Great Expectations

A novel study that explores setting, theme, and point of view

9th Grade English Language Arts

Allison Doolittle
FLA 518
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Instructional Unit Overview

TITLE: Great Expectations: A novel study that explores setting, character, theme, and point of view.

GRADE LEVEL: 9th grade

TARGET GROUP: Low level mainstream class with integrated ELLs.


SOURCE OF LESSONS: Self developed

LEARNING GOALS:

I want my students to:

- Study the relationship between character and setting in the novel
- Recognize point of view in literary works
- Understand the meaning of theme
- Be able to identify different themes in literature
- Make connections between literature, specifically Great Expectations, and their lives, which is a critical skill for the CAPT

EXPLANATION OF THEME’S SELECTIONS:

In my district’s curriculum guide, Great Expectations is a required novel for all 9th graders. Because of the complexity of the novel, it is imperative that the students understand the major literary devices of the book, most specifically character and theme, and how these devices shape the novel. I also decided to teach point of view and theme in this novel study because they are more clearly conveyed in Great Expectations than any other book in the English Language.
Arts 9th grade curriculum.

Prior to this six lesson unit, the students will learn about Charles Dickens and his life. After the unit, the class will take a test on Great Expectations, which will quiz their knowledge of Charles Dickens, basic information about the novel, their abilities to think critically, and their knowledge of and ability to recognize character, theme, setting, and point of view.

STANDARDS THIS UNIT WILL INCLUDE:
Connecticut English Language Arts Curriculum Framework:
1.1, 1.2, 1.4, 2.1, 2.2, 3.1, 4.2, 4.3

PROJECTED LEARNING EVENTS:
-Reading (silent and shared)
-Listening (lecture on literary terms)
-Writing (journals, summaries, Collins writing, etc.)
-Analyzing (compare characters in various settings/analyze how the point of view changes the story because seeing through the main character’s “eyes” gives the reader inside information)
-Shared response
-Visual response (collage, charts, etc.)
## STANDARDS GUIDELINES

### Connecticut English Language Arts Curriculum Framework

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<tr>
<th>Reading and Responding</th>
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<td>1.1 Students use appropriate strategies before, during, and after reading in order to construct meaning</td>
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<td>1.2 Students interpret, analyze, and evaluate text in order to extend understanding and appreciation</td>
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<td>1.4 Students communicate with others to create interpretations of written, oral, and visual texts</td>
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<th>Exploring and Responding to Literature</th>
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<td>2.1 Students recognize how literary devices and conventions engage the reader</td>
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<td>2.2 Students explore multiple responses to literature</td>
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<th>Communicating with Others</th>
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<td>3.1 Students use descriptive, narrative, expository, persuasive, and poetic modes</td>
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<th>Applying English Language Conventions</th>
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<td>4.2 Students speak and write using standard language structures and diction appropriate to audience and task</td>
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<td>4.3 Students use standard English for composing and revising written text</td>
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PLANNING WEB

- Analyzing how the characters change according to their environments
- Comparing the characters, including the main character, in various settings in the novel
- CHARACTER
- SETTING
- GREAT EXPECTATIONS
- POINT OF VIEW
  - Understanding first person point of view - Examining how the novel would be different if the pov was changed
- THEME
  - Exploring various themes in Great Expectations
Lesson 1
Content/Language Objectives

LESSON 1

Content Objectives-
1. Discuss literary terms
2. Journal about theme
3. Explore character
4. Compare and contrast characters- past and present

Language Objectives
For content objective #1
   Beginner- Read worksheet with literary terms and definitions. Point to words as they are read aloud
   Intermediate- Follow along reading literary terms and definitions
   Advanced- Listen to lecture to match literary terms with their definitions

For content objective #2
   Beginner- Write 5 words
   Intermediate- Write 3 sentences
   Advanced- Write a paragraph

For content objective #3
   Beginner- In chart, write down names of characters
   Intermediate- In chart, write names of characters and one trait to describe each
   Advanced- In chart, write character’s name, one important trait, one example, and page number where description can be found

For content objective #4
   Beginner- Give student past and current characters’ traits and have student tell why they are similar and different
   Intermediate- Give the student the traits of a past character. Students come up with ways the past character and current character are similar and different
   Advanced- Give the student the name of a character we have met before. The student will say how this character is similar and different from a current character

LESSON 2

Content Objectives-
1. Learn point of view
2. Read novel

Language Objectives-
For content objective #1
   Beginner- Write one word to describe yourself (first person). Then write one word to describe “you” (second person). Finally, write one word to describe a friend (third person).
   Intermediate- Write one sentence to describe each category (first person, second person, and third person).
   Advanced- Write two sentences to describe each category (first person, second person, and third person).

For content objective #2
   Beginner- Read modified text- point to words that show point of view (I, we, me, etc.)
Intermediate- Read modified text- write down words that show point of view
Advanced- Read whole text- discuss with the class ways that the novel would be different if it was in a different point of view

LESSON 3

Content Objectives
1. Write a summary
2. Discuss how Pip reacts to different settings

Language Objectives
For content objective #1
Beginner- Draw a picture of characters we have met and write “good” or “bad” next to them.
Intermediate- Answer simple questions of what has happened so far
Advanced- Summarize chapter 4 only in paragraph form

For content objective #2
Beginner- Verbally tell how Pip acts differently in each setting in one word responses (e.g. good, bad, mean, nice, etc.)
Intermediate- Give the student choices- student must match correct feeling/ action to the correct setting
Advanced- Student must fill in graphic organizer saying how Pip acts differently in each setting

LESSON 4

Content Objectives
1. Connect to literature
2. Discuss theme
3. Discuss students’ personal “settings”

Language Objectives
For content objective #1
Beginner- Draw a picture about how you felt when you experienced a big change
Intermediate- Write 3 adjectives to show how you felt when you experienced a big change and 3 adjectives that show how Pip feels
Advanced- Write a paragraph that shows how you felt when you experienced a big change and how you think Pip must feel about his change

For content objective #2
Beginner- Tell the student the themes of the novel so far. Have the student create a collage about these themes
Intermediate- Tell the student the themes. The student should look through the text and write down examples of these themes
Advanced- The student should actively participate in a class discussion about theme

For content objective #3
Beginner- Write 3 of your own personal settings (home, school, church, etc.) and one word to
describe how you feel in each place.
Intermediate- Write 3 sentences about your three favorite personal settings and how you feel in each
Advanced- Write a paragraph about your various settings and how you act and feel in each setting

LESSON 5

Content Objectives
1. Chart/make inferences about students' personal settings
2. Read end of novel
3. Do final questions for novel

Language Objectives
For content objective #1
Beginner- Participate in class chart making- Count how many students put each setting. Which setting is most popular with our class?
Intermediate- Participate in class chart making- Write the two place the students in this class spend the most time and why you think that is.
Advanced- Participate in class chart making- Write what you learned about your classmates from the chart exercise.

For content objective #2
Beginner- Read modified text
Intermediate- Read modified text
Advanced- Read whole text

For content objective #3
Beginner- Do matching questions
Intermediate- Write one or two words to answer each question
Advanced- Write complete sentences to answer each question

LESSON SIX

Content Objectives
1. Collage project about theme

Language Objectives
For content objective #1
Beginner- Use the collage that you previously completed and add more pictures based on themes that we saw come up in the end of the novel
Intermediate- Tell the students the themes in the book and have them do the collage on their own.
Advanced- Give a list of possible themes (some will be wrong). The students have to decide which ones we saw in Great Expectations and make a collage using these themes.
OVERVIEW OF FUNCTIONS

LESSON 1
✓ Learn new vocabulary
✓ Journal
✓ Read and understand literature
✓ Write/ improve writing skills
✓ Compare and contrast

LESSON 2
✓ Discuss and recognize point of view
✓ Read and understand literature

LESSON 3
✓ Write a summary
✓ Discuss literature
✓ Infer
✓ Discuss and recognize setting
✓ Read and understand literature

LESSON 4
✓ Make text to self connections
✓ Discuss and recognize theme
✓ Read and understand literature

LESSON 5
✓ Chart
✓ Participate in literature circles
✓ Activate prior knowledge
INTRODUCTION TO THE UNIT

This is a six day unit designed for a low-level 9th grade English class. All of the original lessons are self-designed and have been used in my class in previous years. This is a challenging unit because it involves a lot of reading and writing, which the students in this class level tend to struggle with. Therefore, it is imperative that the teacher slow down the pace, not only for the English Language Learners, but also for the regular education, native English speakers. It is not important to get through each lesson in a day; rather it is important that the students are able to learn and gain experience in reading and writing during this unit.

The unit centers around Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations* and the importance of theme, point of view, and setting in the novel. It provides many opportunities for the students to make text to self connections, an important skill for the CAPT, which is taken in tenth grade. It also allows students ample practice with reading and writing and an opportunity to work in small groups, which develops social skills and increases learning.

The lessons focus on content and activities that are meaningful to students and actively involve the learners. Most importantly, the unit holds high expectations for all learners, regardless of ability, skill, or language proficiency. The lessons are designed and modified so that all learners have an opportunity to be challenged and succeed.
Lesson One Narrative

In order to make the content goals attainable for the entire class, including the English language learners, the lessons needed to be modified. Modification of these lessons included varied approaches to teaching the same content, modified texts, and a slower pace.

The first activity, the introduction of the literary terms, was adjusted for each level of language learner: beginner, intermediate, and advanced. The on-level native English speakers should listen to a lecture and take careful notes of the literary terms being discussed. This method of language input would be difficult for a beginning or intermediate language learner to comprehend. Therefore, the beginning student will have a worksheet with the terms and definitions already on it. As they listen to the lecture, the students will point to the words as they are spoken, improving their listening skills. Then, the students will use a translation dictionary to translate the words and definitions into their native language to increase comprehension.

The intermediate learners will follow along with the lecture and (on their own worksheet containing definitions, but no terms) fill in the terms as they are written on the blackboard during the lecture. This way, the students are responsible for listening and actively engaging in the class discussion, but they also have the definitions on their worksheets for added support.

The advanced students must also listen to the lecture. While listening to the terms and their definitions, the students should (on their worksheets containing matching of words and definitions), match the literary terms with their definitions. This way, the students are responsible for following along and understanding the lecture, but the definitions are written out for them in case they can’t keep up with the note taking.

The next activity, an anticipatory set, asks students to journal about a time when they tried to change themselves to fit in with a certain group. The beginning English language learner will write five words about how they tried to change. The five words may be in a list or, if the student wants to try, may be written in a sentence.

The intermediate student is required to write three sentences about the topic.

The advanced student must journal in a complete paragraph. While it is important to continuously drive the students to improve their skills, it is also important to give the students attainable goals.

The third task for lesson one is to read chapters one and two of Great Expectations and write the character’s important information (traits, etc.) in the character chart. It is important to note that according to various abilities, the texts must be modified for beginning and intermediate language learners.

When writing in the characters’ information, the beginning language learner will write only the names of the characters. Later in the book, the teacher should give these students an opportunity to fill in the traits of these characters, but for now, I wouldn’t want to overwhelm the beginning student by asking them to read (in a foreign language), write the characters’ names, and describe the characters.
The intermediate students, however, can do all of that. Their task is to write the names of the characters and one trait to describe each character in the chart. This will require that the students describe the characters from what they read in the text. This may take added effort, so the intermediate students should be allowed extra time, if necessary.

The advanced student should be able to write the characters' names, one important trait of each character, one example from the text, and the page number where the example can be found. While the advanced language learners should be able to accomplish this task, they may require extra time to complete it.

Finally for homework, the students are asked to compare and contrast Pip, the main character of Great Expectations, to a character we have met earlier in the year.

For the beginner students, this would be a tremendous task to ask of them without modifications. Therefore, the teacher should give the student the name and traits of a past character and tell them Pip's traits. The student will then, by way of a list, tell how the two characters are similar and different.

The intermediate students will be given the traits of a past character, but must come up with their own traits for Pip. They must express the comparisons in complete sentences.

The advanced language learners will be given the name of one of the past characters that is easily comparable to Pip, and must explore how the two characters are similar and different in a complete paragraph.

Varying the lessons, as described above, makes it possible that all students can achieve the same content goals and similar language goals, regardless of level or ability.
DAY ONE- MODIFIED

1. Introduce the following literary terms: setting, characterization, theme, point of view

Beginner- Read the worksheet with literary terms and definitions. Point to the words as they are read aloud. Translate the definitions to native language via dictionary.

Intermediate- Follow along with the lecture. Write in the terms next to the definitions on the worksheet when they are written on the board.

Advanced- Listen to the lecture. After, match the literary terms with their definitions on the worksheet.

2. Anticipatory Set- Journal about a time when you tried to change yourself to fit in with a certain group. What happened as a result? Were you able to permanently change, or did you eventually go back to your old ways? Explain.

Beginner- Write 5 words about how you tried to change yourself.

Intermediate- Write 3 sentences about the above topic.

Advanced- Write a paragraph about the above topic.

3. Begin reading Ch. 1 & 2 of Great Expectations (Beginner and intermediate language learners will read a modified text). While reading, the students will write the characters’ names, important traits of the characters, examples from the story to show the traits, and page numbers where the descriptions can be found in the character chart.

Beginner- In the chart, write the names of the characters we meet.

Intermediate- In the chart, write the names of the characters and one trait to describe each character.
Advanced- In the chart, write the characters' names, one important trait, one example from the book, and the page number where the example can be found.

4. In a short essay, compare and contrast Pip to a character we have met earlier in the school year.

Beginner- Teacher will give the student the name of a past character and tell the student the past character and Pip's traits. The student will tell, by way of a list, how the two characters are similar and different.

Intermediate- The teacher will give the student the traits of a past character. The student will then come up with ways that the past character and Pip are similar and different. The student will express these comparisons in complete sentences.

Advanced- The teacher will give the student the name of a character we have met before. The student will then say how that character is similar to and different from Pip. The student will explore this topic in a complete paragraph.
Great Expectations- Literary Terms

Beginning Language Learners

1. Setting- Where and when the story takes place.
Translation- 

2. Characterization- The character's appearance, the character's actions, the character's thoughts, and the character's way of speaking.
Translation- 

3. Theme- The writer's message to the reader. ("The moral of the story")
Translation- 

4. Point of View- The perspective from which a story is told
Translation- 
Great Expectations - Literary Terms
Intermediate Language Learners

1. ____________ - Where and when the story takes place.

2. ____________ - The character’s appearance, the character’s actions, the character’s thoughts, and the character’s way of speaking.

3. ____________ - The writer’s message to the reader. (“The moral of the story”)

4. ____________ - The perspective from which a story is told
Great Expectations - Literary Terms

Advanced Language Learners

1. __Setting
   A. The writer's message to the reader. ("The moral of the story")

2. __Characterization.
   B. The perspective from which a story is told

3. __Theme
   C. Where and when the story takes place

4. __Point of View
   D. The character's appearance, the character's actions, the character's thoughts, and the character's way of speaking
Great Expectations
Character vs. Setting Journal

Write about a time when you tried to change yourself to fit in with a certain group. What happened as a result? Were you able to change permanently or did you eventually go back to your old ways? Explain. If you never tried to change yourself, write about someone you know who tried to change him or herself.
# Great Expectations Character Chart

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Character’s Name</th>
<th>Important information about the character</th>
<th>Examples from the book to show the character’s traits</th>
<th>Page #</th>
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Comparing and Contrasting Pip to a Past Character
Beginning Language Learners

PAST CHARACTER- Romeo (Young, handsome, intelligent, sensitive, impulsive, passionate, immature, romantic)
CURRENT CHARACTER- Pip (Young, uneducated, sensitive, passionate, romantic, unsure of himself)

How are the two characters similar and different? Write at least 5 ways.

1. 
2. 
3. 
4. 
5. 
Comparing and Contrasting Pip to a Past Character
Intermediate Language Learners

PAST CHARACTER- Romeo (Young, handsome, intelligent, sensitive, impulsive, passionate, immature, romantic)

CURRENT CHARACTER- Pip

PIP’S TRAITS

How are the two characters similar and different?
Comparing and Contrasting Pip to a Past Character
Advanced Language Learners

PAST CHARACTER- Romeo
ROMEÓ́S TRAIṬS ____________________________

CURRENT CHARACTER- Pip
PIP̣̣̣̣S TRAIṬS ____________________________

How are the two characters similar and different? Write a complete paragraph.

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

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Lesson 2
Lesson Two Narrative

The key to helping English Language Learners in this lesson is slowing the pace and modifying the text. Most of today's lesson focuses on reading and without a slowed pace the ELL's might be lost.

The first activity today is discussing point of view in Great Expectations. I want the students to learn and understand point of view by using it and owning it. The beginner students will write one word to describe each of the different point of views: their selves (first person), "you" (second person), and a friend (third person). The teacher should explain the difference between the P.O.V's.

Intermediate students should write a complete sentence to describe each category.

Advanced students should write two sentences for each category, since they have more writing skills than beginner and intermediate students.

After discussing point of view, the teacher should transition to reading chapter three and filling in the character charts. While reading, the beginner student should point to the words that show point of view. The teacher should maintain proximity to the beginner student unless a helper is available to monitor the student's progress.

An intermediate student should read a modified text and circle words that show point of view. The teacher can collect these packets after class to assess the student's progress and understanding of point of view.

The advanced student should read the original text and participate in a group discussion about ways the novel would be different in it was presented in a different point of view.
DAY TWO- MODIFIED

1. Discuss point of view

Beginner- Write one word to describe yourself (first person), one word to describe “you” (second person), and one word to describe a friend (third person).

Intermediate- Write one sentence to describe each category (first, second, and third person).

Advanced- Write two sentences to describe each category (first, second, and third person).

2. Read chapter 3, filling in the character charts when appropriate (as described in the Day 1 modifications)

Beginner- Read modified text and point to words that show point of view (I, me, we, etc.)

Intermediate- Read modified text and circle words that show point of view

Advanced- Read the whole text and discuss with the class the ways that the novel would be different in a different point of view.

3. Homework- Read chapter 4 and continue filling in the character charts

Beginner- Read a modified text and fill in the character chart as described in the modified Day 1 lesson.

Intermediate- Read a modified text and fill in the character chart as described in the modified Day 1 lesson.

Advanced- Read the whole text and fill in the character chart as described in the modified Day 1 lesson.
Lesson 3
Lesson Three Narrative

To begin today’s lesson, the teacher should ask the students to summarize the novel so far. This is a tremendous task to ask of a student with little to no English understanding. Therefore, the beginner student should draw a picture of characters we have met in the book so far and write “good” or “bad” next to each character. If this task is too difficult for the student, the teacher may create a matching activity where the student has to match each character with something important about that character.

To achieve a summary, the intermediate student should answer simple questions on a worksheet. Summarizing the entire book so far (4 chapters) is a difficult task for anyone who is not 100% proficient in English. Therefore, the advanced student should summarize only chapter 4 in paragraph form.

After writing/drawing summaries, the students should share them with the class. At the teacher’s discretion, bonus points may be awarded for participation.

This sharing might be a good opportunity for the beginner students to be able to express themselves in a way that is comfortable to them. The teacher might allow the students to share their pictures and explain them in the students’ native languages. You might then have English speaking students interpret the pictures for the class.

The intermediate students should choose three questions off the worksheet to answer aloud.

The advanced students should read their summaries aloud and then (for more proficient advanced students) try to interpret the rest of the book orally in a few sentences.

