EMMA

Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition seemed to unite some of the best blessings of existence; and had lived nearly twenty-one years in the world with very little to distress or vex her. That is, until the day her governess of sixteen years, the dutiful Miss Taylor was to be married. It was on this fateful day that Emma, whether from haste or excitement, neglected to cleanse her hands properly after using the lavatory. This misfortune caused the two of them whose friendship was more the intimacy of sisters, to suffer severe stomach cramps and a dreadful fever. Inevitably, ruining the honeymoon of the newly betrothed Mr. and Mrs. Weston.

The real evils, the power of way, and a danger, however, threatened, they tunes with her, but not at all, but consciousness brought grief, beloved friends, and the boy herself were.