

# ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

**B1**

MicMac

## Frankenstein or, The Modern Prometheus

Mary Shelley

*"I ought to  
be thy Adam,  
but I am rather  
the fallen angel,  
whom thou  
drivest from joy  
for no misdeed."*



1 NÍVEL DE  
LEITURA

**B1**



TEXTO  
ORIGINAL  
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO  
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E  
GLOSSÁRIO  
DE VOCABULÁRIO

## FRANKENSTEIN; OU, O PROMETEU MODERNO

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B1** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

# **Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus**

**Frankenstein; ou, O Prometeu Moderno**

**Mary Shelley**

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português  
Support

**SAMPLE**

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## Autor

Mary Shelley (1797–1851)

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# Introdução

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Assim, você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens e os acontecimentos principais da obra original.

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Cada nota contém links que permitem retornar exatamente ao parágrafo que você estava lendo.

### **Como usar o glossário**

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Cada entrada apresenta pronúncia, tradução em português, explicação simples em inglês, frase de exemplo e até cinco frases reais do livro.

O link Back to B1 retorna exatamente à frase correspondente na versão simplificada.

Depois do texto simplificado, o livro apresenta também o texto original completo em inglês e a versão completa em português.

### **Sobre este livro**

Frankenstein; ou, O Prometeu Moderno é um romance gótico de Mary Shelley que narra a história de Victor Frankenstein, um jovem cientista suíço obcecado em descobrir o segredo da vida. Através de um experimento heterodoxo usando partes de corpos mortos, ele cria uma criatura senciente. Horrorizado com sua aparência grotesca, Victor abandona sua criação, desencadeando uma série de eventos trágicos. A criatura, inteligente e sensível, busca companhia, mas é recebida com medo e rejeição pela sociedade. Solitária e vingativa, ela exige que Victor crie uma companheira feminina, ameaçando mais violência se recusado. A narrativa se desenrola por meio de histórias emolduradas: o explorador Robert Walton relata o conto de Victor, que inclui a própria narrativa da criatura. O cenário vai de Genebra aos Alpes suíços, às Ilhas Orkney e ao Ártico, refletindo o isolamento dos personagens e o poder sublime da natureza. O conflito central gira em torno da arrogância de Victor ao fazer o papel de Deus e sua subsequente responsabilidade pelas ações da criatura. O romance explora temas de ambição,

alienação e as consequências da busca científica desenfreada. O tom é sombrio e introspectivo, mesclando horror com reflexão filosófica. A progressão vai do entusiasmo inicial de Victor à sua crescente culpa e desespero, enquanto a criatura se vinga matando os entes queridos de Victor. O clímax ocorre na natureza gelada, onde criador e criatura se confrontam, mas a resolução final permanece ambígua.

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# Introduction

**Pt/En** The publishers of a book series asked the author to explain how she got the idea for the story Frankenstein. She was happy to do this because many people often asked her how she, when she was young, thought of such a frightening idea. She usually did not like writing about herself, but this explanation would only be added to an old book and would only be about her writing.

**Pt/En** Because her parents were *famous* writers, she thought about writing from a young age. As a child, she wrote stories, but her *favorite* activity was *daydreaming* and imagining imaginary events. Her dreams were more exciting and personal than her writing. She wrote for a friend, but her dreams were private and a comfort when she was unhappy.

**Pt/En** She spent much of her childhood in the *countryside* in Scotland. She lived near Dundee, in a place that seemed empty and sad to her later, but was a place of freedom for her then. She could imagine stories there. She wrote, but her real *creative* writing happened outside, under trees or on hills. She did not write about herself as the *main* character because her own life seemed ordinary. She preferred creating interesting characters and events in her imagination.

**Pt/En** Later, her life became busier with real events. Her husband wanted her to be a *famous writer* like her parents. He encouraged her to write and gain a good reputation. He wanted to see if she had talent. However, she did not write much because she was busy with travel and her family. She spent her time reading and talking with her husband, whose mind was more educated than hers.

**Pt/En** In the summer of 1816, she and her husband visited Switzerland and stayed near Lord Byron. They enjoyed their time by the lake. Lord Byron was writing a poem, and he shared his poetry with them. They felt his poems made the beautiful nature around them seem even more *special*.

**Pt/En** It was a wet and *unpleasant* summer, and they were often *stuck* inside because of the constant rain. They found some ghost stories that were translated from German into French. One story was about a man who thought he was holding his bride, but it was the ghost of

a woman he had abandoned. Another tale told of a family's ancestor who had to give a deadly kiss to all the young men in his family. His ghost, dressed in armour, appeared at midnight and kissed the sleeping boys, who then died. The writer remembers these stories clearly, as if they had read them recently.

**Pt/En** Lord Byron suggested that each of them should write a ghost story, and everyone agreed. There were four people. Lord Byron started a story, and a part of it was later published. Shelley began a story based on his own life, but he was better at describing feelings and ideas with beautiful language than creating story plots. Polidori had an idea about a lady with a skull for a head, who was punished for looking through a keyhole. However, he didn't know how to finish her story and had to end it quickly. The other poets also found writing in prose difficult and soon stopped their task.

**Pt/En** The writer tried to think of a story that could be as exciting as the ones they had read. They wanted a story that would create fear, make the reader feel scared, and increase their heart rate. If the story didn't do this, it wouldn't be a proper ghost story. The writer thought a lot but couldn't come up with any ideas. They felt a common problem for writers: having no ideas when trying to create something. Every morning, they were asked if they had thought of a story, and every morning, they had to say no.

**Pt/En** Everything needs a beginning that connects to something before it. The writer explains that creating something new doesn't mean making it from nothing. Instead, it means taking existing ideas or materials and giving them shape. It's like taking messy, unclear things and making them understandable. The writer uses the story of Columbus and his egg as an example. Invention is about understanding what is possible with a subject and being able to shape the ideas that come from it.

**Pt/En** Lord Byron and Shelley had many long discussions, and the writer listened quietly. During one talk, they discussed different ideas about life, including whether it could be discovered or created. They mentioned experiments by Dr. Darwin, where a piece of food was made to move as if alive. They wondered if a dead body could be brought back to life, perhaps using electricity. They also considered if the different parts of a creature could be put together and given life.

**Pt/En** It was late at night, and they finally went to bed. When the narrator lay down, they couldn't sleep or really think. Their imagination took over and showed them very clear pictures. They saw a pale student, who studied strange arts, kneeling next to a creature he had made. They saw the frightening creature, like a man, start to move with a strange, weak life. The narrator thought it must be very scary because trying to copy the Creator of the world would be terrifying. The student would be horrified by his work and want to run away. He hoped the creature would become still and die, like dead matter, so he could sleep believing the grave would end its short life. But he was woken up, and the horrible thing stood by his bed, opening the curtains and looking at him with strange, watchful eyes.

**Pt/En** The narrator opened their eyes in fear. The image was so strong in their mind that they felt scared and wanted to see real things instead. They still remembered the room, the dark floor, the closed windows, and the moonlight coming through. They also felt the cold lake and high mountains were outside. But the frightening image stayed with them. They decided to think about something else and remembered their old ghost story. They wished they could write a story that would scare their readers as much as they had been scared that night.

**Pt/En** Suddenly, a quick and happy idea came to the narrator. They realized that what had scared them would scare others. They just needed to describe the frightening image that had visited them at night. The next morning, they told others they had thought of a story. They started writing that day with the sentence, 'It was a dark night in November,' writing down the scary thoughts from their waking dream.

**Pt/En** At first, the narrator only planned a short story. But Shelley encouraged them to make the idea much longer. The narrator said that her husband did not give her the idea for any specific event or feeling, but without his encouragement, the story would not have become what it was. She mentioned that the preface was different; she believed Shelley wrote it all by himself.

**Pt/En** The narrator said goodbye to their frightening creation, hoping it would be successful. They felt affection for it because it was created during happy times when death and sadness were just words that didn't deeply affect them. The story reminded them of walks, drives, and talks with a companion they would never see again. However, they

felt these personal memories were just for themselves, and readers didn't need to know about them.

**Pt/En** The author made some changes to the writing style. They did not change the story itself or add new ideas. They improved the language where it was too simple and made the story less interesting. These improvements are mostly in the first part of the book. They only changed parts that were extra to the main story, keeping the main story the same.

**Pt/En** The initials M. W. S. are used.

**Pt/En** The date and place are London, October 15, 1831.

## Preface

**Pt/En** The story is based on an idea that some scientists thought was possible. The author did not seriously believe this idea, but used it for a fictional story. The story is not just about ghosts or magic. It is interesting because of the new situations it shows. Even if the main idea is not real, it helps to show human feelings in a strong way, better than normal life events can.

**Pt/En** The author tried to show true human nature, but mixed it in new ways. Great works of poetry, like the Iliad and plays by Shakespeare and Milton, also follow this rule. The author believes that writers of simple stories can also use this method to create interesting combinations of human feelings.

**Pt/En** The idea for this story came from a casual conversation. I started writing it for fun and to try out new ideas. As I wrote, other reasons for writing appeared. I wanted the story to have a good moral effect on readers. I also wanted to show the importance of family love and good behavior. The hero's opinions in the story are not always my own opinions. You should not think that the story supports any particular belief.

**Pt/En** The author was also interested because the story began in the beautiful place where the main events happen. I spent the summer of 1816 near Geneva. The weather was cold and rainy. In the evenings, we sat by a warm fire. We read German ghost stories, which made us want to write our own. Two friends and I decided to each write a story about something supernatural.

**Pt/En** Later, the weather became nice. My two friends went on a trip to the Alps. They were so impressed by the beautiful mountains that they forgot about their ghost stories. This story is the only one that was finished.

**Pt/En** Marlow, September, 1817.

**Pt/En** This book is dedicated to William Godwin, who wrote books like Political Justice and Caleb Williams. The author gives this book to him with respect.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked the creator if he had requested to be made from clay or brought out of darkness.

**Pt/En** This is a reference to Paradise Lost, book 10, lines 743 to 745.

**Pt/En** Frankenstein

**Pt/En** Or, The Modern Prometheus

# Letter I

**Pt/En** This letter is addressed to Mrs. Saville in England.

**Pt/En** The letter is from St. Petersburg, dated December 11th.

**Pt/En** The writer tells his sister that he has arrived safely. He knows she was worried about his journey, but he wants to tell her he is well and feels more confident about his plan succeeding.

**Pt/En** The writer is now far north of London, in St. Petersburg. He enjoys the cold wind, which makes him feel excited about his journey to icy regions. He imagines the North Pole as a beautiful place with constant daylight, not frost and emptiness. He believes he might discover new lands, understand magnetism, and see places no one has seen before. He compares his excitement to a child starting a fun boat trip. He also believes his journey will help all people by finding a new route to other countries or by understanding the magnet.

**Pt/En** Thinking about his goal calms the writer. This journey has been his dream since he was young. He loved reading about exploration voyages, which filled his uncle's library. He regrets that his father did not allow him to become a sailor.

**Pt/En** Later, the writer became interested in poetry and felt like he lived in his own dream world, hoping to become a famous poet. He was very disappointed when this did not happen. However, he then received money from his cousin's inheritance, which made him return to his earlier interest in exploration.

**Pt/En** The writer decided to start a big project six years ago. He prepared himself by experiencing difficult conditions. He joined whale hunters and endured hardship, cold, hunger, thirst, and lack of sleep. He also studied science and medicine at night. He worked successfully as a mate on a ship twice, and his captain was very pleased and wanted him to stay.

**Pt/En** He asks his sister Margaret if he deserves to achieve something important. He chose a life of adventure over wealth. He feels his courage is strong, but his hopes sometimes go down. He is going on a long, hard journey that will need all his strength. He knows he must keep his own spirits up and help others when they feel sad.

**Pt/En** He says it is a good time to travel in Russia. People travel fast on snow in sledges, which he finds more pleasant than an English coach. He explains that the cold is not too bad if you wear warm furs. He has started wearing furs because it is very different from walking on a ship's deck. He does not want to die on the road between St. Petersburg and Archangel.

**Pt/En** He plans to go to Archangel in about three weeks. There, he will rent a ship and hire sailors who are used to whale-fishing. He will not leave until June. He asks his sister when he will return, saying that if he succeeds, it might be many months or years before they meet again. If he fails, he might return soon, or perhaps never.

**Pt/En** He says *goodbye* to his dear sister Margaret. He wishes her many blessings and asks for protection so he can show his thanks for her love and kindness again and again.

**Pt/En** Your loving brother,

**Pt/En** R. Walton.

## Letter II

**Pt/En** To Mrs. Saville in England.

**Pt/En** Archangel, March 28, 17--.

**Pt/En** Time passes very slowly here because of the cold and snow. However, I have made progress on my plan. I have rented a ship and am hiring sailors. The men I have hired so far seem reliable and very brave.

**Pt/En** The writer feels very lonely because he has no close friend. He wishes for someone to share his successes and support him when he is sad. He explains that he did not have a formal education when he was young and feels he is less knowledgeable than others his age, even though he has many ideas. He believes a friend could help him manage his thoughts and plans.

**Pt/En** The writer knows he will not find friends easily on his journey. However, he mentions that even tough sailors can have good qualities. He describes his lieutenant as a very brave and ambitious man who also has noble human traits. The writer met him on a whale ship and hired him for his own expedition.

**Pt/En** The writer hired the ship's master because he has a good character and is known for being gentle and fair. The writer dislikes the usual harshness on ships and was happy to find a captain who was kind and respected by his crew. He heard a story about the master: he once loved a woman who was forced to marry someone else. The master gave the woman's father money and his own planned farm to his rival so the woman could marry the man she loved. He left the country and only returned after she was married happily. Although the master is a good person, he is uneducated and sometimes seems careless, which makes his kind actions surprising.

**Pt/En** The writer assures his sister that he is determined to go on his voyage, even though he sometimes thinks about what could make the journey better. His plans are firm, and the trip is only delayed because of bad weather. The winter was very harsh, but spring is coming early, so he might leave sooner than expected. He promises to be careful and responsible, especially when others' safety is in his hands.

**Pt/En** The writer is excited but also nervous about his upcoming journey to unknown lands. He compares his feelings to a famous poem about a sailor, but reassures his sister not to worry about his safety. He admits that a book about the sea has greatly influenced his strong passion for exploring dangerous and mysterious oceans. He is a hard worker, but he also has a deep love for the unusual and the unknown, which drives him to explore wild and unexplored regions.

**Pt/En** The writer wants to think about more important things. He wonders if he will see the person again after travelling across large oceans, perhaps around the southern tip of Africa or America. He does not expect this to happen, but he does not want to think about the bad possibility. He asks the person to keep writing to him whenever possible because the letters might help him when he feels sad. He says he loves them very much and asks them to remember him with love, even if they stop hearing from him.

**Pt/En** Your loving brother,

**Pt/En** Robert Walton.

## Letter III

**Pt/En** This letter is for Mrs. Saville in England.

**Pt/En** The date is July 7th, 17—.

**Pt/En** The writer sent a quick letter to his sister. He said he was safe and had travelled far on his journey. He explained that this letter would go back to England on a ship. He might not see his home country for many years. He felt happy and said his men were brave and determined. They were not afraid of the ice blocks they saw, even though these showed they were going to a dangerous place. They had already reached a very northern part of the sea. It was summer, and the wind from the south helped them move quickly towards the place he wanted to reach.

**Pt/En** Nothing important had happened on the journey so far. The writer mentioned that strong winds and a small leak were minor problems that experienced sailors usually forget. He hoped that nothing worse would happen during the rest of the trip.

**Pt/En** He told his sister Margaret goodbye. He promised her that he would not take unnecessary risks, for his own sake and for hers. He said he would be calm, keep trying, and be careful.

**Pt/En** He felt sure that he would succeed in his efforts. He had already travelled safely across the unknown seas, with the stars as proof of his success. He wondered why he should not continue over the wild but manageable sea. He asked what could stop a determined person with a strong will.

**Pt/En** He felt so full of emotion that he had to write it down. He then said he must finish his letter and asked for a blessing for his dear sister.

**Pt/En** With much love,

**Pt/En** R. W.

## Letter IV

**Pt/En** To Mrs. Saville, in England.

**Pt/En** August 5th, 17—.

**Pt/En** Something very strange happened to us. I want to write it down, even though you will probably see me before you get these papers.

**Pt/En** On Monday, July 31st, the ship was almost completely surrounded by ice. There was very little space for the ship to move. This was a dangerous situation, made worse by a thick fog. They stopped the ship and waited, hoping the weather would change.

**Pt/En** Around two o'clock, the fog disappeared. They saw large, endless plains of ice in all directions. Some people were worried, but then they saw something strange. A sledge pulled by dogs was moving north about half a mile away. A tall, man-like figure was sitting in the sledge and controlling the dogs. They watched the figure with telescopes until it disappeared over the ice.

**Pt/En** This sight made them very surprised. They thought they were very far from any land, but the figure suggested that land might be closer than they believed. However, because of the ice, they could not follow the track of the sledge, even though they watched it carefully.

**Pt/En** About two hours later, they heard the sea moving. Before night, the ice broke and freed their ship. They waited until morning because they were afraid of hitting large pieces of ice in the dark. During this time, the writer rested for a few hours.

**Pt/En** In the morning, as soon as it was light, the writer went on deck. The sailors were busy talking to someone in the sea. It was a sledge, like the one they saw before, which had floated towards them on a large piece of ice during the night. Only one dog was alive. A person was inside the sledge, and the sailors were asking him to come onto their ship. He was a European, not a strange inhabitant. The captain told the writer that he would not let the person die at sea.

**Pt/En** The stranger saw me and spoke to me in English, though he had a foreign accent. He asked me where my ship was going before he would come aboard.

**Pt/En** I was very surprised because the man was in great danger. I thought he would want my ship for safety. I told him that we were sailing to the North Pole to explore.

**Pt/En** He seemed happy with my answer and agreed to come on board. Margaret, you would have been amazed to see him. His body was almost frozen, and he was very thin from suffering. He looked terrible. When we tried to take him inside, he fainted because he needed fresh air. So, we brought him back outside, rubbed him with brandy, and made him drink some. He slowly got better and ate a little soup, which helped him a lot.

**Pt/En** He could not speak for two days, and I *worried* that his suffering had affected his mind. When he felt a *bit* better, I moved him to my cabin and took care of him. He was a very interesting person. His eyes often looked wild or mad. But sometimes, when someone was kind to him, his face would light up with a wonderful, sweet expression. However, he was usually sad and hopeless, and sometimes he showed his pain by *grinding* his teeth.

**Pt/En** When my guest was a little better, I had to stop the sailors from asking him too many questions. He needed rest to recover. But once, the lieutenant asked him why he had traveled so far on the ice in such a strange vehicle.

**Pt/En** The man looked very sad. He said that he was looking for someone who had run away from him.

**Pt/En** The other person asked if the man he was chasing had travelled in the same way.

**Pt/En** The man answered, "Yes."

**Pt/En** The other person thought they might have seen the man. He explained that the day before they found the stranger, they saw dogs pulling a sledge with a man on the ice.

**Pt/En** The stranger became very interested. He asked many questions about the path the man (whom he called a daemon) had taken. Later, when he was alone with the *narrator*, he said that he had probably made them curious, but they were too kind to ask too many questions.

**Pt/En** He agreed and said it would be rude and unkind to ask too many questions.

**Pt/En** He also said that the listener had saved him from a dangerous situation and brought him back to life.

**Pt/En** After this, he asked if I thought the ice breaking had destroyed the other sledge. I replied that I could not be sure. The ice broke late at night, and the traveller might have reached safety before then, but I could not know for sure.

**Pt/En** From this time, the stranger seemed to get better. He was very eager to go on deck to look for the sledge that had appeared before. But I told him to stay inside the cabin because he was too weak for the cold air. I promised that someone would watch for him and tell him immediately if anything new appeared.

**Pt/En** This is my report of this strange event so far. The stranger is slowly getting healthier, but he is very quiet and seems worried when anyone other than me enters his cabin. However, he is so kind and gentle that the sailors like him, even though they have spoken with him very little. I have started to like him very much, like a brother. His deep sadness makes me feel sympathy for him. He must have been a great person in the past, as he is still attractive and kind even in his current difficult state.

**Pt/En** The writer told his friend Margaret that he expected to be alone at sea. However, he found a man who, if he had not suffered so much, the writer would have been happy to have as a close friend, like a brother.

**Pt/En** The writer will continue his journal about the stranger if there are any new events to write about.

**Pt/En** August 13th, 17—.

**Pt/En** The writer's feelings for his guest grow stronger every day. He greatly admires and pities the stranger. He finds it very sad to see such a good person suffering so much. The guest is kind and intelligent, with a well-educated mind. When he speaks, his words are chosen carefully and he speaks very well and clearly.

**Pt/En** The guest is feeling better and often looks out from the ship's deck, as if waiting for the sledge that came before his. Even though he is unhappy, he still cares about other people's plans. He has often talked to the writer about his own plans, which he shared openly. The guest listened carefully to the writer's ideas about his project and the steps he had taken. The writer felt comfortable sharing his strong desire to succeed, saying he would happily give up his money, his life, and all his hopes for his project. He felt that one person's life was a small price to pay for the knowledge and power he wanted to gain over the natural forces that harm people. As the writer spoke, the guest's face became sad. He first tried to hide his feelings and covered his eyes. The writer saw tears falling between his fingers and heard him groan. The writer stopped speaking. Finally, the guest spoke with difficulty, asking if the writer shared his madness and had also been tempted by a dangerous idea. He asked the writer to listen to his story, after which he would surely stop his own dangerous plans.

**Pt/En** The stranger's words made the narrator very curious. But the stranger was too sad and weak. He needed many hours of rest and quiet talking to feel calm again.

**Pt/En** After controlling his strong emotions, the stranger seemed to dislike being ruled by them. He stopped feeling very sad and asked the narrator to talk about himself. The stranger asked about the narrator's early life. The narrator told his story quickly. He said he wanted to find a friend and have a deeper connection with someone. He believed that happiness was difficult without such a friend.

**Pt/En** The stranger agreed that people are not complete without a wise, good, and dear friend to help them improve. He said he knew about friendship because he once had a very good friend. He told the narrator that the narrator had hope and a future, so he should not despair. But the stranger felt he had lost everything and could not start his life again.

**Pt/En** As the stranger spoke, his face showed a deep, quiet sadness that affected the narrator. He then became silent and went back to his room.

**Pt/En** Even though the stranger was sad, he deeply appreciated nature's beauty. The stars, the sea, and the sights in these amazing

places still seemed to lift his spirit. He lived a kind of double life: he could be very unhappy and face many problems, but when he was alone with his thoughts, he seemed like a spirit with a protective light, untouched by sadness or mistakes.

**Pt/En** The writer is very excited about a man they met. They think the person they are writing to would not like this man if they met him because he is very different from them. The writer's friend is educated and refined, but the writer believes this man is special and better than anyone else they know. The writer thinks this is because he understands things quickly and deeply, and he can explain himself very well with a beautiful voice.

**Pt/En** The date was August 19th, 17--.

**Pt/En** The stranger told Captain Walton that he had suffered greatly. He had planned to keep his bad experiences a secret, but Walton had convinced him to speak. The stranger said Walton was looking for knowledge, like he once did, and hoped Walton's search would not end badly, as his own had. He thought telling his story might help Walton learn from his mistakes and guide him, or comfort him if he failed. He warned Walton to expect strange stories, and that these unusual events would seem more possible in these wild places.

**Pt/En** The writer was happy to hear the stranger would share his story. However, he did not want the stranger to feel sad again by talking about his troubles. He was very curious and also wanted to help the stranger if he could. He told the stranger these feelings in his reply.

**Pt/En** The stranger thanked the writer for his sympathy but said it was not useful because his life was almost over. He was only waiting for one more event before he could rest. He saw that the writer wanted to speak, but he explained that nothing could change his future. He asked the writer to listen to his story to understand how fixed his fate was.

**Pt/En** The narrator's friend said he would start his story the next day when the narrator had free time. The narrator thanked him warmly. He decided to write down what his friend told him each day, trying to use his friend's own words. He thought the written story would be interesting, but hearing it directly from his friend, with his friend's voice and expressions, would be much more exciting. He felt his friend's deep voice and sad,

kind eyes as he began writing. He expected the story to be strange and upsetting, about a terrible storm that destroyed a ship.

# Chapter I

**Pt/En** The narrator was born in Geneva, a city where his family was very important. His family members had been leaders and officials for many years. His father had also held public jobs with honour and was known for being honest and working hard for the country. He spent his younger years busy with his country's business. He married and had a family late in life because he was always occupied with his work.

**Pt/En** The narrator's father had a close friend named Beaufort, who was a merchant. Beaufort lost his money due to many problems and became poor. He was a proud man and did not want to live in poverty where he was once rich and respected. After paying all his debts, he moved with his daughter to Lucerne, living unknown and unhappily. The narrator's father was very sad about his friend's situation and thought his friend's pride was causing him to act in a way that hurt their friendship. He quickly tried to find Beaufort to help him start over.

**Pt/En** Beaufort tried hard to hide, and it took the narrator's father ten months to find him. The father was happy to find him and went to his house, which was in a poor street. But when he arrived, he only found sadness. Beaufort had little money left from his lost fortune, just enough to live for a few months. He hoped to find a job with a merchant. During this time, he did nothing but think, and his sadness grew. After three months, he became sick and could not do anything.

**Pt/En** Beaufort's daughter took care of him with great kindness. However, she saw with worry that their small amount of money was running out, and there was no other way to get support. But Caroline Beaufort was a strong person, and her courage helped her face their difficult situation. She found work sewing and weaving straw, earning just enough money to survive.

**Pt/En** After several months, the girl's father became very ill. She spent all her time looking after him, and her money ran out. Her father died in her arms after ten months. She was left alone and poor. This made her very sad. She was crying by Beaufort's coffin when the narrator's father arrived. He helped the sad girl, and after Beaufort was buried, he took her to Geneva. He arranged for her to live with a relative. Two years later, she married the narrator's father.

**Pt/En** The narrator's parents were very different in age, but this made them love each other even more. The father was a fair and honest man who needed to feel strong affection. He valued people he knew he could trust. He showed great respect and love for his wife. This was not just old-fashioned fondness; it came from admiring her good qualities. He wanted to help her feel better after her past difficulties. He always made sure her wishes were met and she was comfortable. He protected her like a special plant, keeping her safe from harm and surrounding her with things that would make her happy. Her health and calm spirit had been hurt by what she had experienced. In the two years before they married, the father stopped doing his public work. Soon after they married, they travelled to Italy for a change of scene and a better climate to help her recover.

**Pt/En** After visiting Italy, the parents travelled to Germany and France. The narrator was born in Naples and travelled with them as a baby. For several years, the narrator was their only child. They loved each other very much, but they also had endless love for their child. The narrator's first memories were of his mother's gentle touches and his father's happy smile. They treated the narrator like a beloved toy and child, a gift from heaven. They felt a deep responsibility to raise him well and guide him to happiness. Because they felt this duty and had so much love, they taught him patience, kindness, and self-control every day. The narrator felt guided by a gentle hand, and his childhood seemed like a continuous happy experience.

**Pt/En** For a long time, the narrator was their only child. His mother had wanted a daughter, but they had no other children. When the narrator was about five years old, they visited the Lake of Como in Italy. They often visited poor people in their homes because they were kind and wanted to help. The narrator's mother felt it was her duty and a strong desire to help those in need, remembering her own past suffering and how she had been helped. One day, while the father was away in Milan, the mother and the narrator visited a very poor cottage. They saw a farmer and his wife working hard, giving a small amount of food to their five hungry children. One child stood out from the others. She looked different. The other children were dark-eyed and looked tough, but this child was thin and very fair. Her bright golden hair seemed like a crown. Her forehead was clear, her blue eyes were bright, and her face showed

great kindness and sweetness. She looked special, like a gift from heaven.

**Pt/En** The farmer's wife saw that the narrator's mother was looking at the beautiful girl with surprise and admiration. She explained that the girl was not her child but the daughter of a nobleman from Milan. The girl's mother was German and had died when the baby was born. The infant was left with the farmer and his wife to be cared for; they were doing better financially at that time. They had recently married and their own eldest child was just a baby. The girl's father was an Italian who remembered Italy's past greatness and fought for his country's freedom. He was caught and punished for his actions. It was unknown if he had died or was in an Austrian prison. His property was taken, and his child became an orphan and was left with no money. She grew up in the farmer's simple home, looking more beautiful than a rose in a garden surrounded by dark bushes.

