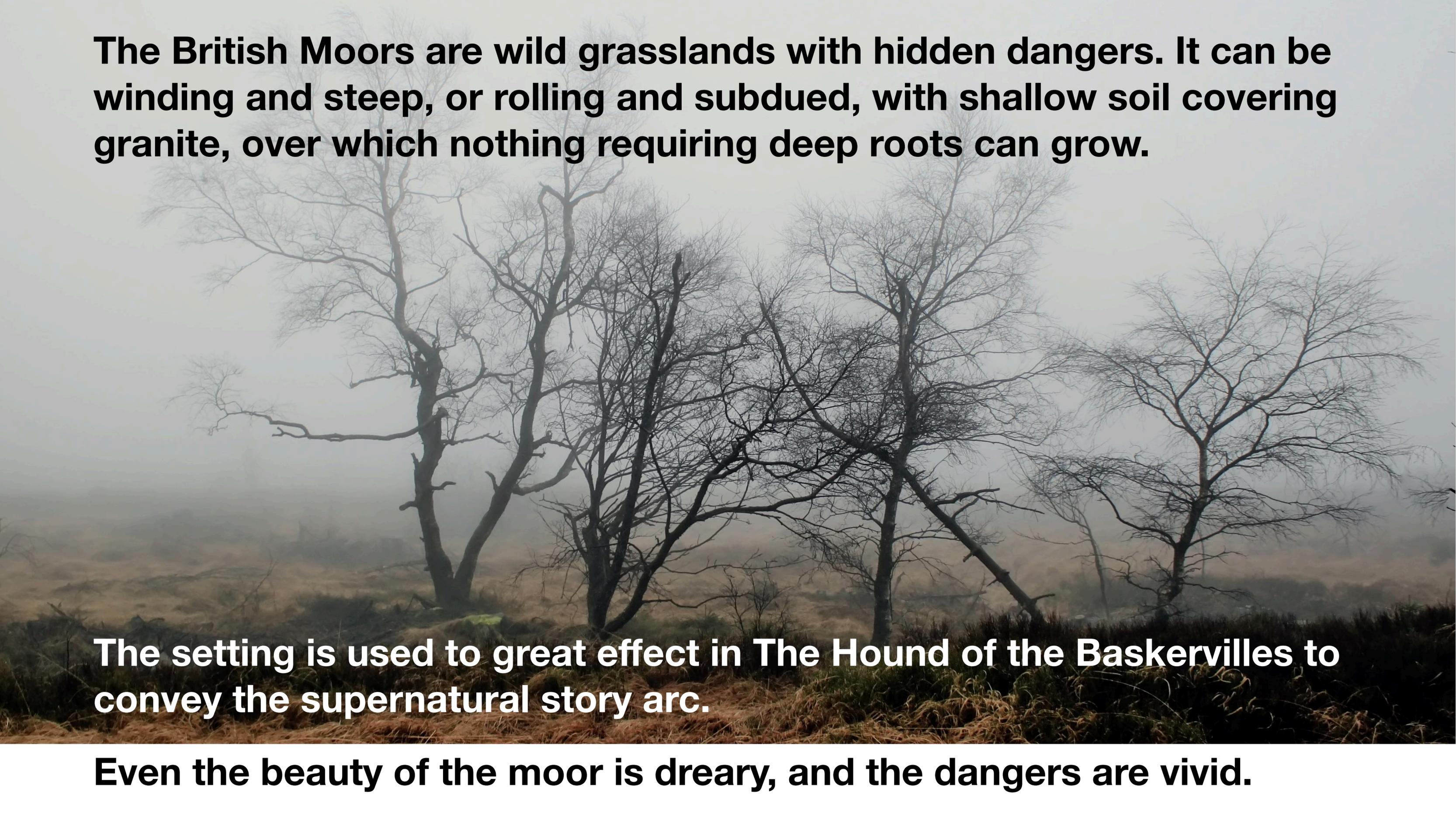




# *The British Moors*

Setting for *The Hound of the Baskervilles*

A misty landscape with several bare, gnarled trees in the foreground and a hazy background. The trees are dark and skeletal, with intricate branch structures. The ground is covered in low-lying vegetation, possibly heather or grass, in shades of brown and green. The overall atmosphere is somber and desolate.

**The British Moors are wild grasslands with hidden dangers. It can be winding and steep, or rolling and subdued, with shallow soil covering granite, over which nothing requiring deep roots can grow.**

**The setting is used to great effect in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* to convey the supernatural story arc.**

**Even the beauty of the moor is dreary, and the dangers are vivid.**

A wide, flat landscape with green fields in the foreground and a grey, jagged hill in the distance under a hazy sky.

“Over the green squares of the fields and the low curve of a wood there rose in the distance a grey, melancholy hill, with a strange jagged summit, dim and vague in the distance, like some fantastic landscape in a dream.”

“In a very few hours, the brown earth had become ruddy, the brick had changed to granite, and red cows grazed in well hedged fields where the lush grasses and more luxuriant vegetation spoke of a richer, if damper, climate.”

