

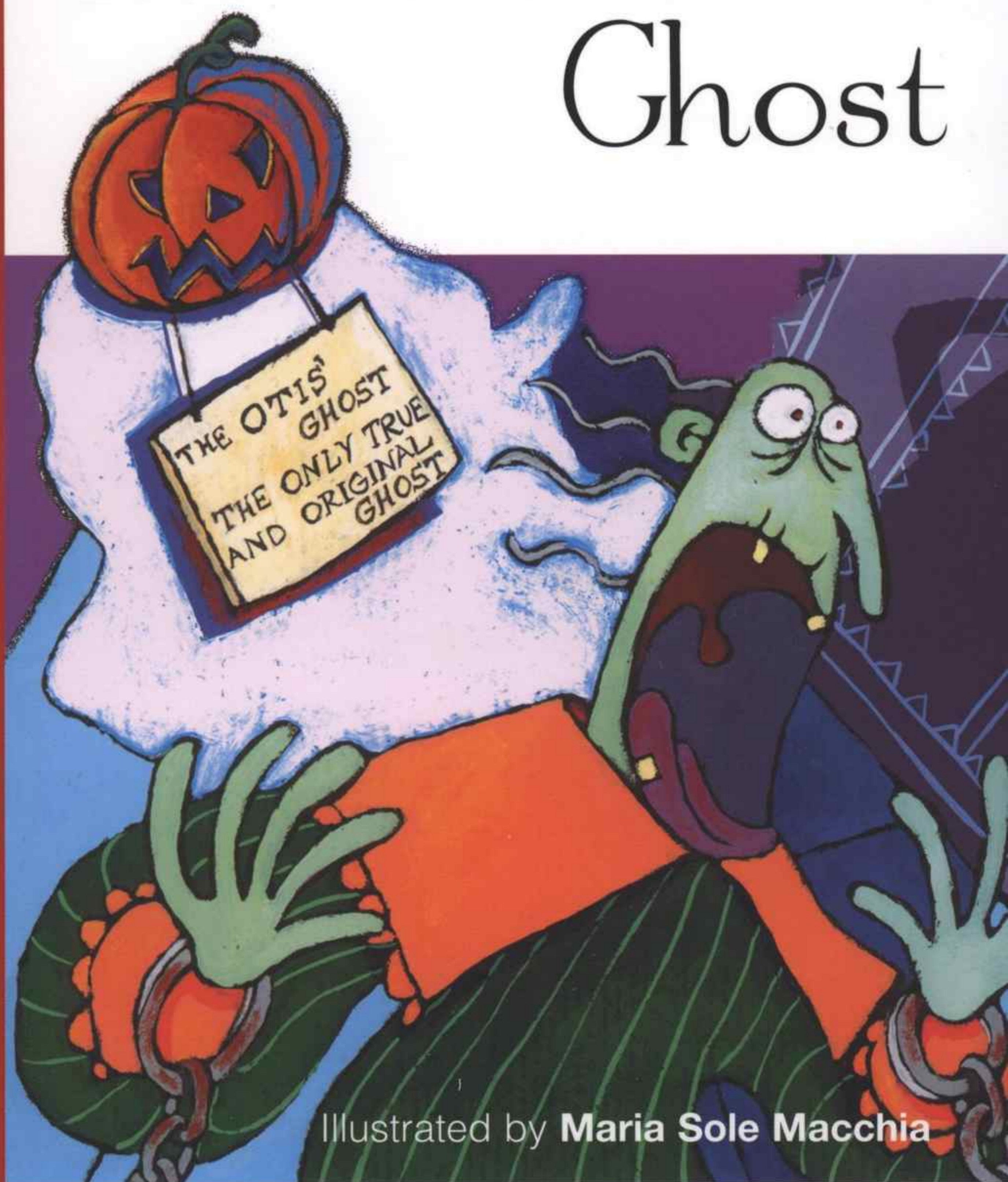
earlyreads

Level

5

Oscar Wilde

The Canterville Ghost



Illustrated by Maria Sole Macchia

AUDIO CD



England welcomes the Americans

Mrs Umney: Good afternoon Mr Otis, Mrs Otis.
Come in! Lord Canterville is in the dining room.

Butler: Mrs Umney, Lord Canterville is not in the
dining room.

Mrs Umney: Where is he?



Butler: He's in the red living room.

Lord Canterville: Welcome to my home Mr and Mrs Otis.

Mr Otis: This is my daughter Virginia and these are the twins, Stars and Stripes. This is my other son, Washington.

Lord Canterville: Good afternoon. Please sit down.

Mr Otis: Thank you sir.



Lord Canterville: Some tea, Mrs Otis?

Mr Otis: Yes, please.

Lord Canterville: Milk?

Mr Otis: Yes, please.

Lord Canterville: Some tea, Virginia?

Virginia: Thank you, Lord Canterville.

Lord Canterville: Sugar?

Virginia: Two, please.

Lord Canterville: Here you are.



Lord Canterville: Do you like Canterville Chase, Mr Otis?

Mr Otis: Yes, I do. Canterville Chase is a perfect home for us.