**Pt/En** When the narrator's father came back from Milan, he found a very beautiful and graceful child playing in their house. This child was an orphan. Her guardians loved her but decided it was best for her to live with the narrator's mother, who could give her a better life. After talking to their priest, the orphan, Elizabeth Lavenza, came to live with the narrator's parents. She became like a sister to him and was a loved friend for all his activities and fun.

**Pt/En** Everyone loved Elizabeth. The narrator was proud and happy that he shared this love. The evening before Elizabeth came, his mother told him she had a present for him. The next day, when his mother introduced Elizabeth as this gift, the narrator, as a child, took it seriously. He felt Elizabeth was his to protect, love, and care for. He felt proud when people praised her, as if they were praising something he owned. They called each other cousin. Their relationship was very special, more than just cousins; she was meant to be his only companion until death.

## Chapter II

**Pt/En** The narrator and Elizabeth grew up together, with only a year between their ages. They never argued and always got along well. Their different personalities made them closer. Elizabeth was calmer, while the narrator was very enthusiastic and eager to learn. Elizabeth enjoyed poetry and found beauty and happiness in the natural world around their Swiss home, like the mountains and the changing seasons. The narrator, however, was more interested in understanding how things worked. He was very curious about nature's secrets and felt great joy when he learned new things.

**Pt/En** When a second son was born, who was seven years younger than the narrator, his parents stopped traveling and settled in their home country. They owned a house in Geneva and a country home by a lake. They lived mostly in the country and kept to themselves. The narrator preferred to avoid large groups and form close friendships with a few people. He was not very interested in his schoolmates, but he became best friends with one of them, Henry Clerval. Henry was the son of a merchant and was very imaginative. He enjoyed challenges and adventure, and he loved reading stories about knights and heroes. He wrote songs and stories about adventures and often suggested they act out plays or dress up as characters from famous tales.

**Pt/En** The narrator had a very happy childhood. His parents were very kind and generous. They made sure he and his siblings had many enjoyable experiences. When he met other families, he realized how lucky he was, and this made him love his parents even more.

**Pt/En** The narrator had a strong temper and intense feelings. However, these feelings did not lead him to play like a child. Instead, he became very eager to learn. He was not interested in subjects like languages, government rules, or politics. He wanted to understand the secrets of the sky and the earth. He was curious about the physical world, the spirit of nature, and the human mind. His main goal was to learn the deep, physical secrets of the world.

**Pt/En** Clerval was interested in the moral side of life. He studied people's actions, heroes' virtues, and life's events. He dreamed of being

remembered as a hero who helped people. Elizabeth was like a guiding light in their home. Her kindness and gentle nature helped both the narrator and Clerval. She made them kinder and more thoughtful. Elizabeth showed Clerval the beauty of doing good, making it his main goal.

**Pt/En** The narrator remembers his childhood with happiness, before bad things happened and changed his thoughts from helping others to thinking only about himself. He also writes about his early life to explain how he later became very unhappy. He believes the strong feeling that controlled his life started from small, forgotten things. But this feeling grew stronger over time, like a river, and destroyed all his hopes and happiness.

**Pt/En** The narrator explains that his interest in science, called natural philosophy, decided his future. When he was thirteen, his family went on a trip. Bad weather forced them to stay inside an inn for a day. There, he found a book by Cornelius Agrippa. At first, he was not interested, but the book's ideas and stories excited him. He felt like he had discovered something new and told his father happily. His father quickly looked at the book and told him not to waste time on it, calling it "sad trash."

**Pt/En** If his father had explained that Agrippa's ideas were old and that new, real science was better, the narrator would have stopped reading Agrippa. He might have returned to his earlier studies with more energy. This might have prevented the bad choices that led to his ruin. However, his father's quick look at the book did not show he knew its contents. So, the narrator continued to read it with great interest.

**Pt/En** When the narrator returned home, his first action was to get all the books by certain authors, including Paracelsus and Albertus Magnus. He read and enjoyed their unusual ideas, feeling they were special secrets known only to him. He explained that he always strongly wanted to understand nature's mysteries. Despite the hard work and discoveries of modern scientists, he always felt unhappy and unsatisfied after his studies. He mentioned that Sir Isaac Newton supposedly said he felt like a child finding shells on a vast, unknown ocean of truth. The narrator felt that other scientists he knew seemed like beginners in their work.

**Pt/En** The simple farmer understood the natural world around him and how to use it. The most educated philosopher knew only a little more. Philosophers had partly revealed nature's appearance, but her true form remained a mystery. They could name and describe parts, but they did not understand the deeper reasons or purposes. The narrator felt he had looked at the barriers that prevented people from understanding nature's core, and he had wrongly complained about them.

**Pt/En** However, there were books and people who had studied these subjects more deeply. The narrator believed what they said and became their student. It might seem strange for this to happen in the 1700s, but while he attended school in Geneva, he mostly taught himself about his favourite subjects. His father was not interested in science, so he had to learn by himself, with a child's lack of understanding but a student's strong desire for knowledge. Guided by his new teachers, he worked hard to find the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. The elixir soon became his main focus. He did not care much about money, but he imagined the great fame he would get if he could cure diseases and make people unable to die from anything but accidents.

**Pt/En** He also had other strange ideas. His favourite authors wrote about bringing ghosts or devils back, and he eagerly tried to do this. If his attempts failed, he blamed his own lack of experience, not the authors' advice. For a time, he followed old, disproven theories. Like someone unskilled, he mixed many conflicting ideas and struggled deeply in a confusing sea of knowledge. His strong imagination and childish thinking guided him until an event changed his thoughts again.

**Pt/En** When the narrator was about fifteen years old, his family had moved to their house near Bellerive. There, they experienced a very strong and frightening thunderstorm. It came from behind the Jura mountains, and the thunder sounded very loud from many directions. He watched the storm with interest. Suddenly, standing at the door, he saw a flash of lightning strike an old, beautiful oak tree about twenty yards away. After the bright light disappeared, the oak was gone, leaving only a burnt stump. The next morning, they saw the tree was destroyed in a strange way. It was not broken into pieces by the force, but completely turned into thin strips of wood. He had never seen anything so completely ruined.

**Pt/En** Before this, I knew some basic things about electricity. A learned man who studied science was with us. He explained a new and surprising idea about electricity and galvanism. This new idea made the writers I admired, like Cornelius Agrippa, seem less important. But for some reason, when these writers seemed less important, I lost interest in my usual studies. I felt like nothing could ever be known. Everything I had studied before suddenly seemed worthless. I decided to stop my old studies and thought natural history was a bad subject. I also felt that some sciences were not real knowledge. So, I started studying mathematics because it was based on sure facts.

**Pt/En** Our minds are built in strange ways, and small things can lead us to good or bad futures. Looking back, it seems like a guardian angel suggested this big change in my interests. It was like a last attempt to save me from future problems. After I stopped my old studies, which had started to bother me, I felt unusually calm and happy. This taught me to connect bad things with continuing my old studies and happiness with ignoring them.

**Pt/En** It was a strong effort to do good, but it did not work. Fate was too strong, and its rules had decided that I would have a terrible end.

## Chapter III

**Pt/En** When I was seventeen, my parents decided I should study at the university in Ingolstadt. I had studied in Geneva before, but my father wanted me to learn about other places and ways of life. My departure was planned for soon. However, before the day came, the first bad event of my life happened. It was like a sign of the bad things to come.

**Pt/En** Elizabeth became very sick with scarlet fever. During her illness, people tried to stop my mother from taking care of her. My mother first agreed, but when she heard Elizabeth's life was in danger, she could not stop worrying. She went to Elizabeth's bedside and took care of her. Elizabeth got better, but my mother became sick because of it. On the third day, my mother got a fever with very worrying signs. The doctors thought the worst would happen. On her deathbed, my mother was still kind and strong. She held Elizabeth's and my hands. She said her greatest hope for happiness was that Elizabeth and I would marry. She told Elizabeth she must take care of her younger children. My mother said she was sad to leave us but hoped to meet us again in another world.

**Pt/En** The narrator's mother died peacefully, with a loving look on her face. The narrator explains that it is very hard to accept that someone you saw every day and felt was part of you is gone forever. It takes time to understand the reality of the loss. Grief is very painful at first, but later it becomes less of a need and more of a choice. Even though his mother was dead, they still had duties to do and had to continue living, feeling lucky that at least one person in the family was still alive.

**Pt/En** The narrator's trip to Ingolstadt was planned again after the recent sad events. He asked his father for a few more weeks of time. He felt it was too soon to leave the quiet sadness of his home and go back to a busy life. He was not used to feeling so much sadness, and it worried him. He wanted to stay with the people he had left and especially wanted to see his dear Elizabeth feel a little better.

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## Introduction

**PT** The Publishers of the Standard Novels, in selecting Frankenstein for one of their series, expressed a wish that I should furnish them with some account of the origin of the story. I am the more willing to comply, because I shall thus give a general answer to the question, so very frequently asked me—“How I, when a young girl, came to think of, and to dilate upon, so very hideous an idea?” It is true that I am very averse to bringing myself forward in print; but as my account will only appear as an appendage to a former production, and as it will be confined to such topics as have connection with my authorship alone, I can scarcely accuse myself of a personal intrusion.

**PT** It is not singular that, as the daughter of two persons of distinguished literary celebrity, I should very early in life have thought of writing. As a child I scribbled; and my favourite pastime, during the hours given me for recreation, was to “write stories.” Still I had a dearer pleasure than this, which was the formation of castles in the air—the indulging in waking dreams—the following up trains of thought, which had for their subject the formation of a succession of imaginary incidents. My dreams were at once more fantastic and agreeable than my writings. In the latter I was a close imitator—rather doing as others had done, than putting down the suggestions of my own mind. What I wrote was intended at least for one other eye—my childhood’s companion and friend; but my dreams were all my own; I accounted for them to nobody; they were my refuge when annoyed—my dearest pleasure when free.

**PT** I lived principally in the country as a girl, and passed a considerable time in Scotland. I made occasional visits to the more picturesque parts; but my habitual residence was on the blank and dreary northern shores of the Tay, near Dundee. Blank and dreary on retrospection I call them; they were not so to me then. They were the eyry of freedom, and the pleasant region where unheeded I could commune with the creatures of my fancy. I wrote then—but in a most commonplace style. It was beneath the trees of the grounds belonging to our house, or on the bleak sides of the woodless mountains near, that my true compositions, the airy flights of my imagination, were born and fostered. I did not make myself the heroine of my tales. Life appeared to me too commonplace an affair as regarded myself. I could not figure to

myself that romantic woes or wonderful events would ever be my lot; but I was not confined to my own identity, and I could people the hours with creations far more interesting to me at that age, than my own sensations.

**PT** After this my life became busier, and reality stood in place of fiction. My husband, however, was from the first, very anxious that I should prove myself worthy of my parentage, and enrol myself on the page of fame. He was forever inciting me to obtain literary reputation, which even on my own part I cared for then, though since I have become infinitely indifferent to it. At this time he desired that I should write, not so much with the idea that I could produce anything worthy of notice, but that he might himself judge how far I possessed the promise of better things hereafter. Still I did nothing. Travelling, and the cares of a family, occupied my time; and study, in the way of reading, or improving my ideas in communication with his far more cultivated mind, was all of literary employment that engaged my attention.

**PT** In the summer of 1816, we visited Switzerland, and became the neighbours of Lord Byron. At first we spent our pleasant hours on the lake, or wandering on its shores; and Lord Byron, who was writing the third canto of Childe Harold, was the only one among us who put his thoughts upon paper. These, as he brought them successively to us, clothed in all the light and harmony of poetry, seemed to stamp as divine the glories of heaven and earth, whose influences we partook with him.

**PT** But it proved a wet, ungenial summer, and incessant rain often confined us for days to the house. Some volumes of ghost stories, translated from the German into French, fell into our hands. There was the History of the Inconstant Lover, who, when he thought to clasp the bride to whom he had pledged his vows, found himself in the arms of the pale ghost of her whom he had deserted. There was the tale of the sinful founder of his race, whose miserable doom it was to bestow the kiss of death on all the younger sons of his fated house, just when they reached the age of promise. His gigantic, shadowy form, clothed like the ghost in Hamlet, in complete armour, but with the beaver up, was seen at midnight, by the moon's fitful beams, to advance slowly along the gloomy avenue. The shape was lost beneath the shadow of the castle walls; but soon a gate swung back, a step was heard, the door of the chamber opened, and he advanced to the couch of the blooming youths, cradled in healthy sleep. Eternal sorrow sat upon his face as he bent down and

kissed the forehead of the boys, who from that hour withered like flowers snapt upon the stalk. I have not seen these stories since then; but their incidents are as fresh in my mind as if I had read them yesterday.

**PT** “We will each write a ghost story,” said Lord Byron; and his proposition was acceded to. There were four of us. The noble author began a tale, a fragment of which he printed at the end of his poem of Mazeppa. Shelley, more apt to embody ideas and sentiments in the radiance of brilliant imagery, and in the music of the most melodious verse that adorns our language, than to invent the machinery of a story, commenced one founded on the experiences of his early life. Poor Polidori had some terrible idea about a skull-headed lady, who was so punished for peeping through a keyhole—what to see I forget—something very shocking and wrong of course; but when she was reduced to a worse condition than the renowned Tom of Coventry, he did not know what to do with her, and was obliged to despatch her to the tomb of the Capulets, the only place for which she was fitted. The illustrious poets also, annoyed by the platitude of prose, speedily relinquished their uncongenial task.

**PT** I busied myself to think of a story—a story to rival those which had excited us to this task. One which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature, and awaken thrilling horror—one to make the reader dread to look round, to curdle the blood, and quicken the beatings of the heart. If I did not accomplish these things, my ghost story would be unworthy of its name. I thought and pondered—vainly. I felt that blank incapability of invention which is the greatest misery of authorship, when dull Nothing replies to our anxious invocations. Have you thought of a story? I was asked each morning, and each morning I was forced to reply with a mortifying negative.

**PT** Everything must have a beginning, to speak in Sanchean phrase; and that beginning must be linked to something that went before. The Hindus give the world an elephant to support it, but they make the elephant stand upon a tortoise. Invention, it must be humbly admitted, does not consist in creating out of void, but out of chaos; the materials must, in the first place, be afforded: it can give form to dark, shapeless substances, but cannot bring into being the substance itself. In all matters of discovery and invention, even of those that appertain to the imagination, we are continually reminded of the story of Columbus and

his egg. Invention consists in the capacity of seizing on the capabilities of a subject, and in the power of moulding and fashioning ideas suggested to it.

**PT** Many and long were the conversations between Lord Byron and Shelley, to which I was a devout but nearly silent listener. During one of these, various philosophical doctrines were discussed, and among others the nature of the principle of life, and whether there was any probability of its ever being discovered and communicated. They talked of the experiments of Dr. Darwin, (I speak not of what the Doctor really did, or said that he did, but, as more to my purpose, of what was then spoken of as having been done by him,) who preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case, till by some extraordinary means it began to move with voluntary motion. Not thus, after all, would life be given. Perhaps a corpse would be reanimated; galvanism had given token of such things: perhaps the component parts of a creature might be manufactured, brought together, and endued with vital warmth.

**PT** Night waned upon this talk, and even the witching hour had gone by, before we retired to rest. When I placed my head on my pillow, I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie. I saw□—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision□—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. Frightful must it be; for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handywork, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade; that this thing, which had received such imperfect animation, would subside into dead matter; and he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench forever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes.

**PT** I opened mine in terror. The idea so possessed my mind, that a thrill of fear ran through me, and I wished to exchange the ghastly image of my fancy for the realities around. I see them still; the very room, the dark parquet, the closed shutters, with the moonlight struggling through, and the sense I had that the glassy lake and white high Alps were beyond. I could not so easily get rid of my hideous phantom; still it haunted me. I must try to think of something else. I recurred to my ghost story□—my tiresome unlucky ghost story! O! if I could only contrive one which would frighten my reader as I myself had been frightened that night!

**PT** Swift as light and as cheering was the idea that broke in upon me. “I have found it! What terrified me will terrify others; and I need only describe the spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow.” On the morrow I announced that I had thought of a story. I began that day with the words, It was on a dreary night of November, making only a transcript of the grim terrors of my waking dream.

**PT** At first I thought but of a few pages□—of a short tale; but Shelley urged me to develop the idea at greater length. I certainly did not owe the suggestion of one incident, nor scarcely of one train of feeling, to my husband, and yet but for his incitement, it would never have taken the form in which it was presented to the world. From this declaration I must except the preface. As far as I can recollect, it was entirely written by him.

**PT** And now, once again, I bid my hideous progeny go forth and prosper. I have an affection for it, for it was the offspring of happy days, when death and grief were but words, which found no true echo in my heart. Its several pages speak of many a walk, many a drive, and many a conversation, when I was not alone; and my companion was one who, in this world, I shall never see more. But this is for myself; my readers have nothing to do with these associations.

**PT** I will add but one word as to the alterations I have made. They are principally those of style. I have changed no portion of the story, nor introduced any new ideas or circumstances. I have mended the language where it was so bald as to interfere with the interest of the narrative; and these changes occur almost exclusively in the beginning of the first volume. Throughout they are entirely confined to such parts as are mere adjuncts to the story, leaving the core and substance of it untouched.

PT M. W. S.

PT London, October 15, 1831.

## Preface

**PT** The event on which this fiction is founded, has been supposed, by Dr. Darwin, and some of the physiological writers of Germany, as not of impossible occurrence. I shall not be supposed as according the remotest degree of serious faith to such an imagination; yet, in assuming it as the basis of a work of fancy, I have not considered myself as merely weaving a series of supernatural terrors. The event on which the interest of the story depends is exempt from the disadvantages of a mere tale of spectres or enchantment. It was recommended by the novelty of the situations which it develops; and, however impossible as a physical fact, affords a point of view to the imagination for the delineating of human passions more comprehensive and commanding than any which the ordinary relations of existing events can yield.

**PT** I have thus endeavoured to preserve the truth of the elementary principles of human nature, while I have not scrupled to innovate upon their combinations. The Iliad, the tragic poetry of Greece—Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*—and most especially Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, conform to this rule; and the most humble novelist, who seeks to confer or receive amusement from his labours, may, without presumption, apply to prose fiction a licence, or rather a rule, from the adoption of which so many exquisite combinations of human feeling have resulted in the highest specimens of poetry.

**PT** The circumstance on which my story rests was suggested in casual conversation. It was commenced partly as a source of amusement, and partly as an expedient for exercising any untried resources of mind. Other motives were mingled with these, as the work proceeded. I am by no means indifferent to the manner in which whatever moral tendencies exist in the sentiments or characters it contains shall affect the reader; yet my chief concern in this respect has been limited to the avoiding the enervating effects of the novels of the present day, and to the exhibition of the amiableness of domestic affection, and the excellence of universal virtue. The opinions which naturally spring from the character and situation of the hero are by no means to be conceived as existing always in my own conviction; nor is any inference justly to be drawn from the

following pages as prejudicing any philosophical doctrine of whatever kind.

**PT** It is a subject also of additional interest to the author, that this story was begun in the majestic region where the scene is principally laid, and in society which cannot cease to be regretted. I passed the summer of 1816 in the environs of Geneva. The season was cold and rainy, and in the evenings we crowded around a blazing wood fire, and occasionally amused ourselves with some German stories of ghosts, which happened to fall into our hands. These tales excited in us a playful desire of imitation. Two other friends (a tale from the pen of one of whom would be far more acceptable to the public than anything I can ever hope to produce) and myself agreed to write each a story, founded on some supernatural occurrence.

**PT** The weather, however, suddenly became serene; and my two friends left me on a journey among the Alps, and lost, in the magnificent scenes which they present, all memory of their ghostly visions. The following tale is the only one which has been completed.

**PT** Marlow, September, 1817.

**PT** To William Godwin, Author of Political Justice, Caleb Williams, etc., This volume is respectfully inscribed by the author.

**PT** “Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
To mould me Man, did I solicit thee  
From darkness to promote me?”

**PT** Paradise Lost, X, 743–745

**PT** Frankenstein

**PT** Or, The Modern Prometheus

# Letter I

**PT** To Mrs. Saville, England.

**PT** St. Petersburg, Dec. 11th, 17□—.

**PT** You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings. I arrived here yesterday; and my first task is to assure my dear sister of my welfare, and increasing confidence in the success of my undertaking.

**PT** I am already far north of London; and as I walk in the streets of Petersburg, I feel a cold northern breeze play upon my cheeks, which braces my nerves, and fills me with delight. Do you understand this feeling? This breeze, which has travelled from the regions towards which I am advancing, gives me a foretaste of those icy climes. Inspirited by this wind of promise, my day dreams become more fervent and vivid. I try in vain to be persuaded that the pole is the seat of frost and desolation; it ever presents itself to my imagination as the region of beauty and delight. There, Margaret, the sun is forever visible; its broad disk just skirting the horizon, and diffusing a perpetual splendour. There□—for with your leave, my sister, I will put some trust in preceding navigators□—there snow and frost are banished; and, sailing over a calm sea, we may be wafted to a land surpassing in wonders and in beauty every region hitherto discovered on the habitable globe. Its productions and features may be without example, as the phenomena of the heavenly bodies undoubtedly are in those undiscovered solitudes. What may not be expected in a country of eternal light? I may there discover the wondrous power which attracts the needle; and may regulate a thousand celestial observations, that require only this voyage to render their seeming eccentricities consistent forever. I shall satiate my ardent curiosity with the sight of a part of the world never before visited, and may tread a land never before imprinted by the foot of man. These are my enticements, and they are sufficient to conquer all fear of danger or death, and to induce me to commence this laborious voyage with the joy a child feels when he embarks in a little boat, with his holiday mates, on an expedition of discovery up his native river. But, supposing all these conjectures to be false, you cannot contest the inestimable benefit which I shall confer on all mankind to the last generation, by discovering a passage near the

pole to those countries, to reach which at present so many months are requisite; or by ascertaining the secret of the magnet, which, if at all possible, can only be effected by an undertaking such as mine.

**PT** These reflections have dispelled the agitation with which I began my letter, and I feel my heart glow with an enthusiasm which elevates me to heaven; for nothing contributes so much to tranquillise the mind as a steady purpose—a point on which the soul may fix its intellectual eye. This expedition has been the favourite dream of my early years. I have read with ardour the accounts of the various voyages which have been made in the prospect of arriving at the North Pacific Ocean through the seas which surround the pole. You may remember, that a history of all the voyages made for purposes of discovery composed the whole of our good uncle Thomas's library. My education was neglected, yet I was passionately fond of reading. These volumes were my study day and night, and my familiarity with them increased that regret which I had felt, as a child, on learning that my father's dying injunction had forbidden my uncle to allow me to embark in a seafaring life.

**PT** These visions faded when I perused, for the first time, those poets whose effusions entranced my soul, and lifted it to heaven. I also became a poet, and for one year lived in a Paradise of my own creation; I imagined that I also might obtain a niche in the temple where the names of Homer and Shakespeare are consecrated. You are well acquainted with my failure, and how heavily I bore the disappointment. But just at that time I inherited the fortune of my cousin, and my thoughts were turned into the channel of their earlier bent.

**PT** Six years have passed since I resolved on my present undertaking. I can, even now, remember the hour from which I dedicated myself to this great enterprise. I commenced by inuring my body to hardship. I accompanied the whale-fishers on several expeditions to the North Sea; I voluntarily endured cold, famine, thirst, and want of sleep; I often worked harder than the common sailors during the day, and devoted my nights to the study of mathematics, the theory of medicine, and those branches of physical science from which a naval adventurer might derive the greatest practical advantage. Twice I actually hired myself as an under-mate in a Greenland whaler, and acquitted myself to admiration. I must own I felt a little proud, when my captain offered me the second dignity in the vessel,

and entreated me to remain with the greatest earnestness; so valuable did he consider my services.

**PT** And now, dear Margaret, do I not deserve to accomplish some great purpose? My life might have been passed in ease and luxury; but I preferred glory to every enticement that wealth placed in my path. Oh, that some encouraging voice would answer in the affirmative! My courage and my resolution is firm; but my hopes fluctuate, and my spirits are often depressed. I am about to proceed on a long and difficult voyage, the emergencies of which will demand all my fortitude: I am required not only to raise the spirits of others, but sometimes to sustain my own, when theirs are failing.

**PT** This is the most favourable period for travelling in Russia. They fly quickly over the snow in their sledges; the motion is pleasant, and, in my opinion, far more agreeable than that of an English stagecoach. The cold is not excessive, if you are wrapped in furs——a dress which I have already adopted; for there is a great difference between walking the deck and remaining seated motionless for hours, when no exercise prevents the blood from actually freezing in your veins. I have no ambition to lose my life on the post-road between St. Petersburg and Archangel.

**PT** I shall depart for the latter town in a fortnight or three weeks; and my intention is to hire a ship there, which can easily be done by paying the insurance for the owner, and to engage as many sailors as I think necessary among those who are accustomed to the whale-fishing. I do not intend to sail until the month of June; and when shall I return? Ah, dear sister, how can I answer this question? If I succeed, many, many months, perhaps years, will pass before you and I may meet. If I fail, you will see me again soon, or never.

**PT** Farewell, my dear, excellent Margaret. Heaven shower down blessings on you, and save me, that I may again and again testify my gratitude for all your love and kindness.

**PT** Your affectionate brother,

**PT** R. Walton.

## Letter II

**PT** To Mrs. Saville, England.

**PT** Archangel, 28th March, 17□—.

**PT** How slowly the time passes here, encompassed as I am by frost and snow; yet a second step is taken towards my enterprise. I have hired a vessel, and am occupied in collecting my sailors; those whom I have already engaged, appear to be men on whom I can depend, and are certainly possessed of dauntless courage.

**PT** But I have one want which I have never yet been able to satisfy; and the absence of the object of which I now feel as a most severe evil. I have no friend, Margaret: when I am glowing with the enthusiasm of success, there will be none to participate my joy; if I am assailed by disappointment, no one will endeavour to sustain me in dejection. I shall commit my thoughts to paper, it is true; but that is a poor medium for the communication of feeling. I desire the company of a man who could sympathise with me; whose eyes would reply to mine. You may deem me romantic, my dear sister, but I bitterly feel the want of a friend. I have no one near me, gentle yet courageous, possessed of a cultivated as well as of a capacious mind, whose tastes are like my own, to approve or amend my plans. How would such a friend repair the faults of your poor brother! I am too ardent in execution, and too impatient of difficulties. But it is a still greater evil to me that I am self-educated: for the first fourteen years of my life I ran wild on a common, and read nothing but our uncle Thomas's books of voyages. At that age I became acquainted with the celebrated poets of our own country; but it was only when it had ceased to be in my power to derive its most important benefits from such a conviction, that I perceived the necessity of becoming acquainted with more languages than that of my native country. Now I am twenty-eight, and am in reality more illiterate than many schoolboys of fifteen. It is true that I have thought more, and that my day dreams are more extended and magnificent; but they want (as the painters call it) keeping; and I greatly need a friend who would have sense enough not to despise me as romantic, and affection enough for me to endeavour to regulate my mind.

**PT** Well, these are useless complaints; I shall certainly find no friend on the wide ocean, nor even here in Archangel, among merchants and

seamen. Yet some feelings, unallied to the dross of human nature, beat even in these rugged bosoms. My lieutenant, for instance, is a man of wonderful courage and enterprise; he is madly desirous of glory: or rather, to word my phrase more characteristically, of advancement in his profession. He is an Englishman, and in the midst of national and professional prejudices, unsoftened by cultivation, retains some of the noblest endowments of humanity. I first became acquainted with him on board a whale vessel: finding that he was unemployed in this city, I easily engaged him to assist in my enterprise.

**PT** The master is a person of an excellent disposition, and is remarkable in the ship for his gentleness and the mildness of his discipline. This circumstance, added to his well known integrity and dauntless courage, made me very desirous to engage him. A youth passed in solitude, my best years spent under your gentle and feminine fosterage, has so refined the groundwork of my character, that I cannot overcome an intense distaste to the usual brutality exercised on board ship: I have never believed it to be necessary; and when I heard of a mariner equally noted for his kindness of heart, and the respect and obedience paid to him by his crew, I felt myself peculiarly fortunate in being able to secure his services. I heard of him first in rather a romantic manner, from a lady who owes to him the happiness of her life. This, briefly, is his story. Some years ago, he loved a young Russian lady, of moderate fortune; and having amassed a considerable sum in prize-money, the father of the girl consented to the match. He saw his mistress once before the destined ceremony; but she was bathed in tears, and, throwing herself at his feet, entreated him to spare her, confessing at the same time that she loved another, but that he was poor, and that her father would never consent to the union. My generous friend reassured the suppliant, and on being informed of the name of her lover, instantly abandoned his pursuit. He had already bought a farm with his money, on which he had designed to pass the remainder of his life; but he bestowed the whole on his rival, together with the remains of his prize-money to purchase stock, and then himself solicited the young woman's father to consent to her marriage with her lover. But the old man decidedly refused, thinking himself bound in honour to my friend; who, when he found the father inexorable, quitted his country, nor returned until he heard that his former mistress was married according to her inclinations. "What a noble fellow!" you will exclaim. He is so; but then he

is wholly uneducated: he is as silent as a Turk, and a kind of ignorant carelessness attends him, which, while it renders his conduct the more astonishing, detracts from the interest and sympathy which otherwise he would command.

