



SENSE AND SENSIBILITY



Two sisters. Two hearts.
One world ruled by money,
manners, and marriage.




Norland Park,
Sussex.




With Mr. Dashwood gone,
the future no longer belonged
to his widow and daughters.



WE MUST
THINK WHAT
IS TO BE
DONE.



EVERYTHING
IS ALTERED.



For the Dashwood sisters,
grief was only the beginning.

John Dashwood meant, at first, to help his stepmother and sisters.

A THOUSAND POUNDS EACH WOULD NOT BE TOO MUCH.

MY DEAR, THAT IS VERY GENEROUS— PERHAPS TOO GENEROUS.

YOUR FIRST DUTY IS TO YOUR OWN FAMILY, MY DEAR.

A PROMISE MADE

AFTER CONSIDERATION

AFTER FURTHER THOUGHT

IN TIME

To Elinor Dashwood
One Thousand Pounds
To Marianne Dashwood
One Thousand Pounds

To Elinor Dashwood
Five Hundred Pounds
To Marianne Dashwood
Five Hundred Pounds

An Annuity
of £100 per year
to each

ALMOST NOTHING

£1000 EACH


£500 EACH

AN ANNUITY


ALMOST NOTHING

By degrees, generosity yielded to convenience.

The women of Norland would receive little beyond politeness.



Edward Ferrars
arrived at Norland.



He lacked showiness,
but not kindness.




I fear I
have little to
recommend me,
Miss Dashwood,
beyond my good
intentions.

Those, Mr. Ferrars,
recommend more
than you know.




He has
no fire.

Perhaps not
all fire is loud.



Elinor valued sense
where Marianne
sought brilliance.



To Marianne,
love was a song
that swept the
soul away.

To Elinor,
it was a quiet
tune that lasted
a lifetime.



Under Fanny Dashwood's rule, Norland no longer felt like home.



Mrs. Dashwood received a letter from Sir John Middleton.



They left with little money, much feeling, and no certainty of what came next.



Barton Cottage,
Devonshire.

HOW CHARMINGLY
QUAINT!

IT IS SMALL,
BUT SO PLEASANT.
I THINK IT WILL
BE VERY HAPPY
FOR US.

AND LOOK—
THE HILLS! HOW
BEAUTIFUL DEVON
IS!

WELCOME, WELCOME!
BARTON IS YOURS,
MY DEAR LADIES—
YOURS ENTIRELY! YOU
MUST MAKE IT HOME—
AND LET ME KNOW
EVERYTHING!

THE ROOMS
ARE PRACTICAL
AND COMFORTABLE.
WE SHALL WANT
FOR NOTHING
NECESSARY.

OH, ELINOR—
I COULD STAY HERE
FOREVER AND NEVER
CEASE TO LOVE
THE VIEW.

*If Norland
had grandeur,
Barton offered
intimacy.*

A NEW HOME,
A NEW CHAPTER.
TOGETHER.

At Barton Park, the Middletons and Mrs. Jennings.

Sir John Middleton.

Lady Middleton.

Mrs. Jennings.

My dear Miss Dashwoods! Barton Park is honoured beyond measure. Consider yourselves entirely at home!

How fortunate they are. How proper that we should meet.

Ah! there will be a match there, I am sure of it!

So steady and sensible—and he so admirable!

Mrs. Jennings, you are too kind.

Mrs. Jennings, you are too quick.

In Devonshire, privacy was scarce, but entertainment abundant.

Marianne and Margaret walked the Devonshire hills, where the wind was wild and the sky grew dark.



The rain came suddenly—and the ground was treacherous.



Marianne could not walk. The storm only grew wilder.



Then, through the storm, John Willoughby appeared.



He carried her to Barton Cottage, where the Dashwoods received him with surprise and gratitude.



To Marianne's imagination, he seemed to have ridden out of romance itself.







At Barton, plans for an excursion filled the day with cheer.

A RIDE TO CLEVELAND, THEN A PICNIC BY THE SEA—HOW DELIGHTFUL!

THE WEATHER IS FINE, AND IT WILL DO US ALL GOOD.



COLONEL BRANDON, SIR—A LETTER JUST ARRIVED FOR YOU.



