stumbling onward. He staggered on, creeping, almost mechanically, between the bars of gates, or through hedge-gaps as they came in his way, until he reached a road. Here the rain began to fall so heavily, that it roused him. He looked about and saw that at no great distance there was a house, which perhaps he could reach. Pitying his condition, they might have compassion on him, and if they did not, it would be better, he thought, to die near human beings, than in the lonely open fields. He summoned up all his strength for one last trial and bent his faltering steps towards it.

As he drew nearer to this house, a feeling came over him that he had seen it before. He remembered nothing of its details, but the shape and aspect of the building seemed familiar to him. That garden wall! It was the very house they had attempted to rob. Oliver felt such fear come over him when he recognised the place, that, for the instant, he forgot the agony of his wound, and thought only of flight. Flight! He could scarcely stand and if he were in full possession of all the best powers of his slight and youthful frame, could he fly? He pushed against the garden gate. It was unlocked and swung open on its hinges. He tottered across the lawn, climbed the steps, knocked faintly at the door, and, his whole strength failing him, sunk down against one of the pillars of the little **porch**.

It happened that about this time, the men of the house, Mr. Giles, Brittles, and the gardener, were recruiting themselves, after the fatigues and terrors of the night, with tea and sundries, in the kitchen. They heard a faint knock on the door. "It seems a strange sort of a thing, a knock coming at such a time in the morning," said Mr. Giles, surveying the pale faces which surrounded him, and looking very blank himself, "but the door must be opened. Do you hear somebody?" Mr. Giles held on fast by the gardener's arm (to prevent his running away, as he pleasantly said), and gave the

Vocabulary

porch: an entrance to a building that has a separate roof

word of command to open the door. Brittles obeyed; the group, peeping over each other's shoulders, beheld no more dangerous object than poor little Oliver Twist, speechless and exhausted, who raised his heavy eyes, and mutely requested their compassion. "A boy!" exclaimed Mr. Giles, pushing the gardener into the background. "What's the matter with the...eh?...Why...Brittles, look here... don't you know?" Brittles, who had got behind the door to open it, no sooner saw Oliver than he uttered a loud cry. Mr. Giles, seizing the boy by one leg and one arm (fortunately not the broken limb) lugged him straight into the hall, and deposited him at full length on the floor. "Here he is!" bawled Giles, calling in a state of great excitement, up the staircase, "here's one of the thieves, ma'am! Here's a thief, miss! Wounded, miss! I shot him, miss and Brittles held the light." The two maids ran upstairs to carry the intelligence that Mr. Giles had captured a robber, and the gardener busied himself in **endeavouring** to restore Oliver, in case he would die before he could be punished. In the midst of all this noise and commotion, there was heard a sweet female voice, which extinguished it in an instant.

"Giles!" whispered the voice from the top of the stairs. "Is the poor creature much hurt?"

"Wounded desperate, miss," replied Giles, with indescribable **complacency**. "Wouldn't you like to come and look at him, miss, in case he should die?"

"Hush, there's a good man!" replied the lady. "Wait quietly only one instant, while I speak to aunt."

With a footstep as soft and gentle as the voice, the speaker tripped away. She soon returned, with the direction that the wounded person was to be carried, carefully, upstairs to Mr. Giles' room and that Brittles was to saddle the pony and take himself instantly to Chertsey. From there, he was to despatch, with all speed, a policeman and doctor.

"But won't you take one look at him, first, miss?" asked Mr. Giles, with as much pride as if Oliver were some bird with rare feathers, that he had skilfully brought down. "Not one little peep, miss?"

"Not now, for the world," replied the young lady. "Poor fellow! Oh! treat him kindly, Giles for my sake!" The old servant looked up at the speaker, as she turned away, with a glance as proud and admiring as if she had been his own child. Then, bending over Oliver, he helped to carry him upstairs, with great care and **solicitude**.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fagin sat in the old den with his boys, awaiting any news from Bill. At a table behind him sat the Artful Dodger, Master Charles Bates, and Mr. Chitling. "Hark!" cried the Dodger suddenly, "I heard the bell." Catching up the light, he crept softly upstairs. The bell was rung again,

Vocabulary

endeavour: to seriously try to do something
complacency: a feeling of being satisfied with things and not wanting to try to make them betterplace without a home or job

solicitude: concern that someone feels about someone's health or happiness

with some impatience, while the party were in darkness. After a short pause, the Dodger reappeared, and whispered to Fagin mysteriously. "What!" cried Fagin, "alone?"

The old man bit his yellow fingers and meditated for some seconds, his face working with agitation, as if he dreaded something, and feared to know the worst. At length he raised his head. "Yes," said Fagin, answering the mute inquiry, "bring him down." When the Dodger descended the stairs, bearing the light in his hand, and followed by a man in a coarse coat, who, after casting a hurried glance round the room, pulled off a large wrapper which had concealed the lower portion of his face, and disclosed, all haggard, unwashed, and unshaven - the features of flash Toby Crackit.

"First and foremost, Fagin," said the housebreaker, "how's Bill?"

"What!" screamed Fagin, starting from his seat.

"Why, you don't mean to say..." began Toby, turning pale.

"Where are they?" cried Fagin, stamping furiously on the ground. "Sikes and the boy! Where are they? Where have they been? Where are they hiding? Why have they not been here?"

"The robbery failed," said Toby faintly.

"I know," replied Fagin, tearing a newspaper from his pocket and pointing to it. "What more?"

"They fired and hit the boy. We cut over the fields at the back, with him between us. They gave chase. The whole country was awake, and the dogs upon us. Bill had the boy on his back and scudded like the wind. We stopped to take him between us, but his head hung down, and he was cold. They were close upon our heels; every man for himself! We parted company, and left the youngster lying in a **ditch**. Alive or dead, that's all I know about him." Fagin stopped to hear no more but uttering a loud yell, and twining his hands in his hair, rushed from the room, and from the house.

Vocabulary

ditch: an open channel at the side of a road to carry away water

Chapter 11

New Beginnings

In a handsome room, though its furniture had rather the air of old-fashioned comfort than of modern **elegance**, there sat two ladies and a man at a well-spread breakfast table. Mr. Giles, dressed with **scrupulous** care in a full black suit, was in attendance. He had taken his place half-way between the sideboard and the breakfast table. He was sitting with his body drawn up to its full height, his head thrown back, and his right hand thrust into his waistcoat, while his left hung down by his side. He looked like one who laboured under a very agreeable sense of his own merits and importance. Of the two ladies, one was well advanced in years but the high-backed oak chair in which she sat was not more upright than she. Dressed, with the utmost nicety and precision, she sat, in a stately manner, with her hands folded on the table before her. Her eyes were attentively upon her young companion. The younger lady, Miss Rose, was not past seventeen. She was so slight and **exquisite** a mould; so mild and gentle; so pure and beautiful. The very intelligence that shone in her deep blue eye seemed scarcely of her age, or of the world. She had an expression of sweetness and good humour, and above all, the smile, the cheerful, happy smile, brightened up the room.

"And Brittles has been gone upwards of an hour, has he?" asked the old lady, after a pause.

"An hour and twelve minutes, ma'am," replied Mr. Giles, referring to a silver watch, which he drew forth by a black ribbon.

"He is always slow," remarked the old lady.

