

VOLUME I  
CHAPTER III

I KNEW MY WAY TO THE BATTERY, FOR I HAD BEEN THERE OF A SUNDAY WITH JOE. WE WOULD HAVE SUCH LARKS THERE!



I CROSSED A DITCH NEAR THE BATTERY, WHEN I SAW A MAN SITTING BEFORE ME, HEAVY WITH SLEEP. I WENT FORWARD SOFTLY AND TOUCHED HIM ON THE SHOULDER.

IT WAS *NOT* THE SAME MAN, BUT *ANOTHER* MAN!



IT'S THE *YOUNG* MAN, I THOUGHT, FEELING MY HEART *SHOOT* AS I IDENTIFIED HIM.



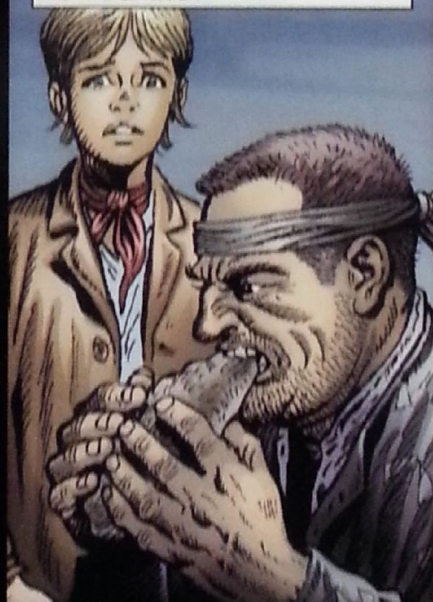
HE *STUMBL*ED AND *RAN* OFF. I WAS SOON AT THE BATTERY AFTER THAT..



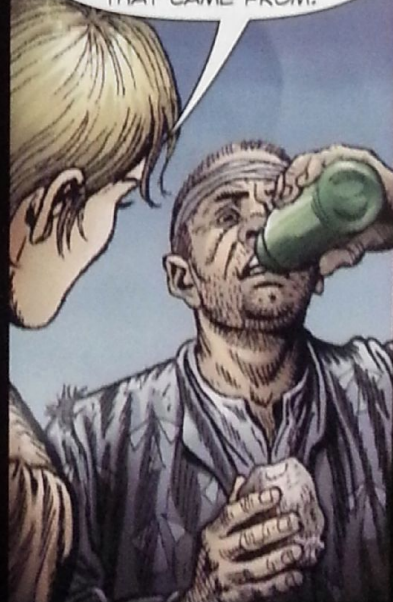
...AND THERE WAS THE *RIGHT* MAN, WAITING FOR ME. HE WAS *AWFULLY* COLD, TO BE SURE, AND LOOKED *AWFULLY* HUNGRY.



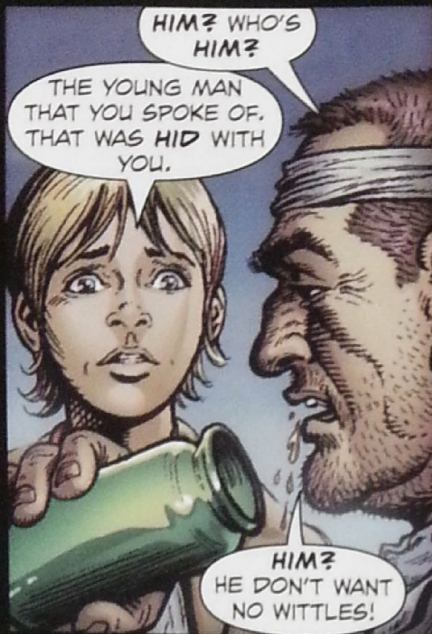
HE DID NOT TURN ME *UPSIDE DOWN* THIS TIME. I OPENED THE *BUNDLE* AND *EMPTIED* MY POCKETS.



I AM AFRAID YOU WON'T LEAVE ANY OF IT FOR *HIM*. THERE'S *NO MORE* TO BE GOT WHERE THAT CAME FROM.







HIM? WHO'S HIM?

THE YOUNG MAN THAT YOU SPOKE OF, THAT WAS **HID** WITH YOU.

HIM? HE DON'T WANT NO WITTLES!

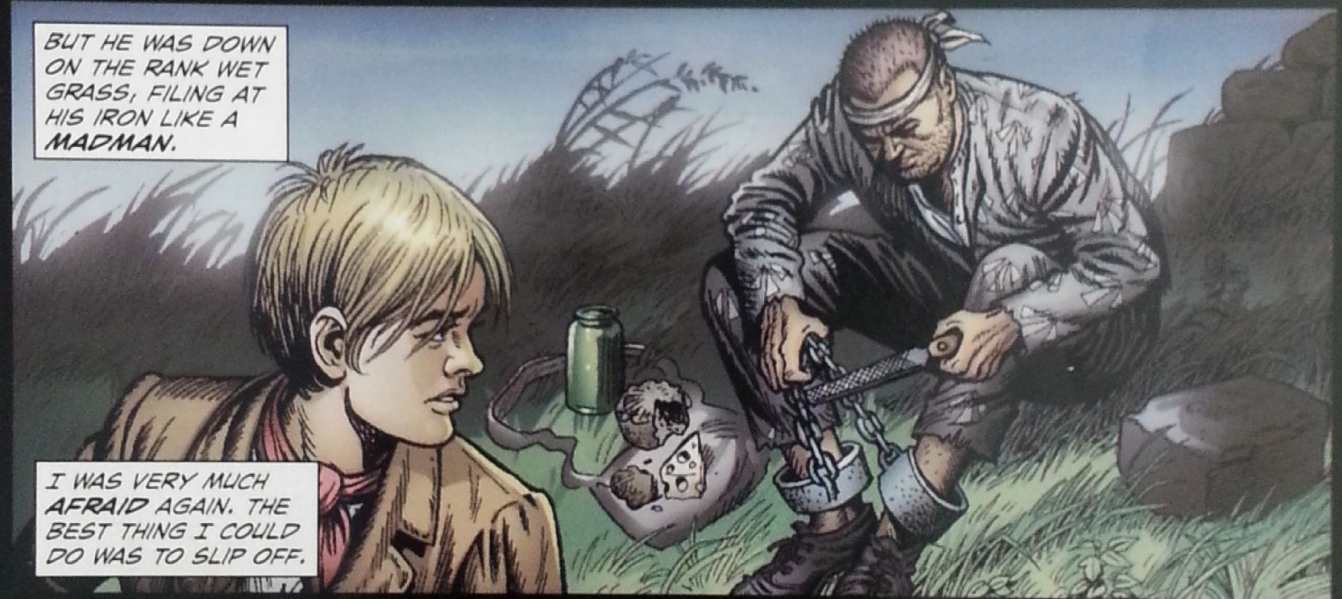


HE LOOKED AS IF HE DID. JUST NOW, **YONDER**, OVER THERE. I FOUND HIM NODDING ASLEEP AND THOUGHT IT WAS YOU.