**PT** Yet do not suppose, because I complain a little, or because I can conceive a consolation for my toils which I may never know, that I am wavering in my resolutions. Those are as fixed as fate; and my voyage is only now delayed until the weather shall permit my embarkation. The winter has been dreadfully severe; but the spring promises well, and it is considered as a remarkably early season; so that perhaps I may sail sooner than I expected. I shall do nothing rashly: you know me sufficiently to confide in my prudence and considerateness, whenever the safety of others is committed to my care.

**PT** I cannot describe to you my sensations on the near prospect of my undertaking. It is impossible to communicate to you a conception of the trembling sensation, half pleasurable and half fearful, with which I am preparing to depart. I am going to unexplored regions, to “the land of mist and snow”; but I shall kill no albatross, therefore do not be alarmed for my safety, or if I should come back to you as worn and woeful as the “Ancient Mariner.” You will smile at my allusion; but I will disclose a secret. I have often attributed my attachment to, my passionate enthusiasm for, the dangerous mysteries of ocean, to that production of the most imaginative of modern poets. There is something at work in my soul, which I do not understand. I am practically industrious—painstaking;—a workman to execute with perseverance and labour:—but besides this, there is a love for the marvellous, a belief in the marvellous, intertwined in all my projects, which hurries me out of the common pathways of men, even to the wild sea and unvisited regions I am about to explore.

**PT** But to return to dearer considerations. Shall I meet you again, after having traversed immense seas, and returned by the most southern cape of Africa or America? I dare not expect such success, yet I cannot bear to look on the reverse of the picture. Continue for the present to write to me by every opportunity: I may receive your letters on some occasions when I need them most to support my spirits. I love you very tenderly. Remember me with affection, should you never hear from me again.

**PT** Your affectionate brother,

PT Robert Walton.

## Letter III

**PT** To Mrs. Saville, England.

**PT** July 7th, 17—.

**PT** My dear sister— I write a few lines in haste, to say that I am safe, and well advanced on my voyage. This letter will reach England by a merchantman now on its homeward voyage from Archangel; more fortunate than I, who may not see my native land, perhaps, for many years. I am, however, in good spirits: my men are bold, and apparently firm of purpose; nor do the floating sheets of ice that continually pass us, indicating the dangers of the region towards which we are advancing, appear to dismay them. We have already reached a very high latitude; but it is the height of summer, and although not so warm as in England, the southern gales, which blow us speedily towards those shores which I so ardently desire to attain, breathe a degree of renovating warmth which I had not expected.

**PT** No incidents have hitherto befallen us that would make a figure in a letter. One or two stiff gales, and the springing of a leak, are accidents which experienced navigators scarcely remember to record; and I shall be well content if nothing worse happen to us during our voyage.

**PT** Adieu, my dear Margaret. Be assured, that for my own sake, as well as yours, I will not rashly encounter danger. I will be cool, persevering, and prudent.

**PT** But success shall crown my endeavours. Wherefore not? Thus far I have gone, tracing a secure way over the pathless seas: the very stars themselves being witnesses and testimonies of my triumph. Why not still proceed over the untamed yet obedient element? What can stop the determined heart and resolved will of man?

**PT** My swelling heart involuntarily pours itself out thus. But I must finish. Heaven bless my beloved sister!

**PT** Most affectionately yours,

**PT** R. W.

## Letter IV

**PT** To Mrs. Saville, England.

**PT** August 5th, 17—.

**PT** So strange an accident has happened to us, that I cannot forbear recording it, although it is very probable that you will see me before these papers can come into your possession.

**PT** Last Monday (July 31st), we were nearly surrounded by ice, which closed in the ship on all sides, scarcely leaving her the sea-room in which she floated. Our situation was somewhat dangerous, especially as we were compassed round by a very thick fog. We accordingly lay to, hoping that some change would take place in the atmosphere and weather.

**PT** About two o'clock the mist cleared away, and we beheld, stretched out in every direction, vast and irregular plains of ice, which seemed to have no end. Some of my comrades groaned, and my own mind began to grow watchful with anxious thoughts, when a strange sight suddenly attracted our attention, and diverted our solicitude from our own situation. We perceived a low carriage, fixed on a sledge and drawn by dogs, pass on towards the north, at the distance of half a mile: a being which had the shape of a man, but apparently of gigantic stature, sat in the sledge, and guided the dogs. We watched the rapid progress of the traveller with our telescopes, until he was lost among the distant inequalities of the ice.

**PT** This appearance excited our unqualified wonder. We were, as we believed, many hundred miles from any land; but this apparition seemed to denote that it was not, in reality, so distant as we had supposed. Shut in, however, by ice, it was impossible to follow his track, which we had observed with the greatest attention.

**PT** About two hours after this occurrence, we heard the ground sea; and before night the ice broke, and freed our ship. We, however, lay to until the morning, fearing to encounter in the dark those large loose masses which float about after the breaking up of the ice. I profited of this time to rest for a few hours.

**PT** In the morning, however, as soon as it was light, I went upon deck, and found all the sailors busy on one side of the vessel, apparently talking to someone in the sea. It was, in fact, a sledge, like that we had

seen before, which had drifted towards us in the night, on a large fragment of ice. Only one dog remained alive; but there was a human being within it, whom the sailors were persuading to enter the vessel. He was not, as the other traveller seemed to be, a savage inhabitant of some undiscovered island, but a European. When I appeared on deck, the master said, "Here is our captain, and he will not allow you to perish on the open sea."

**PT** On perceiving me, the stranger addressed me in English, although with a foreign accent. "Before I come on board your vessel," said he, "will you have the kindness to inform me whither you are bound?"

**PT** You may conceive my astonishment on hearing such a question addressed to me from a man on the brink of destruction, and to whom I should have supposed that my vessel would have been a resource which he would not have exchanged for the most precious wealth the earth can afford. I replied, however, that we were on a voyage of discovery towards the northern pole.

**PT** Upon hearing this he appeared satisfied, and consented to come on board. Good God! Margaret, if you had seen the man who thus capitulated for his safety, your surprise would have been boundless. His limbs were nearly frozen, and his body dreadfully emaciated by fatigue and suffering. I never saw a man in so wretched a condition. We attempted to carry him into the cabin; but as soon as he had quitted the fresh air, he fainted. We accordingly brought him back to the deck, and restored him to animation by rubbing him with brandy, and forcing him to swallow a small quantity. As soon as he showed signs of life we wrapped him up in blankets, and placed him near the chimney of the kitchen stove. By slow degrees he recovered, and ate a little soup, which restored him wonderfully.

**PT** Two days passed in this manner before he was able to speak; and I often feared that his sufferings had deprived him of understanding. When he had in some measure recovered, I removed him to my own cabin, and attended on him as much as my duty would permit. I never saw a more interesting creature: his eyes have generally an expression of wildness, and even madness; but there are moments when, if anyone performs an act of kindness towards him, or does him any the most trifling service, his whole countenance is lighted up, as it were, with a beam of benevolence and sweetness that I never saw equalled. But he is

generally melancholy and despairing; and sometimes he gnashes his teeth, as if impatient of the weight of woes that oppresses him.

**PT** When my guest was a little recovered, I had great trouble to keep off the men, who wished to ask him a thousand questions; but I would not allow him to be tormented by their idle curiosity, in a state of body and mind whose restoration evidently depended upon entire repose. Once, however, the lieutenant asked, Why he had come so far upon the ice in so strange a vehicle?

**PT** His countenance instantly assumed an aspect of the deepest gloom; and he replied, "To seek one who fled from me."

**PT** "And did the man whom you pursued travel in the same fashion?"

**PT** "Yes."

**PT** "Then I fancy we have seen him; for the day before we picked you up, we saw some dogs drawing a sledge, with a man in it, across the ice."

**PT** This aroused the stranger's attention; and he asked a multitude of questions concerning the route which the daemon, as he called him, had pursued. Soon after, when he was alone with me, he said, "I have, doubtless, excited your curiosity, as well as that of these good people; but you are too considerate to make enquiries."

**PT** "Certainly; it would indeed be very impertinent and inhuman in me to trouble you with any inquisitiveness of mine."

**PT** "And yet you rescued me from a strange and perilous situation; you have benevolently restored me to life."

**PT** Soon after this he enquired if I thought that the breaking up of the ice had destroyed the other sledge? I replied, that I could not answer with any degree of certainty; for the ice had not broken until near midnight, and the traveller might have arrived at a place of safety before that time; but of this I could not judge.

**PT** From this time a new spirit of life animated the decaying frame of the stranger. He manifested the greatest eagerness to be upon deck, to watch for the sledge which had before appeared; but I have persuaded him to remain in the cabin, for he is far too weak to sustain the rawness of the atmosphere. I have promised that someone should watch for him, and give him instant notice if any new object should appear in sight.

**PT** Such is my journal of what relates to this strange occurrence up to the present day. The stranger has gradually improved in health, but is very silent, and appears uneasy when anyone except myself enters his cabin. Yet his manners are so conciliating and gentle, that the sailors are all interested in him, although they have had very little communication with him. For my own part, I begin to love him as a brother; and his constant and deep grief fills me with sympathy and compassion. He must have been a noble creature in his better days, being even now in wreck so attractive and amiable.

**PT** I said in one of my letters, my dear Margaret, that I should find no friend on the wide ocean; yet I have found a man who, before his spirit had been broken by misery, I should have been happy to have possessed as the brother of my heart.

**PT** I shall continue my journal concerning the stranger at intervals, should I have any fresh incidents to record.

**PT** August 13th, 17—.

**PT** My affection for my guest increases every day. He excites at once my admiration and my pity to an astonishing degree. How can I see so noble a creature destroyed by misery, without feeling the most poignant grief? He is so gentle, yet so wise; his mind is so cultivated; and when he speaks, although his words are culled with the choicest art, yet they flow with rapidity and unparalleled eloquence.

**PT** He is now much recovered from his illness, and is continually on the deck, apparently watching for the sledge that preceded his own. Yet, although unhappy, he is not so utterly occupied by his own misery, but that he interests himself deeply in the projects of others. He has frequently conversed with me on mine, which I have communicated to him without disguise. He entered attentively into all my arguments in favour of my eventual success, and into every minute detail of the measures I had taken to secure it. I was easily led by the sympathy which he evinced, to use the language of my heart; to give utterance to the burning ardour of my soul; and to say, with all the fervour that warmed me, how gladly I would sacrifice my fortune, my existence, my every hope, to the furtherance of my enterprise. One man's life or death were but a small price to pay for the acquirement of the knowledge which I sought; for the dominion I should acquire and transmit over the elemental

foes of our race. As I spoke, a dark gloom spread over my listener's countenance. At first I perceived that he tried to suppress his emotion; he placed his hands before his eyes; and my voice quivered and failed me, as I beheld tears trickle fast from between his fingers— a groan burst from his heaving breast. I paused;—at length he spoke, in broken accents:—“Unhappy man! Do you share my madness? Have you drank also of the intoxicating draught? Hear me—let me reveal my tale, and you will dash the cup from your lips!”

**PT** Such words, you may imagine, strongly excited my curiosity; but the paroxysm of grief that had seized the stranger overcame his weakened powers, and many hours of repose and tranquil conversation were necessary to restore his composure.

**PT** Having conquered the violence of his feelings, he appeared to despise himself for being the slave of passion; and quelling the dark tyranny of despair, he led me again to converse concerning myself personally. He asked me the history of my earlier years. The tale was quickly told: but it awakened various trains of reflection. I spoke of my desire of finding a friend—of my thirst for a more intimate sympathy with a fellow mind than had ever fallen to my lot; and expressed my conviction that a man could boast of little happiness, who did not enjoy this blessing.

**PT** “I agree with you,” replied the stranger; “we are unfashioned creatures, but half made up, if one wiser, better, dearer than ourselves—such a friend ought to be—do not lend his aid to perfectionate our weak and faulty natures. I once had a friend, the most noble of human creatures, and am entitled, therefore, to judge respecting friendship. You have hope, and the world before you, and have no cause for despair. But I— I have lost everything, and cannot begin life anew.”

**PT** As he said this, his countenance became expressive of a calm settled grief, that touched me to the heart. But he was silent, and presently retired to his cabin.

**PT** Even broken in spirit as he is, no one can feel more deeply than he does the beauties of nature. The starry sky, the sea, and every sight afforded by these wonderful regions, seems still to have the power of elevating his soul from earth. Such a man has a double existence: he may suffer misery, and be overwhelmed by disappointments; yet, when

he has retired into himself, he will be like a celestial spirit, that has a halo around him, within whose circle no grief or folly ventures.

**PT** Will you smile at the enthusiasm I express concerning this divine wanderer? You would not, if you saw him. You have been tutored and refined by books and retirement from the world, and you are, therefore, somewhat fastidious; but this only renders you the more fit to appreciate the extraordinary merits of this wonderful man. Sometimes I have endeavoured to discover what quality it is which he possesses, that elevates him so immeasurably above any other person I ever knew. I believe it to be an intuitive discernment; a quick but never-failing power of judgment; a penetration into the causes of things, unequalled for clearness and precision; add to this a facility of expression, and a voice whose varied intonations are soul-subduing music.

**PT** August 19th, 17—.

**PT** Yesterday the stranger said to me, “You may easily perceive, Captain Walton, that I have suffered great and unparalleled misfortunes. I had determined, at one time, that the memory of these evils should die with me; but you have won me to alter my determination. You seek for knowledge and wisdom, as I once did; and I ardently hope that the gratification of your wishes may not be a serpent to sting you, as mine has been. I do not know that the relation of my disasters will be useful to you; yet, when I reflect that you are pursuing the same course, exposing yourself to the same dangers which have rendered me what I am, I imagine that you may deduce an apt moral from my tale; one that may direct you if you succeed in your undertaking, and console you in case of failure. Prepare to hear of occurrences which are usually deemed marvellous. Were we among the tamer scenes of nature, I might fear to encounter your unbelief, perhaps your ridicule; but many things will appear possible in these wild and mysterious regions, which would provoke the laughter of those unacquainted with the ever-varied powers of nature:—nor can I doubt but that my tale conveys in its series internal evidence of the truth of the events of which it is composed.”

**PT** You may easily imagine that I was much gratified by the offered communication; yet I could not endure that he should renew his grief by a recital of his misfortunes. I felt the greatest eagerness to hear the promised narrative, partly from curiosity, and partly from a strong desire

to ameliorate his fate, if it were in my power. I expressed these feelings in my answer.

**PT** “I thank you,” he replied, “for your sympathy, but it is useless; my fate is nearly fulfilled. I wait but for one event, and then I shall repose in peace. I understand your feeling,” continued he, perceiving that I wished to interrupt him; “but you are mistaken, my friend, if thus you will allow me to name you; nothing can alter my destiny: listen to my history, and you will perceive how irrevocably it is determined.”

**PT** He then told me, that he would commence his narrative the next day when I should be at leisure. This promise drew from me the warmest thanks. I have resolved every night, when I am not imperatively occupied by my duties, to record, as nearly as possible in his own words, what he has related during the day. If I should be engaged, I will at least make notes. This manuscript will doubtless afford you the greatest pleasure: but to me, who know him, and who hear it from his own lips, with what interest and sympathy shall I read it in some future day! Even now, as I commence my task, his full-toned voice swells in my ears; his lustrous eyes dwell on me with all their melancholy sweetness; I see his thin hand raised in animation, while the lineaments of his face are irradiated by the soul within. Strange and harrowing must be his story; frightful the storm which embraced the gallant vessel on its course, and wrecked it—thus!

## Chapter I

**PT** I am by birth a Genevese; and my family is one of the most distinguished of that republic. My ancestors had been for many years counsellors and syndics; and my father had filled several public situations with honour and reputation. He was respected by all who knew him, for his integrity and indefatigable attention to public business. He passed his younger days perpetually occupied by the affairs of his country; a variety of circumstances had prevented his marrying early, nor was it until the decline of life that he became a husband and the father of a family.

**PT** As the circumstances of his marriage illustrate his character, I cannot refrain from relating them. One of his most intimate friends was a merchant, who, from a flourishing state, fell, through numerous mischances, into poverty. This man, whose name was Beaufort, was of a proud and unbending disposition, and could not bear to live in poverty and oblivion in the same country where he had formerly been distinguished for his rank and magnificence. Having paid his debts, therefore, in the most honourable manner, he retreated with his daughter to the town of Lucerne, where he lived unknown and in wretchedness. My father loved Beaufort with the truest friendship, and was deeply grieved by his retreat in these unfortunate circumstances. He bitterly deplored the false pride which led his friend to a conduct so little worthy of the affection that united them. He lost no time in endeavouring to seek him out, with the hope of persuading him to begin the world again through his credit and assistance.

**PT** Beaufort had taken effectual measures to conceal himself; and it was ten months before my father discovered his abode. Overjoyed at this discovery, he hastened to the house, which was situated in a mean street, near the Reuss. But when he entered, misery and despair alone welcomed him. Beaufort had saved but a very small sum of money from the wreck of his fortunes; but it was sufficient to provide him with sustenance for some months, and in the meantime he hoped to procure some respectable employment in a merchant's house. The interval was, consequently, spent in inaction; his grief only became more deep and rankling, when he had leisure for reflection; and at length it took so fast hold of his mind, that at the end of three months he lay on a bed of sickness, incapable of any exertion.

**PT** His daughter attended him with the greatest tenderness; but she saw with despair that their little fund was rapidly decreasing, and that there was no other prospect of support. But Caroline Beaufort possessed a mind of an uncommon mould; and her courage rose to support her in her adversity. She procured plain work; she plaited straw; and by various means contrived to earn a pittance scarcely sufficient to support life.

**PT** Several months passed in this manner. Her father grew worse; her time was more entirely occupied in attending him; her means of subsistence decreased; and in the tenth month her father died in her arms, leaving her an orphan and a beggar. This last blow overcame her; and she knelt by Beaufort's coffin, weeping bitterly, when my father entered the chamber. He came like a protecting spirit to the poor girl, who committed herself to his care; and after the interment of his friend, he conducted her to Geneva, and placed her under the protection of a relation. Two years after this event Caroline became his wife.

**PT** There was a considerable difference between the ages of my parents, but this circumstance seemed to unite them only closer in bonds of devoted affection. There was a sense of justice in my father's upright mind, which rendered it necessary that he should approve highly to love strongly. Perhaps during former years he had suffered from the late-discovered unworthiness of one beloved, and so was disposed to set a greater value on tried worth. There was a show of gratitude and worship in his attachment to my mother, differing wholly from the doting fondness of age, for it was inspired by reverence for her virtues, and a desire to be the means of, in some degree, recompensing her for the sorrows she had endured, but which gave inexpressible grace to his behaviour to her. Everything was made to yield to her wishes and her convenience. He strove to shelter her, as a fair exotic is sheltered by the gardener, from every rougher wind, and to surround her with all that could tend to excite pleasurable emotion in her soft and benevolent mind. Her health, and even the tranquillity of her hitherto constant spirit, had been shaken by what she had gone through. During the two years that had elapsed previous to their marriage my father had gradually relinquished all his public functions; and immediately after their union they sought the pleasant climate of Italy, and the change of scene and interest attendant on a tour through that land of wonders, as a restorative for her weakened frame.

**PT** From Italy they visited Germany and France. I, their eldest child, was born at Naples, and as an infant accompanied them in their rambles. I remained for several years their only child. Much as they were attached to each other, they seemed to draw inexhaustible stores of affection from a very mine of love to bestow them upon me. My mother's tender caresses, and my father's smile of benevolent pleasure while regarding me, are my first recollections. I was their plaything and their idol, and something better—their child, the innocent and helpless creature bestowed on them by Heaven, whom to bring up to good, and whose future lot it was in their hands to direct to happiness or misery, according as they fulfilled their duties towards me. With this deep consciousness of what they owed towards the being to which they had given life, added to the active spirit of tenderness that animated both, it may be imagined that while during every hour of my infant life I received a lesson of patience, of charity, and of self-control, I was so guided by a silken cord, that all seemed but one train of enjoyment to me.

**PT** For a long time I was their only care. My mother had much desired to have a daughter, but I continued their single offspring. When I was about five years old, while making an excursion beyond the frontiers of Italy, they passed a week on the shores of the Lake of Como. Their benevolent disposition often made them enter the cottages of the poor. This, to my mother, was more than a duty; it was a necessity, a passion—remembering what she had suffered, and how she had been relieved—for her to act in her turn the guardian angel to the afflicted. During one of their walks a poor cot in the foldings of a vale attracted their notice, as being singularly disconsolate, while the number of half-clothed children gathered about it, spoke of penury in its worst shape. One day, when my father had gone by himself to Milan, my mother, accompanied by me, visited this abode. She found a peasant and his wife, hard working, bent down by care and labour, distributing a scanty meal to five hungry babes. Among these there was one which attracted my mother far above all the rest. She appeared of a different stock. The four others were dark-eyed, hardy little vagrants; this child was thin, and very fair. Her hair was the brightest living gold, and, despite the poverty of her clothing, seemed to set a crown of distinction on her head. Her brow was clear and ample, her blue eyes cloudless, and her lips and the moulding of her face so expressive of sensibility and sweetness, that none could

behold her without looking on her as of a distinct species, a being heaven-sent, and bearing a celestial stamp in all her features.

**PT** The peasant woman, perceiving that my mother fixed eyes of wonder and admiration on this lovely girl, eagerly communicated her history. She was not her child, but the daughter of a Milanese nobleman. Her mother was a German, and had died on giving her birth. The infant had been placed with these good people to nurse: they were better off then. They had not been long married, and their eldest child was but just born. The father of their charge was one of those Italians nursed in the memory of the antique glory of Italy—*one among the schiavi ognor frementi*, who exerted himself to obtain the liberty of his country. He became the victim of its weakness. Whether he had died, or still lingered in the dungeons of Austria, was not known. His property was confiscated, his child became an orphan and a beggar. She continued with her foster parents, and bloomed in their rude abode, fairer than a garden rose among dark-leaved brambles.

**PT** When my father returned from Milan, he found playing with me in the hall of our villa, a child fairer than pictured cherub—*a creature who seemed to shed radiance from her looks, and whose form and motions were lighter than the chamois of the hills*. The apparition was soon explained. With his permission my mother prevailed on her rustic guardians to yield their charge to her. They were fond of the sweet orphan. Her presence had seemed a blessing to them; but it would be unfair to her to keep her in poverty and want, when Providence afforded her such powerful protection. They consulted their village priest, and the result was, that Elizabeth Lavenza became the inmate of my parents' house—*my more than sister*—the beautiful and adored companion of all my occupations and my pleasures.

**PT** Everyone loved Elizabeth. The passionate and almost reverential attachment with which all regarded her became, while I shared it, my pride and my delight. On the evening previous to her being brought to my home, my mother had said playfully, "I have a pretty present for my Victor—*tomorrow he shall have it*." And when, on the morrow, she presented Elizabeth to me as her promised gift, I, with childish seriousness, interpreted her words literally, and looked upon Elizabeth as mine—*mine to protect, love, and cherish*. All praises bestowed on her, I received as made to a possession of my own. We called each other

familiarly by the name of cousin. No word, no expression could body forth the kind of relation in which she stood to me—my more than sister, since till death she was to be mine only.

## Chapter II

**PT** We were brought up together; there was not quite a year difference in our ages. I need not say that we were strangers to any species of disunion or dispute. Harmony was the soul of our companionship, and the diversity and contrast that subsisted in our characters drew us nearer together. Elizabeth was of a calmer and more concentrated disposition; but, with all my ardour, I was capable of a more intense application, and was more deeply smitten with the thirst for knowledge. She busied herself with following the aerial creations of the poets; and in the majestic and wondrous scenes which surrounded our Swiss home—the sublime shapes of the mountains; the changes of the seasons; tempest and calm; the silence of winter, and the life and turbulence of our Alpine summers—she found ample scope for admiration and delight. While my companion contemplated with a serious and satisfied spirit the magnificent appearances of things, I delighted in investigating their causes. The world was to me a secret which I desired to divine. Curiosity, earnest research to learn the hidden laws of nature, gladness akin to rapture, as they were unfolded to me, are among the earliest sensations I can remember.

**PT** On the birth of a second son, my junior by seven years, my parents gave up entirely their wandering life, and fixed themselves in their native country. We possessed a house in Geneva, and a campagne on Bellerive, the eastern shore of the lake, at the distance of rather more than a league from the city. We resided principally in the latter, and the lives of my parents were passed in considerable seclusion. It was my temper to avoid a crowd, and to attach myself fervently to a few. I was indifferent, therefore, to my schoolfellows in general; but I united myself in the bonds of the closest friendship to one among them. Henry Clerval was the son of a merchant of Geneva. He was a boy of singular talent and fancy. He loved enterprise, hardship, and even danger, for its own sake. He was deeply read in books of chivalry and romance. He composed heroic songs, and began to write many a tale of enchantment and knightly adventure. He tried to make us act plays, and to enter into masquerades, in which the characters were drawn from the heroes of Roncesvalles, of the Round Table of King Arthur, and the chivalrous train who shed their blood to redeem the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidels.

**PT** No human being could have passed a happier childhood than myself. My parents were possessed by the very spirit of kindness and indulgence. We felt that they were not the tyrants to rule our lot according to their caprice, but the agents and creators of all the many delights which we enjoyed. When I mingled with other families, I distinctly discerned how peculiarly fortunate my lot was, and gratitude assisted the development of filial love.

**PT** My temper was sometimes violent, and my passions vehement; but by some law in my temperature they were turned, not towards childish pursuits, but to an eager desire to learn, and not to learn all things indiscriminately. I confess that neither the structure of languages, nor the code of governments, nor the politics of various states, possessed attractions for me. It was the secrets of heaven and earth that I desired to learn; and whether it was the outward substance of things, or the inner spirit of nature and the mysterious soul of man that occupied me, still my enquiries were directed to the metaphysical, or, in its highest sense, the physical secrets of the world.

**PT** Meanwhile Clerval occupied himself, so to speak, with the moral relations of things. The busy stage of life, the virtues of heroes, and the actions of men, were his theme; and his hope and his dream was to become one among those whose names are recorded in story, as the gallant and adventurous benefactors of our species. The saintly soul of Elizabeth shone like a shrine-dedicated lamp in our peaceful home. Her sympathy was ours; her smile, her soft voice, the sweet glance of her celestial eyes, were ever there to bless and animate us. She was the living spirit of love to soften and attract: I might have become sullen in my study, rough through the ardour of my nature, but that she was there to subdue me to a semblance of her own gentleness. And Clerval—could aught ill entrench on the noble spirit of Clerval?—yet he might not have been so perfectly humane, so thoughtful in his generosity—so full of kindness and tenderness amidst his passion for adventurous exploit, had she not unfolded to him the real loveliness of beneficence, and made the doing good the end and aim of his soaring ambition.

**PT** I feel exquisite pleasure in dwelling on the recollections of childhood, before misfortune had tainted my mind, and changed its bright visions of extensive usefulness into gloomy and narrow reflections upon self. Besides, in drawing the picture of my early days, I also record those

events which led, by insensible steps, to my after tale of misery: for when I would account to myself for the birth of that passion, which afterwards ruled my destiny, I find it arise, like a mountain river, from ignoble and almost forgotten sources; but, swelling as it proceeded, it became the torrent which, in its course, has swept away all my hopes and joys.

**PT** Natural philosophy is the genius that has regulated my fate; I desire, therefore, in this narration, to state those facts which led to my predilection for that science. When I was thirteen years of age, we all went on a party of pleasure to the baths near Thonon: the inclemency of the weather obliged us to remain a day confined to the inn. In this house I chanced to find a volume of the works of Cornelius Agrippa. I opened it with apathy; the theory which he attempts to demonstrate, and the wonderful facts which he relates, soon changed this feeling into enthusiasm. A new light seemed to dawn upon my mind; and, bounding with joy, I communicated my discovery to my father. My father looked carelessly at the titlepage of my book, and said, "Ah! Cornelius Agrippa! My dear Victor, do not waste your time upon this; it is sad trash."

