

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

4

УРОВЕНЬ

ЛУЧШЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ
НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ
ЯЗЫКЕ



Дж. Остин
ГОРДОСТЬ
И ПРЕДУВЕЖДЕНИЕ
Jane Austen "Pride and Prejudice"

Ч. Диккенс
БОЛЬШИЕ НАДЕЖДЫ
Charles Dickens "Great Expectations"

Сборник историй о любви
словарь • комментарии

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Аннотация

В данный сборник вошли два шедевра английской литературы: романы «Гордость и предубеждение» Джейн Остин и «Большие надежды» Чарльза Диккенса. Тексты произведений сокращены, незначительно упрощены и сопровождаются постраничными комментариями, объясняющими значение различных словосочетаний, а также словарем. Издание предназначено для продолжающих изучать английский язык (уровень 4 – Upper-Intermediate).

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Charles Dickens "Great Expectations"**

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Чарльз Диккенс. Большие надежды / Charles Dickens. Great Expectations

Chapter 1



My father's family name was Pirrip,¹ and my Christian name was Philip.² So, I called myself Pip.³

My sister – Mrs. Joe Gargery,⁴ who married the blacksmith. I never saw my father or my mother. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a stout, dark man, with curly black hair.

That day I was at the churchyard. I was very sad and began to cry.

"Keep still,⁵ you little devil!" cried a terrible voice, and a man stood up among the graves, "or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man with a great chain on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head.

"Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell me your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip. Pip, sir."

¹ **Pirrip** – Пиррип

² **Philip** – Филипп

³ **Pip** – Пип

⁴ **Joe Gargery** – Джо Гарджери

⁵ **Keep still!** – Замолчи!

“Show me where you live,” said the man.

I pointed to where our village lay, a mile or more from the church.

“Now look here!” said the man. “Where’s your mother?”

“There, sir!” said I. “She lies there.”

“Oh!” said he. “And is that your father with your mother?”

“Yes, sir,” said I; “him too.”

“Ha!” he muttered then. “Who 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. You know what a file is?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you know what wittles⁶ is?”

“Yes, sir.”

“So you get me a file. And you get me wittles. Or I’ll have your heart and liver out.⁷”

I was dreadfully frightened. He held me by the arms, and went on in these fearful terms: —

“You bring me, tomorrow morning early, that file and the wittles. You will do it, and you will never say a word about me. So you will live. If you do not do this, my friend will take your heart and liver out. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open.⁸ Now, what do you say?”

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him some food I could, and I would come to him early in the morning.

“Now,” he said, “you remember what you’ve promised, and you remember that man, and you get home!”

“Good night, sir,” I faltered and ran away.

⁶ **wittles** – жратва

⁷ **Or I’ll have your heart and liver out.** – А не то я вырву у тебя сердце с печёнкой.

⁸ **tear him open** – зарежет его

Chapter 2

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbors because she had brought me up “by hand.”⁹

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with blue eyes. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow.

Joe’s forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were – most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the churchyard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I were fellow-sufferers.¹⁰ I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him, sitting in the chimney corner.

“Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she’s out now.”

“Is she? Has she been gone long, Joe?”

“Well,” said Joe, “about five minutes, Pip. She’s a coming! Get behind the door, old chap.”¹¹

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, came in.

“Where have you been, you young monkey?” said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot.

“I have only been to the churchyard,” said I, from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

“Churchyard!” repeated my sister. “Churchyard, indeed! You may well say churchyard, you two. You’ll drive me to the churchyard, one of these days!”

She applied herself to set the tea-things. But, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something in reserve for my dreadful acquaintance, and his ally the still more dreadful man.

It was Christmas Eve, and I had to stir the pudding for next day, with a copper-stick, from seven to eight. I decided to steal some food afterwards and bring it to my new “friend”. Suddenly I heard shots.

“Hark!” said I, when I had done my stirring; “was that great guns, Joe?”

“Ah!” said Joe. “A convict ran away.”

“What does that mean, Joe?” said I.

Mrs. Joe, who always took explanations upon herself, said, snappishly, “Escaped.”

I asked Joe, “What’s a convict?”

“There was a convict off last night,¹²” said Joe, aloud, “after sunset. And they fired warning of him. And now it appears they’re firing warning of another.”

“Who’s firing?” said I.

“Ask no questions, and you’ll be told no lies,” said my sister.

It was not very polite to herself, I thought. But she never was polite unless there was company.

“Mrs. Joe,” said I, as a last resort, “Please tell me, where the firing comes from?”

“Lord bless the boy!”¹³ exclaimed my sister, as if she didn’t quite mean that but rather the contrary. “From the Hulks!”

“Oh-h!” said I, looking at Joe. “Hulks!”

“And please, what’s Hulks?” said I.

⁹ **she had brought me up “by hand”** – она воспитала меня «своими руками»

¹⁰ **fellow-sufferers** – товарищи по несчастью

¹¹ **old chap** – старина

¹² **There was a convict off last night.** – Вчера вечером один арестант дал тягу.

¹³ **Lord bless the boy!** – Наказание с этим мальчишкой!

“Hulks are prison-ships!¹⁴” exclaimed my sister.

It was too much for Mrs. Joe, who immediately rose. “I tell you what, young fellow,” said she, “People are put in the Hulks because they murder, and because they rob, and forge, and do all sorts of bad things.”

I was in mortal terror of the man who wanted my heart and liver; I was in mortal terror of the iron leg; I was in mortal terror of myself, from whom an awful promise had been extracted.

In the early morning I got up and went downstairs; every board upon the way, and every crack in every board calling after me, “Stop thief!” and “Get up, Mrs. Joe!” I stole some bread, some cheese, about half a jar of mincemeat, some brandy from a bottle, a meat bone and a beautiful round compact pork pie.

There was a door in the kitchen, communicating with the forge; I unlocked that door, and got a file from among Joe’s tools. Then I opened the door at which I had entered when I ran home last night, shut it, and ran for the misty marshes.

¹⁴ **prison-ships** – плавучая тюрьма

Chapter 3

It was a rainy morning, and very damp. The mist was heavier yet when I got out upon the marshes, so that instead of my running at everything, everything seemed to run at me. The gates and dikes and banks cried as plainly as could be, "A boy with Somebody's else's pork pie! Stop him!" The cattle came upon me, staring out of their eyes, and steaming out of their nostrils, "Halloa, young thief!"

All this time, I was getting on towards the river. I had just crossed a ditch, and had just scrambled up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was towards me, and he had his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep. But it was not the same man, but another man!

And yet this man was dressed in coarse gray, too, and had a great iron on his leg. All this I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in: he ran into the mist, stumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

"It's the man!" I thought, feeling my heart shoot as I identified him.

Soon I saw the right Man, waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. His eyes looked so awfully hungry too.

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said he.

"Brandy," said I.

"I think you have got the ague," said I.

"Sure, boy," said he.

"It's bad about here," I told him. "You've been lying out on the meshes, and they're dreadful aguish."

"You're not a deceiving imp? You brought no one with you?"

"No, sir! No!"

"Well," said he, "I believe you."

Something clicked in his throat as if he had works in him like a clock, and was going to strike. And he smeared his ragged rough sleeve over his eyes.

"I am glad you enjoy the food," said I.

"What?"

"I said I was glad you enjoyed it."

"Thank you, my boy. I do."

I had often watched a large dog of ours eating his food; and I now noticed a decided similarity between the dog's way of eating, and the man's. The man took strong sharp sudden bites, just like the dog.

"I am afraid you won't leave any food for him," said I, timidly.

"Leave for him? Who's him?" said my friend.

"The man. That you spoke of."

"Oh ah!" he returned, with something like a gruff laugh. "Him? Yes, yes! He don't want any wittles."

"I thought he looked as if he did," said I.

The man stopped eating, and regarded me with the greatest surprise.

"Looked? When?"

"Just now."

"Where?"

"Yonder," said I, pointing; "over there, where I found him sleeping, and I thought it was you."

He held me by the collar and stared at me so, that I began to think his first idea about cutting my throat had revived.

“Dressed like you, you know, only with a hat,” I explained, trembling. “Didn’t you hear the cannon last night?”

“Then there was firing!” he said to himself.

“He had a badly bruised face,” said I, recalling what I hardly knew I knew.

“Not here?” exclaimed the man, striking his left cheek.

“Yes, there!”

“Where is he?” He crammed what little food was left, into the breast of his gray jacket. “Show me the way he went. I’ll pull him down,¹⁵ like a bloodhound. But first give me the file, boy.”

I indicated in what direction the other man had gone away, and he looked up at it for an instant. But then he sat on the wet grass and began to file his iron like a madman. I told him I must go, but he took no notice.

¹⁵ I’ll pull him down. – Я выслежу его.

Chapter 4

I expected to find a Constable in the kitchen, waiting to take me up.¹⁶ But Mrs. Joe was busy in getting the house ready for the festivities of the day.

We were to have a wonderful dinner, consisting of a leg of pickled pork and greens, and a pair of roast stuffed fowls. A handsome mince-pie had been made yesterday morning, and the pudding was already on the boil.

Mr. Wopsle,¹⁷ the clerk at church, was to dine with us; and Mr. Hubble¹⁸ and Mrs. Hubble; and Uncle Pumblechook¹⁹ (Joe's uncle), who lived in the nearest town, and drove his own chaise-cart. The dinner hour was half-past one. Everything was most splendid, and not a word of the robbery.

The time came, without bringing with it any relief to my feelings, and the company came.

I opened the door to the company, and I opened it first to Mr. Wopsle, next to Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, and last of all to Uncle Pumblechook.

"Mrs. Joe," said Uncle Pumblechook, a large hard-breathing middle-aged slow man, with a mouth like a fish, and dull staring eyes, "I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of sherry wine – and I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of port wine."

Every Christmas Day he presented himself, as a profound novelty, with exactly the same words.

We dined on these occasions in the kitchen. My sister was lively on the present occasion, and indeed was generally more gracious in the society of Mrs. Hubble than in other company.

Among this good company I should have felt myself, even if I hadn't robbed the pantry, in a false position. They wouldn't leave me alone. It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation,²⁰ and ended with the very proper aspiration that we might be truly grateful. My sister said, in a low voice, "Do you hear that? Be grateful."

"Especially," said Mr. Pumblechook, "be grateful, boy, to them which brought you up by hand."

Mrs. Hubble shook her head and asked, "Why is it that the young are never grateful?" Mr. Hubble answered, "They are just vicious." Everybody then murmured "True!" and looked at me in a particularly unpleasant and personal manner.

"You must taste," said my sister, addressing the guests with her best grace – "you must taste such a delightful and delicious present of Uncle Pumblechook's! You must know, it's a pie; a pork pie."

My sister went out to get it. I heard her steps proceed to the pantry. I saw Mr. Pumblechook balance his knife. I felt that I could bear no more, and that I must run away. I ran for my life.

But I ran no farther than the house door. There stood a party of soldiers with their muskets.

¹⁶ **to take me up** – чтобы взять меня под стражу

¹⁷ **Wopsle** – Уопсл

¹⁸ **Hubble** – Хабл

¹⁹ **Pumblechook** – Памблчук

²⁰ **theatrical declamation** – театральная декламация

Chapter 5

The sergeant and I were in the kitchen when Mrs. Joe stood staring.

"Excuse me, ladies and gentleman," said the sergeant, "but I am on a chase in the name of the king, and I want the blacksmith."

"And pray what might you want with him?" retorted my sister.

"Missis," returned the gallant sergeant, "speaking for the king, I answer, a little job. You see, blacksmith, we have had an accident with handcuffs, and I find the lock of one of them goes wrong, and the coupling don't act pretty. As they are wanted for immediate service, will you throw your eye over them?²¹"

Joe threw his eye over them, and pronounced that the job would take two hours.

"Would you give me the time?" said the sergeant, addressing himself to Mr. Pumblechook.

"It's just gone half past two."

"That's not so bad," said the sergeant, reflecting; "How far are the marshes? Not above a mile, I reckon?"

"Just a mile," said Mrs. Joe.

"Convicts, sergeant?" asked Mr. Wopsle.

"Ay!" returned the sergeant, "two. They are out on the marshes, and we are going to catch them."

At last, Joe's job was done. As Joe got on his coat, he proposed that some of us should go down with the soldiers. Mr. Pumblechook and Mr. Hubble declined, but Mr. Wopsle said he would go, if Joe would. Joe said he was agreeable, and would take me, if Mrs. Joe approved. Mrs. Joe said, "If you bring the boy back with his head blown to bits by a musket, don't ask me to put it together again."

When we were all out in the raw air and were steadily moving towards the marshes, I whispered to Joe, "I hope, Joe, we shan't find them." and Joe whispered to me, "I'd give a shilling if they had run, Pip."

The weather was cold and threatening, the way dreary, darkness coming on, and the people had good fires and were celebrating the day. A few faces hurried to glowing windows and looked after us, but none came out. Joe took me on his back. With my heart thumping, I looked all about for any sign of the convicts. Finally, I saw them both. The soldiers stopped.

After that they began to run. After a while, we could hear one voice calling "Murder!" and another voice, "Convicts! Guard! This way for the runaway convicts!" The soldiers ran like deer, and Joe too.

"Here are both men!" cried the sergeant. "Surrender, you two!"

Water was splashing, and mud was flying.

"Mind!" said my convict, wiping blood from his face with his ragged sleeves, and shaking torn hair from his fingers: "I took him! I give him up to you! Mind that!"

