

## The Mystery of Monk's Hollow



*Peterson's Magazine, October 1878, By J. Keith*

One evening, Edith and Edmund Brandwaite stood together at the window, looking out into the fast thickening gloom. The night threatened to be a stormy one. Sudden gusts of wind dashed the raindrops against the panes; a black fog was driving in from the wood; every moment the view without grew more and more desolate.

"What outer darkness!" Edmund had exclaimed, as, coming in from the dinner table, where Edith had left him with a cigar, he found his young wife leaning close against the glass, with her forehead pressed against the cold pane. "Dearest," he continued, winding his arm about her waist, "do come away. You will be chilled. See, turn to the warmer, brighter prospect within. Forget the night and the storm - they are not for you, love."

"Ah, Edmund! Night and storm, such as this, cannot hurt us." And giving way, before him, for the first time, to her secret fears, she added: "I fear nothing but the power of spiritual evil."

She turned her face to him, for a moment, and he saw that it was deathly white. Then he felt her shudder, through her whole body, in his encircling arms.

"You are ill dearest," he cried, in alarm. "You have a chill..."

She smiled faintly at him, and turned from the window. "I am not sick, but..." and her voice sank to a whisper, and she clung fondly to him, "isn't there a superstition -of course it's only a superstition- that, when somebody is walking over your grave, you shudder involuntarily? Tonight, somebody is walking over my grave -and somehow, somehow, I feel as it would not be long before I fill it."

"Nonsense my love," said Brandwaite, for the first time since he had known her, speaking as if vexed. "Your nerves are unstrung. You must not give way to them in this fashion. I thought you had more courage."

"More courage?" said Edith, hurt and stung to self-assertion. "No one shall ever say I want courage. But-"

She started and stopped short, for at that moment, a long-drawn shriek, as of someone in peril, the very shriek she had heard before, rung through the castle. Again and again it rose; died down; and rose again.

Edith staggered against the wall; she trembled so she could not stand. But her husband, who should have been there to support her, was gone. At the first sound of the awful cry, he had rushed from the room; and as Edith pressed her hand to her heart, she heard his fast receding steps echoing in the distance.

She was left alone, to meet the coming horror, whatever it might be...

Unfortunately the story cuts off at that point for the October issue, so we must wonder at what poor Edith faced!

### **I. Comprehension (/20)**

1. Explain briefly the story: who, when, where, what? (/4)
2. Pick out five different Gothic features in the text.(/5)
3. Would you say that the author is using terror or horror? Justify with three elements from the text! (/4)
4. How does the author show that Edith is afraid? Illustrate with two quotations from the text,(30 words without the quotations). (/4)  
(2+2)
5. What is she afraid of? Explain in your own words in 20 words.(/3)

### **II. Writing task (/20)**

In the 19<sup>th</sup> century, an unfinished short story was published without the end. A publisher has launched a competition: who will write the best ending for the story?

You are an English-speaking author and you have decided to participate. (200 to 300 words)