

VOLUME I
CHAPTER VIII

THE NEXT MORNING, MR. PUMBLECHOOK
AND I BREAKFASTED AND AT TEN O'CLOCK
WE STARTED FOR MISS HAVISHAM'S.

WITHIN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR WE
CAME TO THE HOUSE. AFTER RINGING
THE BELL, WE WAITED AT THE GATE.

THIS IS PIP.

THIS IS PIP,
IS IT? COME IN,
PIP.

DON'T
LOITER,
BOY.

WE WENT INTO THE HOUSE
BY A SIDE DOOR. ALL THE
PASSAGES WERE DARK.

ONLY THE CANDLE LIGHTED US
AS WE WENT UP A STAIRCASE.

AT LAST WE CAME TO
THE DOOR OF A ROOM.

AFTER YOU,
MISS.

DON'T BE
RIDICULOUS,
BOY; I AM NOT
GOING IN.

SHE SCORNFULLY
WALKED AWAY, AND TOOK
THE CANDLE WITH HER.

THIS WAS VERY UNCOMFORTABLE,
AND I WAS HALF AFRAID.

KNOCK

KNOCK

ENTER!

I ENTERED, AND FOUND MYSELF
IN A LARGE CANDLELIT ROOM.
IN A CHAIR SAT THE STRANGEST
LADY I HAVE EVER SEEN.

WHO IS IT?

PIP, MA'AM,
MR. PUMBLECHOOK'S
BOY.

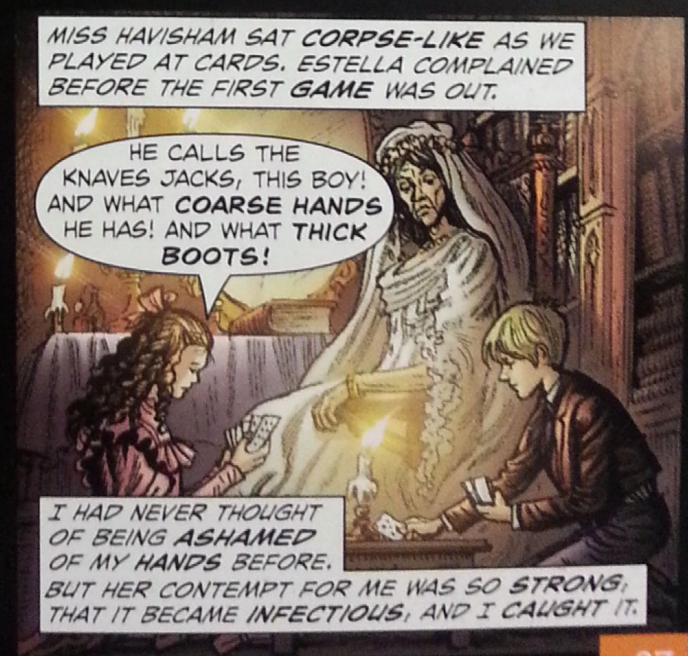
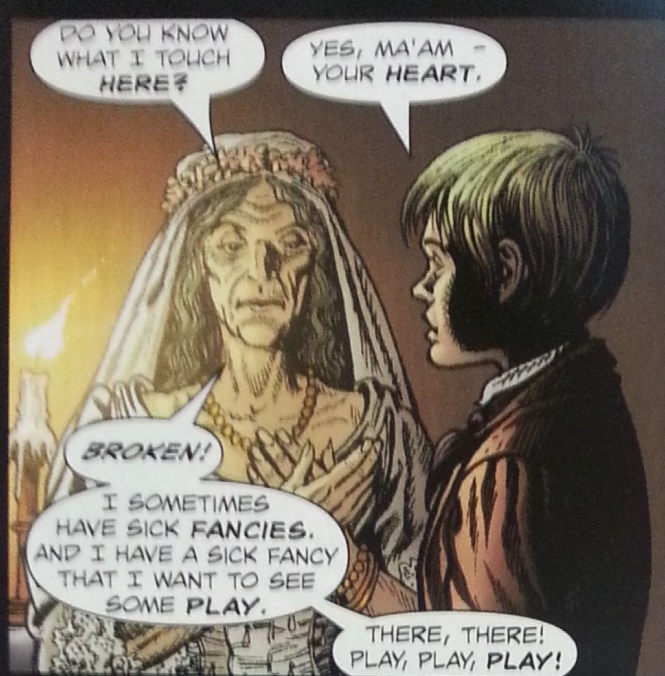
COME -
TO PLAY.