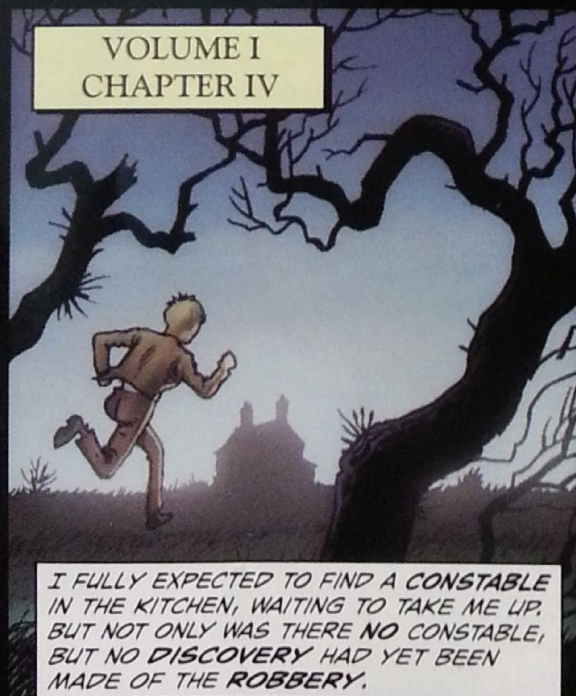
SHOW ME THE WAY HE WENT. I'LL PULL HIM DOWN, LIKE A **BLOODHOUND**! CURSE THIS IRON ON MY SORE LEG! GIVE US HOLD OF THE FILE, BOY.

I INDICATED IN WHAT DIRECTION THE MIST HAD SHROUDED THE OTHER MAN, AND HE LOOKED UP AT IT FOR AN INSTANCE.



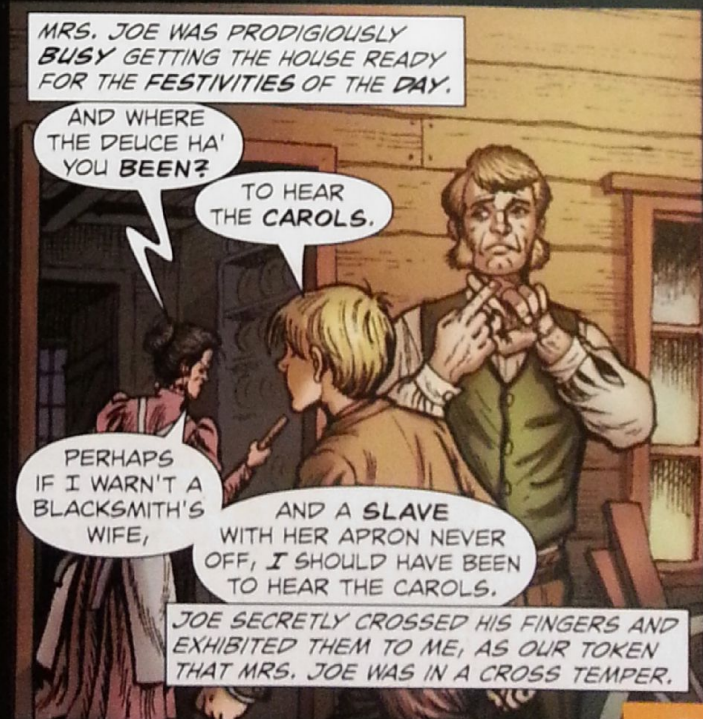
BUT HE WAS DOWN ON THE RANK WET GRASS, FILING AT HIS IRON LIKE A **MADMAN**.

I WAS VERY MUCH AFRAID AGAIN. THE BEST THING I COULD DO WAS TO SLIP OFF.



## VOLUME I CHAPTER IV

I FULLY EXPECTED TO FIND A **CONSTABLE** IN THE KITCHEN, WAITING TO TAKE ME UP. BUT NOT ONLY WAS THERE **NO** CONSTABLE, BUT NO **DISCOVERY** HAD YET BEEN MADE OF THE **ROBBERY**.



MRS. JOE WAS PRODIGIOUSLY **BUSY** GETTING THE HOUSE READY FOR THE FESTIVITIES OF THE DAY.

AND WHERE THE DEUCE HA' YOU BEEN?

TO HEAR THE CAROLS.