The other was bruised and torn all over.

"Take notice, guard – he tried to murder me," were his first words.

"Tried to murder him?" said my convict, disdainfully. "Try, and not do it? I took him; that's what I done. dragged him here. He's a gentleman, if you please, this villain. Now, the Hulks has got its gentleman again, through me!"

The other one still gasped, "He tried – he tried to – murder me."

"Look here!" said my convict to the sergeant. "I tried to kill him? No, no, no."

²¹ will you throw your eye over them? – не будете ли вы так добры взглянуть на них?

The other fugitive, who was evidently in extreme horror of his companion, repeated, "He tried to murder me. I should have been a dead man if you had not come up."

"He lies!" said my convict, with fierce energy.

My convict never looked at me, except that once. He turned to the sergeant, and remarked, "I wish to say something. It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me.²²"

"You can say what you like," returned the sergeant, standing coolly looking at him with his arms folded, "but you'll have opportunity enough to say about it, and hear about it, you know."

"A man can't starve; at least I can't. I took some wittles, at the village over there."

"You mean stole," said the sergeant.

"And I'll tell you where from. From the blacksmith's."

"Halloa!" said the sergeant, staring at Joe.

"Halloa, Pip!" said Joe, staring at me.

"It was some wittles – that's what it was – and liquor, and a pie."

"You're welcome," returned Joe, "We don't know what you have done, but we wouldn't have you starved, poor miserable fellow. Would us, Pip?"

Something clicked in the man's throat, and he turned his back.

²² **It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me.** – Это для того, чтобы подозрение не пало на кого другого.

Chapter 6

The fear of losing Joe's confidence, and of sitting in the chimney corner at night staring at my forever lost companion and friend, tied up my tongue. In a word, I was too cowardly to tell Joe the truth.

As I was sleepy before we were far away from the prison-ship, Joe took me on his back again and carried me home.

By that time, I was fast asleep, and through waking in the heat and lights and noise of tongues. As I came to myself (with the aid of a heavy thump between the shoulders), I found Joe telling them about the convict's confession, and all the visitors suggesting different ways by which he had got into the pantry. Everybody agreed that it must be so.

Chapter 7

When I was old enough, I was to be apprenticed to Joe. Therefore, I was not only odd-boy about the forge, but if any neighbor happened to want an extra boy to frighten birds, or pick up stones, or do any such job, I was favoured with the employment.

“Didn’t you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?” asked I one day.

“No, Pip.”

“Why didn’t you ever go to school?”

“Well, Pip,” said Joe, taking up the poker, and settling himself to his usual occupation when he was thoughtful; “I’ll tell you. My father, Pip, liked to drink much. You’re listening and understanding, Pip?”

“Yes, Joe.”

“So my mother and me we ran away from my father several times. Sometimes my mother said, ‘Joe, you shall have some schooling, child,’ and she’d put me to school. But my father couldn’t live without us. So, he’d come with a crowd and took us from the houses where we were. He took us home and hammered us. You see, Pip, it was a drawback on my learning.²³”

“Certainly, poor Joe!”

“My father didn’t make objections to my going to work; so I went to work. In time I was able to keep him, and I kept him till he went off.”

Joe’s blue eyes turned a little watery; he rubbed first one of them, and then the other, in a most uncomfortable manner, with the round knob on the top of the poker.

“I got acquainted with your sister,” said Joe, “living here alone. Now, Pip,” – Joe looked firmly at me as if he knew I was not going to agree with him; – “your sister is a fine figure of a woman.²⁴”

I could think of nothing better to say than “I am glad you think so, Joe.”

“So am I,” returned Joe. “That’s it. You’re right, old chap! When I got acquainted with your sister, she was bringing you up by hand. Very kind of her too, all the folks said, and I said, along with all the folks.”

I said, “Never mind me,²⁵ Joe.”

“When I offered to your sister to keep company, and to be asked in church at such times as she was willing and ready to come to the forge, I said to her, ‘And bring the poor little child. God bless the poor little child,’ I said to your sister, ‘there’s room for him at the forge!’”

I broke out crying and begging pardon, and hugged Joe round the neck: who dropped the poker to hug me, and to say, “We are the best friends; aren’t we, Pip? Don’t cry, old chap!”

Joe resumed,

“Well, you see; here we are! Your sister a master-mind.²⁶ A master-mind.”

“However,” said Joe, rising to replenish the fire; “Here comes the mare!”

Mrs. Joe and Uncle Pumblechook was soon near, covering the mare with a cloth, and we were soon all in the kitchen.

“Now,” said Mrs. Joe with haste and excitement, and throwing her bonnet back on her shoulders, “if this boy isn’t grateful this night, he never will be! Miss Havisham²⁷ wants this boy to go and play in her house. And of course he’s going.”

²³ **it was a drawback on my learning** – моему ученью это здорово мешало

²⁴ **a fine figure of a woman** – видная женщина

²⁵ **Never mind me.** – Ну что говорить обо мне.

²⁶ **Your sister a master-mind.** – Твоя сестра – ума палата.

²⁷ **Havisham** – Хэвишем

I had heard of Miss Havisham – everybody for miles round had heard of her – as an immensely rich and grim lady who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.

“I wonder how she come to know Pip!” said Joe, astounded.

“Who said she knew him?” cried my sister. “Couldn’t she ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? Uncle Pumblechook thinks that that is the boy’s fortune. So he offered to take him into town tonight in his own chaise-cart, and to take him with his own hands to Miss Havisham’s tomorrow morning.”

* * *

I was then delivered over to Mr. Pumblechook, who formally received me as if he were the Sheriff. He said: “Boy, be forever grateful to all friends, but especially unto them which brought you up by hand!”

“Good-bye, Joe!”

“God bless you, Pip, old chap!”

I had never parted from him before, and I could at first see no stars from the chaise-cart. I did not understand why I was going to play at Miss Havisham’s, and what I was expected to play at.

Chapter 8

Mr. Pumblechook and I breakfasted at eight o'clock in the parlor behind the shop. I considered Mr. Pumblechook wretched company.²⁸ On my politely bidding him Good morning, he said, "Seven times nine, boy?"²⁹ And how should I be able to answer, in a strange place, on an empty stomach!³⁰ I was very hungry, but the math³¹ lesson lasted all through the breakfast. "Seven?" "And four?" "And eight?" "And six?" "And two?" "And ten?" And so on.

For such reasons, I was very glad when ten o'clock came and we started for Miss Havisham's. Within a quarter of an hour we came to Miss Havisham's house, which was of old brick, and dismal, and had a great many iron bars to it. While we waited at the gate, Mr. Pumblechook said, "And fourteen?" but I pretended not to hear him.

A window was raised, and a clear voice demanded "What name?" To which my conductor replied, "Pumblechook." The voice returned, "Quite right," and the window was shut again, and a young lady came across the courtyard, with keys in her hand.

"This," said Mr. Pumblechook, "is Pip."

"This is Pip, is it?" returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud; "come in, Pip."

Mr. Pumblechook was coming in also, when she stopped him with the gate.

"Oh!" she said. "Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

"If Miss Havisham wished to see me," returned Mr. Pumblechook, discomfited.

"Ah!" said the girl; "but you see she didn't."

She said it so finally, that Mr. Pumblechook could not protest. I was afraid that he would come ask me through the gate, "And sixteen?" But he didn't.

My young conductress locked the gate, and we went across the courtyard. It was paved and clean, but grass was growing in every crevice. The cold wind seemed to blow colder there than outside the gate.

She saw me looking at it, and she said, "Now, boy, you are at the Manor House."

"Is that the name of this house, miss?"

"One of its names, boy."

She called me "boy" very often, and with a carelessness that was far from complimentary, but she was of about my own age. She seemed much older than I, of course, being a girl, and beautiful and self-possessed.

We went into the house by a side door, the great front entrance had two chains across it outside – and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there.

At last we came to the door of a room, and she said, "Go in."

I answered, "After you, miss."

To this she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and – what was worse – took the candle with her.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, I knocked and entered, and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture. But prominent in it was

²⁸ **I considered Mr. Pumblechook wretched company.** – В обществе мистера Памблчука я чувствовал себя отвратительно.

²⁹ **Seven times nine, boy?** – Сколько будет семью девять, мальчик?

³⁰ **on an empty stomach** – на пустой желудок

³¹ **math = mathematics** – математика

a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials – satins, and lace, and silks – all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table.

“Who is it?” said the lady at the table.

“Pip, ma’am.”

“Pip?”

“Mr. Pumblechook’s boy, ma’am. Come – to play.”

“Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close.”

It saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

“Look at me,” said Miss Havisham. “You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?”

“No.”

“Do you know what I touch here?” she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“What do I touch?”

“Your heart.”

“Broken!”

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile.

“I am tired,” said Miss Havisham. “I want diversion. Play. I sometimes have sick fancies, and I have a sick fancy that I want to see some play. There, there!” with an impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand; “play, play, play!”

I stood looking at Miss Havisham.

“Are you sullen and obstinate?”

“No, ma’am, I am very sorry for you, and very sorry I can’t play just now. It’s so new here, and so strange, and so fine – and melancholy —.” I stopped, fearing I might say too much, or had already said it, and we took another look at each other.

Before she spoke again, she turned her eyes from me, and looked at the dress she wore, and at the dressing-table, and finally at herself in the looking-glass.

“So new to him,” she muttered, “so old to me; so strange to him, so familiar to me; so melancholy to both of us! Call Estella.³²”

As she was still looking at the reflection of herself, I thought she was still talking to herself, and kept quiet.

“Call Estella,” she repeated, flashing a look at me. “You can do that. Call Estella. At the door.”

To stand in the dark and to roar out Estella’s name, was almost as bad as playing to order.³³ But she answered at last, and her light came along the dark passage like a star.

Miss Havisham beckoned her to come close, and took up a jewel from the table “Your own, one day, my dear, and you will use it well. Let me see you play cards with this boy.”

“With this boy? Why, he is a common laboring boy!³⁴”

³² Estella – Эстелла

³³ playing to order – игра по заказу

³⁴ a common laboring boy – самый обыкновенный деревенский мальчишка

Miss Havisham answered, "Well? You can break his heart."

"What do you play, boy?" asked Estella of myself, with the greatest disdain.

"Nothing but beggar my neighbor,³⁵ miss."

"Beggar him,³⁶" said Miss Havisham to Estella. So we sat down to cards.

It was then I began to understand that everything in the room had stopped, like the watch and the clock, a long time ago. I noticed that Miss Havisham put down the jewel exactly on the spot from which she had taken it up. As Estella dealt the cards, I glanced at the dressing-table again, and saw that the shoe upon it, once white, now yellow. I glanced down at the foot from which the shoe was absent, and saw that the silk stocking on it, once white, now yellow, had been ragged. So the lady sat, corpse-like, as we played at cards.

"What coarse hands he has, this boy!" said Estella with disdain, before our first game was out. "And what thick boots!"

Her contempt for me was very strong. She won the game, and I dealt. She denounced me for a stupid, clumsy laboring-boy.

"You say nothing of her," remarked Miss Havisham to me. "She says many hard things of you, but you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?"

"I don't like to say," I stammered.

"Tell me in my ear," said Miss Havisham, bending down.

"I think she is very proud," I replied, in a whisper.

"Anything else?"

"I think she is very pretty."

"Anything else?"

"I think she is very insulting."

"Anything else?"

"I think I should like to go home."

"And never see her again, though she is so pretty?"

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home now."

"You shall go soon," said Miss Havisham, aloud. "Play the game out."³⁷

I played the game to an end with Estella, and she beggared me. She threw the cards down on the table.

"When shall I have you here again?" said Miss Havisham. "Let me think."

I was beginning to remind her that today was Wednesday.

"I know nothing of days of the week; I know nothing of weeks of the year. Come again after six days. You hear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat. Go, Pip."

I followed the candle down, as I had followed the candle up, and she stood it in the place where we had found it. She opened the side entrance.

"You are to wait here, you boy," said Estella; and disappeared and closed the door.

She came back, with some bread and meat and a little mug of beer. She put the mug down on the stones of the yard, and gave me the bread and meat without looking at me, as insolently as if I were a dog in disgrace. I was so humiliated, hurt, offended, angry, sorry. Tears started to my eyes. The moment they sprang there, the girl looked at me with a quick delight. This gave me power to keep them back and to look at her. She gave a contemptuous toss and left me.

³⁵ **Nothing but beggar my neighbor.** – Ни во что другое, как кроме в «дурачка».

³⁶ **Beggar him.** – Оставь его в дураках.

³⁷ **Play the game out.** – Доиграй до конца.

But when she was gone, I looked about me for a place to hide my face in and cried. As I cried, I kicked the wall, and took a hard twist at my hair.

Then I noticed Estella. She gave me a triumphant glance in passing me.

“Why don’t you cry?”

“Because I don’t want to.”

“You do,” said she. “You have been crying, and you are near crying again now.”

She laughed contemptuously, pushed me out, and locked the gate upon me. I went straight to Mr. Pumblechook’s, and was immensely glad to find him not at home. So on what day I was wanted at Miss Havisham’s again, I walked to our forge, remembering that I was a common laboring-boy; that my hands were coarse; that my boots were thick.

Chapter 9

When I reached home, my sister was very curious to know all about Miss Havisham's, and asked a number of questions. I felt convinced that if I described Miss Havisham's as my eyes had seen it, I should not be understood. Consequently, I said as little as I could.

