

The crowd was coming nearer and nearer to the wretched breathless child with agony in his eyes, and large drops of perspiration were streaming down his face. The next moment a heavy blow knocked the boy down, and in a moment there was a big crowd round Oliver.



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первого уровня

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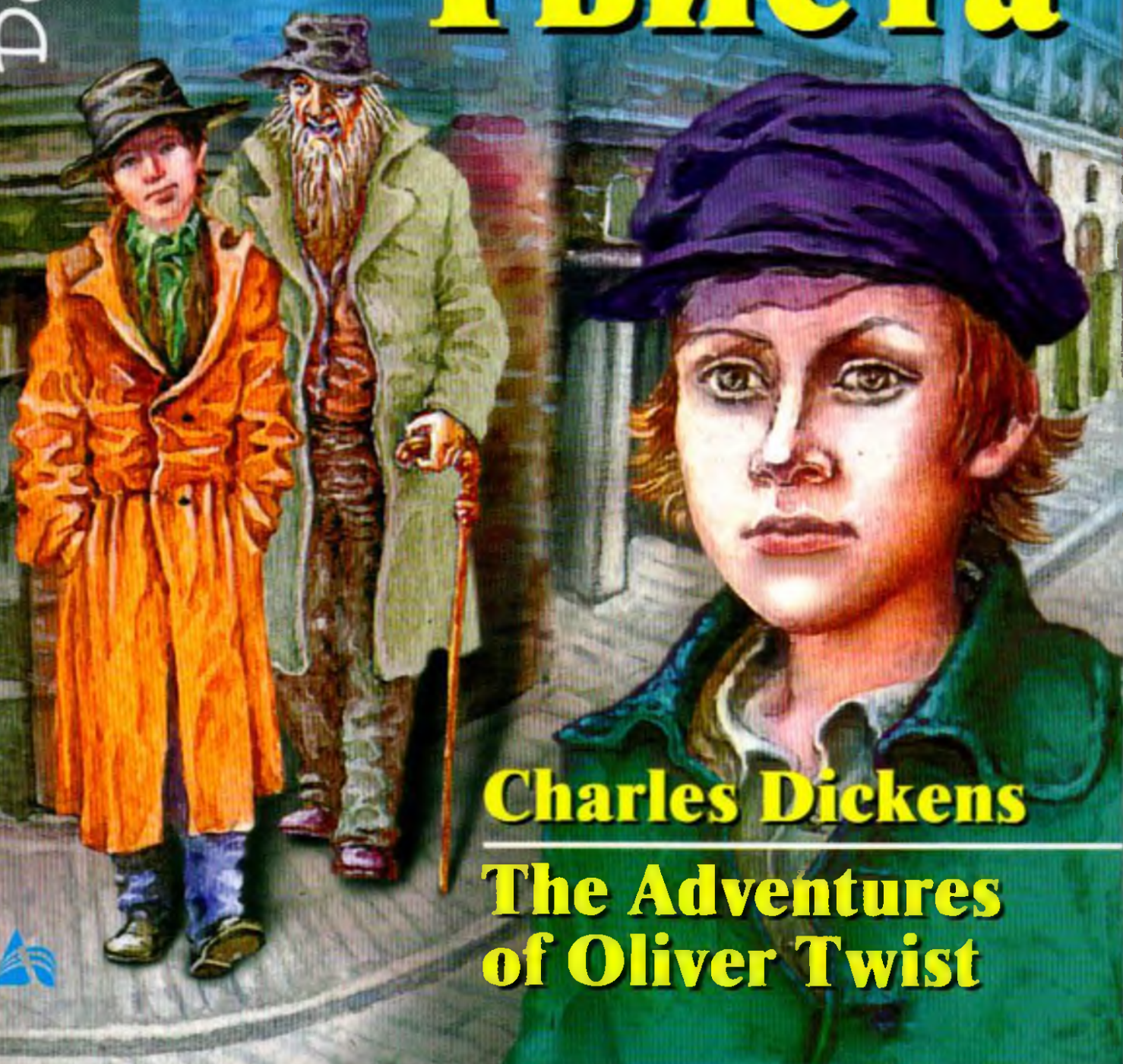
**Приключения
Оливера
Твиста**

АЙРИС-ПРЕСС



Charles Dickens

**The Adventures
of Oliver Twist**





АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Домашнее чтение

Чарлз Диккенс

Приключения Оливера Твиста

*Адаптация текста, предисловие,
комментарий, упражнения,
словарь С.В. Монахова*



Москва

АИРИС ПРЕСС

2009

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«Приключения Оливера Твиста», написанные величайшим английским писателем Чарлзом Диккенсом, книга вечная. Ею зачитывались наши бабушки и дедушки, ее будут читать наши внуки. Автор говорит о том, что всегда волновало и будет волновать человека, — социальная несправедливость и милосердие, предательство и благородство, жестокость и нежность. Когда-то история Оливера Твиста, рассказанная Чарлзом Диккенсом, потрясла благополучных англичан. Но и сегодня мир в большой степени зависит от того, насколько мы помогаем тем, кто нуждается в нашей помощи.

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Книга может быть использована как при изучении английского языка с преподавателем, так и самостоятельно. Она рассчитана на самый широкий круг читателей, от учащихся школ, гимназий и лицеев до студентов неязыковых вузов — на всех, кто хотел бы сделать процесс изучения английского языка интересным и увлекательным.

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CHAPTER 1

In the Workhouse

Oliver Twist was born in a **workhouse**. His mother was found lying in the street. Nobody knew where she came from, what her name was or where she was going to. After she gave birth to her child she was very weak, she was dying.

‘Doctor, let me see my child, and die,’ said the woman. She rose from the pillow, kissed her boy’s forehead with her cold white lips and died.

It was Mr. Bumble, the **beadle**, the man in charge of the workhouse, who gave Oliver his name. When Oliver was ten months old they sent him to a branch-workhouse where he was brought

up by the elderly Mrs. Mann with other twenty or thirty children. They did not have enough food and they were badly clothed. Of course Mrs. Mann got some money from the **parish authorities** and she knew what was good for the children but much better she knew what was good for her, so she used the greater part of the money for her own needs.

Oliver Twist's ninth birthday found him a pale thin child. Soon Mr. Bumble came to take him back to the workhouse where Oliver could be taught a trade. And for the first time a sense of loneliness sank into the child's heart because he was leaving his friends behind.

Mr. Bumble took Oliver into a large white-washed room, where eight or ten fat gentlemen were sitting round a table. At the top of the table was a particularly fat gentleman with a very round, red face.

'What's your name, boy?' said the gentleman.

Oliver was frightened at the sight of so many gentlemen, which made him tremble and he began to cry.

'Boy,' said the gentleman, 'listen to me. You know you're an orphan, I suppose?'

'What's that, sir?' asked poor Oliver.

'The boy IS a fool — I thought he was,' said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

'Hush!' said the gentleman who spoke first. 'You know you've got no father or mother, and that you were brought up by the parish, don't you?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Oliver, weeping bitterly.

'I hope you say your prayers every night,' said another gentleman, 'and pray for the people who feed you, and take care of you.'

'Yes, sir,' stammered the boy.

'Well! You have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade,' said the red-faced gentleman. 'So you'll begin tomorrow morning at six o'clock.'

The life in the workhouse was full of misery. Oliver Twist and his companions were always hungry because all the boys were ever fed was gruel. Their bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again. One day Oliver was

so desperate with hunger that he came up to the master, his bowl and spoon in hand, and said:

‘Please, sir, I want some more.’

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. First he looked at Oliver **in stupefied astonishment**, and then he struck the boy on the head and shrieked for Mr. Bumble. Mr. Bumble locked Oliver in a small dark room, where the boy was crying all day long.

Next morning a note was pasted on the outside of the workhouse gate. Five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an **apprentice** to any trade.

Helpful Words & Notes

workhouse *n* — рабочий дом в Англии; заведение, куда направлялись немощные бездомные люди

beadle *n* — бидл; младший приходской служащий, исполнявший различные обязанности, например, обеспечение порядка во время церковной службы или в рабочем доме

parish authorities — приходские власти

in stupefied astonishment — остолбенев от изумления

apprentice *n* — ученик, подмастерье

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Where was Oliver born?
- 2) How did Oliver get his name?
- 3) Where was Oliver sent at the age of ten months?
- 4) Did Mrs. Mann take good care of the children?
- 5) What did Oliver look like at the age of nine?
- 6) Why did Mr. Bumble take Oliver back to the workhouse?
- 7) Whom did Oliver see in the big white-washed room?
- 8) What did the gentlemen ask Oliver about?

- 9) Why were the boys always hungry?
- 10) What did Oliver do one day?
- 11) What was the master's reaction to Oliver's words?
- 12) What did Mr. Bumble do?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Oliver Twist and his companions were always hungry because all the boys were ever fed was gruel.
- 2) Nobody knew where Oliver's mother came from or what her name was.
- 3) Mrs. Mann used most of the money for her own needs.
- 4) First he looked in stupefied astonishment at Oliver, and then he struck the boy on the head.
- 5) Soon Mr. Bumble came to take him back to the workhouse where Oliver could be taught a trade.
- 6) One day Oliver was so hungry that he asked the master for some more gruel.
- 7) When Oliver was ten months old they sent him to a branch-workhouse, where Oliver was brought up by the elderly Mrs. Mann with other twenty or thirty children.
- 8) The children did not have enough food and they were badly clothed.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) Oliver's mother was a famous woman.
- 2) Oliver was given his name by his mother.
- 3) Mrs. Mann used the greater part of the money for the children.
- 4) Mr. Bumble took Oliver back to the workhouse where Oliver could be taught a trade.
- 5) The children's bowls always wanted washing.

4 Fill in prepositions: *to, at, up, of, with, for, in.*

- 1) It was Mr. Bumble, the man _____ charge _____ the workhouse, who gave Oliver his name.

- 2) I hope you pray _____ the people who take care _____ you.
- 3) You'll begin to-morrow morning _____ six o'clock.
- 4) When Oliver was ten months old they sent him _____ a branch-workhouse where he was brought _____ by the elderly Mrs. Mann _____ other twenty or thirty children.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) Mr. Bumble (take) Oliver into a large white-washed room, where eight or ten fat gentlemen (sit) round a table.
- 2) Nobody (know) where she (come) from, what her name (be).
- 3) The boys (polish) their bowls with their spoons till they (shine) again.
- 4) First he (look) at Oliver in stupefied astonishment, then he (strike) the boy on the head and (shriek) for Mr. Bumble.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Nobody knew where the boy's mother came from because _____ .
- 2) The children in the branch-workhouse didn't have enough food and were badly clothed because _____ .
- 3) Oliver Twist and his companions were always hungry because _____ .
- 4) The boys' bowls never wanted washing because _____ .
- 5) The master looked at Oliver in stupefied astonishment because _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Mrs. Mann got some money from the parish authorities, didn't she? So why were the children hungry and badly clothed?
- 2) Do you think it was good that children's bowls never wanted washing?

- 3) Why do you think the master looked at Oliver in stupefied astonishment when the boy asked for some more gruel?
- 4) Do you think it is a good idea to teach a child a trade at the age of nine?

CHAPTER 2

At the Undertaker's

Oliver stayed in the dark room for a week and then a certain Mr. Sowerberry, the **undertaker**, agreed to take Oliver.

Little Oliver was taken before 'the gentlemen' that evening and informed that he would go, that night, as apprentice to a coffin-maker's; and that if he complained of his situation, or ever came back to the parish again, he would be sent to sea and get drowned there, or knocked on the head. Oliver showed so little emotion, that they all called him a **hardened young rascal**, and asked Mr. Bumble to take the boy to Mr. Sowerberry.

When they were near Mr. Sowerberry's house Mr. Bumble looked down at Oliver to see that the boy was in good order for inspection by his new master.

'Oliver!' said Mr. Bumble.

'Yes, sir,' replied Oliver in a trembling voice.

'Pull that cap off your eyes, and hold up your head.'

Oliver did as he was told and he felt a tear in his eyes as he looked at his conductor. The tear rolled down his cheek. It was followed by another, and another. The child made a strong effort but it was an unsuccessful one. He covered his face with both hands and wept.

'Well!' exclaimed Mr. Bumble, stopping short. 'Well! Of all the most ungrateful boys I have ever seen, Oliver, you are the —'

'No, no, sir,' sobbed Oliver, 'no, no, sir; I will be good indeed; indeed, indeed I will, sir! I am a very little boy, sir; and I'm so — so —'

'So what?' inquired Mr. Bumble in amazement.

'So lonely, sir! So very lonely!' cried the child. 'Everybody hates me!' Mr. Bumble looked at the poor child with some aston-

ishment and told him to dry his eyes and be a good boy. He took his hand and walked on with him in silence.

The undertaker was writing in his day-book by the light of a candle, when Mr. Bumble entered. 'Aha!' said the undertaker, looking up from the book, 'is that you, Bumble?'

'No one else, Mr. Sowerberry,' replied Mr. Bumble. 'Here! I've brought the boy.' Oliver made a bow.

'That's the boy, is it?' said the undertaker, raising the candle above his head to get a better view of Oliver. At this moment Mrs. Sowerberry entered the room.

'My dear,' said Mr. Sowerberry, 'this is the boy from the workhouse that I told you of.' Oliver bowed again.

'Dear me!' said the undertaker's wife, 'he's very small. I see no use in parish children for they always cost more to keep, than they're worth.' She gave Oliver some **leftovers**, ignored by the dog, and in silent horror watched how Oliver **gulped down** the food, thinking about his future appetite.

After supper Mrs. Sowerberry took Oliver upstairs. 'Your bed's under the counter. You don't mind sleeping among the coffins, I suppose? But it doesn't much matter whether you do or don't, for you can't sleep anywhere else.'

A month passed. One day Oliver got into a fight with Mr. Sowerberry's senior apprentice who said some very bad words about his mother. The **insult** to his dead mother set his blood on fire. Though Oliver was much younger, he seized the boy by the throat, shook him, and collecting his whole force into one heavy blow, knocked him down.

With the help of Mrs. Sowerberry and her maid they managed to stop Oliver. They beat him cruelly and then dragged him to the dusty cellar and locked him up. Soon Mr. Sowerberry came and beat Oliver too. After that he was sent upstairs to his bed among coffins.

Now, when there was nobody to see or hear him, he fell upon his knees on the floor and, hiding his face in his hands, wept and wept.

With the first ray of light Oliver opened the door and went out. He remembered the way he went with Mr. Bumble and he took the same route and walked quickly on. His way lay directly

in front of the workhouse. It was so early that there was very little fear that anybody could see him; so he walked on.

He reached the workhouse. There was nobody at that early hour. Oliver stopped, and looked into the garden. A child was weeding one of the little beds. It was one of his former companions. Oliver felt glad to see him, before he went; for, though younger than himself, the boy was his little friend and playmate. Many times they were beaten, and starved, and shut up together.

‘Hush, Dick!’ said Oliver, as the boy ran to the gate, and thrust his thin arm between the rails to greet him. ‘Is anybody up?’

‘Nobody but me,’ replied the child.

‘You mustn’t say you saw me, Dick,’ said Oliver. ‘I am running away. They beat me, Dick; and I am going to **seek my fortune**, some long way off. I don’t know where. How pale you are!’

‘I heard how the doctor told them I was dying,’ replied the child with a faint smile. ‘I am very glad to see you, dear; but don’t stop, don’t stop!’

‘I shall see you again, Dick,’ replied Oliver. ‘I know I shall! You will be well and happy!’

‘I hope so,’ replied the child. ‘After I am dead, but not before. I know the doctor must be right, Oliver, because I dream so much of Heaven, and Angels, and kind faces that I never see when I am awake. Kiss me,’ said the child, climbing up the low gate, and he put his little arms round Oliver’s neck. ‘Good-bye, dear! God bless you!’

The blessing was from a young child’s lips, but it was the first time Oliver heard such words addressed to him; and through the struggles and sufferings, and troubles and changes of his after life, he never forgot this blessing.

Helpful Words & Notes

undertaker *n* — гробовщик

hardened young rascal — закоренелый молодой негодяй

leftovers *n pl* — объедки

gulp down *v* — глотать с жадностью (*о еде*)

insult *n* — оскорбление

seek one's fortune — искать удачу

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) How long did Oliver stay in the dark room?
- 2) What did the gentlemen say to Oliver?
- 3) What did Oliver say to Mr. Bumble on their way to Mr. Sowerberry?
- 4) What did Oliver have for supper?
- 5) Where did Oliver sleep? Did he mind that?
- 6) Why did Oliver get into a fight with the apprentice?
- 7) What set Oliver's blood on fire?
- 8) What did Oliver do when nobody could see or hear him?
- 9) What did Oliver do in the morning?
- 10) Whom did Oliver see in the workhouse yard?
- 11) What did Oliver say to his former companion?
- 12) What did Dick do?
- 13) What did Oliver never forget in his after life?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) One day Oliver got into a fight with Mr. Sowerberry's senior apprentice.
- 2) The child climbed up the low gate, and he put his little arms round Oliver's neck.
- 3) They beat him cruelly and then dragged him to the dusty cellar and locked him up.
- 4) Oliver felt glad to see him, before he went; for, though younger than himself, the boy was his little friend and playmate.
- 5) Mrs. Sowerberry gave Oliver some leftovers, ignored by the dog.
- 6) The blessing was from a young child's lips, but it was the first time Oliver heard such words addressed to him.

- 7) Oliver seized him by the throat, shook him, and collecting his whole force into one heavy blow, knocked him down.
- 8) With the first ray of light Oliver opened the door and went out.

3 Agree or disagree.

- 1) The gentlemen informed Oliver that he would go as apprentice to a coffin-maker's.
- 2) When there was nobody to see or hear him, he fell upon his knees on the floor and, hiding his face in his hands, laughed and wept.
- 3) One day Oliver got into a fight with Mr. Sowerberry's senior apprentice who said some very bad words about Mr. Bumble.
- 4) Oliver felt glad to see his former friend and playmate.
- 5) Oliver said to Dick that he was going to seek his fortune and that he knew where to go.

4 Fill in prepositions: *by, on, down, with, upon, in, into, for, at.*

- 1) Oliver stayed in the dark room _____ a week.
- 2) Mr. Bumble looked _____ the poor child _____ some astonishment.
- 3) Oliver seized him _____ the throat, shook him, and collecting his whole force _____ one heavy blow, knocked him _____.
- 4) Oliver fell _____ his knees _____ the floor and, hiding his face _____ his hands, wept and wept.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) The child (make) a strong effort, but it (be) an unsuccessful one.
- 2) Oliver (cover) his face with both hands and (weep).
- 3) One day Oliver (get) into a fight with Mr. Sowerberry's senior apprentice who (say) some very bad words about his mother.

- 4) 'I am (run) away. They beat me, Dick; and I am (go) to seek my fortune, some long way off,' said Oliver.
- 5) 'I (hear) how the doctor (tell) them I was (die),' (reply) the child with a faint smile.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) The gentlemen called Oliver a hardened young rascal because _____ .
- 2) Oliver decided to run away from Mr. Sowerberry because _____ .
- 3) When Oliver reached the workhouse there was nobody there because _____ .
- 4) Oliver was very glad to see Dick because _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think Oliver showed so little emotion when the gentlemen told him he would go as apprentice to a coffin-maker's?
- 2) Do you think that Oliver was stronger than the senior apprentice? Why did Oliver manage to knock him down?
- 3) Do you think that Oliver was right when he decided to run away?
- 4) Why do you think Oliver never forgot the blessing from a young child's lips?



CHAPTER 3

Oliver Walks to London and Meets a Strange Sort of Young Gentleman

Oliver sat down to rest by the side of the milestone. It was just seventy miles from that place to London. London! That great place! Nobody — not even Mr. Bumble — could ever find him there! It was the very place for a homeless boy. As these things passed through his thoughts, he jumped on his feet, and again walked forward.

He walked twenty miles that day; and all that time he had nothing to eat but a crust of dry bread and some water, which he begged at the cottage-doors by the road-side. When the night

came, he crept under a **hay-rick**. He felt frightened at first, and he was cold and hungry, but he was so tired with his walk that soon he fell asleep and forgot his troubles.

In the morning Oliver felt cold and stiff. He was very hungry. His feet were sore, and his legs trembled beneath him as he went on along the road.

In some villages, large painted boards were fixed up: warning all persons who begged would be sent to jail. This frightened Oliver very much, and made him glad to get out of those villages. In other villages he stood about the inn-yards and looked **mournfully** at every one who passed by. The owners of the inns were sure that the boy came to steal something and they made him go away. If he begged at a farmer's house, they threatened to set the dog on him; and when he showed his nose in a shop, they talked about taking him to the workhouse.

Very few people helped Oliver and gave the poor orphan some food. But their kindness, gentle words and sometimes tears of sympathy sank deeper into Oliver's soul, than all his sufferings.

Early on the seventh morning Oliver limped slowly into the little town of Barnet. He sat down on a door-step because he couldn't walk any longer. He was weak with hunger, his feet were bleeding and he ached all over.

The sun was rising in all its splendid beauty, and the window-shutters were opened; and people began passing **to and fro**. Some few stopped to gaze at Oliver for a moment or two, or turned round to stare at him as they hurried by; but none troubled themselves to inquire how he came there.

Then Oliver noticed a very strange boy of his age. He was a snub-nosed boy with rather bow-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. He wore a man's coat, which was too large for him and reached nearly to his heels. The boy came up to Oliver. As he spoke he kept his hands in his trousers pockets.

'Hello! What're you doing here?'

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

'Going to London?' said the strange boy.

‘Yes.’

‘Got any lodgings?’

‘No.’

‘Money?’

‘No.’

The strange young gentleman helped Oliver get on his feet and took him into a small **public-house** where he bought Oliver some bread and ham. As Oliver enjoyed his meal the boy eyed him from time to time with great attention.

‘Do you live in London?’ inquired Oliver.

‘Yes. I do,’ replied the boy. ‘I suppose you want some place to sleep in to-night, don’t you?’

‘I do, indeed,’ answered Oliver. ‘I have not slept under a roof since I left the country.’

‘I’ve got to be in London to-night,’ said the young gentleman. ‘I know an old gentleman who will give you lodgings for nothing.’

This led to a more friendly and confidential dialogue, from which Oliver knew that his friend’s name was Jack Dawkins and among his friend he was better known as **the Artful Dodger**.

Oliver suspected that one, who had such name, hardly could be an honest person. However, he was very thankful to the boy for the nice food. And more than that, poor Oliver didn’t know anybody in London and he didn’t have any place to sleep, so he went with the Artful Dodger.

They reached London at eleven o’clock in the evening. Soon they came to a very dirty place. The street was narrow and muddy. There were many drunken men and women in the street. Oliver just started thinking about running away when his companion caught him by the arm and pushed open the door of a house.

Oliver couldn’t see anything in the dark. He held his companion’s hand and with much difficulty followed him up the broken stairs. Jack Dawkins was moving easily, and that showed that he was acquainted with the place very well.

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 there was a candle, stuck in a bottle, a loaf of bread and butter, and a plate. In a frying-pan, which was on the fire, some sausages

were cooking. Standing over them, was a very old **villainous**-looking man **with** matted red hair. He was dressed in a greasy flannel gown. Near the fire-place there was a **clothes-horse**, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging. Several beds, made of old sacks, were side by side on the floor. Four or five boys, none older than the Dodger, were sitting round the table.

‘This is him, Fagin,’ said Jack Dawkins, ‘my friend Oliver Twist.’

The old man grinned and took Oliver by the hand. Then all the boys shook both his hands. ‘We are very glad to see you, Oliver, very,’ said Fagin. ‘Ah, you’re staring at the pocket-handkerchiefs, my dear. There are many of them, aren’t there? We’re going to wash them, that’s all, Oliver. That’s all. Ha! Ha! Ha!’ The boys started to laugh too.

Soon they went to supper. Oliver ate his share. The old man mixed a glass of hot gin-and-water and told the boy to drink it. Oliver did as he was told. Immediately afterwards he felt himself gently lifted onto one of the sacks and then he sank into a deep sleep.

Helpful Words & Notes

hay-rick *n* — стог сена

mournfully *adv* — *зд.* жалобно

to and fro — взад и вперед; туда и сюда

lodgings *n pl* — жилье

public-house *n* — *зд.* трактир

the Artful Dodger — Ловкий Плут (*прозвище*)

villainous *adj* — злодейский

clothes-horse *n* — рама для сушки белья

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Why did Oliver want to go to London?
- 2) How many miles did he walk that day and where did he sleep?

- 3) Why did the boy's legs tremble beneath him?
- 4) What frightened Oliver very much in some villages and why?
- 5) What did the owners of the inns think when they saw Oliver and what did they do?
- 6) What sank deeper into Oliver's soul?
- 7) What did the strange boy look like?
- 8) Where did the boy take Oliver and what did he buy him?
- 9) What did Oliver think about the Artful Dodger and why did Oliver go with him?
- 10) What did Oliver see in the back-room?
- 11) What did Fagin look like?
- 12) What did Fagin say about the silk pocket-handkerchiefs?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Near the fire-place there was a clothes-horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging.
- 2) Oliver didn't know anybody in London and he didn't have any place to sleep, so he went with the Artful Dodger.
- 3) The owners of the inns were sure that the boy came to steal something and they made him go away.
- 4) Early on the seventh morning Oliver limped slowly into the little town of Barnet.
- 5) Soon they went to supper.
- 6) He walked twenty miles that day; and all that time he had nothing to eat.
- 7) He threw open the door of a back-room, and drew Oliver in after him.
- 8) If he begged at a farmer's house, they threatened to set the dog on him.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) Oliver had nothing to eat but a crust of dry bread and some water, which he begged at the cottage-doors by the road-side.

- 2) Very few people helped Oliver and gave the poor orphan some food.
- 3) Some people stopped to ask Oliver where he came from.
- 4) Oliver suspected that one, who had such name, hardly could be an honest person.
- 5) The walls and ceiling of the back-room were freshly white-washed.

4 Fill in prepositions: *up, over, by, in, to, of, for, from, down.*

- 1) Oliver sat _____ to rest _____ the side of the milestone. It was just seventy miles _____ that place to London.
- 2) _____ some villages, large painted boards were fixed _____, warning all persons who begged would be sent _____ jail.
- 3) Oliver was very thankful _____ the boy _____ the nice food.
- 4) Near the fire-place there was a clothes-horse, _____ which a great number _____ silk handkerchiefs were hanging.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) Oliver (be) so tired with his walk that soon he (fall) asleep and (forget) his troubles.
- 2) The boy (throw) open the door of a back-room, and (draw) Oliver in after him.
- 3) The old man (grin) and (take) Oliver by the hand, then all the boys (shake) both his hands.
- 4) Soon they (go) to supper, and Oliver (eat) his share.
- 5) Oliver (feel) himself gently lifted on to one of the sacks and then he (sink) into a deep sleep.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Oliver's legs trembled beneath him because _____.
- 2) Oliver couldn't walk any longer because _____.
- 3) The owners of the inns made the boy go away because _____.

- 4) Oliver was very thankful to the boy because _____ .
- 5) Fagin said that there were so many silk pocket-handkerchiefs because _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think Oliver decided to go to London?
- 2) Why did Oliver doubt that Jack Dawkins was an honest person?
- 3) Why did Oliver start thinking about running away?
- 4) Why do you think the Artful Dodger was so friendly? Why did he take Oliver to their place?

CHAPTER 4

The Funny Old Gentleman and His Hopeful Pupils

It was late next morning when Oliver awoke. There was no other person in the room but Fagin, who was making coffee. Oliver saw him with his half-closed eyes. When the coffee was ready, the old man turned round, looked at Oliver, and called him by his name. Oliver did not answer, and Fagin thought that the boy was asleep. Then Fagin took a small box from under the floor and placed it carefully on the table. His eyes glistened as he took from the box a magnificent gold watch, sparkling with jewels. Then Fagin took out of the box such beautiful rings, bracelets and other articles of jewellery that Oliver had no idea even of their names.

Suddenly the old man's dark eyes fell on Oliver's face. The boy's eyes were fixed on him in mute curiosity. The old man understood he was 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, stood **furiously** up.

'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?’ said Fagin **fiercely**.

‘No! No, indeed!’ replied Oliver.

‘Are you sure?’ cried the old man with a still fiercer look than before.

‘Upon my word I was not, sir,’ replied Oliver, earnestly. ‘I was not, indeed, sir.’

‘Very good, my dear!’ said the man, **abruptly resuming his old manner**, and playing with the knife a little, just to show it was a game. ‘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 with a chuckle, but glanced uneasily at the box.

‘Did you see any of these pretty things, my dear?’ said the old man, laying his hand upon it after a short pause.

‘Yes, sir,’ replied Oliver.

‘Ah!’ said the old gentleman, turning rather pale. ‘They — they’re mine, Oliver; my little property. All I have to live upon in my old age. The folks 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 valuable things. But then he thought that perhaps the old gentleman’s fondness for the Dodger and the other boys cost him a good deal of money.

‘May I get up, sir?’ asked Oliver.

‘Certainly, my dear, certainly,’ replied the old gentleman.

Oliver got up. When he turned his head, the box was gone.

At this moment Dodger entered the room, accompanied by a young friend, whom Oliver saw in the evening. He was introduced to him as Charley Bates. The four sat down to breakfast on the coffee and some hot rolls and ham which the Dodger brought home in 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?’

‘Oh, yes. We’ve worked hard,’ replied the Dodger.

‘Good boys, good boys!’ said the old man. ‘What have you got, Dodger?’

