



I Meet Estella Again

8 Not long after the dinner with Mr Jaggers, I received a letter from Biddy.

Dear Mr Pip,

Joe asked me to write because he's coming to London with Mr Wopsle. He would like to see you.

Your poor sister is still the same. We talk about you in the kitchen. Every night, we talk about what you are doing.

I hope you'll be happy to see Joe. He especially asked me to write about the fun you'll have together in London. He's arriving on

Tuesday and will come to Barnard's Inn to see you.

Best wishes,

Biddy

I wasn't very happy about the idea of seeing Joe. I was a little ashamed that he was coming to London. I was pleased that he was coming to Barnard's Inn and not to Mr Pocket's house. I didn't want Drummle to meet him.

I tidied my rooms and ordered a fine breakfast for the next day. He arrived on time and I heard him come up the stairs. It was strange to see him in London and we were both a little uncomfortable. Joe talked to me like a stranger. I wasn't his boy any more. I was a gentleman.

After a difficult and silent breakfast, I invited him to see London, then come back to my rooms for dinner. He thanked me for the invitation but said no. He felt strange too. Before he left, he gave me a message from Miss Havisham.

'She wants to see you, Pip, Sir.'

'When, Joe? Why? And please don't call me Sir.'

'She wants to see you tomorrow, Sir. Estella's back at the house and wants to see you. I'm sorry our meeting today was so uncomfortable, Pip. But when you come back and stay at the forge, it'll be like old times again.'

The next afternoon, I went to the coach stop with Herbert. I felt sad about my day with Joe, yesterday. I was sad too, because I knew I didn't want to stay at the forge. Instead, I decided to stay at the Blue Boar*. 'I hope Joe understands,' I thought. But I knew it wasn't kind. I knew I was hurting Joe. I felt ashamed of myself.

Coaches often carried convicts down to the transport ships. The convicts sat on top or behind the coach, on the outside. Herbert told me that two convicts were on my coach. I looked over and saw two men in those grey clothes and with chains on their legs. Then, suddenly I realized* that I knew one of the men. He was the same man from the Three Jolly Bargemen. The one with the two pounds.

The coach was very full, so I had to sit outside too. The two convicts sat right behind me. I could almost feel their breath* on the back of my neck.

The journey was long, cold and noisy. Every now and then I could hear their conversation.

'Gave me two pounds, he did. He told me to find the boy that

Blue Boar a typical name for a pub
to realize to understand

breath the air that goes into and out of your body



helped him. The boy that kept his secret and to give him two pounds.'

'Did you do it, or did you keep the money?'

'No, I didn't keep it. I don't know why, but I found the boy and gave him the money.'

'And what happened to your man?'

'Life*, for trying to escape. Life he got.'

I stayed very quiet and I decided to get off the coach as near as possible to the Blue Boar.



I woke up early the next morning and went for a walk. It was too early to visit Miss Havisham and I needed time to think. I thought about Estella, and me as a boy. I still thought she was very pretty. Strangely, I arrived at Satis House at my usual time. I rang the bell and, much to my surprise and horror, Orlick came to open the gate. Orlick was now working for Miss Havisham. Miss Havisham seemed to trust him. I still didn't like him and he, clearly, still hated me. As usual, he was scornful when he met me. I went up to Miss Havisham's room.

'Come in, Pip. It's good to see you,' she said, welcoming me.

She had a bitter* smile on her face.

'I'm pleased to see you, too', I said, 'and thank you for your invitation.'

There was a lady sitting in the corner of the room. I didn't know who she was. She was tall and elegant. Then she looked up at me. She had Estella's eyes. It was Estella. She was older now, but even more beautiful.

'Do you think she has changed, Pip?' said Miss Havisham. 'Is she more beautiful now?'

lie (here) lie in prison

bitter angry, not very nice



'Yes, she has changed. Yes, she's still beautiful.'

'Love her, Pip. Love her, love her, love her,' Miss Havisham repeated over and over again in my ear.

Later in the afternoon, Estella took me outside to the usual place, the place where she always left me.

'Do you remember giving me food here?' I said. 'Do you remember making me cry?'

She didn't remember and I was sad. It's difficult when someone makes you so sad that you cry. It's even more difficult, if they don't remember doing it.

'You must know', she said, 'that I don't have a heart. I don't have any softness or feeling for you. I don't want to hurt you, but that's the truth.'

She was still proud and cruel and I still loved her. I wanted to cry, as usual.