Stars: Yes! It's perfect!

Lord Canterville: I'm very happy but... you know about the ghost of course!



Mr and Mrs Otis: A ghost...?

Lord Canterville: Yes, an old ghost.

Mr Otis: Is he English?

Lord Canterville: Of course, madam. He was an English aristocrat.



Lord Canterville: Look at the red stain near the fireplace. The ghost stains the floor every night.

Washington: Is it blood?

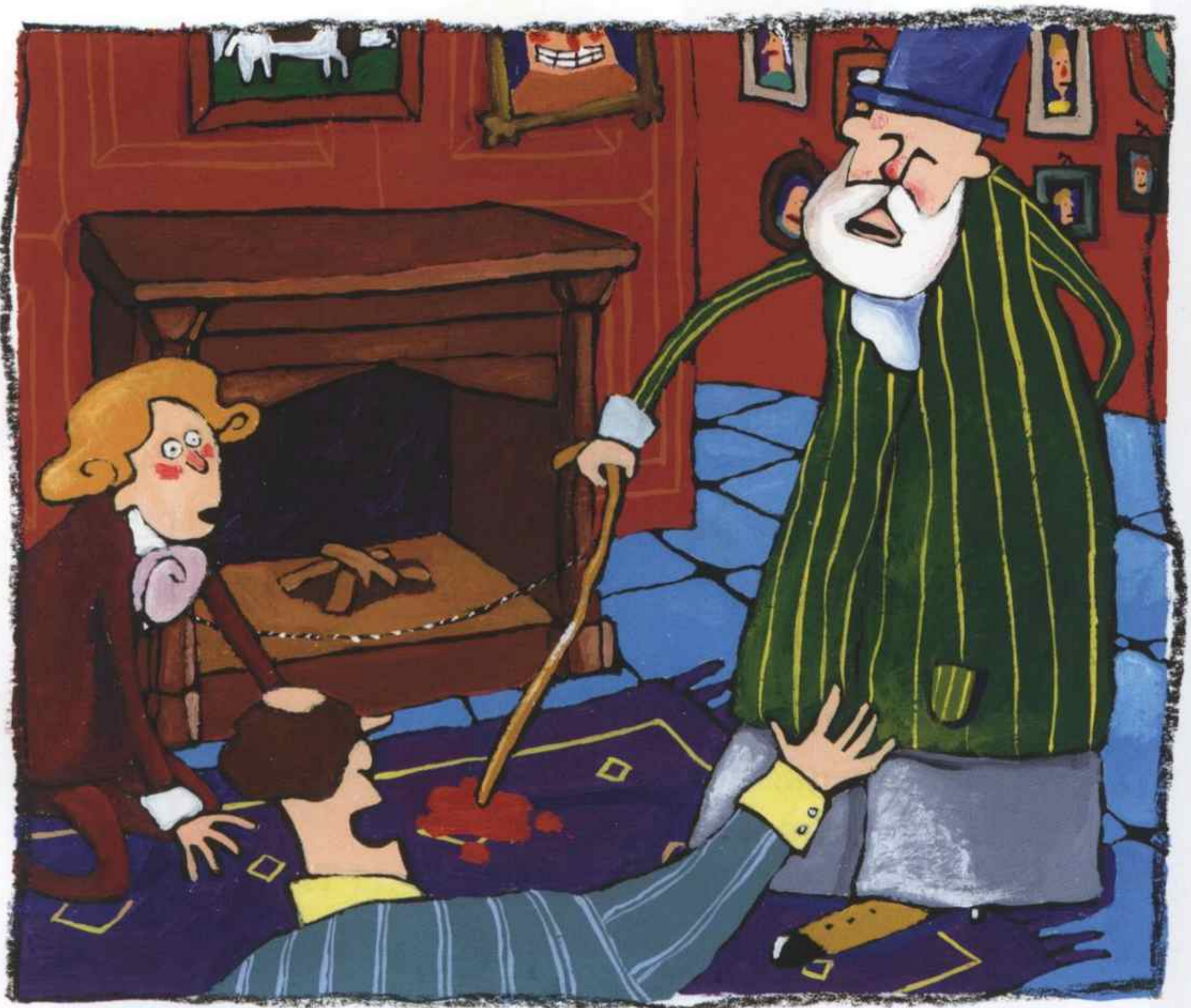
Lord Canterville: Well, Mrs Umney cleans the stain every day but every morning the stain is there again.

Mr Otis: I'm sure 'Superwhite' can clean it! We want the house and the ghost.

Lord Canterville: So does that mean...?

Mr Otis: ...Yes!

Lord Canterville: Jolly good! Welcome to England!



CHAPTER 2

The Americans at Canterville Chase

Mrs Umney: Good morning, Mr and Mrs Otis.

Mrs Otis: Good morning, Mrs Umney. Can you show us the house please?

Mrs Umney: Yes, of course. Let's go upstairs.



Mrs Umney: This is the attic.

Washington: It's ideal for ghosts.

Mrs Otis: Yes, ghosts love attics.