‘A couple of **pocket-books**,’ replied the young gentleman.

'They are not very heavy,' said the old man, after looking at the insides carefully; 'but very neat and nicely made. Very good work, isn't it, Oliver?'

'Yes, sir,' said Oliver. At which Charley Bates started laughing; very much to the amazement of Oliver, who saw nothing to laugh at.

'And what have you got, my dear?' said Fagin to Charley Bates.

'Wipes,' replied Master Bates; at the same time producing four pocket-handkerchiefs.

'Well,' said Fagin, inspecting them closely; 'they're very good ones, very. You haven't marked them well, though, Charley; so we'll have to pick them out with a needle, and we'll teach Oliver how to do it. Oliver, do you want to learn how to do it? Ha! Ha! Ha!'

'If you please, sir,' said Oliver.

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

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

Charley Bates saw something so funny in this that he burst out laughing again.

When the breakfast was cleared away, the merry old gentleman and the two boys played at a very curious game, which was performed in this way. The merry old gentleman placed a **snuff-box** in one pocket of his trousers, a **note-case** in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat pocket, put his spectacles-case and handkerchief in his pockets, buttoned his coat tight round him, and trotted up and down the room with a stick. Sometimes he stopped at the fireplace, and sometimes at the door, like a man who was staring into shop-windows. At such times he looked constantly round him for fear of thieves and he kept slapping all his pockets in turn to see that everything was in its place. He did it in such a very funny and natural way, that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face. All this time, the two boys followed him closely about. They were getting out of his sight every time he turned round. The boys did that so quickly that it was impossible to follow their motions. At last, the Dodger ran upon his boot accidentally, while Charley Bates stumbled up against him behind. And in that one moment they

took from him, with the most extraordinary rapidity, his snuff-box, note-case, watch, pocket-handkerchief, even the spectacles-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.

They were still playing the game when a couple of young ladies came in. One of them was Bet, and the other was Nancy. They were not exactly pretty, perhaps, but they had a great deal of colour in their faces, and looked quite stout and hearty. The visitors stayed for a long time. At length, Fagin gave the young people some money to spend, and the Dodger, Charley Bates, and the two young ladies went away together.

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

‘Have they done their work today, sir?’ inquired Oliver.

‘Yes, they have. And they’ve done their work very well. Make them your models, my dear. Do everything they want you to do 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... Is my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket, my dear?’ said 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 the Dodger did, and drew the handkerchief lightly out of it with the other.

‘Is it gone?’ cried the old gentleman.

‘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 the old gentleman, being so much his senior, must know best, he followed him quietly to the table, and was soon deeply involved in his new study.

Helpful Words & Notes

furiously *adv* — яростно, порывисто

fiercely *adv* — свирепо

abruptly resuming his old manner — неожиданно вернувшись к своей обычной манере

miser *n* — скряга, скупец

slyly *adv* — хитро, лукаво

pocket-book *n* — бумажник

wipes *n* — «утиралки»; так на своем жаргоне Чарли Бейтс называл носовые платки

we'll have to pick them out — придется спороть на них метки; в то время на дорогих носовых платках вышивались метки их хозяина

snuff-box *n* — табакерка

note-case *n* — записная книжка

approvingly *adv* — одобчительно

shilling *n* — шиллинг; английская серебряная монета = $\frac{1}{20}$ фунта стерлингов = 12 пенсам

Oliver wondered what picking the old gentleman's pocket in play had to do with — Оливер не понимал, какое отношение шуточная кража носового платка из кармана джентльмена может иметь к

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Who was there in the room when Oliver awoke?
- 2) Did Fagin know that Oliver was awake?
- 3) What did Fagin take from under the floor?
- 4) What was there in the box?
- 5) What did Fagin do when he understood that he was observed?
- 6) What did he say to Oliver about all those valuable things?
- 7) What did the Dodger and Charley bring?

- 8) What was wrong with the pocket-handkerchiefs, brought by Charley Bates, and what did they have to do with them?
- 9) What kind of game did the old gentleman and the boys play?
- 10) What did the young ladies look like?
- 11) What did Fagin want to show to Oliver?
- 12) Under what conditions, according to Fagin, could Oliver become a great man?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) In that one moment they took from him, with the most extraordinary rapidity, his snuff-box, note-case, watch, pocket-handkerchief, even the spectacles-case.
- 2) He looked constantly round him for fear of thieves and he kept slapping all his pockets in turn to see that everything was in its place.
- 3) When the breakfast was cleared away, the merry old gentleman and the two boys played at a very curious game.
- 4) He did it in such a very funny and natural way, that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face.
- 5) 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.
- 6) At last, the Dodger ran upon his boot accidentally, while Charley Bates stumbled up against him behind.

3 Agree or disagree.

- 1) Fagin took a small box from under the floor and placed it carefully on the table.
- 2) Fagin took from the box a magnificent gold spectacles-box, sparkling with jewels.
- 3) When the old man understood he was watched he stood up, playing with the bread knife just to show it was a game.
- 4) Oliver thought the old gentleman must be a miser to live in such a dirty place, with so many valuable things.

- 5) Oliver thought that perhaps the old gentleman's fondness for the Dodger and the other boys cost him a good deal of money.

4 Fill in prepositions: *from, on, of, in, up, by, with, of, at.*

- 1) The old man closed the lid _____ the box _____ a loud crash, and, laying his hand _____ a bread knife which was _____ the table, stood furiously _____ .
- 2) _____ this moment, the Dodger entered the room, accompanied _____ a young friend, whom Oliver saw _____ the evening.
- 3) And _____ that one moment they took _____ him, _____ the most extraordinary rapidity, his snuff-box, note-case, watch, pocket-handkerchief, even the spectacles-case.
- 4) Oliver wondered what picking the old gentleman's pocket _____ play had to do _____ his chances _____ being a great man.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) Oliver (do) not (answer), and Fagin (think) that the boy (be) asleep.
- 2) Then Fagin (take) out of the box such beautiful rings, bracelets and other articles of jewellery that Oliver (have) no idea even of their names.
- 3) They (play) the game when a couple of young ladies (come) in.
- 4) If the old gentleman (feel) a hand in any one of his pockets, he (cry) out where it (be); and then the game (begin) all over again.
- 5) Oliver (hold) up the bottom of the pocket with one hand and (draw) the handkerchief lightly out of it with the other.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Laying his hand on a bread knife which was on the table, Fagin stood furiously up because _____ .

- 2) First Oliver thought the old gentleman was a miser because _____ .
- 3) Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face because _____ .
- 4) Oliver drew the handkerchief lightly out of Fagin's pocket because _____ .

7

What do you think?

- 1) Do you think that Fagin really played with the knife because he wanted just to frighten Oliver?
- 2) Do you think that Oliver agreed with those who called Fagin a miser?
- 3) Why do you think Charley Bates kept laughing?
- 4) Why did Fagin and the boys play a curious game so many times?
- 5) Why did Fagin call Oliver a clever boy?



CHAPTER 5

Oliver Gets Experience at a High Price

For many days, Oliver remained in Fagin's room, picking the marks out of the pocket-handkerchiefs and sometimes taking part in the game, which the two boys and the merry old man played every morning.

Oliver saw that the old man's character was really strong. Whenever the Dodger or Charley Bates came home at night, empty-handed, Fagin would speak about their laziness and the necessity of an active life, and would send them supperless to bed.

More than once Oliver asked the old man to allow him to go out to work with his two companions. At length, one morn-

ing, Fagin said that Oliver might go with Charley Bates and the Dodger.

The Dodger's hat was cocked as usual; Charley Bates put his hands in his pockets; and Oliver was between them, wondering where they were going, and what kind of work he would do. But the boys were not in a hurry to start any work. They were just walking lazily along the streets, and soon Oliver began to think his companions were going to deceive the old gentleman, by not going to work at all.

At this moment the Dodger made a sudden stop; and, laying his finger on his lip, drew his companions back.

'What's the matter?' asked Oliver.

'Hush!' replied the Dodger. 'Do you see that old man at the book-stall?'

'The old gentleman over there?' said Oliver. 'Yes, I see him.'

'He'll do,' said the Dodger.

Oliver looked from one to the other with the greatest surprise, but he was not permitted to make any inquiries; the two boys walked across the road, and came up close to the old gentleman. Oliver stood looking at them in silent amazement.

The old gentleman was a very respectable-looking person, with a powdered head and gold spectacles. He was dressed in a bottle-green coat with a black velvet collar; wore white trousers; and carried a smart bamboo cane under his arm. He took up a book from the stall, and there he stood, reading it. **He was so absorbed in reading** that he saw neither the book-stall, nor the street, nor the boys, nor, in short, anything but the book.

Oliver's eyes were wide open. To his horror the Dodger plunged his hand into the old gentleman's pocket, drew out a handkerchief, handed it to Charley Bates, and the two boys ran away round the corner at full speed!

In an instant Oliver understood the whole mystery of the handkerchiefs, and the merry game, and the watches, and the jewels, and the old man.

He stood, for a moment, confused and frightened. Terror seized him, **he took to his heels** and ran as fast as he could.

In the very instant when Oliver began to run, the old gentleman, putting his hand to his pocket, and missing his handkerchief,

turned round. 'Stop thief!' shouted the old gentleman with all his might and ran after Oliver.

The old gentleman was not the only person who was running after Oliver. The Dodger and Charley Bates, unwilling to attract public attention by running down the open street, hid into the very first doorway round the corner. When they heard the cry and saw Oliver running, they guessed exactly how the matter stood. They shouted 'Stop thief!', too, and like good citizens they joined the crowd, running after Oliver.

The crowd was coming nearer and nearer to the wretched breathless child with agony in his eyes, and large drops of perspiration were streaming down his face. The next moment a heavy blow knocked the boy down, and in a moment there was a big crowd round Oliver. 'Where's the gentleman?' 'Here he is, coming down the street.' 'Make room there for the gentleman!' 'Is this the boy, sir?'

'Yes, I am afraid it is the boy. Poor fellow!' said the gentleman. 'He has hurt himself.'

'I did that, sir,' said a big fellow, stepping forward; 'and I cut my knuckle against his mouth. I stopped him, sir.'

The fellow touched his hat with a grin, expecting something for his pains; but, the old gentleman, eyeing him with an expression of dislike, looked anxiously round. At that moment a police officer (who is generally the last person to arrive in such cases) 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,' said Oliver, clasping his hands passionately, and looking round.

'Come, get up!'

'Don't hurt him,' said the old gentleman.

'Oh no, I won't hurt him,' replied the officer. 'Will you stand upon your legs, you young devil?'

Oliver, who could hardly stand, made a shift to raise himself on his feet, and was at once **dragged** along the streets by the police officer. The gentleman walked on with them by the officer's side. Many of the crowd got a little ahead and stared back at Oliver from time to time.

When they reached the court house Oliver was searched and then locked up in a cell.

‘There is something in that boy’s face,’ said the old gentleman to himself as he walked slowly away, ‘something that touches and interests me. Can he be innocent? The poor boy looked like —’ continued the old gentleman, halting very abruptly, and staring up into the sky, ‘Where have I seen something like that look before? No,’ said the old gentleman, shaking his head; ‘it must be imagination.’

He was roused by a touch on the shoulder. The man with the keys asked the old gentleman to follow him into the office. Oliver was already there; trembling very much at the awfulness of the scene.

The old gentleman bowed respectfully.

Mr. Fang, the **magistrate**, was a lean, long-backed, stiff-necked, middle-sized man, with no great quantity of hair. In the morning newspaper he read an article, criticizing him for his wrong decisions. He was out of temper, and he looked up angrily.

‘Who are you?’ said Mr. Fang.

‘My name, sir,’ said the old gentleman, speaking like a gentleman, ‘my name, sir, is Brownlow.’

‘Officer!’ said Mr. Fang, throwing the paper on one side, ‘**what’s this fellow charged with?**’

‘He’s not charged at all, your **worship**,’ replied the officer. ‘He appears against this boy, your worship.’

‘Are there any witnesses?’ inquired Mr. Fang.

‘None, your worship,’ replied the policeman.

‘Now,’ said Mr. Fang addressing Mr. Brownlow, ‘what’s the charge against this boy? What have you got to say, sir?’

Mr. Brownlow described the case, saying that he ran after the boy because he saw him running away. ‘Sir, I think that he may be innocent. He has been hurt already,’ said the old gentleman in conclusion. ‘And I fear,’ he added, with great energy, looking at the boy, ‘I really fear that he is ill.’

‘What’s your name, you hardened scoundrel?’ demanded Mr. Fang.

Oliver tried to reply but his tongue failed him. He was deadly pale; and the whole place seemed turning round and round.

'Oh, he won't speak out!' said Mr. Fang. 'Very well, very well. Officer, where does he live? Has he any parents?'

'He says they died in his infancy, your worship,' replied the officer.

'Nonsense!' said Mr. Fang: 'don't try to make a fool of me.'

'I think he really is ill, your worship,' said the officer.

'I know better,' said Mr. Fang.

'Take care of him, officer,' said the old gentleman, raising his hands instinctively; 'he'll fall down.'

'Stand away, officer,' cried Mr. Fang; 'let him fall, if he likes.'

Oliver **fainted** and fell to the floor. The men in the office looked at each other, but no one dared to help the boy.

'Let him lie there; he'll soon be tired of that,' said Mr. Fang.

'How do you propose to deal with the case, sir?' inquired the clerk in a low voice.

'He is **sentenced** to three months,' replied Mr. Fang. '**Hard labour**, of course. Clear the office.'

The door was opened for this purpose, and a couple of men were preparing to carry the insensible boy to his cell when an elderly man rushed hastily into the office.

'Stop, stop! Don't take him away!' cried the newcomer, breathless with haste.

'What is this? Who is this? Turn this man out. Clear the office!' cried Mr. Fang.

'I will speak,' cried the man; 'I will not be turned out. I saw it all. I keep the book-stall. Mr. Fang, you must hear me. You must not refuse, sir.' His manner was determined; and the matter was growing rather too serious to be hushed up.

'Now, man, what have you got to say?' growled Mr. Fang, remembering the morning newspaper.

'The robbery was **committed** by another boy, and I saw that this poor boy was perfectly amazed and stupefied by it.'

'Why didn't you come here before?' said Fang, after a pause.

'I hadn't anybody to help me in the shop,' replied the man. 'I could get nobody till five minutes ago; and I've run here all the way.'

'The boy is discharged. Clear the office!' said the magistrate.
'Officer, do you hear? Clear the office!'

Mr. Brownlow found little Oliver Twist lying on his back on the pavement in the court yard, with his shirt unbuttoned, his face deadly white.

'Poor boy, poor boy!' said Mr. Brownlow, bending over him.
'Call a coach, somebody. Directly!'

When a coach came Mr. Brownlow carefully laid Oliver on the seat, and away they drove.

Helpful Words & Notes

He was so absorbed in reading — Он был так увлечен чтением
he took to his heels — он бросился бежать

drag *v* — тащить, волочить

magistrate *n* — мировой судья

what's this fellow charged with — в чем обвиняется этот молодой человек

your worship — ваша честь; в Великобритании используется как титул при обращении к судьям и другим официальным лицам

faint *v* — падать в обморок

sentence to *v* — приговаривать (к)

hard labour — каторга, каторжные работы

commit *v* — совершать

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What did Fagin do when the Dodger or Charley Bates came home empty-handed?
- 2) What did Charley Bates and the Dodger do when they saw an old gentleman?
- 3) What did Oliver understand in an instant?
- 4) What did Charley Bates and the Dodger do when they saw Oliver running and heard the cry?

- 5) Where did the police officer take Oliver?
- 6) What did the old gentleman think about when Oliver was locked up in his cell?
- 7) What did Mr. Brownlow ask the magistrate to do?
- 8) What did the magistrate sentence Oliver to at first?
- 9) Who came rushing into the court room and why didn't he come earlier?
- 10) What did the elderly man say?
- 11) What did Mr. Fang have to do?
- 12) What did Mr. Brownlow do when he saw Oliver?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) An elderly man rushed hastily into the office.
- 2) Mr. Brownlow described the case.
- 3) Oliver was discharged.
- 4) The magistrate sentenced Oliver to three months at hard labour.
- 5) The man with the keys asked the old gentleman to follow him into the office.
- 6) Oliver was searched and then locked up in a cell.
- 7) He said that the robbery had been committed by another boy.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) Whenever the Dodger or Charley Bates came home at night empty-handed, Fagin sent Oliver supperless to bed.
- 2) The old gentleman was so absorbed in watching the boys that he saw neither the book-stall, nor the books, nor the street.
- 3) When Oliver fell down in a fainting fit nobody dared to help him because they were sure that Oliver was a hardened scoundrel.
- 4) The elderly man said that the theft had been committed by another boy.
- 5) The magistrate sentenced Oliver to three years at hard labour.

4 Fill in prepositions: to, with, in, out of, of, from, in, into, under, for.

- 1) _____ many days, Oliver remained _____ Fagin's room, picking the marks _____ the pocket-handkerchiefs and sometimes taking part _____ the game.
- 2) Oliver looked _____ one _____ the other _____ the greatest surprise.
- 3) He was dressed _____ a bottle-green coat _____ a black velvet collar; wore white trousers; and carried a smart bamboo cane _____ his arm.
- 4) The door was opened _____ this purpose, and a couple _____ men were preparing to carry the insensible boy _____ his cell when an elderly man rushed hastily _____ the office.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) The Dodger (plunge) his hand into the old gentleman's pocket, (draw) out a handkerchief, (hand) it to Charley Bates, and the two boys (run) away round the corner at full speed.
- 2) 'I (have) not anybody to help me in the shop,' (reply) the man. 'I (can) get nobody till five minutes ago; and I've (run) here all the way.'
- 3) Mr. Brownlow (go) out of the court house he (see) little Oliver Twist lying on his back on the pavement.
- 4) When a coach (come) Mr. Brownlow carefully (lay) Oliver on the seat and they (drive) away.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) The magistrate was out of temper because _____ .
- 2) Oliver's eyes were wide open because _____ .
- 3) The fellow touched his hat with a grin because _____ .
- 4) Mr. Brownlow said that he ran after the boy because _____ .
- 5) The man said that he could not come earlier because _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think Charley Bates and the Dodger manage to steal the old man's pocket-handkerchief?
- 2) Why did Oliver take to his heels?
- 3) Why did Oliver fall in a fainting fit?
- 4) Why was the magistrate out of temper that day?
- 5) Why did the magistrate have to discharge Oliver?

CHAPTER 6
In Which Oliver Is Taken Better Care
of Than He Ever Was Before.
And in Which the Merry Old Gentleman
and His Youthful Friends Try to Find Oliver

They stopped at length before a neat house, in a quiet shady street near **Pentonville**. Without loss of time a bed was prepared in which Mr. Brownlow put Oliver.

But for many days Oliver could not feel the kindness of his new friends. The sun rose and sank, and rose and sank again, and many times after that; and still the boy remained insensible because of **fever**. At last he awoke weak and thin from what seemed to be a troubled dream. Feebly raising himself in the bed 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.'

The curtain at the bed's head was hastily drawn back, and an old lady, very neatly dressed, rose from an arm-chair close by.

'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. Lie down again, dear!' With those words the old lady very gently placed Oliver's head upon the pillow; and, smoothing back his hair from his forehead, looked so kindly and loving in his face, that he could not help placing his little hand in hers.

He soon fell into a gentle doze, from which he was awakened by the light of a candle. A gentleman with a very large and

loud-ticking gold watch in his hand, who felt his pulse, said he was a great deal better.

'You are a great deal better, are you not, my dear?' said the gentleman.

'Yes, thank you, sir,' replied Oliver.

'Yes, I know you are,' said the gentleman. 'You're hungry too, aren't you?'

'No, sir,' answered Oliver.

'No, I know you're not. He is not hungry, Mrs. Bedwin,' said the gentleman.

'Are you thirsty?' asked the doctor.

'Yes, sir, rather thirsty,' answered Oliver.

'Just as I expected, Mrs. Bedwin,' said the doctor. 'It's very natural that he is thirsty. You may give him a little tea, and some dry toast without any butter. Don't keep him too warm, ma'am; but be careful that you don't let him be too cold.'

Then the doctor hurried away, his boots creaking in a very important and wealthy manner as he went downstairs.

In three days' time Oliver was able to sit in an easy-chair, well propped up with pillows. He was still too weak to walk and Mrs. Bedwin carried him downstairs into the little housekeeper's room, which belonged to her. Oliver sat by the fire. 'You're very, very kind to me, ma'am,' said the boy.

'Well, never mind that, my dear,' said the old lady. 'The doctor says Mr. Brownlow may come in to see you this morning; and we must get up our best looks, because the better we look, the more he'll be pleased.' And with this the old lady gave Oliver a basin full of broth.

'Are you fond of pictures, dear?' inquired the old lady, seeing that Oliver fixed his eyes on a portrait which hung just opposite his chair.

'I don't quite know, ma'am,' said Oliver, without taking his eyes from the canvas; 'I have seen so few that I hardly know. What a beautiful, mild face that lady has! But the eyes look so sorrowful. And where I sit, they seem fixed upon me. It makes my heart beat,' added Oliver in a low voice. 'It looks like she is alive and wants to speak to me, but she can't.'

‘Lord save us!’ exclaimed the old lady, ‘don’t talk in that way, child. You’re weak and nervous after your illness. Let me wheel your chair round to the other side; and then you won’t see it. There! You don’t see it now.’

Oliver did see it in his mind’s eye but he thought it better not to worry the kind old lady. So he smiled gently when she looked at him. Mrs. Bedwin, satisfied that he felt more comfortable, broke bits of toasted bread into the broth. Oliver swallowed the last spoonful, when they heard a soft rap at the door. ‘Come in,’ said the old lady; and in walked Mr. Brownlow.

‘Poor boy, poor boy!’ said Mr. Brownlow. ‘How do you feel, my dear?’

‘Very happy, sir,’ replied Oliver. ‘And very grateful indeed, sir, for your goodness to me.’

‘Good boy,’ said Mr. Brownlow. ‘Have you given him any food, Bedwin?’

‘He has just had a basin of beautiful strong broth, sir,’ replied Mrs. Bedwin.

The old idea of the resemblance between Oliver’s features and some familiar face again came upon Mr. Brownlow so strongly, that **he could not withdraw his gaze.**

‘I hope you are not angry with me, sir?’ said Oliver, raising his eyes at Mr. Brownlow.

‘No, no,’ replied the old gentleman. ‘What’s this?! Bedwin, look there!’

As he spoke, 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.

Oliver didn’t know the cause of this sudden exclamation. He was not strong enough and he fainted away.

The noise of footsteps on the creaking stairs roused the merry old gentleman as he sat by the fire. ‘Why, how’s this?’ muttered the old man. ‘Only two of them? Where’s the third?’ The footsteps approached nearer, the door was slowly opened, and the Dodger and Charley Bates entered, closing it behind them.

‘Where’s Oliver?’ said Fagin. ‘Where’s the boy?’

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

‘What has become of the boy?’ said the old man, seizing the Dodger tightly by the collar. ‘Speak out, or I’ll throttle you! Will you speak?!’ thundered Fagin.

‘They have got him, and that’s all about it,’ said the Dodger, **sullenly**.

‘What’s the matter, Fagin?’ growled a deep voice. The man who growled out these words, was a stoutly-built fellow in a black velvet coat, very soiled breeches, **lace-up boots**, and grey cotton stockings. He had a brown hat on his head and a beard of three days’ growth.

‘Come in, do you hear me?’ growled the man again, and a white dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, came into the room. ‘Lie down!’ This command was accompanied with a kick, which sent the animal to the other end of the room. It seemed that the dog was well used to it, however; for he coiled himself up in a corner very quietly, without uttering a sound.

‘What’s the matter, Fagin?’ said the man.

‘Hush! hush! Mr. Sikes,’ said the old man, trembling; ‘don’t speak so loud! They’ve got Oliver. I’m afraid, that he may say something which will get us into trouble.’

‘That’s very likely,’ returned Sikes with a malicious grin.

‘And I’m afraid, you see,’ added Fagin, ‘I’m afraid that it may come out rather worse for you than for me, my dear.’

There was a long pause.

‘Somebody must find out what was done at the police-office,’ said Mr. Sikes in a much lower tone.

Fagin nodded.

‘If he hasn’t **peached** yet, there’s no fear till he comes out again,’ said Mr. Sikes, ‘and then you must get hold of him somehow.’

Again Fagin nodded.

The problem was that the Dodger, and Charley Bates, and Fagin, and Mr. William Sikes were very afraid to go near a police-office.

And again there was a long pause. The sudden entrance of the two young girls made the conversation go on.

‘The very thing!’ said Fagin. ‘Bet will go; won’t you, my dear?’

‘Where?’ inquired Bet.

‘To the police-office, my dear.’

‘Never,’ said the girl.

Fagin turned from Bet to the other female.

‘Nancy, my dear,’ said Fagin, ‘what do you say?’

‘That it won’t do, Fagin,’ replied Nancy.

‘What do you mean by that?’ said Mr. Sikes, looking up at her angrily.

‘What I say, Bill,’ replied the girl.

‘Why, you’re just the very person for it,’ reasoned Mr. Sikes. ‘Nobody about here knows anything of you.’

‘She’ll go, Fagin,’ said Sikes.

‘No, she won’t, Fagin,’ said Nancy.

‘Yes, she will, Fagin,’ said Sikes very firmly.

Nancy had no choice. She tied a clean white apron over her gown.

‘Stop a minute, my dear,’ said Fagin and he gave Nancy a little basket. ‘Carry that in one hand. It looks more respectable, my dear. There, very good! Very good indeed, my dear!’ said the old man, rubbing his hands.

‘Oh, my brother! My poor, dear, sweet, innocent little brother!’ exclaimed Nancy, bursting into tears. ‘What has become of him? Where have they taken him to? Oh, do have pity, and tell me what’s been done with the dear boy, gentlemen; do, gentlemen, if you please, gentlemen!’ Nancy uttered those words in a most heart-broken tone to the immeasurable delight of her hearers. Miss Nancy paused, winked to the company, nodded smilingly, and disappeared.

‘Ah, she’s a clever girl, my dears,’ said the old man, turning round to his young friends.

Nancy made way to the police-office. Entering by the back way, she tapped softly at one of the cell-doors, and listened. There was no sound within. She coughed and spoke.

‘Oliver, dear?’ murmured Nancy in a gentle voice. ‘Oliver?’

There was nobody inside, so Nancy passed on to the next cell, and knocked there.

‘Well!’ cried a faint and feeble voice.

‘Is there a little boy here?’ inquired Nancy with a sob.

‘No,’ replied the voice.

In the next cell was another man, who knew nothing about the boy. As neither of these criminals knew anything about Oliver, Nancy made straight up to the officer and demanded her own dear brother.

‘I haven’t got him, my dear,’ said the old man.

‘Where is he?’ screamed Nancy, in a distracted manner.

‘Why, the gentleman’s got him,’ replied the officer.

‘What gentleman! Oh, **good heavens!** What gentleman?’ exclaimed Nancy.

In reply the old man informed the deeply affected sister that Oliver fainted in the magistrate’s room and first the magistrate sentenced him to three months at hard labour, but then a witness came. The man proved that the robbery was committed by another boy, and Oliver was discharged. The old gentleman carried the boy away, in an insensible condition, to his own residence somewhere in Pentonville. The officer heard that word mentioned in the directions to the coachman.

In a dreadful state of doubt and uncertainty the young woman staggered to the gate, and then, exchanging her faltering walk for a swift run, returned to Fagin’s **den**.

Mr. Bill Sikes listened to Nancy, and after that he very hastily called up the white dog, and, putting on his hat, went away without wishing the company good-morning.

‘We must know where he is, my dears; he must be found,’ said the old man greatly excited. ‘Charley, do nothing but bring home some news of him! Nancy, my dear, we must find him. I trust you, my dear, and the Artful Dodger! Stay, stay,’ added Fagin, unlocking a drawer with a shaking hand. ‘There’s money, my dears. You’ll know where to find me! Don’t stop here a minute. Not an instant, my dears!’ With these words, he pushed them from the room and carefully locked the door behind them. Then he took his box from under the floor, took out the watches and jewellery and hastily put all those things beneath his clothing.

‘He has not peached so far,’ said Fagin. ‘If he means to speak about us among his new friends, we may stop his mouth yet.’

Helpful Words & Notes

Pentonville *n* — Пентонвил; район в юго-восточной части старого Лондона

fever *n* — лихорадка

ma'am *n* = madam

he could not withdraw his gaze — он не мог отвести взгляд

sullenly *adv* — мрачно, зловеше

lace-up boots — ботинки на шнуровке

peach *v* — сленг доносить

good heavens! — Боже мой! Боже милостивый! Господи!

den *n* — берлога, логово; *зд.* укрытие, убежище

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) How long was Oliver insensible?
- 2) Who was the first person who spoke to Oliver?
- 3) Who was Mrs. Bedwin?
- 4) Who was a gentleman with a very large and loud-ticking gold watch in his hand and what did he say?
- 5) What did Mrs. Bedwin give to Oliver?
- 6) Why did Oliver faint away?
- 7) What did the Dodger say to Fagin sullenly?
- 8) What did Bill Sikes and his dog look like?
- 9) Whom did they decide to send to the police-office?
- 10) What did the officer say to Nancy?
- 11) What did Fagin tell his young friends to do?
- 12) What did Fagin do after he pushed them from the room and carefully locked the door behind them?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Fagin sent his youthful friends to find Oliver.
- 2) Fagin took out his box from under the floor.
- 3) After that Nancy returned to Fagin's den.
- 4) The officer said that the old gentleman carried Oliver to his own residence somewhere in Pentonville.

