

MY FATHER'S FAMILY NAME
BEING *PIRRIP*, AND MY
CHRISTIAN NAME *PHILIP*,
MY INFANT TONGUE COULD
MAKE OF BOTH NAMES
NOTHING LONGER OR MORE
EXPLICIT THAN *PIP*. SO I
CALLED MYSELF *PIP*.

I NEVER SAW MY FATHER OR
MY MOTHER, AND NEVER SAW
ANY LIKENESS OF EITHER
OF THEM - OR MY FIVE LITTLE
BROTHERS - FOR THEIR DAYS
WERE LONG BEFORE THE
DAYS OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

I FOUND OUT FOR CERTAIN THAT *THIS* BLEAK PLACE
WAS THE CHURCHYARD; AND THAT *PHILIP PIRRI*,
LATE OF THIS PARISH, AND ALSO *GEORGINA*,
WIFE OF THE ABOVE, WERE DEAD AND BURIED.

AND THAT *ALEXANDER, BARTHOLOMEW,*
ABRAHAM, TOBIAS AND ROGER,
INFANT CHILDREN OF THE
AFORESAID, WERE ALSO
DEAD AND BURIED...

...AND THAT THE SMALL
BUNDLE OF *SHIVERS*
GROWING AFRAID OF IT
ALL AND BEGINNING
TO CRY, WAS *PIP*...

GASP!

HOLD
YOUR
NOISE!

KEEP STILL, YOU
LITTLE DEVIL, OR I'LL
CUT YOUR THROAT!

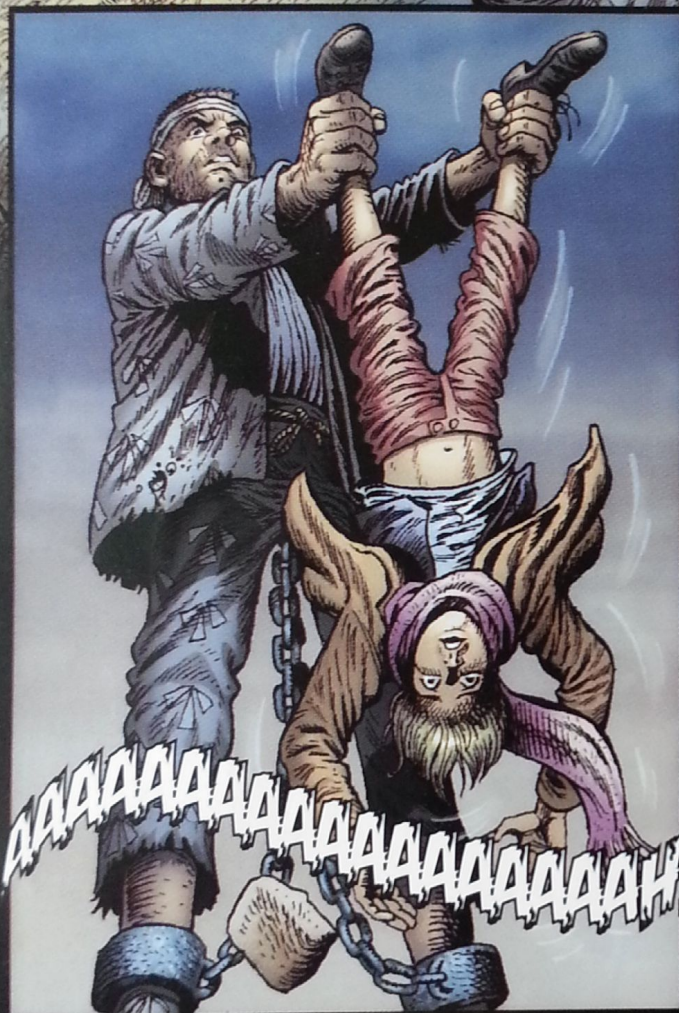
OH! DON'T
CUT MY THROAT!
PRAY DON'T DO
IT, SIR!

TELL US
YOUR NAME...
QUICK!

PIP, SIR.

SHOW US
WHERE YOU LIVE.
PINT OUT THE
PLACE!

