

THE
CLASSIC STORY
BROUGHT TO
LIFE IN FULL
COLOUR!

Classical
COMICS



The Canterville Ghost

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

Oscar Wilde

Original Text

Quick Text

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK
THE FAMILY RETIRED...



...AND BY HALF-PAST
ALL THE LIGHTS
WERE OUT.



SOME TIME AFTER...



...MR. OTIS WAS AWAKENED
BY A CURIOUS NOISE IN
THE CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE
HIS ROOM.



IT SEEMED TO BE
COMING NEARER
EVERY MOMENT.

clank clank



HE WAS QUITE CALM, AND
FELT HIS PULSE, WHICH WAS
NOT AT ALL FEVERISH.

squeak
clank
clank



clank clank squeak



clank clank clank



HE OPENED THE DOOR...

creeeeeeeeek







MY DEAR SIR,
I REALLY MUST INSIST
ON YOUR OILING THOSE
CHAINS,

AND HAVE
BROUGHT YOU FOR THAT
PURPOSE A SMALL BOTTLE OF
THE TAMMANY RISING SUN
LUBRICATOR.



IT IS SAID
TO BE COMPLETELY
EFFICACIOUS UPON ONE
APPLICATION,

AND THERE ARE
SEVERAL TESTIMONIALS TO
THAT EFFECT ON THE WRAPPER
FROM SOME OF OUR MOST
EMINENT NATIVE
DIVINES.



I SHALL
LEAVE IT HERE FOR
YOU BY THE BEDROOM
CANDLES, AND WILL BE
HAPPY TO SUPPLY YOU
WITH MORE, SHOULD
YOU REQUIRE IT.





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



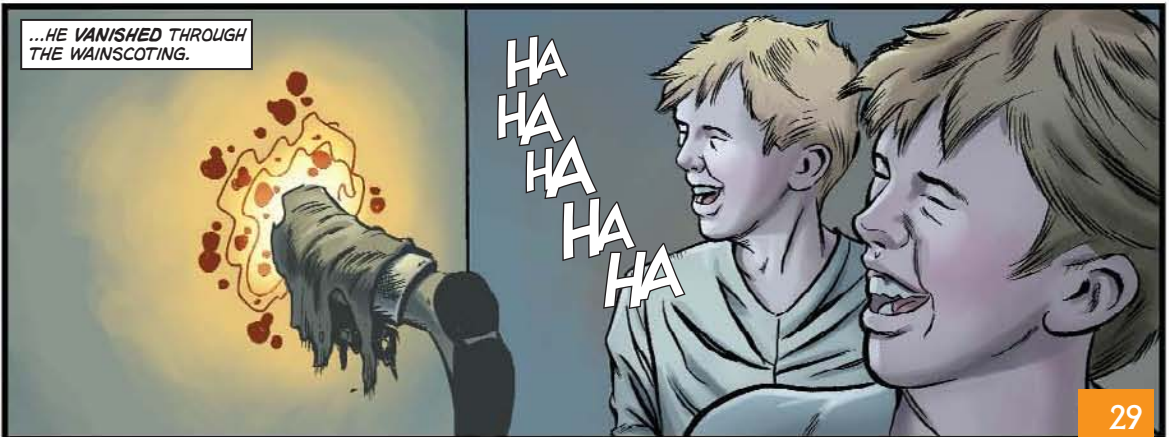
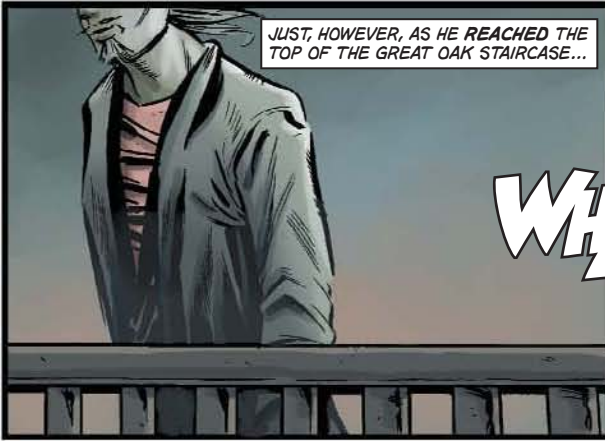
THEN HE FLED DOWN
THE CORRIDOR.

OOHHHHH



clank squawk
clank

clank
clank





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 HYSTERICIS...



...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...



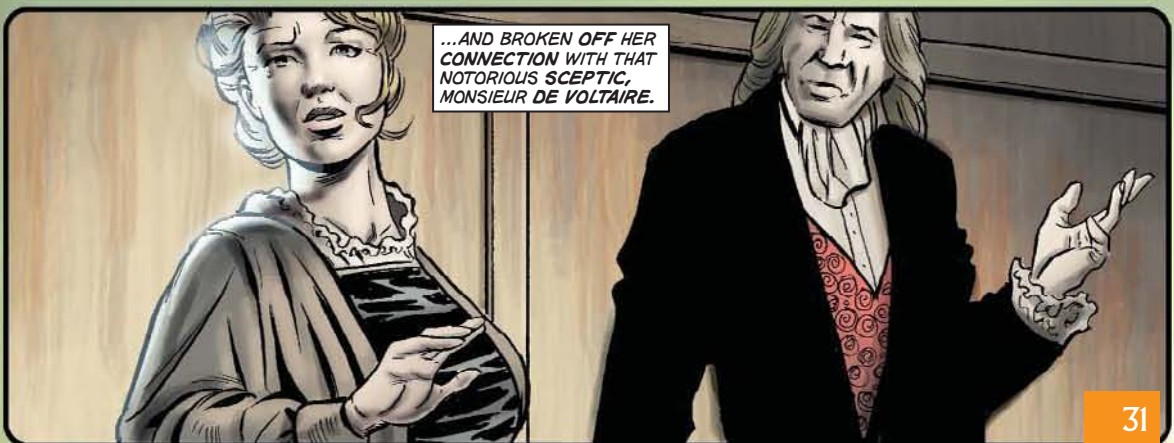
...AND OF OLD MADAME
DE TREMOUILLAC, WHO,
AFTER SEEING HIM...



...HAD BEEN CONFINED TO HER
BED FOR SIX WEEKS WITH AN
ATTACK OF BRAIN FEVER...



...AND ON HER RECOVERY
HAD BECOME RECONCILED
TO THE CHURCH...



...AND BROKEN OFF HER
CONNECTION WITH THAT
NOTORIOUS SCEPTIC,
MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE.



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.



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...

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

...TO HIDE THE MARK OF
FIVE FINGERS BURN'T
UPON HER WHITE SKIN...

...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 GIBBON, 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.



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.