- 5) Bill Sikes listened to Nancy, called up his dog, and went away without wishing the company good-morning.
- 6) Nancy made way to the police-office.
- 7) Nancy made straight up to the officer and demanded her own dear brother.

3 Agree or disagree.

- 1) The doctor said that it was very natural that Oliver was hungry and thirsty.
- 2) Mrs. Bedwin gave Oliver a basin full of gruel.
- 3) Oliver said that the beautiful young lady looked like she was alive and wanted to speak to him.
- 4) When Mr. Brownlow pointed hastily to the picture over Oliver's head and then to the boy's face, Mrs. Bedwin fainted away.
- 5) Nancy tied a blue apron over her clean black gown.
- 6) The officer heard the word 'Pentonville' mentioned in the directions to the coachman.

4 Fill in prepositions: *by, at, to, in, of, from, into, on.*

- 1) The noise _____ footsteps _____ the creaking stairs roused the merry old gentleman as he sat _____ the fire.
- 2) Soon Oliver fell _____ a gentle doze, _____ which he was awakened _____ the light _____ a candle.
- 3) Mrs. Bedwin broke bits of toasted bread _____ the broth.
- 4) _____ reply the old man informed the deeply affected sister that Oliver fainted _____ the magistrate's room and first the magistrate sentenced him _____ three months _____ hard labour.
- 5) The officer heard that word mentioned _____ the directions to the coachman.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) At last Oliver (awake) and feebly raising himself in the bed he (look) anxiously around.

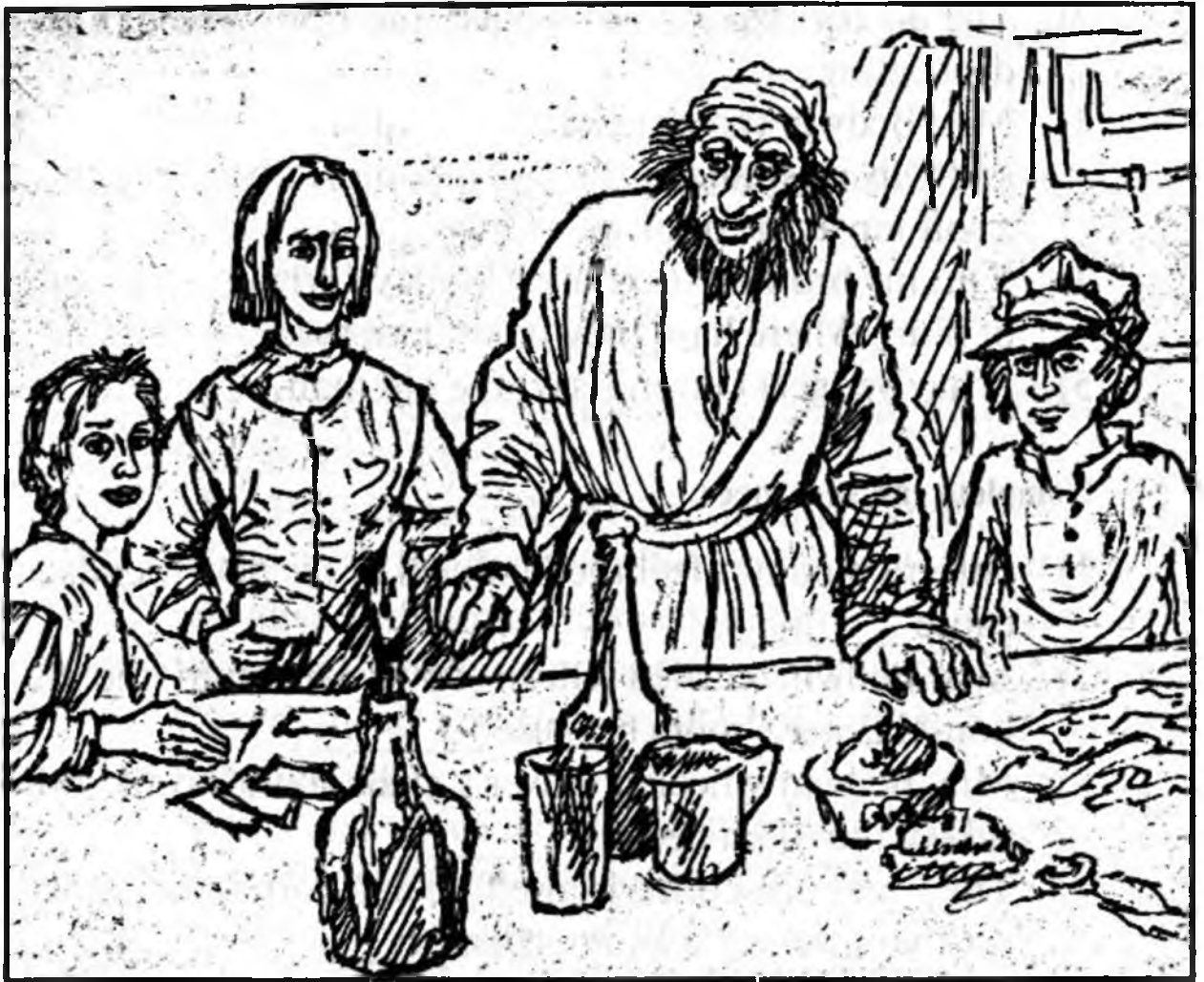
- 2) The doctor (feel) Oliver's pulse and (say) he (be) a great deal better.
- 3) Mrs. Bedwin (break) bits of toasted bread into the broth, and Oliver (swallow) the last spoonful, when they (hear) a soft rap at the door.
- 4) 'Oh, my brother!' (exclaim) Nancy. 'What has (become) of him? Where have they (take) him to?'
- 5) 'They've (get) Oliver,' (say) the old man.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Oliver could not feel the kindness of his new friends because _____ .
- 2) Mrs. Bedwin carried Oliver downstairs into the little housekeeper's room because _____ .
- 3) Mrs. Bedwin wheeled Oliver's chair round to the other side of the room because _____ .
- 4) The white dog coiled himself up in a corner very quietly, without uttering a sound, because _____ .
- 5) The officer told Nancy everything he knew because _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think Oliver liked the portrait of a beautiful young lady?
- 2) Why did Fagin and Bill Sikes want to find Oliver?
- 3) Why did they choose Nancy to go to the police-office?
- 4) Why did Nancy manage to deceive the officer?
- 5) Why do you think Fagin put all his valuable things beneath his clothing?



CHAPTER 7

Oliver's Stay at Mr. Brownlow's. Oliver Goes out on an Errand

Oliver recovered soon, but, when he came down into the housekeeper's room next day, first of all, he wanted to look at the portrait of the beautiful lady. **His expectations were disappointed,** for the picture was removed.

'Ah!' said the housekeeper, watching the direction of Oliver's eyes. 'It is gone, you see.'

'I see it is, ma'am,' replied Oliver. 'Why have they taken it away?'

‘It has been taken down, child, because Mr. Brownlow said, that it seemed to worry you,’ said the old lady.

‘Oh, no, indeed. It didn’t worry me, ma’am,’ said Oliver. ‘I liked to see it. I quite loved it.’

‘Well, well! You get well as fast as ever you can, dear, and it will be hung up again. There! I promise you that! Now, let us talk about something else.’

They were happy days. Everything was so quiet, and neat; everybody was so kind and gentle that it seemed like Heaven itself. Mr. Brownlow bought a new suit, and a new cap, and a new pair of shoes for Oliver. As Oliver was told that he might do what he liked with the old clothes, he gave them to a servant and asked her to sell them and keep the money for herself. This she did very readily; and, as Oliver looked out of the window, and saw how the man, who bought his old clothes, put them in his bag and walked away, he was delighted to think that he would never wear them again and that he had his first new suit.

One evening Mrs. Bedwin told Oliver that Mr. Brownlow wanted to see him. Oliver found Mr. Brownlow in a little back room, quite full of books, with a window, looking into some pleasant little gardens. There was a table before the window, at which Mr. Brownlow was reading a book. When he saw Oliver, he pushed the book away from him, and told him to come near the table, and sit down.

‘There are a good many books, are there not, my boy?’ said Mr. Brownlow, observing the curiosity with which Oliver looked at the shelves that reached from the floor to the ceiling.

‘A great number, sir,’ replied Oliver. ‘I never saw so many.’

‘You shall read them, if you behave well,’ said the old gentleman kindly; ‘and you will like that. Would you like to grow up a clever man, and write books, eh?’

‘I think I would rather read them, sir,’ replied Oliver.

‘What! Wouldn’t you like to be a book-writer?’ said the old gentleman.

Oliver considered a little while; and at last said, he thought it would be a much better thing to be a book-seller; upon which the old gentleman laughed heartily.

‘Well, well,’ said the old gentleman. ‘Don’t be afraid! We won’t make an author of you, while there’s an honest trade to be learnt.’

‘Now,’ said Mr. Brownlow, speaking in a much more serious manner, ‘I want you to pay great attention, my boy, to what I am going to say. 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, pray!’ exclaimed Oliver, alarmed at the serious tone of the old gentleman’s commencement! ‘**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,’ said Oliver.

‘I hope not,’ said the old gentleman. ‘I do not think you ever will. I have been deceived, before, by people who were dear to me, but I trust you, nevertheless. The persons, whom I loved, 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,’ the old gentleman said this in a low voice.

Oliver sat quite still.

‘Well, well!’ said the old gentleman at length, in a more cheerful tone, ‘I only say this, because you have a young heart. And if you know 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 been able to make, **confirm** the statement. Let me hear your story; where you came 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.’

In the middle of their conversation the servant ran upstairs and announced Mr. Grimwig. Mr. Brownlow smiled; and, turning to Oliver, said that Mr. Grimwig was an old friend of his, and he must not mind his rough manners, for he was a worthy person.

At this moment a stout old gentleman walked into the room. He supported himself by a thick stick. He was dressed in a blue coat, striped waistcoat, and a broad-brimmed white hat, with the sides turned up. The ends of his white neckerchief were twisted into a ball about the size of an orange. He had a manner of screwing his head on one side when he spoke; and of looking out of the corners of his eyes at the same time: which irresistibly reminded the beholder of a parrot.

'This is young Oliver Twist, whom we were speaking about,' said Mr. Brownlow.

Oliver bowed.

'That's the boy, is it?' said Mr. Grimwig, at length.

'That's the boy,' replied Mr. Brownlow.

'How are you, boy?' said Mr. Grimwig.

'A great deal better, thank you, sir,' replied Oliver.

'He is a nice-looking boy, is he not?' inquired Mr. Brownlow.

'I don't know,' replied Mr. Grimwig.

'Don't know?'

'No. I don't know. I never see any difference in boys. Where does this boy come from! Who is he? What is he? He has had a fever. What of that? Fevers are not peculiar to good people; are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes; haven't they, eh? I knew a man who was hung in Jamaica for murdering his master. He had a fever six times. Nonsense!'

Now, the fact was, that deep in his heart Mr. Grimwig liked Oliver's appearance very much, but he had a strong appetite for contradiction, and he just wanted to oppose his friend.

'And when are you going to hear a full, true story of the life and adventures of Oliver Twist?' asked Grimwig of Mr. Brownlow, looking sideways at Oliver.

'To-morrow morning,' replied Mr. Brownlow. 'I would rather he was alone with me at the time. Come up to me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, my dear.'

'Yes, sir,' replied Oliver. He answered with some hesitation, because he was confused by Mr. Grimwig's looking so hard at him.

'I'll tell you what,' whispered the gentleman to Mr. Brownlow; 'he won't come up to you to-morrow morning. I saw that the boy hesitated. He is deceiving you, my good friend.'

'I'll swear he is not,' replied Mr. Brownlow, warmly.

'If he is not,' said Mr. Grimwig, 'I'll eat my head!' and down went the stick. 'I'll answer for that boy's truth with my life!' said Mr. Brownlow, knocking the table.

'And I for his falsehood with my head!' rejoined Mr. Grimwig, knocking the table also.

'We shall see,' said Mr. Brownlow, checking his rising anger.

'We will,' replied Mr. Grimwig, with a **provoking smile**; 'we will.'

At this moment Mrs. Bedwin brought in a small parcel of books, which Mr. Brownlow purchased that morning. She put the books on the table and prepared to leave the room.

'Stop the boy, who brought the books, Mrs. Bedwin!' said Mr. Brownlow; 'there is something to go back. These books are not paid for, and there are some books to be taken back, too.'

'The boy has gone, sir,' replied Mrs. Bedwin.

'Dear me, I am very sorry for that,' exclaimed Mr. Brownlow; 'I particularly wished to return those books to-night.'

'Send Oliver with them,' said Mr. Grimwig, with an ironical smile; 'he will be sure to deliver them safely, you know.'

'Yes; do let me take them, if you please, sir,' said Oliver. 'I'll run all the way, sir.'

The old gentleman was just going to say that Oliver would not go out on any account, but then he thought that **he could prove to Mr. Grimwig the injustice of his suspicions.**

'You will go, my dear,' said the old gentleman. 'The books are on a chair by my table. Fetch them down.'

Oliver was delighted to be of use. He brought down the books under his arm and waited, cap in hand, to hear what message he was to take.

'You are to say,' said Mr. Brownlow, glancing steadily at Grimwig; 'you are to say that you have brought those books back; and that you have come to pay the four pound ten I owe him. This is a five-pound note, so you will have to bring me back ten shillings change.'

'I won't be ten minutes, sir,' said Oliver, eagerly. He buttoned up the bank-note in his jacket pocket, and placed the books carefully under his arm, he made a respectful bow, and

left the room. Mrs. Bedwin followed him to the street-door, giving him many directions about the nearest way, and the name of the bookseller, and the name of the street. Oliver said he clearly understood everything.

‘Bless his sweet face!’ said the old lady, looking after him. ‘I can’t bear, somehow, to let him go out of my sight.’

‘Let me see; he’ll be back in twenty minutes,’ 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.

‘Don’t you?’ asked Mr. Brownlow, smiling.

The spirit of contradiction was strong in Mr. Grimwig’s breast, at the moment; and it was made stronger by his friend’s confident smile.

‘No,’ he said, ‘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.’

With these words he drew his chair closer to the table; and there the two friends sat, in silent expectation, with the watch between them.

Helpful Words & Notes

Oliver goes out on an errand — Оливер отправляется выполнять поручение

His expectations were disappointed — Его ожидания были обмануты

Don’t turn me out of doors — Не прогоняйте меня (из дома)

confirm *v* — подтверждать

a strong appetite for contradiction — сильное желание противоречить

a provoking smile — провоцирующая улыбка

he could prove to Mr. Grimwig the injustice of his suspicions — он мог бы доказать мистеру Гримвигу несправедливость его подозрений

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What was the first thing Oliver wanted to do when he came down into the housekeeper's room?
- 2) Why were his expectations disappointed?
- 3) What did Mr. Brownlow buy for Oliver?
- 4) What did Oliver do with his old clothes?
- 5) What did Oliver see in the room where he found Mr. Brownlow?
- 6) What did Oliver want to be and what did Mr. Brownlow say about it?
- 7) What did Mr. Brownlow say to Oliver and what did he ask Oliver to tell him about?
- 8) What did Mr. Grimwig look like?
- 9) What did Mrs. Bedwin bring?
- 10) Did Mr. Brownlow want Oliver to go to the bookstall-keeper?
- 11) What did Mr. Brownlow ask Oliver to do and what did he give to him?
- 12) When did Mr. Brownlow expect Oliver to come back and what did Mr. Grimwig think about it?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Mr. Brownlow asked Oliver to take some books back and to pay the bookstall-keeper four pounds ten.
- 2) The two friends sat, in silent expectation, with the watch between them.
- 3) Mr. Grimwig was sure that Oliver would join the thieves and would never come back.
- 4) Those books were not paid for, and there were some books to be taken back to the bookstall-keeper, too.
- 5) Mrs. Bedwin brought in a small parcel of books, which Mr. Brownlow purchased that morning.
- 6) Mr. Brownlow said that Oliver would come back in twenty minutes, and he put his watch on the table.

- 7) Mr. Brownlow asked Oliver to bring him back ten shillings change.
- 8) Oliver brought down the books under his arm and waited to hear what message he was to take.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) Mr. Brownlow bought a new suit, and a new cap, and a new pair of shoes for Oliver.
- 2) Mr. Grimwig was dressed in a green coat, striped waistcoat, and a broad-brimmed white hat, with the sides turned down.
- 3) Oliver gave his old clothes to a servant and asked her to give them to her son.
- 4) Mr. Brownlow asked Oliver to keep ten shillings change.
- 5) Deep in his heart Mr. Grimwig liked Oliver's appearance very much, but he had a strong appetite for contradiction, and he just wanted to oppose his friend.

4 Fill in prepositions: *under, at, of, in, upon, to, into, on, from.*

- 1) When Oliver came down _____ the housekeeper's room next day, first _____ all, he wanted to look _____ the portrait _____ the beautiful lady.
- 2) Don't send me back _____ the wretched place I came _____. Have mercy _____ a poor boy, sir!
- 3) _____ this moment Mrs. Bedwin brought _____ a small parcel _____ books.
- 4) The boy has a new suit _____ clothes _____ his back, a set _____ valuable books _____ his arm, and a five-pound note _____ his pocket.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) Why have they (take) it away?
- 2) He has (have) a fever.
- 3) In the middle of their conversation the servant (run) upstairs and (announce) Mr. Grimwig.

- 4) Deep in his heart Mr. Grimwig (like) Oliver's appearance very much, but he (have) a strong appetite for contradiction.
- 5) You are to say that you have (bring) those books back and that you have (come) to pay the four pound ten I owe him.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Mrs. Bedwin said that they took the picture away because _____ .
- 2) When Oliver saw that the man put his old clothes in his bag and walked away, he was delighted because _____ .
- 3) Oliver was alarmed because _____ .
- 4) Mrs. Bedwin followed Oliver to the street-door because _____ .
- 5) Mr. Grimwig was sure that Oliver would not come to Mr. Brownlow the next day because _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why did Mr. Brownlow ask Oliver to take books back to the bookstall-keeper?
- 2) Do you think that Mr. Grimwig didn't like Oliver? Why did he say bad things about the boy?
- 3) Why did Oliver want to take the books to the bookstall-keeper so much?
- 4) Why did Mr. Grimwig think that Oliver would not come back?

CHAPTER 8

Oliver Puts on His Old Clothes Again

Oliver Twist marched on, as quickly as he could, with the books under his arm. He was walking along, thinking how happy he was, when he was startled by a young woman screaming out very loud. 'Oh, my dear brother!' And she threw her arms tight round his neck.

'Let me go!' cried Oliver, struggling. 'Who are you?'

The only reply to this was a great number of loud words from the young woman, who was embracing him, and who had a little basket in her hand.

'Oh, my dear little brother!' said the young woman, 'I have found him! Oh! Oliver! Oliver! Oh you naughty boy! Come home, dear, come. Oh, I've found him!' With these exclamations, the young woman burst into another fit of crying, and got so dreadfully hysterical, that a couple of women who came up at the moment asked a butcher's boy whether he didn't think he had better run for the doctor.

'Oh, no, no, never mind,' said the young woman, grasping Oliver's hand; 'I'm better now. He ran away, near a month ago, from his parents, who are hard-working and respectable people. He almost broke his mother's heart.'

'Young wretch!' said one woman.

'I am not,' replied Oliver, greatly alarmed. 'I don't know her. I haven't any sister, or father and mother either. I'm an orphan; I live at Pentonville.'

'Go home, you little brute,' said the other.

'Why, it's Nancy!' exclaimed Oliver; who now saw her face for the first time.

'You see, he knows me!' cried Nancy, **appealing to the bystanders**. 'Make him come home, or he'll kill his dear mother and father, and break my heart!'

'What's going on?' said a man, bursting out of a beer-shop, with a white dog at his heels; 'young Oliver! Come home to your poor mother, you young dog! Come home directly.'

'I don't know them. Help! Help!' cried Oliver, struggling in the man's powerful hands.

'Help!' repeated the man. 'Yes; I'll help you! What books are these? You've stolen them! Give them here.' With these words, the man **tore** the volumes from Oliver's hands, and struck him on the head.

'That's right!' cried one of the women. 'That's the only way of bringing him to his senses!'

'It'll do him good!' said the other.

'Oh, yes, it'll do him good!' said the man, giving another blow and seizing Oliver by the collar. 'Come on, you young villain! Here, **Bull's-eye**, mind him, boy! Mind him!'

Weak with recent illness; stupefied by the blows and the suddenness of the attack; terrified by the fierce growling of the dog, and the brutality of the man; overpowered by the **conviction** of the bystanders that he really was the hardened little wretch; what could one poor child do! Darkness had set in; no help was near. Oliver saw that **resistance** would be of no use.

The gas-lamps were lighted; Mrs. Bedwin was waiting anxiously at the open door. The servant ran up the street twenty times to see if there were any traces of Oliver. And still the two old gentlemen sat in the dark parlour, with the watch between them.

Turning to Oliver, Sikes roughly commanded him to take hold of Nancy's hand.

'Do you hear?' growled Sikes, as Oliver hesitated, and looked round.

They were in a dark corner, quite out of the track of passengers.

The boy held out his hand, which Nancy clasped tight in hers.

'Give me the other,' said Sikes, seizing Oliver's unoccupied hand. 'Here, Bull's-Eye!'

The dog looked up, and growled.

'See here, boy!' said Sikes, putting his other hand to Oliver's throat; 'if he utters a word, hold him!'

Bull's-eye growled again and, licking his lips, eyed Oliver attentively.

The night was dark and foggy. The heavy mist thickened every moment. They walked on. At length they turned into a very **filthy** narrow street full of **old-clothes shops**. The dog stopped before the door of a shop that was closed. 'All right,' cried Sikes, glancing cautiously about. 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 was heard, and soon afterwards the door softly opened. Bill Sikes seized the terrified boy by the collar, and all three were quickly inside the house.

'Anybody here?' inquired Sikes.

‘No,’ replied a voice, which seemed familiar to Oliver. The footsteps of the speaker were heard; and, in another minute, the form of Mr. John Dawkins, otherwise the Artful Dodger, appeared. He had a candle in his right hand.

The Dodger did not stop to show any other mark of recognition upon Oliver than a humourous grin. They crossed an empty kitchen; and, opening the door of a low earthy-smelling room, were received with a shout of laughter.

‘Oh, here he is!’ cried Master Charles Bates. ‘Oh, here he is! Oh, Fagin, look at him! Fagin, do look at him! I can’t bear it. I can’t bear it. Hold me, somebody, while I laugh it out.’

With these words Charley Bates laid himself flat on the floor and kicked convulsively for five minutes. Then he jumped to his feet and viewed Oliver round and round. ‘Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear,’ said Fagin, taking off his nightcap, and made a great number of low bows to the bewildered boy.

‘The Artful Dodger will give you another suit, my dear, for fear you can spoil that Sunday one. Why didn’t you write, my dear, and say you were coming?’

At this, Charley Bates roared again so loud, that even the Dodger smiled. At that instant the Artful drew out the five-pound note from Oliver’s pocket.

‘Hallo, what’s that?’ inquired Sikes, stepping forward as the old man seized the note. ‘That’s mine, Fagin.’

‘No, no, my dear, this is not **fair**, Bill,’ said the old man. ‘Mine, Bill, mine. You have the books.’

‘Fair, or not fair,’ retorted Sikes, ‘hand 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 and kidnapping? Give it here, you old skeleton, give it here!’ With this Sikes plucked the note from between the old man’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; ‘You may keep the books, if you’re fond of reading. If you are not, sell them.’

‘They belong to the old gentleman,’ said Oliver; ‘to the good, kind, old gentleman who took me into his house, and nursed,

when I was dying of the fever. Oh, send them back; send him back the books and money. Keep me here all my life long; but please, please send them back. He'll think I stole them; the old lady: all of them who were so kind to me. They all 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.

'The boy's right,' remarked Fagin. 'You're right, Oliver, you're right; they WILL think you have stolen them. Ha! Ha!' chuckled the old man, rubbing his hands.

Oliver jumped suddenly to his feet, and rushed wildly out of 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. 'Keep back the dog; he'll tear the boy to pieces.'

'It'll serve him right!' cried Sikes. 'Stand off from me, or I'll split your head against the wall.'

'I don't care for that, Bill, I don't care for that,' screamed the girl, struggling violently with the man, 'the child won't be torn to pieces by the dog, unless you kill me first.'

'He won't! I'll soon do that, if you don't keep off.' Sikes pushed the girl from him to the further end of the room, just as 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!'

'Then keep quiet, will you?' said the old man with a threatening look.

'So you wanted to get away, my dear, did you?' said Fagin quickly. 'Wanted to get assistance; called for the police; did you?' sneered the old man, catching the boy by the arm. 'We'll cure you of that, my dear,' said Fagin and gave a smart blow on Oliver's shoulders with his club. He was raising it for a second, when the girl, rushing forward, wrested 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, Fagin,’ cried the girl. ‘You’ve got the boy, haven’t you?’

The girl stamped her foot violently on the floor and with her lips compressed, and her hands clenched, looked at the old man and the other robber. Her face was quite colourless from the passion of rage.

‘Why, Nancy!’ said Fagin in a soothing tone. ‘Ha! Ha! My dear, you are acting beautifully.’

‘Am I?’ said the girl. ‘**Take care I don’t overdo it.**’

‘What do you mean by this?’ said Sikes; ‘What do you mean by it? Do you know who you are, and what you are?’

‘Oh, yes, I know all about it,’ replied the girl, laughing hysterically and shaking her head from side to side.

‘Well, then, keep quiet,’ uttered Sikes, with a growl like that he was accustomed to use when addressing his dog, ‘or I’ll quiet you for a good long time.’

‘Come, come, Sikes,’ said the old man. ‘We must have civil words; civil words, Bill.’

‘Civil words!’ cried the girl, whose passion was frightful to see. ‘Civil words, you villain! I stole for you when I was a child not half as old as this!’ said Nancy, pointing to Oliver.

‘Well, well,’ replied Fagin; ‘and, if you have, it’s your living!’

‘It is!’ returned the girl; not speaking, but pouring out the words in one continuous scream. ‘It is my living; and the cold, wet, dirty streets are my home; and you’re the wretch that drove me to them long ago, and that’ll keep me there, day and night, day and night, till I die!’

The girl said nothing more.

‘I suppose he’d better not wear his best clothes tomorrow. Am I right, Fagin?’ inquired Charley Bates.

‘Certainly not,’ replied Fagin.

Charley led Oliver into the kitchen, where there were two or three of the beds; and here, with many uncontrollable bursts of laughter, he gave Oliver his old clothes. It turned out that the man, who bought them, accidentally showed them to Fagin. And that was the clue to Oliver’s **whereabouts**.

Oliver unwillingly put on his old clothes, and Charley Bates, rolling up the new clothes under his arm, went out of

the room, leaving Oliver in the dark, and locking the door behind him.

Poor Oliver was sick and weary; and he soon fell asleep.

Helpful Words & Notes

brute *n* — грубиян, жестокий человек

appealing to the bystanders — взывая к стоящим рядом

tear *v* (tore, torn) — рвать

Bull's-eye — кличка собаки (букв. бычий глаз)

conviction *n* — убежденность, твердая вера

resistance *n* — сопротивление

filthy *adj* — отвратительный, мерзкий

old-clothes shop — магазин старьевщика

fair *adj* — справедливый

We'll cure you of that — Мы тебя от этого вылечим

club *n* — дубинка

Take care I don't overdo it. — Берегитесь, как бы я не переиграла.

whereabouts *n* — местонахождение

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What was Oliver startled by?
- 2) What did the young woman do and say?
- 3) What did Oliver try to do?
- 4) Did the bystanders help Oliver?
- 5) Who was the young girl?
- 6) What did Bill Sikes do?
- 7) What did Sikes order Bull's-eye to do?
- 8) Whom did Oliver meet inside the house and how did they greet the boy?
- 9) What did Nancy do when Oliver rushed out of the room?

- 10) How did Fagin try 'to cure' Oliver?
- 11) How did it happen that Oliver got his old clothes again?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) The poor boy was stupefied by the blows and the suddenness of the attack and terrified by the fierce growling of the dog.
- 2) Oliver Twist marched on, thinking how happy he was.
- 3) Bill Sikes seized the terrified boy by the collar, and all three were quickly inside the house.
- 4) The man tore the volumes from his grasp, and struck Oliver on the head.
- 5) Oliver saw that resistance would be of no use.
- 6) 'Oh, my dear brother!' screamed a young woman out very loud, and threw her arms tight round the boy's neck.
- 7) At length they turned into a very filthy narrow street full of old-clothes shops.

3 Agree or disagree.

- 1) The night was dark and foggy, and the heavy mist thickened every moment.
- 2) 'Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear,' said Oliver to Charley Bates.
- 3) The Bull's-eye jumped suddenly to his feet, and rushed wildly out of the room.
- 4) Fagin gave a smart blow on Oliver's shoulders with his club.
- 5) Charley Bates unwillingly put on his old clothes.

4 Fill in prepositions: *from, out, in, with, on, up, upon, under, by, of, to.*

- 1) The only reply _____ this was a great number _____ loud words _____ the young woman.
- 2) Weak _____ recent illness; stupefied _____ the blows and the suddenness _____ the attack; terrified _____ the fierce growling _____ the dog, and

the brutality _____ the man; overpowered _____ the conviction _____ the bystanders that he really was the hardened little wretch; what could one poor child do!

