The Canterville Ghost
and
The Model Millionaire

‘Lord Canterville,’ answered the American, ‘will buy the house and everything in it — with or without a ghost. I come from a new country, where we have everything that money can buy and there aren’t any ghosts!’

Lord Canterville smiled and said, 'I’m afraid there is a ghost.'

For three hundred years, the ghost at Canterville Chase frightened everybody in the house. Nobody liked living there because of him.

When the Otis family move to England from America, they want a house in the country. They come to live at Canterville Chase. They don’t know the story of Sir Simon de Canterville and they don’t know anything about ghosts.

The ghost at Canterville Chase tries hard to frighten them but he learns that this family is different.

In The Model Millionaire, Hughie Erskine, a very nice young man, mistakes a millionaire for a beggar. Hughie gives the beggar some money. What does the millionaire do for Hughie?

Oscar Wilde was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1854. His father was a doctor and his mother was a writer. He went to Dublin and Oxford Universities, where he was a very good student. After he left Oxford University, he wanted to be a writer and in his twenties he wrote a book of poems (1881).

He did his best writing when he was in his thirties. Between 1887 and 1891 he wrote about twenty short stories - The Canterville Ghost, The Model Millionaire, The Happy Prince and many others. He also wrote his most famous book, The Picture of Dorian Gray, and many plays: Lady Windermere’s Fan (1892), A Woman of No Importance (1893) and the famous The Importance of Being Earnest (1895). At this time he was very famous in London.

But in 1895 the Marquess of Queensbury, an important man in England, thought that Wilde was the lover of his son, Lord Alfred Douglas. This was against the law at the time and Wilde went to prison for two years. After he left prison in 1897, he went to live in France, but now he was very ill and died in Paris in 1900.
OTHER TITLES IN THE SERIES

The following titles are available at Levels 1, 2 and 3:

**Level 1**
- Brown Eyes
- Girl Meets Boy
- The Hen and the Bull
- A Job for Pedro
- The Medal of Brigadier Gerard
- Run for Your Life
- Streets of London
- Surfer!

**Level 2**
- Baywatch
- The Birds
- Breakfast at Tiffany's
- The Cay
- Chocky
- The Diary
- Don't Look Behind You
- Don't Look Now
- Emily
- Flour Babies
- The Fox
- Free Willy
- The Ghost of Genny Castle
- Grandad's Eleven
- Jumanji
- The Lady in the Lake
- Money to Burn
- Persuasion
- The Railway Children
- The Room in the Tower and Other Ghost Stories
- The Secret Garden
- The Sheep-Pig Simply
- Suspense
- Slinky jane
- Stealing the Hills
- Treasure Island
- The Treasure Seekers
- Under the Greenwood Tree
- The Wave
- We Are All Guilty
- The Weirdo

**Level 3**
- Black Beauty
- The Black Cat and Other Stories
- Blue Beginnings
- The Book of Heroic Failures
- Braveheart
- Calling All Monsters
- A Catskill Eagle
- Channel Runner
- Cranford
- The Darling Buds of May
- Dubliners
- Earthdark
- Eraser
- Forrest Gump
- The Fugitive
- Get Shorty
- Gojfgle
- Eyes jane Eyre
- King Solomon's Mines
- Madame Doubtfire
- The Man with Two Shadows and Other Ghost Stories
- More Heroic Failures
- Mrs Dalloway
- My Fair Lady
- My Family and Other Animals
- Not a Penny More
- Not a Penny Less
- The Portrait of a Lady
- Rain Man
- The Reluctant Queen
- The Road Ahead
- Santorini
- Sense and Sensibility
- Sherlock Holmes and the Mystery of Boscombe Pool
- St Agnes' Stand
- StarGate
- Summer of My German Soldier
- The Thirty-nine Steps
- Thunder Point
- Time Bird
- The Turn of the Screw
- Twice Shy
The Canterville Ghost and The Model Millionaire

OSCAR WILDE

Level 2
Retold by Cathy Hall
Series Editor: Derek Strange
The Cantervill Ghost
Oscar Wilde

ناشر: انتشارات خروش
تیران: ۵۰۰۰ جلد
قیمت: ۲۵۰۰ ریال
نویبچای: اول زمستان ۱۳۷۹

مرکز پخش: انتشارات فروش
دفتر مرکزی - تبریز - خیابان امام خمینی - سه راه طالقانی ساختمان جام جم
طبقه دوم - صندوق پستی ۲۵۸۵
تلفن: ۷۹۴۲-۵۵۵۵۷۲۲-۵۵۵۵۴۳۲۲ (۳۱۱)
فاکس: ۵۵۴۵۲۳۲۲ (۳۱۱)
تلفن دفتر پخش: ۵۵۶۶۱۳۶۰ (۲۱)
To the teacher:

In addition to all Ac language forms of Level One, which are used again at this level of Ae series, Ae main verb forms and tenses used at Level Two are:

- common irregular forms of past simple verbs, going to (for preAction and to state intention) and common phrasal verbs
- modal verbs: will and won’t (to express willingness) and must (to express obligation or necessity).

