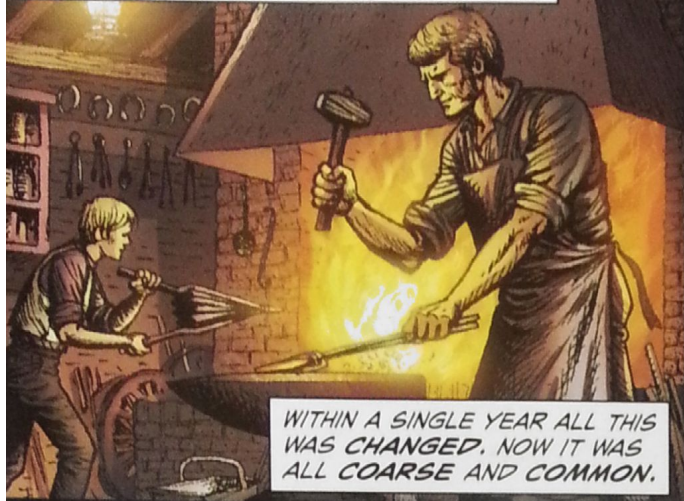


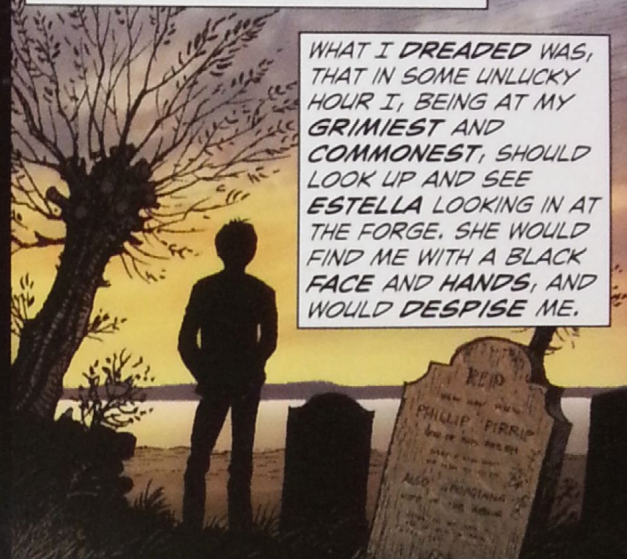
IT IS A MOST MISERABLE THING TO FEEL ASHAMED OF HOME. I CAN TESTIFY, HOME HAD NEVER BEEN A VERY PLEASANT PLACE TO ME, BECAUSE OF MY SISTER'S TEMPER. BUT JOE HAD SANCTIFIED IT, AND I HAD BELIEVED IN IT.

VOLUME I CHAPTER XIV



WITHIN A SINGLE YEAR ALL THIS WAS CHANGED. NOW IT WAS ALL COARSE AND COMMON.

I USED TO STAND ABOUT THE CHURCHYARD ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, COMPARING MY OWN PERSPECTIVE WITH THE FLAT, LOW MARSH VIEW. WHAT I WANTED, WHO CAN SAY?



WHAT I DREADED WAS, THAT IN SOME UNLUCKY HOUR I, BEING AT MY GRIMMIEST AND COMMONEST, SHOULD LOOK UP AND SEE ESTELLA LOOKING IN AT THE FORGE. SHE WOULD FIND ME WITH A BLACK FACE AND HANDS, AND WOULD DESPISE ME.

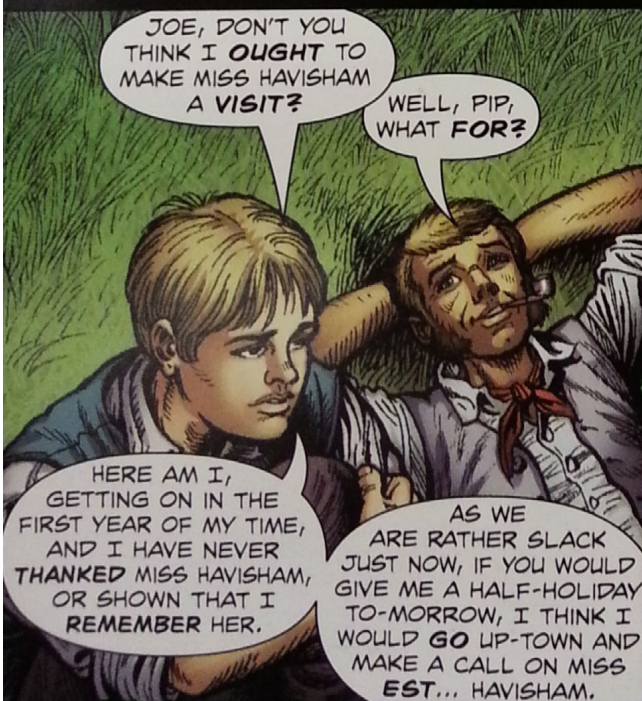
VOLUME I CHAPTER XV

AS I WAS GETTING TOO BIG FOR MR. WOPSLE'S GREAT-AUNT'S ROOM, MY EDUCATION UNDER THAT FEMALE TERMINATED.

NOT, HOWEVER, UNTIL BIDDY HAD IMPARTED TO ME EVERYTHING SHE KNEW. WHATEVER I ACQUIRED BY WAY OF EDUCATION FROM BIDDY, I TRIED TO IMPART TO JOE.



THIS STATEMENT SOUNDS WELL, BUT I DID IT TO MAKE JOE LESS IGNORANT AND COMMON, THAT HE MIGHT BE WORTHIER OF MY SOCIETY AND LESS OPEN TO ESTELLA'S REPROACH.

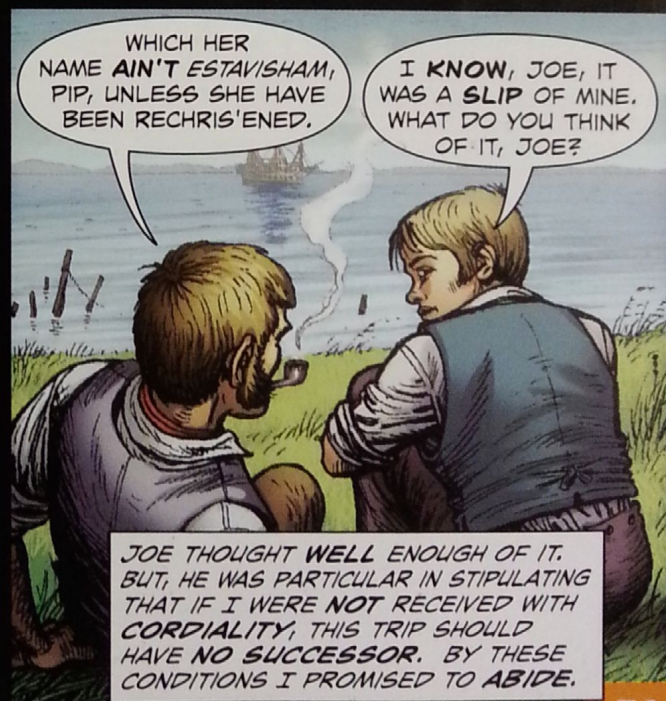


JOE, DON'T YOU THINK I OUGHT TO MAKE MISS HAVISHAM A VISIT?

WELL, PIP, WHAT FOR?

HERE AM I, GETTING ON IN THE FIRST YEAR OF MY TIME, AND I HAVE NEVER THANKED MISS HAVISHAM, OR SHOWN THAT I REMEMBER HER.

AS WE ARE RATHER SLACK JUST NOW, IF YOU WOULD GIVE ME A HALF-HOLIDAY TO-MORROW, I THINK I WOULD GO UP-TOWN AND MAKE A CALL ON MISS EST... HAVISHAM.



WHICH HER NAME AIN'T ESTAVISHAM, PIP, UNLESS SHE HAVE BEEN RECHRIS'ENED.

I KNOW, JOE, IT WAS A SLIP OF MINE. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, JOE?

JOE THOUGHT WELL ENOUGH OF IT. BUT, HE WAS PARTICULAR IN STIPULATING THAT IF I WERE NOT RECEIVED WITH CORDIALITY, THIS TRIP SHOULD HAVE NO SUCCESSOR. BY THESE CONDITIONS I PROMISED TO ABIDE.