The worst of it was that that old Pumblechook came gaping over in his chaise-cart at tea-time, to have the details divulged to him.

"Well, boy," Uncle Pumblechook began, as soon as he was seated in the chair of honor³⁸ by the fire. "How did you get on up town?"³⁹

I answered, "Pretty well, sir," and my sister shook her fist at me.

"Pretty well?" Mr. Pumblechook repeated. "Pretty well is no answer. Tell us what you mean by pretty well, boy?"

I reflected for some time, and then answered as if I had discovered a new idea, "I mean pretty well."

My sister with an exclamation of impatience was going to fly at me, – I had no shadow of defence, for Joe was busy in the forge – when Mr. Pumblechook interposed with "No! Don't lose your temper. Leave this lad to me, ma'am; leave this lad to me." Mr. Pumblechook then turned me towards him, as if he were going to cut my hair, and said,

"First (to get our thoughts in order): Forty-three pence?"⁴⁰

To which I replied, after a long interval of reflection, "I don't know." And I was so aggravated that I almost doubt if I did know.

Mr. Pumblechook said, "Is forty-three pence seven and sixpence three fardens, for instance?"⁴¹

"Yes!" said I. The answer spoilt his joke, and brought him to a dead stop.

"Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?"⁴² Mr. Pumblechook began again when he had recovered; folding his arms tight on his chest and applying the screw.

"Very tall and dark," I told him.

"Is she, uncle?" asked my sister.

Mr. Pumblechook winked assent; from which I at once inferred that he had never seen Miss Havisham, for she was nothing of the kind.

"Good!" said Mr. Pumblechook. ("This is the way to have him,"⁴³ I think, Mum!")

"I am sure, uncle," returned Mrs. Joe, "I wish you had him always; you know so well how to deal with him."

"Now, boy! What was she a doing of, when you went in today?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

"She was sitting," I answered, "in a black velvet coach."

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another – as they well might – and both repeated, "In a black velvet coach?"

"Yes," said I. "And Miss Estella – that's her niece, I think – handed her in cake and wine at the coach-window, on a gold plate. And we all had cake and wine on gold plates. And I got up behind the coach to eat mine, because she told me to."

"Was anybody else there?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

³⁸ **the chair of honor** – почётное место

³⁹ **How did you get on up town?** – Как ты провёл время в городе?

⁴⁰ **Forty-three pence?** – Сколько составят сорок три пенса?

⁴¹ **for instance** – например

⁴² **What like is Miss Havisham?** – Какая из себя мисс Хэвишем?

⁴³ **This is the way to have him.** – Вот как надо с ним обращаться.

“Four dogs,” said I.

“Large or small?”

“Immense,” said I. “And they fought for veal-cutlets out of a silver basket.”

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another again, in utter amazement. I was perfectly frantic and would have told them anything.

“Where was this coach, in the name of gracious?⁴⁴” asked my sister.

“In Miss Havisham’s room.” They stared again. “But there weren’t any horses to it.”

“Can this be possible, uncle?” asked Mrs. Joe. “What can the boy mean?”

“I’ll tell you, Mum,” said Mr. Pumblechook. “My opinion is, it’s a sedan-chair.⁴⁵ She’s flighty, you know – very flighty – quite flighty enough to pass her days in a sedan-chair.”

“Did you ever see her in it, uncle?” asked Mrs. Joe.

“How could I,” he returned, “when I never see her in my life?”

“Goodness, uncle! And yet you have spoken to her?”

“Why, don’t you know,” said Mr. Pumblechook, “that when I have been there, I have been took up to the outside of her door, and the door has stood ajar, and she has spoke to me that way. Don’t say you don’t know that, Mum. But the boy went there to play. What did you play at, boy?”

“We played with flags,” I said.

“Flags!” echoed my sister.

“Yes,” said I. “Estella waved a blue flag, and I waved a red one, and Miss Havisham waved one sprinkled all over with little gold stars, out at the coach-window. And then we all waved our swords and hurrahed.”

“Swords!” repeated my sister. “Where did you get swords from?”

“Out of a cupboard,” said I. “And I saw pistols in it – and jam – and pills. And there was no daylight in the room, but it was all lighted up with candles.”

“That’s true, Mum,” said Mr. Pumblechook, with a grave nod. “That’s the state of the case, for that much I’ve seen myself.” And then they both stared at me, and I stared at them.

Now, when I saw Joe open his blue eyes and roll them all round the kitchen in helpless amazement; but only as regarded him – not in the least as regarded the other two. Towards Joe, and Joe only, I considered myself a young monster. They had no doubt that Miss Havisham would “do something” for me. My sister stood out for “property.” Mr. Pumblechook was in favour of a handsome premium⁴⁶ for schooling.

After Mr. Pumblechook had driven off, and when my sister was washing up, I went into the forge to Joe, and remained by him until he had done for the night. Then I said, “Before the fire goes out, Joe, I should like to tell you something.”

“Should you, Pip?” said Joe. “Then tell me. What is it, Pip?”

“Joe,” said I, taking hold of his shirt sleeve, and twisting it between my finger and thumb, “you remember all that about Miss Havisham’s?”

“Remember?” said Joe. “I believe you! Wonderful!”

“It’s a terrible thing, Joe; it isn’t true.”

“What are you telling of, Pip?” cried Joe, falling back in the greatest amazement. “You don’t mean to say it’s – ”

“Yes I do; it’s lies, Joe.”

“But not all of it?” I stood shaking my head. “But at least there were dogs, Pip? Come, Pip,” said Joe, “at least there were dogs?”

“No, Joe.”

⁴⁴ in the name of gracious – боже милостивый

⁴⁵ sedan-chair – портшез (лёгкое переносное кресло, в котором можно сидеть полулёжа; паланкин)

⁴⁶ handsome premium – щедрая плата

“A dog?” said Joe. “A puppy? Come?”

“No, Joe, there was nothing at all of the kind. It’s terrible, Joe; isn’t it?”

“Terrible?” cried Joe. “Awful! What possessed you?”

“I don’t know what possessed me, Joe,” I replied, letting his shirt sleeve go, and sitting down in the ashes at his feet, hanging my head; “but I wish my boots weren’t so thick nor my hands so coarse.”

And then I told Joe that I felt very miserable, and that I hadn’t been able to explain myself to Mrs. Joe and Pumblechook, who were so rude to me, and that there had been a beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham’s who was dreadfully proud, and that she had said I was common, and that I knew I was common, and that I wished I was not common, and that the lies had come of it somehow, though I didn’t know how.

“There’s one thing you may be sure of, Pip,” said Joe, after some rumination, “namely, that lies is lies. Don’t you tell more of them, Pip. That isn’t the way to get out of being common, old chap. But you are uncommon in some things. You’re uncommon small. There was a flag, perhaps?”

“No, Joe.”

“I’m sorry there wasn’t a flag, Pip. Look here, Pip, at what is said to you by a true friend. Don’t tell more lies, Pip, and live well and die happy.”

“You are not angry with me, Joe?”

“No, old chap. But when you go up stairs to bed, Pip, please think about my words. That’s all, old chap, and never do it more.”

When I got up to my little room and said my prayers, I did not forget Joe’s recommendation. I thought how Joe and my sister were sitting in the kitchen, and how I had come up to bed from the kitchen, and how Miss Havisham and Estella never sat in a kitchen, but were far above the level of such common doings.⁴⁷

That was a memorable day to me, for it made great changes in me. Pause you who read this, and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you, but for the formation of the first link on one memorable day.

⁴⁷ were far above the level of such common doings – были намного выше такой обыкновенной жизни

Chapter 10

Of course there was a public-house⁴⁸ in the village, and of course Joe liked sometimes to smoke his pipe there. I had received strict orders from my sister to call for him at the Three Jolly Bargemen,⁴⁹ that evening, on my way from school, and bring him home. To the Three Jolly Bargemen, therefore, I directed my steps.

There was a bar at the Jolly Bargemen, with some alarmingly long chalk scores in it on the wall at the side of the door, which seemed to me to be never paid off.

It was Saturday night, I found the landlord looking rather sadly at these records; but as my business was with Joe and not with him, I merely wished him good evening, and passed into the common room at the end of the passage, where there was a bright large kitchen fire, and where Joe was smoking his pipe in company with Mr. Wopsle and a stranger. Joe greeted me as usual with “Halloa, Pip, old chap!” and the moment he said that, the stranger turned his head and looked at me.

He was a secret-looking man whom I had never seen before. His head was all on one side, and one of his eyes was half shut up, as if he were taking aim at something with an invisible gun. He had a pipe in his mouth, and he took it out, and, after slowly blowing all his smoke away and looking hard at me all the time, nodded. So, I nodded, and then he nodded again.

“You were saying,” said the strange man, turning to Joe, “that you were a blacksmith.”

“Yes. I said it, you know,” said Joe.

“What’ll you drink, Mr. – ? You didn’t mention your name, by the way.”

Joe mentioned it now, and the strange man called him by it. “What’ll you drink, Mr. Gargery? At my expense?⁵⁰”

“Well,” said Joe, “to tell you the truth, I am not much in the habit of drinking at anybody’s expense but my own.”

“Habit? No,” returned the stranger, “but once and away, and on a Saturday night too. Come!”

“I don’t want to spoil the company,” said Joe. “Rum.”

“Rum,” repeated the stranger.

“Rum,” said Mr. Wopsle.

“Three Rums!” cried the stranger, calling to the landlord.

“This other gentleman,” observed Joe, by way of introducing Mr. Wopsle, “is our clerk at church.”

“Aha!” said the stranger, quickly. “The lonely church, right out on the marshes, with graves round it!”

“That’s it,” said Joe.

The stranger put his legs up on the settle. He wore a flapping broad-brimmed traveller’s hat, and under it a handkerchief tied over his head in the manner of a cap: so that he showed no hair. As he looked at the fire, I thought I saw a cunning expression, followed by a half-laugh, come into his face.

“I am not acquainted with this country, gentlemen, but it seems a solitary country towards the river.”

“Most marshes is solitary,” said Joe.

“No doubt, no doubt. Do you find any gypsies, now, or tramps of any sort, out there?”

“No,” said Joe; “none but a runaway convict now and then.⁵¹ Eh, Mr. Wopsle?”

⁴⁸ **public-house** – трактир, харчевня

⁴⁹ **Three Jolly Bargemen** – “Три Весёлых матроса” (*название трактира*)

⁵⁰ **At my expense?** – За мой счёт?

⁵¹ **but a runaway convict now and then** – разве что беглого арестанта

Mr. Wopsle assented; but not warmly.

The stranger looked at me again – still cocking his eye, as if he were taking aim at me with his invisible gun – and said, “He’s a nice boy. What is his name?”

“Pip,” said Joe.

“Son of yours?”

“Well,” said Joe, “well – no. No, he isn’t.”

“Nephew?” said the strange man.

“Well,” said Joe, with the same appearance of profound cogitation, “he is not – no, not to deceive you, he is not – my nephew.”

“What is he?” asked the stranger.

Mr. Wopsle expounded the ties between me and Joe.

The strange man looked at nobody but me. He said nothing, until the glasses of rum and water were brought; and then he made his shot, and a most extraordinary shot it was.

It was not a verbal remark, but it was addressed to me. He stirred his rum and water pointedly at me, and he tasted his rum and water pointedly at me. And he stirred it and he tasted it; not with a spoon that was brought to him, but with a file.

He did this so that nobody but I saw the file; and when he had done it he wiped the file and put it in a breast-pocket. I knew it to be Joe’s file, and I knew that he knew my convict, the moment I saw the instrument. I sat gazing at him, spell-bound.

“Stop half a moment, Mr. Gargery,” said the strange man. “I think I’ve got a bright new shilling somewhere in my pocket, and if I have, the boy will have it.”

He looked it out from a handful of small change, folded it in some crumpled paper, and gave it to me. “Yours!” said he. “Mind! Your own.”

I thanked him, staring at him. He gave Joe good-night, and he gave Mr. Wopsle good-night (who went out with us), and he gave me only a look with his aiming eye.

On the way home, if I had been in a humor for talking, the talk must have been all on my side, for Mr. Wopsle parted from us at the door of the Jolly Bargemen, and Joe went all the way home with his mouth wide open, to rinse the rum out with as much air as possible. But I could think of nothing else.

My sister was not in a very bad temper when we presented ourselves in the kitchen, and Joe told her about the bright shilling. “A bad one,⁵² I’m sure,” said Mrs. Joe triumphantly, “Let’s look at it.”

I took it out of the paper, and it proved to be a good one. “But what’s this?” said Mrs. Joe, throwing down the shilling and catching up the paper. “Two One—Pound notes?”

Joe caught up his hat again, and ran with them to the Jolly Bargemen to restore them to their owner. While he was gone, I sat down on my usual stool and looked at my sister, feeling pretty sure that the man would not be there.

Presently, Joe came back, saying that the man was gone, but that he, Joe, had left word at the Three Jolly Bargemen concerning the notes. Then my sister sealed them up in a piece of paper, and put them under some dried rose-leaves in a teapot on the top of a press in the state parlor. There they remained, a nightmare to me, many and many a night and day.

⁵² A bad one. – Фальшивый.