The next activity calls for the students to discuss how Pip feels and acts differently in various settings and how the characters in each setting influence Pip’s actions and feelings.

The beginner students should verbally tell how Pip acts differently in each setting in one word responses (good, bad, mean, nice, etc.) Encourage the students to talk as much as they can.
The intermediate students should match Pip’s correct feelings/actions to the correct settings on the worksheet.

The advanced students should participate in a group discussion. For reluctant participators, the teacher should facilitate the discussion by asking questions like, “What does Pip think about himself while he’s at Miss Havisham’s house?” and “How does Pip act around Mrs. Joe?” Again, encourage the students to participate as much as possible. The teacher should pair the ELL students with proficient English speaking students to complete this task.

The next task asks the students to discuss and think about why Pip acts differently in the different settings. The beginner students should complete the worksheet provided. They should circle the place that they think Pip likes best and the place they think Pip likes the least. They should then write one word to describe each place. The teacher should be available to the students to explain the directions slowly to assure comprehension.

The intermediate students should answer the following questions in complete sentences: “Why do you think Pip acts differently in London?” and “Where do you think Pip is happiest (at his home, at Miss Havisham’s home, or in London)? Why?” After answering the questions, the students should be invited to voice their opinions verbally.

The advanced students should participate in our discussion topic: Which setting do you think Pip likes best? Why? Prior to participating, the students should take notes about the topic on scrap paper to organize their thoughts. After organizing, the students should actively engage in the discussion.

Finally, the students should read chapter five of Great Expectations. The beginner and intermediate students will read a timeline of the chapter and the advanced students will read the whole text.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Setting</th>
<th>Way that Pip reacts to the setting</th>
<th>Quote(s)</th>
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4. As a class, discuss why Pip acts differently in the different settings. Discuss aloud, "Which setting do you think Pip likes best? Explain why you think this."

Beginner- On the worksheet, circle which place you think Pip likes best and which place you think Pip likes the least. Write one word to describe each place.

Intermediate- Answer the following questions in complete sentences:
   - Why do you think Pip acts differently in London?
   - Where do you think Pip is happiest, at his home, at Miss Havisham’s house, or in London? Why?

Invite the students to verbally voice their opinions.

Advanced- Take notes on scrap paper to organize your thoughts and then try to participate in the class discussion.

5. Read chapter 5 of Great Expectations.

Beginner- Read a timeline of chapter 5

Intermediate- Read a timeline of chapter 5

Advanced- Read the whole text of chapter 5
DAY 3- MODIFIED

1. Write a summary of what we have learned so far in the novel

Beginner- Draw a picture of characters we have met in the book so far. Write “good” or “bad” next to each character.

Intermediate- On the worksheet, answer simple questions of what has happened so far in the book.

Advanced- Summarize chapter 4 in paragraph form.

2. Discuss/share the summaries. Students who share out loud will receive participation points

Beginner- In native language, explain the picture. A student volunteer will then try to interpret the picture in English.

Intermediate- Choose three questions off the worksheet to answer aloud.

Advanced- Read the summary aloud.

3. Discuss how Pip feels and acts differently in various settings. Discuss how the different characters in each setting influence Pip’s actions and feelings. Fill in the graphic organizer, “Pip’s reactions to his surroundings.”

Beginner- Verbally tell how Pip acts differently in each setting in one word responses (good, bad, mean, nice, etc.)

Intermediate- On the worksheet, match the correct feeling/action to the correct setting.

Advanced- Participate in the group discussion then fill in the graphic organizer saying how Pip acts differently in each setting. (The student should be paired with a proficient English speaking student to complete this task)
Draw a quick picture of the characters that we have met in the book so far. Write "good" or "bad" next to each character.
Great Expectations
Ch 1-4 Questions

1. Who does the main character meet in the graveyard? What happens? _____

2. Why do the sergeants come to Pip's house? ____________________________

3. When Pip and Joe go to the marshes to search for the convicts with the sergeants, what do they find? ____________________________

4. Describe Miss Havisham. ____________________________

5. Describe Estella. ____________________________

6. Why does Miss Havisham want to see Joe? ____________________________

7. What does Miss Havisham give Joe for the apprenticeship? ____________
Pip’s Behaviors in Various Settings

1. ___ The marshes  
   A. Trying to impress others, but being put down
2. ___ Pip’s home/ the blacksmith shop  
   B. Respectful to others
3. ___ Miss Havisham’s mansion  
   C. Scared
4. ___ London  
   D. Overconfident

1. ___ The marshes  
   A. Lies to save his own life
2. ___ Pip’s home/the blacksmith shop  
   B. Appears happy, but is unsatisfied with his life
3. ___ Miss Havisham’s mansion  
   C. Buys expensive clothes and parties
4. ___ London  
   D. Works hard around the forge
**GREAT EXPECTATIONS - PIP'S REACTIONS TO HIS SETTINGS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Setting</th>
<th>Way that Pip reacts to the setting</th>
<th>Quote(s)</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
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<td>10</td>
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</table>
Which place does Pip like the most / the least?

Circle the place that you think Pip likes the most and write one word to describe this place.

1. THE MARSHES

2. MISS HAVISHAM'S MANSION

3. PIP'S HOME/ THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

4. LONDON

Circle the place that you think Pip likes the least and write one word to describe this place.

1. THE MARSHES

2. MISS HAVISHAM'S MANSION

3. PIP'S HOME/ THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

4. LONDON
Lesson Four Narrative

To start today's lesson, the students will take a quiz for Ch. 5 that checks to be sure that they are doing the assigned reading. Beginner English language learners will take a quiz with yes/no answers.

Intermediate language learners will take a quiz with multiple choice questions.

The advanced students will answer questions in complete sentences.

After the quiz, the teacher should lead the students to making connections between the novel and their own lives, which is a critical concept for the CAPT test. To do this, the beginner students will draw a picture about how they felt when they experienced a big change, such as moving, entering a new school, learning a new language, etc. This should be an easy way for the students to connect to the novel since most of the beginner students are new to the country, thus experiencing a huge change in their lives.

The intermediate students should write three adjectives to show how they felt when they experienced a big change in their lives and then 3 adjectives to describe how Pip must feel about moving to London, based on their own experiences.

The advanced student should write a paragraph with good descriptive adjectives: Write about a time when you experienced a big change. How did you feel before and after the change? Based on your own experience, how do you think Pip must feel about moving from his small town to London?

After making connections, the teacher should transition to discussing theme in Great Expectations. For the beginner students, the teacher should tell them some of the themes of the novel so far, such as friendship, betrayal, and money buying happiness. The students should then be given magazines to look through and find pictures of some of these themes. The students should make a collage about the themes of Great Expectations.

The teacher should also tell the intermediate students some of the themes of the novel. The students should then look through the text and write down some examples of the themes. The teacher can encourage the students to try to come up with some themes on their own, if appropriate to the students' ability.
The advanced students should do a “Type 1 Collins” writing: Brainstorm themes that you notice in Great Expectations so far. The student should then actively participate in the class discussion about theme.

After discussing theme, the students should read Ch. 6 and 7 aloud, with the beginner and intermediate students reading modified text and the advanced students volunteering to read out loud.

Finally, the students should connect to the literature by realizing how Pip changes his actions based on his surroundings. The beginner students should write down three of their own personal settings (home, church, school, etc.) and one word to describe how they feel in each place (scared, confident, animated, etc.).

The intermediate students should write three sentences about their own three favorite settings and how they feel in each place.

The advanced students should write a paragraph about their various settings and how they act and feel differently in each place.

The key to student success in this lesson is clarification and a slowed pace. The teacher should be sure to consistently monitor the beginner and intermediate students’ progress to be sure they aren’t falling behind in the lessons. After all, the main objective as a teacher should be to have all students learn the same material, using whatever resources or modifications are necessary to accomplish that.
DAY FOUR – MODIFIED

1. Give a reading-check quiz for Chapter 5.

Beginner- Answer yes/no questions

Intermediate- Answer multiple choice questions

Advanced- Answer the questions in complete sentences

2. Make connections between the novel and the students’ lives. Write a journal, “Pip’s Great Change.” (Write about a time when you experienced a big change, such as entering a new school, moving, breaking a habit, etc. How did you feel about this change before and after it happened? Based on your own experiences, how do you think Pip must feel about moving from his small town to London?

Beginner- Draw a picture about how you felt when you experienced a big change

Intermediate- Write 3 adjectives to show how you felt when you experienced a big change and 3 adjectives that show how Pip feels

Advanced- Write a paragraph responding to the prompt above

3. Discuss theme in Great Expectations.

Beginner- Tell the student the themes of the novel so far. The student should then use magazine cut-outs to create a collage about these themes.

Intermediate- Tell the student some of the themes of the novel so far. The student should look through the text and write down examples of these themes.
Advanced- The student should do a “Type 1 Collins” writing, “Brainstorm themes that you notice in Great Expectations so far.” The student should then actively participate in the class discussion about theme.

4. Read Ch. 6 and 7 out loud

Beginner and Intermediate- Read modified text

Advanced- Read whole text and volunteer to read aloud

5. Discuss how Pip changes his actions based on his surroundings. Write at least three of your own different settings (home, church, school, etc.). How are you different and how do you act differently in each setting?

Beginner- Write three of your own personal settings and one word to describe how you feel in each place

Intermediate- Write three sentences about your three favorite settings and how you feel in each one

Advanced- Write a paragraph about your various settings and how you act and feel in each place
Great Expectations
Chapter 5 Quiz
Beginning Language Learners

1. Does Mrs. Joe get hurt? YES/ NO

2. Is Pip happy as a blacksmith? YES/ NO

3. Is Jaggers a nice man? YES/ NO

4. Is Pip happy to leave for London? YES/ NO

5. Does Pip want to marry Biddy? YES/ NO

6. Does Pip want to marry Estella? YES/ NO
Great Expectations
Chapter 5 Quiz
Intermediate Language Learners

1. What happens to Mrs. Joe?
   A. She wins money
   B. She gets beaten up
   C. She runs away

2. What advice does Biddy give to Pip?
   A. If you want to marry me, I will agree
   B. If you leave for London, you should never come back
   C. If you need to change to win a girl, she’s not worth it

3. Who is Jaggers?
   A. A criminal
   B. A lawyer
   C. Joe’s friend

4. How does Pip feel about becoming a gentleman?
   A. He is happy because he wants to win over Estella
   B. He wants to go back to his old ways
   C. He wishes Joe was with him

5. How does Pip feel about Joe now that Pip’s a gentleman?
   A. Pip feels he owes it all to Joe
   B. Pip feels that he’s better than Joe
   C. Pip thinks Joe is better than he is
Lesson 5
Lesson Five Narrative

To start off today’s class, the teacher should collect and discuss the previous night’s homework, which was about the students’ various settings and how they act in the different places. A fun, interactive way for the class to engage in this review is to make a chart on the board. Each student should get two post-it notes. On each of the sticky papers, they should write one of their different “settings.” After the students do that, they should go up to the blackboard and stick the papers on the board, making columns where the students can see how many classmates wrote down school, how many wrote down work, etc. When the chart is complete, the beginner students should count up how many students chose each setting and then answer which setting is most popular with the class. The intermediate students should write down two places that the class spends the most time and why they think that is. The advanced students should write what they learned about their classmates from the chart exercise (in paragraph form).

After charting out the various settings, the students should read the end of the book in literature circles. They should work together to discuss any questions they have about the novel. The beginner students should work with other beginner students and read the end of the book together. The intermediate students should read the modified text together with other intermediate students. The advanced students should read the whole text in groups and discuss the questions on the worksheet with their group mates, such as “Why is setting an important literary device” and “Why is characterization an important literary device?”

After finishing the book, the students should work together (in the same groups) on the final questions for the novel. The beginner students should answer matching questions, the intermediate students should answer each question in one or two words, and the advanced students should answer each question in complete sentences.
DAY FIVE- MODIFIED

1. Make a chart using post-it notes that shows the various settings that the students wrote down in their essays and how they act in the different places.

Beginner- Participate in the class chart-making. Count how many students chose each setting. Which setting is most popular with our class?

Intermediate- Participate in the class chart-making. Write the two places the students in this class spend the most time and why you think that is.

Advanced- Participate in the class chart-making. Write what you learned about your classmates from the chart exercise.

2. Read the end of the book in literature circles. Work together to fill in charts and discuss any questions you have about the novel. While in groups, discuss “why is setting an important literary device” and “why is characterization an important literary device?”

Beginner- Read modified text together with other beginner students.

Intermediate- Read modified text together with other intermediate students.

Advanced- Read whole text in groups and participate in discussion of the above questions.

3. Work on final questions for the novel. Be prepared to discuss the novel in class.

Beginner- Work on matching questions on worksheet

Intermediate- Write one or two words to answer each question on the worksheet

Advanced- Answer each question in complete sentences.
Great Expectations
Final Questions
Beginning Language Learners

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>___ Charles Dickens</td>
<td>A. The convict; Pip's benefactor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>___ Phillip Pirrip</td>
<td>B. Pip's roommate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>___ Estella</td>
<td>C. An orphan who teaches Pip to read</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>___ Herbert Pocket</td>
<td>D. The author of the book</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>___ Magwitch</td>
<td>E. Pip's love interest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>___ Joe</td>
<td>F. Pip's sister</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>___ Mrs. Joe</td>
<td>G. The main character; goes by Pip</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>___ Biddy</td>
<td>H. The village blacksmith</td>
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Checklists
## Sheltered ELL Strategies Checklist

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<th>Present in Lesson</th>
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<td><strong>1. Contextualize Lesson</strong></td>
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<td>1.a. Visuals (Realia, Manipulatives, Gestures)</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td>1.b. Model (Instructions, Processes)</td>
<td>1, 3, 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.c. Activate Background Knowledge</td>
<td>1, 3, 4</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>2. Make Text Comprehensible</strong></td>
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<td>2b. Develop Vocabulary</td>
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<tr>
<td>2c. Simplify Written Text</td>
<td>1, 2, 3, 4</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>3. Make Talk Comprehensible</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>3a. Graphic Organizers; Listening Guides (checklists, etc.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>3b. Frame Main Ideas</td>
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<td>3c. Pace Teacher's Speech</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>4. Engage: Opportunities for Output</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>4a. Teacher Questioning and Response Strategies; Instructional Conversations</td>
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<tr>
<td>4b. Small Group Work (including information gap activities)</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>4c. Meaningful, real-life activities; Students as researchers</td>
<td>2, 4, 5</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>5. Engage Appropriate Language Proficiency Levels</strong></td>
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<td>5a. Use questions appropriate for language levels</td>
<td>1, 3, 4, 5</td>
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<tr>
<td>5b. Assign appropriate tasks for varying levels</td>
<td>1, 2, 3, 4, 5</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>6. Literacy/Academic Development</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>6a. Allow use of L1 for planning and conceptualization</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6b. Lots of real oral and written language</td>
<td>1, 2, 3, 4, 5</td>
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Adapted from the *Sheltered Instruction Observation Protocol (SIOP)*

Training for All Teachers Program • Southern Connecticut State University
Original Lessons
Great Expectations
A novel study that explores setting, character, theme, and point of view

Prior to the first lesson, background information about Charles Dickens will be studied

DAY ONE
1. By way of lecture, introduce the following terms:
   - Setting
   - Characterization
   - Theme
   - Point of View

Discuss various examples of the terms and answer any questions that the students have

2. Anticipatory Set:
   Journal-
   Write about a time when you tried to change yourself to fit in with a certain group. What happened as a result? Where you able to permanently change, or did you eventually go back to your old ways? Explain. If you never tried to change yourself, write about someone you know who tried to change him or herself.

Tell the class that the main character will try to change himself to win over a girl. Invite the students to express their feelings about changing oneself to gain another’s approval.

   While reading, explore character (specifically Pip and the convict).
   In the character chart, write the characters’ names, important traits of these characters, examples from the story to show these traits, and page numbers where the descriptions can be found.

Homework: In a short essay, compare and contrast Pip to a character we have met earlier in the school year.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAPTER</th>
<th>CHARACTER'S NAME</th>
<th>CHARACTER DESCRIPTION (Tell who they are and how they act)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ch. 1</td>
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<td>Ch. 9</td>
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1. Share homework: mini-essays
   Trade essays with a partner to discuss and change (if necessary) content, grammar, and vocabulary.

2. Discuss **point of view** of the novel so far.
   A. Have the students write four sentences about themselves (first person pov)
   B. Have the students write four sentences about a friend (second person pov)
   C. Have the students write four sentences about their best friend and them together (third person pov)

   Explain to the class that “A” is first person, “B” is second person, and “C” is third person point of view.

   Ask the class, “What is the point of view of *Great Expectations*?” If they have trouble, tell them to look on page 14 for help.

3. Read chapter 3 aloud, filling in character charts when appropriate.
4. At the end of chapter 3, discuss ways that the novel would be different if it was presented in a different point of view.

   Homework: Read chapter 4 and fill in chart
1. Discuss chapter 4 as a class

2. Write a summary of what we have learned so far in the book.

3. Discuss/share the summaries (students who read their summaries aloud will receive participation points). The rest of the class should be paying attention to the reader’s summary and be prepared to add information or details that the reader forgot.

4. Re-introduce/explain setting.

5. In groups, talk about how Pip feels and acts differently in various settings. Discuss how the different characters in those settings influence Pip’s actions and feelings. Hand out the graphic organizer, “Pip’s reactions to his surroundings.” Still in the groups, the students should fill in the charts.

6. As a class, discuss why Pip is different in these settings. Ask the class, “Which setting do you think Pip likes best? Explain why you think this.” As for volunteers to answer this question. Differing student opinions should lead to a friendly debate. Invite the students to dispute their classmates’ opinions by proving evidence to support their own.

7. Begin reading chapter 5. Finish reading for homework. There will be a reading quiz tomorrow.
1. Reading - check quiz (Ch. 5)

2. Discuss chapter 5

3. Make connections between the novel and the students' lives. Take a few minutes and write a journal, "Pip's Great Change." Write about a time when you experienced a big change, such as entering a new school, moving, breaking a habit, etc. How did you feel about this change before and after it happened? Based on your own experience, how do you think Pip must feel about moving from his small town to London?

4. Type 1- Collins writing- "Brainstorm themes that you notice in Great Expectations so far."

Talk about the themes that the students see in the novel so-far.

5. Read Ch. 6 and 7 out loud (popcorn reading)

6. As a class, discuss how Pip continues to change his actions based on his settings. Have the class discover for themselves via whole- class discourse how character and setting go hand in hand.

7. Discuss how Pip treats Joe poorly now and acts as if he's better than Joe when, in fact, Joe makes an honest living and works hard for his money. Pip, on the other hand, gets his money simply handed to him. Therefore, he's basically in a lower class than Joe is.

Homework- Write at least three of your own different settings (home, school, church, etc.) How are you different and how do you act different in each setting? Responses must be at least ½ page long.
Great Expectations
Chapter 5 Quiz

1. While Pip is out at the Three Jolly Bargeman, what happens to Mrs. Joe?

2. What is Biddy’s advice to Pip about him wanting to change into a gentleman to please Estella?

3. Who is Jaggers? Why does he come for Pip?

4. How does Pip feel about Joe now that he’s going to be a gentleman and has fancy clothes to wear? Give an example.

5. How does Pip feel as he leaves the forge, heading to London?
Pip's Great Change

After reading chapter 5 of Great Expectations, we realize that Pip is about to experience a great change as a result of his move to London.