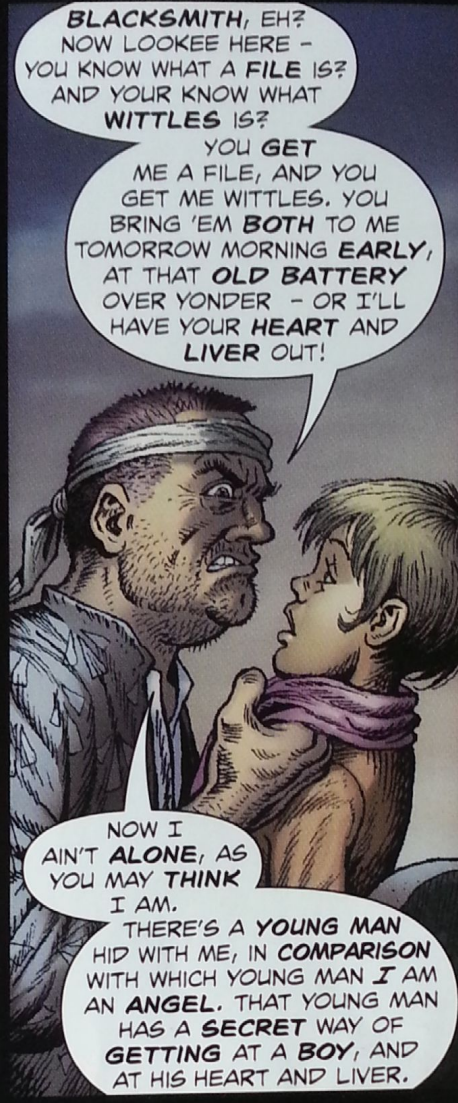
I POINTED TO WHERE
OUR VILLAGE LAY,
A MILE OR MORE
FROM THE CHURCH.





HA! WHO D'YE LIVE WITH? SUPPOSIN' YOU'RE KINDLY LET TO LIVE - WHICH I HAN'T MADE UP MY MIND ABOUT?

MY SISTER, SIR - MRS. JOE GARGERY - WIFE OF JOE GARGERY, THE BLACKSMITH, SIR.



BLACKSMITH, EH? NOW LOOKEE HERE - YOU KNOW WHAT A FILE IS? AND YOUR KNOW WHAT WITTLES IS?

YOU GET ME A FILE, AND YOU GET ME WITTLES. YOU BRING 'EM BOTH TO ME TOMORROW MORNING EARLY, AT THAT OLD BATTERY OVER YONDER - OR I'LL HAVE YOUR HEART AND LIVER OUT!

NOW I AIN'T ALONE, AS YOU MAY THINK I AM.

THERE'S A YOUNG MAN HID WITH ME, IN COMPARISON WITH WHICH YOUNG MAN I AM AN ANGEL. THAT YOUNG MAN HAS A SECRET WAY OF GETTING AT A BOY, AND AT HIS HEART AND LIVER.



NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I WILL GET YOU THE FILE AND WHAT BROKEN BITS OF FOOD I CAN.

SAY, LORD STRIKE YOU DEAD IF YOU DON'T!

I SAW HIM GO, PICKING HIS WAY AMONG THE NETTLES AND THE BRAMBLES. WHEN HE GOT OVER THE LOW CHURCH WALL HE TURNED ROUND TO LOOK FOR ME.



WHEN I SAW HIM TURNING, I SET MY FACE TOWARDS HOME, AND MADE THE BEST USE OF MY LEGS.

I LOOKED ALL ROUND FOR THE HORRIBLE YOUNG MAN, AND COULD SEE NO SIGNS OF HIM. BUT NOW I WAS FRIGHTENED AGAIN, AND RAN HOME WITHOUT STOPPING.



