

# FRANKENSTEIN

*by Mary Shelley*

An Adaptation via Thinking Processes Affording  
Joy in Learning and Logical Analysis

an *auto*SOCRATIC QUICK-START publication

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# Mary Shelley

Mary Shelley was a writer, born in London in 1797, but visiting Geneva, Switzerland in 1816.

Fireside chats turned to Erasmus Darwin (Grandpa of Charles) who it was claimed brought inanimate matter to life.

The "Geneva fireside chats" turned from bringing matter back to life to corpses being brought back to life, and German Ghost Stories.

"Galvinism" is the idea of bringing life from nonlife by way of an electric charge.

"Frankenstein" grew out of fireside stories about bring dead things to life, and ghosts.

# Mary Shelley



# A North Pole Rescue

Robert Walton was a young English captain of a ship headed to the "uninhabited" North Pole.

Surprisingly, Walton and the crew saw a man aboard a dog-pulled sledge, and brought the man aboard.

Victor Frankenstein, we learn, barely alive, told his story to the crew of chasing a man.

Walton and his crew had seen a second man, just one day earlier!

The story of two men, one Victor Frankenstein and the other unnamed, began.

Summer sea-ice extent:

September 16th 2012

September 18th 2007

1979-2000 average



Source: NSIDC

# Changing the World

The first "official" person to make it to the North Pole was Norway's Roald Amundsen in 1926.

In Frankenstein, Captain Robert Walton was trying to be the first person to make it to the North Pole.

Walton wanted to attain this difficult task to do something to "benefit mankind".

Victor Frankenstein wanted to do something to "benefit mankind" and here he was, nearly dead!

Beware the unintended consequences of your actions!

# A Young Victor Frankenstein

Victor Frankenstein was born in Geneva, Switzerland, and grew up loving science.

One day, a lightning strike destroyed an oak tree near the house.

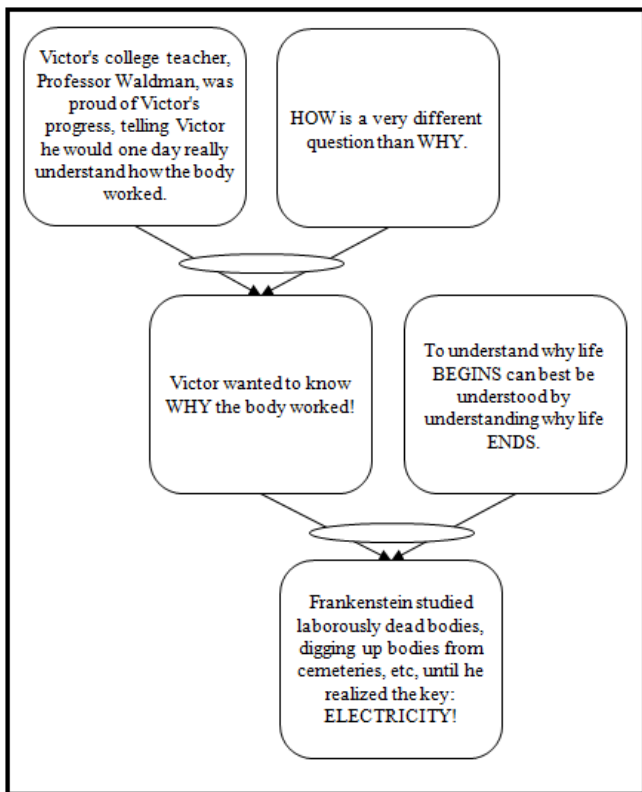
Victor's love of science intensified, as he marveled at the power of electricity and other hidden powers of nature.

The Frankenstein's adopted daughter, Elizabeth, caught scarlet fever, and though she recovered, Frankenstein's mother didn't.

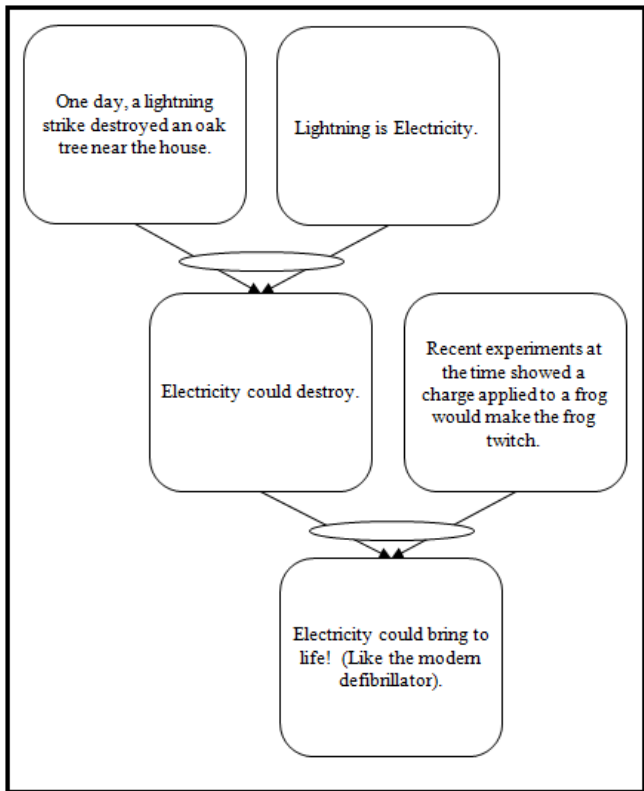
On her deathbed, the budding scientist agreed to take care of his brothers and marry Elizabeth.



