

Penguin



Readers



FRANKENSTEIN

MARY SHELLEY

Contents

Note about the story	8
Before-reading questions	9
Chapter One – A journey to the North Pole	11
Chapter Two – Victor's early years	17
Chapter Three – Ingolstadt University	21
Chapter Four – Victor's creation	24
Chapter Five – Bad news	30
Chapter Six – The first months of life	35
Chapter Seven – Learning new things	40
Chapter Eight – From good to bad	45
Chapter Nine – The promise	50
Chapter Ten – The creature returns	55
Chapter Eleven – A terrible shock	61
Chapter Twelve – The wedding night	68
Chapter Thirteen – The chase	73
Chapter Fourteen – The ship returns	77
During-reading questions	82
After-reading questions	84
Exercises	85
Project work	90
Glossary	91

CHAPTER ONE

A journey to the North Pole

In which Robert Walton writes letters to his sister . . .

28th March 1797, Archangel, Russia

To Mrs Saville, England

My dear sister,

I am now in the far north of Russia, waiting to start my long and difficult journey to the North Pole. I am so full of excitement. I will be the first person to go to a place where no human has ever walked before! I know that you were not happy when I decided to come here, but I hope you understand that my journey has an important purpose. I aim to discover a way for ships to pass near the North Pole and go safely from the Atlantic Ocean through the ice to the Pacific Ocean. Oh, if I achieved that, I would make a wonderful difference to the world!

*After all the years of planning and hard work, I am now ready. I have found a good ship here, and I have paid some **sailors** to come with me. They are all brave and able men, although I do not think any of them will become my friends. We will start our adventure very soon! If I succeed, many, many months will pass before you and I meet again. If I fail, then you will either see me again soon, or never. Goodbye, my dear, kind Margaret!*

*Your loving brother,
Robert Walton*

7th July 1797, the Arctic Ocean

My dear sister,

I am writing a few sentences to tell you that I am safe.

There is a ship that is now returning home from the north, and I shall give this letter to one of its sailors to carry.

The journey is going well. It is awfully cold here, and we are beginning to see more areas of ice, but my men seem happy and work well together. Although I am well, I feel very alone on this ship. I miss having a friend – someone who is like me, and with whom I could talk.

Well, I must finish now. Please do not worry about me!

Yours,

R. W.

5th August 1797, the Arctic Ocean

Dear sister,

Something very strange has happened, and I want to write everything down.

Six days ago we came to a place where there was flat, white ice everywhere around us. It was very dangerous because it was also foggy, and we could not easily move. When the fog slowly began to lift, we saw the strangest thing about half a mile from the ship. It was a **sledge** that was moving quickly towards the north. Dogs were pulling it along, and sitting on it was the huge shape of a man, who was much bigger than any human I have ever seen. Moments later, the sledge disappeared into the fog.

The next day, the fog had gone, and we were able to move forward again. But, as the men were getting everything ready, I heard them shout and saw them looking out to sea. Near the ship was a large piece of ice, and on it was a sledge very like the one we had seen the day before. The dogs that had pulled it were all dead, but on the sledge was a man who was still alive. He was extremely cold, so we immediately brought him on to the ship. I have never seen a man so tired, thin and ill.

We carefully looked after him for two days – we kept him warm and gave him small amounts of soup.

He was nothing like the person we had seen on the other sledge. He was a European, and the few words he managed to say were spoken in very good English.

“Where is the ship going?” he asked.

“We are going to the North Pole,” I replied.

“Good. I am following someone, and I must continue my search.”



“If the man you are looking for is also travelling by sledge, then I think we have seen him,” I told him. “The day before we found you, we saw him and his dogs moving towards the north.”

*“Yes! That must be him!” he told me, and then he asked many questions about what we had seen. Since arriving on the ship, he has seemed **upset** and worried. He is getting stronger each day, but he has not said any more about the other man. I will continue my writing when there is more news to share.*

13th August

I am happy to say that the new gentleman on our ship is feeling much better. He now spends all day looking out across the ice, trying to find the man he is searching for.

We have talked a lot, and I have discovered that he is extremely intelligent and interesting. Do you remember my last letter, dear sister? In which I said that I felt alone on this ship? Well, I do believe that this clever, brave stranger is becoming my friend. I like him very much, but I still know very little about him, and he seems so terribly, terribly sad. I told him about my plan to discover a way through to the Pacific Ocean and how dangerous it is. I explained that I would give everything – my money, my family, my life – in order to achieve my aim! It was very strange – at that moment he became very upset and started to cry.

*“Oh! Don’t say that!” he said, shaking his head. “I used to say the same things. Like you, I had big dreams, and big **discoveries** to make. And now I am full of **regret** – I have lost everything, and my*

life is finished. But you have hope, and a good future ahead of you. If you knew my story, you would never again speak like this!"

I told him that I wanted to help him.

"Nobody can help me now," he replied, quietly. "There is still one thing I must do, and then I will be able to die. If you listen to my story, you will understand."

I am shocked, and of course I want to know more. We agreed that he will start to tell me his full story tomorrow. I promise that I will write every word of it here on these pages, for you to read.

For Review Only