

THE
WORKS
OF

CHARLES DICKENS



HOUSEHOLD • EDITION



BLEAK • HOUSE

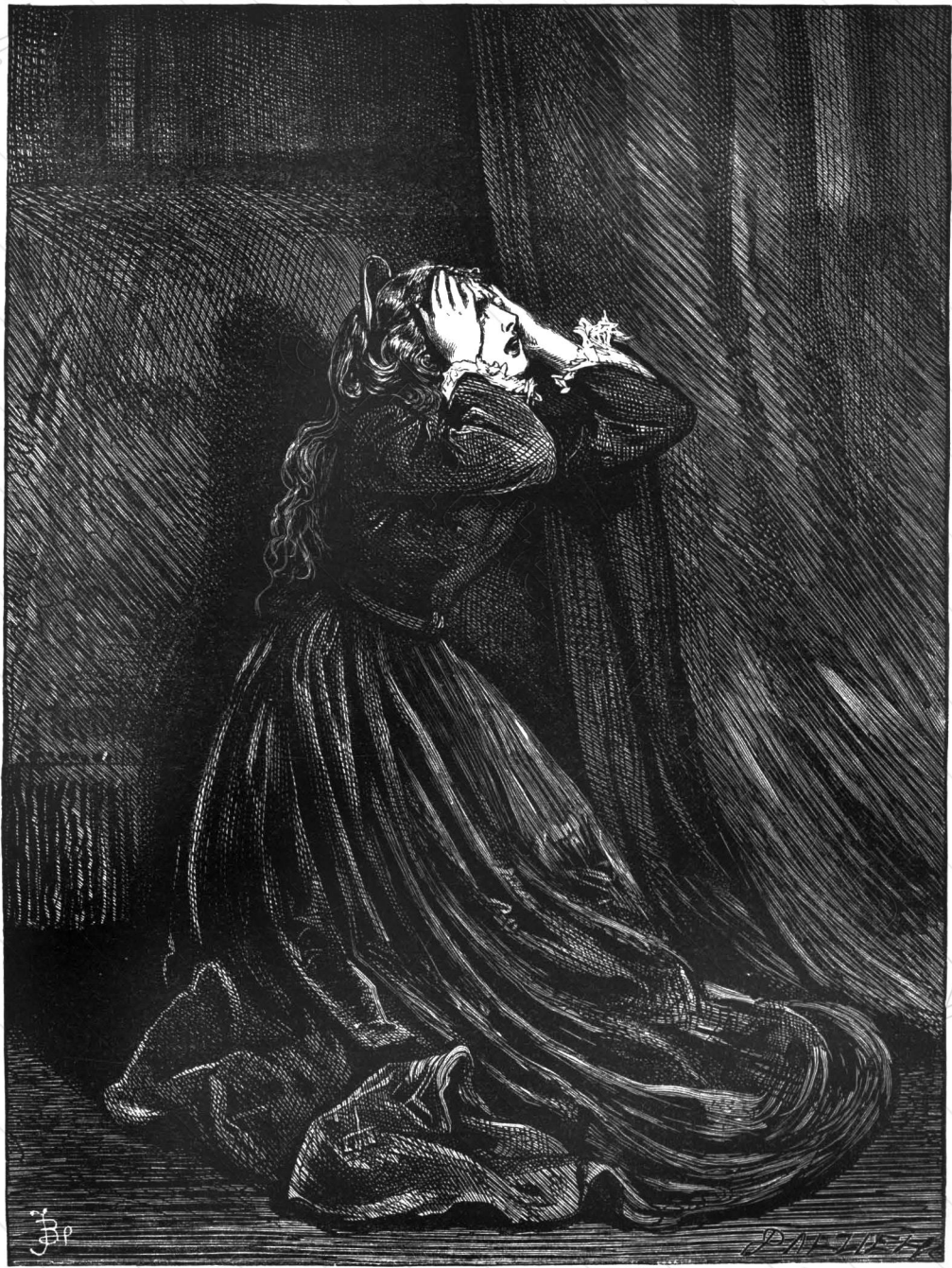
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THE LORD CHANCELLOR RELATES THE DEATH OF TOM JARNDYCE.



"WE ARE NOT SO PREJUDICED AS TO SUPPOSE THAT IN PRIVATE LIFE YOU ARE OTHERWISE THAN A VERY ESTIMABLE MAN, WITH A GREAT DEAL OF POETRY IN YOUR NATURE, OF WHICH YOU MAY NOT BE CONSCIOUS."



