*‘Last night, I dreamt I went to Manderley again…’*

Those words echo through this book, my favourite and one I can unequivocally say, despite the cliché, changed my life.

I remember being given this book in my second year of University for a Gothic fiction study and reading it on my way home to Lincoln from Leeds. I devoured every word, furiously turning the pages to read more but also not wanting it to end.

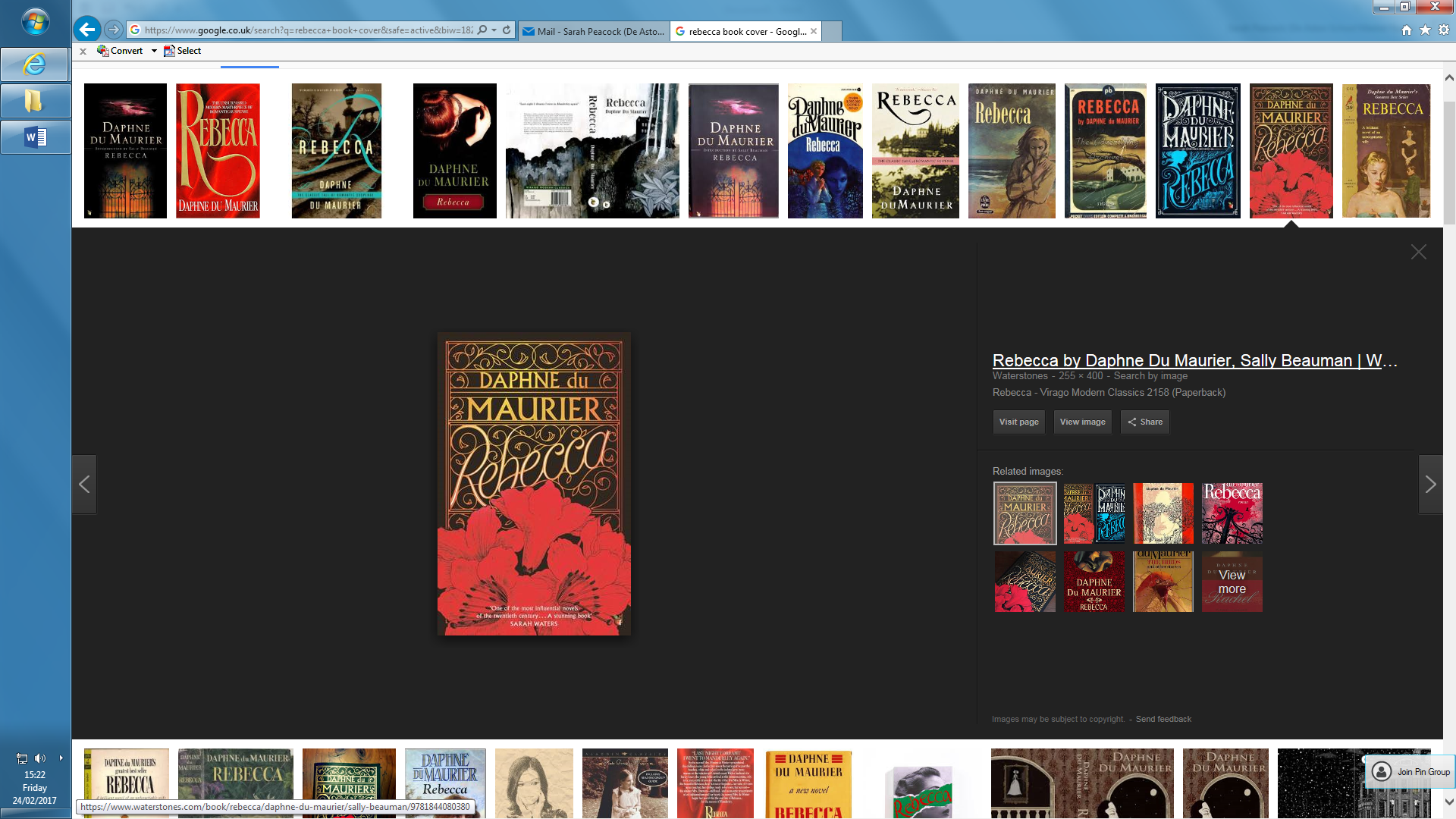
This book is ‘Rebecca’ by Daphne du Maurier and it remains my favourite book since that day 10 years ago. I now endeavour to re-read ‘Rebecca’ every year, becoming engrossed in the story every time.

The story tells of about an unnamed heroine, a meek and mild lady, who becomes Mrs de Winter, the socially inept wife of a rich man. This man, Maxim, lives in a large house on the Cornwall coast: Manderley, almost a character in itself. Life seems blissful but Mrs de Winter is plagued by doubts and jealousy of Maxim’s previous wife, our eponymous character, Rebecca.

Rebecca disappeared in mysterious circumstances but behind her, not only did she leave her husband, but her devoted maid, Mrs Danvers, a lady who has an enigmatic and manipulative personality throughout the text.

Through the pages, we learn the truth about Rebecca’s disappearance, we see Mrs de Winter as weak and strong and come to know the walls and symmetry of Manderley house as if it were our own.

A book that is both Gothic and romantic, sensational and tragic, it really is an unforgettable read and I implore you to open its pages and be transported to Manderley, a place I feel I can visit in a heartbeat in my imagination.



Miss Peacock ☺