Mr. Giles was apparently considering the propriety of indulging in a respectful smile himself, when a coach drove up to the garden gate, out of which there jumped a fat gentleman, who ran straight up to the door. He burst into the room, and nearly overturned Mr. Giles and the breakfast table together. The doctor seemed especially troubled by the fact of the robbery having been unexpected and attempted in the night time, as if it were the established custom of gentlemen in the housebreaking trade to **transact** business at noon, and to make an appointment, by post, a day or two previous.

"There is a poor creature upstairs, whom aunt wishes you to see," said Miss Rose.

Vocabulary

elegance: having graceful qualities
scrupulous: very careful about doing something properly
exquisite: very beautiful or delicate

transact: to do business with another person

"Ah! So, there is," replied the doctor, "That was your handiwork, Giles, I understand. Where is he? Show me the way. I'll look in again, as I come down, Mrs. Maylie. That's the little window that he got in at, eh? Well, I couldn't have believed it!"

The ladies entered the bedroom to see the robber for the first time and were surprised to learn that Oliver was merely a child. Mrs. Rose, seating herself in a chair by the bedside, gathered Oliver's hair from his face. As she stooped over him, her tears fell upon his forehead. The boy stirred, and smiled in his sleep, as though these marks of pity and compassion had awakened some pleasant dream of a love and affection he had never known.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed the elder lady. "This poor child can never have been the pupil of robbers!"

"Can you really believe that this delicate boy has been the voluntary associate of the worst outcasts of society?" asked Rose.

Hour after hour passed on, and still Oliver slumbered heavily. It was evening, before the kind-hearted doctor brought them the intelligence that he was sufficiently restored to be spoken to. The boy was very ill, he said, and weak from the loss of blood but his mind was so troubled with anxiety to disclose something, that he deemed it better to give him the opportunity than to insist upon his remaining quiet until next morning. The conference was a long one. Oliver told them all his simple history, and was often compelled to stop, by pain and want of strength. It was a solemn thing to hear in the darkened room, the feeble voice of the sick child recounting a weary catalogue of evils and **calamities** which hard men had brought upon him. The family decided to take him in and tend to him so that he could recover fully. Oliver gradually prospered under the united care of Mrs. Maylie, Rose, and the kind-hearted doctor. Three months glided away, three months which Oliver experienced true happiness, with the purest and most **amiable** generosity on one side and the truest, warmest, soul-felt gratitude on the other. It is no wonder that, by the end of that short time, Oliver Twist had become completely domesticated with the old lady and her niece, and that the **fervent** attachment of his young and sensitive heart, was repaid by their pride in, and attachment to himself. Spring flew swiftly by, and summer came. Oliver had long since grown stout and healthy, but health or sickness made no difference in his warm feelings of a great many people. He was still the same gentle, attached, affectionate creature that he had been when pain and suffering had wasted his strength, and when he was dependent for every slight attention and comfort on those who tended him. Oliver and his new friends, Mrs. Maylie and Miss Rose, spent a lot of time together. It was soon decided that they would go to London for some time.

Vocabulary

calamity: an event that causes great harm or suffering
amiable: friendly and pleasant
fervent: showing very strong feelings

Meanwhile, back at the workhouse, the nurse who attended to Oliver and his deceased mother during Oliver's birth was on her deathbed. In her dying moments she requested a visit from the owner of the workhouse, who had, coincidentally, married Mr. Bumble. This union was perfectly suitable as they were both scheming, soulless individuals with only themselves in mind. So Mrs. Bumble went to hear the old nurse's dying confession. She revealed that after Oliver's mother died, she had given her a pendant to pass on to Oliver as a link to his origins, however she had kept the pendant herself and eventually sold it to a **pawn** shop. Upon confessing, she passed away.

Several weeks later, a man named Monks came to the workhouse searching for any information on Oliver and the circumstances under which he came into the world. He spoke with Mr. Bumble who informed him that the nurse who had dealt with Oliver's delivery had since passed but assured him that he would contact him if he had any further information on the subject. Mr. Bumble disclosed the particulars of his meeting with Monks to Mrs. Bumble, and they decided to arrange to meet Monks again the next day to see what they could gain from the situation. Mrs. Bumble insisted that Monks pay her 25 pounds for the information she had regarding Oliver's origins and once he agreed she departed her story on his eager ears. She also informed him that she had found a slip of paper from a pawn shop which she deduced was the receipt for the sold item. She had gone to the pawn shop and retrieved the items that had been sold and produced them for Monks to inspect. There was a gold locket which contained a lock of hair and a gold wedding ring with the name 'Agnes' engraved on the inside. Monks took the items, examined them closely and then threw them into the river so that they would never be found again. He told Mr. and Mrs. Bumble that it was imperative that they keep this whole meeting and situation secret, which they heartily agreed to do.

Monks was an associate of Fagin's and after his meeting with the vile Bumbles he went to meet Fagin to tell him of what had happened. When he arrived at Fagin's, he saw that Nancy was present, so he requested that they speak in private. Fagin agreed and led Monks to another area to hear the information he was bringing. Nancy felt suspicious about why Monks needed such privacy to speak with Fagin and she was curious about the news that Monks had to impart on Fagin, so she slipped off her shoes and followed them, then listened to what Monks disclosed from outside the door. When Fagin and Monks returned to where they had left Nancy, she was very pale and distracted and insisted that she needed to leave immediately as Bill would be looking for her. She immediately rushed to a wealthier part of town and approached the place where she had heard Monks tell Fagin that Mrs. Maylie, Rose and Oliver were staying. She requested to see Mrs. Maylie or Rose, refusing to give her name or purpose to anyone but her and eventually she was granted access to speak with Rose. Nancy's life had been squandered in the streets, but there was something of the woman's original nature left in her still. She felt burdened with the sense of her own deep shame and shrunk as though she could

Vocabulary

pawn: sell something to a pawnbroker, who will sell it to someone else if you do not pay the money back by a certain time

scarcely bear the presence of her with whom she had sought this interview.

"It's a hard matter to get to see you, lady. If I had taken offence, and gone away, as many would have done, you'd have been sorry for it one day, and not without reason either."

"I am very sorry if anyone has behaved harshly to you," replied Rose. "Do not think of that. Tell me why you wished to see me. I am the person you inquired for." The kind tone of this answer, the sweet voice, the gentle manner, the absence of any accent of **haughtiness** or displeasure, took Nancy completely by surprise, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, lady, lady!" she said, clasping her hands passionately before her face, "if there was more like you, there would be fewer like me!"

"Sit down," said Rose, earnestly. "If you are in poverty or hardship, I shall be truly glad to relieve you 105 if I can, I shall indeed. Sit down."

"Let me stand, lady," said Nancy, still weeping, "and do not speak to me so kindly till you know me better. It is growing late. Is that door shut?"

"Yes," said Rose, recoiling a few steps, as if to be nearer assistance in case she should require it. "Why?"

"Because, I am about to put my life and the lives of others in your hands. I am the girl that dragged little Oliver back to old Fagin's on the night he went out from the house in Pentonville. I am the infamous creature you have heard of, that lives among the thieves, and that never from the first moment I can recollect my eyes and senses opening on London streets have known any better life, or kinder words than they have given me!"

Nancy proceeded to tell Rose of what she heard Monks tell Fagin, of his encounter with Mr and Mrs Bumble and of Oliver's identity. Rose was surprised by the information that she was hearing and was unsure what to do with the puzzle that had been laid before her. Nancy told her that if she ever needed to contact her again that she would walk on the London Bridge every Sunday night from eleven until midnight, presuming she was still alive to do so.