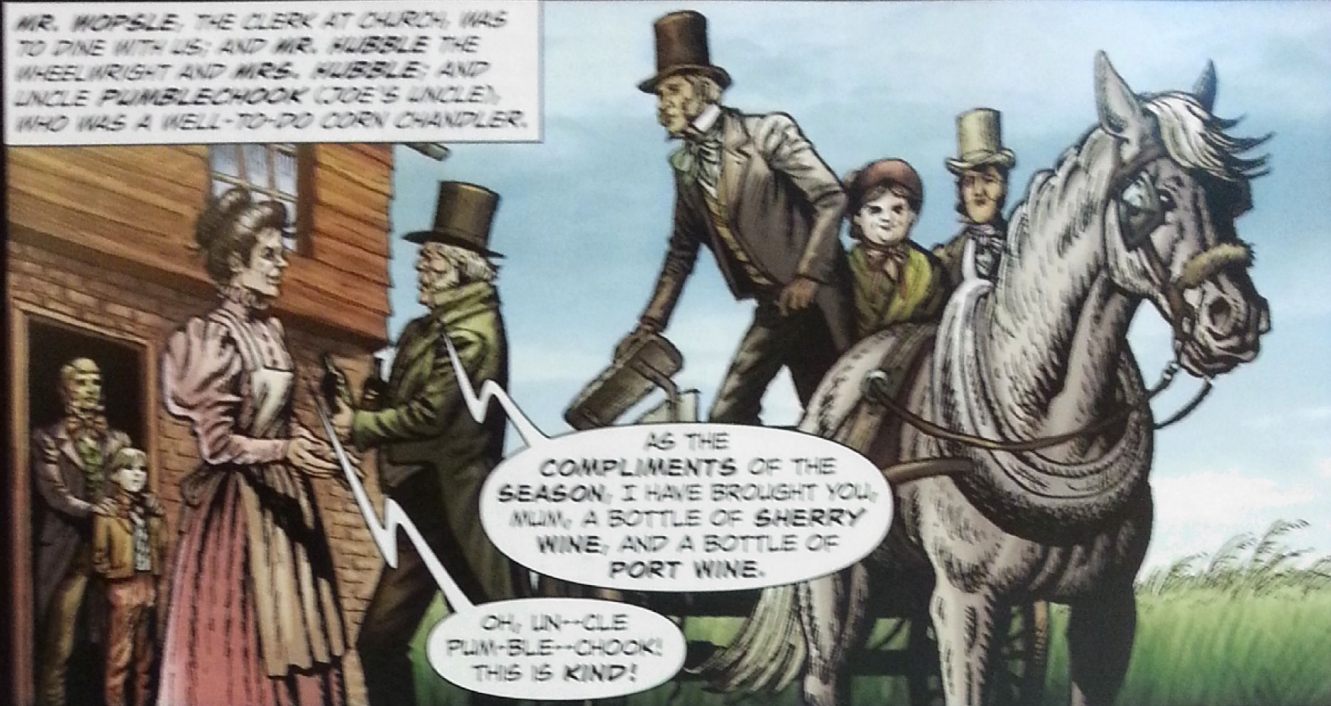
PERHAPS IF I WARN'T A BLACKSMITH'S WIFE,

AND A **SLAVE** WITH HER APRON NEVER OFF, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN TO HEAR THE CAROLS.

JOE SECRETLY CROSSED HIS FINGERS AND EXHIBITED THEM TO ME, AS OUR TOKEN THAT MRS. JOE WAS IN A CROSS TEMPER.



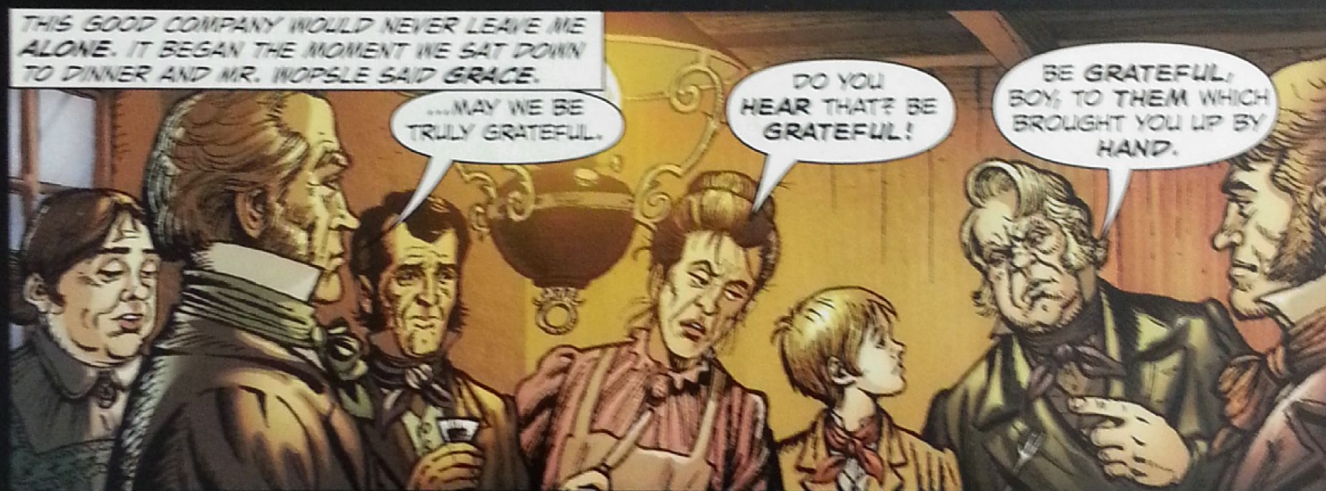
MRS. WOPSLE, THE CLERK AT CHURCH, WAS TO DINE WITH US; AND MR. HUBBLE THE WHEELWRIGHT AND MRS. HUBBLE; AND UNCLE PUMBLECHOOK (JOE'S UNCLE), WHO WAS A WELL-TO-DO CORN CHANDLER.



AS THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU, MUM, A BOTTLE OF SHERRY WINE, AND A BOTTLE OF PORT WINE.

OH, UN--CLE PUM--BLE--CHOOK! THIS IS KIND!

THIS GOOD COMPANY WOULD NEVER LEAVE ME ALONE. IT BEGAN THE MOMENT WE SAT DOWN TO DINNER AND MR. WOPSLE SAID GRACE.



...MAY WE BE TRULY GRATEFUL.

DO YOU HEAR THAT? BE GRATEFUL!

BE GRATEFUL, BOY, TO THEM WHICH BROUGHT YOU UP BY HAND.

HAVE A LITTLE BRANDY, UNCLE.

O HEAVENS! HE WILL FIND IT IS WEAK!

TAR!