JOE KEPT A JOURNEYMAN AT WEEKLY WAGES WHOSE NAME WAS DOLGE ORLICK. HE WAS A FELLOW OF OBSTINATE DISPOSITION, AND ALWAYS SLOUCHING. THIS MOROSE JOURNEYMAN HAD NO LIKING FOR ME. WHEN I BECAME JOE'S 'PRENTICE, ORLICK WAS PERHAPS CONFIRMED IN THE SUSPICION THAT I SHOULD DISPLACE HIM.

NOW MASTER, SURE YOU'RE NOT A-GOING TO FAVOUR ONLY ONE OF US. IF YOUNG PIP HAS A HALF-HOLIDAY, DO AS MUCH FOR OLD ORLICK.

WHY, WHAT'LL YOU DO WITH A HALF-HOLIDAY, IF YOU GET IT?

WHAT'LL I DO WITH IT! I'LL DO AS MUCH WITH IT AS HIM.

IF YOUNG PIP'S A GOING UP-TOWN, OLD ORLICK, HE'S A GOING UP-TOWN. NOW, MASTER! NO FAVOURING IN THIS SHOP. BE A MAN!

THEN, AS IN GENERAL YOU STICK TO YOUR WORK AS WELL AS MOST MEN, LET IT BE A HALF-HOLIDAY FOR ALL.

YOU FOOL! GIVING HOLIDAYS TO GREAT IDLE HULKERS LIKE THAT!

YOU ARE A RICH MAN, UPON MY LIFE, TO WASTE WAGES IN THAT WAY! I WISH I WAS HIS MASTER!

YOU'D BE EVERYBODY'S MASTER, IF YOU DURST.

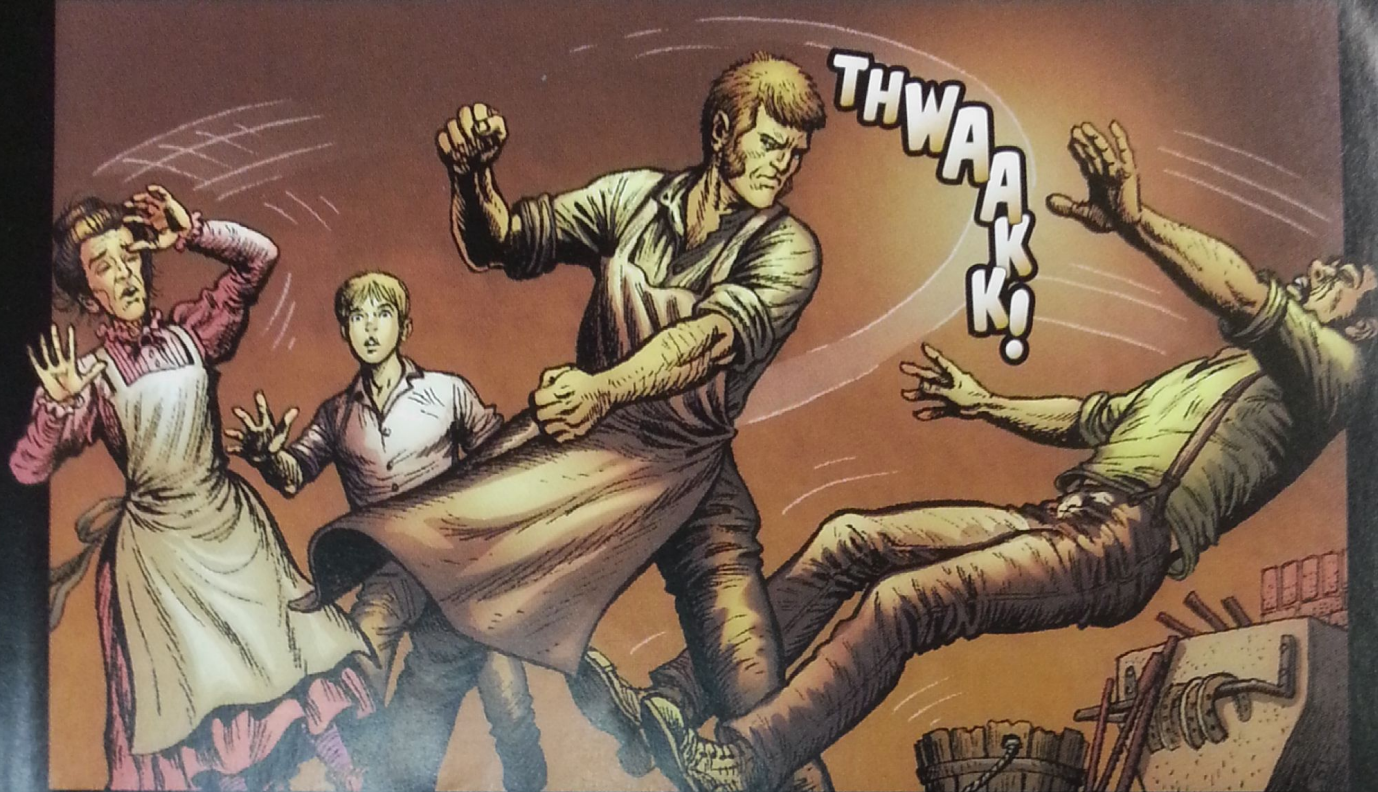
LET HER ALONE.

I'D BE A MATCH FOR ALL NOODLES AND ALL ROGUES!

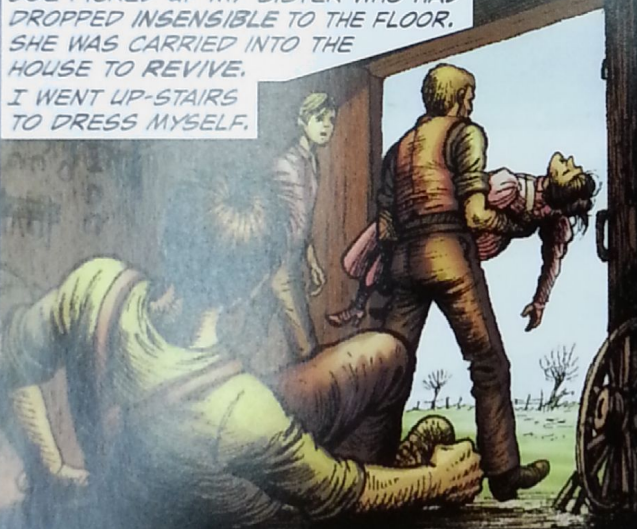
AND I COULDN'T BE A MATCH FOR ROGUES, WITHOUT BEING A MATCH FOR YOU, WHO ARE THE WORST ROGUE BETWEEN THIS AND FRANCE!

YOU'RE A FOUL SHREW, MOTHER GARGERY.

IF THAT MAKES A JUDGE OF ROGUES, YOU OUGHT TO BE A GOOD'UN.



JOE PICKED UP MY SISTER WHO HAD DROPPED INSENSIBLE TO THE FLOOR. SHE WAS CARRIED INTO THE HOUSE TO REVIVE. I WENT UP-STAIRS TO DRESS MYSELF.



WHEN I CAME DOWN AGAIN, I FOUND JOE AND ORLICK SWEEPING UP, WITHOUT ANY TRACES OF DISCOMPOSURE.



WITH WHAT ABSURD EMOTIONS I FOUND MYSELF AGAIN GOING TO MISS HAVISHAM'S, MATTERS LITTLE.

MISS SARAH POCKET LET ME IN, AND BROUGHT THE MESSAGE THAT I WAS TO "COME UP". EVERYTHING WAS UNCHANGED, AND MISS HAVISHAM WAS ALONE. THERE WAS NO ESTELLA.



YOU ARE LOOKING ROUND FOR ESTELLA?

I H-H-HOPE THAT SHE IS W-W-WELL.

ABROAD, EDUCATING FOR A LADY, FAR OUT OF REACH. DO YOU FEEL THAT YOU HAVE LOST HER?
Heh-heh-heh...

I WAS AT A LOSS WHAT TO SAY. SHE SPARED ME THE TROUBLE OF CONSIDERING, BY DISMISSING ME.

WHEN THE GATE WAS CLOSED ON ME, I FELT MORE THAN EVER DISSATISFIED WITH MY HOME AND WITH MY TRADE AND WITH EVERYTHING.



I WAS LOITERING ALONG THE HIGH STREET WHEN I MET WITH MR. WOPSLE, WHO **INSISTED** ON MY ACCOMPANYING HIM TO SEE UNCLE PLUMBLECHOOK. IT WAS A **VERY** DARK NIGHT BY THE TIME WE SET OUT ON THE WALK HOME.

HALLOA!
ORLICK, THERE?

