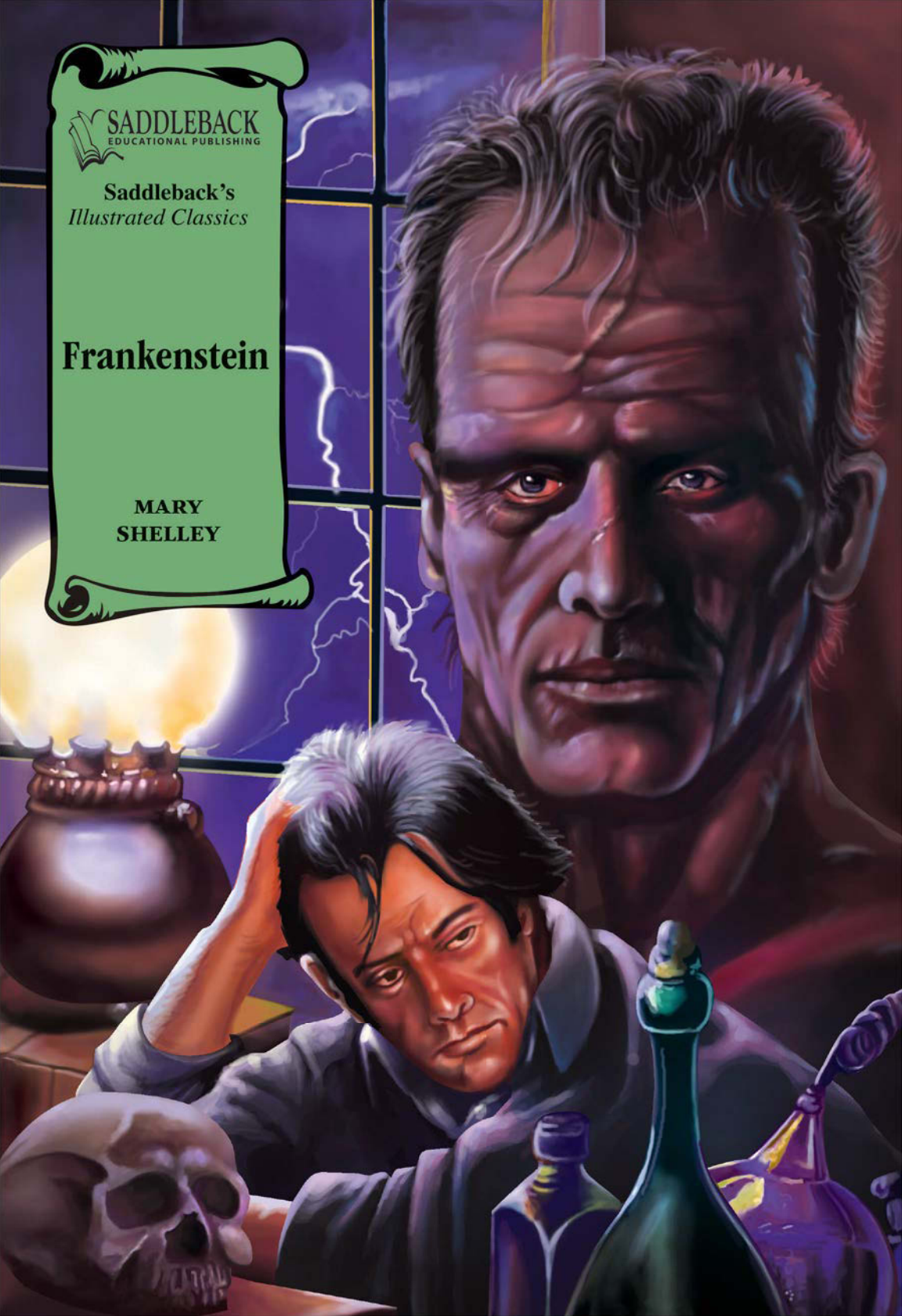




Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics

Frankenstein

MARY
SHELLEY



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*



Copyright © 2006, 2012 by Saddleback Educational Publishing.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system without the written permission of the publisher. SADDLEBACK EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING and any associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Saddleback Educational Publishing.

ISBN: 978-1-56254-898-8

eBook: 978-1-60291-148-2

Printed in Malaysia

25 24 23 22 21 11 12 13 14 15

Mary Shelley

Mary Shelley, an English author, was born in 1797. Her father, William Goodwin, was a well-known philosopher. Her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft, was one of the very first to champion equal rights for women.

