**Great Expectations by Charles Dickens**

***Chapter 39***

‘Yes, Pip, dear boy, I’ve made a gentleman on you! It’s me wot has done it! I swore that time, sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I swore arterwards, sure as ever I spec’lated and got rich, you should get rich. I lived rough, that you should live smooth; I worked hard, that you should be above work. What odds, dear boy? Do I tell it, fur you to feel a obligation? Not a bit. I tell it, fur you to know as that there hunted dunghill dog wot you kep life in, got his head so high that he could make a gentleman - and, Pip, you’re him!’

The abhorrence in which I held the man, the dread I had of him, the repugnance with which I shrank from him, could not have been exceeded if he had been some terrible beast.

‘Look’ee here, Pip. I’m your second father. You’re my son - more to me nor any son. I’ve put away money, only for you to spend. When I was a hired-out shepherd in a solitary hut, not seeing no faces but faces of sheep till I half forgot wot men’s and women’s faces wos like, I see yourn. I drops my knife many a time in that hut when I was a-eating my dinner or my supper, and I says, ‘Here’s the boy again, a-looking at me whiles I eats and drinks!’ I see you there a many times, as plain as ever I see you on them misty marshes. ‘Lord strike me dead!’ I says each time - and I goes out in the air to say it under the open heavens - ‘but wot, if I gets liberty and money, I’ll make that boy a gentleman!’ And I done it. Why, look at you, dear boy! Look at these here lodgings o’yourn, fit for a lord! A lord? Ah! You shall show money with lords for wagers, and beat ‘em!’

In his heat and triumph, and in his knowledge that I had been nearly fainting, he did not remark on my reception of all this. It was the one grain of relief I had.

‘Look’ee here!’ he went on, taking my watch out of my pocket, and turning towards him a ring on my finger, while I recoiled from his touch as if he had been a snake, ‘a gold ‘un and a beauty: that’s a gentleman’s, I hope! A diamond all set round with rubies; that’s a gentleman’s, I hope! Look at your linen; fine and beautiful! Look at your clothes; better ain’t to be got! And your books too,’ turning his eyes round the room, ‘mounting up, on their shelves, by hundreds! And you read ‘em; don’t you? I see you’d been a reading of ‘em when I come in. Ha, ha, ha! You shall read ‘em to me, dear boy! And if they’re in foreign languages wot I don’t understand, I shall be just as proud as if I did.’

Again he took both my hands and put them to his lips, while my blood ran cold within me.

‘Don’t you mind talking, Pip,’ said he, after again drawing his sleeve over his eyes and forehead, as the click came in his throat which I well remembered - and he was all the more horrible to me that he was so much in earnest; ‘you can’t do better nor keep quiet, dear boy. You ain’t looked slowly forward to this as I have; you wosn’t prepared for this, as I wos. But didn’t you never think it might be me?’