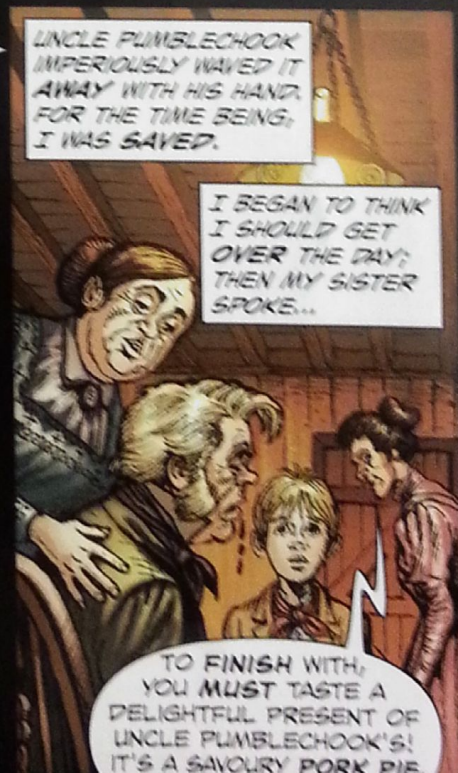


I HAD FILLED UP THE BOTTLE FROM THE TAR-WATER JUG, WITH WHICH MRS. JOE DOSED ME REGULARLY.

TAR! WHY, HOW EVER COULD TAR COME THERE?

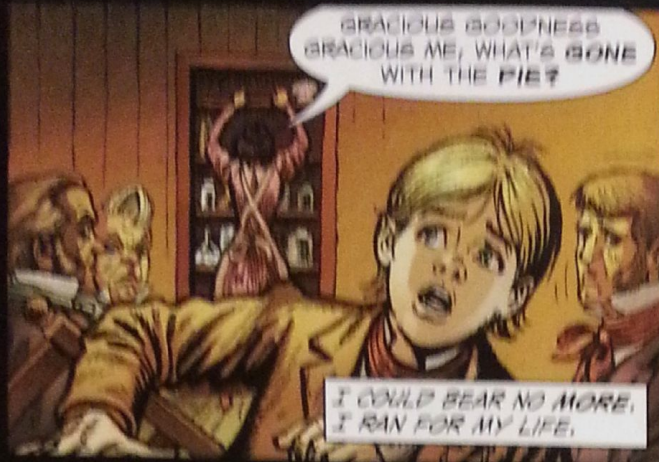
UNCLE PUMBLECHOOK IMPERIOUSLY WAVED IT AWAY WITH HIS HAND, FOR THE TIME BEING, I WAS SAVED.

I BEGAN TO THINK I SHOULD GET OVER THE DAY; THEN MY SISTER SPOKE...



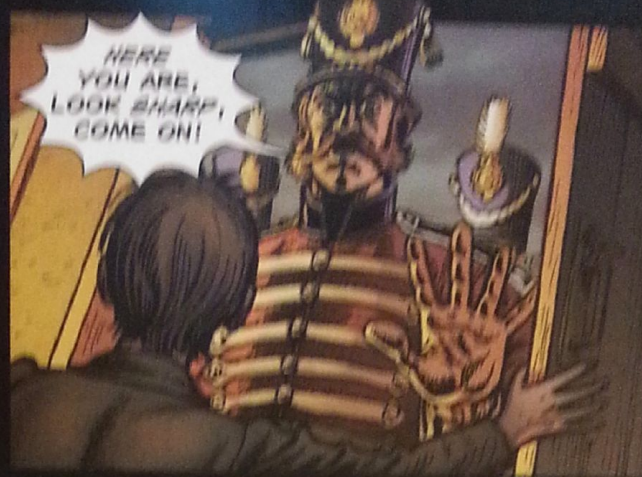
TO FINISH WITH, YOU MUST TASTE A DELIGHTFUL PRESENT OF UNCLE PUMBLECHOOK'S! IT'S A SAVOURY PORK PIE.



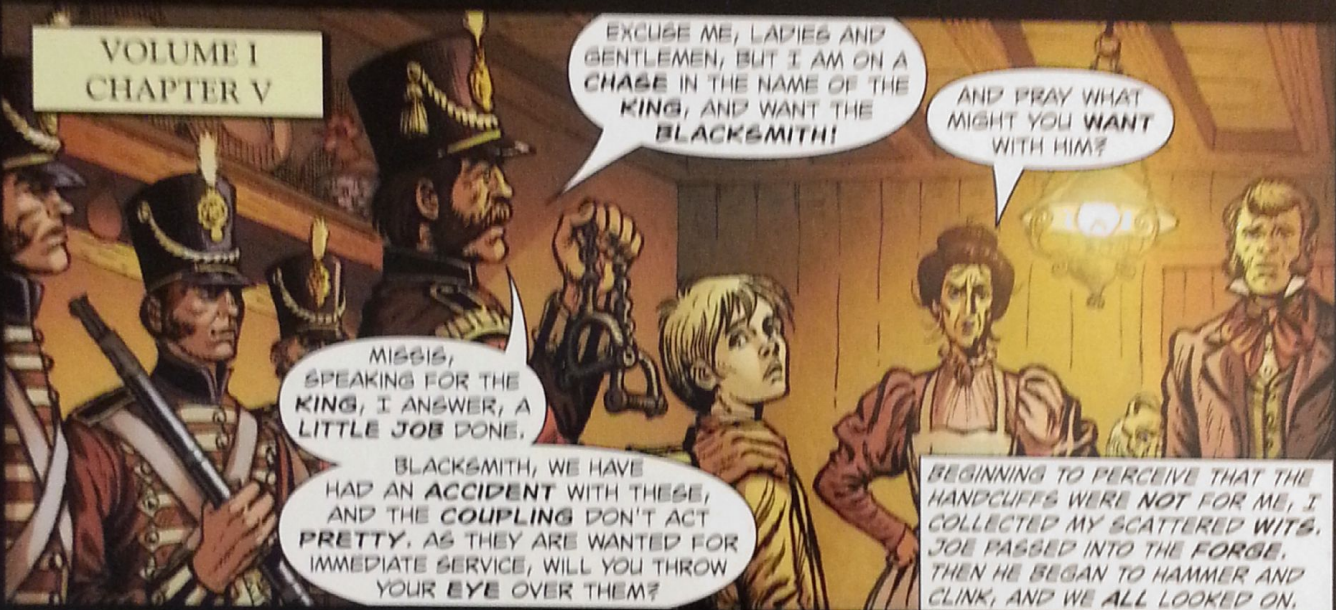


GRACIOUS GOODNESS  
GRACIOUS ME, WHAT'S GONE  
WITH THE PIE?