- 3) _____ these words, which were uttered _____ all the energy _____ passionate grief, Oliver fell _____ his knees at Fagin's feet.
- 4) Oliver unwillingly put _____ his old clothes, and Charley Bates, rolling _____ the new clothes _____ his arm, went _____ the room, leaving Oliver _____ the dark.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) I have (find) him.
- 2) The only reply to this was a great number of loud words from the young woman, who was (embrace) him.
- 3) What's (go) on?
- 4) You've (steal) them!
- 5) The girl's (go) mad, I think.
- 6) You've (get) the boy.
- 7) You are (act) beautifully.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Oliver Twist was thinking how happy he was because _____ .
- 2) Charles Bates laughed at Oliver because _____ .
- 3) Oliver asked Fagin to send the books and money back to the old gentleman because _____ .
- 4) Nancy rushed forward because _____ .
- 5) Oliver put on his old clothes unwillingly because _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why did Nancy call Oliver her dear little brother?
- 2) Why didn't the bystanders help Oliver?
- 3) Why did Oliver think that resistance would be of no use?

- 4) Why do you think Fagin let Sikes have the five-pound note?
- 5) Why did Fagin get the clue to Oliver's whereabouts?



CHAPTER 9

Mr. Bumble Meets Mr. Brownlow. Fagin and Sikes Discuss a Plan

Mr. Bumble arrived in London on business. After dinner he sat down in the house at which the coach stopped, drew his chair to the fire and took the 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, left his home at Pentonville last Thursday evening and has not since been heard of. The above reward will be paid to any person who will give such information

as will lead to the discovery of the said Oliver Twist, or throw any light upon his previous history, in which the advertiser is, for many reasons, warmly interested.'

And then followed a full description of Oliver's dress, person, appearance, and disappearance: with the name and address of Mr. Brownlow.

Mr. Bumble opened his eyes; read the advertisement, slowly and carefully, three times; and in something more than five minutes was on his way to Pentonville.

'Is Mr. Brownlow at home?' inquired Mr. Bumble of the girl who opened the door. He was immediately shown into the little back study, where sat Mr. Brownlow and his friend Mr. Grimwig.

Mr. Brownlow said with a little impatience:

'Now, sir, you read the advertisement, didn't you?'

'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Bumble.

'And you are a beadle, aren't you?' inquired Mr. Grimwig.

'I am a beadle, gentlemen,' answered Mr. Bumble proudly.

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

'No,' 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?'

'You don't happen to know any good of him, do you?' said Mr. Grimwig.

Mr. Bumble, catching at the inquiry very quickly, shook his head.

'You see?' said Mr. Grimwig, looking triumphantly at Mr. Brownlow.

Mr. Brownlow looked at Mr. Bumble and requested him to say what he knew regarding Oliver.

Mr. Bumble said that Oliver was a boy, born of low and vicious parents. That from his birth he displayed no better qualities than treachery, ingratitude, and malice. That he ended his brief career in the place of his birth by making an attack on the undertaker's apprentice, and running away in the night-time from his master's house.

'I fear it is all too true,' said Mr. Brownlow sorrowfully. And then he added that he would gladly give the beadle treble the

money, if Mr. Bumble had any favourable information about the boy. Of course Mr. Bumble could give very different colouring to his little history, but it was too late to do it now. So he shook his head gravely, and, pocketing the five guineas, withdrew.

Mr. Brownlow paced the room to and fro for some minutes. At length 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! He was a dear, grateful, gentle child, sir,' retorted Mrs. Bedwin, **indignantly**. 'I know what children are, sir; and I have done these forty years, and people who can't say the same...'

'Silence!' said the old gentleman. This was a hard hit at Mr. Grimwig, who was a **bachelor**. 'Never let me hear the boy's name again. Never. Never, on any pretence, mind! You may leave the room, Mrs. Bedwin.'

It was a chill, damp, windy night, when Fagin, pulling the collar up over his ears, went out from his den. The mud lay thick upon the stones, and a black mist hung over the streets. It was raining. He hurried through several alleys and streets, and at length turned into one, lighted only by a single lamp at the farther end. He knocked at one of the doors.

A dog growled as he touched the handle of a room-door; and a man's voice demanded who was there.

'Only me, Bill; only me, my dear,' said the old man looking in.

'Fagin, you must find us a boy. 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.

'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’ve ever seen! I was going to speak about Oliver, sure enough. Ha! Ha! Ha!’

‘What about him?’ demanded Sikes.

‘He’s the boy for you, my dear,’ replied Fagin in a hoarse whisper, grinning frightfully.

‘Well, he is just the size I want,’ said Mr. Sikes.

‘And he will do everything you want, Bill, my dear,’ continued Fagin; ‘if you frighten him enough. I’ve thought of it all. Once let him feel that he is one of us; once fill his mind with the idea that he has been a thief; and he’s ours! Ours for his life. He must be in the same boat with us.’

‘When is it to be done?’ asked Nancy.

‘I planned with Toby, the night after to-morrow,’ rejoined Sikes.

‘Good,’ said the old man, ‘there’s no moon.’

Sikes nodded. ‘You’d better bring the boy here to-morrow night. Then you hold your tongue, and that’s all you’ll have to do.’

After some discussion, in which all three took an active part, it was decided that Nancy would go to Fagin’s place next evening and bring Oliver.

‘Good-night,’ said the old man and went back to his place where the Dodger was sitting up, impatiently awaiting his return.

‘Is Oliver in bed? I want to speak to him,’ was his first remark as Fagin returned back.

‘Hours ago,’ replied the Dodger. ‘Here he is!’

The boy was lying, fast asleep, on a rude bed upon the floor; so pale with anxiety, and sadness.

‘Not now,’ said the old man, turning softly away. ‘To-morrow. To-morrow.’

Helpful Words & Notes

guinea *n* — гиней; золотая английская монета, чеканилась в 1663—1817 гг., с 1717 г. равнялась 21 шиллингу

catching at the inquiry very quickly — быстро уловив тон вопроса

born of low and vicious parents — родился от порочных родителей низкого происхождения

displayed no better qualities than treachery, ingratitude, and malice — проявил не лучшие качества — вероломство, неблагодарность и злость

treble *adj* — тройной, утроенный

imposter *n* — мошенник

indignantly *adv* — возмущенно

bachelor *n* — холостяк

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did Mr. Bumble read the advertisement?
- 2) Who could get the reward and what for?
- 3) Where did Mr. Bumble go?
- 4) Whom did Mr. Bumble speak to?
- 5) What did Mr. Bumble say about Oliver?
- 6) Under what conditions could Mr. Bumble get treble the money?
- 7) What did Mr. Brownlow say to Mrs. Bedwin?
- 8) Did Mrs. Bedwin agree with Mr. Brownlow?
- 9) Where did Fagin go?
- 10) What did Bill Sikes want?
- 11) What did they decide to do?
- 12) What was Oliver doing when Fagin came back?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) So he pocketed five guineas and went away.
- 2) Mr. Brownlow said that he would gladly give the beadle treble the money, if Mr. Bumble had any favourable information about the boy.
- 3) Mr. Bumble drew his chair to the fire and took the newspaper.

- 4) Mr. Bumble said that Oliver was a boy, born of low and vicious parents, that from his birth he displayed no better qualities than treachery, ingratitude, and malice.
- 5) The advertisement said that any person who had any information that would lead to the discovery of Oliver Twist or throw any light upon his previous history could get five guineas.
- 6) Mr. Bumble could give very different colouring to his little history, but it was too late to do it.
- 7) The very first paragraph, upon which Mr. Bumble's eye rested, was the advertisement.
- 8) In something more than five minutes Mr. Bumble was on his way to Pentonville.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) After breakfast Mr. Brownlow sat down in the house at which the coach stopped, drew his chair to the fire and took the newspaper.
- 2) Mr. Bumble opened his eyes; read the advertisement, slowly and carefully, three times.
- 3) In something more than fifteen minutes Mr. Brownlow was on his way to Pentonville.
- 4) Mr. Bumble could give very different colouring to his little history, but it was too late to do it now.
- 5) When the old man came back to his place, Oliver was sitting up, impatiently awaiting his return.

4 Fill in prepositions: *from, over, by, in, into, up, out, at, on, of.*

- 1) Mr. Bumble arrived _____ London _____ business.
- 2) Mr. Bumble said that Oliver ended his brief career _____ the place _____ his birth, _____ making an attack _____ the undertaker's apprentice, and running away _____ the night-time _____ his master's house.

- 3) It was a chill, damp, windy night, when Fagin, pulling the collar _____ his ears, went _____ his den.
- 4) _____ length Fagin turned _____ a street, lighted only _____ a single lamp _____ the farther end.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) After dinner Mr. Bumble (sit) down in the house at which the coach (stop), (draw) his chair to the fire and (take) the newspaper.
- 2) Mr. Bumble (open) his eyes; (read) the advertisement, slowly and carefully, three times; and in something more than five minutes (be) on his way to Pentonville.
- 3) We have just (hear) a full account of him from his birth; and he has (be) a little villain, all his life.
- 4) You (be) a clever girl, my dear: the sharpest girl I've ever (see)!
- 5) I know what children (be), sir; and I have (do) these forty years.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) In no more than five minutes Mr. Bumble was on his way to Mr. Brownlow because _____ .
- 2) Mr. Brownlow called Oliver an imposter because _____ .
- 3) Mrs. Bedwin didn't believe Oliver was an imposter because _____ .
- 4) Mrs. Bedwin thought that Mr. Brownlow was wrong because _____ .
- 5) Fagin pulled the collar up over his ears because _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think Mr. Brownlow sent his advertisement to the newspaper?
- 2) Why did Mr. Bumble read the advertisement three times?

- 3) Why do you think Mr. Bumble said such bad things about Oliver?
- 4) Why didn't Mr. Bumble get treble the money?
- 5) Why do you think Fagin decided to send Oliver to Bill Sikes?

CHAPTER 10

Oliver Is Delivered over to Mr. William Sikes

When Oliver awoke in the morning, he was very surprised to find a new pair of shoes with strong thick soles at his bedside. His old shoes were removed. When they sat down to breakfast the old man told the boy that he was going to Bill Sikes that night. Oliver got very frightened.

'Don't be afraid, Oliver, you will come back to us again. Ha! Ha! Ha! We won't be so cruel as to send you away, my dear. Oh no, no! I suppose,' said Fagin, fixing his eyes on Oliver, 'you want to know what you're going to Bill's for — eh, my dear? Wait till Bill tells you, then.'

'Take care, Oliver!' 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 he gets angry. Whatever happens, say nothing; and do what he wants you to do!'

Fagin remained silent till night.

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

For some minutes Oliver was lost in thought. Then, with a heavy sigh, he took up the book and began to read. It was a history of the lives and trials of great criminals. He read about dreadful crimes that made the blood run cold. The terrible descriptions were so real and **vivid**, that the pages seemed to turn red with blood.

The boy closed the book, and thrust it from him. Falling upon his knees, **he prayed Heaven to spare him from such deeds**. He still remained with his head buried in his hands, when he heard a rustling noise.

‘What’s that!’ he cried, 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 was ill. The girl threw herself into a chair, with her back towards him.

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

She rocked herself to and fro.

‘Nancy!’ cried Oliver, ‘What is it?’

Drawing her chair close to the fire, 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, ‘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.

‘What for?’ echoed the girl, raising her eyes at Oliver. ‘Oh! For no harm.’

‘I don’t believe it,’ said Oliver, who watched her closely.

‘Have it your own way. For no good, then.’ Nancy paused. ‘I have saved you from being **ill-used** once, and I will again. I have promised that you will be 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 now give me your hand. Your hand!’

She caught the hand which Oliver instinctively placed in hers, and, blowing out the light, drew him after her up the stairs. The door was opened, quickly, by someone in the darkness, and was quickly closed, when they passed out.

A carriage was waiting for them. The girl pulled Oliver in with her. The driver wanted no directions, and they drove off in an instant.

Soon the carriage stopped. 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. While he hesitated, the opportunity was gone; he was already in the house, and the door was shut.

'This way,' said the girl, releasing her hold for the first time. 'Bill!'

'Hallo, Nancy!' replied Sikes, appearing at the head of the stairs, with a candle.

'So you've got the kid,' said Sikes when they all reached the room, closing the door as he spoke.

'Yes, here he is,' replied Nancy.

'Did he come quiet?' inquired Sikes.

'Like a lamb,' rejoined Nancy.

'I'm glad to hear it,' said Sikes, looking grimly at Oliver. 'Come here and let me read you a lecture.'

Thus 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 here's a bullet,' and Bill Sikes loaded the pistol.

'Now it's loaded,' said Mr. Sikes.

'Yes, I see it is, sir,' replied Oliver.

'Well,' said the robber, grasping Oliver's wrist, and putting the barrel so close to his temple that they touched; 'if you speak a word when you're out of doors with me, except when I speak to you, that bullet will be in your head! So, if you make up your mind to speak, say your prayers first. Do you hear me? And now let's have some supper, and get a snooze before starting.'

It may be easily understood that Oliver had no great appetite that evening. He stretched himself in his clothes on a mattress upon the floor. For a long time Oliver lay awake, thinking that Nancy might whisper some further advice; but the girl sat brooding over

the fire, without moving. Weary with watching and anxiety, he at length fell asleep.

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 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; and the sky looked black and cloudy.

After breakfast Bill Sikes exchanged a farewell with Nancy, took Oliver's hand and led him away. Oliver turned, for an instant, when they reached the door, in the hope of meeting a look from the girl. But she sat perfectly motionless before the fire and didn't look at the boy.

Helpful Words & Notes

vivid *adj* — яркий, живой

he prayed Heaven to spare him from such deeds — он молил небо, чтобы оно избавило его от таких деяний

For no harm. — Не для плохого.

ill-use *v* — дурно обходиться (с кем-либо)

a cry for help hung upon his lips — крик о помощи замер у него на губах

temple *n* — висок

get a snooze — вздремнуть

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What did Oliver find in the morning?
- 2) What did the old man say to the boy when they sat down to breakfast?
- 3) What did Fagin give to Oliver in the evening?
- 4) What was the book about?
- 5) Who came in the evening?

- 6) What did Nancy say to Oliver?
- 7) How did they get to Bill Sikes?
- 8) What was Sikes's lecture about?
- 9) Why did Oliver lie awake for a long time?
- 10) When did Oliver awake?
- 11) What did Bill Sikes do after breakfast?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) He still remained with his head buried in his hands, when he heard a rustling noise.
- 2) The terrible descriptions were so real and vivid, that the pages seemed to turn red with blood.
- 3) Oliver took up the book and began to read.
- 4) Falling upon his knees, he prayed Heaven to spare him from such deeds.
- 5) The boy closed the book, and thrust it from him.
- 6) It was a history of the lives and trials of great criminals.
- 7) He read about dreadful crimes that made the blood run cold.

3 Agree or disagree.

- 1) When they sat down to breakfast the old man told the boy that he was going to Bill Sikes that night.
- 2) Nancy saw that the boy was very pale, and gently inquired if he was ill.
- 3) 'Do you know what this is?' inquired Sikes, taking up a revolver which lay on the table.
- 4) Nobody understood why Oliver had no great appetite that evening.
- 5) For a long time Oliver lay awake, listening to Nancy's whisper.

4 Fill in prepositions: *by, of, off, upon, from, for, to, into, out, in, on.*

- 1) _____ some minutes Oliver was lost _____ thought.

- 2) Sikes pulled _____ Oliver's cap and threw it _____ a corner; and then, taking him _____ the shoulder, sat himself down _____ the table.
- 3) If you speak a word when you're _____ doors with me, except when I speak _____ you, that bullet will be _____ your head!
- 4) He stretched himself _____ his clothes _____ a mattress _____ the floor.
- 5) Oliver turned, _____ an instant, when they reached the door, _____ the hope of meeting a look _____ the girl.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) When they (sit) down to breakfast the old man (tell) the boy that he (be) going to Bill Sikes that night.
- 2) Then, with a heavy sigh, he (take) up the book and (begin) to read.
- 3) He (read) about dreadful crimes that (make) the blood run cold.
- 4) Oliver (raise) the candle above his head and (look) towards the door.
- 5) After breakfast Bill Sikes (exchange) a farewell with Nancy, (take) Oliver's hand and (lead) him away.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) When Oliver awoke in the morning, he _____ .
- 2) When they sat down to breakfast the old man told the boy that _____ .
- 3) The terrible descriptions were so real and vivid, that _____ .
- 4) For a long time Oliver lay awake, thinking that _____ .
- 5) Oliver turned, for an instant, when they reached the door, in the hope _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think Fagin gave a pair of new boots to Oliver?

- 2) Why do you think Nancy was so pale?
- 3) Why didn't Oliver cry for help in the street?
- 4) Why did Bill Sikes read that kind of lecture to Oliver?
- 5) Why did Nancy sit perfectly motionless before the fire and why didn't she look at the boy?



CHAPTER 11

The Burglary

It was a cheerless morning when they got into the street. The wind was blowing, and it was raining hard. As they approached **the City**, the noise and traffic gradually increased. Bill Sikes was dragging Oliver after him. 'Come, don't lag behind!' Sikes accompanied this speech with a jerk at his little companion's wrist. Oliver quickened his pace into a kind of trot between a fast walk and a run.

When they passed **Hyde Park** corner, an empty cart came up. Sikes asked the driver if he would give them a lift.

'Jump up,' said the man. 'Is that your boy?'

‘Yes; he’s my boy,’ replied Sikes, looking hard at Oliver and putting his hand into the pocket where the pistol was.

‘Your father walks rather too quick for you, doesn’t he, my man?’ inquired the driver, seeing that Oliver was out of breath.

‘Not a bit of it,’ replied Sikes. ‘He’s used to it.’

‘Here, take hold of my hand, Ned.’ Thus addressing Oliver, Sikes helped him into the cart; and the driver, pointing to a heap of sacks, told him to lie down there, and rest himself.

Oliver wondered, more and more, where his companion meant to take him. **Kensington, Chiswick, Kew Bridge, Brentford** were all passed; and yet they went on. At length, they came to a public-house called ‘The Coach and Horses’, and here the cart stopped.

Sikes dismounted, holding Oliver by the hand all the while.

‘Good-bye,’ said the man and drove away.

Sikes waited and then once again led Oliver onward.

They turned round to the left, a short way past the public-house; and then, taking a right-hand road, walked on for a long time, passing many large gardens and houses on both sides of the way. At length they came into the town; and, turning into an old public-house, ordered some dinner by the kitchen fire.

The kitchen was an old low-roofed room. There were benches with high backs to them by the fire. Several rough men were drinking and smoking. Sikes and the boy had some cold meat for dinner, and sat so long after it that Oliver began to feel quite certain they were not going any further. He was very tired with the walk. First he dozed a little and then fell asleep.

It was quite dark when he was awakened by a push from Sikes. Oliver sat up and looked about him. There was a man, sitting near Bill Sikes, with whom he was communicating over a **pint of ale**.

‘Could you give my boy and me a lift?’ asked Sikes, pushing the ale towards his new friend.

‘If you’re going directly, I can,’ replied the man. ‘Is all paid, Becky?’

‘Yes, the other gentleman’s paid,’ replied the girl.

The stranger seized Sikes by the hand and declared he was a real good fellow.

The night was very dark. A damp mist rose from the river. It was cold. Not a word was spoken. The driver grew sleepy, and Sikes was in no mood to lead him into conversation.

They came again into the lonely road. Two or three miles more, and the cart stopped. Sikes took Oliver by the hand, and they once again walked on in mud and darkness until they came within sight of the lights of a town at no great distance. Oliver saw that the water was just below them, and that they were coming to the foot of a bridge.

Sikes kept straight on, until they were close upon the bridge; then 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 house: all ruinous and **decayed**. No light was visible. The house was dark and looked uninhabited.

Sikes, with Oliver's hand still in his, softly approached the low porch. He opened the door, and they passed in together.

'Hallo!' cried a loud, hoarse voice, as soon as they set foot in the passage.

'Don't make so much noise, Toby.'

'Aha! My pal!' cried the same voice.

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 the couch a man was sitting.

'Bill, my boy!' said Mr. Crackit, turning his head towards the door. 'I'm glad to see you. I was afraid you wouldn't come!'

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! Fagin's boy,' replied Sikes, drawing a chair towards the fire.

'Now,' said Sikes, as he resumed his seat, 'give us something to eat and drink. Sit down by the fire, Oliver, and rest yourself;

for you'll have to go out with us again to-night, though not very far off.'

Oliver looked at Sikes in mute wonder and drew a stool to the fire.

'Here,' said Toby, placing some food and a bottle upon the table. He filled three glasses. 'To our success!' said Toby and drank off the contents. Sikes did the same.

'Indeed,' said Oliver, looking piteously up into the man's face; 'indeed, sir, I —'

'Drink it!' said Toby. 'Do you think I don't know what's good for you? Tell him to drink it, Bill.'

'Drink it!' said Sikes, clapping his hand upon his pocket.

Oliver hastily swallowed the contents of the glass, and immediately fell into a violent fit of coughing: which delighted Toby Crackit and even Bill Sikes.

Oliver could eat nothing but a small crust of bread which they made him swallow. The two men laid themselves down on chairs for a short nap. Oliver sat on his stool by the fire. Soon he fell into a heavy doze.

He was roused by Toby Crackit who said it was half-past one. In an instant, they were on their legs. All were actively engaged in busy preparation. Sikes and his companion enveloped their necks and chins in large dark shawls.

'Nothing forgotten?' inquired Sikes, fastening a small crow-bar to a loop under his coat.

'Here they are,' replied Toby, producing a pair of pistols. 'I loaded them myself.'

The two robbers went out with Oliver between them. It was now very dark. The fog was much heavier. 'Let's go through the town,' whispered Sikes; 'there'll be nobody in the way to-night.'

The hoarse barking of dogs occasionally broke the silence of the night.

After walking about a quarter of a mile, they stopped before a detached house surrounded by a wall: to the top of which Toby Crackit climbed in a moment.

Sikes caught Oliver under the arms, and in three or four seconds he and Toby were lying on the grass on the other side. Sikes followed directly. And they stole cautiously towards the house.

And now, for the first time, Oliver, mad with grief and terror, saw that housebreaking and robbery, if not murder, were the objects of the expedition. He clasped his hands together and **involuntarily** uttered an exclamation of horror. A mist came before his eyes; the cold sweat stood upon his face; his legs failed him; and he sank upon his knees.

‘Get up!’ murmured Sikes, trembling with rage, and drawing the pistol from his pocket. ‘Get up, or I’ll kill you.’

‘Oh! For God’s sake let me go!’ cried Oliver; ‘let me run away and die in the fields. I will never come near London; never, never! Oh! Have mercy on me, and do not make me steal. For the love of all the bright Angels that rest in Heaven, have mercy upon me!’

Bill Sikes **swore a dreadful oath** and **cocked** the pistol, when Toby placed his hand upon the boy’s mouth. ‘Hush!’ cried the man; ‘If he says another word, I’ll do your business myself with a crack on the head. That makes no noise, and is quite as certain. Here, Bill, open the shutter.’

With the help of his crowbar and some assistance from Toby Sikes opened the shutter. It was a little window, about five feet and a half above the ground. It was so small that the **inmates didn’t think it worth while to defend it well**; but it was large enough to admit a boy of Oliver’s size, nevertheless.

‘Now listen, you young dog,’ whispered Sikes, drawing a dark **lantern** from his pocket, ‘I’m going to put you through there. Take this light; go softly straight to the street-door, open it and let us in.’

Toby stood 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.

‘You see the street-door?’

Oliver, more dead than alive, **gasped out**, ‘Yes.’ Sikes, pointing to the street-door with the pistol-barrel, briefly advised him to take notice that he was within shot all the way; and that if he did anything wrong, he would fall dead that very instant.

‘Now, do your work quickly!’ said Sikes, in the same low whisper.

In the short time Oliver collected his senses. The boy decided that, whether he could die in the attempt or not, he would make an effort to run upstairs from the hall, and alarm the family. Filled with this idea, he advanced at once.

‘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 didn’t know whether to advance or run back.

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, — and he staggered back.

Sikes had him by the collar before the smoke cleared away. He fired his own pistol after the men, who were already retreating; and dragged the boy up.

‘Give me a shawl,’ said Sikes, as he drew him through the window. ‘They’ve hit him. Quick! How the boy bleeds!’

Then came the loud ringing of a bell, the noise of fire-arms, and the shouts of men, and the sensation that somebody carried him 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.

Helpful Words & Notes

City ← Сити; деловая часть Лондона

Hyde Park — Гайд-парк; известный парк в центре Лондона

if he would give them a lift — не подвезет ли он их

Kensington, Chiswick, Kew Bridge, Brentford — Кенсингтон,

Чизуик, Кью-Бридж, Brentford; районы Лондона

pint *n* — пинта; мера емкости в Англии = 0,57 литра

ale *n* — эль; густое и крепкое английское пиво, варится из ячменного солода

decay *v* — гнить, разрушаться

shawl *n* — шаль

crowbar *n* — ломик

detached house — отдельно стоящий дом

involuntarily *adv* — невольно

swore a dreadful oath — произнес отвратительное ругательство

cock *v* — взводить курок

inmates didn't think it worth while to defend it well — обитатели дома не считали нужным закрывать его (окно) надежно

lantern *n* — фонарь

gasp out *v* — произносить задыхаясь

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What was the weather like that morning?
- 2) What did Oliver decide to do?
- 3) Where did they have their dinner?
- 4) Why did Oliver fall asleep?
- 5) What did Oliver think when he saw that the water was just below them and that they were coming to the foot of a bridge?
- 6) Where was Toby Crackit waiting for Bill Sikes?
- 7) What did Oliver do when he saw that housebreaking and robbery, if not murder, were the objects of the expedition?
- 8) What was Sikes's reaction?
- 9) What did Sikes tell Oliver to do?
- 10) How did Oliver get inside the house?
- 11) What did Oliver decide to do?
- 12) What happened then?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Sikes, pointing to the street-door with the pistol-barrel, briefly advised him to take notice that he was within shot all the way.

- 2) Toby stood 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.
- 3) Filled with this idea, he advanced at once.
- 4) Scared by the sudden breaking of the dead stillness of the place, and by a loud cry which followed it, Oliver didn't know whether to advance or run back.
- 5) With the help of his crowbar and some assistance from Toby Sikes opened the shutter.
- 6) The boy decided that, whether he could die in the attempt or not, he would make an effort to run upstairs from the hall and alarm the family.
- 7) 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.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) Sikes and the boy had some strong broth for dinner.
- 2) Oliver was so tired with the walk that after dinner first he dozed a little and then fell asleep.
- 3) With the help of his crowbar and some assistance from Oliver Sikes opened the shutter.
- 4) The window was very small, but it was large enough to admit a boy of Oliver's size.
- 5) Scared by the sudden breaking of the dead stillness of the place, and by a loud cry which followed it, Oliver didn't know whether to advance or run back.

4 Fill in prepositions: *at, with, over, through, up, in, from, of, to, without, about, on.*

- 1) Oliver sat _____ and looked _____ him.
- 2) Oliver looked _____ Sikes _____ mute wonder and drew a stool _____ the fire.
- 3) There was a man, sitting near Bill Sikes, _____ whom he was communicating _____ a pint _____ ale.

- 4) Sikes put Oliver gently _____ the window _____ his feet first; and, _____ leaving hold _____ his collar, planted him safely _____ the floor.
- 5) _____ the help _____ his crowbar and some assistance _____ Toby Sikes opened the shutter.

5 Fill in articles: *a, an, the*.

- 1) _____ boy decided that, whether he could die or not, he would make _____ effort to run upstairs from _____ hall, and alarm _____ family.
- 2) _____ kitchen was _____ old low-roofed room.
- 3) Oliver could eat nothing but _____ small crust of bread which they made him swallow.
- 4) Sikes pointed to _____ street-door with _____ pistol-barrel.
- 5) Oliver drew _____ stool towards _____ fire.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) He was about to throw himself on the ground, and make one struggle for his young life, when _____ .
- 2) Oliver hastily swallowed the contents of the glass, and _____ .
- 3) Sikes caught Oliver under the arms, and _____ .
- 4) And now, for the first time, Oliver, mad with grief and terror, saw that _____ .
- 5) The window was so small that the inmates _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why did Sikes address Oliver as Ned?
- 2) Why didn't Oliver say to the driver of the cart that Bill Sikes was a robber?
- 3) Why do you think Oliver didn't try to run away from Bill Sikes and Toby Crackit when they were going to the house?
- 4) Why did Oliver ask Sikes to let him run away and die in the fields?
- 5) Why did Oliver decide to alarm the family?

CHAPTER 12

A Mysterious Character Appears upon the Scene

Mr. Fagin was brooding over a smoky fire when Toby Crackit entered the room. He was tired and unwashed.

‘What!’ cried the old man, ‘alone?’

‘Don’t look at me that way, man. All in good time. I can’t talk about business till I have something to eat and drink.’

Fagin put some food on the table and, seating himself opposite the housebreaker, watched him. Mr. Crackit was not in a hurry to open the conversation. Toby continued to eat with the utmost **indifference**, until he could eat no more. Then he mixed a glass of spirits and water.

‘Where are they? Sikes and the boy! Where are they?’ cried Fagin, stamping furiously on the ground. ‘Where have they been? Where are they hiding? Why have they not been here?’

‘The **crack** failed,’ said Toby faintly.

‘I know it,’ replied Fagin, tearing a newspaper from his pocket and pointing to it. ‘What more?’