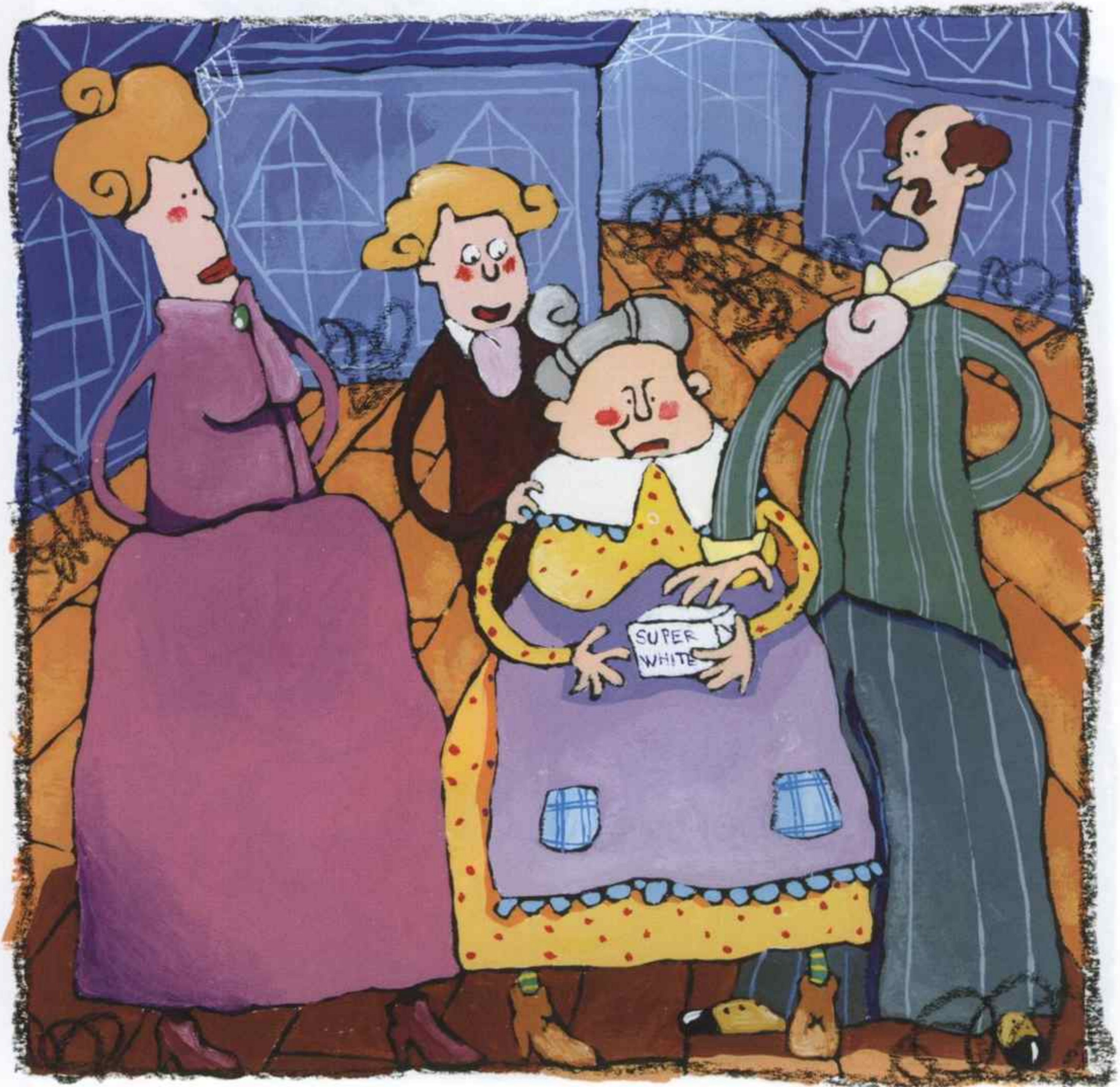
Mr Otis: It's dirty. Here's 'Superwhite', Mrs Umney.

This will clean it. It's very good.

Mrs Umney: Yes, sir.

Mr Otis: What's that?

Virginia: I think it's our ghost.



Mr Otis: Time to go to bed, kids. It's late!