I COULD BEAR NO MORE.  
I RAN FOR MY LIFE.



HERE  
YOU ARE,  
LOOK SHARP,  
COME ON!



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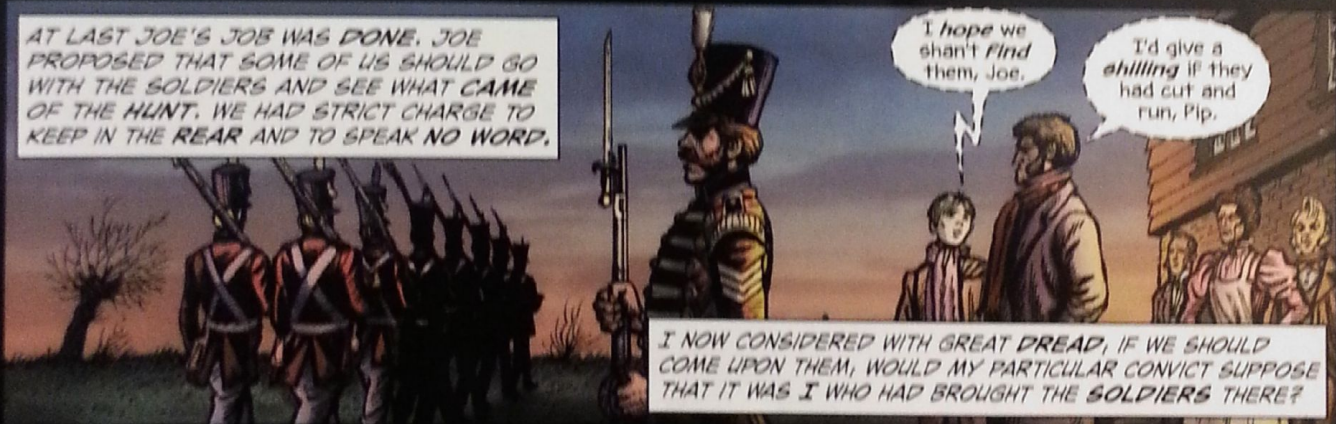
EXCUSE ME, LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN, BUT I AM ON A  
CHASE IN THE NAME OF THE  
KING, AND WANT THE  
BLACKSMITH!

AND PRAY WHAT  
MIGHT YOU WANT  
WITH HIM?

MISSIS,  
SPEAKING FOR THE  
KING, I ANSWER, A  
LITTLE JOB DONE.

BLACKSMITH, WE HAVE  
HAD AN ACCIDENT WITH THESE,  
AND THE COUPLING DON'T ACT  
PRETTY. AS THEY ARE WANTED FOR  
IMMEDIATE SERVICE, WILL YOU THROW  
YOUR EYE OVER THEM?

BEGINNING TO PERCEIVE THAT THE  
HANDCUFFS WERE NOT FOR ME, I  
COLLECTED MY SCATTERED WITS.  
JOE PASSED INTO THE FORGE.  
THEN HE BEGAN TO HAMMER AND  
CLINK, AND WE ALL LOOKED ON.

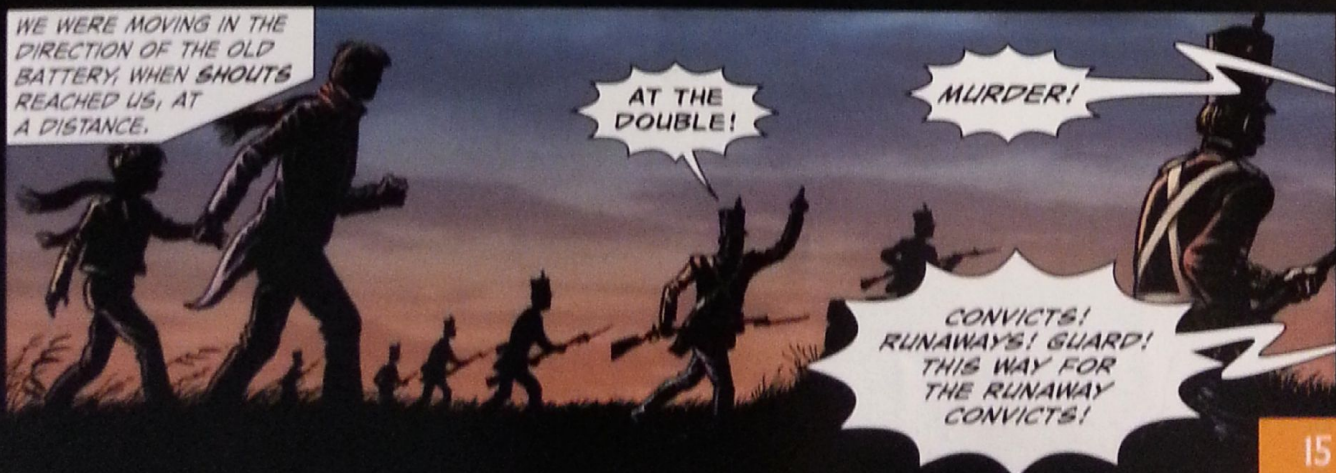


AT LAST JOE'S JOB WAS DONE. JOE  
PROPOSED THAT SOME OF US SHOULD GO  
WITH THE SOLDIERS AND SEE WHAT CAME  
OF THE HUNT. WE HAD STRICT CHARGE TO  
KEEP IN THE REAR AND TO SPEAK NO WORD.

I hope we  
shan't find  
them, Joe.

I'd give a  
shilling if they  
had cut and  
run, Pip.

I NOW CONSIDERED WITH GREAT DREAD, IF WE SHOULD  
COME UPON THEM, WOULD MY PARTICULAR CONVICT SUPPOSE  
THAT IT WAS I WHO HAD BROUGHT THE SOLDIERS THERE?



WE WERE MOVING IN THE  
DIRECTION OF THE OLD  
BATTERY, WHEN SHOUTS  
REACHED US, AT  
A DISTANCE.

AT THE  
DOUBLE!

MURDER!

CONVICTS!  
RUNAWAYS! GUARD!  
THIS WAY FOR  
THE RUNAWAY  
CONVICTS!





HERE  
ARE BOTH  
MEN!

