



Alone, the two old friends could now discuss the emergency at hand. At that moment a sharp sound from the courtyard below caught their attention.

“What is that noise?” asked Dr Manette.

“Don’t look out!”

Mr Lorry was unable to prevent Dr Manette from opening the curtains. In the middle of the courtyard was a large grindstone on a wheel, which was used for sharpening knives and axes. Two men with long wild hair and cruel faces were turning it madly. All around, people covered in sweat and blood sharpened their weapons of war.

“What are they going to do?”

Mr Lorry hesitated but knew he could not hide the truth from his old friend.

“They are the ones murdering the prisoners.”

“Then *they* know the way to La Force!”

Mr Lorry quickly realised the doctor’s intent and tried to discourage him.

“But Dr Manette! These men ...”

“I was a Bastille prisoner for *eighteen years*, my friend. Knowing that, none of these patriots would touch me, except to carry me in triumph. I will be safe.”

“Are you certain?”

The doctor was calm in his determination.

“We have no choice. I must get to Charles.”

Mr Lorry watched from the window as the doctor left the room and went into the courtyard to face the crowd. He was braving his way into their midst when a thousand cheers were heard.

“Help the Bastille prisoner! Help the Bastille prisoner’s family at La Force! Save the prisoner Evrémonde!”