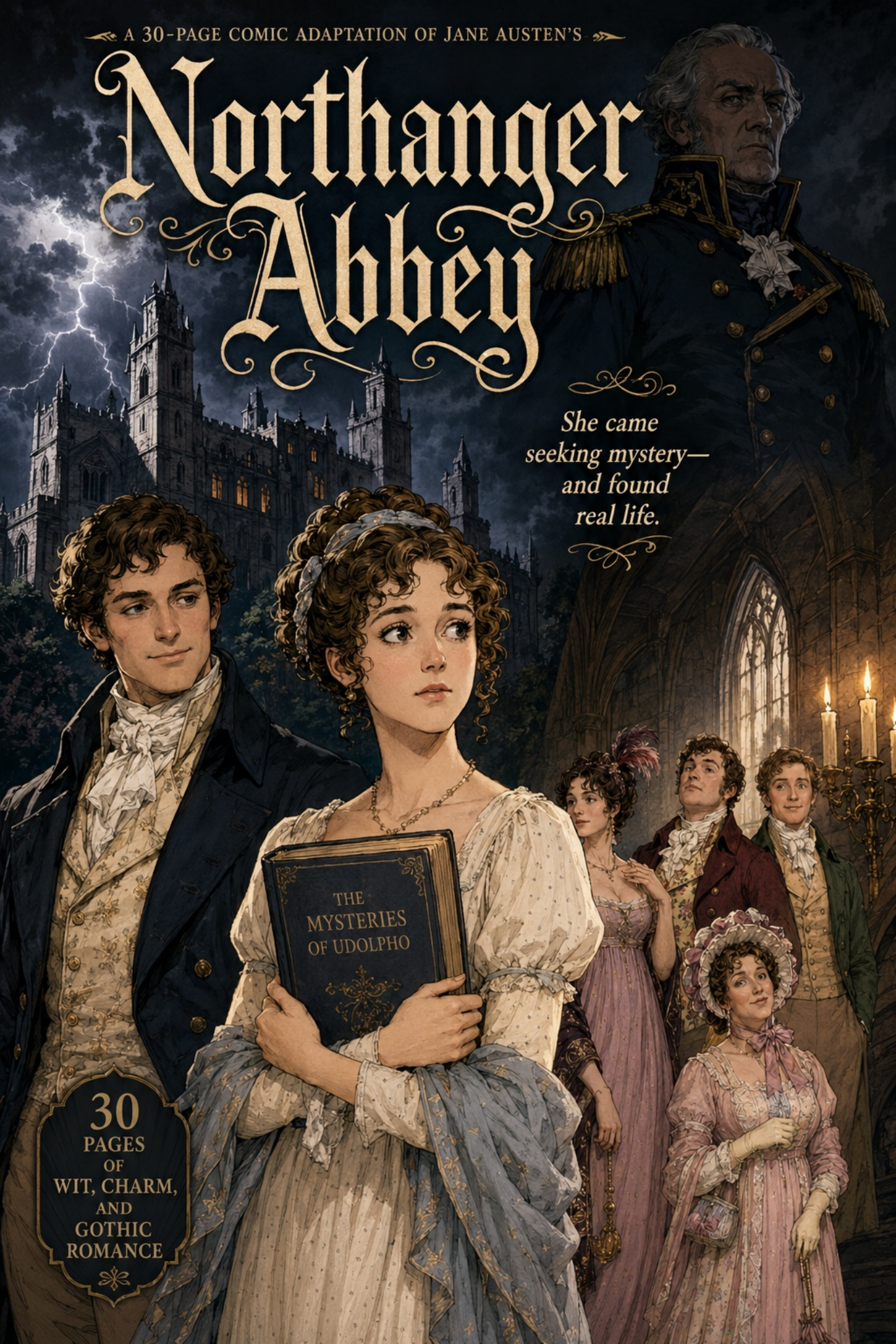


A 30-PAGE COMIC ADAPTATION OF JANE AUSTEN'S

Northanger Abbey

*She came
seeking mystery—
and found
real life.*

30
PAGES
OF
WIT, CHARM,
AND
GOTHIC
ROMANCE



An Unlikely Heroine

1 No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy would have supposed her born to be a heroine.



Fullerton

2 She was not at all of a timid or delicate spirit.



3 Lessons, accomplishments, and all things elegant had small attraction for her.



4 But give her a book of adventures, of mystery and danger—and she was all attention.



5 Her fancy would carry her far from Fullerton—to dark abbeys, wild heaths, and haunted halls, where heroines faced perils with courage and virtue.