I AM DEEPLY SORRY—I MUST LEAVE AT ONCE. A MATTER OF GREAT URGENCY CALLS ME AWAY.



HOW DISAPPOINTING! WE CAN NEVER BE LUCKY FOR ONE DAY.

INDEED, COLONEL BRANDON TAKES EVERYTHING MOST SERIOUSLY.



HE IS NOT MOVED LIGHTLY. THERE MUST BE MORE TO HIS STORY THAN ANY OF US KNOW.



There were histories of suffering that Marianne had not yet learned to recognize.

New visitors soon filled Barton with talk.

MY DEAR LADIES, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE MISS STEELES—LUCY AND ANNE—WHO ARE SPENDING THE SEASON IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

HOW VERY DELIGHTFUL! BARTON IS ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE NEW FACES. WELCOME, WELCOME!

I HOPE THEY WILL FIND OUR RETREAT LESS QUIET THAN THEY EXPECT.

WE HAVE GOOD WALKS, GOOD AIR, GOOD CONVERSATION—AND, I TRUST, YOUR COMPANY AS WELL!

OH, SIR JOHN IS TOO MODEST! HE FORGETS OUR PIANO-FORTE AND HIS EXCELLENT LIBRARY!

WE HAVE BEEN SO FORTUNATE, SIR, TO MEET SO MANY KIND NEIGHBOURS.

ANOTHER EVENING OF INTERRUPTED THOUGHTS!

AND HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS FROM LONDON? IT IS ALL OF A FLUTTER!

AH! AND SPEAKING OF NEWS—HAVE YOU LADIES HEARD THAT YOUNG MR. FERRARS IS HERE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD? A MOST PROMISING YOUNG GENTLEMAN!

Lucy Steele listened most closely when Edward Ferrars was named.


MR. FERRARS...?

MUSIC WOULD BE MORE PLEASING THAN CONVERSATION THAT BOUNDS FROM ONE TOPIC TO ANOTHER.


DEAR MARIANNE, A LITTLE PATIENCE BECOMES US ALL.

YOU ARE SO GOOD, MISS DASHWOOD.


I HOPE WE SHALL HAVE MANY OPPORTUNITIES TO BE BETTER ACQUAINTED.




*In private,
Lucy Steele
dropped her
sweetest mask.*



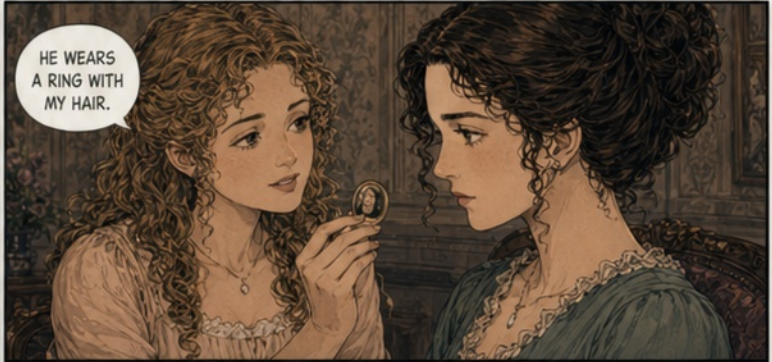
I SHOULD
LIKE A FEW WORDS
WITH YOU ALONE,
IF YOU PLEASE.




TELL ME, ELINOR—
DO YOU STILL CARE
FOR EDWARD
FERRARS?



WE HAVE BEEN
ENGAGED THESE
FOUR YEARS.



HE WEARS
A RING WITH
MY HAIR.



I HOPE YOU
MAY BE VERY
HAPPY.

*Elinor's heart
suffered in
silence.*



All Barton began to speak of Marianne and Willoughby as if they were already engaged.