Also used are:

- adverbs: irregular adverbs of manner, furAer adverbs of place and time
- prepositions: of movement, furAer prepositions and prepositional phrases of place and time
- adjectives: comparison of similars (as...as) and of Asrimilars (-er than, the...-est injof, more and most…)
- conjunctions: so (consequences), because (reasons), Если! after/when (for sequencing)
- inArect speech (statements).

Specific attention is paid to vocabulary devriopment in the Vocabulary Work exercises at Ae end of the book. Hiese exercises arc aimed at training students to enlarge Aeir vocabulary systematically Arough intelligent reading and effective use of a Actionary.

To the etnient:

Dictionary WorA:

- some words in this book are darker black than oAers. Look Aem up in your Actionary or try to understand them without a Actionary fint, and then look them up later.
It was a beautiful day in July, hot and sunny, but when they arrived at Canterville Chase the sun went in and it started to
Chapter 1

When Mr Hiram B. Otis, a rich American, wanted to buy Canterville Chase from Lord Peter, everybody said ‘Be very wise! That house has a ghost in it.’ Lord Canterville was a good man, and he told Mr Otis about the ghost when they met to talk about the house.

‘We didn’t like living there,’ said Lord Canterville, ‘after the ghost killed my father’s sister, the Duchess of Bolton. He frightened her to death - he put two ghostly hands on her when she was in her dressing room one evening. And I must tell you, Mr Otis, that many other people in my family saw the ghost from time to time over the years and heard terrible noises in the house.’

‘Lord Canterville,’ answered the American, ‘I will buy the house and everything in it - with or without a ghost. I come from a new country, where we have everything that money can buy and there aren’t any ghosts!’

Lord Canterville smiled and said ‘I’m afraid there is a ghost. It first came in 1584, and it always comes out before the death of somebody in my family.’

‘But the doctor comes then, too, Lord Canterville,’ Mr Otis answered, ‘I tell you, there are no ghosts in England or America. I know it.’

He bought the house and soon after this, the Otis family moved in to live at Canterville Chase: Mr and Mrs Otis, their eldest son, Washington, and their daughter Virginia, who was fifteen. After Virginia came the twins, who were nice young boys. It was a beautiful day in July, hot and sunny, but when they arrived at Canterville Chase the sun went in and it started to rain.

At the door they met Mrs Umney. She worked in the house.
She took them to the library for tea. There they gave her their coats, sat down, and looked round them.

Suddenly Mrs Otis saw a big red blood-stain on the floor. ‘Mrs Unrney, there’s something on the floor!’ she said.

‘Yes, Madam, blood.’

‘But that’s terrible! I don’t like blood in the library. You must clean it up.’

The old woman smiled. ‘This is the blood of Lady Eleanore de Canterville. Her husband, Sir Simon de Canterville, killed her in the library in 1575. Sir Simon lived here for nine years after her death,’ Mrs Umney told them, ‘but nobody knows how or where he died. His ghost is here in this house today. And the blood-stain is always here in the library. It’s famous! You can’t wash it away.’

Washington Otis suddenly stood up. ‘No, Mrs Umney . . . Pinkerton’s Perfect Polish will do it!’ and he cleaned up the blood-stain before anybody had time to speak.

‘That was easy!’ he said and smiled. But suddenly the wind blew open the window and the rain came in. Hiram B. Otis took a cigar from his cigar box and said, ‘Oh, the weather in this country is terrible.’

But Mrs Umney was very frightened. ‘You must be careful!’ she said, ‘The ghost . . .’

‘Don’t worry. We are not afraid of ghosts, Mrs Umney. Thank you for the tea,’ said Mr Otis.

Chapter 2

Cold rain fell all that night, but the house was quiet. The next morning, when they came down to breakfast, the terrible blood-stain was on the library floor again.

‘Pinkerton’s Perfect Polish works with everything,’ said Washington. ‘The stain isn’t there because of Pinkerton’s. I think the ghost put it back there.’
'No, Mrs Umney... Pinkerton's Perfect Polish will do it!'
He cleaned the stain up, but on the second morning it was there again. That night Mr Otis shut the library and kept the key with him all night, but on the third morning the stain was there again. Everybody in the family was interested now. Mr Otis thought ‘Was I wrong about ghosts — and Lord. Canterville right?’ Mrs Otis started reading books about ghosts. Washington wrote a long letter to the newspaper about blood-stains.

The next night the family saw the ghost for the first time. The day was warm and sunny; and in the evening the family went out for a walk. They came home again at about nine o’clock and had dinner. They didn’t talk about ghosts — Mr Otis told me later, ‘We talked about what is different between the English and the Americans. We didn’t talk about the ghost; we didn’t talk about the story of Sir Simon de Canterville.’

At eleven o’clock the family went to bed, and the house was dark. Some time later, Mr Otis heard a noise. ‘What’s that?’ he thought. He heard the clank of chains, and it came nearer and nearer to his bedroom door. He got up and found a light. He looked at the clock — it was one o’clock. He was not afraid. He heard the noise again and he thought, ‘There’s somebody outside my room.’ He put on some shoes, took a small bottle from a box by his bed, and opened the door. In front of him he saw a terrible old man. His eyes were as red as fire, his hair was long and grey, his clothes were old and dirty, and his hands and feet were in chains.