‘They fired and hit the boy. The whole country was awake.’

‘Where is the boy? The boy!’

‘Bill had him on his back. Then we stopped to take him between us; his head hung down, and he was cold. They were close upon our heels, and we left the boy lying in a ditch. Alive or dead, that’s all I know about him.’

The old man uttered a yell and rushed from the room, and from the house. First he walked very fast but then fell into his usual **shuffling pace** and seemed to breathe more freely. In some time he reached a narrow alley.

In its filthy shops were exposed for sale huge bunches of second-hand silk handkerchiefs of all sizes; for there resided the traders who purchased them from pickpockets.

It was into this place that Fagin turned.

‘**The Three Cripples**’, or rather ‘The Cripples’, which was the sign by which the establishment was well known to everybody

in the neighbourhood: was a public-house. Fagin walked straight upstairs. The room was illuminated by two gas-lights; and the place was full of dense tobacco smoke.

Fagin looked from face to face and at last he caught the eye of the man he was looking for. Fagin made a sign and left the room, as quietly as he entered it.

‘What can I do for you, Mr. Fagin?’ inquired the man, as he followed him out to the landing. ‘Won’t you join us? They’ll be delighted, every one of them.’

The old man shook his head impatiently, and said in a whisper, ‘Is he here?’

‘No,’ replied the man.

‘Will he be here to-night?’ asked Fagin.

‘Monks, do you mean?’ inquired the man, hesitating.

‘Hush!’ said Fagin. ‘Yes.’

‘Yes,’ replied the man, drawing a gold watch from his pocket; ‘If you wait ten minutes, he’ll be —’

‘No, no,’ said the old man, hastily; ‘Tell him I came here to see him; and that he must come to me to-night.’

‘Good!’ said the man. ‘Nothing more?’

‘Not a word,’ said Fagin, descending the stairs.

Fagin called a coach. He **dismissed** it within some quarter of a mile of Mr. Sikes’s residence, and performed the short remainder of the distance on foot.

‘Now,’ muttered the old man, as he knocked at the door, ‘if there is any deep play here, I shall have it out of you, my girl, cunning as you are.’

She was in her room, the woman said. Fagin crept softly upstairs, and entered it without any previous ceremony. Nancy was alone; lying with her head upon the table.

‘She was drinking,’ thought Fagin, coolly. He came up to the girl and woke her up. Then he told her Toby Crackit’s story. The girl eyed his face but spoke not a word.

‘Nancy, dear, and where do you think Bill is now? And the boy, too,’ said Fagin, looking straight into her eyes. ‘Poor little child! Left in a ditch, Nancy; only think!’

‘The child,’ said the girl, suddenly looking up, ‘is better where he is, than among us.’

‘What!’ cried Fagin in amazement.

‘I shall be glad to have him away from my eyes, and to know that the worst is over. I can’t bear to have him about me. The sight of him turns me against myself, and all of you. And what is that boy for you?’

‘What is the boy for me?’ cried Fagin, mad with rage. ‘When the boy’s worth hundreds of pounds to me —’

The old man **stammered** for a word and in that instant changed the theme of their conversation. ‘**Regarding** this boy, my dear?’ said the old man, rubbing the palms of his hands nervously together.

‘The boy must take his chance with the rest,’ interrupted Nancy, hastily; ‘and I say again, I hope he is dead, and out of harm’s way, and out of yours.’

‘And about what I was saying, my dear?’ observed Fagin, keeping his glistening eye steadily upon her.

‘You must say it all over again, if it’s anything you want me to do,’ rejoined Nancy; ‘and if it is, you had better wait till to-morrow. You woke me up for a minute; but now I’m stupid again.’

He put several other questions, but she didn’t answer them. His original impression that **she was more than a trifle in liquor** was confirmed.

Fagin saw with his own eyes that Sikes did not return and he again turned his face homeward: leaving his young friend asleep, with her head upon the table.

He reached the corner of his own street, and was already fumbling in his pocket for the door-key, when a dark figure emerged from an entrance which lay in deep shadow, and, crossing the road, glided up to him.

‘Fagin!’ whispered a voice close to his ear. ‘I’m waiting for you! **Where the devil have you been?**’

‘On your business, my dear Monks,’ replied the old man, glancing uneasily at his companion. ‘On your business all night.’

‘Oh, of course!’ said the stranger, with a sneer. ‘Well; and what’s come of it?’

‘Nothing good,’ said Fagin.

‘Nothing bad, I hope?’ said the stranger, stopping short, and turning a startled look on his companion.

The old man unlocked the door.

'It's as dark as the grave,' said the man, groping forward a few steps. 'Make haste!'

After a short absence Fagin returned with a lighted candle and said that Toby Crackit was asleep in the back room below, and that the boys were in the front one. Then he went upstairs, and Monks followed him.

'We can say the few words we've got to say in here, my dear,' said the old man, throwing open a door on the first floor; 'and as there are holes in the shutters, and we never show lights to our neighbours, we'll set the candle on the stairs. There!' With those words he placed the candle on an upper flight of stairs, exactly opposite to the room door.

'I tell you again, it was badly planned,' said Monks. 'Why not to keep the boy here among the rest, and make a real pick-pocket of him at once? Haven't you done it with other boys scores of times?'

'Whose turn would that serve, my dear?' inquired the Jew humbly.

'Mine,' replied Monks.

'But not mine,' said Fagin. 'He may be of some use to me. When there are two parties to a **bargain**, it is only reasonable that the interests of both should be observed, is it, my good friend?'

'What then?' demanded Monks.

'I saw it was not easy to train him to the business,' replied the old man; 'he was not like other boys in the same **circumstances**. I had nothing to frighten him with; which we always must have in the beginning, or we labour in vain. What could I do? Send him out with the Dodger and Charley? We had enough of that, at first, my dear; I trembled for us all.'

'That was not my doing,' observed Monks.

'No, no, my dear!' continued Fagin. 'Well! I got him back for you by means of the girl; and then she begins to favour him.'

'Throttle the girl!' said Monks, impatiently.

'Why, we can't do that just now, my dear,' replied the old man, smiling; 'and, besides, that sort of thing is not in our way. I know what these girls are, Monks, well. As soon as the boy begins to harden, she'll care no more for him, than for a block of wood.'

You want me to make him a thief. If he is alive, I can make him one, but if the worst comes to the worst, and he is dead —'

'It's no fault of mine if he is!' replied the other man, with a look of terror, and clasping Fagin's arm with trembling hands. 'Mind that, Fagin! I had no hand in it. Anything but his death, I told you from the first. It's always found out, and **haunts** a man besides. If they shot him dead, I was not the cause; do you hear me? What's that?'

'What!' cried Fagin, grasping Monks with both arms, as he sprung to his feet. 'Where?'

'Yonder!' replied the man, glaring at the opposite wall. 'The shadow! I saw the shadow of a woman, in a cloak and bonnet!'

The old man released his hold, and they rushed from the room. The candle was standing where it had been placed. It showed them only the empty staircase, and their own white faces.

'Nobody,' said Fagin, taking up the light and turning to his companion.

'I'll swear I saw it!' replied Monks, trembling.

They looked into all the rooms; they were cold, bare, and empty. They descended into the passage and into the cellar below.

'What do you think now?' said the old man. 'Besides ourselves, there's not a creature in the house except Toby and the boys; and they're safe enough. See here!'

Mr. Monks **confessed** it could only be his excited imagination.

It was some minutes past one when the two men parted.

Helpful Words & Notes

indifference *n* — безразличие

crack *n* — зд. грабеж со взломом

shuffling pace — шаркающая походка

'**The Three Cripples**' — «Три Калеки»; название пивного заведения

dismiss *v* — отпускать

stammer *v* — произносить с запинкой

regard *v* — высоко ценить, уважать

she was more than a trifle in liquor — она была более чем на-
веселе

Where the devil have you been? — Черт побери, где вы были?

score *n* — два десятка

bargain *n* — сделка

circumstances *n pl* — обстоятельства

haunt *n* — преследовать, не давать покоя (в мыслях)

confess *v* — признаваться, сознаваться

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What did Toby Crackit look like?
- 2) What did he say to Fagin?
- 3) What did the robbers do with Oliver?
- 4) Where did Fagin go?
- 5) What did Fagin speak with the man about?
- 6) What did Nancy say about Oliver?
- 7) Who was waiting for Fagin near his house?
- 8) What did the two men speak about?
- 9) What did Monks want Fagin to do?
- 10) What did Monks see all of a sudden?
- 11) What did the two men do?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Monks sprung to his feet, saying that he saw the shadow of a woman.
- 2) The two men looked into all the rooms; they were empty.
- 3) When Fagin came back home Monks was already waiting for him.
- 4) Fagin went to 'The Three Cripples' to find Monks.
- 5) Toby Crackit told Fagin that the crack had failed.
- 6) Monks said that he wanted Fagin to make Oliver a thief.
- 7) On his way back home he visited Nancy.
- 8) Mr. Monks confessed it could only be his excited imagination.

3 Agree or disagree.

- 1) Toby Crackit could eat nothing but a small crust of bread which Fagin made him swallow.
- 2) Nancy was alone; lying with her head upon the table.
- 3) When there are two parties to a bargain, it is only reasonable that the interests of both should be observed.
- 4) All of a sudden the old man sprung to his feet saying that he saw the shadow of a man in a cloak.
- 5) In the cellar Fagin and Monks found a woman, in a cloak and bonnet.

4 Fill in prepositions: *with, on, by, of, to, in.*

- 1) 'The Three Cripples' was the sign _____ which the establishment was well known _____ everybody _____ the neighbourhood.
- 2) The room was illuminated _____ two gas-lights; and the place was full _____ dense tobacco smoke.
- 3) With those words he placed the candle _____ an upper flight _____ stairs, exactly opposite _____ the room door.
- 4) Haven't you done it _____ other boys scores _____ times?
- 5) 'What!' cried Fagin, grasping Monks _____ both arms, as he sprung _____ his feet.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) He (come) up to the girl and (wake) her up.
- 2) Fagin (make) a sign and (leave) the room, as quietly as he (enter) it.
- 3) The girl (eye) his face but (speak) not a word.
- 4) Then he (go) upstairs, and Monks (follow) him.
- 5) I'm (wait) for you! Where the devil have you (be)?

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Toby said that they left Oliver, lying in a ditch, because _____ .

- 2) Fagin looked from face to face and at last _____ .
- 3) When there are two parties to a bargain _____ .
- 4) Monks sprung to his feet, saying _____ .
- 5) Mr. Monks confessed _____ .

7

What do you think?

- 1) Why did the robbers leave Oliver lying in the ditch?
- 2) Why did Fagin go to 'The Tree Cripples'?
- 3) Why do you think Fagin went to visit Nancy?
- 4) Why couldn't Fagin make a thief of Oliver?
- 5) Do you think that Monks really saw the shade of a woman or was it his excited imagination? Why do you think so?



CHAPTER 13

Oliver Is Safe at Last

In the mist and darkness the air was filled with the loud shouting of men. The barking of the neighbouring dogs, roused by the sound of the alarm bell, was heard in every direction.

‘Stop!’ cried Bill Sikes, 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.

‘Come back! Quicker!’ cried Sikes furiously to Toby, 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 of the **chase** grew louder. Sikes understood that the men 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 these words Mr. Crackit, for whom it was better to be shot by his friend than to be taken by his enemies, turned round and **darted** off at full speed.

Sikes clenched his teeth, took one look around, looked at Oliver; shot into the air, and was gone.

Three men, who were running after the robbers in the field, stopped. 'Gentlemen, my advice is,' said the fattest man of the party, 'that we immediately go back home.'

'I agree with Mr. Giles,' said a shorter man.

'You are afraid, Brittles,' said Mr. Giles.

'I am not,' said Brittles.

'You are,' said Giles.

The third man brought the dispute to a close, most philosophically.

'I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen,' said he, 'we're all afraid.'

And the three men hurried back.

The air grew colder. The rain came down, thick and fast. But Oliver did not feel it, as it beat against him; for he still lay stretched, helpless and unconscious, on his bed of clay.

At length, a cry of pain broke the stillness, and the boy awoke. His left arm, rudely bandaged in a shawl, hung heavy and useless at his side; the bandage was soaked with blood. Oliver was so weak, that he could scarcely raise himself into a sitting posture. He looked feebly round for help and groaned with pain. Trembling from cold he made an effort to stand up. His head was **dizzy**, and he staggered to and fro like a drunken man. But he staggered on until he reached a road. Here the rain began to fall so heavily, that he raised his head. He looked about, and saw that he was near a house, which perhaps he could reach.

As he drew nearer to this house, a feeling came over him that the house was familiar to him. That garden wall! Yes, they tried to rob this house. Oliver felt such fear that he forgot the agony of

his wound, and thought only of flight. Flight! He could scarcely stand. He pushed against the garden-gate; it was unlocked, and swung open. He staggered across the lawn, climbed the steps, and knocked faintly at the door. His whole strength failed him, and Oliver fell down.

It happened that about this time Giles and Brittles were drinking tea in the kitchen and telling other servants how **courageously** they fought against the robbers.

‘Were you frightened?’ asked the cook.

‘Not a bit of it,’ replied Mr. Giles.

‘I could die at once, I’m sure,’ observed the housemaid.

‘You’re a woman,’ retorted Brittles.

‘Brittles is right,’ said Mr. Giles, nodding his head, approvingly; ‘from a woman, nothing else is expected. We are men! We took a lantern and —’

At this moment Mr. Giles and the company heard a knock at the door. The cook and housemaid screamed.

‘There was a knock,’ said Mr. Giles. ‘Open the door, somebody.’

Nobody moved.

‘It seems a strange sort of a thing, a knock coming at such a time in the morning,’ said Mr. Giles, looking at the pale faces which surrounded him; ‘but the door must be opened. Do you hear, somebody?’

At length, with the dogs in front, the company moved towards the door. The dogs were barking savagely. The group, **peeping** over each other’s shoulders, came up to the door and pushed it open. They saw poor little Oliver Twist, lying on the steps.

‘A boy!’ exclaimed Mr. Giles. ‘Here he is!’ cried Giles; ‘here’s one of the thieves, ma’am! Here’s a thief; miss! He is wounded, miss! I shot him, miss; and Brittles held the light.’

‘Giles!’ whispered the voice from the top of the stairs.

‘I’m here, miss,’ replied Mr. Giles. ‘Don’t be frightened, miss!’

‘Hush!’ replied the young lady; ‘you frighten my aunt as much as the thieves did. Is the poor creature much hurt?’

She ordered Giles to carry the wounded boy upstairs and sent Brittles for the doctor.

In a room that had rather the air of old-fashioned comfort, than of modern elegance, there sat two ladies at a breakfast-table. Of the two ladies one was well advanced in years. Mrs. Maylie was dressed very nicely. The lady sat **in a stately manner**, with her hands folded on the table before her. She was speaking with her young companion. The younger lady was about seventeen. She was so mild and gentle, so pure and beautiful. Giles, dressed in a black suit, was in attendance upon them.

Mr. Losberne, a surgeon in the neighbourhood, known through a circuit of ten miles round as 'the doctor,' was a fat, kind and hearty old bachelor. He was with the boy for a long time. The bedroom bell was rung very often; and the servants ran up and down the stairs. At length the doctor returned and said that the boy was in no danger.

With much ceremony Mr. Losberne led the ladies upstairs.

'Now,' said the doctor, in a whisper, as he softly turned the handle of a bedroom-door, 'let us hear what you think of him. Stop, though! Let me first see that he is in visiting order.'

Stepping before them, he looked into the room. Motioning them to advance he gently drew back the curtains of the bed. Upon it there lay a child in a deep sleep. His wounded arm was crossed upon his breast, and his head was upon the other arm, which was half hidden by his long hair, as it streamed over the pillow.

The younger lady glided softly past, and, 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.

'What can this mean?' exclaimed Mrs. Maylie. 'This poor child can not be the pupil of robbers!'

'Can you really believe that this delicate boy has been **the voluntary associate of the worst outcasts of society?**' said Rose.

The surgeon shook his head in a manner which showed that he feared it was very possible; and observing that they might disturb the patient, the doctor led the ladies to an adjoining room.

'But even if he has been wicked,' said the young lady, 'think how young he is; think that he has never known a mother's love, or the comfort of a home. Aunt, dear aunt, for mercy's sake, think of this, before you let them drag this sick child to a prison, which

in any case must be the grave of all his chances of **amendment**. Oh! Have pity upon him before it is too late!’

‘My dear love,’ said the elder lady, as she folded the weeping girl to her bosom, ‘do you think I would harm a hair of his head?’

‘Oh, no!’ replied Rose, eagerly.

‘No, surely,’ said the old lady; ‘my days are drawing to their close: and may mercy be shown to me as I show it to others! What can I do to save him, sir?’

‘Let me think, ma’am,’ said the doctor; ‘let me think.’

Mr. Losberne thrust his hands into his pockets, and took several turns up and down the room; often stopping, and balancing himself on his toes, and frowning frightfully. After various exclamations of ‘I’ve got it now’ and ‘no, I haven’t,’ he at length made a dead halt, and spoke as follows:

‘I think if you let me do it, I can manage it. You don’t object to that?’

‘Unless there is some other way of preserving the child,’ replied Mrs. Maylie.

‘There is no other,’ said the doctor. ‘No other, take my word for it.’

‘Then you may act with full power,’ said Rose, smiling through her tears.

‘Well,’ said the doctor, laughing heartily, ‘that is not a very difficult matter. But to return to this boy. The boy will wake in an hour or so, I dare say; and although I have told that thick-headed constable downstairs that the boy mustn’t be moved or spoken to, I think we may speak to him without danger.’

It was evening when the doctor said that they could speak to the boy. He was very ill and weak from the loss of blood; but his mind was so troubled with anxiety to say something, that they decided to let him speak and not wait until next morning.

Oliver told them his simple history.

When the story was over the doctor, after wiping his eyes, went downstairs, where the women-servants, Mr. Brittles, Mr. Giles, and the constable were waiting for him. The men were drinking ale.

‘How is the patient to-night, sir?’ asked Giles.

‘So-so,’ returned the doctor. ‘Mr. Giles, are you a Protestant?’

‘Yes, sir,’ answered Mr. Giles.

‘And are you?’ said the doctor, turning sharply upon Brittles.

‘Lord bless me, sir!’ replied Brittles; ‘I’m the same as Mr. Giles, sir.’

‘Then tell me this,’ said the doctor, ‘both of you, both of you! Are you going to take upon yourselves to swear, that that boy upstairs is the boy that was put through the little window last night? Out with it! Come!’

The doctor, who was universally considered one of the best-tempered creatures on earth, made this demand in such a dreadful tone of anger, that Giles and Brittles turned very pale and did not know what to say.

‘I don’t know what to think, sir,’ replied poor Giles. ‘I don’t think it is the boy; indeed, I’m almost certain that he isn’t. You know it can’t be.’

‘Pay attention to the reply, constable, will you?’ said the doctor.

Finally, the constable, without troubling himself very much about Oliver, left the house.

Thus Oliver was saved from prison. Soon the boy got much better under the united care of Mrs. Maylie, Rose, and the kind-hearted Mr. Losberne, and he lived in peace and happiness in the house of his new friends.

Helpful Words & Notes

chase *n* — погоня

dart *v* — рвануться, кинуться стрелой

dizzy *adj* — испытывающий головокружение

courageously *adv* — смело, отважно

peer *v* — подглядывать, смотреть через отверстие

in a stately manner — с величавым видом

the voluntary associate of the worst outcasts of society — добровольный сообщник самых отвратительных отбросов общества

amendment *n* — исправление, поправка

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did Sikes leave Oliver?
- 2) What was wrong with Oliver's arm?
- 3) Why was the house familiar to Oliver?
- 4) What were Giles and Brittles doing in the kitchen?
- 5) What did the servants hear all of a sudden?
- 6) Whom did the servants see when they opened the door?
- 7) What did the young lady order her servants to do?
- 8) What did the niece ask her aunt to do?
- 9) What did Oliver tell the ladies and Mr. Losberne?
- 10) How was Oliver saved from prison?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) She ordered Giles to carry the wounded boy upstairs and sent Brittles for the doctor.
- 2) The cook and housemaid screamed.
- 3) The group, peeping over each other's shoulders, came up to the door and pushed it open.
- 4) Giles and Brittles were drinking tea in the kitchen and telling other servants how courageously they fought against the robbers.
- 5) Mr. Giles and the company heard a knock at the door.
- 6) They saw poor little Oliver Twist, lying on the steps.
- 7) At length, with the dogs in front, the company moved towards the door.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) For Crackit it was better to be shot by his enemies than to be taken by them.
- 2) Oliver felt such fear that he forgot the agony of his wound, and he ran away from the house at full speed.
- 3) The niece asked her aunt to drag the boy to the prison and give him his chances of amendment.

- 4) The doctor was universally considered to be one of the worst-tempered creatures on earth.
- 5) Giles and Brittles turned very pale and did not know what to say.

4 Fill in prepositions: *off, of, for, from, to, over, with, until, upon, at, by, in.*

- 1) Oliver's left arm, rudely bandaged _____ a shawl, hung heavy and useless _____ his side; the bandage was soaked _____ blood.
- 2) _____ these words Mr. Crackit, _____ whom it was better to be shot _____ his friend than to be taken _____ his enemies, turned round and darted _____ full speed.
- 3) The boy's wounded arm was crossed _____ his breast, and his head was _____ the other arm, which was half hidden _____ his long hair, as it streamed _____ the pillow.
- 4) Oliver was very ill and weak _____ the loss of blood; but his mind was so troubled _____ anxiety to say something, that they decided to let him speak and not wait _____ next morning.
- 5) Dear aunt, _____ mercy's sake, think _____ this, before you let them drag this sick child _____ a prison.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) Oliver (feel) such a fear that he (forget) the agony of his wound, and (think) only of flight.
- 2) At length, a cry of pain (break) the stillness, and the boy (awake).
- 3) He (look) feebly round for help and (groan) with pain.
- 4) It (be) evening when the doctor (say) that they (can) speak to the boy.
- 5) 'But even if he has (be) wicked,' (say) the young lady, 'think how young he (be); think that he has never (know) a mother's love, or the comfort of a home.'

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) With these words Mr. Crackit turned round and _____ .
- 2) As he drew nearer to this house, a feeling came over him that the house was _____ .
- 3) The boy was very ill and weak from the loss of blood; but _____ .
- 4) When Oliver's story was over the doctor _____ .
- 5) The doctor, who was universally considered one of the best-tempered creatures on earth, made this demand _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why did Sikes leave Oliver in a ditch?
- 2) Why did nobody move when they heard a knock at the door?
- 3) Why did Rose ask Mrs. Maylie not to drag the boy to the prison?
- 4) Why did Giles and Brittle turn so pale when the doctor spoke to them?
- 5) Why did the constable leave the house without troubling himself very much about Oliver?

CHAPTER 14

A Bitter Disappointment and Happy Days

At length Oliver began to get better and better. He was able to say how deeply he felt the goodness of the two sweet ladies, and how he hoped that when he grew strong and well again, he could do something to show his gratitude, which would prove to them that the poor boy, whom they rescued from misery, or death, was eager to serve them with his whole heart and soul.

‘Poor fellow!’ said Rose, when Oliver feebly uttered these words one day. ‘You shall have many opportunities of serving us, if you will. We are going into the country, and my aunt wants you to accompany us. The quiet place, the pure air, and

all the pleasure and beauties of spring, will restore you in a few days.'

'Oh! Dear lady, if I could but work for you; if I could only give you pleasure by watering your flowers, or watching your birds, or running up and down the whole day long, to make you happy; what would I give to do it!'

'You will give nothing at all,' said Miss Maylie, smiling; 'if you only take half the trouble to please us, that you promise now, you will make me very happy indeed.'

'Happy, ma'am!' cried Oliver; 'how kind of you to say so!'

'You will make me happier than I can tell you,' replied the young lady. 'To think that my dear good aunt **rescued** any one from such sad misery as you have described to us, is an unspeakable pleasure to me; but to know that the object of her goodness and compassion is sincerely grateful and attached, delights me more than you can imagine. Do you understand me?' she inquired, watching Oliver's thoughtful face.

'Oh yes, ma'am, yes!' replied Oliver eagerly; 'but I was thinking that I am ungrateful now.'

'To whom?' inquired the young lady.

'To the kind gentleman, and the dear old nurse, who took so much care of me before,' rejoined Oliver.

'My dear Oliver, said Rose; 'Mr. Losberne has already been kind enough to promise that when you are well enough he will carry you to see them.'

'Has he, ma'am?' cried Oliver, his face brightening with pleasure. 'I don't know what I shall do for joy when I see their kind faces once again!'

In a short time Oliver was well enough for this expedition. One morning he and Mr. Losberne set out in a carriage which belonged to Mrs. Maylie. When they came to a bridge, Oliver turned very pale, and uttered a loud exclamation.

'What's the matter, Oliver?' cried the doctor. 'Do you see anything — hear anything — feel anything — eh?'

'That, sir,' cried Oliver, pointing out of the carriage window. 'That house!'

'Yes; well, what of it? Stop, coachman. Pull up here,' cried the doctor. 'What of the house, my man; eh?'

'The thieves — the house they took me to!' whispered Oliver.

Mr. Losberne ran to the house and began kicking at the door like a madman.

'Hello?' said a little ugly **hump-backed man**, opening the door so suddenly, that the doctor nearly fell forward into the passage. 'What's the matter here?'

'Matter!' exclaimed the doctor, grabbing the man by his collar. 'Robbery is the matter.'

'There'll be **murder** the matter, too,' replied the hump-backed man, coolly, 'if you don't take your hands off. Do you hear me?'

'I hear you,' said the doctor, giving his captive a hearty shake.

'Where's that rascal Sikes? Where's Sikes, you thief?'

The hump-backed man stared in amazement and indignation and then, twisting himself from the doctor's grasp, **growled forth horrid oaths**, and retired into the house. Before he could shut the door, however, the doctor had passed into the parlour. He looked anxiously round. Nothing answered Oliver's description!

'Now!' said the hump-backed man, 'what do you mean by coming into my house, in this violent way? Do you want to rob me, or to murder me? Which is it?'

'Did you ever know a man come out to do either, in a **chariot and pair**, you ridiculous old vampire?' said the irritable doctor.

'What do you want, then?' demanded the hump-backed man. 'If you want me, I'm here! I have lived here all alone for twenty five years and I'm not scared by you. You shall pay for this; you shall pay for this!'

'Stupid enough, this,' muttered the doctor to himself; 'the boy must be mistaken. Here! Put that in your pocket, and shut yourself up again.' With these words he flung the hump-backed man some money and returned to the carriage.

The man followed to the chariot door, uttering the wildest curses all the way; but as Mr. Losberne turned to speak to the driver, he looked into the carriage, and eyed Oliver for an instant with a sharp and fierce glance.

‘I am an ass!’ said the doctor, after a long silence. ‘Did you know that before, Oliver?’

‘No, sir.’

‘An ass,’ said the doctor again, after a further silence of some minutes. ‘Even if it is the right place, what could I do alone?’ He made up his mind to think about that house later.

As Oliver knew the name of the street in which Mr. Brownlow resided, they found the street without any difficulty. When the coach turned into it, Oliver’s heart beat so violently, that he could scarcely draw his breath.

‘Now, my boy, which house is it?’ inquired Mr. Losberne.

‘That! That!’ replied Oliver, pointing eagerly out of the window. ‘The white house. Oh! Make haste! Pray make haste! It makes me tremble so.’

‘Come, come!’ said the good doctor, patting him on the shoulder. ‘You will see them directly, and they will be overjoyed to find you safe and well.’

‘Oh! I hope so!’ cried Oliver. ‘They were so good to me; so very, very good to me.’

The coach rolled on. It stopped. Oliver looked up at the windows, with tears of happy expectation running down his face.

Alas! The white house was empty, and there was a bill in the window. ‘**To Let.**’

‘Knock at the next door,’ cried Mr. Losberne to the driver, taking Oliver’s arm in his. ‘Ask them what has become of Mr. Brownlow, who used to live in the adjoining house, do they know?’

The servant did not know; but would go and inquire. She presently returned, and said, that Mr. Brownlow sold off his goods, and went to **the West Indies**, six weeks before. Oliver clasped his hands, and sank feebly backward.

‘Has his housekeeper gone too?’ inquired Mr. Losberne, after a moment’s pause.

‘Yes, sir’; replied the servant.

‘Then turn towards home again,’ said Mr. Losberne to the driver.

‘My poor boy, this is disappointment enough for one day,’ said the doctor. ‘Quite enough for both of us. If we go to the

book-stall keeper's, we shall certainly find that he is dead, or has set his house on fire, or run away. No; home again straight!' And home they went.

This bitter **disappointment** caused Oliver much sorrow and grief, even in the midst of his happiness. Many times during his illness he pleased himself with thinking of all that Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin would say to him: and what delight it would be to tell them how many long days and nights he thought about them. The idea that they could believe that he was an impostor and a robber was almost more than he could bear.

Soon the ladies departed to a cottage at some distance in the country, and took Oliver with them.

Who can describe the pleasure and delight, the peace of mind the boy felt in the fresh air, and among the green hills and rich woods! It was a happy time. The days were peaceful and the nights brought with them neither fear nor care.

