GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
“SHE GAVE A CONTEMPTUOUS TOSs . . . . AND LEFT ME.”
HE SAID, "AHA! WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW HOW TO TURN BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS?"
"WELL, PIP, YOU KNOW, AND THEREFORE YOU KNOW AS THEY ARE HERE."
“Orlick... was very soon among the coal-dust, and in no hurry to come out of it.”
“THEN SHE SOFTLY PATTED MY SHOULDER IN A SOOTHING WAY.”
“Now, this,” said Mr. Trabb . . . “is a very sweet article.”
“SAY ANOTHER WORD—ONE SINGLE WORD—and Wemmick shall give you your money back.”
"WE FOUND THE AGED HEATING THE POKER, WITH EXPECTANT EYES."
DRAWLING TO HIS ATTENDANTS, "DON'T KNOW YAH, DON'T KNOW YAH!"
“IT WAS FINE SUMMER WEATHER AGAIN.”
"It is of no use," said Biddy.
"I rose out of my chair, and stood with my hand upon the back of it, looking wildly at him."
"When I says to Compeyson, 'I ain't afeared to hang you. I'll eat that face o' yours!' ain't it Compeyson as prays the judge to be protected, and gets two turnkeys stood betwixt us?"
"I had had to feel my way back among the shipping."
"HIM THAT I SPOKE OF SHALL TRAMPLE UPON YOUR POMBLECHOOK."
“HE HAD SPOKEN HIS LAST WORDS.”
"WE SAT DOWN ON A BENCH THAT WAS NEAR."