When she was 16 years old, Mary met the famous poet Percy Bysshe Shelley. Though he was married and she was just a young girl, they ran away together. The couple married several years later, and Shelley's first wife died.

Mary Shelley's novel, *Frankenstein*, has been the basis for many horror movies. She got the idea for the book while she and her husband were visiting the poet Lord Byron. Byron suggested that they all write a ghost story, and later the idea for the tale came to Mary in a dream. The novel explores the dreadful consequences to a scientist who creates a human being.

After her husband drowned in a sailing accident, Mary Shelley supported herself and her children by writing novels and travel books and editing her husband's poetry.

She died in 1851.

Mary Shelley

Frankenstein



Victor
Frankenstein



Elizabeth



Henry Clerval



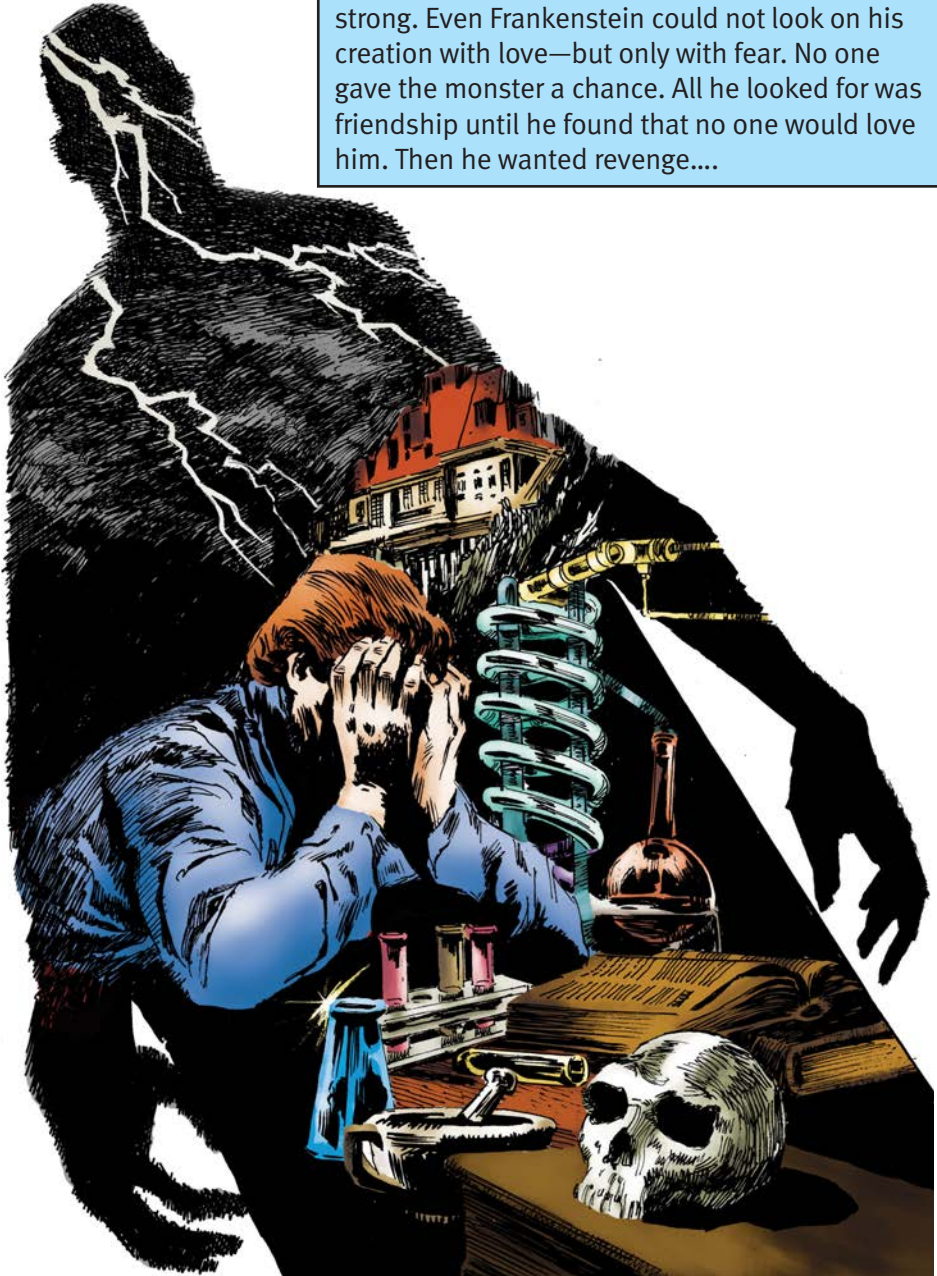
The Monster



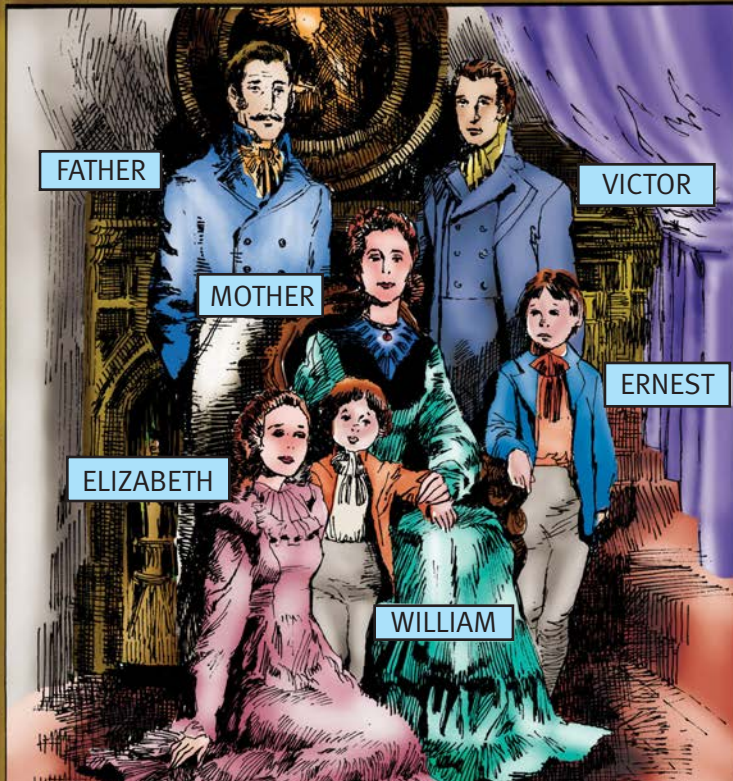
Ernest

Willie