‘Sir,’ said Mr Otis, ‘I have a small bottle of Rising Sun Oil for you. Please put some of it on your chains. They clank and I can’t sleep. Read the back of the bottle - in America, they say it is very good. I’ll leave it here for you, and I can give you more of it when you want it.’

With these words Mr Otis put down the bottle, closed the door, and went back to bed.

For a minute or two the Canterville ghost stood there, surprised. Then, angrily, he took the bottle and threw it onto the floor, clanking his chains noisily. But when he turned round
'I have a small bottle of Rising Sun Oil for you. Please put some of it on your chains. They clank and I can’t sleep.'
to go, a door opened, two small people came out, and two oranges flew past his head.

‘Quick!’ the ghost said, ‘I must go!’ And he ran away with a lot of noise. Then the house was suddenly quiet again.

When he was back in his room, the ghost stopped to think. ‘Three hundred years in Canterville Chase and now this happens to me! I can remember all the people in my hundreds of years here. I remember it all. I frightened the Duchess of Bolton to death; Madame de Tremouillac saw me when I was a skeleton and she stayed in bed for six weeks; Lord Canterville saw me many times, and I know— that Mrs Umney is afraid of me. And now these Americans come to Canterville Chase, they give me Rising Sun Oil for my chains and throw oranges at me. It’s terrible. Terrible! I must think of a new plan,’ he said, and he sat down to think.

Chapter 3

The next morning, when the Otis family met at breakfast, they talked about the ghost. Hiram B. Otis was quite angry. ‘The ghost didn’t use my bottle of Rising Sun Oil!’ he said, but he was angry with the twins, too. ‘The ghost lived here for hundreds of years before we came to Canterville Chase, and I don’t think it was nice of you to throw oranges at him.’

You can see that Mr Otis was a good man, but the twins, I’m sorry to say, only laughed.

Mr Otis then said, ‘But he didn’t use the Rising Sun Oil last night, and his chains are very noisy. I can’t sleep with that clanking outside my bedroom door. He must use it, or I’m going to take his chains away from him!’

For the next few days the house was quiet. Nobody saw or heard the ghost. All they talked about was the blood-stain in the library. Every day Washington cleaned it up, and every night it came back again. This was very surprising because Mr Otis shut
'The ghost lived here for hundreds of years before we came to

Canterville Chase.'
the library at night, closed all the windows, and took the key to his bedroom with him. The colour of the stain was also surprising — sometimes it was dark red, sometimes bright red, sometimes orange, and one morning when they came down it was green. They all laughed about this. ‘What colour is it going to be tomorrow?’ they asked and laughed again. But little Virginia did not laugh with them. She was sad when she saw the stain, and she went to her room and cried when it was green.

The second time that the family saw the ghost was on Sunday night. They went to bed and for a few minutes everything was quiet. Then suddenly they all heard a terrible noise in the kitchen. They ran down the stairs to see what it was. There, they saw that a big, heavy suit of armour was on the floor.

‘That suit of armour is usually in the corner. How did it fall on the floor?’ asked Washington, ‘Oh! Look!’

They all looked. The Canterville ghost sat on a chair near the suit of armour. He had his head in his hands. The twins began laughing at him, and Mr Otis (an American don’t forget!) took out his gun and said, ‘Put your hands up!’ The ghost jumped up and ran through them to the door. He put out the light and everything went black. When he was out of the room, the ghost turned and laughed his most terrible laugh. This laugh was famous; everybody was frightened when they heard it. The ghost remembered the time that, many years ago, a man’s hair turned grey when he heard that laugh. The ghost ran up the stairs.

‘Ha! ha! They’re frightened now,’ he thought.

But suddenly, a door opened, and Mrs Otis came out.

‘Sir Simon, I’m afraid you are ill,’ she said. ‘Here is a bottle of Dr Dobell’s Medicine. It’s very good, people tell me.’

The ghost looked angrily at this smiling woman in her nightdress. He tried to think of some terrible thing he could do
Then suddenly they all heard a terrible noise in the kitchen. They ran down the stairs to see what it was.
'Sir Simon, I'm afraid you are ill,' she said. 'Here is a bottle of Dr Dobell's Medicine. It's very good, people tell me.'
or say to her. But he heard Mr Otis and the others coming back up the stairs and he thought, ‘I must go, quickly!’ Again, he ran away.

When he got back to his room this time he was more unhappy than usual. Everything was very difficult now, with the Otis family living in Canterville Chase. The worst thing was that he couldn’t wear his suit of armour. ‘I thought that Americans were interested in armour and other old things. It’s my best suit of armour, too. I wore it many years ago for Queen Elizabeth the First. But now it’s too heavy for me. I’m too old now. I can’t wear it. What am I going to do?’ he thought.

For three or four days after this, he was very, very ill. He stayed in bed and only left his room to make a new blood-stain in the library each morning. But soon, he started planning again. ‘What can I do to this family of Americans?’ he thought, ‘Let me see . . .’ Then he laughed. ‘Ah yes! ... I think Friday will be a good day for it, and what can I wear? Ah, this will do. This big hat, this black coat, and I’ll take this knife too.’

