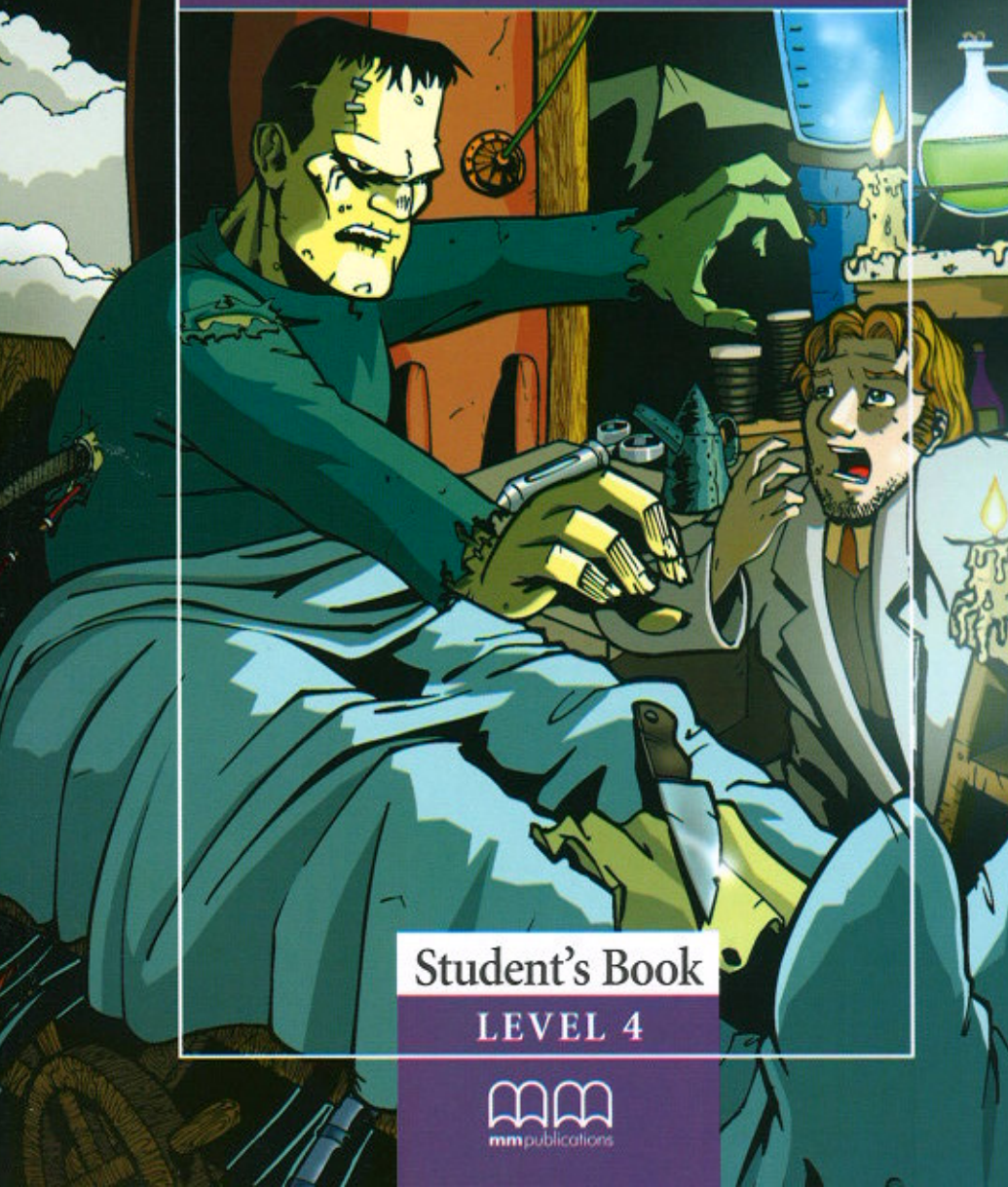


Graded Readers

FRANKENSTEIN

MARY SHELLEY



Student's Book

LEVEL 4


mmpublications

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CHAPTER I



To Mrs Saville, England

St Petersburg, December 11th 17—

My dearest Margaret,

I just wanted to let you know that I've arrived in St Petersburg. My journey to the North Pole begins tomorrow and I'm really looking forward to it. I know you're worried about me but I promise you I'll be fine. I've been waiting for this opportunity for six long years and soon my curiosity will be satisfied. I'm going to visit a land no one has ever visited before and I'm going to be famous. Please try to understand, Margaret, this is my only chance for glory.

