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# OLIVER TWIST

Literary  
Reader

2



**Kurdistan Region  
Ministry of Education**

**LITERARY READER II**

**OLIVER TWIST**

**by**

**Charles Dickens**

**Simplified by**

Khalil I. Al-Hamash, ph.D

Aziz Y. Al Muttalibi, M.A.

Adnan J. Radhi, M.A.

Ra'ad Ahmad, M.A.

Samir Abdul Rahim, M.Ed

Khudhayer S. Al-Khazraji, Dip.E

**Re-written by**

**Thamir Y. Taha, M.A.**

**Adnan J. Radhi, M.A.**

Revised by  
**Sardar Saida Fattah**

Art Supervisor  
**Sabbh Saed Abdulla**  
**Kareem Maulowd Hama saleh**

## **Contents**

	<b>Page</b>
Preface	VI
Note on Charles Dickens	VII
Important Names	VIII
Names of Places	VIII
Chapter One	1
Chapter Two	11
Chapter Three	24
Chapter Four	37
Chapter Five	49
Chapter Six	65
Chapter Seven	83
Chapter Eight	97
Chapter Nine	113
Chapter Ten	132
Chapter Eleven	145
Chapter Twelve	161
Chapter Thirteen	178

## PREFACE

Dickens's *Oliver Twist* is one of the world's classics. The novel has been simplified and provided with vocabulary lists, illustrations, open-ended questions for discussion in the classroom as well as reading comprehension exercises to be assigned as homework. The book constitutes the second literary reader in a series of three literary readers intended for developing extensive reading skills among secondary school pupils.

## NOTE ON CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens the author of *Oliver Twist*, was born in Landport, Portsmouth, on the 7th of February, 1812. As his parents were poor, he had none of the ease and happiness that more fortunate children normally enjoy. His father, an ordinary clerk who worked hard but earned little, was very often in debt. He even had to be sent to prison once for failing to pay back his creditors.

Dickens, who was still a boy, had to give up his regular education at school and look for a job to earn his living. He was first employed in a blacking factory, where he suffered from overwork and bad treatment. Later on, he learned shorthand and found a new job at a solicitor's office, where he gained firsthand knowledge of the law.

In spite of the pressure of work, young Dickens managed to spare enough time for self-education. He read the works of famous novelists, and made regular visits to the British Museum, where he would spend long hours studying books and periodicals on various subjects. In 1835, after years of hardship and struggle, he joined the staff of a famous newspaper in London. For the next seventeen years, he kept travelling round the country and writing newspaper reports and articles on various aspects of British life.

Through journalism, Dickens gradually made his way into the wide world of literature. He wrote many novels, short stories and sketches that aroused great public interest. Most of his novels, which first appeared as newspaper serials before they were published in book form, are still widely read and enjoyed up to this day.

Dickens's favourite themes are crime, poverty and the problems of childhood. In most of his literary works, he tries to uncover the roots of evil and suffering in society. By drawing attention to the social problems of his time, he hoped to stir the public conscience. He wanted people to see that social injustice existed and that it was necessary for them to do something about it. Dickens died in 1870, confident that he had done much to help the poor, the fatherless and the outcasts in his country to have a more decent life.

## IMPORTANT CHARACTERS

Agnes	/ˈagnis/	Oliver's mother
Mrs. Bedwin	/ˈmisiz ˈbedwin/	Mr. Brownlow's housekeeper
Bill Sikes	/bil saiks/	a member of Fagin's gang
Mr. Brownlow	/ˈmistə/ ˈbraunlou/	a gentleman
Mr. Bumble	/ˈmistə bʌmbl/	a workhouse beadle
Charlie Bates	/ˈtʃa:li beits/	a member of Fagin's gang
Edward Leeford	/ˈedwəd ˈli:fəd/	Monks's real name
Giles	/dʒaɪlz/	the head servant of the Maylies
Fagin	/ˈfeɪɡɪn/	a Jew - the leader of a gang of robbers
Harry Maylie	/ˈhəri ˈmeili/	Mrs. Maylie's son
Jack Dawkins	/dʒak ˈdo:kinz/	(the Artful Dodger) - a member of Fagin's gang
Dr. Losberne	/ˈdɒktə ˈlozb:n/	a friend of the Maylies
Monks	/mʌŋks/	Oliver's step-brother
Mrs. Maylie	/ˈmisiz ˈmeili/	an old lady
Nancy	/ˈnansi/	a member of Fagin's gang
Noah Claypole	/ˈnouə ˈkleɪpəʊl/	Mr. Sowerberry's apprentice
Oliver Twist	/ˈɒlɪvə ˈtwɪst/	the central character in the novel - an orphan
Rose Maylie	/ˈrouz ˈmeili/	Agnes's young sister
Mr. Sowerberry	/ˈmistə ˈsauðberi/	an undertaker

## NAMES OF PLACES

Chertsey	/tʃɜ:tsi/
London	/ˈlɒndən/
London Bridge	/ˈlɒndən ˈbrɪdʒ/
The Thames	/ ðə ˈteɪmz/
The Three Cripples	/ ðə ˈθri: ˈkriplz/
The West Indies	/ ðə ˈwest ˈɪndi:z/



## **CHAPTER 1**

**A. Oliver Twist was born in a workhouse. His mother died at his birth. Nobody knew where she had come from or who her family was. Oliver's father had died just a few months before Oliver's birth, and therefore nothing was known about him. Oliver was thus left to the mercy of the hard-hearted workers and wardens who ran the workhouse. He was brought up as an orphan of a workhouse, humble and half-starved, despised by all and pitied by none.**

**For the next eight or ten months, Oliver was the victim of bad treatment and hunger. Later the workhouse authorities decided to move him to a branch workhouse, where thirty other orphans lived under bad conditions. The food was very little and the children were badly dressed. The woman who ran the workhouse received from the government weekly payment for each child. But she used to keep**

the greater part of the weekly money for her own use, and gave the children hardly enough to keep them alive.

**B.** When Oliver was nine years old, he was a pale, weak child, very thin and rather below average height. But he was very lively. Oliver spent his ninth birthday in the coalcellar with two other children. They had been beaten and locked up for daring to say they were hungry.

At this time, Mr. Bumble, an official from the main workhouse, arrived. The mistress of the branch workhouse was startled by this sudden visit. She whispered to her assistant to take Oliver and the two other children out of the cell and wash them.

Mr. Bumble was a fat man who was full of a sense of his own importance. The purpose of his unexpected visit was to take Oliver back to the main workhouse.

Oliver was quickly washed and led into the room.

"Make a bow to the gentleman, Oliver," said the mistress and Oliver obeyed.

"Will you go along with me Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble with a haughty voice.

Oliver was about to say yes, when he caught sight of the mistress. She was now standing

behind Mr. Bumble's chair and was shaking her fist at him. Oliver understood her threat.

"Will she go with me, sir?" he said.

"No, she can't," said Mr. Bumble.

Oliver pretended to be very sad at going away. It was easy for him to call tears into his eyes. Hunger and bad treatment are great helpers if you want to cry; and Oliver cried very naturally indeed. The mistress gave him a piece of bread and butter, lest he should seem too hungry when he got to the workhouse. Oliver was led away by Mr. Bumble from the miserable home where one kind word or look had never lighted the darkness of his early years.

C. Life in the workhouse was very severe. The board that managed it had their own rules. The children had to work to earn their living. They should be given three meals of thin soup a day, with an onion twice a week and a piece of bread on Sunday.

Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the pain of slow starvation for three months. At last they held a meeting to discuss the matter. They decided that Oliver should walk up to the cook after supper that evening and ask for more food.

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The cook stood beside his huge pot with two assistants behind him. The soup was served out and it quickly disappeared. Then the boys whispered to each other and made signs at Oliver. He rose from the table and went forward to the cook, bowl in hand.

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The cook was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed at Oliver with horror and astonishment.

"What?" he said with a faint voice.

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

The cook at once hit Oliver on the head with his big spoon, held him tight and cried out for Mr. Bumble.

Mr. Bumble arrived immediately. When he knew what had happened, he rushed to the room where the members of the board were meeting and said to the chairman, "I beg your pardon, sir, but Oliver Twist has asked for more."

There was a general alarm. Horror was on every face.

"What?" cried the chairman. "Do you mean he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper given by the board?"



**"He did, sir," replied Bumble.**

**"That boy will be hanged," said one of the members.**

**Oliver was locked up at once. Next morning a notice was put up on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist as an apprentice.**

**D. Mr. Bumble was returning one day to the workhouse when he met Mr. Sowerberry, the undertaker, at the gate. He was a tall, bony man dressed in a worn-out black suit.**

**"I have taken the measure of the two women that died last night, Mr. Bumble."**

**"You'll make a lot of money, Mr. Sowerberry," said Mr. Bumble.**

**"Think so?" said the undertaker. "The prices allowed by the board are very small, Mr. Bumble."**

**"So are the coffins," replied Mr. Bumble and Mr. Sowerberry laughed a long time at this joke.**

**"Well, well, Mr. Bumble," he said at last. "I can't deny that since the new system of feeding has started, the coffins are somewhat narrower than they used to be. But we must have some profit. Wood is expensive."**

**"Hm," said Mr. Bumble and looked closely**

at Mr. Sowerberry, "Do you know anyone who wants a boy?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the undertaker. "That's the very thing I wanted to speak to you about. You know, Mr. Bumble, I think I'll take the boy myself."

Mr. Bumble took the undertaker by the arm and led him into the building. It was quickly arranged that Oliver should go to him that evening.



## Glossary

<b>A. workhouse</b>	/wə:khaus/	ملجأ
birth	/bɜ:θ/	ولادة
mercy	/mɜ:si/	رحمة
hard-hearted	/hɑ:dha:tɪd/	قاسي القلب
wardens	/wɔ:dnz/	خزائن
ran	/ræn/	اداروا
orphan	/o:fn/	يتيم
humble	/hʌmbəl/	ذليل
half-starved	/hɑ:f 'stɑ:vɪd/	جائع
despised	/dis'paɪzd/	محتقر
pitied by none	/pi:tɪd baɪ nʌn/	لا يعطف عليه احد
victim	/vɪktɪm/	ضحية
treatment	/tri:tment/	معاملة
authorities	/o:θɔrətɪz/	سلطات
move	/mu:v/	ينقل ، يحول
branch	/brɑ:ntʃ/	فرع
conditions	/kən'dɪʃnz/	احوال ، ظروف
payment	/peɪmənt/	أجر
<b>B. pale</b>	/peɪl/	شاحب
average	/ə'verɪdʒ/	متوسط ، معدل
height	/haɪt/	طول
lively	/laɪvli/	حيوي ، نشط
locked up	/lɒkt'ʌp/	خسوا
daring (from dare)	/deərɪŋ/	تحاشر
official	/ə'fɪʃl/	موظف
mistress	/mɪstrɪs/	مديرة
startled	/stɑ:tld/	خفل
whispered	/wɪspəd/	همس
assistant	/ə'sɪstənt/	معاون ، مساعد



cell	/sel/	زئارة
purpose	/pə:ps/	عزمى
make a bow	/meik ə'bau/	إبحر
obeyed	/ə'beid/	اطاع
haughty	/ho:ti/	متكبر
caught sight of	/ko:t 'sait əv/	لمح
fist	/fist/	قبضة اليد
threat	/θret/	تهديد
pretended	/pri'tendid/	نظاظر
naturally	/natʃ rəli/	بصورة طبيعية
severe	/silviə/	قاسى
Board	/bo:d/	مجلس الادارة
earn their living	/ə:n ʒeə 'livɪŋ/	يكسبوا عيشهم
soup	/su:p/	شورة
onions	/ʌniənz/	بصل
companions	/kəm'paniənz/	اصحاب
suffered	/sʌfəd/	قاسوا من
starvation	/sta:'veɪʃn/	الموت جوعا
discuss	/di'skʌs/	يناقش
huge	/hju:dʒ/	ضخم
pot	/pɒt/	فقر
served out	/sə:vd 'aut/	قدّمت
disappeared	/disə'piəd/	اختفت
made signs	/meɪd 'sainz/	أشّر
bowl	/boul/	طاسة
gazed	/geɪzd/	حدّق
horror	/hɒrə/	رعب
astonishment	/ə'stonɪʃmənt/	استغراب
faint	/feɪnt/	خافت
held him tight	/held him 'taɪt/	مسكه بقوة

immediately	/ilmi: dʒətli/	حالاً
rushed	/rʌʃt/	أبدع
alarm	/ə'la:m/	ذعر
hanged	/hæŋd/	يشنق
notice	/ˈnəʊtɪs/	إعلان
reward	/ri'wɔ:d/	مكافأة
apprentice	/ə'prentɪs/	متدرب ، صانع
undertaker	/ˌʌndə'teɪkə/	دفن
bony	/ˈbəʊni/	بارز العظام
worn-out	/wɔ:n 'aʊt/	متهزئ
measure	/ˈmeɪʒə/	قياس
coffins	/ˈkɒfɪnz/	نوابيت
deny	/dɪ'naɪ/	ينكر
profit	/ˈprɒfɪt/	ربح
closely	/ˈkləʊsli/	بدقة



## CHAPTER 2

A. Mr. Sowerberry, the undertaker, had just closed his shop when Mr. Bumble and Oliver arrived.

“Here, Mr. Sowerberry, I’ve brought the boy.” Oliver made a bow.

“Oh! That’s the boy, is it?” said the undertaker raising a candle above his head to get a better view of Oliver. Then he turned his head to a door that led to a room behind the shop.

“Mrs. Sowerberry, will you come here, please?”

Mrs. Sowerberry, a short, thin, quarrelsome woman, came in.

“My dear,” said Mr. Sowerberry respectfully, “this is the boy I told you of.” Oliver bowed again.

“Dear me!” she said. “He’s very small.”

“Why, he is rather small,” replied Mr. Bumble, “but he’ll grow, Mrs. Sowerberry — he’ll grow.”

“Yes, he will,” replied Mrs. Sowerberry, “on our food and drink. I see no profit in these children. They always cost more to keep than they’re worth.” She then turned to Oliver and said, “There! Get downstairs, little bag of bones.”

The undertaker’s wife opened a side door and pushed Oliver down some stairs into a damp and dark room which was used as a kitchen. A girl, in worn-out shoes and torn blue stockings, was sitting there. She was Mrs. Sowerberry’s servant.

“Here,” shouted Mrs. Sowerberry to the girl. “Give this boy some of the cold bits of meat that were put up for the dog.”

Oliver’s eyes shone at the mention of meat.

“Come with me,” said Mrs. Sowerberry when Oliver had finished his supper. She took a dim and dirty lamp and led the way upstairs. “Your bed is under the counter. You don’t mind sleeping among the coffins, I suppose? You can’t sleep anywhere else.”

Oliver obediently followed his new mistress.

**B.** In the morning, Oliver was awakened by a loud kicking at the shop-door. When he began to unfasten the chain, an angry voice

shouted, "Open the door, will you?"

"I will, directly, sir," replied Oliver, turning the key.

"I suppose you are the new boy, aren't you?" said the voice through the key-hole.

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver.

"How old are you?" inquired the voice.

"Ten, sir,"

"Then I'll whip you when I get in," said the voice.

Oliver opened the door with a trembling hand and saw a big boy, sitting on a post in front of the house and eating a slice of bread and butter.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Oliver, "did you knock?"

"I kicked," replied the big boy.

"Did you want a coffin, sir?" inquired Oliver innocently.

"You will soon need one if you make jokes with your superiors in that way. You don't know who I am, I suppose?" said the boy as he came towards Oliver.

"No, sir."

"I'm Mister Noah Claypole," said the boy. "You're under me." As he said it, Noah kicked Oliver and entered the shop. He went

downstairs to the kitchen and Oliver followed him.

"Come near the fire, Noah" said the servant. "I saved a nice little bit of meat for you from master's breakfast. Oliver, shut that door at Mr. Noah's back, and take your tea to that box and drink it there. Do you hear?"

"Do you hear, Workhouse?" said Noah Claypole.

At this the servant burst into a laugh. Noah joined her and then they both looked scornfully at Oliver, as he sat trembling on the box in the coldest corner of the room, and at the broken pieces which had been especially reserved for him.

C. About a month later, Mr. Sowerberry and Mrs. Sowerberry were taking their supper when Mr. Sowerberry said suddenly, "Darling," Then he stopped short.

"Well," said Mrs. Sowerberry, sharply.

"Er... It's only about young Twist. There's an expression of sadness in his face, which is very interesting. He would make a good mourner in funerals, especially those of children. My business will then increase, and I'll make good money."

The idea pleased Mrs. Sowerberry and it



was arranged that Oliver should be at once introduced to the business. He would accompany his master on the next funeral as a mourner.

It was a sickly season just at this time. Measles was everywhere and it brought death to a lot of infants. Coffins were selling well and Mr. Sowerberry was making a lot of money. In a few weeks, Oliver acquired a great deal of experience. He was often seen heading mourning processions to the admiration and emotion of all the mothers in the town.

**D.** For several months Oliver endured the ill-treatment of Noah Claypole without complaint. Noah was jealous of Oliver, especially when he saw that Oliver was progressing in the undertaking trade. One day something happened that produced a change in Oliver's life.

Oliver and Noah went down to the kitchen at the usual dinner hour. Noah put his feet on the table-cloth, pulled Oliver's hair and pinched his ear, in order to annoy him. Seeing that Oliver did not cry, he said to him, "Work-house, how is your mother?"

"She's dead," replied Oliver. "Don't say anything about her to me."



Oliver's colour rose as he said this and he breathed quickly. Noah noticed this.

"What did she die of, Workhouse?" he said.

"Of a broken heart, they told me," said Oliver, as a tear rolled down his cheek.

"What has made you cry now?"

"Not *you*," replied Oliver, hastily brushing the tear away.

"Oh, not me, eh!" sneered Noah.

"No, not you," replied Oliver, sharply. "There, that's enough. Don't say anything more about her; you'd better not!"

"Better not!" exclaimed Noah. "Well! Better not! Look, Workhouse, your mother was a bad woman."

"What did you say?" inquired Oliver, looking up very quickly.

"A bad woman, Workhouse," replied Noah coolly.

Red with anger, Oliver started up, overturned the chair and table, seized Noah by the throat, shook him violently and gave him a heavy blow that knocked him down.

"He'll murder me!" shouted Noah. "Help! Help!"

His shouts were answered by a loud scream from the servant and a louder one from Mrs.

Sowerberry. They rushed into the kitchen.

"Oh, you little wretch!" screamed the servant seizing Oliver with all her force and giving him several blows. Mrs. Sowerberry held Oliver with one hand and scratched his face with the other. Noah rose from the ground and beat him with his fist from behind. Then the three dragged Oliver, who was struggling and shouting, into the cellar, and locked him up there.

"Run to Mr. Bumble, Noah," said Mrs. Sowerberry, as she sank into a chair. "Tell him to come here immediately."

Noah left the house quickly and ran towards the workhouse.

E. Noah arrived at the workhouse gate.

"Mr. Bumble! Mr. Bumble!" he cried loudly.

Mr. Bumble, who happened to be nearby, rushed into the yard of the workhouse without his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Bumble, sir!" said Noah. "Oliver, sir, Oliver has —"

"What? What?" interrupted Mr. Bumble. "Not run away, has he, Noah?"

"No, sir, no," cried Noah, "but he's turned violent. He tried to murder me, sir, and

then tried to murder Mrs. Sowerberry."

Mr. Bumble took his cane and hurried to the undertaker's shop.

Mr. Sowerberry at that time was out. Oliver was still kicking at the cellar door when Mr. Bumble arrived. Mr. Bumble thought it wise to talk to the boy before he opened the door.

"Oliver!"

"Come. Let me out!" replied Oliver from the inside.

"Do you know this voice, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble.

"Yes," replied Oliver.

"Aren't you afraid of it?" said Mr. Bumble.

"No!" replied Oliver boldly.

Mr. Bumble stepped back with astonishment.

"He must be mad," said Mrs. Sowerberry.

"It's not madness, madam," replied Mr. Bumble, after a moment's deep thinking. "It is meat."

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Sowerberry.

"Meat, madam, meat," replied Mr. Bumble. "You've overfed him, madam. If you had kept the boy on soup, this would never have happened."

At this moment, Mr Sowerberry returned. Oli-

ver's offence was explained to him with a lot of exaggeration. He unlocked the cellar-door and dragged Oliver by the collar.

"Now, you're a nice young fellow, aren't you?" said Sowerberry, giving Oliver a shake and a box on the ear.

"He called my mother names," replied Oliver.

"Well, and what if he did?" said Mrs. Sowerberry. "She deserved what he said, and worse."

"She didn't," said Oliver.

"She did," said Mrs. Sowerberry.

"It's a lie," said Oliver.

Mrs. Sowerberry burst into a flood of tears. Mr. Sowerberry and Mr. Bumble gave Oliver a good beating and shut him up in the back kitchen all the day. At night Mrs. Sowerberry ordered him to his miserable bed.

Oliver remained silent for a long time. An idea was forming in his head. He looked around him and listened. Then he stood up and tied up the few articles of clothing he had. Having done this, he sat down to wait for morning. With the first ray of light, he went to the door and carefully opened it. After a moment's hesitation, he closed it behind him and stood in the open street.

