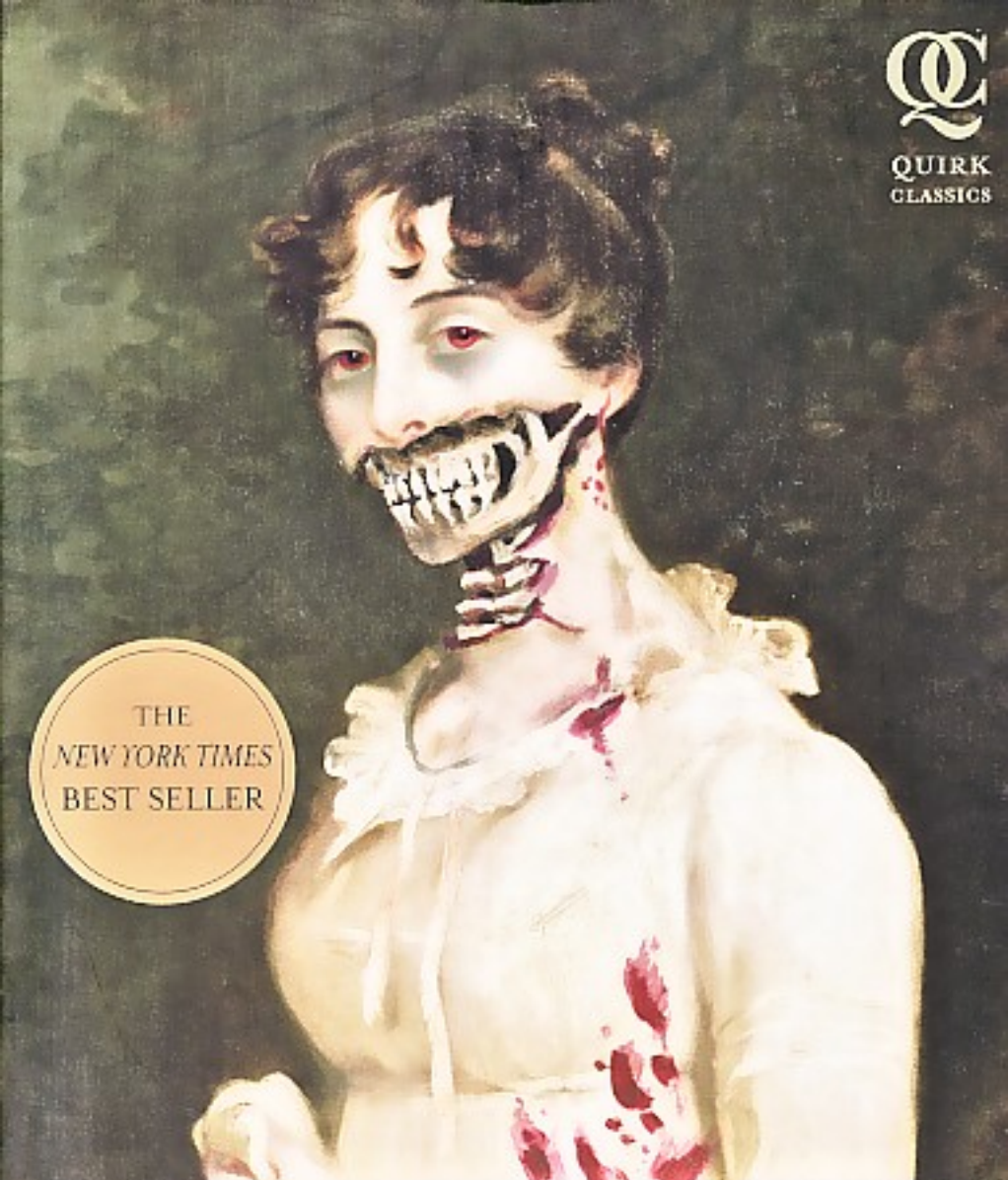


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QUIRK
CLASSICS

A woman with dark, curly hair is depicted from the chest up. Her face is a white skull with red, sunken eyes. She has a wide, toothy grin showing her teeth. Her neck and upper chest are exposed, showing skeletal structures and several splatters of red blood. She is wearing a white, high-collared dress with lace details. The background is dark and textured.