Write about a time when you experienced an important change in your life, such as entering a new school, moving to a new town, changing your habits, etc. How did you feel about this change beforehand? After the change, how did you feel? Based on your own personal experience, how do you think Pip must feel about moving from his small town to London?
1. Discuss/share the responses that the students wrote for homework.

Make a chart (using post-it notes) on the white board that shows the various settings that the students wrote down in their essays and how they act in the different places.

On the back of the homework papers, the students should write what they learned about their classmates (different settings, trends, etc.) from the chart exercise.

2. Reiterate and discuss how the novel would be different if the point of view was changed in the novel (we wouldn't know Pip's feelings and how he is ashamed of Joe and how he only wants to be a gentleman to please Estella).

Tell the class that these are pieces of information that we are let in on because we can "hear" what's going on in Pip's mind.

3. Read the end of the book in literature circles (Ch. 9, 10, 11). Work together to fill in charts and discuss any questions you have about the novel. While in groups, discuss the questions on the worksheet, such as "Why is setting an important literary device" and "Why is characterization an important literary device"?

Homework- Work on the final questions for the novel. Be prepared to discuss any ambiguities you may find in the novel.
Characterization and Setting in Great Expectations

Each group should designate one person to do each of the following tasks:
1. Recorder- on white-lined paper, please take notes about each of the following topics as you discuss them in your groups
2. Group Leader- Keep the group focused and on task. Facilitate discussion of the following topics
   3. Reporter 1- Report answers back to the class when prompted to by the teacher
   4. Reporter 2- Report answers back to the class when prompted to by the teacher

1) Why is setting an important literary device? What does it add to the story?
   Give an example of how Great Expectations would be different if the setting was different? (Maybe Pip starting in London and then moving to the forge, or maybe Miss Havisham not living in a mansion, but a shack instead, etc.)

2) Why is characterization an important literary device? How do characters' descriptions set the stage for the story to develop? What if Miss Havisham wasn’t as odd looking as she is but was still mean? How would the audience’s perspective of her change? What if Estella wasn’t as beautiful, or wasn’t as mean? How would changes to the characters’ images change the story?

3) How does the use of setting shape the novel, Great Expectations? In the story, Pip, the main character, changes his attitudes and lifestyles based on where he is living throughout the story. How does each different “world” shape Pip’s character? Give examples.
   You may want to talk about-
   Pip at the forge
   Pip at Miss Havisham’s mansion
   Pip in London
   Etc.

4) You may also discuss Pip’s character before being a gentleman (At the forge) vs. after becoming a gentleman (London) and how he treated his loved ones along the way. What do you think about the way Pip treated these people and why he treated them these ways? What should he have done differently? Why?

5) Think about the other characters in the novel. What do they think about Pip’s ever-changing behavior? Do you think they notice a change in Pip? Why or why not? Support your answer with textual support.

6) Think about other novels you have read. How has setting made a difference in the character’s actions? How has setting played an important role in these stories? (Romeo and Juliet, Tom Sawyer, House on Mango Street, Harry Potter, etc)

7) You may not realize it, but your life has different “worlds” just as Pip’s life does. These different settings shape your actions. What are some of your “worlds”? Who are the key “characters” in each different setting of your life? How do you act differently in each of these “worlds”? (Think school, sports practice, church, work, home, etc.)
Great Expectations Final Questions 9A

1. Who wrote Great Expectations?

2. Who is the narrator of GE? What is his full name?

3. In the beginning of the novel, what was Pip afraid of when the officers showed up at his door on Christmas?

4. When Pip went to catch the convicts with the officers, how did “Pip’s” convict show him mercy?

5. What was Pip’s first impression of Estella? Why?

6. How did Estella treat Pip when they first met? Give two examples.

7. What did Pip want to become? What does that mean?

8. Who is Herbert Pocket?

9. After Pip moved to London, what did he think of his family, especially Joe?

10. What did Bentley Drummle announce in the tavern that made Pip so upset in chapter 7? Why was Pip upset about this news?

12. Who was the source of Pip’s “Great Expectations” after all?

13. After Pip found out who gave him the money all along, how did he feel about himself? Why did he feel this way? Give examples.

14. How did Magwitch die?

15. What was ironic about Estella’s family, seeing as how Pip tried so hard to be a gentleman for her?

16. After Mrs. Joe’s death, who did Joe marry? What is strange about this? How do you think Pip felt about this arrangement? Why?

17. After Pip got arrested for debt, how did Joe come to his rescue again? Do you think Joe should have done this for Pip? Why or why not?

18. In the end of the novel, how has Estella changed?

19. Predict what happens after the ending of the novel. Why do you think this happens?
1. Go over homework (questions). Randomly call on students for answers to be sure all are on task.

2. Tell the class that a test on the novel and literary terms will be in two days. They should begin studying now and see me after school if extra help is needed.

3. Introduce the collage project, which focuses on theme. Answer questions that the students have about the project.

Tell the class that they will have today and tomorrow in class to work on the project.
Great Expectations
Theme Collage

STEP ONE: In the spaces below, write some of the various themes that you found in *Great Expectations*.

________________________

________________________

________________________


STEP TWO: Make a collage (from magazine clippings) that shows some of the themes of *Great Expectations*.

- Don’t forget to title your collage
- Don’t forget to label the different themes that you show in your project.
  * You may either write on your collage with marker or you may cut out the letters to spell the words (like a ransom note).

*Refer to the grading sheet to see how to get a good grade*
English 9A
Great Expectations Final Test

PART ONE: IDENTIFICATIONS
Describe each of the following characters in detail. Include each character's relationship to the main character and what part he/she has in the story.

1. Pip

2. Biddy

3. Estella

4. Miss Havisham

5. Joe Gargery

6. Magwitch

7. Herbert Pocket

8. Compeyson

PART TWO: SHORT ANSWERS
In complete sentences, answer the following questions:

9. How did Pip get the money to become a gentleman? Who did Pip think it was coming from all along?
10. Describe the stages Pip went through with his different social standings. How did he act when he was rich vs. when he was poor? How about when he realized he was rich, but only because the convict gave him money?

11. Give two examples of specific ways Estella treated Pip poorly.

12. How did Miss Havisham teach Estella to act, especially towards men?

13. Several of the characters in Great Expectations made transformations from bad to good or good to bad during the course of the story. Choose two of these characters and tell how or why they changed. Give examples to support your answer.
Great Expectations
Final Questions
Intermediate Language Learners

Answer each question in one or two word responses:

1. Who wrote Great Expectations?

2. Who is the narrator of Great Expectations?

3. What was Pip's first impression of Estella?

4. Who is Herbert Pocket?

5. How does Pip act in London?

6. Who gave Pip the money all along?

7. How did Magwitch die?

8. In the end of the book, how has Estella changed?
Great Expectations
Final Questions
Advanced Language Learners

*Answer each question in complete sentences:*

1. Who wrote *Great Expectations*?

2. Who is the narrator of *Great Expectations*?

3. What was Pip’s first impression of Estella?

4. Who is Herbert Pocket?

5. How does Pip act in London?

6. Who gave Pip the money all along?

7. How did Magwitch die?

8. In the end of the book, how has Estella changed?
BEGINNER AND INTERMEDIATE MODIFIED TEXTS
My family name is Pirrip, and my first name Philip. When I was a baby, the name was too hard for me to say. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip by everybody else.

I never knew my parents. I was raised by my sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, who was married to the village blacksmith. We lived in the marsh country, down by the river and not far from the sea. All I knew of my father and mother (photographs hadn't been invented yet) were their gravestones in the churchyard. I had discovered this place when I was about six. Since the church was only about a mile from where I lived, I used to go there often.

On the day before Christmas of my seventh year, I found myself again looking at the gravestones. I was trying to imagine what my parents had been like. It was late in the afternoon, and growing dark. The raw wind blowing in from the sea was howling among the gravestones, and it made me shiver. I started to feel sad and lonely, and I began to cry.
“Don’t make a sound!” cried a terrible voice, as a man rose up from behind some other gravestones. “Keep still, you little devil, or I’ll cut your throat!”

He was a fearful man, all in rough gray clothes. He had a broken chain on his leg. He had no hat, his shoes were broken, and he looked awful. His teeth chattered in the cold air as he grabbed me by the chin.

“Oh! Don’t cut my throat, sir,” I cried. “Please don’t do it!”

“Tell me your name!” said the man. “Quick!”

“Pip, sir.”

“Once more,” said the man. “I didn’t hear you.”

“Pip. Pip, sir.”

“Show me where you live. Point out the place!” I pointed to where our town was. The man looked at me for a while. Suddenly, he grabbed my ankles and turned me upside down. He went through my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. Then he set me down on a high gravestone. He ate the bread as if he hadn’t eaten in ages. Then he turned to me and said, “Now look here. Where’s your mother?”

I pointed to her gravestone. “There, sir,” I said.

“And that’s your father, next to her, eh?” said the man.

“Yes, sir.”

“Then who do you live with?” he asked. “That is, if I let you live.”
“With my sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery . . . the blacksmith’s wife,” I said.

“A blacksmith, eh?” said the man, looking at the chain on his leg. “Tell me, boy. Do you know what a file is?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you know what food is?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You get me a file,” he said, picking me up and shaking me. “And get me some food. Or I’ll cut out your heart and liver!” He looked around him. “I’m not alone, you know,” he said. “There’s a young man with me. You don’t want to know him. Next to him, I’m an angel. I can’t say the awful things he’ll do to you, unless you get me what I want.”

He made me swear I’d help him. I promised I’d be back, early the next morning. As I ran for home, I kept looking for the terrible other man. I didn’t see anyone. I was so scared that I ran all the way home without stopping.

When I got home, my sister wasn’t there. I asked Joe, the blacksmith, where she was. “Out looking for you, boy,” he told me. “She didn’t know what had happened to you. And is she ever mad! She took the Tickler with her.”

I ought to explain about the Tickler. It’s a long stick that my sister used to beat me with. And she didn’t need much reason, either. I guess my sister had a good heart. After all, she raised me when my parents died. As she said, she raised me “by hand.” That’s not quite true. She really raised me by stick.

When my sister, Mrs. Joe, got home, she came after me with the Tickler. Then, as if she were sorry, she gave both me and Joe a slice of bread and butter. I hid mine when no one was looking. I had promised to bring food to the man in the marshes.

Because it was Christmas Eve, I had a lot of work to do. Tomorrow, we would have company for dinner. Mrs. Joe was making special dishes. As I helped Joe get things ready for company, I heard a sound like thunder.

“What was that?” I asked.
“Cannon,” said Joe. “It came from the prison ship in the river. A convict must have gotten away. They use cannon as a signal.”

“Please, Joe,” I asked, “what's a convict?”

“I'll tell you,” my sister said. “Men who are killers. Men who steal. They are people who do bad things. And just like you, they're full of questions. Now get to bed!”

She hit me a few times, and I ran for my bed. But I couldn't sleep. At dawn I went downstairs, while everyone was asleep. I took some bread, cheese, and a pie from the kitchen. I also took a bottle of brandy. Then, I got a file from Joe's blacksmith shop. Even though I was scared of him, I went off to find “my” convict. For that was what he had to be: a convict from the prison ship!

2

The Convicts Are Caught

It was a cold, damp morning. I walked fast to keep warm. In a short time I was at the meeting place. I saw the convict right away. He was sitting with his back to me. I thought it might be nice if I surprised him with breakfast. I came up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder. He jumped to his feet and turned to me. It wasn't the same man!

He was dressed just like “my” convict, except he had a hat. The stranger swore at me and tried to hit me. But he was so weak from being out in the cold that he missed. Then he ran off into the morning fog. I shook all over. He had to be that “other man” my convict spoke of.

I walked on and found my convict. I gave him the food and brandy I'd stolen. He went at the food like a starving man, wolfing his breakfast down. “I'm afraid you're not leaving much for the other fellow,” I said.

“What other fellow?” asked the convict.

“The young man you spoke of who was hiding with you.”

“Oh, ah!” he said with a laugh. “He doesn’t want any food.”
“He looked hungry to me,” I said.

“Looked? When?”

“Just now.”

“Where?”

“Over there,” I said, pointing. “He was half-asleep when I found him. I thought he was you.” The convict grabbed me. “He was dressed like you,” I went on, “but he had a hat.”

“Did you notice anything else about him?” asked the man.

“His face was bruised,” I said.

“Here?” said the man, touching his left cheek.

“Yes, sir.”

“Where is he?” growled the convict. “Let me just get my hands on him! Oh, curse this chain on my leg! Give me that file, boy.”

The convict began cutting away at the chain on his leg. I pointed out where the other man had run into the fog. It was getting late in the morning. I knew that my sister and Joe would be up soon. I told the convict I had to go. He didn’t seem to notice. So, I just slipped away. The last I saw of him, he was still using the file on the leg chain.

“Where have you been?” said my sister, as soon as I walked in.

“In town, listening to Christmas carols,” I lied.

“Get busy around here,” she said, “or I’ll get after you with the Tickler!” I began to help Joe straighten up the house. Our company was due to arrive soon. Mr. Wopsle, the church clerk, Mr. Hubble, the wheel maker, and his wife, and Joe’s uncle, Mr. Pumblechook, were invited.

Mr. Pumblechook always brought the same present each Christmas: two bottles of sherry wine. I sat at the dinner table, listening to the grown-ups talk. I also watched them eat all the best parts of the meal. I got little more than scraps, with gravy on them. And all through the meal, I was scared to death. For as soon as the meal was over, the company would be ready for some pie—the pie I had stolen and given to “my” convict!

At last the meal was over. My sister got up to get the pie for dessert. I couldn’t take it anymore. I ran for the door. As I opened the door to run out, I ran right into a party of soldiers, all with guns. One of them had a pair of handcuffs. “Here, you,” he said. “Look at these!”
I nearly died. Somehow, they must have found out that I had helped the convict. They had come to take me away! Just then, my sister came into the room. “The pie is gone!” she said. Then she saw the soldiers.

“Excuse me,” said the officer in charge, “I am chasing an escaped convict. I need to see the blacksmith.”

“What for?” said my sister.

“These handcuffs are broken. If I catch the convict, they won’t hold him. Can they be fixed?”

Joe came from the table and looked at the handcuffs over. “Yes, I can fix them, but it’ll take time. I’ll have to start up a fire in my forge.”

“Well, let’s get to it,” said the soldier.

I felt a lot better. The soldiers weren’t looking for me, after all. I went with Joe and the soldiers into Joe’s shop. Mr. Wopsle and Mr. Pumblechook came, too. Mr. Pumblechook passed around a bottle of wine, while Joe worked on the handcuffs. In a short time, Mr. Pumblechook made friends with the soldiers. Soon, the handcuffs were fixed. The soldiers were getting ready to go.

“Need any help?” Joe asked the officer. “We can come with you.”

The officer said it would be all right if they came along. I asked my sister if I could go, too. To my surprise, she said yes. Mr. Pumblechook and Mr. Hubble didn’t want to go. But Mr. Wopsle came with us. We went off to the marshes, staying behind the armed men.

We hadn’t gone far, when we heard shouting. The soldiers got their guns ready. Then, we found “my” convict. He was in a ditch, fighting with the other convict I’d seen. And did they go at it! The soldiers had to drag them apart.

“Let me at him!” cried my convict. “I was bringing him back to the prison ship!”

The other convict was the man I’d seen early that morning. My convict had found him, all right. The soldiers didn’t believe him, at first. Then, my convict explained. “I hate this man more than I hate prison,” he told the soldiers. “I don’t mind going back, if I know this vile creature goes, too. Look, I could have gotten away, alone. You can see I got the chain off my leg.”

“And how did you do that?” asked the soldier. I nearly died inside. Would my convict tell on me? Would the soldiers then take me away, too? Even though it was cold out, I began to sweat.

“I got a file from the blacksmith shop, in town,” my convict said. “There was some food, too. I stole a pie and some brandy.” As he said these words, he gave me a hard look, as if to say, “Don’t worry. I won’t tell on you.”

And indeed, he did not tell. The soldiers took the two convicts away. But I shall never forget that look I got. With all the excitement over, Joe,
Mr. Wopsle, and I walked back home. Halfway there, I got so tired that Joe carried me the rest of the way. I fell asleep in his arms. It had been quite a Christmas for me!
In those days, I went to school at Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's house. Maybe I shouldn't say, "went to school." I was never taught anything much. The old lady used to sleep through the lessons she was supposed to teach. But I tried my best to learn.

It was about a year after "my" convict had been caught, that I wrote my first letter. Not having anyone else to write to, I wrote it to Joe. As I look back, it was terribly done. Hardly anything was spelled right. But I was so proud of myself, I showed it to Joe.

Joe looked at the letter. He said it was just fine. "Why, here's a J," said Joe, "and an O, and a J-O, Joe."

"It was then I knew that Joe couldn't read much more than his name. And even that, he spelled wrong. I made up my mind that once I was a good reader, I would teach Joe, too. I knew we would spend a lot of time together. I was going to become Joe's apprentice at the blacksmith's shop. Even if I did spell apprenticed preNgtd.

One day, not long after that, my sister came home, very excited. She had been out shopping. Mr. Pumblechook was with her. He had given her some good news. Miss Havisham, one of the richest women in town, had sent him a message. She had a niece who needed someone to play with. And I was to be the lucky playmate! I was to spend the night at Mr. Pumblechook's, and the next morning go to Miss Havisham's big house.

My sister scrubbed me so hard my skin turned red. She had me put on my Sunday church clothes.
My shirt was so stiff I could hardly bend my body. Then Mr. Pumblechook led me outside to his horse and cart. We climbed in and started out for Mr. Pumblechook's house.

The next morning, Mr. Pumblechook took me to Miss Havisham's house. It was an old brick house with many iron bars on it. Mr. Pumblechook and I had to stop at the big iron gate in front of the house. He rang a bell, and a window opened. A clear voice asked, "What name?"

"Pumblechook," cried my guide.

"Quite right," said the voice. The window closed. A young lady came out of the house and opened the gate.

"This is Pip," said Mr. Pumblechook.

"This is Pip, is it?" said the young lady. She was very pretty and seemed very proud. "Come in, Pip."

Mr. Pumblechook was about to come in also, when the girl stopped him with the gate. "Oh," she said, "do you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

"If Miss Havisham wishes to see me," said Mr. Pumblechook.

"Ah," said the girl, "but you see she doesn't."

Even though the girl was very young, about my age, she made Mr. Pumblechook look small and unimportant. He turned red in the face. Then, as if I had done it, he told me in a loud voice to watch my manners. Then he left.

The girl led me across the courtyard. Young as she was, she acted like a queen. And she kept calling me "boy," as if I didn't have a real name. We went in through a side door. The whole inside of the house was dark. The girl picked up a little candle and led me to a room upstairs. She opened the door and said, "Go in."

"After you," I said, trying to show good manners.

"Don't be silly, boy," she said. "I'm not going in." Then she left, taking the candle with her. I stood in darkness, in front of the door. I knocked, and a voice told me to enter.

