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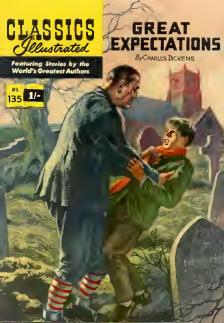
GREAT EXPECTATIONS

By CHARLES DICKENS

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS

By CHARLES DICKENS



PIP, called so because he was so small.



ESTELLA, the girl who was to be Pip's.



JOE GARGERY, the blacksmith who was Pip's brother-in-law.



MR. JAGGERS, the lawyer who was Pip's guardian.



COMPEYSON, the man who was Pip's enemy.



MRS. HAVISHAM, who was Pip's aunt.



MISS HAVISHAM, the girl who was to be Pip's.



MR. PUMBLECHOOK, the man who was Pip's enemy.



HERBERT, Pip's friend.

PIP'S FAMILY NAME WAS PIRIP, BUT ALL WHO KNEW THE BOY CALLED HIM PIP FOR SHORT, ENTIRELY FORSAKING HIS FIRST NAME OF PHILLIP. TO THE VILLAGERS OF THE MARSH COUNTRY DOWN NEAR THE RIVER, WHICH WOUND TWENTY MILES TO THE SEA, HE WAS POINTED OUT AS THE BROTHER OF MRS. JOE GARGERY WHO MARRIED THE BLACKSMITH. IT WAS EXPECTED THAT PIP WOULD FOLLOW HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW'S CALLING. NO EVER EXPECTED HE WOULD BECOME A YOUNG MAN OF GREAT EXPECTATIONS. LEAST OF ALL, PIP HIMSELF AS THE ORPHANED SON OF PHILIP AND GEORGIANA PIRIP IT WAS DEEMED FORTUNATE FOR THE BOY THAT HE HELD THE AFFECTIONS OF THE HONEST BLACKSMITH AND HIS LOVING BUT SHREWISH WIFE. NEVER HAVING SEEN EITHER OF HIS PARENTS, IT WAS PIP'S PLEASURE AT TIMES TO TAKE HIMSELF TO THE VILLAGE CEMETERY, AND THERE TO INDULGE HIS FANCIES IN WHAT THEY WERE LIKE.



THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, PIP VISITED HIS PARENTS' GRAVE...



A NOSE WARNED PIP OF HIS DANGER...

Or Don't cut my throat, sir. May, don't do it, sir!

Tell us your name!



Pip, sir!



You young dog, who's for cheeks you've got! I've half a mind to eat 'em!

Please! You wouldn't do that, sir!

Who do you live with—supposing you're let to live?

My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of 'the blacksmith, sir.



Blacksmith, eh?



Look here, the question is whether you're to be allowed to live. Do you know what a file is? And you know what vittles is?

Yes, sir!



You get me a file and vittles. Bring 'em both to me or I'll have your heart and liver out!



THE CONVICT
LIED TO PIP
TO FRIGHTEN
HIM MORE...

Never dare to make a sign or say a word about your having seen a person such as me and you shall be let to live. Now I ain't alone as you 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 a boy. I'm keeping him from harming you at the present moment with great difficulty! Now, what do you say?

I will get you the
file and the food!

You remember
that when you
get home!

Good
night,
sir!



DAWN FOUND PIP STEALING SOME BREAD, CHEESE AND A BOTTLE OF BRANDY TO TAKE TO THE GRAVE-YARD.



A HASTY VISIT TO THE FORGE AND HE FOUND THE FILE WHICH THE CONVICT DEMANDED...



SWIFTLY PIP MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE MIST TOWARDS THE CHURCHYARD IN ORDER THAT HE MIGHT RETURN BEFORE MRS. JOE NOTED HIS ABSENCE...

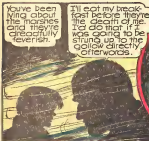


PIP CAME UPON ANOTHER CONVICT...



PIP AWAKENED THE CONVICT TO GIVE HIM SOME OF THE FOOD, BUT THE ALARMED CONVICT STRUCK AT PIP AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE MIST...





THE CONVICT REMEMBERED THE LIE HE HAD TOLD PIP ON THE PREVIOUS DAY ABOUT A FERCE YOUNG MAN AND LAUGHED TO HIMSELF...



Oh ah! Him? Yes, yes. He don't want no wifes.

I thought he looked as if he did.

THE CONVICT WAS SHOCKED BY PIP'S REVELATION THAT THERE WAS ANOTHER ESCAPED PRISONER ON THE MARSHES...



Looked? When? Where?

