The Importance of Being Earnest

Two young gentlemen living in 1890’s England use imaginary friends to inject some excitement into their seemingly dull lives. Jack Worthing invents a brother, ‘Ernest’, whom he pretends to be in order to visit his beloved Gwendolen in the city. Meanwhile, friend Algys Moncrieff uses the name ‘Ernest’ while visiting Jack’s beautiful young ward, Cecily in the country.

Much confusion ensues as the two women find out they have been deceived by their ‘Erneasts’.

Some would call this a society comedy; others, a Victorian farce. Regardless of the term used, this three-act play from Oscar Wilde captures the era effortlessly.

With an intricate attention to detail, wonderful characterisation and dramatically expressive and humorous artwork, this really is a graphic novel to cherish.

Script Adaptation, Characters & Artwork: John Stokes
Lettering, Design & Layout: Jo Wheeler
Editor in Chief: Clive Bryant

“Whether the comic contains the original text or an adapted version, it’s about enticing young readers to read, introducing them to the Classics, and providing them with a chance to appreciate and understand great literature. That’s how horizons are broadened. That’s education.”
Chad Boudreau, wwwComicReaders.com

“Classical Comics provide schools with a fabulous resource. Every school should have copies and every school library NEEDS these publications... It is perfect for guided reading and provides a non reductive access point to the classics of literature for pupils who would not otherwise engage with such texts.”
Alan Peat, Educational Consultant

“The folks at Classical Comics have ‘turned up the excitement volume’ when it comes to classical literature.”
Mary Lee Holm, A Year of Reading

“Classical Comics’ graphic novels stand out way above others. The quality of the artwork is exceptional - the detail, relevance to the subject matter and the way they convey the emotions of the book are wonderful.”
Sarah Brew, www.parentsintouch.co.uk
GOOD AFTERNOON, ALGERNON. I HOPE YOU ARE BEHAVING YOURSELF.
I am well, thank you.

That's not the same thing.

You look smart!

I am always smart, aren't I, Mr. Worthing?

You are perfect, Miss Fairfax.

I hope not—I'd really like to develop.

I'm sorry we are late. I have come from Lady Harbury. I hadn't seen her since her poor husband's death.

She looks twenty years younger.

I am ready for some tea and sandwiches now.

Certainly, Aunt Augusta.
There were no cucumbers in the market.

Will you sit over here, Gwendolen?

I like it here, mamma.

WILL_L: Why are there no cucumber sandwiches?

There were no cucumbers in the market.

No cucumbers!

No, sir. That will be all, Lane.

Thank you, sir.

I am sorry there were no cucumbers, Aunt Augusta.

No matter, Algernon. I had some crumpets with Lady Harbury.

I hear her hair has turned gold with grief.

It has, although probably not from grief.
Thank you. Anyway, I have a treat for you tonight. You shall sit next to Mary Farquhar. She is so fond of her husband.

I’m sorry, but I cannot dine with you tonight.

You must: if you don’t, your uncle will have to dine upstairs.

This Mr. Bunbury always seems to be ill.

Yes, poor man.

I am terribly sorry. My poor friend Bunbury is ill and I need to be with him.

It is high time he made up his mind whether to live or die. I don’t agree with all this illness.
IT IS EVERYONE'S DUTY TO BE HEALTHY IN LIFE.

PLEASE ASK MR. BUNBURY TO BE WELL ON SATURDAY. I AM RELYING ON YOU TO ARRANGE THE MUSIC FOR ME.

IT IS MY LAST PARTY OF THE SEASON AND WE HAVE ALL RUN OUT OF THINGS TO SAY.

YOU MUST COME TOO, GWENDOLEN.

YES, ALGERNON. ALTHOUGH I DO NOT WANT ANY FRENCH SONGS. THEY ARE EITHER TOO RUDE OR TOO SILLY. GERMAN SONGS ARE BETTER.

YOU MUST COME TOO, GWENDOLEN.

YES, MAMMA.

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YES, MAMMA.
I don’t like people talking to me about the weather, Mr. Worthing. I am always sure they mean something else.

Miss Fairfax, I have admired you for some time.

Lovely day, Miss Fairfax.

I don’t like people talking to me about the weather, Mr. Worthing. I am always sure they mean something else.

I do mean something else.

I thought so. I am never wrong.

Miss Fairfax, I have admired you for some time.

-- But be careful – she might come back suddenly.

I want to talk to you while your mother is not around.

So you should --

I know you have. I like you too.

-- but be careful – she might come back suddenly.
Mr. Worthing, it has always been my dream to love someone called Ernest. When Algernon told me he had a friend called Ernest, I knew I was meant to love you.

Oh, you have made me so happy.

Do you really love me, Gwendolen? Passionately!

Oh, you have made me so happy.

Would you still love me if my name wasn’t Ernest?

But your name is Ernest.

My own Ernest!!
Yes, but if it wasn’t Ernest — could you love me then?

I would have to guess, because your name is a fact.

I don’t like the name of Ernest. I don’t think it suits me.

Of course it does. It is a beautiful name.

It sounds like music.

There are many other much nicer names. Jack, for instance.

Jack? No. That doesn’t sound like music.
I have known a few Jacks, and they were all very plain. Anyway, Jack is another name for John, and I pity any woman who is married to a man called John.

The only safe name is Ernest.

I have known a few Jacks, and they were all very plain. Anyway, Jack is another name for John, and I pity any woman who is married to a man called John.

The only safe name is Ernest.

I mean we must get married at once.

Then may I propose to you now?

That is a wonderful idea; and I think you should know that I will accept.