

OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 9 ENGLISH/HOMEWORK 8**NAME (FIRST AND LAST):**_____ **GRADE:**_____

Read the following Spark Notes summaries of Chapters 15, 16, and 17 of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*.

Summary: Chapter 15

While foraging for food in the woods around the cottage one night, the monster finds an abandoned leather satchel containing some clothes and books. Eager to learn more about the world than he can discover through the chink in the cottage wall, he brings the books back to his hovel and begins to read. The books include Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's *Sorrows of Werter*, a volume of Plutarch's *Lives*, and John Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the last of which has the most profound effect on the monster. Unaware that *Paradise Lost* is a work of imagination, he reads it as a factual history and finds much similarity between the story and his own situation. Rifling through the pockets of his own clothes, stolen long ago from Victor's apartment, he finds some papers from Victor's journal. With his newfound ability to read, he soon understands the horrific manner of his own creation and the disgust with which his creator regarded him.

Dismayed by these discoveries, the monster wishes to reveal himself to the cottagers in the hope that they will see past his hideous exterior and befriend him. He decides to approach the blind De Lacey first, hoping to win him over while Felix, Agatha, and Safie are away. He believes that De Lacey, unprejudiced against his hideous exterior, may be able to convince the others of his gentle nature.

The perfect opportunity soon presents itself, as Felix, Agatha, and Safie depart one day for a long walk. The monster nervously enters the cottage and begins to speak to the old man. Just as he begins to explain his situation, however, the other three return unexpectedly. Felix drives the monster away, horrified by his appearance.

Summary: Chapter 16

In the wake of this rejection, the monster swears to revenge himself against all human beings, his creator in particular. Journeying for months out of sight of others, he makes his way toward Geneva. On the way, he spots a young girl, seemingly alone; the girl slips into a stream and appears to be on the verge of drowning. When the monster rescues the girl from the water, the man accompanying her, suspecting him of having attacked her, shoots him.

As he nears Geneva, the monster runs across Victor's younger brother, William, in the woods. When William mentions that his father is Alphonse Frankenstein, the monster erupts in a rage of vengeance and strangles the boy to death with his bare hands. He takes a picture of Caroline Frankenstein that the boy has been holding and places it in the folds of the dress of a girl sleeping in a barn—Justine Moritz, who is later executed for William's murder.

Having explained to Victor the circumstances behind William's murder and Justine's conviction, the monster implores Victor to create another monster to accompany him and be his mate.

Summary: Chapter 17

The monster tells Victor that it is his right to have a female monster companion. Victor refuses at first, but the monster appeals to Victor's sense of responsibility as his creator. He tells Victor that all of his evil actions have been the result of a desperate loneliness. He promises to take his new mate to South America to hide in the jungle far from human contact. With the sympathy of a fellow monster, he argues, he will no longer be compelled to kill. Convinced by these arguments, Victor finally agrees to create a female monster. Overjoyed but still skeptical, the monster tells Victor that he will monitor Victor's progress and that Victor need not worry about contacting him when his work is done.

Multiple Choice

Chapter 15

1. Where did the creature find a stack of books and clothing?
 - a) The cottage.
 - b) A portmanteau.
 - c) An abandoned church.
 - d) A village store.
2. What stories of "gentle and domestic manners" did the creature find fascinating?
 - a) Paradise Lost.
 - b) Plutarch's Lives.
 - c) The daily lives of the cottagers.
 - d) Sorrows of Werter.
3. In which book did the creature learn about founders of ancient republics?
 - a) Paradise Lost.
 - b) Plutarch's Lives.
 - c) Sorrows of Werter.
 - d) The Bible.
4. What did the creature read in Frankenstein's papers that leaves him hating his creator?
 - a) Frankenstein's purpose for creating him.
 - b) Frankenstein's opinions of his appearance.
 - c) The materials used to make him.
 - d) Frankenstein's lack of concern for his appearance.
5. What, besides Safie's arrival, changed for the cottagers?
 - a) They seemed to have more money and servants to help them.
 - b) There were preparing to move.