AH!
I WAS STANDING
BY, A MINUTE, ON
THE **CHANCE** OF
COMPANY.

THE **GUNS**
IS GOING AGAIN.
THERE'S SOME
JAIL-BIRDS FLOWN
FROM THE
HULKS.

WE CAME TO THE VILLAGE BY WAY OF
THE JOLLY BARGEMEN, WHICH WE WERE
SURPRISED TO FIND IN A STATE OF
COMMOTION. MR. WOPSLE DROPPED IN
TO ASK WHAT WAS THE MATTER BUT
CAME RUNNING OUT IN A GREAT **HURRY**.

THERE'S
SOMETHING **WRONG**
UP AT YOUR PLACE,
PIP!

THE HOUSE
SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN
VIOLENTLY ENTERED
WHEN JOE WAS OUT.

SOMEBODY HAS
BEEN **ATTACKED**
AND **HURT**.

**RUN
ALL!**

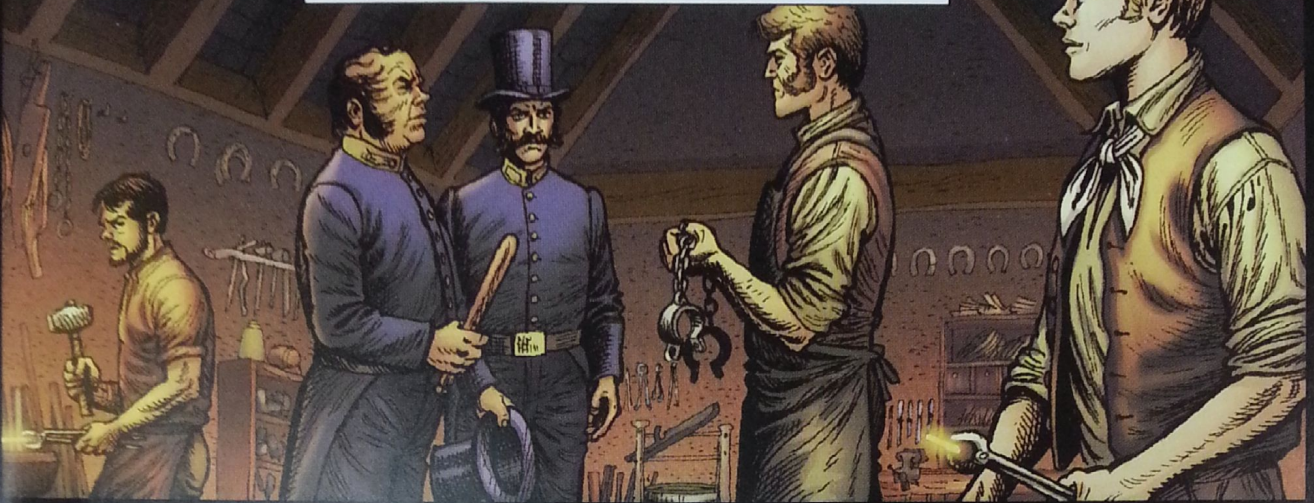
OUR KITCHEN WAS FULL OF PEOPLE;
AND THERE WAS A **SURGEON**.

MY SISTER WAS LYING WITHOUT SENSE OR
MOVEMENT ON THE BARE BOARDS WHERE
SHE HAD BEEN KNOCKED DOWN BY A
TREMENDOUS BLOW ON THE BACK OF THE
HEAD, DEALT BY SOME **UNKNOWN** HAND.

ON THE GROUND BESIDE
HER WAS A **LEG-IRON**
WHICH HAD BEEN FILED
ASUNDER SOME TIME AGO.

VOLUME I
CHAPTER XVI

I BELIEVED IT TO BE MY CONVICT'S IRON - BUT I BELIEVED NOT HE, BUT ONE OF TWO OTHER PERSONS TO HAVE TURNED IT TO THIS CRUEL ACCOUNT. EITHER ORLICK, OR THE STRANGE MAN WITH THE FILE.



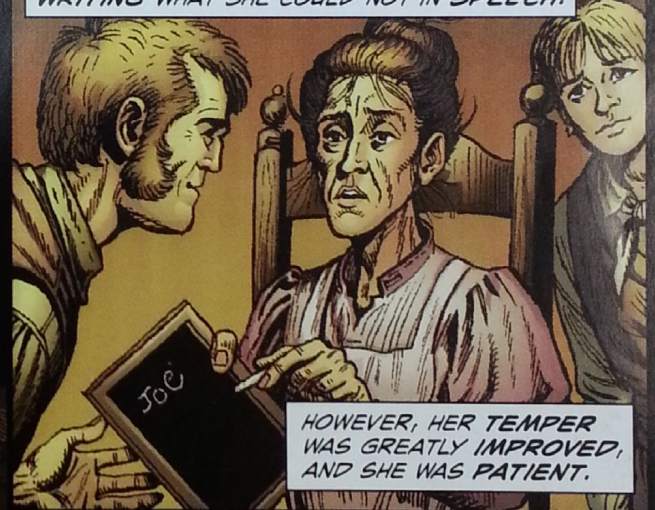
THE CONSTABLES AND BOW STREET MEN FROM LONDON WERE ABOUT THE HOUSE FOR A WEEK OR TWO. THEY STOOD ABOUT THE DOOR OF THE JOLLY BARGEMEN WITH KNOWING LOOKS.

THEY HAD A MYSTERIOUS MANNER OF TAKING THEIR DRINK, THAT WAS ALMOST AS GOOD AS TAKING THE CULPRIT. BUT NOT QUITE, FOR THEY NEVER DID IT.



LONG AFTER THESE POWERS HAD DISPERSED, MY SISTER LAY ILL IN BED. HER SIGHT WAS DISTURBED, HER HEARING IMPAIRED, HER MEMORY ALSO; AND HER SPEECH WAS UNINTELLIGIBLE.

WHEN AT LAST SHE COULD BE HELPED DOWN STAIRS, IT WAS NECESSARY TO KEEP MY SLATE BY HER, THAT SHE MIGHT INDICATE IN WRITING WHAT SHE COULD NOT IN SPEECH.



HOWEVER, HER TEMPER WAS GREATLY IMPROVED, AND SHE WAS PATIENT.

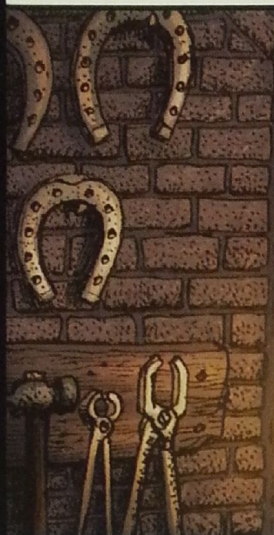
WE WERE AT A LOSS TO FIND A SUITABLE ATTENDANT FOR HER, UNTIL MR. WOPSLE'S GREAT-AUNT DIED, AND BIDDY BECAME A PART OF OUR HOUSEHOLD.



SHE QUICKLY BECAME A BLESSING TO US, AND ABOVE ALL, TO JOE, WHO WAS SADLY CUT UP.

VOLUME I
CHAPTER XVII

I NOW FELL INTO A ROUTINE OF APPRENTICESHIP, VARIED ONLY BY THE ARRIVAL OF BIRTHDAYS AND ANNUAL VISITS TO SEE MISS HAVISHAM. I BECAME CONSCIOUS OF A CHANGE IN BIDDY.



HER HAIR GREW BRIGHT AND NEAT; HER HANDS WERE ALWAYS CLEAN. SHE WAS NOT BEAUTIFUL - SHE WAS COMMON, AND COULD NOT BE LIKE ESTELLA - BUT SHE WAS PLEASANT AND SWEET-TEMPERED.

BIDDY HAD NOT BEEN WITH US MORE THAN A YEAR WHEN I OBSERVED ONE EVENING THAT SHE HAD CURIOUSLY THOUGHTFUL EYES, THAT WERE VERY PRETTY. I WAS BEGINNING TO BE RATHER VAIN OF MY KNOWLEDGE AT THE TIME.

BIDDY, HOW DO YOU MANAGE IT? EITHER I AM VERY STUPID, OR YOU ARE VERY CLEVER. HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO LEARN EVERYTHING THAT I LEARN, AND ALWAYS KEEP UP WITH ME?

I suppose I must catch it like a cough.