COME NEARER;
LET ME LOOK AT YOU.
YOU ARE NOT AFRAID OF A
WOMAN WHO HAS NEVER
SEEN THE SUN SINCE YOU
WERE BORN?

I SAW THAT EVERYTHING WHICH OUGHT
TO BE WHITE WAS FADED AND YELLOW.

I SAW THAT THE BRIDE WITHIN THE
BRIDAL DRESS HAD WITHERED
LIKE THE DRESS AND THE FLOWERS.

I SAW THAT A CLOCK IN THE ROOM HAD
STOPPED AT TWENTY MINUTES TO NINE.



ESTELLA WON THE GAME, AND I DEALT, I MISDEALT, AND SHE DENOUNCED ME FOR A STUPID, CLUMSY LABOURING-BOY.

YOU SAY NOTHING OF HER. SHE SAYS MANY HARD THINGS OF YOU.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER? TELL ME IN MY EAR.

I think she is very proud... I think she is very pretty. And she is very insulting.

ANYTHING ELSE?

I think I should like to go home.

YOU SHALL GO SOON. PLAY THE GAME OUT.

I PLAYED THE GAME TO AN END WITH ESTELLA, AND SHE BEGGARED ME. SHE THREW THE CARDS DOWN ON THE TABLE AS IF SHE DESPISED THEM.

WHEN SHALL I HAVE YOU HERE AGAIN? LET ME THINK.

COME AGAIN AFTER SIX DAYS.

ESTELLA, TAKE HIM DOWN. LET HIM HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT, AND LET HIM LOOK ABOUT HIM WHILE HE EATS.

I FOLLOWED THE CANDLE DOWN, AS I HAD FOLLOWED THE CANDLE UP. AS ESTELLA OPENED THE SIDE ENTRANCE, THE RUSH OF THE DAYLIGHT QUITE CONFOUNDED ME.

YOU ARE TO WAIT HERE, YOU BOY.

SHE DISAPPEARED AND CLOSED THE DOOR, ALONE IN THE COURT-YARD, I LOOKED AT MY COARSE HANDS AND MY COMMON BOOTS. THEY HAD NEVER TROUBLED ME BEFORE, BUT THEY TROUBLED ME NOW, AS VULGAR APPENDAGES.

SHE CAME BACK, WITH SOME BREAD AND MEAT AND A LITTLE MUG OF BEER. SHE GAVE IT TO ME WITHOUT LOOKING AT ME, AS IF I WERE A DOG IN DISGRACE.

I WAS SO HUMILIATED AND HURT THAT I HAD TO HOLD BACK MY TEARS.

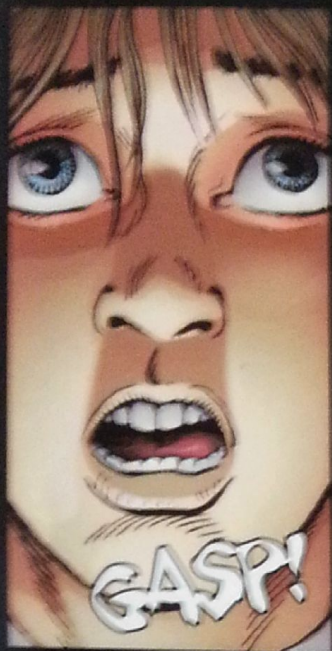
BUT WHEN SHE WAS GONE, I HID MY FACE AND CRIED.

I GOT RID OF MY INJURED FEELINGS FOR THE TIME, AND AFTER THE FOOD AND DRINK I WAS SOON IN SPIRITS TO LOOK ABOUT ME.