I plan to leave for the town of Archangel in about two or three weeks. There, I will hire a ship and try to convince as many sailors as I can to join me on my journey. I intend to set sail in June but I don't know when I'll return.

Farewell, my dear Margaret.

Your affectionate brother,

R. Walton.

Archangel, March 28th, 17—

Dear Margaret,

I have taken a step towards getting closer to the North Pole. I hired a ship last week and I'm currently trying to find sailors to come with me on my journey. Everything's going well, but I'm so lonely here, Margaret. I wish I could share my thoughts and concerns with someone. Sadly, I won't find a friend here in Archangel and I certainly won't make any friends on the open sea. Still, I'm determined to go ahead with my journey.

The winter has been very cold, but spring may come early this year and I might set sail sooner than I'd planned. I'm about to explore an unknown land and I'm very excited! Don't worry, Margaret, I promise I'll be careful.

Please continue to write to me.

Your affectionate brother

Robert Walton



July 7th, 17—

My dearest Margaret,

A brief note just to let you know that I'm safe and that my journey is progressing smoothly. I miss England terribly, but I'm still feeling good. The weather's been pleasant, except for some strong winds, and my men have proven themselves to be hard workers. They're as determined to reach the North Pole as I am. I will succeed, Margaret; I know I will.

I must go now my beloved sister.

R.W.

August 5th, 17—

My dearest Margaret,

I'm writing to tell you about the strange things that happened last week. On Monday morning, we woke up to discover that we were trapped - our ship was surrounded by ice and the fog was so thick, that we couldn't see a thing in any direction. There was nothing we could do except wait for the weather to improve. At about two o'clock, the mist began to clear and that's when we saw a gigantic man speed past us on a dogsled. It was such a strange sight! Two hours later, the ice broke and we were freed, but we decided to stay where we were for a while.

The next morning, I heard the sailors chatting excitedly. A dogsled had drifted towards the ship on a sheet of ice and the sailors were talking to the man on the sled. He looked thin and cold and only one of his dogs was alive.

I persuaded the man to come on board and we wrapped him up in blankets and gave him some soup. When he was feeling a little better, I asked him why he had been out on the ice.

'I'm looking for someone,' he said.

'And was this person travelling on a dogsled too?' I asked.

'Yes,' replied the stranger.

Then I told him that we'd seen a giant man on a sled the day before.

'Do you think that the ice might have destroyed his sled?' the stranger asked.

'I'm not sure, but it's possible,' I answered. The stranger seemed happy to hear that. He's doing much better now and his mood has changed considerably in the last couple of days. His name is Victor Frankenstein and he's a good man, Margaret. Perhaps I will make a new friend after all.

August 13th, 17—

I'm happy to report that the stranger is becoming a friend. He's a wise and gentle man and I enjoy talking to him. He has recovered from his illness and now spends most of his time on the deck. I think he's still searching for the man on the dogsled. We were talking about my journey yesterday, and I said that I would sacrifice anything to succeed, even my own life. It would be a small price to pay for knowledge, I told him. Victor became very angry when he heard this.

'Don't be foolish! When I tell you my story, you'll change your mind!' he shouted.

His reaction surprised me. Then he said, 'I've lost everything and I can't begin a new life now. You still have hope.' His eyes were full of sadness and I felt sorry for him.



For teachers' inspection ONLY

August 19th, 17—

Yesterday, Victor said, 'I'm sure that you've realised, Captain Walton, that I've suffered a great deal. Terrible things have happened to me and I swore that I'd never tell anyone about them. But you've made me change my mind. You want knowledge and wisdom, like I once did. I paid the price for my curiosity. I want you to hear my story so that you don't make the same mistake.'

I can't wait to hear his story, Margaret. Tomorrow, he will tell me everything...