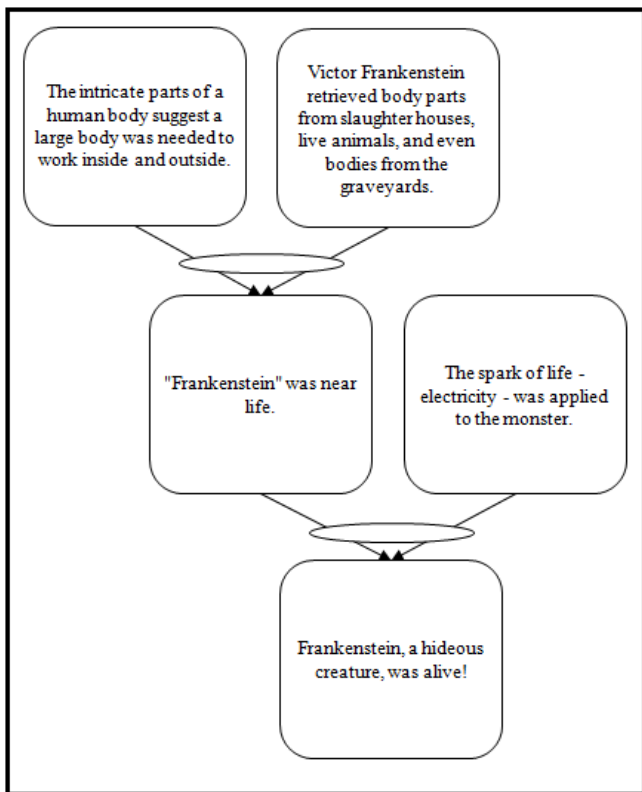
# Life



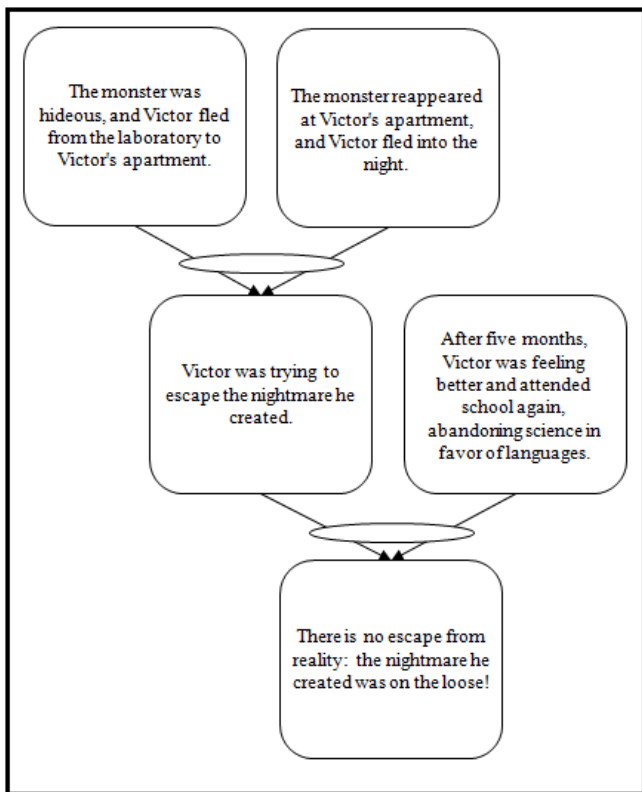
# Invention of the Defibrillator



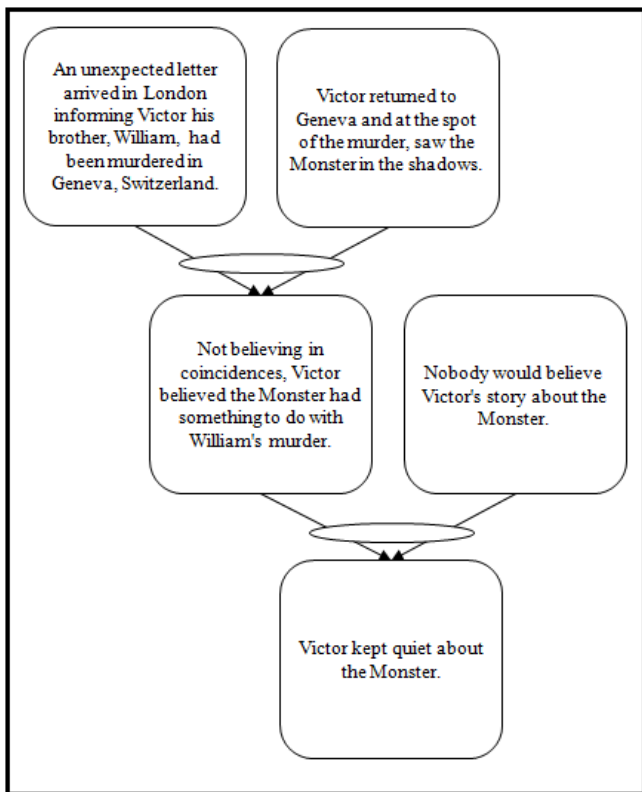
# His Creation



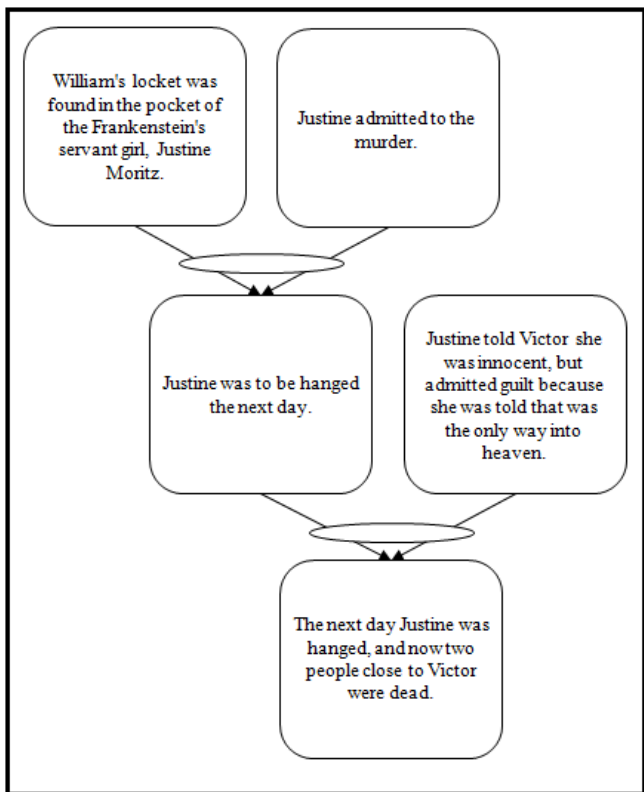
# A Monster - Unleashed

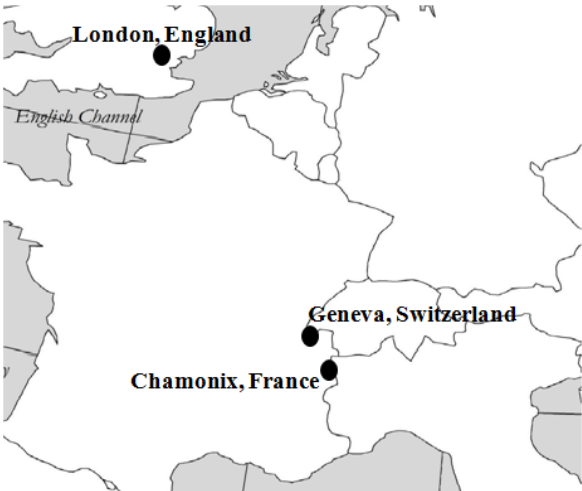


# My Brother - Murdered

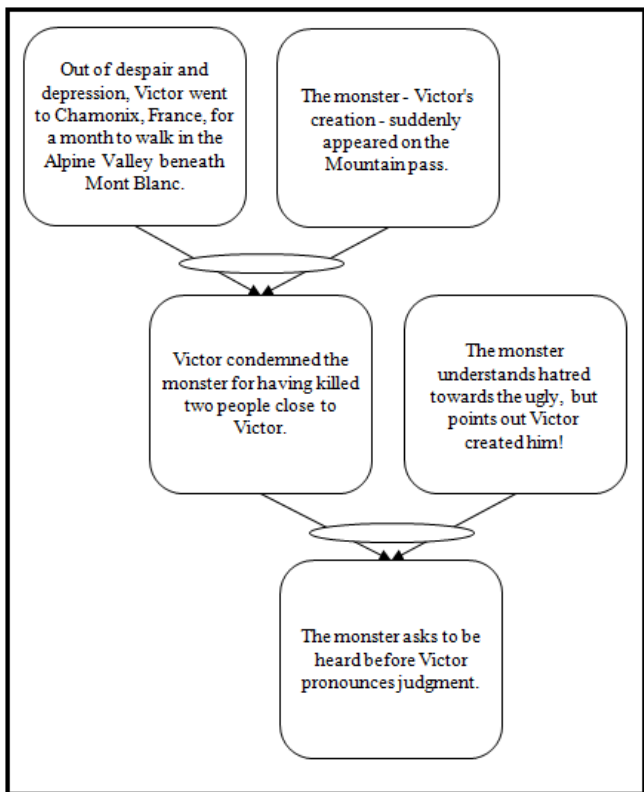


# The Servant Charged





# The Frankensteins Meet!





“Be calm! I entreat you to hear me before you give vent to your hatred on my devoted head. Have I not suffered enough, that you seek to increase my misery? Life, although it may only be an accumulation of anguish, is dear to me, and I will defend it. Remember, thou hast made me more powerful than thyself; my height is superior to thine, my joints more supple. But I will not be tempted to set myself in opposition to thee. I am thy creature, and I will be even mild and docile to my natural lord and king if thou wilt also perform thy part, the which thou owest me. Oh, Frankenstein, be not equitable to every other and trample upon me alone, to whom thy justice, and even thy clemency and affection, is most due. Remember that I am thy creature; I ought to be thy Adam, but I am rather the fallen