- c) They were more miserable than ever.
 - d) They were not getting along well.
6. Who did the creature say he was when he knocked on Mr. DeLacey's door?
- a) A potential servant.
 - b) A traveler.
 - c) A long lost relative.
 - d) A friend of Felix's.

Chapter 16

1. What did the creature do after his disastrous attempt to befriend the cottagers?
 - a) He ran away.
 - b) He attempted suicide.
 - c) He wreaked havoc and destruction in the woods.
 - d) He burned down his hovel.
2. Why didn't the creature return to his hovel after his attempt to befriend the cottagers?
 - a) It had burned down.
 - b) He was afraid of being seen.
 - c) He no longer wanted to do with the cottagers.
 - d) The cottagers had locked it up.
3. Why did Felix decide to leave the cottage?
 - a) Because his father's life was in danger.
 - b) Because he was afraid for the safety of his future children.
 - c) Because he could no longer pay the rent.
 - d) Because his sister was ill.
4. What season was it when the creature begins travelling to his creator's hometown?
 - a) Summer.
 - b) Fall.
 - c) Winter.
 - d) Spring.
5. Why did the creature only travel at night?
 - a) To avoid the sun.
 - b) Because he can see better at night.
 - c) Because he would prefer to read during the day.
 - d) To avoid man.
6. During his journey, why was the creature shot?
 - a) He was caught stealing.
 - b) He threatened to kill a man.
 - c) He tried to take advantage of a young girl.

- d) He made the mistake of following a man and young girl.
7. Why did the creature seize William Frankenstein's throat?
- a) To kill him.
 - b) To silence him.
 - c) To threaten him.
 - d) To soothe him.
8. Why did the creature take the locket around William's neck?
- a) He liked the picture inside.
 - b) He hoped to sell it.
 - c) He felt it was wasted on the dead child.
 - d) He wanted to return it to Victor.
9. How did the creature imagine the woman in the portrait would feel if she ever set eyes on him?
- a) She would fall instantly in love with him.
 - b) She would be kinder than the others.
 - c) She would turn in disgust.
 - d) She would be frightened, but would give him a chance to show his gentle side.
10. Where did the creature come across Justine Moritz?
- a) On the road to Geneva.
 - b) In the Frankenstein home.
 - c) Sleeping near a river.
 - d) Asleep in a barn,
11. How did the creature address Justine Moritz when he met her?
- a) Sister.
 - b) Friend.
 - c) Lover.
 - d) Cousin.
12. Why did the creature put the locket in Justine Moritz's pocket?
- a) He thought she would like it.
 - b) He hoped she would be accused of the crime.
 - c) He wanted to assure her the child had died quickly.
 - d) He thought she looked like the woman in the picture.

Chapter 17

1. Why does Victor say he will not create a second creature?
- a) He will not be the creator of more misery for human kind.
 - b) He cannot remember how to do it.
 - c) He no longer enjoys working in science.
 - d) He does not have the time.

2. Why does the creature claim he is “malicious”?
 - a) He is ugly.
 - b) He is unwanted.
 - c) He is simply miserable.
 - d) He is tired.
3. What does Victor think of when he looks at his creature’s face?
 - a) The memory of his brother’s death.
 - b) The calculated way in which the creature set Justine up for murder.
 - c) The creature’s deceitful behaviours.
 - d) The creature’s appalling appearance.
4. What does the creature promise he will do when Victor gives him a companion?
 - a) He will not bother him again.
 - b) He will exile himself, ever to be around humans again.
 - c) He will give him a large sum of money.
 - d) He will kill himself after a certain time.
5. What does the creature tell Victor he will do to make sure he keeps his promise?
 - a) Keep his bankbook so he cannot run away.
 - b) Keep an eye on him.
 - c) Keep Elizabeth hostage.
 - d) Become his constant companion.
6. What does Victor do at the end of Chapter 17 after speaking all night with the creature?
 - a) Sleep.
 - b) Visit the magistrate.
 - c) Write a letter to Elizabeth to warn her to watch out for the creature.
 - d) Quickly return home.