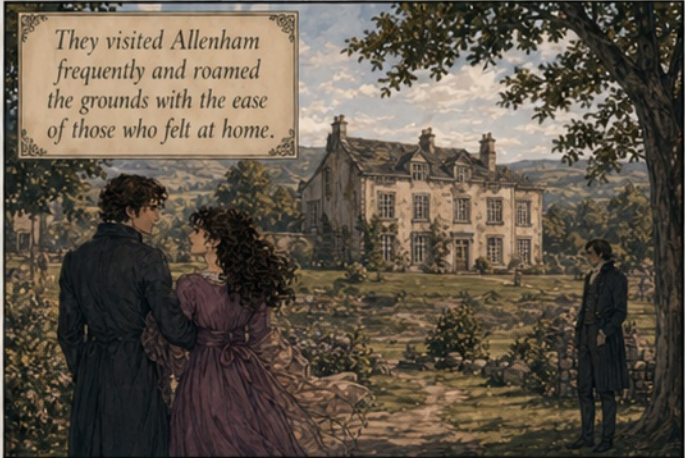


HOW CAN ANYONE BE HAPPY AND MODERATE AT ONCE?

YOUR TASTES ARE MINE IN EVERYTHING.



THEY ARE SO SUITED! I HAVE NEVER SEEN MARIANNE SO HAPPY.



They visited Allenhams frequently and roamed the grounds with the ease of those who felt at home.



MARIANNE, YOU MUST ACCEPT HIM. HE IS SPIRITED AND TRUE—JUST LIKE YOU.

YOU ARE TOO KIND! I CANNOT—

He offered her his own horse impulsively.



WHAT A GENEROUS, NOBLE YOUNG MAN! I HAVE THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE IN HIM.



HE IS ATTENTIVE BEYOND PRUDENCE—AND STILL SAYS NOTHING.

Then, without warning, happiness was interrupted.

BUSINESS OF THE GREATEST URGENCY CALLS ME TO LONDON.

YOU ARE GOING—SO SUDDENLY?

I MUST GO AT ONCE. I DO NOT KNOW WHEN I SHALL BE ABLE TO RETURN.

He left without securing Marianne's future.

She had expected an explanation—perhaps even a proposal.

Neither came.

Hope, for the first time, was touched by fear.



Days passed in silence.

SURELY HE WILL WRITE TODAY.



But no letter came.



TRY NOT TO TORTURE YOURSELF, MARIANNE. PATIENCE MAY BRING WHAT ANXIETY DOES NOT.



COME TO LONDON WITH ME, MY DEARS— WE SHALL HAVE COMPANY ENOUGH TO DISTRACT ANY SORROW.



IT WILL DO YOU BOTH GOOD. AND PERHAPS—PERHAPS MARIANNE MAY SEE MR. WILLOUGHBY AGAIN, AND ALL MAY YET BE SETTLED.



IT SHALL BE A PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU WITH ME. LONDON WILL SMILE UPON YOU, I AM SURE OF IT.



So the sisters carried their hopes from Devonshire to London.

London glittered,
but Marianne
looked only for
one face.



Mrs. Jennings's
townhouse,
Portman Square.



He cannot
know I am
here.



Hope was
sustaining
her—and
making her
vulnerable.



Colonel Brandon
called in the
afternoon.

I thank you for
your kindness, Colonel,
but I cannot be encouraged
by anyone—only by
himself.



An evening of music,
dancing, and brilliant society.
Marianne expects—
perhaps hopes—to see
him there.

Mrs. Jennings
requests the pleasure of
Miss Marianne Dashwood's
company at a grand
Evening Assembly
this Thursday
at Devonshire House.





The next day, Marianne received a letter and packet from Willoughby.



His reply was cruelly decisive.

I must deny having any design upon your affections. The sentiments you have so warmly expressed are not returned. My addresses to Miss Grey, which began before I knew your partiality for me, I am now resolved to pursue. I return your letters and trifles, which I wish you to accept.

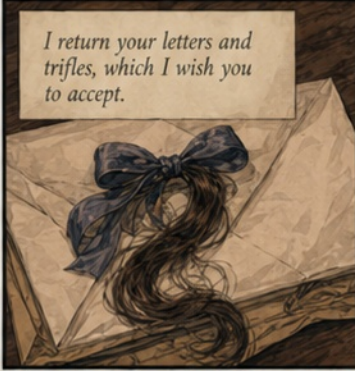
W. W.



It cannot be true.



I return your letters and trifles, which I wish you to accept.



How dare he—how disgraceful! He has deceived you cruelly.



What had seemed romance now looked like betrayal.



Colonel Brandon's reserve concealed an old history of sorrow.

MISS DASHWOOD, I HAVE LONG WISHED TO SPEAK WITH YOU—PRIVATELY—ON A SUBJECT THAT GIVES ME GREAT PAIN.