**PT** If, instead of this remark, my father had taken the pains to explain to me, that the principles of Agrippa had been entirely exploded, and that a modern system of science had been introduced, which possessed much greater powers than the ancient, because the powers of the latter were chimerical, while those of the former were real and practical; under such circumstances, I should certainly have thrown Agrippa aside, and have contented my imagination, warmed as it was, by returning with greater ardour to my former studies. It is even possible, that the train of my ideas would never have received the fatal impulse that led to my ruin. But the cursory glance my father had taken of my volume by no means assured me that he was acquainted with its contents; and I continued to read with the greatest avidity.

**PT** When I returned home, my first care was to procure the whole works of this author, and afterwards of Paracelsus and Albertus Magnus. I read and studied the wild fancies of these writers with delight; they appeared to me treasures known to few beside myself. I have described myself as always having been imbued with a fervent longing to penetrate the secrets of nature. In spite of the intense labour and wonderful discoveries of modern philosophers, I always came from my studies discontented and unsatisfied. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have avowed

that he felt like a child picking up shells beside the great and unexplored ocean of truth. Those of his successors in each branch of natural philosophy with whom I was acquainted, appeared even to my boy's apprehensions, as tyros engaged in the same pursuit.

**PT** The untaught peasant beheld the elements around him, and was acquainted with their practical uses. The most learned philosopher knew little more. He had partially unveiled the face of Nature, but her immortal lineaments were still a wonder and a mystery. He might dissect, anatomise, and give names; but, not to speak of a final cause, causes in their secondary and tertiary grades were utterly unknown to him. I had gazed upon the fortifications and impediments that seemed to keep human beings from entering the citadel of nature, and rashly and ignorantly I had repined.

**PT** But here were books, and here were men who had penetrated deeper and knew more. I took their word for all that they averred, and I became their disciple. It may appear strange that such should arise in the eighteenth century; but while I followed the routine of education in the schools of Geneva, I was, to a great degree, self taught with regard to my favourite studies. My father was not scientific, and I was left to struggle with a child's blindness, added to a student's thirst for knowledge. Under the guidance of my new preceptors, I entered with the greatest diligence into the search of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life; but the latter soon obtained my undivided attention. Wealth was an inferior object; but what glory would attend the discovery, if I could banish disease from the human frame, and render man invulnerable to any but a violent death!

**PT** Nor were these my only visions. The raising of ghosts or devils was a promise liberally accorded by my favourite authors, the fulfilment of which I most eagerly sought; and if my incantations were always unsuccessful, I attributed the failure rather to my own inexperience and mistake, than to a want of skill or fidelity in my instructors. And thus for a time I was occupied by exploded systems, mingling, like an unadept, a thousand contradictory theories, and floundering desperately in a very slough of multifarious knowledge, guided by an ardent imagination and childish reasoning, till an accident again changed the current of my ideas.

**PT** When I was about fifteen years old we had retired to our house near Bellerive, when we witnessed a most violent and terrible

thunderstorm. It advanced from behind the mountains of Jura; and the thunder burst at once with frightful loudness from various quarters of the heavens. I remained, while the storm lasted, watching its progress with curiosity and delight. As I stood at the door, on a sudden I beheld a stream of fire issue from an old and beautiful oak, which stood about twenty yards from our house; and so soon as the dazzling light vanished, the oak had disappeared, and nothing remained but a blasted stump. When we visited it the next morning, we found the tree shattered in a singular manner. It was not splintered by the shock, but entirely reduced to thin ribbons of wood. I never beheld anything so utterly destroyed.

**PT** Before this I was not unacquainted with the more obvious laws of electricity. On this occasion a man of great research in natural philosophy was with us, and, excited by this catastrophe, he entered on the explanation of a theory which he had formed on the subject of electricity and galvanism, which was at once new and astonishing to me. All that he said threw greatly into the shade Cornelius Agrippa, Albertus Magnus, and Paracelsus, the lords of my imagination; but by some fatality the overthrow of these men disinclined me to pursue my accustomed studies. It seemed to me as if nothing would or could ever be known. All that had so long engaged my attention suddenly grew despicable. By one of those caprices of the mind, which we are perhaps most subject to in early youth, I at once gave up my former occupations; set down natural history and all its progeny as a deformed and abortive creation; and entertained the greatest disdain for a would-be science, which could never even step within the threshold of real knowledge. In this mood of mind I betook myself to the mathematics, and the branches of study appertaining to that science, as being built upon secure foundations, and so worthy of my consideration.

**PT** Thus strangely are our souls constructed, and by such slight ligaments are we bound to prosperity or ruin. When I look back, it seems to me as if this almost miraculous change of inclination and will was the immediate suggestion of the guardian angel of my life——the last effort made by the spirit of preservation to avert the storm that was even then hanging in the stars, and ready to envelope me. Her victory was announced by an unusual tranquillity and gladness of soul, which followed the relinquishing of my ancient and latterly tormenting studies. It was thus that I was to be taught to associate evil with their prosecution, happiness with their disregard.

**PT** It was a strong effort of the spirit of good; but it was ineffectual. Destiny was too potent, and her immutable laws had decreed my utter and terrible destruction.

## Chapter III

**PT** When I had attained the age of seventeen, my parents resolved that I should become a student at the university of Ingolstadt. I had hitherto attended the schools of Geneva; but my father thought it necessary, for the completion of my education, that I should be made acquainted with other customs than those of my native country. My departure was therefore fixed at an early date; but, before the day resolved upon could arrive, the first misfortune of my life occurred—an omen, as it were, of my future misery.

**PT** Elizabeth had caught the scarlet fever; her illness was severe, and she was in the greatest danger. During her illness, many arguments had been urged to persuade my mother to refrain from attending upon her. She had, at first, yielded to our entreaties; but when she heard that the life of her favourite was menaced, she could no longer control her anxiety. She attended her sick bed—her watchful attentions triumphed over the malignity of the distemper—Elizabeth was saved, but the consequences of this imprudence were fatal to her preserver. On the third day my mother sickened; her fever was accompanied by the most alarming symptoms, and the looks of her medical attendants prognosticated the worst event. On her deathbed the fortitude and benignity of this best of women did not desert her. She joined the hands of Elizabeth and myself:—“My children,” she said, “my firmest hopes of future happiness were placed on the prospect of your union. This expectation will now be the consolation of your father. Elizabeth, my love, you must supply my place to my younger children. Alas! I regret that I am taken from you; and, happy and beloved as I have been, is it not hard to quit you all? But these are not thoughts befitting me; I will endeavour to resign myself cheerfully to death, and will indulge a hope of meeting you in another world.”

**PT** She died calmly; and her countenance expressed affection even in death. I need not describe the feelings of those whose dearest ties are rent by that most irreparable evil; the void that presents itself to the soul; and the despair that is exhibited on the countenance. It is so long before the mind can persuade itself that she, whom we saw every day, and whose very existence appeared a part of our own, can have departed forever—that the brightness of a beloved eye can have been

extinguished, and the sound of a voice so familiar, and dear to the ear, can be hushed, never more to be heard. These are the reflections of the first days; but when the lapse of time proves the reality of the evil, then the actual bitterness of grief commences. Yet from whom has not that rude hand rent away some dear connection? and why should I describe a sorrow which all have felt, and must feel? The time at length arrives, when grief is rather an indulgence than a necessity; and the smile that plays upon the lips, although it may be deemed a sacrilege, is not banished. My mother was dead, but we had still duties which we ought to perform; we must continue our course with the rest, and learn to think ourselves fortunate, whilst one remains whom the spoiler has not seized.

**PT** My departure for Ingolstadt, which had been deferred by these events, was now again determined upon. I obtained from my father a respite of some weeks. It appeared to me sacrilege so soon to leave the repose, akin to death, of the house of mourning, and to rush into the thick of life. I was new to sorrow, but it did not the less alarm me. I was unwilling to quit the sight of those that remained to me; and, above all, I desired to see my sweet Elizabeth in some degree consoled.

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## Introdução

**En** Os editores da série Standard Novels solicitaram que a autora fornecesse um relato sobre a origem da história. Ela estava disposta a atender, pois isso responderia à pergunta frequente de como ela, quando jovem, concebeu uma ideia tão horripilante. Embora não gostasse de se colocar em evidência na escrita, sentia que essa explicação era apenas um apêndice a um trabalho anterior, restrito a tópicos relacionados à sua autoria, portanto não podia considerar uma intrusão pessoal.

**En** Como filha de duas celebridades literárias, era natural que pensasse em escrever desde cedo. Ela rabiscava histórias quando criança, mas seu passatempo favorito era construir castelos no ar — entregar-se a sonhos acordados. Seus sonhos eram mais fantásticos e agradáveis do que seus escritos. Ao escrever, ela era uma imitadora, seguindo os outros em vez de sua própria mente. Seus escritos eram destinados ao seu companheiro de infância, mas seus sonhos eram seu refúgio particular.

**En** Ela viveu principalmente no campo, passando um tempo considerável na Escócia. Visitava lugares pitorescos, mas morava nas margens setentrionais e sombrias do Tay. Para sua memória posterior, pareciam vazias e sombrias, mas na época eram o ninho da liberdade. Lá ela podia se comunicar com sua imaginação. Suas verdadeiras composições nasciam sob as árvores ou nas encostas das montanhas. Ela não se tornava a heroína; sua vida parecia muito comum. Ela podia povoar as horas com criações mais interessantes do que suas próprias sensações.

**En** Depois, sua vida se tornou mais ocupada, e a realidade substituiu a ficção. Seu marido, desde o início, queria que ela provasse ser digna de sua linhagem e alcançasse fama literária. Ele a incitava a obter reputação, pela qual ela então se importava, embora depois se tornasse indiferente. Ele queria que ela escrevesse para que pudesse julgar seu potencial. Mas ela não fez nada; viagens e família ocupavam seu tempo. Ela estudava apenas através da leitura e da comunicação com a mente cultivada dele.

**En** No verão de 1816, eles visitaram a Suíça e se tornaram vizinhos de Lord Byron. Passavam horas agradáveis no lago. Lord Byron escrevia

o terceiro canto de Childe Harold, e ele era o único entre eles que colocava pensamentos no papel. Ele lhes trazia sua poesia, que parecia tornar divinas as glórias do céu e da terra.

**En** O verão acabou sendo chuvoso e desagradável, e a chuva constante frequentemente os mantinha dentro de casa por dias. Eles encontraram uma coleção de histórias de fantasmas que haviam sido traduzidas do alemão para o francês. Uma história contava sobre um amante inconstante que, pensando estar abraçando sua noiva prometida, se viu segurando o fantasma pálido de uma mulher que ele havia abandonado. Outra história descrevia o fundador amaldiçoado de uma linhagem familiar, cujo destino horrível era dar um beijo fatal em cada filho mais novo de sua casa condenada assim que atingissem uma idade promissora. Sua figura enorme e sombria, vestida com armadura completa como o fantasma em Hamlet, mas com a viseira levantada, era vista à meia-noite avançando lentamente pela avenida escura sob a luz instável da lua. A forma desaparecia na sombra das muralhas do castelo, mas logo um portão se abria, ouvia-se um passo, a porta do quarto se abria, e ele se aproximava do sofá dos jovens saudáveis e adormecidos. Uma tristeza eterna marcava seu rosto enquanto ele se inclinava e beijava a testa dos meninos, fazendo com que eles murchassem como flores arrancadas do caule a partir daquela hora. O narrador não via essas histórias desde então, mas seus detalhes permaneciam tão vívidos como se tivessem sido lidos recentemente.

**En** Lord Byron propôs que cada um deles escrevesse uma história de fantasma, e os outros concordaram. Eram quatro. O nobre lord começou uma história, um fragmento da qual ele mais tarde imprimiu no final de seu poema Mazeppa. Shelley, mais habilidoso em expressar ideias e sentimentos através do brilho de imagens vívidas e versos melodiosos do que em inventar enredos, começou uma baseada nas experiências de sua juventude. O pobre Polidori teve uma ideia terrível sobre uma mulher com uma caveira por cabeça, que foi punida por espiar pelo buraco de uma fechadura — a natureza exata do que ela viu foi esquecida, mas certamente era algo chocante e errado. No entanto, quando ela foi reduzida a um estado pior do que o famoso Tom de Coventry, Polidori não sabia o que fazer com ela e teve que enviá-la para o túmulo dos Capuletos, o único lugar adequado para ela. Os famosos poetas, também irritados com a monotonia da prosa, logo desistiram de sua tarefa inadequada.

**En** O narrador se ocupou tentando pensar em uma história — uma que pudesse rivalizar com aquelas que os haviam inspirado. Ela deveria apelar para os medos misteriosos de nossa natureza e despertar um horror emocionante; deveria fazer o leitor temer olhar ao redor, gelar o sangue e acelerar as batidas do coração. Se o narrador não alcançasse esses efeitos, a história de fantasma não mereceria seu nome. Eles pensaram e refletiram, mas em vão. Sentiram aquela incapacidade vazia de inventar, que é a maior miséria para um autor, quando um nada monótono responde aos seus apelos ansiosos. Cada manhã, o narrador era perguntado se havia pensado em uma história, e cada manhã eles tinham que responder com um não mortificante.

**En** Tudo deve ter um começo, como diz o ditado, e esse começo deve estar ligado a algo que veio antes. Os hindus dizem que o mundo repousa sobre um elefante, e o elefante está sobre uma tartaruga. A invenção, deve-se admitir humildemente, não significa criar algo do nada, mas a partir do caos; os materiais devem primeiro ser fornecidos: ela pode dar forma a substâncias escuras e disformes, mas não pode criar a própria substância. Em todas as descobertas e invenções, mesmo aquelas da imaginação, somos constantemente lembrados da história de Colombo e seu ovo. A invenção consiste na capacidade de aproveitar as possibilidades de um assunto e de moldar e modelar as ideias que ele sugere.

**En** Houve muitas conversas longas entre Lord Byron e Shelley, às quais o narrador era um ouvinte devoto, mas quase silencioso. Durante uma delas, várias ideias filosóficas foram discutidas, incluindo a natureza do princípio da vida e se ele poderia algum dia ser descoberto e comunicado. Eles falaram sobre os experimentos do Dr. Darwin (o narrador não falou do que o médico realmente fez ou afirmou ter feito, mas do que era então relatado como seu trabalho), que preservou um pedaço de vermicelli em um estojo de vidro até que, por meios extraordinários, começou a se mover voluntariamente. O narrador acreditava que a vida não seria dada dessa forma. Talvez um cadáver pudesse ser reanimado; o galvanismo havia dado indícios de tais possibilidades. Talvez as partes componentes de uma criatura pudessem ser fabricadas, reunidas e infundidas com calor vital.

**En** A noite avançava enquanto conversavam, e já passava da meia-noite quando finalmente foram dormir. O narrador não conseguia

descansar; sua imaginação tomou conta, apresentando imagens vívidas. Ele viu um estudante pálido de artes proibidas ajoelhado ao lado da criatura que havia montado. A forma monstruosa de um homem se agitou com movimentos inquietos e meio vivos. Tal criação seria aterrorizante, como qualquer tentativa de imitar a obra do Criador seria. O estudante fugiria horrorizado, esperando que a centelha de vida se apagasse e a coisa se tornasse matéria morta novamente. Ele poderia dormir, acreditando que o silêncio do túmulo acabaria com a existência transitória do cadáver hediondo que ele considerava o berço da vida. Mas ele é despertado e vê a coisa horrível parada ao lado de sua cama, abrindo as cortinas e olhando para ele com olhos amarelos, aguados, mas curiosos.

**En** O narrador abriu os olhos em terror, sua mente tão possuída pela imagem que ele estremeceu e desejou trocar a fantasia horripilante pela realidade. Ele ainda via o quarto — o piso escuro de parquê, as persianas fechadas com a luz da lua lutando para passar, e sentia o lago espelhado e os Alpes brancos além. Ele não conseguia se livrar facilmente do fantasma; isso o assombrava. Ele tentou pensar em outra coisa e lembrou de sua história de fantasma — sua cansativa e azarada história de fantasma. Ele desejava poder criar um conto que assustasse seus leitores tanto quanto ele havia sido assustado naquela noite.

**En** Então uma ideia rápida e animadora veio a ele. Ele percebeu que o que o havia aterrorizado também aterrorizaria outros; ele só precisava descrever o espectro que havia assombrado seu travesseiro à meia-noite. Na manhã seguinte, ele anunciou que havia pensado em uma história. Ele começou naquele dia com as palavras: Era uma noite sombria de novembro, fazendo uma transcrição dos terrores sombrios de seu sonho acordado.

**En** No início ele pensou apenas em algumas páginas, um conto curto, mas Shelley o incentivou a desenvolver a ideia em maior extensão. Ele certamente não devia a sugestão de nenhum incidente ou linha de sentimento ao seu marido, mas sem o incentivo dele, nunca teria tomado a forma com que foi apresentado ao mundo. Ele abriu uma exceção para o prefácio, que, até onde ele se lembrava, foi inteiramente escrito por Shelley.

**En** E agora, mais uma vez, ele despediu sua hedionda progênie para seguir e prosperar. Ele tinha afeição por ela, pois era a filha de dias

felizes, quando a morte e a dor eram apenas palavras que não encontravam eco verdadeiro em seu coração. Suas páginas falavam de muitas caminhadas, passeios de carro e conversas quando ele não estava sozinho; sua companheira era alguém que ele nunca mais veria neste mundo. Mas isso era para ele mesmo; seus leitores não tinham nada a ver com essas associações.

**En** O autor observa que as alterações são principalmente estilísticas. Nenhuma parte da história foi alterada, nem novas ideias ou circunstâncias foram introduzidas. A linguagem foi melhorada onde era muito simples e prejudicava o interesse da narrativa, principalmente no início do primeiro volume. Essas mudanças se limitam a partes que são meros complementos da história, deixando o núcleo e a substância intocados.

**En** O texto é assinado com as iniciais M. W. S.

**En** A introdução é datada de Londres, 15 de outubro de 1831.

## Prefácio

**En** O evento no qual esta ficção se baseia foi considerado por Dr. Darwin e alguns escritores fisiológicos alemães como não impossível. Embora o autor não atribua qualquer crença séria a tal imaginação, usá-lo como base de uma obra de fantasia não foi apenas sobre tecer terrores sobrenaturais. O evento do qual depende o interesse da história evita as desvantagens de um mero conto de espectros ou encantamento. Sua novidade de situações o recomenda e, embora fisicamente impossível como fato, oferece uma perspectiva para retratar as paixões humanas de forma mais abrangente do que eventos comuns podem.

**En** O autor se esforçou para preservar a verdade dos princípios elementares da natureza humana, sem hesitar em inovar em suas combinações. Grandes obras como a Ilíada, a poesia trágica grega, A Tempestade e Sonho de uma Noite de Verão de Shakespeare, e especialmente Paraíso Perdido de Milton, seguem esta regra. Até o mais humilde romancista, que busca proporcionar ou receber entretenimento com seu trabalho, pode, sem presunção, aplicar à ficção em prosa uma licença, ou melhor, uma regra, da qual tantas combinações requintadas de sentimento humano resultaram nos mais altos espécimes da poesia.

**En** A base desta história foi sugerida durante uma conversa casual. O autor começou a escrevê-la em parte por diversão e em parte para exercitar as capacidades mentais. À medida que o trabalho progredia, outros motivos surgiram. O autor afirma não ser indiferente ao efeito moral dos sentimentos ou personagens sobre o leitor, mas a principal preocupação era evitar a influência enfraquecedora dos romances contemporâneos e exibir a bondade do afeto doméstico e o valor da virtude universal. As opiniões decorrentes do caráter e da situação do herói não devem ser assumidas como reflexo das próprias convicções do autor, nem qualquer doutrina filosófica deve ser inferida destas páginas.

**En** O autor também observa que a história foi iniciada na região majestosa onde os principais eventos se passam, e na companhia de amigos cuja companhia é sentida falta. O verão de 1816 foi passado perto de Genebra. O tempo estava frio e chuvoso, então à noite eles se reuniam ao redor de uma fogueira crepitante e se entretinham com algumas histórias de fantasmas alemães que chegaram às suas mãos. Esses contos despertaram um desejo lúdico de imitá-los. Dois outros

amigos (um dos quais poderia produzir uma história muito mais agradável ao público do que qualquer coisa que o autor espera alcançar) e o autor concordaram em escrever cada um uma história baseada em um evento sobrenatural.

**En** De repente, o tempo ficou claro e calmo; os dois amigos deixaram o autor para viajar pelos Alpes, e na paisagem magnífica eles esqueceram completamente suas histórias fantasmagóricas. A narrativa a seguir é a única que foi concluída.

**En** Marlow, setembro de 1817.

**En** Este volume é respeitosamente dedicado a William Godwin, autor de Justiça Política, Caleb Williams e outras obras.

**En** O orador perguntou se havia solicitado ao seu Criador que o moldasse do barro, ou se havia chamado para ser trazido das trevas.

**En** Esta passagem cita Paraíso Perdido, Livro 10, linhas 743 a 745.

**En** Frankenstein

**En** Ou, O Prometeu Moderno

## Carta I

**En** A carta é endereçada à Sra. Saville, na Inglaterra.

**En** A carta é datada de São Petersburgo, 11 de dezembro.

**En** O escritor tranquiliza sua irmã de que sua jornada começou sem desastre. Ele chegou a São Petersburgo ontem e quer confortá-la, expressando confiança crescente em sua missão.

**En** Ele está muito ao norte de Londres, em São Petersburgo, e aprecia a brisa fria que fortaleceu seus nervos. Ele imagina o Polo Norte como uma região de beleza e luz perpétua, não de gelo e desolação. Espera descobrir novas terras, o segredo do magnetismo e fazer observações celestes. Acredita que sua viagem pode beneficiar toda a humanidade ao encontrar uma passagem polar ou resolver o mistério do ímã. Compara sua empolgação à de uma criança embarcando em uma viagem de descoberta pelo rio.

**En** Ele descobre que um propósito constante acalma sua mente. Esta expedição tem sido seu sonho desde a infância; ele leu avidamente relatos de viagens polares da biblioteca de seu tio. Lamenta que o desejo de seu pai em seu leito de morte o tenha impedido de se tornar marinheiro.

**En** Quando leu grandes poetas pela primeira vez, sua alma foi elevada e ele se tornou poeta por um ano, vivendo em um paraíso de sua própria criação. Esperava fama como Homero e Shakespeare, mas fracassou e sentiu profundamente a decepção. No entanto, então herdou a fortuna de seu primo e voltou sua atenção para sua paixão anterior pela exploração.

**En** O narrador recorda que seis anos se passaram desde que decidiu seu empreendimento atual. Ele se dedicou a uma grande empresa, começando por endurecer seu corpo às dificuldades. Acompanhou pescadores de baleias em várias expedições ao Mar do Norte, suportando voluntariamente frio, fome, sede e falta de sono. Frequentemente trabalhava mais duro que os marinheiros comuns durante o dia e dedicava suas noites ao estudo de matemática, medicina e das ciências físicas que beneficiariam um aventureiro naval. Duas vezes se contratou como imediato em um baleeiro da Groenlândia e se

saiu admiravelmente. Sentiu orgulho quando seu capitão lhe ofereceu o segundo posto no navio e suplicou-lhe que ficasse, tão valiosos eram seus serviços.

**En** Ele pergunta à sua querida irmã Margaret se ele não merece realizar algum grande propósito. Ele poderia ter vivido com facilidade e luxo, mas preferiu a glória a todas as tentações que a riqueza colocou em seu caminho. Ele deseja uma voz encorajadora que responda afirmativamente. Sua coragem e determinação são firmes, mas suas esperanças flutuam e seu ânimo muitas vezes fica deprimido. Ele está prestes a embarcar numa longa e difícil viagem que exigirá toda a sua fortaleza. Ele não deve apenas levantar o ânimo dos outros, mas às vezes sustentar o seu próprio quando o deles está falhando.

**En** Ele observa que este é o período mais favorável para viajar na Rússia. As pessoas voam rapidamente sobre a neve em seus trenós, e ele acha o movimento mais agradável do que uma carruagem inglesa. O frio não é excessivo se alguém estiver envolto em peles, uma vestimenta que ele já adotou. Ele nota uma grande diferença entre andar no convés e permanecer sentado imóvel por horas, quando nenhum exercício impede que o sangue congele nas veias. Ele não tem ambição de perder a vida na estrada postal entre São Petersburgo e Arcangel.

**En** Ele partirá para Arcangel em duas ou três semanas. Sua intenção é alugar um navio lá, o que pode ser feito facilmente pagando o seguro ao proprietário, e contratar tantos marinheiros quanto considere necessário entre aqueles acostumados à pesca de baleias. Ele não pretende navegar até junho. Não consegue responder quando retornará. Se tiver sucesso, muitos meses, talvez anos, se passarão antes que ele e Margaret se encontrem. Se fracassar, ela o verá novamente em breve, ou nunca.

**En** Ele se despede de sua querida e excelente irmã Margaret. Ele deseja que o céu derrame bênçãos sobre ela e o salve, para que ele possa repetidamente testemunhar sua gratidão por todo seu amor e bondade.

**En** Com afetuosos cumprimentos, seu irmão,

**En** R. Walton.

## Carta II

**En** Carta endereçada à Sra. Saville na Inglaterra.

**En** Datado de Archangel, 28 de março de 17--.

**En** O tempo passa extremamente devagar nesta paisagem congelada, mas dei um segundo passo em direção ao meu objetivo. Consegui um navio e agora estou reunindo uma tripulação. Aqueles que recrutei até agora parecem confiáveis e são, sem dúvida, destemidos.

**En** O escritor confessa à irmã uma necessidade profunda e insatisfeita por um verdadeiro amigo. Ele anseia por alguém para compartilhar seus triunfos e confortá-lo no fracasso, um companheiro cujos olhos respondessem aos seus. Embora registre seus pensamentos no papel, considera isso um substituto pobre para a simpatia direta. Ele sente amargamente a ausência de um amigo gentil, mas corajoso, de mente cultivada e gostos semelhantes, que pudesse corrigir sua natureza excessivamente ardente e impaciente. Uma desgraça maior, acredita, é sua falta de educação formal: quando criança, vagava livremente e lia apenas os livros de viagem do tio. Só mais tarde percebeu o valor de aprender línguas estrangeiras, mas a oportunidade havia passado. Agora, aos vinte e oito anos, considera-se mais ignorante do que muitos garotos de escola de quinze anos, apesar de ter pensamentos e sonhos mais grandiosos. Ele precisa desesperadamente de um amigo que não zombasse de seu romantismo, mas que o ajudasse a disciplinar sua mente.

**En** O escritor reconhece que tais queixas são inúteis; certamente não encontrará amigo no oceano ou mesmo entre os mercadores e marinheiros em Archangel. No entanto, observa que até homens rudes possuem sentimentos nobres. Por exemplo, seu tenente é um homem de coragem e ambição extraordinárias, movido pelo desejo de glória e avanço profissional. Embora seja um inglês com preconceitos nacionais e profissionais amolecidos por pouca cultura, ainda conserva algumas das melhores qualidades da humanidade. O escritor o conheceu num navio baleeiro e, encontrando-o desempregado na cidade, contratou-o facilmente para a expedição.

**En** O mestre do navio é um homem de caráter excelente, conhecido por sua gentileza e disciplina branda. Essa reputação, junto com sua

integridade e coragem, fez o escritor desejar empregá-lo. Tendo passado a juventude na solidão e sob o cuidado gentil da irmã, o escritor desenvolveu uma forte aversão à brutalidade habitual nos navios, que nunca acreditou ser necessária. Quando ouviu falar de um marinheiro igualmente conhecido pela bondade e pelo respeito de sua tripulação, sentiu-se afortunado por conseguir seus serviços. O escritor soube da história do mestre de maneira romântica, por meio de uma senhora que lhe devia a felicidade. Anos atrás, o mestre amava uma jovem russa de fortuna modesta. Tendo juntado dinheiro suficiente de prêmios, obteve o consentimento do pai para casar. Mas antes da cerimônia, encontrou a senhora em lágrimas; ela confessou que amava outro, um homem pobre que seu pai rejeitaria. O mestre generosamente a libertou, deu ao amante a fazenda que havia comprado para sua aposentadoria, junto com o restante do dinheiro dos prêmios, e então pediu ao pai que permitisse o casamento. O pai recusou, sentindo-se obrigado pela honra ao mestre, mas este, vendo-o inflexível, deixou o país. Só retornou quando soube que seu antigo amor havia se casado com o homem de sua escolha. O escritor admite que o mestre é um homem nobre, mas totalmente sem instrução, silencioso e com um descuido ignorante que, embora torne suas ações mais surpreendentes, reduz a simpatia que ele poderia inspirar.