Yonder. I found him asleep and thought it was you!

Dressed like you, you know—didn't you hear the cannon last night?



Then there *was* firing!

This man—did you notice anything about him?

He had a badly bruised face



Not here?

Yes, there!

Show me the way he went. I'll pull him down like a bloodhound. Curse this iron on my sore leg. Give me the file, boy!



THE HEARING OF THE DAY BROUGHT CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH THE GARDNER'S ANNUAL GUESTS INCLUDING JOE'S UNCLE MR PUMBLE-CHUCK.

Be grateful, boy to them which brought you up by hand.

Do you hear what Uncle Pumblechook said? Be grateful!

Have some more gravy, Pip!



THE DINNER WAS INTERRUPTED BY AN INSISTENT POUNDING AT THE DOOR. MRS. JOE OPENED IT TO FIND A FILE OF SOLDIERS DEMANDING HER HUSBAND...

Where's the blacksmith?

And pray what might you want with him?



A little job done!

The lock of one of 'em goes wrong, and the coupling don't act pretty. They're wanted for immediate service. Will you throw your eye over 'em?



AS JOE PREPARED TO CHANGE HIS CLOTHES, THE SERGEANT MADE HIS PLANS ...

How far are you from the marshes, herbobouts?

Just a mile!



Convicts, sergeant?

Two of them. They're pretty well known to be out on the marshes. Anybody here seen anything of them?



WITH THE HANDCLIFFS REPAIRED, JOE AND PIP RECEIVE THE SERGEANT'S CONSENT TO FOLLOW THE SOLDIERS ON THE HUNT FOR THE CONVICTS ...

Keep to the rear—speak no word when we reach the marshes!



JOE AND PIP THOUGHT THAT THE SOUND OF THE MARCHING MEN MUST SURELY WARN THE CONVICTS OF THEIR APPROACH.

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

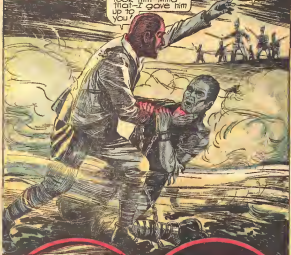
I hope we shan't find them!



SUDDENLY, A
BOY BROKE
FROM THE
MARSHES...

Guard! This way for the runaway convicts! I took him—Mind that—I gave him up to you!

H'll do you small good Handcutts, there!



I dont expect it to do me any good—no more than it does now. I took him. He knows it. That's enough for me!

Take notice, guard. He tried to murder me!

Try and not do it? I took him and I give him up. I dragged him here. Now, the 'Huiks' has got 'is gentleman again.



FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE CONVICT NOTICES THAT PIP IS AMONG HIS CAPTORS...

Enough of this! Light those torches!

PIP HAD BEEN WAITING TO CATCH THE CONVICT'S EYE THAT HE MIGHT ASSURE HIM OF HIS INNOCENCE IN THE CAPTURE. HE SHOOK HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY AND THE CONVICT UNDERSTOOD HIM...



I wish to say something respecting this escape!

You can say what you like but you have no call to say it here!

This is another matter I took some vittles up on the village yonder, from the blacksmiths.

Blacksmith, have you missed any articles of food?

He's welcome to them we don't know what you've done, but we wouldn't have you starved to death for it, would us, Pip?

No, Joe!

Illustration by [unreadable]

ONE DAY, PIP WAS TAKEN BY UNCLE FUMBLECHOOK TO THE HOME OF THE RICH, ECCENTRIC OLD LADY MISS HAVISHAM. THERE, THEY WERE GREETED BY AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG GIRL ABOUT PIP'S AGE.



What name, please?

Fumblechook, and this is Pip!



This is Pip, is it?
Come in Pip, I am Estella.



Don't be ridiculous, boy. I can not go in!



Go in, boy!

ESTELLA HAD DISMISSED FUMBLECHOOK AND NOW SHE LED PIP TO MISS HAVISHAM'S FORBIDDING ROOM.

After you, miss!



Look at me! you are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?

IN AN ARMCHAIR, WITH AN ELBOW RESTING ON THE TABLE AND HER HEAD LEANING ON THAT HAND, SAT THE STRANGEST LADY PIP HAD EVER SEEN. SHE WAS DRESSED IN RICH MATERIALS, SATINS, AND LACE, AND SILKS ALL OF WHITE. SHE WAS DRESSED AS A BRIDE WITH FLOWERS IN HER HAIR. BRIGHT JEWELS SPARKLED ON HER HANDS AND NECK. DRESSES WERE SCATTERED ABOUT THE ROOM. HER VEIL WAS ONLY HALF ARRANGED. A LOOKING GLASS WAS PROMINENT WHERE THE OLD LADY COULD REGARD HERSELF.

