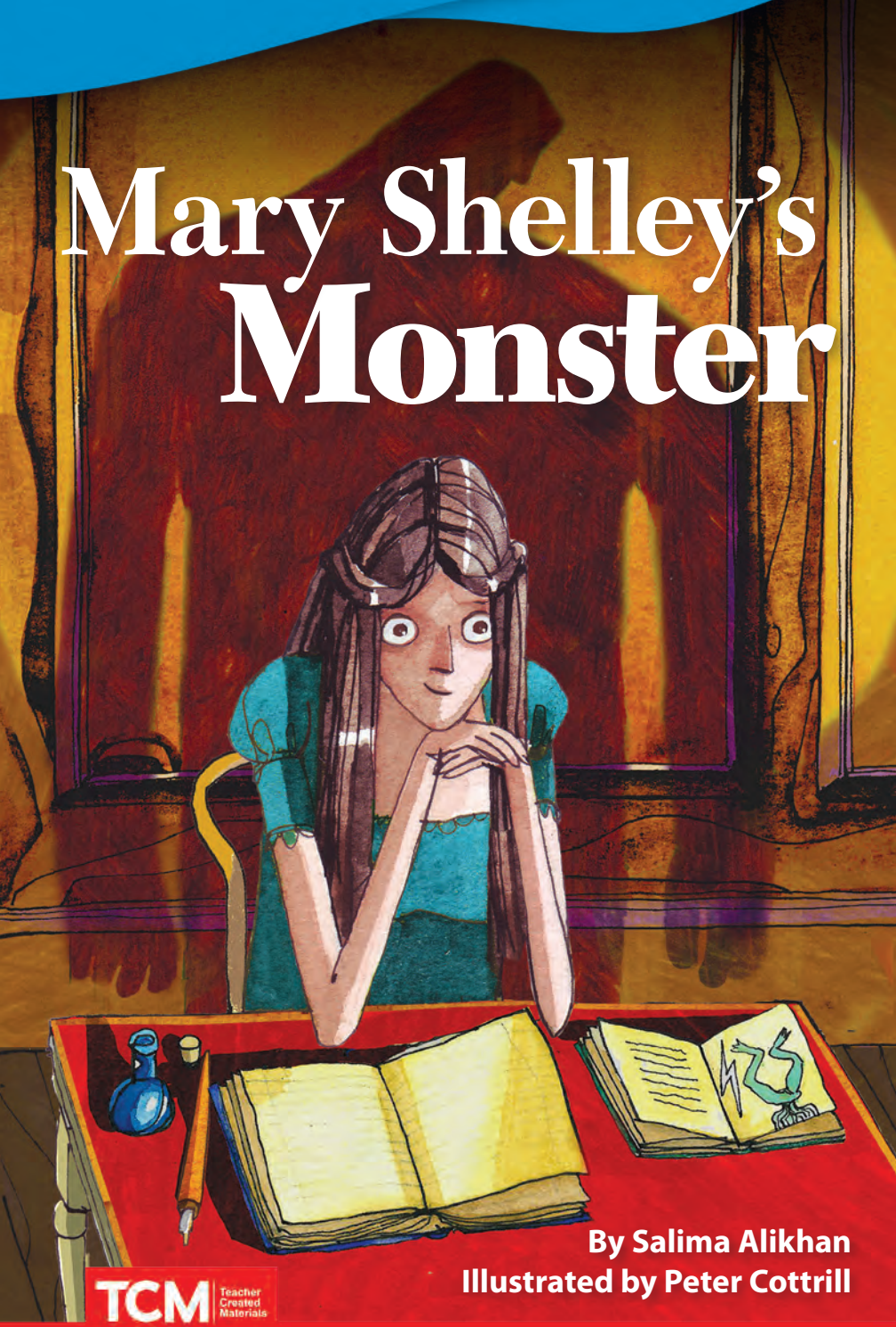
Mary Shelley's Monster



By Salima Alikhan
Illustrated by Peter Cottrill

TCM Teacher Created Materials

Table of Contents

Chapter One:
Born to Daydream 5

Chapter Two:
Life and Death 13

Chapter Three:
The Competition 17

Chapter Four:
A Dream of a Monster 23

Chapter Five:
My Hideous Progeny 27

About Us 32

For Review Only



For Review Only

CHAPTER ONE



Born to Daydream

My name is Mary Shelley, and I'm a writer. It is the stormy summer of 1816—the summer that will inspire me to create one of the most famous fictional monsters in the world.

This summer happens to be the coldest and wettest one that Europe has seen in a long time. Percy and I have

For Review Only

left our home country of England to travel through Europe.

Neigh, snort. The horses whinny and grunt as their muscular legs work. They're pulling our carriage through the winding Jura Mountains, which will take us out of France and into Switzerland.

"Look at the landscape, Mary." Percy peeks over my shoulder. He points out the window at the snowy Swiss Alps looming in the distance. "Switzerland will be beautiful—the perfect place to write!"

I agree. It is nice to get out of England for a while. Percy is a poet. We are on our way to Lake Geneva to meet another English poet, Lord Byron. He has invited us to his house in Switzerland, and it promises to be an adventure.

"What do you think your mother would have thought about our trip?" Percy asks me as we rumble along.

My mother, Mary Wollstonecraft,

For Review Only

died 11 days after I was born. I never got to know her, but I like to think she's proud of the woman I am—even if I'm only 18 years old.

I smile. "She would have been proud of us."

Like Percy and me, my mother was a radical. She was one of the very first feminist writers, and she worked hard to promote the rights of women. Many people don't think women deserve the same rights as men. But I believe the same thing my mother believed: that women should decide their own fates.

"What do you think the Swiss people will be like?" Percy asks.

I know he is worried that the Swiss will treat us the same way some English people do. In England, we get in trouble for our nontraditional beliefs. Percy's writing and poetry criticize our country's government.

"We'll find other people who believe in the same things we do," I say.

Percy and I both return to looking

For Review Only

out the window. I'm glad we have each other. We don't believe that the wealthy should have so much control. We think that the wealthy should help the poor and that everyone should be able to enjoy the world.

"What are you writing?" Percy asks as I take out my journal.

"I want to describe this landscape," I tell him. "It's haunting and beautiful."



For Review Only

Writing and daydreaming are my favorite things to do. I've been writing stories ever since I was a little girl. I thoughtfully describe this bizarre landscape in my journal: There are jagged mountains, snow, and bare trees. It's a desolate, ghostly place. I imagine it's the kind of place monsters might live.

Sometimes, all I have to do is look at a landscape and I start to imagine the



For Review Only

odd, sometimes otherworldly creatures and people that *could* live there.

When I was younger, I lived in Scotland for a while. There, I spent hours looking out over a harbor. I imagined the kinds of creatures that would haunt Scotland's cold waters, high mountains, and deep lakes.

I blink, and I'm back to staring at the bleak, lonely Swiss landscape.

"I wonder what kinds of strange creatures would live here," I whisper as our carriage rumbles closer to Lake Geneva.

I have a feeling monsters roam these mountains.

Finally, we arrive at Lake Geneva. Its water is a brilliant sky blue, and it's surrounded by steep mountains.

The dashing, dark-haired Lord Byron and another man stride out of the house to meet us.

"I'm so happy to meet you," Lord Byron says. "Please meet my personal doctor, Dr. Polidori." He introduces us

For Review Only