## Glossary

<b>A. candle</b>	/ˈkændl/	شمعة
get a better view	/ˈget əˈbeta ˈvjuː/	يُلمَي نظرة أفضل
quarrelsome	/ˈkwɔrlsəm/	مُشاكبة
respectfully	/ˈrɪspektfʊli/	باحترام
stairs	/steəz/	درجات (السلم)
stockings	/ˈstɒkɪŋz/	جوارب طويلة
bits	/bɪts/	قطع صغيرة
put up	/ˈput ʌp/	خُجِزَت
mention	/ˈmenʃn/	ذكر
dim	/dɪm/	معتَم
obediently	/əˈbiːdiəntli/	بطاعة
<b>B. unfasten</b>	/ʌnˈfɑːsn/	يُفكّ ، يفتح
directly	/dɪˈrektli/	حالا
inquired	/ɪnˈkwaiəd/	سأل
whip	/wɪp/	سوط
trembling	/ˈtremblɪŋ/	مرتجف
post	/pəʊst/	عمود خشبي
slice	/sleɪs/	قطعة
innocently	/ɪnəsntli/	ببراءة
make jokes	/ˈmeɪk ˈdʒouks/	تمزح
superiors	/səˈpiəriəz/	رؤساء (في العمل)
burst into a laugh	/ˈbɜːst ɪntu əˈlɑːf/	انفجر ضاحكا
joined	/dʒɔɪnd/	انضم إلى
scornfully	/ˈskoːnfʊli/	باحقار
reserved	/rɪˈzəːvd/	خُجِزَت
<b>C. stopped short</b>	/ˈstɒpt ʃɔːt/	توقفت فجأة
sharply	/ˈʃɑːpli/	بجدة
expression	/ɪkˈspreʃn/	تعبير

mourner	/mo:nə/	ناب (شخص يندب الموتي)
funeral	/fju:nərəl/	جنازة
accompany	/ə'kʌmpəni/	يصاحب ، يرافق
measles	/mi:zlz/	مرض الحصبة
infants	/'ɪnfənts/	اطفال صغار (رضع)
acquired	/ə'kwaiəd/	اكتسب
experience	/ɪk'spiəriəns/	خبرة
head	/hed/	برأس
mournful	/mo:nfʊl	موكب - جنازي
procession	/prə'seʃn/	
admiration	/əd'mə'reiʃn/	إعجاب
emotion	/i'mouʃn/	عاطفة
D. endured	/ɪn'djuəd/	تحمل
ill-treatment	/ɪl'tri:t'mənt/	معاملة سيئة
complaint	/kəm'pleɪnt/	شكوى
jealous	/dʒeləs/	غيور
progress	/prə'gres/	يتقدم
undertaking	/ˌʌndə'teɪkɪŋ/	دفن
trade	/treɪd/	تجارة
pinched	/pɪntʃt/	فحص
annoy	/ə'noi/	يزعج
rolled down	/ˈrəʊld ˈdaʊn/	انحدرت
cheek	/tʃi:k/	خد
coolly	/ˈku:li/	برود
overturned	/ˌoʊvətɑ:nd/	قلب
seized	/si:zd/	ملك بقوة
violently	/vaɪə'ləntli/	عنف
blow	/bləʊ/	ضربة
knocked him down	/ˈnɒkt hɪm'daʊn/	طرحته أرضاً
murder	/ˈmɜ:də/	قتل

scream	/skri:m/	صرخة
wretch	/retʃ/	وعد
scratched	/skratʃt/	خدش
dragged	/dragd/	جروا ، سحبوا
cellar	/sela/	سرداب
sank into a chair	/sank intu ə 'tʃeə/	تهافت على الكرسي
E. yard	/ja:d/	ساحة
interrupted	/intə'raptid/	قاطعه (بالكلام)
cane	/kein/	عصا
boldly	/'bouldli/	بتشجاعة
stepped back	/stept 'bak/	خطا الى الوراء
overfed	/ouvə'fed/	أطعمه أكثر من اللازم
offence	/ə'fens/	تجاوز ، اعتداء
exaggeration	/igzadzə'reiʃn/	مبالغة
unlocked	/ʌn'lɒkt/	فتح بالمتاح
collar	/'kɒlə/	ياقة
call names	/ko:l 'neimz/	يسم ، يسم
burst into a flood	/bɜ:st intu ə'flʌd	انفجرت بأكبة
of tears	əv'tiəz/	
shut him up	/ʃʌt him 'ʌp/	حجزه ، حبس
miserable	/'mizrəbl/	بائس ، تميم
was forming	/wəz'fo:miŋ/	كانت تتكون
ray	/rei/	شعاع
hesitation	/hezɪ'teɪʃn/	تردد

### CHAPTER 3

**A.** By eight o'clock that morning Oliver was nearly five miles away from the town. He ran as fast as he could. Then he sat down to rest by the side of a milestone and began to think, for the first time, where he had better go and try to live.

The milestone told him, in big letters, that he was now seventy miles from London. The name London reminded him of that large place where nobody — not even Mr. Bumble — could ever find him. So he jumped to his feet and walked forward.

Oliver walked all the day. He tasted nothing but dry bread. When night came, he slept in a field.

For six days, he struggled along the road. Early on the seventh morning, Oliver limped slowly into a small town on the road to London. Oliver sat, with bleeding feet, on a doorstep to rest.



Presently Oliver heard someone saying, "Hello! What's the trouble?"

He looked up and saw a big boy. The boy had little sharp and ugly eyes and was dressed in dirty clothes.

"I'm very hungry and tired," replied Oliver. "I have walked a long way. I have been walking for seven days."

"Walking for seven days!" said the big boy, "Hmm. I suppose you want some food. I'm a poor boy myself, but I have a little money and I'll pay. Get up and come with me."

The big boy, who had about him all the manners of a man, helped Oliver to rise and took him to a shop where he bought him some meat and bread.

"Going to London?" said the big boy when Oliver had finished his meal.

"Yes."

"Got any lodgings?"

"No."

"Money?"

"No."

The big boy whistled. Then he said, "I suppose you want some place to sleep in tonight, don't you?"

"I do indeed," answered Oliver.



**“Hm. Look, I know a respectable old gentleman who lives in London. He’ll give you lodgings for nothing if I introduce you to him.”**

**This offer pleased Oliver. It later led to a more friendly conversation between the two. Oliver knew that the big boy’s name was Jack Dawkins, but that among his close friends he was called “The Artful Dodger”.**

**Before nightfall, Oliver and the Artful Dodger set off towards London.**

**B. It was nearly eleven o’clock when Oliver and the Artful Dodger arrived in London. They passed through one of the ugliest and dirtiest parts of London until at last they reached an old house and the Dodger stopped there. Oliver felt frightened and thought of running away. But the Dodger caught him by the arm and pushed open the door of the house. He drew Oliver into the passage and closed the door behind him.**

**The Dodger gave a whistle and the light of a candle gleamed on the wall at the end of the passage; and a man’s face appeared.**

**“There are two of you,” said the man. “Who’s the other one?”**

**“A new friend,” replied the Dodger, pulling Oliver forward. “Is Fagin upstairs?”**

**“Yes,” the man replied and disappeared.**

**Oliver and his companion went upstairs. The Artful Dodger opened the door of a back room and drew Oliver after him.**

**The walls and ceiling of the room were perfectly black with age and dirt. There was a wooden table before the fire, on which there was a candle, three cups, a plate and some bread and butter. In a frying-pan on the fire there were some sausages and standing over them was a very old Jew. His evil-looking and ugly face was partly hidden by his thick red hair. He was dressed in a dirty gown. His attention seemed to be divided between the frying-pan and a number of silk handkerchiefs on a line. Several rough beds made of old sacks were placed side by side on the floor. Sitting round the table were five boys, none older than the Dodger. They were smoking and drinking. They crowded round the Dodger as he whispered a few words to the Jew. Then the Dodger turned round and looked at Oliver. So did the Jew himself.**

**“This is him, Fagin,” said the Dodger, “my friend, Oliver Twist.”**

**The Jew smiled and held Oliver’s hand. The other boys came round him and shook hands with him.**

**“We are very glad to see you, Oliver,” said the Jew. “Dodger, draw a chair near the fire for Oliver. Ah, you’re looking at the handkerchiefs, eh, my dear? There are many of them, aren’t there? We’ve just sorted them out, ready for the wash; that’s all, Oliver that’s all Ha! Ha! Ha!”**

**The Jew’s words were met by a loud shout from his young pupils and they all went to supper.**

**¶ When Oliver awoke the next morning, there was no other person in the room but the old Jew. He was making some coffee for breakfast.**

**Oliver was still half asleep. With his half-closed eyes he saw the Jew turn round, look at him and call him by the name. Oliver did not answer. He pretended to be asleep.**

**The Jew stepped gently to the door and fastened it. He then took out from a hole in the floor a small box and placed it on the table. His eyes shone as he raised the lid and looked in. He first took out a gold watch and examined it with deep pleasure. Then he took out some more watches, rings, bracelets and other pieces of jewellery.**

**Suddenly the Jew’s eyes fell on Oliver’s**

face. The boy was watching the Jew in silent curiosity. The Jew closed the box and held up a knife.

"What's that?" he shouted. "Why are you awake? What have you seen? Speak out, boy!"

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

"So you were not awake?" said the Jew, looking fiercely at the boy.

"No! No! Indeed, sir."

"It's all right, my dear," said the Jew, changing his tone. "Of course I know that. I only tried to frighten you. You're a brave boy. Ha! Ha! Ha! You're a brave boy, Oliver!"

The Jew looked at the box and said, "There's a jug of water in the corner by the door. Bring it here and I'll give you a basin to wash in, my dear."

Oliver got up, walked across the room and then bent to raise the jug. When he turned his head, the box was gone.

**D.** Later that morning, the Dodger and another boy came back.

"Oliver," said the Dodger. "This is Char-

ley Bates. He's one of us." Oliver and Charley Bates shook hands and then they all sat down to breakfast.

"Well," said the Jew, looking at Oliver and speaking to the Dodger. "I hope you've been at work this morning?"

"Sure," replied the Dodger.

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

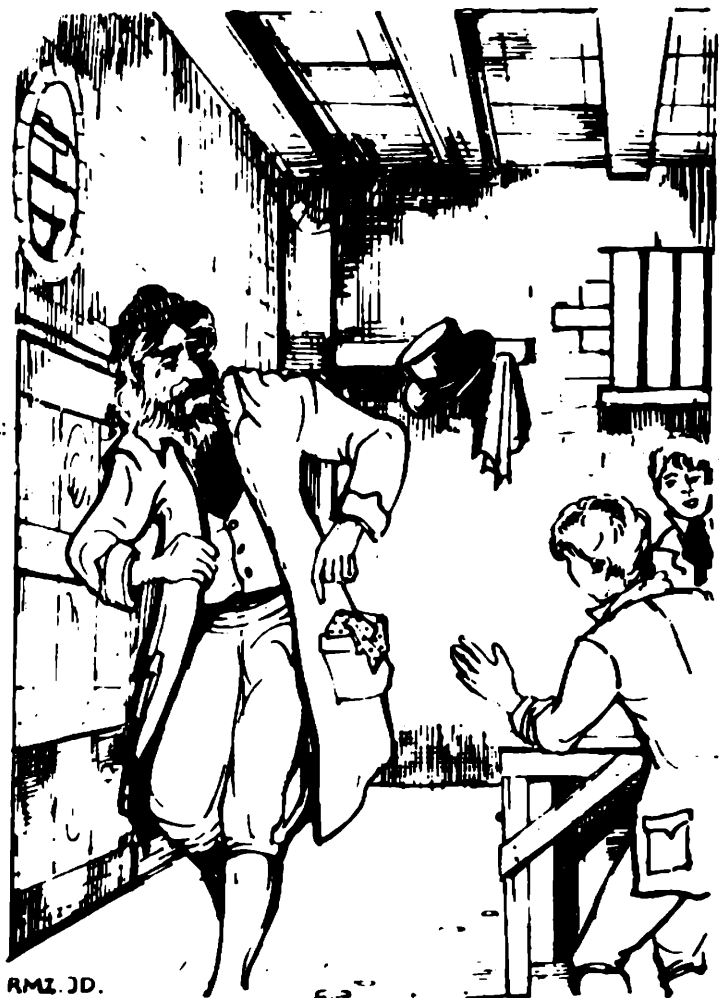
"A couple of wallets," replied the Dodger, producing two wallets.

"And what have you got?" said Fagin to Charley Bates.

"Handkerchiefs," replied Charley, producing four handkerchiefs.

"Well," said the Jew, inspecting them closely, "they're very good ones, very. The marks on them must be taken out with a needle. We'll teach Oliver how to do it."

After breakfast Fagin and the two boys played a strange game. The old Jew put a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a wallet in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat pocket. Then he walked up and down the room with a stick in his hand. He was playing the part of an old man walking about the street. Sometimes he stopped at the fire-place, and sometimes at the door, pre-





tending that he was staring into shop-windows. Oliver thought that the Jew was funny and he laughed till the tears ran his face. All this time the two boys followed him closely. At last the Dodger and Charley Bates stumbled against him. In one moment they took from him the things he had put in his pockets. If the old Jew felt a hand in any of the pockets, he cried out where it was, and the game began all over again.

E. The game was played several times. Then a couple of young ladies arrived. They were untidy and not very pretty. Oliver knew that one of them was called Nancy. These two visitors stayed for a long time drinking and telling stories. At last the Dodger thought it was time to leave. Fagin gave them some money and they all went away, leaving Fagin and Oliver alone.

"There, my dear," said Fagin. "That's a pleasant life, isn't it? Make these two boys your model, and take their advice in all matters, especially the Dodger's. He'll be a great man one day, and will make you one too, if you follow his example."

Then, stopping short, the Jew said, "Is my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket?"

“Yes, sir,” said Oliver.

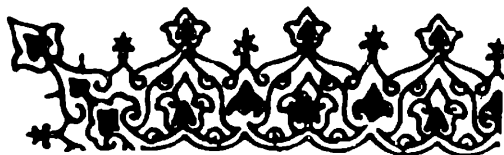
“See if you can take it out without making me feel it.”

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

“Is it gone?” cried the Jew.

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

“You’re a clever boy,” said the cunning Jew, patting Oliver on the head. “Here is a shilling for you. If you go on this way, you’ll be a great man.”



## Glossary

### A. milestone

struggled along the road

limped

bleeding

presently

ugly

lodging

whistled

respectable

artful

dodger

set off

### B. passage

gleamed

frying-pan

sausages

Jew

gown

evil-looking

silk

handkerchief

sacks

crowded

sorted out

### C. pretended

fastened it

lid

/ˈmaɪlstaʊn/ علامة تبين بعد مكان عن  
المكان التالي

/ˈstrʌɡld əlɒŋ ˈrɔːd/ مشى بمشقة

/ˈlɪmpɪd/ عرج (في مشية)

/ˈbliːdɪŋ/ نفثة دما

/ˈprezntli/ راسا ، حالا

/ˈʌɡli/ قبيحة

/ˈlɒdʒɪŋ/ مكان او غرفة للسكن

/ˈwɪsld/ صفر ، اطلق صغيرا

/rɪˈspektəbl/ محترم

/ˈɑːtful/ محتال

/ˈdɒdʒə/ مراوغ

/ˈset ˈɒf/ انطلقا

/ˈpɑːsɪdʒ/ رواق

/ˈɡliːmd/ ومض ، برق

/ˈfraɪɪŋ ˈpæn/ مقلاة

/ˈsoːsɪdʒɪz/ نقائق

/dʒuː/ يهودي

/ˈɡaʊn/ رداء

/ˈiːvl ˈluːkɪŋ/ شري

/ˈsɪlk/ حرير

/ˈhæŋkətʃɪf/ منديل

/ˈsɑːks/ اكياس (قماش)

/ˈkraʊdɪd/ تجمهروا

/ˈsoːtɪd ˈaʊt/ بصف ، يفرز

/ˈprɪtendɪd/ نظاهر

/ˈfɑːsɪd ɪt/ أحكم إتصالها

/ˈlɪd/ غطاء

bracelet	/ˈbreɪslɪt/	سوار
jewellery	/ˈdʒuːəlri/	مجوهرات
curiosity	/kjuəriˈɒsəti/	فضول
disturb	/dɪˈstɜːb/	يلزعج به
fiercely	/ˈfiəslɪ/	بعتف
tone	/toun/	نبرة (والصوت)
frighten	/ˈfraɪtn/	يخيف
basin	/ˈbeɪsn/	حوض
<b>D. produce</b>	/prəˈdʒuːs/	يخرج (من جيبه)
inspect	/ɪnˈspekt/	يفحص
needle	/ˈniːdl/	إبرة
snuff-box	/snʌf bɒks/	علبة سحوط
stick	/stɪk/	عصا
staring	/ˈsteərɪŋ/	محدقاً
stumbled	/ˈstʌmbld/	نثر
<b>E. untidy</b>	/ʌnˈtaɪdi/	غير مرتب
pleasant	/ˈpleznt/	بهيج
follow his example	/ˈfɒləʊ hɪz ɪɡˈzɑːmpl/	تحتذو حذوه
button	/ˈbʌtn/	فد
cunning	/ˈkʌnɪŋ/	ماكِر
pat	/pat/	برت (على الكتف)

## CHAPTER 4

**A.** For many days, Oliver remained with Fagin and his pupils. Sometimes he took part in the game which the two boys and the Jew played regularly every morning.

The Jew at last, allowed Oliver to go out with the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates. As they were coming out of a narrow street, the Dodger stopped suddenly.

“What’s the matter?” asked Oliver.

“Hush!” replied the Dodger. “Do you see that old man at the book-shop?”

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

“He’ll do,” said the Dodger.

Oliver did not understand; but he was not allowed to ask any questions. The two boys walked across the road, closely following the old gentleman. Oliver walked a few steps after them, then stood looking on in silent amazement.

The old gentleman was a very respectable-looking person. He had taken up a book from the shelf inside the bookshop and he stood there turning the pages.

With great alarm, Oliver saw the Artful Dodger put his hand in the old gentleman's pocket and draw a handkerchief from it. Then the Dodger and Charley Bates ran away round the corner at full speed.

At once, Oliver understood the whole mystery of the handkerchiefs, the watches, the jewels and the Jew. He stood terrified and confused for a moment. Then he ran away as fast as he could.

At the moment when Oliver began to run, the old gentleman felt his pocket and realized that his handkerchief was missing. He immediately turned round and caught sight of Oliver as he was running away. Thinking that Oliver was the thief, he shouted, "Stop thief," and ran after him.

A number of people started chasing Oliver. The crowd grew bigger at every turning. At last Oliver stopped. He received a blow that knocked him down. The crowd gathered round him, each one trying to have a look.

"Stand aside," shouted someone. "Give him a little air."

**“Nonsense!” answered another. “He doesn’t deserve it.”**

**“Here is the gentleman,” shouted a third one. “Is this the boy, sir?”**

**Oliver lay, covered with mud and dust, and bleeding from the mouth. He was looking wildly round at the faces that surrounded him when the old gentleman appeared.**

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

**At that moment, a police officer made his way through the crowd.**

**“Come, get up,” said the officer roughly as he seized Oliver by the collar.**

**“It... It wasn’t me, sir. Indeed, sir. It was... it was two other boys,” said Oliver, looking round. “They are here somewhere.”**

**“Oh, no, they aren’t,” said the officer roughly. “Come, get up.”**

**“Don’t hurt him,” said the old gentleman kindly.**

**“Oh, no, I won’t hurt him,” replied the officer, dragging Oliver and tearing his jacket. “Come, I know you. Stand on your leg, young devil.”**

**The officer dragged Oliver along the street by the coat collar. The old gentleman walked with them to the magistrate’s office.**

**B. While they were waiting outside the magistrate's office, the old gentleman looked with pity at Oliver.**

**"There is something in that boy's face," said the old gentleman to himself, "something that touches me. Can he be innocent? He looked like..." He stopped short. He gazed at the boy for a long time. "Where have I seen that look before?"**

**He thought for a long time. "No," he said at last, shaking his head, "it must be imagination."**

**The old gentleman, Oliver and the police officer were admitted to the magistrate's office.**

**"That's my name and address, sir," said the old gentleman, putting a card on the magistrate's desk. But the magistrate was out of temper. He looked up angrily from the newspaper he was reading and shouted, "Who are you?"**

**The old gentleman pointed, with some surprise, to his card.**

**"Officer!" said the magistrate, tossing the card away. "Who is this fellow?"**

**"My name, sir," said the old gentleman, "is Brownlow. Permit me to inquire the name of the magistrate who insults a respectable**



person under the protection of the law.”

“Officer!” shouted the magistrate.  
“What’s this man charged with?”

“He’s not charged sir,” replied the officer.  
“He appears against the boy, sir.”

With many interruptions and repeated insults, Mr. Brownlow managed to state his case, saying that he had run after the boy because he saw him running away. Mr. Brownlow then requested the magistrate to be kind to the boy. “He has been hurt already,” he said, “and I think he is ill.”

“Oh! Yes,” said the magistrate angrily.  
“None of your tricks, young boy! What’s your name?”

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

The officer answered the magistrate’s questions and told him that he thought that Oliver was ill. But the angry magistrate sentenced Oliver to three months’ imprisonment, with hard labour.

At this moment the owner of the bookshop entered the room.

“Stop! Stop! Don’t take him away”, cried the owner of the bookshop, panting heavily.

**“What’s this? Who is this man? Turn this man out,” shouted the magistrate.**

**“I will speak,” cried the man. “I saw it all. The boy is innocent.”**

**The owner of the bookshop told the magistrate now he has seen three boys walking on the opposite side of the road when Mr. Brownlow was reading. He said that the thief was another boy.**

**The magistrate then ordered the boy to be released, and the office to be cleared. Mr. Brownlow went out.**

**Oliver lay on the pavement. His face was pale and he was trembling.**

**“Poor boy,” said Mr. Brownlow, bending over him. He then called a coach and Oliver was carefully laid on one seat. Mr. Brownlow got in and sat on the other, and away they drove to Mr. Brownlow’s house.**

**C. At Mr. Brownlow’s house a bed was quickly prepared for Oliver. For many days, he lay in bed with a high fever and was insensible to the kindness of his new friends. When at last he awoke, he was weak, thin and pale.**

**“What room is this?” he said, looking anxiously around. “Where am I?”**

**“Hush, dear,” said a motherly old lady**



who was sitting at the bed-side. "You must be very quiet, or you will be ill again."

A doctor came later to see him.

"He's much better today, Mrs. Bedwin," said the doctor to the old lady, who was the housekeeper.

In three days' time, Oliver was able to sit in an easy chair. As he was very weak, Mrs. Bedwin had him carried to her room. She gave him some strong soup. While Oliver was eating, he caught sight of a picture of a lady on the wall.

"Are you fond of pictures, dear?" inquired the old lady.

"I don't quite know, madam," said Oliver. "Who is the lady?"

"Why, really, dear, I don't know," answered Mrs. Bedwin in a good-humoured manner.

"She is very pretty," said Oliver thoughtfully. "Her eyes are sad and they seem fixed upon me. It makes my heart beat."

"Oh, don't talk like that, child," said Mrs. Bedwin kindly. "You're weak after your illness."

Mr. Brownlow came in.

"How do you feel?" said Mr. Brownlow kindly.

"Very well, thank you, sir," replied Oliver.