angel, whom thou drivest from joy for no misdeed. Everywhere I see bliss, from which I alone am irrevocably excluded. I was benevolent and good; misery made me a fiend. Make me happy, and I shall again be virtuous.”

“Begone! I will not hear you. There can be no community between you and me; we are enemies. Begone, or let us try our strength in a fight, in which one must fall.”

“How can I move thee? Will no entreaties cause thee to turn a favourable eye upon thy creature, who implores thy goodness and compassion? Believe me, Frankenstein, I was benevolent; my soul glowed with love and humanity; but am

I not alone, miserably alone? You, my creator, abhor me; what hope can I gather from your fellow creatures, who owe me nothing? They spurn and hate me. The desert mountains and dreary glaciers are my refuge. I have wandered here many days; the caves of ice, which I only do not fear, are a dwelling to me, and the only one which man does not grudge. These bleak skies I hail, for they are kinder to me than your fellow beings. If the multitude of mankind knew of my existence, they would do as you do, and arm themselves for my destruction. Shall I not then hate them who abhor me? I will keep no terms with my enemies. I am miserable, and they shall share my wretchedness. Yet it is in your power to recompense me, and deliver them from an evil which it only remains for you to make so great, that not only you and your family, but thousands of others, shall be swallowed up in the whirlwinds of its rage. Let your compassion be moved, and do not disdain me. Listen to my tale; when you have heard that, abandon or commiserate me, as you shall judge that I deserve. But hear me. The guilty are allowed, by human laws, bloody as they are, to speak in their own defence before they are condemned. Listen to me, Frankenstein. You accuse me of murder, and yet you would, with a satisfied conscience, destroy your own creature. Oh, praise the eternal justice of man! Yet I ask you not to spare me; listen to me, and then, if you can, and if you will, destroy the work of your hands.”

# "My Story"

You made me, and when I was most vulnerable, you left me.

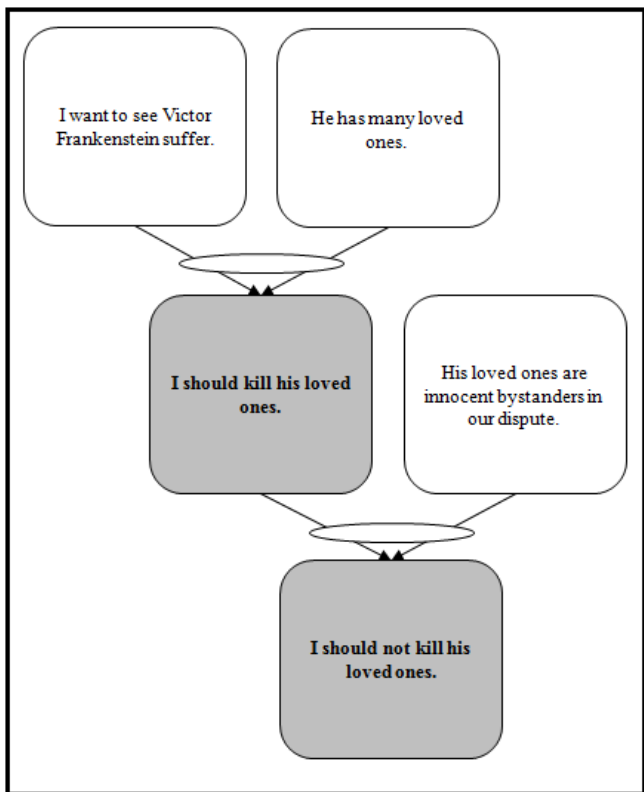
I struggled for months to survive, having seen how ugly I was by a reflection in the pond.

I was not only helpless and ugly, but people ran from the sight of me.

Befriending a family, I was beaten. Saving a drowning girl, I was shot.