I sometimes have sick
fancies that I want to
see someone play. There!
Play, play, play!



Let me see
you play cards
with this boy!

With this boy?
Why, he is a
common
laboring
boy!



PIP WAS UTTERLY CONFUSED BY
THIS STRANGE OLD LADY...

I can not
play just
now. It's
so new
here!

So new to him!
So old to me!
Call Estella!



Well? You can
break his heart!





What do you play, boy?

Nothing but "Beggars my neighbor," Miss!



Beggar him!!



What coarse hands this boy has! What thick boots!

She says many hard things of you, Pip! What do you think of her?

I don't like to say!



Tell me in my ear!

I think she is very pretty!



Anything else?

Very insulting!



SOON, THE GAME CAME TO AN END AND PIP FOUND HIMSELF DISMISSED WITH THE REMINDER TO RETURN TO THAT GLOOMY HOUSE IN SIX DAYS...

Estella, take him down and let him have something to eat.



ESTELLA INSOLENTLY GAVE PIP SOME BREAD AND MEAT BY HER MANNER, PIP FELT LIKE A DOG IN DISGRACE...

Why don't you cry?

Because I don't want to!



You do and you are near crying now!

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

THE FOLLOWING DAY, PIP CALLED AT THE THREE JOLLY BARGE MEN TO MEET JOE AND THERE MET A STRANGER...

Your son?

No!



Nephew?

No!

PIP WAS SUDDENLY STARTLED AS THE STRANGER WINKED HIS EYE AND THEN DISPLAYED A FILE TO STIR HIS GLASS — IT WAS THE VERY FILE PIP HAD TAKEN TO THE CONVICT IN THE CHURCHYARD...



Mr. Gargery I have got a bright, new shilling, and the boy shall have it.

'Tis very good of you, sir.



THE STRANGER TOOK HIS LEAVE OF JOE AND PIP BUT NOT BEFORE HE HAD PRESSED SOME CRUMPLED PAPER INTO PIP'S HAND...

It's two pounds!

He must have made a mistake. I'll go after him!



THE DAYS PASSED AND PIP FOUND HIMSELF AGAIN VISITING MISS HAVISHAM'S GLOOMY HOUSE...

Am I insulting?

Not so much as you were last time!



You coarse little monster! what do you think of me now?

I shall not tell you!

Go into the opposite room and wait there till I come!



Why don't you cry again, you little wretch?

Because I'll never cry for you again!





This is where I shall be laid when I am dead!



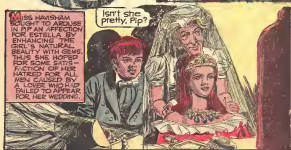
This is the bride's cake - mine, all mine!

On this day of the year, before you were born, this 'heap of decay' was brought here! It and I have worn away together. The mice have gnawed on it, and sharper teeth than teeth of mice have gnawed on me.



MISS HAVSHAM SOUGHT TO AROUSE IN PIP AN AFFECTION FOR ESTELLA BY ENHANCING THE GIRL'S NATURAL BEAUTY WITH GEMS. THIS SHE HOPED FOR SOME SATISFACTION OF HER HATRED FOR ALL MEN CAUSED BY A LOVER WHO HAD FAILED TO APPEAR FOR HER WEDDING.

Isn't she pretty, Pip?



ONE EVENTFUL DAY, SEVERAL YEARS LATER, MRS. JOE WAS ATTACKED BY AN UNKNOWN INTRUDER AND BEATEN ABOUT THE HEAD TO NURSE HER BACK TO HEALTH. THEIR FRIEND, BIDDY, WAS BROUGHT TO THEIR HOME. HOWEVER, SHE WAS NEVER TO RECOVER HER SPEECH OR BE OTHERWISE WELL AGAIN. IT WAS THUS THAT BIDDY CAME TO THE GARGERY HOUSEHOLD.



BIDDY AND PIP HAD MANY TALKS TOGETHER...

Biddy, I want to be a gentleman.

Oh, I would not if I was you. You are happier as you are.

I'm disgusted with my calling and my life.

I only want you to do well and be comfortable.



Well, I never can be unless I can lead a very different life than the one I lead now as Joe's apprentice.

That's a pity.

If I could have settled down, I might have grown up to keep company with you. I should have been good enough, shouldn't I, Biddy?

Yes.



