



My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called as Pip.

As I had never seen my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them.



(For their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from the shape of the letters on my father's grave. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "Also Georgiana, Wife of the above," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly.



Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within twenty miles of the sea. One memorable raw afternoon towards evening near the graveyard, hold your nose!' cried a terrible voice, as a man showed up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you kid! What are you doing there?"



He was a fearful man, all in coarse grey with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied around his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled, and whose teeth chattered in his head as he held me by my arm.

**"Tell us your name!" said the man.
'Quick!'"**

"Pip, sir," I replied

**Once more, said the man, staring at me,
said, give it mouth! "Pip. Pip, sir."**

**"Show us where you live," said the
man, "point out the place!"**

**I pointed to where our village lay, on the
flat in-shore among the alder-trees and
pollards, a mile or more from the
church.**



The man, after looking at me for a moment turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets.There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. I was seated on the high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously

I held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

**"Now look here!" said the man,
"where's your mother?"**

**"There, sir!" said I, pointing to my
mother's grave.**

**He started, made a short run, and
stopped and looked over his
shoulder.**

Also, Georgiana.' That's my mother.'

**"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is
that your father along with your
mother?"**

"Yes, sir," said I.



**Ha!" He muttered then, considering. "Whom do
you live with?"**

**My sister, sir—Mrs Joe Gargery—wife of Joe
Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."**

**"Blacksmith, eh?" said he and looked down at his
leg. After darkly looking at his leg and me several
times, he came closer, took me by both arms and
looked powerfully down at me, and I looked
helpless.**

Now look here," he said, 'you know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir." "And you know what a wittle is?"

"Yes, sir."





"You get me a file. And you get me wittles. You bring them both to me," He tilted me again, "Or I'll have you here with me. Forever!" I was dreadfully frightened and So giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me free". Then, he held me by the arms and went on in these fearful terms, "You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and the wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder.



You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person anywhere, and you shall be free." "You fail," he continued, "and then you will have to pay! I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which, young man, I am an angel. It is in vain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man.



A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him. Now, what do you say?"
I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the battery, early in the morning.

"Goo-good night, sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat, "I wish I was a frog, or an eel! n At the same time, he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves.





When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, and then turned around to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs.
