



# My Life in London

6 I was so proud and excited about my Great Expectations and my future education. I immediately went to Mr Trabb's clothes shop and I ordered a new suit. When I told Mr Trabb about my new money and property, he immediately came to help me. He measured me for my new clothes. His assistant, who was usually horrible to me, was also very polite and kind.

'Come back on Friday, Sir. Your suit will be ready for you.'

I went home and Joe, Biddy and I talked until late in the evening. They were sad that I was leaving, I was sad too. But they were also happy for me. I was a gentleman with Great Expectations.

On Friday, I went to collect my new suit and then went to visit the people in the village to say goodbye. My most important visit was to Miss Havisham. When I arrived, the servant opened the gate. She was very surprised to see me in my new clothes. She took me to Miss Havisham's room.

'You look very smart\*, Pip,' said Miss Havisham.

'I'm going to London. I'm going to have an education there. A rich person has adopted\* me. I don't know who it is and Mr Jaggers can't tell me. One day I'll find out. Anyway, I'm very grateful\* for this wonderful chance.'

I was still sure it was Miss Havisham.

'Yes, Mr Jaggers told me all about it,' she said. 'Well, be good Pip, and do what Mr Jaggers says. Now, off you go and good luck.'

7 When I arrived home, Joe and Biddy were waiting for me. We had a good roast dinner, but we were all sad. I didn't want to leave them and they didn't want me to go.

In the morning, Joe wanted to walk with me to the coach, but I said no. Part of me wanted to be alone. Part of me didn't want people to see me with Joe, at the coach. He had his work clothes and I was wearing my new fashionable suit. I was a bit ashamed of\* him. I hugged\* my sister who smiled at me. I hugged Biddy and Joe and went off towards the coach. They waved\* at me, as I walked down the road. When they couldn't see me any more, I stopped and cried. I was sorry about not wanting to walk with Joe. I already missed him and Biddy and my old life at home. I wanted to go back, but there was a whole new world in front of me. I had to go to London.



The journey to London took about five hours. When we stopped, I collected my bags and I found a cab\*. I gave the driver Mr Jaggers' address. Mr Jaggers wasn't there when I arrived, but his secretary opened the door. 'Are you Mr Pip? Mr Jaggers is out, but you can wait here for him.'

His secretary showed me into Mr Jaggers' office. It was a dark and depressing\* place. There was an enormous black chair behind an enormous wooden desk and another smaller chair for Mr Jaggers' clients. I sat for a while in the clients' chair, looking around the room. I was uncomfortable and I didn't like waiting in that strange, dark room. I decided to go for a walk.

**smart** (here) well-dressed, elegant  
**to adopt** to make a person part of your family, usually a child

**grateful** feeling that you want to say thank you to someone

**ashamed of** (here) to feel bad or unhappy that you are connected to someone

**to hug** to put your arms round someone

**to wave** to say hello or goodbye with your hand

**cab** (here) a taxi pulled by a horse  
**depressing** something that makes you feel sad



London was hot and dirty. The area by the market smelled of bad meat. St. Paul's Cathedral had the sun behind it, so it looked black in the distance. Someone told me that the building nearby was Newgate Prison. I didn't like it. London wasn't a nice place.

I went back to Mr Jaggers' office. It was full of people waiting to see him. They were all very respectful\* of him. He listened to them and then told them to go away. Then he came to me. 'Right, Pip. You have a bed in young Mr Pocker's rooms at Barnard's Inn. You can stay there until Monday. Then you'll go to his father's house to see if you like it. You have a lot of money. However, I'm sure you'll go wrong somewhere and spend too much. Now, off you go. My secretary, Mr Wemmick, will show you the way. He'll give you your money when you need it. I imagine you'll meet him often.'

When we arrived at Barnard's Inn, I was a little disappointed\*. It didn't look like a place that was right for a gentleman with my Expectations. It was damp and dirty and the little houses in the square looked old. Mr Wemmick took me up to Mr Pocker's rooms. There was a notice on the door:

*I'll be back soon.*

'Perhaps you're too early,' said Mr Wemmick, 'but, is it all right if I leave you now?'

'Yes, of course,' I said.

Mr Pocker's idea of *soon* wasn't the same as mine. I waited for almost an hour until he arrived.

'Mr Pip?'

'Mr Pocker?'

'Yes, I'm very sorry. I'm very late. Please call me Herbert. I saw

**respectful** showing that you think someone is important

**disappointed** feeling sad that something didn't happen



there was a coach from the country at twelve o'clock, so I went to meet it. But you weren't on that coach. Then I thought you might like some fruit after dinner, so I went to the market to get some. Now, let me show you the place. It's not very big and it's not very rich, but I like it. On Monday, you can go and see if you like my father's house. Until then you can stay here and I'll show you London. Here, this is your room and this is mine and here's our sitting room.'

I liked Herbert instantly and he seemed to like me.

'Mr Jaggers said that you know Miss Havisham. You went to play there. Well, she's my father's cousin. What do you think of her?' said Herbert.

'Well, I'm sorry, but I think she's a little strange,' I said.

'Yes, she's a very strange lady. I once went to Miss Havisham's to play too. She wanted to see if she liked me. She probably wanted me to marry Estella. Fortunately, she *didn't* like me, because I certainly didn't like Estella. Estella is proud and hard. Miss Havisham has taught her to be hard and cruel to all men.'