"ALFRED, MY YOUNGEST (FIVE), WAS ANTICIPATING HIS BIRTH WITH THE INFANT BONDS OF JOY, AND IS PLEDGED NEVER, THROUGH LIFE, TO USE TOBACCO IN ANY FORM."

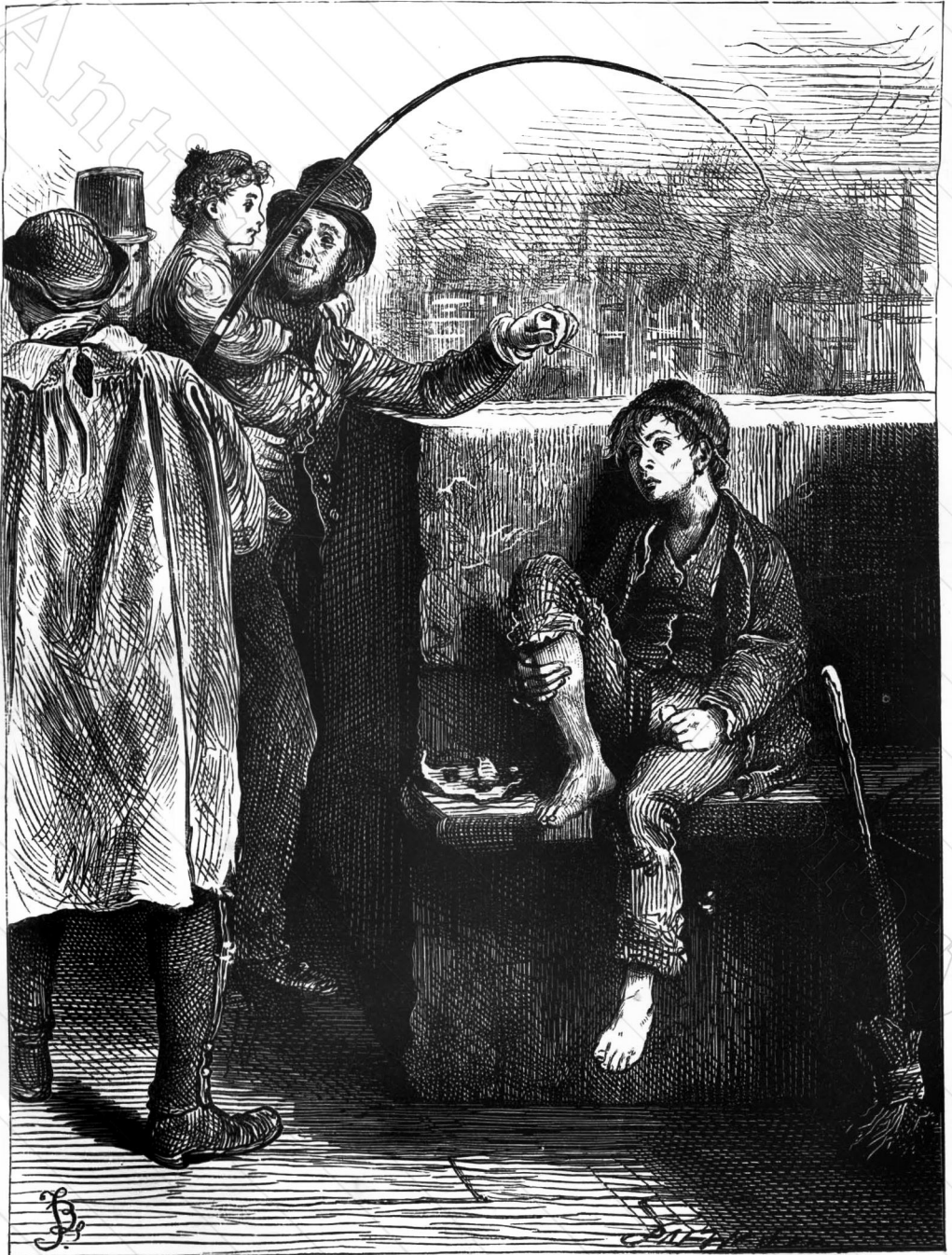


“IF I WERE IN YOUR PLACE, I WOULD SEIZE EVERY MASTER IN CHANCERY BY THE THROAT TO-MORROW MORNING, AND SHAKE HIM UNTIL HIS MONEY ROLLED OUT OF HIS POCKETS, AND HIS BONES RATTLED IN HIS SKIN.”





