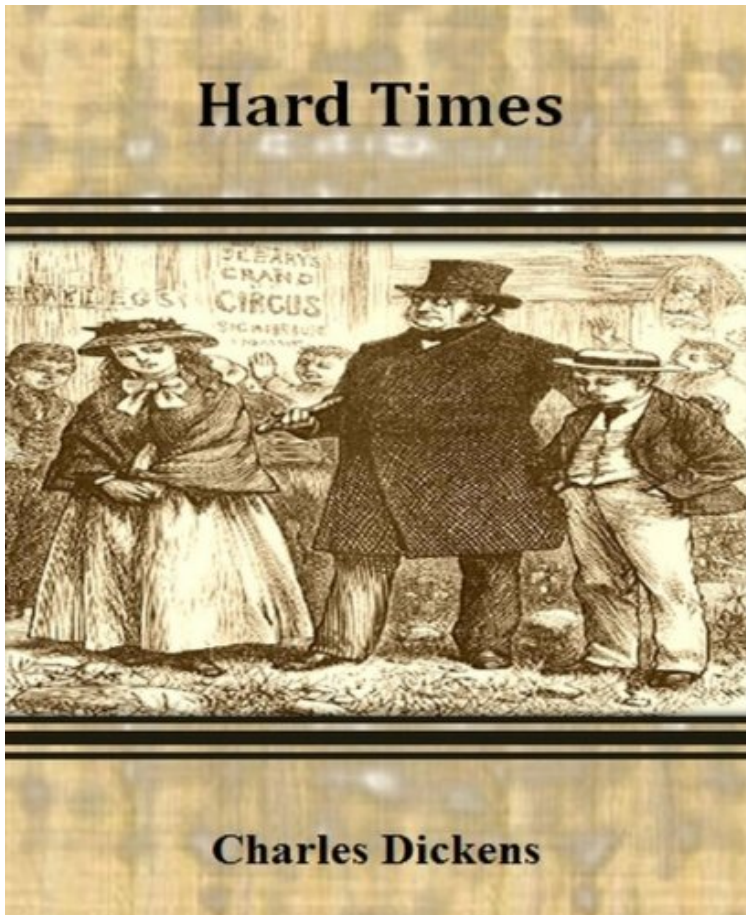


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# Hard Times By Charles Dickens (English Edition)



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## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurNOW, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speakers square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmasters sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speakers square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speakers mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speakers voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speakers hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard

facts stored inside. The speakers obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders, nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was, all helped the emphasis. Presentation de l'diteur NOW, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir! The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speakers square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmasters sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speakers square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speakers mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speakers voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speakers hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speakers obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders, nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was, all helped the emphasis.