Instead of that, see how I go on, what would it mean to me being coarse and common if nobody had told me so.

Who said it?



The beautiful young lady at Miss Howsham's and I want to be a gentleman on her account.



To spite her or to win her hand?

I don't know!



If only I could get myself to fall in love with you, Biddy!

But you never will, you see!



Because I think you would spite her best by caring nothing for her words. If it is to gain her, I think she is not worth it!



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

IT WAS IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF PIP'S APPRENTICESHIP THAT A STRANGER APPEARED ONE EVENING, AT THE THREE JOLLY BARMEN...

I have reason to believe that there is a blacksmith among you named Joseph Gargery.

I am your man.



You have an apprentice named Pip?

I am here!

My name is Jagger and I am a lawyer in London. I wish to have a private conference with you two.

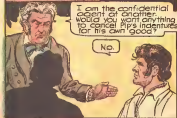


TAKING THE LAWYER TO THEIR HOME, JOE AND PIP WERE AMAZED AT JAGGER'S OPENING REMARKS...

I am the confidential agent of Gargery. Would you want anything to cancel Pip's indentures for his own good?

No.

Now, I turn to this young fellow and the communication I make is that he has great expectations.



JOE AND PIP LISTENED IN AMAZEMENT AS MR. JAGGER DESCRIBED PIP'S GREAT EXPECTATIONS...

The name of your benefactor remains a secret until the person chooses to reveal it. That may be years hence, and you are to keep the name of Pip. Any objections?

It is the desire of my client that Pip be immediately removed from his present sphere of life and brought up as a gentleman. Any objections?

No, sir!

No!

You should have some new clothes to come to London in and you will want some money.

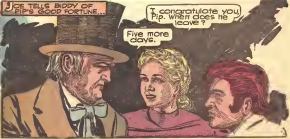
I am dumbfounded.



JOE TELLS BIDDY OF PIP'S GOOD FORTUNE...

I congratulate you, Pip, when does he leave?

Five more days.



ALTHOUGH WARNED BY MR. JAGGERS NOT TO SEE THE IDENTITY OF HIS PATRON, PIP BELIEVED IT WAS MISS HAVISHAM WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS GOOD FORTUNE.

You? Good gracious, what do you want?

I am going to London, Miss Pocket and I want to say goodbye to Miss Havisham.

Well, you're quite a figure, Pip!

I have come into good fortune, Miss Havisham, and I am grateful for it.



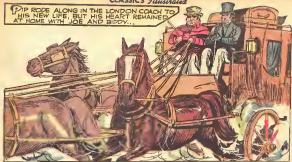
UPON HER INSTRUCTIONS TO KEEP THE NAME OF PIP WAS ONE OF THE TERMS SPECIFIED BY JAGGERS. PIP WAS MORE THAN EVER CONVINCED THAT MISS HAVISHAM WAS HIS BENEFACTOR. HIS YOUNG HEART OVERFLOWED WITH GRATITUDE FOR WHAT HE CONSIDERED THE OLD WOMAN'S ANONYMOUS GENEROSITY...

I have seen Mr Jagger and heard about it. You are coated by a rich person—not named—and you will always keep the name of Pip. Goodbye, Pip.

Goodbye, Miss Havisham.



PIP RODE ALONG IN THE LONDON COACH TO HIS NEW LIFE, BUT HIS HEART REMAINED AT HOME WITH JOE AND BIDDY...



ON LONDON, PIP VISITED THE OFFICE OF MR JAGGERS AND THERE HE MADE A VALLIABLE ACQUAINTANCE IN MR WEMMICK, THE LAWYER'S CLERK...

MR WEMMICK SUGGESTED THAT PIP CALL ON THE LAWYER LATER AND THAT MEANTIME, HE SHOULD SECURE LODGINGS WITH HERBERT FOCKET...

Mr Jagger is in court at present. Am I addressing Mr Pip?

You must be Mr Wemmick.

Do you know where Mr. Focket lives?

At Hammer-smith, about five miles west of London.



THE MONTHS PASSED AND PIP'S EDUCATION AS A GENTLEMAN PROGRESSED. HE ACQUIRED MORE CULTIVATED TASTES AND HIS AMBITION WAS STIRRED BY HERBERT'S KNOWLEDGE OF BUSINESS...

When I have made my capital, I shall trade to the East Indies for silks, eyes, and spices.



Are the profits large?

Tremendous!

PIP LEARNED THAT HERBERT NEEDED MONEY TO SET HIM UP IN BUSINESS...

Is your job in the counting-house profitable?

