CHARLES DICKENS

A Tale of Two Cities

Retold by Stephen Colbourn
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It was the year 1775. A coach was going from London to Dover. The road was wet and muddy. The horses pulled the heavy coach slowly.

A man on a horse came along the road behind the coach. He was riding quickly.

‘Stop!’ shouted the rider.

‘What do you want?’ asked the coach driver.

‘I have a message!’ shouted the rider. He stopped his horse in front of the coach. The coach also stopped.

‘The message is for Mr Jarvis Lorry,’ said the rider.
A man looked out of the window of the coach. He was about sixty years old and he wore old-fashioned clothes. He saw the rider and asked, ‘What news do you bring, Jerry?’

‘Do you know this man, sir?’ asked the coach driver. ‘There are robbers on this road.’

‘I know him,’ replied the old man. ‘His name is Jerry Cruncher. He has come from my bank. Jerry Cruncher is a messenger, not a robber.’

‘Here is a letter for you, Mr Lorry,’ the messenger said. ‘Mr Tellson wants you to wait at the Royal George Inn at Dover. A young lady will travel to Paris with you.’

‘Thank you, Jerry,’ Mr Lorry said. He took the letter. ‘I will wait in Dover. Good night.’
To Mr Jarvis Lorry

We have news from Tellson's Bank in Paris. Doctor Manette is alive. He is living at the wine shop of Monsieur and Madame Defarge in St Antoine, Paris. Doctor Manette is ill. He was in prison for eighteen years.

Lucie Manette - Doctor Manette's daughter - will meet you in Dover. Go to the Royal George Inn, in Dover. Wait for Lucie Manette there.

Lucie has never met her father. Take Lucie to Paris with you. Then bring Doctor Manette and Lucie back to London.

Tellson
Mr Lorry waited at the Royal George Inn at Dover. Miss Lucie Manette arrived the next day. She was about eighteen years old and she had long golden hair.

‘Miss Manette,’ said Mr Lorry, ‘I work for Tellson’s Bank. There is a Tellson’s Bank in London and a Tellson’s Bank in Paris. I often travel between the two cities.’

‘Twenty years ago, your father came to Tellson’s Bank in Paris,’ said Mr Lorry. ‘He left some money in the bank.’

‘Yes,’ said Lucie Manette. ‘My father went to prison and he died. My mother told me about Tellson’s Bank. My mother brought me to England. I was very young. I have lived in England all my life. But my mother taught me French.’

‘My mother died a few years ago,’ Lucie said. ‘And Tellson’s Bank took care of me.’

‘Your father went to prison,’ Mr Lorry said. ‘But he did not go to court. There was no trial.’

‘That is right,’ said Lucie. ‘My father died in prison.’

‘No, my dear,’ said Mr Lorry. ‘I have news of your father. He did not die in prison. He is alive and he is living in Paris. I will take you to him.’

Lucie Manette put her hand to her face. ‘Miss Pross!’ she said loudly. Then she fainted. She fell into Mr Lorry’s arms.

A large woman with red hair ran into the room.

‘I will take care of her!’ she shouted. ‘I am Miss Pross – Miss Manette’s companion.’