

1: Ghost Story Short Story Review: "The Room in the Tower" by E. F. Benson - Persona Paper

Oliver dreams of a sinister house and the gloomy family that live there. He goes there night after night knowing that something horrible waits for him in the room in the tower, but what? See full summary.

Stone, assigns the young man a room in the tower, a room that fills him with dread. The dream never reveals what is in the room. The dream varies each night, and over years the characters grow older and stranger. At some point Mrs. Stone dies and is buried, yet she still assigns him the room in the tower. The young man is surprised that everything there matches his nightmare, except for the names and personalities of the family. Unlike the dream, the visit is very enjoyable. The young man is struck with dread, but laughs it off. As his friend helps him prepare the room, they find an ancient portrait of Mrs. Stone from the dream. They remove it from the wall and carry it into the hall, and find their hands are covered with blood but neither man is injured. Unsettled, they retire to bed. The young man is awakened by a thunderclap to find Mrs. Stone standing over his bed. She confesses herself a vampire and attacks. He fends her off by flailing his arms. His friend bursts into the room, attracted by the commotion, but Mrs. Stone is not there. Although the friend tries to assure him it was only a nightmare, they find the portrait has returned to the wall and there is a moldy burial shroud on the floor. The men flee the room. An epilogue describes an old newspaper story about a Mrs. Stone, rumoured as an evil person, who died in a nearby village and was buried in the local churchyard. Each morning, her coffin was found to have ejected itself from the ground, and it would be reburied. Eventually the authorities gave up and interred the coffin in unhallowed ground, which brought an end to the unusual phenomenon.

2: BBC - Travel - A hotel room in the Eiffel Tower?

"The Room in the Tower" is a short horror story by E.F. Benson, published in Plot summary. A young man has a recurring nightmare in which he visits a friend's house in the summer.

The Room in the Tower E. Benson This web edition published by eBooks Adelaide. Last updated Wednesday, August 19, at HOWEVER, copyright law varies in other countries, and the work may still be under copyright in the country from which you are accessing this website. It is your responsibility to check the applicable copyright laws in your country before downloading this work. But, in my opinion, so far from this being a strange thing, it would be far odder if this fulfilment did not occasionally happen, since our dreams are, as a rule, concerned with people whom we know and places with which we are familiar, such as might very naturally occur in the awake and daylit world. True, these dreams are often broken into by some absurd and fantastic incident, which puts them out of court in regard to their subsequent fulfilment, but on the mere calculation of chances, it does not appear in the least unlikely that a dream imagined by anyone who dreams constantly should occasionally come true. Not long ago, for instance, I experienced such a fulfilment of a dream which seems to me in no way remarkable and to have no kind of psychical significance. The manner of it was as follows. A certain friend of mine, living abroad, is amiable enough to write to me about once in a fortnight. Thus, when fourteen days or thereabouts have elapsed since I last heard from him, my mind, probably, either consciously or subconsciously, is expectant of a letter from him. There, among other correspondence, was a letter from him. There, among other letters, was one from my friend. Only it did not contain the ace of diamonds. Had it done so, I should have attached more weight to the matter, which, as it stands, seems to me a perfectly ordinary coincidence. No doubt I consciously or subconsciously expected a letter from him, and this suggested to me my dream. Similarly, the fact that my friend had not written to me for a fortnight suggested to him that he should do so. But occasionally it is not so easy to find such an explanation, and for the following story I can find no explanation at all. It came out of the dark, and into the dark it has gone again. All my life I have been a habitual dreamer: Almost without exception these adventures are pleasant, though often merely trivial. It is of an exception that I am going to speak. It was when I was about sixteen that a certain dream first came to me, and this is how it befell. It opened with my being set down at the door of a big red-brick house, where, I understood, I was going to stay. The servant who opened the door told me that tea was being served in the garden, and led me through a low dark-panelled hall, with a large open fireplace, on to a cheerful green lawn set round with flower beds. There were grouped about the tea-table a small party of people, but they were all strangers to me except one, who was a schoolfellow called Jack Stone, clearly the son of the house, and he introduced me to his mother and father and a couple of sisters. I was, I remember, somewhat astonished to find myself here, for the boy in question was scarcely known to me, and I rather disliked what I knew of him; moreover, he had left school nearly a year before. The afternoon was very hot, and an intolerable oppression reigned. On the far side of the lawn ran a red-brick wall, with an iron gate in its center, outside which stood a walnut tree. We sat in the shadow of the house opposite a row of long windows, inside which I could see a table with cloth laid, glimmering with glass and silver. This garden front of the house was very long, and at one end of it stood a tower of three stories, which looked to me much older than the rest of the building. I have given you the room in the tower. I felt as if I had known that I should have the room in the tower, and that it contained something dreadful and significant. Jack instantly got up, and I understood that I had to follow him. In silence we passed through the hall, and mounted a great oak staircase with many corners, and arrived at a small landing with two doors set in it. He pushed one of these open for me to enter, and without coming in himself, closed it after me. Then I knew that my conjecture had been right: Now that dream or variations on it occurred to me intermittently for fifteen years. Most often it came in exactly this form, the arrival, the tea laid out on the lawn, the deadly silence succeeded by that one deadly sentence, the mounting with Jack Stone up to the room in the tower where horror dwelt, and it always came to a close in the nightmare of terror at that which was in the room, though I never saw what it was. At other times I experienced variations on this same theme. Occasionally, for instance, we would be sitting at dinner in the