Chapter 11

At the appointed time I returned to Miss Havisham's. Estella locked the gate it after admitting me, as she had done before, and again preceded me into the dark passage where her candle stood. She took no notice of me until she had the candle in her hand, when she looked over her shoulder, saying, "You are to come this way today,⁵³" and took me to quite another part of the house.

The passage was a long one. We traversed but one side of the square, however, and at the end of it she stopped, and put her candle down and opened a door. Here I found myself in a small paved courtyard. There was a clock in the outer wall of this house. Like the clock in Miss Havisham's room, and like Miss Havisham's watch, it had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

We went in at the door, which stood open, and into a gloomy room with a low ceiling, on the ground-floor at the back.

As we were going with our candle along the dark passage, Estella stopped all of a sudden, and, facing round, said with her face quite close to mine —

"Well?"

"Well, miss?" I answered, almost falling over her and checking myself.

She stood looking at me, and, of course, I stood looking at her.

"Am I pretty?"

"Yes; I think you are very pretty."

"Am I insulting?"

"Not so much so as you were last time," said I.

"Not so much so?"

"No."

She fired when she asked the last question, and she slapped my face with such force as she had, when I answered it.

"Now?" said she. "You little coarse monster,⁵⁴ what do you think of me now?"

"I shall not tell you."

"Why don't you cry again, you little wretch?⁵⁵"

"Because I'll never cry for you again," said I.

We went on our way up stairs after this episode; and, as we were going up, we met a gentleman groping his way down.

"Whom have we here?" asked the gentleman, stopping and looking at me.

"A boy," said Estella.

He was a burly man of an exceedingly dark complexion, with an exceedingly large head, and a corresponding large hand. He took my chin in his large hand and turned up my face to have a look at me by the light of the candle. He was bald on the top of his head, and had bushy black eyebrows.

"Boy of the neighborhood? Hey?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"How do you come here?"

"Miss Havisham sent for me, sir," I explained.

"Well! Behave yourself," said he, biting the side of his great forefinger as he frowned at me, "you behave yourself!⁵⁶"

⁵³ **You are to come this way today.** – Сегодня ты пойдёшь вот сюда.

⁵⁴ **you little coarse monster** – ты, заморыш несчастный

⁵⁵ **you little wretch** – ты, маленький гадёныш

⁵⁶ **You behave yourself!** – Веди себя хорошо!

With those words, he released me and went his way down stairs. There was not much time to consider the subject, for we were soon in Miss Havisham's room, where she and everything else were just as I had left them. Estella left me standing near the door, and I stood there until Miss Havisham cast her eyes upon me from the dressing-table.

"So!" she said, "the days have worn away, have they?"

"Yes, ma'am. Today is –"

"There, there, there!⁵⁷" with the impatient movement of her fingers. "I don't want to know. Are you ready to play?"

"I don't think I am, ma'am."

"Not at cards again?" she demanded, with a searching look.

"Yes, ma'am; I could do that."

"Since you are unwilling to play, boy," said Miss Havisham, impatiently, "are you willing to work?"

I said I was quite willing.

"Then go into that opposite room," said she, pointing at the door behind me with her withered hand, "and wait there till I come."

I crossed the staircase landing, and entered the room she indicated. From that room, too, the daylight was completely excluded, and it had an airless smell that was oppressive. The most prominent object was a long table with a tablecloth spread on the table, as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and the clocks all stopped together.

Black beetles had fascinated my attention, and I was watching them from a distance, when Miss Havisham laid a hand upon my shoulder. In her other hand she had a stick on which she leaned, and she looked like the witch.

"This," said she, pointing to the long table with her stick, "is where I will be laid when I am dead. They shall come and look at me here."

I shrank under her touch.

"What do you think that is?" she asked me, again pointing with her stick; "that, where those cobwebs are?"

"I can't guess what it is, ma'am."

"It's a great cake. A bride-cake. Mine!"

She looked all round the room in a glaring manner, and then said, leaning on me while her hand twitched my shoulder, "Come, come, come! Walk me, walk me!⁵⁸"

She was not strong, and after a little time said, "Slower!" After a while she said, "Call Estella!" so I went out on the landing and roared that name as I had done on the previous occasion. When her light appeared, I returned to Miss Havisham, and we started away again round and round the room.

Estella brought with her the three ladies and the gentleman, I didn't know what to do.

"Dear Miss Havisham," said a guest. "How well you look!"

"I do not," returned Miss Havisham. "I am yellow skin and bone. And how are you, Camilla?" said Miss Havisham.

"Thank you, Miss Havisham," she returned, "I am as well as can be expected."

Miss Havisham and I had never stopped all this time, but kept going round and round the room.

"Matthew⁵⁹ couldnot come," said Camilla.

⁵⁷ **There, there, there!** – Не надо! Не надо!

⁵⁸ **Walk me, walk me!** – Веди меня! Веди меня!

⁵⁹ **Matthew** – Мэтью

“Matthew will come and see me at last,” said Miss Havisham, sternly, when I am laid on that table. That will be his place – there,” striking the table with her stick, “at my head! And yours will be there! And your husband’s there! And Sarah Pocket’s⁶⁰ there! And Georgiana’s⁶¹ there! Now you all know where to take your stations when you come to feast upon me when you come to feast upon me.⁶² And now go!”

She now said, “Walk me, walk me!” and we went on again.

“Bless you, Miss Havisham dear!” said the guests.

While Estella was away lighting them down, Miss Havisham still walked with her hand on my shoulder, but more and more slowly. At last she stopped before the fire, and said, after muttering and looking at it some seconds —

“This is my birthday, Pip.”

I was going to wish her many happy returns, when she lifted her stick.

“I don’t want it to be spoken of.⁶³ They come here on the day, but they dare not refer to it.”

Of course I made no further effort to refer to it.

“On this day of the year, long before you were born, this heap of decay was brought here. It and I have worn away together. The mice have gnawed at it, and sharper teeth than teeth of mice have gnawed at me.”

She held the head of her stick against her heart.

“When the ruin is complete,” said she, with a ghastly look, “and when they lay me dead, in my bride’s dress on the bride’s table – which shall be done, and which will be the finished curse upon him, – so much the better if it is done on this day!⁶⁴”

She stood looking at the table as if she stood looking at her own figure lying there. I remained quiet. Estella returned, and she too remained quiet. It seemed to me that we continued thus for a long time.

At last, Miss Havisham said, “Let me see you two play cards; why have you not begun?” With that, we returned to her room, and sat down as before; I was beggared, as before; and again, as before, Miss Havisham watched us all the time, directed my attention to Estella’s beauty.

When we had played some half-dozen games, a day was appointed for my return, and I was taken down into the yard to be fed in the former dog-like manner. There, too, I was again left to wander about as I liked.

I found myself in the dismal corner upon which I had looked out of the window. I looked in and, to my great surprise, saw a pale young gentleman with red eyelids and light hair.

This pale young gentleman quickly disappeared, and reappeared beside me.

“Halloa!” said he, “young fellow!”

I said, “Halloa!”

“Who let you in?” said he.

“Miss Estella.”

“Come and fight,” said the pale young gentleman.

What could I do but follow him?

“Stop a minute,” he said, “I ought to give you a reason for fighting. There it is!” In a most irritating manner he pulled my hair, dipped his head, and butted it into my stomach.

His spirit inspired me with great respect. He seemed to have no strength, and he never hit me hard. He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to say that the more I hit him, the harder I hit him;

⁶⁰ Sarah Pocket – Сара Покет

⁶¹ Georgiana’s – Джорджиана

⁶² when you come to feast upon me – когда вы придёте пировать надо мной

⁶³ I don’t want it to be spoken of. – Я не разрешаю об этом говорить.

⁶⁴ so much the better if it is done on this day! – хорошо бы и это случилось в день моего рождения!

but he came up again and again and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall. He went on his knees backwards and said, "That means you have won."

He seemed so brave and innocent, that I felt but a gloomy satisfaction in my victory. However, I said, "Can I help you?" and he said "No thank you," and I said "Good afternoon," and he said "Same to you."

When I got into the courtyard, I found Estella waiting with the keys. But she neither asked me where I had been, nor why I had kept her waiting; and there was a bright flush upon her face, as though something had happened to delight her. Instead of going straight to the gate, too, she stepped back into the passage, and beckoned me.

"Come here! You may kiss me, if you like."

I kissed her cheek as she turned it to me. But I felt that the kiss was worth nothing.

Chapter 12

As we began to be more used to one another, Miss Havisham talked more to me, and asked me such questions as what had I learnt and what was I going to be? I told her I was going to be apprenticed to Joe, I believed. But I wanted to study, and I told her many times about that. I hoped that she might offer some help towards that desirable end. But she did not; on the contrary, she seemed to prefer my being ignorant. Neither did she ever give me any money – or anything but my daily dinner – nor ever say that I should be paid for my services.

Estella always let me in and out, but never told me I might kiss her again. Sometimes, she would condescend to me; sometimes, she would be quite familiar with me; sometimes, she would tell me that she hated me. Miss Havisham would often ask me in a whisper, or when we were alone, “Does she grow prettier and prettier, Pip?” And when I said yes (for indeed she did), would seem to enjoy it. Miss Havisham would embrace her with lavish love, murmuring something in her ear that sounded like “Break their hearts my pride and hope, break their hearts and have no mercy!”

One day Miss Havisham stopped short as she and I were walking, she leaning on my shoulder; and said with some displeasure —

“You are growing tall, Pip! Tell me the name of that blacksmith of yours.”

“Joe Gargery, ma’am.”

“Meaning the master you were to be apprenticed to?⁶⁵”

“Yes, Miss Havisham.”

“Would Gargery come here with you?”

“At any particular time, Miss Havisham?”

“There, there! I know nothing about times. Let him come soon, and come along with you.”

⁶⁵ Meaning the master you were to be apprenticed to? – Это к нему ты должен был идти в подмастерья?

Chapter 13

On the next day, Joe was arraying himself in his Sunday clothes to accompany me to Miss Havisham's. The forge was shut up for the day.

We walked to town. As it was almost noon, Joe and I held straight on to Miss Havisham's house. Estella opened the gate as usual, and, the moment she appeared, Joe took his hat off.

Estella took no notice of either of us, but led us the way that I knew so well. I followed next to her, and Joe came last.

Estella told me we were both to go in, so I conducted Joe into Miss Havisham's presence. She was seated at her dressing-table, and looked round at us immediately.

"Oh!" said she to Joe. "You are the husband of the sister of this boy?"

Dear old Joe was looking like some extraordinary bird; standing speechless, with his mouth open as if he wanted a worm.

"You are the husband," repeated Miss Havisham, "of the sister of this boy?"

It was very aggravating; but, throughout the interview, Joe was addressing me instead of Miss Havisham.

"Yes, you see, Pip, as I married your sister."

"Well!" said Miss Havisham. "And you have reared the boy, with the intention of taking him for your apprentice; is that so, Mr. Gargery?"

"You know, Pip," replied Joe, "as you and me were friends... But, Pip, if you had ever made objections to that, nobody would force you, don't you see?"

"Has the boy," said Miss Havisham, "ever made any objection? Does he like the trade?"

"Pip," returned Joe, "I think, there were not any objection on your part, right?"

It was quite in vain for me to make him understand that he ought to speak to Miss Havisham.

"Have you brought his indentures with you?" asked Miss Havisham.

"Well, Pip, you know," replied Joe, "you saw me put them in my bag, and therefore you know as they are here." With which he took them out, and gave them, not to Miss Havisham, but to me. I am afraid I was ashamed of the dear good fellow – I know I was ashamed of him – when I saw that Estella stood at the back of Miss Havisham's chair, and that her eyes laughed.

"You expected," said Miss Havisham, as she looked them over, "no premium with the boy?"

"Joe!" I cried, for he made no reply at all. "Why don't you answer –"

"Pip," returned Joe, "that is not a question requiring an answer between yourself and me. Should I say it?" Miss Havisham glanced at him and took up a little bag from the table beside her.

"Pip has earned a premium here," she said, "and here it is. There are five-and-twenty guineas in this bag. Give it to your master, Pip."

"This is very liberal on your part,"⁶⁶ Pip," said Joe, "And now, old chap," may we do our duty!⁶⁷

"Goodbye, Pip!" said Miss Havisham. "Let them out, Estella."

"Am I to come again, Miss Havisham?" I asked.

"No. Gargery is your master now."

We got out of the room. In another minute we were outside the gate, and it was locked, and Estella was gone. When we stood in the daylight alone again, Joe backed up against a wall, and said to me, "Astonishing!"

⁶⁶ **This is very liberal on your part.** – Это очень щедро с твоей стороны.

⁶⁷ **may we do our duty!** – будем исполнять свой долг!

When I got into my little bedroom, I was truly wretched, and had a strong conviction on me that I should never like Joe's trade. I had liked it once, but once was not now.⁶⁸

⁶⁸ I had liked it once, but once was not now. — Когда-то оно мне нравилось, но сейчас — другое дело.

Chapter 14

It is a most miserable thing to feel ashamed of home. Home had never been a very pleasant place to me, because of my sister's temper. But, Joe had sanctified it, and I had believed in it. I had believed in the forge as the glowing road to independence. Within a single year all this was changed. Now it was all coarse and common, and I would not have had Miss Havisham and Estella see it on any account.⁶⁹

Once, it had seemed to me that when I should be very proud and happy when I enter the forge. Now the reality was quite different, I only felt that I was dusty with the dust of small-coal.