Frankenstein wanted fame as a scientist. He wanted to find the secrets of life so that all people could live without fear of death. But something went wrong—his creation was a monster, ugly and strong. Even Frankenstein could not look on his creation with love—but only with fear. No one gave the monster a chance. All he looked for was friendship until he found that no one would love him. Then he wanted revenge....



There lived a happy family in Geneva, Switzerland, in the mid-1700s.



After posing for this portrait painted by an artist...

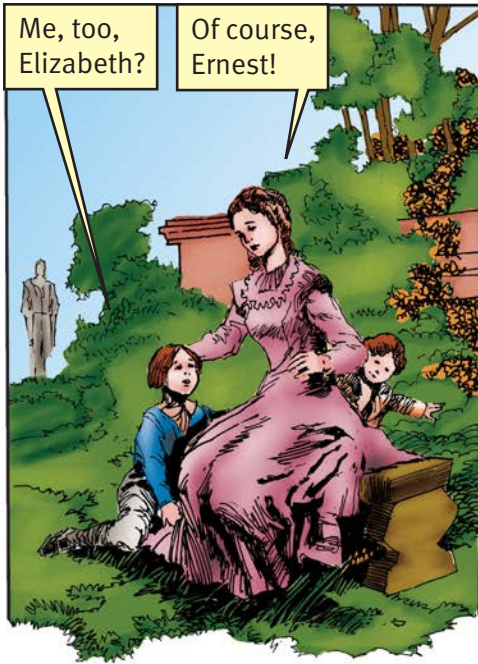
It was nice of you to have me in the picture since I'm not really one of the Frankenstein family!



What does it matter that your parents are dead, my dear, whom we took into our family? We love you just as we do our own three boys, even though we say to others you are their "cousin."

And I love you like brothers.





After his mother died, young Victor Frankenstein's thoughts were filled with the idea that he would soon go to college.



I know about the laws of electricity. I shall study all the natural sciences.