It was a big room. The light came only from candles. It was ten in the morning, but there was no sunlight in the room, at all. Then I saw her—the strangest lady I had ever seen.
She was sitting in an armchair in the middle of the room. She was dressed in rich clothes—silks, lace, and satin—and all in white. Her shoes were white. She also wore a long white veil and had some wedding flowers in her hair. On a dressing table next to her were some bright jewels. She wasn’t finished dressing, I thought. She wore only one white shoe. The other was on the floor, near her chair. Then I looked closer.

Everything white she wore was old—so old that the white had begun to turn yellow. She was like a young bride, grown terribly old. She was thin as a rail, but I guessed she once was heavier. Her dress hung on her in sagging folds.

“Who is it?” she asked.

“Pip, ma’am.”

“Pip?”

“Mr. Pumblechook brought me here, ma’am. I have come . . . to play.”

“Come nearer. Let me look at you. Come close.”

When I was up close, I saw that her watch, which lay on the table, had stopped. It read twenty minutes to nine. A clock in the corner had stopped, too—at the same time.

“Look at me,” said Miss Havisham. “Are you afraid of a woman who hasn’t seen the sun since you were born?”

“No,” I lied.

“Do you know what I touch, here?” she asked. She put both her hands on her left side.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“What do I touch?”

“Your heart, ma’am.”

“Broken!” She said it as if she were proud of her broken heart. She gave me a strange smile. Then she said, “I am tired. I want some entertainment. Play.” I stood there, not knowing what to do. “I have funny ideas sometimes,” she said. “And I have this funny idea that I want to see a child at play. Now, play. Play!”

I couldn’t move. This strange old woman wanted me to play. How could I? She scared me; the house scared me. It was all too new. I’d never been inside
such a fine place. And I was afraid of doing something wrong.

“What's the matter with you?” Miss Havisham asked. “Why won't you play?”

“I'm sorry,” I said. “It's all so new and strange here, and so sad. And I'm afraid of what my sister would do to me, if I did something wrong. I would play if I could, but...”

“So new to him,” she said, “so old to me. So strange to him, so familiar to me. So sad to both of us! Call Estella.”

I didn't know if she was talking to me or not. “Call Estella,” she said again. “You can do that. Call Estella. At the door.” I did as I was told.

In a few minutes, the beautiful young girl showed up. “Let me see you play cards with this boy,” Miss Havisham told her.

“With this boy?” she asked, “Why, he's nothing but a common lower-class boy!”

“Well,” Miss Havisham said, “you can break his heart.”

“What do you play, boy?” Estella asked, her voice full of scorn.

I knew only one card game. It's called “beggar my neighbor.” It's a simple game I had learned from Joe. I told Miss Havisham this. “Then go ahead and play,” she said.

We went through only two games. Estella beat me both times without even trying. But it wasn't losing that bothered me so much. It was the way Estella treated me. She made fun of me because I called the knaves in the deck jacks. I thought everyone did. It was how I had learned.

“And what rough, ugly hands he has,” Estella went on. “And such thick, clumsy shoes.”

Every time I made a mistake, and I didn't play well, Estella would insult me again. She laughed at me and called me a stupid lower-class boy. After a time, Miss Havisham said to me, “What do you think of Estella?”

“She is very proud and very pretty,” I said.

“She says awful things about you,” said the old lady. “What do you say to that?”

“I say she is very insulting. I don't know why she has to treat me like this.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes, ma'am. I want to go home.”

“Very well,” the old lady said. “You will come again, in six days. Estella, give the boy some food, and let him look around the place while he eats. Go, Pip.”

I followed Estella downstairs. She led me outside. “You will wait here, boy,” she said. She came back with some food and drink. She put it on the ground, as if I were a dog. Then she walked away.

I was so hurt I cried. I kicked my thick shoes against the wall and pulled the hair on my head. This helped me get rid of my bitter feelings. I
stopped crying. Finally, I ate the food. I had just finished when Estella came back.

"Why don't you cry?" she asked.

"Because I don't want to."

"You do," she said. "You've been crying until you're half blind. And you're almost crying now." She laughed at me and pushed me outside the gate. I walked the four miles back to my home.

As I walked, I knew I had learned something. I was a common, lower-class boy. My hands were ugly and my shoes were clumsy. I called knaves jacks. I think I was the unhappiest child in the world.

When I got back from Miss Havisham's house, both my sister and Mr. Pumblechook wanted to know what happened there. "How did you get on uptown?" he asked.

"Pretty well," I said.

"Pretty well is no answer," said my sister. She hit me on my ears. What could I say? I knew that if I told the truth, they wouldn't believe me. I could hardly believe it myself.

So I lied. I told them that Miss Havisham lived in splendor. I said that she had a fancy coach in her room, that we all ate wonderful food, and that her dogs fought for the scraps. Both my sister and Mr. Pumblechook believed it right away. That's when I knew that neither of them had ever been inside Miss Havisham's house.

It didn't bother me that I was lying to my sister and Mr. Pumblechook. Mostly, I said what I did just to make my sister stop hitting me. But it hurt me to see Joe taking in every word and believing the story. Later on, I went to Joe and told him the truth. He wasn't mad at me. All he did was tell me never to lie again.
But the hurt caused by what Estella had said stayed with me. I made up my mind that no matter what, I would no longer be “common.” I still wasn’t making much progress in my lessons at school. But there was one student, Biddy, who seemed to be doing very well. Biddy was an orphan, like me. But she had seen much more of the world than I. Perhaps she could help me. I asked Biddy if she would teach me everything she knew, and she agreed to do this. I did my best at my lessons, and I tried as hard as I could not to be common.

Joe would sometimes like to smoke his pipe at a bar in town. Because the place, called the Three Jolly Bargemen, was near my school, I would often meet Joe there, afterward. One day, not long after my visit to Miss Havisham’s, I went to the Three Jolly Bargemen to meet Joe.

When I went in, he was sitting near the fire. Mr. Wopsle and a man I’d never seen before were sitting with him. The stranger asked Joe if I were his son. Joe explained how I came to live with him, and that one day I would be his apprentice.

The stranger then bought a drink for Joe and Mr. Wopsle. He ordered rum and water. When the drinks came, Mr. Wopsle and Joe were lost in talk. The stranger stirred his drink. But he didn’t use a stick or a spoon. When he saw that the others weren’t watching him, he took out a file and stirred his rum and water.

I knew the file right away. It was the one I had stolen from Joe and given to my convict. The way the man looked at me said it all. Plainly, he knew who I was, and he knew my convict. He put the file away and began to talk with Joe and Mr. Wopsle.

Before I left with Joe, the stranger said, “Stop half a minute, Mr. Gargery. I think I’ve got a bright new shilling in my pocket. If I do, the boy may have it.”

He reached into his pocket, and wrapping the coin in a piece of paper, handed it to me. I thanked him, and we left. It wasn’t until we got home that I looked at it. Yes, it was a bright new shilling. But the paper it was wrapped in was also money: two one-pound notes. This was a great sum of money in those days.

Of course, I didn’t get to touch the money. My sister took it and put it in a teapot she kept over the fireplace. That night, I had bad dreams. I could see the file coming at me through a door. Before I could see who held it, I woke up screaming.

Six days had passed, and I was due to see Miss Havisham and Estella again. Once again, Estella let me in at the gate. This time, we went to a different room in the house. There were three
people I'd never seen before. They spoke of things of which I knew nothing. I later found out that they were Miss Havisham's cousins.

They all stood around in this very big room. There was a great table in the room. On it, as a centerpiece, was a black, rotten object. I couldn't say what it was. When Miss Havisham came into the room, she had a fight with her cousins, and they left, angry. I was left alone with her.

"This is my birthday, Pip," she said. "That is why my cousins were here." She pointed to the rotten thing in the middle of the table. "Do you know what that is?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"It is my wedding cake," she said. "It is rotting away, just as I am. One day, when I die, I will be laid out on the table with it."

Then, she had me play cards with Estella again. Estella was as nasty to me as ever. Finally, it was time for me to leave. I didn't need Estella to show me out. I knew the way now.

As I was getting ready to leave, I came across a pale young gentleman. He was about my age. I didn't know who he was, but he wanted to fight with me. I didn't want to, but he hit me and butted me with his head. I had to fight him then. To my great surprise, I beat him badly.

When I got to the courtyard, Estella was waiting to let me out. Instead of going straight to the gate,
she waved me to a hall. “Come here,” she said. “You may kiss me, if you like.”

I kissed her on the cheek. But in my heart, I knew that allowing a common lower-class boy to kiss her meant no more to her than giving a dog a bone.

For the next ten months, I visited Miss Havisham once a week. She had gotten a wheelchair, and it was my job to push her around the big old house. Estella was, by turns, rude or pleasant to me. That is, pleasant for Estella.

One day, Miss Havisham asked me about Joe. I told her about my becoming Joe's apprentice one day. She said she wanted to meet Joe, and she had me bring him to the house. My sister had a fit because she wasn't asked, too.

Joe put on his best clothes, and we went to the big house. Joe didn't know what to say to Miss Havisham. Once he saw the strange house and the stranger way Miss Havisham lived, he had even less to say. Miss Havisham did most of the talking.

She asked Joe if I were to become his apprentice. Joe said yes. “Does the boy like the trade?” she asked. I said I did. What happened next was a wonderful surprise. “Pip has earned money, coming here,” she said. “Take this, for his learning.” And she gave Joe twenty-five pounds!

In those days, it was quite common for a boy to be taken on as an apprentice. His parents had to
pay the man whose trade he would be learning. Of course, I had no money to pay Joe. And he didn't expect any. We both thanked Miss Havisham.

"Good-bye, Pip," said Miss Havisham. "Let them out, Estella."

"Am I to come again?" I asked.

"No," she said, "You belong to Gargery now."

So it was that I became Joe's apprentice. The papers were filed at the town hall. Then, when my sister found out that Miss Havisham had given Joe twenty-five pounds, there was a party. Twenty-five pounds was more than Joe would have made in a year. Of course, at the party, given with the money I had earned, I got little to eat and drink. But my sister and Mr. Pumblechook had a great time.

I went back to Miss Havisham's once after that, to pay her a visit. What I really wanted to do was see Estella. In spite of all she had done to me, I think I loved her. Maybe it was because she was out of reach for a common boy like me.

But I wasn't to see her. I found out that she had been sent to school in France. I decided then that I would work harder at my own schooling. When Estella came back, I would be well schooled. She would see that I was a gentleman, not just a "common lower-class boy."

5  "A Young Man of Great Expectations"

One day, not long after that, I stopped in at the Three Jolly Bargemen on my way home from school. Everyone there was excited. They were talking about the terrible thing that had happened. As I listened, I realized they were talking about Joe's house! I ran home to find that my sister had been badly hurt.

Someone had broken into our house while Joe was out. My sister had been hit on the back of the head. She lay on the floor, nearly dead. No one knew who did it. But next to her was a convict's leg chain.

My sister never completely recovered. She could no longer talk. She couldn't do her housework, either. So it happened that Biddy came to live with us. I was happy about this, even though I felt bad for my sister. If Biddy stayed with us, I could learn more from her. Soon, I was reading and writing well.

One Sunday, Biddy and I took a long walk out on the marshes. I told her I wanted to become a gentleman, and that it was because of Estella. Biddy said, "Pip, if you have to change yourself to win her over, then she is not worth winning over."
I knew Biddy was right, but I couldn’t change the way I felt.

And so the years passed. I must say that all my learning didn’t make me very happy. The more I learned, the more I realized how “common” I was. I was unhappy with my trade, and I was ashamed of my home.

In my fourth year as Joe’s apprentice, something happened that changed my whole life. I was with Joe and Mr. Wopsle, at the Three Jolly Bargemen. Mr. Wopsle was reading from a paper about a murder case. As usual, he was telling anyone who’d listen his ideas about the case.

“You know nothing about it,” said a voice, and we all looked around.

A well-dressed man I’d never seen before had spoken. He was a big heavy man, with a red face and a loud voice.

“And I’m sure that you do?” said Mr. Wopsle.

“I had better,” said the red-faced man. “My name is Jaggers. I am a lawyer in London, and I am pretty well-known. I have worked on more murder cases than you’ve ever read about.”

Mr. Jaggers was so big, and his voice so loud, that even Mr. Wopsle was quiet. “But that is not why I have come here from London,” Jaggers went on. “I have come to see a Joe Gargery. Does anyone know where I might find him?”

“Why, that’s me, sir,” said Joe.

“And you have an apprentice called Pip?”

“I do, sir. This is the lad, right here.”

“Then I must speak with both of you privately.”

There are a few small private rooms at the Three Jolly Bargemen. We went to one. No sooner were we sitting down when Jaggers took over. As he spoke, my eyes grew bigger and bigger.
"I have come," said Jaggers, "to see Pip off to London. It seems that he is to become a gentleman. A certain person, whose name I can't give, has put aside a great deal of money for the boy. I am to be his guardian, and he is to be well dressed and educated. He is now a young man of great expectations."

I can't tell you how happy this made me. I also knew in my heart the "person" Jaggers couldn't name. It had to be Miss Havisham!

"Now," Jaggers said to Joe, "how much money do you want?"

I knew what Jaggers meant. If I were taken away, Joe would lose his apprentice. He'd have to find another and train him. That would cost him time and money. But Joe, God bless him, asked for nothing. He was the same kind, gentle Joe as ever. He had been better to me than my own sister ever was.

The next few days flew by. I got more new clothes than I knew what to do with. The day before I was to leave for London, I went to see Miss Havisham. I wanted to thank her. But I also knew she wanted her gift to me to stay a secret. So, I said, "I have come into such good fortune since I last saw you, and I am very grateful, Miss Havisham." She was kind, and wished me luck.

Next morning, at five o'clock, dressed in my best clothes, I waited for the coach to London. I'm
ashamed to say that I had told Joe I wanted to walk to the coach alone. Now that I had such fancy clothes, I didn't want to be seen with Joe. So, after a quick breakfast, I had said good-bye to Joe, Biddy, and my sister. If I hadn't rushed off then, I would have burst into tears.

The coach came, and I got inside. As it left the only town I'd ever known, I felt the whole world was spread out before me!

6 Herbert Pocket

What can I say about London? It terrified me. Yes, I had read about the great city. Yes, I had seen pictures. But even though you read about an elephant and see pictures of it, it means nothing until you stand next to one.

I found Mr. Jaggers's office. It was on a gloomy street in a rotten section of London. I thought that he should have a nicer, cleaner place. But it seemed to please Jaggers to have his office here. His work was to defend criminals. So he kept his office in a bad part of town, where criminals often lived.

His waiting room was full of people. They all made my convict of so many years ago look good. The clerk showed me in to Jaggers's private office. It was no nicer than the waiting room. Worse, in fact, because of two plaster casts of faces. They were horrible, swollen things. Looking at them could make you sick. They didn't bother Mr. Jaggers, though. He was eating a sandwich.

"Come in, boy," he said in his booming voice. "We must get things in order for you. You need a place to live. You will stay with a young man I know, at Barnard's Inn. His name is Herbert
Pocket.” He gave me what seemed to me a great deal of money. “Here is your allowance, boy,” he boomed. “You must start living like a gentleman.”

He hardly gave me a chance to say anything. Next thing I knew, his clerk, Mr. Wemmick, was walking me to Barnard’s Inn. I expected it would be a fancy place. It wasn’t. In fact, the outside didn’t look as good as Joe’s blacksmith shop. I saw a name on one of the mailboxes. It read “H. Pocket.” There was a note, too. It said he was out shopping for food and would be back soon. Mr. Wemmick showed me up the stairs to Herbert Pocket’s rooms. He left me standing at the door.

I waited there for half an hour. Finally, a young man came up the stairs, bags of food in his arms.

“Mr. Pip?” he said.

“Mr. Pocket?” I said.

“I am sorry to be so late,” he apologized.

Then we both stood there and stared at each other. I was amazed. I knew him. He was the pale young gentleman I had fought with at Miss Havisham’s, years ago. He knew me right away, too.

“I can’t believe it,” he told me. “How do you come to be in London?” He opened the door and invited me in.

As I told my story, he asked many questions. To my surprise, he wasn’t a bad fellow at all. I liked him a lot. Looking back, I couldn’t think why he had wanted to fight me that day at Miss Havisham’s. He was such a nice young man. Once he heard my story, he told me about himself. I also found out what he had been doing at Miss Havisham’s on her birthday.

“My father is Miss Havisham’s cousin,” he told me. “We all had to go to her house on her birthday.” And then he told me a strange tale: “Once, Miss Havisham was young and very pretty. Her father was very, very rich. He owned a big brewery. Miss Havisham’s mother died when she was just a child. Then Mr. Havisham, my great-uncle, married his cook, in secret.”
"They had a son. When the old man died, he left half his money to Miss Havisham and half to his son. The son spent it all, in no time. He also sold his half of the brewery for next to nothing. He sold it to a stranger. He wasn't a gentleman, you see."

I nodded. I was beginning to see how important being a gentleman was.

"Anyway," Herbert went on, "once this stranger saw Miss Havisham, he went after her. He said he loved her. But he was after her money and the other half of the brewery. I don't know how much money she gave him. It was a lot, though. My father warned her about him. But Miss Havisham was in love. She and my father had a bad fight. They didn't speak to each other for years after that."

"So she married this man?"

"Use your head, man," said Herbert. "If she'd married, she wouldn't be Miss Havisham, would she? Yes, they were supposed to be married. All the plans were made. Guests were invited; a wedding cake was made. They were to be married at nine in the morning. Then, just twenty minutes before nine, a note came. The man had run away. The wedding was off."

"Suddenly, Miss Havisham knew. It was all a trick. Her half-brother and this man were in it together. They got the most money they could, and then they both ran away."

"It must have hurt Miss Havisham something awful," I said.

"Hurt her? You've seen her. She went out of her mind. She never left the house again. She walks around in her wedding dress, after all these years. All the clocks in the house are stopped at twenty to nine."

"But what of Estella?" I asked. "Who is she, then?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't know. I do know that Miss Havisham adopted her. Then again, my father doesn't tell me everything. There must be more to the story, but I don't know it. I do know something else about Estella, though."

"Tell me, please, do," I said.

"You rather like her, don't you?" said Herbert, with a smile. "Well, I wouldn't if I were you. Miss Havisham raised Estella for one reason. To break men's hearts. You see, through Estella, she wants to get even with all men."

"Suddenly, it all made sense to me. The clocks stopped at twenty to nine, the rotten wedding cake, Miss Havisham's yellowed wedding dress. And Estella... my beloved Estella. But in my heart, I knew Herbert was wrong about her. I loved her, and I hoped that one day she would come to love me, too."
"But enough of this," said Herbert with a grin. "We have to go to dinner at my father's house. He will be your new teacher. He's quite the smartest man in London. There's just one thing he doesn't know."

"What's that?"

"How to make money," laughed Herbert. "He has to rent out rooms in his house. That, plus what he makes at teaching, lets him live. But that's not for me. I'm going into the insurance business."

"Oh, really?" I asked. "Where do you work?" He named one of the big companies. "And do you make a lot of money there?"

"Uh, well, . . . to tell the truth," he said, "I don't make anything. I work there to get experience." His face brightened. "And when I do," he said, "I shall be very rich, indeed."

I didn't say anything. It seemed to me that Herbert didn't know any more than his father about making money. Not if he was working for no pay at all. But why should I hurt his feelings? He was such a nice fellow.