dining-room, into the windows of which I had looked on the first night when the dream of this house visited me, but wherever we were, there was the same silence, the same sense of dreadful oppression and foreboding. And the silence I knew would always be broken by Mrs. Or, again, I would find myself playing cards still in silence in a drawing-room lit with immense chandeliers, that gave a blinding illumination. What the game was I have no idea; what I remember, with a sense of miserable anticipation, was that soon Mrs. And yet, how often, in spite of those bouquets of lights, have I not pored over the cards that were dealt me, scarcely able for some reason to see them. Their designs, too, were strange: I hated and dreaded those. As this dream continued to recur, I got to know the greater part of the house. There was a smoking-room beyond the drawing-room, at the end of a passage with a green baize door. It was always very dark there, and as often as I went there I passed somebody whom I could not see in the doorway coming out. Curious developments, too, took place in the characters that peopled the dream as might happen to living persons. Jack also grew up, and became a rather ill-looking young man, with a brown moustache, while one of the sisters ceased to appear, and I understood she was married. Then it so happened that I was not visited by this dream for six months or more, and I began to hope, in such inexplicable dread did I hold it, that it had passed away for good. But one night after this interval I again found myself being shown out onto the lawn for tea, and Mrs. Stone was not there, while the others were all dressed in black. At once I guessed the reason, and my heart leaped at the thought that perhaps this time I should not have to sleep in the room in the tower, and though we usually all sat in silence, on this occasion the sense of relief made me talk and laugh as I had never yet done. But even then matters were not altogether comfortable, for no one else spoke, but they all looked secretly at each other. And soon the foolish stream of my talk ran dry, and gradually an apprehension worse than anything I had previously known gained on me as the light slowly faded. Suddenly a voice which I knew well broke the stillness, the voice of Mrs. On this occasion it was darker than usual, and when I passed into the room in the tower I could only just see the furniture, the position of which was already familiar to me. Also there was a dreadful odor of decay in the room, and I woke screaming. The dream, with such variations and developments as I have mentioned, went on at intervals for fifteen years. Sometimes I would dream it two or three nights in succession; once, as I have said, there was an intermission of six months, but taking a reasonable average, I should say that I dreamed it quite as often as once in a month. It had, as is plain, something of nightmare about it, since it always ended in the same appalling terror, which so far from getting less, seemed to me to gather fresh fear every time that I experienced it. There was, too, a strange and dreadful consistency about it. The characters in it, as I have mentioned, got regularly older, death and marriage visited this silent family, and I never in the dream, after Mrs. Stone had died, set eyes on her again. But it was always her voice that told me that the room in the tower was prepared for me, and whether we had tea out on the lawn, or the scene was laid in one of the rooms overlooking it, I could always see her gravestone standing just outside the iron gate. It was the same, too, with the married daughter; usually she was not present, but once or twice she returned again, in company with a man, whom I took to be her husband. He, too, like the rest of them, was always silent. But, owing to the constant repetition of the dream, I had ceased to attach, in my waking hours, any significance to it. I never met Jack Stone again during all those years, nor did I ever see a house that resembled this dark house of my dream. And then something happened. I had been in London in this year, up till the end of the July, and during the first week in August went down to stay with a friend in a house he had taken for the summer months, in the Ashdown Forest district of Sussex. I left London early, for John Clinton was to meet me at Forest Row Station, and we were going to spend the day golfing, and go to his house in the evening. He had his motor with him, and we set off, about five of the afternoon, after a thoroughly delightful day, for the drive, the distance being some ten miles. As it was still so early we did not have tea at the club house, but waited till we should get home. As we drove, the weather, which up till then had been, though hot, deliciously fresh, seemed to me to alter in quality, and become very stagnant and oppressive, and I felt that indefinable sense of ominous apprehension that I am accustomed to before thunder. John, however, did not share my views, attributing my loss of lightness to the fact that I had lost both my matches. Events proved, however, that I was right, though I do not think that the thunderstorm that broke that night was the sole cause of my depression. Our way lay through deep high-banked lanes, and before we had gone very far I fell asleep, and