I wanted revenge -  
against the world -  
**AGAINST YOU,**  
**VICTOR**  
**FRANKENSTEIN!**

# A Monster Dilemma



# Revenge Against His Creator!

Knowing from your papers you were from Geneva, I made my way from London to Geneva.

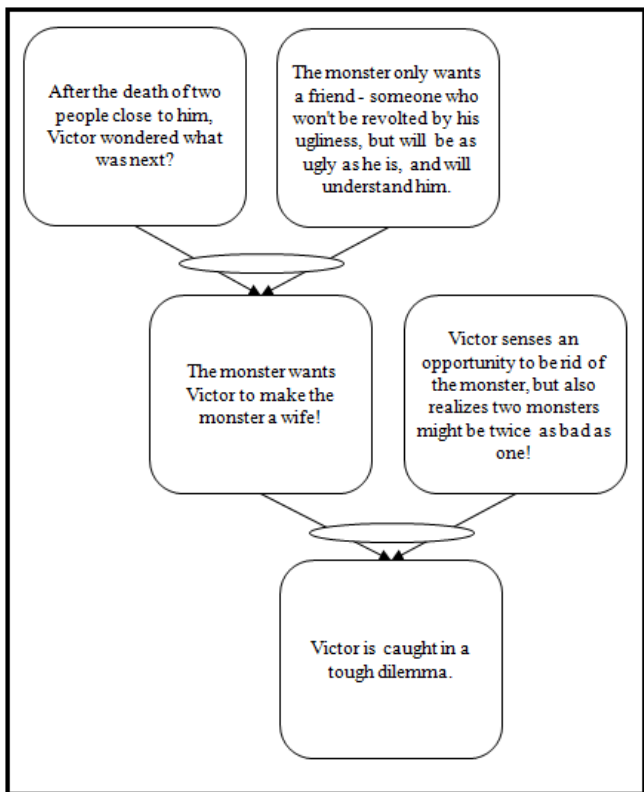
I came upon a boy who started screaming, though I had done nothing to him, and he said he was a Frankenstein!

Revenge began that moment, as I killed your brother, William Frankenstein, and took his locket.

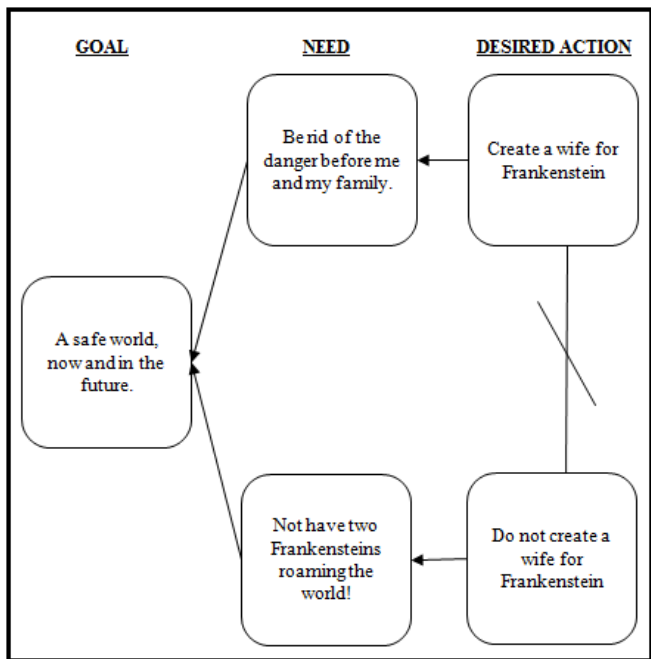
Looking for a place to sleep, I came upon a barn where a young girl was sleeping, and slipped the locket into her pocket.

Your brother was now dead, and your family's servant charged with murder!

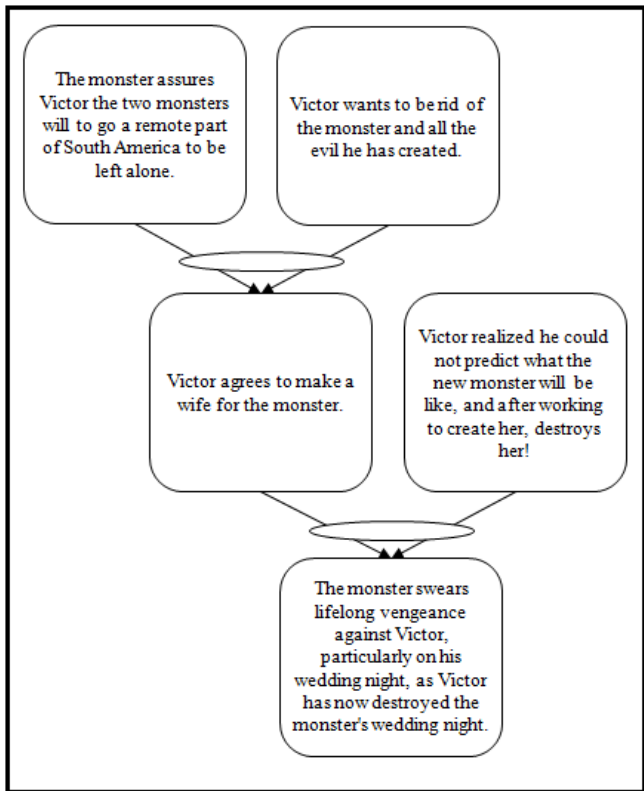
# In Search of a Single Friend



# A Creation Dilemma



## Second Thoughts





# Another Murder

Victor realizes he must dispose of all of his materials, so no one will know, or follow in his footsteps.

