

Student Name

Book The Second: Blood, Wine, Red

Chapter One:

“Exceedingly red-eyed and grim, as if he had been up all night at a party which had taken anything but a convivial turn, Jerry Cruncher worried his breakfast rather than ate it, growling over it like any four-footed inmate of a menagerie” (58).

Chapter Two:

“It was famous, too, for the pillory, a wise old institution, that inflicted a punishment of which no one could foresee the extent; also, for the whipping-post, another dear old institution, very humanising and softening to behold in action; also, for extensive transactions in blood-money, another fragment of ancestral wisdom, systematically leading to the most frightful mercenary crimes that could be committed under Heaven” (61).

Chapter Three:

None

Chapter Four:

“Here, they were shown into a little room, where Charles Darnay was soon recruiting his strength with a good plain dinner and good wine: while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table, with his separate bottle of port before him, and his fully half-insolent manner upon him” (83).

Chapter Five:

“A kettle steamed upon the hob, and in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, and brandy, and rum, and sugar, and lemons” (88).

Chapter Six:

“It proceeded from Miss Pross, the wild red woman, strong of hand, whose acquaintance he had first made at the Royal George Hotel at Dover, and had since improved” (95).

Chapter Seven:

“ ‘Pick up that, philosopher and vendor of wine,” said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin, ‘and spend it as you will’ ” (112).

Chapter Eight:

“The sunset struck so brilliantly into the travelling carriage when it gained the hill-top, that its occupant was steeped in crimson” (114).

Chapter Nine:

“In the glow, the water of the chateau fountain seemed to turn to blood, and the stone faces crimsoned” (128).

Chapter Ten:

“Passing lightly across the intermediate room, she looked in at his door and came running back frightened, crying to herself, with her blood all chilled, ‘What shall I do! What shall I do!’ ” (138).

Chapter Eleven:

“It had taken a deal of extra wet-towelling to pull him through the night; a correspondingly extra quantity of wine had preceded the towelling; and he was in a very damaged condition, as he now pulled his turban off and threw it into the basin in which he had steeped it at intervals for the last six hours” (139).

Chapter Twelve:

None

Chapter Thirteen:

“Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered there, when wine had brought no transitory gladness to him; many a dreary daybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there, and still lingering there when the first beams of the sun brought into strong relief, removed beauties of architecture in spires of churches and lofty buildings, as perhaps the quiet time brought some sense of better things, else forgotten and unattainable, into his mind” (150).

Chapter Fourteen:

“Who could sit upon anything in Fleet-street during the busy hours of the day, and not be dazed and deafened by two immense processions, one ever tending westward with the sun, the other ever tending eastward from the sun, both ever tending to the plains beyond the range of red and purple where the sun goes down!” (155).

Chapter Fifteen:

“There had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge” (165).

Chapter Sixteen:

“Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her, and if she now and then glanced at the flower, it was with no infraction of her usual preoccupied air” (181).

Chapter Seventeen:

“His collected and calm manner could not prevent her blood from running cold, as he thus tried to anatomise his old condition” (191).

Chapter Eighteen:

“But, it was the old scared lost look that troubled Mr. Lorry; and through his absent manner of clasp his head and drearily wandering away into his own room when they got up-stairs, Mr. Lorry was reminded of Defarge the wine-shop keeper, and the starlight ride” (196).

Chapter Nineteen:

None.

Chapter Twenty:

“On the drunken occasion in question (one of a large number, as you know), I was insufferable about liking you, and not liking you” (208).

Chapter Twenty One:

“For, they are headlong, mad, and dangerous; and in the years so long after the breaking of the cask at Defarge's wine-shop door, they are not easily purified when once stained red” (223).

Chapter Twenty Two:

“The men were terrible, in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they had, and came pouring down into the streets; but, the women were a sight to chill the boldest” (225).

Chapter Twenty Three:

“As the road-mender plied his dusty labour, and the hail-clouds, rolling away, revealed bright bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape, the little man (who wore a red cap now, in place of his blue one) seemed fascinated by the figure on the heap of stones” (231).

Chapter Twenty Four:

“For, the footsteps had become to their minds as the footsteps of a people, tumultuous under a red flag and with their country declared in danger, changed into wild beasts, by terrible enchantment long persisted in” (236).