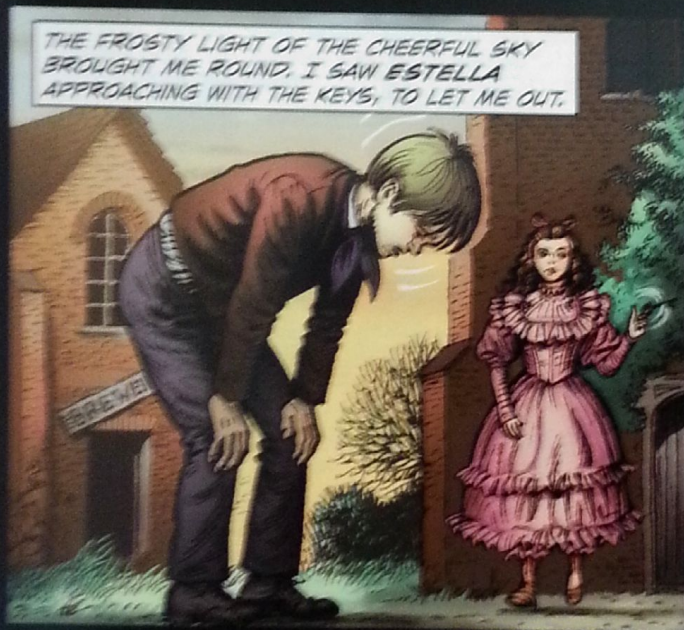
I ENTERED A GARDEN, OVERGROWN WITH TANGLED WEEDS, AND THERE FOUND AN OLD BREWERY TO BE SURE, IT WAS A DESERTED PLACE.

AS I TURNED MY EYES TOWARDS A GREAT WOODEN BEAM, I SAW A FIGURE HANGING BY THE NECK.

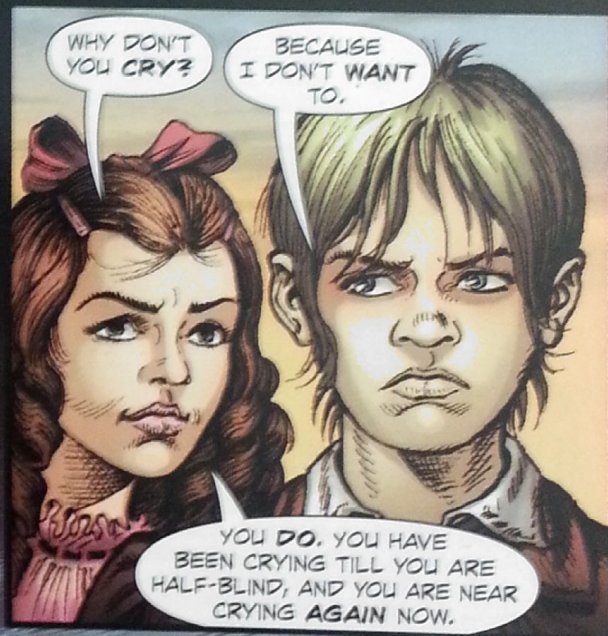
AND THE FACE WAS MISS HAVISHAM'S.



MY TERROR WAS GREATEST WHEN I FOUND NO FIGURE THERE.



THE FROSTY LIGHT OF THE CHEERFUL SKY BROUGHT ME ROUND. I SAW ESTELLA APPROACHING WITH THE KEYS, TO LET ME OUT.



WHY DON'T YOU CRY?

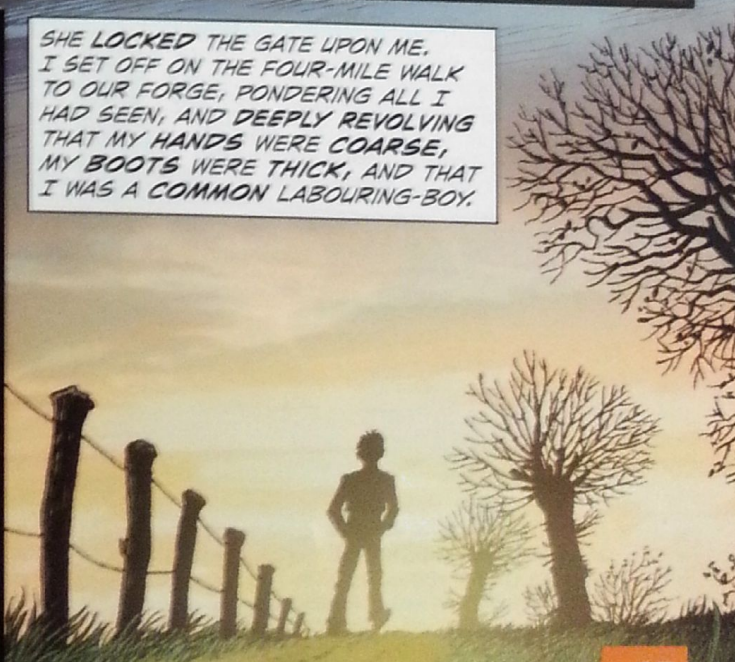
BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO.