Willoughby had wronged another before he wounded Marianne.

YOU HAVE A **RIGHT** TO KNOW THE **TRUTH** OF MR. WILLOUGHBY'S CHARACTER.

I WILL TELL YOU, THOUGH I WOULD SPARE YOU THE DETAILS, WERE THAT POSSIBLE.

LONG AGO, BEFORE I KNEW YOU, I LOVED A YOUNG WOMAN—ELIZA WILLIAMS.

CIRCUMSTANCES PARTED US. SHE MARRIED, AND DIED YOUNG—LEAVING BEHIND HER DAUGHTER, ANOTHER ELIZA.

He left her friendless and in misery.

I FOUND HER IN LONDON—BROKEN IN SPIRIT AND WITHOUT PROTECTION.

SHE HAD BEEN SEDUCED AND ABANDONED BY WILLOUGHBY.


IT WAS A BLOT THAT TIME AND KINDNESS COULD SCARCE ERASE.

OH, COLONEL BRANDON... I AM SORRY BEYOND WORDS FOR ALL YOU HAVE ENDURED.


SO THIS IS THE TRUTH.

MARIANNE MUST NOT BE TOLD—NOT YET. HER HEART IS TOO OPEN, TOO TRUSTING.


I MUST SHIELD HER—FOR HOW LONG, HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS.




Even comfort
was denied Elinor.




Elinor.
I did not expect
to see you
again so soon.




How dear
the sound...
and yet how
impossible
the hope.



Mr. Ferrars
and I understand
each other very
well.



Yes, indeed!
They read the same
books, admire the
same views—everything
is just the same
between them!



He left, and she
remained—knowing
at last that her
own heart must
make the surrender.

At Cleveland, Marianne's spirits sank lower than ever.



Despite the cold and rain, she wandered the grounds—seeking nothing, finding no relief.



You are chilled through!

It is nothing.



You must not expose yourself so, Marianne!



Send at once for Mr. Gibson the apothecary—pray, do not lose a moment!



By midnight, anxiety had turned to fear.



Marianne's illness grew more severe with each passing hour.



Miss Dashwood is in a dangerous way. Her fever is high, and her pulse is alarmingly weak.

She must be kept calm—and we must hope for a change by morning.



When Colonel Brandon learned the truth, he did not hesitate.

I will ride for Mrs. Dashwood at once.

Colonel, it is beyond what I can thank you for.



He set out immediately—through rain and darkness.



Through the long night, Elinor did not leave her sister's side.



Hope was all that remained—and love that would not yield.



He would not rest until help was won.



Miss Dashwood, there is a gentleman who wishes to see you.

At this hour?

Another trial stood at the door.



Marianne lay ill above stairs, and Willoughby sought Elinor in private.

I HAVE BEEN A VILE CREATURE, MISS DASHWOOD. I CAN NO LONGER BE SILENT WITH YOU.

I LOVED YOUR SISTER—BUT I WAS WEAK.

I MARRIED MISS GREY FOR FORTUNE.

YOU HAVE CRUELLY WRONGED HER.


He had filled her days with hope...

...and then sold her happiness for wealth.


TELL ME ONLY— DOES MARIANNE HATE ME?

SHE SUFFERS TOO MUCH TO HATE. SHE HAS BEEN TOO GOOD FOR THAT.


Elinor could not forgive, but she could pity.



At last, Mrs. Dashwood arrived in Devonshire with Colonel Brandon, after a most anxious and fatiguing journey.




My dearest children—I am here at last.




Their meeting was tender beyond expression.




My love, my poor, sweet child.




I have thought too much of feeling, and too little of duty.




You have ever known what was right, Elinor.




Day by day, Marianne grew better, and hope returned with strength.




Colonel Brandon's attention was gentle and unassuming, seeking nothing but their comfort.




Elinor, though weary in body and mind, felt only relief to see her sister restored.




Suffering began to teach Marianne self-command, and opened her heart to a truer peace.




Then came astonishing news.




Mr. Ferrars is married to Miss Lucy Steele.




Married! To Lucy Steele!




My poor Elinor—this is indeed a heavy blow.




How could he? How could he deceive you so cruelly?




So this is the end of all I dared hope for.