**En** O escritor assegura à irmã que, apesar de suas queixas e consolos imaginados, sua determinação permanece tão firme quanto o destino. Sua partida só está atrasada até que o tempo permita. O inverno foi terrivelmente severo, mas a primavera está chegando cedo, então ele pode partir mais cedo do que esperava. Ele promete agir com prudência e consideração, especialmente em relação à segurança dos outros, e lembra que ela o conhece bem o suficiente para confiar em sua cautela.

**En** O escritor luta para descrever as sensações que sente à medida que seu empreendimento se aproxima. Uma mistura trêmula de prazer e medo acompanha seus preparativos para a partida. Ele está indo para regiões inexploradas, a terra da névoa e da neve, mas brinca que não matará albatroz algum, então sua irmã não precisa temer que ele retorne tão desgastado e sofrido quanto o Marinheiro Antigo. Ele revela um segredo: atribui seu apego apaixonado aos perigosos mistérios do oceano à obra do mais imaginativo dos poetas modernos. Algo além da razão agita sua alma. Embora seja trabalhador e meticoloso, ele é impulsionado por um amor pelo maravilhoso, uma crença no maravilhoso

que o leva para além dos caminhos comuns, em direção aos mares selvagens e regiões não visitadas que está prestes a explorar.

**En** O escritor retorna a pensamentos mais pessoais. Ele se pergunta se algum dia verá o destinatário novamente depois de navegar por vastos oceanos e contornar o extremo sul da África ou da América. Embora não ouse esperar por tal reencontro, ele não suporta considerar o oposto. Ele pede ao destinatário que continue escrevendo sempre que possível, pois essas cartas podem chegar até ele em momentos em que mais precisa de encorajamento. Ele expressa profundo afeto e pede para ser lembrado com amor, mesmo que o destinatário nunca mais ouça falar dele.

**En** Ele encerra a carta chamando a si mesmo de seu irmão afetuoso.

**En** A carta é assinada por Robert Walton.

## Carta III

**En** A carta é endereçada à Sra. Saville, na Inglaterra.

**En** A carta é datada de 7 de julho de 17—.

**En** O escritor informa apressadamente à sua irmã sobre sua segurança e progresso. Ele observa que sua carta chegará à Inglaterra a bordo de um navio mercante que retorna ao lar, enquanto ele próprio pode não ver sua terra natal por muitos anos. Ele relata o bom ânimo entre sua tripulação, que parece corajosa e resoluta, não intimidada pelas placas de gelo flutuantes que sinalizam os perigos adiante. Eles já alcançaram uma latitude elevada, mas o verão e os ventos do sul trazem um calor inesperado.

**En** Até agora, nenhum evento notável ocorreu. O escritor menciona que alguns ventos fortes e um pequeno vazamento são incidentes menores que marinheiros experientes mal se preocupam em anotar. Ele expressa contentamento se nada pior acontecer durante sua viagem.

**En** O escritor se despede de sua irmã Margaret, assegurando-lhe que, por bem de ambos, não correrá riscos desnecessários. Ele promete permanecer calmo, persistente e cauteloso.

**En** Ele está confiante de que seus esforços terão sucesso. Ele reflete sobre como já navegou em segurança por águas desconhecidas, com as estrelas como testemunhas de seu triunfo. Ele questiona por que não deveria continuar através do mar selvagem, porém controlável, e pergunta o que pode impedir uma vontade humana determinada e resoluta.

**En** Suas emoções transbordantes o obrigam a se expressar. No entanto, ele precisa concluir a carta e envia uma bênção à sua querida irmã.

**En** Com o mais profundo afeto, permaneço seu,

**En** R. W.

## Carta IV

**En** Endereçado à Sra. Saville, na Inglaterra.

**En** 5 de agosto de 17—.

**En** Um acidente tão estranho ocorreu que me sinto compelido a registrá-lo, mesmo que seja provável que você me veja antes que estes papéis cheguem até você.

**En** Na segunda-feira, 31 de julho, o navio ficou quase totalmente cercado por gelo, deixando-o com espaço mínimo para flutuar. A situação era precária, especialmente porque um denso nevoeiro os envolvia. Eles pararam a embarcação e esperaram, na esperança de que o tempo mudasse.

**En** Por volta das duas horas, o nevoeiro se dissipou, revelando planícies de gelo infinitas e irregulares em todas as direções. Alguns da tripulação gemeram, e minha própria mente ficou ansiosa, mas então uma visão estranha desviou nossa atenção do perigo. Vimos uma carruagem baixa sobre um trenó, puxada por cães, indo para o norte a cerca de meia milha. Um ser com forma humana, mas de tamanho gigantesco, estava sentado no trenó guiando os cães. Seguimos seu rápido progresso com telescópios até que ele desapareceu entre as formações de gelo distantes.

**En** Essa visão nos encheu de total espanto. Acreditávamos estar a centenas de milhas de qualquer terra, mas essa aparição sugeria que a terra não era tão distante quanto havíamos suposto. No entanto, cercados pelo gelo, era impossível seguir seu caminho, embora o tivéssemos observado com grande cuidado.

**En** Cerca de duas horas depois disso, ouvimos o som do mar. Antes do anoitecer, o gelo se partiu, libertando nosso navio. No entanto, permanecemos parados até a manhã, temendo colisões com grandes blocos de gelo na escuridão. Aproveitei esse tempo para descansar por algumas horas.

**En** Pela manhã, assim que amanheceu, fui ao convés e encontrei todos os marinheiros ocupados de um lado da embarcação, aparentemente conversando com alguém no mar. Era um trenó, semelhante ao que havíamos visto antes, que havia derivado em nossa

direção durante a noite sobre um grande pedaço de gelo. Apenas um cão permanecia vivo, mas havia um ser humano dentro. Os marinheiros o incentivavam a subir a bordo. Ele não era um nativo selvagem de alguma ilha desconhecida, mas um europeu. Quando apareci no convés, o mestre disse que eu era seu capitão e não permitiria que ele percesse em alto-mar.

**En** O estranho, notando-me, falou em inglês com um sotaque estrangeiro. Antes de embarcar, ele perguntou sobre o nosso destino.

**En** Fiquei surpreso que um homem em tal perigo questionasse embarcar, pois supus que ele veria meu navio como uma tábua de salvação além de qualquer tesouro. Respondi que estávamos em uma expedição de descoberta ao polo norte.

**En** Satisfeito com minha resposta, ele concordou em embarcar. Margaret, se você tivesse visto esse homem barganhando por sua segurança, teria ficado estupefata. Seus membros estavam quase congelados, seu corpo definhado pelo cansaço e sofrimento. Nunca testemunhei tanta miséria. Tentamos carregá-lo para baixo, mas ele desmaiou ao deixar o ar fresco. Nós o reanimamos no convés com conhaque e forçamos uma pequena quantidade garganta abaixo. Assim que mostrou sinais de vida, o enrolamos em cobertores perto do fogão. Ele gradualmente se recuperou e comeu um pouco de sopa, que o reviveu notavelmente.

**En** Por dois dias ele ficou sem fala, e muitas vezes temi que seus sofrimentos tivessem danificado sua mente. Quando ele se recuperou um pouco, mudei-o para minha própria cabine e cuidei dele tanto quanto os deveres permitiam. Nunca vi uma pessoa mais cativante: seus olhos geralmente tinham uma expressão selvagem, quase louca; no entanto, havia momentos em que, ao receber qualquer gentileza, por menor que fosse, seu rosto inteiro se iluminava com uma benevolência e doçura que nunca vi igual. Mas geralmente ele era melancólico e desesperado, às vezes rangendo os dentes como se impaciente sob o peso de suas dores.

**En** À medida que meu hóspede começava a se recuperar, tive que impedir a tripulação de sobrecarregá-lo com perguntas, sabendo que ele precisava de repouso completo. No entanto, o tenente certa vez

perguntou por que ele havia viajado tão longe pelo gelo em uma embarcação tão incomum.

**En** Seu rosto imediatamente ficou muito sombrio, e ele disse que estava procurando alguém que havia fugido dele.

**En** Ele perguntou se o homem que ele havia perseguido tinha viajado da mesma maneira.

**En** Ele respondeu que sim.

**En** O capitão disse que achava que eles tinham visto o homem, porque no dia anterior a terem resgatado o estranho, eles observaram um trenó com um homem sendo puxado por cães sobre o gelo.

**En** Isso chamou a atenção do estranho, e ele fez muitas perguntas sobre o caminho que o demônio, como ele o chamava, havia tomado. Mais tarde, quando estava sozinho com o capitão, ele disse que provavelmente havia despertado a curiosidade deles, mas que eles eram respeitosos demais para fazer perguntas.

**En** Ele concordou que seria rude e indelicado incomodar o outro com sua curiosidade.

**En** Ele reconheceu que o ouvinte o salvara de uma situação estranha e perigosa e gentilmente o trouxera de volta à vida.

**En** Ele então perguntou se eu achava que o outro trenó havia sido destruído quando o gelo quebrou. Respondi que não podia afirmar com certeza; o gelo não havia quebrado até quase meia-noite, e o viajante poderia ter alcançado um lugar seguro antes disso, mas eu não podia julgar.

**En** A partir desse momento, o corpo enfraquecido do estranho pareceu ganhar nova vida. Ele estava extremamente ansioso para ir ao convés e observar o trenó que aparecera antes; no entanto, eu o persuadi a ficar na cabine porque ele estava fraco demais para suportar o ar frio. Prometi que alguém vigiaria por ele e o notificaria imediatamente se algo novo aparecesse à vista.

**En** Assim, meu diário registra este estranho evento até o presente. O estranho se recuperou lentamente, mas permanece muito quieto e parece inquieto quando alguém além de mim entra em sua cabine. Seus modos são tão gentis e conciliadores que os marinheiros estão todos

interessados nele, embora tenham tido pouca comunicação com ele. Por minha parte, passei a amá-lo como um irmão; sua tristeza constante e profunda me enche de simpatia e compaixão. Ele deve ter sido uma criatura nobre em seus melhores dias, já que mesmo agora, em seu estado arruinado, ele é tão atraente e amável.

**En** O escritor disse a Margaret que esperava não encontrar nenhum amigo no mar, mas em vez disso conheceu um homem que, antes que seu espírito fosse quebrado pelo sofrimento, ele teria ficado feliz em chamar de irmão.

**En** O escritor disse que continuaria seu diário sobre o estranho de vez em quando, sempre que houvesse novos eventos para registrar.

**En** 13 de agosto, 17—.

**En** A afeição do escritor por seu hóspede aumenta a cada dia. Ele sente admiração e pena por ele, e isso lhe causa grande tristeza ver uma pessoa tão nobre destruída pela miséria. O hóspede é gentil, sábio e bem-educado; quando fala, suas palavras são cuidadosamente escolhidas e fluem com notável eloquência.

**En** O hóspede se recuperou e frequentemente observa o trenó que veio antes do seu. Embora infeliz, ele ainda se interessa pelos planos dos outros. Ele discutiu o projeto do escritor atentamente. O escritor expressou que sacrificaria de bom grado sua fortuna, sua vida e todas as suas esperanças por seu empreendimento, acreditando que a vida de um homem era um pequeno preço pelo conhecimento e poder que buscava. Enquanto o escritor falava, o rosto do hóspede escureceu; ele tentou esconder as lágrimas, mas acabou chorando e gemendo. Então, com a voz embargada, perguntou se o escritor compartilhava de sua loucura e havia bebido da mesma bebida intoxicante; ele instou o escritor a ouvir sua história, dizendo que depois de ouvi-la, certamente abandonaria seu caminho perigoso.

**En** A curiosidade do narrador foi muito despertada por essas palavras, mas a intensa tristeza do estranho sobrecarregou seu estado já enfraquecido. Foram necessárias muitas horas de descanso e conversa calma para que ele recuperasse a compostura.

**En** Após controlar suas emoções violentas, o estranho pareceu desprezar a si mesmo por ser dominado pela paixão. Suprimindo a força

sombria do desespero, ele voltou a conversa para o narrador e perguntou sobre seus primeiros anos. A história foi breve, mas despertou muitos pensamentos. O narrador falou de seu anseio por um amigo e seu desejo por uma conexão mais profunda com outra mente do que jamais experimentara. Ele expressou sua crença de que um homem não poderia reivindicar muita felicidade sem tal bênção.

**En** O estranho concordou, dizendo que os humanos são criaturas inacabadas, apenas meio formadas, a menos que um amigo mais sábio, melhor e mais querido ajude a aperfeiçoar suas naturezas fracas e falhas. Ele disse que já teve tal amigo, o mais nobre dos seres humanos, então tinha o direito de falar sobre amizade. Ele disse ao narrador que o narrador tinha esperança e um futuro pela frente, sem motivo para desespero. Mas para si mesmo, ele havia perdido tudo e não poderia recomeçar a vida.

**En** Ao dizer isso, seu rosto mostrou uma tristeza profunda e silenciosa que comoveu profundamente o narrador. Então ele ficou em silêncio e logo foi para sua cabine.

**En** Embora seu espírito estivesse quebrado, ninguém sentia a beleza da natureza mais profundamente do que ele. O céu estrelado, o mar e todas as vistas dessas regiões maravilhosas ainda tinham o poder de elevar sua alma acima das preocupações terrenas. Tal pessoa vivia uma existência dupla: podia sofrer miséria e ser esmagado por decepções, mas quando se recolhia em si mesmo, tornava-se como um espírito celestial com uma auréola, dentro da qual nenhuma tristeza ou tolice podia entrar.

**En** O escritor se pergunta se o destinatário sorrirá com seu entusiasmo por este homem extraordinário. Ele diz que, se o destinatário o visse, não sorriria. O destinatário foi educado por livros e solidão, tornando-o um tanto exigente, mas isso apenas o torna mais apto a apreciar as qualidades notáveis do homem. O escritor tentou entender o que torna este homem tão superior a qualquer outra pessoa que conheceu. Ele acredita que seja uma percepção intuitiva, um julgamento rápido e confiável, uma compreensão profunda das causas, combinada com uma poderosa capacidade de se expressar e uma voz que é como música que comove a alma.

**En** A data era 19 de agosto de 17--.

**En** Ontem, o estranho disse ao capitão Walton que havia sofrido grandes e incomparáveis infortúnios. Ele havia decidido, certa vez, que a memória desses males morreria com ele, mas Walton o fez mudar de ideia. Ele disse que Walton buscava conhecimento e sabedoria como ele buscou, e esperava sinceramente que a realização de seus desejos não se tornasse uma serpente que o pica, como aconteceu com ele. Ele não sabia se contar sua história ajudaria, mas já que Walton estava seguindo o mesmo caminho e enfrentando os mesmos perigos, Walton poderia aprender uma lição útil com seu conto — uma que pudesse guiá-lo se tivesse sucesso ou consolá-lo em caso de fracasso. Ele alertou Walton para se preparar para eventos que geralmente são considerados maravilhosos. Em ambientes comuns, ele poderia temer incredulidade ou ridículo, mas nessas regiões selvagens e misteriosas, muitas coisas parecem possíveis que fariam rir aqueles que desconhecem os variados poderes da natureza. Ele não tinha dúvidas de que seu conto continha evidências internas de sua verdade.

**En** O escritor ficou muito satisfeito com a comunicação oferecida, mas não suportava que o estranho renovasse sua tristeza ao relatar seus infortúnios. Ele sentiu um forte desejo de ouvir a história prometida, em parte por curiosidade e em parte por um forte desejo de melhorar o destino do estranho, se possível. Ele expressou esses sentimentos em sua resposta.

**En** O estranho agradeceu ao escritor por sua simpatia, mas disse que era inútil porque seu destino estava quase cumprido. Ele estava esperando apenas mais um evento, e então descansaria em paz. Ele viu que o escritor queria interrompê-lo e explicou que nada poderia mudar seu destino. Ele pediu que o escritor ouvisse sua história para entender como ela era imutável.

**En** Ele então disse ao narrador que começaria sua história no dia seguinte, quando o narrador estivesse livre. Essa promessa fez o narrador expressar seus mais calorosos agradecimentos. O narrador resolveu que toda noite, a menos que seus deveres o impedissem, escreveria o mais fielmente possível nas próprias palavras de seu amigo o que ele havia relatado naquele dia. Se estivesse ocupado, pelo menos faria anotações. Este manuscrito certamente traria grande prazer ao leitor, mas para o narrador, que conhecia o homem e ouvia a história de seus próprios lábios, lê-lo no futuro seria cheio de interesse e simpatia.

Mesmo agora, ao começar sua tarefa, a voz encorpada de seu amigo ecoava em seus ouvidos; seus olhos brilhantes pousavam sobre ele com toda a sua doce melancolia; ele via sua mão fina erguida com animação, enquanto seu rosto era iluminado pela alma interior. Sua história devia ser estranha e angustiante; a tempestade que abraçou o bravo navio em seu curso e o naufragou deve ter sido medonha.

# Capítulo I

**En** O narrador nasceu em Genebra, e sua família era uma das mais distintas da república. Seus antepassados haviam sido conselheiros e síndicos por muitos anos. Seu pai ocupara vários cargos públicos com honra e reputação, respeitado por todos que o conheciam por sua integridade e atenção incansável aos negócios públicos. Ele passou seus anos mais jovens constantemente ocupado com os assuntos de seu país. Várias circunstâncias o impediram de casar cedo, e foi somente mais tarde na vida que ele se tornou marido e pai.

**En** O narrador sentiu que não podia evitar relatar as circunstâncias do casamento de seu pai, pois elas ilustravam seu caráter. Um dos amigos mais íntimos de seu pai era um comerciante que, após um estado próspero, caiu na pobreza devido a inúmeros infortúnios. Esse homem, chamado Beaufort, tinha uma disposição orgulhosa e inflexível e não suportava viver na pobreza e na obscuridade no mesmo país onde outrora fora distinguido por sua posição e magnificência. Depois de pagar suas dívidas da maneira mais honrosa, retirou-se com sua filha para a cidade de Lucerna, onde viveu desconhecido e na miséria. O pai do narrador amava Beaufort com verdadeira amizade e ficou profundamente magoado com sua retirada sob essas circunstâncias infelizes. Ele lamentou amargamente o falso orgulho que levou seu amigo a um comportamento tão indigno de sua afeição. Ele não perdeu tempo em tentar encontrá-lo, esperando persuadi-lo a recomeçar a vida com seu crédito e assistência.

**En** Beaufort tomara medidas eficazes para se esconder, e foram dez meses até que o pai do narrador descobrisse sua morada. Extremamente feliz, o pai apressou-se até a casa, que ficava numa rua modesta perto do Reuss. Mas quando entrou, foi recebido apenas pela miséria e pelo desespero. Beaufort havia salvo apenas uma quantia muito pequena do naufrágio de sua fortuna, mas era suficiente para sustentá-lo por alguns meses. Enquanto isso, esperava encontrar um emprego respeitável em uma casa comercial. Consequentemente, o intervalo foi passado na inação; sua dor só se tornou mais profunda e dolorosa quando ele teve lazer para reflexão. Finalmente, ela tomou tal conta de sua mente que, após três meses, ele jazia em um leito de doença, incapaz de qualquer esforço.

**En** Sua filha o atendia com a maior ternura, mas ela via com desespero que seu pequeno fundo estava diminuindo rapidamente e que não havia outra perspectiva de sustento. No entanto, Caroline Beaufort possuía uma mente de força incomum, e sua coragem cresceu para apoiá-la em sua adversidade. Ela conseguiu trabalhos simples; ela trançou palha; e por vários meios conseguiu ganhar um mísero salário que mal era suficiente para sustentar a vida.

**En** Vários meses se passaram nessas condições. O pai da moça ficou mais doente, e ela passou mais tempo cuidando dele. Seu dinheiro foi diminuindo gradualmente. No décimo mês, seu pai morreu em seus braços, deixando-a órfã e empobrecida. Essa perda final a abateu. Ela se ajoelhou ao lado do caixão de Beaufort, chorando amargamente, quando o pai de seu futuro marido entrou no quarto. Ele veio como um anjo da guarda para a pobre moça, que se confiou aos seus cuidados. Após o enterro de Beaufort, ele a levou para Genebra e a colocou sob a proteção de um parente. Dois anos depois, Caroline tornou-se sua esposa.

**En** Meus pais tinham uma diferença de idade considerável, mas isso parecia apenas uni-los mais estreitamente em amor dedicado. A mente íntegra de meu pai exigia que ele aprovasse profundamente antes de poder amar intensamente. Talvez ele tivesse sofrido ao descobrir a indignidade de uma pessoa amada em anos anteriores, por isso valorizava mais o mérito comprovado. Seu apego à minha mãe demonstrava gratidão e adoração, diferente da afeição piegas da velhice. Provinha da reverência por suas virtudes e do desejo de recompensá-la pelas tristezas que ela havia suportado, conferindo uma graça inexprimível ao seu comportamento para com ela. Tudo cedia aos seus desejos e conveniência. Ele tentava protegê-la como um jardineiro protege uma delicada planta exótica dos ventos ásperezos, cercanda-a de tudo que pudesse estimular emoções prazerosas em sua mente gentil e benevolente. Sua saúde e seu espírito outrora constante haviam sido abalados por suas experiências. Nos dois anos anteriores ao casamento, meu pai gradualmente abandonou todas as suas funções públicas. Imediatamente após a união, eles buscaram o agradável clima da Itália, e a mudança de cenário e o interesse de uma viagem por aquela terra maravilhosa serviram como um restaurador para seu corpo enfraquecido.

**En** Da Itália, eles visitaram a Alemanha e a França. Eu, seu filho mais velho, nasci em Nápoles e, quando bebê, os acompanhei em suas viagens. Por vários anos, continuei sendo seu único filho. Embora fossem profundamente apegados um ao outro, pareciam extrair infinitas reservas de afeto de uma mina de amor para derramar sobre mim. Minhas primeiras lembranças são das carícias ternas da minha mãe e do sorriso de prazer benevolente do meu pai ao me olhar. Eu era seu brinquedo, seu ídolo e algo melhor — seu filho, a criatura inocente e indefesa dada a eles pelo Céu, a quem eles deveriam criar para o bem, e cuja felicidade ou miséria futura eles poderiam guiar de acordo com o cumprimento de seus deveres para comigo. Com essa consciência profunda do que deviam ao ser que haviam trazido à vida, combinada com a ternura ativa que os animava, pode-se imaginar que, enquanto a cada hora da minha infância eu recebia lições de paciência, caridade e autocontrole, eu era guiado por um cordão de seda, de modo que minha vida parecia uma sequência contínua de prazer.

**En** Por muito tempo eu fui a única preocupação deles. Minha mãe desejava muito ter uma filha, mas eu continuei sendo o único filho. Quando eu tinha cerca de cinco anos, durante uma excursão além das fronteiras da Itália, eles passaram uma semana às margens do Lago de Como. Sua natureza benevolente frequentemente os levava a visitar as cabanas dos pobres. Para minha mãe, isso era mais que um dever; era uma necessidade, uma paixão — lembrando-se do que havia sofrido e de como havia sido aliviada, ela queria agir como um anjo da guarda para os aflitos. Durante uma de suas caminhadas, uma cabana pobre nas dobras de um vale chamou sua atenção, parecendo particularmente desolada, enquanto o número de crianças seminuas ao redor falava de pobreza extrema. Um dia, quando meu pai havia ido sozinho a Milão, minha mãe, acompanhada por mim, visitou aquela morada. Ela encontrou um camponês e sua esposa, trabalhadores e curvados pelo cuidado e trabalho, distribuindo uma refeição escassa para cinco crianças famintas. Entre elas estava uma criança que atraiu minha mãe muito acima das outras. Ela parecia de uma linhagem diferente. As outras quatro eram pequenos vagabundos de olhos escuros e resistentes; esta criança era magra e muito clara. Seu cabelo era o mais brilhante ouro vivo e, apesar de suas roupas pobres, parecia colocar uma coroa de distinção em sua cabeça. Sua testa era clara e ampla, seus olhos azuis sem nuvens, e seus lábios e traços faciais tão

expressivos de sensibilidade e doçura que ninguém podia olhar para ela sem vê-la como um tipo diferente de ser, uma criatura enviada do céu, carregando um selo celestial em todas as suas feições.

**En** A camponesa, vendo que minha mãe olhava com admiração e maravilha para aquela linda garota, contou sua história com entusiasmo. A garota não era sua filha, mas sim a filha de um nobre milanês. Sua mãe era alemã e havia morrido ao dar à luz. O bebê foi colocado com essas boas pessoas para ser criado; elas estavam em melhor situação naquela época. Não estavam casadas há muito tempo, e seu próprio filho mais velho havia acabado de nascer. O pai da garota era um daqueles italianos alimentados pela memória da antiga glória italiana — um entre os 'escravos sempre inquietos' que lutavam para conquistar a liberdade de seu país. Ele se tornou vítima da fraqueza do país. Não se sabia se havia morrido ou ainda permanecia nos calabouços da Áustria. Sua propriedade foi confiscada, e sua filha tornou-se órfã e mendiga. Ela permaneceu com seus pais adotivos e floresceu em sua modesta morada, mais bela que uma rosa de jardim entre amoras de folhas escuras.

**En** Quando o pai do narrador retornou de Milão, ele descobriu uma criança impressionantemente bonita brincando com o narrador no salão da vila. A aparência e os movimentos da criança eram mais graciosos que os de uma camurça da montanha. Logo ficou claro que se tratava de uma órfã que a mãe do narrador havia acolhido após obter o consentimento de seus guardiões rústicos. Embora eles amassem a doce órfã e a considerassem uma bênção, perceberam que seria injusto mantê-la na pobreza quando a Providência havia fornecido protetores tão poderosos. Após consultar o padre da vila, Elizabeth Lavenza passou a viver com os pais do narrador, tornando-se mais que uma irmã para ele — uma companheira amada em todas as suas atividades e alegrias.

**En** Elizabeth era universalmente amada, e o narrador compartilhava desse apego apaixonado e quase reverente, que se tornou seu orgulho e deleite. Na noite anterior à sua chegada, sua mãe havia prometido brincando um belo presente para o dia seguinte. Quando ela apresentou Elizabeth como aquele presente, o narrador, com seriedade infantil, interpretou suas palavras literalmente e considerou Elizabeth como sua — para proteger, amar e estimar. Qualquer elogio a ela ele recebia como se fosse dirigido a uma possessão sua. Eles se chamavam de primos,

mas nenhuma palavra podia descrever plenamente seu relacionamento; ela era mais que uma irmã, destinada a ser somente dele até a morte.

## Capítulo II

**En** O narrador e Elizabeth cresceram juntos, com menos de um ano de diferença de idade. Sua companhia era marcada por perfeita harmonia, e suas personalidades contrastantes apenas os aproximavam. Elizabeth era mais calma e concentrada, enquanto o narrador, embora igualmente ardente, era mais intensamente devotado ao conhecimento. Elizabeth encontrava prazer na beleza poética e cênica de seu lar suíço — as montanhas majestosas, as mudanças de estação, tempestades e calmaria, o silêncio do inverno e os vibrantes verões alpinos. Enquanto ela contemplava essas aparições magníficas com satisfação séria, o narrador se deleitava em investigar suas causas. O mundo parecia um segredo que ele ansiava desvendar, e sua curiosidade e pesquisa séria das leis ocultas da natureza lhe traziam uma alegria próxima ao êxtase, entre suas memórias mais antigas.

**En** Após o nascimento de um segundo filho, sete anos mais novo que o narrador, seus pais abandonaram a vida nômade e se estabeleceram em seu país natal. Eles possuíam uma casa em Genebra e uma casa de campo na margem leste do Lago Genebra, a pouco mais de uma légua da cidade. Viviam principalmente no campo, em considerável reclusão. O narrador preferia evitar multidões e formar apegos intensos a poucos indivíduos. Assim, era indiferente à maioria dos colegas de escola, mas formou uma amizade próxima com Henry Clerval, filho de um comerciante genebrino. Henry era excepcionalmente talentoso e imaginativo, amando empreendimentos, dificuldades e até o perigo por si só. Era bem lido em romances de cavalaria, compunha canções heróicas e escrevia contos de encantamento e aventura cavalheiresca. Frequentemente incentivava o narrador a encenar peças e bailes de máscaras, com personagens extraídos dos heróis de Roncesvales, da Távola Redonda do Rei Arthur e dos cruzados.

**En** Ninguém poderia ter tido uma infância mais feliz que o narrador. Seus pais personificavam bondade e indulgência, agindo não como tiranos que governavam por capricho, mas como agentes e criadores de muitos prazeres para seus filhos. Quando observava outras famílias, via claramente quão afortunada era a sua própria sina, e a gratidão aprofundava seu amor filial.