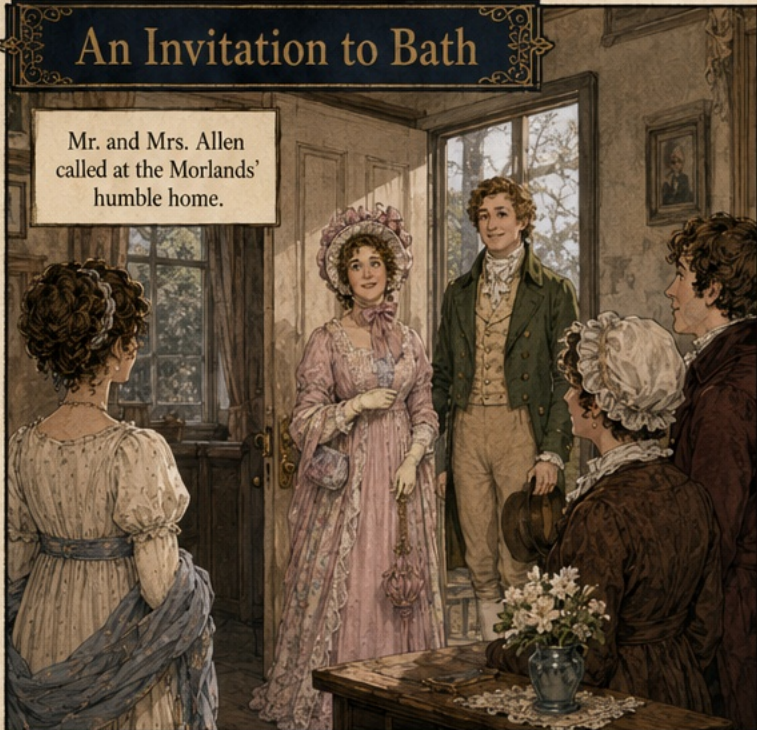


6 How wonderful it would be to have an adventure.



An Invitation to Bath

Mr. and Mrs. Allen called at the Morlands' humble home.



We are going to Bath, Catherine. Will you do us the honour of accompanying us?



To Bath? Oh—how wonderful!



The Morlands were delighted for Catherine.



Remember to write, Catherine.

Every week, Mama!



As the carriage rolled away, Catherine pictured Bath as a glittering world of balls, romance, and mystery.



ARRIVAL IN BATH

The carriage rolled into Bath at last—a city alive with fashion, fortune, and fascination.



Catherine gazed out in wonder. So this was the renowned Bath!



That gown is not quite right, my dear.

Too plain. Not proper for Bath.

Is it so bad, Mrs. Allen?



The Allens had secured lodgings in the heart of the city, close to every pleasure.



Perfectly situated!

That evening, they visited the Lower Rooms.