"HE WAS VERY GOOD TO ME, HE WAS!"





'WHY, DO YOU KNOW HOW PRETTY YOU ARE, CHILD,' SHE SAYS, TOUCHING HER SHOULDER WITH HER TWO FOREFINGERS.





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"HONOURED, INDEED," SAID SHE, "BY ANOTHER VISIT FROM THE WARDS IN JARNDYCE!"



“I’M FLY,” SAYS JO. “BUT FEN LARKS, YOU KNOW. STOW HOOKING IT!”



“TO MY GREAT SURPRISE, YOU WERE THERE, AND SITTING
LOOKING AT THE ASHES.”





“WHO UD GO AND LET A NICE INNOCENT LODGING TO SUCH A REG’LAR ONE AS ME!”







“THERE SHE IS!” CRIES JO.



"O, YOU RIDICULOUS CHILD!" OBSERVED MRS. JELLYBY, WITH AN ABSTRACTED AIR, AS SHE LOOKED OVER THE DESPATCH LAST OPENED, "WHAT A GOOSE YOU ARE!"



"OF ALL MY OLD ASSOCIATIONS, THE ANTIQUE PATTERN LIBRARY, ORG 2019.10 THE LIVING AND THE DEAD WORLD, THIS ONE POOR SOUL ALONE COMES NATURAL TO ME, AND I AM FIT FOR."



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"WHAT'S GONE OF YOUR FATHER AND YOUR MOTHER, EH?"



"I BELIEVE YOU!" SAYS MRS. BAGNET. "HE'S A BRITON. THAT'S WHAT WOOLWICH IS. A BRITON!"





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MR. GUPPY'S CATECHISM.





"AND HE SHIVERED IN THE HANDS OF THE MAN WHO WAS HOLDING HIM, LIKE SOME WOUNDED ANIMAL THAT HAD BEEN FOUND IN A DITCH."

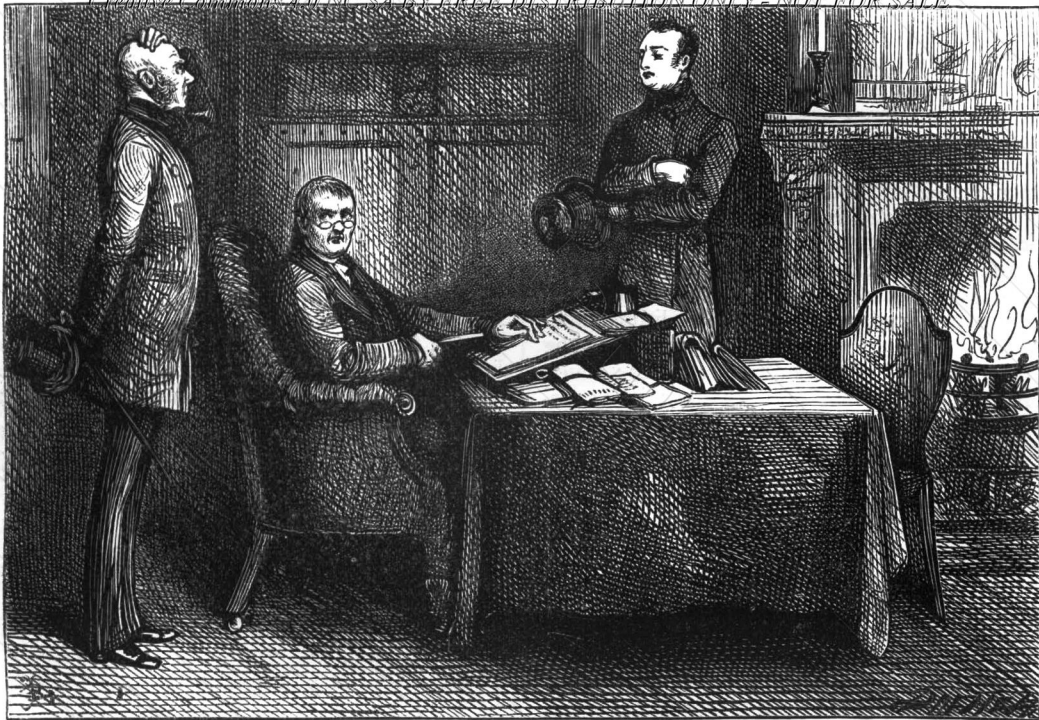


"MY LOVE, YOU KNOW THESE TWO GENTLEMEN?"