Short Answer Questions

1. What caused the creature to begin to wonder about his own origins?

2. What does the creature find in the clothing he took from Frankenstein that alerts him to the way in which he came to life? How does this make him feel?

3. Why does the creature think he might have a good chance of winning the affection of the cottagers if he approaches the father first?

4. How do Agatha and Safie respond to the creature when they find him speaking with Mr. DeLacey?

5. How does the creature respond when he learns that the cottagers plan to move because of their encounter with him?

6. Why does the creature attempt to kidnap William?

7. Who or what does the creature say he initially blamed for his unhappiness? What does the creature finally realize is the true cause of his unhappiness?

8. What does the creature ask Victor to give to him?

READING COMPREHENSION/LITERARY ANALYSIS

Read Chapter 15 of *Frankenstein* and answer the questions that follow.

Chapter 15

"Such was the history of my beloved cottagers. It impressed me deeply. I learned, from the views of social life which it developed, to admire their virtues and to deprecate the vices of mankind.

"As yet I looked upon crime as a distant evil, benevolence and generosity were ever present before me, inciting within me a desire to become an actor in the busy scene where so many admirable qualities were called forth and displayed. But in giving an account of the progress of my intellect, I must not omit a circumstance which occurred in the beginning of the month of August of the same year.

"One night during my accustomed visit to the neighbouring wood where I collected my own food and brought home firing for my protectors, I found on the ground a leathern portmanteau containing several articles of dress and some books. I eagerly seized the prize and returned with it to my hovel. Fortunately the books were written in the language, the elements of which I had acquired at the cottage; they consisted of *Paradise Lost*, a volume of *Plutarch's Lives*, and the *Sorrows of Werter*. The possession of these treasures gave me extreme delight; I now continually studied and exercised my mind upon these histories, whilst my friends were employed in their ordinary occupations.

"I can hardly describe to you the effect of these books. They produced in me an infinity of new images and feelings, that sometimes raised me to ecstasy, but more frequently sunk me into the lowest dejection. In the *Sorrows of Werter*, besides the interest of its simple and affecting story, so many opinions are canvassed and so many lights thrown upon what had hitherto been to me obscure subjects that I found in it a never-ending source of speculation and astonishment. The gentle and domestic manners it described, combined with lofty sentiments and feelings, which had for their object something out of self, accorded well with my experience among my protectors and with the wants which were forever alive in my own bosom. But I thought *Werter* himself a more divine being than I had ever beheld or imagined; his character contained no pretension, but it sank deep. The disquisitions upon death and suicide were calculated to fill me with wonder. I did not pretend to enter into the merits of the case, yet I inclined towards the opinions of the hero, whose extinction I wept, without precisely understanding it.

"As I read, however, I applied much personally to my own feelings and condition. I found myself similar yet at the same time strangely unlike to the beings concerning whom I read and to whose conversation I was a listener. I sympathized with and partly understood them, but I was unformed in mind; I was dependent on none and related to none. 'The path of my departure was free,' and there was none to lament my annihilation. My person was hideous and my stature gigantic. What did this mean? Who was I? What was I? Whence did I come? What was my destination? These questions continually recurred, but I was unable to solve them.

"The volume of *Plutarch's Lives* which I possessed contained the histories of the first founders of the ancient republics. This book had a far different effect upon me from the *Sorrows of Werter*. I learned from *Werter's* imaginations despondency and gloom, but *Plutarch* taught me high thoughts; he elevated me above the wretched sphere of my own reflections, to admire and love the heroes of past ages. Many things I read surpassed my understanding and experience. I had a very confused knowledge of kingdoms, wide extents of country, mighty rivers, and boundless seas. But I was perfectly unacquainted with towns and large assemblages of men. The cottage of my protectors had been the only school in which I had studied human nature, but this book developed new and mightier scenes of action. I read of men concerned in public affairs, governing or massacring their species. I felt the greatest ardour for virtue rise within me, and abhorrence for vice, as far as I understood the signification of those terms, relative as they were, as I applied them, to pleasure and pain alone. Induced by these feelings, I was of course led to admire peaceable lawgivers, Numa, Solon, and Lycurgus, in preference to Romulus and Theseus. The patriarchal lives of my protectors caused these

impressions to take a firm hold on my mind; perhaps, if my first introduction to humanity had been made by a young soldier, burning for glory and slaughter, I should have been imbued with different sensations.