Vocabulary

haughtiness: being unfriendly and considering yourself to be better than others

Chapter 12

A Happy Reunion

Rose was perplexed thinking of what to do with the information that had been imparted on to her when Oliver interrupted her thoughts as he entered the room in such breathless haste and violent **agitation**, as seemed to betoken some new cause of alarm.

"I have seen the gentleman," explained Oliver, scarcely able to **articulate**, "the gentleman who was so good to me - Mr. Brownlow, that we have so often talked about."

"Where?" asked Rose.

"Getting out of a coach," replied Oliver, shedding tears of delight, "and going into a house. I didn't speak to him - I couldn't speak to him, for he didn't see me, and I trembled so, that I was not able to go up to him, but I asked someone whether he lived there, and they said he did. Look here," said Oliver, opening a scrap of paper, "here it is, here's where he lives - I'm going there directly! Oh, dear me, dear me! What shall I do when I come to see him and hear him speak again!"

Rose suggested that they go together immediately so see him. When they arrived at the house, she went in first to prepare the gentleman. She was greeted by Mr. Brownlow and his trusted friend, Mr. Grimwig. She explained that she had reason to believe he was acquainted with Oliver Twist. "Miss Maylie," said Mr. Brownlow, "will you let me know what intelligence you have of this poor child, allowing me to promise that I exhausted every means in my power of discovering him, and my first impression that he had imposed upon me, and had been persuaded by his former associates to rob me, has been considerably shaken." Rose, who had had time to collect her thoughts, at once related, in a few natural words, all that had befallen Oliver since he left Mr. Brownlow's house, reserving Nancy's information for that gentleman's private ear, and concluding with the assurance that his only sorrow, for some months past, had been not being able to meet with his former **benefactor** and friend.

"This is great happiness to me, great happiness. But you have not told me where he is now, Miss Maylie. You must pardon my finding fault with you, but why not have brought him?"

"He is waiting in a coach at the door," replied Rose.

Vocabulary

agitation: a state of anxiety or nervous excitement

articulate: able to express ideas clearly

benefactor: someone who helps someone by giving money

"At this door!" cried the old gentleman. With which he hurried out of the room, down the stairs, up the steps, and into the coach, without another word. Mr. Brownlow returned, accompanied by Oliver. "There is somebody else who should not be forgotten," said Mr. Brownlow, ringing the bell. "Send Mrs. Bedwin here, please." The old housekeeper answered the summons promptly and bowed at the door, waited for orders. "My dear old nurse!" cried Oliver. "He came back - I knew he would!" said the old lady, holding him in her arms. "How well he looks, and how like a gentleman's son he is dressed again! Where have you been, this long, long while? Ah! the same sweet face, but not so pale; the same soft eyes, but not so sad. I have never forgotten them or his quiet smile, but have seen them every day, side by side with those of my own dear children, dead and gone since I was a lightsome young creature." Running on thus, and now holding Oliver from her to mark how he had grown, now clasping him to her and passing her fingers fondly through his hair, the good soul laughed and wept upon his neck by turns. Leaving her and Oliver to compare notes at leisure, Mr. Brownlow led the way into another room; and there, heard from Rose a full narration of her interview with Nancy, which occasioned him no little surprise and **perplexity**. It was arranged that he should call at the hotel at eight o'clock that evening, and that in the meantime Mrs. Maylie should be cautiously informed of all that had occurred. These **preliminaries** adjusted, Rose and Oliver returned home.

Vocabulary

perplexity: the state of being confused by something that is difficult to understand

preliminary: something that comes first to prepare for the main part of something else

Chapter 13

Fagin Sends a Spy

The Artful Dodger had been caught stealing an old gentleman's things and was promptly brought to court to discover his fate. Fagin was distraught that his best worker had been arrested and so he sent Charley to the courthouse to report back the consequences to be faced by the Dodger. The Artful Dodger shuffled into the office with his big coat sleeves tucked up as usual, his left hand in his pocket, and his hat in his right hand, preceding the jailer with a rolling **gait** altogether indescribable. He took his place in the dock and requested in an audible voice to know what he was placed in that disgraceful situation for.

"Silence there!" cried the jailer.

"What is this?" inquired one of the **magistrates**.

"A pick-pocketing case, your worship."

"Has the boy ever been here before?"

"He ought to have been, many times," replied the jailer. "He has been pretty well everywhere else. I know him well."

"Oh! you know me, do you?" cried the Artful, making a note of the statement. "Very good. That's a case of **defamation of character**, anyway." Here there was a laugh, and cry of silence from the magistrate.

"Now then, where are the witnesses?" said the clerk.

"Ah! that's right," added the Dodger. "Where are they? I should like to see them."

This wish was immediately gratified, for a policeman stepped forward who had seen the prisoner attempt to steal from the pocket of an unknown gentleman in a crowd, and indeed take a handkerchief. For this reason, he took the Dodger into custody as soon as he could get near him, and the Dodger, being searched, had upon his person a silver box, with the owner's name engraved upon

Vocabulary

gait: a way of walking

magistrate: a local official who has some of the powers of a judge

defamation of character: the telling of a lie or false statement that harms someone's reputation

the lid. This gentleman had been found and swore that the box was his, and that he had missed it on the previous day, the moment he had disengaged himself from the crowd before referred to. He had also remarked a young gentleman in the crowd, particularly active in making his way about, and that young gentleman was the prisoner before him.

"There! He's guilty!" interposed the clerk.

"Take him away."

"Come on," said the jailer.

The Dodger was led off by the collar. Having seen him locked up by himself in a little cell, Charley made the best of his way back to bear to Mr. Fagin the animating news that the Dodger was found guilty and dragged off.

It was Sunday night, and the town bell struck the hour. Sikes and Fagin were talking, but they paused to listen. Nancy looked up from the low seat on which she crouched and listened too.

"An hour this side of midnight," said Sikes, raising the blind to look out and returning to his seat. "Dark and heavy it is too. A good night for business this."

"Ah!" replied Fagin. "What a pity, Bill, my dear, that there's none quite ready to be done."

"You're right for once," replied Sikes gruffly. "It is a pity, for I'm in the humour too."

Fagin sighed, and shook his head despondingly. He pulled Sikes by the sleeve, pointed his finger towards Nancy, who had taken advantage of the foregoing conversation to put on her **bonnet**, and was now leaving the room.

"Hello!" cried Sikes. "Nancy. Where are you going to at this time of night?"

"Not far," was Nancy's reply.

"What answer's that?" retorted Sikes. "Do you hear me?"

"I don't know where," replied the girl.

"Then I do," said Sikes, more in the spirit of stubbornness than because he had any real objection to the girl going where she wanted. "Nowhere. Sit down."

"I'm not well. I told you that before," replied the girl. "I want a breath of air."

"Put your head out of the window," replied Sikes.

"There's not enough there," said the girl. "I want it in the street."

"Then you won't have it," replied Sikes. With which assurance he rose, locked the door, took the key

Vocabulary

bonnet: a hat that ties under the chin

out, and pulling her bonnet from her head, flung it up to the top of an old press.

"There," said the robber. "Now stop quietly where you are, will you?"

"It's not such a matter as a bonnet would keep me," said the girl turning very pale. "What do you mean, Bill? Do you know what you're doing?"

