

# **SANGHARSH BATCH 2025**

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CHAPTER

**A NEW BOY**

LECTURE NO.

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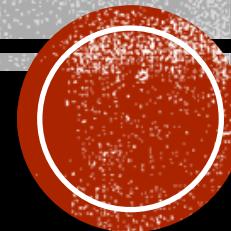
*By Aarav Pandit*



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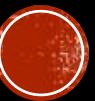
# A NEW BOY

By Charles Dickens



# INTRODUCTION

The novel David Copperfield, written by Charles Dickens, deals with the life and times of David Copperfield. It traces his journey from an unhappy and impoverished childhood to that of a successful novelist. David is an orphan and after many ordeals finds his aunt, Miss Betsey Trotwood.



'Trot,' said my aunt one evening, when the backgammon-board was placed as usual for herself and Mr. Dick, 'we must not forget your education.'

'Should you like to go to school at Canterbury?' said my aunt. I replied that I should like it very much, as it was so near her.



# THE PLAN FOR CANTERBURY

'Good,' said my aunt. 'Should you like to go tomorrow?' Being already no stranger to the general rapidity of my aunt's evolutions, I was not surprised by the suddenness of the proposal, and said: 'Yes.' 'Good,' said my aunt again. 'Janet, hire the grey pony and chaise tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, and pack up Master Trotwood's clothes tonight.' I was greatly elated by these orders; but my heart smote me for my selfishness, when I witnessed their effect on Mr. Dick, who was so low-spirited at the prospect of our separation.



But, on hearing from my aunt that I should sometimes come over on a Saturday, and that he could sometimes come and see me on a Wednesday, he revived; and vowed to make another kite for those occasions. In the morning he was downhearted again. We parted at the garden-gate in a most affectionate manner, and Mr. Dick did not go into the house until my aunt had driven me out of sight of it.



My aunt, drove the grey pony through Dover in a masterly manner. When we came into the country road, she asked me whether I was happy. "Very happy indeed, thank you, aunt," I said. She was much gratified. 'Is it a large school, aunt?' I asked. 'Why, I don't know,' said my aunt. 'We are going to Mr. Wickfield's first.' 'Does he keep a school?' I asked. 'No, Trot,' said my aunt. 'He keeps an office.'



# Arrival at Mr. Wickfield's

At length we stopped before a very old house. It was quite spotless in its cleanliness. We got out and went into a long low parlour looking towards the street. A gentleman entered through the door at the farther end of the room. 'Miss Betsey Trotwood' said the gentleman, 'pray walk in. I was engaged for a moment, but you'll excuse my being busy. Miss Betsey thanked him, and we went into his room, which was furnished as an office, with books, papers, tin boxes, and so forth.





A scenic landscape painting of a cathedral city at sunset. In the background, a large cathedral with multiple spires stands prominently against a sky filled with warm, golden, and orange clouds. In the foreground, a paved path leads towards the city. On the right side of the path, there is a wooden desk with a quill pen and inkwell resting on it. A stack of three books lies on the path to the left of the desk. The scene is framed by a wooden gate on the left and a stone wall with a red rose bush on the right. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and historical.

THANK YOU  
FOR JOINING OUR JOURNEY