It was not because I was faithful, but because Joe was faithful, that I never ran away and went for a soldier or a sailor. It was not because I had a strong sense of the virtue of industry,⁷⁰ but because Joe had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, that I worked very hard.

What I wanted, who can say? How can I say, when I never knew? What I dreaded was, that in some unlucky hour I should lift up my eyes and see Estella looking in at one of the wooden windows of the forge. I was haunted by the fear that she would, sooner or later, find me out, with a black face and hands, doing the coarsest part of my work, and would despise me. Often after dark, when I was pulling the bellows for Joe, I would look towards those panels of black night in the wall which the wooden windows then were, and would believe that she had come at last.

After that, when we went in to supper, the place and the meal would have a more homely look than ever, and I would feel more ashamed of home than ever.

⁶⁹ **on any account** – когда-либо

⁷⁰ **virtue of industry** – трудолюбие

Chapter 15

“Joe,” said I one day; “don’t you think I ought to make Miss Havisham a visit?”

“Well, Pip,” returned Joe, slowly considering. “What for?”

“What for, Joe? What is any visit made for?”⁷¹

“Pip,” said Joe, “Miss Havisham might think you wanted something – expected something of her.”

“Don’t you think I might say that I did not, Joe?”

“You might, old chap,” said Joe. “And she might believe it. Or she might not.”

Joe pulled hard at his pipe.

“You see, Pip,” Joe pursued, “Miss Havisham said “goodbye” to you, That’s all.”

“Yes, Joe. I heard her.”

“ALL,” Joe repeated, very emphatically.

“Yes, Joe. I tell you, I heard her.”

“Me to the North, and you to the South!”

“But, Joe.”

“Yes, old chap.”

“I have never thanked Miss Havisham, or asked after her, or shown that I remember her. My dear Joe, if you would give me a half-holiday tomorrow, I think I would go to the town and make a call on Miss Est – Havisham.”

“Her name,” said Joe, gravely, “isn’t Estavisham, Pip.”

So, tomorrow I found myself again going to Miss Havisham’s. Miss Sarah Pocket came to the gate. No Estella.

“How, then? You here again?” said Miss Pocket. “What do you want?”

When I said that I only came to see how Miss Havisham was, Sarah began to think if I was the right person to let me in. Finally, she let me in, and presently brought the sharp message that I was to “come up.”

Everything was unchanged, and Miss Havisham was alone.

“Well?” said she, fixing her eyes upon me. “I hope you want nothing? You’ll get nothing.”

“No indeed, Miss Havisham. I only wanted you to know that I am doing very well in my apprenticeship, and am always much obliged to you.”

“There, there!” with the old restless fingers. “Come now and then; come on your birthday. – Ay!” she cried suddenly, turning herself and her chair towards me, “You are looking round for Estella? Hey?”

I had been looking round – in fact, for Estella – and I stammered that I hoped she was well.

“Abroad,” said Miss Havisham; “educating for a lady; far out of reach; prettier than ever; admired by all who see her. Do you feel that you have lost her?”

There was such a malignant enjoyment in her last words, and she broke into such a disagreeable laugh, that I was at a loss what to say. When the gate was closed upon me by Sarah, I felt more than ever dissatisfied with my home and with my trade and with everything.

As I was loitering along the High Street, looking in disconsolately at the shop windows, and thinking what I would buy if I were a gentleman, who should come out of the shop but Mr. Wopsle.

“There’s something wrong,” said he, without stopping, “up at your place, Pip. Run all!”

“What is it?” I asked, keeping up with him.

“I can’t quite understand. The house seems to have been entered when Joe Gargery was out. Supposed by convicts. Somebody has been attacked and hurt.”

⁷¹ What is any visit made for? – Зачем люди вообще ходят в гости?

We were running, and we made no stop until we got into our kitchen. It was full of people; the whole village was there, or in the yard; and there was a surgeon, and there was Joe, and there were a group of women, all on the floor in the midst of the kitchen. My sister was lying without sense or movement on the bare boards.

Chapter 16

Joe had been at the Three Jolly Bargemen, smoking his pipe, from a quarter after eight o'clock to a quarter before ten. While he was there, my sister had been seen standing at the kitchen door, and had exchanged Good Night with a farm-worker going home. When Joe went home at five minutes before ten, he found her struck down on the floor, and promptly called in assistance.

My sister had been struck with something blunt and heavy, on the head and spine. And on the ground beside her, when Joe picked her up, was a convict's leg-iron which had been filed asunder.

Knowing what I knew, I believed the iron to be my convict's iron – the iron I had seen and heard him filing at, on the marshes – but my mind did not accuse him of having put it to its latest use.

It was horrible to think that I had provided the weapon.

The Constables and the Bow Street men from London⁷² were about the house for a week or two, and did pretty much what I have heard and read of like authorities doing in other such cases. They took up several obviously wrong people, and they ran their heads very hard against wrong ideas, and persisted in trying to fit the circumstances to the ideas, instead of trying to extract ideas from the circumstances.

Long after these constitutional powers had dispersed, my sister lay very ill in bed. Her sight was disturbed, so that she saw objects multiplied; her hearing was greatly impaired; her memory also; and her speech was unintelligible.⁷³

⁷² **the Bow Street men from London** – лондонские сушки с Боу-стрит

⁷³ **her speech was unintelligible** – её речь была бессвязной

Chapter 17

I now fell into a regular routine of apprenticeship life. The most remarkable event was the arrival of my birthday and my paying another visit to Miss Havisham. I found Miss Sarah Pocket still on duty at the gate; I found Miss Havisham just as I had left her, and she spoke of Estella in the very same way, if not in the very same words. The interview lasted but a few minutes, and she gave me a guinea when I was going, and told me to come again on my next birthday.

I tried to decline taking the guinea on the first occasion, but with no better effect than causing her to ask me very angrily, if I expected more? Then, and after that, I took it.

The dull old house did not change, the yellow light in the darkened room, the faded spectre in the chair by the dressing-table glass stood still. Daylight never entered the house. It bewildered me, and under its influence I continued at heart to hate my trade and to be ashamed of home.

Wopsle's second cousin Biddy used to come to help me and Joe. Biddy was a kind and intelligent but poor young woman. She was not beautiful – she was common, and could not be like Estella – but she was pleasant and wholesome and sweet-tempered. She had curiously thoughtful and attentive eyes; eyes that were very pretty and very good. I liked to talk to her, and she usually listened to me with great attention.

"Biddy," said I one day, "we must talk together. And I must consult you a little more. Let us have a quiet walk on the marshes next Sunday, Biddy, and a long chat."

Joe more than readily undertook the care of my sister on that Sunday afternoon, and Biddy and I went out together. It was summer-time, and lovely weather. When we had passed the village and the church and the churchyard, and were out on the marshes and began to see the sails of the ships as they sailed on, I resolved that it was a good time and place for the admission of Biddy into my inner confidence.

"Biddy," said I, "I want to be a gentleman."

"O, I wouldn't, if I was you!" she returned. "What for?"

"Biddy," said I, with some severity, "I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman."

"You know best, Pip; but don't you think you are happier as you are?"

"Biddy," I exclaimed, impatiently, "I am not at all happy as I am. I am disgusted with my calling and with my life. Don't be absurd."

"Was I absurd?" said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows; "I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only want you to do well, and to be comfortable."

"I could lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now. See how I am going on. Dissatisfied and uncomfortable, coarse and common!"

Biddy turned her face suddenly towards mine, and looked far more attentively at me than she had looked at the sailing ships.

"It was neither a very true nor a very polite thing to say," she remarked, directing her eyes to the ships again. "Who said it?"

I answered, "The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's, and she's more beautiful than anybody ever was, and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman on her account.⁷⁴"

"Do you want to be a gentleman, to spite her or to gain her over?⁷⁵" Biddy quietly asked me, after a pause.

"I don't know," I answered. "I admire her dreadfully."

Biddy was the wisest of girls, and she tried to reason no more with me. She put her hand upon my hands, one after another, and gently took them out of my hair.

⁷⁴ on her account – из-за неё

⁷⁵ to spite her or to gain her over? – чтобы досадить ей или чтобы добиться её?

“I am glad of one thing,” said Bidly, “and that is your confidence, Pip. And I am glad of another thing, and that is, that of course you know you may depend upon my keeping it. Shall we walk a little farther, or go home?”

“Bidly,” I cried, getting up, putting my arm round her neck, and giving her a kiss, “I shall always tell you everything.”

“Till you’re a gentleman,” said Bidly.

“You know I never shall be, so that’s always.”

“Ah!” said Bidly, quite in a whisper. And then repeated, with her former pleasant change, “shall we walk a little farther, or go home?”

I said to Bidly we would walk a little farther. I said to myself, “Pip, what a fool you are!”

We talked a good deal as we walked, and all that Bidly said seemed right.

“Bidly,” said I, when we were walking homeward, “If I could only get myself to fall in love with you, that would be the thing for me.”⁷⁶

“But you never will, you see,” said Bidly.

Bidly was immeasurably better than Estella, and the plain honest working life to which I was born had nothing in it to be ashamed of, but offered me sufficient means of self-respect and happiness. At those times, I would decide conclusively that I was becoming a partner with Joe and Bidly.

⁷⁶ that would be the thing for me – всё было бы хорошо для меня

Chapter 18

It was in the fourth year of my apprenticeship to Joe, and it was a Saturday night. There was a group assembled round the fire at the Three Jolly Bargemen, attentive to Mr. Wopsle as he read the newspaper aloud. Of that group I was one.

I noticed a strange gentleman leaning over the back of the settle opposite me, looking on.

“From information I have received,” said he, looking round at us, “I have reason to believe there is a blacksmith among you, by name Joseph – or Joe – Gargery. Which is the man?”

“Here is the man,” said Joe.

The strange gentleman beckoned him out of his place, and Joe went.

“You have an apprentice,” pursued the stranger, “commonly known as Pip? Is he here?”

“I am here!” I cried.

The stranger did not recognize me, but I recognized him as the gentleman I had met on the stairs, on the occasion of my second visit to Miss Havisham.

“I wish to have a private conference with you two,” said he, when he had surveyed me at his leisure. “It will take a little time. Perhaps we had better go to your place of residence. I prefer not to anticipate my communication here.”

Amidst a wondering silence, we three walked out of the Jolly Bargemen, and in a wondering silence walked home. While going along, the strange gentleman occasionally looked at me, and occasionally bit the side of his finger. As we neared home, Joe vaguely acknowledging the occasion as an impressive and ceremonious one, went on ahead to open the front door. Our conference was held in the state parlor, which was feebly lighted by one candle.

It began with the strange gentleman’s sitting down at the table, drawing the candle to him, and looking over some entries in his pocket-book. He then put up the pocket-book and set the candle a little aside, after peering round it into the darkness at Joe and me, to ascertain which was which.

“My name,” he said, “is Jaggers,⁷⁷ and I am a lawyer in London. I am pretty well known. I have unusual business with you. If my advice had been asked, I should not have been here.”

Finding that he could not see us very well from where he sat, he got up, and threw one leg over the back of a chair and leaned upon it.

“Now, Joseph Gargery, I am ready to relieve you of this young fellow. You would not object to cancel his indentures at his request and for his good? You want nothing for so doing?”

“Lord forbid that I should want anything for not standing in Pip’s way,” said Joe, staring.

“Lord forbidding is pious, but the question is, Would you want anything? Do you want anything?” returned Mr. Jaggers.

“The answer is,” returned Joe, sternly, “No.”

I thought Mr. Jaggers glanced at Joe, as if he considered him a fool.

“Very well,” said Mr. Jaggers. “Now, I return to this young fellow. He has Great Expectations.”

Joe and I gasped, and looked at one another.

“I am instructed to communicate to him,” said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at me sideways, “that he will come into a handsome property.⁷⁸ Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of that property,⁷⁹ that he be immediately removed from this place, and be brought up as a gentleman – in a word, as a young fellow of great expectations.”

⁷⁷ Jaggers – Джеггерс

⁷⁸ he will come into a handsome property – он унаследует изрядное состояние

⁷⁹ present possessor of that property – настоящий обладатель данной собственности

My dream came true; Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune on a grand scale.⁸⁰

“Now, Mr. Pip,” pursued the lawyer, “You are to understand, first, that it is the request of the person from whom I take my instructions that you always bear the name of Pip. But if you have any objection, this is the time to mention it.”

My heart was beating very fast, I could scarcely stammer I had no objection.

“Good. Now you are to understand, Mr. Pip, that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor remains a profound secret, until the person chooses to reveal it. I am empowered to mention⁸¹ that it is the intention of the person to reveal it at first hand by word of mouth to yourself. When or where that intention may be carried out, I cannot say; no one can say. It may be years hence. But if you have any objection to it, this is the time to mention it. Speak out.”

Once more, I stammered with difficulty that I had no objection.

“I should think not! Now, Mr. Pip, we come next, to mere details of arrangement. We have to choose your tutor. Have you ever heard of any tutor whom you would prefer to another?”

I replied in the negative.

“There is a certain tutor, of whom I have some knowledge,” said Mr. Jaggers. “I don’t recommend him; because I never recommend anybody. The gentleman I speak of is one Mr. Matthew Pocket.⁸²”

Ah! I caught at the name directly. Miss Havisham’s relation. The Matthew whose place was to be at Miss Havisham’s head, when she lay dead, in her bride’s dress on the bride’s table.

“You know the name?” said Mr. Jaggers, looking at me, and then shutting up his eyes while he waited for my answer.

