# The Canterville Ghost

## THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

Oscar Wilde

Original Text
QuickText

FOR A MOMENT THE CANTERVILLE GHOST STOOD QUITE *MOTIONLESS* IN NATURAL INDIGNATION.

THEN HE *FLED* DOWN THE *CORRIDOR*.

SMASH

OOOHHHHH

clank clank squeak

clank clank

29

NEVER, IN A BRILLIANT AND UNINTERRUPTED CAREER OF *THREE HUNDRED YEARS*, HAD HE BEEN SO GROSSLY *INSULTED*.

HE THOUGHT OF THE DOWAGER DUCHESS, WHOM HE HAD *FRIGHTENED* INTO A *FIT*...

...OF THE FOUR HOUSEMAIDS, WHO HAD GONE INTO *HYSTERICS*...

...OF THE RECTOR OF THE PARISH, WHOSE *CANDLE* HE HAD BLOWN OUT...

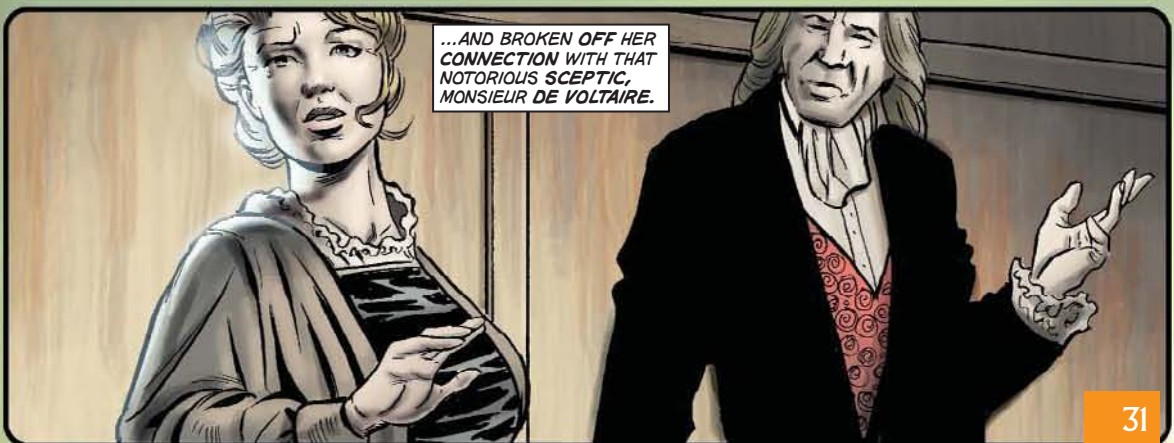...AND WHO HAD BEEN UNDER THE *CARE* OF *SIR WILLIAM GULL* EVER SINCE...

HE REMEMBERED THE **TERRIBLE NIGHT** WHEN THE **WICKED** LORD CANTERVILLE WAS FOUND **CHOKING** IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM, WITH THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS HALF-WAY DOWN HIS THROAT...

...AND **CONFESSED**, JUST BEFORE HE **DIED**, THAT HE HAD **CHEATED** CHARLES JAMES FOX OUT OF **£50,000** AT CROCKFORD'S BY MEANS OF THAT **VERY CARD**...

...AND SWORE THAT THE **GHOST** HAD **MADE** HIM **SWALLOW** IT.

THE GHOST DID THIS

**ALL** HIS GREAT **ACHIEVEMENTS** CAME **BACK** TO HIM AGAIN...

...FROM THE **BUTLER** WHO HAD **SHOT** HIMSELF IN THE PANTRY BECAUSE HE HAD SEEN A GREEN **HAND TAPPING** AT THE WINDOW-PANE...

...TO THE *BEAUTIFUL LADY STUTFIELD*...

...TO HIDE THE *MARK* OF FIVE FINGERS *BURNT* UPON HER WHITE *SKIN*...

...WHO WAS ALWAYS OBLIGED TO WEAR A BLACK VELVET *BAND* ROUND HER *THROAT*...

...AND WHO *DROWNED* HERSELF AT *LAST* IN THE *CARP-POND* AT THE END OF THE *KING'S WALK*.

WITH THE ENTHUSIASTIC *EGOTISM* OF THE TRUE *ARTIST* HE WENT OVER HIS MOST *CELEBRATED* PERFORMANCES, AND *SMILED BITTERLY* TO HIMSELF AS HE RECALLED TO MIND HIS LAST APPEARANCE AS "RED REUBEN, OR THE *STRANGLED* BABE".

HIS *DEBUT* AS "GAUNT GIBEON, THE *BLOOD-SUCKER* OF BEXLEY MOOR"...

...AND THE *FURORE* HE HAD *EXCITED* ONE LOVELY *JUNE* EVENING...

...BY MERELY PLAYING *NINEPINS* WITH HIS OWN *BONES* UPON THE LAWN-TENNIS GROUND.

*SMASH*

AND AFTER ALL *THIS,* SOME WRETCHED MODERN *AMERICANS* WERE TO COME AND OFFER *HIM* THE RISING SUN *LUBRICATOR,* AND THROW *PILLOWS* AT HIS *HEAD!*

IT WAS QUITE *UNBEARABLE.* BESIDES, NO GHOST IN *HISTORY* HAD EVER BEEN TREATED IN THIS *MANNER.*

ACCORDINGLY, HE DETERMINED TO HAVE *VENGEANCE,* AND REMAINED TILL DAYLIGHT IN AN ATTITUDE OF *DEEP THOUGHT.*