

MACMILLAN READERS

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**ELEMENTARY LEVEL**

MARY SHELLEY

# Frankenstein

Retold by Margaret Turner



**MACMILLAN**

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## I Go to University

My name is Frankenstein – Victor Frankenstein. I was born in 1810 in the beautiful city of Geneva, in Switzerland. My father and mother loved me very much and my early life was happy. My younger brother, William, was born when I was twelve years old.

Two years later, my dear Elizabeth came to live with us. She was the daughter of my father's best friend. When Elizabeth's parents died, Elizabeth came to live with us in our house. I loved her from that time.

I was a good pupil at school and always came first in the examinations. I was always interested in science. I wanted to learn about human life. I wanted to learn more in order to help people. I wanted to make their lives better.

When I was eighteen, my mother died. Before she died, my mother spoke to Elizabeth and myself.

'My children,' she said, 'I hope that one day you will marry. Then you, my dear Elizabeth, can look after little William.'

My mother looked at me and smiled.

'My dear Victor, the family hopes that you will do great things,' she said. 'Soon you are going to the University. I know you will work hard. Perhaps, one day, you will be famous. You have been a good son and I can die happy.'

I cried when my mother died. But now I am glad that she is dead. My work has brought death and sadness to the world. Because of me, the people I loved have died.

Three weeks after my mother's death, I left Geneva. I was going to study at the great German University of Heidelberg.



*In the morning, I said goodbye to my father, to Elizabeth  
and to my little brother, William.*

I spent my last evening in Geneva with my friend, Henry Clerval.

'You are lucky, Victor,' Henry said. 'I wish I was going with you. But my father wants me to work in the family business. You will become a doctor or professor. Your work will be known all over the world.'

'We shall always be friends, Henry,' I told him. 'I shall see you soon. We shall be together again in the holidays.'

'Write to me soon, Victor,' Henry said.

'Of course,' I answered.

In the morning, I said goodbye to my father, to Elizabeth



and to my little brother, William. I was sorry to leave home. But I wanted to go to University. I wanted to study and to learn everything.

How I wished that I had never left Geneva!