My answer was, that I had heard of the name.

“Oh!” said he. “You have heard of the name. You had better try him in his own house. The way shall be prepared for you, and you can see his son first, who is in London. When will you come to London?”

I said (glancing at Joe, who stood looking on, motionless), that I could come directly.

“First,” said Mr. Jaggers, “you should have some new clothes, and they should not be working-clothes. Say in a week. You’ll want some money. Shall I leave you twenty guineas?”

He took out a long purse, and counted them out on the table and pushed them over to me.

“Well, Joseph Gargery? You look astonished?”

“I am!” said Joe, in a very decided manner.

“But what,” said Mr. Jaggers, swinging his purse – “what if it was in my instructions to make you a present, as compensation?”

“As compensation what for?” Joe demanded.

“For the loss of his services.”

Joe laid his hand upon my shoulder with the touch of a woman. “Pip is hearty welcome,” said Joe, “to go free with his services, to honor and fortune, as no words can tell him. But if you think as Money can make compensation to me for the loss of the little child – what come to the forge – and ever the best of friends! – ”

Mr. Jaggers had looked at him, as one who recognized in Joe the village idiot,⁸³ and in me his keeper. When it was over, he said, weighing in his hand the purse he had ceased to swing:

“Now, Joseph Gargery, I warn you this is your last chance. If you mean to take a present that I have, speak out, and you shall have it. If on the contrary you mean to say – ” Here, to his great amazement, he was stopped by Joe’s words.

⁸⁰ **to make my fortune on a grand scale** – сделать меня богачом

⁸¹ **I am empowered to mention** – я уполномочен заявить

⁸² **Matthew Pocket** – Мэтью Покет

⁸³ **village idiot** – деревенский дурачок

“I mean,” cried Joe, “that if you come into my place badgering me, come out! If you’re a man, come on! Stand or fall by!”

I drew Joe away. Mr. Jaggers delivered his remarks. They were these.

“Well, Mr. Pip, I think the sooner you leave here – as you are to be a gentleman – the better. Let it stand for this day week,⁸⁴ and you shall receive my printed address in the meantime.”

He went out, I thanked him and ran home again, and there I found that Joe had already locked the front, and was seated by the kitchen fire with a hand on each knee, gazing intently at the burning coals. I too sat down before the fire and gazed at the coals, and nothing was said for a long time.

My sister was in her chair in her corner, and Biddy sat at her needle-work before the fire, and Joe sat next Biddy, and I sat next Joe in the corner opposite my sister.

“Joe, have you told Biddy?” asked I.

“No, Pip,” returned Joe, still looking at the fire, and holding his knees tight, “I left it to yourself, Pip.”

“I would rather you told, Joe.”

“Pip’s a gentleman of fortune then,” said Joe, “and God bless him in it!”

Biddy dropped her work, and looked at me. Joe held his knees and looked at me. I looked at both of them. After a pause, they both heartily gratulated me; but there was a certain touch of sadness in their congratulations.

Biddy said no more. I soon exchanged an affectionate good night with her and Joe, and went up to bed. When I got into my little room, I sat down and took a long look at it.

The sun had been shining brightly all day on the roof of my attic, and the room was warm. As I put the window open and stood looking out, I saw Joe come slowly forth at the dark door, below; and then I saw Biddy come, and bring him a pipe and light it for him. He never smoked so late.

⁸⁴ Let it stand for this day week. – Пусть это будет через неделю.

Chapter 19

Joe and Biddy were very sympathetic and pleasant when I spoke of our approaching separation; but they only referred to it when I did. No more low, wet grounds, no more dikes, no more of these grazing cattle – I was for London; not for smith's work in general! I made my exultant way to the wood, and, lying down there, fell asleep.

When I awoke, I was much surprised to find Joe sitting beside me, smoking his pipe. He greeted me with a cheerful smile on my opening my eyes, and said —

“I decided to follow you, Pip.”

“Joe, I am very glad you did so.”

“Thank you, Pip.”

“You may be sure, dear Joe,” I went on, after we had shaken hands, “that I shall never forget you.”

“No, no, Pip!” said Joe, in a comfortable tone, “I'm sure of that. Ay, ay, old chap!”

When we had walked home and had had tea, I took Biddy into our little garden by the side of the lane, and said I had a favour to ask of her.

“And it is, Biddy,” said I, “that you will not omit any opportunity of helping Joe on, a little.”

“How helping him on?” asked Biddy, with a steady sort of glance.

“Well! Joe is a dear good fellow – in fact, I think he is the dearest fellow that ever lived – but he is rather backward in some things. For instance, Biddy, in his learning and his manners.”

Although I was looking at Biddy as I spoke, and although she opened her eyes very wide when I had spoken, she did not look at me.

“O, his manners! won't his manners do then?⁸⁵” asked Biddy, plucking a black-currant leaf.

“My dear Biddy, they do very well here – ”

“O! they do very well here?” interrupted Biddy, looking closely at the leaf in her hand.

“I mean a higher sphere.⁸⁶”

“And don't you think he knows that?” asked Biddy.

It was such a very provoking question, that I said, snappishly —

“Biddy, what do you mean?”

“Have you never considered that he may be proud?”

“Proud?” I repeated, with disdainful emphasis.

“O! there are many kinds of pride,” said Biddy, looking full at me and shaking her head; “pride is not all of one kind⁸⁷ – ”

“Well? What are you stopping for?” said I.

“He may be too proud,” resumed Biddy, “to let any one take him out of a place that he fills well and with respect. To tell you the truth, I think he is.”

“Now, Biddy,” said I, “I did not expect to see this in you. You are envious, Biddy, and grudging. You are dissatisfied on account of my rise in fortune.”

“If you have the heart to think so,” returned Biddy, “say so. Say so over and over again, if you have the heart to think so.”

But, morning once more brightened my view, and I extended my clemency to Biddy, and we dropped the subject. Putting on the best clothes I had, I went into town as early as I could hope to find the shops open, and presented myself before Mr. Trabb,⁸⁸ the tailor.

⁸⁵ **won't his manners do then?** – разве его манеры недостаточно хороши?

⁸⁶ **a higher sphere** – более высокие круги

⁸⁷ **pride is not all of one kind** – гордость не у всех одинаковая

⁸⁸ **Trabb** – Трэбб

“Well!” said Mr. Trabb. “How are you, and what can I do for you?”

“Mr. Trabb,” said I, “it looks like boasting; but I have come into a handsome property. I am going up to my guardian in London, and I want a fashionable suit of clothes.”

“My dear sir,” said Mr. Trabb, “may I congratulate you? Would you do me the favour of stepping into the shop?”

I selected the materials for a suit, with the assistance of Mr. Trabb. Mr. Trabb measured and calculated me in the parlor.

After this memorable event, I went to the hatter’s, and the shoemaker’s, and the hosier’s. I also went to the coach-office⁸⁹ and took my place for seven o’clock on Saturday morning.

So, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, passed; and on Friday morning I went to pay my visit to Miss Havisham.

I went to Miss Havisham’s by all the back ways, and rang at the bell. Sarah Pocket came to the gate, and positively reeled back when she saw me so changed.

“You?” said she. “You? Good gracious! What do you want?”

“I am going to London, Miss Pocket,” said I, “and want to say goodbye to Miss Havisham.”

Miss Havisham was taking exercise in the room with the long spread table, leaning on her crutch stick. She stopped and turned.

“Don’t go, Sarah,” she said. “Well, Pip?”

“I start for London, Miss Havisham, tomorrow,” I was exceedingly careful what I said, “and I thought you would kindly not mind⁹⁰ my taking leave of you. I have come into such good fortune since I saw you last, Miss Havisham, and I am so grateful for it, Miss Havisham!”

“Ay, ay!” said she, looking at envious Sarah, with delight. “I have seen Mr. Jaggers. I have heard about it, Pip. So you go tomorrow?”

“Yes, Miss Havisham.”

“And you are adopted by a rich person?”

“Yes, Miss Havisham.”

“Not named?”

“No, Miss Havisham.”

“And Mr. Jaggers is made your guardian?”

“Yes, Miss Havisham.”

“Well!” she went on; “you have a promising career before you. Be good – deserve it – and abide by Mr. Jaggers’s instructions.”

She looked at me, and looked at Sarah. “Goodbye, Pip! – you will always keep the name of Pip, you know.”

“Yes, Miss Havisham.”

“Goodbye, Pip!”

She stretched out her hand, and I went down on my knee and put it to my lips. Sarah Pocket conducted me down. I said “Goodbye, Miss Pocket;” but she merely stared, and did not seem collected enough to know that I had spoken.

The world lay spread before me.

*This is the end of the first stage of Pip’s expectations.*⁹¹

⁸⁹ **coach-office** – контора дилижансов

⁹⁰ **you would kindly not mind** – вы не сочтёте за дерзость

⁹¹ **the first stage of expectations** – первая пора надежд

Chapter 20

The journey from our town to London was a journey of about five hours.

Mr. Jaggers had sent me his address; it was, Little Britain,⁹² and he had written after it on his card, “just out of Smithfield.”⁹³ We stopped in a gloomy street, at certain offices with an open door, where was painted MR. JAGGERS.

“How much?” I asked the coachman.

The coachman answered, “A shilling – unless you wish to make it more.”

I naturally said I had no wish to make it more.

“Then it must be a shilling,” observed the coachman. I went into the front office with my little bag in my hand and asked, Was Mr. Jaggers at home?

“He is not,” returned the clerk. “He is in Court at present. Am I addressing Mr. Pip?”

I signified that he was addressing Mr. Pip.

“Mr. Jaggers left word, would you wait in his room.”

Mr. Jaggers’s room was lighted by a skylight only, and was a most dismal place. There were not so many papers about, as I should have expected to see; and there were some odd objects about, that I should not have expected to see – such as an old rusty pistol, a sword, several strange-looking boxes and packages.

I sat down in the chair placed over against Mr. Jaggers’s chair, and became fascinated by the dismal atmosphere of the place. But I sat wondering and waiting in Mr. Jaggers’s close room, and got up and went out.

At length, as I was looking out at the Little Britain, I saw Mr. Jaggers coming across the road towards me.

My guardian then took me into his own room, and while he lunched, informed me what arrangements he had made for me. I was to go to “Barnard’s Inn,”⁹⁴ to young Mr. Pocket’s rooms, where a bed had been sent in for my accommodation. “You will find your credit good, Mr. Pip,” said my guardian, but I shall by this means be able to check your bills.”

I asked Mr. Jaggers if I could send for a coach? He said it was not worth while, I was so near my destination; Wemmick⁹⁵ should walk round with me.

⁹² **Little Britain** – Литл-Бритен

⁹³ **just out of Smithfield** – не доезжая Смитфилда

⁹⁴ **Barnard’s Inn** – «Подворье Барнарда»

⁹⁵ **Wemmick** – Уэммик

Chapter 21

Mr. Wemmick was a dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face.

“So you were never in London before?” said Mr. Wemmick to me.

“No,” said I.

“I was new here once,” said Mr. Wemmick.

“You are well acquainted with it now?”

“Why, yes,” said Mr. Wemmick.

“Is it a very wicked place?” I asked, more for the sake⁹⁶ of saying something than for information.

“You may get cheated, robbed, and murdered in London. But there are plenty of people anywhere, who’ll do that for you.”

His mouth was such a post-office of a mouth that he had a mechanical appearance of smiling.

“Do you know where Mr. Matthew Pocket lives?” I asked Mr. Wemmick.

“Yes,” said he, nodding in the direction. “At Hammersmith,⁹⁷ west of London.”

“Is that far?”

“Well! Say five miles.”

“Do you know him?”

“Yes, I know him. I know him!”

Barnard’s Inn. I had supposed that establishment to be an hotel kept by Mr. Barnard. I found Barnard to be a disembodied spirit, or a fiction, and his inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together.

I looked in dismay at Mr. Wemmick. “Ah!” said he; “the retirement reminds you of the country.”

He led me into a corner and conducted me up a flight of stairs – to a set of chambers on the top floor. MR. POCKET, JUN., was painted on the door, and there was a label on the letter-box, “Return shortly.”⁹⁸

“You don’t want me any more?” asked Mr. Wemmick.

“No, thank you,” said I.

“As I keep the cash,” Mr. Wemmick observed, “we shall most likely meet pretty often. Good day.”

“Good day.”

I put out my hand, and Mr. Wemmick at first looked at it as if he thought I wanted something. Then he looked at me, and said, correcting himself —

“To be sure! Yes. You’re in the habit of shaking hands?”

I was rather confused, thinking it must be out of the London fashion, but said yes.

When we had shaken hands and he was gone, I opened the staircase window. Mr. Pocket, Junior, returned in half an hour. He had a paper-bag under each arm and some strawberries in one hand, and was out of breath.

“Mr. Pip?” said he.

“Mr. Pocket?” said I.

“Dear me!” he exclaimed. “I am extremely sorry. The fact is, I have been out on your account – for I thought, coming from the country, you might like a little fruit after dinner, and I went to

⁹⁶ for the sake – ради

⁹⁷ Hammersmith – Хэммерсмит

⁹⁸ Return shortly. – Скоро вернусь.