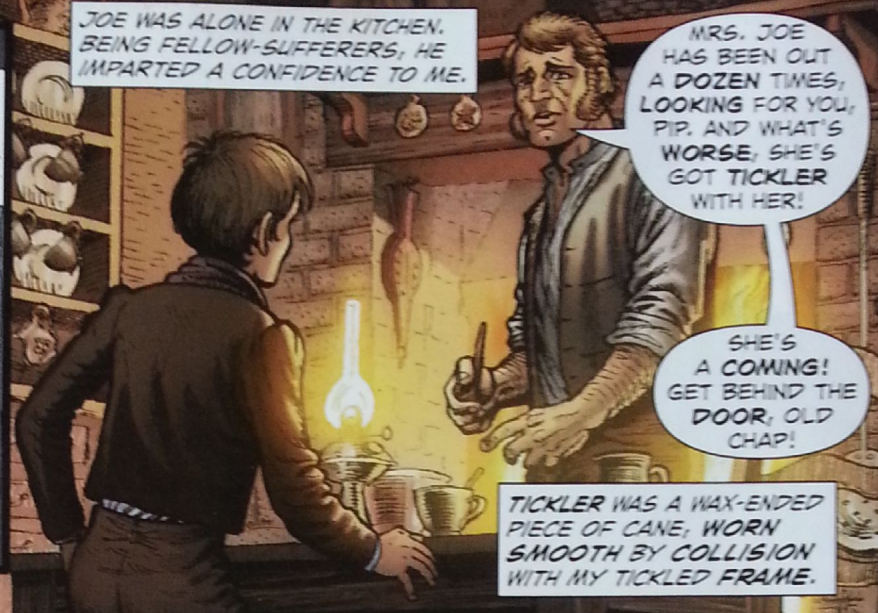
VOLUME I
CHAPTER II

MY SISTER, MRS. JOE GARGERY, WAS MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS OLDER THAN I, AND HAD ESTABLISHED A GREAT REPUTATION BECAUSE SHE HAD BROUGHT ME UP "BY HAND."



JOE GARGERY, THE BLACKSMITH, WAS A MILD, GOOD-NATURED, SWEET-TEMPERED, EASY-GOING, FOOLISH, DEAR FELLOW. HIS FORGE ADJOINED OUR HOUSE.

JOE WAS ALONE IN THE KITCHEN. BEING FELLOW-SUFFERERS, HE IMPARTED A CONFIDENCE TO ME.



MRS. JOE HAS BEEN OUT A DOZEN TIMES, LOOKING FOR YOU, PIP, AND WHAT'S WORSE, SHE'S GOT TICKLER WITH HER!

SHE'S A COMING! GET BEHIND THE DOOR, OLD CHAP!

TICKLER WAS A WAX-ENDED PIECE OF CANE, WORN SMOOTH BY COLLISION WITH MY TICKLED FRAME.

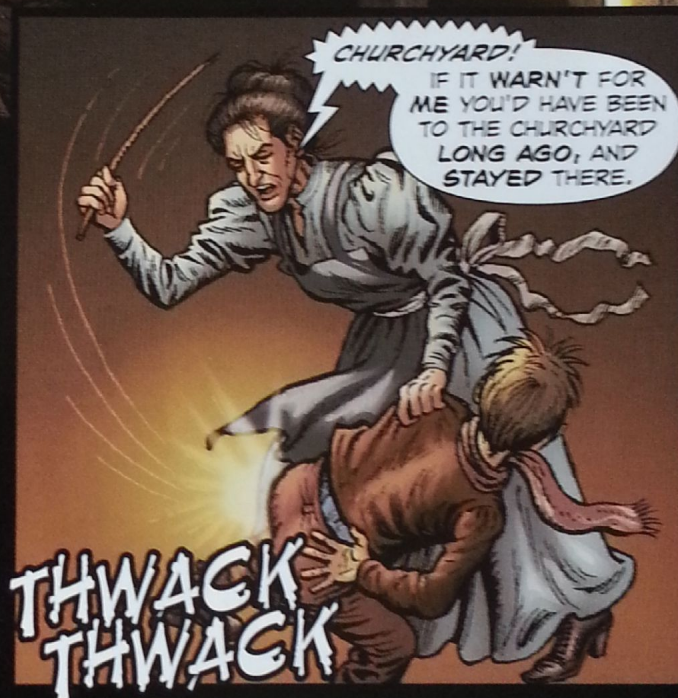
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, YOU YOUNG MONKEY? TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING TO WEAR ME AWAY WITH FRET AND FRIGHT AND WORRIT!



I HAVE ONLY BEEN TO THE CHURCHYARD.

CHURCHYARD!

IF IT WARN'T FOR ME YOU'D HAVE BEEN TO THE CHURCHYARD LONG AGO, AND STAYED THERE.



WHO BROUGHT YOU UP BY HAND?

YOU DID!



