

GREAT ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS

**GREAT
EXPECTATIONS**

Charles Dickens

adapted by
Mitsu Yamamoto

Illustrations by
Brendan Lynch



**BARONET
B-O-O-K-S**

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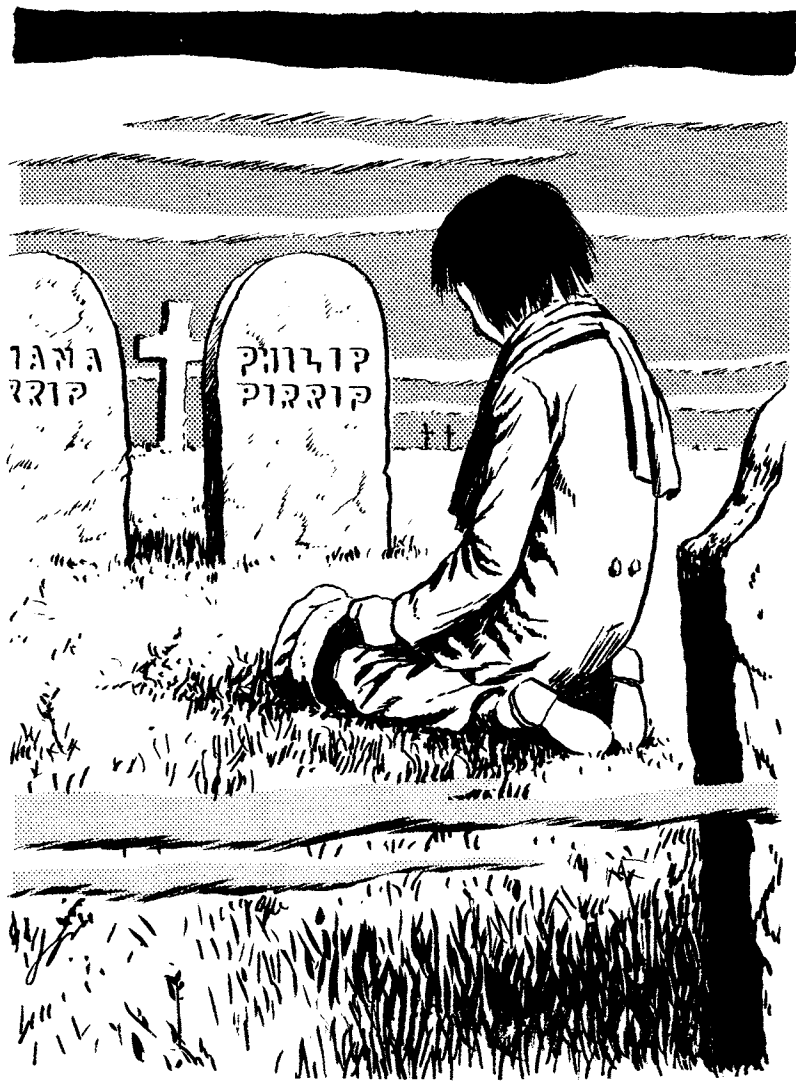
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Pip Visits His Parents' Graves.

CHAPTER 1

Meeting by a Grave

Though I lived most of my early years here in Kent, its marshes can still frighten me. The mists make figures, and strange sounds carry over the river close by. It was no different that one Christmas Eve, when I was seven years old. I was visiting my parents' graves in the churchyard on the deserted marshes. I never really knew my parents, so I could only read their names on the tombstones—Philip and Georgiana Pirrup. Philip is my name too, but when I was learning to talk, I could not pronounce it, so I made it into "Pip"—the name I came to be called all my life. As I tried desperately to remember my parents, I began to cry.

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Suddenly, a terrible voice cried, "Stop your noise or I'll cut your throat!"

A huge man appeared from among the graves and seized my chin in a steely grip. He was dressed in coarse gray clothes, with an iron band clamped around one leg. He was wet and shivering and mud-stained, but his eyes glared brightly at me.

I was terror-stricken. "Please, sir, don't kill me!" I pleaded. "Please don't!"

"What's your name? Quick!" he demanded. "And where do you live, you and your folks?"

"Pip is my name, sir," I managed to say. "My parents are there in those graves, and I live with my only sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, and her husband, the blacksmith, in the village."

"Blacksmith, eh?" he said, looking down at his leg.

Suddenly, in one motion, he turned me upside down and emptied my pockets. A few nails and a piece of bread were all I had in



“Please, Sir, Don’t Kill Me!”