Every morning Oliver went to a white-headed old gentleman, who taught him to read better, and to write: and who spoke so kindly, that Oliver tried his best to please old gentleman. Then, he would walk with Mrs. Maylie and Rose, and hear them talk of books; or perhaps sit near them, in some shady place, and listen whilst the young lady read, until it grew too dark to see the letters. Then he prepared his own lesson for the next day. At this he would work hard in his little room which looked into the garden, till evening came slowly on, when the ladies would walk out again, and he with them. When it became quite dark, and they returned home, the young lady would sit down to the piano, and play some pleasant music or sing in a low and gentle voice, some old song which pleased her aunt to hear. There would be no candles lighted at such times as these; and Oliver would sit by one of the windows, listening to the sweet music.

Helpful Words & Notes

rescue *v* — спасать

hump-backed man — горбун

murder *n* — убийство

growled forth horrid oaths — изрыгнул отвратительные ругательства

a chariot and pair — карета, запряженная парой лошадей

'To Let' — «Сдается» (внаем)

the West Indies — Вест-Индия; общее название островов Атлантического океана между Северной и Южной Америкой; большая часть островов открыта во время плаваний Х. Колумба (1492–1502 гг.), ошибочно принявшего их за часть Индии. В отличие от Индии (Ост-Индия) эти острова позже стали называть Вест-Индией.

disappointment *n* — разочарование, огорчение

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What did Oliver say to the two ladies when he got better?
- 2) What did Rose say in reply?
- 3) Where did Oliver and Mr. Losberne go one morning?
- 4) Why did Oliver turn very pale?
- 5) What did Oliver say to Mr. Losberne and what did the doctor do?
- 6) What did Mr. Losberne ask the hump-backed man about?
- 7) What did the hump-backed man say in reply?
- 8) What did the servant say about Mr. Brownlow?
- 9) Where did the ladies depart to?
- 10) Why did Oliver go to a white-headed old gentleman every morning?
- 11) How did Oliver prepare his lessons?
- 12) What did Oliver usually do when it got dark?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) The doctor looked anxiously round; nothing answered Oliver's description!

- 2) The hump-backed man stared in amazement and indignation and then, twisting himself from the doctor's grasp, growled forth horrid oaths, and retired into the house.
- 3) The man followed to the chariot door, but as Mr. Losberne turned to speak to the driver, he looked into the carriage and eyed Oliver with a sharp and fierce glance.
- 4) Mr. Losberne ran to the house and began kicking at the door like a madman.
- 5) Before he could shut the door, however, the doctor passed into the parlour; he looked anxiously round, nothing answered Oliver's description!
- 6) Mr. Losberne flung the hump-backed man some money and returned to the carriage.
- 7) A little ugly hump-backed man opened the door so suddenly that the doctor nearly fell forward into the passage.

3 Agree or disagree.

- 1) One day Rose said to Oliver that Mrs. Maylie promised to take Oliver to Mr. Brownlow.
- 2) To think that her dear aunt rescued a person from such sad misery as Oliver's was an unspeakable pleasure to Rose.
- 3) The idea that Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin could believe that he was an impostor and a robber never came to Oliver's head.
- 4) Every morning Oliver went to a little ugly hump-backed man, who taught him to read and write better.
- 5) When it became quite dark the old lady would sit down to the piano, and play some pleasant music, and Oliver would sing an old song which pleased Mr. Losberne so much.

4 Fill in prepositions: *of, for, to, t*

ut.

- 1) _____ a short time Oliver was well enough _____ this expedition.

- 2) The hump-backed man stared _____ amazement and indignation and then, twisting himself from the doctor's grasp, he retired _____ the house.
- 3) The doctor made _____ his mind to think _____ that house later.
- 4) As Oliver knew the name _____ the street _____ which Mr. Brownlow resided, they found the street _____ any difficulty.
- 5) Soon the ladies departed _____ a cottage _____ the country, and took Oliver _____ them.

5 Insert articles *a, an, the* where necessary.

- 1) Mr. Losberne ran to _____ house and _____ began kicking at _____ door like _____ madman.
- 2) 'Hello?' said _____ little ugly hump-backed man, opening _____ door so suddenly, that _____ doctor nearly fell forward into _____ passage.
- 3) 'I am _____ ass!' said _____ doctor.
- 4) As Oliver knew _____ name of _____ street in which Mr. Brownlow resided, they found _____ street without any difficulty.
- 5) If we go to _____ book-stall keeper's, we shall certainly _____ find that he is dead, or has set _____ his house on fire, or run away.
- 6) Then Oliver prepared _____ his lesson for _____ next day.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Many times during his illness Oliver pleased himself with _____ .
- 2) The doctor ran to the house and _____ .
- 3) The servant presently returned, and said, that _____ .
- 4) The idea that Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin could _____ .
- 5) Oliver tried his best to please the old gentleman because _____ .

What do you think?

- 1) Why did Oliver want to find Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin so much?
- 2) Why did Mr. Losberne give some money to the hump-backed man?
- 3) Why do you think Mr. Losberne called himself an ass?
- 4) Why did Oliver feel much sorrow and grief, even in the midst of his happiness?



CHAPTER 15

Mr. Bumble Meets a Strange Man, and Mrs. Bumble Tells Her Story

It was a rainy evening when Mr. Bumble, who became master of the workhouse, stepped into a public-house and ordered something to drink. In a minute or two a stranger came up to him.

‘Once you were a beadle here, were you not?’ said the strange.

‘I was,’ said Mr. Bumble, in some surprise.

‘What are you now?’

‘Master of the workhouse,’ rejoined Mr. Bumble, slowly and impressively. ‘Master of the workhouse, young man!’

‘Now listen to me,’ said the stranger. ‘I came down to this place to find you. I want some information from you. I don’t ask you to give it for nothing.’

As he spoke, he pushed a couple of **sovereigns** across the table to his companion. When Mr. Bumble examined the coins, to see that they were genuine, and put them, with much satisfaction, in his waistcoat-pocket, he went on:

‘I speak of a pale-faced boy, who was an apprentice to a coffin-maker and who afterwards ran away to London, as it was supposed.’

‘Why, you mean Oliver! Young Twist!’ said Mr. Bumble; ‘I remember him, of course.’

‘It’s not of him I want to hear; I’ve heard enough of him,’ said the stranger, stopping Mr. Bumble. ‘It’s of a woman who nursed his mother. Where is she?’

‘She died last winter,’ rejoined Mr. Bumble. But Mr. Bumble was cunning enough; and he at once saw that an opportunity was opened. He informed the stranger, with an air of mystery, that he had a reason to believe that one woman could be of some interest to him.

‘How can I find her?’ said the stranger.

‘Only through me,’ rejoined Mr. Bumble.

‘When?’ cried the stranger, hastily.

‘To-morrow,’ rejoined Bumble.

‘At nine in the evening,’ said the stranger. He took a scrap of paper and wrote his address on it; ‘at nine in the evening, bring her to me there. I needn’t tell you that it’s a secret. It’s your interest.’ He gave the scrap of paper to Mr. Bumble and left.

Mr. Bumble glanced at the address and saw that there was no name there. So he followed the stranger to ask it.

‘What do you want?’ cried the man, turning quickly round, as Bumble touched him on the arm. ‘Why are you following me?’

‘Only to ask a question,’ said the other, pointing to the scrap of paper. ‘What name am I to ask for?’

‘Monks!’ rejoined the man; and went away hastily.

It was a rainy summer evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Bumble turned out of the main street of the town. They were both wrapped in old and shabby raincoats, which might, perhaps, serve the double purpose of protecting their persons from the rain, and sheltering

them from observation. The husband carried a lantern, from which, however, no light yet shone.

The couple paused in front of a ruinous building near the river.

‘The place is somewhere here,’ said Bumble, consulting the scrap of paper he held in his hand.

‘Hello!’ cried a voice from above.

Following the sound, Mr. Bumble raised his head and saw a man, looking out of a window on the second story.

‘Stand still, a minute,’ cried the voice; ‘I’ll be with you directly.’ With which the head disappeared, and the door closed.

‘Is that the man?’ asked Mr. Bumble’s wife.

Mr. Bumble nodded in the affirmative.

‘Then, mind what I told you,’ said the wife: ‘and be careful to say as little as you can, or you’ll betray us at once.’

Mr. Bumble was going to express some doubts whether it was a good idea to enter the house, when Monks opened a small door and invited them inwards.

‘Come in!’ he cried impatiently, stamping his foot upon the ground. ‘Don’t keep me here!’

The woman walked boldly in without any other invitation. Mr. Bumble, who was ashamed or afraid to lag behind, followed her. Monks bolted the door behind them.

‘This is the woman, is it?’ demanded Monks.

‘That is the woman,’ replied Mr. Bumble.

‘You think women never can keep secrets, I suppose?’ said the woman?

‘I know they will always keep one till it’s found out,’ said Monks. ‘Now, the sooner we come to our business, the better for all. The woman knows what it is, does she?’

‘What’s it worth to you?’ asked the woman.

‘It may be nothing; it may be twenty pounds,’ replied Monks. ‘Speak out, and let me know which.’

‘Add five pounds to the sum you have named; give me twenty five pounds in gold,’ said the woman; ‘and I’ll tell you all I know. Not before.’

‘Twenty five pounds!’ exclaimed Monks, drawing back.

‘It’s not a large sum,’ replied Mrs. Bumble.

‘Not a large sum for a secret, that may be nothing when it’s told!’ cried Monks impatiently.

‘What if I pay it for nothing?’ asked Monks, hesitating.

‘You can easily take it away again,’ replied Mrs. Bumble. ‘I am but a woman; alone here; and unprotected.’

‘Not alone, my dear, nor unprotected, neither,’ said Mr. Bumble, in a voice **tremulous** with fear. ‘I am here, my dear. And besides,’ said Mr. Bumble, ‘Mr. Monks is too much of a gentleman to attempt any violence on us.’

‘So! He’s your husband, eh?’ said Monks, grimly.

‘He is my husband!’ answered Mrs. Bumble.

‘I thought so, when you came in,’ rejoined Monks. ‘**So much the better.** See here!’

He thrust his hand into a side-pocket and produced a canvas bag. He put twenty-five sovereigns on the table, and pushed them over to the woman.

‘Now,’ he said, ‘gather them up and let’s hear your story.’

‘When this nurse, we called her old Sally, died, she and I were alone.’

‘Was there no one by?’ asked Monks, in the same hollow whisper; ‘No one who could hear?’

‘Not a soul,’ replied the woman; ‘we were alone. I stood alone beside the body when death came over it.’

‘Good,’ said Monks, listening to her very attentively. ‘Go on.’

‘She spoke of a young creature, who gave birth to a child some years before. The child was the one you named to Mr. Bumble last night,’ said the woman. ‘The nurse robbed the mother.’

‘In life?’ asked Monks.

‘In death,’ replied the woman, with something like a **shudder**. ‘She stole from the corpse. The mother prayed her with her last breath, to keep **for the infant’s sake.**’

‘She sold it,’ cried Monks, with desperate eagerness; ‘did she sell it? Where? When? To whom?’

‘As she told me this, with great difficulty,’ said the woman, ‘she fell back and died.’

‘Without saying more?’ cried Monks, in a furious voice. ‘It’s a lie! She said more. I’ll tear the life out of you both, but I’ll know what it was.’

‘She didn’t utter another word,’ said Mrs. Bumble. ‘When I saw that she was dead I found in her hand a scrap of dirty paper.’

‘Where is it now?’ asked Monks quickly.

‘There,’ replied the woman. She hastily threw upon the table a small bag, which Monks tore open with trembling hands. It contained a little gold **locket**: in which were two locks of hair, and a plain gold wedding-ring.

‘It has the word “Agnes” **engraved** on the inside,’ said the woman.

‘There is a blank left for the surname; and then follows the date; which is within a year before the child was born. I found out that.’

‘And this is all?’ said Monks.

‘All,’ replied the woman.

Mr. Bumble drew a long breath. He was glad that the story was over, and Monks did not want to take the twenty five pounds back.

‘I know nothing of the story, beyond what I can guess at,’ said his wife addressing Monks, after a short silence; ‘and I want to know nothing; for it’s safer not. But I may ask you two questions, may I?’

‘You may ask,’ said Monks, with some show of surprise; ‘but whether I answer or not is another question.’

‘Is that what you expected to get from me?’ demanded the matron.

‘It is,’ replied Monks. ‘The other question?’

‘What are you going to do with it? Can it be used against me?’

‘Never,’ rejoined Monks; ‘nor against me either. See here! But don’t move a step forward!’

With these words, he suddenly wheeled the table aside, and pulling an iron ring in the boarding, threw back a large **trap-door** which opened close at Mr. Bumble’s feet, and caused that gentleman to step backward.

‘Look down,’ said Monks, lowering the lantern. ‘Don’t fear me.’

Mr. and Mrs. Bumble carefully drew near to the brink. The water, swollen by the heavy rain, was rushing rapidly on below; and all other sounds were lost in the noise of its plashing. Many years ago there was a **water-mill** beneath.

'If you throw a man's body down there, where will it be to-morrow morning?' said Monks, swinging the lantern to and fro in the dark well.

'Twelve miles down the river,' replied Mr. Bumble.

Monks took the gold locket and the gold wedding-ring, and dropped them into the stream. They fell straight down and were gone in an instant.

'There!' said Monks, closing the trap-door, which fell heavily back into its former position. 'We have nothing more to say, and may break up our pleasant party.'

'By all means,' observed Mr. Bumble, with great pleasure.

'You'll keep a quiet tongue in your head, will you?' said Monks, with a threatening look. 'I am not afraid of your wife.'

'You may depend upon us, Mr. Monks,' answered Mr. Bumble, bowing with excessive politeness.

'I am glad, for your sake, to hear it,' remarked Monks. 'Light your lantern! And get away from here as fast as you can.'

Helpful Words & Notes

sovereign *n* — соверен; золотая монета в один фунт стерлингов

tremulous *adj* — дрожащий

So much the better. — Тем лучше.

shudder *n* — содрогание

for the infant's sake — ради ребенка

locket *n* — медальон

engrave *v* — гравировать

trap-door *n* — крышка люка

water-mill *n* — водяная мельница

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did Mr. Bumble meet a stranger and what did the stranger want?

- 2) What did the stranger give to Mr. Bumble?
- 3) About whom did the stranger speak?
- 4) Where did Mr. and Mrs. Bumble find Monks?
- 5) How much money did Mrs. Bumble want for the information she had?
- 6) Whose mother was a young woman who gave birth to her child in the workhouse?
- 7) What did the young mother pray the nurse to do?
- 8) What did the nurse steal?
- 9) What did Mrs. Bumble give to Monks and what did she get?
- 10) What was written on the wedding-ring?
- 11) What did Monks do with the gold locket and the wedding-ring?
- 12) What did Monks ask his visitors to do?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Monks put twenty-five sovereigns on the table, and pushed them over to the woman.
- 2) The water was rushing rapidly on below.
- 3) Monks took the gold locket and the gold wedding-ring, and dropped them into the stream.
- 4) Monks suddenly wheeled the table aside, and pulling an iron ring in the boarding, threw back a large trap-door which opened close at Mr. Bumble's feet.
- 5) Mrs. Bumble threw upon the table a small bag, which Monks tore open with trembling hands.
- 6) It contained a little gold locket, in which were two locks of hair, and a plain gold wedding-ring.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) As the stranger spoke, he pushed a couple of sovereigns across the table to his companion.
- 2) But Mr. Bumble was very stupid and he didn't understand what an opportunity was opened.
- 3) Mr. and Mrs. Bumble robbed the young woman.

- 4) When Mrs. Bumble saw that the nurse was dead she found a scrap of dirty paper in her hand.
- 5) There was only one word "Oliver" engraved on the inside of the gold wedding-ring.

4 Fill in prepositions: *for, of, out, after, up, on, over, upon, with, in, to, into.*

- 1) _____ a minute or two _____ Mr. Bumble stepped _____ a public-house and ordered something to drink, a stranger came _____ him.
- 2) Monks put twenty-five sovereigns _____ the table, and pushed them _____ the woman.
- 3) The mother prayed the nurse _____ her last breath, to keep those things _____ the infant's sake.
- 4) Mrs. Bumble hastily threw _____ the table a small bag, which Monks tore open _____ trembling hands.
- 5) 'It's a lie! I'll tear the life _____ you both, but I'll know what it was!' cried Monks, _____ a furious voice.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) Monks (take) a scrap of paper and (write) his address on it.
- 2) 'I (think) so, when you (come) in,' rejoined Monks.
- 3) 'When I (see) that she (be) dead I (find) in her hand a scrap of dirty paper,' (say) Mrs. Bumble.
- 4) Mrs. Bumble hastily (throw) upon the table a small bag, which Monks (tear) open with trembling hands.
- 5) 'As she (tell) me this, with great difficulty,' (say) the woman, 'she (fall) back and (die).'

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Mr. Bumble informed the stranger, with an air of mystery, that _____ .
- 2) Mr. Bumble followed the stranger because _____ .
- 3) Mr. Bumble was going to express some doubts whether it was a good idea to enter _____ .

- 4) The small bag, that Mrs. Bumble hastily threw upon the table, contained _____ .
- 5) He was glad that the story was over, and Monks _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why were Mr. and Mrs. Bumble wrapped in old and shabby raincoats?
- 2) Why did Mrs. Bumble ask her husband to speak as little as he could?
- 3) Why do you think Monks threw the gold locket and the wedding-ring in the water?
- 4) Do you think that we can call Mrs. Bumble a thief?

CHAPTER 16

Fagin Meets Monks Again.

Nancy Runs to the Young Lady

It was evening when Mr. William Sikes awoke from a nap in a badly-furnished apartment of very limited size, lighted only by one small window.

The housebreaker was lying on the bed. He had a black beard of a week's growth. The dog sat at the bedside, eyeing his master and uttering a low growl as some noise in the street, or in the lower part of the house was heard. Nancy was sitting by the widow, patching Bill's old waistcoat. She was so pale that it was difficult to recognize her.

'How do you feel to-night, Bill?' said the girl.

'As weak as water,' replied Mr. Sikes. 'Here, give me a hand, and let me get off this bed. Do you hear me?'

Illness did not improve Mr. Sikes's temper; for, as the girl raised him up and led him to a chair, he muttered various curses on her **awkwardness**, and struck her.

'For a number of nights,' said the girl, with a touch of woman's tenderness, 'I've been patient with you, nursing and caring for you.'

The girl threw herself into a chair and started crying.

‘What’s the matter here, my dear?’ said Fagin, looking in.

‘It’s nothing,’ said the girl. ‘It’ll soon be over.’

‘Don’t stand chattering and grinning at me!’ replied Sikes impatiently. ‘I have been ill for more than three weeks. Where have you been?’

‘I was away from London, a week and more, my dear,’ replied Fagin.

‘And what about the other fortnight?’ demanded Sikes. ‘What about the other fortnight that you’ve left me lying here, like a sick rat in his hole?’

‘I couldn’t help it, Bill. I can’t go into a long explanation; but I couldn’t help it, upon my honour.’

‘Upon your what?’ growled Sikes with **disgust**.

‘Don’t be out of temper, my dear,’ said Fagin. ‘I have never forgotten you, Bill, never.’

‘I must have some money from you to-night,’ said Sikes.

‘I haven’t any money about me,’ replied the old man.

‘Then you’ve got lots at home,’ retorted Sikes.

‘Lots!’ cried Fagin, holding up his hands. ‘I haven’t so much —’

‘I don’t know how much you’ve got, and I dare say you hardly know yourself, as it would take a pretty long time to count it,’ said Sikes; ‘but I must have some to-night; and that’s flat.’

‘Well, well,’ said Fagin, with a sigh, ‘I’ll send the Artful round presently.’

‘You won’t do anything of the kind,’ rejoined Mr. Sikes. ‘The Artful is a bit too artful, and he will forget to come, or lose his way, or anything for an excuse. Nancy will go with you and fetch it; and I’ll lie down and have a snooze while she’s gone.’

Fagin and Nancy left.

‘Now,’ said Fagin, when they reached home, ‘I’ll go and get you that cash, Nancy. I never lock up my money, for I’ve got none to lock up, my dear. Ha! Ha! Ha! None to lock up. Hush!’ he said. ‘Who’s that? Listen!’

The girl, who was sitting at the table with her arms folded was in no way interested in the arrival until the man’s voice reached

her ears. The instant she caught the sound, she tore off her bonnet and shawl, with the rapidity of lightning, and thrust them under the table. Fagin did not see it because he had his back towards her at the time.

‘Bah!’ he whispered. ‘It’s the man I expected before; he’s coming downstairs. Not a word about the money while he’s here, Nancy. He won’t stop long. Not ten minutes, my dear.’

Laying his skinny forefinger upon his lip, the old man carried a candle to the door. He reached it at the same moment as the visitor came hastily into the room.

It was Monks.

‘This is Nancy, she’s one of my young people,’ said Fagin, observing that Monks drew back when he saw a stranger.

The girl drew closer to the table, and glanced at Monks carelessly; but as he turned towards Fagin, she stole another look; so keen and searching, and full of purpose.

‘Any news?’ inquired Fagin.

‘Great.’

‘And — and — good?’ asked Fagin. ‘Not bad,’ replied Monks with a smile. ‘Let me have a word with you.’

The girl drew closer to the table, and made no offer to leave the room, although she could see that Monks was pointing to her. Fagin was afraid that she might say something aloud about the money, if he tried to **get rid of** her. He pointed upward, and took Monks out of the room.

The girl slipped off her shoes and followed the men. She stood at the door, listening with breathless interest to their conversation. The moment they stopped talking, she glided downstairs with **incredible** softness and silence.

Immediately afterwards the two men went downstairs too. Monks went at once into the street. When Fagin entered the room, the girl was adjusting her shawl and bonnet, as if preparing to leave.

‘Why, Nancy!’ exclaimed the old man, as he put down the candle, ‘how pale you are! What’s the matter?’

‘Nothing that I know of, except sitting in this close place for I don’t know how long **and all**,’ replied the girl carelessly. ‘Come! Give me the money and let me get back.’

Fagin gave her the money and they parted without more conversation.

When the girl got into the open street, she sat down upon a doorstep. She seemed, for a few moments, wholly bewildered and unable to pursue her way. Suddenly she got up and hurried in a direction quite opposite to that in which Sikes was waiting for her return. Soon she was completely tired, she stopped to take breath and burst into tears.

It might be that her tears **relieved** her, or that she felt the full hopelessness of her condition; but she turned back; and hurried in the contrary direction. At length she reached the place where the housebreaker was waiting for her.

Sikes did not observe her **agitation**. He merely inquired if she had the money, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he uttered a growl of satisfaction.

In the evening the girl's excitement increased; and, when night came, there was such an unusual paleness in her cheek, and a fire in her eye, that even Sikes, who was weak from fever and who was lying in bed, observed it with astonishment.

'You look like a corpse that came to life again,' said the man, raising himself on his hands as he stared the girl in the face. 'What's the matter?'

'Matter!' replied the girl. 'Nothing. What do you look at me so hard for?'

'What is it?' demanded Sikes, grasping her by the arm, and shaking her roughly. 'What do you mean? What are you thinking of?'

'Of many things, Bill,' replied the girl, shivering, and as she did so pressing her hands upon her eyes.

Sikes pushed his glass towards Nancy and asked her to re-fill it. The girl jumped up and filled it quickly, but with her back towards him; and held the glass to his lips, while he drank off the contents.

'Now,' said the robber, 'come and sit near me.'

The girl obeyed. Sikes, locking her hand in his, fell back upon the pillow: turning his eyes upon her face. They closed; opened again; closed once more; again opened. He shifted his position restlessly; and, after dozing again, and again, for two or

three minutes, suddenly sunk into a deep and heavy sleep. The grasp of his hand relaxed.

‘The **laudanum** has taken effect at last,’ murmured the girl, as she rose from the bedside. ‘I may be too late, even now.’

She hastily dressed herself in her bonnet and shawl. Then, stooping softly over the bed, she kissed the robber’s lips; and then, opening and closing the room-door with noiseless touch, hurried from the house.

Many of the shops were already closing in the back lanes and avenues through which she tracked her way. The clock struck ten. Nancy started to run along the narrow pavement, elbowing the passengers from side to side.

‘The woman is mad!’ said the people, turning to look after her as she rushed away.

By the time the girl reached the more wealthy quarter of the town, the streets were comparatively deserted. When she reached her place of destination, she was alone.

It was a family hotel in a quiet but handsome street near Hyde Park. She looked round and advanced towards the stairs.

‘Now, young woman!’ said a smartly-dressed female, ‘who do you want here?’

‘A lady who is stopping in this house,’ answered the girl.

‘A lady!’ was the reply, accompanied with a **scornful look**. ‘What lady?’

‘Miss Maylie,’ said Nancy.

The young woman called a man to answer her. To him Nancy repeated her request.

‘What name am I to say?’ asked the waiter.

‘It’s of no use saying any,’ replied Nancy. ‘I must see the lady.’

‘Go away!’ said the man, pushing her towards the door.

‘Do what you like with me,’ said the girl, turning to the man again; ‘but do what I ask you first, and I ask you to give this message for God’s sake.’

The man ran upstairs. Nancy remained downstairs, pale and almost breathless. When the man returned he said that the lady asked the young woman to walk upstairs.

Nancy followed the man to a small chamber, lighted by a lamp from the ceiling. Here he left her, and retired.

Helpful Words & Notes

awkwardness *n* — неуклюжесть

disgust *n* — отвращение, омерзение

get rid of — избавиться, отделаться от

incredible *adj* — невероятный

and all — и всё такое

relieve *v* — облегчать, освобождать

agitation *n* — беспокойство, возбуждение

laudanum *n* — настойка опия

scornful look — презрительный взгляд

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Who was there in the room?
- 2) Who came to visit Sikes?
- 3) What did Sikes want from Fagin?
- 4) Why didn't Sikes want Fagin to send the Artful Dodger with money for him?
- 5) Who came to visit Monks?
- 6) What did Nancy do when the men went upstairs?
- 7) Where did Nancy go when she left Fagin's den?
- 8) What did Sikes observe?
- 9) What did Nancy add to Sikes's drink?
- 10) What did Nancy say when she reached the hotel?
- 11) Whom did she meet in the hotel?
- 12) Did the young lady agree to see Nancy?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) When Fagin entered the room, the girl was adjusting her shawl and bonnet, as if preparing to leave.

- 2) The moment they stopped talking, she glided downstairs with incredible softness and silence.
- 3) Immediately afterwards the two men went downstairs too, and Monks went at once into the street.
- 4) She stood at the door, listening with breathless interest to their conversation.
- 5) Fagin pointed upward, and took Monks out of the room.
- 6) Fagin was afraid that she might say something aloud about the money, if he tried to get rid of her.
- 7) The girl slipped off her shoes and followed the men.

3 Agree or disagree.

- 1) The illness did not improve Mr. Sikes's temper and Nancy had to mutter various curses on his awkwardness and struck Bill as she helped him to get up.
- 2) Sikes did not observe Nancy's agitation and she uttered a growl of satisfaction.
- 3) Sikes thought that Nancy could forget to come or could lose her way, that's why he wanted the Artful to fetch the money.
- 4) The moment the two men stopped talking, she glided downstairs with incredible softness and silence.
- 5) When the man returned he said that the lady didn't want to see the young woman and asked Nancy to go away immediately.

4 Fill in prepositions: *in, over, to, along, with, up, at, for, from.*

- 1) Nancy stood _____ the door, listening _____ breathless interest _____ their conversation.
- 2) Suddenly she got _____ and hurried _____ a direction quite opposite _____ that _____ which Sikes was waiting _____ her return.
- 3) When night came, there was such an unusual paleness _____ her cheek, and a fire _____ her eye, that even Sikes, who was weak _____ fever and who

was lying _____ bed, observed it _____ astonishment.

- 4) Then, stooping softly _____ the bed, she kissed the robber's lips; and then, opening and closing the room-door _____ noiseless touch, hurried _____ the house.
- 5) Nancy started to run _____ the narrow pavement, elbowing the passengers _____ side _____ side.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) It (be) evening when Mr. William Sikes (awake) from a nap in a badly-furnished apartment.
- 2) The instant she (catch) the sound, she (tear) off her bonnet and shawl, with the rapidity of lightning, and (thrust) them under the table.
- 3) Fagin (give) her the money and they (part) without more conversation.
- 4) When the girl (get) into the open street, she (sit) down upon a doorstep.
- 5) Soon she (be) completely tired, she (stop) to take breath and (burst) into tears.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Sikes thought the Artful is a bit too artful, and _____ .
- 2) The girl drew closer to the table, and glanced at Monks carelessly; but as he _____ .
- 3) Nancy slipped off her shoes and _____ .
- 4) When the clock struck ten Nancy started _____ .
- 5) When the man returned he said that _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why was Bill Sikes angry with Fagin?
- 2) Why did Nancy tear off her bonnet and shawl, with the rapidity of lightning, and thrust them under the table the instant she heard the visitors voice?

- 3) Why do you think Nancy was so agitated when she overheard the conversation?
- 4) Why did Nancy stand with her back to Sikes when she filled his glass?
- 5) Why did they first tell Nancy to go away from a hotel? And why at length did they do what Nancy wanted?



CHAPTER 17
Nancy Meets Rose.
Oliver Meets Mr. Brownlow at Last

‘It’s a hard matter to get to see you, lady,’ said Nancy.

‘I am very sorry if any one 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 displeasure, took the girl completely by surprise, and she burst into tears.

‘Sit down,’ said Rose, earnestly. ‘If you are in **poverty** I shall be truly glad to relieve you if I can, — I shall indeed. Sit down.’

‘Let me stand, lady,’ said the girl, still weeping, ‘and do not speak to me so kindly till you know me better. It is growing late. Is — is — is that door shut?’

