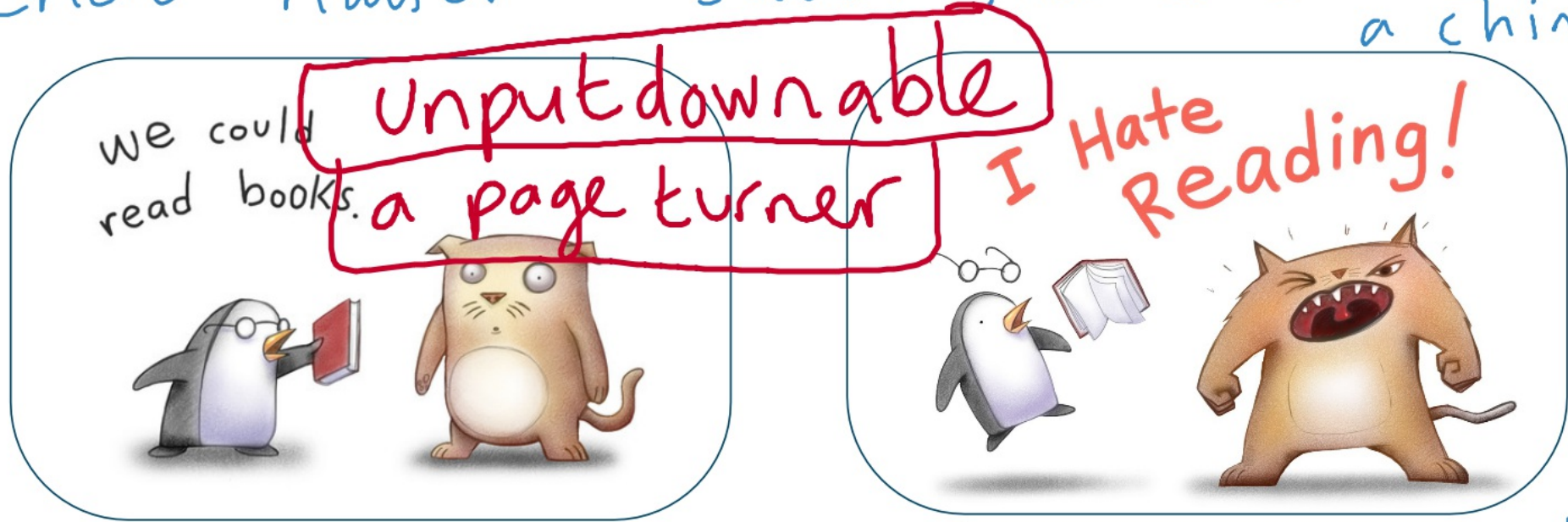


chat = ^{to} natter = shoot the breeze =
a chinwag



to devour a book tactile
keep up to date touchy 'feely

Scarborough, The Church Parade.







THE SOUTH FORESHORE, SCARBOROUGH

difficult
childhood



autobiographic



19
realistic

Charles Dickens

Portsmouth





BBC

Presents

Charles Dickens

Read by Liza Tarbuck as Mrs Jellyby.



The Life of Charles Dickens

Part 1 (00.10-47)

Charles John Huffam Dickens was born on 7th February 1812 ...

... labelling bottles for 11 hours a day.

The Life of Charles Dickens

Part 2 (00.47-01.32)

John Dickens was eventually sent to a debtor's prison ...

... they fell in love and were married.

The Life of Charles Dickens

Part 3 (01.32-2.20)

The next few years of fervent activity ...

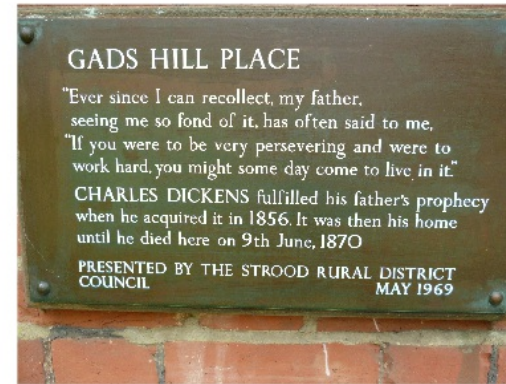
... to Italy in the summer of 1844.