"Know what I'm... Oh!" cried Sikes, turning to Fagin, "she's out of her senses, you know, or she daren't talk to me in that way."

"You'll drive me to something desperate," muttered the girl. "Tell him to let me go, Fagin. He had better. It'll be better for him. Do you hear me?" cried Nancy stamping her foot upon the ground.

"Hear you!" repeated Sikes turning around in his chair to confront her. "Yes! And if I hear you for half a minute longer, the dog shall have such a grip on your throat he'll tear some of that screaming voice out. What has come over you?"

"Let me go," said the girl with great earnestness; then sitting herself down on the floor, before the door, she said, "Bill, let me go! You don't know what you are doing. You don't, indeed. For only one hour!"

"Cut my limbs off one by one!" cried Sikes, "If I don't think the girl's absolutely raving mad. Get up." He shoved her into a small adjoining room and locked the door. With that Fagin took his leave and returned to his den, thinking about Nancy and her strange behaviour all the way back.

Fagin was up early the next morning and waited impatiently for the appearance of one of his associates, who after a delay that seemed endless, presented himself, and commenced a **voracious** assault on the breakfast.

"I want you, Noah Bolter," said Fagin, leaning over the table, "to do a piece of work for me, my dear, that needs great care and caution."

"I say," replied Noah, "don't you go shoving me into danger, or sending me to any police offices. That doesn't suit me."

"There's not the smallest danger in it," said Fagin; "it's only to follow a woman."

"An old woman?" demanded Mr. Bolter.

"A young one," replied Fagin.

"What am I to follow her for?"

"You are to follow her to tell me where she goes, who she sees, and, if possible, what she says; to remember the street, if it is a street, or the house, if it is a house, and to bring me back all the

Vocabulary

voracious: having a habit of eating very large amounts of food

information you can."

"What'll you give me?" asked Noah, setting down his cup, and looking his employer, eagerly, in the face.

"If you do it well, a pound, my dear. One pound," said Fagin, wishing to interest him in the scent as much as possible.

"Who is she?" inquired Noah.

"One of us," was the reply.

"You are doubtful of her, are you?"

"She has found some new friends, my dear, and I must know who they are," replied Fagin.

"I see," said Noah. "I'm your man."

"I knew you would be," cried Fagin, elated by the success of his proposal.

"Of course, of course," replied Noah. "Where is she? Where am I to wait for her? Where am I to go?"

"All that, my dear, you shall hear from me. I'll point her out at the proper time," said Fagin. "You keep ready and leave the rest to me."

The following Sunday Fagin came to Noah Bolter full of excitement and instructed that he get ready for his spying mission. "She is going out tonight," said Fagin, "and on the right errand, I'm sure, for she has been alone all day, and the man she is afraid of will not be back much before daybreak. Come with me. Quick!" Noah started up without saying a word, for Fagin was in a state of such intense excitement that it infected him. They left the house stealthily, and hurrying through a **labyrinth** of streets, arrived at length before a house, which Bolter recognised. It was past eleven o'clock, and the door was closed. It opened softly on its hinges as Fagin gave a low whistle. They entered, without noise and the door was closed behind them. Fagin pointed out the pane of glass to Noah and signed to him to climb up and observe the person in the adjoining room. "Is that the woman?" he asked, scarcely above his breath. Fagin nodded yes. He hastily descended, as the door opened, and the girl came out. Fagin drew him behind a small partition which was curtained off, and they held their breaths as she passed within a few feet of their place of concealment and emerged by the door at which they had entered. Noah exchanged a look with Fagin and darted out.

He advanced as near as he considered **prudent**, and kept on the opposite side of the street, the better to observe her motions. She looked nervously round, twice or thrice, and once stopped to let two men who were following close behind her, pass on. She seemed to gather courage as she advanced, and to walk with a steadier and firmer step. The spy preserved the same relative distance between them and followed.

Vocabulary

labyrinth: a place that has many confusing paths
prudent: having good judgment

Chapter 14

A Secret Meeting

Two figures emerged on London Bridge. One, which advanced with a swift and rapid step, was that of a woman who looked eagerly about her as though in quest of some expected object. The other figure was that of a man, who slunk along in the deepest shadow he could find, and, at some distance, accommodated his pace to hers, stopping when she stopped and as she moved again, creeping stealthily on: but never allowing himself, in the **ardour** of his pursuit, to gain upon her footsteps. At nearly the centre of the bridge, she stopped. The man stopped too. It was a very dark night. The day had been unfavourable, and at that hour and place there were few people stirring. Such as there were, hurried quickly past, very possibly without seeing, but certainly without noticing, either the woman or the man who kept her in view. A mist hung over the river, deepening the red glare of the fires that burnt upon the small boat moored off the different docks, and rendering darker and more indistinct the murky buildings on the banks. The old smoke-stained storehouses on either side rose heavy and dull from the dense mass of roofs and frowned sternly upon water too black to reflect even their **lumbering** shapes. Midnight had come upon the crowded city. The hour had not struck two minutes, when a young lady, accompanied by a grey-haired gentleman, alighted from a carriage within a short distance of the bridge, and, having dismissed the vehicle, walked straight towards it. They had scarcely set foot upon its pavement, when the girl started, and immediately made towards them.

"Not here," said Nancy hurriedly, "I am afraid to speak to you here. Come away out of the public road down the steps!" So, they all went down the steps with the spy lingering nearby.

"For what purpose can you have brought us to this strange place?" asked the gentleman in a kind tone. "Why not have let me speak to you, above there, where it is light, and there is something stirring, instead of bringing us to this dark and dismal hole?"

"I told you before," replied Nancy, "that I was afraid to speak to you there. I don't know why it is," said the girl, shuddering, "but I have such a fear and dread upon me tonight that I can hardly stand."

"A fear of what?" asked the gentleman, who seemed to pity her.

Vocabulary

ardour: a strong feeling of eagerness

lumbering: moving in a slow, awkward way

Chapter 15

The End for Nancy

Fagin sat crouching over a cold hearth, wrapped in an old torn blanket, with his face turned towards a wasting candle that stood upon a table by his side. His right hand was raised to his lips, and as he was absorbed in thought, he bit his long black nails and disclosed among his toothless gums a few such fangs as should have been a dog's or rat's. His thoughts were busy elsewhere. **Mortification** at the overthrow of his notable scheme; hatred of the girl who had dared to deceive him with strangers; the fear of detection, and ruin, and arrest; and a fierce and deadly rage kindled by all; these were the passionate considerations which shot through the brain of Fagin, as every evil thought and blackest purpose lay working at his heart. He sat without changing his attitude in the least, or appearing to take the smallest heed of time, until his quick ear seemed to be attracted by a footstep in the street. "At last," he muttered, wiping his dry and fevered mouth. "At last!" The bell rang gently as he spoke. He crept upstairs to the door, and presently returned accompanied by a man muffled to the chin, who carried a bundle under one arm. Sitting down and throwing back his outer coat, the man displayed the burly frame of Sikes. "There!" he said, laying the bundle on the table. "Take care of that and do the most you can with it. It's been trouble enough to get. I thought I would have been here three hours ago." Fagin laid his hand upon the bundle, and locking it in the cupboard, sat down again without speaking. But he did not take his eyes off the robber for an instant during this action, and now that they sat over against each other, face to face, he looked fixedly at him, with his lips quivering so violently, and his face so altered by the emotions which had mastered him, that the housebreaker involuntarily drew back his chair, and surveyed him with a look of real **affright**.