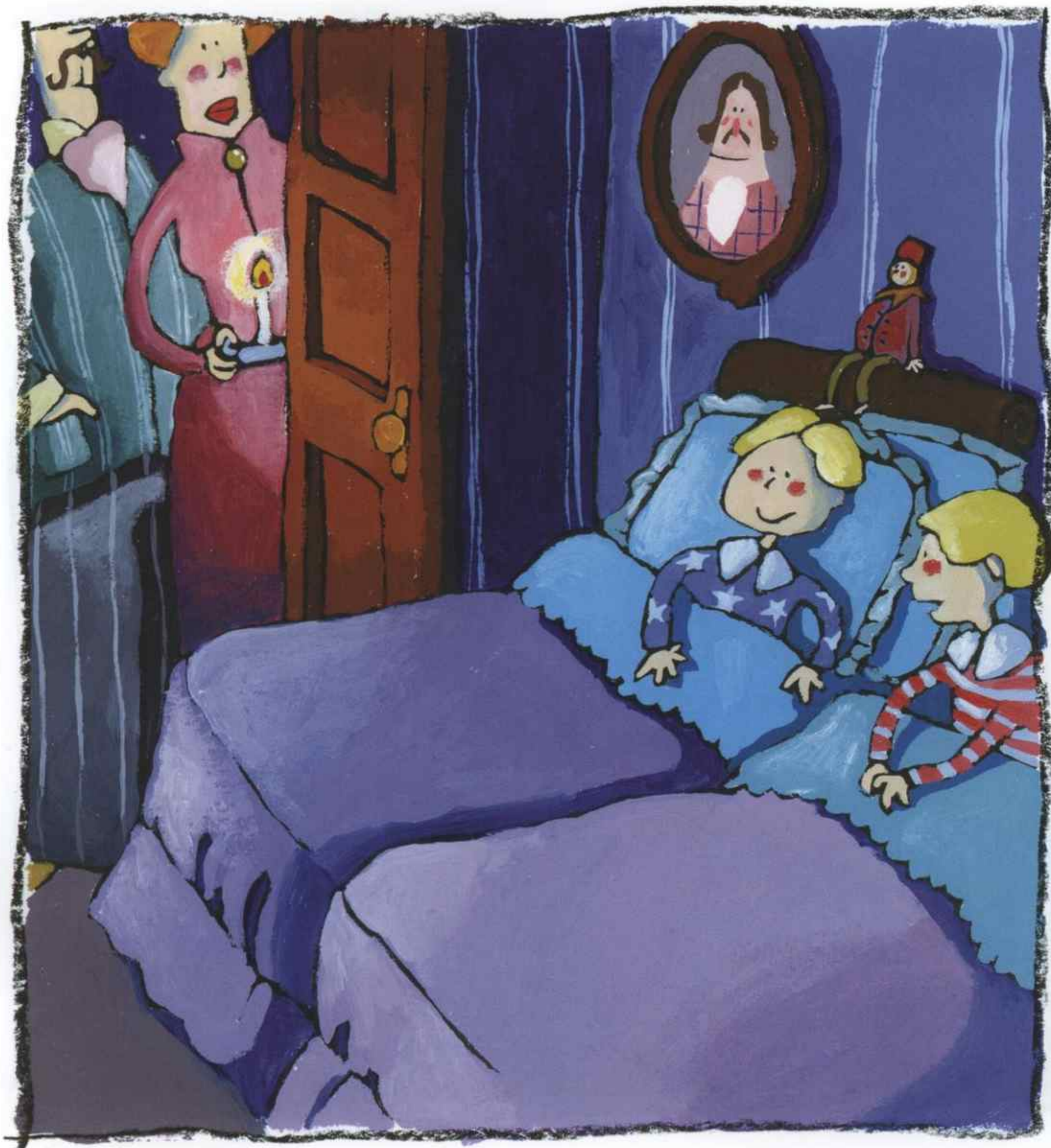
Mrs Otis: Goodnight, sweet dreams.

Stripes: Goodnight, Dad.

Stars: Goodnight, Mum.

Stripes: What's that noise downstairs?

Stars: Let's go and see!