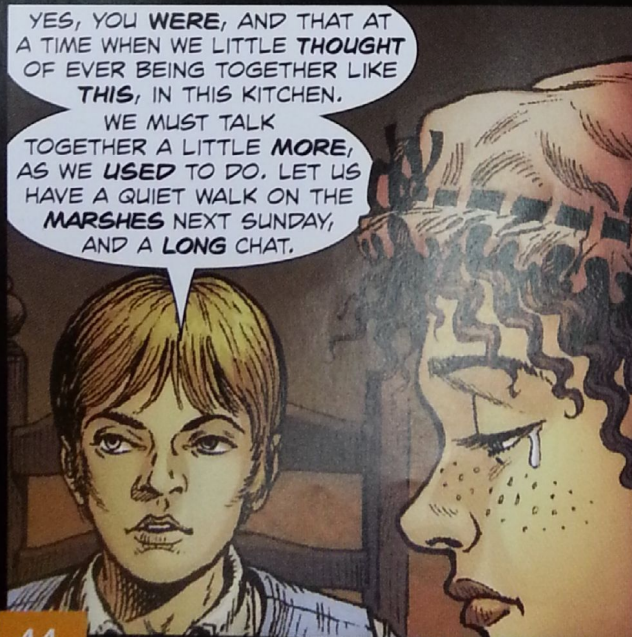
WHATEVER I KNEW, BIDDY KNEW.

BIDDY, YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE WHO MAKE THE MOST OF EVERY CHANCE. YOU NEVER HAD A CHANCE BEFORE YOU CAME HERE, AND SEE HOW IMPROVED YOU ARE!

I WAS YOUR FIRST TEACHER THOUGH; WASN'T I?

YES, YOU WERE, AND THAT AT A TIME WHEN WE LITTLE THOUGHT OF EVER BEING TOGETHER LIKE THIS, IN THIS KITCHEN.

WE MUST TALK TOGETHER A LITTLE MORE, AS WE USED TO DO. LET US HAVE A QUIET WALK ON THE MARSHES NEXT SUNDAY, AND A LONG CHAT.

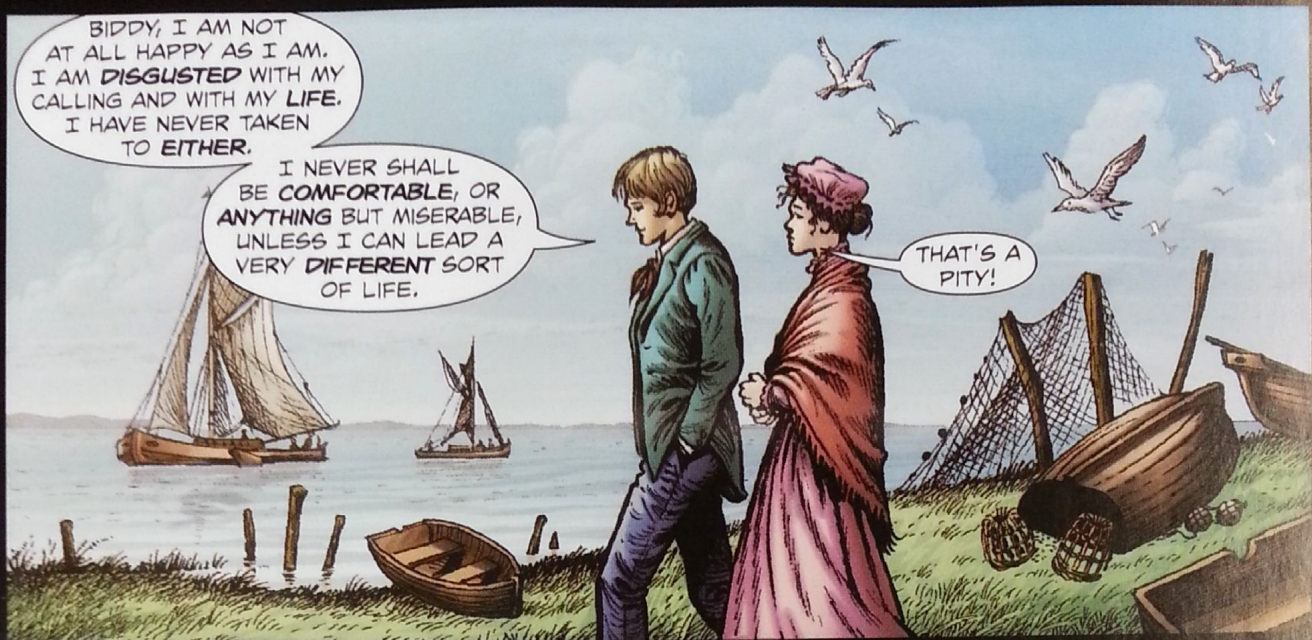


THAT SUNDAY AFTERNOON, WHILE JOE UNDERTOOK THE CARE OF MY SISTER, BIDDY AND I WENT OUT TOGETHER. I RESOLVED THAT IT WAS A GOOD TIME FOR TAKING BIDDY INTO MY CONFIDENCE.

BIDDY, I WANT TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

YOU KNOW BEST, PIP; BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU ARE HAPPIER AS YOU ARE?





BIDDY, I AM NOT AT ALL HAPPY AS I AM. I AM **DISGUSTED** WITH MY CALLING AND WITH MY **LIFE**. I HAVE NEVER TAKEN TO **EITHER**.

I NEVER SHALL BE **COMFORTABLE**, OR **ANYTHING** BUT MISERABLE, UNLESS I CAN LEAD A VERY **DIFFERENT** SORT OF LIFE.

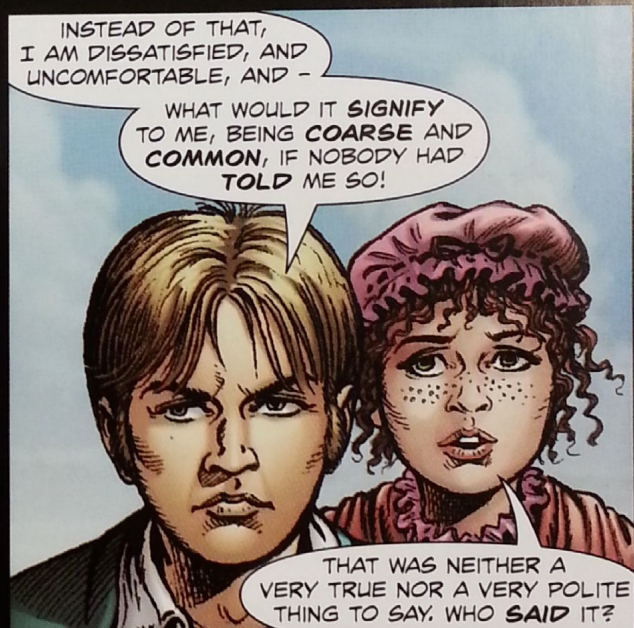
THAT'S A PITY!



IF I COULD HAVE SETTLED DOWN AT THE FORGE, JOE AND I MIGHT HAVE BECOME **PARTNERS**, AND I MIGHT EVEN HAVE GROWN UP TO KEEP COMPANY WITH **YOU**.

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN **GOOD ENOUGH** FOR YOU; SHOULDN'T I, BIDDY?

YES; I AM NOT OVER-PARTICULAR.



INSTEAD OF THAT, I AM DISSATISFIED, AND UNCOMFORTABLE, AND -

WHAT WOULD IT **SIGNIFY** TO ME, BEING **COARSE** AND **COMMON**, IF NOBODY HAD **TOLD** ME SO!

THAT WAS NEITHER A VERY TRUE NOR A VERY POLITE THING TO SAY. WHO **SAID** IT?



THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY AT MISS HAVISHAM'S, AND SHE'S MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ANYBODY **EVER** WAS, AND I ADMIRE HER **DREADFULLY**, AND I WANT TO BE A GENTLEMAN ON **HER** ACCOUNT.

DO YOU WANT TO BE A GENTLEMAN TO **SPITE** HER, OR TO **GAIN** HER **OVER**?

EXACTLY WHAT I MYSELF HAD WONDERED **MANY** TIMES.



WE WALKED A LITTLE FARTHER, AND TALKED A GOOD DEAL. I BEGAN TO THINK IT WOULD BE VERY GOOD FOR ME IF I COULD GET ESTELLA OUT OF MY HEAD.

I SURELY KNEW THAT IF ESTELLA WERE BESIDE ME NOW INSTEAD OF BIDDY, SHE WOULD MAKE ME MISERABLE. BIDDY WAS NEVER INSULTING OR CAPRICIOUS. HOW COULD IT BE, THAT I DID NOT LIKE HER MUCH THE BETTER OF THE TWO?