"What now?" cried Sikes. "What do you look at a man so for?"

"I've got that to tell you, Bill," said Fagin, drawing his chair nearer, "will make you worse than me." Fagin raised his right hand and shook his trembling forefinger in the air, but his passion was so great, that the power of speech was for the moment gone.

"Tell away! Look sharp, or Nancy will think I'm lost."

"Lost!" cried Fagin. "She has pretty well settled that, in her own mind, already." Sikes looked with great **perplexity** into Fagin's face, and reading no satisfactory explanation of the riddle there, clenched his

Vocabulary

mortification: great embarrassment or shame

affright: sudden feeling of fear

perplexity: being unable to understand something

coat collar in his huge hand and shook him soundly.

"Speak, will you!" he said, "or if you don't, it shall be for want of breath. Open your mouth and say what you've got to say in plain words. Out with it!" So, Fagin called Noah to retell the story of what had happened when he followed Nancy the previous night. "Hell's fire!" cried Sikes, upon hearing the story of Nancy's meeting. Fagin grabbed his arm to try to steady the **brute**, but he broke fiercely from Fagin's grip. Flinging the old man from him, he rushed from the room, and darted, wildly and furiously, up the stairs. The housebreaker was unable to open the door on which he was expending fruitless oaths and violence, when Fagin came panting up. "Let me out," said Sikes. "Don't speak to me. It's not safe. Let me out, I say!"

The day was breaking, and there was light enough for the men to see each other's faces. They exchanged one brief glance; there was a fire in the eyes of both, which could not be mistaken.

"Don't be too violent Bill," said Fagin, "I mean, not too violent for safety. Be crafty, Bill, and not too bold." Sikes made no reply but, pulling open the door, of which Fagin had turned the lock, dashed into the silent streets.

Without one pause, or moment's consideration, without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage **resolution**, his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin, the robber held on his headlong course. He did not mutter a word, nor relax a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it softly with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed. Nancy was lying upon it, fast asleep. He roused her from her sleep, and she raised herself with a hurried and startled look. "Get up!" shouted the man. There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick, and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

"Let it be," said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. "There's enough light for what I've got to do."

"Bill," said the girl, in the low voice of alarm, "why do you look like that at me?" The robber sat regarding her, for a few seconds, with dilated nostrils and heaving chest, and then, grasping her by the head and throat, dragged her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

"Bill, Bill!" gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear, "I...I won't scream or cry...not once...hear me...speak to me...tell me what I have done!"

Vocabulary

brute: a cruel, violent person

resolution: being very determined to do something

"You know!" returned the robber, suppressing his breath. "You were watched tonight, every word you said was heard."

"Then spare my life as I spared yours," replied the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. Oh! think of all I have given up, only this one night, for you. You have time to think and save yourself this crime. I will not loosen my hold, you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill, for your own sake, for mine, stop before you spill my blood! I have been true to you, upon my guilty soul I have!"

The man struggled violently to release his arms but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear her as he would, he could not tear them away. "Bill," cried the girl, "the gentleman and that dear lady told me tonight of a home in some foreign country where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again and beg them, on my knees, to show the same mercy and goodness to you and let us both leave this dreadful place, and far apart lead better lives, and forget how we have lived." The housebreaker freed one arm and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired flashed across his mind even in the midst of his fury so he beat it twice, with all the force he could summon, upon Nancy's upturned face. She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead. It was a ghastly sight to look upon. The murderer staggered backward to the wall and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

Morning light started to stream through the window. Bill had not moved; he had been afraid to stir. There had been a moan and motion of the hand and, with terror added to rage, he had struck and struck again. He struck a light, kindled a fire, and thrust the club into it. There was hair upon the end which blazed and shrunk into a light cinder and, caught by the air, whirled up the chimney. Even that frightened him, sturdy as he was but he held the weapon till it broke, and then piled it on the coals to burn away, and smoulder into ashes. He washed himself and rubbed his clothes. There were spots that would not be removed, but he cut the pieces out, and burnt them. He moved towards the door, dragging the dog with him, in case he should get blood on his feet and carry out new evidence of the crime into the streets. He shut the door softly, locked it, took the key, and left the house. He kept walking trying not to draw any attention to himself. He walked around all day trying not to picture Nancy's lifeless eyes. When night was upon him, he was drained and needed a place to rest. There was a shed in a field he passed, that offered shelter for the night. He decided that his dog may draw attention to him if people were looking for him and resolved to drown him any chance he got.

Chapter 16

The End of it All

The twilight was beginning to close in, when Mr. Brownlow alighted from a coach at his own door and knocked softly. The door was opened, and a sturdy man got out of the coach and stationed himself on one side of the steps while another man, who had been seated on the box, dismounted too and stood upon the other side. At a sign from Mr. Brownlow, they helped out a third man, and taking him between them, hurried him into the house. This man was Monks. He was ushered into the house by the men, and then brought to a room where he was alone with Mr. Brownlow.

"This is pretty treatment, sir," said Monks, throwing down his hat and cloak, "from my father's oldest friend."

"It is because I was your father's oldest friend, young man," returned Mr. Brownlow, "that I am moved to treat you gently now - yes, Edward Leeford, even now - and blush for your unworthiness to bear the name."

"What has the name to do with it?" asked Monks, after contemplating, half in silence, and half in dogged wonder, the unrest of his companion. "What do you want with me?"

"You have a half-brother," said Mr. Brownlow, rousing himself.

"I have no brother," replied Monks. "You know I was an only child. Why do you talk to me of brothers? You know that, as well as I."

"When your brother...", said Mr. Brownlow, drawing nearer to the other's chair, "When your half-brother - a feeble, ragged, neglected child - was cast in my way by a stronger hand than chance, and rescued by me from a life of corruption and **infamy**..."

"What?" cried Monks.

"By me," said Mr. Brownlow. "I knew I would interest you before long. I see that your cunning associate **suppressed** my name. When he was rescued by me, then, and lay recovering from sickness in my house, his strong resemblance to the picture that your father had given to me of his mother, struck

Vocabulary

infamy: being known for being evil or having done bad things

suppress: to keep something secret

me with astonishment. Even when I first saw him in all his dirt and misery, there was a lingering expression in his face that came upon me like a glimpse of some old friend flashing in a vivid dream. I need not tell you he was snared away before I knew his history..."He revealed that he knew Monks had also discovered that Oliver was his half-sibling and that he learned that Monks had misappropriated the inheritance money that had been left to Oliver after his father's death. Monks confessed that he had taken the wedding ring and locket that Oliver's mother had intended to be passed on to Oliver, to be able to trace his origins, and disposed of them so that Oliver would never find out the truth of who his parents were. If he could keep this knowledge from Oliver, he would never inquire after the inheritance money.