My dear, you must not grieve alone. Let us share your sorrow.



Sister, you have always been so strong. Let us be strong for you now.



Hope seemed extinguished at once.

News reached them
that Edward Ferrars
had married
Lucy Steele.



Mrs. Ferrars
favored Robert
after disinheriting
Edward, and their
fortune passed
wholly to him.



Oh, my poor
Elinor—this is
a cruel blow.



Dear Elinor,
you loved him
all along.



Yes—but
it must be
over.



Then let it be.
You have always
been so steady for
us all—it is time
we were steady
for you.



I can bear
everything—
except that he
should be
happy with
another.



For once, Elinor's
sorrow could not
be entirely
concealed.



Edward Ferrars arrived at Barton unexpectedly.

I hope I am not intruding, Mrs. Dashwood.

It has been so long—far too long.

Edward!

Edward... here?

Elinor, I have much to explain.

But first... I am not married.

Lucy has chosen my brother Robert.

Not married?

After all this time—

He is still free.

Oh, Elinor! This is such wonderful news!

I shall leave you two to catch up.

I wish I could explain every circumstance, but it would pain you.

Only believe that I have never ceased to value you, Elinor.

That is enough.

It is enough that the past may now be left behind.

A few words changed everything.

In the quiet of the garden, Edward spoke the words Elinor had long hoped to hear.

ELINOR... MY AFFECTION HAS NEVER CHANGED.

IT HAS SURVIVED EVERY SEPARATION AND EVERY TRIAL.

YOU HAVE BEEN THE STEADFAST GUIDE OF MY LIFE, MY DEAREST FRIEND.

IF YOU WILL HONOUR ME STILL, I ASK YOU NOW—NOT AS A BOY ANY LONGER, BUT AS A MAN—TO BE MY WIFE.

WILL YOU MAKE ME THE HAPPIEST OF MEN, AND BECOME MINE?

I CAN HAVE NO DOUBT... NO FEAR.


YES—WITH ALL MY HEART, EDWARD. YES, I WILL.

The tidings filled the Dashwood heart with joy.

ELINOR! MY DEAR ELINOR—THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF OUR LIVES!

DEAREST MAMA... AND MARIANNE... I AM SO HAPPY—SO VERY HAPPY.

Sense was rewarded at last.




My sorrow has humbled me.

I see now how blind I have been—to the worth of those who loved me most truly.

Time and reflection had softened Marianne's spirits.

You have suffered much, Marianne.


But you have gained what pain can teach—wisdom of the heart.



Colonel Brandon continued his quiet attentions.


I brought a new volume, Miss Marianne, which I thought you might enjoy.

You are always so thoughtful, Colonel Brandon.




It is no trouble. Your happiness has long been a concern of mine.

How steady and kind he is.




I found this composition might please you.

It is beautiful.



Music often speaks what words cannot, Miss Marianne.

I once thought him cold and grave. Now I see how deep and noble is his heart.



I will strive to deserve such kindness.

You already do, Marianne—by being yourself, with a truer heart.

Esteem, once impossible, grew quietly into affection.

At last, the heart
that had always
been true
was answered.

Miss Dashwood,
I have loved you
longer than I have
dared to hope
you knew.

May I hope
for your regard?

You may.

News of their
happiness
brought joy
to others.

Another
blessing
for our
family!

Marianne
could not have
found a kinder
or more worthy
husband.

I am so
happy for her—
and for
him.

He has
always been so
good.

So another
union was
promised.



In time, both sisters found a quieter, truer happiness.



Colonel Brandon's friendship secured Edward a modest living, and with it, the prospect of comfort.

It is a living worthy of your abilities, Mr. Ferrars.

I can never repay your kindness, Colonel.



Elinor's happiness was not dazzling, but deep and lasting.

With you beside me, Elinor, I have all I could desire.



What began in esteem ripened into love.

I was once led by passion afloat. Now I know the worth of constancy.

You honour me with your trust, Marianne. It is I who am blessed.



Your love is the truest music my heart has known.

And your spirit has made my life more meaningful than I ever hoped.



The news brought joy to those who loved them best.

My heart is full. Providence has been so good to us.

At last, we are all at peace.



And so, with sense and with sensibility better understood, the sisters went forward not divided, but side by side.