**En** O temperamento do narrador era ardente e intenso, mas, em vez de interesses infantis, impulsionava um desejo apaixonado pelo conhecimento. Ele pouco se importava com línguas, política ou governos. O que o fascinava eram os profundos segredos do céu e da terra, o mundo físico e a essência misteriosa da natureza e da alma humana. Suas investigações eram sempre direcionadas ao metafísico — ou, no sentido mais elevado, aos mistérios físicos da existência.

**En** Clerval focava nas dimensões morais da vida: o drama da existência humana, as virtudes dos heróis e as ações das pessoas. Ele sonhava em se tornar um daqueles registrados na história como benfeitores corajosos da humanidade. A alma santa de Elizabeth iluminava o lar pacífico como uma lâmpada de santuário. Sua simpatia, sorriso, voz suave e olhar gentil estavam sempre presentes para abençoar e inspirar. Ela era o espírito vivo do amor, suavizando a aspereza do narrador e subjugando-o à sua gentileza. Até mesmo Clerval, nobre como era, talvez não fosse tão humano e atencioso sem a influência dela. Ela revelou a ele a verdadeira beleza da beneficência e fez do fazer o bem o objetivo final de seu espírito ambicioso.

**En** O narrador sente grande prazer em recordar sua infância, antes que o infortúnio obscurecesse sua mente e transformasse suas visões brilhantes de utilidade em uma reflexão sombria sobre si mesmo. Ao relatar seus primeiros dias, ele também registra os eventos que, imperceptivelmente, levaram à sua miséria posterior. Quando tenta entender a paixão que passou a governar seu destino, descobre que ela surgiu de fontes humildes, quase esquecidas. Mas cresceu como um rio de montanha, avolumando-se em uma torrente que varreu todas as suas esperanças e alegrias.

**En** O narrador sente que a filosofia natural guiou seu destino, então deseja relatar os fatos que levaram ao seu amor por essa ciência. Quando tinha treze anos, sua família fez um passeio aos banhos perto de Thonon. O mau tempo os obrigou a ficar um dia na estalagem. Lá, ele encontrou por acaso um volume das obras de Cornelius Agrippa. Abriu-o com indiferença, mas as teorias e os fatos maravilhosos logo transformaram sua apatia em entusiasmo. Uma nova luz parecia surgir em sua mente, e ele contou alegremente ao seu pai. Seu pai olhou para a página de rosto e disse que o trabalho de Agrippa não valia nada, aconselhando-o a não perder tempo.

**En** Se seu pai tivesse se dado ao trabalho de explicar que os princípios de Agrippa haviam sido totalmente desacreditados e substituídos por um sistema moderno e prático de ciência, o narrador teria jogado Agrippa de lado e retornado aos seus estudos anteriores com vigor renovado. É até possível que sua trajetória fatídica tivesse sido evitada. Mas a rejeição apressada de seu pai não o convenceu de que ele conhecia o conteúdo do livro, então ele continuou lendo com grande avidez.

**En** Ao voltar para casa, a primeira tarefa do narrador foi obter as obras completas daquele autor, seguidas pelas de Paracelso e Alberto Magno. Ele leu suas ideias imaginativas com prazer, sentindo que continham segredos conhecidos apenas por ele. Sempre tivera um forte desejo de compreender os mistérios da natureza. Apesar dos esforços e descobertas dos filósofos modernos, seus estudos o deixavam insatisfeito. Lembrou que Sir Isaac Newton supostamente se descrevia como uma criança catando conchas no vasto oceano desconhecido da verdade. Os sucessores de Newton, mesmo em sua juventude, pareciam principiantes na mesma busca.

**En** Um fazendeiro sem instrução observava o mundo natural e entendia seus usos práticos. O filósofo mais erudito sabia pouco mais. Ele havia revelado parcialmente a superfície da natureza, mas suas verdadeiras características permaneciam um mistério. Ele podia dissecar e dar nomes, mas não compreendia as causas mais profundas. O narrador havia observado as barreiras que pareciam impedir a humanidade de alcançar o núcleo da natureza, e ele havia reclamado tolaamente.

**En** No entanto, havia livros e indivíduos que haviam explorado mais profundamente. O narrador aceitou suas afirmações e tornou-se seu seguidor. Embora parecesse estranho que tais ideias surgissem no século XVIII, durante sua educação formal em Genebra ele foi em grande parte autodidata em suas matérias favoritas. Seu pai não tinha interesse científico, deixando-o lutar com a compreensão limitada de uma criança, mas com a sede de conhecimento de um estudante. Guiado por esses novos mestres, ele diligentemente perseguiu a pedra filosofal e o elixir da vida, logo se concentrando inteiramente no elixir. A riqueza importava pouco; em vez disso, ele sonhava com a glória de

banir doenças e tornar os seres humanos imunes a qualquer morte, exceto violenta.

**En** Essas não eram suas únicas fantasias. Seus autores favoritos prometiam livremente a capacidade de invocar fantasmas ou demônios, e ele buscava ansiosamente esse poder. Quando suas invocações sempre falhavam, ele atribuía o fracasso à sua própria inexperiência, e não à falta de habilidade dos autores. Por um tempo, ele se imergiu em teorias ultrapassadas, misturando ideias contraditórias como uma pessoa inábil, lutando em um pântano de conhecimento diverso, guiado pela imaginação vívida e lógica infantil, até que um acidente redirecionou seus pensamentos.

**En** Por volta dos quinze anos, a família do narrador havia se mudado para sua casa perto de Bellerive, onde testemunharam uma forte tempestade. Ela veio de trás das montanhas do Jura, com trovões estrondosos de todas as direções. Ele observou a tempestade com curiosidade e prazer. Parado na porta, viu de repente um jato de fogo atingir um velho carvalho a cerca de vinte metros de distância. Após a luz ofuscante desaparecer, o carvalho sumiu, restando apenas um toco queimado. Na manhã seguinte, encontraram a árvore destruída de uma maneira peculiar, não por estilhaçamento, mas reduzida a finas tiras de madeira. Ele nunca vira nada tão completamente destruído.

**En** Antes disso, eu não era totalmente ignorante sobre as leis básicas da eletricidade. Um homem de grande conhecimento científico estava conosco e, comovido pela catástrofe, explicou uma teoria nova e surpreendente sobre eletricidade e galvanismo. Suas ideias tornaram os pensadores que eu admirava, como Cornelius Agrippa, insignificantes. No entanto, por alguma razão, essa rejeição dos meus antigos heróis me fez perder o interesse pelos meus estudos habituais. Parecia que nada poderia ser conhecido. Os assuntos que por muito tempo me fascinaram tornaram-se de repente desprezíveis. Com a volubilidade da juventude, abandonei minhas ocupações anteriores, descartando a história natural e campos relacionados como criações deformadas. Desenvolvi um grande desprezo por uma suposta ciência que nunca poderia atingir o limiar do conhecimento real. Nesse estado de espírito, voltei-me para a matemática e estudos relacionados, acreditando que estavam construídos sobre fundamentos seguros e, portanto, dignos da minha atenção.

**En** Nossas almas são estranhamente construídas, e estamos ligados à prosperidade ou à ruína por pequenos laços. Olhando para trás, parece que a mudança repentina nos meus interesses foi a sugestão de um anjo da guarda — a última tentativa de evitar a tempestade que já pairava sobre mim. Essa vitória foi anunciada por uma calma e alegria incomuns após o abandono dos meus estudos recentes e atormentadores. Assim, aprendi a associar a continuação desses estudos ao mal e o seu abandono à felicidade.

**En** Foi um forte esforço do espírito do bem, mas foi em vão. O destino era poderoso demais, e suas leis imutáveis já haviam decretado minha destruição total e terrível.

## Capítulo III

**En** Quando completei dezessete anos, meus pais decidiram que eu deveria estudar na Universidade de Ingolstadt. Até então, eu havia estudado em escolas em Genebra, mas meu pai acreditava que, para uma educação completa, eu deveria me familiarizar com costumes diferentes dos do meu próprio país. Então, minha partida foi marcada para uma data próxima. No entanto, antes que esse dia chegasse, ocorreu a primeira desgraça da minha vida — um presságio, por assim dizer, da minha miséria futura.

**En** Elizabeth pegou escarlatina; sua doença foi grave e ela correu grande perigo. Durante sua enfermidade, muitos argumentos foram feitos para persuadir minha mãe a não cuidar dela. A princípio, ela cedeu aos nossos apelos, mas quando soube que a vida de sua favorita estava ameaçada, não conseguiu mais controlar sua ansiedade. Ela ficou ao lado de Elizabeth, e seus cuidados dedicados venceram a doença — Elizabeth foi salva. Mas as consequências dessa imprudência foram fatais para minha mãe. No terceiro dia, minha mãe adoeceu; sua febre foi acompanhada de sintomas alarmantes, e seus médicos pareciam soturnos. Em seu leito de morte, a fortaleza e a bondade desta que foi a melhor das mulheres não a abandonaram. Ela juntou as mãos de Elizabeth e as minhas. Ela nos disse que suas mais firmes esperanças de felicidade futura estavam depositadas em nossa união, e que essa expectativa agora consolaria meu pai. Ela pediu a Elizabeth que ocupasse seu lugar com as crianças mais novas. Lamentou ser tirada de nós, mas disse que se resignaria alegremente à morte e esperaria nos encontrar em outro mundo.

**En** O narrador descreveu a morte calma de sua mãe, o rosto dela mostrando afeto mesmo no fim. Ele refletiu sobre a profunda dificuldade de aceitar que alguém que fazia parte da vida cotidiana pudesse ter partido para sempre. No início, a mente não consegue acreditar na perda, mas com o passar do tempo, a realidade do luto se instala. Ele observou que todos experimentam essa tristeza, então não há necessidade de descrevê-la em detalhes. Eventualmente, o luto se torna mais uma escolha do que uma necessidade, e os sorrisos retornam. Apesar da morte de sua mãe, eles ainda tinham deveres a cumprir e

precisavam continuar vivendo, considerando-se afortunados enquanto outros permaneciam.

**En** A partida planejada do narrador para Ingolstadt, adiada pelos eventos recentes, estava agora marcada novamente. Ele pediu ao pai mais algumas semanas, sentindo que era quase um sacrilégio deixar a casa silenciosa de luto e se precipitar no mundo agitado. Ele não estava familiarizado com a tristeza e a achava assustadora. Queria ficar com aqueles que restavam, especialmente para ver sua querida Elizabeth consolada.

# Introduction

## Pt/En

### Português

Os editores da série Standard Novels solicitaram que a autora fornecesse um relato sobre a origem da história. Ela estava disposta a atender, pois isso responderia à pergunta frequente de como ela, quando jovem, concebeu uma ideia tão horripilante. Embora não gostasse de se colocar em evidência na escrita, sentia que essa explicação era apenas um apêndice a um trabalho anterior, restrito a tópicos relacionados à sua autoria, portanto não podia considerar uma intrusão pessoal.

### Original English

The Publishers of the Standard Novels, in selecting Frankenstein for one of their series, expressed a wish that I should furnish them with some account of the origin of the story. I am the more willing to comply, because I shall thus give a general answer to the question, so very frequently asked me—“How I, when a young girl, came to think of, and to dilate upon, so very hideous an idea?” It is true that I am very averse to bringing myself forward in print; but as my account will only appear as an appendage to a former production, and as it will be confined to such topics as have connection with my authorship alone, I can scarcely accuse myself of a personal intrusion.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Como filha de duas celebridades literárias, era natural que pensasse em escrever desde cedo. Ela rabiscava histórias quando criança, mas seu passatempo favorito era construir castelos no ar — entregar-se a sonhos acordados. Seus sonhos eram mais fantásticos e agradáveis do que seus escritos. Ao escrever, ela era uma imitadora, seguindo os outros em vez de sua própria mente. Seus escritos eram destinados ao seu companheiro de infância, mas seus sonhos eram seu refúgio particular.

### Original English

It is not singular that, as the daughter of two persons of distinguished literary celebrity, I should very early in life have thought of writing. As a child I scribbled; and my favourite pastime, during the hours given me for

recreation, was to “write stories.” Still I had a dearer pleasure than this, which was the formation of castles in the air—the indulging in waking dreams—the following up trains of thought, which had for their subject the formation of a succession of imaginary incidents. My dreams were at once more fantastic and agreeable than my writings. In the latter I was a close imitator—rather doing as others had done, than putting down the suggestions of my own mind. What I wrote was intended at least for one other eye—my childhood’s companion and friend; but my dreams were all my own; I accounted for them to nobody; they were my refuge when annoyed—my dearest pleasure when free.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ela viveu principalmente no campo, passando um tempo considerável na Escócia. Visitava lugares pitorescos, mas morava nas margens setentrionais e sombrias do Tay. Para sua memória posterior, pareciam vazias e sombrias, mas na época eram o ninho da liberdade. Lá ela podia se comunicar com sua imaginação. Suas verdadeiras composições nasciam sob as árvores ou nas encostas das montanhas. Ela não se tornava a heroína; sua vida parecia muito comum. Ela podia povoar as horas com criações mais interessantes do que suas próprias sensações.

### Original English

I lived principally in the country as a girl, and passed a considerable time in Scotland. I made occasional visits to the more picturesque parts; but my habitual residence was on the blank and dreary northern shores of the Tay, near Dundee. Blank and dreary on retrospection I call them; they were not so to me then. They were the eyry of freedom, and the pleasant region where unheeded I could commune with the creatures of my fancy. I wrote then—but in a most commonplace style. It was beneath the trees of the grounds belonging to our house, or on the bleak sides of the woodless mountains near, that my true compositions, the airy flights of my imagination, were born and fostered. I did not make myself the heroine of my tales. Life appeared to me too commonplace an affair as regarded myself. I could not figure to myself that romantic woes or wonderful events would ever be my lot; but I was not confined to my own identity, and I could people the hours with creations far more interesting to me at that age, than my own sensations.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Depois, sua vida se tornou mais ocupada, e a realidade substituiu a ficção. Seu marido, desde o início, queria que ela provasse ser digna de sua linhagem e alcançasse fama literária. Ele a incitava a obter reputação, pela qual ela então se importava, embora depois se tornasse indiferente. Ele queria que ela escrevesse para que pudesse julgar seu potencial. Mas ela não fez nada; viagens e família ocupavam seu tempo. Ela estudava apenas através da leitura e da comunicação com a mente cultivada dele.

### Original English

After this my life became busier, and reality stood in place of fiction. My husband, however, was from the first, very anxious that I should prove myself worthy of my parentage, and enrol myself on the page of fame. He was forever inciting me to obtain literary reputation, which even on my own part I cared for then, though since I have become infinitely indifferent to it. At this time he desired that I should write, not so much with the idea that I could produce anything worthy of notice, but that he might himself judge how far I possessed the promise of better things hereafter. Still I did nothing. Travelling, and the cares of a family, occupied my time; and study, in the way of reading, or improving my ideas in communication with his far more cultivated mind, was all of literary employment that engaged my attention.

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## Pt/En

### Português

No verão de 1816, eles visitaram a Suíça e se tornaram vizinhos de Lord Byron. Passavam horas agradáveis no lago. Lord Byron escrevia o terceiro canto de Childe Harold, e ele era o único entre eles que colocava pensamentos no papel. Ele lhes trazia sua poesia, que parecia tornar divinas as glórias do céu e da terra.

### Original English

In the summer of 1816, we visited Switzerland, and became the neighbours of Lord Byron. At first we spent our pleasant hours on the lake, or wandering on its shores; and Lord Byron, who was writing the third canto of Childe Harold, was the only one among us who put his thoughts upon paper. These, as he brought them successively to us, clothed in all the light

and harmony of poetry, seemed to stamp as divine the glories of heaven and earth, whose influences we partook with him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O verão acabou sendo chuvoso e desagradável, e a chuva constante frequentemente os mantinha dentro de casa por dias. Eles encontraram uma coleção de histórias de fantasmas que haviam sido traduzidas do alemão para o francês. Uma história contava sobre um amante inconstante que, pensando estar abraçando sua noiva prometida, se viu segurando o fantasma pálido de uma mulher que ele havia abandonado. Outra história descrevia o fundador amaldiçoado de uma linhagem familiar, cujo destino horrível era dar um beijo fatal em cada filho mais novo de sua casa condenada assim que atingissem uma idade promissora. Sua figura enorme e sombria, vestida com armadura completa como o fantasma em Hamlet, mas com a viseira levantada, era vista à meia-noite avançando lentamente pela avenida escura sob a luz instável da lua. A forma desaparecia na sombra das muralhas do castelo, mas logo um portão se abria, ouvia-se um passo, a porta do quarto se abria, e ele se aproximava do sofá dos jovens saudáveis e adormecidos. Uma tristeza eterna marcava seu rosto enquanto ele se inclinava e beijava a testa dos meninos, fazendo com que eles murchassem como flores arrancadas do caule a partir daquela hora. O narrador não via essas histórias desde então, mas seus detalhes permaneciam tão vívidos como se tivessem sido lidos recentemente.

### **Original English**

But it proved a wet, ungenial summer, and incessant rain often confined us for days to the house. Some volumes of ghost stories, translated from the German into French, fell into our hands. There was the History of the Inconstant Lover, who, when he thought to clasp the bride to whom he had pledged his vows, found himself in the arms of the pale ghost of her whom he had deserted. There was the tale of the sinful founder of his race, whose miserable doom it was to bestow the kiss of death on all the younger sons of his fated house, just when they reached the age of promise. His gigantic, shadowy form, clothed like the ghost in Hamlet, in complete armour, but with the beaver up, was seen at midnight, by the moon's fitful beams, to advance slowly along the gloomy avenue. The shape was lost beneath the shadow of the castle walls; but soon a gate swung back, a step was heard, the door of the chamber opened, and he advanced to the couch of the

blooming youths, cradled in healthy sleep. Eternal sorrow sat upon his face as he bent down and kissed the forehead of the boys, who from that hour withered like flowers snapt upon the stalk. I have not seen these stories since then; but their incidents are as fresh in my mind as if I had read them yesterday.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Lord Byron propôs que cada um deles escrevesse uma história de fantasma, e os outros concordaram. Eram quatro. O nobre lord começou uma história, um fragmento da qual ele mais tarde imprimiu no final de seu poema *Mazeppa*. Shelley, mais habilidoso em expressar ideias e sentimentos através do brilho de imagens vívidas e versos melodiosos do que em inventar enredos, começou uma baseada nas experiências de sua juventude. O pobre Polidori teve uma ideia terrível sobre uma mulher com uma caveira por cabeça, que foi punida por espiar pelo buraco de uma fechadura — a natureza exata do que ela viu foi esquecida, mas certamente era algo chocante e errado. No entanto, quando ela foi reduzida a um estado pior do que o famoso Tom de Coventry, Polidori não sabia o que fazer com ela e teve que enviá-la para o túmulo dos Capuletos, o único lugar adequado para ela. Os famosos poetas, também irritados com a monotonia da prosa, logo desistiram de sua tarefa inadequada.

### Original English

“We will each write a ghost story,” said Lord Byron; and his proposition was acceded to. There were four of us. The noble author began a tale, a fragment of which he printed at the end of his poem of *Mazeppa*. Shelley, more apt to embody ideas and sentiments in the radiance of brilliant imagery, and in the music of the most melodious verse that adorns our language, than to invent the machinery of a story, commenced one founded on the experiences of his early life. Poor Polidori had some terrible idea about a skull-headed lady, who was so punished for peeping through a keyhole—what to see I forget—something very shocking and wrong of course; but when she was reduced to a worse condition than the renowned Tom of Coventry, he did not know what to do with her, and was obliged to despatch her to the tomb of the Capulets, the only place for which she was fitted. The illustrious poets also, annoyed by the platitude of prose, speedily relinquished their uncongenial task.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O narrador se ocupou tentando pensar em uma história — uma que pudesse rivalizar com aquelas que os haviam inspirado. Ela deveria apelar para os medos misteriosos de nossa natureza e despertar um horror emocionante; deveria fazer o leitor temer olhar ao redor, gelar o sangue e acelerar as batidas do coração. Se o narrador não alcançasse esses efeitos, a história de fantasma não mereceria seu nome. Eles pensaram e refletiram, mas em vão. Sentiram aquela incapacidade vazia de inventar, que é a maior miséria para um autor, quando um nada monótono responde aos seus apelos ansiosos. Cada manhã, o narrador era perguntado se havia pensado em uma história, e cada manhã eles tinham que responder com um não mortificante.

### Original English

I busied myself to think of a story□—a story to rival those which had excited us to this task. One which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature, and awaken thrilling horror□—one to make the reader dread to look round, to curdle the blood, and quicken the beatings of the heart. If I did not accomplish these things, my ghost story would be unworthy of its name. I thought and pondered□—vainly. I felt that blank incapability of invention which is the greatest misery of authorship, when dull Nothing replies to our anxious invocations. Have you thought of a story? I was asked each morning, and each morning I was forced to reply with a mortifying negative.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Tudo deve ter um começo, como diz o ditado, e esse começo deve estar ligado a algo que veio antes. Os hindus dizem que o mundo repousa sobre um elefante, e o elefante está sobre uma tartaruga. A invenção, deve-se admitir humildemente, não significa criar algo do nada, mas a partir do caos; os materiais devem primeiro ser fornecidos: ela pode dar forma a substâncias escuras e disformes, mas não pode criar a própria substância. Em todas as descobertas e invenções, mesmo aquelas da imaginação, somos constantemente lembrados da história de Colombo e seu ovo. A invenção consiste na capacidade de aproveitar as possibilidades de um

assunto e de moldar e modelar as ideias que ele sugere.

### Original English

Everything must have a beginning, to speak in Sanchean phrase; and that beginning must be linked to something that went before. The Hindus give the world an elephant to support it, but they make the elephant stand upon a tortoise. Invention, it must be humbly admitted, does not consist in creating out of void, but out of chaos; the materials must, in the first place, be afforded: it can give form to dark, shapeless substances, but cannot bring into being the substance itself. In all matters of discovery and invention, even of those that appertain to the imagination, we are continually reminded of the story of Columbus and his egg. Invention consists in the capacity of seizing on the capabilities of a subject, and in the power of moulding and fashioning ideas suggested to it.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Houve muitas conversas longas entre Lord Byron e Shelley, às quais o narrador era um ouvinte devoto, mas quase silencioso. Durante uma delas, várias ideias filosóficas foram discutidas, incluindo a natureza do princípio da vida e se ele poderia algum dia ser descoberto e comunicado. Eles falaram sobre os experimentos do Dr. Darwin (o narrador não falou do que o médico realmente fez ou afirmou ter feito, mas do que era então relatado como seu trabalho), que preservou um pedaço de vermicelli em um estojo de vidro até que, por meios extraordinários, começou a se mover voluntariamente. O narrador acreditava que a vida não seria dada dessa forma. Talvez um cadáver pudesse ser reanimado; o galvanismo havia dado indícios de tais possibilidades. Talvez as partes componentes de uma criatura pudessem ser fabricadas, reunidas e infundidas com calor vital.

### Original English

Many and long were the conversations between Lord Byron and Shelley, to which I was a devout but nearly silent listener. During one of these, various philosophical doctrines were discussed, and among others the nature of the principle of life, and whether there was any probability of its ever being discovered and communicated. They talked of the experiments of Dr. Darwin, (I speak not of what the Doctor really did, or said that he did, but, as more to my purpose, of what was then spoken of as having been done by him,) who preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case, till by some

extraordinary means it began to move with voluntary motion. Not thus, after all, would life be given. Perhaps a corpse would be reanimated; galvanism had given token of such things: perhaps the component parts of a creature might be manufactured, brought together, and endued with vital warmth.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A noite avançava enquanto conversavam, e já passava da meia-noite quando finalmente foram dormir. O narrador não conseguia descansar; sua imaginação tomou conta, apresentando imagens vívidas. Ele viu um estudante pálido de artes proibidas ajoelhado ao lado da criatura que havia montado. A forma monstruosa de um homem se agitou com movimentos inquietos e meio vivos. Tal criação seria aterrorizante, como qualquer tentativa de imitar a obra do Criador seria. O estudante fugiria horrorizado, esperando que a centelha de vida se apagasse e a coisa se tornasse matéria morta novamente. Ele poderia dormir, acreditando que o silêncio do túmulo acabaria com a existência transitória do cadáver hediondo que ele considerava o berço da vida. Mas ele é despertado e vê a coisa horrível parada ao lado de sua cama, abrindo as cortinas e olhando para ele com olhos amarelos, aguçados, mas curiosos.

### Original English

Night waned upon this talk, and even the witching hour had gone by, before we retired to rest. When I placed my head on my pillow, I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie. I saw□—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision□—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. Frightful must it be; for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handywork, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade; that this thing, which had received such imperfect animation, would subside into dead matter; and he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench forever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold the

horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O narrador abriu os olhos em terror, sua mente tão possuída pela imagem que ele estremeceu e desejou trocar a fantasia horripilante pela realidade. Ele ainda via o quarto — o piso escuro de parquê, as persianas fechadas com a luz da lua lutando para passar, e sentia o lago espelhado e os Alpes brancos além. Ele não conseguia se livrar facilmente do fantasma; isso o assombrava. Ele tentou pensar em outra coisa e lembrou de sua história de fantasma — sua cansativa e azarada história de fantasma. Ele desejava poder criar um conto que assustasse seus leitores tanto quanto ele havia sido assustado naquela noite.

### Original English

I opened mine in terror. The idea so possessed my mind, that a thrill of fear ran through me, and I wished to exchange the ghastly image of my fancy for the realities around. I see them still; the very room, the dark parquet, the closed shutters, with the moonlight struggling through, and the sense I had that the glassy lake and white high Alps were beyond. I could not so easily get rid of my hideous phantom; still it haunted me. I must try to think of something else. I recurred to my ghost story—my tiresome unlucky ghost story! O! if I could only contrive one which would frighten my reader as I myself had been frightened that night!

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## Pt/En

### Português

Então uma ideia rápida e animadora veio a ele. Ele percebeu que o que o havia aterrorizado também aterrorizaria outros; ele só precisava descrever o espectro que havia assombrado seu travesseiro à meia-noite. Na manhã seguinte, ele anunciou que havia pensado em uma história. Ele começou naquele dia com as palavras: Era uma noite sombria de novembro, fazendo uma transcrição dos terrores sombrios de seu sonho acordado.

### Original English

Swift as light and as cheering was the idea that broke in upon me. “I have found it! What terrified me will terrify others; and I need only describe the

spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow.” On the morrow I announced that I had thought of a story. I began that day with the words, It was on a dreary night of November, making only a transcript of the grim terrors of my waking dream.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

No início ele pensou apenas em algumas páginas, um conto curto, mas Shelley o incentivou a desenvolver a ideia em maior extensão. Ele certamente não devia a sugestão de nenhum incidente ou linha de sentimento ao seu marido, mas sem o incentivo dele, nunca teria tomado a forma com que foi apresentado ao mundo. Ele abriu uma exceção para o prefácio, que, até onde ele se lembrava, foi inteiramente escrito por Shelley.

### **Original English**

At first I thought but of a few pages—of a short tale; but Shelley urged me to develop the idea at greater length. I certainly did not owe the suggestion of one incident, nor scarcely of one train of feeling, to my husband, and yet but for his incitement, it would never have taken the form in which it was presented to the world. From this declaration I must except the preface. As far as I can recollect, it was entirely written by him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

E agora, mais uma vez, ele despediu sua hedionda progênie para seguir e prosperar. Ele tinha afeição por ela, pois era a filha de dias felizes, quando a morte e a dor eram apenas palavras que não encontravam eco verdadeiro em seu coração. Suas páginas falavam de muitas caminhadas, passeios de carro e conversas quando ele não estava sozinho; sua companheira era alguém que ele nunca mais veria neste mundo. Mas isso era para ele mesmo; seus leitores não tinham nada a ver com essas associações.

### **Original English**

And now, once again, I bid my hideous progeny go forth and prosper. I have an affection for it, for it was the offspring of happy days, when death and grief were but words, which found no true echo in my heart. Its several

pages speak of many a walk, many a drive, and many a conversation, when I was not alone; and my companion was one who, in this world, I shall never see more. But this is for myself; my readers have nothing to do with these associations.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O autor observa que as alterações são principalmente estilísticas. Nenhuma parte da história foi alterada, nem novas ideias ou circunstâncias foram introduzidas. A linguagem foi melhorada onde era muito simples e prejudicava o interesse da narrativa, principalmente no início do primeiro volume. Essas mudanças se limitam a partes que são meros complementos da história, deixando o núcleo e a substância intocados.