Concurrently, in the aftermath of Nancy's murder, the police descended on the thieves' den. Charley Bates and some other boys hid in the chimney and avoided arrest, but Fagin and Bolter were found and seized. Bill Sikes returned to Fagin's place so that he could evade unwanted police attention and hide out for some time. There he found Charley Bates and some other associates discussing the fate of Fagin and the others who had been arrested. The gang of thieves were very apprehensive to see Bill but were frightened and reluctant to turn him away. Suddenly, Charley, with a look of alarm, pointed to the window. There were lights gleaming below, voices in loud and earnest conversation, the sound of hurried footsteps - endless they seemed in number - crossing the nearest wooden bridge heading towards their hideout. A man on horseback seemed to be among the crowd, for there was the noise of hoofs rattling on the uneven pavement. The gleam of lights increased; the footsteps came more thickly and noisily on. Then, came a loud knocking at the door, and then a hoarse murmur from a multitude of angry voices. Strokes, thick and heavy, rattled upon the door and lower window-shutter, and a loud roar burst from the crowd, giving some adequate idea of its massive extent.

Bill Sikes scrambled to escape from the house, but he was enraged to discover that all the doors were locked. His only option was to escape onto the roof where he was fully visible to the crowd below. The crowd had been hushed during these few moments, watching his motions and doubtful of his purpose, but the instant they perceived it and knew it was defeated, they raised triumphant cry to which all their previous shouting had been whispers. Again and again it rose. Those who were at too great a distance to know its meaning, took up the sound; it echoed and re-echoed; it seemed as though the whole city had poured its population out to curse him. On pressed the people from the front in a strong struggling current of angry faces, with here and there a glaring torch to lighten them up, and show them out in all their wrath and passion. The houses on the opposite side of the ditch had been entered by the mob; there were tiers and tiers of faces in every window, cluster upon cluster of people clinging to every house-top. Each little bridge (and there were three in sight) bent beneath the weight of the

Vocabulary

concurrently: happening at the same time

crowd upon it. Still the current poured on to find some nook or hole from which to vent their shouts, and only for an instant see the wretch.

"They have him now," cried a man on the nearest bridge. "Hurrah!"

Word was passed among the crowd that the door to the house was forced at last, and that a ladder had mounted into the room. The stream abruptly turned, as this intelligence ran from mouth to mouth, and the people at the windows, seeing those upon the bridges pouring back, quitted their stations, and running into the street, joined the concourse that now thronged to the spot they had left, each man crushing and striving with his neighbour, and all panting with impatience to get near the door, and look upon the criminal as the officers brought him out. Sikes had shrunk down, thoroughly crushed by the ferocity of the crowd, and the impossibility of escape but he sprang upon his feet, determined to make one last effort for his life by dropping into the ditch. Roused into new strength and energy and stimulated by the noise within the house which announced that an entrance had really been effected, he set his foot against the stack of chimneys. Staggering as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance and tumbled over the **parapet**. He hit the ground with a thud and his lifeless body lay on the ground.

Oliver was blissfully unaware of all the goings on of the previous few days with the gang of thieves. He was with Mrs. Maylie, Rose and Mr. Brownlow when another man named Monks joined them. They told Oliver that Monks was in fact his half-brother. Monks cast a look of hatred, which he could not conceal, at the astonished boy and sat down near the door. Mr. Brownlow merely nodded to a man standing by the door, who disappearing promptly, shortly returned, pushing in Mrs. Bumble, and dragging her unwilling companion after him.

Mr. Brownlow inquired, as he pointed to Monks, "Do you know that person?"

"No," replied Mrs. Bumble flatly.

"Perhaps YOU don't?" said Mr. Brownlow, addressing her spouse.

"I never saw him in all my life," said Mr. Bumble.

"Nor sold him anything, perhaps?"

"No," replied Mrs. Bumble.

"You never had, perhaps, a certain gold locket and ring?" said Mr. Brownlow. Mrs. Bumble stared at Monks.

Vocabulary

parapet: a low wall along the edge of a roof

"If he", she pointed to Monks, "has been coward enough to confess, as I see he has, I have nothing more to say. I did sell them, and they're where you'll never get them. What then?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Brownlow, "except that it remains for us to take care that neither of you is employed in a situation of trust again. You may leave the room."

Mr. Brownlow, who had papers in his hand, walked to a table near which Rose and Oliver were seated. The papers declared that Monks agreed to depart the inheritance money that was intended for Oliver to him. By the provisions of his father's will, Oliver would have been entitled to the whole, but Mr. Brownlow, unwilling to deprive the elder son of the opportunity of retrieving his former vices and pursuing an honest career, proposed he received some of the inheritance, to which Oliver joyfully accepted. Monks signed the papers begrudgingly.

Fagin was found guilty by a jury in the courthouse and received a death sentence. He was then put back into the prison to anticipate his death the following week. He cowered down upon his stone bed and thought of the past. He had been wounded with some missiles from the crowd on the day of his capture, and his head was bandaged with a linen cloth. His red hair hung down upon his bloodless face; his beard was torn and twisted into knots; his eyes shone with a terrible light; his unwashed flesh crackled with the fever that burnt him up.

It was not until the night of his last day, that a withering sense of his helpless, desperate state came in its full intensity, not that he had ever held any defined or positive hope of mercy, but that he had never been able to consider more than the dim probability of dying so soon. He had sat there, awake, but dreaming. The next day his death sentence was carried out.

Monks retired with his portion of his father's inheritance to a distant part of the world, where, having quickly squandered it, he once more fell into his old habits, and, after undergoing a long confinement for some fresh act of fraud and deception, at length sunk under an attack of his old disorder, and died in prison.

Mr. Brownlow adopted Oliver as his son. Removing with him and the old housekeeper to within a mile of the Maylie house, where his dear friends resided, he accomplished the only remaining wish of Oliver's warm and earnest heart, and thus linked together a little society, whose condition approached as nearly to one of perfect happiness as can ever be known in this changing world. Mr. Brownlow went on, from day to day, filling the mind of his adopted child with stores of knowledge, and becoming attached to him, more and more, as his nature developed itself, and showed the thriving seeds of all he wished him to become, how he traced in him new traits of his old friend, that awakened in him old remembrances, melancholy and yet sweet and soothing.

Mr. and Mrs. Bumble, deprived of their situations, were gradually reduced to great debt and misery, and finally became **paupers** in that very same workhouse in which they had once lorded it over others. Mr. Bumble has been heard to say, that in this reverse and **degradation**, he has not even spirits to be thankful for being separated from his wife.

Charles Bates, appalled by Sikes's crime, fell into a train of reflection whether an honest life was not, after all, the best. Arriving at the conclusion that it certainly was, he turned his back upon the scenes of the past, resolved to amend it in some new sphere of action. He struggled hard, and suffered much, for some time, but, having a contented **disposition**, and a good purpose, succeeded in the end and, from being a farmer's labourer, and a carrier's lad, he is now a merry young farmer.