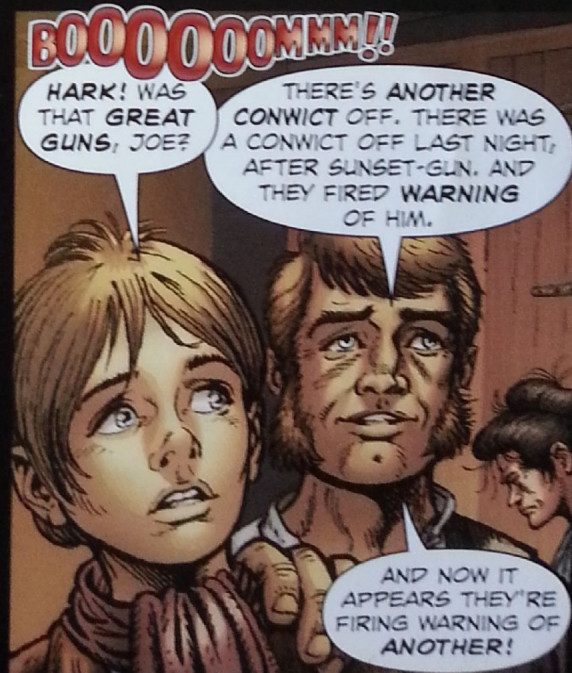
I'D NEVER DO IT AGAIN! I'VE NEVER HAD THIS APRON OF MINE OFF SINCE BORN YOU WERE.

IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO BE A BLACKSMITH'S WIFE (AND HIM A GARGERY) WITHOUT BEING YOUR MOTHER!

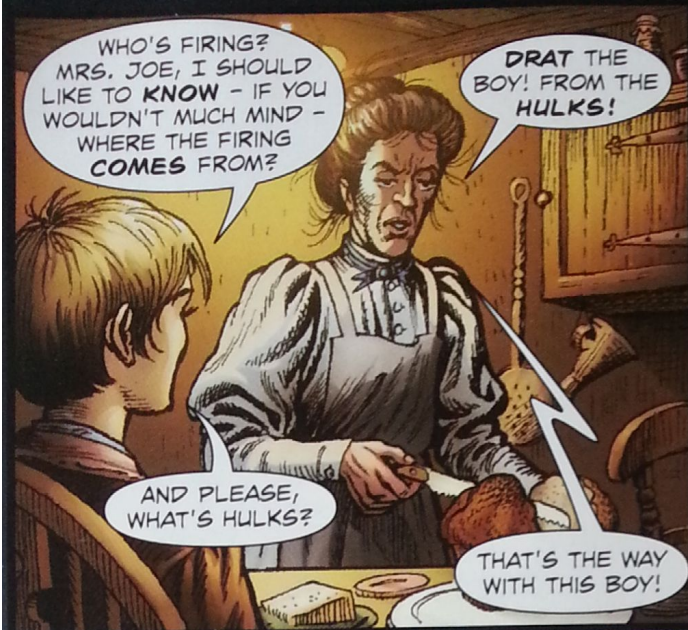
BOOOOOOOMMM!!

HARK! WAS THAT GREAT GUNS, JOE?

THERE'S ANOTHER CONVICT OFF. THERE WAS A CONVICT OFF LAST NIGHT, AFTER SUNSET-GUN. AND THEY FIRED WARNING OF HIM.



AND NOW IT APPEARS THEY'RE FIRING WARNING OF ANOTHER!

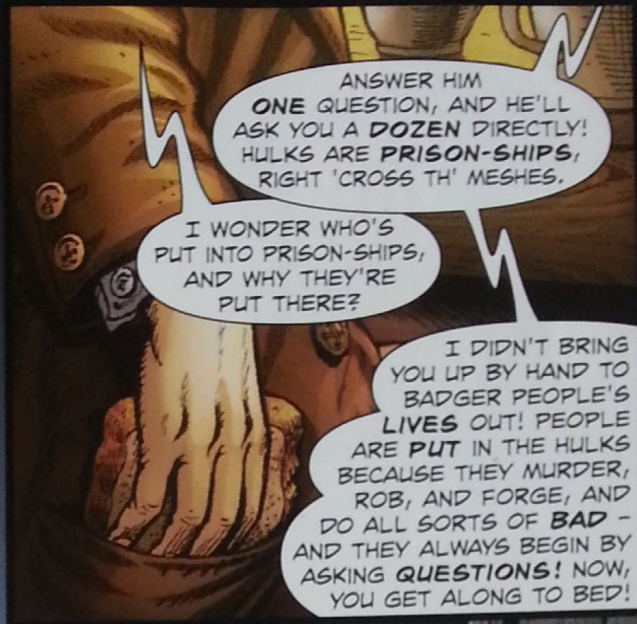


WHO'S FIRING?
MRS. JOE, I SHOULD
LIKE TO **KNOW** - IF YOU
WOULDN'T MIND -
WHERE THE FIRING
COMES FROM?