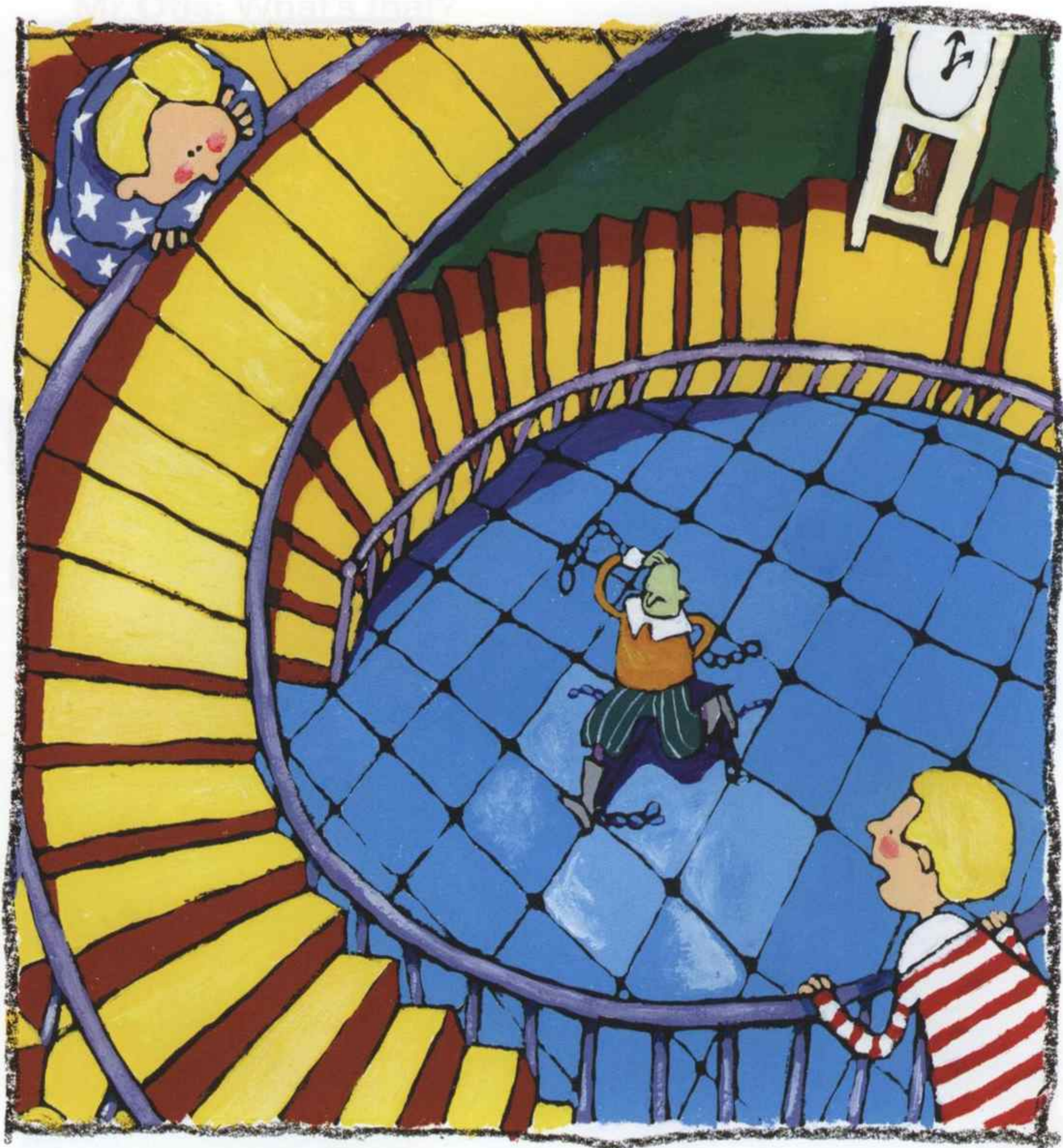
Stripes: Look, here's the ghost!

Mr Ghost: Red stains, red stains... I like red stains!

Stars: It isn't a white ghost!

Stripes: Of course not. Not all ghosts are white!

Stars: Oh yes. American ghosts have red stripes and white stars.



Mr Ghost: Who's there?

Stripes: Hello, Mr Ghost. My name is Stripes Otis and this is my twin brother Stars Otis.

Mr Ghost: You are scared, aren't you?

Stars: Of course not. We love old, English ghosts.



Stars: Hello Virginia. This is Mr Ghost.

Virginia: Hello sir. My name is Virginia Otis.
I like the stain.

Stripes: Our dad hates stains. He loves
'Superwhite'.

Mr Ghost: What's 'Superwhite'?

Virginia: It's soap. It's American.

Mr Ghost: It's late. I must go. Goodbye.

