

company, and the atmosphere became less comfortable. Sometimes I thought that Peggotty was angry because Mother had started to wear pretty dresses and spend more time at Mr Murdstone's house. We also saw more of Mr Murdstone in our own house.

One day, Peggotty invited me to come with her to visit her family in Yarmouth. I told her that I would love to go with her, and when we asked Mother, she agreed. But when the day came to leave, I felt a little guilty.

"Won't Mother be lonely without us?" I asked Peggotty. "What will she do **on her own**?"

"Don't worry, Master Davy," answered Peggotty. "She will visit the neighbours." I felt better after that.

We travelled by horse and carriage. As we came close to our destination, Peggotty shouted, "There he is! There's my Ham!" This was Peggotty's nephew, who had run to call the doctor when I was born. He was now a big, strong young man, and he carried me on his shoulders to Peggotty's brother's house.



*Ham carried me on his shoulders to Peggotty's brother's house.*

“There it is,” said Peggotty, pointing to something that looked like a boat.

“Do you mean the thing that looks like a ship?” I asked.

“That’s it, Master Davy,” she said.

Everything was so exciting! I was going to stay in a house that was really a boat! There was a smell of fish in the house, and when I mentioned this to Peggotty, she told me that her brother was a fisherman. Peggotty introduced me to her brother, Dan, who was a very big, happy man. I also met a young girl, named Emily, but who everyone called Em’ly. I thought Emily was a beautiful little girl, and I immediately wanted to be her friend.

I asked Mr Peggotty how he chose Ham’s name.

“I didn’t give him that name.”

“Then who did?”

“My brother, Joe, did. Ham is Joe’s son.”

“And where is your brother, Joe, sir?”

“Dead. Drowned.”

“So, Emily is your daughter?”

“No. She’s my brother-in-law Tom’s daughter.”

“Is he dead too?”

“Yes, he also drowned.”

“Don’t you have any children of your own, Mr Peggotty?”

“No, I’m a **bachelor**.”

At this point, Peggotty (*my* Peggotty) stopped the conversation, deciding that I had asked enough questions.

## CHAPTER 2

## THE MURDSTONES

The two weeks in Yarmouth were wonderful. I especially enjoyed my walks along the beach with Emily, and we became good friends. Even today, when I hear the name Yarmouth, I remember those lovely days. I was very sad to leave Yarmouth and Emily on the day we went home.