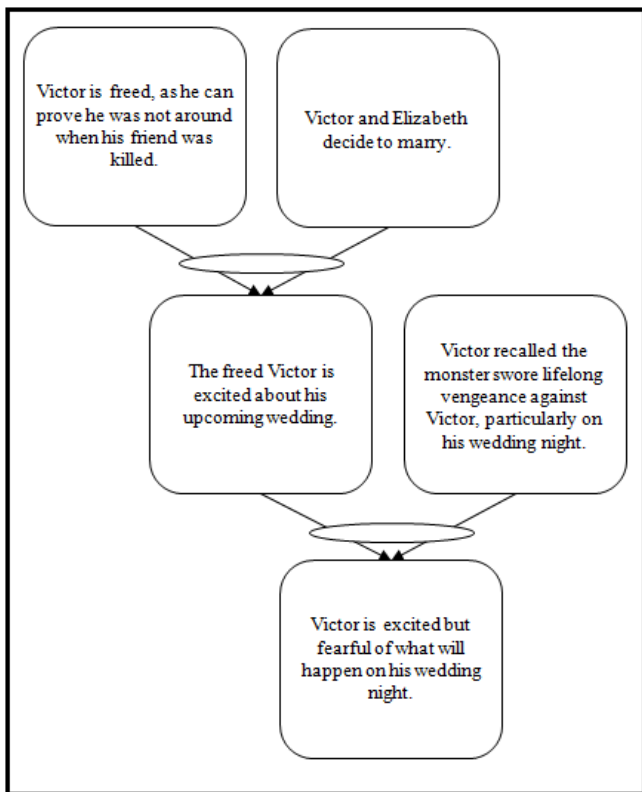
Victor packs his things into a suitcase, and dumps them at sea.

Free of the monster, Victor wishes to meet up with his old friend, Henry Clerval.

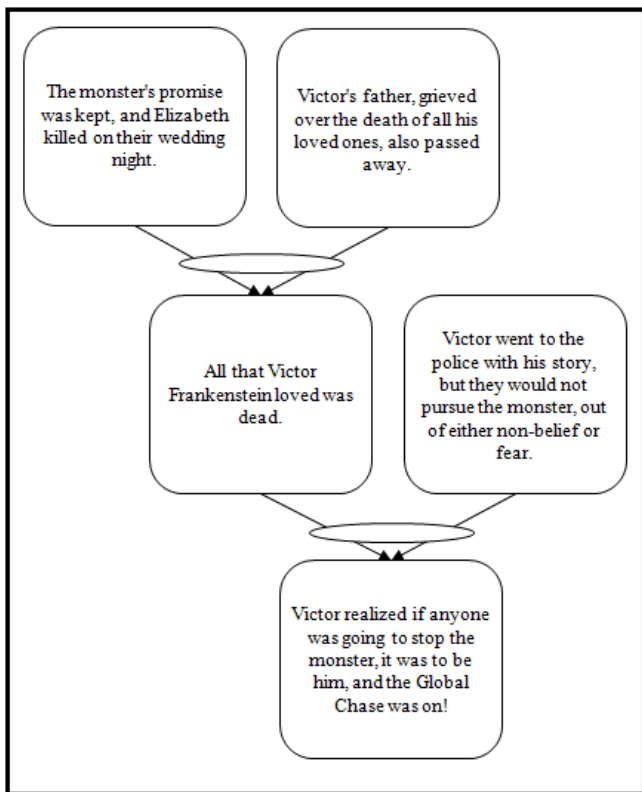
Coming ashore in Ireland, Victor is greeted rudely by the Irish, who report a murdered young man.

The murdered man is Henry Clerval, and the suspect is the oddly acting Victor!

# In Fear of a Promise



# A Global Chase



# At the North Pole

The monster led Victor on a long chase, leaving markers along the way.