A short while later, I was surprised when Mr Jaggers arrived. He seemed surprised to see me, too. Perhaps he had business with Miss Havisham about my education. I didn't speak to him very much. Miss Havisham sent us all to have dinner together. She didn't eat with us. She never ate anything in front of anyone. After dinner, we went back up to Miss Havisham's room and played cards together. We played until about nine o'clock. Then Miss Havisham made plans with Mr Jaggers for Estella to come to London. She asked me to meet Estella at the coach when she arrived. Then Mr Jaggers and I went back to the Blue Boar together. That night, Miss Havisham's words, 'Love her, love her, love her,' repeated themselves over and over in my head. I did love her. I loved her. I loved her. Now even more than before.

I didn't have time to go to Joe's house, because Mr Jaggers and

bitter angry, not very nice



I wanted to go back to London that morning. Before we left, I decided to talk to Mr Jagers about Orlick. 'I don't think he's a very good person. I don't think he's the right man to work at Satis House.'

'I agree with you, Pip. I'll go and see him later. I'll tell him to leave immediately.'

I was quite surprised. 'He'll probably be very angry. It'll be difficult for you,' I said.

'No, no. I won't have any trouble with him at all, Pip. Don't worry about that.'



When I got home to Barnard's Inn, I sent a parcel* of good food to Joe. I wanted to say sorry. At dinner, I decided it was time to tell Herbert about my feelings for Estella.

'Of course,' said Herbert, 'I know *that*. I knew *that* on the first day I met you. But I think you should be careful, Pip. She's proud and bitter. Miss Havisham has made her that way. Be careful, she'll hurt you. Now, enough of this serious talk. Let's finish our dinner.'

'Yes, you're right, my friend. Then after that, perhaps we could go to the theatre?'

A few days later, while I was studying at Mr Pocker's, a letter arrived for me. I didn't know the writing, but I guessed it was from Estella. I opened it as quickly as I could.

I'm coming to London the day after tomorrow. I'm arriving at midday.

Meet me at the coach. I look forward to seeing you there.

I was so excited. I couldn't concentrate on my studies any more. The two days passed more slowly than any days I could remember. When the day finally arrived, I woke up early and went off to the

parcel a box that comes through the post





coach stop. I was there hours before the coach was supposed to arrive. Eventually, midday came and the coach arrived. Estella looked more beautiful than ever in her warm travelling clothes. I helped her out of the coach. She behaved more kindly towards me than before.

'I need a cab to take me to Richmond. Miss Havisham wants you to come with me.'

'We'll have to wait a little for a cab to arrive. Would you like some tea while you're waiting?'

'Yes, that would be very nice.'

'What are you going to do at Richmond?' I asked.

'Miss Havisham's paying a lot of money to an important lady there. I'm going to stay with her. She's going to introduce me to some important people.'

The cab arrived. I kissed her on the hand and helped her in.

'Do you remember when you kissed me on my cheek?' she said,

'You can kiss me again, if you like.'

She turned her cheek towards me and I gently kissed it. She was playing with my feelings again. I couldn't stop her. I couldn't stop my feelings. I helped her into the cab and we went to Richmond.



My Expectations seemed normal to me now. I pretended to be happy, I was lying to myself. Yes, I had money and yes, I had an education. But, as I looked into the fire in my room, I thought about Joe and Biddy at home. There was no fire as good as the fire in the forge. No fire as good as the fire at home. I didn't want to know Miss Havisham any more. I didn't want her help.



Startop was a member* of a dining club. It was called The Finches of the Grove. He invited us to be members too. It seemed a good thing to do, and it was fashionable. The members of the club met every two weeks for an expensive dinner. We talked, played cards and argued with each other all the time. The horrible Bentley Drummle was also a member of the club. He walked about as if he owned the place. He was very self-important.

I was spending a lot on good living and, unfortunately, so was Herbert. I was sorry because I knew that my expensive lifestyle was a problem for him. I tried to help him many times, but he was too proud and he always said no. Both of us needed to save money. We decided to write down all our expenses* every week, on the Saturday evening before dinner.

On one of these Saturday evenings, a letter arrived. It came with a special messenger. The messenger was wearing black clothes.

'It's for you,' said Herbert. 'I hope that nothing's wrong.'

The letter was from a company called Trabb & Co.

We are very sorry to tell you that, at twenty past six in the evening, on Monday last week, your sister, Mrs Joe Gargery, died. The funeral is on Monday next week, at three o'clock in the afternoon.*

Trabb & Co., Funeral Directors



member a person who is part of a group or club
expenses the money that you spend on things

funeral when someone dies, people go to the funeral to say goodbye