‘Yes,’ said Rose. ‘Why?’

‘Because,’ said the girl, ‘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.’

‘You!’ said Rose Maylie.

‘I, lady!’ replied the girl. ‘I am the infamous creature you have heard of, that lives among the thieves, and that never have known any better life, or kinder words than they have given me, so help me God!’

‘What dreadful things are these!’ said Rose.

‘Thank Heaven upon your knees, dear lady,’ cried the girl, ‘that you had friends to care for and keep you in your childhood, and that you were never in the midst of cold and hunger.’

‘I pity you!’ said Rose, in a broken voice.

‘Heaven bless you for your goodness!’ rejoined the girl. ‘I will be murdered by them if they know that I have come here to tell you what I have overheard. Do you know a man named Monks?’

‘No,’ said Rose.

‘He knows you,’ replied the girl; ‘and he knew you were here. That’s how I’ve found you.’

‘I have never heard the name,’ said Rose.

‘Soon after Oliver was put into your house on the night of the robbery, I — **suspecting** this man — listened to a conversation held between him and Fagin in the dark. I found out, from what I heard, that Monks **struck a bargain** with Fagin, that if Oliver was got back Fagin would get a certain sum. And he would have more for making him a thief, which this Monks wanted for some purpose of his own.’

‘For what purpose?’ asked Rose.

‘He caught sight of my shadow on the wall as I listened, in the hope of finding out,’ said the girl; ‘and there are not many people besides me that could get out of their way in time to escape discovery. But I did; and I saw him no more till last night.’

‘And what occurred then?’

‘I’ll tell you, lady. Last night he came again. Again they went upstairs, and I again listened at the door. The first words I heard Monks say were these: “So the only proofs of Oliver’s identity lie at the bottom of the river.” They laughed, and talked of his success in doing this.

Monks, talking on about the boy, and getting very wild, said; ‘Though I’ve got the boy’s money safely now, if I can take the life of my younger brother Oliver safely without bringing my own in danger, I will gladly do it!’

‘His brother!’ exclaimed Rose.

‘Those were his words,’ said Nancy, glancing uneasily round.

‘You do not mean,’ said Rose, turning very pale, ‘to tell me that this was said in earnest?’

‘It was,’ replied the girl, shaking her head. ‘It is growing late, and I have to reach home without suspicion. I must get back quickly.’

‘But what can I do?’ said Rose. ‘What can I do without you? Why do you wish to return to companions you paint in such terrible colours? If you repeat this information to a gentleman whom I can summon in an instant from the next room, you can be taken to some safe place immediately.’

‘I wish to go back,’ said the girl. ‘I must go back, because among the men I have told you of, there is one whom I can’t leave. I cannot leave him now! I cannot be his death.’

‘What am I to do?’ said Rose.

‘You must have some kind gentleman about you that will hear it as a secret, and advise you what to do,’ rejoined the girl.

‘But where can I find you again when it is necessary?’ asked Rose. ‘I do not want to know where these dreadful people live, but where will you be walking or passing at any settled period from this time?’

‘Will you promise me that you will strictly keep my secret, and come alone, or with the only other person that knows it; and that I shall not be watched or followed?’ asked the girl.

‘I promise you solemnly,’ answered Rose.

‘Every Sunday night, from eleven until the clock strikes twelve,’ said the girl without hesitation, ‘I will walk on London Bridge if I am alive.’

‘Stay another moment,’ said Rose, as the girl moved hurriedly towards the door. ‘Think once again. Will you return to this gang of robbers, and to this man? Is there nothing left in your heart, to which I can appeal?’

‘When such as I, who have no certain roof but the coffin lid, and no friend in sickness or death but the hospital nurse, set our rotten hearts on any man, and let him fill the place that has been a blank through all our wretched lives, who can hope to cure us? Pity us, lady. Pity us for having only one feeling of the woman left.’

‘Take some money from me, which may enable you to live without dishonesty.’

‘Not a penny,’ replied the girl, waving her hand.

‘Do not close your heart against all my efforts to help you,’ said Rose, stepping gently forward. ‘I wish to serve you indeed.’

‘You would serve me best, lady,’ replied the girl, ‘if you could take my life at once; for I have felt more grief to think of what I am, to-night, than I ever did before. God bless you, sweet lady, and send as much happiness on your head as I have brought shame on mine!’

Thus speaking, and sobbing aloud, the unhappy creature turned away; while Rose Maylie, overpowered by this extraordinary interview, sank into a chair and tried to collect her thoughts.

Rose took her pen and was going to write the first line of her letter when Oliver entered the room in breathless haste and violent agitation.

‘What’s the matter?’ asked Rose, advancing to meet him.

‘Oh dear! I have seen him! Now you will know that I have told you the truth!’

‘I never thought you told us anything but the truth,’ said Rose, soothing him. ‘But what is this? Of whom do you speak?’

‘I have seen the gentleman,’ replied Oliver, scarcely able to articulate, ‘the gentleman who was so good to me — Mr. Brownlow!’

‘Where?’ asked Rose.

‘He was getting out of a coach,’ replied Oliver, ‘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 Giles asked 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 see him and hear him speak again!’

Rose read the address, which was Craven Street, in **the Strand**.

‘Quick!’ she said. ‘Be ready to go with me. I will take you there directly, without a minute’s loss of time. I will only tell my aunt that we are going out for an hour, and be ready as soon as you are.’

In little more than five minutes they were on their way to Craven Street. When they arrived there, Rose left Oliver in the coach, under pretence of preparing the old gentleman to receive him; and sending up her card by the servant, requested to see Mr. Brownlow on very pressing business. The servant soon returned and asked the lady to follow him and walk upstairs into an upper room. There Miss Maylie was presented to an elderly gentleman in a bottle-green coat. At no great distance from whom was seated another old gentleman, who was sitting with his hands clasped on the top of a thick stick.

‘Good afternoon, lady,’ said the gentleman, in the bottle-green coat, hastily rising with great politeness, ‘Be seated, please.’

‘Mr. Brownlow, I believe, sir?’ said Rose, glancing from the other gentleman to the one who spoke.

‘That is my name,’ said the old gentleman. ‘This is my friend, Mr. Grimwig.’

Mr. Grimwig made one very stiff bow, rose from his chair, made another very stiff bow, and dropped into it again.

‘I shall surprise you very much, I have no doubt,’ said Rose, naturally embarrassed; ‘once you were very kind to a dear young friend of mine, and I am sure you will take an interest in hearing of him again.’

‘Indeed!’ said Mr. Brownlow.

‘You knew him as Oliver Twist,’ replied Rose.

Mr. Grimwig fell back in his chair and, looking out straight before him, emitted a long deep whistle. Mr. Brownlow was no less surprised, although his astonishment was not expressed in the same eccentric manner. He drew his chair nearer to Miss Maylie's, and said, 'Do me the favour, my dear young lady, tell me what you know about the boy and I hope it will alter the unfavourable opinion of that poor child.'

'A bad child! I'll eat my head if he is not a bad one,' growled Mr. Grimwig, without moving a muscle of his face.

'Do not listen to my friend, Miss Maylie,' said Mr. Brownlow; 'he does not mean what he says.'

'Yes, he does,' growled Mr. Grimwig.

'No, he does not,' said Mr. Brownlow.

'Oliver is a child of a noble nature and a warm heart,' said Rose.

'Now, Miss Maylie, will you let me know what information you have about this poor child.'

In a few natural words Rose told Oliver's story.

'Thank God!' said the old gentleman. 'This is great happiness to me, great happiness. But you have not told me where he is now, Miss Maylie?'

'He is waiting in a coach at the door,' replied Rose.

'At this door?!' cried the old gentleman. With which he hurried out of the room, down the stairs, up the coachsteps, and into the coach, without another word.

When the room-door closed behind him, Mr. Grimwig lifted up his head, rose and limped as fast as he could up and down the room at least a dozen times, and then stopping suddenly before Rose, most unexpectedly kissed her without the slightest preface.

'Hush!' he said, as the young lady rose in some alarm at this unusual proceeding. 'Don't be afraid. I'm old enough to be your grandfather. You're a sweet girl. I like you. Here they are!'

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, if you please.'

The old housekeeper entered the room and waited for orders.

‘Why, you get blinder every day, Bedwin,’ said Mr. Brownlow.

‘Well, that I do, sir,’ replied the old lady. ‘People’s eyes don’t improve with age, sir.’

‘Put on your glasses, will you?’

Oliver could not wait any longer and, yielding to his first impulse, he sprang into her arms.

‘God be good to me!’ cried the old lady, embracing him; ‘it is my innocent boy!’

‘My dear old nurse!’ cried Oliver.

‘I knew that he would come 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? 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.’

Leaving her and Oliver, Mr. Brownlow led the way into another room; and there, heard from Rose a full narration of her interview with Nancy.

In the evening Mr. Brownlow, doctor Losberne and Rose had a conference.

‘Thus,’ said Mr. Brownlow, it is quite clear that we shall have extreme difficulty in getting to the bottom of this mystery, unless we can bring this man, Monks, upon his knees. That can only be done by catching him when he is not surrounded by these people. We have no proof against him. He is not even (so far as we know, or as the facts appear to us) **concerned** with the gang in any of their robberies.’

‘Then,’ said the doctor, ‘I ask you again, whether you think it reasonable that we must keep this promise to the girl, a promise made with the best and kindest intentions, but really —’

‘Do not discuss the point, my dear young lady,’ said Mr. Brownlow, interrupting Rose as she was about to speak. ‘The promise shall be kept. **I don’t think it will, in the slightest degree, interfere with our actions.** But, before we can think about any precise course of action, it will be necessary to see the girl. Will

she point out this Monks? She cannot be seen until next Sunday night; this is Tuesday. I would suggest that in the meantime, we remain perfectly quiet, and keep these matters secret even from Oliver himself.'

Helpful Words & Notes

poverty *n* — нищета

suspect *v* — подозревать

strike a bargain *v* — заключить сделку

gang *n* — банда

the Strand — Стрэнд; название одной из улиц Лондона

alter *v* — изменять

concern *v* — касаться, затрагивать, иметь отношение к

I don't think it will, in the slightest degree, interfere with our actions. — Не думаю, что это хоть в малейшей степени помешает нашим действиям.

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What took Nancy completely by surprise?
- 2) What kind of bargain did Monks strike with Fagin?
- 3) Under what condition could Fagin get more money?
- 4) What did Monks say about the proofs of Oliver's identity?
- 5) Whose brother was Monks?
- 6) What did Rose solemnly promise to Nancy?
- 7) Where did Oliver see Mr. Brownlow and why didn't he speak to the old gentleman?
- 8) Where did Rose and Oliver go?
- 9) What did Mr. Brownlow want Rose to alter?
- 10) What did Mr. Brownlow do when Rose told him that Oliver was waiting in a coach at the door?
- 11) What was great happiness to Mr. Brownlow and why?

12) What did Mr. Brownlow, doctor Losberene and Rose decide to do?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) When Mr. Brownlow heard that Oliver was waiting in a coach at the door he hurried out of the room, down the stairs, up the coach steps, and into the coach, without another word.
- 2) There Miss Maylie was presented to an elderly gentleman in a bottle-green coat.
- 3) Then Mr. Brownlow rang the bell and asked his servants to send Mrs. Bedwin to their room.
- 4) The servant soon returned and asked the lady to follow him and walk upstairs into an upper room.
- 5) The old housekeeper entered the room and waited for orders.
- 6) In a few natural words Rose told Oliver's story.
- 7) In a minute Mr. Brownlow returned, accompanied by Oliver.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) Monks said that Oliver was his younger brother.
- 2) Fagin promised that Monks would get a lot of money for making Oliver a thief.
- 3) Rose asked Nancy where she could find her when it was necessary.
- 4) Nancy said that next Monday she would walk the Tower Bridge in the morning if she was alive.
- 5) Mr. Brownlow thought that they would have extreme difficulty in getting to the bottom of this mystery, unless they could bring Monks upon his knees.

4 Fill in prepositions: *to, of, without, with, in, into, at, from.*

- 1) So the only proofs _____ Oliver's identity lie _____ the bottom _____ the river.

- 2) If you repeat this information _____ a gentleman whom I can summon _____ an instant _____ the next room, you can be taken _____ some safe place immediately.
- 3) If I can take the life _____ my younger brother Oliver safely _____ bringing my own _____ danger, I will gladly do it.
- 4) Once you were very kind _____ a dear young friend _____ mine, and I am sure you will take an interest _____ hearing _____ him again.
- 5) Leaving her and Oliver, Mr. Brownlow led the way _____ another room; and there, heard _____ Rose a full narration _____ her interview _____ Nancy.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) 'I, lady!' replied the girl. 'I am the infamous creature you have (hear) of, that lives among the thieves, and that never has (know) any better life, or kinder words than they have (give) me, so help me God!'
- 2) I will be murdered by them if they know that I have (come) here to tell you what I have (overhear).
- 3) That's how I've (find) you.
- 4) I have (feel) more grief to think of what I (be), to-night, than I ever (do) before.
- 5) God bless you, sweet lady, and send as much happiness on your head as I have (bring) shame on mine!'
- 6) I have never (forget) them or his quiet smile, but have (see) them every day.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Monks, talking about the boy, and getting very wild, said, 'Though I've got the boy's money safely now, if _____ .
- 2) Rose took her pen and was going to write the first line of her letter when _____ .
- 3) The servant soon returned and _____ .

- 4) In a few natural words Rose _____ .
- 5) Oliver could not wait any longer and _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think Nancy decided to return to the gang?
- 2) Why do you think Nancy refused to take the money?
- 3) Why did Oliver enter the room in breathless haste and violent agitation?
- 4) Why was Mr. Brownlow so happy?
- 5) Why did Mr. Brownlow want to bring Monks upon his knees?

CHAPTER 18

The Time Arrives for Nancy.

The Appointment Is Kept

It was Sunday night, and the bell of the nearest church struck the hour. Sikes and Fagin were talking, but they paused to listen. Nancy listened too. Eleven.

‘An hour before midnight,’ said Sikes. ‘A dark and foggy night. It’s a good night for business, isn’t it?’

‘Ah!’ replied Fagin. ‘What a pity, Bill, my dear, that there’s none quite ready to be done.’

Nancy took advantage of their conversation to put on her bonnet, and was now leaving the room.

‘Hey!’ cried Sikes. ‘Nancy, where are you going at this time of night?’

‘Not far.’

‘What answer’s that?’ retorted Sikes. ‘Do you hear me?’

‘I don’t know where,’ replied the girl.

‘Then I do,’ said Sikes. ‘Nowhere. Sit down.’

‘I’m not well. I told you that before,’ rejoined the girl. ‘I want a breath of air.’

‘Put your head out of the window,’ replied Sikes.

‘I want it in the street.’

'Then you won't have it,' replied Sikes. With these words he rose, locked the door, took the key out, and pulling her bonnet from her head flung it on the floor.

'What do you mean, Bill?' said the girl turning very pale. 'Do you know what you're doing? Let me go!'

'No!' said Sikes.

'Tell him to let me go, Fagin. It'll be better for him. Do you hear me?' cried Nancy stamping her foot upon the ground.

Sikes looked at Nancy for a minute then dragged her into a small adjoining room, where he thrust her into a chair and held her down by force. She struggled until the clock struck twelve. And then she ceased her struggling. Sikes left her and joined Fagin.

'What has come over her? What did she want to go out to-night for, do you think?' asked Sikes. 'Come, you know her better. What does it mean?'

'**Obstinacy**; woman's obstinacy, I suppose, my dear.'

'Well, I suppose it is,' growled Sikes. 'I thought I have **tamed** her, but she's as bad as ever.'

'Worse,' said Fagin thoughtfully. 'I never knew her like this, for such a little cause.'

'Nor I,' said Sikes. 'I think she's got a touch of that fever in her blood, eh? Well, I'll let her blood a little without troubling the doctor, if she takes that way again.'

Fagin **nodded an expressive approval of this mode of treatment**. He took up his hat and bade Sikes good-night. He paused when he reached the room-door, and looking round, asked if somebody would light him down the dark stairs.

'Light him down,' said Sikes to Nancy, who was filling his pipe.

Nancy followed the old man downstairs, with a candle. When they reached the passage, he laid his finger on his lip, and drawing close to the girl, said in a whisper.

'What is it, Nancy, dear?'

'What do you mean?' replied the girl, in the same tone.

'The reason of all this,' replied Fagin. 'If he,' he pointed with his skinny fore-finger up the stairs, 'is so hard with you, he's a brute, Nancy, a brute-beast, why don't you —'

‘Well?’ said the girl, as Fagin paused, with his mouth almost touching her ear, and his eyes looking into hers.

‘We’ll talk about it later. You have a friend in me, Nancy. I have the means at hand, quiet and close. If you want revenge on those who treat you like a dog, worse than his dog, come to me. I say, come to me. You know me, Nancy.’

‘I know you very well,’ replied the girl. ‘Good-night.’

Fagin walked towards his home. He was thinking about Nancy. Everything that he saw in the last days proved the idea that the girl was tired of the housebreaker’s brutality. Most probably she found some new friends. Her altered manner, her repeated absences from home alone, her comparative indifference to the interests of the gang, her desperate impatience to leave home that night at a particular hour, all favoured the supposition. He had to find the object of her new liking without delay.

There was another, and a darker object, to be gained. Sikes knew too much. ‘With a little persuasion,’ thought Fagin, ‘she will consent to poison him. Then the man I hate will be gone. Another one will take his place. And my influence over the girl, with a knowledge of this crime, will be unlimited.’

These things passed through the mind of Fagin.

‘But perhaps Nancy won’t agree to take the life of Sikes. How,’ thought Fagin, as he crept homeward, ‘can I increase my influence with her? What new power can I acquire?’

‘I can,’ said Fagin, almost aloud. ‘I can!’

Next morning he found a spy.

‘I want you,’ said Fagin, leaning over the table, ‘to do a piece of work for me, my dear, that needs great care and caution. There is a young woman. I want to know where she goes, whom she sees, and, if possible, what she says; I want you to remember the street, if it is a street, or the house, if it is a house; and to bring me back all the information you can.’

‘What’ll you give me?’ asked the spy, looking eagerly in the face of his employer.

‘If you do it well, a pound, my dear. One pound,’ said Fagin.

‘Who is she?’ inquired the young man.

‘One of us.’

'Oh, Lord!' cried the young man. 'You are doubtful of her, aren't you?'

'She has found some new friends, my dear, and I must know who they are,' replied Fagin.

'I see,' said the spy. 'Just to have the pleasure of knowing them, if they're respectable people, eh? Ha! Ha! Ha! I'm your man. 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.'

That night, and the next, and the next again, the spy sat ready to turn out at a word from Fagin. Six nights passed, and on each Fagin came home with a disappointed face. On the seventh night he returned earlier. It was Sunday.

'She goes out to-night,' said Fagin, 'the man she is afraid of will not be back much before daybreak. Come with me. Quick!'

It was about eleven o'clock when the spy saw a young woman, leaving a public-house.

'Is that the woman?' he asked.

Fagin nodded yes.

Nancy looked nervously round, twice or thrice, and once stopped to let two men, who were close behind her, pass on. She seemed to gather courage. The spy kept the same relative distance between them, and followed the young woman with his eye upon her.

It was a very dark night. A mist hung over the river. There were few people on the bridge at that hour. The heavy bell of St. Paul's tolled for the death of another day. A young lady, accompanied by a grey-haired gentleman, alighted from a carriage within a short distance of the bridge and walked straight towards it. Nancy came up to them immediately.

'Not here,' said the girl hurriedly, 'I am afraid to speak to you here. Come out of the public road down the steps yonder!'

The spy drew himself straight upright against the wall, and, scarcely breathing, listened attentively.

'You were not here last Sunday night,' said the gentleman.

'I couldn't come,' replied Nancy; 'I was kept by force.'

'By whom?'

‘By him about whom I told the young lady before.’

‘You were not suspected of holding any communication with anybody on the subject which has brought us here to-night, I hope?’ asked the old gentleman.

‘No,’ replied the girl, shaking her head. ‘No, and neither he nor any of them suspect me.’

‘Good,’ said the gentleman. ‘Now listen to me.’

‘I am ready,’ replied the girl, as he paused for a moment.

‘You must **deliver up** the old villain.’

‘Fagin,’ cried the girl.

‘That man must be delivered up by you,’ said the gentleman.

‘I will not do it! I will never do it!’ replied the girl. ‘Devil that he is, and worse than devil as he has been to me, I will never do that.’

‘You will not?’ said the gentleman, who seemed fully prepared for this answer.

‘Never!’ returned the girl.

‘Tell me why?’

‘For one reason,’ rejoined the girl firmly, ‘for one reason, that the lady knows and will stand by me in, I know she will, for I have her promise: and for this other reason, besides, that, bad life as he has led, I have led a bad life too; there are many of us who have kept the same courses together.’

‘Then,’ said the gentleman, quickly, ‘put Monks into my hands, and leave him to me to deal with.’

‘What if he turns against the others?’

‘I promise you that in that case, if the truth is forced from him, there the matter will rest; there must be circumstances in Oliver’s little history which it would be painful to drag before the public eye.’

‘Have I the lady’s promise for that?’ asked the girl.

‘You have,’ replied Rose. ‘My true word.’

After receiving an **assurance** from both, that she might safely do so, she proceeded in a voice so low that it was often difficult for the spy to understand her words. She thoroughly explained the localities of the public-house, the best position from which to watch it, and the night and hour on which Monks was

most in the habit of going there. After that Nancy described his appearance.

‘He is tall,’ said the girl, ‘and a strongly made man, but not stout. As he walks he constantly looks over his shoulder, first on one side, and then on the other. His face is dark, like his hair and eyes. I think that’s all I can give you to know him by. Stay though,’ she added, ‘upon his throat: so high that you can see a part of it below his neckerchief when he turns his face: there is —’

‘A broad red mark, like a burn or scald?’ cried the gentleman.

‘How’s this?’ said the girl. ‘You know him!’

The young lady uttered a cry of surprise, and for a few moments they were so still that the spy could distinctly hear them breathe.

‘I think I do,’ said the gentleman, breaking silence. ‘We shall see. Many people look like each other.’

‘Now,’ said the old gentleman, ‘you have given us most valuable assistance, young woman. What can I do to serve you?’

‘Nothing,’ replied Nancy. ‘Nothing, sir. You can do nothing to help me. I am past all hope, indeed. I am chained to my old life. I loathe and hate it now, but I cannot leave it. I have gone too far to turn back. I must go home.’

‘Home!’ repeated the young lady, with great stress upon the word.

‘Home, lady,’ rejoined the girl. ‘And now all I ask is that you leave me and let me go my way alone.’

‘What,’ cried the young lady, ‘can be the end of this poor creature’s life!’

‘What!’ repeated the girl. ‘Look before you, lady. Look at that dark water —’

‘Do not speak thus, pray,’ returned the young lady, sobbing.

‘It will never reach your ears, dear lady,’ replied the girl. ‘Good-night, good-night!’

‘This purse,’ cried the young lady. ‘Take it for my sake, that you may have some resource in an hour of need and trouble.’

‘No!’ replied the girl. ‘I have not done this for money. And yet give me something that you have worn: I should like to have

something — no, no, not a ring — your gloves or handkerchief, anything that I can keep. There. Bless you! God bless you. Good-night, good-night!’

The two figures of the young lady and her companion soon afterwards appeared upon the bridge. The old gentleman drew the lady’s arm through his, and led her, with gentle force, away.

As they disappeared, the girl sunk down and burst into tears.

After some time she arose and with feeble steps went away. The astonished spy remained motionless for some minutes afterwards. When he was certain that he was again alone he crept slowly from his hiding-place. Peeping out, more than once, when he reached the top, to make sure that he was unobserved, the spy darted away at his utmost speed, and made for Fagin’s house as fast as his legs could carry him.

Helpful Words & Notes

obstinacy *n* — упрямство

tame *v* — приручать

nodded an expressive approval of this mode of treatment — выразительно кивнул в знак одобрения такого метода лечения

poison *v* — отравлять

St. Paul’s = St. Paul’s Cathedral — собор Святого Павла в Лондоне

deliver up *v* — сдавать, выдавать

assurance *n* — гарантия, заверение

scald *n* — ожог (кипящей жидкостью или паром)

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What did Nancy want to do?
- 2) What did Fagin think about on his way home?
- 3) What did Fagin want the spy to do?
- 4) Whom did Fagin show to the spy?

- 5) Where did Nancy go and whom did she meet there?
- 6) Why didn't Nancy want to speak on the bridge?
- 7) What did Mr. Brownlow want Nancy to do?
- 8) What did Nancy thoroughly explain?
- 9) What did Rose offer the girl? Did Nancy take it?
- 10) What did Nancy ask Rose to give her?
- 11) What did the spy do when he was certain that he was alone again?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) When she ceased her struggling, Sikes left her and joined Fagin.
- 2) Sikes looked at Nancy for a minute then dragged her into a small adjoining room, where he thrust her into a chair and held her down by force.
- 3) Sikes rose, locked the door, took the key out, and pulling Nancy's bonnet from her head flung it on the floor.
- 4) Nancy put on her bonnet and was going to leave the room.
- 5) Fagin supposed that the reason was obstinacy, woman's obstinacy.
- 6) Nancy struggled until the clock struck twelve.
- 7) Sikes asked Fagin what came over Nancy.

3 Agree or disagree.

- 1) Everything that Fagin saw in the last days proved the idea that the girl was tired of the housebreaker's brutality.
- 2) Nancy's altered manner, her repeated absences from home alone, her comparative indifference to the interests of the gang, her desperate impatience to leave home that night at a particular hour, all favoured the supposition that she was going to poison Bill Sikes.
- 3) The girl thoroughly explained what Fagin looked like and the hour when he usually went to the public-house.
- 4) The young lady uttered a cry of surprise when she heard that Monks had a broad red mark like a burn or scald.
- 5) Nancy refused to take a purse.

4 Fill in prepositions: *by, in, out, up, over, of, for, before, from.*

- 1) 'She goes _____ to-night,' said Fagin, 'the man she is afraid _____ will not be back much _____ day-break.'
- 2) 'What has come _____ her? What did she want to go _____ to-night _____?' asked Sikes.
- 3) 'That man must be delivered _____ _____ you,' said the gentleman.
- 4) 'I promise you that in that case, if the truth is forced _____ him, there the matter will rest; there must be circumstances _____ Oliver's little history which it would be painful to drag _____ the public eye.'
- 5) 'Take it _____ my sake, that you may have some resource _____ an hour _____ need and trouble.'

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) Sikes (rise), (lock) the door, (take) the key out, and pulling her bonnet from her head (fling) it on the floor.
- 2) 'She has (find) some new friends, my dear, and I must (know) who they (be),' (reply) Fagin.
- 3) Six nights (pass), and on each Fagin (come) home with a disappointed face.
- 4) 'You have (give) us most valuable assistance,' (say) the old gentleman.
- 5) As they disappeared, the girl sunk down and burst into tears.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Fagin paused when he reached the room-door, and looking round, asked if _____ .
- 2) Everything that Fagin saw in the last days proved the idea that _____ .
- 3) Nancy looked nervously round, twice or thrice, and _____ .
- 4) Nancy thoroughly explained the localities of _____ .

5) When the spy was certain that he was again alone he
_____.

7

What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think Bill Sikes didn't let Nancy go out?
- 2) Why did Fagin want Nancy to poison Bill Sikes?
- 3) Why did Nancy stop to let two men, who were close behind her, pass on?
- 4) Why did the girl refuse to give up Fagin and why did she give up Monks?
- 5) Why did Nancy refuse to take the purse?



CHAPTER 19

Fatal Consequences and the Flight of Sikes

It was nearly two hours before day-break.

The spy lay on the floor, stretched upon a mattress, fast asleep. Towards him the old man sometimes directed his eyes for an instant, and then brought them back again to the candle. Fagin's face was so pale and his eyes were so red, that he looked less like a man, than like a phantom, worried by an evil spirit.

The loss of his **revenge** on Sikes bitterly disappointed him. He hated Nancy who dared to speak about them with strangers. And the fear came, the fear of detection, and ruin, and death.

The bell rang gently. The old man crept upstairs to the door, and presently returned accompanied by Bill 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.’

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, that the housebreaker involuntarily drew back his chair.

‘What now?’ cried Sikes. ‘Have you gone mad?’

‘I’ve got to tell you something, Bill,’ said Fagin, drawing his chair nearer, ‘that will make you worse than me.’

Fagin looked hard at the robber; and, motioning him to be silent, stooped over the bed upon the floor, and shook the sleeper to rouse him.

‘He’s tired, tired with watching for her so long, Bill.’

‘What do you mean?’ asked Sikes.

Fagin made no answer, but bending over the sleeper, shook him again. The spy rubbed his eyes, and, giving a heavy yawn, looked sleepily about him.

‘Tell me that again, once again, just for him to hear,’ said Fagin, pointing to Sikes as he spoke.

‘Tell what?’ asked the sleepy young man.

‘About Nancy,’ said Fagin. ‘You followed her?’

‘Yes.’

‘To London Bridge?’

‘Yes.’

‘Where she met two people.’

‘So she did.’

‘A gentleman and a lady asked her to describe Monks first, which she did, and to tell them what house it was that we meet at, and go to, which she did, and where it could be best watched from, which she did, and what time the people went there, which she did. She did all this. She told it all, did she not?’ cried Fagin, half mad with fury.

'All right,' replied the young man, scratching his head. 'That's just what it was!'

'What did they say, about last Sunday?'