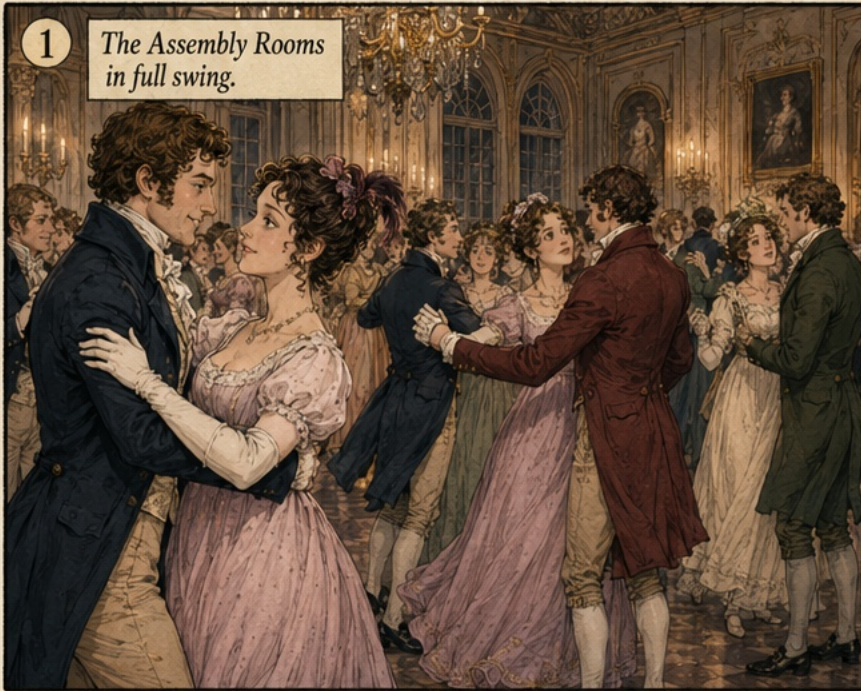
Music, lights, laughter—everything dazzled and delighted Catherine.

Yet as she stood at the edge of the room, Catherine felt it keenly—

she knew no one.



No Partner



1

The Assembly Rooms in full swing.



2

Catherine watches hopefully from the side.



3

Mrs. Allen surveys the room with comic concern.

My dear, we know absolutely **NOBODY!**



4

Another dance ends, and Catherine still has no partner.



5

Fashionable flirtation and gossip all around her—yet Catherine remains overlooked.

Such a striking new gown!

Did you hear about Mrs. S—?

He dances exceedingly well.



6

Not every storybook heroine begins with a gallant to her side. Some nights begin just... very dull.

Mr. Tilney Appears.

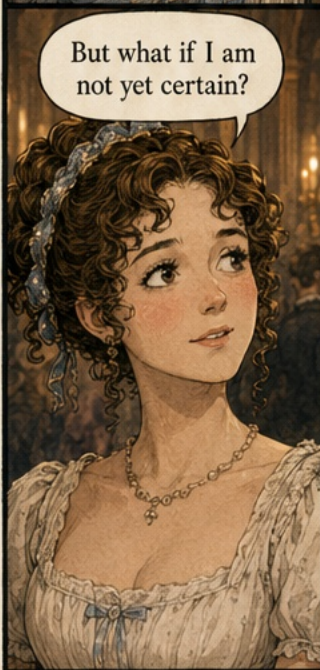
Miss Morland,
allow me to present
Mr. Henry Tilney.



You must write
that you danced with
a very agreeable
young man.



But what if I am
not yet certain?



Then write it
in pencil.



A New Acquaintance.



The Thorpes.

How delightful to be out together again, Catherine!

It is very pleasant, indeed.

I feel as if we were already the closest of friends—two souls formed for the same romantic ardour! We shall devour novels together, sigh together, dream together!

You understand me, don't you?

Yes... I think I do.

Ladies! What a stroke of fortune to find you here!

I have the finest team in all Bath! Four bays—like lightning! My curricule flies! The ladies declare it the suavest equipage in the whole county!

Why, the moment I take the reins, the town is left behind!

He is very lively... but so very full of himself.

I drive faster than any man in Bath.

Is that... desirable?

Novels and Friendship.

A circulating library in Bath.

So many volumes!—
which shall we choose?

Look! *The Mysteries
of Udolpho!*

And *The Italian!*
Perfect!

I must confess,
I love *The Mysteries
of Udolpho*. No book
has ever kept me
a wakeful night with
such delicious
terror.

Then we are
indeed sisters
of the soul!

We must recommend
Udolpho to everyone!

Yes—life
is so much
more interesting
with a little
mystery!

Ah! There is
Mr. Morland.
How well he looks
to-day.

James Arrives.

James Morland arrived in Bath, to Catherine's great joy.

James!
I'm so glad
you're here!

He was introduced to Isabella, and they were instantly amused—and intrigued—by each other.

