

A Tale of Two Cities is a more somber work for Dickens. Were there any lighthearted moments you found entertaining or humorous?

How do you think Dickens viewed the French Revolution based on what you read? Why do you think he may see it that way?

Why do you think the book starts with the phrase: "It was the best of times and the worst of times..."? Why do you think this is still such an iconic phrase

This was initially published by chapters as part of a weekly magazine story. Do you think reading a chapter a week would have been more interesting? (Think watching a tv show each week for 8 months vs. watching the whole series in a few weeks - or days.)

Charles Darnay could see beyond his own circumstances to the unfairness of life for those in the lower class structure. Why do you think that is? Were there any other examples of characters able to see beyond their own life?

At the end, Carton describes a sort of epilogue for the characters. Do you believe his view of how things would be accurate? If not, what do you think happened?

There were lots of coincidences in the story. Do you think that this made the book better or worse?

Using the characters as examples, how do you think Dickens viewed women? The working class? The rich?

Do you think the acts of evil in the book are based on human nature or circumstances?

Do you think the characters were caricatures of their type? Do you remember any examples? Do you think it added or detracted from the book?

Although the setting was grim, did you find any moments of beauty or hope?

Why do you think Dickens chose Miss Pross to kill Madame Defarge?

“A day wasted on others is not wasted on one's self.”

“I see a beautiful city and brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making explanation for itself and wearing it out. ”

<p>“It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to heaven, we were all going direct the other way - in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.”</p>	<p>“I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me.”</p>
<p>“He takes out his anger by having his carriage speed through the streets, scattering the commoners in the way.”</p>	<p>“A day wasted on others is not wasted on one's self.”</p>
<p>“A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other.”</p>	<p>“Death may beget life, but oppression can beget nothing other than itself.”</p>
<p>“It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.”</p>	<p>“A multitude of people and yet solitude.”</p>
<p>“There is prodigious strength in sorrow and despair.”</p>	<p>“Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death; - the last, much the easiest to bestow, O Guillotine!”</p>

“Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seeds of rapacious licence and oppression over again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.”

“Mr. Cruncher... always spoke of the year of our Lord as Anna Dominoes: apparently under the impression that the Christian era dated from the invention of a popular game, by a lady who had bestowed her name upon it.”

“When they took a young man into Tellson's London house, they hid him somewhere till he was old. They kept him in a dark place, like a cheese, until he had the full Tellson flavour and blue-mould upon him. Then only was he permitted to be seen, spectacularly poring over large books, and casting his breeches and gaiters into the general weight of the establishment.”

“You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer,” said Miss Pross, in her breathing. “Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman.”

“Above all, one hideous figure grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world - the figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine. It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache, it infallibly prevented hair from turning gray, it imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion, it was the National Razor which shaved close: who kissed La Guillotine looked through the little window and sneezed into the sack.”

“Does your childhood seem far off? Do the days when you sat at your mother's knee, seem days of very long ago?” Responding to his softened manner, Mr. Lorry answered: “Twenty years back, yes; at this time of my life, no. For, as I draw closer and closer to the end, I travel in the circle, nearer and nearer to the beginning. It seems to be one of the kind smoothings and preparings of the way. My heart is touched now, by many remembrances that had long fallen asleep.”

“I am no more annoyed when I think of the expression, than I should be annoyed by a man's opinion of a picture of mine, who had no eye for pictures; or of a piece of music of mine, who had no ear for music.”

“I would ask you to believe that he has a heart he very, very seldom reveals, and that there are deep wounds in it. My dear, I have seen it bleeding.”