That evening it rained, the wind blew, and the house was cold. The ghost liked this weather very much. ‘This is my plan,’ he thought. ‘I’ll go to Washington’s room first. I don’t like him; he cleans up my stain with Pinkerton’s Perfect Posh. Then I’ll visit Hiram B. and Mrs Otis. This time they’ll be frightened of me. And Virginia . . .’ He stopped. Virginia was nice, and she was pretty, and she didn’t laugh at him. ‘I’ll make some ghostly noises near her bed. Nothing more,’ he thought. ‘But the twins . . . they’ve got a lesson to learn! First I’m going to sit on them, and then I’ll stand between them. My hands are cold and they’ll think I’m a dead man. Then I’m going to let my coat fall to the floor and they’ll see my skeleton. They’ll be very frightened.’

The next Friday night, at half past ten, he listened at his door. Everyone in the family came up the stairs and went to their rooms. For some time he could hear the twins laughing. But at a
There, in front of him, was a terrible thing.
quarter past eleven the house was quiet, and at midnight the ghost came out of his room. He had a terrible smile on his old, grey face. The Otis family slept and he walked through the dark house. Once he thought he heard something and stopped for a minute, but it was only a bird of the night outside in the garden. He arrived at the corner outside Washington’s bedroom door. The wind blew his long grey hair round his head. He smiled a terrible smile. ‘Now’s the time,’ he said, and turned the corner . . . but he stopped, his mouth open with surprise. There, in front of him, was a terrible thing. Its face was round and fat and white; its smile was more terrible than his; its eyes and mouth were red, and it held a letter or something in its right hand.

The Canterville ghost was frightened. He turned and ran back to his room, and sat on his bed. ‘Is there another ghost in the house?’ he thought. All night he sat there, but when the sun’s first light started to come through the window, he stood up. ‘I must go and speak to this other ghost. Two ghosts are better than one. Perhaps we can frighten the twins together,’ he said. But when he looked round the corner outside Washington’s room he was very surprised. ‘Where is my friend with the white face and red eyes?’ The ghost looked closer. ‘What’s this? His head is only a vegetable and his body is only an old dress over a chair.’ The ghost then looked at the paper on the floor, and there in the early morning light, he read these terrible words:

The Otis Ghost
The only ghost at Canterville Chase

‘Those twins!’ he thought, ‘I’ll frighten them to death! I will! I am the only ghost here.’ He laughed a long, angry laugh. ‘When I hear the bird of the night again. I’ll kill them!’ The sun came up slowly, and the ghost waited and waited, but the bird didn’t sing again. At half past seven the Otis family started getting up and the ghost went sadly back to his room.
Chapter 4

The next day the ghost was very tired. He didn’t want to get out of bed. Things were not easy with the Otis family in the house. He was afraid of the smallest thing and jumped now every time he heard a noise. He stayed in his room for the next five days, and stopped making the blood-stain in the library. ‘They don’t want the blood-stain, so I won’t make it for them!’ he said. ‘But I must walk through the house once a week — I’m the ghost of this house and that’s my job.’

Every Saturday after that he walked through the house between midnight and three o’clock. Nobody heard him because he didn’t wear his shoes, and nobody saw him because he wore his big, black coat. He also used the Rising Sun Oil on his chains - one evening, when the family was out for a walk, the ghost went into Mr Otis’s bedroom and took the little bottle — because he didn’t want his chains to clank now. But he did not have an easy time. Every week, the twins left something on the stairs, in the kitchen or in the library; and, on his walk through the house, he always fell over or hit his head on something.

‘I’ll try one more time,’ he said. ‘This time the twins will be frightened of me. Now, I must get ready . . .’

It took him three hours, but at about midnight everything was ready and the ghost left his room. He wore a dark red coat, had a gun in each hand, and to frighten the twins more than before, he went without his head! When he got to the twins’ bedroom door, it was shut. He opened it and suddenly a lot of water fell on him from above. He jumped back but too late. He was wet through to his skeleton! At the same time the twins started to laugh at him from their beds and he ran back to his room as fast as he could. The next day he was very ill. ‘I can’t frighten this family,’ he said. After that, he took a small gun with him every time he went out of his room. ‘Those twins are dangerous!’ he said. The worst day came on the 19th of September. At about two o’clock

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Suddenly a lot of water fell on him from above. He jumped back but too late. He was wet through . . .
Suddenly, from a dark corner, two small people jumped out at him.
‘Boo!’ they said noisily, ‘Bool’
in the morning, the ghost went down the stairs. ‘I’m going to go back to the library,’ he thought, ‘I want to see if any of the bloodstain is there now.’ Suddenly, from a dark corner, two small people jumped out at him. ‘BOO!’ they said noisily, ‘BOO!’ and they laughed and laughed. The ghost was more frightened of them than they were of him. He ran to the stairs, but Washington was there. ‘Oh no!’ he thought, ‘where can I go?’ He ran as fast as he could, through the kitchen and out into the night. When he got back to his room he was dirty, tired, and very unhappy.