YOU DO. YOU HAVE BEEN CRYING TILL YOU ARE HALF-BLIND, AND YOU ARE NEAR CRYING AGAIN NOW.



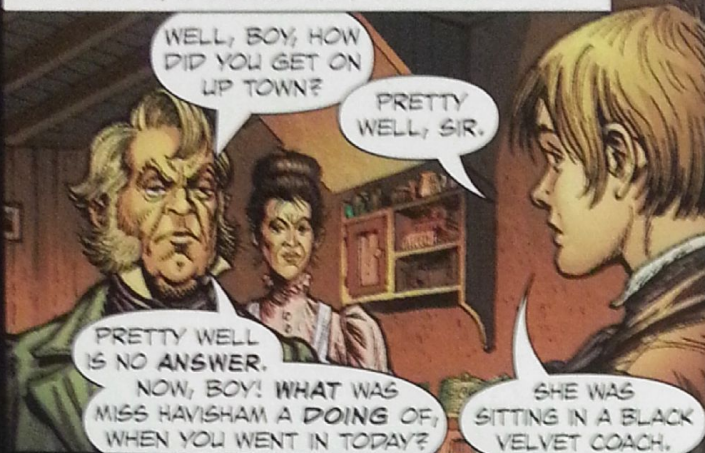
HA, HA, HA!

SHE LOCKED THE GATE UPON ME. I SET OFF ON THE FOUR-MILE WALK TO OUR FORGE, PONDERING ALL I HAD SEEN, AND DEEPLY REVOLVING THAT MY HANDS WERE COARSE, MY BOOTS WERE THICK, AND THAT I WAS A COMMON LABOURING-BOY.



WHEN I REACHED HOME, MR. PLUMBLECHOOK WAS THERE. JOE WAS BUSY IN THE FORGE. MY SISTER WAS VERY CURIOUS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT MISS HAVISHAM'S, AND ASKED A NUMBER OF QUESTIONS. I FELT CONVINCED THAT IF I DESCRIBED MISS HAVISHAM'S AS MY EYES HAD SEEN IT, I SHOULD NOT BE UNDERSTOOD.

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WELL, BOY, HOW DID YOU GET ON UP TOWN?

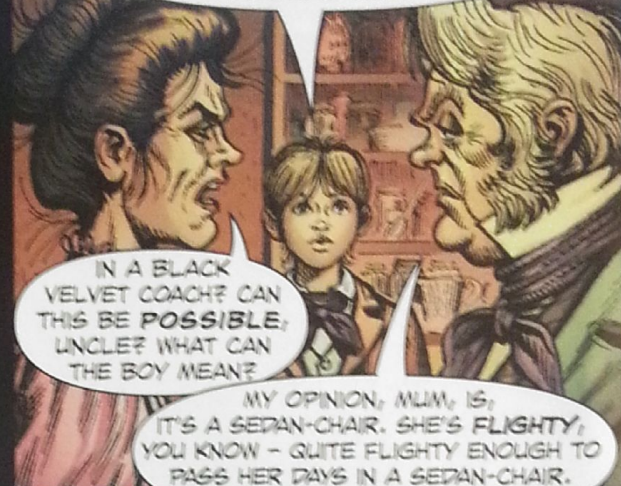
PRETTY WELL, SIR.

PRETTY WELL IS NO ANSWER.

NOW, BOY! WHAT WAS MISS HAVISHAM A DOING OF, WHEN YOU WENT IN TODAY?

SHE WAS SITTING IN A BLACK VELVET COACH.