### **Original English**

I will add but one word as to the alterations I have made. They are principally those of style. I have changed no portion of the story, nor introduced any new ideas or circumstances. I have mended the language where it was so bald as to interfere with the interest of the narrative; and these changes occur almost exclusively in the beginning of the first volume. Throughout they are entirely confined to such parts as are mere adjuncts to the story, leaving the core and substance of it untouched.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O texto é assinado com as iniciais M. W. S.

### **Original English**

M. W. S.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A introdução é datada de Londres, 15 de outubro de 1831.

### Original English

London, October 15, 1831.

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# Preface

## Pt/En

### Português

O evento no qual esta ficção se baseia foi considerado por Dr. Darwin e alguns escritores fisiológicos alemães como não impossível. Embora o autor não atribua qualquer crença séria a tal imaginação, usá-lo como base de uma obra de fantasia não foi apenas sobre tecer terrores sobrenaturais. O evento do qual depende o interesse da história evita as desvantagens de um mero conto de espectros ou encantamento. Sua novidade de situações o recomenda e, embora fisicamente impossível como fato, oferece uma perspectiva para retratar as paixões humanas de forma mais abrangente do que eventos comuns podem.

### Original English

The event on which this fiction is founded, has been supposed, by Dr. Darwin, and some of the physiological writers of Germany, as not of impossible occurrence. I shall not be supposed as according the remotest degree of serious faith to such an imagination; yet, in assuming it as the basis of a work of fancy, I have not considered myself as merely weaving a series of supernatural terrors. The event on which the interest of the story depends is exempt from the disadvantages of a mere tale of spectres or enchantment. It was recommended by the novelty of the situations which it develops; and, however impossible as a physical fact, affords a point of view to the imagination for the delineating of human passions more comprehensive and commanding than any which the ordinary relations of existing events can yield.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O autor se esforçou para preservar a verdade dos princípios elementares da natureza humana, sem hesitar em inovar em suas combinações. Grandes obras como a *Ilíada*, a poesia trágica grega, *A Tempestade* e *Sonho de uma Noite de Verão* de Shakespeare, e especialmente *Paraíso Perdido* de Milton, seguem esta regra. Até o mais humilde romancista, que busca proporcionar ou receber entretenimento com seu trabalho, pode, sem presunção, aplicar à ficção em prosa uma licença, ou melhor, uma regra, da qual tantas combinações requintadas de sentimento humano resultaram nos mais altos espécimes da poesia.

### Original English

I have thus endeavoured to preserve the truth of the elementary principles of human nature, while I have not scrupled to innovate upon their combinations. The *Iliad*, the tragic poetry of Greece—Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*—and most especially Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, conform to this rule; and the most humble novelist, who seeks to confer or receive amusement from his labours, may, without presumption, apply to prose fiction a licence, or rather a rule, from the adoption of which so many exquisite combinations of human feeling have resulted in the highest specimens of poetry.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A base desta história foi sugerida durante uma conversa casual. O autor começou a escrevê-la em parte por diversão e em parte para exercitar as capacidades mentais. À medida que o trabalho progredia, outros motivos surgiram. O autor afirma não ser indiferente ao efeito moral dos sentimentos ou personagens sobre o leitor, mas a principal preocupação era evitar a influência enfraquecedora dos romances contemporâneos e exibir a bondade do afeto doméstico e o valor da virtude universal. As opiniões decorrentes do caráter e da situação do herói não devem ser assumidas como reflexo das próprias convicções do autor, nem qualquer doutrina filosófica deve ser inferida destas páginas.

### Original English

The circumstance on which my story rests was suggested in casual conversation. It was commenced partly as a source of amusement, and

partly as an expedient for exercising any untried resources of mind. Other motives were mingled with these, as the work proceeded. I am by no means indifferent to the manner in which whatever moral tendencies exist in the sentiments or characters it contains shall affect the reader; yet my chief concern in this respect has been limited to the avoiding the enervating effects of the novels of the present day, and to the exhibition of the amiableness of domestic affection, and the excellence of universal virtue. The opinions which naturally spring from the character and situation of the hero are by no means to be conceived as existing always in my own conviction; nor is any inference justly to be drawn from the following pages as prejudicing any philosophical doctrine of whatever kind.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O autor também observa que a história foi iniciada na região majestosa onde os principais eventos se passam, e na companhia de amigos cuja companhia é sentida falta. O verão de 1816 foi passado perto de Genebra. O tempo estava frio e chuvoso, então à noite eles se reuniam ao redor de uma fogueira crepitante e se entretinham com algumas histórias de fantasmas alemãs que chegaram às suas mãos. Esses contos despertaram um desejo lúdico de imitá-los. Dois outros amigos (um dos quais poderia produzir uma história muito mais agradável ao público do que qualquer coisa que o autor espera alcançar) e o autor concordaram em escrever cada um uma história baseada em um evento sobrenatural.

### **Original English**

It is a subject also of additional interest to the author, that this story was begun in the majestic region where the scene is principally laid, and in society which cannot cease to be regretted. I passed the summer of 1816 in the environs of Geneva. The season was cold and rainy, and in the evenings we crowded around a blazing wood fire, and occasionally amused ourselves with some German stories of ghosts, which happened to fall into our hands. These tales excited in us a playful desire of imitation. Two other friends (a tale from the pen of one of whom would be far more acceptable to the public than anything I can ever hope to produce) and myself agreed to write each a story, founded on some supernatural occurrence.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

De repente, o tempo ficou claro e calmo; os dois amigos deixaram o autor para viajar pelos Alpes, e na paisagem magnífica eles esqueceram completamente suas histórias fantasmagóricas. A narrativa a seguir é a única que foi concluída.

### **Original English**

The weather, however, suddenly became serene; and my two friends left me on a journey among the Alps, and lost, in the magnificent scenes which they present, all memory of their ghostly visions. The following tale is the only one which has been completed.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Marlow, setembro de 1817.

### **Original English**

Marlow, September, 1817.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Este volume é respeitosamente dedicado a William Godwin, autor de Justiça Política, Caleb Williams e outras obras.

### **Original English**

To William Godwin, Author of Political Justice, Caleb Williams, etc., This volume is respectfully inscribed by the author.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O orador perguntou se havia solicitado ao seu Criador que o moldasse do barro, ou se havia chamado para ser trazido das trevas.

### Original English

“Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
To mould me Man, did I solicit  
thee  
From darkness to promote me?”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Esta passagem cita Paraíso Perdido, Livro 10, linhas 743 a 745.

### Original English

Paradise Lost, X, 743–745

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## Pt/En

### Português

Frankenstein

### Original English

Frankenstein

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ou, O Prometeu Moderno

### Original English

Or, The Modern Prometheus

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# Letter I

**Pt/En**

**Português**

A carta é endereçada à Sra. Saville, na Inglaterra.

**Original English**

To Mrs. Saville, England.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A carta é datada de São Petersburgo, 11 de dezembro.

**Original English**

St. Petersburg, Dec. 11th, 17—.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O escritor tranquiliza sua irmã de que sua jornada começou sem desastre. Ele chegou a São Petersburgo ontem e quer confortá-la, expressando confiança crescente em sua missão.

**Original English**

You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings. I arrived here yesterday; and my first task is to assure my dear sister of my welfare, and increasing confidence in the success of my undertaking.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele está muito ao norte de Londres, em São Petersburgo, e aprecia a brisa fria que fortaleceu seus nervos. Ele imagina o Polo Norte como uma região de beleza e luz perpétua, não de gelo e desolação. Espera descobrir novas terras, o segredo do magnetismo e fazer observações celestes. Acredita que sua viagem pode beneficiar toda a humanidade ao encontrar uma passagem polar ou resolver o mistério do ímã. Compara sua

empolgação à de uma criança embarcando em uma viagem de descoberta pelo rio.

### Original English

I am already far north of London; and as I walk in the streets of Petersburg, I feel a cold northern breeze play upon my cheeks, which braces my nerves, and fills me with delight. Do you understand this feeling? This breeze, which has travelled from the regions towards which I am advancing, gives me a foretaste of those icy climes. Inspirited by this wind of promise, my day dreams become more fervent and vivid. I try in vain to be persuaded that the pole is the seat of frost and desolation; it ever presents itself to my imagination as the region of beauty and delight. There, Margaret, the sun is forever visible; its broad disk just skirting the horizon, and diffusing a perpetual splendour. There——for with your leave, my sister, I will put some trust in preceding navigators——there snow and frost are banished; and, sailing over a calm sea, we may be wafted to a land surpassing in wonders and in beauty every region hitherto discovered on the habitable globe. Its productions and features may be without example, as the phenomena of the heavenly bodies undoubtedly are in those undiscovered solitudes. What may not be expected in a country of eternal light? I may there discover the wondrous power which attracts the needle; and may regulate a thousand celestial observations, that require only this voyage to render their seeming eccentricities consistent forever. I shall satiate my ardent curiosity with the sight of a part of the world never before visited, and may tread a land never before imprinted by the foot of man. These are my enticements, and they are sufficient to conquer all fear of danger or death, and to induce me to commence this laborious voyage with the joy a child feels when he embarks in a little boat, with his holiday mates, on an expedition of discovery up his native river. But, supposing all these conjectures to be false, you cannot contest the inestimable benefit which I shall confer on all mankind to the last generation, by discovering a passage near the pole to those countries, to reach which at present so many months are requisite; or by ascertaining the secret of the magnet, which, if at all possible, can only be effected by an undertaking such as mine.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele descobre que um propósito constante acalma sua mente. Esta expedição tem sido seu sonho desde a infância; ele leu avidamente relatos de viagens polares da biblioteca de seu tio. Lamenta que o desejo de seu pai em seu leito de morte o tenha impedido de se tornar marinheiro.

### Original English

These reflections have dispelled the agitation with which I began my letter, and I feel my heart glow with an enthusiasm which elevates me to heaven; for nothing contributes so much to tranquillise the mind as a steady purpose—a point on which the soul may fix its intellectual eye. This expedition has been the favourite dream of my early years. I have read with ardour the accounts of the various voyages which have been made in the prospect of arriving at the North Pacific Ocean through the seas which surround the pole. You may remember, that a history of all the voyages made for purposes of discovery composed the whole of our good uncle Thomas's library. My education was neglected, yet I was passionately fond of reading. These volumes were my study day and night, and my familiarity with them increased that regret which I had felt, as a child, on learning that my father's dying injunction had forbidden my uncle to allow me to embark in a seafaring life.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Quando leu grandes poetas pela primeira vez, sua alma foi elevada e ele se tornou poeta por um ano, vivendo em um paraíso de sua própria criação. Esperava fama como Homero e Shakespeare, mas fracassou e sentiu profundamente a decepção. No entanto, então herdou a fortuna de seu primo e voltou sua atenção para sua paixão anterior pela exploração.

### Original English

These visions faded when I perused, for the first time, those poets whose effusions entranced my soul, and lifted it to heaven. I also became a poet, and for one year lived in a Paradise of my own creation; I imagined that I also might obtain a niche in the temple where the names of Homer and Shakespeare are consecrated. You are well acquainted with my failure, and how heavily I bore the disappointment. But just at that time I inherited the fortune of my cousin, and my thoughts were turned into the channel of

their earlier bent.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador recorda que seis anos se passaram desde que decidiu seu empreendimento atual. Ele se dedicou a uma grande empresa, começando por endurecer seu corpo às dificuldades. Acompanhou pescadores de baleias em várias expedições ao Mar do Norte, suportando voluntariamente frio, fome, sede e falta de sono. Frequentemente trabalhava mais duro que os marinheiros comuns durante o dia e dedicava suas noites ao estudo de matemática, medicina e das ciências físicas que beneficiariam um aventureiro naval. Duas vezes se contratou como imediato em um baleeiro da Groenlândia e se saiu admiravelmente. Sentiu orgulho quando seu capitão lhe ofereceu o segundo posto no navio e suplicou-lhe que ficasse, tão valiosos eram seus serviços.

### **Original English**

Six years have passed since I resolved on my present undertaking. I can, even now, remember the hour from which I dedicated myself to this great enterprise. I commenced by inuring my body to hardship. I accompanied the whale-fishers on several expeditions to the North Sea; I voluntarily endured cold, famine, thirst, and want of sleep; I often worked harder than the common sailors during the day, and devoted my nights to the study of mathematics, the theory of medicine, and those branches of physical science from which a naval adventurer might derive the greatest practical advantage. Twice I actually hired myself as an under-mate in a Greenland whaler, and acquitted myself to admiration. I must own I felt a little proud, when my captain offered me the second dignity in the vessel, and entreated me to remain with the greatest earnestness; so valuable did he consider my services.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele pergunta à sua querida irmã Margaret se ele não merece realizar algum grande propósito. Ele poderia ter vivido com facilidade e luxo, mas preferiu a glória a todas as tentações que a riqueza colocou em seu caminho. Ele deseja uma voz encorajadora que responda afirmativamente. Sua coragem e determinação são firmes, mas suas esperanças flutuam e seu ânimo muitas vezes fica deprimido. Ele está prestes a embarcar numa longa e difícil viagem que exigirá toda a sua fortaleza. Ele não deve apenas levantar o ânimo dos outros, mas às vezes sustentar o seu próprio quando o deles está falhando.

### Original English

And now, dear Margaret, do I not deserve to accomplish some great purpose? My life might have been passed in ease and luxury; but I preferred glory to every enticement that wealth placed in my path. Oh, that some encouraging voice would answer in the affirmative! My courage and my resolution is firm; but my hopes fluctuate, and my spirits are often depressed. I am about to proceed on a long and difficult voyage, the emergencies of which will demand all my fortitude: I am required not only to raise the spirits of others, but sometimes to sustain my own, when theirs are failing.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele observa que este é o período mais favorável para viajar na Rússia. As pessoas voam rapidamente sobre a neve em seus trenós, e ele acha o movimento mais agradável do que uma carruagem inglesa. O frio não é excessivo se alguém estiver envolto em peles, uma vestimenta que ele já adotou. Ele nota uma grande diferença entre andar no convés e permanecer sentado imóvel por horas, quando nenhum exercício impede que o sangue congele nas veias. Ele não tem ambição de perder a vida na estrada postal entre São Petersburgo e Arcangel.

### Original English

This is the most favourable period for travelling in Russia. They fly quickly over the snow in their sledges; the motion is pleasant, and, in my opinion, far more agreeable than that of an English stagecoach. The cold is not excessive, if you are wrapped in furs—a dress which I have already

adopted; for there is a great difference between walking the deck and remaining seated motionless for hours, when no exercise prevents the blood from actually freezing in your veins. I have no ambition to lose my life on the post-road between St. Petersburg and Archangel.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele partirá para Arcangel em duas ou três semanas. Sua intenção é alugar um navio lá, o que pode ser feito facilmente pagando o seguro ao proprietário, e contratar tantos marinheiros quanto considere necessário entre aqueles acostumados à pesca de baleias. Ele não pretende navegar até junho. Não consegue responder quando retornará. Se tiver sucesso, muitos meses, talvez anos, se passarão antes que ele e Margaret se encontrem. Se fracassar, ela o verá novamente em breve, ou nunca.

### **Original English**

I shall depart for the latter town in a fortnight or three weeks; and my intention is to hire a ship there, which can easily be done by paying the insurance for the owner, and to engage as many sailors as I think necessary among those who are accustomed to the whale-fishing. I do not intend to sail until the month of June; and when shall I return? Ah, dear sister, how can I answer this question? If I succeed, many, many months, perhaps years, will pass before you and I may meet. If I fail, you will see me again soon, or never.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele se despede de sua querida e excelente irmã Margaret. Ele deseja que o céu derrame bênçãos sobre ela e o salve, para que ele possa repetidamente testemunhar sua gratidão por todo seu amor e bondade.

### **Original English**

Farewell, my dear, excellent Margaret. Heaven shower down blessings on you, and save me, that I may again and again testify my gratitude for all your love and kindness.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Com afetuosos cumprimentos, seu irmão,

**Original English**

Your affectionate brother,

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

R. Walton.

**Original English**

R. Walton.

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## Letter II

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Carta endereçada à Sra. Saville na Inglaterra.

**Original English**

To Mrs. Saville, England.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Datado de Archangel, 28 de março de 17--.

**Original English**

Archangel, 28th March, 17□—.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O tempo passa extremamente devagar nesta paisagem congelada, mas dei um segundo passo em direção ao meu objetivo. Consegui um navio e agora estou reunindo uma tripulação. Aqueles que recrutei até agora parecem confiáveis e são, sem dúvida, destemidos.

### Original English

How slowly the time passes here, encompassed as I am by frost and snow; yet a second step is taken towards my enterprise. I have hired a vessel, and am occupied in collecting my sailors; those whom I have already engaged, appear to be men on whom I can depend, and are certainly possessed of dauntless courage.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O escritor confessa à irmã uma necessidade profunda e insatisfeita por um verdadeiro amigo. Ele anseia por alguém para compartilhar seus triunfos e confortá-lo no fracasso, um companheiro cujos olhos respondessem aos seus. Embora registre seus pensamentos no papel, considera isso um substituto pobre para a simpatia direta. Ele sente amargamente a ausência de um amigo gentil, mas corajoso, de mente cultivada e gostos semelhantes, que pudesse corrigir sua natureza excessivamente ardente e impaciente. Uma desgraça maior, acredita, é sua falta de educação formal: quando criança, vagava livremente e lia apenas os livros de viagem do tio. Só mais tarde percebeu o valor de aprender línguas estrangeiras, mas a oportunidade havia passado. Agora, aos vinte e oito anos, considera-se mais ignorante do que muitos garotos de escola de quinze anos, apesar de ter pensamentos e sonhos mais grandiosos. Ele precisa desesperadamente de um amigo que não zombasse de seu romantismo, mas que o ajudasse a disciplinar sua mente.

### Original English

But I have one want which I have never yet been able to satisfy; and the absence of the object of which I now feel as a most severe evil. I have no friend, Margaret: when I am glowing with the enthusiasm of success, there will be none to participate my joy; if I am assailed by disappointment, no one will endeavour to sustain me in dejection. I shall commit my thoughts to paper, it is true; but that is a poor medium for the communication of feeling.

I desire the company of a man who could sympathise with me; whose eyes would reply to mine. You may deem me romantic, my dear sister, but I bitterly feel the want of a friend. I have no one near me, gentle yet courageous, possessed of a cultivated as well as of a capacious mind, whose tastes are like my own, to approve or amend my plans. How would such a friend repair the faults of your poor brother! I am too ardent in execution, and too impatient of difficulties. But it is a still greater evil to me that I am self-educated: for the first fourteen years of my life I ran wild on a common, and read nothing but our uncle Thomas's books of voyages. At that age I became acquainted with the celebrated poets of our own country; but it was only when it had ceased to be in my power to derive its most important benefits from such a conviction, that I perceived the necessity of becoming acquainted with more languages than that of my native country. Now I am twenty-eight, and am in reality more illiterate than many schoolboys of fifteen. It is true that I have thought more, and that my day dreams are more extended and magnificent; but they want (as the painters call it) keeping; and I greatly need a friend who would have sense enough not to despise me as romantic, and affection enough for me to endeavour to regulate my mind.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O escritor reconhece que tais queixas são inúteis; certamente não encontrará amigo no oceano ou mesmo entre os mercadores e marinheiros em Archangel. No entanto, observa que até homens rudes possuem sentimentos nobres. Por exemplo, seu tenente é um homem de coragem e ambição extraordinárias, movido pelo desejo de glória e avanço profissional. Embora seja um inglês com preconceitos nacionais e profissionais amolecidos por pouca cultura, ainda conserva algumas das melhores qualidades da humanidade. O escritor o conheceu num navio baleeiro e, encontrando-o desempregado na cidade, contratou-o facilmente para a expedição.

### **Original English**

Well, these are useless complaints; I shall certainly find no friend on the wide ocean, nor even here in Archangel, among merchants and seamen. Yet some feelings, unallied to the dross of human nature, beat even in these rugged bosoms. My lieutenant, for instance, is a man of wonderful courage and enterprise; he is madly desirous of glory: or rather, to word my phrase more characteristically, of advancement in his profession. He is an

Englishman, and in the midst of national and professional prejudices, unsoftened by cultivation, retains some of the noblest endowments of humanity. I first became acquainted with him on board a whale vessel: finding that he was unemployed in this city, I easily engaged him to assist in my enterprise.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O mestre do navio é um homem de caráter excelente, conhecido por sua gentileza e disciplina branda. Essa reputação, junto com sua integridade e coragem, fez o escritor desejar empregá-lo. Tendo passado a juventude na solidão e sob o cuidado gentil da irmã, o escritor desenvolveu uma forte aversão à brutalidade habitual nos navios, que nunca acreditou ser necessária. Quando ouviu falar de um marinheiro igualmente conhecido pela bondade e pelo respeito de sua tripulação, sentiu-se afortunado por conseguir seus serviços. O escritor soube da história do mestre de maneira romântica, por meio de uma senhora que lhe devia a felicidade. Anos atrás, o mestre amava uma jovem russa de fortuna modesta. Tendo juntado dinheiro suficiente de prêmios, obteve o consentimento do pai para casar. Mas antes da cerimônia, encontrou a senhora em lágrimas; ela confessou que amava outro, um homem pobre que seu pai rejeitaria. O mestre generosamente a libertou, deu ao amante a fazenda que havia comprado para sua aposentadoria, junto com o restante do dinheiro dos prêmios, e então pediu ao pai que permitisse o casamento. O pai recusou, sentindo-se obrigado pela honra ao mestre, mas este, vendo-o inflexível, deixou o país. Só retornou quando soube que seu antigo amor havia se casado com o homem de sua escolha. O escritor admite que o mestre é um homem nobre, mas totalmente sem instrução, silencioso e com um descuido ignorante que, embora torne suas ações mais surpreendentes, reduz a simpatia que ele poderia inspirar.

### Original English

The master is a person of an excellent disposition, and is remarkable in the ship for his gentleness and the mildness of his discipline. This circumstance, added to his well known integrity and dauntless courage, made me very desirous to engage him. A youth passed in solitude, my best years spent under your gentle and feminine fosterage, has so refined the groundwork of my character, that I cannot overcome an intense distaste to the usual brutality exercised on board ship: I have never believed it to be necessary; and when I heard of a mariner equally noted for his kindliness

of heart, and the respect and obedience paid to him by his crew, I felt myself peculiarly fortunate in being able to secure his services. I heard of him first in rather a romantic manner, from a lady who owes to him the happiness of her life. This, briefly, is his story. Some years ago, he loved a young Russian lady, of moderate fortune; and having amassed a considerable sum in prize-money, the father of the girl consented to the match. He saw his mistress once before the destined ceremony; but she was bathed in tears, and, throwing herself at his feet, entreated him to spare her, confessing at the same time that she loved another, but that he was poor, and that her father would never consent to the union. My generous friend reassured the suppliant, and on being informed of the name of her lover, instantly abandoned his pursuit. He had already bought a farm with his money, on which he had designed to pass the remainder of his life; but he bestowed the whole on his rival, together with the remains of his prize-money to purchase stock, and then himself solicited the young woman's father to consent to her marriage with her lover. But the old man decidedly refused, thinking himself bound in honour to my friend; who, when he found the father inexorable, quitted his country, nor returned until he heard that his former mistress was married according to her inclinations. "What a noble fellow!" you will exclaim. He is so; but then he is wholly uneducated: he is as silent as a Turk, and a kind of ignorant carelessness attends him, which, while it renders his conduct the more astonishing, detracts from the interest and sympathy which otherwise he would command.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O escritor assegura à irmã que, apesar de suas queixas e consolos imaginados, sua determinação permanece tão firme quanto o destino. Sua partida só está atrasada até que o tempo permita. O inverno foi terrivelmente severo, mas a primavera está chegando cedo, então ele pode partir mais cedo do que esperava. Ele promete agir com prudência e consideração, especialmente em relação à segurança dos outros, e lembra que ela o conhece bem o suficiente para confiar em sua cautela.

### Original English

Yet do not suppose, because I complain a little, or because I can conceive a consolation for my toils which I may never know, that I am wavering in my resolutions. Those are as fixed as fate; and my voyage is only now delayed until the weather shall permit my embarkation. The winter has been

dreadfully severe; but the spring promises well, and it is considered as a remarkably early season; so that perhaps I may sail sooner than I expected. I shall do nothing rashly: you know me sufficiently to confide in my prudence and considerateness, whenever the safety of others is committed to my care.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O escritor luta para descrever as sensações que sente à medida que seu empreendimento se aproxima. Uma mistura trêmula de prazer e medo acompanha seus preparativos para a partida. Ele está indo para regiões inexploradas, a terra da névoa e da neve, mas brinca que não matará albatroz algum, então sua irmã não precisa temer que ele retorne tão desgastado e sofrido quanto o Marinheiro Antigo. Ele revela um segredo: atribui seu apego apaixonado aos perigosos mistérios do oceano à obra do mais imaginativo dos poetas modernos. Algo além da razão agita sua alma. Embora seja trabalhador e meticuloso, ele é impulsionado por um amor pelo maravilhoso, uma crença no maravilhoso que o leva para além dos caminhos comuns, em direção aos mares selvagens e regiões não visitadas que está prestes a explorar.

### Original English

I cannot describe to you my sensations on the near prospect of my undertaking. It is impossible to communicate to you a conception of the trembling sensation, half pleasurable and half fearful, with which I am preparing to depart. I am going to unexplored regions, to “the land of mist and snow”; but I shall kill no albatross, therefore do not be alarmed for my safety, or if I should come back to you as worn and woeful as the “Ancient Mariner.” You will smile at my allusion; but I will disclose a secret. I have often attributed my attachment to, my passionate enthusiasm for, the dangerous mysteries of ocean, to that production of the most imaginative of modern poets. There is something at work in my soul, which I do not understand. I am practically industrious—painstaking;—a workman to execute with perseverance and labour;—but besides this, there is a love for the marvellous, a belief in the marvellous, intertwined in all my projects, which hurries me out of the common pathways of men, even to the wild sea and unvisited regions I am about to explore.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O escritor retorna a pensamentos mais pessoais. Ele se pergunta se algum dia verá o destinatário novamente depois de navegar por vastos oceanos e contornar o extremo sul da África ou da América. Embora não ouse esperar por tal reencontro, ele não suporta considerar o oposto. Ele pede ao destinatário que continue escrevendo sempre que possível, pois essas cartas podem chegar até ele em momentos em que mais precisa de encorajamento. Ele expressa profundo afeto e pede para ser lembrado com amor, mesmo que o destinatário nunca mais ouça falar dele.

### Original English

But to return to dearer considerations. Shall I meet you again, after having traversed immense seas, and returned by the most southern cape of Africa or America? I dare not expect such success, yet I cannot bear to look on the reverse of the picture. Continue for the present to write to me by every opportunity: I may receive your letters on some occasions when I need them most to support my spirits. I love you very tenderly. Remember me with affection, should you never hear from me again.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele encerra a carta chamando a si mesmo de seu irmão afetuoso.

### Original English

Your affectionate brother,

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## Pt/En

### Português

A carta é assinada por Robert Walton.

### Original English

Robert Walton.

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# Letter III

**Pt/En**

**Português**

A carta é endereçada à Sra. Saville, na Inglaterra.

**Original English**

To Mrs. Saville, England.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A carta é datada de 7 de julho de 17—.

**Original English**

July 7th, 17□—.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O escritor informa apressadamente à sua irmã sobre sua segurança e progresso. Ele observa que sua carta chegará à Inglaterra a bordo de um navio mercante que retorna ao lar, enquanto ele próprio pode não ver sua terra natal por muitos anos. Ele relata o bom ânimo entre sua tripulação, que parece corajosa e resoluta, não intimidada pelas placas de gelo flutuantes que sinalizam os perigos adiante. Eles já alcançaram uma latitude elevada, mas o verão e os ventos do sul trazem um calor inesperado.

**Original English**

My dear sister□—I write a few lines in haste, to say that I am safe, and well advanced on my voyage. This letter will reach England by a merchantman now on its homeward voyage from Archangel; more fortunate than I, who may not see my native land, perhaps, for many years. I am, however, in good spirits: my men are bold, and apparently firm of purpose; nor do the floating sheets of ice that continually pass us, indicating the dangers of the region towards which we are advancing, appear to dismay them. We have already reached a very high latitude; but it is the height of summer, and although not so warm as in England, the southern gales, which blow us speedily towards those shores which I so ardently desire to attain, breathe a degree of renovating warmth which I had not expected.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Até agora, nenhum evento notável ocorreu. O escritor menciona que alguns ventos fortes e um pequeno vazamento são incidentes menores que marinheiros experientes mal se preocupam em anotar. Ele expressa contentamento se nada pior acontecer durante sua viagem.