Covent Garden Market⁹⁹ to get it good. Pray come in, allow me to lead the way. We might like to take a walk about London. I am sure I shall be very happy to show London to you. As to our table, you won't find that bad, I hope, for it will be supplied from our coffee-house here,¹⁰⁰ and at your expense,¹⁰¹ such being Mr. Jaggers's directions. As to our lodging, it's not by any means splendid, because I have my own bread to earn, and my father hasn't anything to give me, and I shouldn't be willing to take it, if he had. This is our sitting-room – just such chairs and tables and carpet and so forth, you see. This is your bedroom; the furniture's hired for the occasion, but I trust it will answer the purpose; if you should want anything, I'll go and fetch it. The chambers are retired, and we shall be alone together, but we shan't fight, I dare say. But, I beg your pardon, you're holding the fruit all this time. Pray let me take these bags from you. I am quite ashamed.”

Suddenly Mr. Pocket, Junior, said, falling back —

“Lord bless me, you're the prowling boy!”

“And you,” said I, “are the pale young gentleman!”

⁹⁹ **Covent Garden Market** – Ковент-Гарденский рынок

¹⁰⁰ **from our coffee-house here** – из ближайшего трактира

¹⁰¹ **at your expense** – за ваш счёт

Chapter 22

The pale young gentleman and I stood contemplating one another in Barnard's Inn, until we both burst out laughing.

"Well!" said the pale young gentleman, reaching out his hand good-humoredly, "it's all over now, I hope you'll forgive me."

I derived from this speech that Mr. Herbert Pocket¹⁰² (for Herbert was the pale young gentleman's name) did not remember anything.

"Miss Havisham had sent for me, to see if she could take a fancy to me. But she couldn't – she didn't."

I thought it polite to remark that I was surprised to hear that.

"Bad taste," said Herbert, laughing, "but a fact. Yes, she had sent for me on a trial visit, and if I had come out of it successfully, I suppose I should have been provided for; perhaps I should have been engaged to Estella."

"How did you bear your disappointment?" I asked.

"Pooh!" said he, "I didn't care much for it. She's a Tartar."¹⁰³

"Miss Havisham?"

"I don't say no to that, but I meant Estella. That girl's hard and haughty and capricious to the last degree, and has been brought up by Miss Havisham to wreak revenge on all the male sex."¹⁰⁴

"What relation is she to Miss Havisham?"

"None," said he. "Only adopted."

"Why should she wreak revenge on all the male sex? What revenge?"

"Lord, Mr. Pip!" said he. "Don't you know?"

"No," said I.

"Dear me! It's quite a story, and shall be saved till dinner-time. And now let me take the liberty of asking you a question. How did you come there, that day?"

I told him, and he was attentive until I had finished, and then burst out laughing again.

"Mr. Jaggers is your guardian, I understand?" he went on.

"Yes."

"You know he is Miss Havisham's man of business and solicitor, and has her confidence when nobody else has?"

I answered with a constraint, that I had seen Mr. Jaggers in Miss Havisham's house on the very day of our combat, but never at any other time.

"He was so obliging¹⁰⁵ as to suggest my father for your tutor, and he called on my father to propose it. Of course he knew about my father from his connection with Miss Havisham. My father is Miss Havisham's cousin."

Herbert Pocket was still a pale young gentleman. He had not a handsome face, but it was better than handsome: being extremely amiable and cheerful.

As he was so communicative, I told him my small story, and stressed on my being forbidden to inquire who my benefactor was. I further mentioned that as I had been brought up a blacksmith in a country place, and knew very little of the ways of politeness, I would take it as a great kindness in him if he would give me a hint whenever he saw going wrong.

¹⁰² **Herbert Pocket** – Герберт Покет

¹⁰³ **Tartar** – тиран

¹⁰⁴ **to wreak revenge on all the male sex** – отомстить всей мужской половине рода человеческого

¹⁰⁵ **he was so obliging** – он был так любезен

“With pleasure,” said he, “Will you do me the favour to begin at once to call me by my Christian name, Herbert?”

I thanked him and said I would. I informed him in exchange that my Christian name was Philip.

“No,” said he, smiling, “Would you mind Handel¹⁰⁶ for a familiar name? There’s a charming piece of music by Handel, called the Harmonious Blacksmith.¹⁰⁷”

“I should like it very much.”

“Then, my dear Handel,” said he, turning round as the door opened, “here is the dinner!”

It was a nice little dinner. Everything made the feast delightful. We had made some progress in the dinner, when I reminded Herbert of his promise to tell me about Miss Havisham.

“True,” he replied. “Let me introduce the topic, Handel, by mentioning that in London it is not the custom to put the knife in the mouth – for fear of accidents – and that while the fork is reserved for that use. Also, the spoon is not generally used over-hand, but under.¹⁰⁸”

He offered these friendly suggestions in such a lively way, that we both laughed and I scarcely blushed.

“Now,” he pursued, “concerning Miss Havisham. Miss Havisham, you must know, was a spoilt child. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father denied her nothing.¹⁰⁹ Her father was a country gentleman down in your part of the world, and was a brewer. Well! Mr. Havisham was very rich and very proud. So was his daughter.”

“Miss Havisham was an only child?” I hazarded.

“Stop a moment, I am coming to that. No, she was not an only child; she had a half-brother.¹¹⁰ Her father privately married again – his cook, I rather think.”

“I thought he was proud,” said I.

“My good Handel, so he was. He married his second wife privately, because he was proud, and in course of time she died. When she was dead, I apprehend he first told his daughter what he had done, and then the son became a part of the family, residing in the house you are acquainted with. As the son grew a young man, he turned out riotous, extravagant – altogether bad. At last his father disinherited him; but he softened when he was dying, and gave him something, though less than to Miss Havisham. Miss Havisham was now an heiress.¹¹¹ Her half-brother had debts. There were stronger differences between him and her than there had been between him and his father. Now, I come to the cruel part of the story. There appeared a certain man, who made love to Miss Havisham. I never saw him (for this happened five-and-twenty years ago, before you and I were, Handel), but I have heard my father mention that he was a showy man.¹¹² Well! This man pursued Miss Havisham closely. And she passionately loved him. There is no doubt that she perfectly idolized him. Your guardian was not at that time in Miss Havisham’s counsels, and she was too haughty and too much in love to be advised by any one. Her relations were poor, with the exception of my father; he was poor enough, but not jealous. The only independent one among them, he warned her that she was doing too much for this man. She took the first opportunity of angrily ordering my father out of the house, in his presence, and my father has never seen her since.”

I thought of her having said, “Matthew will come and see me at last when I am laid dead upon that table;” and I asked Herbert whether his father was so inveterate against her?

¹⁰⁶ Handel – Гендель

¹⁰⁷ Harmonious Blacksmith – «Гармонический кузнец» (название пьесы немецкого и английского композитора эпохи барокко Г.Ф. Генделя)

¹⁰⁸ the spoon is not generally used over-hand, but under – ложку лучше захватывать пальцами не сверху, а снизу

¹⁰⁹ denied her nothing – ни в чём ей не отказывал

¹¹⁰ a half-brother – сводный брат

¹¹¹ Miss Havisham was now an heiress. – Мисс Хэвишем стала теперь наследницей.

¹¹² a showy man – видный мужчина

“It’s not that,” said he, “To return to the man and make an end of him. The marriage day was fixed, the wedding dresses were bought, the wedding tour was planned out, the wedding guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom. He wrote her a letter –”

“Which she received,” I struck in, “when she was dressing for her marriage? At twenty minutes to nine?”

“At the hour and minute,” said Herbert, nodding, “at which she afterwards stopped all the clocks.”

“Is that all the story?” I asked.

“All I know of it. But I have forgotten one thing. It has been supposed that the man to whom she gave her misplaced confidence acted throughout in concert¹¹³ with her half-brother; that it was a conspiracy between them; and that they shared the profits.”

“I wonder he didn’t marry her and get all the property,” said I.

“He may have been married already,” said Herbert. “But I don’t know that.”

“What became of the two men?” I asked, after considering the subject.

“They fell into deeper shame and degradation – if there can be deeper – and ruin.”

“Are they alive now?”

“I don’t know.”

“You said just now that Estella was not related to Miss Havisham, but adopted. When adopted?”

Herbert shrugged his shoulders. “There has always been an Estella, since I have heard of a Miss Havisham. I know no more. And now, Handel, all that I know about Miss Havisham, you know.”

“And all that I know,” I retorted, “you know.”

On the Monday morning at a quarter before nine, Herbert went to the counting-house. He was to come away in an hour or two to attend me to Hammersmith, and I was to wait about for him. We went back to Barnard’s Inn and got my little bag, and then took coach for Hammersmith. We arrived there at two or three o’clock in the afternoon, and had very little way to walk to Mr. Pocket’s house. Lifting the latch of a gate, we passed direct into a little garden overlooking the river, where Mr. Pocket’s children were playing about.

Mrs. Pocket was sitting on a garden chair under a tree, reading, with her legs upon another garden chair; and Mrs. Pocket’s two nurse-maids were looking about them while the children played. “Mamma,” said Herbert, “this is young Mr. Pip.”

¹¹³ acted throughout in concert – действовал заодно

Chapter 23

Mr. Pocket said he was glad to see me, and he hoped I was not sorry to see him. He was a young-looking man, in spite of his very gray hair, and his manner seemed quite natural. When he had talked with me a little, he said to Mrs. Pocket, “Belinda,¹¹⁴ I hope you have welcomed Mr. Pip?¹¹⁵” And she looked up from her book, and said, “Yes.”

I found out within a few hours, that Mrs. Pocket was the only daughter of a certain gentleman. The young lady had grown up highly ornamental, but perfectly helpless and useless. I learnt, and chiefly from Herbert, that Mr. Pocket had been educated at Harrow¹¹⁶ and at Cambridge;¹¹⁷ and he had had the happiness of marrying Mrs. Pocket very early in life.

After dinner the children were introduced. There were four little girls, and two little boys. One of the little girls have prematurely taken upon herself some charge of the others.

I looked awkwardly at the tablecloth while this was going on. A pause succeeded. But the time was going on, and soon the evening came.

There was a sofa where Mr. Pocket stood, and he dropped upon it in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator.¹¹⁸ Still in that attitude he said, with a hollow voice, “Good night, Mr. Pip.” So I decided to go to bed and leave him.

¹¹⁴ **Belinda** – Белинда

¹¹⁵ **you have welcomed Mr. Pip** – ты познакомилась с мистером Пипом

¹¹⁶ **Harrow** – Хэрроу (одна из известнейших и старейших британских публичных школ для мальчиков)

¹¹⁷ **Cambridge** – Кембридж

¹¹⁸ **Dying Gladiator** – умирающий гладиатор

Chapter 24

After two or three days, when I had established myself in my room, Mr. Pocket and I had a long talk together. He knew more of my intended career than I knew myself.

He advised my attending certain places in London. Through his way of saying this, and much more to similar purpose, he placed himself on confidential terms with me in an admirable manner.

I thought if I could retain my bedroom in Barnard's Inn, my life would be agreeably varied. So I went off to Little Britain and expressed my wish to Mr. Jaggers.

"If I could buy the furniture now hired for me," said I, "and one or two other little things, I should be quite at home there."

"Go it!"¹¹⁹ said Mr. Jaggers, with a short laugh. "Well! How much do you want?"

I said I didn't know how much.

"Come!" retorted Mr. Jaggers. "How much? Fifty pounds?"

"O, not nearly so much."

"Five pounds?" said Mr. Jaggers.

This was such a great fall, that I said in discomfiture, "O, more than that."

"More than that, eh!" retorted Mr. Jaggers, lying in wait for me, with his hands in his pockets, his head on one side, and his eyes on the wall behind me; "how much more?"

"It is so difficult to fix a sum," said I, hesitating.

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Twice five; will that do? Three times five; will that do? Four times five; will that do?"

"Twenty pounds, of course," said I, smiling.

"Wemmick!" said Mr. Jaggers, opening his office door. "Take Mr. Pip's written order, and pay him twenty pounds."

Mr. Jaggers never laughed. As he happened to go out now, and as Wemmick was brisk and talkative, I said to Wemmick that I hardly knew what to make of Mr. Jaggers's manner.

"Tell him that, and he'll take it as a compliment," answered Wemmick. "It's not personal; it's professional: only professional."

Wemmick was at his desk, lunching – and crunching – on a dry hard biscuit; pieces of which he threw from time to time into his mouth, as if he were posting them.

"Always seems to me," said Wemmick, "as if he had set a man-trap and was watching it. Suddenly – click – you're caught!"

I said I supposed he was very skilful?

"Deep," said Wemmick, "as Australia. If there was anything deeper," added Wemmick, bringing his pen to paper, "he'd be it."

Then I asked if there were many clerks? to which he replied —

"We don't run much into clerks,¹²⁰ because there's only one Jaggers. There are only four of us. Would you like to see them? You are one of us, as I may say."

I accepted the offer. When Mr. Wemmick had paid me my money from a cash-box in a safe, the key of which safe he kept somewhere down his back, we went up stairs. The house was dark and shabby. In the front first floor, a clerk who looked something between a publican and a rat-catcher¹²¹ – a large pale, puffed, swollen man – was attentively engaged with three or four people of shabby appearance. In the room over that, a little flabby terrier of a clerk with dangling hair was

¹¹⁹ **Go it!** – Что ж, действуйте!

¹²⁰ **We don't run much into clerks.** – Много клерков держать нам нет смысла.