Isabella
Thorpe?

At your
service,
Mr. Morland.

Isabella soon devoted herself to making his stay in Bath as agreeable as possible.

You must
come to the
concert this
evening.

You are
very kind.

And perhaps the
assembly tomorrow?
I shall be there.

Meanwhile, John Thorpe made himself very much at home with Catherine.

Catherine, you
and I are old
acquaintances
now, I hope?

Indeed,
Mr. Thorpe.

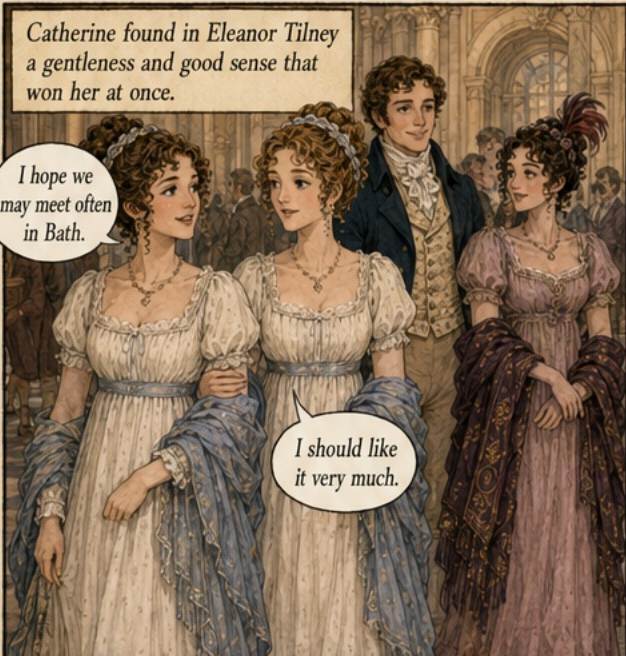
His attentions were obtrusive and overconfident, and Catherine longed for an escape.

I dare say no one
in Bath knows
you so well as I do.
You must allow
me that privilege.

How I wish
James would
rescue me.

So began a web of new acquaintance, promises, and misunderstandings—the beginning of many entanglements to come.

Miss Tilney.



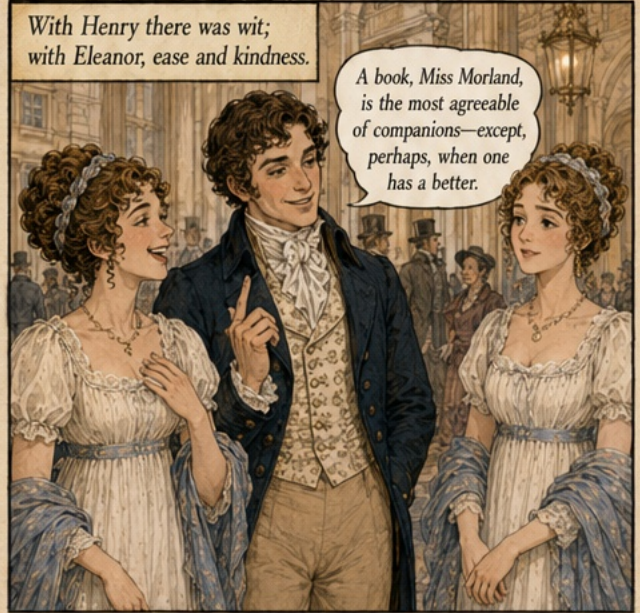
Pleasures Compared.

Catherine soon learned to value every meeting with the Tilneys.



Bath improves whenever sensible company is found in it.

With Henry there was wit; with Eleanor, ease and kindness.



A book, *Miss Morland*, is the most agreeable of companions—except, perhaps, when one has a better.

Catherine!
You must not be stolen entirely from me!



I have the neatest curricule in Bath, and the finest pair of horses!



The Thorpes dazzled by noise; the Tilneys pleased by sense.