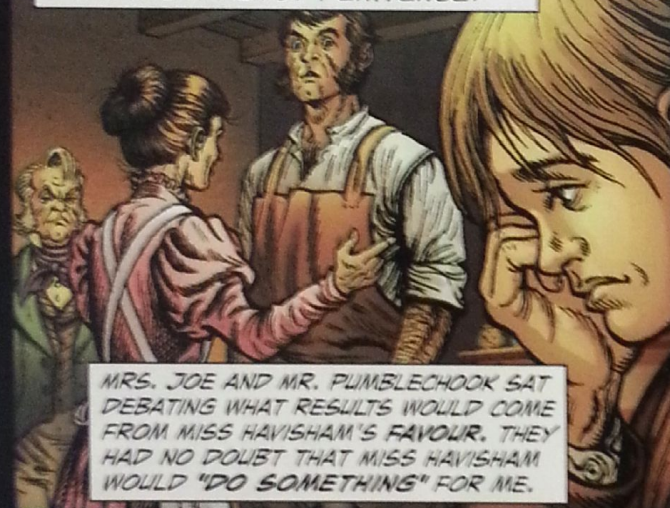
MISS ESTELLA - THAT'S HER NIECE. I THINK - HANDED HER IN CAKE AND WINE AT THE COACH-WINDOW, ON A GOLD PLATE. WE ALL HAD CAKE AND WINE ON GOLD PLATES. THERE WERE FOUR IMMENSE DOGS. AND THEY FOUGHT FOR VEAL-CUTLETS OUT OF A SILVER BASKET.



IN A BLACK VELVET COACH? CAN THIS BE POSSIBLE, UNCLE? WHAT CAN THE BOY MEAN?

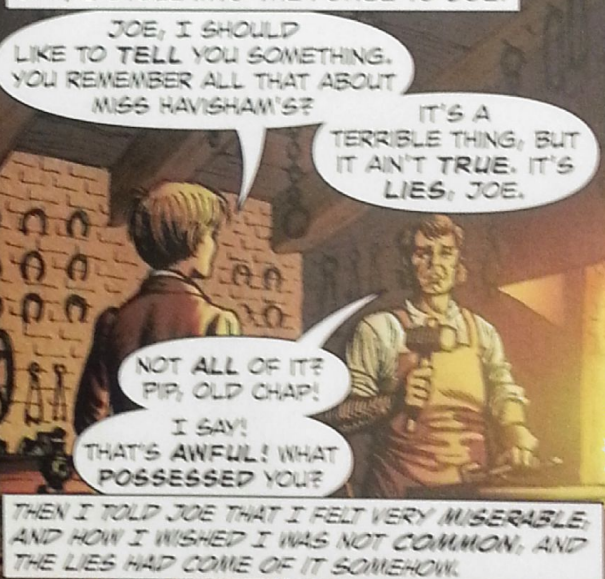
MY OPINION, MUM, IS, IT'S A SEDAN-CHAIR. SHE'S FLIGHTY, YOU KNOW - QUITE FLIGHTY ENOUGH TO PASS HER DAYS IN A SEDAN-CHAIR.

WHEN JOE CAME IN FROM HIS WORK, MY SISTER RELATED MY PRETENDED EXPERIENCES. NOW, WHEN I SAW JOE OPEN HIS EYES IN HELPLESS AMAZEMENT, I WAS OVERTAKEN BY PENITENCE.



MRS. JOE AND MR. PLUMBLECHOOK SAT DEBATING WHAT RESULTS WOULD COME FROM MISS HAVISHAM'S FAVOUR. THEY HAD NO DOUBT THAT MISS HAVISHAM WOULD "DO SOMETHING" FOR ME.

AFTER MR. PLUMBLECHOOK HAD DRIVEN OFF, I STOLE INTO THE FORGE TO JOE.



JOE, I SHOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU SOMETHING. YOU REMEMBER ALL THAT ABOUT MISS HAVISHAM'S?

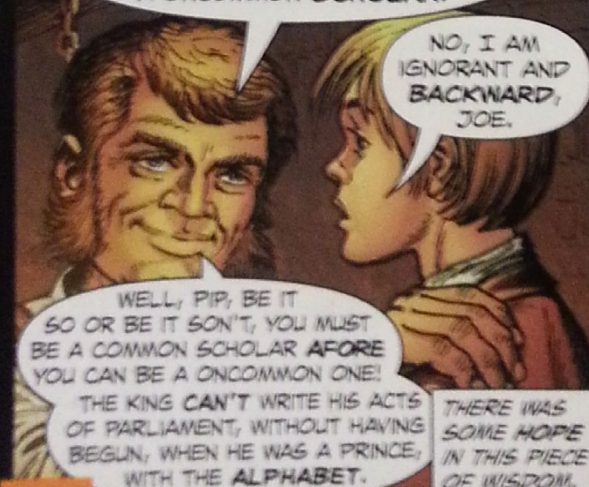
IT'S A TERRIBLE THING, BUT IT AIN'T TRUE. IT'S LIES, JOE.