After this terrible night, nobody saw him again. The twins waited for him sometimes, and left things on the stairs, but the ghost didn’t come out. The family was surprised but happy about this. Mr Otis started writing a book; Mrs Otis met all her friends in England and wrote letters to all her friends in America; the twins and Washington played every game you can think of; and Virginia went out walking with her new friend Cecil, the Duke of Cheshire. Everybody thought that the house now had no ghost.

But they were wrong. The ghost was in the house. He was very ill and unhappy, but he wasn’t ready to stop being the ghost of Canterville Chase. He was also angry. The Canterville ghost didn’t like the Cheshire family, and now Cecil was friendly with Virginia. He stayed with the Otis family for a week, and went out with Virginia every day. So the ghost planned to visit him in his bed. He thought, ‘He’ll be frightened of me! He’s a Cheshire.’ But when it was time to leave his room he was afraid. ‘I can’t do it!’ he said, ‘I’m too frightened. The twins will be out there. I can’t go out!’

So the Duke of Cheshire didn’t see the ghost. He slept all night. ‘And tomorrow I’ll see Virginia again,’ he thought.

Chapter 5

Three or four days later, Virginia and Cecil were in the garden when she fell and her dress got very dirty. The-y-came. b.ick to
She was very surprised to find that it was the Canterville Ghost!
the house and Virginia went up to her room to find a clean dress. When she went past the library, she saw somebody there.

‘Who’s that?’ she thought, and she went in. She was very surprised to find that it was the Canterville ghost! He sat by the window and looked sadly out at the garden with his head in his hands. Virginia first thought, ‘Quick! I must run away!’ But then she saw that the ghost was very unhappy and she suddenly wanted to stay and help him. She walked in quietly . . . he didn’t know she was there. Then she spoke.

‘I am sorry for you, Mr Ghost,’ she said, ‘but my brothers are going back to school tomorrow. Then you can have a nice quiet time, and you can stop being angry.’

‘I can’t have a nice quiet time!’ he answered and looked round in surprise at the pretty little girl behind him. ‘I must clank my chains and walk through the house at night, that’s why I’m here! It’s my job.’

‘No, it’s not! You were very bad — that’s why you’re here. Mrs Umney told us the story when we arrived here — you killed your wife.’

‘Well, yes, I did,’ said the ghost. ‘That was very bad.’

‘But my wife wasn’t nice. She didn’t wash my shirts well, and she wasn’t a very good cook! I was wrong to kill her, I know, but then it wasn’t very nice of her brothers to kill me. They shut me in a room, they didn’t give me any food, and quite soon I died.’

‘No food? Oh, Mr Ghost — I’m sorry. Sir Simon — are you hungry? I’ve got some fruit in my bag. You can have it.’

‘No, thank you. I never eat anything now; but it’s very nice of you. You’re much nicer than the other people in your family. Those terrible twins!’

‘Stop!’ Virginia said angrily, ‘It’s you who are terrible! You took the colours from my pencil-box and made that blood-stain again and again in the library. First you took all the red, then all the orange, then all the green. I never told anybody, but I was very angry! Green blood! Green!’
‘Well, it’s difficult to get blood these days,’ said the ghost, quietly, ‘and your brother began it all s\nth his Perfect Polish. What’s wrong with green? Perhaps Americans don’t hke green.’ ‘You know nothing about Americans! Go there — go to America! My father will buy your ticket. People there will pay hundreds and thousands of dollars for a ghost — I know that.’

‘I don’t want to go to America.’

‘Why? Because everything is new there and nothing is as old as you?’ said Virginia, very angry now. ‘Goodbye. I’m going to ask the twins to stay at home for another week.’

‘Please don’t go. Miss Virginia,’ he said sadly, ‘I’m very unhappy, and I don’t know what to do. I want to go to sleep but I can’t.’ ‘What? It’s easy! Everybody knows how to go to sleep — you go to bed and close your eyes!’ said Virginia.

‘I can’t,’ he said sadly, ‘I can’t. Thjee hundred years without sleeping, and I’m tired, you know - very tired.’

Virginia sat next to him, and looked up into his old face. ‘I’m sorry, Mr Ghost,’ she said, ‘is there no place that you can sleep?’ ‘Perhaps ... far away,’ he answered slowly, ‘there is a little garden . . .’

Virginia wanted to cry. ‘The Garden of Death?’ she asked quietly.

‘Yes. The Garden of Death. When 1 think of death, I think of something beautiful and quiet. 1 want to be in that garden, with no yesterday and no tomorrow. 1 want to forget time, to stop living. Virginia, you can help me. Only you. Because Love is always with you, and Love is stronger than Death.’

Suddenly the room was very cold and for a minute or two everything was quiet. Virginia was afraid.

Then the ghost spoke again. ‘There’s an old story, that when a young girl cries for me, Canterville Chase will be quiet again. I cannot cry. I cannot ask. But you can, Virginia. Death will come for me when you ask. You’ll see terrible things, you’ll hear terrible sounds, but don’t be frightened. When everything is finished you will come home.’
'Virginia, you can help me. Only you. Because Love is always with you, and Love is stronger than Death.'
People in the pictures called to her, ‘Go back, little Virginia!’ they said, ‘Go back!’ But Virginia shut her eyes.
Virginia did not answer, and the ghost looked more unhappy than before. Suddenly she stood up.