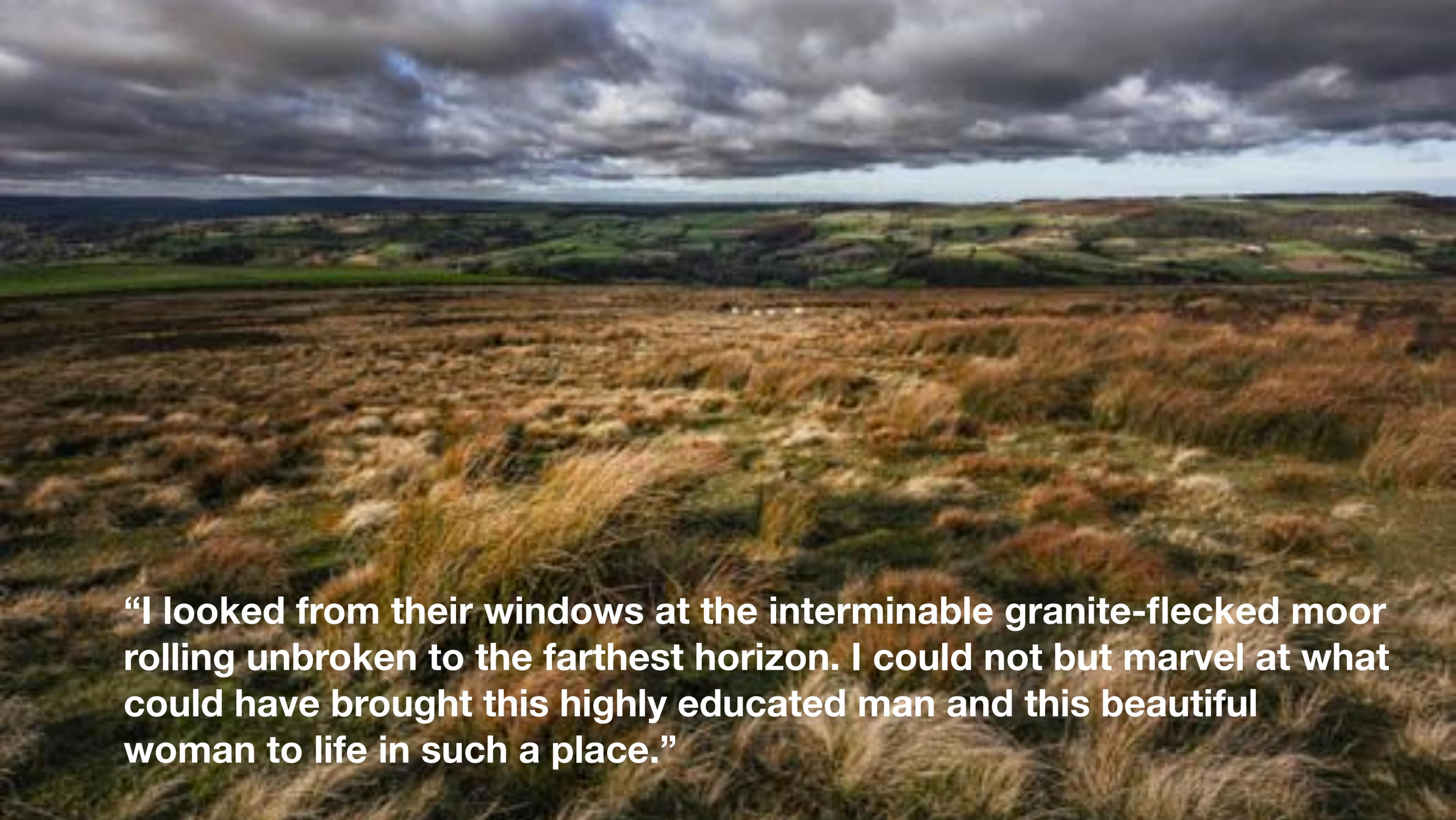




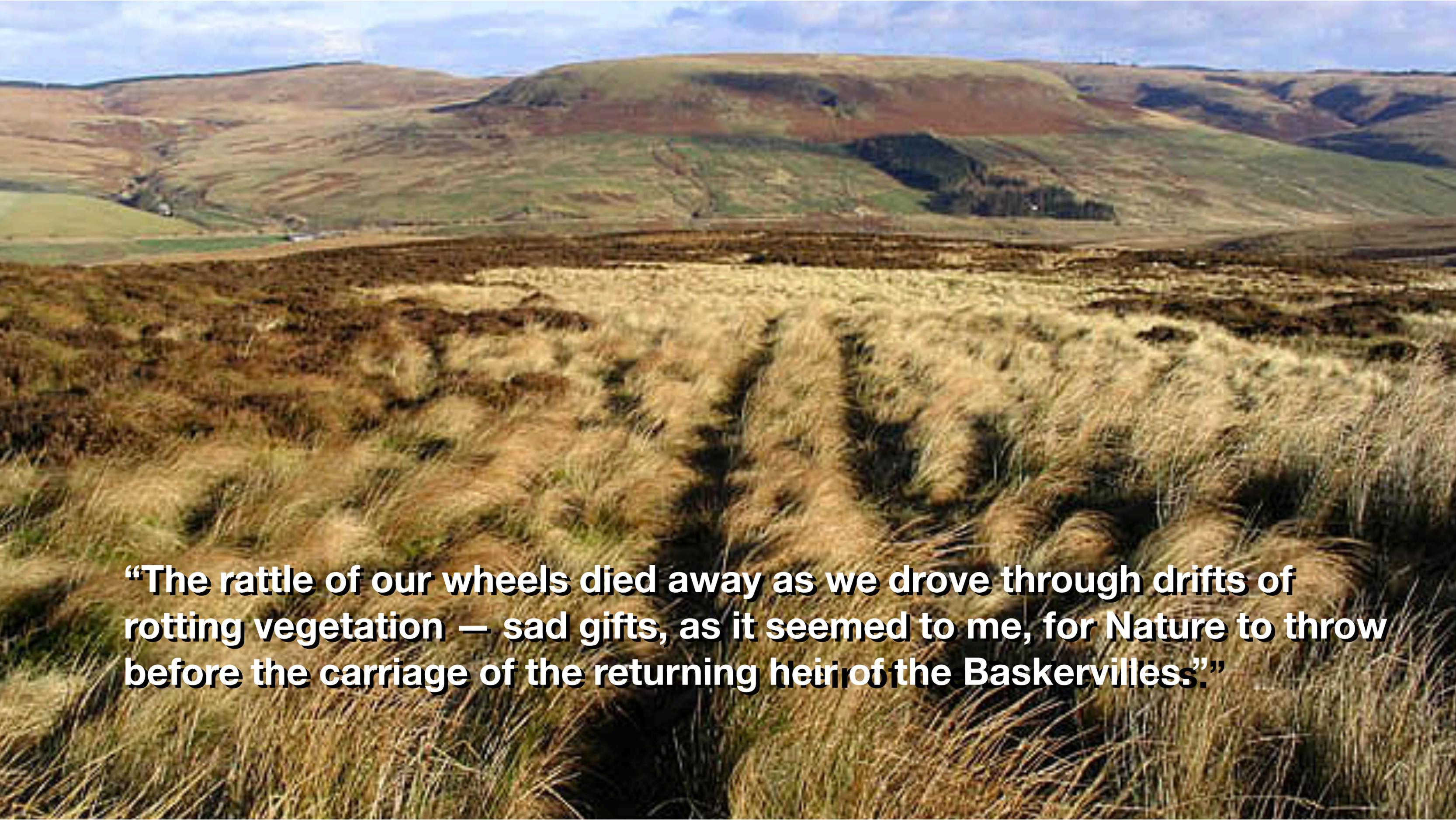
**“A steep curve of heath-clad land, an outlying spur of the moor, lay in front of us.”**



**“Outside, the sun was sinking low and the west was blazing with scarlet and gold. Its reflection was shot back in ruddy patches by the distant pools which lay amid the great Grimpen Mire.”**



**“I looked from their windows at the interminable granite-flecked moor rolling unbroken to the farthest horizon. I could not but marvel at what could have brought this highly educated man and this beautiful woman to life in such a place.”**



**“The rattle of our wheels died away as we drove through drifts of rotting vegetation — sad gifts, as it seemed to me, for Nature to throw before the carriage of the returning heir of the Baskervilles.”**



“It is a wonderful place, the moor,” said he, looking round over the undulating downs, long green rollers, with crests of jagged granite foaming up into fantastic surges. “You never tire of the moor. You cannot think the wonderful secrets which it contains. It is so vast, and so barren, and so mysterious.””

**“Now and then we passed a moorland cottage, walled and roofed with stone, with no creeper to break its harsh outline.”**



**“To me, a tinge of melancholy lay upon the countryside, which bore so clearly the mark of the waning year.”**



**“Behind the peaceful and sunlit countryside there rose ever, dark against the evening sky, the long, gloomy curve of the moor, broken by the jagged and sinister hills ...”**





**“We are very rich in orchids on the moor, though, of course, you are rather late to see the beauties of the place.”**

**Suddenly, we looked down into a cup-like depression, patched with stunted oaks and firs which had been twisted and bent by the fury of years of storm.**





“The sun was already sinking when I reached the summit of the hill ... A haze lay low upon the farthest sky-line, out of which jutted the fantastic shapes of Belliver and Vixen Tor. Over the wide expanse there was no sound and no movement. The barren scene, the sense of loneliness, and the mystery and urgency of my task all struck a chill into my heart.”



“A short walk brought us to a bleak moorland house ... An orchard surrounded it, but the trees, as is usual upon the moor, were stunted and nipped, and the effect of the whole place was mean and melancholy.”

“Every minute, that white wooly plain which covered half of the moor was drifting closer and closer to the house. Already the first thin wisps of it were curling across the golden square of the lighted window. The farther wall of the orchard was already invisible, and the trees were standing out of a swirl of white vapour.”