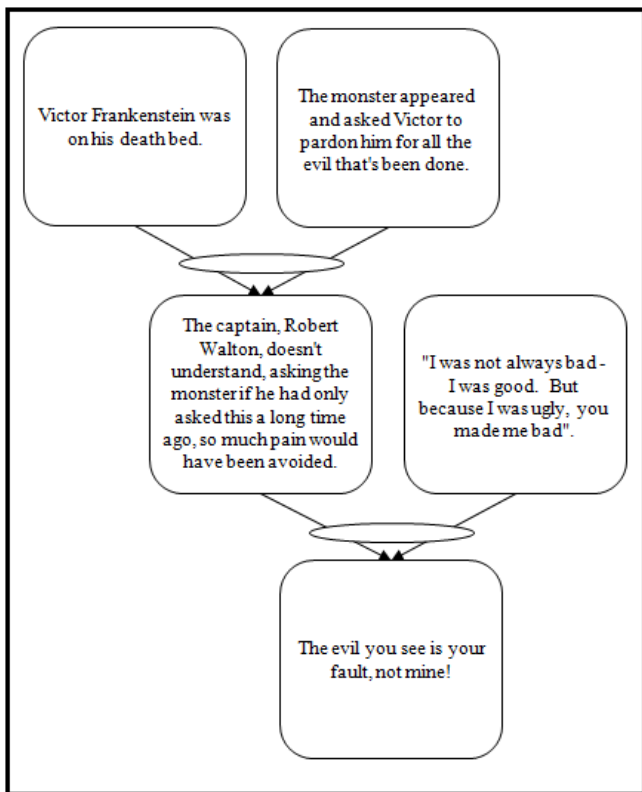
The last message, left in Russia, stated, "Wrap yourself in furs and prepare to suffer on a long journey. Your suffering will satisfy my eternal hatred of you".

The monster led Victor to the North Pole, where Victor nearly died.

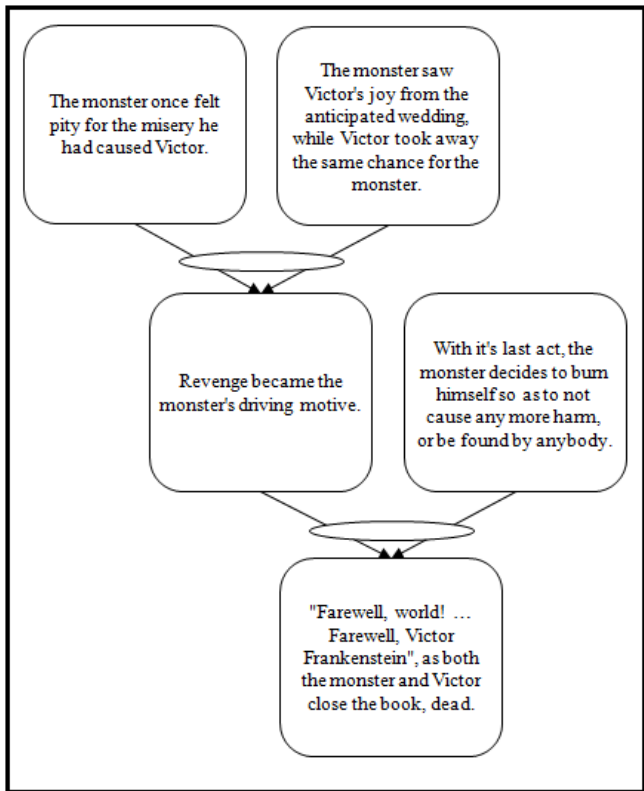
Victor Frankenstein, barely alive, finished telling his story to the crew of Robert Walton.

Victor Frankenstein was on his death bed.

# In Search of Forgiveness



# The End



# **JURASSIC PARK**

## **Michael Crichton**

“Most kinds of power require a substantial sacrifice by whoever wants the power. There is an apprenticeship, a discipline lasting many years. Whatever kind of power you want. President of the company. Black belt in karate. Spiritual guru. Whatever it is you seek, you have to put in the time, the practice, the effort. You must give up a lot to get it. It has to be very important to you. And once you have attained it, it is your power. It can't be given away: it resides in you. It is literally the result of your discipline.

Now, what is interesting about this process is that, by the time someone has acquired the ability to kill with his bare hands, he has also matured to the point where he won't use it unwisely. So that kind of power has a built-in control. The discipline of getting the power changes you so that you won't abuse it.

But scientific power is like inherited wealth: attained without discipline. You read what others have done, and you take the next step. You can do it very young. You can make progress very fast. There is no discipline lasting many decades. There is no mastery: old scientists are ignored. There is no humility before nature. There is only a get-rich-quick, make-a-name-for-yourself-fast philosophy. Cheat, lie,

