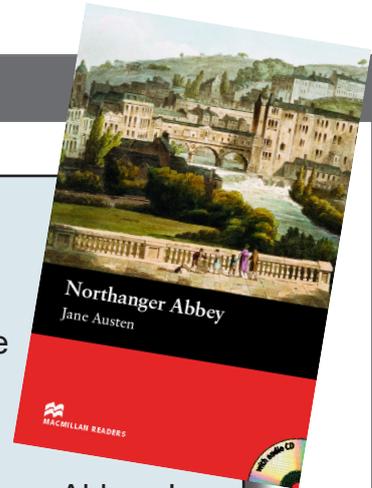


Transcript



The carriages travelled towards Northanger Abbey. Henry Tilney spoke to Catherine.

'My sister is happy,' said Henry. 'She is often alone at the Abbey. Now, you will be there with her.'

'But don't you live there?' Catherine asked.

'No,' Henry replied. 'I don't live there all the time.

My home is at Woodston, twenty miles from Northanger Abbey. I am the clergyman of the church at Woodston.'

'Tell me about Northanger Abbey!' Catherine said. 'I have often read about abbeys. They are always old buildings, with lots of big dark rooms.'

'And there will be a big cupboard in your bedroom,' Henry said. 'You will try to open it. Then the flame of your candle will go out! And you will be alone, in the dark!' Henry was smiling.

'Oh, please, Mr Tilney, do not frighten me!' Catherine said.

It was a happy journey. Very soon, the travellers arrived at Northanger Abbey.

And then, Catherine was inside the Abbey. Eleanor took her upstairs. At last, Catherine was in her bedroom.

'Dinner will be at five o'clock,' Eleanor told her. 'I will come for you then.'

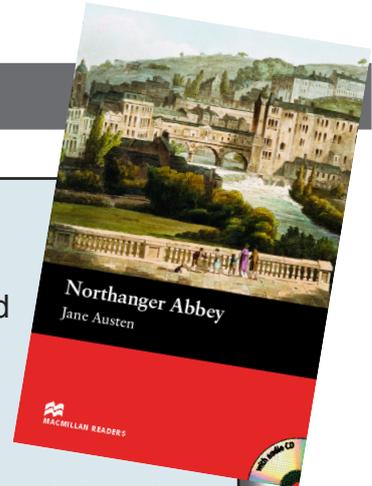
The dining-room was very large and the food was very good. General Tilney smiled and all was well. Catherine and the Tilneys had a happy evening.

At ten o'clock, Catherine went to her bedroom. The night was stormy. It was raining and the wind was blowing loudly. Catherine looked round her bedroom. It was a fine room. She smiled.

'I like this house,' Catherine said to herself. 'It is different from the abbeys in horror-stories. The girls in horror-stories sleep in cold, dark rooms. But this is a fine room. I will look at everything before I go to bed.'

In one corner of the room, there was an old black cupboard. Catherine remembered Henry's words. The key was in the cupboard door and Catherine turned the key. At first, the door did

Transcript



not open. She turned the key again.

Then suddenly, the door opened. Catherine looked inside. Was the cupboard empty? No! There were some papers in the corner! Were they secret papers?

At that moment, the flame of Catherine's candle went out. The rain crashed against the windows. The wind made a terrible sound. Catherine remembered all the horror-stories about old abbeys. She was very frightened. Was somebody outside her door? Was somebody opening her window?

Catherine got into bed. She put her head under the bed-covers. She wanted to look at the writing on the papers in the cupboard. But she was too frightened. Was the writing on the papers about a terrible death – a murder? Was it about some jewels?

'I will look at the papers in the morning,' Catherine said to herself. At last, she fell asleep.

The next morning, Catherine woke up and got out of bed quickly. She ran towards the cupboard. She was excited! She was going to learn the terrible secret of Northanger Abbey!

Catherine picked up one of the papers and looked at it.

'Shirts. Stockings. Bed-covers,' she read. She picked up another paper. 'Three white shirts and two pairs of trousers.'

No terrible secrets! No jewels! The papers were lists of things for washing – laundry lists!

'I am very foolish,' Catherine said to herself. 'I have read too many horror-stories. I cannot tell Henry about the laundry lists. He will laugh at me.'

And Catherine went downstairs for breakfast.