SURRENDER,  
YOU TWO! AND  
CONFOUND YOU  
FOR TWO WILD  
BEASTS!

COME  
ASUNDER!



MIND!  
I TOOK HIM!  
I GIVE HIM UP  
TO YOU! MIND  
THAT!

IT'LL DO  
YOU SMALL GOOD,  
MY MAN, BEING IN  
THE SAME PLIGHT  
YOURSELF.

TAKE NOTICE,  
GUARD - HE TRIED  
TO MURDER ME!

HE LIES.  
HE'S A LIAR BORN,  
AND HE'LL DIE  
A LIAR.



DO YOU  
SEE HIM? DO  
YOU SEE THOSE  
GROVELLING AND  
WANDERING  
EYES?

THAT'S HOW  
HE LOOKED WHEN WE  
WERE TRIED TOGETHER.  
HE NEVER LOOKED  
AT ME.

ENOUGH  
OF THIS  
PARLEY.

LIGHT THOSE  
TORCHES!



ALL RIGHT  
- MARCH!

MY CONVICT LOOKED ROUND  
HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME,  
AND SAW ME. HE GAVE  
ME A LOOK THAT I DID  
NOT UNDERSTAND.





AFTER AN HOUR OR SO OF TRAVELLING, WE CAME TO A ROUGH WOODEN HUT AND A LANDING-PLACE.

I WISH TO SAY SOMETHING RESPECTING THIS ESCAPE.

A MAN CAN'T STARVE. I TOOK SOME WITTLES, UP AT THE WILLAGE OVER YONDER - FROM THE BLACKSMITH'S.

MY WIFE SAW THEY WERE MISSING.

SO YOU'RE THE BLACKSMITH, ARE YOU? THEN I'M SORRY TO SAY, I'VE EAT YOUR PIE.

GOD KNOWS YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT - SO FAR AS IT WAS EVER MINE.

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, BUT WE WOULDN'T HAVE YOU STARVED TO DEATH FOR IT, WOULD US, PIP?

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CHAPTER VI

BY THE LIGHT OF THE TORCHES, WE SAW THE **BLACK HULK** LYING OUT A LITTLE WAY FROM THE MUD OF THE SHORE, LIKE A WICKED NOAH'S ARK.

WE SAW HIM TAKEN UP THE SIDE AND DISAPPEAR. THEN THE ENDS OF THE TORCHES WERE FLUNG HISSING INTO THE WATER, AND WENT OUT, AS IF IT WERE ALL OVER WITH HIM.

I HAD BEEN EXONERATED, BUT IT DID NOT IMPEL ME TO FRANK DISCLOSURE FOR FEAR OF LOSING JOE'S CONFIDENCE.



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CHAPTER VII

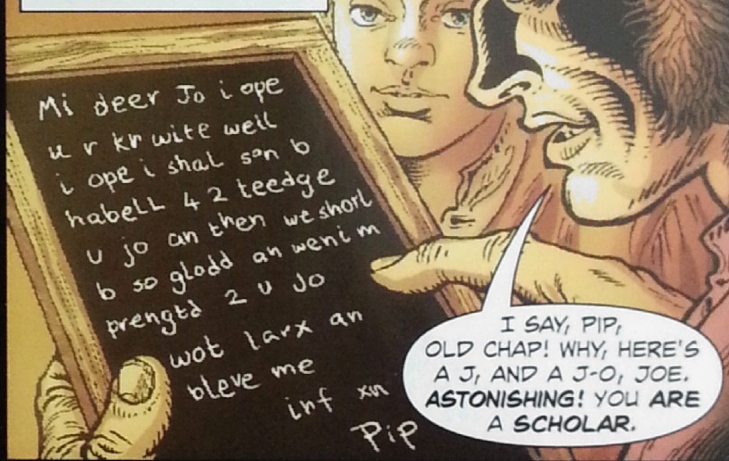
MR. WOPSLE'S GREAT-AUNT KEPT AN EVENING SCHOOL IN THE VILLAGE. SHE WAS A **RIDICULOUS** OLD WOMAN, WHO USED TO GO TO SLEEP FROM SIX TO SEVEN EVERY EVENING, IN THE SOCIETY OF YOUTH WHO PAID TWO PENCE PER WEEK, FOR THE OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING HER DO IT.



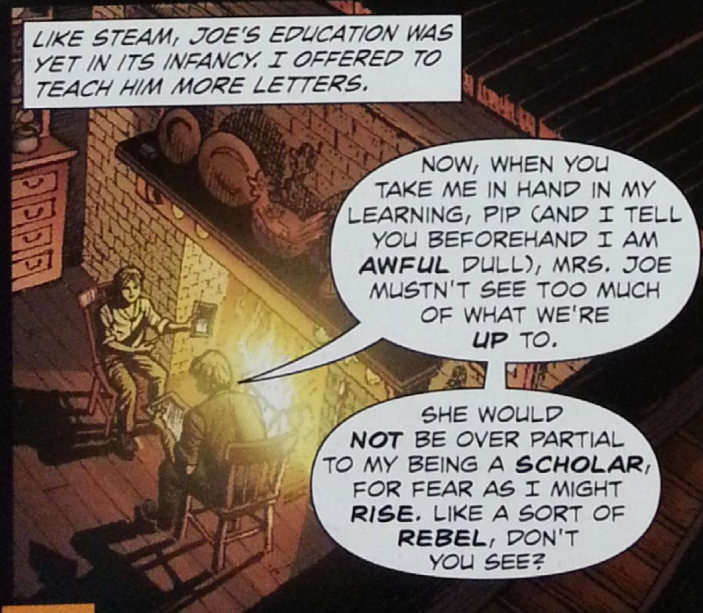
MORE BY THE HELP OF BIDDY THAN MR. WOPSLE'S GREAT-AUNT, I STRUGGLED THROUGH THE ALPHABET. **BIDDY** WAS MR. WOPSLE'S GREAT-AUNT'S GRANDDAUGHTER. SHE WAS AN **ORPHAN** LIKE MYSELF; LIKE ME, TOO, SHE HAD BEEN BROUGHT UP BY HAND.