"But Paradise Lost excited different and far deeper emotions. I read it, as I had read the other volumes which had fallen into my hands, as a true history. It moved every feeling of wonder and awe that the picture of an omnipotent God warring with his creatures was capable of exciting. I often referred the several situations, as their similarity struck me, to my own. Like Adam, I was apparently united by no link to any other being in existence; but his state was far different from mine in every other respect. He had come forth from the hands of God a perfect creature, happy and prosperous, guarded by the especial care of his Creator; he was allowed to converse with and acquire knowledge from beings of a superior nature, but I was wretched, helpless, and alone. Many times I considered Satan as the fitter emblem of my condition, for often, like him, when I viewed the bliss of my protectors, the bitter gall of envy rose within me.

"Another circumstance strengthened and confirmed these feelings. Soon after my arrival in the hovel I discovered some papers in the pocket of the dress which I had taken from your laboratory. At first I had neglected them, but now that I was able to decipher the characters in which they were written, I began to study them with diligence. It was your journal of the four months that preceded my creation. You minutely described in these papers every step you took in the progress of your work; this history was mingled with accounts of domestic occurrences. You doubtless recollect these papers. Here they are. Everything is related in them which bears reference to my accursed origin; the whole detail of that series of disgusting circumstances which produced it is set in view; the minutest description of my odious and loathsome person is given, in language which painted your own horrors and rendered mine indelible. I sickened as I read. 'Hateful day when I received life!' I exclaimed in agony. 'Accursed creator! Why did you form a monster so hideous that even YOU turned from me in disgust? God, in pity, made man beautiful and alluring, after his own image; but my form is a filthy type of yours, more horrid even from the very resemblance. Satan had his companions, fellow devils, to admire and encourage him, but I am solitary and abhorred.'

"These were the reflections of my hours of despondency and solitude; but when I contemplated the virtues of the cottagers, their amiable and benevolent dispositions, I persuaded myself that when they should become acquainted with my admiration of their virtues they would compassionate me and overlook my personal deformity. Could they turn from their door one, however monstrous, who solicited their compassion and friendship? I resolved, at least, not to despair, but in every way to fit myself for an interview with them which would decide my fate. I postponed this attempt for some months longer, for the importance attached to its success inspired me with a dread lest I should fail. Besides, I found that my understanding improved so much with every day's experience that I was unwilling to commence this undertaking until a few more months should have added to my sagacity.

"Several changes, in the meantime, took place in the cottage. The presence of Safie diffused happiness among its inhabitants, and I also found that a greater degree of plenty reigned there. Felix and Agatha spent more time in amusement and conversation, and were assisted in their labours by servants. They did not appear rich, but they were contented and happy; their feelings were serene and peaceful, while mine became every day more tumultuous. Increase of knowledge only discovered to me more clearly what a wretched outcast I was. I cherished hope, it is true, but it vanished when I beheld my person reflected in water or my shadow in the moonshine, even as that frail image and that inconstant shade.

"I endeavoured to crush these fears and to fortify myself for the trial which in a few months I resolved to undergo; and sometimes I allowed my thoughts, unchecked by reason, to ramble in the fields of Paradise, and dared to fancy amiable and lovely creatures sympathizing with my feelings and cheering my gloom; their angelic countenances breathed smiles of consolation. But it was all a dream; no Eve soothed my sorrows nor shared my thoughts; I was alone. I remembered Adam's supplication to his Creator. But where was mine? He had abandoned me, and in the bitterness of my heart I cursed him.