‘I’m not frightened,’ she said slowly. ‘And I will ask Death to take you.’

He got up and smiled, and then he took her hand. His hand was very cold but Virginia wasn’t afraid. She went with him. The room was dark and sounds came from all the pictures round the room. People in the pictures called to her, ‘Go back, little Virginia!’ they said, ‘Go back!’ But Virginia shut her eyes. Animals in the pictures called to her, ‘Be careful, little Virginia! Be careful! Or we’ll never see you again.’ But Virginia didn’t listen. She stood in a dark corner at the back of the room with the ghost and he said some words. She didn’t understand what he said, but when she opened her eyes everything was black, it was very cold, and something pulled at her dress.

‘Quick, quick,’ said the ghost, ‘or it will be too late.’ And suddenly there was nobody in the library.

Chapter 6

When Virginia didn’t come down for tea that afternoon, Mrs Otis sent somebody upstairs to find her, but she wasn’t in the house. Mrs Otis thought, ‘Perhaps she’s in the garden and she’ll come in later.’ But at six o’clock, when Virginia didn’t come home, they all started to worry. The twins went out into the garden to look for her and Mr and Mrs Otis looked in every room in the house. Virginia wasn’t there. They were now very worried and didn’t know what to do.

Washington went to the village, ‘I’ll find some people to help us look for her,’ he said. They looked through the house again and all round the garden, but they couldn’t find her. When the family sat down to dinner, Mr Otis said, ‘You stay here and eat your dinner. I’m going down to the police station. I’m going to ask them to help us.’
When he left the house, the Duke of Cheshire came after him. 'I can’t eat my dinner when Virginia is lost. Please don’t be angry with me. I must come with you. I can’t stay here without her,’ he said.

Hiram B. Otis smiled, and they went together to the police station. They came home at about eleven o’clock, tired and sad. The twins and Washington met them at the door. ‘There’s no news,’ they said.

Mrs Otis was in the library, ill with worry. ‘You must have something to eat,’ said her husband. ‘We must all eat.’ They all ate, but nobody spoke. ‘Now we must go to bed. We can do nothing more tonight.’

It was midnight. Suddenly they heard the sound of ghostly singing on the stairs. There was a lot of noise too and they all ran out of their rooms. They didn’t know what it was. Suddenly a door opened near the stairs. There stood Virginia - she was home! She looked very white and she had a small box in her hand. They all ran to her. Mrs Otis threw her arms round her and the twins did a dance.

‘Virginia, where were you?’ said Mr Otis, quite angry. ‘Did you worry us for nothing? We looked for you all over the country. Your mother was ill with worry. You must never do this again. Never! Do you hear me?’

‘Father,’ said Virginia quietly, ‘I was with the ghost. He’s dead now, and you must come and see him. He was very bad, but he was sorry for what he did, and he gave me this box of jewels before he died.’

Everybody in the family was surprised, but she turned and took them through the door and down some stairs to a small room. On the floor of the room was a skeleton. There were chains on his hands and feet. Suddenly they all understood how and where Sir Simon de Canterville died in 1584.

‘Look!’ said one of the twins, ‘Look out of the window! The old dead tree in the garden has got flowers on it again!’

‘Because Death has taken him,’ said Virginia.
On the floor of the room was a skeleton. There were chains on his hands and feet.
Virginia thought of the ghost's words about the Garden of Death. She started crying.
Four days after this, at about eleven o’clock at night, they all went from Canterville Chase to the church. Everybody wore black, and they took with them the skeleton of Sir Simon de Canterville. Lord Canterville was there - he walked in front with little Virginia. Then came Mr and Mrs Otis, then Washington, the twins and the Duke of Cheshire. Mrs Umney was last. The ghost frightened her at Canterville Chase for more than fifty years and she wanted to see him leave.

There was a small garden next to the church, very quiet and very beautiful. They put Sir Simon there and Virginia thought of the ghost’s words about the Garden of Death. She started crying. They all walked home again and Virginia didn’t speak.

The next morning, before Lord Canterville left for London, Mr Otis talked to him in the library about the box of jewels. ‘The ghost gave them to Virginia before he died. They are very beautiful and I think you could get a lot of money for them in London. These jewels are from your family, my Lord, and you must take them with you. Mrs Otis and I talked about it last night - they’re yours and we can’t have them. Virginia is very young and she isn’t interested in the jewels, but perhaps she can have the box? She likes it very much and she wants to have something to help her remember the ghost. She liked him, you know.’

Lord Canterville listened to Mr Otis and smiled. ‘Mr Otis,’ he answered, ‘he liked her. Your little daughter was very nice to Sir Simon, and helped him. I and my family are very pleased — the ghost is dead, and we must say thank you to Virginia for that. The jewels are hers, I can’t take them. When she is older, she’ll be very happy to have them. And remember, you bought the house and everything in it. Everything.’

‘Please, Lord Canterville, think again. You must have them,’ said Mr Otis.