BIDDY, I WISH YOU COULD PUT ME RIGHT.

I WISH I COULD!

IF I COULD ONLY GET MYSELF TO FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU.



YOU DON'T MIND MY SPEAKING SO OPENLY TO SUCH AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE?

OH DEAR, NOT AT ALL! DON'T MIND ME.



IF I COULD ONLY GET MYSELF TO DO IT, THAT WOULD BE THE THING FOR ME.

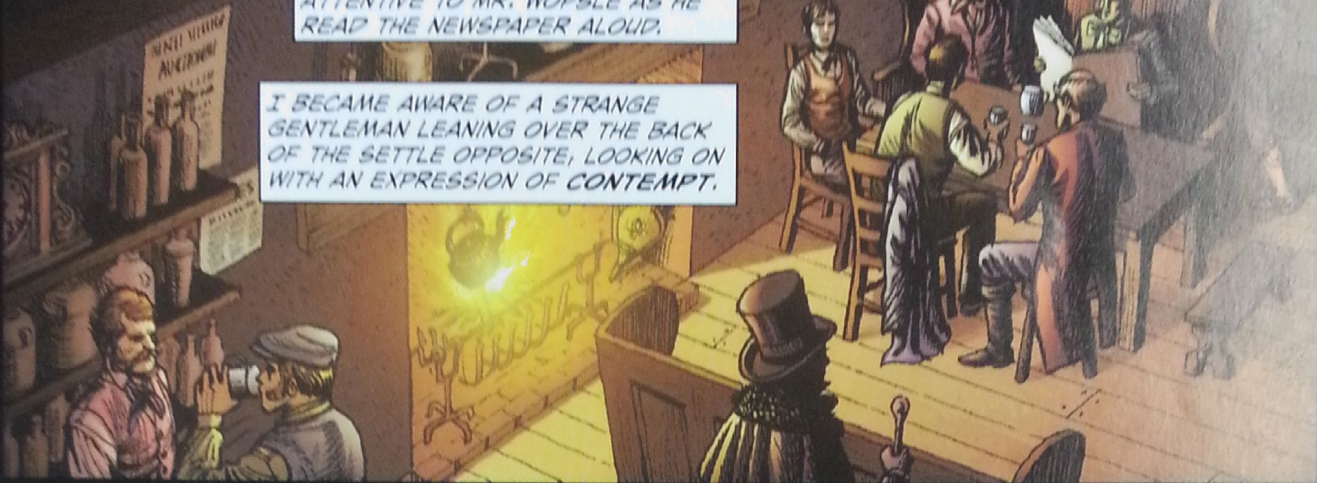
BUT YOU NEVER WILL, YOU SEE.



VOLUME I
CHAPTER XVIII

IT WAS IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF MY APPRENTICESHIP TO JOE, AND A SATURDAY NIGHT. THERE WAS A GROUP OF US ASSEMBLED ROUND THE FIRE AT THE JOLLY BARGEMEN, ATTENTIVE TO MR. WOPSLE AS HE READ THE NEWSPAPER ALOUD.

I BECAME AWARE OF A STRANGE GENTLEMAN LEANING OVER THE BACK OF THE SETTLE OPPOSITE, LOOKING ON WITH AN EXPRESSION OF CONTEMPT.



THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN WENT AND STOOD BY THE FIRE. HE DID NOT RECOGNISE ME, BUT I RECOGNISED HIM AS THE GENTLEMAN I HAD MET ON THE STAIRS, ON MY SECOND VISIT TO MISS HAVISHAM.

FROM INFORMATION I HAVE RECEIVED, I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THERE IS A BLACKSMITH AMONG YOU, BY NAME JOSEPH - OR JOE - GARGERY. WHICH IS THE MAN?

HERE IS THE MAN.

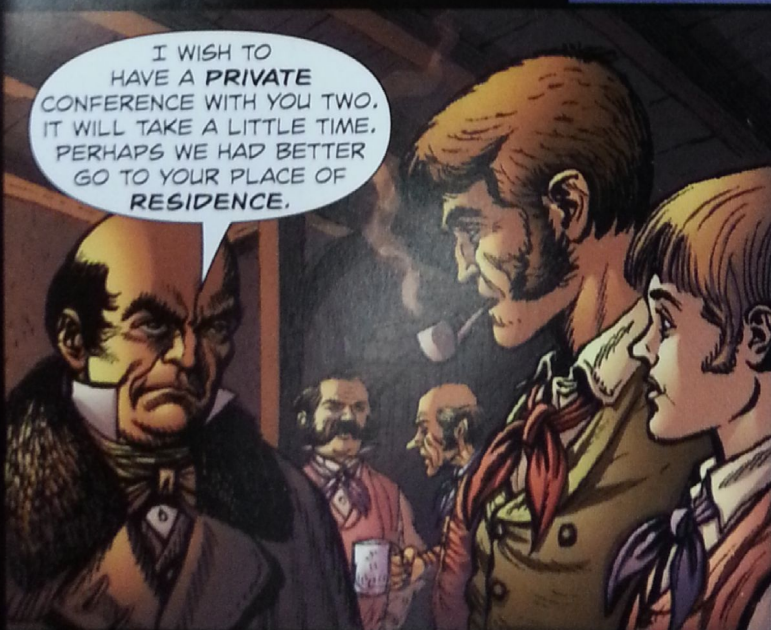


YOU HAVE AN APPRENTICE, COMMONLY KNOWN AS PIP? IS HE HERE?

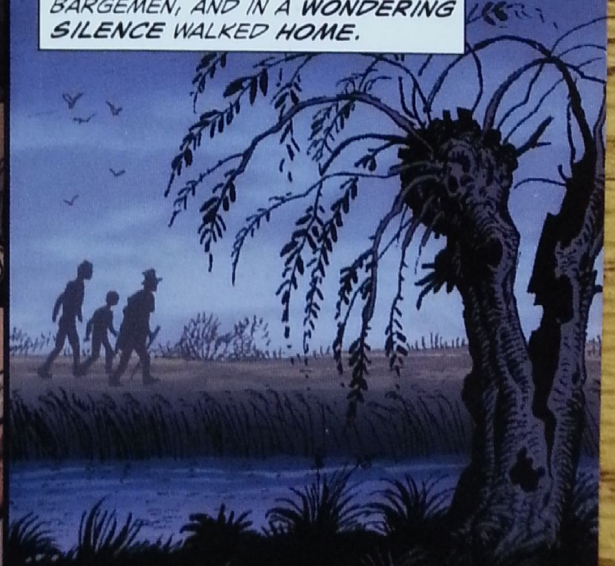
I AM HERE!