NOT ALL OF IT? PIP, OLD CHAP!

I SAY! THAT'S AWFUL! WHAT POSSESSED YOU?

THEN I TOLD JOE THAT I FELT VERY MISERABLE, AND HOW I WISHED I WAS NOT COMMON, AND THE LIES HAD COME OF IT SOMEHOW.

LIES IS LIES. HOWEVER THEY COME, THEY DIDN'T OUGHT TO COME. AND AS TO BEING COMMON, I DON'T MAKE IT OUT. YOU ARE ONCOMMON IN SOME THINGS. YOU'RE ONCOMMON SMALL. LIKEWISE YOU'RE A ONCOMMON SCHOLAR.



NO, I AM IGNORANT AND BACKWARD, JOE.

WELL, PIP, BE IT SO OR BE IT SON'T, YOU MUST BE A COMMON SCHOLAR AFORE YOU CAN BE A ONCOMMON ONE!

THE KING CAN'T WRITE HIS ACTS OF PARLIAMENT, WITHOUT HAVING BEGUN, WHEN HE WAS A PRINCE, WITH THE ALPHABET.

THERE WAS SOME HOPE IN THIS PIECE OF WISDOM.

THE IDEA OCCURRED TO ME THAT THE BEST STEP I COULD TAKE TOWARDS MAKING MYSELF UNCOMMON WAS TO GET OUT OF BIDDY EVERYTHING SHE KNEW. I MENTIONED TO HER THAT I HAD A PARTICULAR REASON FOR WISHING TO GET ON IN LIFE.

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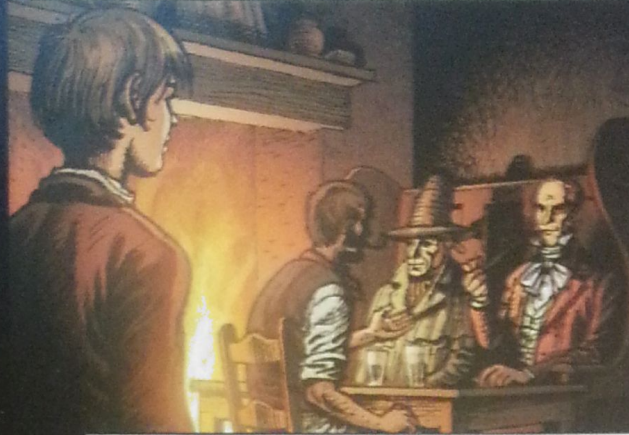


I TOLD BIDDY THAT I SHOULD FEEL VERY MUCH OBLIGED TO HER IF SHE WOULD IMPART ALL HER LEARNING TO ME. BIDDY, WHO WAS THE MOST OBLIGING OF GIRLS, IMMEDIATELY SAID SHE WOULD, AND INDEED BEGAN TO CARRY OUT HER PROMISE WITHIN FIVE MINUTES.

THERE WAS A PUBLIC-HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE, AND JOE LIKED SOMETIMES TO SMOKE HIS PIPE THERE. I HAD RECEIVED **STRICT** ORDERS FROM MY SISTER TO CALL FOR HIM AT THE THREE JOLLY BARGEMEN ON MY WAY FROM SCHOOL, AND BRING HIM HOME.

