**Great Expectations by Charles Dickens**

***Chapter 35***

Soon afterwards, Biddy, Joe, and I, had a cold dinner together; but we dined in the best parlour, not in the old kitchen, and Joe was so exceedingly particular what he did with his knife and fork and the saltcellar and what not, that there was great restraint upon us. But after dinner, when I made him take his pipe, and when I had loitered with him about the forge, and when we sat down together on the great block of stone outside it, we got on better. I noticed that after the funeral Joe changed his clothes so far, as to make a compromise between his Sunday dress and working dress: in which the dear fellow looked natural, and like the Man he was.

He was very much pleased by my asking if I might sleep in my own little room, and I was pleased too; for, I felt that I had done rather a great thing in making the request. When the shadows of evening were closing in, I took an opportunity of getting into the garden with Biddy for a little talk.

‘Biddy,’ said I, ‘I think you might have written to me about these sad matters.’

‘Do you, Mr. Pip?’ said Biddy. ‘I should have written if I had thought that.’

‘Don’t suppose that I mean to be unkind, Biddy, when I say I consider that you ought to have thought that.’

‘Do you, Mr. Pip?’

She was so quiet, and had such an orderly, good, and pretty way with her, that I did not like the thought of making her cry again. After looking a little at her downcast eyes as she walked beside me, I gave up that point.

‘I suppose it will be difficult for you to remain here now, Biddy dear?’

‘Oh! I can’t do so, Mr. Pip,’ said Biddy, in a tone of regret, but still of quiet conviction. ‘I have been speaking to Mrs. Hubble, and I am going to her to-morrow. I hope we shall be able to take some care of Mr. Gargery, together, until he settles down.’

‘How are you going to live, Biddy? If you want any mo—‘

‘How am I going to live?’ repeated Biddy, striking in, with a momentary flush upon her face. ‘I’ll tell you, Mr. Pip. I am going to try to get the place of mistress in the new school nearly finished here. I can be well recommended by all the neighbours, and I hope I can be industrious and patient, and teach myself while I teach others. You know, Mr. Pip,’ pursued Biddy, with a smile, as she raised her eyes to my face, ‘the new schools are not like the old, but I learnt a good deal from you after that time, and have had time since then to improve.’

‘I think you would always improve, Biddy, under any circumstances.’

‘Ah! Except in my bad side of human nature,’ murmured Biddy.

It was not so much a reproach, as an irresistible thinking aloud. Well! I thought I would give up that point too. So, I walked a little further with Biddy, looking silently at her downcast eyes.