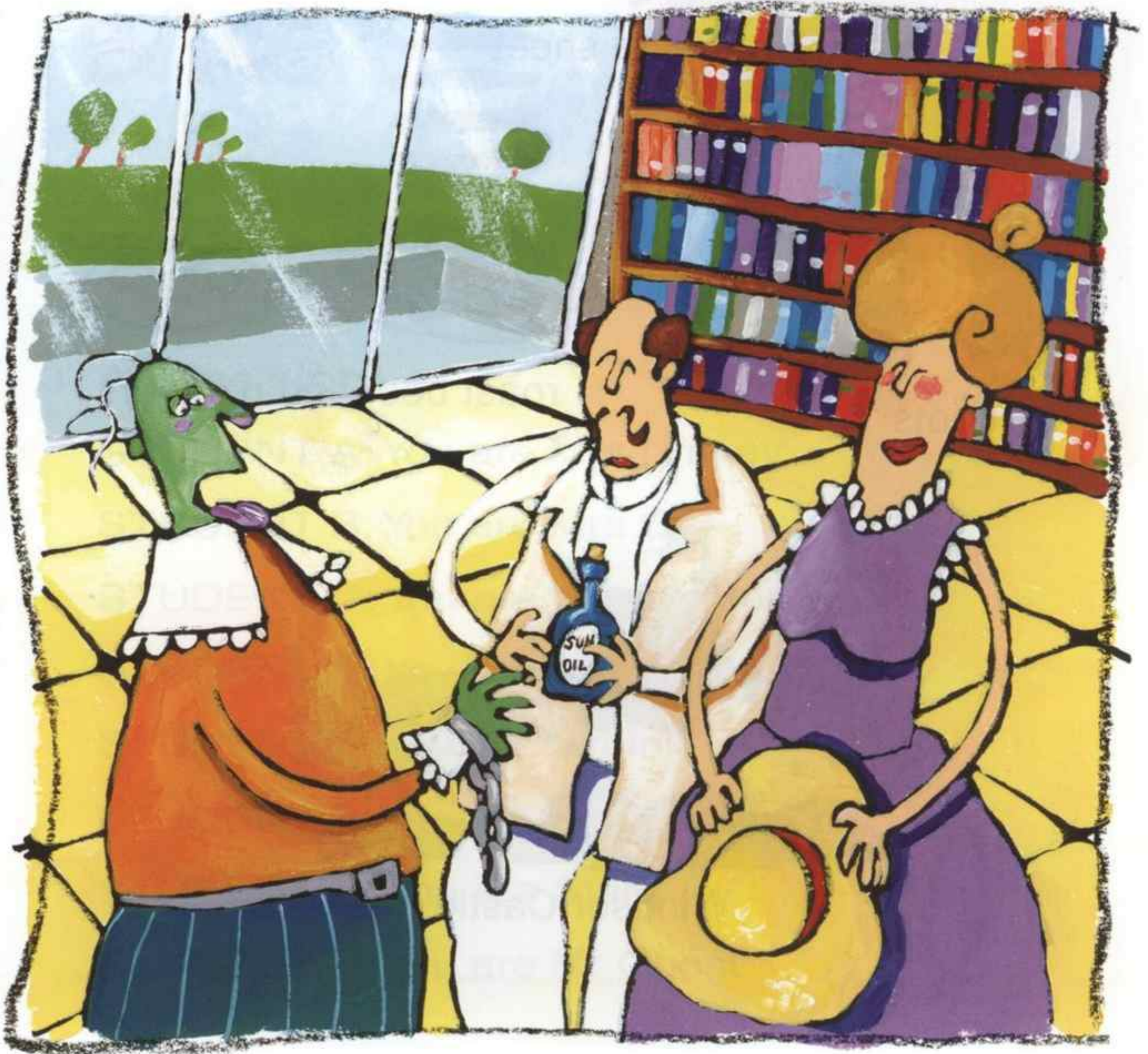


Mr Ghost: the end of a glorious career

Mr Otis: What's that?

Mrs Otis: It's a terrible noise. It's the ghost. Give him the Sun Oil!

Mr Otis: My dear sir, you need some oil for your chains. Use the Sun Oil! Sun Oil is perfect for your chains.



Mr Ghost: This is a terrible insult for a ghost!
It's the first time after a glorious career of three
hundred years. Why can't I scare the Americans?



Mr Ghost: What's that? It's a horrible, white ghost.

THE OTIS' GHOST

THE ONLY TRUE AND ORIGINAL GHOST

but... but it's only a white sheet!

Children have no respect for old ghosts.

From now on, I promise to:

- REMOVE MY BOOTS
- BE SILENT
- USE THE SUN OIL FOR MY CHAINS



Virginia: Are you sad Mr Ghost? My brothers are going back to Eton tomorrow. We promise to be nice to you, but you must promise to be good.

Mr Ghost: I can't be good. I'm a ghost. I must rattle my chains, I must walk at night, I must moan.

Virginia: Calm down, Mr Ghost.



Virginia: You are very bad! First you take all my colours to paint your stain. First the red, then the green and the yellow. I can't paint any more. It's so sad!

Mr Otis: Virginia!

Virginia: Yes, Dad?

Mr Otis: Dinner is ready.

Virginia: I must go.

Mr Ghost: Goodbye, Miss Virginia!



Mrs Umney: Do you want some more roast beef and potatoes?

Washington: Yes, please.

Mr Otis: Are you happy to go back to Eton, Washington?

Washington: Yes, dad. I like it near Windsor Castle.

Stars: I like it too.

Stripes: Me too!



Sir Simon's world

Mr Ghost: Miss Virginia, Miss Virginia, wake up!

Virginia: Who's that?

Mr Ghost: It's me!

Virginia: Hello Mr Ghost. What are you doing here?

It's late. Aren't you tired?

Mr Ghost: Yes, Miss Virginia but I can't sleep.

Virginia: That's terrible. Sit down! What's your real name?

Mr Ghost: It's Sir Simon de Canterville.



Virginia: Listen! What's that?

Mr Ghost: It's a storm... can you hear the rain and thunder and see the lightning?

Virginia: It's so dark! Do you like the dark?

Mr Ghost: Well, Miss Virginia, ghosts live in the dark.

Virginia: I prefer the light and the sun. I love summer.

Mr Ghost: In my world it's winter all the time.



Virginia: Poor, poor ghost. It's so sad.