Vocabulary

pauper: a very poor person

degradation: the process of damaging something

disposition: a person's usual attitude or mood

Wordlists

Unit 8

ancient	adjective
appetiser	noun
atmosphere	noun
baker	noun
book	noun
cheerful	adjective
chef	noun
clove	noun
coconut	noun
country	noun
cuisine	noun
delicious	adjective
dessert	noun
device	noun
diet	noun
dish	noun
dough	noun
dumpling	noun
finally	adverb
firstly	adverb
fish	noun
fruit	noun
garlic	noun
ginger	noun
host	noun
however	adverb
ingredients	noun
leftovers	noun
lifestyle	noun
manager	noun
meat	noun
mild	adjective
mouth-watering	adjective
nowadays	adverb
nuts	noun

other	determiner
pancake	noun
past	adverb
prawn	noun
prepare	verb
pumpkin	noun
restaurant	noun
restaurateur	noun
rice	noun
saffron	noun
sauce	noun
seafood	noun
secondly	adverb
service	noun
starter	noun
stew	noun
tasty	adjective
tip	noun
vegetable	noun
yoghurt	noun

Phrase list
dish of the day
eating plan
food critic
food inspector
in conclusion
in the end
in this essay
kitchen porter
life expectancy
now the question is
on balance
pan-fried
pastry chef
so let us discuss
street vendor

sweet potato
the other
viewing gallery

Unit 9

advertising	noun
animation	noun
background	noun
biography	noun
brand	noun
cast	noun
casting	adjective
character	noun
claim	verb
conflict	noun
crew	noun
desert	noun
detail	noun
director	noun
documentary	noun
dramatic	adjective
emotions	noun
endorsement	noun
extra	noun
facilities	noun
factual	adjective
genre	noun
image	noun
location	noun
multimedia	noun
palace	noun
paragraph	noun
passionate	adjective
portray	verb
producer	noun
production	noun

rhyme	verb
scene	noun
screenplay	noun
script	noun
scriptwriter	noun
skyline	noun
skyscraper	noun
slogan	noun
sound	noun
stage	noun
star	noun
studio	noun
summarise	verb
unique	adjective
worthy	adjective

Phrase list

box office
crew members
feature film
filmmaking
film set
graphic design
main idea
make-up artist
on location
screen training
set up a business
shoot a film
topic sentence

Audioscript

Unit 8

Track 38

Speaker 1: What are you doing this weekend?

Speaker 2: Well, my daughter's graduating so my family and I are looking for a restaurant — somewhere to have a special meal. You go to restaurants a lot. Where do you recommend?

Speaker 1: OK ... right ... well, there are five restaurants I can think of. Would you prefer somewhere near the city centre, or something a bit further out?

Speaker 2: Well, we have a car so either is fine.

Speaker 1: Well, there are two central restaurants — there's Carlton and The Imperial, they're both near the main square. Then there's Red's — that's out in the country, about ten kilometres away. It's very peaceful, but also quite expensive so the tips are high too. Then there's Bob's Kitchen and Mr Pizza — they're both in town but not in the centre, they're out on the airport road.

Speaker 2: Mmm ... that might be a bit far out actually. What about the two in the city centre. Have you tried them?

Speaker 1: Well, they're both excellent restaurants. Carlton is quite unusual — it's in a very old building that was originally a large private house. They've only been serving for a few months, but the restaurant has already got an excellent reputation because of its mouth-watering dishes! So you have to book before going. Or there's The Imperial, which is a much more modern building. They've been offering special corporate lunches for a long time, but it's open to private guests as well. Their starters are so generous that you won't want to eat anything after that.

Speaker 2: Do any of these restaurants have a garden?

Speaker 1: Mr Pizza has a beautiful view, but all the tables are indoors. The only restaurant with a garden and tables outside is Bob's Kitchen. It's lovely in summer. Mr Pizza has been building an outdoor area for some time, but it's not finished yet. I go there often because their prices aren't too expensive, so the tips are low too.

Speaker 2: I see. Well, I think I'll probably go for one of the city centre restaurants. Thanks for your advice!

Track 39

Speaker 1: On today's programme, I have the pleasure of talking to Jack Bean, head chef at *Mangiare Restaurant* — one of the best places for Italian food in town.

Now Jack, I hear you've just written a book called *Rice around the World*. Have you decided to give up cooking and start writing for a living?

Speaker 2: No not at all. Food is my passion and I'll always work in the kitchen, but I love travelling, so I decided to combine the two.

You know, working in the Emirates has taught me how something as simple as rice can be used in an incredible variety of ways. Dishes like *Mohammar* or *Tahta Maleh* are just bursting with flavour. But I realised that just about every country in the world has a different way of eating rice. So I thought that writing a book about it would be a good excuse to travel for a year.

Speaker 1: Yeah that's a brilliant idea. Tell us more!

Speaker 2: Well, I started in Japan, where people eat rice virtually every day. Sushi is probably the most beautifully-presented food you can imagine. It's rice that has been mixed with vinegar and then decorated with a piece of raw fish. When you talk about sushi, 99% of people think raw fish, but actually the word sushi refers to the rice. Sometimes seaweed is used to wrap the rice so your fingers don't get sticky.

Speaker 1: Ok, great, so where else did you go?

Speaker 2: Well another interesting place for rice is Thailand, where I discovered a tasty rice dish called *Kow Mun Gai*. Just about every corner in Thailand has a street vendor who cooks this right in front of you. The rice is cooked with chicken and served with yellow bean sauce and a kind of melon soup. It sounds a bit weird and it can be really spicy, but believe me it's totally delicious, probably my favourite dish of the whole trip.

Speaker 1: Yes ... I'm not keen on spicy foods to be honest.

Speaker 2: Another memorable moment was in Spain where almost every day I ate the traditional dish called Paella. It's a kind of rice stew with a mixture of ingredients such as prawns, chicken, meat and vegetables. The great thing about it is that you can put in whatever you like really, and there's a big difference in the taste of Paella from the north to the south of Spain. Some people say the word *Paella* derives from the Arabic word *Bagiyah*, meaning leftovers — you know, the food that you didn't eat that day, you cook it up with rice and make a Paella the next day. The one ingredient that hardly anybody leaves out is saffron, which gives the rice a lovely yellow colour. Paella really is delicious!

Speaker 1: Well that's all we have time for. So Jack, thanks for telling us about your mouth-watering world tour and good luck with the book!

Track 40

One

Speaker: Well, I'm sorry but I don't agree.; Well, I'm sorry but I don't agree.

Two

Speaker: I'm not so sure.; I'm not so sure

Three

Speaker: I've got a slightly different take on this.; I've got a slightly different take on this.

Four

Speaker: Actually, I think that ...; Actually, I think that ...

Track 41

Speaker 1: So, Rashid, have you tried the new Italian restaurant that recently opened behind the mall?

Speaker 2: Yes I did actually, but I wasn't very impressed.

Speaker 1: Why's that? Was the food bad?

Speaker 2: The food was ok. I just didn't like the service. For instance, the waiter wasn't friendly at all when I was asking about the ingredients in one of the dishes.

Speaker 1: I know what you mean, bad service can really ruin your experience at a restaurant.

Speaker 2: Absolutely! But we went to this great Malaysian restaurant last weekend. You and your family should try it, Mansoor.

Speaker 1: Oh, we've never tried Malaysian. That sounds interesting. What kind of food do they serve?

Speaker 2: Well it's mainly rice, with different vegetables and sauces. A typical example is Nasi lemak, which is basically steamed rice served with peanuts, cucumbers and boiled eggs.

Speaker 1: It sounds like a very healthy kind of cuisine. Recently, we've been going to different Indian restaurants. One of my favourites is only a few minutes away from our house. So it's perfect!

Speaker 2: We love Indian, too! My children love eating the delicious Indian Na'an.

Speaker 1: Yes, same here. We love the variety they have. They've got vegetarian dishes as well as meat and chicken dishes, such as butter chicken, which is *absolutely delicious*.

Speaker 2: We had a bad experience a few weeks ago though. My wife ordered non-spicy food, specifically one of the lentil dishes, but when the food came everything was too spicy for her.

Speaker 1: Yeah, that's really annoying because it ruins your whole meal!