The Life of Charles Dickens

Part 4 (02.20-03.00)

Upon his return Dickens began to look for new diversions ...

... that caused the end of his marriage to Catherine.





From Nature & on Stone by G. Harley.

the Figures by D. Dighton.





too much month at the end of the money ☺
to spend beyond your means in the red.

to taste success experience. defeat

rumours abounded spread like wildfire

to concoct a story invent / make up a concoction

to be mobbed adulation

the pinnacle of achievement the peak

to be spellbound hypnotised, mesmerised, enchanted

to administer brandy & water → give (as a doctor)
↳ punishment



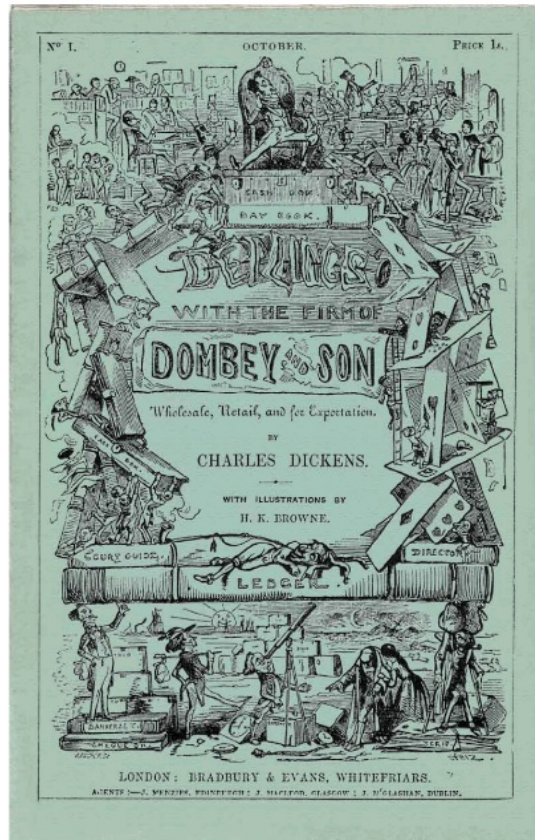
a mob

danger



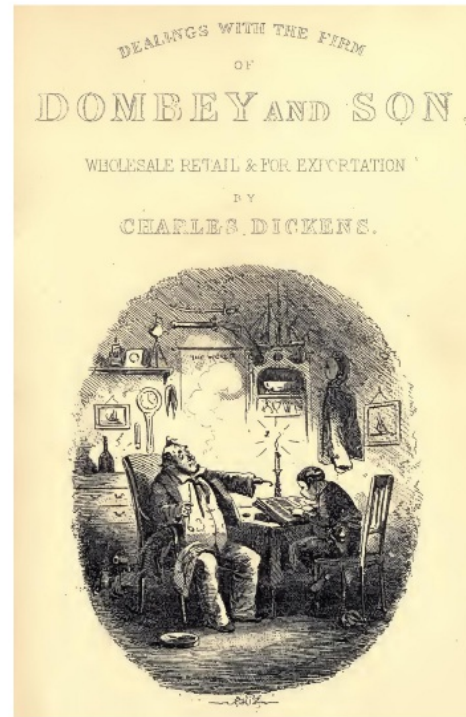
to be mobbed

danger



October 1846
-
April 1848

on earth
What is Dickens writing about?
A





- **How fast do you think trains travelled in the mid 19th century?**
- **How does Dickens feel about the train journey?**
- **Why?**