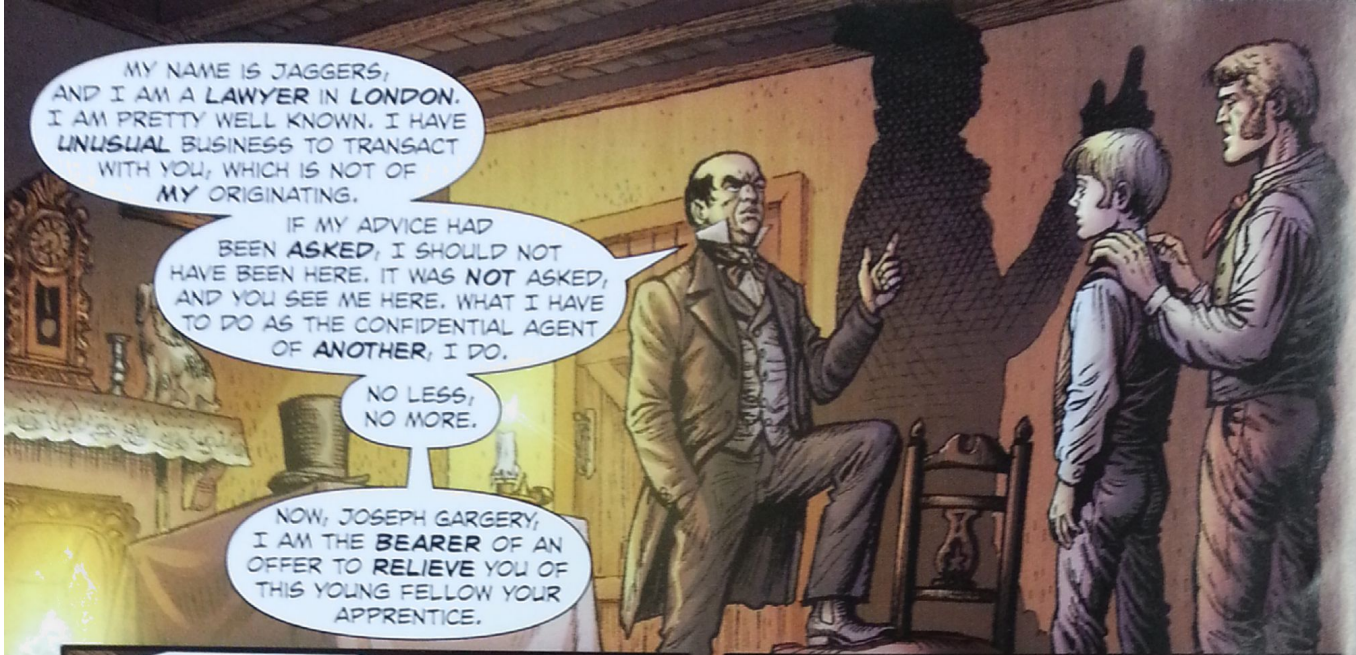


I WISH TO HAVE A **PRIVATE** CONFERENCE WITH YOU TWO. IT WILL TAKE A LITTLE TIME. PERHAPS WE HAD BETTER GO TO YOUR PLACE OF RESIDENCE.



AMIDST A **WONDERING SILENCE**, WE WALKED OUT OF THE JOLLY BARGEMEN, AND IN A **WONDERING SILENCE** WALKED HOME.



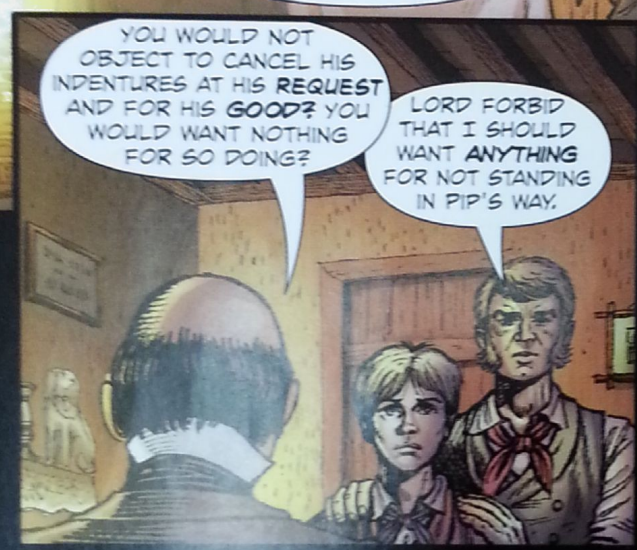


MY NAME IS JAGGERS,
AND I AM A **LAWYER** IN LONDON.
I AM PRETTY WELL KNOWN. I HAVE
UNUSUAL BUSINESS TO TRANSACT
WITH YOU, WHICH IS NOT OF
MY ORIGINATING.

IF MY ADVICE HAD
BEEN **ASKED**, I SHOULD NOT
HAVE BEEN HERE. IT WAS **NOT** ASKED,
AND YOU SEE ME HERE. WHAT I HAVE
TO DO AS THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT
OF **ANOTHER**, I DO.

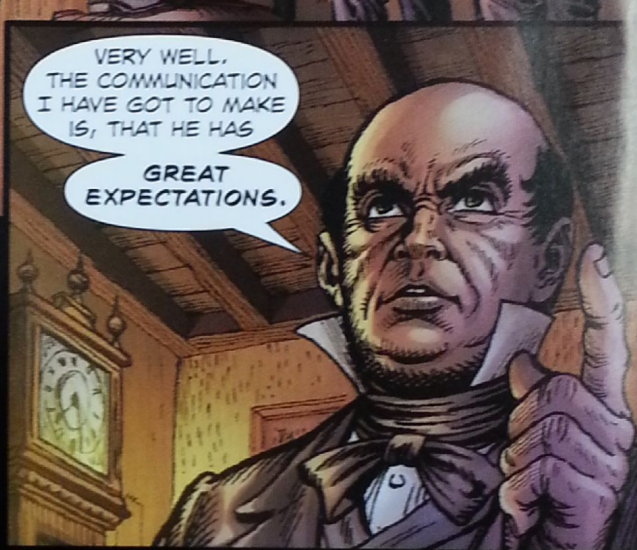
NO LESS,
NO MORE.

NOW, JOSEPH GARGER, I
AM THE **BEARER** OF AN
OFFER TO **RELIEVE** YOU OF
THIS YOUNG FELLOW YOUR
APPRENTICE.



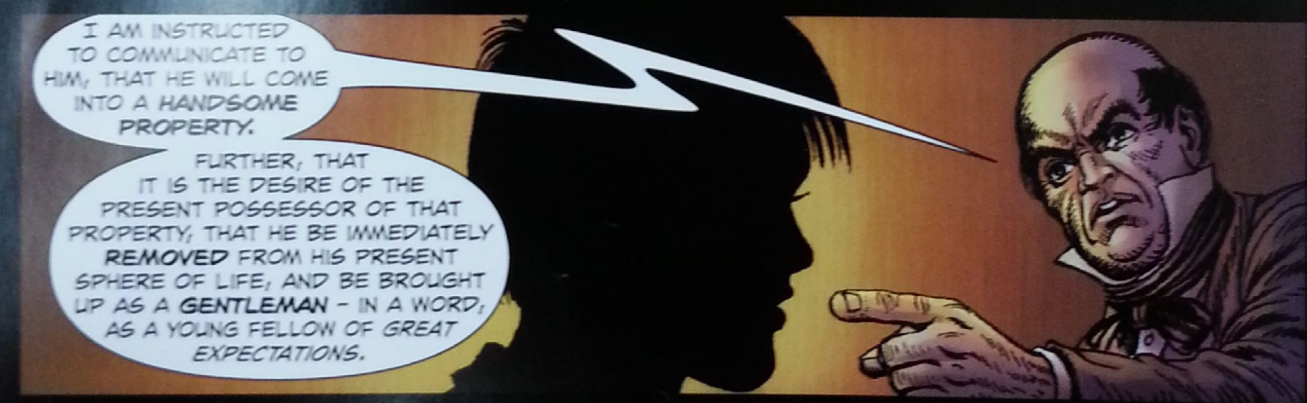
YOU WOULD NOT
OBJECT TO CANCEL HIS
INDENTURES AT HIS **REQUEST**
AND FOR HIS **GOOD**? YOU
WOULD WANT NOTHING
FOR SO DOING?

LORD FORBID
THAT I SHOULD
WANT **ANYTHING**
FOR NOT STANDING
IN PIP'S WAY.




