

*Graphic Dickens*

# GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Retold by Hilary Burningham  
Illustrated by Chris Rowlatt

**READZONE**



**ReadZone Books Limited**

For Atticus

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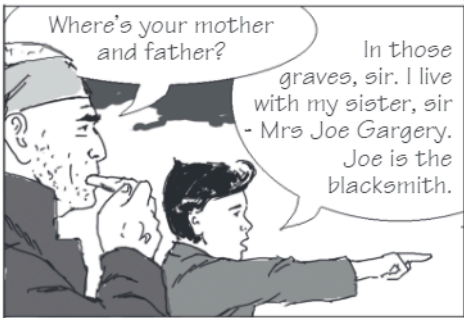


MY NAME IS PHILIP PIR RIP, BUT I CALL MYSELF PIP.  
EXCEPT FOR MY SISTER, MY FAMILY ARE ALL DEAD.  
SOMETIMES I VISIT THEIR GRAVES.



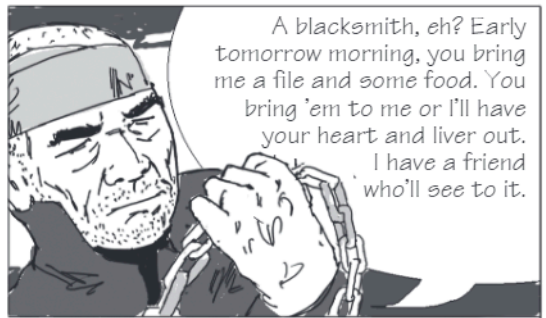
Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!

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



Where's your mother and father?

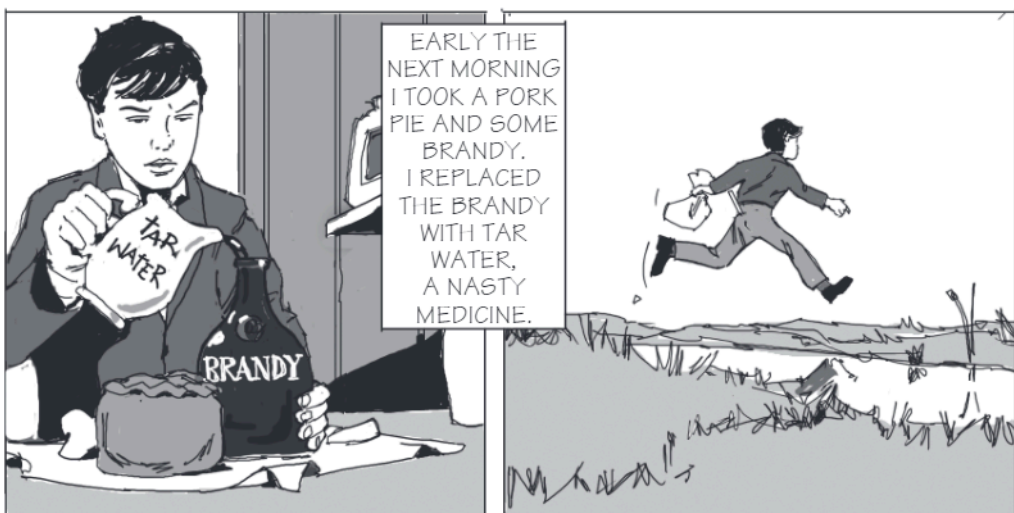
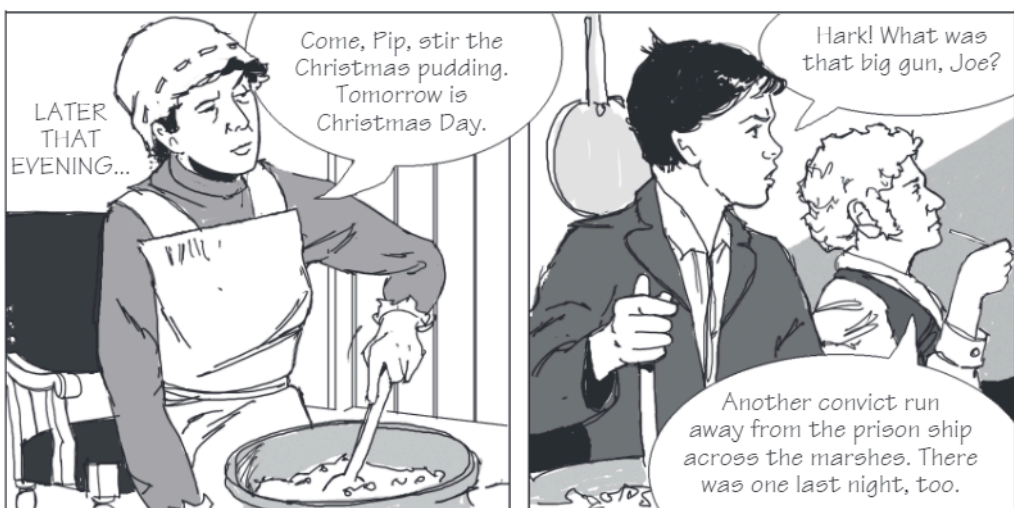
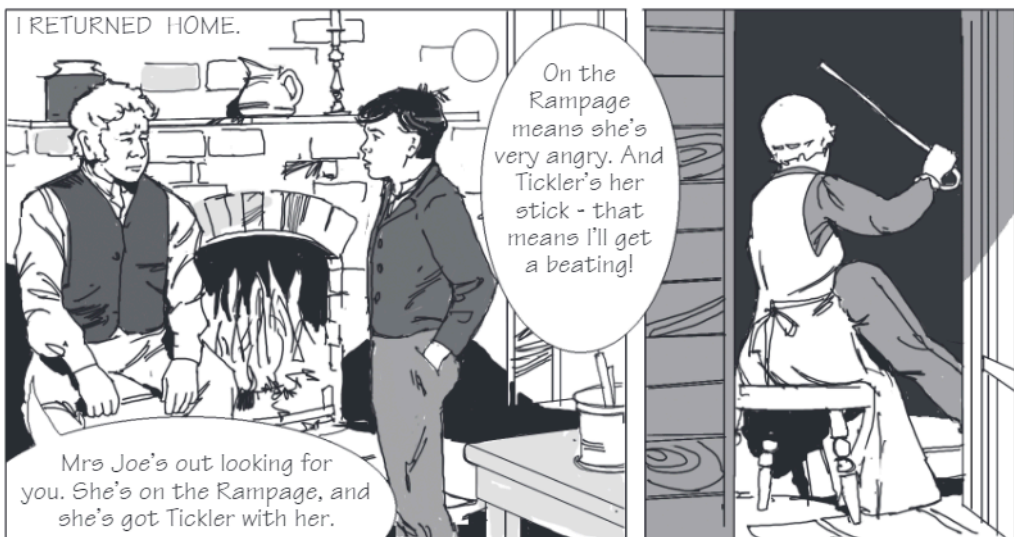
In those graves, sir. I live with my sister, sir - Mrs Joe Gargery. Joe is the blacksmith.



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!





