

Graphic Dickens

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Retold by Hilary Burningham
Illustrated by Chris Rowlatt

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For Atticus

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MY NAME IS PHILIP PIR RIP, BUT I CALL MYSELF PIP.
EXCEPT FOR MY SISTER, MY FAMILY ARE ALL DEAD.
SOMETIMES I VISIT THEIR GRAVES.



Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!



Don't cut my throat, sir, pray don't do it, sir!

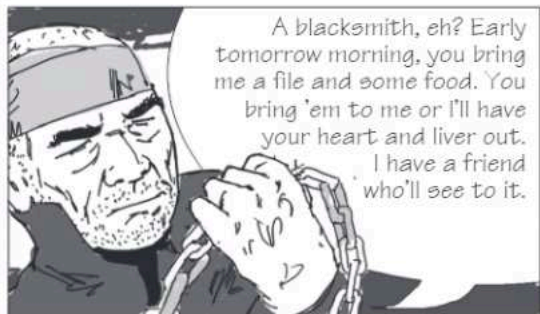


Where's your mother and father?



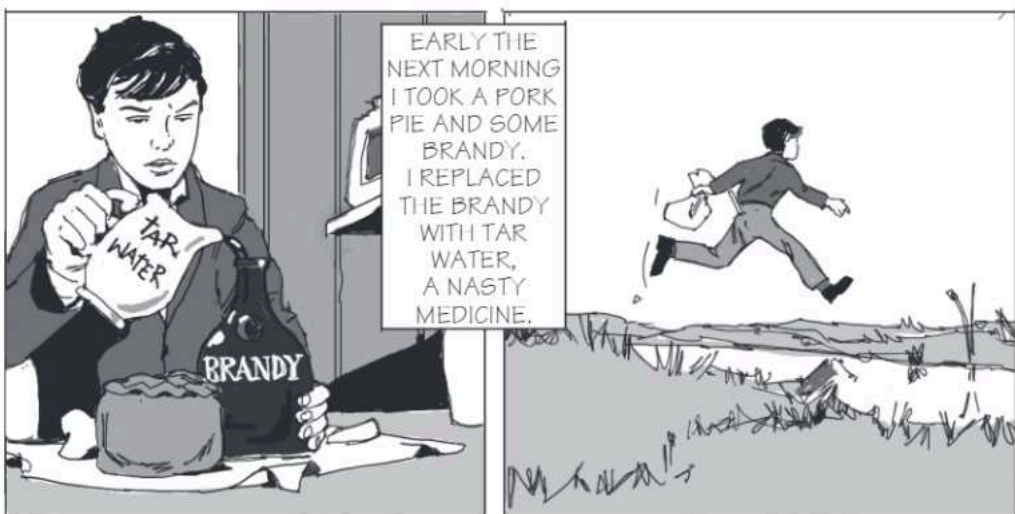
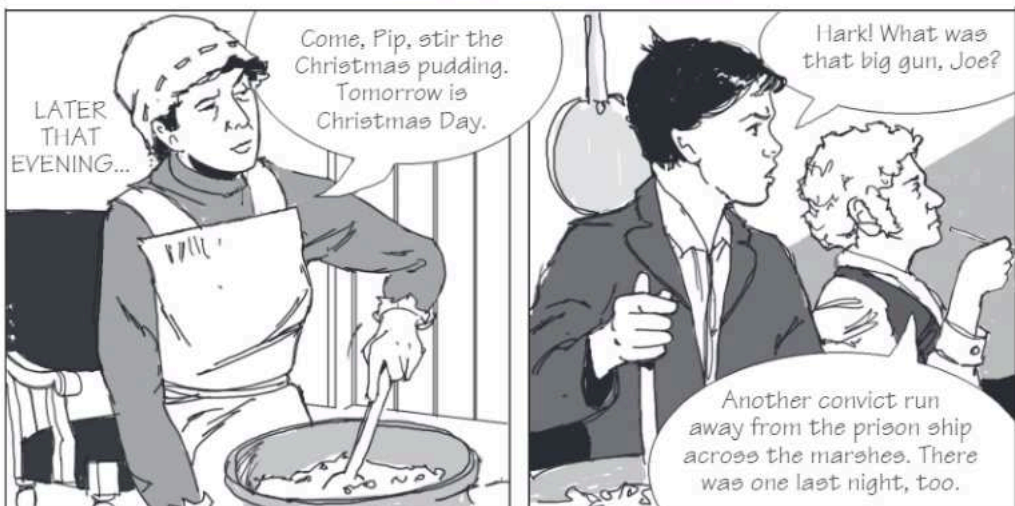
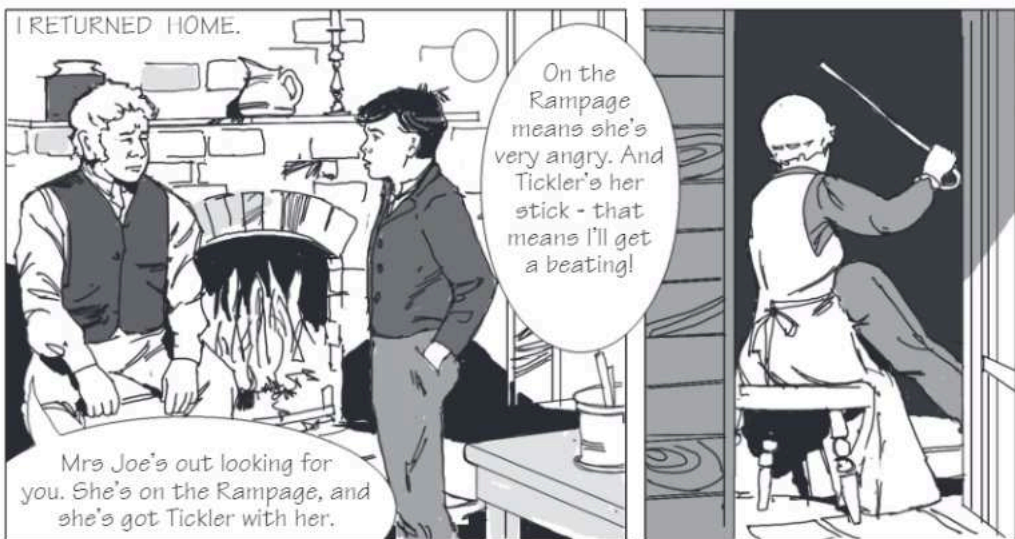
In those graves, sir. I live with my sister, sir - Mrs Joe Gargery. Joe is the blacksmith.

A blacksmith, eh? Early tomorrow morning, you bring me a file and some food. You bring 'em to me or I'll have your heart and liver out. I have a friend who'll see to it.



An escaped prisoner! I must do as he says.







I CAME
ACROSS A
CONVICT -
BUT NOT MY
CONVICT...

THEN HE RAN OFF INTO
THE MIST, AND I WENT
TO FIND MY CONVICT...



The food has
nearly all gone.
There won't
be any left
for him.

For him?
Who's him?



Your friend, dressed
like you only with a
hat, and a bruise on
his face. I met him
on the way.

Where is he?
Show me the way
he went. Give us hold
of the file, boy. I'll
pull him down like
a bloodhound!