But most of all, I want to carefully study chemistry and how it affects the biology of life. How famous I'd be, if I could do away with human sickness and make men safe except for death by accident.



Finally the day he was to leave came.

Goodbye, father! Be good, Ernest and Willie!

We'll all miss you, my boy!



I'm going to miss you most of all, Victor!

Dear Elizabeth! May time go by quickly while I'm gone. When I return from the university...well, we shall see!



Also there with good wishes was Victor's boyhood friend, Henry Clerval.

I wish I could get an education, too, Victor. But my father says I must work in his business.

Too bad, Henry! Come and see me when you can. Good-bye!



Somewhat sadly, young Victor Frankenstein darted into the carriage for his journey away from home.

I know I'll be sad and lonely, leaving my family and friends! But I look forward to studying science, my great interest, at the university!



And so it was that young Victor Frankenstein, filled with high hopes, went to college in Ingolstadt, in the high Alps.

I'll study chemistry and find a new way to look into unknown powers, and show the world the deepest mysteries of creation!



M. Krempe, Frankenstein's first teacher, was a strange man but he knew much about the secrets of science.

How can I hope to learn all I must know!

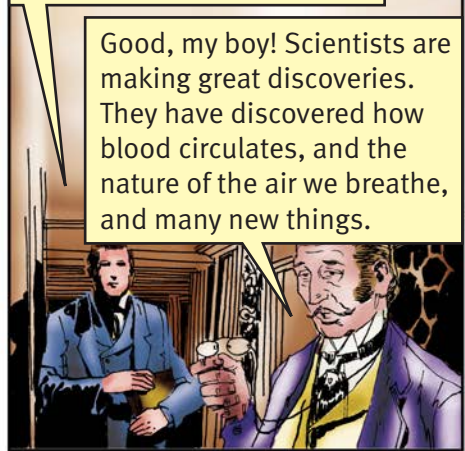
You must read, my boy. Read everything you can find and study what is said.



The young student learned much from his hours with M. Waldman, the famous natural scientist.

My eyes are opening to new things from your classes, sir.

Good, my boy! Scientists are making great discoveries. They have discovered how blood circulates, and the nature of the air we breathe, and many new things.



But I want to find out more. What causes life?

What causes the human body to wear out and die?

Can I possibly find the way to bring life to unliving matter?



Frankenstein began to work on creating life. He searched in graveyards and morgues for dead bodies on which he could experiment.

Lifeless bodies! If I can create life from this, it will be a new kind of man. And I will make him smarter than other men!



For his horrible experiments, Frankenstein found an old house, set off by itself.

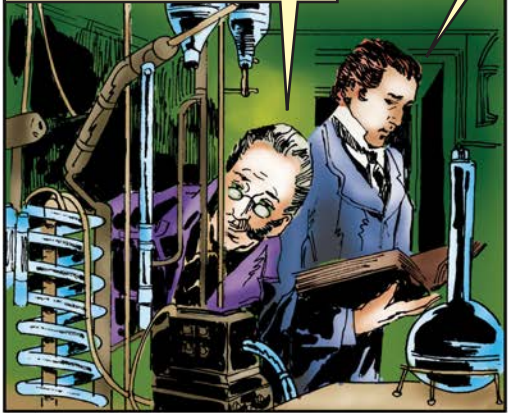
I cannot tell Professor Waldman, or my other teachers, what I am working on. They might consider it against God!



The rest of the time he was an excellent student, and two years later, Frankenstein earned the praise of his teacher.

Only your mind, my dear Frankenstein, could have made these discoveries.

Thank you, sir.



Not at all, my boy! In fact, you have left us all behind in your studies. You've set yourself at the head of the college in chemistry! You, just a youngster! You can be proud!



But Frankenstein had greater desires and worked nightly at his secret experiment.

Am I getting closer to my goal?
Will this new chemical bring life to a man made up of the dead flesh I've put together?



And on a dark night in November a strange event took place.

Can I give life to this lifeless creature, put together by my own hands? Will my chemical work and give him life?



If so, a new kind of life will bless me as its creator! I made him very large, eight feet tall. Ah! He moved an arm!