Not directly. It doesn't pay much and I have to keep myself.



But the thing is in a counting-house you can look a bout you and once you have your capital, you can employ it.



STILL BELIEVING MISS HAVISHAM RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS GOOD FORTUNE, PIP DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO PAY A VISIT TO THE OLD WOMAN AND ESTELLA, SO THEY COULD SEE THE IMPROVEMENT IN HIS APPEARANCE AND MANNERS...

Is he changed, Estella? Less coarse and common?

Very much.



You must know that I have no heart, if that has anything to do with my memory.



Is she beautiful? Gracious, well-grown, do you admire her?

Everyone must who sees her, Miss Havisham.



ESTELLA LED PIP TO THE GARDEN. SHE WAS MORE BEAUTIFUL AND ALDGF THAN EVER, PIP THOUGHT...

Do you remember you made me cry?

I don't remember.



Love her! If she tears your heart to pieces, love her! As it gets older and stronger, it will tear deeper. Love her!



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

WHEN HE RETURNED TO LONDON, PIP TOOK HERBERT INTO HIS CONFIDENCE...

Herbert, I love Estella. I adore her.

I know that!

How do you know it? I never told you!

You have never told me when you have got your hair cut, but I have sense enough to perceive it.



HERBERT SOUGHT TO DISCOURAGE PIP'S INTEREST IN ESTELLA...

She is thousands of miles away from me.

Pip, think of her bringing up and think of Miss Havisham. She will make you miserable.



I know it, but I can not help myself.



A FEW WEEKS LATER, PIP RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO CALL ON ESTELLA AT RICHMOND.

Pip, will you never take warning?

Of what?

Of me.

Warning not to be attracted by you, do you mean, Estella?

If you don't know what I mean, you are blind.

At any rate, I have no warning given me just now, for you wrote me to come to you.

That's true! Miss Havisham wishes to have me for a day and you are to take me there. Can you take me?

Oh, yes!



Are you tired of me, Estella?

Only a little tired of myself.

PIP WAS AN UNWILLING WITNESS TO SHARP WORDS BETWEEN MISS HAVISHAM AND ESTELLA...

'Speak the truth, you ingrate, you stock and stone, you cold, cold heart!'

I am what you have made me, take all the praise, take all the blame!

Look at her, so hard and thankless on the hearth where she was reared.

What would you have?

You have been very good to me and I owe everything to you, what would you have?

Love!

All that you have given me is at your command to have again, but I can never give you what you never gave me.

PIP WISHED HE COULD ESCAPE FROM THE ROOM AS THE QUARREL CONTINUED.

Did I never give her love? Let her call me mad.

Why should I call you mad, I of all people? Does anyone live who knows what set purpose you have one half as well as I do? When have you found me false to your teaching? Who taught me to be proud? who praised me when I learned my lesson? who taught me to be hard? who praised me when I learned my lesson?



THE MISERABLE MISS HAVISHAM HAS NOW LEARNED THAT ESTELLA HAS NO LOVE FOR HER...

Would it be weakness to return my love?

I must be taken as I have been made.



PIP SLIPPED QUIETLY FROM THE ROOM AND FROM THE HOUSE...



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

WHEN HE REACHED HIS TWENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY, PIP HAD MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR HERBERT POCKET TO ENTER A BUSINESS PARTNERSHIP WITH SOME OF THE MONEY HE RECEIVED FROM MR. JAGGERS...



PIP WAS STARTLED ONE DAY BY A NOISE IN THE HALLWAY...



Is there anyone down there?

Yes!



What floor do you want?

The top, Mr Pip.



What is your business?

Ah, yes, my business. I will explain it to you. I may come in.



That's my name. Is there anything the matter?

Nothing the matter!

There is no one here, is there?

Why do you, a stranger, come to my rooms at night and ask such a question?

You are a game one. I am glad you have grown up to be game.



You are...

Magwitch, lad! That's my true name.



SUDDENLY, PIP RECOGNIZED THE MAN BEFORE HIM AS THE CONVICT HE'D BE-FRIENDED MANY YEARS BEFORE...

You acted nobly, my Pip and I have never forgotten it.

If you have come here to thank me, it was not necessary, but truly you must understand.

What must I understand?

Understand that our ways are different and I cannot renew our acquaintance.



You once sent a messenger to me with two one-pound notes. You must let me pay them back.



THE CONVICT BURNED THE FOUND NOTES CONTEMPTUOUSLY...

May I ask how you have done so well since we were on that silver marsh?



How?