**“I’m very grateful indeed, sir, for your kindness.”**

**“Good boy,” said Mr. Brownlow. “What’s your name?”**

**“Oliver Twist.”**

**Mr. Brownlow gazed at Oliver’s face and began to wonder again where he had seen such a face. Then all of a sudden he shouted, “Why! What’s this? Mrs. Bedwin, look there!”**

**Mr. Brownlow pointed quickly to the picture of the lady on the wall, and then to the boy’s face. Oliver was her living copy: the eyes, the head, the mouth; every feature was the same. The expression on both faces was precisely alike.**

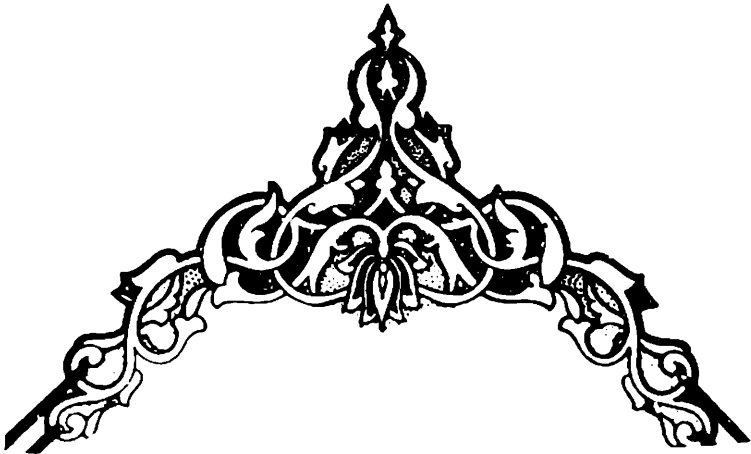
**Oliver did not understand the cause of this sudden exclamation.**



Glossary		
A. took part in	/ʔuk ʔa:t in/	شارك في
regularly	/regʔjulali/	بانتظام
he'll do	/hi:ldou/	هذا رجلنا المناسب
steps	/steps/	خطوات
silent amazement	ʔsailənt ə'meizmənt/	دُقْمَنَة صامتة
respectable-looking	/ri'spektəbl'lu:kin/	يدعو مظهره للاحترام
turning the pages	/ʔə:nin ʔə'peidʒiz/	يقلب الأوراق
at full speed	/aʔful ʔspi:d/	بأقصى سرعة
mystery	/mistəri/	لغز
terrified	/ʔerifaɪd/	خائف فرع
confused	/kən'fju:zd/	مُزْنَبِك
realized	/ri:əlaɪzd/	أدرك
chasing	/ʔʃeɪsɪn/	ملاحقة
every turning	/evri ʔə:nin/	كل مُنْطَظف
lay	/lei/	كان ممدداً
bleeding	/bli:diŋ/	ينزف
surrounded	/sə'raundɪd/	أحاطت به
roughly	/rɑʔli/	بخسونة
dragging	/dræŋɪŋ/	حاراً ، ساحباً
tearing	/ʔeəriŋ/	ممزقاً
magistrate	/mædʒɪstreɪt/	حاكم تحفڤن
B. pity	/pɪti/	عطف ، شفقة
touches me	/ʔaʔʃɪz mi/	يؤنر على مشاعري
innocent	/ɪnəsnt/	بريء
imagination	/ɪmædʒɪ'neiʃn/	تصور ، خيال
were admitted	/wə:r əd'mɪtɪd/	سُح لهم بالدعول
out of temper	/aʔt əv ʔtempə/	عصبى المزاج
tossing	/ʔosiŋ/	رامبا

permit me	/pə'mit mi/	اسمح لي
inquire	/in'kwaɪə/	يستفسر
insult (v.)	/in'salt/	يهين
insult (n.)	/'insalt/	إهانة
protection	/prə'tekʃn/	حماية
charged with	/tʃa:dʒd wiθ/	مُتَّهِم بـ
interruptions	/intə'rʌpʃnz/	اعتراضات . مقاطعا (فجئ الكلام)
state	/steɪt/	يذكر ، يبين
case	/keɪs/	قضية
requested	/rɪ'kwɛstɪd/	التمس من
failed him	/feɪld him/	خذه
sentenced	/sɛntənst/	حكم
imprisonment	/ɪm'prɪznmənt/	مدة السجن
hard labour	/hɑ:d 'leɪbə/	اشغال شاقة
panting	/pɑ:ntɪŋ/	لاها
turn out	/tɜ:n 'aʊt/	أُطْرِدُوا \
released	/rɪ'li:st/	يطلق سراحه
cleared	/kliəd/	نُحْلَى
pavement	/peɪvmənt/	رصيف
trembling	/tremblɪŋ/	مرتجفا
fever	/fi:və/	حمى
insensible	/ɪn'sensəbl/	لا يشعر
anxiously	/ˈæŋkʃəsli/	باضطراب
fond of	/fɒnd ɒv/	مولع بـ
in a good	/ɪn ə'gʊd	بطريقة مريحة
hurmoured manner	/hju:məd 'mənə/	
grateful	/greɪtful/	مشكر
all of a sudden	/ɒ:l əv ə'sʌdn/	فجأة
her living copy	/hə 'lɪvɪŋ 'kɒpi/	نسخة حية منها

feature	/fi:tʃə/	ملاح
expression	/ik'spreʃn/	التعبير
precisely	/pri'saisli/	بالضبط
alike	/ə'laik/	متشابه
exclamation	/eksklə'meiʃn/	تعجب





## CHAPTER 5

A. "Where's Oliver?" said the Jew, rising with a threatening look when he saw the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates without him. "Where's the boy?"

The two thieves looked uneasily at each other, but they made no reply.

"What happened to the boy?" said the Jew, seizing the Dodger tightly by the coat-collar and shaking him. "Speak out, or I'll strangle you."

"Why, the police have got him," said the Dodger, freeing himself from the Jew. He picked up a fork and tried to attack the Jew. Fagin seized up a glass of beer and threw it at the Dodger's head, but the Dodger avoided the glass in time. The beer hit another member of the group who had just arrived.

It was Bill Sikes. He was a strongly built man of about thirty-five years of age, with an angry looking face and violent temper.

**"Who threw that beer at me?" he shouted angrily. "You're lucky it's only the beer, and not the glass, that hit me, or I'd have killed somebody." He then turned to the door and shouted, "Come in, do you hear?"**

**A white dog came in.**

**"Lie down!" cried Sikes and kicked the dog violently. However, the dog seemed to be used to it; for he coiled himself up in a corner very quietly.**

**"What are you up to, Fagin? Bullying the boys, you greedy old thief? I wonder why they don't murder you. I would if I were in their place."**

**"Hush!" said the Jew, trembling, "don't speak so loud." Then he added, "You seem out of humour, Bill."**

**"Perhaps I am," replied Sikes and demanded a drink; "and mind you don't poison it," he added as he put his hat on the table and sat down.**

**The Dodger and Charley Bates told Fagin how Oliver had been arrested.**

**"I'm afraid," said the Jew, "that he may say something which may get us into trouble."**

**"That's very likely," said Sikes.**

**"You see," added the Jew, "if that hap-**

pens, things will be worse for you than for me, my dear."

"Well, somebody must find out what has happened at the magistrate's office," said Sikes.

The gang looked at one another. Everyone was unwilling to go near a police-station. At that moment Nancy arrived.

"The very thing!" said the Jew. "Nancy will go."

"Where?" inquired the young lady.

The Jew explained to her what had happened.

"No I shan't go," said Nancy shaking her hand.

"You are just the very person for it," said Sikes. "Nobody here knows anything of you."

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

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

"No, I shan't, Fagin," said Nancy.

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

Bill Sikes was right. After threats, promises and bribes, Nancy agreed.

**B.** Nancy went to the police-station. When she came to the police officer, she burst into



tears and began to cry aloud, "Oh, my brother! What has become of him? Where have they taken him to? Please tell me, sir."

The officer was moved and he told her that Oliver had been released. "The gentleman who accused him took him later to his house," added the officer.

Nancy went back to the Jew's house. When Bill Sikes heard Nancy's story, he quickly called his dog and left.

"We must know where he is," said Fagin to his gang. "He must be found. Nancy, you and the Dodger must find him."

He opened a drawer, took out some money and gave it to Nancy and the Dodger.

"I'll shut up the house tonight," said Fagin. "You know where to find me."

"Shall we bring him to the other place?" inquired the Dodger.

"Yes, yes," replied the Jew. "You find him, that's all. I shall know what to do next."

C. Oliver spent happy days at Mr. Brownlow's house. Everything was quiet, neat and orderly. Everybody was kind and gentle. Oliver spent most of his time with Mrs. Bedwin.

One evening Mr. Brownlow sent for Oliver to come and talk to him in his study.

"I want you to pay great attention to what I am going to say," said Mr. Brownlow as Oliver sat down before him. "I feel I can trust you. You say you are an orphan, without a friend in the world. I've made some inquiries and they confirm your statement. Let me hear your story."

Oliver told his sad story and Mr. Brownlow listened attentively.

At that moment Mrs. Bedwin brought in a small parcel of books that Mr. Brownlow had that morning bought.

"Stop the shop boy, Mrs. Bedwin," said Mr. Brownlow. "There are some books to go back."

"He has gone, sir," replied Mrs. Bedwin.

"I can take them, sir," said Oliver. "I'll run all the way, sir."

Mr. Brownlow hesitated first: but soon he agreed. "The books are on a chair by my table," he said. "Take them to the bookshop and give them to the man in charge and pay him four pounds ten shillings."

Mr. Brownlow then gave Oliver a five-pound note and Mrs. Bedwin gave him the name and address of the book-seller.

"I'll be back in ten minutes, sir," said Oliver, and hurried away.

**D. Oliver was on his way to the bookshop when he heard a young woman cry out very loudly. "Oh, my dear brother!" At once a pair of arms were thrown around his neck. A number of passers-by stood to watch.**

**"Don't!" said Oliver, struggling. "Let me go. Who are you?"**

**"My brother Oliver," shouted Nancy, "I've found you at last!"**

**"What's the matter?" inquired a passer-by.**

**"He's my brother, Oliver," said Nancy. "He ran away from home a month ago. He joined thieves and bad people. He almost broke his mother's heart."**

**"Go back home, boy," said another passer-by.**

**At that moment, Sikes, followed by his dog, came nearer. "Young Oliver!" he exclaimed. "Come home to your poor mother! Come home now."**

**"Leave me alone," shouted Oliver, struggling in Sikes's powerful grip. "Help! Help!"**

**"Help!" repeated the man. "Yes, I'll help you, young devil. What books are these? You've been stealing them, haven't you?" With these words Sikes took the books and struck him.**

**"That's right," said a third passer-by.**

**“That’s the only way that brings him back to his senses.”**

**“It’ll do him good,” said a fourth one.**

**Sikes seized Oliver by the collar. “Come on, young devil.”**

**Oliver cried for help, but no help was near. He was dragged along dark narrow streets where there was no one around to hear his cries.**

**E. At last the three stopped before a ruined house. There was an old notice board on the door with the words TO LET. Nancy knocked at the door. A little window was gently opened; soon afterwards the door softly opened. Mr. Sikes then seized the terrified boy by the collar, and all three were soon inside the house.**

**“Is Fagin here?” asked Sikes**

**“Yes,” replied the Artful Dodger as he closed the door. The Dodger led them in. They were received with a shout of laughter.**

**“Look at him, Fagin,” shouted Charley Bates. “Here he is. What a game!”**

**The Artful Dodger, meantime, was searching Oliver’s pockets.**

**“Look at his suit, Fagin,” shouted Charley. “Fine clothes. And his books, too!”**



**"Glad to see you, my dear," said Fagin, mocking. "The Artful Dodger will give you another suit. Why didn't you write and say you were coming? We'd have got something warm for supper."**

**At this the boys roared with laughter. At that moment, the Dodger drew out the five-pound note from Oliver's pocket.**

**"Look! What's that?" inquired Sikes, stepping forward as the Jew seized the note. "That's mine, Fagin."**

**"No, no, my dear," said the Jew. "Mine, Bill, mine. You shall have the books."**

**"If that isn't mine," shouted Sikes, "I'll take the boy back again."**

**The Jew was startled.**

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

**"This is hardly fair, Bill; hardly fair, is it, Nancy?" inquired the Jew.**

**"Fair or not fair," replied Sikes, "hand it over, I tell you. Nancy and I have wasted enough time trying to get that boy back. So give it here, you greedy old thief."**

**With these words, Sikes snatched the note from between the Jew's fingers. "You can keep the books if you are fond of reading," Sikes said as he put the note in his pocket. "If you aren't, then sell them."**

**“They belong to the old gentleman,” said Oliver. “He’ll think I stole them; the old lady too; she will think I stole them. Please, send them back.”**

**“The boy is right,” said Fagin. “You’re right, Oliver, you’re right; they will think you have stolen them. Ha! Ha!”**

**“They’re soft-hearted people,” said Sikes, “or they wouldn’t have taken him at all; and they’ll ask no questions after him; otherwise they would have him arrested for stealing the books. Yes, he is safe here.”**

**On hearing this, Oliver jumped suddenly to his feet and hurried towards the door, making loud cries for help.**

**“Keep back your dog, Bill,” cried Nancy, jumping to the door as the Jew and his two pupils rushed after Oliver. “Keep back your dog; he’ll tear the boy to pieces.**

**“Serve him right!” cried Sikes, struggling to free himself from the girl’s grasp. “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. “Don’t let the dog tear down the child, unless you kill me first.”**

**"I'll do that if you don't keep off," said Sikes.**

**He pushed the girl from him to the farther end of the room, just as the Jew and the two boys returned, dragging Oliver.**

**"So you wanted to run away, did you?" said the Jew, taking up a short heavy stick.**

**Oliver made no reply, but he watched the Jew and breathed heavily.**

**"Wanted to get help; call for the police, eh?" said the Jew and gave Oliver a hard blow on the shoulders with the stick. As he raised it again, Nancy rushed forward, snatched it from his hand and threw it violently into the fire.**

**"I won't stand by and see it done, Fagin," cried the girl. "You've got the boy; what more do you want? Leave him alone."**

**"Why, Nancy!" said the Jew. "You're cleverer than ever tonight. Ha! Ha! You are acting beautifully."**

**"I wish I had died before I brought him here," cried the girl. "He'll be a thief, a liar, a devil, from this night forth. Isn't that enough?"**

**"Keep quiet," shouted Sikes, "or I'll quiet you for a long time to come. Don't you know who you are and what you are?"**

“Oh, yes, I know,” replied the girl. “I robbed for this old devil,” pointing to Fagin, “when I was a child. I’ve been in the trade for twelve years.”

“Well, well,” replied the Jew, “so what? It’s your living.”

“Yes, it is,” returned the girl. “It is my living; and the cold, wet, dirty streets are my home; and you are the devil that drove me to them a long time ago.”

“I’ll do you more harm if you say any more,” said the Jew. The girl rushed forward to attack the Jew, but her wrists were seized by Sikes. She struggled in vain and fainted.

“She’s all right now,” said Sikes carrying the girl to the corner.

The Jew wiped his forehead with relief.

“Charley,” he said, “show Oliver to bed.”

threatening	/θretniŋ/	مَهْدَدَة
uneasily	/ʌn'i:zili/	باضطراب
tightly	/taitli/	بشدّة
strangle	/strangl/	يخنق ، يشنق
freeing	/fri:ŋ/	مُحرّر
picked up	/piktʌp/	التقاء
attack	/ə'tak/	بهاجم
beer	/biə/	بيرة
avoided	/ə'voidid/	تجنب ، تجنب
in time	/in 'taim/	في الوقت المناسب
strongly built	/stronli 'bilt/	قوي البنية
an angry looking face	/ən 'angri 'lukɪŋ'feis/	وجه غاضب
violent temper	/vaiələnt 'tempə/	مزاج عنيف
lucky	/lʌki/	محظوظ
lie	/lai/	يستلقي ، يضطجع
kicked	/kikt/	رُكس
violently	/vaiələntli/	بعنف
seemed	/si:md/	بدا
used to it	/ju:st tu it/	معتاد على ذلك
coiled	/koild/	لف
what are you up to?	/wot əju ʌp tu/	ماذا تنوي
bullying	/buliɪŋ/	يتحكم في أو يؤذي (من هو اضعف منه)
wonder	/wʌndə/	يتساءل
greedy	/gri:di/	طماع
murder	/mə:də/	يقتل
added	/ədɪd/	أضاف

out of humour	/ˈaʊt əv ˈhju:mə/	مستاء ، مزعج
demand	/dɪˈma:ndɪd/	طلب
mind	/maɪnd/	إتبه ، إخترس
poison	/ˈpoɪzn/	سم
arrested	/əˈrestɪd/	قبض عليه
trouble	/ˈtrʌbl/	أذى ، متاعب
likely	/ˈlaɪkli/	محتمل
find out	/faɪnd ˈaʊt/	يكشف
gang	/gæŋ/	عصابة
unwilling	/ʌnˈwɪlɪŋ/	غير راض ، ليس على استعداد
very	/veri/	مناسب
promises	/ˈpromɪsɪz/	وعد
bribes	/ˈbraɪbz/	رشوات
agreed	/əˈɡri:d/	وافقت
B. burst into tears	/bɜ:st ɪntə ˈtiəz/	انفجرت بالبكاء
was moved	/wəz ɪmu:vɪd/	تحركت مشاعره
accused	/əˈkju:zd/	أتهم
drawer	/dɹo:(r) / dɹo:ə(r) /	فُرج
C. neat	/ni:t/	مُرَتَّب ، نَظِم
orderly	/ˈo:dəli/	مُنَظَّم ، مَنَظَر
gentle	/ˈdʒentl/	مُخَفَّف
study	/ˈstʌdi/	دِرَة في البيت للمطالعة
pay a great attention	/peɪəˈɡreɪt əˈtenʃn/	تنبه انتباهها شديدا
before	/bɪˈfo:/	أمام
trust	/trʌst/	يثق -
orphan	/ˈo:fn/	يتيم
inquiries	/ɪnˈkwæɪəɪz/	استفسارات

confirm	/kən'fə:m/	بَيَّنْتُ . يُوَكِّدُ حَقًّا
statement	/steitmənt/	تَصْرِيح
attentively	/ə'tentivli/	بانتباه
hesitated	/heziteitid/	ترددت
by	/bai/	قرب
in charge	/in tʃa:dʒ/	المسؤول
a five pound note	/ə'faiv paund 'nout/	عملة ورقية قيمتها ٥ باونات
book-seller	/buk selə/	بائع الكتب
hurried	/hʌrid/	أسرع
<b>D. pair</b>	/peə/	زوج ، اثنان
passers-by	/pa:səz bai/	المارين
watch	/wɒtʃ/	يراقب
struggling	/ˈstrʌɡlɪŋ/	محاولا جهده التمسك
exclaimed	/ik'skleɪmd/	هتف ، صاح
powerful	/ˈpaʊəfʊl/	قوي
grip	/ɡrɪp/	قبضة
devil	/ˈdevɪl/	شیطان ، شخص شرير
struck	/strʌk/	ضرب
brings him back to his senses	/ˈbrɪŋz hɪm ˈbæk tu/ hɪz ˈsensɪz/	ترجمه الى رشده
<b>E. ruined</b>	/ruɪnd/	مُذْمَر ، مُخْرَب
notice board	/ˈnəʊtɪs bɔ:d/	لوحة اعلانات
to let	/tə'let/	للايجار
softly	/ˈsɒftli/	برقة
terrify	/ˈterɪfaɪ/	يرعب
led them in	/led ðəm ɪn/	لأدھم الى الداخل
search	/sə:tʃ/	يقتل
mocking	/ˈmɒkɪŋ/	ساحرا

roared with	/ˈro:d wið	فهمهوا بصوت عال
laughter	ˈla:ftə/	
stepping forward	/ˈstepɪŋ ˈfo:wəd/	متقدما للامام
hand	/hand/	يسلم ، يعطي
fair	/feə/	عادل ، منصف
snatched	/snatʃt/	اختطف
fond of	/fɒnd əv/	مولع بـ
soft-hearted	/sɒft ˈhɑ:tɪd/	رفيق القلب
liar	/ˈlaɪə/	كاذب
forth	/fo:ɒ/	فصاعدا
so what?	/sou ˈwɒt/	ثم ماذا
living	/ˈlɪvɪŋ/	عيش ، رزق
drove	/drouv/	قاد
harm	/hɑ:m/	إدى
wrist	/rɪst/	رُشغ
in vain	/ɪn ˈveɪn/	بدون فائدة
fainted	/ˈfeɪntɪd/	أغمى عليها
wiped	/waɪpt/	مسح
relief	/rɪˈli:f/	ارتياح



## CHAPTER 6

**A. A few days after Oliver's kidnap, this advertisement appeared in a newspaper:**

**"Five-Pound Reward"**

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

**Then followed a full description of Oliver's dress, person and appearance, with the name and address of Brownlow.**

**Mr. Bumble saw the advertisement. He was in London to do some work for the work-house. He read the advertisement slowly and carefully. In five minutes he was on his way to Mr. Brownlow's house.**

**When he arrived at Mr. Brownlow's house, Mrs. Bedwin immediately took him to Mr.**

Brownlow, who was in his study. Mr. Bumble introduced himself.

"Do you know where this poor boy is now?" inquired Mr. Brownlow.

"No."

"Well, what do you know of him?" inquired Mr. Brownlow.

Mr. Bumble then told him when and where Oliver was born and how he was brought up. He described Oliver as an evil boy who ran away from his master, the undertaker. When he finished, he received the five pound reward and left. Mr. Brownlow sat for a long time thinking of what to do next.

**B.** Oliver stayed with the thieves for many days. He was seldom left alone: two boys often stayed at home and played the old game with the Jew every day. At other times the old man would tell them stories of robberies he had committed in his younger days. In short the cunning old Jew had the boy completely under his control.

One cold, damp, windy night Fagin left his house and walked along the dark muddy streets until he came to where Bill Sikes lived.

The dog growled as the Jew touched the handle of the door.

**“Who’s it?” shouted Sikes roughly.**

**“Only me, Bill; only me, my dear,” said the Jew.**

**“Come in, then,” said Bill, and turning to his dog he shouted angrily, “Lie down, you stupid dog!”**

**“Well, my dear,” started the Jew, and then he caught sight of Nancy, who was sitting by the fire. “Ah! Nancy.” Nancy told him to draw up a chair.**

**“It is cold, Nancy, dear” said the Jew as he warmed his skinny hands over the fire.**

**“Give him something to drink, Nancy,” said Bill Sikes.**

**Nancy quickly brought a bottle from the cupboard.**

**“Now I’m ready,” said Sikes. “Say what you’ve got to say.”**

**“About the house at Chertsey,” said the Jew rubbing his hand. “When is it to be done, Bill?”**

**“Toby Crackit has been hanging about the place for a fortnight,” answered Bill Sikes. “He can’t get any of the servants to help us. The lady of the house has had them for more than twenty years.”**

**“It is a sad thing,” said the Jew, “to lose so much when we had set our hearts on it.”**

**"So it is," said Sikes. "Bad luck."**

**After a long silence Sikes suddenly said, "Fagin, the house is locked at night like a prison, but there's one part we can break through safely."**

**"Which is that, Bill?" asked the Jew eagerly.**

**"Never mind which part it is," replied Sikes. "You can't do it without me, I know. But it is best to be on the safe side when one deals with you."**

**"As you like, my dear, as you like," said the Jew. "Do you need any help?"**

**"No," said Sikes. "Toby and I can handle this. But I need a boy. You must find us a little boy."**

**"Oliver's the boy for you, my dear," replied the Jew in a whisper. "He's been in good training these last few weeks, and it's time he began to work for his bread. Besides, the others are all too big."**

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

**"And will do everything you want, Bill," interrupted the Jew, "if you frighten him enough."**

**"Frighten him?" repeated Sikes. "If he**

doesn't obey, you won't see him alive again, Fagin. Think of that before you send him."

"I've thought of it all," said the Jew confidently. "Once let him feel that he's one of us, once fill his mind with the idea that he has been a thief, and he's ours! Ours for life!"

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

"I planned it with Toby," replied Sikes, "the day after tomorrow."

After some discussion, it was decided that Nancy should go to the Jew's house the next evening and bring Oliver with her.

C. The next morning the Jew told Oliver that he was to be taken to Sikes's house.

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

"No, no, my dear. Not to stay there," replied the Jew. "Don't be afraid, Oliver. You shall come back to us. I suppose you want to know what you're going to Bill's for — eh? Well, wait till Bill tells you."

In the evening the Jew told Oliver to wait until they came to fetch him. "Be careful, Oliver! Bill Sikes is a rough man, and thinks nothing of blood when he is angry. Whatever happens, say nothing, and do what he tells you." With these words the Jew left the house.

Oliver did not understand the real purpose and meaning of Fagin's warning.

A few hours later Oliver heard someone open the door of the room.

"Who's there," cried Oliver, starting up.

"Me. Only me," replied a shaking voice.

Oliver raised a candle above his head and saw 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 asked if she was ill. The girl threw herself into a chair.

"God forgive me!" she cried. "I never thought of this."

"Nancy!" cried Oliver, "What is it?"

But Nancy did not answer. She sat gazing at the fire. At last she said, "I don't know what comes over me sometimes. It's this damp dirty room, I think. Now, dear, are you ready?"

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

"Yes, I have come from Bill," replied the girl.

"What for?"

"What for?" repeated the girl, raising her eyes and avoiding looking at Oliver. "Oh! For no harm."

