

were too strong, and when the people **onshore** pulled him out, his face was all bloody. Ham tried again and nearly reached the ship, but suddenly a huge wave crashed over him and he disappeared. When Ham's friends finally pulled him ashore, they couldn't save him and he died.

As I sat beside my poor friend, a sailor who recognised me asked me to come with him. "We've found a body from the ship," he said.

"But why do you want me to see it?" I asked.

When he removed the blanket and the victim's face was revealed, I understood why he had asked me to come. Steerforth's body was lying on the sand.

I returned to London, feeling very sad. I knew I couldn't tell Dan Peggotty or Emily about Ham's death because Emily would be heartbroken, and they might not leave. The Micawbers were leaving with Dan Peggotty and Emily, and Peggotty and I accompanied them all to their ship. It was difficult to say goodbye, but there was also a pleasant surprise. Dan Peggotty, who never forgot a friend, had persuaded Martha to go with them, and he had paid for her ticket. I remember to this day the sight of all my friends, smiling and waving from the deck as the ship slowly sailed away.

Soon afterwards, I decided to travel abroad and write books. I wanted to try to recover from Dora's death and to think about my future. For the next three years, I lived in Italy and Switzerland. I wrote a great deal and sent my work to my publisher by post. During my time abroad, Agnes wrote to me regularly. Her letters gave me comfort and brightened my mood.

When I returned to England, I first went to Dover to see Aunt Betsey and Mr Dick, who were now living in my aunt's house again. They hadn't changed at all. To my great surprise, Peggotty was also living there and was now my aunt's **housekeeper**. We had a long, enjoyable talk, then Aunt Betsey asked, "So Trotwood, when are you going to Canterbury?"

It was as if my aunt could read my mind. How did she know how much I had missed Agnes while I was abroad?

I went to Canterbury the following day. Agnes seemed very happy to see me.

“Are you going to go away again?” she asked.

“What do you have to say about that?”

“I hope you don’t.”

“Then I won’t!” I replied.

I rode back to my aunt’s house, thinking about my new love for Agnes and hoping that she had the same feelings for me. After that, we saw each other frequently. Before long, I told her I loved her and asked her to marry me.

“Oh, Trotwood, I have loved you since the first day I met you,” Agnes said. “And now I must tell you something. As Dora lay dying, she told me that she hoped one day we would get married.”

Agnes and I got married, and we moved to London. Ten happy years passed. One evening, while we were playing with our three children, we heard a knock at the door. I opened it and saw an old, white-haired man standing in front of me. I looked closely at his face, which looked very familiar. Suddenly I realised who it was.

“Dan Peggotty! Is it really you?” I cried.

“Yes, Master Davy, it’s me!” the old man replied.

“Come and sit down. How are you? And how is Emily?” There were so many questions I wanted to ask him that I didn’t know where to begin.

“We’re both well,” he answered. “When we arrived in Australia, we bought a farm and life has been good to us. I wanted to thank you for not telling us about Ham’s death before we left for Australia. If Em’ly had known about it then, I’m sure she would have died of sorrow. It was kind of you not to tell us. I’m sure it wasn’t easy for you.”

“So how did you find out about Ham?” I asked.

“We saw some old newspapers from England, and by chance, there was an article in one of them about the storm. That’s how we heard that Ham had died. Em’ly took it very badly and was upset for a long time after she heard the news.”

“And is Emily married?”

“No, Master Davy, she isn’t. She has stayed with me and wants to look after me in my old age. She also helps the neighbours. She teaches their children, and if someone is sick, Em’ly is the first to visit. Everyone loves her. Anyone with a problem knows that Em’ly will do whatever she can to help.”

“What happened to Martha, Mr Peggotty?”

“Martha married a young man who worked on our farm, and now they have a farm of their own.”

Before I could ask about Mr Micawber, Mr Peggotty said, “Oh, I almost forgot. Mr Micawber asked me to give this letter to you.”

I opened the envelope he gave me. Inside was a letter and a newspaper article. I looked at the article first. It was about a special dinner given in honour of Judge Micawber! In his letter, Mr Micawber thanked me for all the help I had given him in the past. I was pleased that something had “turned up” for him at last.

Dan Peggotty stayed with us a month and we spent many pleasant evenings exchanging stories, telling one another about our lives during the last ten years. One day Mr Peggotty and I went to visit Ham’s grave in Yarmouth. Before we left the grave, he **knelt down** and picked up some earth. He put it in his pocket and said, “It’s for Em’ly. I promised to take it back for her. It’s only earth, but it will remind her of Ham and of England.”



Before we left, Mr Peggotty knelt down and pick