My Life in London

Dinner at Mr. Pocket's house was an eye-opener to me. Herbert's father, Matthew, was a lovely, gentle man. And there seemed to be children everywhere. The servants ran the house because Mrs. Pocket couldn't. She was a sweet person but quite unable to do a thing. For all that, Mr. Pocket and Herbert loved her.

After a few hours with Mr. Pocket, I knew Herbert was right. This would be the man to teach me. He seemed to know everything in the world.

Mr. Pocket's house was so large that he was able to rent out some of the rooms. He introduced me to the people who rented rooms there. One was a very nice, handsome fellow named Startop. We got along right away. But the other was a brute named Bentley Drummle. He made Mr. Jaggers seem shy. I have never met a nastier chap. So, you can imagine how surprised I was to find out that Drummle was a "gentleman." In fact, when his father died, Drummle would become a baronet . . . a lord!

I made up my mind to see as little of Drummle as I could. But it was not to be. He, Herbert, Startop, and I were invited to dinner at Mr.
Jaggers's house. Startop, as ever, was polite, and a pleasure to be with. But Drummle! He drank too much and once even insulted Mr. Jaggers. I waited for the explosion. Now, Mr. Jaggers would put this brute in his place.

“Quite the spider, aren't you?” Jaggers said to Drummle. Then he laughed. “Well, I don't fear you, even though you're young and strong,” he said. “I want you to meet someone. Molly!”

The cook who had served our dinner came in. She was a big woman, nearly the size of a large man. She came up to Jaggers.

“Yes, sir?”

Jaggers made no reply. He grabbed Molly's hand, and I saw that her wrist was badly scarred. He held it under Drummle's nose. “Do you see this?” he boomed. “This woman's wrists and hands are stronger than those of any man. I defended her for murder, once. Give me no trouble, Spider, or I'll have her break you in two, like a dried stick!” Then he laughed loud and long. “And look at that face. I saved her from being another face in my office.”

“Have you seen those faces?” Herbert whispered to me.

“Yes,” I said. “They're horrible.”

“They are death masks,” Herbert said. “Made after the two were hanged for murder. That's why they are so swollen and horrid.”

Then dinner was over. Jaggers saw us out and made a great fuss about Drummle. He actually liked the monster. I guessed it was because Drummle was as big a bully as Jaggers himself.

The weeks went by. I soon found myself more and more with Startop and Drummle. They were gentlemen, and so must I be. I also found out that being a gentleman was easy. All one had to do was drink, carry on, go to parties, and spend money. At this last, I found I had a talent.

I bought more clothes. I bought dinner for my new friends. I bought a boat and learned to row on the River Thames, as gentlemen did. In a short time, I was out of cash. But what did it matter? I knew I would be getting more.

Of all the money I spent, there was one thing I did that wasn't selfish. Secretly, I paid a large amount of money to a shipping firm. They agreed to take in my friend Herbert Pocket as a junior partner. The look on his face when he found out was payment enough for me.

Before long, I was deep in debt. Through it all, I dreamed of the lovely Estella. Surely, if she could see me now, she'd know me for a gentleman. What I didn't know was that I was also becoming the worst kind of snob. I wanted to forget the fact that I hadn't always been a gentleman.

One day I received a letter from Biddy, saying that Joe was coming to visit me the next morning.
I thought about all the money I had spent furnishing the rooms. Joe would look so common and out of place here. I wished he were not coming!

Joe came early the next day. I heard his thick boots on the stairs. Then I heard him wiping them on the doormat. I opened the door.

"Joe! How are you?"

"Fine, Pip. And yourself?" said Joe, his face shining with joy. "Why, you're a real gentleman now!"

I asked Joe about my sister and Biddy.

"Your sister is no worse," said Joe. "Biddy is well. She's been a real blessing in the house. She's even promised to teach me to read and write."

I invited Joe to sit down and have breakfast with me. As we talked, I noticed that Joe was becoming more and more uneasy. Finally he said, "Pip, I came here to bring you a message from Miss Havisham."

"Yes, Joe," I cried eagerly.

"Miss Havisham said, 'Tell Pip that Estella is back, and that she'll be glad to see him.'"

My heart skipped a beat, and my face grew red.

"And now I'll be going," said Joe. "I've said what I had to say. I must be going home."

"Won't you stay for dinner, Joe?"

"No, Pip."

We looked at each other.

"Pip, you know that this is no place for me. I'm a blacksmith. My place is the forge. I don't belong here. I don't feel myself here. Good-bye, Pip! May God bless you, dear old Pip!"

With that, Joe left. Dear, good, honest Joe!

My thoughts returned to Miss Havisham's message. Estella was back again! I must see her. I booked a seat on the next day's coach. Dressed in my finest clothes, I rode back to my hometown with my heart in my throat. Estella, at last!
When I got there, it was late in the evening. I knew I should stay at the forge with Joe. But I didn't. Instead, I stayed at an inn called the Blue Boar. It was much nicer than the Three Jolly Bargemen. I'm ashamed to say that the next day I didn't go to see Joe or Biddy. I went straight to Miss Havisham's.

I hardly knew Estella. She had been beautiful as a child. But now, she was by far the loveliest thing I'd ever seen. A light seemed to surround her, brightening the gloom of Miss Havisham's room.

"Is she changed, Pip?" Miss Havisham asked.

"Beyond my dreams," I said.

"Is he changed, Estella?" asked Miss Havisham.

"Yes," she replied. "He is much less coarse and common."

Miss Havisham got to her feet. She put Estella's arms around my neck. "Love her, Pip," the old woman said. "Love her with all your heart. Now, you two, go walk in the garden. Be together in the light. I must stay forever in darkness."

We walked together, and for a second, I felt like that little boy again. Estella was so lovely. "You mustn't love me, Pip," she said. "No matter what Miss Havisham says."

"It's too late," I said.

"You must know," Estella said, "that I have no heart at all. No love to give anyone. It's how I was raised. But you may see me from time to time. I will be living near London, in Richmond."

My heart leaped. My beloved would be near. I could call on her—see her. In time, I would prove her words wrong. She would come to love me. I would make it happen! I was in heaven all the way back to London. It did bother me a bit that I didn't go to see Joe and Biddy. But after all, they were no longer of my class. I sent Joe a fine present and forgot about it.

And so it went. My days were mostly taken up with lessons with Mr. Pocket and visits with Estella. Evenings, I would go out drinking and gambling with the gentle Startup and the hateful Drummle. One night, when we'd all had a bit too much to drink, Drummle got to his feet and raised a glass.

"To the most beautiful woman in London," he said, "Miss Estella Havisham!"

"Who are you to speak her name?" I cried.

"Who are you to even know her?" sneered Drummle. "You may have fine clothes and some learning. But under it all, you are common. I am to be a baronet."

"I don't care. You will not mention her name in a bar," I cried angrily.

"I will mention her name wherever and whenever I choose," said Drummle. "She is to be my wife!"
“Is this true?” I demanded.

“I wouldn't bother to lie to such as you,” said Drummle. “I know all about you, Pip. Estella and I have laughed many times about you.”

I ran from the bar. I was half drunk, and tears blinded me.

How could she have done this? Then I remembered Herbert's words about how Miss Havisham had raised Estella. Oh, God, it was all true!

Somehow, I got to my rooms. Not since the day Estella had made me cry, was I so hurt. I thought my world had ended. Nothing worse could ever befall me. How wrong I was!

“My” Convict Returns

Shortly after the fight with Drummle, I got another letter from Biddy. My sister had died. Just before she passed on, she spoke two words: “Joe,” and then, “Pip.” I went to the funeral, but somehow, that body in the coffin wasn't Mrs. Joe Gargery to me. Not the ever-loud, red-faced woman who used the Tickler on me.

I'm ashamed to say that I didn't stay long. I didn't want to be seen too much with Joe and Biddy, with their working clothes and ways. I did pay a visit to Miss Havisham. And naturally, she
spoke of Estella. The old lady was upset. She felt her death was near, and she wanted someone—anyone—to love her. She wanted this from Estella. But she had raised Estella too well. True to her words to me, Estella could love no one. Not even Miss Havisham. I left the old lady to her bitter memories and returned to London.

As I went up the stairs to my rooms, I thought I saw a man in the shadows. I got only a quick look. But there was something familiar about him. Putting it from my mind, I entered my rooms.

Later that evening, as I was about to go to bed, I heard footsteps on the stairs. Somebody was trying to find his way upstairs in the dark.

I took my lamp and went to the top of the stairs.

"Who is it?" I shouted. "Which floor do you want?"

"The top floor. I'm looking for Mr. Pip," a voice replied. The man came slowly forward into the light of the lamp.

"Who are you, sir?" I said.

He was old, I'd say in his sixties, with gray hair. But he seemed strong, and his voice was clear when he said to me, "Don't you know me, Pip?"

"I'm afraid I do not, sir. What is your business?" I asked him.

"If you let me come in, I'll explain everything," he said.

I didn't care to have a visitor so late at night, but I showed him into my rooms. He looked around and seemed pleased by what he saw. Then he walked over to a chair and sat down.

"Maybe you'll remember me now," the old man said. He took a handkerchief from his coat pocket and tied it around his head. Then he took a file from his jacket and made motions as if he were freezing.

"The convict!" I cried.

"Just so," said the old man, with a smile. "And I never forgot how you helped me that Christmas Eve, lad. That's why I have sent you money."

"Oh, yes," I said. "The shilling wrapped in two pounds." I reached inside my coat and took out
two one-pound notes. "Here," I said. "And thank you for your kindness."

The old man laughed and waved away the money I offered. "I have no need for it," he said. "I am quite rich." He took out a wallet and showed me. He must have had thousands of pounds! Had he stolen it? "You see," he went on, "after I served some time in the prison ship, I was given a second chance. I could go to Australia as a free man. But I could never return to England again. It would mean death."

I nodded. I knew from Mr. Jaggers that the prisons in England were so crowded, this was often done. In fact, prison boats were used because the jails were so crowded. "But why have you come back?" I asked the old man.

"Why, to see you, Pip," said the man with a fond smile. "Even if it costs me my life, it will have been well worth coming back to England. And haven't you become a fine gentleman?"

"I suppose so, er..." What could I call him? One doesn't call a convict by name, does he?

"Magwitch," said the man. "Abel Magwitch. Ah, Pip, it makes me so happy to see you."

I didn't understand. This rough, terrible man was upsetting me. He didn't want the two pounds. He just wanted to see me. But why? I asked him, and he made this reply:

"I never forgot that night, Pip. When I met you, I was trying to see my own child. She was a little girl. I was told that she lived near your town. I didn't even know if she was still alive. I'd never seen her. And I couldn't have cared less for her mother. The girl was, I might say, an accident of birth.

"Then, when I met you in the marshes, you were so brave and true... Well, I began to think of you as my son, all those years in prison."

I was horrified. This rough criminal thought of me, Pip the gentleman, as his son? What an awful idea. But I said nothing. In truth, old as he was, he was still a frightening fellow. I tried to change the subject.

"Tell me," I said, "what was it that put you in jail to begin with?"
“Ah, that’s a tale,” said Magwitch. “It began near to where I met you. Me and this chap Compeyson were part of a shady deal. He found this rich woman, who owned a brewery. Her own brother put us on to her. Compeyson told the woman he loved her. That he would marry her. She gave him lots of money. Then, when we had enough, away we ran—on the very day Compeyson was to have married. Ahh, he was a cold chap, that Compeyson.

“And the airs he put on! As if he were a fine gentleman ... excuse me, like yourself, Pip ... but he was a crook, through and through.”

“What happened?” I asked. Suddenly, I was very interested.

“We were caught,” Magwitch said. “I got fourteen years, because I didn’t talk or act fancy. But Compeyson, that snake, got only seven. His good manners and fancy talk fooled the judge. But not me. I would have killed him, if I could. In fact, I tried.”

“The other convict!” I cried. “The one you were fighting with when they found you!”

“Aye, and I would have killed him then. But I thought; What’s worse? A clean death, or prison? I know prison’s worse. I had decided to bring him back, when we were found. May he rot in hell!”

The old man’s face softened as he looked at me. “But that’s behind me now,” he said. “And I’ve come to see you.”

“Well, now that you have ...,” I began.

“And I have come to give you this,” he finished. He again took out the thick wallet. “You are twenty-one now.”

“Yes,” I said. “But I don’t need money from you. Mr. Jaggers has said that soon I will have plenty.”

“Ah, has he?” smiled the convict. “And what else did he say of the money you’ve had all these years?”

“I never knew where it came from,” I admitted. “Mr. Jaggers said that once I was twenty-one years old, I’d be told.” I saw no reason to tell him of Miss Havisham’s kindness to me. Doubly so, because it was Magwitch who helped to break her heart.

“And so you shall be told,” said Magwitch, smiling. “It was me that did it, Pip. I’ve been sending the money to you all these years. And I have come all this way ... at risk of my life ... to give the rest of your fortune to you!”

He again held out the money. I nearly fell to the floor. It wasn’t Miss Havisham who helped me. I, the fine gentleman, was in the debt of a convict! I had dreamed that Estella might break off with Drummle and that she would see I was a true gentleman. What a joke. This dreadful creature was my “father”! He was the source of my “great expectations.” My world was falling down around my ears.

Worst of all, I thought of how I had treated Joe and Biddy. They were “low class” to me then. Little
did I know that good, kind, gentle Joe was far above me. And I had treated him like dirt. It made my face turn red as I thought of it. And here was this person, acting as if I were his “son.” I sighed deeply. Well, if I were a convict’s adopted son, so be it.

“You took a terrible chance coming here,” I told Magwitch.

“It was long ago that I went to Australia. Nobody in London is interested in me anymore, except my lawyer, Mr. Jaggers. Even if he knew I were here, he’d never tell. I trust Jaggers. It was he that found a good home for my daughter.”

My heart jumped into my throat. Nobody who’d be interested in Magwitch? Suddenly, I knew who the man in the shadows was. “You must get out of England right away,” I said to Magwitch. “You are in danger.”

“From who?” said Magwitch. “I told you no one remembers.”

“There is one man,” I said. “Compeyson. I saw him hanging around outside, when I came in.”

“Then quickly,” Magwitch said, “take this money. I must go.”

The shame of how I’d acted over the years hit me. I may have been a snob and a fool. But for what he was, Abel Magwitch had done well by me. “No,” I said. “I can’t take your money. You’ve done enough for me.

“But I will get you safely out of the country,” I said. “I will hide you until I can buy a ticket on a ship to Australia. I have a boat. . . . After it’s dark, I will row you out to the ship. No one will see.”

“Ah, Pip,” Magwitch said. “You’re as true a lad as ever.”
I smiled and took his hand. I said nothing. I was still filled with horror at this man. In my way, I was a victim of how I was taught, same as Estella. She couldn't love anyone. And I had been taught to despise criminals. But no thought of that. There was work to do!

I left my rooms and went to the steamship office. I got a ticket for Magwitch, in the name of Provis. As I moved through the streets of London, I had the feeling I was being followed. I looked around
every so often. But my schooling as a fine gentleman hadn't prepared me for this. Criminals can tell if they are being followed. Gentlemen don't know.

Herbert agreed to help me row Magwitch out to his ship. The three of us waited until it was quite late. Then, we sneaked out of our rooms and headed for the river, where my boat was ready. Just as we were about to push off, a voice called out, “Stop, in the name of the Crown!”

I looked up and saw police running toward us. And with them was Compeyson. I had been followed! “Quickly!” I shouted at Magwitch. “Cast off!” He untied the rope that held my boat to the dock. I began to row, as hard as I could. Maybe in the darkness, we could still get to the ship that waited.

But soon, there were other boats following us. They had lights. The river was alive with police. I rowed harder. Then a boat pulled up next to us. “It's him!” cried Magwitch. “It's Compeyson!” Magwitch stood up in the boat. Leaning over the side, he grabbed Compeyson by the collar.

Suddenly, Herbert cried out, “Look out, Pip!” But it was too late. A huge oceangoing steamer was coming right at us! I felt a terrible crunch. Then I was drifting down, under the black water of the Thames.

I awoke in my own rooms. Standing at the foot of my bed was Mr. Jaggers. As I opened my eyes,
“He could have been safe in Australia,” I said. “But he came back to see me. To give me my fortune.”

“That, and some other business,” said Jaggers. “What other could it be?” I asked.

“I have the idea he wanted to see his daughter. He never spoke with me, though. God knows I wouldn’t have told him where she is.”

“Then his daughter is alive?” I asked.

“Very much so,” said Jaggers. “You recall my cook, Molly?”

“Yes, sir.”

“That was Magwitch’s wife. When she went on trial for murder, the daughter fell into my care. She was such a lovely child, I couldn’t leave her with a monster like her mother. What chance would she have in life? I found a good home for her.

“When I got her mother off, I told her what I’d done. The woman was grateful to me. So much so, that she remains my servant to this day. She never takes money from me, either.”

“Magwitch helped me get on in life,” I sighed. “If I can, I will help his daughter.”

“Help yourself, lad,” said Jaggers. “With Magwitch gone, so is your money. The police got the fifty thousand pounds he had for you. You owe everyone. As you have no money, you’ll be put in debtor’s prison. Get back your health, boy, and think of your future. If you have one.”

Jaggers started to go. Weakly, I called to him from my bed. He stopped in the doorway. “Please, sir,” I asked. “If I do get out of this, I must help Magwitch’s daughter. Where is she? What is her name?”

Jaggers laughed. “She doesn’t need your help, Pip. I suppose there’s no harm in telling you now. You’ll never see her again.”

“Again? I don’t understand.”

“You grew up playing with her, boy. Magwitch’s daughter is Estella Havisham.”

The room spun around. Blackness came over me. I knew no more of the world for the next four weeks. I recall being sick, alone. I dimly recall the police. They had come to take me to debtor’s prison, but I was too ill to be moved.

The next time I awoke, Joe Gargery was by my side. He told me that Herbert had gone to the Far East on a business trip. Before leaving, he had gotten word to Joe about what had happened to me. Little by little, I got back my health. Soon I was up and walking around my rooms. This pleased Joe. Then one day, not long after that, he said, "Well, Pip, I must be going. There’s no one tending my shop. And I have Biddy to think of." He smiled shyly. "We’re to be married, Pip."
“That’s wonderful,” I said. “I must come to the wedding.”

“No need, Pip. I had to put it off, until you were well. But as soon as I return, we’ll be wed. You get well, boy. That’s the most important thing.”

I thanked Joe with all my heart. I didn’t insist on coming with him. I would have, but I just remembered I was a wanted man. As soon as I was well, they would come for me. Debtors’ prison was now my future. I didn’t say a word to Joe about it, though.

It wasn’t until days after Joe left that I found it—a simple note from Joe. He had taken his life’s savings and paid my debts! Shame swept over me. He had nursed me, paid my debts, and left. How could I ever face him again? What a wonderful man he was.

And my own life was almost a joke. I had put on airs, acting as if I were better than most people. But my money came from Magwitch, the convict. My great love, Estella, for whom I had longed—made myself a gentleman for—was the daughter of a convict. And now, she was the wife of a lord!
10

Eleven Years Later

It was Herbert Pocket who saved what was left of my life. He was doing well in the shipping business. He got me a job in his company. He knew nothing about how I'd helped him, when I had money. He did it because he was a true friend.

I went to the Far East to work with Herbert. Over the years, I grew wealthy through my own efforts. I was now a third partner in Herbert's firm. Yet, I could never bring myself to go back to England. Each time I thought of Joe and Biddy, I was ashamed. And knowing Estella was married to Drummle was too much for me. It wasn't until eleven long years later that I got off the coach in my old hometown.