**"I don't believe it," said Oliver, who was watching her closely.**

**The girl looked at the boy.**

**"Look, Oliver," she said. "I have saved you from being punished once, and I will again. I have promised Sikes that you would be quiet and silent; if you are not, you will only do harm to yourself, and to me, and perhaps cause my death. I have borne all this for you already."**

**She pointed hastily to the blue marks of blows on her arms and neck, and went on, "Remember this! And don't let me suffer more for you, just now. If I could help you, I would, but I have not the power. Anyway; they don't mean to harm you; whatever they make you do is not your fault. Give me your hand. Hurry up."**

**Catching Oliver's hand, she drew him after her and they both left the house.**

**D. "So you've got the child," said Sikes when Nancy and Oliver arrived. "Was he quiet?"**

**"Like a lamb," replied Nancy.**

**"I'm glad to hear it," said Sikes, looking severely at Oliver, "for his own sake. Come here, boy, and listen to me."**

Sikes then took out a pistol and loaded it.

"You know what this is?" inquired Sikes.

"Yes, sir," said Oliver.

"Well, then, look here," continued Sikes, pointing the pistol to Oliver's head. "If you speak a word when you're out with me, except when I speak to you, the bullet in this gun will be in your head."

After supper, Sikes, holding Oliver firmly by the hand, hurried through the dark streets of London and along the narrow country roads. At last they came to a lonely, ruined house. No light came from the windows; the house seemed to be uninhabited. Sikes opened the door.

"Who's it?" shouted a voice as Sikes and Oliver went in.

"Don't make such a noise," said Sikes roughly. "Show a light, Toby."

Toby Crackit held up a candle. Sikes and Oliver went in a low dark room.

"Who's the boy?" said Toby.

"A boy. Only a boy!" replied Sikes. "Now, are you ready?"

At half past one, the two thieves went out with Oliver between them. The fog was very heavy now. They crossed a bridge and soon arrived at Chertsey. They hurried through the





main street of the little town which was completely empty at that time of night. Then they turned up a road on the left and walked about a quarter of a mile. At last they stopped before a house surrounded by a wall. Toby climbed first. Sikes lifted Oliver over the wall and Toby Crackit received him from the other side and put him down. Sikes then followed immediately. As soon as they were within the wall, they walked cautiously towards the house.

Now Oliver for the first time realized the purpose of this attempt. He was filled with fear. His legs failed him and he sank upon his knees.

"Get up," murmured Sikes, trembling with anger, and drawing the pistol from his pocket. "Get up, or I'll scatter your brains on the grass."

"Oh, for God's sake, let me go!" cried Oliver. "Let me go and die in the fields. I will never come near London, never, never."

Toby Crackit placed his hand over the boy's mouth, and dragged him to the house.

"Hush," cried Toby. "Say another word and I'll knock you down."

After some delay, the two thieves managed to open the shutter of a little window, about



five feet above the ground, at the back of the house. Sikes then managed to open the window itself.

"Now listen," whispered Sikes, drawing a small lantern from his pocket and giving it to Oliver, "I'm going to put you through there. Take the light, go softly up the steps straight before you, and along the little hall to the main door. Open the main door and let us in."

Sikes then lifted Oliver and put him through the window with his feet first, and, without dropping him, planted him safely on the floor inside.

"You see the stairs before you?" said Sikes, peering into the room.

Oliver, more dead than alive, said, "Yes." Sikes, pointing to the main door with the pistol, warned him that if he hesitated he would fall dead that instant.

Oliver stood for a while to collect his thoughts. He decided to rush upstairs from the hall and warn the family. Filled with this idea, he advanced at once.

Suddenly a noise was heard.

"Come back!" cried Sikes aloud. "Back! Back!"

Oliver stopped at once. He was so terrified

that he let the lantern fall with a crash. A cry was heard and a light appeared. Two men were at the top of the stairs, one of them was holding a pistol. There was a flash, a loud noise, smoke and a crash somewhere.

Sikes disappeared for an instant, but he was up again. He held Oliver by the collar and fired after the two men, who began to retreat.

"They've hit him," said Sikes, drawing Oliver through the window. "He's bleeding."

Then came the loud ringing of a bell, mixed with the noise of pistols and the shouts of men. Sikes carried the boy and the two thieves ran away. Soon three men with two dogs began to chase the thieves.

"It's all up, Bill," cried Toby Crackit. "Put the boy away and let's leave." Crackit turned and ran at full speed. Sikes took no look around, threw a shawl over Oliver, who was now unconscious, and jumped over a hedge and was gone.

The three pursuers called back their dogs and stopped to consider the situation.

"My advice is," said the fattest man in the party, "that we immediately go home."

"I agree with you, Mr. Giles," said a shorter man. The three men were trembling with

fear. Encouraging each other, they made their way home.

Giles was head servant to Mrs. Maylie, the old lady who owned the house where the robbery had been attempted. Mrs. Maylie lived with a seventeen year old girl called Rose. The two other pursuers were servants in the house.

E. The air grew cooler as day came slowly on. Oliver lay unconscious in the place where Sikes had left him. Rain came down, thick and fast. The grass became very wet and the pathways were all water.

At last the boy awoke. He was so weak that he could scarcely raise himself. But later he made hard efforts and managed to get on his feet. He walked unsteadily until he reached a road and, looking about, he saw a house nearby. He staggered towards the house, climbed the steps and knocked faintly at the door. Then his whole strength failed him and he sank down on the door-step.

Mr. Giles and the two other pursuers were reviving themselves, after the terrors of the night, with tea in the kitchen.

"Somebody is knocking at the door," said Giles. "Open the door."

Nobody moved. Everyone was afraid. Giles

repeated his order, but again no one moved. At last they decided to go to the door as a group with the two dogs in front.

"A boy!" exclaimed Mr. Giles as the door was opened. He went forward and dragged Oliver into the hall. Then he called aloud in a state of great excitement, "Here's one of the thieves, Madam! Here's a thief, Miss! Wounded, Miss! I shot him, Miss!"

"Giles!" whispered a sweet female voice.

"I'm here, Miss Rose," replied Giles. "Don't be frightened Miss, I'm not much injured. He didn't struggle very hard, Miss."

"Hush!" replied the young lady, "you frighten my aunt. Is the poor creature hurt?"

"He's badly wounded, Miss Rose," replied Giles.

The young lady then asked the servants to carry the wounded person to Giles's room and then to fetch a doctor and a policeman.

"But won't you take one look at him first, Miss?" asked Giles.

"Not now, Giles," replied Rose. "Oh, and treat him kindly, Giles, for my sake!"

Then Rose turned towards her aunt's room. Giles carried Oliver kindly to his room.

اختلاف		
A. kidnap	/ˈkidnəp/	اختطاف
advertisement	/ədˈvɜ:tismənt/	إعلان
reward	/rɪˈwɔ:d/	مكافأة
enticed	/ɪnˈtaɪst/	غُرر به
discovery	/dɪˈskʌvəri/	اكتشاف
throws any light upon	/θrəʊz ʌni ˈlaɪt əˈpɒn/	يلقي ضوءاً على
appearance	/əˈpiərəns/	مظهر
introduced	/ɪntrəˈdju:st/	قدم
brought up	/brɔ:t ˈʌp/	نشأ، تربي
undertaker	/ˈʌndəteɪkə/	متعهد دفن الموتى
B. seldom	/ˈseldəm/	نادراً
committed	/kəˈmɪtɪd/	ارتكب (جريمة انما)
damp	/damp/	رطب، مبلل
growled	/ɡraʊld/	زمجر
roughly	/ˈrʌfli/	بخشونة
hanging about	/ˈhæŋɪŋ əˈbaʊt/	يسكم
set our hearts on it	/set ʌʊəˈhɑ:ts ɒn ɪt/	عقدنا عليها آمالنا
break through	/breɪk θru:/	نمر خلالها
eagerly	/i:ɡəli/	بتلهف
be on the safe side	/bi ɒn ðə ˈseɪf saɪd/	يكون حنراً
deals	/di:lz/	يتعامل
whisper	/ˈwɪspə/	همس
training	/ˈtreɪnɪŋ/	تدريب
to work for his bread	/tə ˈwɜ:k fə ˈhɪz ˈbred/	يعمل ليحصل على لقمة
size	/saɪz/	حجم
confidently	/kɒnfɪdəntli/	بثقة
discussion	/dɪˈskʌʃn/	نقاش
C. anxiously	/ˈæŋkʃəsli/	بقلق



thinks nothing of blood  
when he is angry

لا يهيب من سفك  
الدماء حين يكون  
غاضبا

shaking	/ʃeɪkɪŋ/	مرتجف
forgive	/fə'gɪv/	يسامح
harm (n.)	/hɑ:m/	اذى
harm (v.)	/hɑ:m/	يؤذي
I have borne (p.p. of bear)	/aɪ hæv 'bo:n/	إحتملت
hastily	/heɪstɪli/	بسرعة
D. lamb	/lɑ:m/	حمل (حروف صغرى)
severely	/si'vɪəli/	بقسوة
for his own sake	/fə hɪz 'ləʊn 'seɪk/	لأجله
pistol	/pɪstl/	مسدس
load	/ləʊd/	يحمل (السلاح)
when you're out with me	/wen juə 'ləʊt wɪθ mi/	حين نخرج معا
bullet	/bʊlɪt/	رصاصة
firmly	/fɜ:mli/	بثبات
uninhabited	/ʌnɪn'hæbɪtɪd/	غير مسكون
fog	/fɒg/	ضباب
cautiously	/kəʊ'sɪʃli/	بحذر
attempt	/ə'tempt/	محاولة
his legs failed him	/hɪz 'legz 'feɪld hɪm/	خاتته ساقاه (لم يقو على الوقوف)
murmured	/mɜ:məd/	نمتم
scattered	/skætəd/	يثر
brain	/breɪn/	دماغ
delay	/dɪ'leɪ/	تأخير
shutter	/ʃʌtə/	درقة خشبية في الشباك
lantern	/lɑntən/	فانوس
planted him	/plɑ:ntɪd hɪm/	أثّر له

peering	/piəriŋ/	محدقاً
warned	/wɔ:nd/	حذر
instant	/ɪnstənt/	لحظة
advanced	/əd'vɑ:nst/	تقدم
terrified	/tə'rifaid/	مرتعب
flash	/flaʃ/	وميض
crash	/kraʃ/	صوت ارتطام عنيف
fired	/faɪəd/	اطلق النار
retreat	/rɪ'tri:t/	يتقهقر
bleed	/bli:d/	ينزف
it's all up	/ɪts ɔ:l ʌp/	انتهى كل شيء
shawl	/ʃo:l/	شال
unconscious	/ʌŋ'kɒnʃəs/	فاقد الوعي
hedge	/hedʒ/	سياج من شجيرات
pursuers	/pə'sju:əz/	المطاردون
consider	/kən'sɪdə/	يفكرون
encourage	/ɪn Kʌ rɪdʒ/	يُشجّع
E. scarcely	/ˈskeəslɪ/	بالكاد ، قلماً
unsteadily	/ʌn'stedɪli/	بدون ثبات
staggered	/stə'gəd/	ترنّح
reviving	/rɪ'vaɪvɪŋ/	ينصّون
excitement	/ɪk'saɪtmənt/	انفعال
wounded	/wu:ndɪd/	جريح
shot	/ʃɒt/	اطلقت النار عليه
(p.p. of shoot)		
robbery	/rɒbərɪ/	سرقة
female	/fi:meɪl/	أنثى
injured	/ɪndʒəd/	مصاب
creature	/kri:tʃə/	مخلوق
poor	/puə/	مسكين
fetch	/fetʃ/	يذهب وي جلب
take one look at him		نلقى نظرة واحدة عليه

## CHAPTER 7

A. Rose and her aunt, Mrs. Maylie, were having breakfast when Dr. Losberne arrived. Giles showed him the way upstairs. The doctor remained there for a long time. At last he returned to the ladies, looking very mysterious.

"This is a very extraordinary thing, Mrs. Maylie," said the doctor.

"He is not in danger, I hope?" said the old lady.

"I don't think he is," replied the doctor. Then after a short pause he said, "Have you seen the thief?"

"No," replied the old lady.

"Nor heard anything about him?"

"No," said Mrs. Maylie. "Rose wished to see the man, but I wouldn't hear of it."

"Would you mind seeing him now?"

"If it is necessary," replied the old lady, "certainly not."

**“I think it is necessary, Mrs. Maylie.”**

He led the way upstairs to Giles's room. The two ladies were very surprised to see, instead of an evil-faced criminal, a child, worn with pain and fatigue, and sunk into a deep sleep. His bandaged arm was crossed upon his breast, and his head leaned upon the other arm.

**“Is this the thief?”** exclaimed the old lady. **“I can't believe it.”**

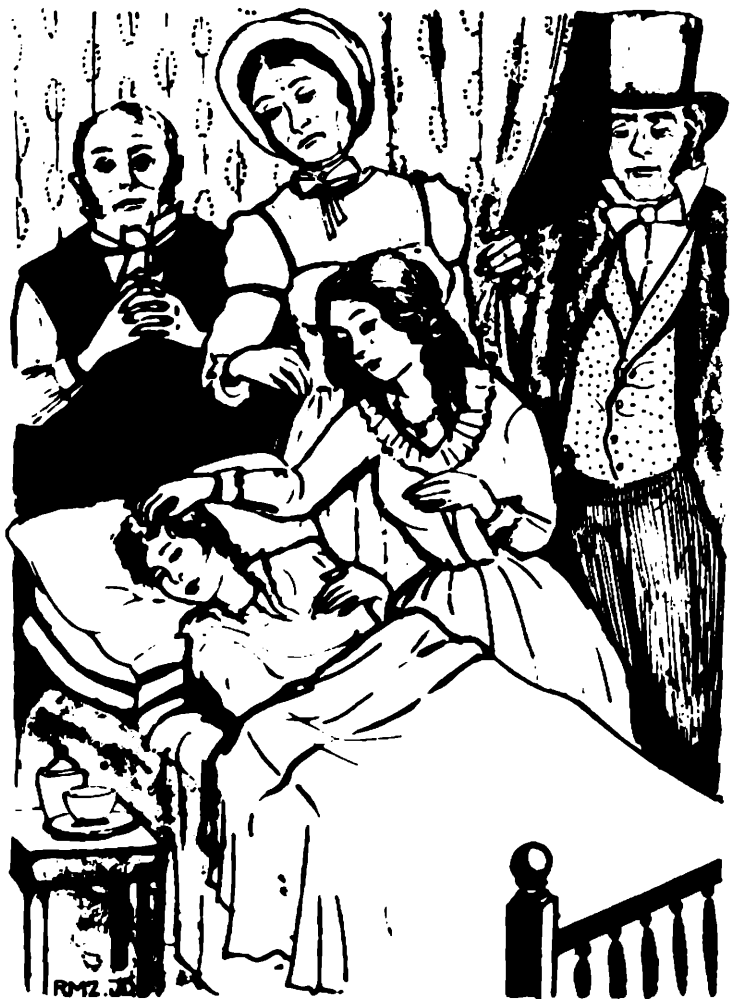
**“Poor boy,”** said Rose, her voice was shaky and there were tears in her eyes. **“He's so young!”**

The doctor then led the way into another room and they started to discuss the matter.

**“Even if he has been wicked,”** said Rose, **“think how young he is, think that he may have 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 prison.”**

**“My dear,”** said the old lady, **“do you think I would harm a hair of his head? Surely not.”** Then, turning to the doctor, she said, **“What can I do to save him, sir?”**

Dr. Losberne thought for a long time but couldn't find a good answer.



**B. A few hours later Oliver woke up. He told the two ladies and the doctor all his simple history. He was often compelled to stop by pain or weakness. Rose stayed in the room to look after him, while Dr. Losberne went downstairs.**

**“I am afraid you have got yourself into trouble, Giles,” said the doctor solemnly.**

**“Do you mean,” said Giles trembling, “that he’s going to die?”**

**“That’s not the point,” said the doctor. “The point is this: are you ready to swear, you and the others that the boy upstairs is the boy that was put through the little window last night?”**

**Giles looked doubtfully at the other servants. No one replied.**

**At that moment two police officers arrived. Dr. Losberne led them upstairs to Oliver’s bedroom. Oliver was dozing; he was still very weak. With the doctor’s help he managed to sit in bed for a minute and looked at the strangers without at all understanding what was going on.**

**“This,” said Dr. Losberne, “is the boy who has been accidentally wounded by a spring-gun in some boyish trespass on somebody’s grounds. He comes to the house for help this**

morning, and is immediately caught and badly treated by that gentleman," Dr. Losberne pointed to Giles.

Giles looked at the police officers, the doctor and Oliver with fear and amazement.

"You don't mean to deny that, I suppose?" said the doctor, laying Oliver gently down again.

"Well, I — I thought he was the boy," stammered Giles.

"What boy?" inquired one of the officers.

"The thief's boy, sir," replied Giles. "They — they certainly had a boy."

"Well? Do you think so now?" said the other officer.

"Think what now?" said Giles who was very confused by now.

"Think it's the same boy," said the officer.

"I don't know; I really don't know," said Giles. "I can't swear to him."

"What do you think?" asked the officer.

"I don't know what to think," replied Giles. "I don't think it's the boy. Indeed I'm almost certain that it isn't the same boy."

After some more examination, the police officers were convinced that Giles had made a stupid mistake and that Oliver had nothing to do with the thieves. Both policemen returned

to town, and Oliver was left to the ~~de~~loving care of Mrs. Maylie, Rose and the kind-hearted Dr. Losberne.

C. Fagin the Jew, Charley Bates and the Artful Dodger were playing cards when the Dodger cried, "Listen. The bell's ringing." He picked up the light and made for the door. After a short pause, he reappeared, admitting Toby Crackit.

"How are you, Fagin?" said Crackit and, drawing a chair to the fire, he sat down. "First of all, Fagin," he said after a long pause, "how's Bill?"

"What?" screamed the Jew, starting from his seat.

"Why, you don't mean to say" — began Toby Crackit, turning pale.

"Mean?" cried the Jew, stamping furiously on the ground. "Where are they? Sikes and the boy! Where are they hiding?"

"The attempt failed," said Crackit faintly.

"I know that," replied the Jew, taking a newspaper and pointing to it. "What more?"

"They fired and hit the boy. Bill had to leave him in a ditch when we ran away. I don't know if he's alive or dead."

The Jew made a loud scream of anger and



rushed out of the house. As he reached the street corner he began to recover from the effect of Toby Crackit's information. Avoiding, as much as possible, all the main streets, he at last came to a public house called The Three Cripples, which was the favourite haunt of thieves and criminals.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Fagin?" said the landlord.

"Is he here?"

"Monks, you mean?" inquired the landlord, hesitantly.

"Hush!" said the Jew. "Yes."

"No," said the man, "but I'm expecting him. If you wait ten minutes, he'll be——"

"No, no," interrupted Fagin, "tell him I came here to see him; and that he must come to me tonight."

**D.** Fagin left the place and went immediately to Sikes's house. He opened the door and entered the room. He found Nancy alone. She was lying with her head upon the table.

"She has been drinking," thought the Jew, "or perhaps she's only miserable."

As he closed the door, the girl woke up.

"Any news," she said sleepily.

The Jew told her Toby Crackit's story.

Nancy didn't say a word. The Jew looked restlessly about the room to make sure if Sikes had secretly returned.

"And where do you think Bill is now, my dear?"

"How should I know?" said Nancy. The Jew noticed that her eyes were red with tears.

"And the boy, too," said the Jew. "Left in a ditch, Nancy; only think!"

"The boy," said Nancy, "is better where he is than among us."

"What?" cried the Jew.

"I shall be glad," said Nancy, "to have him away from my eyes. I can't bear to have him about me. The sight of him turns me against myself, and all of you."

"Pooh!" said the Jew scornfully. "You're drunk."

"Am I?" cried the girl bitterly. "And whose fault is that?"

"Listen to me," shouted the Jew angrily. "If Sikes ever comes back and leaves the boy behind him, if he fails to bring the boy back to me, then consider him dead. He won't escape me. Tell him this the moment he comes here, or it will be too late."

"What is all this?" cried the girl.

"What is all this?" repeated Fagin, mad

with anger. "The boy's worth hundreds of pounds to me. I'm not going to lose him." He sat in a chair and then suddenly, changing his attitude, he said, "Nancy, dear, did you mind me?"

"Don't worry, Fagin," said the girl lazily. "If Bill hasn't done the job this time, he will some other time."

"Regarding the boy," said the Jew who was afraid he had disclosed something that the girl might make use of.

"The boy must take his chance with the rest of us," interrupted Nancy hastily. "And I say again, I hope he is dead and out of your way."

The Jew then left Sikes's house and turned his face homeward.

E. When Fagin reached the corner of his own street, a dark figure appeared from the darkness and came up to him.

"Fagin!"

"Ah, Monks," said the Jew. "Are you here?"

"Well; what's the news?"

"Nothing good," said Fagin.

"Nothing bad, I hope?" said Monks anxiously.

Fagin didn't answer. He was quiet until they reached the house and went inside together. They talked for a quarter of an hour in whispers.

"I tell you again," said Monks, "it was badly planned. You should have kept him here among the rest, and made a pickpocket of him at once."

"Just listen to him!" exclaimed the Jew, shrugging his shoulders.

"Do you mean to say that you couldn't have done it?" said Monks sternly. "Haven't you done it with other boys? If he had been caught as a thief, he would have been sent out of the country, perhaps for life."

"Well, whose turn would that have served?" inquired Fagin.

"Mine," replied Monks.

"But not mine," replied the Jew. "Besides, it was not easy to train him to the business; he was not like the other boys."

"Curse him, no," said Monks, "or he would have been a thief long ago."

"I had no hold upon him to make him worse," continued the Jew. "What could I do? Send him out with the Dodger and Charlie Bates? We had enough of that at first."

**"That was not my doing," observed Monks.**

**"No, no, my dear," replied the Jew. "But don't forget if I hadn't sent him out with the Dodger and Charlie, you wouldn't have seen him. You were looking for him and I got him back for you by means of the girl. Now she favours him."**

**"Kill the girl," said Monks impatiently.**

**"We can't afford to do that just now, my dear," said Fagin smiling. "I know what these girls are like, Monks. As soon as Oliver grows older, she will no longer care for him. You want him made a thief. If he is alive, I can make him one; but if he is dead —"**

**"It's no fault of mine if he is!" interrupted Monks with a look of terror, and grasping the Jew's arm with trembling hands. "Mind that, Fagin! I had no hand in it. Anything but his death, I told you from the first. I won't shed blood; it's always found out. If they shot him dead, I was not the cause; do you hear me?"**

**Monks stopped short suddenly.**

**"What's that?" said Monks with a trembling voice.**

**"What?" cried the Jew, grasping the coward with both hands. "Where?"**

**"There!" replied the man, glaring at the**

opposite wall. "The shadow! I saw the shadow of a woman pass quickly along the wall."

The Jew rushed out of the room, followed by Monks. There was nothing but the empty staircase. Everything was silent.

"It's your fancy," said the Jew, to his companion.

"I swear I saw it," replied Monks. "It was bending forward when I saw it first; and when I spoke, it darted away."

They looked into the rooms upstairs; then they went downstairs into the cellar . All was empty and still.

