

Thursday the 10<sup>th</sup> November 1850

Today, I was grieving in front of my parents grave .  
The cemetery was even more creepy than usual . I was the only living soul and I felt very cold .  
I wished my parents had been there with me and was about to cry .  
In fact ,I was beginning to sob .  
But at that precise moment a terrible voice came from behind me .  
I turned backwards and saw a huge figure rushing between the tombstones . He threatened me ,  
telling me to hold my noise or he'd cut my throat .  
I glanced at him , he had a miserable look , with no hat , dressed in rags .  
It seemed like it had gone through everything , water , mud , nettles and I couldn't think of more  
because he seized me by the chin .  
His small black eyes staring at me were so frightening , I felt like in the worst of my nightmares .  
I was so insignificant compared to this terrible man , I didn't even realize I was begging “ Don't cut  
my throat sir !” He said “ Tell us your name , Quick !”  
I was so terrified that I hardly managed to articulate “ Pip” .  
He ordered me to say it again and to “give it mouth” .  
Then he growled at me , asking me to point out where I lived . Afterwards he looked at me for a  
moment , suddenly I was turned upside down and shook like an old rag .  
My only piece of bread of the day fell down , and he grabbed it while he was seating me on a  
tombstone . All shivering , I watched him eat it ravenously feeling sorry for myself and quite  
hungry .