

The Visitor



I left early on the Monday morning of my sister's funeral. All the way, I thought about my sister and Orlick. I was sure he was responsible for her death. When she was alive, my sister wasn't very kind to me, but now that she was dead, I was sad.

I got off the coach at the Blue Boar and walked up towards the forge. I arrived at the forge and saw a black coach waiting outside. There were two boys dressed in black waiting with it. Joe was inside by the fire. He was wearing a big black coat.

'How are you Joe?'

'Pip, I'm so pleased you're here. It means a lot to me. It's hard to think that she isn't....'

And Joe touched my hand and looked away. Biddy came over and gave me a cup of tea. She looked very fine and smart in her simple black dress.

The funeral wasn't what I imagined. It wasn't what Joe wanted either. It was what Mr Trabb, the funeral director wanted. It was expensive and there were too many people there. Finally, when it was all over, we went back to the forge. Joe, Biddy and I all had a cold supper. We ate in the dining room, not in the kitchen. Joe was very careful with his manners. He was very careful about how he used his knife and fork. He was worried about what I thought. I was now a gentleman. He was a blacksmith. I was sad, I didn't want him to feel that way.

'Could I sleep here, tonight, Joe? In my little room?' I asked.
'Why, of course, Pip. It'll be like old times. It'll be lovely to have you here again.'

'What about you, Biddy? What are you going to do?' I said.

'Well, I can't stay here now. I'm going to live with Mrs Hubble. Together we'll come and look after Joe. I'm going to teach the evening school. That way I can earn money and help look after Joe.'

'Do you know anything about Orlick? Is he still in the village?'

'Yes, he is. I often see him by that old tree. That old tree there. He was here the night Mrs Joe died. I thought I saw him there tonight, too. He watches me a lot and I don't like it.'

I was angry that Orlick was still watching Biddy. I wanted to protect her. 'I'll come and visit you and Joe often, I promise, Biddy.'

Biddy looked at me with a hard expression on her face. 'I hope you keep your promise, Pip.'

I felt hurt, but I knew Biddy was right. It was time for me to be a gentleman. Not just a gentleman to my fine London friends, but a gentleman to Joe, too.



Herbert and I had terrible problems with money. Fortunately, I was about to be twenty-one years old, officially a gentleman. Herbert and I both hoped for a present of some money. On the day before my birthday, I received a message from Mr Wemmick.

Mr Jaggers would like to see you tomorrow afternoon at five o'clock.

Herbert and I were very excited.

I arrived at five and Mr Wemmick came to meet me. 'Congratulations, Mr Pip. Mr Jaggers is waiting for you in his office. Follow me.'

'Well, Pip,' said Mr Jaggers, 'I must call you Mr Pip today.'



Congratulations, Mr Pip. Now, tell me. How much are you spending? No, don't tell me, because I know that you don't know. Well, you are spending too much, I'm sure you know that. However, today is your twenty-first birthday and here's a present for you from my client.'

Mr Jaggers looked at Mr Wemmick and Mr Wemmick passed me a bank note*. It was a bank note for five hundred pounds.

'Well, that's your present for your birthday, and from today, you will have five hundred pounds every year. You must come to Wemmick every three months and he'll give you one hundred and twenty five pounds. That is, until my client comes to speak to you in person.'

With my new income, I decided to help Herbert. I asked Wemmick's advice* about it.

'I'll talk to my friend Mr Skiffins. He's got friends in business.'

'Thank you, Mr Wemmick. Yes, I *do* want to help Herbert.'



One day, Herbert came home with an enormous smile on his face. A businessman has offered* me a job, Pip. I'm going to work in business, just as I've always wanted. Perhaps one day, I can be a businessman myself, too.'

I was very happy that he was so pleased. I was very happy that I could do some good with my money. Perhaps one day, I could help him more. Perhaps one day I could help *him* become a businessman. Something very important now happens in my life. But, before I tell you about it, I must tell you about Estella.



While Estella was in Richmond, I thought about her all the time. I often went to visit her. She usually had other visitors there when I arrived. She was often rude to me in front of them. She made me feel unhappy, but I didn't care. I loved her too much to care. On one of my visits, she told me that Miss Havisham wanted to see her. Miss Havisham wanted me to take Estella to Satis House.

Two days later, Estella and I took the coach together. We arrived at Satis House and found everything the same as usual. Miss Havisham was in her old room. She was wearing the same old white dress. She looked at Estella and at me, then at Estella, then at me.

'How is she cruel to you, Pip? How is she cruel to you?' she asked. Her face was bitter and angry.

I could see that Estella was Miss Havisham's toy. Estella was there to use all men and to hate all men. Miss Havisham wanted her to hate all men.