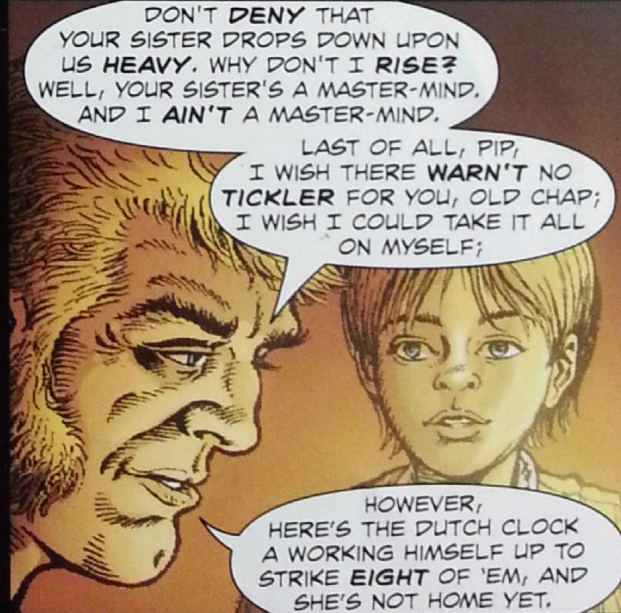
ONE NIGHT I WAS SITTING IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER WITH MY SLATE, EXPENDING **GREAT EFFORTS** ON THE PRODUCTION OF A LETTER TO JOE.



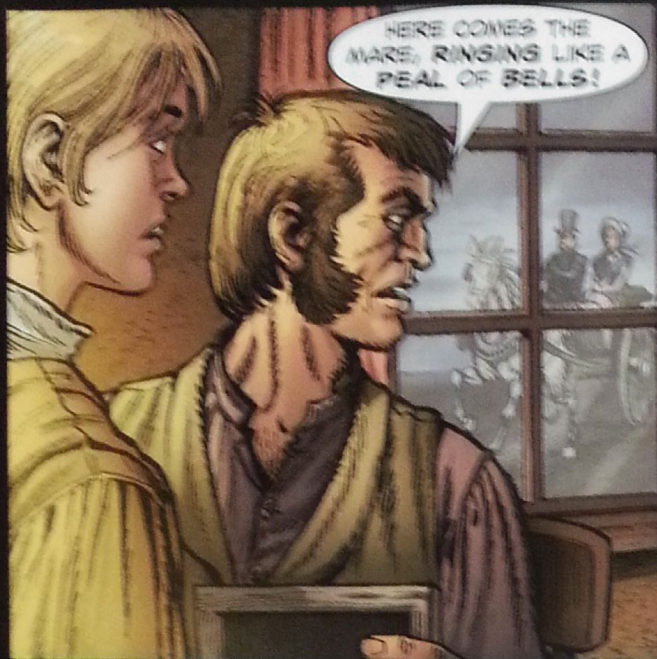
LIKE STEAM, JOE'S EDUCATION WAS YET IN ITS INFANCY. I OFFERED TO TEACH HIM MORE LETTERS.



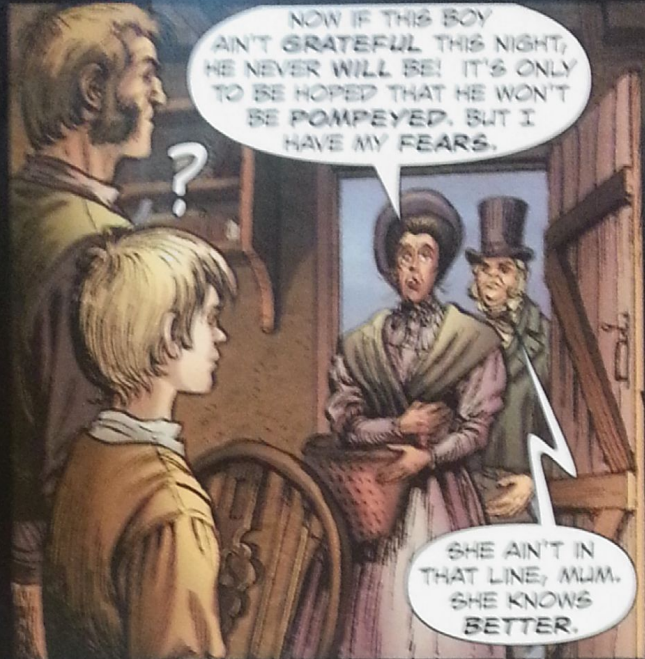
DON'T **DENY** THAT YOUR SISTER DROPS DOWN UPON US **HEAVY**. WHY DON'T I **RISE**? WELL, YOUR SISTER'S A MASTER-MIND, AND I **AIN'T** A MASTER-MIND.





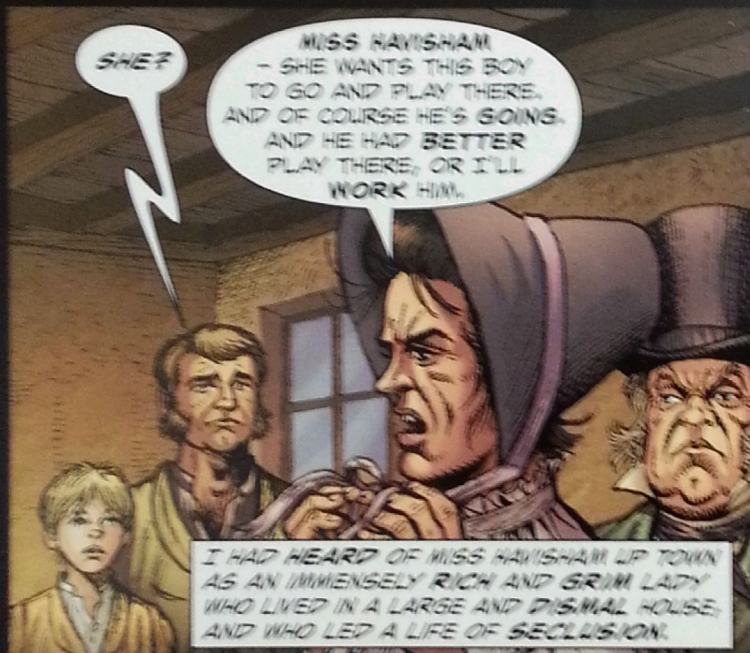


HERE COMES THE  
MARE, RINGING LIKE A  
PEAL OF BELLS!