"YES!" SAYS MRS. SNAGSBY, AND IN A RIGID MANNER ACKNOWLEDGES THEIR PRESENCE.



"I HAVE COME DOWN," REPHRASES THE MAN IN THE AIR TOWARDS HIM WITH ALL HIS TEN FINGERS AT ONCE, "TO LOOK AFTER THE PROPERTY."



"PUTS HIS HAND ON HIS EAR AGAIN, UNDER THIS NEW VERBAL SHOWER-BATH."





“FOR I AM CONSTANTLY BEING TAKEN IN THESE NETS,” SAID MR. SCIMPOLES, LOOKING BEAMINGLY AT US OVER A GLASS OF WINE-AND-WATER, “AND AM CONSTANTLY BEING BAILED OUT—LIKE A ROAT.”



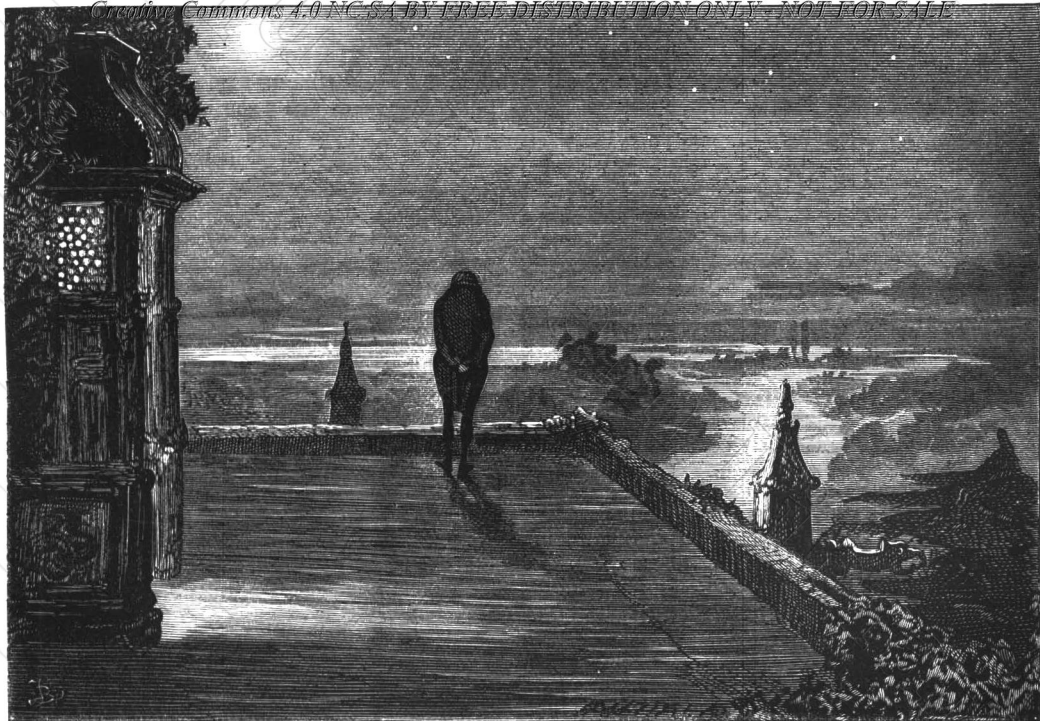


"SHE MADE NO SOUND OF LAUGHTER; BUT SHE BOUNDED HER HEAD, AND SHOOK IT, AND PUT HER HAND-KERCHIEF TO HER MOUTH, AND APPEALED TO CADDY WITH HER ELBOW."



"YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED, MR. GUPPY; YOU ARE A FORTUNATE YOUNG MAN, SIR."







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"TURNS THE KEY UPON HER, MISTRESS." ILLUSTRATING WITH THE CELLAR KEY.