"Autumn passed thus. I saw, with surprise and grief, the leaves decay and fall, and nature again assume the barren and bleak appearance it had worn when I first beheld the woods and the lovely moon. Yet I did not heed the bleakness of the weather; I was better fitted by my conformation for the endurance of cold than heat. But my chief delights were the sight of the flowers, the birds, and all the gay apparel of summer; when those deserted me, I turned with more attention towards the cottagers. Their happiness was not decreased by the absence of summer. They loved and sympathized with one another; and their joys, depending on each other, were not interrupted by the casualties that took place around them. The more I saw of them, the greater became my desire to claim their protection and kindness; my heart yearned to be known and loved by these amiable creatures; to see their sweet looks directed towards me with affection was the utmost limit of my ambition. I dared not think that they would turn them from me with disdain and horror. The poor that stopped at their door were never driven away. I asked, it is true, for greater treasures than a little food or rest: I required kindness and sympathy; but I did not believe myself utterly unworthy of it.

"The winter advanced, and an entire revolution of the seasons had taken place since I awoke into life. My attention at this time was solely directed towards my plan of introducing myself into the cottage of my protectors. I revolved many projects, but that on which I finally fixed was to enter the dwelling when the blind old man should be alone. I had sagacity enough to discover that the unnatural hideousness of my person was the chief object of horror with those who had formerly beheld me. My voice, although harsh, had nothing terrible in it; I thought, therefore, that if in the absence of his children I could gain the good will and mediation of the old De Lacey, I might by his means be tolerated by my younger protectors.

"One day, when the sun shone on the red leaves that strewed the ground and diffused cheerfulness, although it denied warmth, Safie, Agatha, and Felix departed on a long country walk, and the old man, at his own desire, was left alone in the cottage. When his children had departed, he took up his guitar and played several mournful but sweet airs, more sweet and mournful than I had ever heard him play before. At first his countenance was illuminated with pleasure, but as he continued, thoughtfulness and sadness succeeded; at length, laying aside the instrument, he sat absorbed in reflection.

"My heart beat quick; this was the hour and moment of trial, which would decide my hopes or realize my fears. The servants were gone to a neighbouring fair. All was silent in and around the cottage; it was an excellent opportunity; yet, when I proceeded to execute my plan, my limbs failed me and I sank to the ground. Again I rose, and exerting all the firmness of which I was master, removed the planks which I had placed before my hovel to conceal my retreat. The fresh air revived me, and with renewed determination I approached the door of their cottage.

"I knocked. 'Who is there?' said the old man. 'Come in.'

"I entered. 'Pardon this intrusion,' said I; 'I am a traveller in want of a little rest; you would greatly oblige me if you would allow me to remain a few minutes before the fire.'

"'Enter,' said De Lacey, 'and I will try in what manner I can to relieve your wants; but, unfortunately, my children are from home, and as I am blind, I am afraid I shall find it difficult to procure food for you.'

"'Do not trouble yourself, my kind host; I have food; it is warmth and rest only that I need.'

"I sat down, and a silence ensued. I knew that every minute was precious to me, yet I remained irresolute in what manner to commence the interview, when the old man addressed me. 'By your language, stranger, I suppose you are my countryman; are you French?'

"'No; but I was educated by a French family and understand that language only. I am now going to claim the protection of some friends, whom I sincerely love, and of whose favour I have some hopes.'

"'Are they Germans?'

"No, they are French. But let us change the subject. I am an unfortunate and deserted creature, I look around and I have no relation or friend upon earth. These amiable people to whom I go have never seen me and know little of me. I am full of fears, for if I fail there, I am an outcast in the world forever.'

"Do not despair. To be friendless is indeed to be unfortunate, but the hearts of men, when unprejudiced by any obvious self-interest, are full of brotherly love and charity. Rely, therefore, on your hopes; and if these friends are good and amiable, do not despair.'

"They are kind—they are the most excellent creatures in the world; but, unfortunately, they are prejudiced against me. I have good dispositions; my life has been hitherto harmless and in some degree beneficial; but a fatal prejudice clouds their eyes, and where they ought to see a feeling and kind friend, they behold only a detestable monster.'