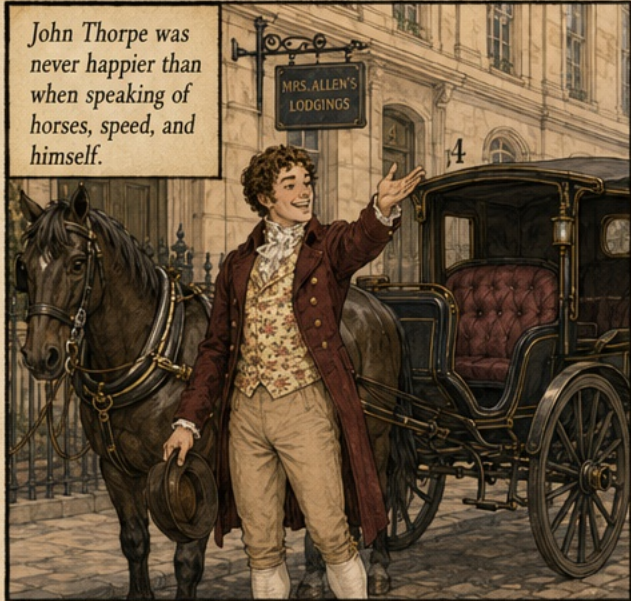
Catherine admired both friendship and brilliance—and did not yet know how the two worlds would soon conflict.



Miss Tilney is so easy to love—and Mr. Tilney so diverting.

A Drive Proposed.

John Thorpe was never happier than when speaking of horses, speed, and himself.



Miss Morland, I will show you all the country round Bath! You shall see a proper turnout at last.



I am engaged tomorrow morning to Miss Tilney.



Nonsense! Miss Tilney will not mind in the least.

There will be another morning, Catherine.



I shall call early. We are fixed.



Good nature made Catherine compliant—and compliance would soon cost her dearly.

I hope I shall not offend Miss Tilney.



The Broken Appointment.



The next morning brought confusion instead of peace.



Indeed, I promised Miss Tilney.



Tilney gone? Of course he is. Not a soul will be waiting for you.

Come, dear Catherine—we cannot disappoint my brother.



Against her own judgment, Catherine gave way.



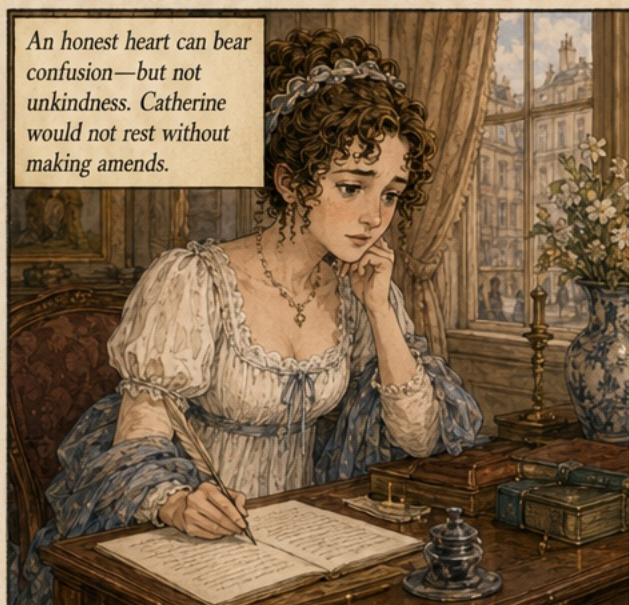
Feel how they fly! No man in England drives better.



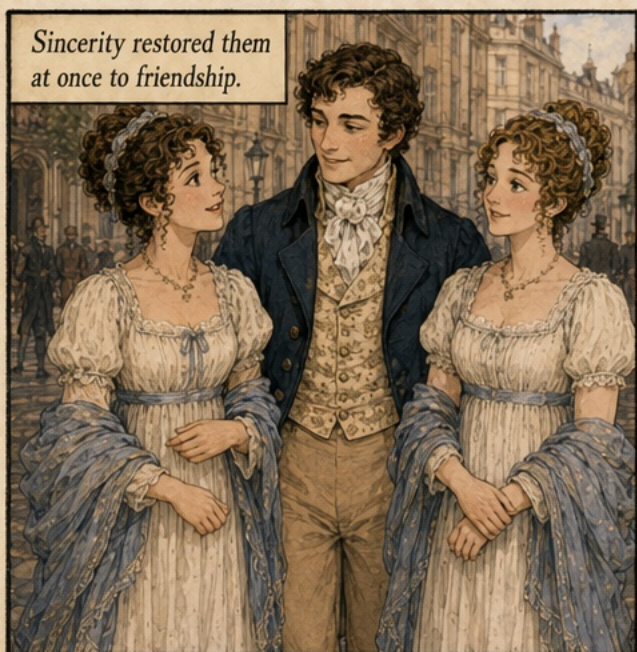
Every mile increased her uneasiness.

