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|  | 1. It was on a **dreary night** of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered **dismally** against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the **dull yellow eye** of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.2. How can I describe my emotions at this **catastrophe**, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as **beautiful**. Beautiful!--Great God! His **yellow skin** scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a **lustrous** black, and flowing; his teeth of a **pearly whiteness**; but these **luxuriances** only formed a more **horrid** contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the **dun white sockets** in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips.3.1 The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had **deprived** myself of rest and health. I had **desired** it with an **ardour** that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and **breathless horror** and **disgust** filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length **lassitude** succeeded to the **tumult** I had before endured; and I threw myself on the bed in 3.2 my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept, indeed, but I was **disturbed** by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the **bloom of health**, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with **the hue of death**; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a **shroud** enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed: when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch -- the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited; where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.4. Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then; but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.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!6. 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. I did not dare return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although drenched by the rain which poured from a black and comfortless sky. | 1. What does the diction here tell us about the setting? What kind of picture does the author’s diction paint? 2. What does the diction here suggest about the creatures appearance? 3.1. What does the diction here suggest about how Victor feels about what he has done? 3.2 What kind of dream does the diction used in this section create?3.3 Focus on the diction used to describe the monster. How does Victor feel about his creation? 4. Again, how does Victor’s diction describe both the creatures appearance and how Victor feels about him? 5. Your turn. What insights does this diction of this passage reveal? 6. Your turn. What insights does this diction of this passage reveal? |