

**GREAT ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS**

**DAVID  
COPPERFIELD**

**Charles Dickens**

**adapted for  
young readers**

**Illustrations by  
Pablo Marcos Studio**



**BARONET  
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A Strange Woman at the Window

## CHAPTER 1

### My Earliest Memories

I was born on a Friday at twelve o'clock at night. The clock began to strike and I began to cry at the same time.

Earlier that afternoon, my mother had been sitting by the fire feeling timid and sad. She saw a strange lady coming up the garden path. The woman did not ring the bell but looked in the window, pressing the end of her nose against the glass till it became flat and white. She startled my mother, who stood up too quickly and fainted.

When my mother awoke, it was already evening. The woman now was standing inside

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the room by the window. She was my father's aunt, Miss Trotwood—or Miss Betsey, as my mother called her. My father had once been a favorite nephew of hers, but when she learned that he was marrying a girl not yet twenty, Miss Betsey went to her cottage by the sea and never saw him again. My poor father had died six months before I was born.

“Now, child,” said Miss Betsey to my mother, “when this girl is born . . . .”

“Perhaps boy,” said my mother quietly.

“It must be a girl,” said Miss Betsey, “and I'll call her Betsey Trotwood Copperfield.”

“I feel myself trembling,” whispered my mother, growing quite pale. “I shall die.”

“No, no, no!” cried Miss Betsey. “Have some tea.” Then opening the parlor door, she called, “Come here, Peggotty. Bring some tea. Your mistress is not feeling well.”

Peggotty came in with the tea. The hour was growing late, so she lit the candles in the parlor. She took one look at my mother in the



Miss Betsey Wants a Girl.