18



1700s

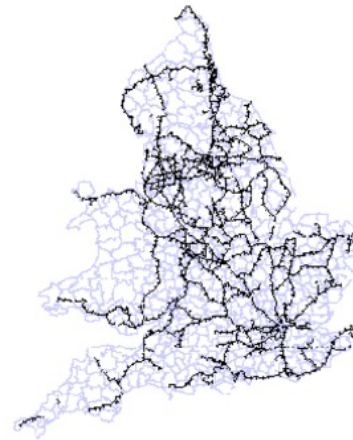


7

The Extension of the Railway System in England and Wales, 1845-1914

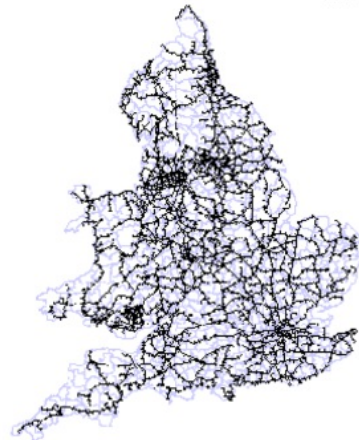


1845



1854

— Rail Lines

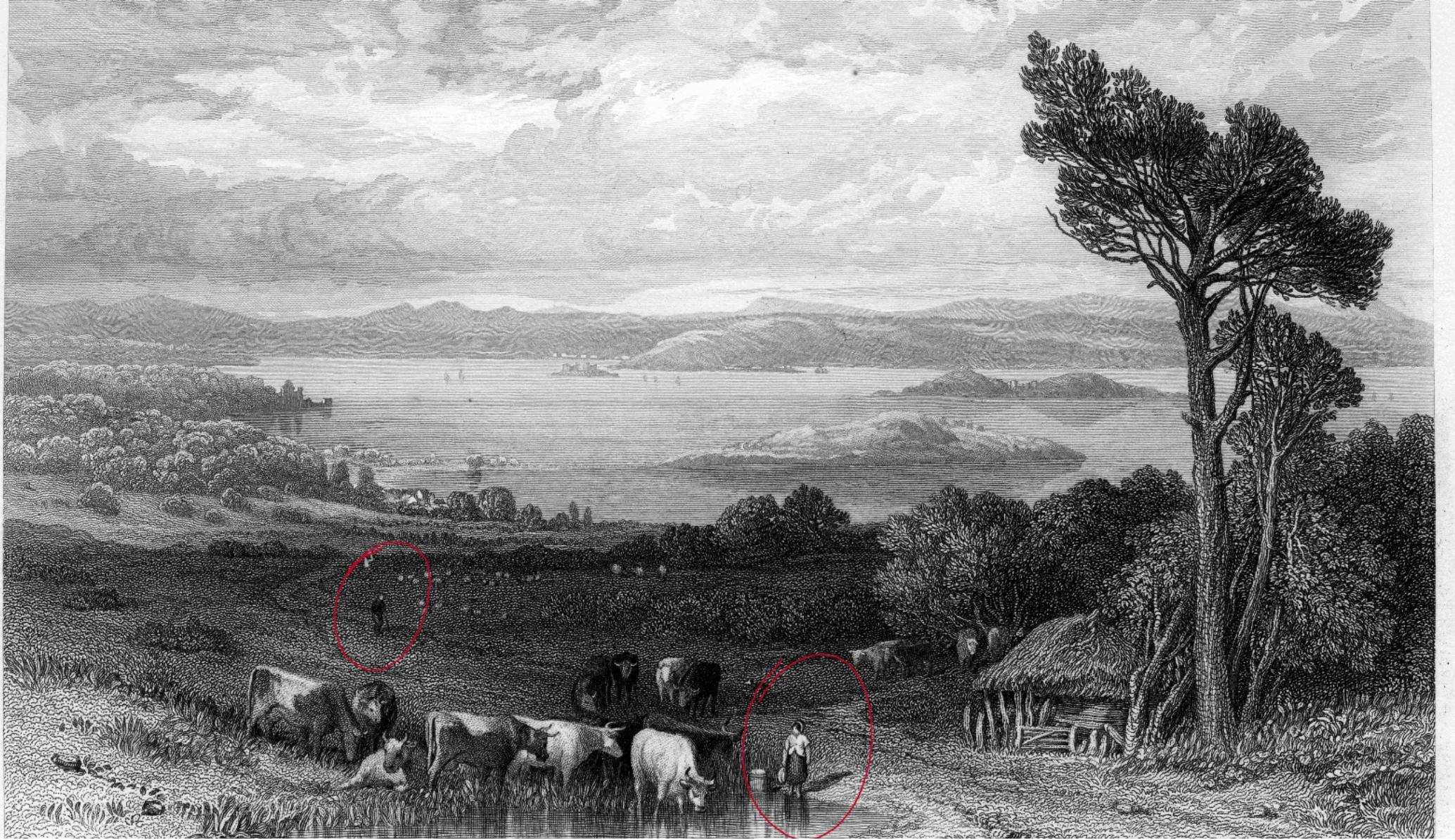


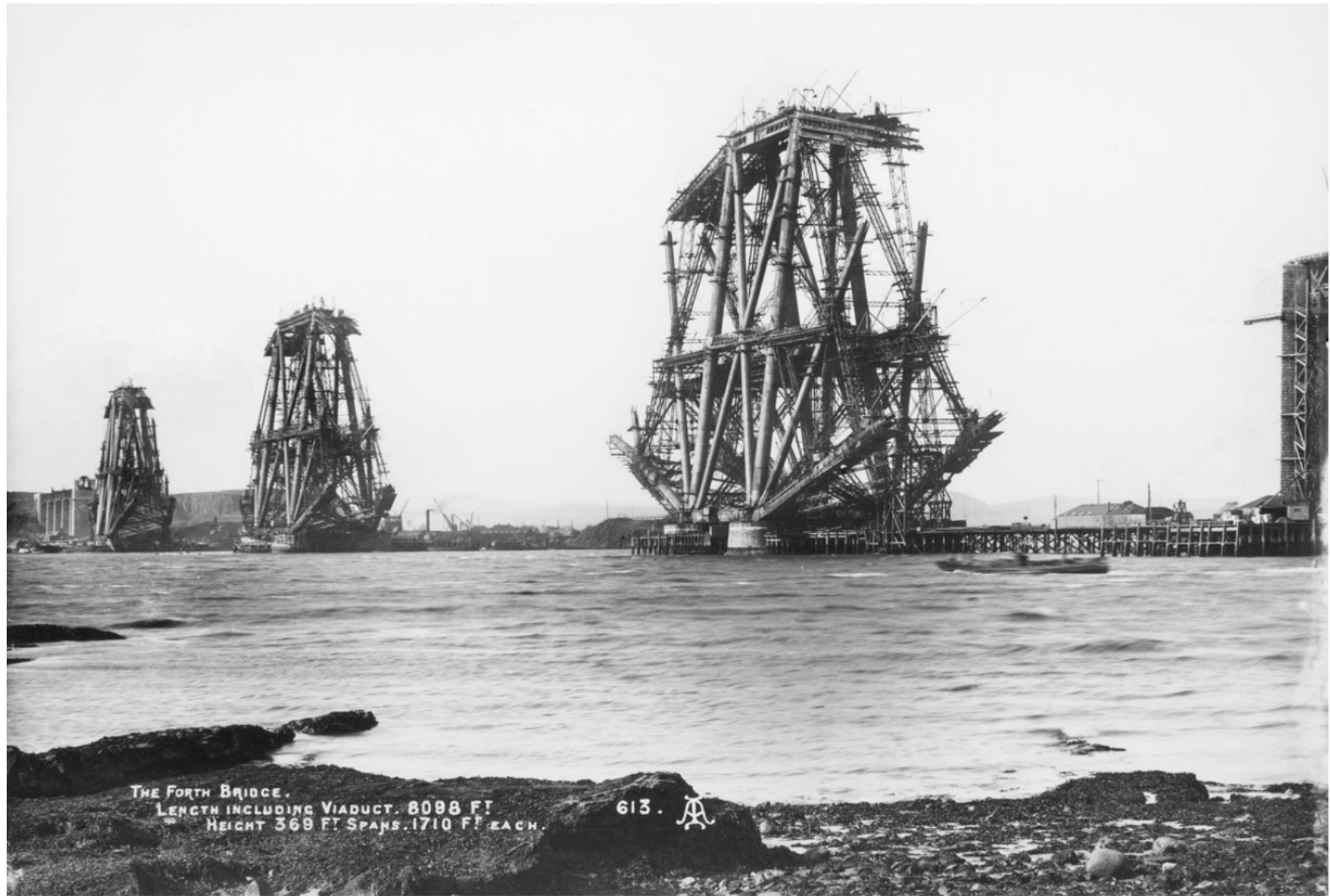
1876




1914







THE FORTH BRIDGE.
LENGTH INCLUDING VIADUCT. 8098 FT
HEIGHT 369 FT SPANS. 1710 FT EACH.

613. 











3 Dickens uses many literary techniques to try to get his message to us. Can you find examples of the following in the passage?

Simile when you compare two nouns with "like" or "as."

.....
.....

Alliteration (when two or more words in a poem begin with the same letter or sound.)

.....
.....

Personification (when you make a thing, idea, or an animal do something only humans can do.)

.....
.....

Repetition (when you use a word or phrase more than once.)

.....
.....

4 What do you think of the passage? Do you like it? Do you think Dickens makes it clear to us how he feels about trains?

.....
.....

Away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, from the town, burrowing among the dwellings of men and making the streets hum, flashing out into the meadows for a moment, mining in through the damp earth, booming on in darkness and heavy air, bursting out again into the sunny day so bright and