#### Glossary

<b>A. mysterious</b>	/mɪ'stiəriəs/	غامض
<b>extraordinary</b>	/ɪk'strɔ:dnri/	استثنائي ، غير عادي
<b>pause</b>	/po:z/	وقفة
<b>I wouldn't hear of it</b>		لم اسمح لها مطلقاً
<b>criminal</b>	/ˈkrɪmɪnəl/	مجرم
<b>fatigue</b>	/fə'ti:g/	إرهاق
<b>bandaged</b>	/ˈbændɪdʒd/	مُضمّدة
<b>leaned</b>	/li:nd/	انكأ
<b>wicked</b>	/ˈwɪkɪd/	شرير
<b>mercy</b>	/ˈmɑ:si/	رحمة
<b>B. compelled</b>	/kəm'peld/	مضطر
<b>solemnly</b>	/ˈsɒləmli/	بوقار
<b>swear</b>	/swɛə/	يقسم ، يحلف
<b>doubtfully</b>	/ˈdaʊtfuli/	بترتاب

dozing	/douziŋ/	بغلبه النعاس
accidentally	/aksidəntli/	عرضاً ، بالصدفة
spring-gun	/springən/	فخ
trespass	/trespəs/	تجاوز
stammered	/staməd/	تلعثم
confused	/kən'fju:zd/	مربك
convinced	/kən'vinst/	مقتنع
kind-hearted	/kaɪnd 'ha:tɪd/	عطوف
C. made for the door	/meɪd fə ðə 'do:/	توجه نحو الباب
reappeared	/ri:ə'piəd/	ظهر ثانية
stamp	/stamp/	يدف الأرض بقدمه
furiously	/fjuəriəsli/	بغضب ، بهياج
faintly	/feɪntli/	بصوت واهن
ditch	/dɪtʃ/	قناة للري
recover	/ri'kʌvə/	يسترد هدوءه
effect	/ɪ'fekt/	تأثير
information	/ɪnfə'meɪʃn/	معلومات
avoiding	/ə'vɔɪdɪŋ/	متجنباً
public house	/pʌblɪk haʊs/	حانه مشرب
favourite	/'feɪvərɪt/	مفضل
haunt	/haʊnt/	ماوى
landlord	/lændlə:d/	صاحب الحانه
hesitantly	/hezɪtəntli/	بتردد
D. miserable	/mɪzəərəbl/	نعيس ، باتس
sleepily	/sli:pɪli/	بنعاس
restlessly	/restlɪsli/	بقلق ، بتحمل واضطراب
secretly	/si:kritli/	بصورة سرية
sight	/saɪt/	منظر ، مرأى
scornfully	/sko:nfli/	باحترقار

bitterly	/ˈbitəli/	بمرارة
consider	/kənˈsɪdə/	اعتبري
escape	/ɪˈskeɪp/	يهرب
attitude	/ˈætɪtjuːd/	موقف
regarding	/rɪˈgɑːdɪŋ/	في ما يتعلق بـ
disclosed	/dɪˈskləʊzd/	كشف
homeward	/ˈhəʊmwəd/	نحو المنزل
E. figure	/ˈfɪɡə/	هيئة شخص
pickpocket	/ˈpɪkpəkɪt/	نشال
shrugging	/ˈʃræɡɪŋ/	هاذا كفيه (مظهرا عدم الاعتراض)
sternly	/ˈstɜːnli/	بحزم
whose turn	/ˈhuːz ˈtɜːn/	مصلحة من
besides	/bɪˈsaɪdz/	إضافة لذلك
train	/treɪn/	يلتزم
I had no hold upon him		لم تكن لي سيطرة عليه
observed	/əbˈzɜːvd/	ابدى ملاحظة
by means of	/baɪ miːnz əv/	واسطة
favours	/ˈfeɪvəz/	تؤيد ، تساعد
impatiently	/ɪmˈpeɪʃntli/	بتفاذ صبر
grasping	/ˈɡrɑːspɪŋ/	ممسكا بشدة
shed blood	/ˈʃed ˈblʌd/	يسفك دما
coward	/ˈkaʊəd/	جبان
glaring	/ˈɡleɪrɪŋ/	محلقا
shadow	/ˈʃɑːdɒw/	ظلي
staircase	/ˈsteɪkɛs/	سلم
fancy	/ˈfænsi/	تخيل
darted away	/ˈdɑːtɪd əˈwei/	اتطلق مسرعا
cellar	/ˈselə/	قبو (مرداب)
still	/stɪl/	ساكن



## CHAPTER 8

A. Oliver's recovery took a long time. In addition to the pain of a wounded arm, he had a high fever for many weeks. But at last, he began gradually to get better. In a few tearful words, he thanked the two ladies for their kindness.

"I hope," he added, "I could do something to show my gratitude."

"Well," said Rose with a lovely smile, "you'll have many opportunities of serving us, if you will."

Oliver paused. Something seemed to trouble him.

"What is it, Oliver," asked Rose.

"I was thinking that I am ungrateful now."

"To whom?"

"To the kind gentleman, Mr. Brownlow, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Bedwin," said Oliver. "They took so much care of me before.

If they knew how happy I am now, they would be very pleased."

"I am sure they would," said Rose. "I think Dr. Losberne will be kind enough to take you to see them."

When Oliver grew strong and well again, Dr. Losberne took him to London to see Mr. Brownlow. But when they arrived, they found the house empty. The neighbours told them that Mr. Brownlow and his old housekeeper had gone to the West Indies six weeks before. Oliver was deeply disappointed. He went back with the doctor to Mrs. Maylie's house, feeling bitterly sad.

**B.** A few days later, Mrs. Maylie decided to leave Chertsey and move to the country.

"You are going to accompany us," said Rose to Oliver. "The quiet place, the pure air and all the pleasures and beauty of spring will do you good."

Leaving Giles and another servant behind, they departed to a cottage at some distance in the country, and took Oliver with them.

The cottage was in a lovely spot surrounded by trees. Oliver spent a happy time. The days were peaceful and the nights brought neither fear nor care. Every morning he went to an

old gentleman who lived nearby and who taught him to read and to write better. Then he would walk with Mrs. Maylie and Rose. Sometimes he would sit in some shady place and listen while Rose read. Later he would do his homework for the next day. In the evening he would sit by one of the windows in the sitting room and listen to Rose as she played the piano and sang some old songs that pleased her aunt.

C. One evening, Rose was playing the piano when she suddenly stopped. There were tears in her eyes and she looked pale.

“Rose,” cried Mrs. Maylie, rising hastily and bending over her. “What is it?”

“Nothing, aunt; nothing,” replied Rose. “I don’t know what it is. I can’t describe it, but I feel —”

“Not ill, my love?” interrupted Mrs. Maylie.

“No, no,” said Rose. “I shall be better. Oliver, close the window, please.”

Rose looked very ill and Mrs. Maylie persuaded her to go to bed.

In the morning, Rose was in the first stage of a high and dangerous fever.

“We must act at once, Oliver,” said Mrs.

Maylie. "Take these two letters and go to the post office in the market-town. They must go today."

Oliver saw that the first letter was addressed to Dr. Losberne, the second to her son Mr. Harry Maylie. He took the two letters and hurried out. He ran across the fields and down the little lanes until he came to the post office of the market-town.

Oliver posted the two letters and then hurried back. As he was passing the inn of the market-town on his way home, he stumbled against a tall man who was at that moment coming out of the inn. It was Monk. He was drunk.

"Hah!" cried Monks, fixing his eyes on Oliver, and suddenly stepping back. "What the devil is this?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Oliver. "I didn't see you were coming."

"Curse you," said Monks, glaring at the boy. "You start up from a stone coffin, to come in my way!"

"I'm sorry," stammered Oliver, confused by the strange man's wild look. "I hope I have not hurt you."

"If I'd had only the courage," continued Monks violently. "I would have been free of

you long ago. Curse you! What are you doing here?"

Monks shook his fist, as he said these words. Then he advanced towards Oliver, but he stumbled and fell violently on the ground. Some men hurried to help him get up and then took him to his hotel. Oliver ran back home as fast as he could.

**D.** Two days later Dr. Losberne arrived. He stayed in Rose's room for a long time. Mrs. Maylie and Oliver were very worried. When the doctor at last came out, they both hurried to him.

"Yes, doctor?" said Mrs. Maylie anxiously.

"She's sleeping now," said the doctor quietly. "She'll be all right. The danger has passed but she needs a lot of rest."

Both the lady and Oliver were very happy to hear this news.

The next day, a small carriage arrived and Giles and a young gentleman came out.

"Master Oliver," cried Giles when he saw Oliver near the cottage door. "How's she?"

"In a word!" cried the young gentleman. "Better or worse?"

"Better — much better," replied Oliver as he hurried to welcome the two men.

The young gentleman was Harry Maylie. He was Mrs. Maylie's only son: a handsome young man of an average height. He was a lawyer, but he was working hard to become a famous politician.

Mrs. Maylie was anxiously waiting to receive him. When he entered, he took his mother in his arms. Their meeting was full of emotion.

"Mother!" he whispered. "You should have written earlier. You know if anything wrong happens to her, I will not know happiness again."

"I know you love her," said Mrs. Maylie thoughtfully. "I also know that she deserves it. But I fear that your feelings would change later. If that happens, it will break her heart. That's why I didn't write earlier."

"This is not fair, mother," said Harry. "Do you think I'm an ignorant young boy?"

"I think, my dear son," returned Mrs. Maylie, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "that youth has many impulses which do not last." She paused for a while and then continued solemnly, "You know very well that Rose is not my niece. I found her when she was very young and brought her up. If an ambitious man like you marries a wife on

whose name there is a stain, he will soon regret the marriage. The wife will then suffer the pain of knowing that he does so."

"Mother," said Harry impatiently, "he will be a selfish brute if he acts like that."

"You think so now, Harry," replied his mother.

"I will always think so, mother," said Harry. "You don't know how much I have suffered during the last two days when I heard she was ill. Rose is a fine girl, mother, and I love her. This is what matters."

"Well", said the mother, trying to end this conversation, "we have said enough on this matter, just now."

Harry decided that when Rose got better, he would talk to her of his love.

E. The next morning Rose felt much better. Oliver went out to the fields and gathered the sweetest wild flowers that he could find to please Rose with their beauty. Harry saw him and decided to accompany him in the following mornings to collect flowers for Rose.

A few days later, Oliver was sitting in his room. It was late afternoon and Oliver was reading a book. He felt very tired and dozed a little. Suddenly he heard movements behind

the window of his room. He opened his eyes and looked at the window. To his amazement, he saw the faces of Fagin and another man peering at him through the window. He recognized the other man at once. It was the drunk man he had met near the inn in the market-town when he went to post the letters.

"Yes, my dear," said Fagin to Monks. "It is he, sure enough. Come away."

"He!" answered Monks. "Do you think I could ever mistake him?"

Oliver startled up; he was so afraid that he could not find his voice. It was but an instant and the two figures disappeared. Oliver stood trembling; at last he leapt out of the room and shouted for help.

Everyone hurried to Oliver. They found him pale and trembling. He was pointing in the direction of the meadows behind the house.

"The Jew! The Jew!" he shouted.

"What direction did he take?" asked Harry, catching up a heavy stick.

"That," replied Oliver, pointing to the direction that the two men had taken.

"Follow me," said Harry to Giles and darted off as quickly as he could. Giles and Dr. Losberne followed.



They searched for a long time, and looked everywhere: in the ditches, behind the hedges and bushes. The search was all in vain. There were not even the traces of recent footsteps to be seen. They stood now on the top of a little hill that overlooked the open fields in every direction for three or four miles. They could not see anybody.

"It must have been a dream, Oliver," said Harry.

"Oh, no, indeed, sir," replied Oliver, trembling with fear. "I saw him very clearly."

"This is strange!" said Harry.

The men gave up the search and decided to go back.

"Well, they might be in one of the pubs in the area," said Harry when they arrived at the cottage. "Oliver, give us a complete description of the two men. Giles, go down to the pubs and see if you can find them there."

Giles went off, supplied with the best description Oliver could give. But hours later, he returned saying that he could not find them.

The next morning, the search was continued, and inquiries were made, but with no better success. Harry and Oliver went to the inn in the market-town, in the hope of seeing or hearing something of the two men there; but

this effort was equally fruitless. After a few days, the affair began to be forgotten.

F. Rose began to recover. She was able to leave her room and mix once more with the family. This happy change had a clear effect on the little circle: cheerful voices and merry laughter were once more heard in the cottage. However, there was at times a look of sadness in Rose's face; a similar sad look was on Harry's face.

At last, one morning, when Rose was alone in the dining-room, Harry Maylie entered.

"Can I have a few words with you, Rose," he said after some hesitation.

Rose nodded.

"I — I came here as soon as I heard you're ill. I had dreadful and painful fears when I found you trembling between earth and heaven. I had deep apprehensions and selfish regrets that you should die before you know how devotedly I love you."

Rose listened silently. There were tears gathering in her eyes.

"For years," Harry went on, "for years I have loved you. I have always hoped to succeed in life and win my way to fame, and then come proudly home and tell you that I have

won fame only for you to share. That hope has not arrived yet. But here, with no fame won, I offer you the heart so long your own."

"That's very kind and noble of you," said Rose, trying to control her voice as tears began to run down her face. "This should have been my happiest day; but my answer is that you must try to forget me."

Harry looked disappointed.

"Look into the world, Harry," continued Rose, her voice beginning to shake. "Think how many hearts you could later gain. As for me, I will always be the truest, warmest and most faithful friend you have."

She covered her face with her hands and began to weep.

"But why, Rose, why?" said Harry in a low voice.

"The prospect before you is a brilliant one, Harry," said Rose. "In public life, you make a lot of acquaintances and friends who are either powerful or rich. Their influence and talents will help you in your career. Those acquaintances and friends are proud; and I will not mix with people who look down on me or my mother."

She paused to wipe her tears.

"In a word, Harry," she continued, "I will

be an obstacle to your progress in the world. You are rich and from a well-known family, and I'm but a poor girl with a stain on my name. I will not pass it to you or your family. It's unfair."

Harry cast down his eyes. He was now confident that Rose returned his love; but he also knew that she would not change her mind.

"One word, Rose, Dearest Rose," said Harry with bitter disappointment. "Could I once and only once more, — say, within a year — speak to you again on this subject, for the last time?"

"Not to press me to change my right decision," replied Rose with a sad smile. "It will be useless."

"No," said Harry. "Just to hear your opinion again."

"All right, Harry," said Rose, "it is but one pain the more, and by that time I may be able to bear it better. I must leave you now, Harry."

She stretched her hand, but the young man held her tightly, gave her a quick kiss on her forehead and hurried from the room.

Two days after this conversation, Harry Maylie and Dr. Losberry left the cottage and went away, each to his place of work.

## Glossary

<b>A. recovery</b>	/ri'kavəri/	شفاء
fever	/fi:və/	حمى
gradually	/gradʒuəli/	بصورة تدريجية
get better	/get 'betə/	تحسن صحته
tearful	/tiəful/	مبللة بالدموع ، باكية
gratitude	/gratitju:d/	العرفان بالجميل
opportunities	/opə'tju:nətiz/	فرص مناسبات
will	/wil/	يريد ، يشاء
ungrateful	/ʌn'greitful/	غير مقر بالجميل ، غير شاكر
 grew	 /gru:/	 اصبح
deeply	/di:pli/	بغف ، بقوة، بعمق
disappointed	/disə'pointid/	خائب ، الامل
feeling bitterly sad	/fi:lin 'bitəli 'səd/	شاعرا بحزن مرير
<b>B. move</b>	/mu:v/	ينتقل الى (سكن أخرى)
accompany	/ə'kʌmpəni/	يرافق ، يصاحب
departed	/di'pɑ:tɪd/	غادروا ، رحلوا
at some distance	/ət 'sʌm 'distəns/	بعيدا (على مسافة بعيدة)
spot	/spot/	بقعة
care	/keə/	هم
shady	/ʃeidi/	ذو ظلال
<b>C. rising</b>	/raiziŋ/	واقفا ، نامقا
persuaded	/pə'sweidɪd/	اقنع
stage	/steɪdʒ/	مرحلة
we must act	/wi məst 'ækt	يجب ان تصرف حالا
at once	ət 'wʌns/	
market-town	/mɑ:kɪttəʊn/	البلدة التي يتعقد فيها السوق
curse	/kɑ:s/	لعنة

wild	/waɪld/	متوحش
courage	/ˈkʌrɪdʒ/	شجاعة
<b>D. worried</b>	/ˈwʌrɪd/	قلق
anxiously	/ˈæŋkʃəsli/	بقلق ، بتلهف
politician	/ˌpɒlɪˈtɪʃn/	سياسي
emotion	/ɪˈmoʊʃn/	انفعال ، عاطفة
thoughtfully	/ˈθo:tfʊli/	بتأمل
deserves	/dɪˈzə:vz/	يستحق
break her heart	/ˈbreɪk hɜːˈhɑ:t/	يجرح قلبها ، يسحق قلبها
ignorant	/ɪɡnərənt/	جاهل
lay	/leɪ/	يضع
impulses	/ɪmˈpʌlsɪz/	دوافع ، قوى دافعة
last	/lɑ:st/	بسنم
ambitious	/æmˈbiʃəs/	طموح
stain	/steɪn/	لطفة
regret	/rɪˈɡret/	يندم على
selfish	/ˈselfɪʃ/	أناني ، محب لنفسه فقط
brute	/bru:t/	وحش ، حيوان
fine	/faɪn/	عظيم ، بديع
<b>E. dozed</b>	/ˈdoʊzd/	غلبه النعاس
inn	/ɪn/	فندق صغير ، حانة
leapt	/lept/	ونب
meadows	/ˈmedoʊz/	مروج
search	/sɜ:tʃ/	بحث ، تفتيش
trace	/treɪs/	علامة ، أثر
recent	/rɪˈsɛnt/	حديث ، جديد
footstep	/ˈfʊtstep/	خطوة
pub	/pʌb/	حانة
supplied with	/səˈplaɪd wɪð/	مزوداً بـ

effort	/ʔefat/	جهد
equally	/i:kwali/	على حد سواء
fruitless	/fru:tlis/	عديم الفائدة
affair	/ʔafɐa/	أمر ، شأن
F. mix	/miks/	يخلط
effect	/ilfekt/	أثر ، تأثير ، نتيجة
cheerful	/tʃi:ʃul/	سار ، مفرح
merry	/mɐri/	مرح
at times	/ʔt ʔaimz/	أحياناً
nod	/nod/	يهز الرأس
dreadful	/dredful/	مرعب
apprehension	/apri'hɛnʃn/	خوف
devotedly	/di'voutɔdli/	باخلاص ، بوقار
gathering	/ga ʔɐriŋ/	مجموعة
fame	/feim/	شهرة
proudly	/praudli/	بفخر
offer	/ofɐ/	يعرض
noble	/noub/	نبيل ، شريف ، رائع
control	/kʔn'troul/	يضبط ، يسيطر على
gain	/gein/	يكسب ، يربح
truest	/tru:ist/	الأكثر صدقا
warmest	/wo:mist/	الأكثر رقة أو ودأ
weep	/wi:p/	ينكي
prospect	/prospekt/	توقعات (مستقبل)
brilliant	/briliʔnt/	مناظر ، لامع
acquaintances	/ʔkweintʔnsiz/	معارف
influence	/influʔns/	تأثير
talent	/talɛnt/	موهبة أو قدرة
career	/kʔ'ria/	مسيرة حياة الفرد لو مستقبله

obstacle	/ˈɒbstəkl/	عقبة ، عائق
progress	/ˈprəʊɡres/	تقدم
but	/bʌt/	ليس الا ، فقط
cast	/kɑːst/	يرسل في اتجاه معين
press	/pres/	يضغط
useless	/ˈjuːslɪs/	عديم الفائدة
opinion	/əˈpɪnjən/	رأي ، وجهة نظر
stretch	/stretʃ/	يمد
tightly	/ˈtaɪtli/	بشدّة بقوة





## CHAPTER 9

**A. Mr. Bumble was now master of the workhouse. One day, feeling miserable after a little family quarrel with Mrs. Bumble, he left the workhouse and walked about the streets. He stopped before a public-house and looked through the window. The public-house was deserted, except for one customer. It began to rain heavily at that moment, so Bumble decided to go in.**

**The man who was seated there was tall and dark. He looked at Bumble as he entered, but scarcely answered his greeting. As Bumble sat down to drink, he felt a strong desire to steal a look at the stranger. Whenever he did so he found that the stranger was at the same moment stealing a look at him.**

**When their eyes had met several times in this way, the stranger said in a deep, harsh voice, "Were you looking for me when you looked in through the window?"**

**"Not that I am aware of, unless you're Mr.—". Here Bumble stopped short. He was curious to know the man's name and he hoped that he would supply the blank.**

**"I see you were not," said the stranger, "or you would have known my name. But I know you pretty well. What are you now?"**

**"Master of the workhouse," answered Mr. Bumble.**

**"You still work for your own interests, don't you?" said the stranger looking closely into Mr. Bumble's eyes.**

**"Well," replied Bumble. "Workhouse masters are not well paid, so I have no objection to earning some extra money."**

**The stranger smiled and nodded his head.**

**"Fill in this glass again," he said, handing Mr. Bumble's empty glass to the landlord. When the drink was brought, the stranger looked at Mr. Bumble carefully.**

**"Now listen to me," said the stranger in a low voice. "I came down to this place to find you out. I want some information from you. I'm not asking you to give it for nothing."**

**As he spoke he pushed a couple of gold coins to Mr. Bumble, who put them in his pocket.**

**"Cast your memory back," said the stranger, "about eleven years."**

**"It's a long time," said Bumble. "Very good. I've done it."**

**"The scene: the workhouse."**

**"Good."**

**"And the time: one evening in winter."**

**"Yes."**

**"And the place: a room in the workhouse. A boy was born there."**

**"Many boys!" observed Bumble.**

**"I speak of one: a gentle-looking, pale-faced boy, who was later apprenticed here to a coffin-maker, and then ran away to London."**

**"Why, you mean Oliver Twist," said Bumble. "I remember him, of course."**

**"It's not of him I want to hear," said the stranger, "It's of a woman, the old woman who nursed his mother. Where's she?"**

**"She died last winter," answered Bumble.**

**The stranger looked fixedly at him.**

**"All right," said the stranger after a pause. "It doesn't matter then."**

**The stranger rose to leave. But Bumble saw at once that an opportunity had opened for him to make some money.**

**"Wait," he said. "My wife was with the**

old nurse when she died last winter. She may know something that interests you."

"All right," said the stranger. "How can I find her?"

"Only through me," replied Bumble.

"When?" cried the stranger, hastily.

"Tomorrow," replied Bumble.

"At nine in the evening," said the stranger. He took out a piece of paper and wrote down an obscure address by the river. "At nine o'clock bring her to me there. I needn't tell you to keep this a secret."

With these words he got up, paid for the drinks and departed.

On looking at the address, Bumble noticed that it contained no name. He ran after the stranger and said, "What name shall I ask for?"

"Monks," replied the man and walked hastily away.

**B.** At nine o'clock in the next evening, Mr. and Mrs. Bumble arrived at Monks's house. It was a ruined house overlooking the river. Monks was alone.

"Now," said Monks, when they had all three seated themselves, "the sooner we come

to our business the better for all. The woman knows what it is, does she?"

Mrs. Bumble nodded her head.

"Were you with the old nurse when she died?"

"I was," said Mrs. Bumble.