‘No. They are for Virginia — and that’s my last word!’
‘Please, Cecil, don’t ask me to tell you. I can’t.’
Four years later, when Virginia and Cecil, the Duke of Cheshire, were husband and wife, they went to stay at Canterville Chase with her family. When they arrived, they went down to the little garden next to the church. Virginia had some beautiful flowers with her, and she put them on the place where Sir Simon de Canterville now was. Virginia sat down in the garden, and Cecil smoked a cigarette. He sat down too, and looked into her beautiful eyes. He took her hand in his, and said, ‘Virginia, you never told me everything.’

‘What?’

‘You never told me what happened when you were with the ghost, when you were lost that evening.’

‘Nobody knows what happened then. Only me.’

‘Will you tell me?’

‘Please, Cecil, don’t ask me to tell you. I can’t. Sir Simon, the ghost of Canterville Chase . . .’ she looked away. ‘I was lucky to know him. Don’t laugh, Cecil! I learnt a lot from him. I learnt that Love is stronger than Death.’

Cecil got up. ‘Do you love me, Virginia?’

‘I do,’ she said.

‘And will you tell our children one day?’

Virginia didn’t answer.
'No. You and LMUTO can’t get married because you have no money.
When you are rich you can be very nice to everybody. Rich people have the time to be nice. When you aren’t rich you must work hard. It’s better to work hard and have money than it is to have no money but have the time to be nice. It’s important to understand this, but Hughie Erskine never understood.

Hughie wasn’t very clever, but he was nice. And he was very, very good-looking, with brown hair, and big blue eyes. All the men liked him, and all the women liked him too. He could do everything - no, not everything - he couldn’t work hard. He tried everything. He worked in a shop but he didn’t like the boss; he worked in the London money market but he didn’t like buying and selling; he worked for a newspaper but he didn’t like writing. So he did nothing and his mother gave him some money each month.

And he was in love with Laura Merton. Laura was the beautiful daughter of a very important but very difficult man. She loved Hughie very much, but she didn’t have any money. And Hughie was ready to do anything for Laura, but he didn’t have a job. Laura’s father liked Hughie very much, but he said, ‘No. You and Laura can’t get married because you have no money. Come back and see me again when you’ve got ;(|10,}{XIO and we can talk about it then.’ Hughie and Laura were very unhappy about this.

One morning, Hughie went to visit a good friend of his, Alan Trevor. Alan was a painter — a very good painter. Lots of people wanted to buy his work and his paintings were very expensive. Many people wanted Alan to paint a picture of them or of somebody in their family.

When Hughie came in he saw Alan near the window. Another man stood in the corner.

‘Come in, Hughie,’ said Alan, ‘come in. I’m trying to finish a
‘This model is a beggar! You usually paint rich people.’
new painting. Look!’ Hughie looked at the painting and then at the man in the corner. He was a beggar! He was very old, his face was brown, his coat was old and dirty, and he had no shoes on his feet. In his hand he held out a hat for money. Alan’s painting of this old man was very good.

‘It’s different from your other work,’ said Hughie, quietly. ‘This model is a beggar! You usually paint rich people.’

‘Yes, it’s very different!’ answered Alan. ‘Do you know how difficult it is to find beggars as good as this? He is the best beggar in London!’

‘But he’s very unhappy,’ said Hughie.

‘Yes! That’s what I want. Nobody wants a beggar to be happy. Come on, Hughie, nobody wants that!’ answered Alan.

‘How much do you pay him for being your model?’ asked Hughie. He sat down and took out a cigarette.

‘One pound a day.’

‘And how much will you sell this painting for?’

‘Oh, I’ll sell this for £2,000.’

‘£2,000! Alan, you must pay your model more. He works as many hours on this painting as you do,’ said Hughie.

‘No, no. You’re wrong, Hughie,’ answered Alan, ‘I work harder than him. Now, be quiet. I’m working. Smoke your cigarette and be quiet.’

A minute or two after that, somebody came to the door and Alan went out to talk to them. ‘Stay there, Hughie,’ Alan said before he went, ‘I’ll be back soon.’

When Alan left, the beggar sat down for a minute. Hughie was worried. ‘He’s so unhappy. Perhaps I can give him some money to help him. How much have I got?’ He only had a pound but he thought, ‘The beggar wants this money more than I do. I wanted to buy some flowers for Laura and some cigarettes for me, but. . .’ Hughie stood up, walked up to the beggar, and put the money in his hand.

The old man was surprised. ‘Thank you, sir,’ he said, ‘Thank you,’ and he smiled at Hughie.
When Alan came back, Hughie said goodbye and left. First, he went to see Laura and told her the story. ‘You gave the beggar your last pound? Hughie! We’ll never have the money to get married,’ she said. After that he walked home, because he didn’t have any money for the bus.

In the evening he went to the Palette Club and met his friend Alan again. Alan sat in a corner. He smiled.

‘Hello, Alan,’ said Hughie. ‘Did you finish your painting of the beggar this afternoon?’

‘I finished it and I sold it!’ Alan answered. ‘Oh, and Hughie . . . you made a friend today. Do you remember the model? Well, he wanted to know everything about you. He asked me a lot of questions. “Where does he live? What does he do?” . . . He was very interested in you.’

‘Now I’ll find him outside my house! Well, perhaps I can help him again. His coat was dirty and he didn’t have any shoes. I’ve got an old coat — I don’t wear it now and he can have it. And I’ve got some old shoes - he can have them too.’