What if the Tilneys kept the appointment?

Mortification.



Set Right.



An Engagement.



Meanwhile, James and Isabella advanced rapidly from admiration to attachment.



Isabella, may I hope you could love me well enough to become my wife?



Could I hesitate when my heart is already yours?



My dear Isabella! I am so happy for you both.

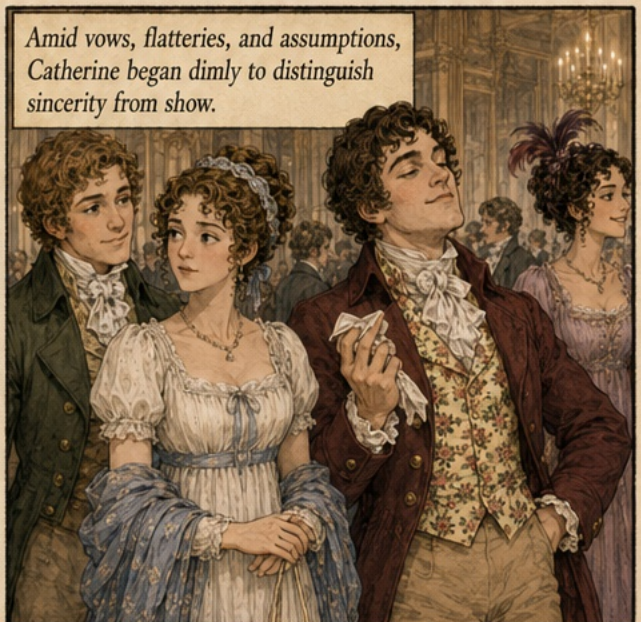


The whole party seemed united in happiness.

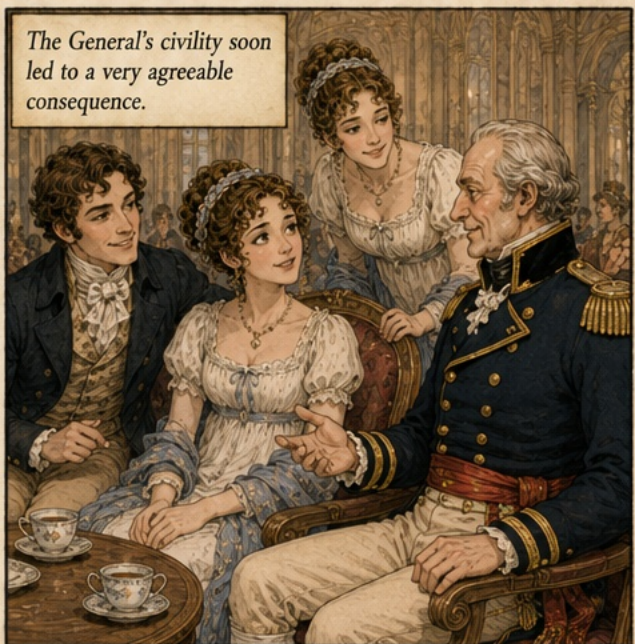


Catherine believed she saw before her the very picture of constancy and bliss.

Vows and Vanities.



General Tilney.



Northanger Abbey.



Northanger At Last.

At last Catherine journeyed with the Tilneys toward their home in Gloucestershire.



Northanger Abbey!



You behold a real abbey now, Miss Morland.