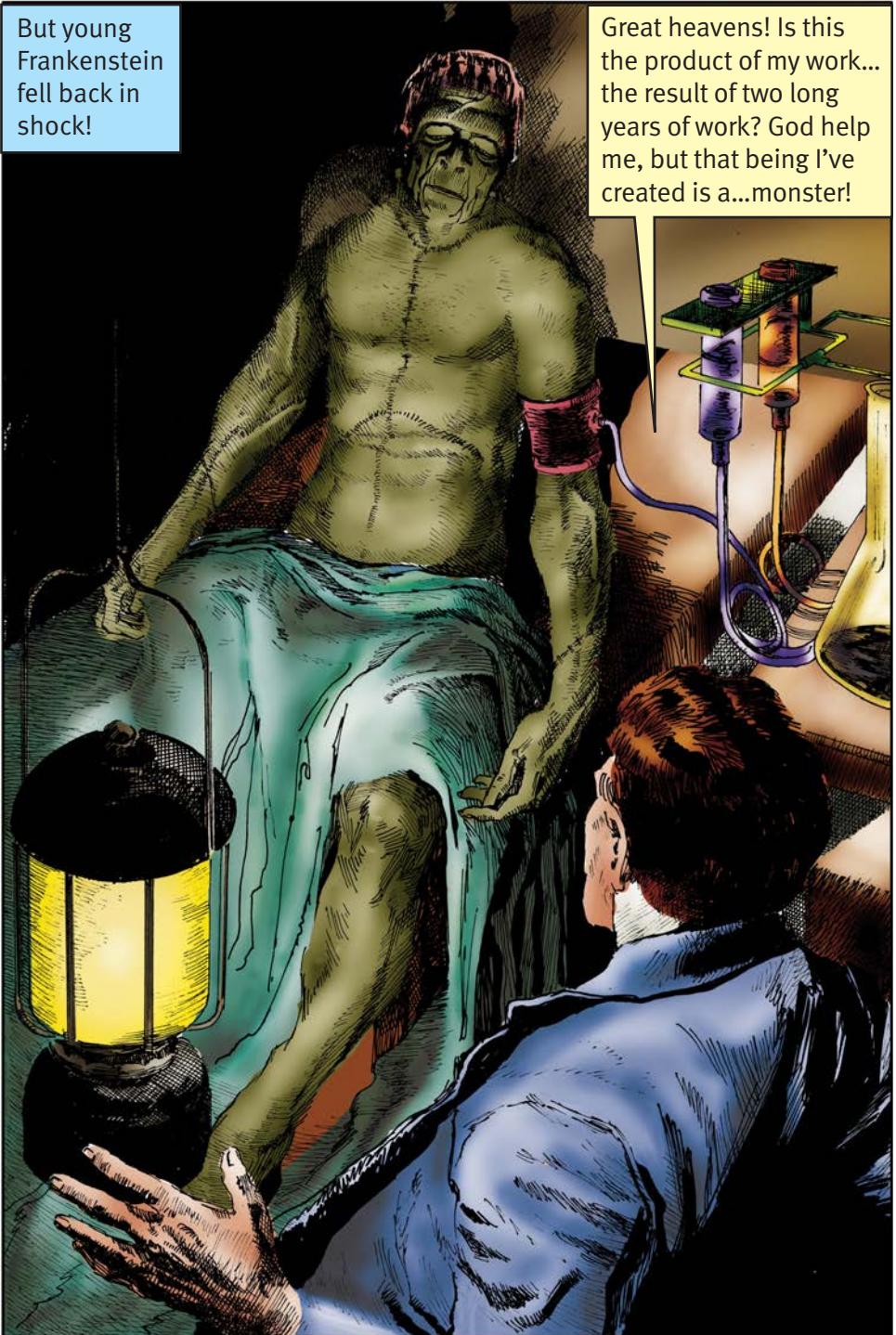


Now let me see the result of my work.



But young Frankenstein fell back in shock!

Great heavens! Is this the product of my work... the result of two long years of work? God help me, but that being I've created is a...monster!



Unable to stand looking at the being he had created, Frankenstein rushed out of the room.

The beauty of my dream has disappeared and I am afraid of what I've done!



During the night he awoke frightened and saw what the yellow light of the moon showed him.

It's that creature...the miserable monster I created! He's staring at me...making strange sounds...with a smile on his face.



Ulgg?
Ulgg?

At first, in his bedroom, he could not get to sleep, but at last...

I'm tired...I must rest.



Frankenstein rushed downstairs to the courtyard and walked up and down for the rest of the night.

I fear each sound, as if it were to tell of the coming of that horrible body to which I gave life.