VERY WELL.
THE COMMUNICATION
I HAVE GOT TO MAKE
IS, THAT HE HAS

**GREAT
EXPECTATIONS.**

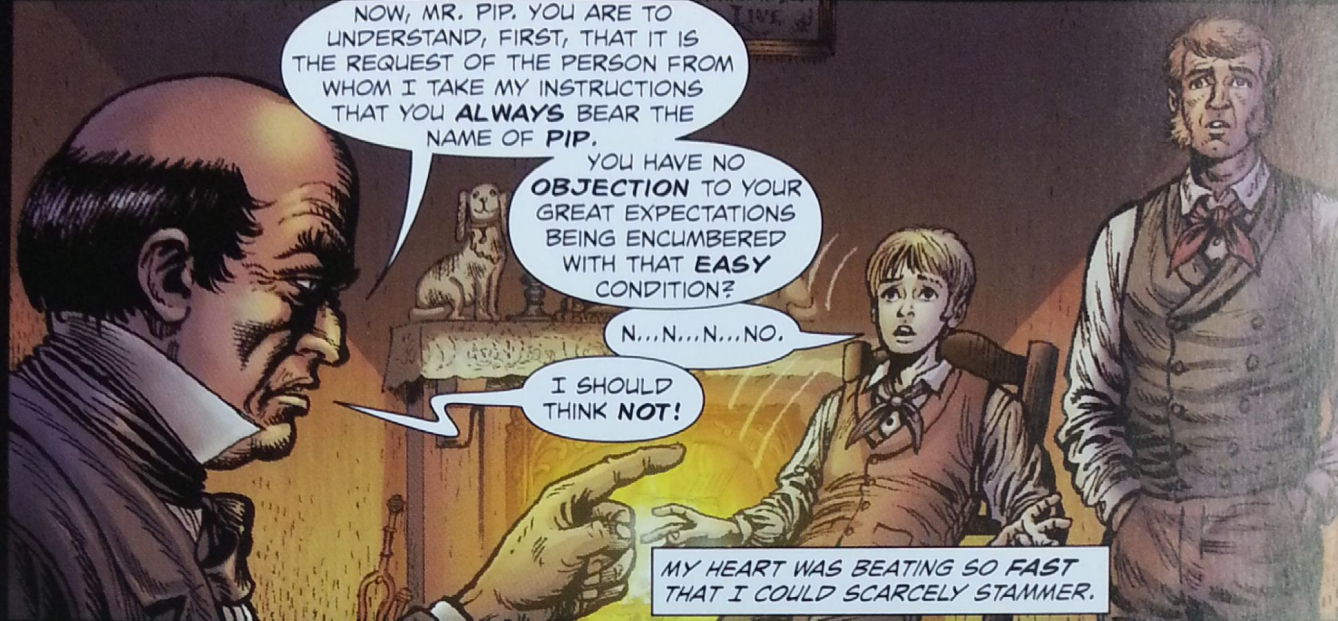


I AM INSTRUCTED
TO COMMUNICATE TO
HIM, THAT HE WILL COME
INTO A **HANDSOME
PROPERTY.**

FURTHER, THAT
IT IS THE DESIRE OF THE
PRESENT POSSESSOR OF THAT
PROPERTY, THAT HE BE IMMEDIATELY
REMOVED FROM HIS PRESENT
SPHERE OF LIFE, AND BE BROUGHT
UP AS A **GENTLEMAN** - IN A WORD,
AS A YOUNG FELLOW OF **GREAT
EXPECTATIONS.**



MY DREAM IS OUT
- MISS HAVISHAM IS
GOING TO MAKE MY
FORTUNE ON A
GRAND SCALE.



NOW, MR. PIP, YOU ARE TO UNDERSTAND, FIRST, THAT IT IS THE REQUEST OF THE PERSON FROM WHOM I TAKE MY INSTRUCTIONS THAT YOU **ALWAYS** BEAR THE NAME OF **PIP**.

YOU HAVE NO **OBJECTION** TO YOUR GREAT EXPECTATIONS BEING ENCUMBERED WITH THAT **EASY** CONDITION?

N...N...N...NO.

I SHOULD THINK **NOT!**

MY HEART WAS BEATING SO FAST THAT I COULD SCARCELY STAMMER.

YOU ARE TO UNDERSTAND, SECONDLY, THAT THE **NAME** OF THE PERSON WHO IS YOUR LIBERAL BENEFACTOR REMAINS A PROFOUND **SECRET**, UNTIL THE PERSON **CHOOSES** TO REVEAL IT AT FIRST HAND.

WHEN THAT INTENTION MAY BE CARRIED OUT, I CANNOT SAY; IT MAY BE **YEARS** HENCE.

NOW, YOU ARE MOST POSITIVELY **PROHIBITED** FROM MAKING **ANY** INQUIRY ON THIS HEAD, OR ANY ALLUSION OR REFERENCE, IN THE COMMUNICATIONS YOU MAY HAVE WITH ME.

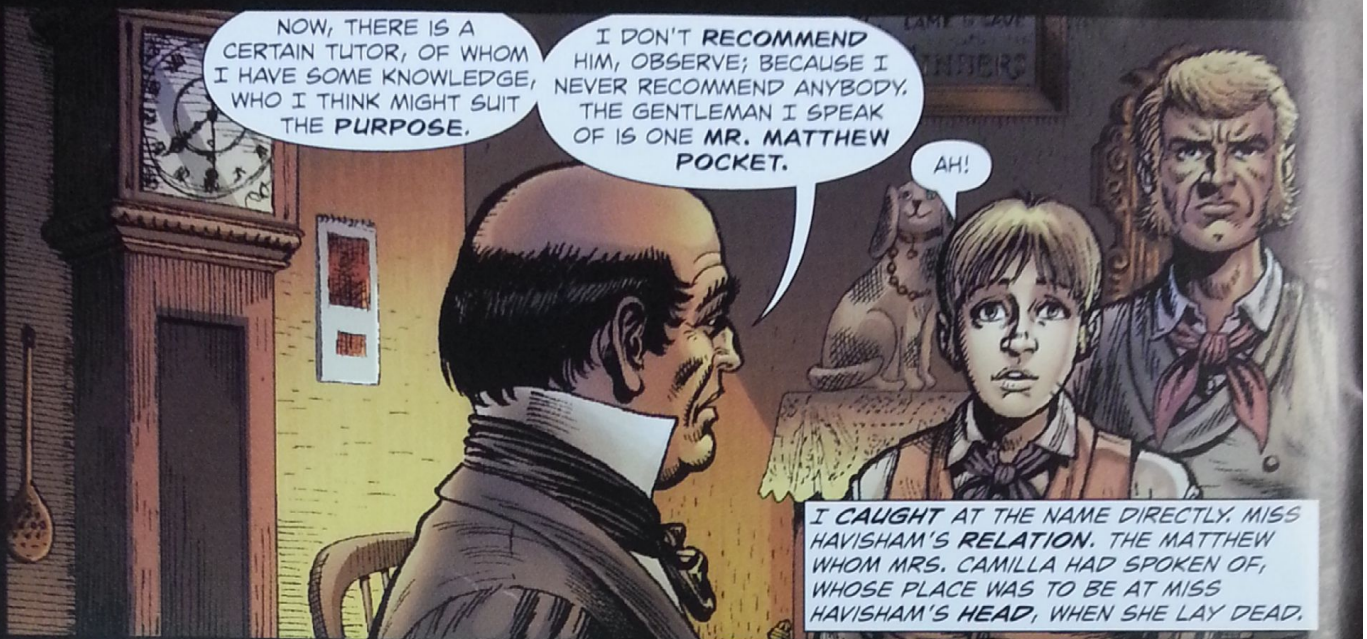
IF YOU HAVE A **SUSPICION**, KEEP IT IN YOUR OWN BREAST. AGAIN, NOT A VERY **DIFFICULT** CONDITION, MR. PIP, BUT IF YOU HAVE ANY **OBJECTION** TO IT, **THIS** IS THE TIME TO SPEAK OUT.

N...N...N...NO.

WE COME NEXT, TO THE **DETAILS** OF ARRANGEMENT. YOU ARE NOT ENDOWED WITH EXPECTATIONS **ONLY**. THERE IS ALREADY LODGED IN MY HANDS A SUM OF **MONEY** AMPLY SUFFICIENT FOR YOUR SUITABLE EDUCATION AND MAINTENANCE.

YOU WILL PLEASE CONSIDER ME YOUR **GUARDIAN**. IT IS CONSIDERED THAT YOU MUST BE BETTER **EDUCATED**, IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOUR ALTERED POSITION.

I HAVE **ALWAYS** LONGED FOR IT.



NOW, THERE IS A CERTAIN TUTOR, OF WHOM I HAVE SOME KNOWLEDGE, WHO I THINK MIGHT SUIT THE **PURPOSE**.

I DON'T **RECOMMEND** HIM, OBSERVE; BECAUSE I NEVER RECOMMEND ANYBODY. THE GENTLEMAN I SPEAK OF IS ONE **MR. MATTHEW POCKET**.

AH!

I **CAUGHT** AT THE NAME DIRECTLY, MISS HAVISHAM'S **RELATION**. THE MATTHEW WHOM MRS. CAMILLA HAD SPOKEN OF, WHOSE PLACE WAS TO BE AT MISS HAVISHAM'S **HEAD**, WHEN SHE LAY DEAD.



YOU HAD BETTER TRY HIM IN HIS OWN HOUSE. YOU CAN SEE HIS SON FIRST, WHO IS IN **LONDON**.