"Did she tell you anything about —"

"About Oliver's mother," replied Mrs. Bumble. "Yes."

"The first question is: what is the nature of her information?"

"Well," said Mrs. Bumble, "how much will you pay?"

"Twenty pounds?"

"Add five to the sum. Give me twenty-five pounds in gold," said Mrs. Bumble.

"But the information might be nothing," said Monks.

"You can easily take the money away again," replied the woman.

Monks gave her the money.

"Now," he said, "let's hear your story."

"The old nurse spoke about Oliver's mother," said Mrs. Bumble. "Oliver's mother was very ill when she gave birth to Oliver. Before she died, she gave the old nurse something and begged her to keep it for the boy's sake."

**"What was it?" cried Monks.**

**"It was a piece of jewelry. The old nurse kept it for herself. She gave it to me before her death last winter."**

**"Where is it now?" asked Monks quickly.**

**"Here it is," said Mrs. Bumble and took out a gold locket. It contained two locks of hair and a gold wedding ring.**

**"This is Oliver's mother's wedding ring. It has her name 'Agnes' engraved on the inside," said Mrs. Bumble. "It also has the date of the marriage."**

**Monks took the gold locket and examined the ring.**

**"Is that all?" said Monks.**

**"All," replied the woman. "Is this what you were looking for?"**

**"Yes," replied Monks.**

**"What are you planning to do with it?" asked Mrs. Bumble. "Can it be used against me?"**

**"Never," replied Monks; "nor against me either. See here!"**

**He stood up and went to a window that overlooked the river. He opened it and threw the ring into the water.**

**"There!" said Monks closing the window.**



The three, looking into each other's faces, seemed to breathe more freely.

"Now," said Monks with a threatening look, "get away from here as fast as you can."

Mr. and Mrs. Bumble hurried away.

C. "What's the time?" asked Bill Sikes angrily as he awakened from a short sleep in the evening.

"About seven o'clock," answered Nancy. "How do you feel tonight, Bill?"

"As weak as water," replied Sikes. "Here, lend me a hand and help me to get off this bed."

Bill Sikes had been very ill since the attempted robbery. Nancy stayed with him and took great care of him. Illness, however, had not improved his temper. As the girl raised him up and led him to a chair he cursed her awkwardness and struck her.

"Don't be too hard on me, Bill," she said, putting her hand upon his shoulder. "I have been nursing and caring for you, as if you had been a child. This is the first night I've seen you better."

At that moment Fagin appeared at the door, followed by the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates.



**“Why, what evil wind has blown you here?” said Sikes to Fagin.**

**“Ah!” said Fagin, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction. “You’re better, Bill, I can see.”**

**“Better!” exclaimed Sikes. “Come, tell me. What do you mean by leaving me in this state for three weeks without even asking about me?”**

**“I was away from London, a week and more, my dear, on business,” replied the Jew.**

**“And what about the other fortnight that you’ve left me lying here like a sick rat?” inquired Sikes.**

**“I couldn’t help it, Bill, upon my honour,” said Fagin.**

**“Upon your what?” shouted Sikes.**

**“Don’t get in a temper, my dear,” said Fagin. “I have never forgotten you, Bill, never once.”**

**“If it hadn’t been for the girl, I would have died,” said Sikes.**

**Ah! And who brought you such a sweet girl ?”**

**“He says true enough, there!” said Nancy.**

**“Oh, well.” said Sikes to the Jew, “but I must have some money from you tonight.”**

**“I haven’t a coin about me,” replied the Jew.**

**You've got lots at home," said Sikes, "and I must have some from there."**

**"Very well," said Fagin with a sigh. "I'll send the Artful Dodger now."**

**"Oh, no," said Sikes. "Nancy will go and get it; and I'll lie down and have a short sleep while she's gone."**

**The Jew took leave of Sikes and returned home, accompanied by Nancy and the boys.**

**D. When they arrived at Fagin's house, the Jew sent the boys away.**

**"I'll go and get that money, Nancy," said the Jew as he took out a small key. Suddenly there was a noise.**

**"Listen," said Fagin, hiding the key in his pocket. "Who's that?"**

**The door opened and a tall man appeared. It was Monks. When he saw Nancy, he stepped back.**

**"She's one of my people," said Fagin. "Don't move, Nancy."**

**Nancy looked very closely at Monks.**

**"Any news?" inquired Fagin.**

**"Great," replied Monks. "I have been quick enough this time. Let me have a word with you."**

**Fagin, pointing upward, took Monks out of the room.**

**Nancy got suspicious as well as curious. She slipped off her shoes and followed the two men to overhear what they were talking about. It was very dark upstairs, and neither Fagin nor Monks saw her. She heard every word of their conversation.**

**The conversation continued for a quarter of an hour. Before they came down, Nancy glided back softly. Immediately afterwards the two men came down, and Monks left the house at once.**

**Fagin went upstairs again for the money. When he returned, the girl was preparing to go.**

**"Nancy," said the Jew, "how pale you are!"**

**"Pale!" repeated Nancy.**

**"Quite horrible," said Fagin. "What have you been doing to yourself?"**

**"Nothing," said Nancy carelessly. "I've been sitting here long enough. Come, let me get back."**

**She took the money and left the house. When she was in the open street, she sat down upon a doorstep and seemed, for a few moments, bewildered and unable to walk. She**

did not know what to do. Feeling very helpless, she burst into tears.

E. The next day, Sikes was busy eating and drinking with the money that Nancy had brought him from Fagin. He did not notice anything unusual in her behaviour. But towards the evening, Nancy's excitement increased. There was an unusual paleness in her cheek and a fire in her eye that even Sikes observed with astonishment.

"What's the matter?" he said, staring at her.

"Matter?" replied the girl. "Nothing."

"You've caught the fever," he said roughly.

He drank heavily. Nancy waited until he fell asleep. She rose at once, opened the door quietly and closed it behind her.

It was half past nine. Nancy hurried through the dark streets towards the West End of London. At last she stopped before a hotel in a quiet but handsome street near Hyde Park. After standing for a few seconds as though making up her mind, she entered the hall.

"Now, young woman!" said a smartly-dressed maid, "who do you want here?"

**"Miss Rose Maylie," said Nancy.**

**She was led to a room upstairs.**

**"Good evening," said Rose as Nancy entered her room. "What can I do for you?"**

**The kind tone, the sweet voice, the gentle manner took Nancy completely by surprise, and she burst into tears.**

**"Sit down," said Rose. "If you need money or if you're in trouble, I'll be glad to help you. Sit down."**

**"Is that door shut?" said Nancy, wiping away her tears.**

**"Yes," said Rose. "Why?"**

**"Because," said Nancy, "I am about to put my life, and the lives of others, in your hands."**

**She paused for a moment and then went on, "You see, I am the girl that dragged Oliver back to Fagin when he was staying with the old man."**

**"You?" exclaimed Rose.**

**"Yes, madam," replied Nancy. "No one knows I'm here, or they would murder me. Do you know a man called Monks?"**

**"No," said Rose. "I have never heard the name."**

**"He knows you," replied Nancy. "He knows you're here. I heard him speak about**

you and this place. This is how I found you."

Rose looked puzzled.

"Some time ago," Nancy went on, "soon after the night of the robbery at your house in Chertsey, Fagin came to visit me. I heard him say that Oliver was worth hundreds of pounds. He wanted him back and alive. I got suspicious, though I tried hard not to show it. When he left, he didn't know that I was following him. Near Fagin's house, this man, Monks, met him and they went inside. I followed them and overheard their conversation. I found out that Monks had seen by chance Oliver with two of our boys on the day we first lost him. Monks had immediately recognized Oliver as the same child that he was watching for, though I couldn't make out why. Monks promised Fagin a sum of money if Oliver was got back; and he was to have more for making him a thief."

"But why?" asked Rose.

"I couldn't find out," said Nancy. "I had to escape because Monks saw my shadow on the wall as I listened. I didn't see him again until last night."

"And what happened then?"

"Last night he came again. Fagin took him upstairs. I went after them. I was very careful

this time and no one caught sight of me or my shadow. The first words I heard Monks say were these: 'So the only proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river, and the woman that received them from his mother is dead'."

"What's all this?" said Rose.

"This is the truth, madam," said Nancy. "Then he said that if he could kill the boy without putting himself in trouble, he would at once; but since he couldn't, he would be prepared to meet him at any time and harm him. 'In short,' he said to Fagin, 'I'll cause all sorts of troubles to my young brother, Oliver'."

"His brother!" exclaimed Rose.

"Those were Monks's words," said Nancy. "And now, madam, I've said what I wanted to say. It is growing late and I have to get back."

"But what can I do?" said Rose. "Wait. Why do you wish to return to wicked companions? If you repeat this information to a gentleman whom I know, you can be put in a safe place without delay."

"I wish to go back," said the girl. "I must go back, because among those wicked people



RMZ. 30



there is one man I love and can't leave. He's sick now and needs my help."

"Please listen to me," said Rose, "and let me help you."

"Madam," said Nancy, "It's too late now. If I had met you years ago, I might have changed. But it's too late, too late. I can't leave him now in spite of all my suffering and his cruelty."

"What shall I do?" said Rose. "How can we save Oliver?"

"You must know someone who will advise you what to do," answered Nancy.

"But where can I find you again if it is necessary?"

"Do you promise me that you will keep my secret and come to meet me alone or with the only other person who knows it?"

"I promise," replied Rose.

"Every Sunday night, from eleven till midnight," said Nancy, "I'll walk on London Bridge."

She immediately turned and left the room. Rose sank into a chair and tried to collect her wandering thoughts.

## Glossary

<b>A. deserted</b>	/di'lzə:tɪd/	خالي ، مهجور
customer	/kʌstəmə/	زبون
greeting	/gri:tɪŋ/	تحية
desire	/di'zaɪə/	رجية
steal a look	/sti:l ə'lʊk/	يختلس نظرة
harsh	/hɑ:f/	خشن ، غليظ
aware	/ə'weə/	مدرك ، عارف
not that I am aware of		كلا على حد علمي
curious	/kjuəriəs/	فضولي ، محب للاستطلاع
interest (n)	/ɪntrəst/	مصلحة ، منفعة
objection	/əb'dʒekʃn/	اعتراض
extra	/ekstrə/	إضافي
memory	/meməri/	ذاكرة
scene	/si:n/	مشهد
apprenticed	/ə'prentɪst/	تمرّن على حرفة ، تدوّب
nursed	/nɑ:st/	عنت (بالمريض)
fixedly	/fɪksɪdli/	بصورة ثابتة
interest (v.)	/ɪntrəst/	يهم
obscure	/əb'skjuə/	مبهّم ، غير واضح
<b>B. overlooking</b>	/ouvə'lʊkɪŋ/	مطل على
sum	/sʌm/	مبلغ
locket	/ləkɪt/	علبة صغيرة (من الذهب)
		تدلى من الرقبة يحفظ فيها تذكّار نسيم
locks	/ləks/	عصلات
wedding ring	/wediŋ rɪŋ/	خاتم الزّواج
engraved	/ɪn'greɪvd/	منقوش ، محفور
threatening look	/θretnɪŋ 'lʊk/	نظرة تهديد
<b>C. awakened</b>	/ə'weɪknd/	استيقظ

improved	/im'pru:vd/	حسن
temper	/tempə/	مزاج
cursed	/kə:st/	لعن ، شتم
awkwardness	/o:kwədnis/	ارتباك
struck	/strak/	ضرب
satisfaction	/satis'fakʃn/	رضى ، ارتياح
state	/steit/	حالة
honour	/onə/	شرف
if it hadn't been for the girl		لولا الفتاة
sigh	/sai/	تنهيدة
D. suspicious	/sə'spiʃəs/	شكوك
slipped off	/slipt ɒf/	خلعت
overhear	/ouva'hia/	تسرق السمع
glided back	/glaidid 'bak/	انسلت عائدا
softly	/softli/	برقة ، بهدوء
bewildered	/bi'wildəd/	حائرة ،
helpless	/helplis/	عاجز
E. behaviour	/bi'heivjə/	سلوك
paleness	/peilnis/	شحوب
make up her mind	/meik 'ʌp hə 'maɪnd/	تصمم ، تقرر
observed	/əb'zə:vd/	لاحظ
handsome	/hansəm/	جميل ، أنيق
smartly-dressed	/sma:tli 'drest/	أنيقة اللبس
manner	/manə/	سلوك ، تصرف
puzzled	/pʌzld/	حائر
recognized	/rekə'gnaɪzd/	متر ، عرف
make out	/meik 'aʊt/	أفهم ، أدرك
proofs	/pru:fs/	دلائل ، براهين
identity	/aɪ'dentəti/	هويته شخصيه

## CHAPTER 10

**A. The Maylies intended to stay only three days in London before they left for a distant part of the coast for a few weeks.**

**It was now midnight of the first day. Rose Maylie was still awake. Her situation was indeed very difficult. What course of action should she take? How could she delay the journey without arousing suspicion? If she talked to Dr. Losberne, he would be very angry because she had received a woman like Nancy, and had let her go without calling the police. If she talked to Mrs. Maylie, the old woman would first tell the doctor.**

**Rose passed a sleepless and anxious night. On the next day, she decided to write to Harry and ask his advice.**

**"It'll be painful to him to come back here and see me," she thought, "but it'll be more painful to me to see him again. But perhaps he will not come. Perhaps he's learnt to forget me."**

Tears rose to her eyes as she thought of him and their last parting. She was about to write the letter when Oliver, breathless and excited, entered the room.

"I've seen the gentleman," said Oliver. "Mr. Brownlow, the man who was so good to me."

"Where?" asked Rose eagerly.

"Getting out of a coach," replied Oliver, panting heavily, "and going into his house. You see, I was with Giles and we were taking a walk in that area. I want to go there now."

"All right, Oliver," said Rose. "I'll take you there now. Tell them to fetch a coach."

**B.** When they arrived at Mr. Brownlow's house, Rose left Oliver in the coach to prepare the old gentleman to receive him. Mr. Brownlow was in his study and Rose was led there.

Rose greeted Mr. Brownlow and introduced herself.

"Have a seat, Miss Maylie." Rose sat down.

"Now," continued Mr. Brownlow. "What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Brownlow," started Rose, "you once showed great kindness to a very dear young

friend of mine, and I'm sure you'll take an interest in hearing of him again."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Brownlow.

"He's Oliver Twist."

Mr. Brownlow stared at her with surprise.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Brownlow. "What do you know about him?"

Rose at once told him all that had happened to Oliver since he left Mr. Brownlow's house.

"Oliver's been very sad for the last few months," added Rose, "because he could not meet you."

"Thank God!" said the old gentleman.

"This is great happiness to me. But you haven't told me where he is now, Miss Maylie."

"He's waiting in a coach at the door," replied Rose.

"At the door!" cried the old gentleman, hurrying out of the room and down the stairs without another word. He returned, accompanied by Oliver.

"There is somebody else who should not be forgotten," said Mr. Brownlow and called Mrs. Bedwin.

The old housekeeper came quickly and stood at the door. Oliver sprang into her arms.

**“Good gracious,” cried the old nurse, embracing him, “it is my boy.”**

**“My dear old nurse!” cried Oliver.**

**“He would come back — I knew he would,” said the old woman, holding him in her arms. “He looks very well, and he’s dressed very well. Where have you been all this time? Ah! The same sweet face, but not so pale; the same soft eyes, but not so sad.”**

**Leaving her with Oliver, Mr. Brownlow led the way into another room and there heard from Rose everything of her meeting with Nancy. She also explained her reasons for not talking to Dr. Losberne on the subject. Mr. Brownlow thought that she had acted wisely and promised to talk to Dr. Losberne himself. It was arranged that he should call at the hotel at eight o’clock that evening, and that in the meantime Mrs. Maylie should be told of everything.**

**Shortly afterwards Rose and Oliver returned home.**

**C. In the evening, Mr. Brownlow visited Mrs. Maylie in her room in the hotel. Rose and Dr. Losberne were there. When the story of Nancy’s visit was told, Dr. Losberne got very angry. His first decision was to tell the**





police. But Mr. Brownlow persuaded him that that was not the correct thing to do at the moment. "We must proceed gently and with great care," added Mr. Brownlow.

"Gently!" exclaimed the doctor. "I'd send them all to —"

"Never mind where," interrupted Mr. Brownlow. "We have to realize that sending them anywhere is not likely to achieve our aim."

"What aim?" asked the doctor.

"Simply, the discovery of Oliver's parentage," replied Mr. Brownlow.

"I see," said the doctor. "Then what do you suggest?"

"Well," said Mr. Brownlow, "It is quite clear that we shall have extreme difficulty in getting to the bottom of this mystery, unless we bring this man, Monks, to his knees. This has to be thought out and planned very carefully. We must catch him when he is not surrounded by these people. You see, even if Monks is arrested, we have no proof against him. He is very clever: he is not even connected with any of the robberies that the gang have committed."

"What about Rose's promise to Nancy?" asked the doctor, "You're not suggesting we should keep it?"

**"Yes I am," said Mr. Brownlow. "The promise shall be kept. I don't think it will interfere with our plans. But before we take any course of action, it will be necessary to see the girl. I'd like to know whether she's ready to point out Monks. If she cannot do that, we'll try to get from her a full description of the man and his haunts so that we can identify him. She cannot be seen until next Sunday night; today is Tuesday. I would suggest that in the meantime we remain perfectly quiet, and keep these matters secret even from Oliver himself."**

**Dr. Losberne, Rose and Mrs. Maylie agreed to these suggestions.**

**"I'd like," said Dr. Losberne, "to get the help of a friend of mine; he's a very good lawyer."**

**"Who's he?" asked Mr. Brownlow.**

**"That lady's son, and this young lady's — very old friend," said the doctor, pointing first to Mrs. Maylie and then to her niece.**

**Rose blushed deeply, but she did not make any objection. Mr. Brownlow nodded his head with agreement.**

**"We shall stay in town," said Mrs. Maylie, "until this case is settled."**

**"Good," said Mr. Brownlow. "And now,**

supper has been announced; and young Oliver, who is all alone in the next room, has probably begun to think we've forgotten him."

With these words, the old gentleman led the way to the dining-room of the hotel.

**D.** It was Sunday night, and the bell of the nearest church struck eleven. Sikes and the Jew were talking, but they paused to listen. Nancy looked up from the low seat on which she lay, and listened too.

Trying hard to hide her anxiety, Nancy stood up and put on her hat and was now leaving the room.

"Nancy," cried Sikes. "Where are you going at this hour?"

"Not far?"

"What kind of answer is that?" said Sikes roughly. "Where are you going?"

"I say, not far."

"And I say where?" returned 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," said Nancy. "I want a breath of air."

**"Put your head out of the window," replied Sikes.**

**"There's not enough there," said the girl. "I want it in the street."**

**"Then you won't have it," shouted Sikes as he rose and locked the door. He then pulled her hat from her head and threw it on the top of an old cupboard. "There," he said. "Now stay quietly where you are, will you?"**

**"Do you think the hat will stop me?" said Nancy turning very pale. "What do you mean, Bill? Do you know what you're doing?"**

**"Know what I'm — oh!" cried Sikes turning to Fagin, "She's lost her senses, you know, or she wouldn't dare to talk to me in that way."**

**"Let me go," said Nancy, "this instant, this instant."**

**"No!" said Sikes.**

**"Tell him to let me go, Fagin," cried Nancy.**

**"Look," shouted Sikes. "If you don't stop, I'll have the dog tear your throat out."**

**"Let me go," said Nancy and sat down on the floor. "Bill, let me go. For only one hour."**

**"The girl's mad," cried Sikes, seizing her violently by the arm. "Get up."**

**"Not till you let me go," screamed Nancy.**

**Sikes dragged her into a small room. He threw her into a chair and held her down by force. She struggled and begged until twelve o'clock, and then, feeling exhausted, she became quiet. Sikes left her in the room and joined Fagin.**

**"Whew!" said Sikes, wiping the sweat from his face. "What a strange girl she is!"**

**"You may well say that, Bill," replied Fagin thoughtfully. "You may well say that."**

**"What, do you think, is the matter with her?" said Sikes. "Come; you should know her better than me. What does it mean?"**

**"Obstinacy; woman's obstinacy, I suppose."**

**"Well, I suppose it is," growled Sikes. "I thought I had tamed her, but she's as wild as ever."**

**Later, Fagin rose, wished Sikes good night and left the house.**

**He walked towards his home, thinking deeply of Sikes and Nancy. Her strange behaviour that evening made him think that Nancy, tired of Sikes's cruelty, had found a new friend. The girl's altered manner, her**

repeated absences from home alone, her recent indifference to the interests of the gang and her impatience that night to leave home at a certain hour, all seemed to confirm it.

Before he reached his home, he had made his plans. He would have Nancy watched and discover who her new friend was.

## Glossary

<b>A. intended</b>	/ɪn'tendɪd/	نوى ، قصد
<b>coast</b>	/koust/	ساحل
<b>course of action</b>	/ko:s əv 'ækʃn/	إجراء
<b>delay</b>	/dɪleɪ/	تأخر
<b>arousing</b>	/ə'rauzɪŋ/	إثارة
<b>suspicion</b>	/sə'spɪʃn/	شك
<b>sleepless</b>	/sli:plɪs/	بدون نوم
<b>advice</b>	/əd'vaɪs/	نصيح
<b>parting</b>	/pɑ:tiŋ/	فراق
<b>breathless</b>	/bri:θlɪs/	مقطوع النفس ، لامت
<b>excited</b>	/ɪk'saɪtɪd/	متفعل
<b>panting</b>	/pɑ:ntɪŋ/	لاهنا
<b>heavily</b>	/hevɪli/	بصعوبة
<b>coach</b>	/koutʃ/	عربة
<b>B. introduced</b>	/ɪntrə'dju:st/	قدمت
<b>accompanied by</b>	/ə'kɑmpənɪd baɪ/	مرافقه
<b>Good gracious</b>	/gud 'greɪʃəs/	سبحان الله ، يا للمعجب
<b>embracing</b>	/ɪm'breɪsɪŋ/	معاققة
<b>meantime</b>	/mi:ntaɪm/	في أثناء
<b>C. realize</b>	/rɪəlaɪz/	يعرك
<b>achieve</b>	/ə'tʃi:v/	يحقق
<b>aim</b>	/eɪm/	هدف
<b>parentage</b>	/peərəntɪdʒ/	أصل
<b>extreme</b>	/ɪk'stri:m/	شديد ، بالغ
<b>mystery</b>	/mɪstəri/	لغز
<b>thought out</b>	/bo:t 'aʊt/	يتفكر به ويقلبه جيداً
<b>committed</b>	/kə'mɪtɪd/	التزمت . التوكلت
<b>promise</b>	/ˈpromɪs/	وعد
<b>interfere with</b>	/ɪntə'fɪə wɪθ/	يتعارض مع ، يعرقل

haunt	/ho:nt/	ماوی ، مکان پرتاده
identify	/aɪdentɪfaɪ/	الشخص بترف علی هو به لو
blush	/blʌʃ/	شخصه شخص
settled	/setld/	بحر وجهها خجلا
announce	/əˈnaʊns/	خست
D.struck	/strʌk/	بطن
hide	/haɪd/	دق
cupboard	/ˈkʌbəd/	پنجه
out of her senses	/aʊt əv hɜː ˈsensɪz/	دولاب ملاپس
grip	/ɡrɪp/	لست فی وعیها
exhausted	/ɪɡˈzɔ:stɪd/	قبضه
sweat	/swet/	مُرغق
obstinacy	/ˈɒbstɪnəsi/	عرق
tame	/teɪm/	عاد
altered	/ˈɒ:kəd/	بروض
absence	/ˈæbsəns/	متبدل ، متغیر
indifference	/ɪnˈdɪfrəns/	غیاب
confirm	/kənˈfɜ:m/	عدم اکثرات
certain	/sə:tn/	یؤكد
		نصین ، محدد



## CHAPTER II

**A.** Two days later, the Artful Dodger got into trouble. The police had accused him of attempting to pick a pocket, and finding some expensive articles on him, they arrested him.