THE
NEW YORK TIMES
BEST SELLER

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE AND ZOMBIES

BY JANE AUSTEN AND SETH GRAHAME-SMITH

CHAPTER 1

IT IS A TRUTH universally acknowledged that a zombie in possession of brains must be in want of more brains. Never was this truth more plain than during the recent attacks at Netherfield Park, in which a household of eighteen was slaughtered and consumed by a horde of the living dead.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is occupied again?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not and went about his morning business of dagger sharpening and musket polishing—for attacks by the unmentionables had grown alarmingly frequent in recent weeks.

"But it is," returned she.

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"Woman, I am attending to my musket. Prattle on if you must, but leave me to the defense of my estate!"

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune; that he escaped London in a chaise and four just as the strange plague broke through the Manchester line."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley. A single man of four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? Can he train them in the ways of swordsmanship and musketry?"

"How can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Marriage? In times such as these? Surely this Bingley has no such designs."

"Designs! Nonsense, how can you talk so! It is very likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. And besides, we mustn't busy the roads more than is absolutely necessary, lest we lose more horses and carriages to the unfortunate scourge that has so troubled our beloved Hertfordshire of late."

"But consider your daughters!"

"I am considering them, silly woman! I would much prefer their minds be engaged in the deadly arts than clouded with dreams of marriage and fortune, as your own so clearly is! Go and see this Bingley if you must, though I warn you that none of our girls has much to recommend them; they are all silly and ignorant like their mother, the exception being Lizzy, who has something more of the killer instinct than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion for my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard of little else these last twenty years at least."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and self-discipline, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. And when she was nervous—as she was nearly all the time since the first outbreak of the strange plague in her youth—she sought solace in the comfort of the traditions which now seemed mere trifles to others.

The business of Mr. Bennet's life was to keep his daughters alive. The business of Mrs. Bennet's was to get them married.

CHAPTER 2

MR. BENNET WAS AMONG the earliest of those who waited on Mr. Bingley. He had always intended to visit him, though to the last always assuring his wife that he should not go; and till the evening after the visit was paid she had no knowledge of it. It was then disclosed in the following manner. Observing his second daughter employed in carving the Bennet crest in the handle of a new sword, he suddenly addressed her with:

"I hope Mr. Bingley will like it, Lizzy."

"We are not in a way to know *what* Mr. Bingley likes," said her mother resentfully, "since we are not to visit."

"But you forget, mamma," said Elizabeth, "that we shall meet him at the next ball."

Mrs. Bennet deigned not to make any reply, but, unable to contain herself, began scolding one of her daughters.

"Don't keep coughing so, Kitty, for Heaven's sake! You sound as if you have been stricken!"

"Mother! What a dreadful thing to say, with so many zombies about!" replied Kitty fretfully. "When is your next ball to be, Lizzy?"

"To-morrow fortnight."

"Aye, so it is," cried her mother, "and it will be impossible to introduce him, since we shall not know him ourselves. Oh, how I wish I had never heard the name Bingley!"

"I am sorry to hear *that*," said Mr. Bennet. "If I had known as much this morning I certainly would not have called on him. It is very unlucky; but as I have actually paid the visit, we cannot escape the acquaintance now."

"It is a truth universally acknowledged that a zombie in possession of brains must be in want of more brains."

So begins *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies*, an expanded edition of the beloved Jane Austen novel featuring all-new scenes of bone-crunching zombie mayhem. As our story opens, a mysterious plague has fallen upon the quiet English village of Meryton—and the dead are returning to life! Feisty heroine Elizabeth Bennet is determined to wipe out the zombie menace, but she's soon distracted by the arrival of the haughty and arrogant Mr. Darcy. What ensues is a delightful comedy of manners with plenty of civilized sparring between the two young lovers—and even more violent sparring on the blood-soaked battlefield. Can Elizabeth vanquish the spawn of Satan? And overcome the social prejudices of the class-conscious landed gentry? Complete with romance, heartbreak, swordfights, cannibalism, and thousands of rotting corpses, *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies* transforms a masterpiece of world literature into something you'd actually want to read.

JANE AUSTEN is the author of *Sense and Sensibility*, *Persuasion*, *Mansfield Park*, and other masterpieces of English literature. **SETH GRAHAME-SMITH** once took a class in English literature. He lives in Los Angeles.

"I am officially beyond stoked for this book."—*Entertainment Weekly*

"The real question is: If Mr. Darcy became infected, would Elizabeth have the fortitude to behead him in time?"—*Salon.com*