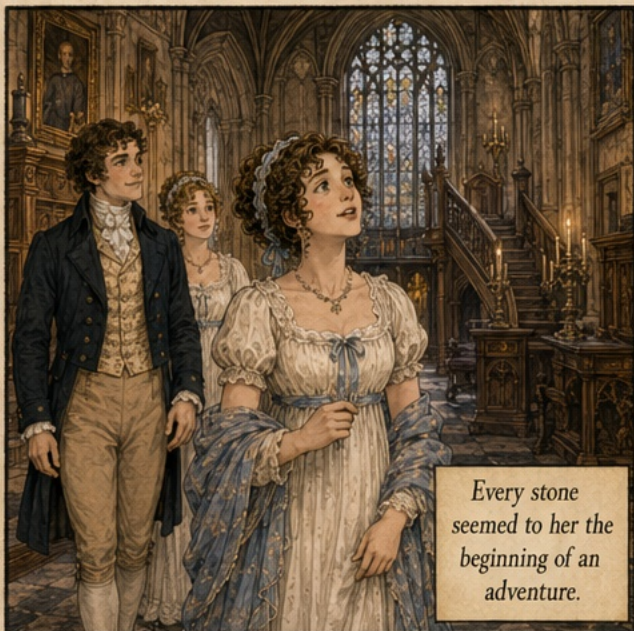
To Catherine, its towers promised romance, history, and mystery.



Miss Morland, Northanger is honored by your presence.



Every stone seemed to her the beginning of an adventure.

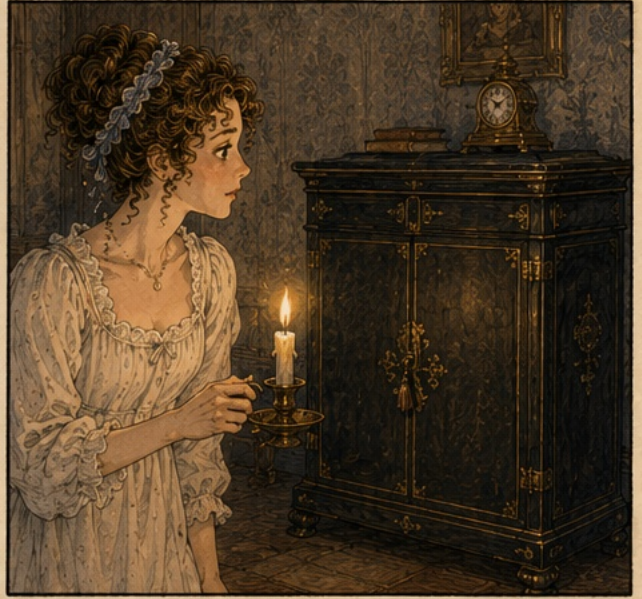


Expectations.



The Cabinet.

A stormy night soon gave imagination its chance.



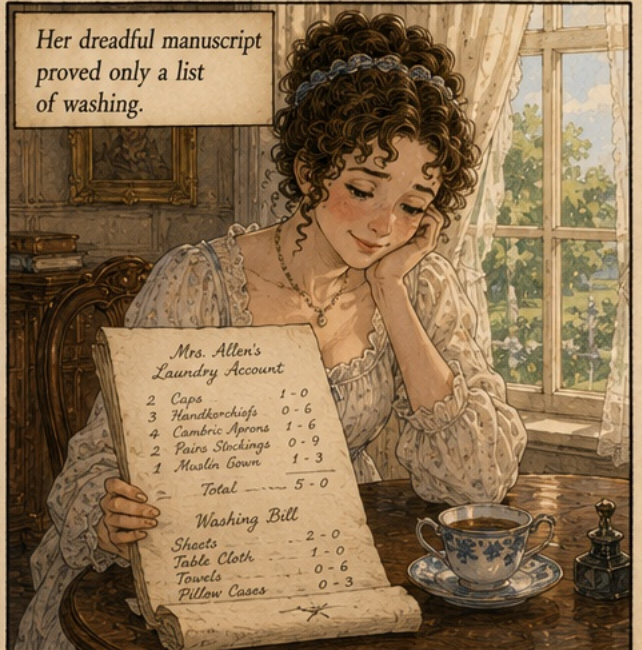
What secret lies here?