DIP EXPLAINED THAT HE HAD BEEN CHOSEN TO SUCCEED TO SOME PROPERTY...

Might I ask what property or whose property?

I don't know!



DIP'S HEART BEAT LIKE HEAVY HAMMERS AS HE REALIZED THE MEANING OF THE CONVICT'S REMARKS...

Can I make a guess of your income since you come of age? Would the first figure be five?



Would the first letter of your lawyer and Guardian's name be J?



PIP LEARNED THAT IT WAS THE MAN BEFORE HIM, THE CONVICT, AND NOT MISS HAVISHAM WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS GOOD FORTUNE...

Yes, Pip, I have made a gentleman of you. I got rich and I swore you would get rich.

What odds, dear boy. Did I tell it to you so you would feel an obligation? Not a bit!

I told it for you to know that that there dog you kept alive got his head so high he can make a gentleman—and, Pip, you're him!

Look here, Pip, I'm your second father. You're my son, more to me than any son. I have put away money only for you to spend.

PIP SAT IN STUNNED SILENCE WHILE MAGWITCH TALKED...

When I was a hired-out shepherd in a solitary hut, not seeing any faces but the faces of sheep, I saw your face.



PIP IS STUNNED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HIS PROSPERITY STEMS FROM THE COINACT, MAGWITCH...

From that time hitherto and that time hitherto-out, I got money left me by my master and got my liberty and went for myself. It all prospered wonderful!



It was all for you, Pip, and the gains of the first few years I sent home to Mr Jaggers, -all for you. Didn't you never think it might be me?

Never, never!



THROUGH MOST OF THE NIGHT, PIP HEARD THE DETAILS OF MAGWITCH'S RISE TO FORTUNE IN THE PENAL COLONY...

My friend is absent - you must use his room.

Look, here, dear boy, caution is necessary!



How do you mean, caution?

It's death for me to come back, I should be hanged if taken. I was sent for life.



AS MAGWITCH SLEPT, PIP LOOKED ON HIM WITH MIXED EMOTIONS. HE FEARED THAT AT ANY MOMENT, PURSERS MIGHT BREAK DOWN HIS DOOR AND TAKE THE MAN FOR HANGING AT OLD BAILLEY PRISON...





NEXT MORNING...

I do not know what name to call you, I have given out that you are my uncle.

That's it, dear boy, call me uncle.



You assumed some name on shipboard?

Yes, I took the name of Provis.



What is your real name?

Magwitch, christened Abel.

How are you to be guarded from danger?

The danger ain't so great without I was informed against who knows I'm here! There's Jagers, and there's Wemmick, and there is you.



There's disgusting wigs can be bought for money and there's hair powder and spectacles... and what not. Others has done it before.

But you said last night it was death!



And it is death. Death by the pole in the open street, and it's serious that you should fully understand it! Besides, Sir, I'm here because I've meant it by you, years and years.



THAT NIGHT, HERBERT AND PIP DISCUSSED WHAT WAS TO BE DONE FOR MAGWITCH. PIP TOLD HIS COMPANION THE STORY OF THE MEETING ON THE MARCHES AND OF THE SECOND CONVICT WHOM MAGWITCH HAD HELD FOR THE SOLDIERS ...

The first and main thing is to get him out of England; you will have to go with him and then he will go.

But how?



HERBERT AND PIP COAX HIS STORY OUT OF MAGWITCH, TO SEE WHAT MEANS THEY MIGHT USE TO PERSUADE HIM TO LEAVE ENGLAND AND DANGER...

In jail and out of jail, in jail and out. That's my life. I've been done everything to except hanged. I've been locked up as much as a tea kettle.



I've been carried here and carried there. I've been whipped and stuck in stocks. I first become aware of myself down in Essex, throwing tumps for a living.



"At Ipswich races, I got acquainted with a man whose skull I'd crack this minute. His right name was Compeyson?"

"Compeyson was the man, dear boy, that you seen me a poundage in the ditch. His business was swimming, forging and stolen bank-note passing."



Is he dead? I never heard no more of him.



When we were taken, Compeyson put all the blame on me, and spoke against me as an old offender. He was recommended to mercy and got seven years and I got fourteen and sent away for life.

LATER, PIP LEARNS THAT ESTELLA IS BACK AT MISS HAVISHAM'S AND FOLLOWS HER...

What blows you here, Pip?

I found some wind had blown Estella here and I followed.



What I had to say to Estella, I will say before you. I am as unhappy as you ever meant me to be.

Well?



I have found out who my patron is. There are reasons I must say no more. When I fell into the mistake of believing you were my patron, you led me on!