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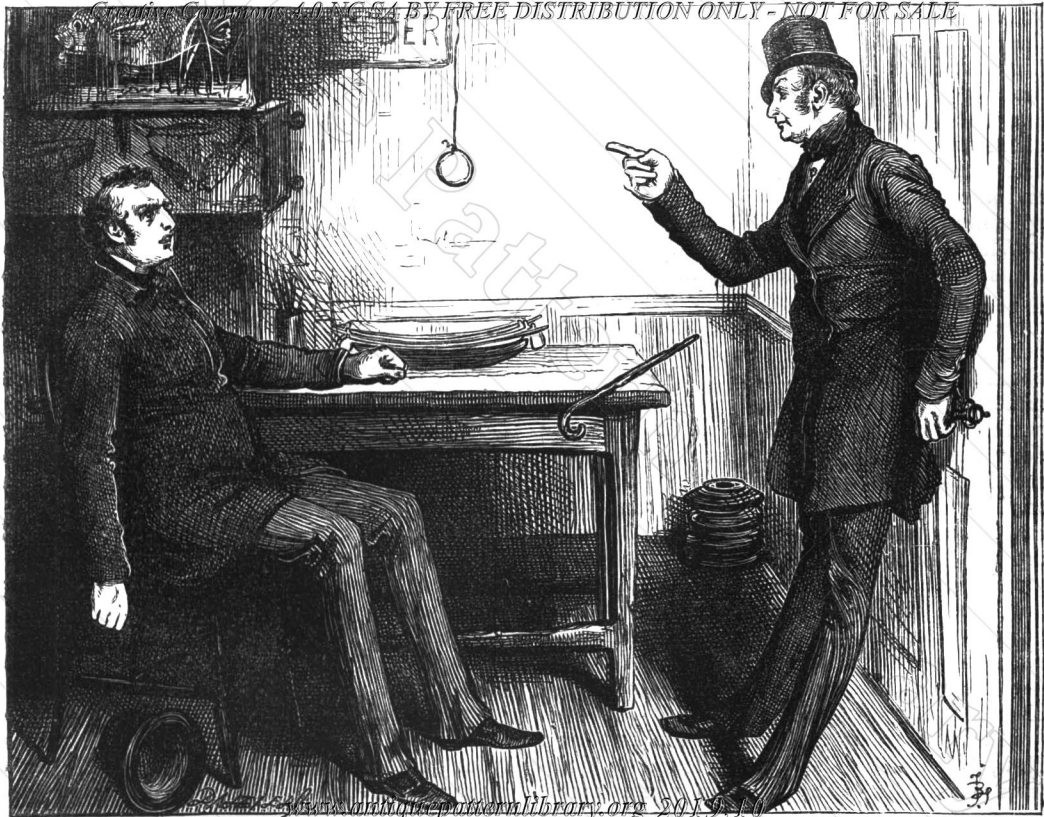




“HERE, AGAINST A HOARDING OF DECAYING FIMBER, HE IS BROUGHT TO BAY.”



“THE CART IS SHAKEN ALL TO PIECES, AND THE ROAD IS VERY NEAR ITS END.”