It hadn't changed much. I walked out to the churchyard, to look at my parents' gravestones. I almost didn't find them. They had fallen down, and the weeds had grown over them. I stood there, thinking of all that had begun at this very place, nearly twenty-five years ago. Then, I turned and walked toward Joe's house.

He was working at the forge when I got there. Bless him, Joe greeted me warmly. Joe had done well. In fact, when I tried to repay him for my old debts, he waved a hand. "No need, Pip," he said. "It's enough to see you again. So grown-up and fine as ever. Biddy and I are proud of you. But come inside. I've something to show you."

We went in, and Biddy greeted me with smiles and kisses. She and Joe now had two children: a boy and a girl. Biddy held up the young lad. "A fine boy," I said. "What's his name?"

Biddy gave me the same girlish smile I recalled so well. "We have named him Pip," she said. "But do sit down, and have a bit to eat."

At the table, Joe and Biddy told me of the events of the past eleven years. Miss Havisham had died, unloved. But she left almost everything to the cold, ungrateful Estella. A small amount had gone to Herbert Pocket.
"And what of Estella, herself?" I asked. "Whatever became of her?"

"A sad story, Pip," Joe said. "Her fine husband used her badly, the brute. He ran around with other women, drank, and gambled. Then he made her shame public. He spent her money, and then he died in an accident... abusing a horse, he was. The animal kicked him to death. All she has left is the big old house. And that won't be for long. It's to be sold for his bad debts."

"When?" I asked. "And where is Estella?"

"The house goes within the week. As to Miss Estella, she is at the house. She has nowhere else to go." Suddenly, I was on my feet and out the door. It was a long way to the old house, but my feet flew.

The house, untended since Miss Havisham's death, was in bad shape. I found Estella walking in the garden... that same garden we walked in, so long ago. But the garden was completely overgrown with weeds. Estella's back was to me as I entered the garden gate. I called her name, and she turned.

"Can it be...?" she asked.

"Yes, Estella, it's Pip."

"Oh, Pip... after all these years. So much has happened. . . ."

"Yes," I said gently, "I have been told."

"I'm so changed, I'm surprised you knew me."

It was true she had changed. The fresh beauty of youth was gone. But something had taken its place. There was now a softness in her eyes I'd never seen before. As she took my hand, I felt a difference. The once proud and cold Estella had become a warm person. "To me, you are as lovely as ever," I told her.

"Do you remember this place?" she asked. "The place we first met?"

"Indeed, I do," I said. "As I remember the day you first let me kiss you."

"So long ago! I let you kiss me because you beat my cousin."

"Herbert and I have become the best of friends," I said.

"Do you still live abroad?" she asked.

"Yes, I do. I have come back for a visit."

"Are you doing well?"

"I work hard," I said. "Therefore, I do well."

"I have often thought of you," Estella said.

"Have you?"

"Very often, lately. I threw away your love, Pip. Back then, I didn't realize what it was worth. But you do have a place in my heart."

"You have always had a place in mine, Estella."

We fell silent for a time; then she spoke.

"How hateful I was," she said. "How cruelly I used you. Oh, Pip. I have found I have a heart. I know, for it has been broken. I can never undo
the hurt I brought to you. I can only hope that we may be friends. If you can forgive me." She held out her hand.

"We are friends," I said.

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined garden. The evening mists were rising in the broad, peaceful twilight. I knew, at that moment, we would never part again.
In the Churchyard

My family name is Pirrip, and my first name Philip. When I was a baby, the name was too hard for me to say. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip by everybody else.

I never knew my parents. I was raised by my sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, who was married to the village blacksmith. We lived in the marsh country, down by the river and not far from the sea. All I knew of my father and mother (photographs hadn't been invented yet) were their gravestones in the churchyard. I had discovered this place when I was about six. Since the church was only about a mile from where I lived, I used to go there often.

On the day before Christmas of my seventh year, I found myself again looking at the gravestones. I was trying to imagine what my parents had been like. It was late in the afternoon, and growing dark. The raw wind blowing in from the sea was howling among the gravestones, and it made me shiver. I started to feel sad and lonely, and I began to cry.
"Don't make a sound!" cried a terrible voice, as a man rose up from behind some other gravestones. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

He was a fearful man, all in rough gray clothes. He had a broken chain on his leg. He had no hat, his shoes were broken, and he looked awful. His teeth chattered in the cold air as he grabbed me by the chin.

"Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir," I cried. "Please don't do it!"

"Tell me your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man. "I didn't hear you."

"Pip, Pip, sir."

"Show me where you live. Point out the place!"

I pointed to where our town was. The man looked at me for a while. Suddenly, he grabbed my ankles and turned me upside down. He went through my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. Then he set me down on a high gravestone. He ate the bread as if he hadn't eaten in ages. Then he turned to me and said, "Now look here. Where's your mother?"

I pointed to her gravestone. "There, sir," I said. "And that's your father, next to her, eh?" said the man.

"Yes, sir."

"Then who do you live with?" he asked. "That is, if I let you live."
"With my sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery ... the blacksmith's wife," I said.

"A blacksmith, eh?" said the man, looking at the chain on his leg. "Tell me, boy. Do you know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what food is?"

"Yes, sir."

"You get me a file," he said, picking me up and shaking me. "And get me some food. Or I'll cut out your heart and liver!" He looked around him. "I'm not alone, you know," he said. "There's a young man with me. You don't want to know him. Next to him, I'm an angel. I can't say the awful things he'll do to you, unless you get me what I want."

He made me swear I'd help him. I promised I'd be back, early the next morning. As I ran for home, I kept looking for the terrible other man. I didn't see anyone. I was so scared that I ran all the way home without stopping.

When I got home, my sister wasn't there. I asked Joe, the blacksmith, where she was. "Out looking for you, boy," he told me. "She didn't know what had happened to you. And is she ever mad! She took the Tickler with her."

I ought to explain about the Tickler. It's a long stick that my sister used to beat me with. And she didn't need much reason, either. I guess my sister had a good heart. After all, she raised me when my parents died. As she said, she raised me "by hand." That's not quite true. She really raised me by stick.

When my sister, Mrs. Joe, got home, she came after me with the Tickler. Then, as if she were sorry, she gave both me and Joe a slice of bread and butter. I hid mine when no one was looking. I had promised to bring food to the man in the marshes.

Because it was Christmas Eve, I had a lot of work to do. Tomorrow, we would have company for dinner. Mrs. Joe was making special dishes. As I helped Joe get things ready for company, I heard a sound like thunder.

"What was that?" I asked.
"Cannon," said Joe. "It came from the prison ship in the river. A convict must have gotten away. They use cannon as a signal."

"Please, Joe," I asked, "what's a convict?"

"I'll tell you," my sister said. "Men who are killers. Men who steal. They are people who do bad things. And just like you, they're full of questions. Now get to bed!"

She hit me a few times, and I ran for my bed. But I couldn't sleep. At dawn I went downstairs, while everyone was asleep. I took some bread, cheese, and a pie from the kitchen. I also took a bottle of brandy. Then, I got a file from Joe's blacksmith shop. Even though I was scared of him, I went off to find "my" convict. For that was what he had to be: a convict from the prison ship!

2

The Convicts Are Caught

It was a cold, damp morning. I walked fast to keep warm. In a short time I was at the meeting place. I saw the convict right away. He was sitting with his back to me. I thought it might be nice if I surprised him with breakfast. I came up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder. He jumped to his feet and turned to me. It wasn't the same man!

He was dressed just like "my" convict, except he had a hat. The stranger swore at me and tried to hit me. But he was so weak from being out in the cold that he missed. Then he ran off into the morning fog. I shook all over. He had to be that "other man" my convict spoke of.

I walked on and found my convict. I gave him the food and brandy I'd stolen. He went at the food like a starving man, wofing his breakfast down. "I'm afraid you're not leaving much for the other fellow," I said.

"What other fellow?" asked the convict.

"The young man you spoke of who was hiding with you."

"Oh, ah!" he said with a laugh. "He doesn't want any food."
“He looked hungry to me,” I said.
“Looked? When?”
“Just now.”
“Where?”
“Over there,” I said, pointing. “He was half-asleep when I found him. I thought he was you.” The convict grabbed me. “He was dressed like you,” I went on, “but he had a hat.”
“Did you notice anything else about him?” asked the man.
“His face was bruised,” I said.
“Here?” said the man, touching his left cheek.
“Yes, sir.”
“Where is he?” growled the convict. “Let me just get my hands on him! Oh, curse this chain on my leg! Give me that file, boy.”

The convict began cutting away at the chain on his leg. I pointed out where the other man had run into the fog. It was getting late in the morning. I knew that my sister and Joe would be up soon. I told the convict I had to go. He didn’t seem to notice. So, I just slipped away. The last I saw of him, he was still using the file on the leg chain.

“Where have you been?” said my sister, as soon as I walked in.
“In town, listening to Christmas carols,” I lied.
“Get busy around here,” she said, “or I’ll get after you with the Tickler!” I began to help Joe straighten up the house. Our company was due to arrive soon. Mr. Wopsle, the church clerk, Mr. Hubble, the wheel maker, and his wife, and Joe’s uncle, Mr. Pumblechook, were invited.

Mr. Pumblechook always brought the same present each Christmas: two bottles of sherry wine. I sat at the dinner table, listening to the grown-ups talk. I also watched them eat all the best parts of the meal. I got little more than scraps, with gravy on them. And all through the meal, I was scared to death. For as soon as the meal was over, the company would be ready for some pie—the pie I had stolen and given to “my” convict!

At last the meal was over. My sister got up to get the pie for dessert. I couldn’t take it anymore. I ran for the door. As I opened the door to run out, I ran right into a party of soldiers, all with guns. One of them had a pair of handcuffs. “Here, you,” he said. “Look at these!”
I nearly died. Somehow, they must have found out that I had helped the convict. They had come to take me away! Just then, my sister came into the room. "The pie is gone!" she said. Then she saw the soldiers.

"Excuse me," said the officer in charge, "I am chasing an escaped convict. I need to see the blacksmith."

"What for?" said my sister.

"These handcuffs are broken. If I catch the convict, they won't hold him. Can they be fixed?"

Joe came from the table and looked at the handcuffs over. "Yes, I can fix them, but it'll take time. I'll have to start up a fire in my forge."

"Well, let's get to it," said the soldier.

I felt a lot better. The soldiers weren't looking for me, after all. I went with Joe and the soldiers into Joe's shop. Mr. Wopsle and Mr. Pumblechook came, too. Mr. Pumblechook passed around a bottle of wine, while Joe worked on the handcuffs. In a short time, Mr. Pumblechook made friends with the soldiers. Soon, the handcuffs were fixed. The soldiers were getting ready to go.

"Need any help?" Joe asked the officer. "We can come with you."

The officer said it would be all right if they came along. I asked my sister if I could go, too. To my surprise, she said yes. Mr. Pumblechook and Mr. Hubble didn't want to go. But Mr. Wopsle came with us. We went off to the marshes, staying behind the armed men.

We hadn't gone far, when we heard shouting. The soldiers got their guns ready. Then, we found "my" convict. He was in a ditch, fighting with the other convict I'd seen. And did they go at it! The soldiers had to drag them apart.

"Let me at him!" cried my convict. "I was bringing him back to the prison ship!"

The other convict was the man I'd seen early that morning. My convict had found him, all right. The soldiers didn't believe him, at first. Then, my convict explained. "I hate this man more than I hate prison," he told the soldiers. "I don't mind going back, if I know this vile creature goes, too. Look, I could have gotten away, alone. You can see I got the chain off my leg."

"And how did you do that?" asked the soldier. I nearly died inside. Would my convict tell on me? Would the soldiers then take me away, too? Even though it was cold out, I began to sweat.

"I got a file from the blacksmith shop, in town," my convict said. "There was some food, too. I stole a pie and some brandy." As he said these words, he gave me a hard look, as if to say, "Don't worry. I won't tell on you."

And indeed, he did not tell. The soldiers took the two convicts away. But I shall never forget that look I got. With all the excitement over, Joe,
Mr. Wopsle, and I walked back home. Halfway there, I got so tired that Joe carried me the rest of the way. I fell asleep in his arms. **It had been quite a Christmas for me!**
3
Miss Havisham and Estella

In those days, I went to school at Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's house. Maybe I shouldn't say, "went to school." I was never taught anything much. The old lady used to sleep through the lessons she was supposed to teach. But I tried my best to learn.

It was about a year after "my" convict had been caught, that I wrote my first letter. Not having anyone else to write to, I wrote it to Joe. As I look back, it was terribly done. Hardly anything was spelled right. But I was so proud of myself, I showed it to Joe.

ml deEr JO i opE U r KrwItE wEll, i opE i shA l soN B HaBell 4 2 teeDge U JO aN theN We shOrl B sO gl0dd aN wEn i M preNgtd 2 U JO wOt larX an blEve ME inf xn PiP

Joe looked at the letter. He said it was just fine. "Why, here's a J," said Joe, "and an O, and a J-O. Joe."

"It was then I knew that Joe couldn't read much more than his name. And even that, he spelled wrong. I made up my mind that once I was a good reader, I would teach Joe, too. I knew we would spend a lot of time together. I was going to become Joe's apprentice at the blacksmith's shop. Even if I did spell apprenticed preNgtd.

One day, not long after that, my sister came home, very excited. She had been out shopping. Mr. Pumblechook was with her. He had given her some good news. Miss Havisham, one of the richest women in town, had sent him a message. She had a niece who needed someone to play with. And I was to be the lucky playmate! I was to spend the night at Mr. Pumblechook's, and the next morning go to Miss Havisham's big house.

My sister scrubbed me so hard my skin turned red. She had me put on my Sunday church clothes.
My shirt was so stiff I could hardly bend my body. Then Mr. Pumblechook led me outside to his horse and cart. We climbed in and started out for Mr. Pumblechook's house.

The next morning, Mr. Pumblechook took me to Miss Havisham's house. It was an old brick house with many iron bars on it. Mr. Pumblechook and I had to stop at the big iron gate in front of the house. He rang a bell, and a window opened. A clear voice asked, "What name?"

"Pumblechook," cried my guide.

"Quite right," said the voice. The window closed. A young lady came out of the house and opened the gate.

"This is Pip," said Mr. Pumblechook.

"This is Pip, is it?" said the young lady. She was very pretty and seemed very proud. "Come in, Pip."

Mr. Pumblechook was about to come in also, when the girl stopped him with the gate. "Oh," she said, "do you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

"If Miss Havisham wishes to see me," said Mr. Pumblechook.

"Ah," said the girl, "but you see she doesn't."

Even though the girl was very young, about my age, she made Mr. Pumblechook look small and unimportant. He turned red in the face. Then, as if I had done it, he told me in a loud voice to watch my manners. Then he left.

The girl led me across the courtyard. Young as she was, she acted like a queen. And she kept calling me "boy," as if I didn't have a real name. We went in through a side door. The whole inside of the house was dark. The girl picked up a lit candle and led me to a room upstairs. She opened the door and said, "Go in."

"After you," I said, trying to show good manners. "Don't be silly, boy," she said. "I'm not going in." Then she left, taking the candle with her. I stood in darkness, in front of the door. I knocked, and a voice told me to enter.

It was a big room. The light came only from candles. It was ten in the morning, but there was no sunlight in the room, at all. Then I saw her—the strangest lady I had ever seen.
She was sitting in an armchair in the middle of the room. She was dressed in rich clothes—silk, lace, and satin—and all in white. Her shoes were white. She also wore a long white veil and had some wedding flowers in her hair. On a dressing table next to her were some bright jewels. She wasn’t finished dressing, I thought. She wore only one white shoe. The other was on the floor, near her chair. Then I looked closer.

Everything white she wore was old—so old that the white had begun to turn yellow. She was like a young bride, grown terribly old. She was thin as a rail, but I guessed she once was heavier. Her dress hung on her in sagging folds.

“Who is it?” she asked.

“Pip, ma’am.”

“Pip?”

“Mr. Pumblechook brought me here, ma’am. I have come . . . to play.”

“Come nearer. Let me look at you. Come close.”

When I was up close, I saw that her watch, which lay on the table, had stopped. It read twenty minutes to nine. A clock in the corner had stopped, too—at the same time.

“Look at me,” said Miss Havisham. “Are you afraid of a woman who hasn’t seen the sun since you were born?”

“No,” I lied.

“Do you know what I touch, here?” she asked. She put both her hands on her left side.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“What do I touch?”

“Your heart, ma’am.”

“Broken!” She said it as if she were proud of her broken heart. She gave me a strange smile. Then she said, “I am tired. I want some entertainment. Play.” I stood there, not knowing what to do. “I have funny ideas sometimes,” she said. “And I have this funny idea that I want to see a child at play. Now, play. Play!”

I couldn’t move. This strange old woman wanted me to play. How could I? She scared me; the house scared me. It was all too new. I’d never been inside
such a fine place. And I was afraid of doing something wrong.

“What’s the matter with you?” Miss Havisham asked. “Why won’t you play?”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “It’s all so new and strange here, and so sad. And I’m afraid of what my sister would do to me, if I did something wrong. I would play if I could, but . . . .”

“So new to him,” she said, “so old to me. So strange to him, so familiar to me. So sad to both of us! Call Estella.”

I didn’t know if she was talking to me or not. “Call Estella,” she said again. “You can do that. Call Estella. At the door,” I did as I was told.

In a few minutes, the beautiful young girl showed up. “Let me see you play cards with this boy,” Miss Havisham told her.

“With this boy?” she asked, “Why, he’s nothing but a common lower-class boy!”

“Well,” Miss Havisham said, “you can break his heart.”

“What do you play, boy?” Estella asked, her voice full of scorn.

I knew only one card game. It’s called “beggar my neighbor.” It’s a simple game I had learned from Joe. I told Miss Havisham this. “Then go ahead and play,” she said.

We went through only two games. Estella beat me both times without even trying. But it wasn’t losing that bothered me so much. It was the way Estella treated me. She made fun of me because I called the knaves in the deck jacks. I thought everyone did. It was how I had learned.

“And what rough, ugly hands he has,” Estella went on. “And such thick, clumsy shoes.”

Every time I made a mistake, and I didn’t play well, Estella would insult me again. She laughed at me and called me a stupid lower-class boy. After a time, Miss Havisham said to me, “What do you think of Estella?”

“She is very proud and very pretty,” I said.

“She says awful things about you,” said the old lady. “What do you say to that?”

“I say she is very insulting. I don’t know why she has to treat me like this.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes, ma’am. I want to go home.”

“Very well,” the old lady said. “You will come again, in six days. Estella, give the boy some food, and let him look around the place while he eats. Go, Pip.”

I followed Estella downstairs. She led me outside. “You will wait here, boy,” she said. She came back with some food and drink. She put it on the ground, as if I were a dog. Then she walked away.

I was so hurt I cried. I kicked my thick shoes against the wall and pulled the hair on my head. This helped me get rid of my bitter feelings.
stopped crying. Finally, I ate the food. I had just finished when Estella came back.

"Why don't you cry?" she asked.

"Because I don't want to."

"You do," she said. "You've been crying until you're half blind. And you're almost crying now." She laughed at me and pushed me outside the gate. I walked the four miles back to my home.