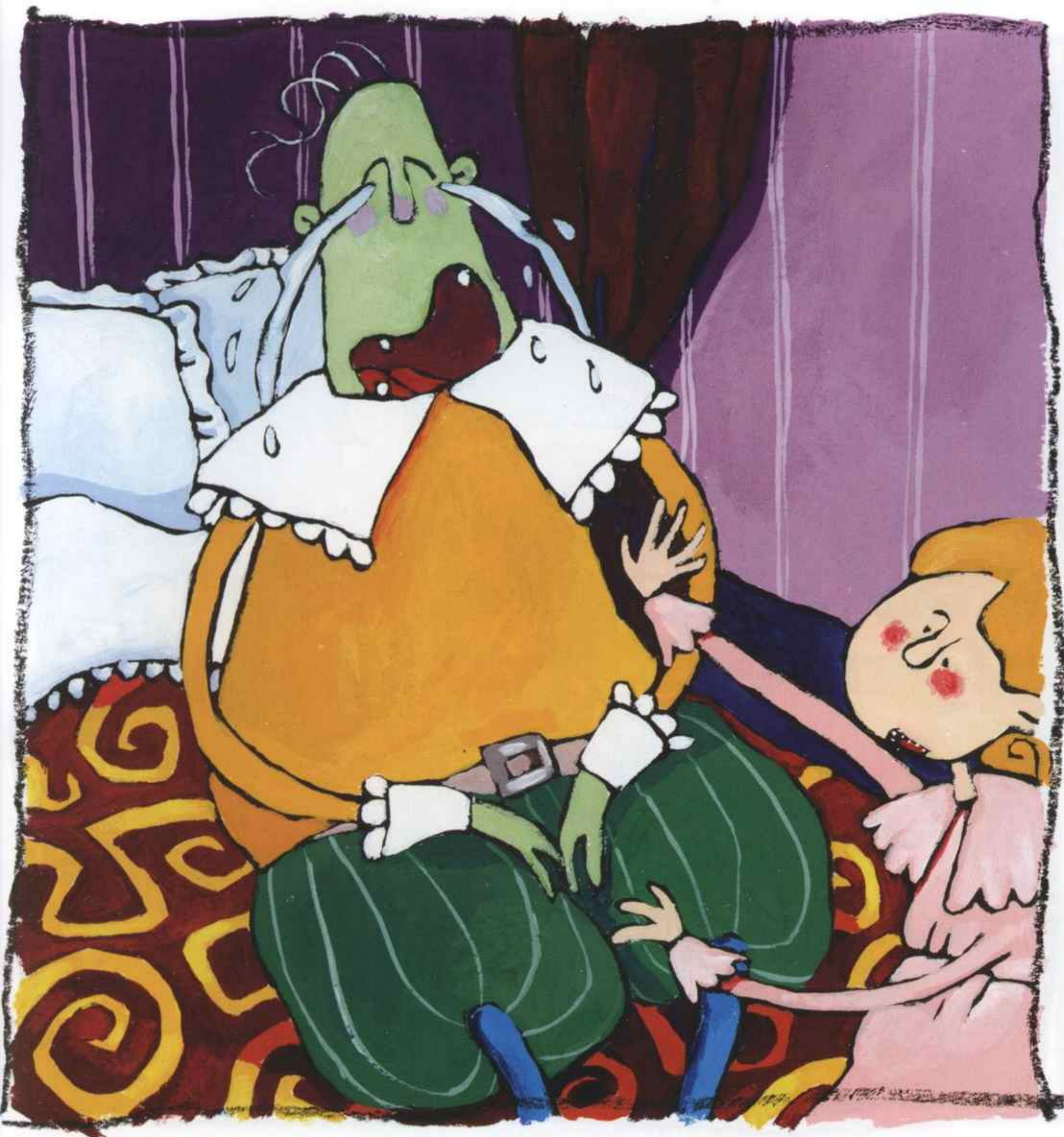
Virginia: Don't cry, Sir Simon! Can I help you?

Mr Ghost: I'm so tired. I want to sleep.

Virginia: Is there a place where you can sleep?

Mr Ghost: Yes, there is.

Virginia: Where is it?



Mr Ghost: It's a little garden with blue, pink and white flowers. Birds sing there day and night.

Virginia: Can we go there?

Mr Ghost: Children can't go there, but they can cry for ghosts.

Virginia: I can cry for you, Sir Simon.

Mr Ghost: Can you dear?



Virginia: Good morning, Mum.

Mrs Otis: Are you OK, dear?

Virginia: Yes, Mum. What time is it?

Mrs Otis: It's ten o'clock. It's late!

Virginia: Where are the twins and Washington?

Mrs Otis: Outside. They are ready to go to Windsor.



Washington: Bye, Mum and Dad. Bye, Virginia.
Come to visit us in Windsor.

Virginia: Yes, alright. I'll come next summer.

Mrs Umney: Goodbye, boys. Take care!

Washington: Goodbye, Mrs Umney. Here's some
'Superwhite' for you.

Mrs Umney: Thank you, Washington.

Everybody: Goodbye.



Goodbye Sir Simon!

Mr Otis: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to my church.

Mrs Otis: Come here, Virginia. This is the Duke of Canterville.

Virginia: Good morning, Duke.

The Duke: My name is Cecil.

Mrs Otis: Let's go, Duke Canterville! Lunch is ready.

The Duke: Thank you, Mrs Otis.



The Duke: Do you like Canterville Chase, Mrs Otis?