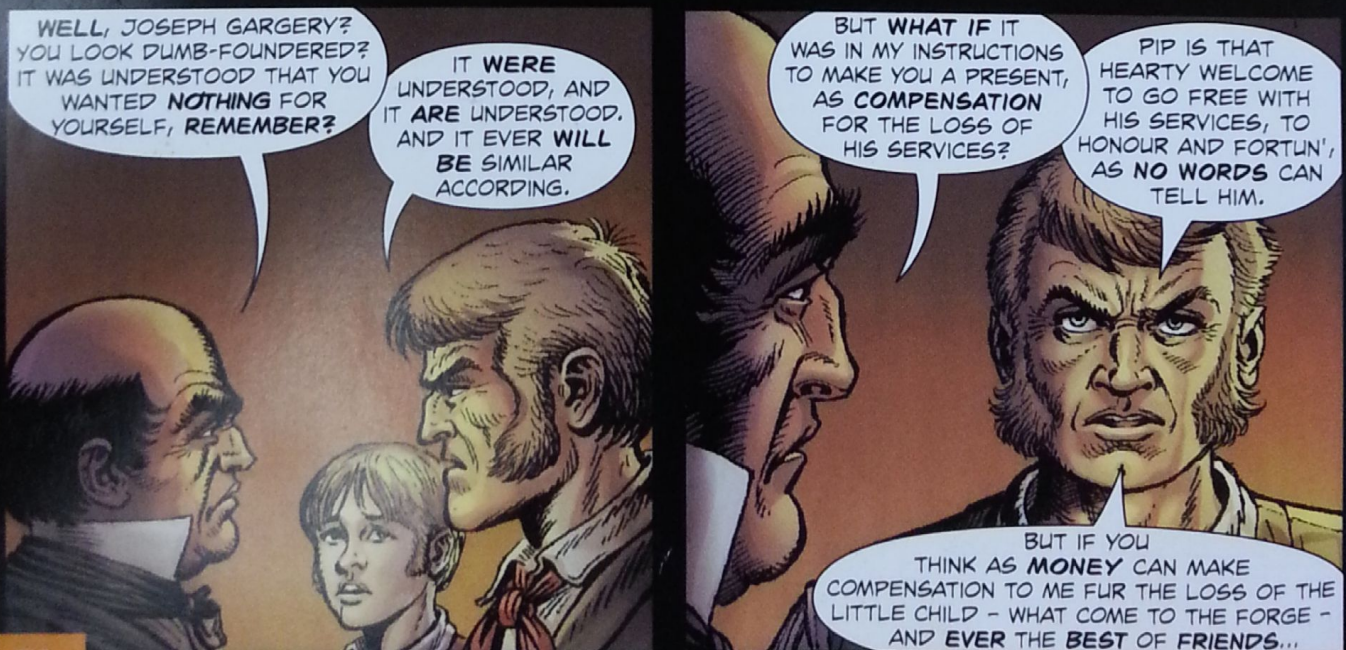
WHEN WILL YOU COME TO LONDON?

I SUPPOSE I COULD COME **DIRECTLY**.

CHINK-ERR-CHING!

FIRST, YOU SHOULD HAVE SOME NEW **CLOTHES** TO COME IN, AND THEY SHOULD NOT BE WORKING-CLOTHES.

SAY THIS DAY WEEK. YOU'LL WANT SOME MONEY. SHALL I LEAVE YOU **TWENTY GUINEAS**?



WELL, JOSEPH GARGERY? YOU LOOK DUMB-FOUNDERED? IT WAS UNDERSTOOD THAT YOU WANTED **NOTHING** FOR YOURSELF, **REMEMBER**?

IT **WERE** UNDERSTOOD, AND IT **ARE** UNDERSTOOD. AND IT EVER **WILL BE** SIMILAR ACCORDING.

BUT **WHAT IF** IT WAS IN MY INSTRUCTIONS TO MAKE YOU A PRESENT, AS **COMPENSATION** FOR THE LOSS OF HIS SERVICES?

PIP IS THAT HEARTY WELCOME TO GO FREE WITH HIS SERVICES, TO HONOUR AND FORTUN', AS **NO WORDS** CAN TELL HIM.

BUT IF YOU THINK AS **MONEY** CAN MAKE COMPENSATION TO ME FOR THE LOSS OF THE LITTLE CHILD - WHAT COME TO THE FORGE - AND EVER THE **BEST OF FRIENDS**...

JOE'S VOICE DIED AWAY, AND HIS BROAD CHEST HEAVED. I BEGGED HIM TO BE COMFORTED.

NOW, JOSEPH GARGERY, I WARN YOU THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE.

IF YOU MEAN TO TAKE A PRESENT THAT I HAVE IT IN CHARGE TO MAKE YOU, SPEAK OUT, AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT.

IF ON THE CONTRARY YOU MEAN TO SAY --

WHICH I MEANTERSAY, THAT IF YOU COME INTO MY PLACE BULL-BAITING AND BADGERING ME, COME OUT!

WHICH I MEANTERSAY AS SECH IF YOU'RE A MAN, COME ON!

I DREW JOE AWAY, AND HE IMMEDIATELY BECAME PLACABLE.

WELL, MR. PIP, I THINK THE SOONER YOU LEAVE HERE - AS YOU ARE TO BE A GENTLEMAN - THE BETTER.

LET IT STAND FOR THIS DAY WEEK, AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE MY PRINTED ADDRESS IN THE MEANTIME.

I THINK HE WOULD HAVE GONE ON, BUT FOR HIS SEEMING TO THINK JOE DANGEROUS AND GOING OFF.

SOMETHING CAME INTO MY HEAD WHICH INDUCED ME TO RUN AFTER HIM.

I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. JAGGERS. I WISH TO KEEP TO YOUR DIRECTIONS; SO I THOUGHT I HAD BETTER ASK.

WOULD THERE BE ANY OBJECTION TO MY TAKING LEAVE OF ANY ONE I KNOW, ABOUT HERE, BEFORE I GO AWAY? I DON'T MEAN IN THE VILLAGE ONLY, BUT UP-TOWN?

NO - NO OBJECTION.

THANK YOU, SIR.

I RAN HOME AGAIN.

JOE, HAVE YOU TOLD BIDDY?

NO, PIP, WHICH I LEFT IT TO YOURSELF, PIP.

I WOULD RATHER YOU TOLD, JOE.



PIP'S A
GENTLEMAN OF FORTUNE!
THEN, AND GOD BLESS
HIM IN IT!

OH!
CONGRATULATIONS!

I IMPRESSED BIDDY AND JOE WITH THE OBLIGATION
TO SAY NOTHING ABOUT THE MAKER OF MY FORTUNE.

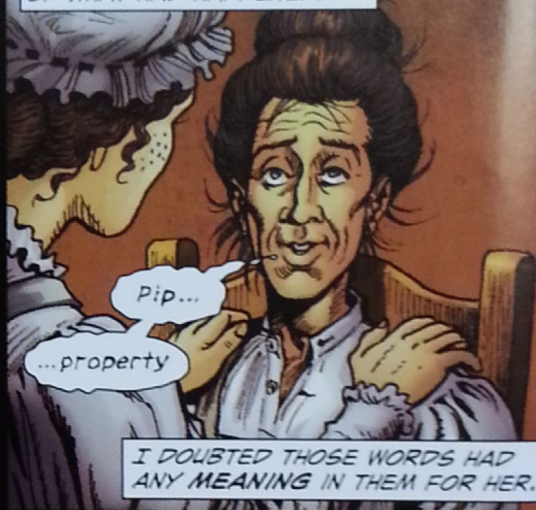
IT WOULD ALL COME OUT IN GOOD TIME, I OBSERVED,
AND IN THE MEANWHILE NOTHING WAS TO BE SAID,
SAVE THAT I HAD COME INTO GREAT EXPECTATIONS
FROM A MYSTERIOUS PATRON.



I'LL BE VERY
PARTICULAR.

AY, AY, I'LL
BE EKERVALLY
PARTICKLER,
PIP.

INFINITE PAINS WERE THEN
TAKEN BY BIDDY TO CONVEY
TO MY SISTER SOME IDEA
OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



Pip...

...property

I DOUBTED THOSE WORDS HAD
ANY MEANING IN THEM FOR HER.

THAT NIGHT, AS I PUT THE WINDOW OPEN,
I SAW JOE COME SLOWLY FORTH, AND TAKE A
TURN IN THE AIR. BIDDY BROUGHT HIM HIS PIPE.
HE NEVER SMOKED SO LATE, AND IT SEEMED
TO HINT HE WANTED COMFORTING.

I KNEW THAT THEY TALKED OF ME, FOR I
HEARD MY NAME MENTIONED IN AN ENDEARING
TONE BY BOTH OF THEM MORE THAN ONCE.



IT SEEMED STRANGE THAT
THIS FIRST NIGHT OF MY
BRIGHT FORTUNES SHOULD
BE THE LONELIEST
I HAD EVER KNOWN.

I CREPT INTO BED;
AND IT WAS AN UNEASY
BED NOW, AND I NEVER
SLEPT THE OLD SOUND
SLEEP IN IT ANY MORE.