NOW IF THIS BOY  
AIN'T GRATEFUL THIS NIGHT,  
HE NEVER WILL BE! IT'S ONLY  
TO BE HOPED THAT HE WON'T  
BE POMPEYED, BUT I  
HAVE MY FEARS.

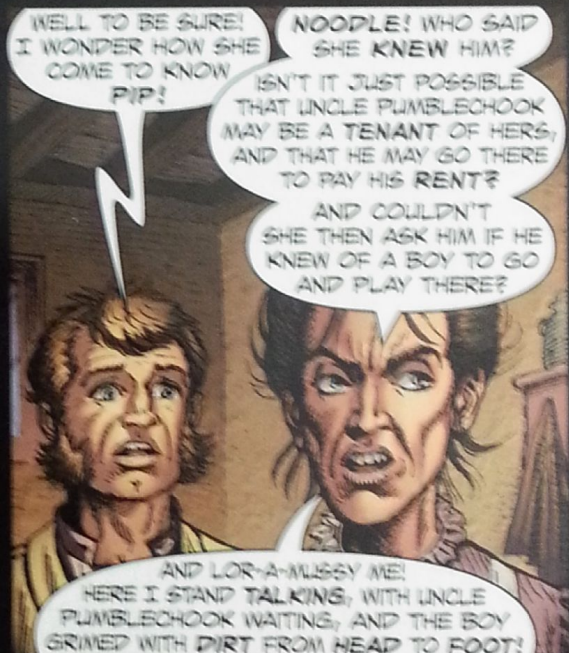
SHE AIN'T IN  
THAT LINE, MUM.  
SHE KNOWS  
BETTER.



SHE?

MISS HAVISHAM  
- SHE WANTS THIS BOY  
TO GO AND PLAY THERE.  
AND OF COURSE HE'S GOING.  
AND HE HAD BETTER  
PLAY THERE, OR I'LL  
WORK HIM.

I HAD HEARD OF MISS HAVISHAM UP TOWN  
AS AN IMMENSELY RICH AND GRIM LADY  
WHO LIVED IN A LARGE AND DISMAL HOUSE,  
AND WHO LED A LIFE OF SECLUSION.



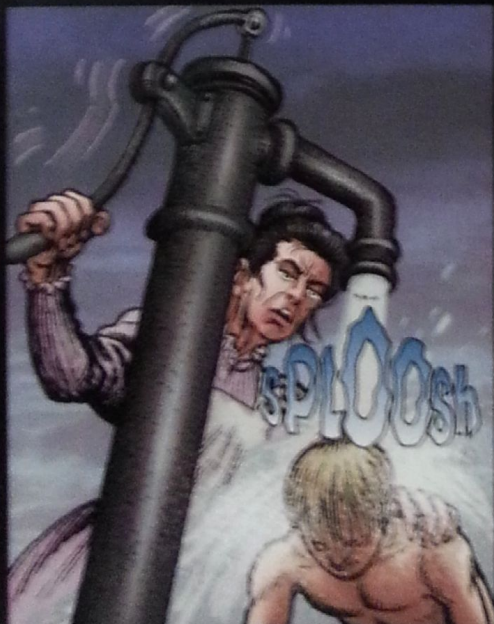
WELL TO BE SURE!  
I WONDER HOW SHE  
CAME TO KNOW  
PIP!

NOODLE! WHO SAID  
SHE KNEW HIM?

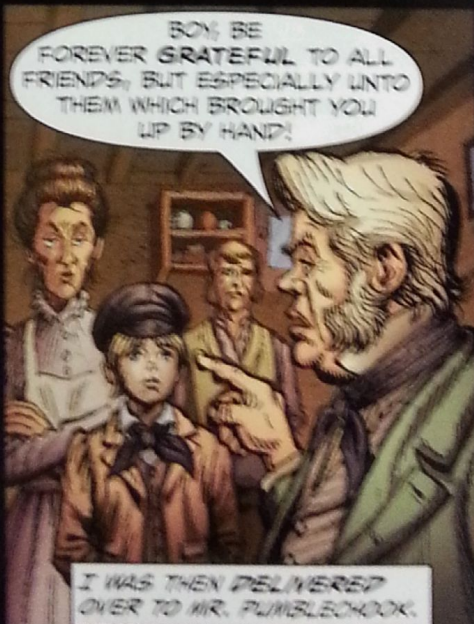
ISN'T IT JUST POSSIBLE  
THAT UNCLE PLUMBLECHOOK  
MAY BE A TENANT OF HER'S,  
AND THAT HE MAY GO THERE  
TO PAY HIS RENT?

AND COULDN'T  
SHE THEN ASK HIM IF HE  
KNEW OF A BOY TO GO  
AND PLAY THERE?

AND LOR-A-MUSSY ME!  
HERE I STAND TALKING, WITH UNCLE  
PLUMBLECHOOK WAITING, AND THE BOY  
GRINED WITH DIRT FROM HEAD TO FOOT!

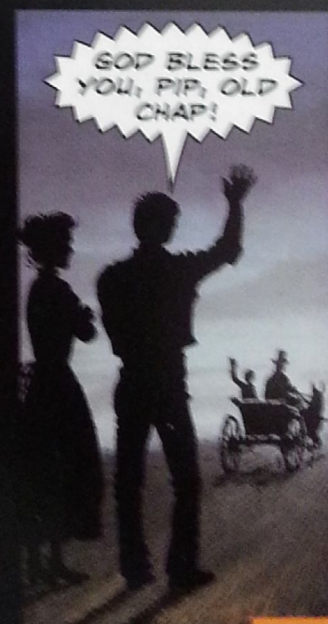


SPLASH



BOY, BE  
FOREVER GRATEFUL TO ALL  
FRIENDS, BUT ESPECIALLY UNTO  
THEM WHICH BROUGHT YOU  
UP BY HAND!

I WAS THEN DELIVERED  
OVER TO MR. PLUMBLECHOOK.



GOD BLESS  
YOU, PIP, OLD  
CHAP!