Yes, I led you on!



Was that kind?

Who am I that I should be kind?



You made your own shares. I never made them!

I suppose so. It was a weak complaint to make.



AT THIS POINT, ESTELLA ENTERED THE ROOM...

Estella, I love you. You know that I have loved you long and dearly; I should have said this sooner, but for my long mistake.

Estella, do not let Miss Havisham lead you into this fatal step. Put me aside forever, but marry another than Drummle.

I am going to be married to Drummle.

Why do you injuriously introduce the name of my mother by adoption? It is my own act.



Such a mean brute, such a stupid brute!

Don't be afraid of my being a blessing to him! Come! Here is my hand. Do we part on this, you visionary boy—or man?

RETURNED TO LONDON, PIP WAS STOPPED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE WHERE HE LIVED AND HANDED A NOTE BY A MESSENGER WITH LANTERN...

Would you be so good as to read it by my lantern?



PIP RECOGNIZED THE HAND-WRITING AS WEMMICK'S...



MR WEMWICK EXPLAINS TO PIP THAT COMPEYSON IS IN LONDON AND KNOWS THAT MAGSWITCH IS HIDING OUT. COMPEYSON IS ONLY WAITING A CHANCE TO DENOUNCE MAGSWITCH TO THE AUTHORITIES. MEANTIME, A NEW HIDE-OUT HAS BEEN ARRANGED FOR MAGSWITCH...

You have been watched and might be watched again.



PIP LEARNED THE ADDRESS OF MAGSWITCH'S NEW HIDE-OUT AND WENT THERE AT ONCE...

I have talked with Wemmick and have come to tell you what caution he gave me and what advice.

At, say, dear boy!



IT IS AGREED THAT HERBERT AND PIP WILL GET A BOAT AND ROW MAGSWITCH DOWN THE RIVER TO A PLACE WHERE HE AND PIP CAN EMBARK FOR EUROPE...

It is agreed, whatever you say, dear Pip!



DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, WHILE HE AND HERBERT SOUGHT TO GET A BOAT, PIP HAD A FEELING HE WAS BEING SPIED UPON...



I know a better course than taking a Thames watchman. Take startip. He's a good fellow, skilled hand, and honorable.

How much would you tell him, Herbert?



HERBERT MENTIONED A FELLOW WHO WOULD HELP THEM.

very little. Just let him know there is urgent reason for getting you two aboard a foreign steamer leaving London.

We'll lie quiet down-river until we can pull off to one.

We'll go wherever you say, Pip!



COMPEYSON CONTINUED TO RAUNT PIP'S FOOTSTEPS AS ARRANGEMENTS WERE MADE FOR THE HIRING OF THE BOAT...



EARLY MORNING SAW PIP AND HIS COMPANIONS SHOVE OFF FOR DOWN-RIVER AND THE SHIP FOR HAMBURG...

Do you think it was a custom-house boat, Startop?

A four-oared galley went up with the tide a short while ago! I don't like it!



It could have been a customs boat.

We'll be safe in another hour and Pip and his uncle will be aboard the ship bound for Hamburg.



Here comes the steamer.

Look, the galley!

It's a customs boat!



You have a returned convict there named Abel Magwitch. I call on him to surrender and you to assist!



As Magwitch pulled the cloak from the customs boat's passenger, Pip saw the face of Compeyson, the convict of long ago.



Pip heard the great cry from the steamer's passengers and crew and in the same instant saw a thousand flashes of light.





**DRAGWITCH AND COMPEYSON
DISAPPEARED, LOCKED
IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.**

THE STEAMER RESUMED ITS COURSE. PRESENTLY A LONE FIGURE WAS SIGHTED SWIMMING NEARBY...



IT WAS MAGWITCH, SEVERELY INJURED FROM STRIKING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE KEEL OF THE STEAMER ON RISING...



COMPYSON HAD DROWNED. PIP FELT A GREAT WAVE OF SYMPATHY FOR THE CONVICT WHO HAD FELT SO AFFECTIONATELY AND GENEROUSLY TOWARD HIM FOR SO MANY YEARS. PIP SENSED THAT MAGWITCH WAS SERIOUSLY HURT...



Dear boy, I'm quite content to take my chances. I've seen my boy and he can be a gentleman without me.

SENTENCED TO HANG, MAGWITCH CHEATED THE ROPE BY DYING OF HIS INJURIES. PIP WAS AT HIS SIDE AT THE END...



O Lord, be merciful to him, O sinner!