As I walked, I knew I had learned something. I was a common, lower-class boy. My hands were ugly and my shoes were clumsy. I called knaves jacks. I think I was the unhappiest child in the world.

4 I Become Joe's Apprentice

When I got back from Miss Havisham's house, both my sister and Mr. Pumblechook wanted to know what happened there. "How did you get on uptown?" he asked.

"Pretty well," I said.

"Pretty well is no answer," said my sister. She hit me on my ears. What could I say? I knew that if I told the truth, they wouldn't believe me. I could hardly believe it myself.

So I lied. I told them that Miss Havisham lived in splendor. I said that she had a fancy coach in her room, that we all ate wonderful food, and that her dogs fought for the scraps. Both my sister and Mr. Pumblechook believed it right away. That's when I knew that neither of them had ever been inside Miss Havisham's house.

It didn't bother me that I was lying to my sister and Mr. Pumblechook. Mostly, I said what I did just to make my sister stop hitting me. But it hurt me to see Joe taking in every word and believing the story. Later on, I went to Joe and told him the truth. He wasn't mad at me. All he did was tell me never to lie again.
But the hurt caused by what Estella had said stayed with me. I made up my mind that no matter what, I would no longer be “common.” I still wasn’t making much progress in my lessons at school. But there was one student, Biddy, who seemed to be doing very well. Biddy was an orphan, like me. But she had seen much more of the world than I. Perhaps she could help me. I asked Biddy if she would teach me everything she knew, and she agreed to do this. I did my best at my lessons, and I tried as hard as I could not to be common.

Joe would sometimes like to smoke his pipe at a bar in town. Because the place, called the Three Jolly Bargemen, was near my school, I would often meet Joe there, afterward. One day, not long after my visit to Miss Havisham’s, I went to the Three Jolly Bargemen to meet Joe. When I went in, he was sitting near the fire. Mr. Wopsle and a man I’d never seen before were sitting with him. The stranger asked Joe if I were his son. Joe explained how I came to live with him, and that one day I would be his apprentice.

The stranger then bought a drink for Joe and Mr. Wopsle. He ordered rum and water. When the drinks came, Mr. Wopsle and Joe were lost in talk. The stranger stirred his drink. But he didn’t use a stick or a spoon. When he saw that the others weren’t watching him, he took out a file and stirred his rum and water.

I knew the file right away. It was the one I had stolen from Joe and given to my convict. The way the man looked at me said it all. Plainly, he knew who I was, and he knew my convict. He put the file away and began to talk with Joe and Mr. Wopsle.

Before I left with Joe, the stranger said, “Stop half a minute, Mr. Gargery. I think I’ve got a bright new shilling in my pocket. If I do, the boy may have it.”

He reached into his pocket, and wrapping the coin in a piece of paper, handed it to me. I thanked him, and we left. It wasn’t until we got home that I looked at it. Yes, it was a bright new shilling. But the paper it was wrapped in was also money: two one-pound notes. This was a great sum of money in those days.

Of course, I didn’t get to touch the money. My sister took it and put it in a teapot she kept over the fireplace. That night, I had bad dreams. I could see the file coming at me through a door. Before I could see who held it, I woke up screaming.

Six days had passed, and I was due to see Miss Havisham and Estella again. Once again, Estella let me in at the gate. This time, we went to a different room in the house. There were three
people I'd never seen before. They spoke of things of which I knew nothing. I later found out that they were Miss Havisham's cousins.

They all stood around in this very big room. There was a great table in the room. On it, as a centerpiece, was a black, rotten object. I couldn't say what it was. When Miss Havisham came into the room, she had a fight with her cousins, and they left, angry. I was left alone with her.

"This is my birthday, Pip," she said. "That is why my cousins were here." She pointed to the rotten thing in the middle of the table. "Do you know what that is?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"It is my wedding cake," she said. "It is rotting away, just as I am. One day, when I die, I will be laid out on the table with it."

Then, she had me play cards with Estella again. Estella was as nasty to me as ever. Finally, it was time for me to leave. I didn't need Estella to show me out. I knew the way now.

As I was getting ready to leave, I came across a pale young gentleman. He was about my age. I didn't know who he was, but he wanted to fight with me. I didn't want to, but he hit me and butted me with his head. I had to fight him then. To my great surprise, I beat him badly.

When I got to the courtyard, Estella was waiting to let me out. Instead of going straight to the gate,
she waved me to a hall. “Come here,” she said. “You may kiss me, if you like.”

I kissed her on the cheek. But in my heart, I knew that allowing a common lower-class boy to kiss her meant no more to her than giving a dog a bone.

For the next ten months, I visited Miss Havisham once a week. She had gotten a wheelchair, and it was my job to push her around the big old house. Estella was, by turns, rude or pleasant to me. That is, pleasant for Estella.

One day, Miss Havisham asked me about Joe. I told her about my becoming Joe’s apprentice one day. She said she wanted to meet Joe, and she had me bring him to the house. My sister had a fit because she wasn’t asked, too.

Joe put on his best clothes, and we went to the big house. Joe didn’t know what to say to Miss Havisham. Once he saw the strange house and the stranger way Miss Havisham lived, he had even less to say. Miss Havisham did most of the talking.

She asked Joe if I were to become his apprentice. Joe said yes. “Does the boy like the trade?” she asked. I said I did. What happened next was a wonderful surprise. “Pip has earned money, coming here,” she said. “Take this, for his learning.” And she gave Joe twenty-five pounds!

In those days, it was quite common for a boy to be taken on as an apprentice. His parents had to
pay the man whose trade he would be learning. Of course, I had no money to pay Joe. And he didn’t expect any. We both thanked Miss Havisham.

“Good-bye, Pip,” said Miss Havisham. “Let them out, Estella.”

“Am I to come again?” I asked.

“No,” she said. “You belong to Gargery now.”

So it was that I became Joe’s apprentice. The papers were filed at the town hall. Then, when my sister found out that Miss Havisham had given Joe twenty-five pounds, there was a party. Twenty-five pounds was more than Joe would have made in a year. Of course, at the party, given with the money I had earned, I got little to eat and drink. But my sister and Mr. Pumblechook had a great time.

I went back to Miss Havisham’s once after that, to pay her a visit. What I really wanted to do was see Estella. In spite of all she had done to me, I think I loved her. Maybe it was because she was out of reach for a common boy like me.

But I wasn’t to see her. I found out that she had been sent to school in France. I decided then that I would work harder at my own schooling. When Estella came back, I would be well schooled. She would see that I was a gentleman, not just a “common lower-class boy.”

5 “A Young Man of Great Expectations”

One day, not long after that, I stopped in at the Three Jolly Bargemen on my way home from school. Everyone there was excited. They were talking about the terrible thing that had happened. As I listened, I realized they were talking about Joe’s house! I ran home to find that my sister had been badly hurt.

Someone had broken into our house while Joe was out. My sister had been hit on the back of the head. She lay on the floor, nearly dead. No one knew who did it. But next to her was a convict’s leg chain.

My sister never completely recovered. She could no longer talk. She couldn’t do her housework, either. So it happened that Biddy came to live with us. I was happy about this, even though I felt bad for my sister. If Biddy stayed with us, I could learn more from her. Soon, I was reading and writing well.

One Sunday, Biddy and I took a long walk out on the marshes. I told her I wanted to become a gentleman, and that it was because of Estella. Biddy said, “Pip, if you have to change yourself to win her over, then she is not worth winning over.”
I knew Biddy was right, but I couldn't change the way I felt.

And so the years passed. I must say that all my learning didn't make me very happy. The more I learned, the more I realized how "common" I was. I was unhappy with my trade, and I was ashamed of my home.

In my fourth year as Joe's apprentice, something happened that changed my whole life. I was with Joe and Mr. Wopsle, at the Three Jolly Bargemen. Mr. Wopsle was reading from a paper about a murder case. As usual, he was telling anyone who'd listen his ideas about the case.

"You know nothing about it," said a voice, and we all looked around.

A well-dressed man I'd never seen before had spoken. He was a big heavy man, with a red face and a loud voice.

"And I'm sure that you do?" said Mr. Wopsle.

"I had better," said the red-faced man. "My name is Jaggers. I am a lawyer in London, and I am pretty well-known. I have worked on more murder cases than you've ever read about."

Mr. Jaggers was so big, and his voice so loud, that even Mr. Wopsle was quiet. "But that is not why I have come here from London," Jaggers went on. "I have come to see a Joe Gargery. Does anyone know where I might find him?"

"Why, that's me, sir," said Joe.

"And you have an apprentice called Pip?"

"I do, sir. This is the lad, right here."

"Then I must speak with both of you privately."

There are a few small private rooms at the Three Jolly Bargemen. We went to one. No sooner were we sitting down when Jaggers took over. As he spoke, my eyes grew bigger and bigger.
“I have come,” said Jaggers, “to see Pip off to London. It seems that he is to become a gentleman. A certain person, whose name I can’t give, has put aside a great deal of money for the boy. I am to be his guardian, and he is to be well dressed and educated. He is now a young man of great expectations.”

I can’t tell you how happy this made me. I also knew in my heart the “person” Jaggers couldn’t name. It had to be Miss Havisham!

“Now,” Jaggers said to Joe, “how much money do you want?”

I knew what Jaggers meant. If I were taken away, Joe would lose his apprentice. He’d have to find another and train him. That would cost him time and money. But Joe, God bless him, asked for nothing. He was the same kind, gentle Joe as ever. He had been better to me than my own sister ever was.

The next few days flew by. I got more new clothes than I knew what to do with. The day before I was to leave for London, I went to see Miss Havisham. I wanted to thank her. But I also knew she wanted her gift to me to stay a secret. So, I said, “I have come into such good fortune since I last saw you, and I am very grateful, Miss Havisham.” She was kind, and wished me luck.

Next morning, at five o’clock, dressed in my best clothes, I waited for the coach to London. I’m
as ashamed to say that I had told Joe I wanted to walk to the coach alone. Now that I had such fancy clothes, I didn't want to be seen with Joe. So, after a quick breakfast, I had said good-bye to Joe, Biddy, and my sister. If I hadn't rushed off then, I would have burst into tears.

The coach came, and I got inside. As it left the only town I'd ever known, I felt the whole world was spread out before me!

6 Herbert Pocket

What can I say about London? It terrified me. Yes, I had read about the great city. Yes, I had seen pictures. But even though you read about an elephant and see pictures of it, it means nothing until you stand next to one.

I found Mr. Jaggers's office. It was on a gloomy street in a rotten section of London. I thought that he should have a nicer, cleaner place. But it seemed to please Jaggers to have his office here. His work was to defend criminals. So he kept his office in a bad part of town, where criminals often lived.

His waiting room was full of people. They all made my convict of so many years ago look good. The clerk showed me in to Jaggers's private office. It was no nicer than the waiting room. Worse, in fact, because of two plaster casts of faces. They were horrible, swollen things. Looking at them could make you sick. They didn't bother Mr. Jaggers, though. He was eating a sandwich.

"Come in, boy," he said in his booming voice. "We must get things in order for you. You need a place to live. You will stay with a young man I know, at Barnard's Inn. His name is Herbert.
Pocket." He gave me what seemed to me a great deal of money. "Here is your allowance, boy," he boomed. "You must start living like a gentleman."

He hardly gave me a chance to say anything. Next thing I knew, his clerk, Mr. Wemmick, was walking me to Barnard's Inn. I expected it would be a fancy place. It wasn't. In fact, the outside didn't look as good as Joe's blacksmith shop. I saw a name on one of the mailboxes. It read "H. Pocket." There was a note, too. It said he was out shopping for food and would be back soon. Mr. Wemmick showed me up the stairs to Herbert Pocket's rooms. He left me standing at the door.

I waited there for half an hour. Finally, a young man came up the stairs, bags of food in his arms.

"Mr. Pip?" he said.

"Mr. Pocket?" I said.

"I am sorry to be so late," he apologized.

Then we both stood there and stared at each other. I was amazed. I knew him. He was the pale young gentleman I had fought with at Miss Havisham's, years ago. He knew me right away, too.

"I can't believe it," he told me. "How do you come to be in London?" He opened the door and invited me in.

As I told my story, he asked many questions. To my surprise, he wasn't a bad fellow at all. I liked him a lot. Looking back, I couldn't think why he had wanted to fight me that day at Miss Havisham's. He was such a nice young man. Once he heard my story, he told me about himself. I also found out what he had been doing at Miss Havisham's on her birthday.

"My father is Miss Havisham's cousin," he told me. "We all had to go to her house on her birthday." And then he told me a strange tale: "Once, Miss Havisham was young and very pretty. Her father was very, very rich. He owned a big brewery. Miss Havisham's mother died when she was just a child. Then Mr. Havisham, my great-uncle, married his cook, in secret."
"They had a son. When the old man died, he left half his money to Miss Havisham and half to his son. The son spent it all, in no time. He also sold his half of the brewery for next to nothing. He sold it to a stranger. He wasn't a gentleman, you see."

I nodded. I was beginning to see how important being a gentleman was.

"Anyway," Herbert went on, "once this stranger saw Miss Havisham, he went after her. He said he loved her. But he was after her money and the other half of the brewery. I don't know how much money she gave him. It was a lot, though. My father warned her about him. But Miss Havisham was in love. She and my father had a bad fight. They didn't speak to each other for years after that."

"So she married this man?"

"Use your head, man," said Herbert. "If she'd married, she wouldn't be Miss Havisham, would she? Yes, they were supposed to be married. All the plans were made. Guests were invited; a wedding cake was made. They were to be married at nine in the morning. Then, just twenty minutes before nine, a note came. The man had run away. The wedding was off.

"Suddenly, Miss Havisham knew. It was all a trick. Her half-brother and this man were in it together. They got the most money they could, and then they both ran away."

"It must have hurt Miss Havisham something awful," I said.

"Hurt her? You've seen her. She went out of her mind. She never left the house again. She walks around in her wedding dress, after all these years. All the clocks in the house are stopped at twenty to nine."

"But what of Estella?" I asked. "Who is she, then?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't know. I do know that Miss Havisham adopted her. Then again, my father doesn't tell me everything. There must be more to the story, but I don't know it. I do know something else about Estella, though."

"Tell me, please, do," I said.

"You rather like her, don't you?" said Herbert, with a smile. "Well, I wouldn't if I were you. Miss Havisham raised Estella for one reason. To break men's hearts. You see, through Estella, she wants to get even with all men."

"Suddenly, it all made sense to me. The clocks stopped at twenty to nine, the rotten wedding cake, Miss Havisham's yellowed wedding dress. And Estella... my beloved Estella. But in my heart, I knew Herbert was wrong about her. I loved her, and I hoped that one day she would come to love me, too."
“But enough of this,” said Herbert with a grin.
“We have to go to dinner at my father’s house. He
will be your new teacher. He’s quite the smartest
man in London. There’s just one thing he doesn’t
know.”

“What’s that?”

“How to make money,” laughed Herbert. “He has
to rent out rooms in his house. That, plus what he
makes at teaching, lets him live. But that’s not for
me. I’m going into the insurance business.”

“Oh, really?” I asked. “Where do you work?” He
named one of the big companies. “And do you
make a lot of money there?”

“Oh, well, . . . to tell the truth,” he said, “I don’t
make anything. I work there to get experience.”
His face brightened. “And when I do,” he said, “I
shall be very rich, indeed.”

I didn’t say anything. It seemed to me that
Herbert didn’t know any more than his father
about making money. Not if he was working for
no pay at all. But why should I hurt his feelings?
He was such a nice fellow.

7

My Life in London

Dinner at Mr. Pocket’s house was an eye-opener
to me. Herbert’s father, Matthew, was a lovely,
gentle man. And there seemed to be children
everywhere. The servants ran the house because
Mrs. Pocket couldn’t. She was a sweet person but
quite unable to do a thing. For all that, Mr. Pocket
and Herbert loved her.

After a few hours with Mr. Pocket, I knew
Herbert was right. This would be the man to teach
me. He seemed to know everything in the world.

Mr. Pocket’s house was so large that he was
able to rent out some of the rooms. He introduced
me to the people who rented rooms there. One
was a very nice, handsome fellow named Startop.
We got along right away. But the other was a
brute named Bentley Drummle. He made Mr.
Jaggers seem shy. I have never met a nastier chap.
So, you can imagine how surprised I was to find
out that Drummle was a “gentleman.” In fact, when
his father died, Drummle would become a baronet . . .
a lord!

I made up my mind to see as little of Drummle
as I could. But it was not to be. He, Herbert,
Startop, and I were invited to dinner at Mr.
Jaggers's house. Startop, as ever, was polite, and a pleasure to be with. But Drummle! He drank too much and once even insulted Mr. Jaggers. I waited for the explosion. Now, Mr. Jaggers would put this brute in his place.

"Quite the spider, aren't you?" Jaggers said to Drummle. Then he laughed. "Well, I don't fear you, even though you're young and strong," he said. "I want you to meet someone. Molly!"

The cook who had served our dinner came in. She was a big woman, nearly the size of a large man. She came up to Jaggers.

"Yes, sir?"

Jaggers made no reply. He grabbed Molly's hand, and I saw that her wrist was badly scarred. He held it under Drummle's nose. "Do you see this?" he boomed. "This woman's wrists and hands are stronger than those of any man. I defended her for murder, once. Give me no trouble, Spider, or I'll have her break you in two, like a dried stick!" Then he laughed loud and long. "And look at that face. I saved her from being another face in my office."

"Have you seen those faces?" Herbert whispered to me.

"Yes," I said. "They're horrible."

"They are death masks," Herbert said. "Made after the two were hanged for murder. That's why they are so swollen and horrid."

Then dinner was over. Jaggers saw us out and made a great fuss about Drummle. He actually liked the monster. I guessed it was because Drummle was as big a bully as Jaggers himself.

The weeks went by. I soon found myself more and more with Startop and Drummle. They were gentlemen, and so must I be. I also found out that being a gentleman was easy. All one had to do was drink, carry on, go to parties, and spend money. At this last, I found I had a talent.

I bought more clothes. I bought dinner for my new friends. I bought a boat and learned to row on the River Thames, as gentlemen did. In a short time, I was out of cash. But what did it matter? I knew I would be getting more.

Of all the money I spent, there was one thing I did that wasn't selfish. Secretly, I paid a large amount of money to a shipping firm. They agreed to take in my friend Herbert Pocket as a junior partner. The look on his face when he found out was payment enough for me.

Before long, I was deep in debt. Through it all, I dreamed of the lovely Estella. Surely, if she could see me now, she'd know me for a gentleman. What I didn't know was that I was also becoming the worst kind of snob. I wanted to forget the fact that I hadn't always been a gentleman.

One day I received a letter from Biddy, saying that Joe was coming to visit me the next morning.
I thought about all the money I had spent furnishing the rooms. Joe would look so common and out of place here. I wished he were not coming!

Joe came early the next day. I heard his thick boots on the stairs. Then I heard him wiping them on the doormat. I opened the door.

"Joe! How are you?"

"Fine, Pip. And yourself?" said Joe, his face shining with joy. "Why, you're a real gentleman now!"

I asked Joe about my sister and Biddy.

"Your sister is no worse," said Joe. "Biddy is well. She's been a real blessing in the house. She's even promised to teach me to read and write."

I invited Joe to sit down and have breakfast with me. As we talked, I noticed that Joe was becoming more and more uneasy. Finally he said, "Pip, I came here to bring you a message from Miss Havisham."