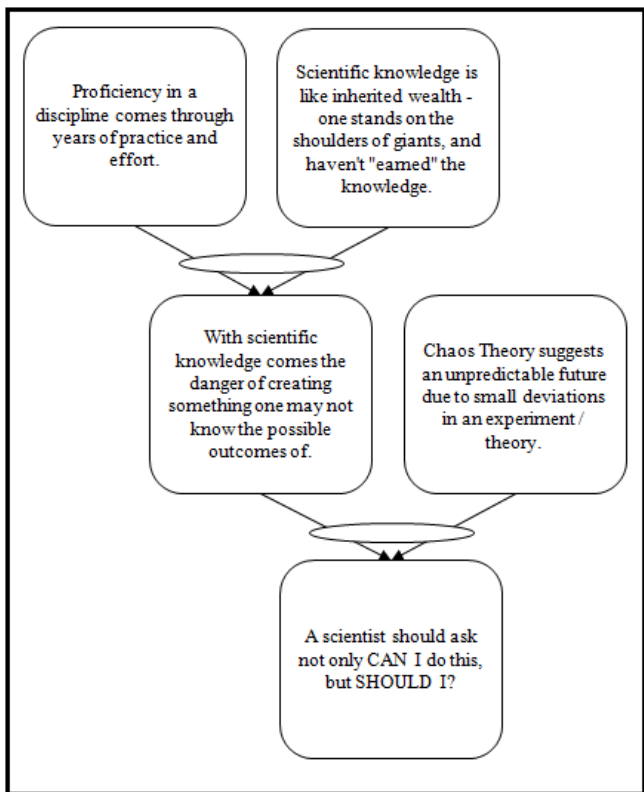
falsify - it doesn't matter. Not to you, or to your colleagues. No one will criticize you. No one has any standards. They are all trying to do the same thing: to do something big, and do it fast.

And because you can stand on the shoulders of giants, you can accomplish something quickly. You don't even know exactly what you have done, but already you have reported it, patented it, and sold it. And the buyer will have even less discipline than you. The buyer simply purchases the power, like any commodity. The buyer doesn't even conceive that any discipline might be necessary ...

A karate master does not kill people with his bare hands. He does not lose his temper and kill his wife. The person who kills is the person who has no discipline, no restraint, and who has purchased his power in the form of a Saturday night special. And that is the kind of power that science fosters, and permits. And that is why you think that to build a place like this is simple.”



# The Power that Science Fosters



## *Memorable Quotes*

“Nothing contributes so much to tranquillize the mind as a steady purpose – a point on which the soul may fix its intellectual eye.”

“...once I falsely hoped to meet the beings who, pardoning my outward form, would love me for the excellent qualities which I was capable of unfolding.”

“Accursed creator! Why did you form a monster so hideous that even you turned from me in disgust?”

“Be calm! I entreat you to hear me before you give vent to your hatred on my devoted head. Have I not suffered enough, that you seek to increase my misery? Life, although it may only be an accumulation of anguish, is dear to me, and I will defend it. Remember, thou hast made me more powerful than thyself; my height is superior to thine, my joints more supple. But I will not be tempted to set myself in opposition to thee. I am thy creature, and I will be even mild and docile to

my natural lord and king if thou wilt also perform thy part, the which thou owest me. Oh, Frankenstein, be not equitable to every other and trample upon me alone, to whom thy justice, and even thy clemency and affection, is most due. Remember that I am thy creature; I ought to be thy Adam, but I am rather the fallen angel, whom thou drivest from joy for no misdeed. Everywhere I see bliss, from which I alone am irrevocably excluded. I was benevolent and good; misery made me a fiend. Make me happy, and I shall again be virtuous.”

“Beware; for I am fearless, and therefore powerful.”

“How many things are we upon the brink of discovering if cowardice or carelessness did not restrain our inquiries”

“I do know that for the sympathy of one living being, I would make peace with all. I have love in me the likes of which you can scarcely imagine and rage the likes of which you would not believe. If I cannot satisfy the one, I will indulge the other.”

“I expected this reception. All men hate the wretched; how, then, must I be hated, who am miserable beyond all living things! Yet you, my creator, detest and spurn me, thy creature, to whom thou art bound by ties only dissoluble by the annihilation of one of us. You purpose to kill me. How dare you sport thus with life? Do your duty towards me, and I will do mine towards you and the rest of mankind. If you will comply with my conditions, I will leave them and you at peace; but if you refuse, I will glut the maw of death, until it be satiated with the blood of your remaining friends.”

“Learn from me, if not by my precepts, at least by my example, how dangerous is the acquirement of knowledge, and how much happier that man is who believes his native town to be his world, than he who aspires to become greater than his nature will allow.”

“Life, although it may only be an accumulation of anguish, is dear to me, and I will defend it.”

“Listen to me, Frankenstein. You accuse me of murder; and yet you would, with a satisfied conscience, destroy your own creature. Oh, praise the eternal justice of man!”

“Nothing is more painful to the human mind than, after the feelings have been worked up by a quick succession of events, the dead calmness of inaction and certainty which follows and deprives the soul both of hope and fear.”

“Nothing is so painful to the human mind as a great and sudden change.”

“Slave, I before reasoned with you, but you have proved yourself unworthy of my condescension. Remember that I have power; you believe yourself miserable, but I can make you so wretched that the light of day will be hateful to you. You are my creator, but I am your master; obey!”