wide; away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, through the fields, through the woods, through the corn, through the hay, through the chalk, through the mould, through the clay, through the rock, among objects close at hand and almost in the grasp, ever flying from the traveller, and a deceitful distance ever moving slowly within him: like as in the track of the remorseless monster, Death!

Through the hallow, on the height, by the heath, by the orchard, by the park, by the garden, over the canal, across the river, where the sheep are feeding, where the mill is going, where the barge is floating, where the dead are lying, where the factory is smoking, where the stream is running, where the village clusters, where the great cathedral rises, where the bleak moor lies, and the wild breeze smooths or ruffles it at its inconstant will; away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, and no trace to leave behind but dust and vapour: like as in the track of the remorseless monster, Death!

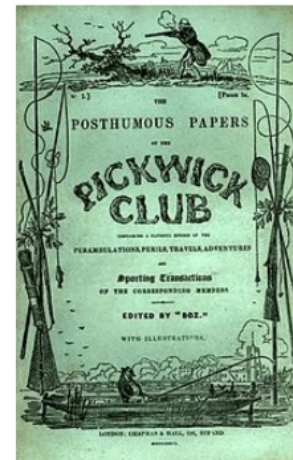
Away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, plunging down into the earth again, and working on in such a storm of energy and perseverance, that amidst the darkness and whirlwind the motion seems reversed, and to tend furiously backward, until a ray of light upon the wet wall shows its surface flying past like a fierce stream. Away once more into the day, and through the day, with a shrill yell of exultation, roaring, rattling, tearing on, spurning everything with its dark breath, sometimes pausing for a minute where a crowd of faces are, that in a minute more are not; sometimes lapping water greedily, and before the spout at which it drinks has ceased to drip upon the ground, shrieking, roaring, rattling through the purple distance!

Louder and louder yet, it shrieks and cries as it comes tearing on resistless to the goal: and now its way, still like the way of Death, is strewn with ashes thickly. Everything around is blackened. There are dark pools of water, muddy lanes, and miserable habitations far below. There are jagged walls and falling houses close at hand, and through the battered roofs and broken windows, wretched rooms are seen, where want and fever hide themselves in many wretched shapes, while smoke and crowded gables, and distorted chimneys, and deformity of brick and mortar penning up deformity of mind and body, choke the murky distance. It was the journey's fitting end, and might have been the end of everything; it was so ruinous and dreary.





1836



Classic literature is old, irrelevant and boring - what's the point?

Should we encourage people to read the classics?