"Yes, Joe," I cried eagerly.

"Miss Havisham said, 'Tell Pip that Estella is back, and that she'll be glad to see him.'"

My heart skipped a beat, and my face grew red.

"And now I'll be going," said Joe. "I've said what I had to say. I must be going home."

"Won't you stay for dinner, Joe?"

"No, Pip."

We looked at each other.

"Pip, you know that this is no place for me. I'm a blacksmith. My place is the forge. I don't belong here. I don't feel myself here. Good-bye, Pip! May God bless you, dear old Pip!"

With that, Joe left. Dear, good, honest Joe!

My thoughts returned to Miss Havisham's message. Estella was back again! I must see her. I booked a seat on the next day's coach. Dressed in my finest clothes, I rode back to my hometown with my heart in my throat. Estella, at last!
When I got there, it was late in the evening. I knew I should stay at the forge with Joe. But I didn’t. Instead, I stayed at an inn called the Blue Boar. It was much nicer than the Three Jolly Bargemen. I’m ashamed to say that the next day I didn’t go to see Joe or Biddy. I went straight to Miss Havisham’s.

“I hardly knew Estella. She had been beautiful as a child. But now, she was by far the loveliest thing I’d ever seen. A light seemed to surround her, brightening the gloom of Miss Havisham’s room.

“Is she changed, Pip?” Miss Havisham asked.

“Beyond my dreams,” I said.

“Is he changed, Estella?” asked Miss Havisham.

“Yes,” she replied. “He is much less coarse and common.”

Miss Havisham got to her feet. She put Estella’s arms around my neck. “Love her, Pip,” the old woman said. “Love her with all your heart. Now, you two, go walk in the garden. Be together in the light. I must stay forever in darkness.”

We walked together, and for a second, I felt like that little boy again. Estella was so lovely. “You mustn’t love me, Pip,” she said. “No matter what Miss Havisham says.”

“It’s too late,” I said.

“You must know,” Estella said, “that I have no heart at all. No love to give anyone. It’s how I was raised. But you may see me from time to time. I will be living near London, in Richmond.”

My heart leaped. My beloved would be near. I could call on her—see her. In time, I would prove her words wrong. She would come to love me. I would make it happen! I was in heaven all the way back to London. It did bother me a bit that I didn’t go to see Joe and Biddy. But after all, they were no longer of my class. I sent Joe a fine present and forgot about it.

And so it went. My days were mostly taken up with lessons with Mr. Pocket and visits with Estella. Evenings, I would go out drinking and gambling with the gentle Startop and the hateful Drummle. One night, when we’d all had a bit too much to drink, Drummle got to his feet and raised a glass.

“To the most beautiful woman in London,” he said, “Miss Estella Havisham!”

“Who are you to speak her name?” I cried.

“Who are you to even know her?” sneered Drummle. “You may have fine clothes and some learning. But under it all, you are common. I am to be a baronet.”

“I don’t care. You will not mention her name in a bar,” I cried angrily.

“I will mention her name wherever and whenever I choose,” said Drummle. “She is to be my wife!”
“Is this true?” I demanded.

“I wouldn’t bother to lie to such as you,” said Drummle. “I know all about you, Pip. Estella and I have laughed many times about you.”

I ran from the bar. I was half drunk, and tears blinded me.

How could she have done this? Then I remembered Herbert’s words about how Miss Havisham had raised Estella. Oh, God, it was all true!

Somehow, I got to my rooms. Not since the day Estella had made me cry, was I so hurt. I thought my world had ended. Nothing worse could ever befall me. How wrong I was!

8 “My” Convict Returns

Shortly after the fight with Drummle, I got another letter from Biddy. My sister had died. Just before she passed on, she spoke two words: “Joe,” and then, “Pip.” I went to the funeral, but somehow, that body in the coffin wasn’t Mrs. Joe Gargery to me. Not the ever-loud, red-faced woman who used the Tickler on me.

I’m ashamed to say that I didn’t stay long. I didn’t want to be seen too much with Joe and Biddy, with their working clothes and ways. I did pay a visit to Miss Havisham. And naturally, she
spoke of Estella. The old lady was upset. She felt her death was near, and she wanted someone—anyone—to love her. She wanted this from Estella. But she had raised Estella too well. True to her words to me, Estella could love no one. Not even Miss Havisham. I left the old lady to her bitter memories and returned to London.

As I went up the stairs to my rooms, I thought I saw a man in the shadows. I got only a quick look. But there was something familiar about him. Putting it from my mind, I entered my rooms.

Later that evening, as I was about to go to bed, I heard footsteps on the stairs. Somebody was trying to find his way upstairs in the dark.

I took my lamp and went to the top of the stairs.

"Who is it?" I shouted. "Which floor do you want?"

"The top floor. I'm looking for Mr. Pip," a voice replied. The man came slowly forward into the light of the lamp.

"Who are you, sir?" I said.

He was old, I'd say in his sixties, with gray hair. But he seemed strong, and his voice was clear when he said to me, "Don't you know me, Pip?"

"I'm afraid I do not, sir. What is your business?"

I asked him.

"If you let me come in, I'll explain everything," he said.

I didn't care to have a visitor so late at night, but I showed him into my rooms. He looked around and seemed pleased by what he saw. Then he walked over to a chair and sat down.

"Maybe you'll remember me now," the old man said. He took a handkerchief from his coat pocket and tied it around his head. Then he took a file from his jacket and made motions as if he were freezing.

"The convict!" I cried.

"Just so," said the old man, with a smile. "And I never forgot how you helped me that Christmas Eve, lad. That's why I have sent you money."

"Oh, yes," I said. "The shilling wrapped in two pounds." I reached inside my coat and took out
two one-pound notes. "Here," I said. "And thank you for your kindness."

The old man laughed and waved away the money I offered. "I have no need for it," he said. "I am quite rich." He took out a wallet and showed me. **He must have had thousands of pounds!** Had he stolen it? "You see," he went on, "after I served some time in the prison ship, I was given a second chance. I could go to Australia as a free man. But I could never return to England again. It would mean death."

I nodded. I knew from Mr. Jaggers that the prisons in England were so crowded, this was often done. In fact, prison boats were used because the jails were so crowded. "But why have you come back?" I asked the old man.

"Why, to see you, Pip," said the man with a fond smile. "Even if it costs me my life, it will have been well worth coming back to England. And haven't you become a fine gentleman?"

"I suppose so, er ..." What could I call him? One doesn't call a convict by name, does he?

"Magwitch," said the man. "Abel Magwitch. Ah, Pip, it makes me so happy to see you."

I didn't understand. This rough, terrible man was upsetting me. He didn't want the two pounds. He just wanted to see me. But why? I asked him, and he made this reply:

"I never forgot that night, Pip. When I met you, I was trying to see my own child. She was a little girl. I was told that she lived near your town. I didn't even know if she was still alive. I'd never seen her. And I couldn't have cared less for her mother. The girl was, I might say, an accident of birth.

"Then, when I met you in the marshes, you were so brave and true ... Well, I began to think of you as my son, all those years in prison."

I was horrified. This rough criminal thought of me, Pip the gentleman, as his son? What an awful idea. But I said nothing. In truth, old as he was, he was still a frightening fellow. I tried to change the subject.

"Tell me," I said, "what was it that put you in jail to begin with?"
“Ah, that’s a tale,” said Magwitch. “It began near
to where I met you. Me and this chap Compeyson
were part of a shady deal. He found this rich
woman, who owned a brewery. Her own brother
put us on to her. Compeyson told the woman he
loved her. That he would marry her. She gave him
lots of money. Then, when we had enough, away
we ran—on the very day Compeyson was to have
married. Ahh, he was a cold chap, that Compeyson.

“And the airs he put on! As if he were a fine
gentleman . . . excuse me, like yourself, Pip . . . but
he was a crook, through and through.”

“What happened?” I asked. Suddenly, I was very
interested.

“We were caught,” Magwitch said. “I got fourteen
years, because I didn’t talk or act fancy. But
Compeyson, that snake, got only seven. His good
manners and fancy talk fooled the judge. But not
me. I would have killed him, if I could. In fact, I
tried.”

“The other convict!” I cried. “The one you were
fighting with when they found you!”

“Aye, and I would have killed him then. But I
thought: What’s worse? A clean death, or prison?
I know prison’s worse. I had decided to bring him
back, when we were found. May he rot in hell!”
The old man’s face softened as he looked at me.
“But that’s behind me now,” he said. “And I’ve come
to see you.”

“Well, now that you have . . . ,” I began.
“And I have come to give you this,” he finished.
He again took out the thick wallet. “You are twenty-
one now.”

“Yes,” I said. “But I don’t need money from you.
Mr. Jaggers has said that soon I will have plenty.”

“Ah, has he?” smiled the convict. “And what else
did he say of the money you’ve had all these years?”

“I never knew where it came from,” I admitted.

“Mr. Jaggers said that once I was twenty-one years
old, I’d be told.” I saw no reason to tell him of Miss
Havisham’s kindness to me. Doubly so, because it
was Magwitch who helped to break her heart.

“And so you shall be told,” said Magwitch, smiling.

“It was me that did it, Pip. I’ve been sending the
money to you all these years. And I have come all
this way . . . at risk of my life . . . to give the rest
of your fortune to you!”

He again held out the money. I nearly fell to the
floor. It wasn’t Miss Havisham who helped me. I,
the fine gentleman, was in the debt of a convict! I
had dreamed that Estella might break off with
Drummle and that she would see I was a true
gentleman. What a joke. This dreadful creature
was my “father”! He was the source of my “great
expectations.” My world was falling down around
my ears.

Worst of all, I thought of how I had treated Joe
and Biddy. They were “low class” to me then. Little
did I know that good, kind, gentle Joe was far above me. And I had treated him like dirt. It made my face turn red as I thought of it. And here was this person, acting as if I were his “son.” I sighed deeply. Well, if I were a convict's adopted son, so be it.

“You took a terrible chance coming here,” I told Magwitch.

“It was long ago that I went to Australia. Nobody in London is interested in me anymore, except my lawyer, Mr. Jaggers. Even if he knew I were here, he'd never tell. I trust Jaggers. It was he that found a good home for my daughter.”

My heart jumped into my throat. Nobody who'd be interested in Magwitch? Suddenly, I knew who the man in the shadows was. “You must get out of England right away,” I said to Magwitch. “You are in danger.”

“From who?” said Magwitch. “I told you no one remembers.”

“There is one man,” I said. “Compeyson. I saw him hanging around outside, when I came in.”

“Then quickly,” Magwitch said, “take this money. I must go.”

The shame of how I'd acted over the years hit me. I may have been a snob and a fool. But for what he was, Abel Magwitch had done well by me. “No,” I said. “I can't take your money. You've done enough for me.

“But I will get you safely out of the country,” I said. “I will hide you until I can buy a ticket on a ship to Australia. I have a boat. . . . After it's dark, I will row you out to the ship. No one will see.”

“Ah, Pip,” Magwitch said. “You’re as true a lad as ever.”
I smiled and took his hand. I said nothing. I was still filled with horror at this man. In my way, I was a victim of how I was taught, same as Estella. She couldn't love anyone. And I had been taught to despise criminals. But no thought of that. There was work to do!

9

On the River Thames

I left my rooms and went to the steamship office. I got a ticket for Magwitch, in the name of Provis. As I moved through the streets of London, I had the feeling I was being followed. I looked around...
every so often. But my schooling as a fine gentleman hadn't prepared me for this. Criminals can
tell if they are being followed. Gentlemen don't
know.

Herbert agreed to help me row Magwitch out to
his ship. The three of us waited until it was quite
late. Then, we sneaked out of our rooms and
headed for the river, where my boat was ready.
Just as we were about to push off, a voice called
out, "Stop, in the name of the Crown!"

I looked up and saw police running toward us.
And with them was Compeyson. I had been fol-
lowed! "Quickly!" I shouted at Magwitch. "Cast off!"
He untied the rope that held my boat to the dock.
I began to row, as hard as I could. Maybe in the
darkness, we could still get to the ship that waited.

But soon, there were other boats following us.
They had lights. The river was alive with police. I
rowed harder. Then a boat pulled up next to us.
"It's him!" cried Magwitch. "It's Compeyson!"
Magwitch stood up in the boat. Leaning over the
side, he grabbed Compeyson by the collar.

Suddenly, Herbert cried out, "Look out, Pip!" But
it was too late. A huge oceangoing steamer was
coming right at us! I felt a terrible crunch. Then I
was drifting down, under the black water of the
Thames.

I awoke in my own rooms. Standing at the foot
of my bed was Mr. Jaggers. As I opened my eyes,
"He could have been safe in Australia," I said.
"But he came back to see me. To give me my fortune."
"That, and some other business," said Jaggers.
"What other could it be?" I asked.
"I have the idea he wanted to see his daughter. He never spoke with me, though. God knows I wouldn't have told him where she is."
"Then his daughter is alive?" I asked.
"Very much so," said Jaggers. "You recall my cook, Molly?"
"Yes, sir."
"That was Magwitch's wife. When she went on trial for murder, the daughter fell into my care. She was such a lovely child, I couldn't leave her with a monster like her mother. What chance would she have in life? I found a good home for her.

"When I got her mother off, I told her what I'd done. The woman was grateful to me. So much so, that she remains my servant to this day. She never takes money from me, either."

"Magwitch helped me get on in life," I sighed. "If I can, I will help his daughter."

"Help yourself, lad," said Jaggers. "With Magwitch gone, so is your money. The police got the fifty thousand pounds he had for you. You owe everyone. As you have no money, you'll be put in debtor's prison. Get back your health, boy, and think of your future. If you have one."

Jaggers started to go. Weakly, I called to him from my bed. He stopped in the doorway. "Please, sir," I asked. "If I do get out of this, I must help Magwitch's daughter. Where is she? What is her name?"

Jaggers laughed. "She doesn't need your help, Pip. I suppose there's no harm in telling you now. You'll never see her again."

"Again? I don't understand."

"You grew up playing with her, boy. Magwitch's daughter is Estella Havisham."

The room spun around. Blackness came over me. I knew no more of the world for the next four weeks. I recall being sick, alone. I dimly recall the police. They had come to take me to debtor's prison, but I was too ill to be moved.

The next time I awoke, Joe Gargery was by my side. He told me that Herbert had gone to the Far East on a business trip. Before leaving, he had gotten word to Joe about what had happened to me. Little by little, I got back my health. Soon I was up and walking around my rooms. This pleased Joe. Then one day, not long after that, he said, "Well, Pip, I must be going. There's no one tending my shop. And I have Biddy to think of." He smiled shyly. "We're to be married, Pip."
I thanked Joe with all my heart. I didn’t insist on coming with him. I would have, but I just remembered I was a wanted man. As soon as I was well, they would come for me. Debtors’ prison was now my future. I didn’t say a word to Joe about it, though.

It wasn’t until days after Joe left that I found it—a simple note from Joe. He had taken his life’s savings and paid my debts! Shame swept over me. He had nursed me, paid my debts, and left. How could I ever face him again? What a wonderful man he was.

And my own life was almost a joke. I had put on airs, acting as if I were better than most people. But my money came from Magwitch, the convict. My great love, Estella, for whom I had longed—made myself a gentleman for—was the daughter of a convict. And now, she was the wife of a lord!

“That’s wonderful,” I said. “I must come to the wedding.”

“No need, Pip. I had to put it off, until you were well. But as soon as I return, we’ll be wed. You get well, boy. That’s the most important thing.”
Eleven Years Later

It was Herbert Pocket who saved what was left of my life. He was doing well in the shipping business. He got me a job in his company. He knew nothing about how I'd helped him, when I had money. He did it because he was a true friend.

I went to the Far East to work with Herbert. Over the years, I grew wealthy through my own efforts. I was now a third partner in Herbert's firm. Yet, I could never bring myself to go back to England. Each time I thought of Joe and Biddy, I was ashamed. And knowing Estella was married to Drummle was too much for me. It wasn't until eleven long years later that I got off the coach in my old hometown.

It hadn't changed much. I walked out to the churchyard, to look at my parents' gravestones. I almost didn't find them. They had fallen down, and the weeds had grown over them. I stood there, thinking of all that had begun at this very place, nearly twenty-five years ago. Then, I turned and walked toward Joe's house.

He was working at the forge when I got there. Bless him, Joe greeted me warmly. Joe had done well. In fact, when I tried to repay him for my old debts, he waved a hand. "No need, Pip," he said. "It's enough to see you again. So grown-up and fine as ever. Biddy and I are proud of you. But come inside. I've something to show you."

We went in, and Biddy greeted me with smiles and kisses. She and Joe now had two children: a boy and a girl. Biddy held up the young lad. "A fine boy," I said. "What's his name?"

Biddy gave me the same girlish smile I recalled so well. "We have named him Pip," she said. "But do sit down, and have a bit to eat."

At the table, Joe and Biddy told me of the events of the past eleven years. Miss Havisham had died, unlved. But she left almost everything to the cold, ungrateful Estella. A small amount had gone to Herbert Pocket.
“And what of Estella, herself?” I asked. “Whatever became of her?”

“A sad story, Pip,” Joe said. “Her fine husband used her badly, the brute. He ran around with other women, drank, and gambled. Then he made her shame public. He spent her money, and then he died in an accident... abusing a horse, he was. The animal kicked him to death. All she has left is the big old house. And that won’t be for long. It’s to be sold for his bad debts.”

“When?” I asked. “And where is Estella?”

“The house goes within the week. As to Miss Estella, she is at the house. She has nowhere else to go.” Suddenly, I was on my feet and out the door. It was a long way to the old house, but my feet flew.

The house, untended since Miss Havisham’s death, was in bad shape. I found Estella walking in the garden... that same garden we walked in, so long ago. But the garden was completely overgrown with weeds. Estella’s back was to me as I entered the garden gate. I called her name, and she turned.

“Can it be...?” she asked.

“Yes, Estella, it’s Pip.”

“Oh, Pip... after all these years. So much has happened...”

“Yes,” I said gently, “I have been told.”

“I’m so changed, I’m surprised you knew me.”

It was true she had changed. The fresh beauty of youth was gone. But something had taken its place. There was now a softness in her eyes I’d never seen before. As she took my hand, I felt a difference. The once proud and cold Estella had become a warm person. “To me, you are as lovely as ever,” I told her.

“Do you remember this place?” she asked. “The place we first met?”

“Indeed, I do,” I said. “As I remember the day you first let me kiss you.”

“So long ago! I let you kiss me because you beat my cousin.”

“Herbert and I have become the best of friends,” I said.

“Do you still live abroad?” she asked.

“Yes, I do. I have come back for a visit.”

“Are you doing well?”

“I work hard,” I said. “Therefore, I do well.”

“I have often thought of you,” Estella said.

“Have you?”

“Very often, lately. I threw away your love, Pip. Back then, I didn’t realize what it was worth. But you do have a place in my heart.”

“You have always had a place in mine, Estella.”

We fell silent for a time; then she spoke.

“How hateful I was,” she said. “How cruelly I used you. Oh, Pip. I have found I have a heart. I know, for it has been broken. I can never undo
the hurt I brought to you. I can only hope that we may be friends. If you can forgive me." She held out her hand.

"We are friends," I said.

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined garden. The evening mists were rising in the broad, peaceful twilight. I knew, at that moment, we would never part again.