The treasure was saved—but not examined.



Her dreadful manuscript proved only a list of washing.



Mrs. Allen's
Laundry Account

2 Caps	1-0
3 Handkerchiefs	0-6
4 Cambric Aprons	1-6
2 Pairs Stockings	0-9
1 Muslin Gown	1-3
Total	5-0

Washing Bill

Sheets	2-0
Table Cloth	1-0
Towels	0-6
Pillow Cases	0-3

Life at the Abbey.



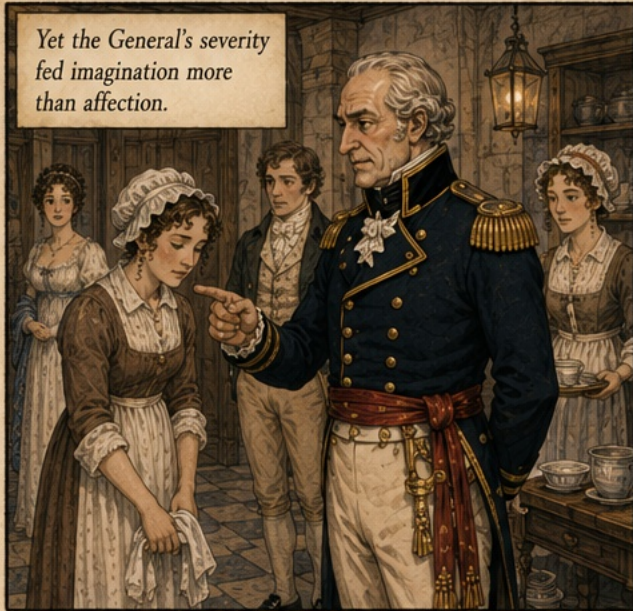
Letters from Bath.



True and False Hearts.



Dark Suspicions.



Henry's Rebuke.

At last, folly led her where affection and trust should have restrained her.



She searched the room—bed, desk, chest, curtains—finding only ordinary objects and melancholy quiet.



Can you suppose my father guilty of some dreadful crime?



Remember where you are, Miss Morland. This is England, and we are Christians—not the creatures of a wild romance.

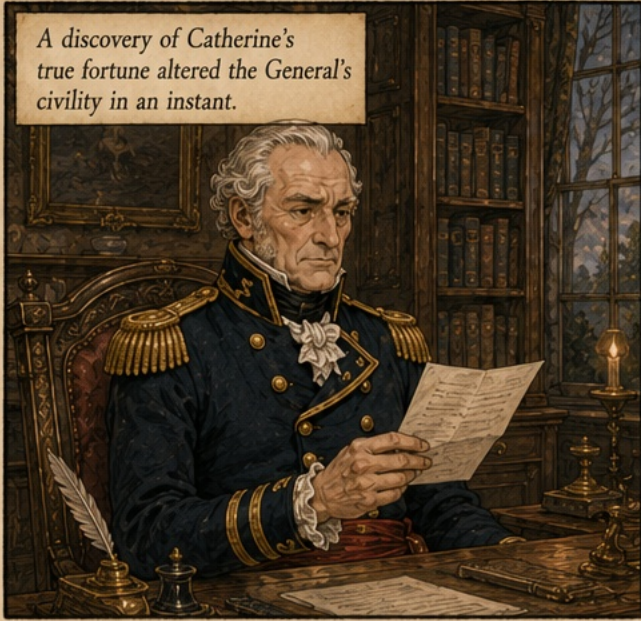


His words shattered the last triumph of her Gothic fancy.



Dismissed.

A discovery of Catherine's true fortune altered the General's civility in an instant.



Miss Morland, your stay must end immediately.



At once? This is impossible!



No explanation was offered, and Henry was absent.



What have I done?



Home Again.

The journey from Northanger was long, lonely, and full of hurt.



Home received her with tenderness, though not with answers.



She had returned home—but left her peace behind.

At Last.