Unit 9

Track 42

Speaker 1: So, James and Amjad, how long has your business been running through DSC?

Speaker 2: Hmmm, three and a half years and ...

Speaker 3: ... Actually, it'll be four years this April.

Speaker 1: And has it been smooth so far?

Speaker 3: Well, overall I think so, yes. It's just been so easy to set everything up and so smooth to maintain. By doing business through them, everything has been amazing. Are you thinking of setting something up through DSC?

Speaker 1: Yes, my production company has been running well in Qatar and we're thinking of expanding to the UAE. I've heard so much about DSC but thought that by asking someone already using them, I could get more information.

Speaker 3: DSC have helped a lot of film and media companies set up in the UAE. Many TV programmes, films and radio programmes are being produced through them. I've only heard good things from businesses using their ...

Speaker 1: ... Just a moment, what does DSC stand for? I keep forgetting. Is it Dubai Studio City?

Speaker 2: Yes, it is. So tell me, what kind of services are you looking for? What does your business need?

Speaker 1: Everything really! That's why I wanted to hear from you both what extra things DSC has to offer.

Speaker 2: Sure, well, by working through DSC you have access to the basic facilities, where you can rent office space and you get to use the sound stage and ...

Speaker 3: ... Sorry to interrupt, but I have to mention that the sound stage is of very high standards, you won't find anything similar anywhere else in the Middle East.

Speaker 1: That's good to hear.

Speaker 2: Does your company produce media for advertising firms? That's really popular in the UAE.

Speaker 1: We produce for different industries but yes, like other filmmaking companies, we do a lot of production for advertising agencies. Hmm, what about bringing in employees and specialists?

Speaker 3: They take care of all of that, they've got a strong visa services team, so ...

Speaker 2: ... Can I just say that they helped us bring in over 30 of our employees in less than three weeks. By bringing our staff in through them, we saved a lot of time.

Speaker 1: That sounds very encouraging. I'll contact them this week to arrange a meeting.

Track 43

One

Speaker 1: ... three and a half years and ...

Speaker 2: ... Actually, it'll be four years this April.

Two

Speaker 1: DSC have helped a lot of film and media companies set up in the UAE. Many TV programmes, films and radio programmes are being produced through them. I've only heard good things from businesses using their ...

Speaker 2: ... Just a moment, what does DSC stand for? I keep forgetting. Is it Dubai Studio City?

Three

Speaker 1: Sure, well, by working through DSC you have access to the basic facilities, where you can rent office space and you get to use the sound stage and ...

Speaker 2: ... Sorry to interrupt, but I have to mention that the sound stage is of very high standards, you won't find anything similar anywhere else in the Middle East.

Four

Speaker 1: They take care of all of that, they've got a strong visa services team, so ...

Speaker 2: ... Can I just say that they helped us bring in over 30 of our employees in less than three weeks.

Track 44

Speaker 1: Sunday sees the final evening of this year's Dubai International Film Festival at Madinat Jumeirah. The success of this incredible event depends on the hard work and energy of hundreds of young volunteers. We went behind the scenes to find out what it's like to be involved as a volunteer and what they thought of the films. Hi Amaya, you're volunteering for this year's festival. What does your role involve?

Amaya: Well, I'm an usher for the stars as they walk along the red carpet, stopping to have their photograph taken. I tell them either where to stand or where they should go as they walk into the main hall. It's been a brilliant experience to get so close to some of the biggest names in cinema.

Speaker 1: And you get to see all the films at the festival for free, right? Which one has been your favourite?

Amaya: Yeah, that's a real bonus. I must say I've enjoyed all the films I've seen. I think my favourite is a film called *Green Light*. I mean the acting is just amazing – the star, Michael Washington, is totally convincing as the main character.

The plot is really gripping – you never know what's going to happen from one minute to the next. Oh, and the ending ... Wow! Well, I won't tell you or it'll spoil it for you.

Speaker 1: Hi! I can see that you're volunteering. What's your role here at the film festival?

Mira: Well, today I'm working in the back office – I have to invite all the journalists and media people to the press conference tomorrow – that kind of thing. But I've also been helping out at the box office, selling tickets and giving information to visitors at the festival. I enjoy both the administrative work and dealing with the public.

Speaker 1: And what's the best film you've seen so far?

Mira: Ahhh! There was a beautiful Emirati film on last night called *Going to Heaven*. It's set here in the UAE. It's a wonderful story of two young boys who go on a journey from Abu Dhabi to Fujairah. I loved this film. It made me laugh, it made me cry and the cinematography – you know, the look and feel of the film – is just breathtaking. It really shows the beauty of our land. Highly recommended!

Speaker 1: Hi! Sorry, I can see that you're really busy. Are you volunteering too?

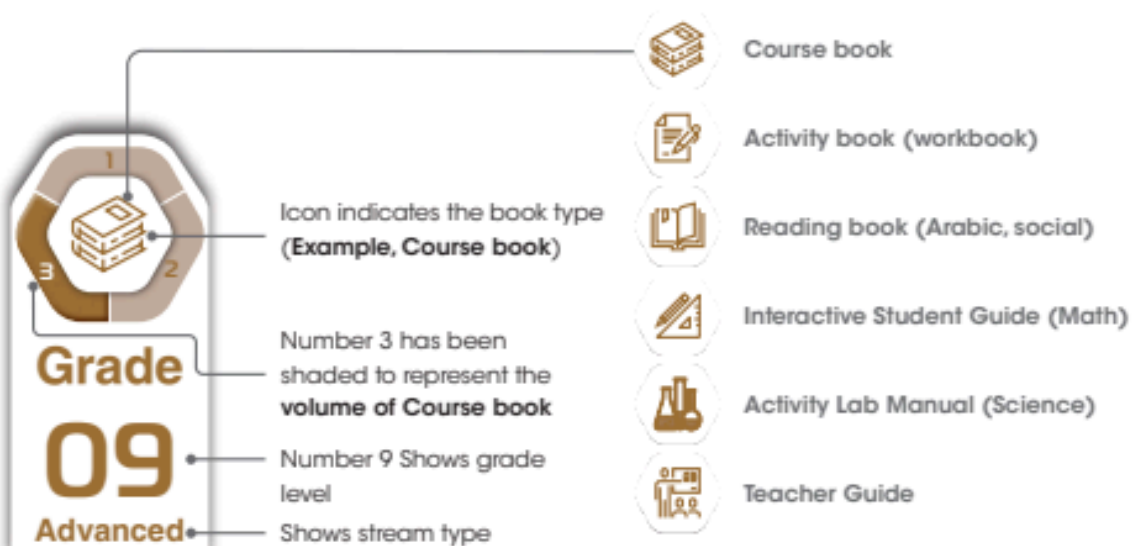
Samira: Yes. I saw the website for the film festival and thought I would try it. Neither my brother nor my sister wanted to do it, but I want to work in marketing and event management in the future ... So, here I am volunteering at the festival and meeting some amazing people! Right now I'm checking all the final details for tonight's prize-giving ceremony. I want to be sure that everything is perfect!

Speaker 1: Have you had any time to see any of the films in the competition?

Samira: Yeah, after work we can go to the film screenings for free. I've enjoyed seeing them all really, but the one that impressed me the most was a really lovely film from France. It's called *Birds of Passage* and it's a bittersweet story of friendship between two girls. The dialogue is great and the soundtrack is brilliant too – I've been listening to it on my headphones all day.

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