

# HELBLING READERS CLASSICS

## FIRST SENTENCES CHALLENGE . 2

I have passed through Munich, Vienna and Budapest and am on my way to Transylvania. My impression is that we have left the West and have entered the East. My client, Count Dracula, lives on the borders of three states: Transylvania, Moldavia, and Bukovina, in the centre of the Carpathian Mountains. It seems to be one of the wildest and least-known places in Europe.

It was Christmas Eve and I was with some friends in an old house in the country. After an early dinner, we lit the candles in the sitting room and gathered around the fire. 'This old house makes me think of ghost stories,' Griffin said.

Mr Utterson was a lawyer, and a man of some contradictions. He hardly ever smiled, so he looked rather unfriendly and unwelcoming. But, in company with friends, and at parties, he was quite social and companionable. He did not allow himself many luxuries, and did not spend much money on himself at all.

I have been to see my landlord Mr Heathcliff today. He's my only neighbour here in this beautiful but wild part of England. He was standing at the gate to his farm when I arrived. His black eyes looked at me suspiciously.

When Mr Hiram B. Otis, the American Minister, bought Canterville Chase, everyone told him he was doing a very foolish thing, as there was no doubt at all that the place was haunted. Indeed, Lord Canterville himself, who was a man of absolute honour, had felt it his duty to mention the fact to Mr Otis, when they came to discuss terms.

A lovely scent of flowers filled the studio. The light summer wind blew through the trees in the garden, and in through the open door. Lord Henry Wotton was lying on a divan. In the centre of the room, there was a portrait of a very beautiful young man. In front of it, sat the artist, Basil Hallward.

My dear sister,  
Something strange happened to us this week. Our ship was surrounded by ice and a thick fog. When the fog lifted, in the distance we saw a very large man on a sledge pulled by dogs. He was travelling away from us. This was amazing because we were several hundred kilometres from land and other civilisation. The next morning the ice broke up, and while the sailors were getting ready to sail, they saw another man on a piece of ice! The man was frozen, thin and very tired.

The following account was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker. On the eastern shore of the Hudson River there is a small town called Greensburgh. This place is better known as Tarry Town. It was given this name by the wives of that area because on market days their husbands 'tarried,' or wasted time, at the local tavern. I cannot confirm this myself but I mention it just to be precise.

For a long time the 'Red Death' had devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so terrible. It started and ended in the blood – in the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then heavy bleeding from the pores of the skin, and then death. Red marks upon the body and especially on the face of the victim were sure signs of the disease. The whole attack, progress and termination of the disease lasted half an hour.

# TITLES

<p><b>Dracula</b> by Bram Stoker</p>
<p><b>Frankenstein</b> by Mary Shelley</p>
<p><b>The Picture of Dorian Gray</b> by Oscar Wilde</p>
<p><b>Wuthering Heights</b> by Emily Brontë</p>
<p><b>The Turn of the Screw</b> by Henry James</p>
<p><b>The Masque of the Red Death</b> by Edgar Allan Poe</p>
<p><b>The Legend of Sleepy Hollow</b> by Washington Irving</p>
<p><b>The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde</b> by R. L. Stevenson</p>
<p><b>The Canterville Ghost</b> by Oscar Wilde</p>