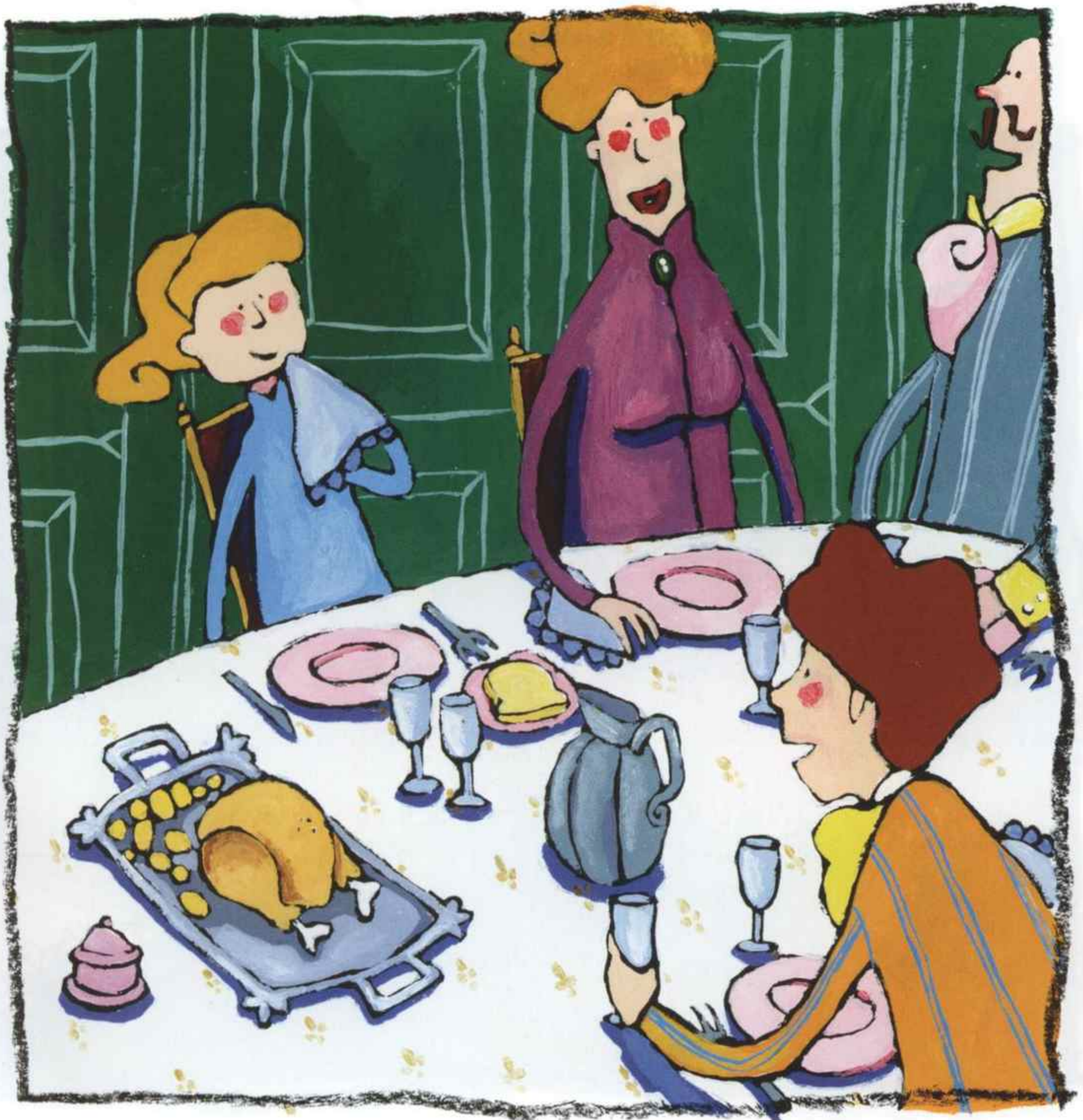
Mrs Otis: Yes, we all like it. Virginia loves England.

The Duke: What about the ghost? Is he quiet now?

Mr Otis: Oh yes. He's very quiet because he oils his chains. He doesn't visit us very often.

Mrs Otis: And there's no stain now!

The Duke: Jolly good!



The Duke: Is England different from America?

Virginia: Oh, yes! Very different. America is a big country and it's new! But England is full of history!

The Duke: And ghosts!

Virginia: I like ghosts. Our ghost is a gentleman!

The Duke: Is he? I know he walks at night in the dark. He moans and his chains make a terrible noise.

Virginia: This is only part of his story! He's a very sad ghost. He can't sleep.



The Duke: Sir Simon is my ancestor. He's over 300 years old.

Virginia: He's very old!

The Duke: In England we have ghosts and fairies and elves. They live in the woods.

Virginia: In America we have witches. They live in forests and they prepare magic herbs.



Virginia: Look at the flowers, Cecil! I love blue, pink and white flowers.

The Duke: Do you like white roses?

Virginia: Yes, I do.

The Duke: This is for you, Virginia.

Virginia: Thank you, Cecil. It's lovely.



Mr Ghost: Virginia, Virginia, I'm happy because you cry for me. I can sleep now.

Virginia: Where are you?

Mr Ghost: In the garden. Miss Virginia, this box is for you.

Virginia: Oh, look at the diamond ring and the earrings. They're beautiful! Thank you, Sir Simon. Goodbye!