'But why has Miss Havisham done *that*?'

'Really, Pip. Don't you know? Well, it's a good story and I'll tell you at dinner.'

Dinner finally arrived, from a restaurant nearby, and Herbert began to tell me the story of Miss Havisham.

'Miss Havisham was a *spoilt*\* child. Her mother died when she was young. Her father gave her everything she wanted. When her father died, she became a very rich young lady. There was a man who started to visit her. She fell in love with him and they decided to get married. She gave him money and presents. He took her money and

**spoilt** like a child who always gets what s/he wants





he took her presents but he wasn't in love with her. He used her. The date for the wedding was fixed and the wedding dress was ready. The guests were invited. The day came, but the man didn't. Instead, a letter arrived....'

'A letter arrived,' I interrupted. 'That letter arrived when she was dressing for her wedding at twenty to nine.'

'Exactly! She ordered all the clocks in the house to stop, and from that day until this, she has never left her house. She adopted Estrella, probably to make Estrella hurt all men. She wants all men to suffer.'

It was a sad story, but I now understood Miss Havisham's strange ways. I was sorry for Estrella.

Over the weekend, Herbert showed me around London and we went to the theatre on Saturday evening. We had a fine weekend together.

On Monday, we went to his father's house. Mr Matthew Pocket was a very kind gentleman. He had a kind face, like Herbert's face. I liked him immediately. He showed me my room, which was large and light. Then I met two other students, Mr Drummle and Mr Startop. Mr Bentley Drummle was rich and ignorant\*. He seemed big and sulky\*. He was very proud and self-important. I didn't like him very much. Mr Startop was shy and gentle and had a very delicate face. He was a friend of Herbert's and I liked him too.

Mr Pocket was a good teacher. He taught me all the things a gentleman needs to know. I learned to row\* on the river. I learned all the manners\* a gentleman needs at the table, but most of all I learned from books.

**ignorant** uneducated, badly-behaved

**sulky** feeling that you don't want to talk to anyone because you are angry

**to row** to move a boat through water, similar to canoeing

**manners** normal or polite ways of behaving







Herbert was a good teacher, too. I often stayed with him at Barnard's Inn and he often came to his father's house to row on the river with me. Whenever we ate together, he helped me with my manners and reminded me what to eat with a fork and what to eat with a spoon. We were best friends.

I slowly began to like my life in London and my life as a gentleman. I enjoyed the theatre and good food and fine clothes. I often went to Mr Jaggers' office to get money from Wemmick. He always gave it to me.

On one visit to the office, Mr Jaggers came in and invited me to dinner at his house. 'Bring the other students, too,' he said.

That evening, we met Mr Jaggers at his office and followed him to his house. All along the way, people tried to talk to him, but he continued talking to us and ignored\* them. He walked very proudly.

His house was dark and depressing, like his office. There were a lot of books about law and criminals\* on his bookshelves. The table was set for dinner and Mr Jaggers' housekeeper\* was there to serve it. She was about forty years old, possibly a little older. She was tall and dark and had a lot of black hair. Her face had a worried look. I thought she was a little frightening. She quietly touched Mr Jaggers on the arm to show that dinner was ready. Then she left the room.

Dinner was very good. Mr Jaggers had Bentley Drummle on one side of him and Startop on the other. To my surprise, he seemed very interested in Drummle and they talked a lot together. Bentley Drummle seemed to enjoy all the attention. Every now and then, the housekeeper came in with another dish for us. Each time she put the dish near Mr Jaggers and then quickly took her hands away. She

**to ignore** to act like people don't exist  
**criminal** a person who does something against the law

**housekeeper** someone whose job is to look after a house



seemed afraid of him. Near the end of the meal, we started talking about our rowing skills. We were all arguing about who was the strongest. Bentley Drummle, naturally, said that *he* was. Suddenly, Mr Jaggers took hold of his housekeeper's arm and said, 'I'll show you someone *really* strong.'

'Please, Sir. Don't,' she cried, but Mr Jaggers was determined.

'Show them your wrist, Molly. Show them both your wrists.'

'Please, Sir,' she cried again.

But it was no good. She showed us her wrists. They were big and strong.

'There's power in these hands,' said Mr Jaggers. 'I've never seen anyone with hands as strong as these. No man or woman alive has got hands as strong as these. There now, Molly. You can go.'

After dinner, Mr Jaggers continued talking to Bentley Drummle. He made Drummle feel important. Startop, Herbert and I were quite surprised. We couldn't understand why Mr Jaggers was so interested in Drummle. Drummle became ruder and ruder as the evening went on. Mr Jaggers seemed to enjoy it. Finally, at half past nine, it was time to go. Mr Jaggers showed us to the door. Startop and Drummle went ahead with Herbert. Mr Jaggers called me back for a moment.

'I like Drummle, but you should keep away from him, Pip.'

'That won't be a problem for me, because I *don't* like him,' I replied. 'Now I must catch up with\* Herbert and the others. Thank you again for the excellent dinner. Goodnight.'

About a month later, the horrible Bentley Drummle finished his lessons with Mr Pocket and went home. The rest of us were very pleased to see him go.

**to catch up with** (here) to reach people in front of you