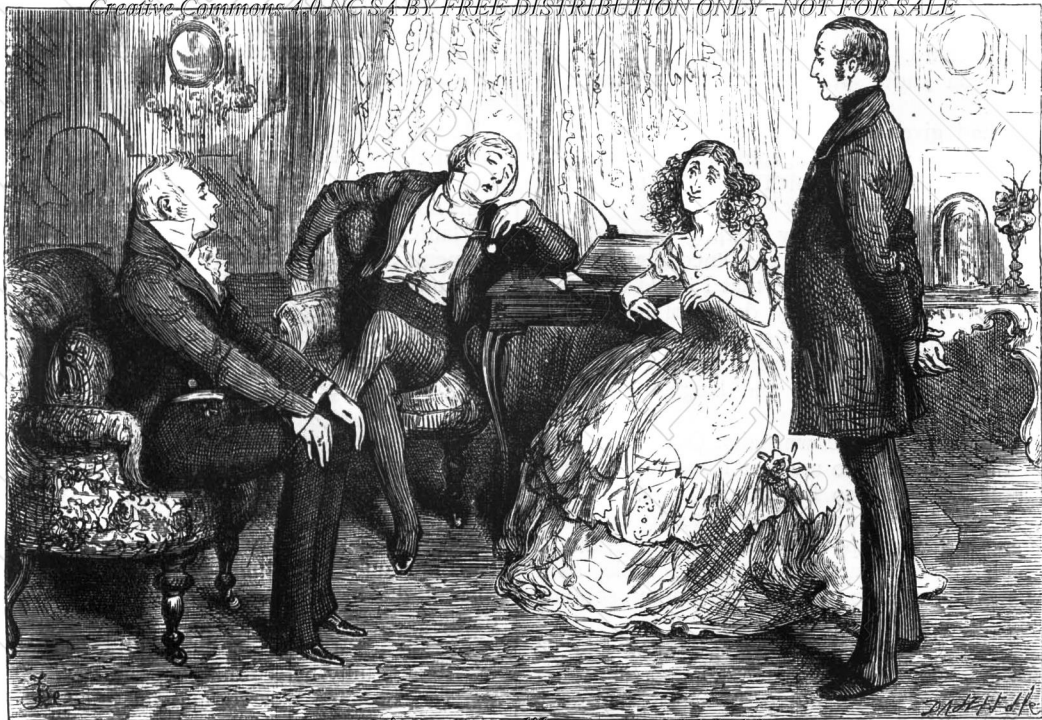


"MR. BUCKET URGING A SENSIBLE VIEW OF THE CASE WITH HIS FAT FOREFINGER."

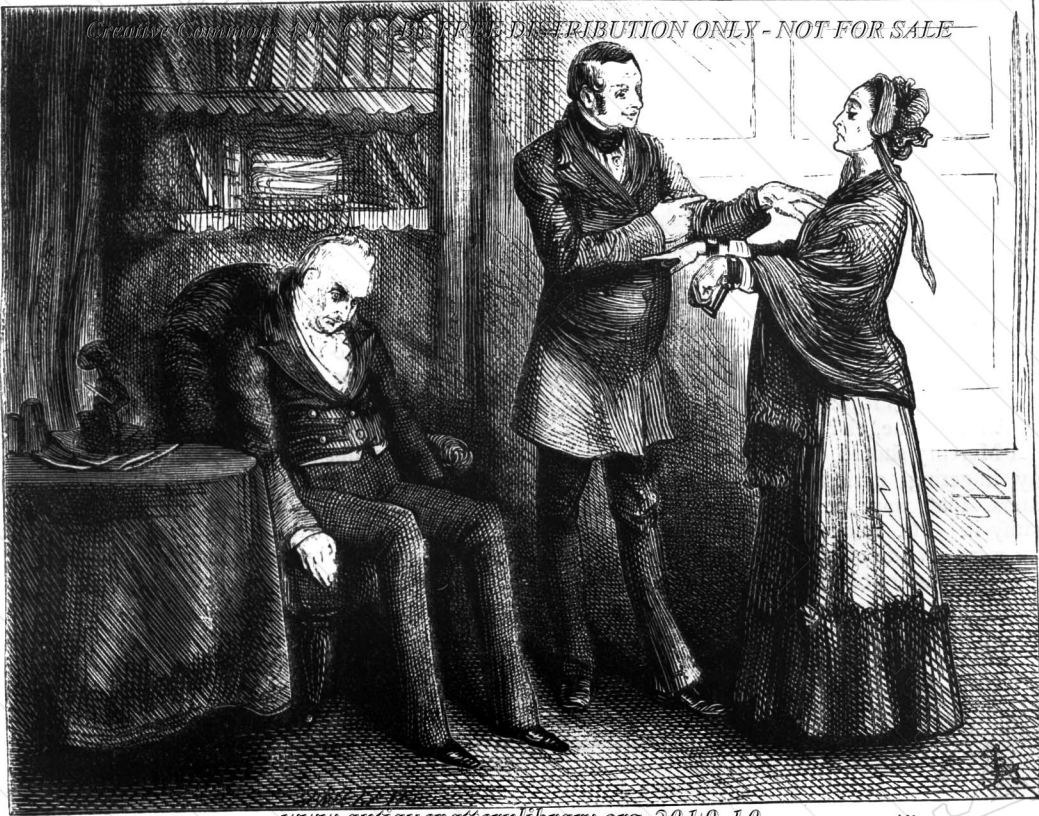




“ESTHER, DEAR,” SHE SAID VERY QUIETLY, “I AM NOT GOING HOME AGAIN.”



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"HASN'T A DOUBT—ZAMPL—FAR BETTER HANG WRONG FLER THAN NO FLER."



“CAN YOU MAKE A HAUGHTY GENTLEMAN OF HIM? THE POOR INFANT!”