That evening, there was a terrible argument between Estella and Miss Havisham. We were sitting by the fire. Estella was holding hands with Miss Havisham. Slowly she took her hand away.

'Are you tired of me? Why are you taking your hand away? Don't you love me any more? I gave you this life. I gave you all I could. Why don't you love me for it? Why aren't you grateful?' cried Miss Havisham.

'I'm very grateful to you for adopting me, but I can't love you. I can't give you love that you never gave me. I don't know how to love you. I don't know how to love anyone. You taught me that. You made me like this. No, I'm not tired of you, but I don't love you.'

I decided to leave the two of them together. I went into the garden and walked around under the stars for a while. When I returned, everything was calm. Estella was sitting next to Miss Havisham looking into the fire.

bank note paper money
advice things people say to help you decide what to do

to offer (here) to ask if someone wants to have something



In the morning Estella and I took the coach and went back to London.

That evening, the Finches of the Grove had a dinner. I decided it was a good idea to go. I needed to relax after my meeting with Miss Havisham. I was wrong, it was a mistake to go. The horrible Bentley Drummle was there, talking about himself, as usual. This time he was talking about women. He was talking about Estella.

'You don't know Estella. How can you talk about someone you don't know?' I said, angrily.

'Oh, but I *do* know her. I know her very well,' Drummle replied.

'Liar. Prove* it to me! If you're not a liar prove it to me!'

At this point, Bentley Drummle took a letter out of his pocket. I recognized the writing. It was Estella's. Estella was playing with me again. She was playing with my heart and my love for her. I had no choice, I angrily apologized*. I went home to bed.



Some time later, I went to a dance. Estella was there and I decided to ask her about Drummle. She was honest with me, as she wasn't honest with anyone else. 'I'm lying to him, like I lie to all men,' she said.

But she wasn't lying to me.



And now the important moment in my life. I was twenty-three years old. Herbert and I didn't live in Barnard's Inn any more, we lived in rooms in Temple, down by the river.

Herbert was away on business, in Marseilles. It was a cold, stormy night and I was alone. I missed Herbert. Our rooms were on the top floor of the house. The house was shaking* with the noise from the



wind and the rain. Then, suddenly, I heard a foot on the stairs. I went out into the corridor and said, 'Who's there? What do you want?'

'I'm looking for Mr Pip, is that you?' said the voice.

'Yes, it is. Come up.'

'Thank you,' said the strange voice from the dark.

And the stranger came up the stairs. I was surprised because he seemed very pleased to see me. He looked at me and said, 'Well, Pip. You're a fine looking gentleman. You really are.'

I looked at him again. Did I know him? Perhaps I did. He was about sixty years old and had grey hair. His face was brown from the sun and his arms and legs looked very strong.

'Why do you want to see me?' I asked.

'I'll tell you.'

'Then, come in.'

I showed him into my rooms and he looked around them. He seemed very happy to see my home and everything in it. Then he stood by the fire. He looked worried as he said, 'There's no-one else here, is there?'

'No, but why are you here?'

'You were good to me, Pip. I haven't forgotten.'

And then I realized who he was. He didn't need to show me a file. He didn't need to show me a chain on his leg. This was my convict. He was older now and so was I, but this was my convict. He got up and came towards me to hug me.

'Stay where you are. Leave me alone. If you have come here to thank me for what I did as a child, it's not necessary. I hope that you have changed your ways and that you are now an honest man. But you must understand that I now have a different life. I can try and

to prove to show that something is definitely true
to apologize to say sorry

to shake to move violently



help you again if you want, but I can't be friends with you. Now, you are wet and you look tired. Can I give you a drink before you go?'

He touched one of the bottles on the table, without even looking at it. I made him a drink of rum and water. Then I turned and saw that his eyes were sad. He wanted to cry.

'I'm sorry. I don't want to make you unhappy. Please, tell me about yourself. How are you living?'

'I was a sheep farmer in Australia. When my master* died I inherited* his farm. I did very well. In fact, I did better than anyone. I'm famous for it.'

'Congratulations. I'm happy to hear it. Do you remember the messenger that you once sent to see me? The man who gave me two pounds? It was a lot of money for me, then. But, like you, I have done very well, so now I must give it back to you.'

I opened my purse and took out two bright, clean pound notes and gave them to him. He picked them up and slowly and carefully put them into the fire.

'Can I ask you *how* you did so well?' he said.

'I have Expectations of a property in my future and I have an income.'

'What property?'

'I don't know.'

'Well, then. *Whose* property?'

'I don't know that either.'

'Well, can I guess that your income is, let me think, five hundred pounds a year? And, obviously, when you were a boy, you needed someone to look after you and your money. Can I guess that this man was a lawyer? And did his name begin with the letter J?'

master a person who controls someone else (an old word)

to inherit to get something from someone who has died

