



My Expectations

- 5 After the card game, Estella took me outside to the same place as before. She gave me some food, just like people give food to dogs. Then she left me alone and let me look around the garden. I ate my food and walked around the garden for a while. Then, I went back to the door by the kitchen. Estella was there with the keys to the gate. She didn't go to the gate immediately, she went back into the corridor. 'Come here. You can kiss me if you want.'

I kissed her cheek* as she turned it to me. It was clear that the kiss meant nothing to her. I was a rough, common boy. She gave it to me as if she was giving me money. I went out of the gate and walked home.

Over the next few months, I went to Miss Havisham's house every other day. I walked with her and I played cards with Estella and talked. Miss Havisham never gave me anything on any of these visits, except food before I left. Estella was always there. She never asked me to kiss her again. Sometimes she was kind to me, sometimes she was horrible. Miss Havisham often asked me, 'Is she pretty, Pip? Is she pretty?'

And, yes, Estella was becoming prettier every day. Then, sometimes I heard Miss Havisham say in Estella's ear, 'Break their hearts, my dear. Break their hearts.'

cheek the part of your face under your eyes

Then, one day, she said, 'You are growing tall, Pip. It's time to start work. You must start work with Joe.'

And so I stopped going to Satis house to see Miss Havisham and Estella. I started work.

As a young boy, I always liked working with Joe. Now I was older, I felt rough and common. I didn't like it very much. But that was what Joe wanted and that was what Miss Havisham wanted. There was nothing I could do.

I often looked out of the windows when I was working in the forge. I was afraid of Estella. I didn't want Estella to see me there with my black face and my black hands. With my common, rough shoes and clothes. I thought about Estella and Miss Havisham a lot.

My lessons at evening school stopped, but I tried to teach Joe everything I knew. We went to an old, empty farmhouse every Sunday. Joe smoked his pipe and I taught him what I could. He never remembered anything from one Sunday to the next.

One Sunday, when, as usual, Joe was bored with his lessons, we lay down and looked up at the sky. Also as usual, I began to think about Estella. I drew her face in the clouds. 'Could I have a free afternoon tomorrow, Joe?' I asked.

'Well, that depends why, doesn't it?'

'I think I want to go and visit Est... Miss Havisham, Joe.'

'I don't think Est misshavisham's her name, is it Pip?'

'No, Joe. I made a mistake. But what do you think?'

'Why do you want to go? You must be careful. She could think you want money from her.'

'I know, but I would like to go. What do you think?'

'Well, yes. Go if you want to go.'

Joe had another worker at the forge. He was called Orlick. He was a large, rough man, with big shoulders. He always did everything



very slowly and lazily. I didn't like him. When I was a small boy, he told me that the devil* lived in the forge. Orlick said that every seven years he threw a small boy into the fire for the devil to eat. I was frightened of Orlick. When I started work at the forge, Orlick didn't like it. He thought that I was there to take his job. He bullied* me a lot, especially when Joe wasn't looking.

That morning, I reminded* Joe about my free afternoon. Orlick heard me and I could see he was angry. At first, he didn't say anything: he and Joe were working with a piece of hot iron. Later, he said, 'Well, if Pip has a free afternoon, it's only right that I have one too, isn't it? It's only right. Give me a free afternoon too.'

'Calm down,' said Joe, 'I'll speak to you when you're feeling calmer.'

Orlick took a piece of hot iron and hit it with his hammer*. He was pretending the iron was me. When it was ready, he put it down and said, 'Well, can I have a free afternoon?'

'Now that you are calmer, yes. I think you work as hard as most men. Yes, you can both have a free afternoon.'

At that moment, my sister ran into the forge. 'Why are you giving that stupid man a free afternoon? We're not made of money.'

'Stupid! I'm not as stupid as you are, you horrible, mean* woman,' said Orlick.

'What did you call me? And in front of my husband! I'm not staying here to listen to this!'

'Don't talk to my wife like that!' shouted Joe.

Orlick ran towards Joe and hit him. But Joe was much stronger. Joe won the fight and Orlick went away. He was angry and hurt.

That afternoon, I arrived at Miss Havisham's in my best Sunday

devil a powerful, evil, character

to bully to hurt someone who is not as strong as you
to remind to help someone remember something

hammer ↴

mean unkind, horrible or someone who doesn't spend money





clothes. Estella wasn't there to open the gate. A servant* came instead.

'I've come to see Miss Havisham,' I said.

The servant went away to ask. A short time later, she came back and told me to go up.

'I hope you don't want any money, because I'm not going to give you any,' said Miss Havisham.

'No. I only came to see how you are.'

'Are you looking for Estella?'

'I hope she's well.'

'She's abroad* for her education. Why? Are you unhappy, Pip? Do you miss* her Pip? Do you miss her pretty face, Pip? She doesn't miss you.' She laughed, cruelly*. 'Now go away. I don't want to see you. Come back and see me on your birthday.'

I left and went back towards the forge. On the way, I stopped to look in some of the shop windows. Just then, Mr Wopsle came out of the bookshop with a copy of *The Tragedy of George Barnwell*. 'Hello, Pip. I'm just going to Mr Pumblechook's to read this with him. Come with me and you can listen too. It'll be good for your education.'

I was feeling sad and alone after my experience with Miss Havisham. This seemed a good way to finish my free afternoon, so, I agreed.