'About last Sunday!' replied spy, considering. 'Why I told you that before.'

'Again. Tell it again!' cried Fagin.

'They asked her,' said the lad, 'they asked her why she didn't come, last Sunday, as she promised. She said she couldn't.'

'Why, why? Tell him that.'

'Because she was forcibly kept at home by Bill,' replied the spy.

'What else did she say about him?' cried Fagin. 'What else? Tell him that, tell him that.'

'She said she couldn't very easily get out of doors unless he knew where she was going to,' said the spy; 'and so the first time she went to see the lady, she gave him a drink of laudanum.'

'Hell's fire!' cried Sikes. 'Let me out! Don't speak to me; it's not safe. Let me out, I say!'

'You won't be too violent, Bill?' said Fagin.

Sikes made no reply; but, pulling open the door, 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 the robber held on his headlong course, until he reached his own door. He opened it, softly, with his key; went lightly up the stairs; and entering his own room, double-locked the door.

The girl was sleeping.

'Get up!' said the man.

Nancy raised herself with a hurried and startled look. 'It is you, Bill!' said the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

'It is,' was the reply. 'Get up.'

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 grasped 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 won’t scream or cry. Tell me what I have done!’

‘You know, what you have done!’ returned the robber. ‘You were watched to-night; every word you said was heard.’

‘Then spare my life for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours,’ rejoined the girl, clinging to him. ‘Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. Bill, Bill, for dear God’s sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood! I have been true to you, I have!’

‘Bill,’ cried the girl, trying to lay her head upon his breast. ‘Let me see the gentleman and that dear lady 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 lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayers. It is never too late to repent.’

The housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. Even in the midst of his fury Sikes realized that shooting would be heard, so he hit the girl twice with all his force upon her head.

She staggered and fell. Nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead she raised herself, with difficulty, on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief — Rose Maylie’s own — and holding it up, in her folded hands, as high towards Heaven as her feeble strength would allow, breathed a prayer for mercy.

It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer seized a heavy club and struck her down.

Of all bad deeds, committed by Bill Sikes under cover of the darkness, that was the worst and most cruel.

He whistled on the dog, and walked rapidly away.

He went on and on, unsteady of purpose, and uncertain where to go. Where could he go, that was near and not too public, to get some meat and drink? He entered a public-house. It was a good place, not far off, and out of most people’s way. But when

he got there, all the people he met seemed to view him with suspicion. Back he turned again, without the courage to purchase bit or drop, though he was very hungry and thirsty. He hurried away and walked till he almost dropped upon the ground; then lay down in a lane, and had a long, but uneasy sleep. He wandered on again. Suddenly, he decided to go back to London.

The dog, though. If any description of him were out, it would not be forgotten that the dog was missing, and that the dog would probably go with him. This might attract attention to him as he passed along the streets. He decided to **drown** the dog, and walked on, looking about for a pond: picking up a heavy stone and tying it to his handkerchief as he went.

The animal looked up into his master's face while he was making these preparations; whether his dog's instinct helped him understand the man, or the robber's look at him was more fixed than ordinary, he kept a little farther from Sikes than usual. When his master stopped near a pool and looked round to call him, he stopped too.

'Do you hear me? Come here!' cried Sikes.

The animal came up from the force of habit; but as Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief to his throat, he uttered a low growl and started back.

'Come back!' said the robber.

The dog wagged his tail, but did not move. Sikes called him again.

The dog advanced, retreated, paused an instant, and ran away at his hardest speed.

The man whistled again and again, and sat down and waited in the expectation that he would return. But the dog did not appear, and at length he resumed his journey.

Helpful Words & Notes

revenge *n* — месть

yawn *n* — зевота, зевок

spare *v* — беречь, жалеть

repent *v* — раскаиваться, сожалеть

gash *n* — глубокая рана
drown *v* — топить, тонуть

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Why did Fagin hate Nancy?
- 2) What was Fagin afraid of?
- 3) Who came to Fagin?
- 4) What did Sikes bring to Fagin?
- 5) What did Fagin say to Sikes?
- 6) What did the spy say to Bill Sikes?
- 7) Where did Sikes go when he left Fagin?
- 8) What did Sikes do when he came home?
- 9) What did Nancy ask Bill to do?
- 10) What did Sikes do after that?
- 11) What did Sikes decide to do with the dog and why?
- 12) What did the dog do when Sikes tried to attach the handkerchief to his throat?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) He hurried away and walked till he almost dropped upon the ground.
- 2) The dog advanced, retreated, paused an instant, and ran away at his hardest speed.
- 3) Sikes called the dog again.
- 4) He decided to drown the dog, and walked on, looking about for a pond: picking up a heavy stone and tying it to his handkerchief as he went.
- 5) When Sikes entered the public-house, all the people he met seemed to view him with suspicion.
- 6) When Sikes called the dog, the animal came up from the force of habit; but as Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief to his throat, he uttered a low growl and started back.
- 7) He realized that the dog might attract attention to him as he passed along the streets.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) The loss of his revenge on Nancy bitterly disappointed Fagin.
- 2) The spy rubbed his eyes, and, giving a heavy yawn, begged for mercy.
- 3) The housebreaker grasped his pistol and shot at Nancy twice.
- 4) Of all bad deeds, committed by Bill Sikes under cover of the darkness, that was the worst and most cruel.
- 5) When his master stopped near a pool and looked round to call him, he stopped too.

4 Fill in prepositions: *about, with, by, at, in, into, up, on, upon, to, over, for, from, of.*

- 1) Fagin looked hard _____ the robber and stooped _____ the bed _____ the floor.
- 2) The robber grasped her _____ the head and throat, dragged her _____ the middle _____ the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand _____ her mouth.
- 3) Even _____ the midst _____ his fury Sikes realized that shooting would be heard, so he hit the girl twice _____ all his force _____ her head.
- 4) Sikes decided to drown the dog, and walked _____, looking _____ a pond: picking _____ a heavy stone and tying it _____ his handkerchief as he went.
- 5) The animal came _____ the force _____ habit; but as Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief _____ his throat, he uttered a low growl and started back.

5 Insert articles *a, an, the* where necessary.

- 1) Fagin's face was so pale and _____ his eyes were so red, that he looked less like _____ man, than like _____ phantom, worried by _____ evil spirit.

- 2) _____ girl rose to undraw _____ curtain.
- 3) _____ housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped _____ his pistol.
- 4) Suddenly, he decided to go back to _____ London.
- 5) He decided to drown _____ dog, and walked on, looking about for _____ pond: picking up _____ heavy stone and tying it to _____ his handkerchief as he went.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Fagin hated Nancy who dared to _____ .
- 2) It is never too late _____ .
- 3) The robber grasped the poor girl her by the head and _____ .
- 4) The murderer decided to drown the dog because _____ .
- 5) As Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief to the dog's throat, he _____

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why was Fagin bitterly disappointed?
- 2) Why did Nancy beg Sikes to let her meet the old gentleman and the young lady once again?
- 3) Why didn't Sikes shoot at Nancy?
- 4) Why was Sikes very hungry and thirsty?
- 5) Why do you think the dog ran away from his master?

CHAPTER 20

Monks and Mr. Brownlow at Length Meet. Their Conversation, and the Information That Interrupts It

It was evening when a coach stopped at the door of Mr. Brownlow's house. A stout man got out of the coach and stood on one side of the steps, while another man stood upon

the other side. At a sign from Mr. Brownlow they helped out a man, took him between them, and hurried him into the house. This man was Monks.

They walked in the same manner up the stairs without speaking, and Mr. Brownlow led the way into a back-room. At the door of this apartment, Monks stopped. The two men looked at the old gentleman for instructions.

‘He knows the alternative,’ said Mr. Brownlow. ‘If he hesitates or moves a finger, drag him into the street, and call for the aid of the police.’

‘How dare you say this of me?’ asked Monks. ‘By what authority am I **kidnapped** in the street, and brought here by these dogs?’ asked Monks, looking from one to the other of the men who stood beside him.

‘By mine,’ replied Mr. Brownlow. ‘You will decide quickly. If you wish me to prefer my charges publicly, you know that you will get a punishment the extent of which I can **foresee** with a shudder. If not, and you appeal to the mercy of those you have deeply injured, seat yourself, without a word, in that chair. It has waited for you two whole days.’

Monks still hesitated.

‘A word from me, and the alternative has gone for ever,’ said the old gentleman.

‘Is there —’ asked Monks, ‘is there any middle course?’

‘None.’

Monks looked at the old gentleman, walked into the room, and, shrugging his shoulders, sat down.

‘Lock the door on the outside,’ said Mr. Brownlow to the attendants, ‘and come when I ring.’

The men obeyed, and the two were left alone together.

‘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; ‘it is because the hopes and wishes of young and happy years; it is because your father knelt with me beside his only sisters’ death-bed on the morning when she could become — but Heaven willed otherwise — my young wife; it is because my heart clung to him, from that time forth till he died;

it is because old recollections and associations filled my heart, and even the sight of you brings with it old thoughts of him; it is because of all these things that I am moved to treat you gently now — yes, Edward Leeford, even now — and blush for your unworthiness of the name.'

'What has the name to do with it?' asked the other. 'What is the name to me?'

'Nothing,' replied Mr. Brownlow, 'nothing to you. But it was hers, and even at this distance of time brings back to me, an old man, the glow and thrill which I once felt, only to hear it repeated. I am very glad you have changed it.'

'This is all mighty fine,' said Monks after a long silence. 'But what do you want with me?'

'You have a brother,' said Mr. Brownlow.

'I have no brother,' replied Monks. 'You know I was the only child. Why do you talk to me of brothers? You know that, as well as I.'

'I know about your unhappy father, about the wretched marriage of your parents. I know how indifference gave place to dislike, dislike to hate, and hate to loathing, until at last they were separated,' said Mr. Brownlow. 'Soon your mother forgot the young husband ten good years her junior. Your father got acquainted with a retired naval officer, whose wife died and left him with two children. They were both daughters; one a beautiful creature of nineteen, and the other a child of two or three years old.'

'What's this to me?' asked Monks.

'Your father was gifted as few men are,' said Mr. Brownlow, without seeming to hear the interruption. 'The two men became friends, and his oldest daughter and your father fell in love with each other.'

The old gentleman paused; Monks was biting his lips, with his eyes fixed upon the floor.

'Your tale is too long,' observed Monks, moving restlessly in his chair.

'It is a true tale of grief and sorrow, young man, and such tales usually are,' returned Mr. Brownlow. 'At that time, as you know, your father had to go to Rome. He went and was seized

with mortal illness there. The moment the information reached your mother, she went to Rome and carried you with her. Your father died the day after your arrival, leaving his affairs in great confusion, so that the whole his property fell to her and you.'

As Mr. Brownlow paused. Monks changed his position with the air of one who has experienced a sudden relief, and wiped his hot face and hands.

'Before he went abroad, and as he passed through London on his way,' continued Mr. Brownlow, slowly, and fixing his eyes upon the other's face, 'he came to me.'

'I never heard of that,' interrupted Monks.

'He came to me, and left with me, among some other things, a picture — a portrait painted by himself — of this poor girl, whom he could not carry on his hasty journey. He told me that he was going to convert his whole property into money, give a portion of it to your mother and you and then leave this country with the girl whom he loved so much. He promised to write and tell me all and after that to see me again. Alas! That was the last time. I had no letter, and I never saw him again.'

'I went,' said Mr. Brownlow, after a short pause, 'I went, when all was over, to look for the girl. Alas! The girl's family left the place. Why, or where, none could tell.'

Monks drew his breath yet more freely, and looked round with a smile of triumph.

'When your brother,' said Mr. Brownlow, drawing nearer to the other's chair, 'when your 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 vice —'

'What?' cried Monks.

'By me,' said Mr. Brownlow. 'When he was rescued by me, then, and lay recovering from sickness in my house, his strong resemblance to this picture I have spoken of, struck me with astonishment. I need not tell you he was kidnapped before I could know his history.'

'You can't prove anything against me,' stammered Monks.

'We shall see,' returned the old gentleman with a searching glance. 'I knew that after your mother's death you alone could solve the mystery. And when I last heard of you, you were on

your own estate in the West Indies. I made the voyage. But when I came there you were already in London. I returned. Nobody had any clue to your residence. And until two hours ago, all my efforts were fruitless.'

'And now you do see me,' said Monks, rising boldly, 'what then? You don't even know that a child was born of this pair; you don't even know that.'

'I did not,' replied Mr. Brownlow, rising too; 'but within the last fortnight I have learnt it all. You have a brother, and you know it. There was a will, which your mother destroyed. It had a **reference** to some child likely to be the result of this sad connection. There existed proofs of his birth and **parentage**. Those proofs were destroyed by you, and now, in your own words to your accomplice "...the only proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river..."

'Edward Leeford, you are an unworthy son, a coward, a liar! Every word!' cried the gentleman, 'every word that has passed between you and this villain, is known to me. Shadows on the wall have caught your whispers. Murder has been done, to which you were morally if not really a party.'

'No, no,' interposed Monks. 'I knew nothing of that. I thought it was a common quarrel.'

'It was the partial **disclosure** of your secrets,' replied Mr. Brownlow. 'Will you disclose the whole?'

'Yes, I will.'

'Will you sign a statement of truth and facts, and repeat it before witnesses?'

'That I promise too.'

'Remain quietly here, until such a document is drawn up.'

'If you insist upon that, I'll do that also,' replied Monks.

'You must do more than that,' said Mr. Brownlow. 'Make **restitution** to an innocent child, for such he is, although the offspring of a guilty and most miserable love. You have not forgotten the **provisions** of the will, have you? **Carry them into execution so far as your brother is concerned**, and then go where you please.'

While Monks was pacing up and down, meditating with dark and evil looks on this proposal and the possibilities of evading it, the door was hurriedly unlocked, and a gentleman entered the room in violent agitation. It was Mr. Losberne.

‘The man will be taken,’ he cried. ‘He will be taken to-night!’

‘The murderer?’ asked Mr. Brownlow.

‘Yes, yes,’ replied the other. ‘His dog has been seen, and there seems little doubt that his master either is, or will be, there, under cover of the darkness. Spies are looking for him in every direction. I have spoken to the men who are charged with his capture, and they tell me he cannot escape. A reward of a hundred pounds is proclaimed by Government to-night.’

‘I will give fifty more,’ said Mr. Brownlow. ‘Fagin,’ said Mr. Brownlow; ‘what of him? Has he been taken?’

‘He will be, or is, by this time. They’re sure of him.’

‘Have you made up your mind?’ asked Mr. Brownlow, in a low voice, of Monks.

‘Yes,’ he replied.

‘Then remain here till I return. It is your only hope.’

Mr. Brownlow left the room, and the door was again locked.

‘What have you done?’ asked the doctor in a whisper.

‘All that I could hope to do, and even more. The poor girl’s information together with my previous knowledge left him no chance. Write and appoint the evening after to-morrow, at seven, for the meeting.’

The two gentlemen hastily separated; each in a fever of excitement wholly uncontrollable.

Helpful Words & Notes

aid *n* — помощь, поддержка

kidnap *v* — похищать (человека), насильно увозить

foresee *v* — предвидеть

What has the name to do with it? — Какое отношение к этому имеет имя?

thrill *n* — возбуждение, сильное волнение

vice *n* — зло, порок

reference *n* — отношение, касательство

parentage *n* — отцовство, материнство

disclosure *n* — разоблачение

restitution *n* — возвращение, возврат (утраченного)

provision *n* — условие (договора, завешания)

Carry them into execution so far as your brother is concerned — Выполните условия (завешания), касающиеся вашего брата

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Who came out of the coach that stopped at the door of Mr. Brownlow's house?
- 2) What could Mr. Brownlow foresee with a shudder?
- 3) Who was Edward Leeford?
- 4) Who was Mr. Brownlow to marry and why didn't he do it?
- 5) Where did Edward's father go and what happened to him there?
- 6) Who was Edward's younger brother?
- 7) Who saved Edward's brother from the life of vice?
- 8) What did Edward's father leave with Mr. Brownlow and what did he say to Mr. Brownlow?
- 9) What struck Mr. Brownlow with astonishment?
- 10) Who destroyed the will?
- 11) Who got the whole property?
- 12) What did Mr. Brownlow want Monks to do?
- 13) What information was brought by Mr. Losberne?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) They were both daughters; one a beautiful creature of nineteen, and the other a child of two or three years old.
- 2) Soon the wife forgot the young husband ten years her junior.
- 3) Edward's father got acquainted with a retired naval officer, whose wife died and left him with two children.
- 4) Indifference gave place to dislike, dislike to hate, and hate to loathing, until at last they were separated.

- 5) The two men became friends, and the oldest daughter and Edward's father fell in love with each other.
- 6) The marriage of Edward's parents was unhappy.

3 Agree or disagree.

- 1) Edward Leeford's father went to Rome and fell in love with a beautiful girl there.
- 2) The moment the information reached Edward's mother, she went to Rome and carried Edward with her.
- 3) Edward's father died, leaving his affairs in great confusion, so that the whole his property fell to Edward's mother and Edward.
- 4) Edward's father destroyed his will on the day he died,
- 5) Mr. Brownlow wanted Monks to carry the provisions of the will into execution so far as Oliver was concerned.

4 Fill in prepositions: *at, from, into, to, of, with, before, by, in.*

- 1) He told me that he was going to convert his whole property _____ money, give a portion of it _____ your mother and you.
- 2) When he was rescued _____ me, then, and lay recovering _____ sickness _____ my house, his strong resemblance _____ this picture I have spoken _____, struck me _____ astonishment.
- 3) Those proofs were destroyed _____ you, and now, _____ your own words _____ your accomplice "the only proofs _____ the boy's identity lie _____ the bottom of the river."
- 4) Will you sign a statement _____ truth and facts, and repeat it _____ witnesses?
- 5) Spies are looking _____ him _____ every direction.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) 'A word from me, and the alternative has (go) for ever,' (say) the old gentleman.

- 2) 'Have you (make) up your mind?' (ask) Mr. Brownlow.
- 3) He (come) to me, and (leave) with me, among some other things, a picture of this poor girl, whom he (can) not carry on his hasty journey.
- 4) 'But within the last fortnight I have (learn) it all,' (reply) Mr. Brownlow.
- 5) 'Edward Leeford, you (be) an unworthy son, a coward, a liar!' (cry) the gentleman. 'Shadows on the wall have (catch) your whispers.'

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Edward's father knelt with Mr. Brownlow beside _____.
- 2) Mr. Brownlow was going to treat Monks gently because _____.
- 3) Mr. Brownlow's friend was going to convert his whole property into money and then _____.
- 4) The existed proofs of Oliver's birth and parentage were _____.
- 5) Mr. Brownlow asked Mr. Losberne to _____.

7 What do you think?

- 1) Do you think that Mr. Brownlow was right when he called Monks an unworthy son, a coward, a liar? Why?
- 2) Why did Mr. Brownlow go to the West Indies?
- 3) Why did Edward's mother destroy the will?
- 4) Why do you think Monks agreed to disclose all his secrets and sign the papers?

CHAPTER 21

The End

Fagin and some of his boys were taken at dinner time. That very day the police found Sikes's hiding place. The murderer took a long rope and climbed out onto the roof. He was going to

lower himself down to the ground at the back of the house. In a minute he fastened one end of the rope tightly and firmly round a chimney, and with the other made a strong running **noose**. But at the very instant, when he brought the rope over his head to slip it beneath his arm-pits, he lost his balance and tumbled over the parapet. The noose was on his neck. He fell down thirty five feet. There was a sudden jerk, a terrific convulsion; and there he hung. The murderer swung lifeless against the wall.

Mr. Losberne, followed by Mr. Brownlow and Monks, entered the room. Monks cast a look of hate at the boy and sat down near the door. Mr. Brownlow, who had papers in his hand, walked to a table near which Rose and Oliver were sitting.

‘This is a painful task,’ said Mr. Brownlow, addressing Monks, ‘but we must hear the truth from your own lips before we part, and you know why. This child,’ said Mr. Brownlow, drawing Oliver to him, and laying his hand upon his head, ‘is your half-brother; the son of your father, my dear friend Edwin Leeford, and poor young Agnes Fleming, who died in giving him birth.’

‘Listen then! You!’ returned Monks. ‘His father fell ill in Rome. He was joined by his wife, my mother. She took me with her. He knew nothing of us, for his senses were gone, and the next day he died. Among the papers in his desk there was his will.’

Monks paused.

‘All his property,’ said Mr. Brownlow, speaking for him, ‘he divided into two equal portions — one for Agnes Fleming, and the other for their child, if it should be born alive, and ever come of age. A girl could **inherit** the money unconditionally; but for a boy there was a condition. He could not get his share if he stained his name with any public act of dishonour. In this case the money was to come to you.’

‘My mother,’ said Monks, in a louder tone, ‘burnt this will.’

There was a short silence here, until Monks spoke again.

‘My mother died years after this,’ he said. ‘On her death-bed she told me she thought that the girl was alive and the child too. She believed that it was a male child and he was alive. I swore to

her, if ever he crossed my path, to hunt him down with all the hatred I felt. She was right. He came in my way at last. And I began well!

‘The locket and ring?’ said Mr. Brownlow, turning to Monks.

‘I bought them from the man and woman I told you of, who stole them from the nurse, who stole them from the corpse,’ answered Monks without raising his eyes. ‘You know what became of them.’

Mr. Grimwig went out and returned in a moment, pushing in Mrs. Bumble and her husband.

‘Oh, is that little Oliver?’ cried Mr. Bumble with false enthusiasm, ‘Oh, my dear Oliver, how glad I am to —’

‘Hold your tongue, fool,’ murmured Mrs. Bumble.

‘Come, sir,’ said Mr. Grimwig, ‘suppress your feelings.’

‘I will, sir,’ replied Mr. Bumble. ‘How do you do, sir? I hope you are very well.’ This salutation was addressed to Mr. Brownlow, who was within a short distance of the couple. He inquired, as he pointed to Monks, ‘Do you know that person?’

‘No,’ replied Mrs. Bumble flatly.

‘Do you know him?’ 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.

‘Certainly not,’ replied Mrs. Bumble. ‘Why are we brought here to answer to such nonsense as this?’

Again Mr. Grimwig went out. This time he returned with two very old women.

‘You shut the door the night old Sally died,’ said one of them, raising her shrivelled hand, ‘but you couldn’t shut out the sound.’

‘No, no,’ said the other. ‘No, no, no.’

‘We heard what she was saying to you, and saw you take a paper from her hand. And the next day you went to the pawnbroker’s shop,’ said the first.

‘Yes,’ added the second, ‘and it was a locket and gold ring. We found out that. We were by. Oh! We were by.’

‘Would you like to see the pawnbroker himself?’ asked Mr. Brownlow with a motion towards the door.

‘No,’ replied the woman. ‘You are right. I sold those things to this man. And now 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.’

‘I hope,’ said Mr. Bumble, ‘**I hope that this unfortunate little circumstance will not deprive me of my parochial office?**’

‘Indeed it will,’ replied Mr. Brownlow.

Mr. Bumble fixed his hat on very tight, and putting his hands in his pockets, followed his wife downstairs.

‘Young lady,’ said Mr. Brownlow, turning to Rose, ‘give me your hand. Do not tremble. You need not fear to hear the few remaining words we have to say.’

‘Do you know this young lady?’ said Mr. Brownlow to Monks.

‘Yes,’ replied Monks.

‘I never saw you before,’ said Rose faintly.

‘I have seen you often,’ returned Monks.

‘The father of the unhappy Agnes had two daughters,’ said Mr. Brownlow. ‘What was the fate of the other — the child?’

‘My mother found her, after a year of cunning search she found the child. The child was taken by some poor people. My mother didn’t quite rely, however, on their poverty and the child’s unhappiness. So, changing all the details, she told them of her sister’s shame, she said that the child came of bad blood, and that she would go wrong at one time or another. And the people believed her words. But then a widow lady saw the girl by chance, pitied her, and took her home.’

‘Go on,’ said Mr. Brownlow, signing to Mrs. Maylie to approach. ‘Go on!’

‘In spite of all our efforts she remained there and was happy. I lost sight of her, two or three years ago, and saw her no more until a few months back.’

‘Do you see her now?’ said Mr. Brownlow.

‘Yes. Here she is,’ said Monks, pointing to Rose.

‘I would not lose her now, for all the treasures of the world,’ cried Mrs. Maylie, folding the fainting girl in her arms. ‘My dearest child, my sweet companion, my own dear girl! Come, come, my love, remember who this is, who waits to clasp you in his arms, poor child! See here — look, look, my dear,’ said Mrs. Maylie, embracing her tenderly.

‘Not aunt!’ cried Oliver, throwing his arms about Rose’s neck; ‘I’ll never call you aunt! Sister, my own dear sister. Rose, dear, darling Rose!’

Joy and grief were mingled in the cup that evening; but there were no bitter tears.

Monks signed all the papers. The remaining property was equally divided between Monks and Oliver. According to his father’s will Oliver was to get all; but Mr. Brownlow and Oliver decided to give Monks a chance to alter. Alas! He once more fell into his old courses and consequently died in prison.

Fagin was tried in court, the jury found him guilty, and for all his crimes he was sent to the gallows.

Mr. Bumble was deprived of his position. Finally he and his wife became paupers in that very same workhouse.

Charley Bates **arrived at the conclusion** that an honest life was the best. He turned his back upon the scenes of the past. He struggled hard and suffered much for some time, but he succeeded in the end and became the merriest young **herdsman** in all **Northamptonshire**.

Mr. Brownlow adopted Oliver as his son, removing with the old housekeeper and Oliver to a house in the country, where his dear friends lived. 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. And they were truly happy.

Helpful Words & Notes

noose *n* — петля

foot (feet) *n* — фут; мера длины, составляет одну треть ярда = 30,48 см

inherit *v* — наследовать

spouse *n* — супруг, супруга

pawnbroker *n* — ростовщик, ссужающий деньги под залог

I hope that this unfortunate little circumstance will not deprive me of my parochial office? — Надеюсь, это небольшое печальное обстоятельство не лишит меня моей должности в приходе?

arrive at the conclusion — приходить к заключению

herdsman *n* — скотовод

Northamptonshire — Нортгемптоншир; графство в центральной части Англии

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Why did Sikes climb out onto the roof and what happened then?
- 2) Who was there in the room?
- 3) What were the provisions of Edwin Leeford's will?
- 4) What did Edward's mother do with the will?
- 5) What did Edward's mother tell her son on her deathbed?
- 6) What did the two old women say?
- 7) How did it happen that Oliver met his aunt that evening?
- 8) How was the remaining property divided?
- 9) What kind of chance did Mr. Brownlow and Oliver give to Monks? How did he use this chance?
- 10) What happened finally to Fagin?
- 11) What did Mr. Bumble and his spouse become?
- 12) At what conclusion did Charley Bates arrive?
- 13) Who adopted Oliver?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Alas! He once more fell into his old courses and consequently died in prison.

- 2) The remaining property was equally divided between Monks and Oliver.
- 3) Monks signed all the papers.
- 4) Before they parted they heard the truth from Monks's own lips.
- 5) But Mr. Brownlow and Oliver decided to give Monks a chance to alter.
- 6) According to his father's will Oliver was to get all.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) Oliver was the son of Mr. Brownlow's dear friend Edwin Leeford and poor young Agnes Fleming, who died in giving him birth.
- 2) According to the will, a boy could inherit the money unconditionally; but for a girl there was a condition.
- 3) Oliver met his sister that evening.
- 4) Fagin once more fell into his old courses and consequently died in prison.
- 5) Mr. Bumble arrived at the conclusion that an honest life was the best and became the merriest herdsman in all Northamptonshire.

4 Fill in prepositions: *from, for, of, to, in, upon, with.*

- 1) 'This child,' said Mr. Brownlow, drawing Oliver _____ him, and laying his hand _____ his head, 'is your half-brother; the son _____ your father, my dear friend Edwin Leeford, and poor young Agnes Fleming, who died _____ giving him birth.'
- 2) _____ a boy there was a condition — he could not get his share if he stained his name _____ any public act _____ dishonour.
- 3) 'I bought them _____ the man and woman I told you _____, who stole them _____ the nurse,' answered Monks.
- 4) Fagin was tried _____ court, the jury found him guilty, and _____ all his crimes he was sent _____ the gallows.

5) Mr. Brownlow went _____, _____ day _____ day, filling the mind _____ his adopted child _____ stores _____ knowledge, and becoming attached _____ him, more and more.

5 Put the verbs, given in brackets, in the right tense form.

- 1) Monks (cast) a look of hate at the boy and (sit) down near the door.
- 2) A girl (can) inherit the money unconditionally; but for a boy there (be) a condition.
- 3) 'I (buy) them from the man and woman I (tell) you of, who (steal) them from the nurse,' (answer) Monks without raising his eyes.
- 4) I (swear) to her, if ever he (cross) my path, to hunt him down with all the hatred I (feel).
- 5) He once more (fall) into his old courses and consequently (die) in prison.

6 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Edward's father knew nothing of them, for _____ .
- 2) Edward swore to his mother that if _____ .
- 3) According to his father's will Oliver was to get all; but _____ .
- 4) Mr. Bumble was deprived of his position and finally _____ .
- 5) Charley Bates arrived at the conclusion that _____ .

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why did Monks want Oliver to become a thief?
- 2) Why didn't Mr. Bumble invite the pawnbroker into the room?
- 3) Do you think it right that Mr. Bumble was deprived of his position because of the 'unfortunate little circumstance,' as he put it?
- 4) Do you think that the book has a happy end? Why?

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