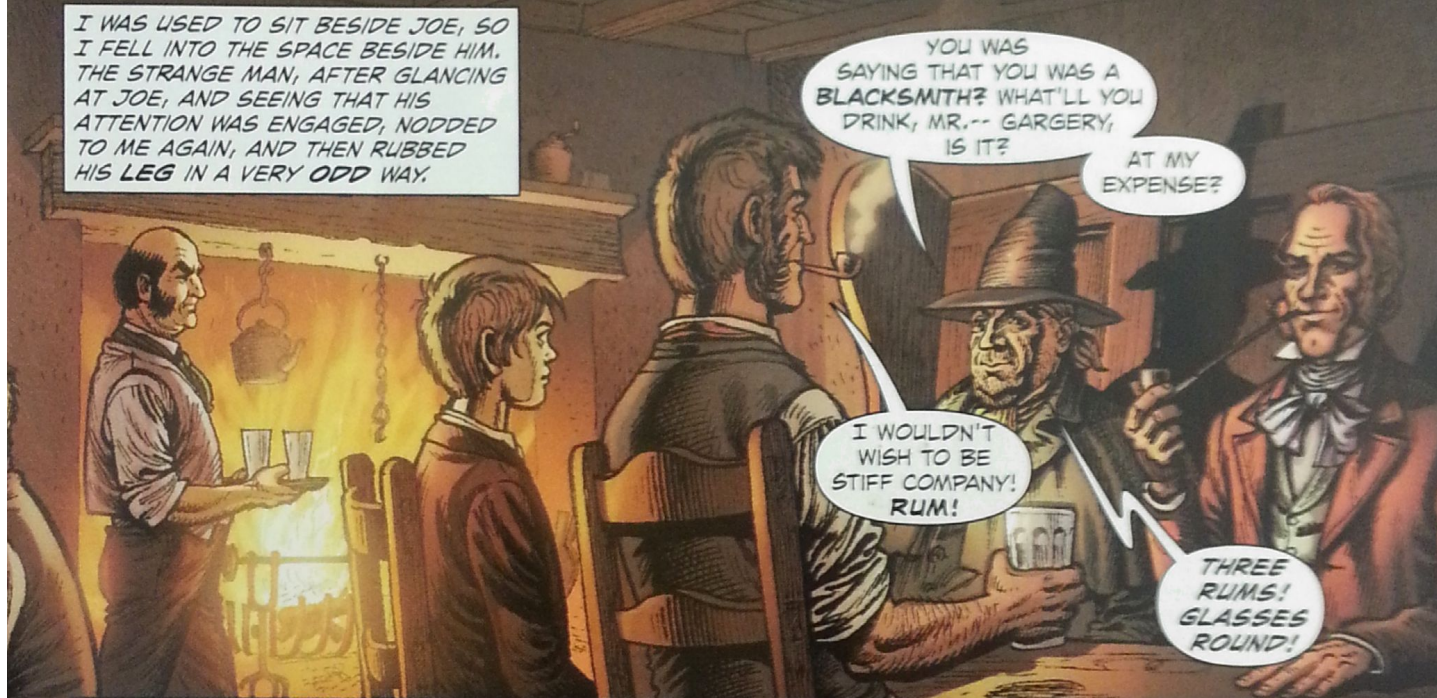


I FOUND HIM IN THE COMMON ROOM, SMOKING HIS PIPE WITH MR. WOPSLE AND A **STRANGER**.



THE MOMENT JOE GREETED ME, THE **STRANGER** TURNED HIS HEAD AND LOOKED AT ME. HE WAS A **SECRET-LOOKING** MAN WHOM I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE. HE LOOKED HARD AT ME, NODDED, AND MADE ROOM ON THE SETTLE BESIDE HIM.

I WAS USED TO SIT BESIDE JOE, SO I FELL INTO THE SPACE BESIDE HIM. THE **STRANGE** MAN, AFTER GLANCING AT JOE, AND SEEING THAT HIS ATTENTION WAS ENGAGED, NODDED TO ME AGAIN, AND THEN RUBBED HIS **LEG** IN A VERY **ODD** WAY.



YOU WAS SAYING THAT YOU WAS A **BLACKSMITH**? WHAT'LL YOU DRINK, MR.-- GARGERY, IS IT?

AT MY EXPENSE?

I WOULDN'T WISH TO BE STIFF COMPANY! **RUM!**

THREE RUMS! GLASSES ROUND!

I AM NOT ACQUAINTED WITH THIS COUNTRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT IT SEEMS A **SOLITARY** COUNTRY TOWARDS THE RIVER.

MOST MARSHES IS **SOLITARY**. NONE BUT A RUNAWAY **CONVICT** NOW AND THEN. AND WE DON'T FIND THEM, **EASY**. EH, MR. WOPSLE?

SEEMS YOU HAVE BEEN **OUT** AFTER SUCH?

ONCE.

THE **STRANGER** LOOKED AT ME AGAIN - STILL COCKING HIS EYE, AS IF HE WERE TAKING AIM AT ME WITH HIS **INVISIBLE GUN**.

HE'S A **LIKELY** YOUNG PARCEL OF BONES THAT.

WHAT IS IT YOU CALL HIM?

PIP.

HE STIRRED HIS
RUM WITH A FILE.