was only awakened by the stopping of the motor. And with a sudden thrill, partly of fear but chiefly of curiosity, I found myself standing in the doorway of my house of dream. We went, I half wondering whether or not I was dreaming still, through a low oak-panelled hall, and out onto the lawn, where tea was laid in the shadow of the house. It was set in flower beds, a red-brick wall, with a gate in it, bounded one side, and out beyond that was a space of rough grass with a walnut tree. The facade of the house was very long, and at one end stood a three-storied tower, markedly older than the rest. Here for the moment all resemblance to the repeated dream ceased. There was no silent and somehow terrible family, but a large assembly of exceedingly cheerful persons, all of whom were known to me. And in spite of the horror with which the dream itself had always filled me, I felt nothing of it now that the scene of it was thus reproduced before me. But I felt intensest curiosity as to what was going to happen. Tea pursued its cheerful course, and before long Mrs. And at that moment I think I knew what she was going to say. She spoke to me, and what she said was: But it quickly passed, and again I felt nothing more than the most intense curiosity. It was not very long before it was amply satisfied. John turned to me. Would you like to go and see it now? By Jove, I believe that you are right, and that we are going to have a thunderstorm. How dark it has become. We passed through the hall, and up the perfectly familiar staircase.

3: The Room in the Tower: An E.F. Benson Ghost Story (Audiobook) by E. F. Benson | www.enganchecub.com

The Room in the Tower [Kindle Edition] E.F. Benson (-) is one of my favorite supernatural authors in spite of his rampant misogyny. He was the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury so he comes by his ghosts and his religion naturally.

Benson Mills and Boon, It is difficult to imagine the son of an Anglican archbishop turning his talents to the writing of ghost stories. But when one has read E. Here is a collection of 17 short stories, all of them supernatural, and all of them polished to a perfection which we seldom find in narrative fiction. It aims for high aesthetical standards, while at the same time catering to the popular love of good fiction. Although the rhetoric is strictly classical, the prose is never artificial. Benson is not merely a good technician, but an artist in the true sense of the word. Of the tales in this collection, only a handful are really worth mentioning. For it is not the tales themselves which impressed us so much as the genius of the writer. The best tale is undoubtedly the title-story, concerning a nightmare experienced over long and frequent intervals finally manifesting itself into a horrid reality. Benson, as well as his brothers, R. Here is a sample of prose which shows the author at his best: At the top would be just a strip of pale summer sky, at her feet just a strip of grey-green dress, but all the rest of the background, greatly daring, would be this diaper of green and purple. For the purpose of putting this in, he was going down to a small cottage of his near Godalming, where he had built in the garden a sort of outdoor studio [Framed in this, he well knew how the strange pale beauty of his sitter would glow on the canvas, how she would start out of the background, she and her huge grey hat, and shining grey dress, and yellow hair and ivory skin and pale eyes, now blue, now grey, now green. Then there is the highly-anthologized "Caterpillars," which plays on the ghoulish and grotesque. But we rather prefer the more subtle yarns, such as "How Fear Departed From the Long Gallery," in which compassion is used to disarm an ancient curse. This the author regarded as his best ghost story, and we can see why, as it has its pinch of redeeming literary value. Just when we begin to grow tired of the spooks and haunts, however, the collection comes to a graceful close. As you can probably guess, early editions of this book are out of the question, unless your exchequer is abnormally fat. The book was published by Mills and Boon in , and later re-issued in by Alfred Knopf. The Knopf edition is much easier to find. But that is uncommonly cheap. Benson, published in by Carrol and Graf.

4: EDWARDIAN REVIEW- THE ROOM IN THE TOWER by E.F. Benson ()

"Jack will show you your room: I have given you the room in the tower." At that, for half a second, the horror of the dream took hold of me again. But it quickly passed, and again I felt nothing more than the most intense curiosity.

5: The Room in the Tower by E F Benson

The Room In The Tower by Roger Doyle, released 02 February 1. Theme from The Room In The Tower 2. The First Dream 3. Between Two Dreams 4. The Second Dream 5.

6: The Room in the Tower () - IMDb

The terrifying story of a young man who has recurring nightmares. A classic story of fear from the master of Edwardian Literature. This classic short story, originally published in , is being republished here together with a new introductory biography of the author.

7: The Room in the Tower by E.F. Benson

The room in the tower is a ghost story without a ghost (for the most part of it though). You are torn as you read the book

THE ROOM IN THE TOWER pdf

for the author leaves so much for the reader to decide (for a start, is the author suffering from a bipolar disorder or is there really a para normal force in the story.).

8: The Room in the Tower and Other Ghost Stories by Rudyard Kipling

and appalling mirth; the hands, clasped together on the knee, seemed shaking with suppressed and nameless glee. Then I saw also that it was signed in the left-hand bottom corner, and wondering who the artist could be, I looked more closely, and read the inscription, "Julia Stone by Julia Stone."

9: The Room in the Tower () - Plot Summary - IMDb

Summaries. Oliver dreams of a sinister house and the gloomy family that live there. He goes there night after night knowing that something horrible waits for him in the room in the tower, but what? or who could it be?

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