Mr Pumblechook and Mr Wopsle took it in turns* to read. They paused every now and then, to warn* me about the terrible Mr Barnwell. The book went on and on and on. The reading seemed to get slower and slower and slower. It was very dark when it was all over. Mr Wopsle and I left to go home. It was wet and foggy on the marshes. After a while, we saw a man standing under the lamp light.

'Hey, Orlick. Is that you? What are you doing here? You're very late,' I said.



'Well? You're very late, too, Pip,' Orlick said in his usual rough way. 'I was standing here, waiting for some company on the walk home. I've been in town all afternoon. I was behind you for a while, not very far behind you. Did you hear the guns from the transports? There's a convict out there again.'

It was a very wet and dirty walk home. Once or twice we heard the guns from the prison ships. On the way, we passed the Three Jolly Bargemen. We were surprised to see the doors open. People were running about. The barman came out to meet us. 'There's something wrong at your house, Pip. Run up and see what's going on. I think someone's hurt.'

The three of us ran towards the house as fast as we could. When we arrived, we found Joe with the doctor. There were some ladies there to help him. My sister, Mrs Joe, was lying on the floor. She was unconscious*. Blood* was coming from her head. Nothing was missing from the house but, next to my sister, there was a convict's leg chain. The leg chain had file marks on it, but Joe said that the marks were old. The policemen agreed with him. They also said that this type of leg chain wasn't the type used on the transports now. It was an old type. The chain was like my convict's leg chain. But that was impossible. Who took my convict's leg chain from the marsh? Only two people could be responsible*. Either Orlick, or the man with the file at the Three Jolly Bargemen. I was frightened.



My sister was very ill for a long time. She couldn't speak or hear very well. She couldn't remember things. Biddy stayed to help in the house and to look after her. Sometimes, Mrs Joe asked for a pencil so she

servant someone who cooks or cleans in another person's

house (an old word)

abroad in a different country

to miss (here) to feel sad that someone is not with you

cruelly hurting someone else because you want to and enjoy it

to take it in turns first one person does something, then the

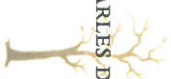
other does the same thing

to warn to tell someone about something dangerous

unconscious asleep because you are hurt

blood red liquid inside your body

to be responsible (here) to cause something to happen



could write something. The only thing she ever wrote was a very bad letter T. We tried and tried to understand the meaning of the T. Then one day, I saw it. It wasn't a T, it was a picture of a hammer. I went to the forge and brought all the hammers for Mrs Joe to see. She wasn't interested in the hammers. Perhaps she wanted to see Orlick. Perhaps she couldn't remember his name. Orlick came into the kitchen and put his hammer on the table. My sister looked at him and looked at the hammer. I was surprised. She didn't shout his name or point at him. She was very kind and polite to him. Orlick didn't understand this. I didn't understand it either. After that, she did this every day.



My life working with Joe went on as before. The same routine, day after day and year after year. Every year, on my birthday, I went to Satis House to visit Miss Havisham. And every year she gave me a pound. The first year I tried to say no, but she asked if I wanted more, so I didn't say no again.

Biddy was now looking after the house. I was still studying. I still wanted to be "uncommon". I used my birthday pound to buy books and things for studying. Biddy was still a better student than me. She was a good teacher, too. I liked her and I thought she was pretty. But she wasn't as pretty as Estella.

'I want to be a gentleman,' I said to her one day, 'because then I can ask Estella to marry me.'

I thought Biddy was sad, but she didn't say anything. I didn't understand then, but Biddy liked me. I liked her too, but I liked Estella more. Orlick also liked Biddy, but she was frightened of him.

I was in my fourth year of working for Joe. It was a Saturday night



and we were in the pub. We were listening to Mr Wopsle reading a story in the newspaper about a horrible murder*.

Suddenly, a man came into the room. 'I'm looking for Joe Gargery and his boy. The boy called Pip, who works with him.'

'I'm here,' I replied.

The stranger didn't recognize* me, but I recognized him. He was the man on the stairs in Miss Havisham's house all those years ago.

'I need to talk to you both,' he said. 'I think it's better for us to talk at your house. I don't want to talk to you here.'

The three of us went home. Joe and I were very curious.

'My name is Mr Jaggers,' said the man. 'I'm a lawyer* in London.

I'm here because I have some news for Pip. Some news from a client* of mine. My client wants to remain* secret.'

Joe and I were very surprised, but Mr Jaggers continued, 'I'm here because my client has paid me to be here. You are very common people. I don't usually speak to common people. But you, Pip, are now a man of *Great Expectations**. That means that one day you'll be a very rich man. Now, you must have a good education. You must become a gentleman. My client wants to pay for that education. You are going to go to London. You are going start your learning as soon as possible.'

I couldn't believe it. My dream was coming true. Me, Pip, a gentleman. Miss Havisham was Mr Jaggers' client. I was sure.

'Thank you, Mr Jaggers.'

'Don't thank me. I repeat, I'm only here because my client has paid me. I also repeat, my client wants to remain secret. One day, you'll know who my client is, but at the moment I can't tell you.'



murder a killing (also a verb)

to recognize to know someone or something because you

have seen the person or thing before

lawyer someone who helps people if they have problems with the law

client someone who is a customer, often of a professional person

to remain to stay

Great Expectations (here) the hope that you will have lots of money in the future