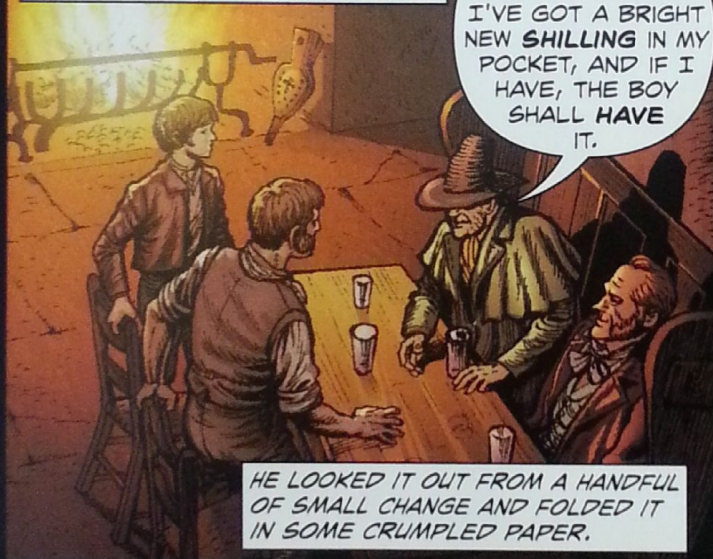
HE DID THIS SO THAT **NOBODY**
BUT I SAW THE FILE.

I KNEW IT TO BE JOE'S FILE,
AND I KNEW THAT HE KNEW
MY CONVICT, THE MOMENT
I **SAW** THE INSTRUMENT.



HE PROCEEDED IN TAKING LITTLE
NOTICE OF ME. AFTER HALF AN
HOUR, JOE GOT UP TO GO.

STOP HALF
A MOMENT, MR.
GARGERY. I THINK
I'VE GOT A BRIGHT
NEW **SHILLING** IN MY
POCKET, AND IF I
HAVE, THE BOY
SHALL **HAVE**
IT.



HE LOOKED IT OUT FROM A HANDFUL
OF SMALL CHANGE AND FOLDED IT
IN SOME CRUMPLED PAPER.

YOURS!
MIND! YOUR
OWN.



THANK
YOU.

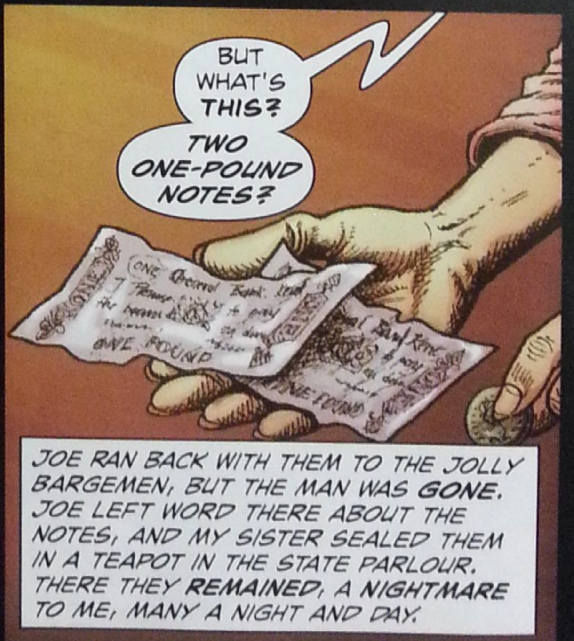
JOE AND I SAID
OUR "GOODNIGHT'S"
AND WALKED HOME.

MY SISTER WAS NOT IN A VERY BAD
TEMPER WHEN WE PRESENTED
OURSELVES IN THE KITCHEN, SO JOE
TOLD HER ABOUT THE BRIGHT SHILLING.

A **BAD UN**,
I'LL BE BOUND, OR
HE WOULDN'T HAVE
GIVEN IT TO THE **BOY!**
LET'S LOOK AT IT.



BUT
WHAT'S
THIS?
TWO
ONE-POUND
NOTES?



JOE RAN BACK WITH THEM TO THE JOLLY
BARGEMEN, BUT THE MAN WAS **GONE**.
JOE LEFT WORD THERE ABOUT THE
NOTES, AND MY SISTER SEALED THEM
IN A TEAPOT IN THE STATE PARLOUR.
THERE THEY **REMAINED**, A NIGHTMARE
TO ME, MANY A NIGHT AND DAY.