‘But he’s a beggar! A beggar can’t wear a good coat and shoes,’ Alan laughed. ‘Oh well. I’ll tell him about it. Now, how’s Laura? The beggar was very interested in her too.’

‘You talked to him about her? Alan!’ said Hughie.

‘Yes, I did. He knows about Laura, about her father, and about the 10,000.’

‘You told him everything? How could you!’ Hughie was quite angry now.

‘My friend, listen to me. That old ‘beggar’ is one of the richest men in Europe. He has houses in France, in Italy, in Switzerland ... he could buy everything in London tomorrow.’

‘What are you saying?’ Hughie was very surprised.

‘I’m saying that he’s not a beggar. He’s Baron Hausberg, a very rich man. He buys a lot of my paintings and he wanted me to paint this new picture of him. I thought he made a good beggar!’

‘Baron Hausberg!’ said Hughie, surprised. ‘I gave him a pound!’
‘He knows about Laura, about her father, and about the £10,000."
‘The Baron,’ said the old man with a smile, ‘sends you this letter.’
‘Gave him a pound!’ Alan laughed. ‘Ha! You won’t see that again.’

‘Why did you tell me that he was a beggar, when he wasn’t?’ asked Hughie. His face turned red. ‘Did the Baron laugh about
mer$

‘No. Baron Hausberg didn’t want anybody to know that he was there. And he liked you. He was very happy all afternoon.’

‘This is terrible, Alan. I must go home and I won’t come out for a week. Everybody’s going to laugh at me.’

‘You’re wrong, Hughie. Please, don’t run away.’

But Alan couldn’t stop laughing, so Hughie went home, very unhappy.

The next morning, he had a visitor. It was a friend of Baron Hausberg. He was an old man, with white hair and glasses.

‘Are you Hughie Erskine?’ he asked.

Hughie didn’t know what to say. ‘Yes, I am. Sir, I’m very sorry . . .’

‘The Baron,’ said the old man with a smile, ‘sends you this letter.’

He gave Hughie a letter. On the outside it read ‘To Hughie Erskine and Laura Merton. Something for when you get married.’ Hughie opened it and sat down suddenly. Inside he found X10,000!

Laura and Hughie got married six months later and Baron Hausberg - the model and the millionaire - came to the church to say, ‘Good luck!’
EXERCISES

Vocabulary Work

Look back at the ‘Dictionary Words’ in The Centerville Ghost and The Model Millionaire. Do you understand them all now? Choose sixteen of them. Then write eight new sentences and use two of the words in each sentence.

- frightened
- chains
- blood-stain
- skeleton to paint
- death twins to worry
- stairs to get married
- jewels library to clank
- suit of armour to beggar
- terrible surprised
- good-looking to clean
- something up

Comprahanalon

The Centerville Ghost

Chapters 1-2

1 Can you say who:
   a sold Canterville Chase to Mr Otis? b saw the blood-stain first? c told the story of Sir Simon de Canterville? d put the blood-stain back on the library floor? e saw the ghost first? f threw fruit at the ghost?

Chapter 3

2 Put these sentences into the right order:
   • The Otis ghost frightened the Canterville ghost.
   • The ghost tried to wear his old suit of armour.
   • The ghost wanted to kill the twins.
• Mrs Otis gave the ghost a bottle of Dr Dobell's Medicine because she thought he was ill.

* Virginia cried when she saw that the blood-stain was green. *Chapters 4-6*

3 Who says or thinks these things?
   a 'BOO!'
   b ‘I can’t do it. I'm too frightened.’ c 'And tomorrow i'll see Virginia again.' d 'That was very bad.' e 'Be careful! Or we'll never see you again.'

*Chapters 6-7*

4 True or false?
   a Mr Otis was angry with Virginia because she had the jewels, b Sir Simon de Canterville died in Canterville Chase, c The old tree in the garden had flowers again because the ghost was dead.
   d Lord Canterville wanted Virginia to have the box of jewels, e The Otis family didn’t stay at Canterville Chase after this, f Virginia never told Cecil what happened when she was lost.

*The Model Millionaire*

1 Say when each thing happened: *In the morning, in the afternoon, in the evening.*
   a Hughie went to his friend Alan's house, b The beggar was happy, c Hughie and Alan met at the Palette Club, d Alan finished his painting of the beggar, e Baron Hausberg sent a letter to Hughie and Laura.

2 Answer these questions.
   a Why did Alan paint the picture of Baron Hausberg? b Why did Alan laugh at Hughie? c Why did Baron Hausberg give £10,000 to Hughie?
1. Do you think there are ghosts? Why or why not?
2. In *The Centerville Ghost*, what do you think Virginia did with the box of jewels? In *The Model Millionaire*, what did Hughie do with the £10,000?

Writing

1. Describe the Canterville ghost. Write three sentences about his face, body and the things he wears. Then write three sentences about him as a person.
2. Imagine you're Laura in *The Model Millionaire*. Write a thank-you letter to Baron Hausberg. Write 100 words.

Review

1. Did you think *The Canterville Ghost* was a sad or a happy story? Why?
2. Which story did you like best - *The Canterville Ghost* or *The Model Millionaire*? Why?
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