“ HE PUTS HIS HANDS TOGETHER, AND RAISING THEM TOWARDS HIS BREAST, BOWS DOWN HIS HEAD, AND CRIES.”



MR. BUCKET IN LADY DEBLOCK'S BOUDOIR. 10

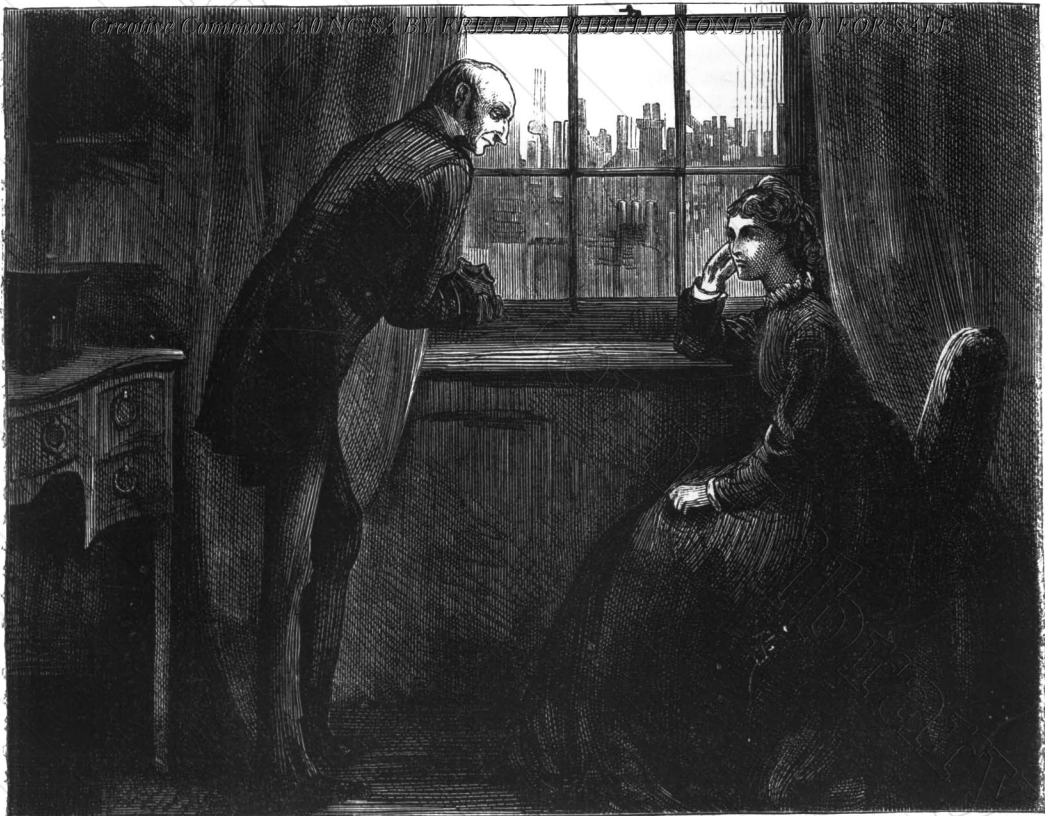




"THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER WEeping SILENTLY; MARY IN THE GREATEST AGITATION, WITH THE FRESHEST BLOOM ON HER CHEEKS; THE TROOPER WITH HIS ARMS FOLDED AND HIS HEAD A LITTLE BENT, RESPECTFULLY ATTENTIVE."



"SHE LAY THERE, WITH ONE ARM CREEPING ROUND A BAR OF THE IRON GATE, AND SEEMING TO EMBRACE IT."



“MISS SUMMERSON,” SAID MR. WHOLES, VERY SLOWLY RUBBING HIS GLOVED HANDS, . . . “THIS WAS AN ILL-ADVISED MARRIAGE OF MR. C.’S.”



“TO WHICH? SAY THAT AGAIN,” CRIED MR. SMALLWEED, IN A SHRILL, SHARP VOICE.



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"GET OUT WITH YOU. IF WE AIN' GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU, GO AND PROCURE SOMEBODY THAT IS GOOD ENOUGH. GO ALONG AND FIND 'EM."



“BUT I NEVER OWN TO IT BEFORE THE OLD GIRL. DISCIPLINE MUST BE MAINTAINED.”

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VOLUMINA'S DEVOTION TO SIR ECCLESER.