¹²¹ **something between a publican and a rat-catcher** – некая помесь трактирщика с крысоловом

similarly engaged with a man with weak eyes. In a back room, a high-shouldered man,¹²² who was dressed in old black clothes, was stooping over his work of making fair copies of the notes of the other two gentlemen, for Mr. Jaggers's own use.

This was all the establishment. When we went down stairs again, Wemmick led me into my guardian's room, and said, "This you've seen already."

Then he went on to say, in a friendly manner:

"If at any odd time when you have nothing better to do, you wouldn't mind coming over to see me at Walworth,¹²³ I could offer you a bed, and I should consider it an honor. I have not much to show you; but such two or three curiosities as I have got you might like to look over; and I am fond of¹²⁴ a bit of garden and a summer-house."

I said I should be delighted to accept his invitation.

"Thank you," said he. "Have you dined with Mr. Jaggers yet?"

"Not yet."

"Well," said Wemmick, "he'll give you wine, and good wine. I'll give you punch, and not bad punch. And now I'll tell you something. When you go to dine with Mr. Jaggers, look at his housekeeper."

"Shall I see something very uncommon?"

"Well," said Wemmick, "you'll see a wild beast tamed."

I told him I would do so, with all the interest and curiosity that his preparation awakened.

¹²² a high-shouldered man – сутулый человек

¹²³ Walworth – Уолворт

¹²⁴ I am fond of – я очень люблю

Chapter 25

When I had been in Mr. Pocket's family a month or two, Mr. and Mrs. Camilla¹²⁵ turned up. Camilla was Mr. Pocket's sister. Georgiana, whom I had seen at Miss Havisham's on the same occasion, also turned up. She was a cousin – an indigestive single woman. These people hated me with the hatred of disappointment. Towards Mr. Pocket they showed the complacent forbearance.

These were the surroundings among which I settled down, and applied myself to my education. I soon began to spend an amount of money that within a few short months I should have thought almost fabulous; but I stuck to my books. There was no other merit in this, than my having sense enough to feel my deficiencies.

I had not seen Mr. Wemmick for some weeks, when I thought I would write him a note and propose to go home with him on a certain evening. He replied that it would give him much pleasure, and that he would expect me at the office at six o'clock. Thither I went, and there I found him, putting the key of his safe down his back as the clock struck.

"Did you think of walking down to Walworth?" said he.

"Certainly," said I, "if you approve."

Wemmick's house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted.

"My own doing," said Wemmick. "Looks pretty; doesn't it?"

I highly commended it, I think it was the smallest house I ever saw; with the queerest gothic windows,¹²⁶ and a gothic door almost too small to get in at.

"That's a real flagstaff, you see," said Wemmick, "and on Sundays I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it."

The bridge was a plank, and it crossed a chasm about four feet wide and two deep. But it was very pleasant to see the pride with which he hoisted it up; smiling as he did so, and not merely mechanically.

"At nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time,¹²⁷" said Wemmick, "the gun fires. There it is, you see! Then, at the back, out of sight, there's a pig, and there are fowls and rabbits."

Then, he conducted me to a bower; and in this retreat our glasses were already set forth. Our punch was cooling in an ornamental lake, on whose margin the bower was raised.

"I am my own engineer, and my own carpenter, and my own plumber, and my own gardener, and my own Jack of all Trades,¹²⁸" said Wemmick, in acknowledging my compliments. "Well; it's a good thing, you know. It pleases the Aged. You wouldn't mind being at once introduced to the Aged, would you?"

I expressed the readiness I felt, and we went into the castle. There we found, sitting by a fire, a very old man in a flannel coat: clean, cheerful, comfortable, and well cared for, but deaf.

"Well aged parent," said Wemmick, shaking hands with him in a cordial way, "how are you?"

"All right, John; all right!" replied the old man.

"Here's Mr. Pip, aged parent," said Wemmick, "and I wish you could hear his name. Nod away at him, Mr. Pip; that's what he likes. Nod away at him, if you please."

"This is a fine place of my son's, sir," cried the old man, while I nodded as hard as I possibly could.

¹²⁵ **Camilla** – Камилла

¹²⁶ **gothic windows** – готические окна

¹²⁷ **Greenwich time** – по гринвичскому времени

¹²⁸ **Jack of all Trades** – мастер на все руки

“You’re as proud of it; aren’t you, Aged?” said Wemmick, contemplating the old man, with his hard face really softened; “there’s a nod for you;” giving him a tremendous one; “there’s another for you;” giving him a still more tremendous one; “you like that, don’t you? If you’re not tired, Mr. Pip, will you nod away at him again? You can’t think how it pleases him.”

I nodded away at him several more, and he was in great spirits.¹²⁹ We left him bestirring himself to feed the fowls, and we sat down. Wemmick told me, as he smoked a pipe, that it had taken him many years to bring the property up to its present condition.

“Is it your own, Mr. Wemmick?”

“O yes,” said Wemmick, “I have got hold of it!”

“Is it indeed? I hope Mr. Jaggers admires it?”

“Never seen it,” said Wemmick. “Never heard of it. Never seen the Aged. Never heard of him. No; the office is one thing, and private life is another. When I go into the office, I leave the Castle behind me, and when I come into the Castle, I leave the office behind me. If it’s not in any way disagreeable to you, you’ll oblige me by doing the same. I don’t wish it spoken about.”

Before supper Wemmick showed me his collection of curiosities. They were mostly of a felonious character: the pen with which a celebrated forgery had been committed, a razor or two, some locks of hair, and several manuscript confessions written under condemnation.

There was a neat little girl in attendance, who looked after the Aged in the day. When she had laid the supper-cloth, the bridge was lowered, and she went away for the night. The supper was excellent; and I was heartily pleased with my whole entertainment.

Wemmick was up early in the morning, and I am afraid I heard him cleaning my boots. After that, he fell to gardening, and I saw him from my gothic window pretending to employ the Aged, and nodding at him in a most devoted manner. Our breakfast was as good as the supper, and at half-past eight precisely we started for Little Britain. By degrees,¹³⁰ Wemmick got dryer and harder as we went along. At last, when we got to his place of business and he pulled out his key from his coat-collar, he looked quite different.

¹²⁹ **he was in great spirits** – он совсем развеселился

¹³⁰ **by degrees** – постепенно

Chapter 26

My guardian was in his room, washing his hands with his scented soap, when I went into the office from Walworth; and he called me to him, and gave me the invitation for myself and friends which Wemmick had prepared me to receive. “No ceremony,” he stipulated, “and no dinner dress, and say tomorrow.” I asked him where we should come to (for I had no idea where he lived), and replied, “Come here, and I’ll take you home with me.”

He washed his hands after his clients, as if he were a surgeon or a dentist. He had a closet in his room, fitted up for the purpose, which smelt of the scented soap like a perfumer’s shop. It had an unusually large jack-towel on a roller inside the door, and he would wash his hands, and wipe them and dry them all over this towel. When I and my friends repaired to him at six o’clock next day, we found him with his head butted into this closet, not only washing his hands, but laving his face. And even when he had done all that, and had gone all round the jack-towel, he took out his penknife and scraped the case out of his nails before he put his coat on.

He conducted us to Gerrard Street, Soho,¹³¹ to a house on the south side of that street. He took out his key and opened the door, and we all went into a stone hall, bare, gloomy, and little used. So, up a dark brown staircase into a series of three dark brown rooms on the first floor. There were carved garlands on the walls.

Dinner was laid in the best of these rooms; the second was his dressing-room; the third, his bedroom. He told us that he held the whole house, but rarely used more of it than we saw. The table was comfortably laid – no silver in the service, of course – and a variety of bottles and decanters on it, and four dishes of fruit for dessert.

There was a bookcase in the room; I saw from the backs of the books, that they were about evidence, criminal law, criminal biography, trials, acts of Parliament, and such things. The furniture was all very solid and good, like his watch-chain. In a corner was a little table of papers with a shaded lamp: so that he seemed to bring the office home with him in that respect too.

My friends were: Bentley Drummle,¹³² a coarse young man, I met him at Mr. Pocket’s house, as Drummle was also to be trained in skills; and Startop,¹³³ who – like Bentley Drummle – was my fellow student, but unlike Drummle, he was kind.

Mr. Jaggers had scarcely seen my three companions until now – for he and I had walked together. To my surprise, he seemed to be interested in Drummle.

“Pip,” said he, putting his large hand on my shoulder and moving me to the window, “I don’t know one from the other. Who’s the Spider?”

“The spider?” said I.

“The blotchy, sulky fellow.”

“That’s Bentley Drummle,” I replied; “the one with the delicate face is Startop.”

Mr. Jaggers returned, “Bentley Drummle is his name, is it? I like the look of that fellow.”

He immediately began to talk to Drummle. I was looking at the two, when there came between me and them the housekeeper, with the first dish for the table.

She was a woman of about forty, I supposed – but I may have thought her younger than she was. Rather tall, of a nimble figure, extremely pale, with large faded eyes, and a quantity of streaming hair. I had seen Macbeth¹³⁴ at the theatre, a night or two before, and that her face looked to me as if it were all disturbed by fiery air, like the faces I had seen rise out of the Witches’ caldron.¹³⁵

¹³¹ **Gerrard Street, Soho** – Джеррард-стрит, Сохо

¹³² **Bentley Drummle** – Бентли Драмл

¹³³ **Startop** – Стартоп

¹³⁴ **Macbeth** – «Макбет» (одна из наиболее известных трагедий Уильяма Шекспира)

She set the dish on, touched my guardian quietly on the arm with a finger to notify that dinner was ready, and vanished. We took our seats at the round table, and my guardian kept Drummle on one side of him, while Startop sat on the other. It was a noble dish of fish that the housekeeper had put on table, and we had mutton afterwards, and then bird. Sauces, wines, all the accessories we wanted, and all of the best, were given out by our host. No other attendant than the housekeeper appeared. She set on every dish; and I always saw in her face, a face rising out of the caldron.

Dinner went off very well. For myself, I found that I was expressing my tendency to lavish expenditure, and to patronize Herbert, and to boast of my great prospects, before I quite knew that I had opened my lips. It was so with all of us.

When we had got to the cheese, that our conversation turned upon our rowing feats, and that Drummle was not very good in rowing. Drummle informed our host that he much preferred our room to our company, and that as to skill he was more than our master, and that as to strength he could scatter us like chaff. Drummle was baring and spanning his arm to show how muscular it was, and we all fell to baring and spanning our arms in a ridiculous manner.

My guardian was leaning back in his chair biting the side of his forefinger and showing an interest in Drummle, that, to me, was quite inexplicable. Suddenly, he clapped his large hand on the housekeeper's, like a trap, as she stretched it across the table. So suddenly and smartly did he do this, that we all stopped in our foolish contention.

"If you talk of strength," said Mr. Jaggers, "I'll show you a wrist. Molly, let them see your wrist."

Her entrapped hand was on the table, but she had already put her other hand behind her waist. "Master," she said, in a low voice, with her eyes attentively fixed upon him. "Don't."

"I'll show you a wrist," repeated Mr. Jaggers, with an determination to show it. "Molly, let them see your wrist."

"Master," she again murmured. "Please!"

"Molly," said Mr. Jaggers, not looking at her, but looking at the opposite side of the room, "let them see both your wrists. Show them. Come!"

He took his hand from hers, and turned that wrist up on the table. She brought her other hand from behind her, and held the two out side by side. The last wrist was much disfigured¹³⁶ – deeply scarred and scarred across and across. When she held her hands out she took her eyes from Mr. Jaggers, and turned them watchfully on every one of the rest of us in succession.

"There's power here,¹³⁷" said Mr. Jaggers, coolly tracing out the sinews with his forefinger. "Very few men have the power of wrist that this woman has. I have had occasion to notice many hands; but I never saw stronger in that respect, man's or woman's, than these."

While he said these words in a leisurely, critical style, she continued to look at every one of us in regular succession as we sat. The moment he ceased, she looked at him again. "That'll do, Molly,¹³⁸" said Mr. Jaggers, giving her a slight nod; "you have been admired, and can go." She withdrew her hands and went out of the room, and Mr. Jaggers filled his glass and passed round the wine.

"At half-past nine, gentlemen," said he, "we must break up.¹³⁹ Pray make the best use of your time.¹⁴⁰ I am glad to see you all. Mr. Drummle, I drink to you."

¹³⁵ **Witches' caldron** – котёл ведьм

¹³⁶ **was much disfigured** – было сильно обезображено

¹³⁷ **There's power here.** – Вот где сила.

¹³⁸ **That'll do, Molly.** – Достаточно, Молли.

¹³⁹ **we must break up** – мы должны разойтись

¹⁴⁰ **Pray make the best use of your time.** – Пожалуйста, не теряйте времени.

Drummler showed his morose depreciation of the rest of us, in a more and more offensive degree, until he became downright intolerable. But Mr. Jaggers followed him with the same strange interest. He actually seemed to serve as a zest to Mr. Jaggers's wine.

In our boyish want of discretion I dare say we took too much to drink, and I know we talked too much. We became particularly hot upon some boorish sneer of Drummler's, to the effect that we were too free with our money. It led to my remarking, that Startop had lent him money in my presence but a week or so before.

"Well," retorted Drummler; "he'll be paid."

"I don't mean to imply that he won't," said I, "but it might make you hold your tongue about us and our money, I should think."

"*You should think!*" retorted Drummler. "Oh Lord!"

"I dare say," I went on, meaning to be very severe, "that you wouldn't lend money to any of us if we wanted it."

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