RAISING ACHIEVEMENT · FRANKENSTEIN · DRILL 1

A hell to me

Victor Frankenstein

Today: how Shelley presents Victor’s horror on the night after the creation

30 minutes

Do Now

Know

1. In which town does Victor study natural philosophy?
2. Who is Victor’s closest friend from childhood?
3. How tall does Victor decide to make the creature?
4. Who writes down Victor’s story, and who does he write to?
5. What does “languor” mean?

Do Now: answers

Know

1. In which town does Victor study natural philosophy?
   Ingolstadt

2. Who is Victor’s closest friend from childhood?
   Henry Clerval

3. How tall does Victor decide to make the creature?
   About eight feet

4. Who writes down Victor’s story, and who does he write to?
   Robert Walton, in letters to his sister

5. What does “languor” mean?
   Weakness and tiredness

Focus reminder

Know

What the Frankenstein question asks you to do

Start with the extract: find two or three short quotations that answer the question.

Write “Shelley presents…”. Victor, the creature and Walton are characters Shelley built, so write about her choices.

Then move to the novel as a whole: where else does Shelley show this? Use at least two other chapters.

Say why: what did Shelley want her first readers to think about?

The night after the creation

Read

Mary Shelley · 1831 edition · Chapter 5

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly, that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others, I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror, I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space were now become a hell to me; and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered to my sleepless and aching eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court, which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view.