THE STATE CONFISCATED ALL OF MAGWITCH'S FORTUNE AND PIP BEGAN A NEW LIFE WITH NEW EXPECTATIONS, AS HERBERT'S PARTNER IN BUSINESS...



ESTER AND PIP BECAME VERY SUCCESSFUL ABROAD. PIP KEPT IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH JOE, BUT IT WAS ALL OF ELEVEN YEARS BEFORE HE RETURNED TO HIS OLD HOME FOR A VISIT. THEY SPOKE OF ESTELLA...

I have forgotten nothing in my life that had a place there... but that poor dream, as I once called it, has all gone by.

Tell me, as an old friend, have you quite forgotten her?



BUT, PIP DECIDED TO REVISIT THE RUINED HOUSE WHERE HE HAD FIRST MET ESTELLA... MISS HAVISHAM HAVING LONG SINCE DIED...

You have always held your place in my heart.

Suffering has made me stronger than all other teaching and has taught me to understand what your heart used to be. I have been bent and broken; but I hope not out of shape.

Estella

I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me!



ESTELLA, NOW A WIDOW, AFTER A MOST UNHAPPY MARRIAGE, TOLD PIP THAT SHE NOW REALIZED, TOO LATE, THE VALUE OF HIS LOVE...

I little thought I should take leave of you on this spot where first we met.



But let us continue to be friends apart.



THEN PIP TOOK ESTELLA'S HAND IN HIS, AS THE MORNING MISTS HAD RISEN LONG AGO WHEN HE FIRST LEFT THE OLD HOUSE, SO THE EVENING MISTS WERE RISING NOW, AND IN THEIR BROAD EXPANSION OF TRANQUIL LIGHT, HE SAW NO SHADOW OF ANOTHER, PARTING FROM ESTELLA.

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS was born at Landport, Portsea, England on February 7, 1812. His father, John Dickens, was a clerk in the navy pay office and was at the time stationed in the Portsmouth dockyard. His mother was a housekeeper at Crews, and was famous for her powers of story-telling. In 1818, the family, which consisted of seven children, moved to Chatham. Charles was small and sickly; he amused himself by reading and watching the games of other boys. His mother taught him his letters and he pored over a small collection of books belonging to his father.

His father, whose character is more or less represented by Micawber, was always in financial difficulties. Although he was a very affectionate parent, he was entirely forgetful of his son's claims to a decent education. In spite of the family difficulties, the eldest child, Fanny, was sent as a pupil to the Royal Academy of Music, but Charles was left to black his father's boots, look after the younger children and do small errands.

Dickens's uncle, Thomas Barrow, took notice of him occasionally. The uncle lodged in a house where a book-selling business was carried on, and the proprietress lent the child some books. His literary tastes were kept alive and he tried his hand at writing a description of the uncle's harbor.

The elder Dickens was finally imprisoned for his debts, the family broken up, and Charles forced to lodge in Camden Town with a poor old lady, a Mrs. Bayliss. She turned out to be his inspiration for Mrs. Pipchin in "Dombey & Son." Later, he found another lodging with a family near the prison, which is represented by the Garlands in his "Old Curiosity Shop." The Dickensses were better off in prison than they had been previously. The mold-of-all-work, who in-



lowed them there, became the Marchioness of the "Old Curiosity Shop." Dickens's amazing faculty of observation is proved by the use he made of the prison scenes in "Pickwick Papers" and in the earlier part of "David Copperfield."

About 1824, after the family had found better fortunes, Charles was sent to a school kept by a Mr. Jones and called the Wellington House Academy. His health soon improved. His schoolfellows remembered him as a handsome lad overflowing with animal spirit, writing stories, getting up little theatrical performances, and fond of harmless, practical jokes. However, he did not distinguish himself as a scholar.

In 1825, he became a reporter for the "Morning Chronicle" and wrote for many of the periodicals of the time. On April 2, 1826, Dickens married Catherine Hogarth, the eldest daughter of his colleague on the "Morning Chronicle." His "Pickwick Papers" soon became an extraordinary success.

Dickens was now a prize for which publishers might contend. He followed with "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," and "Barnaby Rudge." He became a prodigious writer, but of all his works, "A Christmas Carol," together with five similar books that appeared at the same time, became the most popular.

Dickens had ten children and was intensely fond of them all. He loved dogs, and had a liking for keeping large and savage mastiffs and St. Bernards. If literary fame could be safely measured by popularity with the common people, Charles Dickens must claim the highest position among English novelists.

After giving the world such masterpieces of literature as "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Great Expectations" in addition to those listed above, Charles Dickens died on June 9, 1870.