DRAT THE
BOY! FROM THE
HULKS!

AND PLEASE,
WHAT'S **HULKS**?

THAT'S THE WAY
WITH THIS BOY!



ANSWER HIM
ONE QUESTION, AND HE'LL
ASK YOU A **DOZEN** DIRECTLY!
HULKS ARE **PRISON-SHIPS**,
RIGHT 'CROSS TH' MESHES.

I WONDER WHO'S
PUT INTO PRISON-SHIPS,
AND WHY THEY'RE
PUT THERE?

I DIDN'T BRING
YOU UP BY HAND TO
BADGER PEOPLE'S
LIVES OUT! PEOPLE
ARE **PUT** IN THE **HULKS**
BECAUSE THEY MURDER,
ROB, AND FORGE, AND
DO ALL SORTS OF **BAD** -
AND THEY ALWAYS BEGIN BY
ASKING **QUESTIONS**! NOW,
YOU GET ALONG TO BED!



IT WAS **CHRISTMAS EVE**. IF I SLEPT AT
ALL THAT NIGHT, IT WAS **ONLY** TO IMAGINE
MYSELF DRIFTING DOWN THE **RIVER** ON A
STRONG SPRING-TIDE, TO THE **HULKS**.

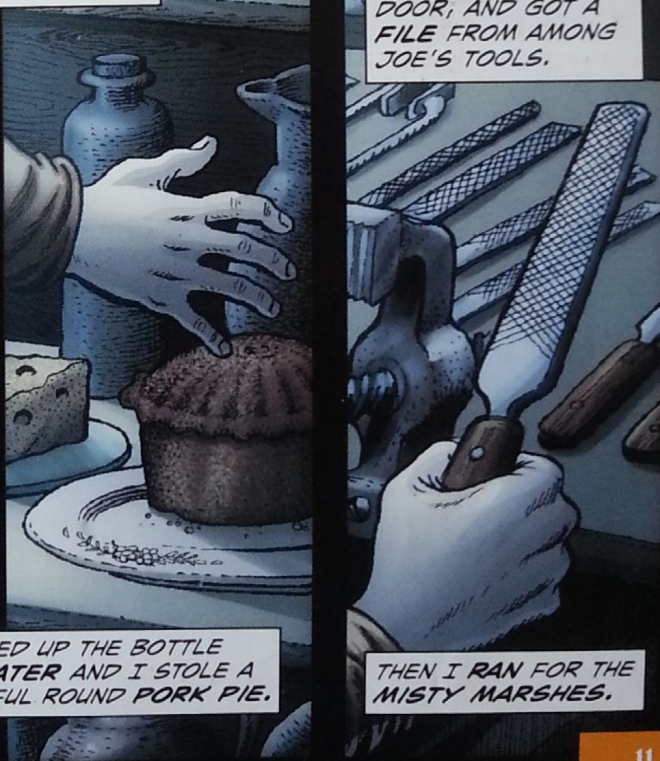
AS SOON AS THE
BLACK VELVET PALL
OUTSIDE MY LITTLE
WINDOW WAS SHOT
WITH GREY, I GOT
UP AND WENT
DOWNSTAIRS.

IN THE PANTRY, WHICH WAS FAR MORE
ABUNDANTLY SUPPLIED THAN **USUAL**,
I STOLE SOME BREAD, CHEESE,
MINCEMEAT, A MEAT BONE, AND SOME
BRANDY FROM A STONE BOTTLE.



I TOPPED UP THE BOTTLE
WITH WATER AND I STOLE A
BEAUTIFUL ROUND PORK PIE.

THERE WAS A **DOOR**
IN THE KITCHEN,
COMMUNICATING WITH
THE **FORGE**. I
UNBOLTED THAT
DOOR, AND GOT A
FILE FROM AMONG
JOE'S TOOLS.



THEN I RAN FOR THE
MISTY MARSHES.