"That is indeed unfortunate; but if you are really blameless, cannot you undeceive them?'

"I am about to undertake that task; and it is on that account that I feel so many overwhelming terrors. I tenderly love these friends; I have, unknown to them, been for many months in the habits of daily kindness towards them; but they believe that I wish to injure them, and it is that prejudice which I wish to overcome.'

"Where do these friends reside?'

"Near this spot.'

"The old man paused and then continued, 'If you will unreservedly confide to me the particulars of your tale, I perhaps may be of use in undeceiving them. I am blind and cannot judge of your countenance, but there is something in your words which persuades me that you are sincere. I am poor and an exile, but it will afford me true pleasure to be in any way serviceable to a human creature.'

"Excellent man! I thank you and accept your generous offer. You raise me from the dust by this kindness; and I trust that, by your aid, I shall not be driven from the society and sympathy of your fellow creatures.'

"Heaven forbid! Even if you were really criminal, for that can only drive you to desperation, and not instigate you to virtue. I also am unfortunate; I and my family have been condemned, although innocent; judge, therefore, if I do not feel for your misfortunes.'

"How can I thank you, my best and only benefactor? From your lips first have I heard the voice of kindness directed towards me; I shall be forever grateful; and your present humanity assures me of success with those friends whom I am on the point of meeting.'

"May I know the names and residence of those friends?'

"I paused. This, I thought, was the moment of decision, which was to rob me of or bestow happiness on me forever. I struggled vainly for firmness sufficient to answer him, but the effort destroyed all my remaining strength; I sank on the chair and sobbed aloud. At that moment I heard the steps of my younger protectors. I had not a moment to lose, but seizing the hand of the old man, I cried, 'Now is the time! Save and protect me! You and your family are the friends whom I seek. Do not you desert me in the hour of trial!'

"Great God!' exclaimed the old man. 'Who are you?'

"At that instant the cottage door was opened, and Felix, Safie, and Agatha entered. Who can describe their horror and consternation on beholding me? Agatha fainted, and Safie, unable to attend to her friend, rushed out of the cottage. Felix darted forward, and with supernatural force tore me from his father, to whose knees I clung, in a transport of fury, he dashed me to the ground and struck me

violently with a stick. I could have torn him limb from limb, as the lion rends the antelope. But my heart sank within me as with bitter sickness, and I refrained. I saw him on the point of repeating his blow, when, overcome by pain and anguish, I quitted the cottage, and in the general tumult escaped unperceived to my hovel."

1. Based on Chapter 15, how does the creature present himself to Frankenstein?

2. Based on Chapter 15, how does Frankenstein present himself to Robert Walton?

3. Based on Chapter 15, how does Robert Walton present himself to Margaret Saville?

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4. Based on your responses to the preceding three questions, why does Mary Shelley's writing contain embedded narratives (a story within a story within a story)? Discuss Shelley's purpose.
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GRAMMAR

ACTIVE AND PASSIVE VOICE

- Voice refers to the relation of a subject to the action expressed by the verb.
- In the active voice, the subject does the action.
EXAMPLE: Robin **made** the dress last year.
- In the passive voice, the subject is acted upon.
EXAMPLE: The dress **was made** last year.
- Try to avoid overusing the passive voice in writing.

A. Underline each verb. Then write active or passive on the line.

- _____ 1. Under my father's direction, I was taught to be a bricklayer.
- _____ 2. As a child, I happily played with frogs and snakes.
- _____ 3. The songs were written by David Foster.
- _____ 4. Andrew flopped into the chair.
- _____ 5. The passed directly overhead, not half a metre from us.

B. Rewrite each sentence, using the active voice.

1. The telephone was invented by Alexander Graham Bell.

2. With this law, computer crimes will be punished severely.

3. The boat was carried to the landing by the strong wind.

4. March 21 was declared a special day by the United Nations in memory of those who died in Sharpeville, South Africa.

5. A press conference will be given at 6:00 P.M. by Alice Munro.

THE END