

*The Canterville Ghost*  
by Oscar Wilde (A Novel Adaptation )

***Chapter 1: The Arrival at Canterville Chase***

The Otis family arrived at Canterville Chase under a golden afternoon sun. The mansion, with its towering stone walls and ivy-covered turrets, loomed over the landscape like a relic from another time. Mr. Hiram Otis, an American diplomat, had purchased the house despite warnings from Lord Canterville himself. “The ghost has haunted my family for centuries,” the nobleman had said gravely. “We have no interest in ghosts,” Mr. Otis replied confidently. “If there were such things, Americans would have already bought and commercialized them.” As they entered, Mrs. Otis and their four children marvelled at the grand but eerie interior. In the library, Virginia, the eldest daughter, noticed a dark stain on the floor. “That,” the housekeeper whispered, “is the blood of Lady Eleanor Canterville. She was murdered by her husband, Sir Simon, and ever since then, his spirit has roamed these halls.” Washington Otis, the eldest son, knelt down and scrubbed the stain with a stain remover. The blood vanished instantly. But by morning, it had reappeared.

***Chapter 2: The First Encounter***

That night, as the house lay in silence, a deep rattling echoed through the halls. A ghostly figure emerged from the shadows, dragging heavy chains behind him. His eyes burned red, his face pale as death itself. Sir Simon had spent centuries perfecting his hauntings—groaning through corridors, knocking on doors, sending chills through the night air. He had driven previous residents mad with fear. But when he reached the Otis family’s rooms, his terrifying presence was met with something unexpected. “Sir,” said Mr. Otis, stepping out of his room, “if you insist on making such a racket with those chains, I suggest using this oil.” He handed the astonished ghost a small bottle. Sir Simon froze. No screams, no fainting, no terrified whispers. Just... indifference. Before he could react, the Otis twins threw pillows at him, laughing. Humiliated, the ghost fled through the walls.

***Chapter 3: The Ghost’s Struggle***

For the first time in centuries, Sir Simon felt powerless. The Otis family refused to fear him. Determined to reclaim his former glory, he prepared his most terrifying disguise—his eyes glowed like burning coals, his skeletal hands stretched outward, his robe fluttered in an invisible wind. Yet when he entered the hallway, he found something horrifying—a ghost. A figure stood before him, covered in a white sheet, its hollow eyes glowing eerily. Sir Simon gasped and turned to flee, only to hear the Otis twins laughing behind him. They had set up a

fulk ghost to trick him. Furious, he vanished into the walls, resolving to haunt them another way.

#### ***Chapter 4: Virginia and the Ghost***

Days passed, and Sir Simon grew weaker. He had never been ignored before. Fear had sustained him, but without it, he was nothing. Then, one afternoon, Virginia found him in a hidden chamber, sitting on a stone bench, looking utterly defeated. "Why do you haunt this house?" she asked. Sir Simon looked up, surprised by her kindness. "I am cursed," he murmured. "I killed my wife in anger, and for that, I was doomed to wander these halls. I have longed for peace, but the prophecy says only a pure-hearted soul can help me." Virginia's eyes softened. "What must I do?" "You must pray for me," he said, "and face the darkness with me." Though fear gripped her, Virginia agreed. As she held his cold, ghostly hand, a strange wind blew through the chamber. The air shimmered, and suddenly, the room was empty. Sir Simon had vanished.

#### ***Chapter 5: The Ghost's Redemption***

The Otis family searched for Virginia until she finally reappeared, holding an ornate box of jewels. "Sir Simon is gone," she said softly. "He has found peace." They followed her to the garden, where a hidden grave lay beneath an ancient tree. The inscription read: "Here lies Sir Simon de Canterville. He has at last found rest." For the first time in three hundred years, Canterville Chase was silent. The ghost was gone.

#### ***GLOSSARY***

ancient – starożytny, bardzo stary

astonished – zdumiony, zaskoczony

bench – ławka

be driven mad with fear – być doprowadzonym do szału ze strachu

bloodstain – plama krwi

burning coals – rozżarzone węgle (często używane do opisanie świecących oczu)

chain - łańcuch

chamber – komnata, duży pokój

cursed – przeklęty

darkness - ciemność

defeated – pokonany, przegrany

defeat - pokonać

disappear – znikać

drag - ciągnąć

eerie – upiorny, tajemniczy  
eternal – wieczny  
fainting – omdlenie  
furious – wściekły  
glowing – świecący, jarzący się  
grave – grób, posępny  
haunt – nawiedzać  
housekeeper – gospodyni domowa, pokojówka  
horrifying - przerażający  
humiliate – poniżyć, upokarzać  
indifference – obojętność  
inscription – napis (np. na nagrobku)  
interior - wewnątrz  
knock on the door – zapukać do drzwi  
landscape - krajobraz  
looming – wyłaniający się, groźnie wyglądający  
mansion – rezydencja, dwór  
mockery – drwina, kpina  
prophecy – przepowiednia  
rattle – grzechotać, brzęczeć  
redemption – odkupienie  
relic – relikw, pozostałość po dawnych czasach  
resolve to - zdecydować się  
robe – suknia, szata  
secret passage – tajemne przejście  
soft - delikatny  
step out – wyjść na chwilę  
shimmering – migoczący, błyszczący  
terrifying – przerażający  
throw sth at sb - rzucić czymś w kogoś  
towering – górujący, bardzo wysoki  
trick sb – oszukać, nabrać kogoś  
turret – wieżyczka (część zamku lub pałacu)  
vanish - zniknąć  
wander – wędrować, błąkać się  
warn - ostrzegać  
whisper – szeptać, szept