Fagin was anxious about him.

"The police know what a clever fellow he is," said Fagin to his pupils. "He's been wanted for some time now, but there wasn't enough evidence against him. But it's different this time."

At this moment, Charley Bates entered the room.

"It's all over, Fagin," said Charley.

"What do you mean?" shouted Fagin.

"The police have got strong evidence against the Dodger," replied Charli. "They've found the owners of the articles that were on the Dodger; some more people are coming to identify him. It's all over. The Dodger will certainly be banished from the country."

Fagin received the news very sadly. He then decided to send one of the boys to attend the trial.

The Dodger came into the court-room and took his place in the dock.

"Why do you bring me here," shouted the Dodger.

"Hold your tongue, will you?" said a policeman.

"What do you mean?" insisted the Dodger.

"Where are my rights?"

"You'll get your rights soon enough," said the policeman.

"I'll report you to the Minister of Home Affairs," shouted the Dodger. "What is this business all about? I hope the judge will not keep me here too long. I've got an appointment with a friend in the City, and since I'm very punctual, I should be there on time."

The audience laughed.

"Silence, there!" cried the policeman.

The judge appeared and sat down to hear the case.

"It's a pickpocketing case, your honour," said the policeman.

"Has the accused been here before?"

"Yes, your honour," said the policeman.

**"He's been everywhere. The police know him very well."**

**"Where are the witnesses," said the clerk.**

**"Ah! That's right," shouted the Dodger.**  
**"Where are they?"**

**"Silence," said the judge solemnly. "Call the witnesses."**

The first witness was called. He was the policeman who had arrested him. He told the court that he had seen the prisoner pick the pocket of a gentleman. Other witnesses were called and they all testified against the Dodger.

**"This isn't a court of justice," shouted the Dodger when the last witness left the court.**  
**"Besides, my lawyer is not here. He's having breakfast with very important people in the government."**

**The audience laughed again.**

The judge then gave this decision. The Artful Dodger was found guilty and was sentenced to many years' imprisonment. He was immediately taken to prison and was locked up in a little cell.

**B. Days passed: it was Sunday night again. Sikes was away, so Nancy left the house and went towards London Bridge. It was a very**

dark night. Nancy did not notice that one of Fagin's gang was following her at some distance.

It was a quarter to twelve when she arrived at the bridge. At nearly the middle of the bridge she stopped and waited. Her pursuer stopped, too, hiding himself in the deepest shadow he could find.

Two minutes later, Rose, accompanied by Mr. Brownlow, appeared on the bridge. Nancy walked towards them.

"Not here," said Nancy in a low voice as she joined them. "I'm afraid to speak to you here. Come away — down those steps." She pointed to the steps that led to river bank under the bridge. The man who was following Nancy went there quickly and hid in a dark turning in the flight of steps. He drew himself against the wall and listened attentively as they came down.

"This is far enough," said Mr. Brownlow. "Why do you bring us to this strange, gloomy place?"

"I told you before," said Nancy. "I was afraid to speak to you there."

"You were not here last Sunday night," said Mr. Brownlow.

"I couldn't come," replied Nancy. "I was kept by force."

**“By whom?”**

**“Him; the man I told the young lady about before,” replied Nancy.**

**“Did he suspect anything?” asked Mr. Brownlow.**

**“No,” replied Nancy, shaking her head.**

**“Good,” said Mr. Brownlow. “Now listen to me. I believe I can trust you. We have decided to force the secret, whatever it is, from this man Monks. But if — if he cannot be secured, you have to deliver up the Jew.”**

**“Fagin?” cried the girl, starting back.**

**“Yes,” said Mr. Brownlow.**

**“I will not do it!” replied Nancy. “He’s very wicked and I hate him; but I’ll never do that.”**

**“Then,” said Mr. Brownlow, “put Monks into my hands and leave him to me to deal with.”**

**“What if he turns against Fagin and the others?”**

**“I promise you that if the truth is forced from Monks, the case will rest there and the others shall go free.”**

**“Suppose Monks did not speak,” said Nancy. “What then?”**

**“Then,” said Mr. Brownlow, “Fagin would**

not be brought to justice without your agreement."

"Monks should not know that I have told you," said Nancy.

"Never," replied Mr. Brownlow.

Then, in a very low voice, Nancy started to describe the public-house where Monks was to be found and the night and hour on which he went there. "He is tall," continued the girl, "and a strongly built man. He's probably not more than twenty eight but he looks older. His eyes are deeply sunk in his head, and his face is dark, like his hair and eyes. I think that's all I can give you to know him by. Wait, though," she added, "Upon his throat there is —"

"A broad red mark, like a burn?" cried Mr. Brownlow.

"How is this?" said the girl. "You know him!"

Rose uttered a cry of surprise.

"I think I do," said Mr. Brownlow. "I should by your description. We shall see. Many people look alike. He may not be the same man. And now, young woman, you've given us a lot of help. I wish to reward you. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing," replied Nancy.

**"You must tell me," said Mr. Brownlow kindly.**

**"Nothing, sir, you can do nothing to help me. I am past all hope," she said and burst into tears.**

**"You can leave your companions," said Mr. Brownlow. "We can help you. We can send you to a quiet and safe place, either here in England, or, if you're afraid to remain here, in some foreign country. Come, leave them while you have the chance."**

**"I can't, sir," said Nancy. "I'm chained to my old life. I've gone too far to turn back. I must go home now."**

**"Home!" repeated Rose.**

**"Home, madam," answered Nancy. "Let's part. All I ask is for you to leave me and let me go my way alone."**

**"It's useless," said Mr. Brownlow with a sigh. Then he and Rose went up the steps to the bridge and were gone. Nancy sank down upon one of the stairs and cried with bitter tears.**

**After a time, she went up the steps to the road. The astonished spy remained quiet for some minutes. Then he crept slowly from his hiding-place and, reaching the top of the steps, ran towards the Jew's house.**

**C. The spy told Fagin everything he had heard and seen. Fagin sat with a face so pale and eyes so red, that he looked like a ghost. He was deeply occupied with his wicked thoughts.**

**He remained silent for quite a long time. At last the door bell rang gently. He went to the door and returned with Bill Sikes.**

**Sikes had been trying to rob a house that night and had come to Fagin at this late hour to give him the stolen articles. Fagin looked at Sikes for a long time.**

**"What is it now?" growled Sikes.**

**"I've got something to tell you," said Fagin. "Something that won't please you."**

**"What is it?" shouted Sikes.**

**Fagin did not answer. He called the spy.**

**"Tell me that again, once again; just for him to hear," said the Jew, pointing to Sikes as he spoke.**

**The spy repeated his story.**

**"Hell!" cried Sikes and jumped up to leave the room. Fagin tried to stop him, but he shouted, "Let me go," as he went to the door.**

**"Bill, Bill," cried Fagin, following him. "A word. Only a word."**

**Sikes couldn't open the door.**



**"Let me out," he shouted. "Don't speak to me; it's not safe. Let me out, I say!"**

**"Listen to me," said Fagin.**

**"Well?" replied the other.**

**"You won't be too violent with her, Bill?"**

**Sikes made no reply, but pulling the door open, he rushed into the silent street.**

**Without one pause or a moment's consideration, Sikes ran to his house. He opened the door softly and went straight to his room. He locked the door behind him and pushed a heavy table against it.**

**Nancy was in bed.**

**"Get up," shouted Sikes.**

**"It is you, Bill," said the girl with an expression of pleasure at his return.**

**"Get up," repeated Sikes fiercely.**

**"Bill," said the girl in the low voice of alarm, "why do you look at me like this?"**

**Sikes dragged her by the hand to the middle of the room, and put his heavy hand upon her mouth.**

**"Bill, Bill!" gasped the girl, struggling with fear. "I won't scream. Hear me... speak to me... tell me what I have done."**

**"You know", said Sikes. "You were watched tonight. Every word you said was heard."**

**"Bill," she said, "please, Bill. You cannot have the heart to kill me. Think of all I have given up for you. I have been true to you. Bill, dear Bill."**

**Sikes freed one hand and grasped his pistol. He did not fire for he knew that it was dangerous. He beat it twice with all his strength on Nancy's face.**

**She fell down. Blood covered her face. Raising herself with great difficulty, she began to wipe the blood from her eyes and face.**

**It was a terrible sight to look at. Sikes stepped backward to the wall and, seizing a heavy stick, he struck her very hard again and again until she fell dead.**

**D. Morning came at last. Sikes threw a rug over the still body. He was very afraid: it was terrible to think of the eyes, and imagine them moving towards him.**

**He lit a fire and threw the stick into it. He washed himself and rubbed his clothes. There were spots that could not be removed, but he cut the pieces out, and burnt them. There were stains here and there. The very feet of the dog were stained with blood.**

**Having completed his preparations and cleaned the dog's feet, he moved towards the**



door, dragging the dog with him. He shut the door softly, locked it, took the key, and left the house.

He walked towards the country and he spent the whole day running and hiding, with the dog following him. In the evening he had supper at a public-house in a small village.

After supper, he left the public-house, lest someone should recognize him. He took the road leading out of the village. As he left it behind him, he felt a great fear creeping upon him. It was very dark, and every object before him, still or moving, took the shape of some fearful thing. He was haunted by a dreadful vision: the girl's murdered body seemed to follow him.

At last he decided to rest in a field. But that was impossible. Nancy's widely staring eyes, lifeless and glassy, appeared in the darkness. There were but two, but they were everywhere. He remained in such terror, trembling and sweating until the morning.

Suddenly he decided to go back to London. "There's somebody to speak to there," he thought. "A good hiding-place, too. They'll never catch me there."

Then he thought of the dog: the animal might lead to his arrest. After a moment's

thought, he decided to kill the animal by drowning him in a pond.

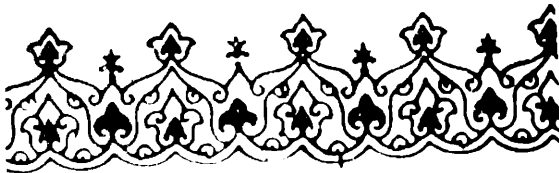
“Come here!” cried Sikes.

The dog came up to him. But as Sikes stopped to tie a handkerchief to the dog’s throat, the animal made a low growl and started back.

“Come back!” said Sikes.

The dog wagged his tail but did not move.

Sikes advanced towards him, but the dog turned and ran away at full speed and disappeared in the fields.

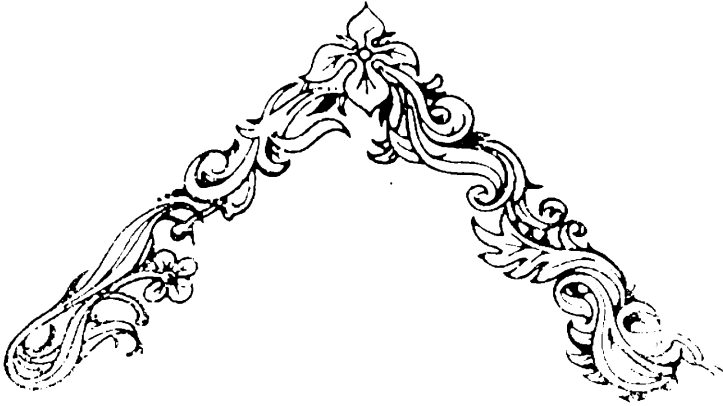


## Glossary

<b>A. accused him</b>	/ə'kju:zd him/	انهموه
attempt	/ə'tempt/	يحاول
pick a pocket	/'pik ə'pokit/	يشل جيب شخص
articles	/ə:'tiklz/	أشياء
wanted	/'wontid/	مطلوب
evidence	/'evidəns/	دليل
it's all over	/its 'lo:l 'louva/	انتهى كل شيء
banished	/'baniʃt/	بُني ، بُقي
attend	/ə'tend/	يحضر
trial	/'traɪəl/	محاكمة
dock	/dɒk/	تقصم الانهام
tongue	/tʌŋ/	لسان
insisted	/in'sistid/	أصر ، ألح
rights	/raɪts/	حقوق
report	/ri'pɔ:t/	يلغ السلطات عن ، ينكو
Minister of Home Affairs		وزير الشؤون الداخلية
appointment	/ə'pointmənt/	موعد
punctual	/pʌŋktʃuəl/	مضبوط في مواعيده
audience	/'ɔ:dʒəns/	جمهور المستمعين
silence	/sailəns/	صمت ، هدوء ، سكون
your honour	/jo:r 'ɒnə/	سهادتكم
witness	/'witnis/	شاهد (في قضية)
testify against	/testɪfai ə'geɪnst/	بشهاد ضد
justice	/dʒʌstɪs/	عدالة
decision	/di'si:ʒn/	قرار حكم
guilty	/'gilti/	مذنب
<b>B. pursuer</b>	/pəs'ju:ə/	مطارد
turning	/tə:'niŋ/	منعطف
flight	/flaɪt/	مجموعة من درجات السلم

by force	/baɪfo:s/	بالقوة
secure	/sɪkjʊə/	يُصون
turn	/tɜ:n/	يُنقلب
force (v.)	/fo:s/	يُجبر ، يستخدم القوة
deliver up	/dɪlɪvər ʌp/	يُسلم
agreement	/ə'grɪ:mənt/	موافقة
rest	/rest/	تستقر
public house	/ˈpʌblɪk haʊs/	بار
sunk	/sʌŋk/	غائرة
broad	/bro:d/	عريض
throat	/θrout/	حنجرة
uttered	/ʌtəd/	اطلقت (صبيحة)
chained	/tʃeɪnd/	مقيّد
crept	/krept/	انسل
(p.p. of creep)		
C. spy	/spai/	جاسوس
ghost	/gəʊst/	شبح
occupied	/ˈɒkjʊpaɪd/	مشغول
violent	/ˈvaɪələnt/	عنيف
consideration	/kən'sɪdərəɪʃn/	تفكير
expression	/ɪk'spreʃn/	تعبير
gasped	/gɑ:spt/	لهث
D. rug	/rʌg/	سجادة
still	/stɪl/	ساكن
lit	/lɪt/	أضاء
spots	/spɒts/	بقع
removed	/rɪ'mu:vɪd/	يزال
stains	/steɪnz/	لطخات
creep	/kri:p/	يرحف
was haunted	/wəz ˈho:ntɪd/	كانت تتناهه

lifeless	/laɪflɪs/	بدون حياة
object	/o'bdʒɪkt/	شيء
glassy	/glɑːsi/	لصاع
hiding-place	/haɪdɪŋ pleɪs/	مخبا
drowning	/draʊnɪŋ/	إغراق
pond	/pɒnd/	بركة ماء راكم
growl	/graʊl/	زمرجة ، همهمة
wagged	/wagd/	هز من جانب لجانب





## CHAPTER 12

**A.** One evening, as Monks was going into the Three Cripples, his favourite public-house, he heard a voice whisper in his ear, "Do you want to know where Oliver is?" The speaker was Mr. Brownlow.

Monks stopped; he was completely taken by surprise. Mr. Brownlow walked to the corner of the street where a carriage was waiting, and Monks followed. As soon as they arrived there, Mr. Brownlow gave a sign to two strong men, who were standing near the carriage. They jumped forward, got hold of Monks and forced him to get into the carriage. Mr. Brownlow followed and the carriage hurried away at full speed.

They arrived at Mr. Brownlow's house. Mr. Brownlow descended from the carriage and knocked softly. As the door was opened, the two strong men got out of the carriage, helped

out Monks and, taking him between them, hurried him into the house.

They took him upstairs without speaking, and Mr. Brownlow led the way into a back room. They stopped at the door.

"If he hesitates or refuses to obey you," said Mr. Brownlow to the two men, "drag him into the street, call the police and let them arrest him as a criminal."

"How dare you say this of me?" asked Monks.

"How dare you urge me to it, young man?" said Mr. Brownlow. "Are you mad enough to leave this house? Release him. There, you are free to go, and we to follow. But I warn you that the moment you leave, I'll have you arrested on a charge of fraud and robbery."

"By what authority am I kidnapped and brought here?" asked Monks.

"By mine," replied Mr. Brownlow firmly. "If you complain, you'll have the chance to seek the help of the law; but then, I will appeal to the law too. But do not ask me for mercy when it is too late."

Monks was alarmed. He hesitated.

"You will decide quickly," continued Mr. Brownlow. "If you want me to charge you in

public, you know the way. If not, then go in and sit in that chair."

"Is there... no middle course?" asked Monks.

"None," replied Mr. Brownlow.

Monks looked at the old gentleman anxiously and, reading in his face nothing but firm determination, he walked into the room and sat down.

"Lock the door on the outside," said Mr. Brownlow to the two men, "and come when I ring."

**B. When Monks and Mr. Brownlow were alone in the room, they sat down.**

"This is pretty treatment, sir," said Monks, throwing down his hat, "from my father's best friend."

"It is because I was your father's best friend, young man," returned Mr. Brownlow, "that I'm moved to treat you gently now... yes, Edward Leeford, even now... and I blush for your wickedness, you who bear his name. I'm glad you have changed it."

"This is all very well," said Monks, "but what do you want with me?"

"You have a brother," started Mr. Brownlow.

**"I have no brother," interrupted Monks.  
"You know I was an only child."**

**"Yes, I do," replied Mr. Brownlow. "I know that when your father was very young, his family's pride and narrow ambition forced him into an unhappy marriage. You were the only child. But I also know that the marriage was a slow torture to both your father and mother until at last they were divorced."**

**"Well," said Monks, "and what of that?"**

**"Your father then met a new friend," said Mr. Brownlow. "He was a retired navy officer whose wife had died and left him two daughters: one a beautiful girl of nineteen, and the other a mere child of two or three years old."**

**"So what?" asked Monks.**

**"Your father," continued Mr. Brownlow, "fell madly in love with the first daughter. And again because of his family's pride and ambition, he couldn't marry her openly. So they got married secretly. The result of this secret marriage was Oliver, your brother."**

**"Your story is a long one," observed Monks, moving restlessly in his chair.**

**"But it's a true one," replied Mr. Brownlow and paused. Then he continued, "No one knew of that marriage. Shortly afterwards,**

your father had to leave his young bride and go to Rome on urgent business. There he fell ill. Your mother heard the news. She took you with her and went to Rome. Your father died the day after her arrival, leaving no will — *no will!* So all your father's fortune fell to her and you."

Monks wiped his hot face and hands.

"But before your father went to Rome, and as he passed through London on his way," said Mr. Brownlow slowly, fixing his eyes upon the other's face, "he came to me and left with me, among other things, a picture of his young bride. He promised to write to me. Unfortunately I had no letters and I didn't see him again."

"When all was over," said Mr. Brownlow after a short pause, "I decided to find the young wife and give her protection. So I went to the village where she lived. But the family had left that part of the country a week before. No one knew where they had gone."

Monks looked around with a smile of victory.

"But years later, your brother was thrown in my way by a stronger hand than chance. I saved him from a life of vice and crime."

"What?" cried Monks.

**“Yes,” said Mr. Brownlow. “I saved him. When I first saw him, his face seemed familiar. Later, I was struck by his strong similarity to the picture of his mother. I kept him here until he was kidnapped. That you know very well, don’t you?”**

**“Why should I?” asked Monks hastily.**

**“It’s no use denying,” replied Mr. Brownlow. “I shall show you that I know more than that.”**

**“You... you... can’t prove anything against me,” said Monks.**

**“We shall see,” said the old gentleman, with a searching glance. “I lost the boy. I tried my best to find him but I failed. Since your mother was dead, I knew that you alone could solve the mystery. I heard that you were on your farm in the West Indies. So I travelled there, but I found that you had left it months before, and were supposed to be in London. I returned. Your agents did not know where you were staying. I discovered that you were keeping company with the lowest of criminals. I looked for you everywhere, but I couldn’t find you.”**

**“And now you have found me,” said Monks, rising boldly, “what then? Do you think you can prove your charges against me**

because of a similarity between a child and a picture? Brother! You don't even know that a child was born."

"I did not," replied Mr. Brownlow, rising too, "but during the last fortnight I have learnt it all. You have a brother, you know this; and you know him. There was a will, which your mother destroyed, leaving the secret and the gain to you at her own death. The will contained a reference to a child likely to be the result of the secret marriage. You looked for this child and at last you accidentally met him. Your suspicions were first aroused by his resemblance to your father. You went to the place of his birth. There existed proofs of his birth and parentage. Those proofs were destroyed by you. This was reported to the Jew and these were your own words: 'The only proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river, and the old woman that received them from his mother is dead.' You, coward, liar; do you still challenge me?"

"No, no, no!" said Monks, trembling.

"Every word that passed between you and this wicked Jew is known to me," said Mr. Brownlow. "Murder has been done, and you are connected with it."

"No, no," interrupted Monks. "I... I..."

know nothing of that. I was going to inquire the truth of the story when you caught me."

"It was the revealing of some of your secrets," said Mr. Brownlow, "that was the cause of the murder. And now, will you reveal all the secrets?"

"Yes, I will."

"And sign a statement of facts and repeat it before witnesses?"

"That I promise, too."

"You must do more than that. You must carry out your father's will as far as your brother is concerned, and then go where you please."

At this moment the door was suddenly opened and Dr. Losberne entered, looking very excited.

"The murderer will be found," he cried. "He will be arrested. His dog has been seen. The police think that his master is living nearby. They think he cannot escape."

Mr. Brownlow was pleased to hear this news. A statement was immediately made for Monks and after he signed it, he was released.

C. The police started investigating Nancy's murder as soon as her body was found. One clue led to another. Fagin's and Sikes's other





crimes were found out and when the police had enough evidence against the band, they arrested Fagin and most of his boys.

When they heard of Fagin's arrest, three members of the band met in an upper room of a ruined house. It was getting dark and the men sat in gloomy silence. The first was Toby Crackit, the second was a young man and the third was a man of fifty.

"When was Fagin taken?" asked Crackit.

"Just at dinner time," answered the second man. "Two o'clock, this afternoon. They took the boys, too."

"Did they take Charley Bates?" asked the third man.

"No," answered the second man. "He'll be here soon. There's nowhere else to go now, for the people at the Three Cripples are all arrested."

Suddenly, a rapid knocking was heard at the door below. Crackit went to the window. When he returned, he was shaking all over. There was no need to tell them who it was; his pale face was enough. The dog barked and moved towards the door.

"We must let him in," he said, taking up a candle.

Crackit went down to the door, and return-

ed followed by Sikes. He had a pale face, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks and a beard of three days' growth. He looked like a ghost.

Sikes drew a chair and sat down. There was a long pause. Then Sikes's voice broke the silence.

"How did that dog come here?" he asked.

"Alone. Three hours ago," replied Crackit.

"The evening papers say that Fagin is taken. Is it true?"

"It is," replied Crackit.

They were silent again.

