**Insert** **|** Lower Secondary

 Stage (6-8)

1st Semester | 2023-2024

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| **Subject:** English  | **Unit 2: Amazing arts**  |
| **Objectives:*** To practice play writing
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**Read the following extract from Great Expectations, then adapt it in the form of a play.**

She was dressed in rich lace and silks that were all of white. She wore a long white veil. There were wedding flowers in her white hair. Bright jewels sparkled on the dressing table. Half-packed trunks lay all about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on.

But everything that should have been white was faded and yellow. And the bride within the wedding gown had grown old and wrinkled. The dress hung loose upon a figure that was now skin and bone.

“Who is it?” said the lady at the table. “It’s Pip, ma’am—Mr. Pumblechook’s boy. I’m here to play.” “Come close. Let me look at you.”

It was then I saw that her watch had stopped at exactly 8:40. A clock in the room had stopped at the same time.

“Look at me,” said Miss Havisham. “Are you afraid of a woman who has not seen the sun since you were born?” “No,” I lied. She laid her hands upon her chest. “Do you know what I touch here?” “Your heart?” I asked.

“Yes—and it’s broken!” she said with a strange smile. “Now, I want to see some play. Go to the door. Call Estella!” I called. The proud young lady came along the dark hall.

Miss Havisham called her close. She took a jewel from the table and held it against the girl’s pretty brown hair. “Yours, one day, my dear. And you will use it well. Let me see you play cards with this boy.”

“With this boy? Why, he is nothing but a common working boy!”

I thought I heard Miss Havisham whisper, “Well? You can break his heart.” Miss Havisham watched as we played. “What coarse hands he has!” said Estella. “And what thick, ugly boots!”

I played the game to its end. Estella easily won. Then she threw down the cards. “Go now, Pip,” Miss Havisham said. “You shall come here again after six days. Estella, take the boy downstairs and give him a bite of something to eat.” I followed Estella down the stairs. “You wait here, you boy,” she said.