"Damn you all!" said Sikes, passing his hand across his forehead. "Haven't you got anything to say to me?"

There was an uneasy movement among them, but nobody spoke.

"You," said Sikes turning his face to Crackit. "Do you mean to sell me, or to let me stay here till this hunt is over?"

"You may stop here, if you think it safe," returned Crackit after some hesitation.

Suddenly there was a knocking at the door. Crackit left the room and immediately came back with Charley Bates behind him.

"Toby," said the boy, stepping back as he saw Sikes, "why didn't you tell me this downstairs? Let me go into another room."

"Charley," said Sikes, rising and stepping forward. "Don't you... don't you know me?"

"Don't come near me," answered the boy, looking, with horror in his eyes, at the murderer's face. "You monster!"

Sikes stopped half-way, and they looked at each other.

"Look here, you three," said Charley, becoming more and more excited as he spoke. "Look here, you three. I'm not afraid of him. If the police come here after him, I'll give him up. He may kill me for it if he likes, or if he dares; but if I'm here I'll give him up. Murder! Help!"

Pouring out these cries, Charley threw himself upon the strong man and brought him heavily to the ground.

Crackit and his two friends did not interfere. Sikes and Charley rolled on the ground together, but Sikes soon had him down and his knee was on Charley's throat. Crackit pulled Sikes back with a look of alarm, and pointed to the window. There were lights gleaming below, voices in loud conversation, and the noise of footsteps running along the street. Then there was a loud knocking at the door.

"It's the police," whispered Crackit.

"Help!" cried Charley. "He's here! Break down the door!"

**"Open the door," shouted some voices outside as the beating on the door increased.**

**"Break down the door!" screamed Charley. "I tell you they'll never open it. Break down the door."**

**Sikes dragged Charley to a back room, threw him in and locked the door. He then turned to Crackit and said quickly, "Is the street door locked?"**

**"Locked and chained," replied Crackit, who, with the other men, remained quite helpless.**

**"And the windows?"**

**"Locked, too."**

**The cries in the street increased.**

**"Damn you," cried Sikes desperately, throwing the window open and facing the crowd. "Damn you!"**

**He then hurried inside.**

**"Give me a rope," he shouted furiously, "a long rope. They're all in front. I can use a back window and drop into the back street and clear off that way. Give me a rope, or I shall do three more murders and kill myself."**

**All the windows at the back of the house had been long ago bricked up, except one in the room where Charley Bates was locked. Sikes went into that room and when he open-**

ed the window Charley began to shout at the top of his voice, "He's here. He's here. Help! Help!"

Sikes ignored these shouts. He quickly opened the window and climbed to the roof of the house. By this time the people began to move to the back street, their shouts getting louder and louder. They blocked every branch road in the area.

The front door was broken down and Sikes heard the police and other people get in. He was frightened by the fierceness of the crowd and the difficulty of escape. At last he decided to make one last effort for his life by using the rope to drop into the darkest corner of the street. He would then creep away in the darkness and confusion.

He started to act at once. He tied one end of the rope tightly round the chimney of the house. He held the rope with one hand and a knife with the other. As he began to lower himself, he looked behind him on the roof and gave a cry of terror, "The eyes again!"

He staggered as if struck by lightening, lost his balance and fell from the roof to the street below and was dead.

A. got hold of	/ˈɡɒt ˈhəʊld əv/	مَسَكَ
descended	/dɪˈsɛndɪd/	نَزَلَ
urge	/ɜːdʒ/	يُحِثُّ
release him	/rɪˈliːs hɪm/	أَطْلَقَ سِرَاحَهُ
charge	/tʃɑːdʒ/	تَهَمَهُ
fraud	/froːd/	اِحْتِيَالٌ
authority	/ɔːθərɪti/	سُلْطَةٌ
kidnapped	/ˈkɪdnæpt/	اُخْتَنَفَ
complain	/kəmˈpleɪn/	تَشَكَّوْ
seek	/siːk/	تَطَلَّبَ
appeal	/əˈpiːl/	يَسْتَأْنِفُ
determination	/dɪtəˈmɪneɪʃn/	تَصْمِيمٌ
B. treatment	/ˈtriːtmənt/	مُعَامَلَةٌ
moved	/muːvd/	أَذْفَعَ
treat	/triːt/	يُعَامِلُ
pride	/praɪd/	كِبْرِيَاءُ
ambition	/əmˈbɪʃn/	طُمُوحٌ
forced him	/ˈfɔːst hɪm/	أَجْبَرَهُ
divorced	/dɪˈvɔːst/	طَلَّقَ
retired	/rɪˈtaɪəd/	مَتَقَاعَدٌ
navy	/ˈneɪvi/	بَحْرِيَّةٌ
madly	/ˈmædli/	يَجْوَ
openly	/ˈəʊpənli/	عَلَنًا
bride	/braɪd/	عَرُوسٌ
urgent	/ˈɜːdʒənt/	فُورِي ، اضْطِرَارِي
will	/wɪl/	وَصِيَّةٌ
fortune	/ˈfɔːtʃən/	ثَرَوَةٌ
unfortunately	/ʌnˈfɔːtʃənətli/	لِسُوءِ الْحَظِّ
protection	/prəˈtektʃən/	حِمَايَةٌ

victory	/ˈvɪktəri/	انتصار
vice	/vaɪs/	رذيلة
crime	/kraɪm/	جريمة
familiar	/fəˈmɪliə/	مألوف
I was struck	/aɪ wəz ˈstrʌk/	دُهِشْتُ ، فوجئتُ
similarity	/sɪməˈlærəti/	تشابه
It's no use denying	/ɪts ˈnou ˈju:s diˈnaɪɪŋ/	ليس هناك فائدة من الإنكار
glance	/glɑːns/	نظرة
searching	/ˈsɜːtʃɪŋ/	فاجصة
tried my best	/traɪd maɪ ˈbest/	حاولتُ جهدي
solve	/sɒlv/	يحل
agents	/ˈeɪdʒənts/	وكلاء
boldly	/ˈbəʊldli/	بجرأة
destroyed	/dɪˈstrɔɪd/	أُفْلِتْ
gain	/geɪn/	مَكْسَب
reference	/ˈrefərəns/	إشارة
resemblance	/rɪˈzeɪmbləns/	تشابه
existed	/ɪɡˈzɪstɪd/	وُجِدَتْ
challenge	/ˈtʃælɪndʒ/	تتحدى
connected	/kəˈnektɪd/	مرتبط
revealing	/rɪˈviːlɪŋ/	كشَف
reveal	/rɪˈviːl/	يكشف
sign	/saɪn/	بمضي ، بوقع
carry out	/ˈkærɪ ˈaʊt/	ينفذ
C. investigate	/ɪnˈvestɪɡeɪt/	يحقق في
clue	/kluː/	دليل
band	/bænd/	عصابة
barked	/bɑːkt/	تبح



sunken eyes	/sʌŋkn laiz/	عينان غائرتان
hollow cheeks	/həlou tʃi:ks/	وجنتان غائرتان
beard	/biəd/	لحية
damn you all	/dʌm ju:l/	اللعة عليكم جميعا
forehead	/fərid/	جبهة ، جبين
uneasy	/ʌni:zi/	مضطربة
hunt	/hʌnt/	مطاردة
monster	/ˈmɒnstə/	وحش
rolled	/rould/	تدحرجا
chained	/tʃeind/	مقيدة بالسلاسل
desperately	/ˈdespəətli/	بيأس ونهور
facing	/ˈfeisiŋ/	مواجهها
drop	/drɒp/	أهبط
clear off	/ˈkliə ɒf/	أهرب
bricked up	/ˈbrikt ʌp/	مبنية بالطابوق
ignored	/igˈno:d/	تجاهل
fierceness	/ˈfiəsnis/	حدة ، عنف
escape	/ɪsˈkeip/	هروب
confusion	/kənˈfju:ʒn/	اضطراب
chimney	/ˈtʃimni/	مدخنة
lower	/ˈləʊə/	يخفض ، ينزل
lightening	/ˈlaɪtniŋ/	برق
balance	/ˈbaləns/	توازن

## CHAPTER 13

**A.** Two days later, Oliver found himself in a carriage moving quickly towards his native town. Mrs. Maylie, Rose, Mrs. Bedwin and Dr. Losberne were with him. Mr. Brownlow followed in another carriage, accompanied by Monks, whose name had not been mentioned to the others.

They arrived at a hotel not far away from the workhouse where Oliver was staying. They had dinner at the hotel, but Mr. Brownlow and Monks stayed in a separate room. Later Dr. Losberne was called to Mr. Brownlow's room and he stayed there for a long time. Mrs. Maylie was also called, and after being absent for nearly an hour, returned with tears in her eyes. Rose and Oliver sat wondering in silence.

At nine o'clock, Dr. Losberne entered the room followed by Mr. Brownlow and Monks.

"Oliver, this is your brother, Edward Lee-ford," said Mr. Brownlow.

Oliver looked at Monks with surprise while Monks looked at him with great hate. Mr. Brownlow, who had papers in his hands, walked to a table.

"This is a painful task," he said, "but these statements, which have been signed in London before many witnesses, must be repeated here. This child," he added, drawing Oliver to Monks, "is your half-brother, the son of your father by poor young Agnes Fleming, who died at his birth."

"Yes," said Monks looking angrily at the trembling boy.

"He was born in this town," said Mr. Brownlow.

"Yes," said Monks. "In the workhouse of this town. You have the story there." He pointed impatiently to the papers as he spoke.

"I must have it here, too," said Mr. Brownlow, looking upon the listeners.

"Listen then! You!" returned Monks. "When my father got ill in Rome, he was joined by my mother. At that time they were divorced. My father was too ill to see her, and he died on the following day. Among the papers in his desk, there were two addressed to you and dated on the night his illness first came on," he pointed to Mr. Brownlow.

**“One of these papers was a letter to his secret wife, Agnes, the other was a will.”**

**“What was in the letter?” asked Mr. Brownlow.**

**“It was a love letter,” said Monks. “It contained a confession of the secret marriage. He reminded her of the little gold locket and the wedding ring. He begged her to keep them and to wear the locket next to her heart, as she had done before.”**

**“What about the will?” said Mr. Brownlow, as Oliver’s tears fell fast. Monks was silent.**

**“The will,” said Mr. Brownlow, “made another confession of the secret marriage. He left you and your mother eight hundred pounds a year each. The best part of the fortune was to be divided into two equal parts — one for Agnes Fleming, and the other for their child, if it should be born alive. If it were a girl, she would get the money unconditionally; but if the child were a boy, he would get the money on condition that he should never stain his name with any public act of dishonour, meanness or wrong. But if he were disappointed in this expectation, then the money would come to you. Your father**

explained why he wrote the will in that way. He talked of your vice and meanness. Your mother, who hated your father, had taught you to hate him and so you always treated him with scorn."

"My mother," said Monks, trying to continue the story, "did what a woman should have done. She burnt the will. The letter never reached you," and he pointed to Mr. Brownlow, "but he kept it with other proofs. Agnes left her family. Her father looked for her but in vain. He got ill and died, leaving the other daughter, a child of two, to the care of some neighbours."

There was a short silence. Mr. Brownlow continued the story and pointed to Monks, "Years later, your mother came to me. You had robbed her of her jewels and money, gambled, forged and fled to London. There, you associated with the lowest criminals. Your mother was very ill and wanted to recover you before she died. My friends and I searched for you until we found you. You decided to take her to France."

"We went to Paris," said Monks. "My mother died, but on her death-bed, she told me all these secrets. I swore to her to find my brother and destroy him if he ever came in my

way. He did. I began my plan but I couldn't finish it!"

Mr. Brownlow explained to the group that the Jew, who was Monks's old friend, had received a reward for keeping Oliver. Part of the reward was to be paid if he was brought back after the attempt of the robbery, and that led to their visit to the country house to identify him.

"The locket and ring?" asked Mr. Brownlow turning to Monks.

"I bought them from a man and a woman I told you of. The woman got it from the nurse who stole it from the boy's mother."

Mr. Brownlow nodded his head to Dr. Losberne who disappeared at once. He shortly returned, pushing in Mrs. Bumble and dragging her unwilling husband after him.

"Ah!" said Bumble with pretended pleasure. "Is that little Oliver? Oh, O-l-i-v-e-r, if only you knew how sad I was for you —"

"Hold your tongue, fool," said Mrs. Bumble.

"Do you know that person?" Mr. Brownlow said, pointing to Monks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bumble denied that they had seen Monks before. Mr. Brownlow then gave a sign to Dr. Losberne, who went away

quickly. He came back with two women. They were workers at the workhouse.

"When you were alone with the old nurse," said one of the two women pointing to Mrs. Bumble, "we heard what she said, and saw her give you a locket and a gold ring."

"Yes, yes," said the other woman. "We did see you take the locket and the gold ring."

"Do you want more witnesses," said Dr. Losberne, turning to Mrs. Bumble.

"No," said Mrs. Bumble. "If he" — she pointed to Monks — "has been coward enough to confess, and you have got these two women to help you, I have nothing to say. I did sell them, and they're where you'll never get them. What then?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Brownlow, "except that we shall take care that neither of you is employed in a situation of trust again. Now leave the room."

Mr. and Mrs. Bumble left the room.

"Young lady," said Mr. Brownlow, turning to Rose, "give me your hand. There is something you must hear." He then looked at Monks and said. "Do you know this young lady?"

"Yes," replied Monks.

"I never saw you before," said Rose faintly.

**"I've seen you often," returned Monks.**

**"Agnes's father had two daughters," said Mr. Brownlow. "Agnes is one. What happened to the other?"**

**"The child was three years old when her father died. She was taken by some neighbours. My mother looked for her and found her. She wanted to make sure that no one knew anything about her sister's secret marriage. She told the neighbours that Agnes's family was very bad and that the child might become bad too. She made up a lot of untrue stories about the child's family. She wanted the neighbours to hate the child and get rid of her. But some months later a rich widow saw the child, pitied her and took her home. The child remained there and was very happy. I lost sight of her two or three years ago, and saw her no more until a few months ago."**

**"Can you tell us the name of the girl?"**

**"Yes. She's Rose Fleming, who is now called Rose Maylie. She's standing next to you."**

**"Yes," cried Mrs. Maylie, holding the fainting girl in her arm, "but I've always considered her as my dearest child. I would not lose her now."**

**Rose held tight'y to her aunt's neck.**



**“Now, my child,” said Mrs. Maylie, “this is Oliver, your nephew.”**

**Oliver threw his arms about Rose's neck.**

**B. Some hours later, while Oliver and his aunt Rose, were alone, they heard a soft tap at the door, and Harry Maylie entered.**

**“Harry!” said Rose with surprise.**

**“I know it all,” said Harry, taking a seat beside her. “Dear Rose, I know it all.”**

**There was a long silence.**

**“Rose,” said Harry. “I’m not here by accident, nor have I heard all this tonight, for I knew it yesterday — only yesterday. I’d like to remind you of a promise that you once made.”**

**“Yes?” said Rose softly.**

**“You gave me leave, at any time within a year, to renew the subject we last talked on.”**

**“I did.”**

**“I’m not going to press you to change your mind,” said Harry. “I just want to hear your opinion.”**

**“Well, Harry,” said Rose sadly, “I still have the same reasons.”**

**“The position,” said Harry, “is different. You already know your family.”**

**“No, Harry,” said Rose. “This has not**

changed my position.”

“You harden your heart against me, Rose,” said Harry.

“Oh, Harry, Harry,” said the young lady, bursting into tears, “I wish I could, and spare myself this pain.”

“But, Rose,” said Harry, holding her hand as she rose. “My hopes, my wishes, feelings, every thought in life except my love for you, have changed.”

“What do you mean?” said Rose.

“I mean this,” said Harry. “When I left you last, I decided to make my world similar to yours. I decided that no fame, no ambition, no pride should separate me from you. I have given up my present job. I know I’ll be happier with you. Now, Rose, will you marry me?”

C. The court was packed with people. All looks were fixed upon one man — Fagin. He stood in the dock listening to the judge as he spoke to the jury. At times, he turned his eyes upon them, and at other times he looked towards his lawyer.

The jury went out to consider their verdict. Fagin looked around him with anxiety. The people were whispering to each other and pointing to him. Fagin could see hate and

scorn in everybody's looks.

At last the jury returned. Perfect silence followed; the jury gave their verdict: guilty. The judge then in a solemn and clear voice, gave his judgement: Fagin was sentenced to death. The building rang with shouts of joy. The crowds greeted the news that Fagin would die on Monday. Fagin shook with fear, and when the jailer put his hand on his arm, he looked stupidly about him for a moment, and obeyed.

They led him to his cell where he was left alone. He sat down on a stone bench, which was both a seat and a bed, and tried to collect his thoughts. After a while he began to remember a few words of what the judge had said: to be hanged by the neck till he was dead — that, was the end.

As it grew dark, he began to think of all the men he had known who had been hanged, some of them through his wicked means. Their frightful figures rose up in the air before him. Some of them might have spent their last hours in that very cell and sat on that very seat. These thoughts filled him with fear and despair.

**D.** On Sunday morning, Mr. Brownlow and Oliver arrived at the prison. They presented an order of admission to the prisoner, signed

by a police officer. They were immediately admitted into the prison.

"Is the young gentleman to come too, sir?" said a policeman. "It is not a sight for children."

"It is not indeed," my friend," said Mr. Brownlow, "but my business with this man is connected with him."

The policeman opened a number of gates and accompanied them to Fagin's cell.

Fagin was seated on his bed, rocking himself from side to side, with a face more like that of a trapped beast than that of a man. His mind was wandering back to his old life.

"Good boy, Charlie — well done —" he mumbled. "Oliver, too, ha! ha! ha! Oliver too — quite the gentleman now."

"Fagin," said the policeman.

"That's me!" cried the Jew.

"Here's somebody who wants to see you, to ask you some questions."

"Strike them all dead! What right have they got to hang me!" said Fagin in a voice full of anger and terror.

"Now, sir," said the policeman, turning to Mr. Brownlow, "tell him what you want. Quickly, if you please, for he grows worse as the time gets on."

"You have some papers," said Mr. Brown-

low advancing, "which were placed in your hands by a man called Monks."

"It's a lie," replied Fagin. "I haven't one — not one."

"Please," said Mr. Brownlow solemnly, "do not say that now, when you're so close to death. Tell me where they are. You know that Sikes is dead, that Monks has confessed, that there is no hope of any further gain. Where are those papers?"

"Oliver," cried Fagin, signing to him. "Here! Here! Let me whisper to you."

"I am not afraid," said Oliver in a low voice.

"The papers," said Fagin, drawing Oliver towards him, "are in a canvas bag, in a hole a little way up the chimney in the top front room."

"Have you anything else to ask him, sir?" said the policeman.

"No," replied Mr. Brownlow.

"Then you had better leave him," said the policeman.

The door of the cell opened. Fagin began to scream madly, but Mr. Brownlow pulled Oliver and they left the cell.

The next morning Fagin was hanged.

**E. Three months later, Rose and Harry were**

married in the village church. Mrs. Maylie decided to live with them.

Mr. Brownlow adopted Oliver as his son, and moved with him and the old housekeeper to a house within a mile of the house of Mrs. Maylie and Rose.

Monks, still having that name, went with the share of the money that Mr. Brownlow allowed him to keep to a distant part in America. There he quickly wasted his wealth and once again fell into his old life of crime and ended in prison, where he died. In the same way died the remaining members of Fagin's band; But Charlie Bates, shocked by Sikes's crime, thought deeply of his future and decided to turn his back upon crime and to lead an honest life.

Mr. and Mrs. Bumble lost their positions at the workhouse. They gradually became very poor and finally became workers in the same workhouse.

Dr. Losberne became a close friend of Mr. Brownlow and he often visited him. Giles remained a head servant to Mrs. Maylie, but he divided his attention between the households of the Maylies and Mr. Brownlow. To this day, the villagers have never been able to discover to which household he belongs.

## Glossary

<b>A. native town</b>	/ˈneitiv ˈtaun/	منسقط الرأس
<b>had not been mentioned</b>	/ˈhɑd nɒt biːn ˈmenʃnd/	لم يُذكر
<b>separate</b>	/ˈseprət/	مفصل
<b>hate (n.)</b>	/heɪt/	كراهية
<b>painful</b>	/ˈpeɪnfʊl/	مؤلم
<b>task</b>	/tɑːsk/	مهمة
<b>dated</b>	/ˈdeɪtɪd/	مؤرخة ، تحمل تاريخها
<b>addressed</b>	/əˈdrest/	موجهة
<b>confession</b>	/kənˈfeʃn/	اعتراف
<b>unconditionally</b>	/ˌʌŋkənˈdɪʃnəli/	بدون شرط
<b>on condition</b>	/ɒn kənˈdɪʃn/	بشرط
<b>meanness</b>	/ˈmiːnnɪs/	دناءة
<b>dishonour</b>	/dɪˈɒnə/	عار
<b>disappointed</b>	/dɪsəˈpɔɪntɪd/	خائب الامل
<b>expectation</b>	/ɪkspekˈteɪʃn/	توقع
<b>scorn</b>	/skoːn/	احتقار
<b>burnt</b>	/bɜːnt/	أحرق
<b>in vain</b>	/ɪn ˈveɪn/	عشا
<b>neighbours</b>	/ˈneɪbəz/	جيران
<b>gambled</b>	/ˈɡæmbld/	قامر
<b>forged</b>	/fɔːdʒd/	زور
<b>fled</b>	/fled/	هرب
<b>associated</b>	/əˈsəʊʃieɪtɪd/	ارتبط ، انضم
<b>recover</b>	/rɪˈkʌvə/	تستعيد
<b>unwilling</b>	/ʌnˈwɪlɪŋ/	غير راغب
<b>confess</b>	/kənˈfes/	يعترف
<b>employed</b>	/ɪmˈplɔɪd/	يوظف ، يُعين
<b>trust</b>	/trʌst/	ثقة

get rid of	/get rid əv/	يتخلص من
widow	/ˈwɪdɒ/	ارملة
I lost sight of her	/aɪ ˈlɔːst ˈsaɪt əv hə/	لم اعد اراها
faint	/feɪnt/	يُفنى عليها
nephew	/ˈnefjuː/	ابن اخت
B. tap	/tæp/	طَرَقَة
by accident	/baɪ ˈæksɪdnt/	بالصدفة
renew	/rɪˈnjuː/	يُجَدِّد
position	/pəˈzɪʃn/	موقف
harden	/ˈhɑːdn/	يقسى
spare myself	/speə maɪˈself/	اوفر على نفسي
separate	/ˈsepəreɪt/	يفصل
C. packed with people	/ˈpækt wɪð ˈpiːpl/	غاصة (ممتلئة) بالناس
jury	/ˈdʒʊəri/	هيئة المحلفين (في المحكمة)
verdict	/ˈvɜːdɪkt/	قرار الحكم
solemn	/ˈsɒləm/	وَقُور
judgement	/ˈdʒʌdʒmənt/	قرار الحكم
sentenced	/ˈsentənst/	حُكِمَ
joy	/dʒɔɪ/	فرحة
jailer	/ˈdʒeɪlə/	سجّان
bench	/bentʃ/	مسطبة
to be hanged	/tə bi ˈhæŋd/	يُشنق
means	/miːnz/	وسائل
frightful	/ˈfraɪtful/	مخيف
very cell	/ˈveri ˈsel/	نفس للزنازة







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جایی بیسته م

چاپخانه‌ی