**Original English**

No incidents have hitherto befallen us that would make a figure in a letter. One or two stiff gales, and the springing of a leak, are accidents which experienced navigators scarcely remember to record; and I shall be well content if nothing worse happen to us during our voyage.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O escritor se despede de sua irmã Margaret, assegurando-lhe que, por bem de ambos, não correrá riscos desnecessários. Ele promete permanecer calmo, persistente e cauteloso.

**Original English**

Adieu, my dear Margaret. Be assured, that for my own sake, as well as yours, I will not rashly encounter danger. I will be cool, persevering, and prudent.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele está confiante de que seus esforços terão sucesso. Ele reflete sobre como já navegou em segurança por águas desconhecidas, com as estrelas como testemunhas de seu triunfo. Ele questiona por que não deveria continuar através do mar selvagem, porém controlável, e pergunta o que pode impedir uma vontade humana determinada e resoluta.

**Original English**

But success shall crown my endeavours. Wherefore not? Thus far I have gone, tracing a secure way over the pathless seas: the very stars

themselves being witnesses and testimonies of my triumph. Why not still proceed over the untamed yet obedient element? What can stop the determined heart and resolved will of man?

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Suas emoções transbordantes o obrigam a se expressar. No entanto, ele precisa concluir a carta e envia uma bênção à sua querida irmã.

**Original English**

My swelling heart involuntarily pours itself out thus. But I must finish. Heaven bless my beloved sister!

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Com o mais profundo afeto, permaneço seu,

**Original English**

Most affectionately yours,

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

R. W.

**Original English**

R. W.

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## Letter IV

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Endereçado à Sra. Saville, na Inglaterra.

**Original English**

To Mrs. Saville, England.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

5 de agosto de 17—.

**Original English**

August 5th, 17□—.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Um acidente tão estranho ocorreu que me sinto compelido a registrá-lo, mesmo que seja provável que você me veja antes que estes papéis cheguem até você.

**Original English**

So strange an accident has happened to us, that I cannot forbear recording it, although it is very probable that you will see me before these papers can come into your possession.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Na segunda-feira, 31 de julho, o navio ficou quase totalmente cercado por gelo, deixando-o com espaço mínimo para flutuar. A situação era precária, especialmente porque um denso nevoeiro os envolvia. Eles pararam a embarcação e esperaram, na esperança de que o tempo mudasse.

**Original English**

Last Monday (July 31st), we were nearly surrounded by ice, which closed in the ship on all sides, scarcely leaving her the sea-room in which she

floated. Our situation was somewhat dangerous, especially as we were compassed round by a very thick fog. We accordingly lay to, hoping that some change would take place in the atmosphere and weather.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Por volta das duas horas, o nevoeiro se dissipou, revelando planícies de gelo infinitas e irregulares em todas as direções. Alguns da tripulação gemeram, e minha própria mente ficou ansiosa, mas então uma visão estranha desviou nossa atenção do perigo. Vimos uma carruagem baixa sobre um trenó, puxada por cães, indo para o norte a cerca de meia milha. Um ser com forma humana, mas de tamanho gigantesco, estava sentado no trenó guiando os cães. Seguimos seu rápido progresso com telescópios até que ele desapareceu entre as formações de gelo distantes.

### **Original English**

About two o'clock the mist cleared away, and we beheld, stretched out in every direction, vast and irregular plains of ice, which seemed to have no end. Some of my comrades groaned, and my own mind began to grow watchful with anxious thoughts, when a strange sight suddenly attracted our attention, and diverted our solicitude from our own situation. We perceived a low carriage, fixed on a sledge and drawn by dogs, pass on towards the north, at the distance of half a mile: a being which had the shape of a man, but apparently of gigantic stature, sat in the sledge, and guided the dogs. We watched the rapid progress of the traveller with our telescopes, until he was lost among the distant inequalities of the ice.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Essa visão nos encheu de total espanto. Acreditávamos estar a centenas de milhas de qualquer terra, mas essa aparição sugeria que a terra não era tão distante quanto havíamos suposto. No entanto, cercados pelo gelo, era impossível seguir seu caminho, embora o tivéssemos observado com grande cuidado.

### **Original English**

This appearance excited our unqualified wonder. We were, as we believed, many hundred miles from any land; but this apparition seemed to denote

that it was not, in reality, so distant as we had supposed. Shut in, however, by ice, it was impossible to follow his track, which we had observed with the greatest attention.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Cerca de duas horas depois disso, ouvimos o som do mar. Antes do anoitecer, o gelo se partiu, libertando nosso navio. No entanto, permanecemos parados até a manhã, temendo colisões com grandes blocos de gelo na escuridão. Aproveitei esse tempo para descansar por algumas horas.

### **Original English**

About two hours after this occurrence, we heard the ground sea; and before night the ice broke, and freed our ship. We, however, lay to until the morning, fearing to encounter in the dark those large loose masses which float about after the breaking up of the ice. I profited of this time to rest for a few hours.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Pela manhã, assim que amanheceu, fui ao convés e encontrei todos os marinheiros ocupados de um lado da embarcação, aparentemente conversando com alguém no mar. Era um trenó, semelhante ao que havíamos visto antes, que havia derivado em nossa direção durante a noite sobre um grande pedaço de gelo. Apenas um cão permanecia vivo, mas havia um ser humano dentro. Os marinheiros o incentivavam a subir a bordo. Ele não era um nativo selvagem de alguma ilha desconhecida, mas um europeu. Quando apareci no convés, o mestre disse que eu era seu capitão e não permitiria que ele perecesse em alto-mar.

### **Original English**

In the morning, however, as soon as it was light, I went upon deck, and found all the sailors busy on one side of the vessel, apparently talking to someone in the sea. It was, in fact, a sledge, like that we had seen before, which had drifted towards us in the night, on a large fragment of ice. Only one dog remained alive; but there was a human being within it, whom the sailors were persuading to enter the vessel. He was not, as the other

traveller seemed to be, a savage inhabitant of some undiscovered island, but a European. When I appeared on deck, the master said, "Here is our captain, and he will not allow you to perish on the open sea."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O estranho, notando-me, falou em inglês com um sotaque estrangeiro. Antes de embarcar, ele perguntou sobre o nosso destino.

### **Original English**

On perceiving me, the stranger addressed me in English, although with a foreign accent. "Before I come on board your vessel," said he, "will you have the kindness to inform me whither you are bound?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Fiquei surpreso que um homem em tal perigo questionasse embarcar, pois supus que ele veria meu navio como uma tábua de salvação além de qualquer tesouro. Respondi que estávamos em uma expedição de descoberta ao polo norte.

### **Original English**

You may conceive my astonishment on hearing such a question addressed to me from a man on the brink of destruction, and to whom I should have supposed that my vessel would have been a resource which he would not have exchanged for the most precious wealth the earth can afford. I replied, however, that we were on a voyage of discovery towards the northern pole.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Satisfeito com minha resposta, ele concordou em embarcar. Margaret, se você tivesse visto esse homem barganhando por sua segurança, teria ficado estupefata. Seus membros estavam quase congelados, seu corpo definhado pelo cansaço e sofrimento. Nunca testemunhei tanta miséria. Tentamos carregá-lo para baixo, mas ele desmaiou ao deixar o ar fresco. Nós o reanimamos no convés com conhaque e forçamos uma pequena quantidade garganta abaixo. Assim que mostrou sinais de vida, o enrolamos em cobertores perto do fogão. Ele gradualmente se recuperou e comeu um pouco de sopa, que o reviveu notavelmente.

### Original English

Upon hearing this he appeared satisfied, and consented to come on board. Good God! Margaret, if you had seen the man who thus capitulated for his safety, your surprise would have been boundless. His limbs were nearly frozen, and his body dreadfully emaciated by fatigue and suffering. I never saw a man in so wretched a condition. We attempted to carry him into the cabin; but as soon as he had quitted the fresh air, he fainted. We accordingly brought him back to the deck, and restored him to animation by rubbing him with brandy, and forcing him to swallow a small quantity. As soon as he showed signs of life we wrapped him up in blankets, and placed him near the chimney of the kitchen stove. By slow degrees he recovered, and ate a little soup, which restored him wonderfully.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Por dois dias ele ficou sem fala, e muitas vezes temi que seus sofrimentos tivessem danificado sua mente. Quando ele se recuperou um pouco, mudei-o para minha própria cabine e cuidei dele tanto quanto os deveres permitiam. Nunca vi uma pessoa mais cativante: seus olhos geralmente tinham uma expressão selvagem, quase louca; no entanto, havia momentos em que, ao receber qualquer gentileza, por menor que fosse, seu rosto inteiro se iluminava com uma benevolência e doce que nunca vi igual. Mas geralmente ele era melancólico e desesperado, às vezes rangendo os dentes como se impaciente sob o peso de suas dores.

### Original English

Two days passed in this manner before he was able to speak; and I often feared that his sufferings had deprived him of understanding. When he had in some measure recovered, I removed him to my own cabin, and attended on him as much as my duty would permit. I never saw a more interesting creature: his eyes have generally an expression of wildness, and even madness; but there are moments when, if anyone performs an act of kindness towards him, or does him any the most trifling service, his whole countenance is lighted up, as it were, with a beam of benevolence and sweetness that I never saw equalled. But he is generally melancholy and despairing; and sometimes he gnashes his teeth, as if impatient of the weight of woes that oppresses him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

À medida que meu hóspede começava a se recuperar, tive que impedir a tripulação de sobrecarregá-lo com perguntas, sabendo que ele precisava de repouso completo. No entanto, o tenente certa vez perguntou por que ele havia viajado tão longe pelo gelo em uma embarcação tão incomum.

### **Original English**

When my guest was a little recovered, I had great trouble to keep off the men, who wished to ask him a thousand questions; but I would not allow him to be tormented by their idle curiosity, in a state of body and mind whose restoration evidently depended upon entire repose. Once, however, the lieutenant asked, Why he had come so far upon the ice in so strange a vehicle?

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Seu rosto imediatamente ficou muito sombrio, e ele disse que estava procurando alguém que havia fugido dele.

### **Original English**

His countenance instantly assumed an aspect of the deepest gloom; and he replied, "To seek one who fled from me."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele perguntou se o homem que ele havia perseguido tinha viajado da mesma maneira.

**Original English**

“And did the man whom you pursued travel in the same fashion?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele respondeu que sim.

**Original English**

“Yes.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O capitão disse que achava que eles tinham visto o homem, porque no dia anterior a terem resgatado o estranho, eles observaram um trenó com um homem sendo puxado por cães sobre o gelo.

**Original English**

“Then I fancy we have seen him; for the day before we picked you up, we saw some dogs drawing a sledge, with a man in it, across the ice.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Isso chamou a atenção do estranho, e ele fez muitas perguntas sobre o caminho que o demônio, como ele o chamava, havia tomado. Mais tarde, quando estava sozinho com o capitão, ele disse que provavelmente havia despertado a curiosidade deles, mas que eles eram respeitosos demais para fazer perguntas.

**Original English**

This aroused the stranger's attention; and he asked a multitude of questions concerning the route which the daemon, as he called him, had pursued. Soon after, when he was alone with me, he said, "I have, doubtless, excited your curiosity, as well as that of these good people; but you are too considerate to make enquiries."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele concordou que seria rude e indelicado incomodar o outro com sua curiosidade.

### **Original English**

"Certainly; it would indeed be very impertinent and inhuman in me to trouble you with any inquisitiveness of mine."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele reconheceu que o ouvinte o salvara de uma situação estranha e perigosa e gentilmente o trouxera de volta à vida.

### **Original English**

"And yet you rescued me from a strange and perilous situation; you have benevolently restored me to life."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele então perguntou se eu achava que o outro trenó havia sido destruído quando o gelo quebrou. Respondi que não podia afirmar com certeza; o gelo não havia quebrado até quase meia-noite, e o viajante poderia ter alcançado um lugar seguro antes disso, mas eu não podia julgar.

### **Original English**

Soon after this he enquired if I thought that the breaking up of the ice had destroyed the other sledge? I replied, that I could not answer with any degree of certainty; for the ice had not broken until near midnight, and the

traveller might have arrived at a place of safety before that time; but of this I could not judge.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A partir desse momento, o corpo enfraquecido do estranho pareceu ganhar nova vida. Ele estava extremamente ansioso para ir ao convés e observar o trenó que aparecera antes; no entanto, eu o persuadei a ficar na cabine porque ele estava fraco demais para suportar o ar frio. Prometi que alguém vigiaria por ele e o notificaria imediatamente se algo novo aparecesse à vista.

### **Original English**

From this time a new spirit of life animated the decaying frame of the stranger. He manifested the greatest eagerness to be upon deck, to watch for the sledge which had before appeared; but I have persuaded him to remain in the cabin, for he is far too weak to sustain the rawness of the atmosphere. I have promised that someone should watch for him, and give him instant notice if any new object should appear in sight.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Assim, meu diário registra este estranho evento até o presente. O estranho se recuperou lentamente, mas permanece muito quieto e parece inquieto quando alguém além de mim entra em sua cabine. Seus modos são tão gentis e conciliadores que os marinheiros estão todos interessados nele, embora tenham tido pouca comunicação com ele. Por minha parte, passei a amá-lo como um irmão; sua tristeza constante e profunda me enche de simpatia e compaixão. Ele deve ter sido uma criatura nobre em seus melhores dias, já que mesmo agora, em seu estado arruinado, ele é tão atraente e amável.

### **Original English**

Such is my journal of what relates to this strange occurrence up to the present day. The stranger has gradually improved in health, but is very silent, and appears uneasy when anyone except myself enters his cabin. Yet his manners are so conciliating and gentle, that the sailors are all interested in him, although they have had very little communication with

him. For my own part, I begin to love him as a brother; and his constant and deep grief fills me with sympathy and compassion. He must have been a noble creature in his better days, being even now in wreck so attractive and amiable.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O escritor disse a Margaret que esperava não encontrar nenhum amigo no mar, mas em vez disso conheceu um homem que, antes que seu espírito fosse quebrado pelo sofrimento, ele teria ficado feliz em chamar de irmão.

### **Original English**

I said in one of my letters, my dear Margaret, that I should find no friend on the wide ocean; yet I have found a man who, before his spirit had been broken by misery, I should have been happy to have possessed as the brother of my heart.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O escritor disse que continuaria seu diário sobre o estranho de vez em quando, sempre que houvesse novos eventos para registrar.

### **Original English**

I shall continue my journal concerning the stranger at intervals, should I have any fresh incidents to record.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

13 de agosto, 17—.

### **Original English**

August 13th, 17□—.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A afeição do escritor por seu hóspede aumenta a cada dia. Ele sente admiração e pena por ele, e isso lhe causa grande tristeza ver uma pessoa tão nobre destruída pela miséria. O hóspede é gentil, sábio e bem-educado; quando fala, suas palavras são cuidadosamente escolhidas e fluem com notável eloquência.

### Original English

My affection for my guest increases every day. He excites at once my admiration and my pity to an astonishing degree. How can I see so noble a creature destroyed by misery, without feeling the most poignant grief? He is so gentle, yet so wise; his mind is so cultivated; and when he speaks, although his words are culled with the choicest art, yet they flow with rapidity and unparalleled eloquence.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O hóspede se recuperou e frequentemente observa o trenó que veio antes do seu. Embora infeliz, ele ainda se interessa pelos planos dos outros. Ele discutiu o projeto do escritor atentamente. O escritor expressou que sacrificaria de bom grado sua fortuna, sua vida e todas as suas esperanças por seu empreendimento, acreditando que a vida de um homem era um pequeno preço pelo conhecimento e poder que buscava. Enquanto o escritor falava, o rosto do hóspede escureceu; ele tentou esconder as lágrimas, mas acabou chorando e gemendo. Então, com a voz embargada, perguntou se o escritor compartilhava de sua loucura e havia bebido da mesma bebida intoxicante; ele instou o escritor a ouvir sua história, dizendo que depois de ouvi-la, certamente abandonaria seu caminho perigoso.

### Original English

He is now much recovered from his illness, and is continually on the deck, apparently watching for the sledge that preceded his own. Yet, although unhappy, he is not so utterly occupied by his own misery, but that he interests himself deeply in the projects of others. He has frequently conversed with me on mine, which I have communicated to him without disguise. He entered attentively into all my arguments in favour of my eventual success, and into every minute detail of the measures I had taken

to secure it. I was easily led by the sympathy which he evinced, to use the language of my heart; to give utterance to the burning ardour of my soul; and to say, with all the fervour that warmed me, how gladly I would sacrifice my fortune, my existence, my every hope, to the furtherance of my enterprise. One man's life or death were but a small price to pay for the acquirement of the knowledge which I sought; for the dominion I should acquire and transmit over the elemental foes of our race. As I spoke, a dark gloom spread over my listener's countenance. At first I perceived that he tried to suppress his emotion; he placed his hands before his eyes; and my voice quivered and failed me, as I beheld tears trickle fast from between his fingers—a groan burst from his heaving breast. I paused;—at length he spoke, in broken accents:—“Unhappy man! Do you share my madness? Have you drank also of the intoxicating draught? Hear me—let me reveal my tale, and you will dash the cup from your lips!”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A curiosidade do narrador foi muito despertada por essas palavras, mas a intensa tristeza do estranho sobrecarregou seu estado já enfraquecido. Foram necessárias muitas horas de descanso e conversa calma para que ele recuperasse a compostura.

### **Original English**

Such words, you may imagine, strongly excited my curiosity; but the paroxysm of grief that had seized the stranger overcame his weakened powers, and many hours of repose and tranquil conversation were necessary to restore his composure.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Após controlar suas emoções violentas, o estranho pareceu desprezar a si mesmo por ser dominado pela paixão. Suprimindo a força sombria do desespero, ele voltou a conversa para o narrador e perguntou sobre seus primeiros anos. A história foi breve, mas despertou muitos pensamentos. O narrador falou de seu anseio por um amigo e seu desejo por uma conexão mais profunda com outra mente do que jamais experimentara. Ele expressou sua crença de que um homem não poderia reivindicar muita

felicidade sem tal bênção.

### Original English

Having conquered the violence of his feelings, he appeared to despise himself for being the slave of passion; and quelling the dark tyranny of despair, he led me again to converse concerning myself personally. He asked me the history of my earlier years. The tale was quickly told: but it awakened various trains of reflection. I spoke of my desire of finding a friend—of my thirst for a more intimate sympathy with a fellow mind than had ever fallen to my lot; and expressed my conviction that a man could boast of little happiness, who did not enjoy this blessing.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

O estranho concordou, dizendo que os humanos são criaturas inacabadas, apenas meio formadas, a menos que um amigo mais sábio, melhor e mais querido ajude a aperfeiçoar suas naturezas fracas e falhas. Ele disse que já teve tal amigo, o mais nobre dos seres humanos, então tinha o direito de falar sobre amizade. Ele disse ao narrador que o narrador tinha esperança e um futuro pela frente, sem motivo para desespero. Mas para si mesmo, ele havia perdido tudo e não poderia recomeçar a vida.

### Original English

“I agree with you,” replied the stranger; “we are unfashioned creatures, but half made up, if one wiser, better, dearer than ourselves—such a friend ought to be—do not lend his aid to perfect our weak and faulty natures. I once had a friend, the most noble of human creatures, and am entitled, therefore, to judge respecting friendship. You have hope, and the world before you, and have no cause for despair. But I—I have lost everything, and cannot begin life anew.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Ao dizer isso, seu rosto mostrou uma tristeza profunda e silenciosa que comoveu profundamente o narrador. Então ele ficou em silêncio e logo foi para sua cabine.

### Original English

As he said this, his countenance became expressive of a calm settled grief, that touched me to the heart. But he was silent, and presently retired to his cabin.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Embora seu espírito estivesse quebrado, ninguém sentia a beleza da natureza mais profundamente do que ele. O céu estrelado, o mar e todas as vistas dessas regiões maravilhosas ainda tinham o poder de elevar sua alma acima das preocupações terrenas. Tal pessoa vivia uma existência dupla: podia sofrer miséria e ser esmagado por decepções, mas quando se recolhia em si mesmo, tornava-se como um espírito celestial com uma auréola, dentro da qual nenhuma tristeza ou tolice podia entrar.

### **Original English**

Even broken in spirit as he is, no one can feel more deeply than he does the beauties of nature. The starry sky, the sea, and every sight afforded by these wonderful regions, seems still to have the power of elevating his soul from earth. Such a man has a double existence: he may suffer misery, and be overwhelmed by disappointments; yet, when he has retired into himself, he will be like a celestial spirit, that has a halo around him, within whose circle no grief or folly ventures.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O escritor se pergunta se o destinatário sorrirá com seu entusiasmo por este homem extraordinário. Ele diz que, se o destinatário o visse, não sorriria. O destinatário foi educado por livros e solidão, tornando-o um tanto exigente, mas isso apenas o torna mais apto a apreciar as qualidades notáveis do homem. O escritor tentou entender o que torna este homem tão superior a qualquer outra pessoa que conheceu. Ele acredita que seja uma percepção intuitiva, um julgamento rápido e confiável, uma compreensão profunda das causas, combinada com uma poderosa capacidade de se expressar e uma voz que é como música que comove a alma.

### **Original English**

Will you smile at the enthusiasm I express concerning this divine wanderer? You would not, if you saw him. You have been tutored and refined by books and retirement from the world, and you are, therefore, somewhat fastidious; but this only renders you the more fit to appreciate the extraordinary merits of this wonderful man. Sometimes I have endeavoured to discover what quality it is which he possesses, that elevates him so immeasurably above any other person I ever knew. I believe it to be an intuitive discernment; a quick but never-failing power of judgment; a penetration into the causes of things, unequalled for clearness and precision; add to this a facility of expression, and a voice whose varied intonations are soul-subduing music.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A data era 19 de agosto de 17--.

### Original English

August 19th, 17□—.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ontem, o estranho disse ao capitão Walton que havia sofrido grandes e incomparáveis infortúnios. Ele havia decidido, certa vez, que a memória desses males morreria com ele, mas Walton o fez mudar de ideia. Ele disse que Walton buscava conhecimento e sabedoria como ele buscou, e esperava sinceramente que a realização de seus desejos não se tornasse uma serpente que o pica, como aconteceu com ele. Ele não sabia se contar sua história ajudaria, mas já que Walton estava seguindo o mesmo caminho e enfrentando os mesmos perigos, Walton poderia aprender uma lição útil com seu conto — uma que pudesse guiá-lo se tivesse sucesso ou consolá-lo em caso de fracasso. Ele alertou Walton para se preparar para eventos que geralmente são considerados maravilhosos. Em ambientes comuns, ele poderia temer incredulidade ou ridículo, mas nessas regiões selvagens e misteriosas, muitas coisas parecem possíveis que fariam rir aqueles que desconhecem os variados poderes da natureza. Ele não tinha dúvidas de que seu conto continha evidências internas de sua verdade.

### Original English

Yesterday the stranger said to me, "You may easily perceive, Captain Walton, that I have suffered great and unparalleled misfortunes. I had determined, at one time, that the memory of these evils should die with me; but you have won me to alter my determination. You seek for knowledge and wisdom, as I once did; and I ardently hope that the gratification of your wishes may not be a serpent to sting you, as mine has been. I do not know that the relation of my disasters will be useful to you; yet, when I reflect that you are pursuing the same course, exposing yourself to the same dangers which have rendered me what I am, I imagine that you may deduce an apt moral from my tale; one that may direct you if you succeed in your undertaking, and console you in case of failure. Prepare to hear of occurrences which are usually deemed marvellous. Were we among the tamer scenes of nature, I might fear to encounter your unbelief, perhaps your ridicule; but many things will appear possible in these wild and mysterious regions, which would provoke the laughter of those unacquainted with the ever-varied powers of nature:—nor can I doubt but that my tale conveys in its series internal evidence of the truth of the events of which it is composed."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O escritor ficou muito satisfeito com a comunicação oferecida, mas não suportava que o estranho renovasse sua tristeza ao relatar seus infortúnios. Ele sentiu um forte desejo de ouvir a história prometida, em parte por curiosidade e em parte por um forte desejo de melhorar o destino do estranho, se possível. Ele expressou esses sentimentos em sua resposta.

### **Original English**

You may easily imagine that I was much gratified by the offered communication; yet I could not endure that he should renew his grief by a recital of his misfortunes. I felt the greatest eagerness to hear the promised narrative, partly from curiosity, and partly from a strong desire to ameliorate his fate, if it were in my power. I expressed these feelings in my answer.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O estranho agradeceu ao escritor por sua simpatia, mas disse que era inútil porque seu destino estava quase cumprido. Ele estava esperando apenas mais um evento, e então descansaria em paz. Ele viu que o escritor queria interrompê-lo e explicou que nada poderia mudar seu destino. Ele pediu que o escritor ouvisse sua história para entender como ela era imutável.

### Original English

"I thank you," he replied, "for your sympathy, but it is useless; my fate is nearly fulfilled. I wait but for one event, and then I shall repose in peace. I understand your feeling," continued he, perceiving that I wished to interrupt him; "but you are mistaken, my friend, if thus you will allow me to name you; nothing can alter my destiny: listen to my history, and you will perceive how irrevocably it is determined."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele então disse ao narrador que começaria sua história no dia seguinte, quando o narrador estivesse livre. Essa promessa fez o narrador expressar seus mais calorosos agradecimentos. O narrador resolveu que toda noite, a menos que seus deveres o impedissem, escreveria o mais fielmente possível nas próprias palavras de seu amigo o que ele havia relatado naquele dia. Se estivesse ocupado, pelo menos faria anotações. Este manuscrito certamente traria grande prazer ao leitor, mas para o narrador, que conhecia o homem e ouvia a história de seus próprios lábios, lê-lo no futuro seria cheio de interesse e simpatia. Mesmo agora, ao começar sua tarefa, a voz encorpada de seu amigo ecoava em seus ouvidos; seus olhos brilhantes pousavam sobre ele com toda a sua doce melancolia; ele via sua mão fina erguida com animação, enquanto seu rosto era iluminado pela alma interior. Sua história devia ser estranha e angustiante; a tempestade que abraçou o bravo navio em seu curso e o naufragou deve ter sido medonha.

### Original English

He then told me, that he would commence his narrative the next day when I should be at leisure. This promise drew from me the warmest thanks. I have resolved every night, when I am not imperatively occupied by my

duties, to record, as nearly as possible in his own words, what he has related during the day. If I should be engaged, I will at least make notes. This manuscript will doubtless afford you the greatest pleasure: but to me, who know him, and who hear it from his own lips, with what interest and sympathy shall I read it in some future day! Even now, as I commence my task, his full-toned voice swells in my ears; his lustrous eyes dwell on me with all their melancholy sweetness; I see his thin hand raised in animation, while the lineaments of his face are irradiated by the soul within. Strange and harrowing must be his story; frightful the storm which embraced the gallant vessel on its course, and wrecked it—thus!

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## Chapter I

**Pt/En**

**Português**

O narrador nasceu em Genebra, e sua família era uma das mais distintas da república. Seus antepassados haviam sido conselheiros e síndicos por muitos anos. Seu pai ocupara vários cargos públicos com honra e reputação, respeitado por todos que o conheciam por sua integridade e atenção incansável aos negócios públicos. Ele passou seus anos mais jovens constantemente ocupado com os assuntos de seu país. Várias circunstâncias o impediram de casar cedo, e foi somente mais tarde na vida que ele se tornou marido e pai.

**Original English**

I am by birth a Genevese; and my family is one of the most distinguished of that republic. My ancestors had been for many years counsellors and syndics; and my father had filled several public situations with honour and reputation. He was respected by all who knew him, for his integrity and indefatigable attention to public business. He passed his younger days perpetually occupied by the affairs of his country; a variety of circumstances had prevented his marrying early, nor was it until the decline of life that he became a husband and the father of a family.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O narrador sentiu que não podia evitar relatar as circunstâncias do casamento de seu pai, pois elas ilustravam seu caráter. Um dos amigos mais íntimos de seu pai era um comerciante que, após um estado próspero, caiu na pobreza devido a inúmeros infortúnios. Esse homem, chamado Beaufort, tinha uma disposição orgulhosa e inflexível e não suportava viver na pobreza e na obscuridade no mesmo país onde outrora fora distinguido por sua posição e magnificência. Depois de pagar suas dívidas da maneira mais honrosa, retirou-se com sua filha para a cidade de Lucerna, onde viveu desconhecido e na miséria. O pai do narrador amava Beaufort com verdadeira amizade e ficou profundamente magoado com sua retirada sob essas circunstâncias infelizes. Ele lamentou amargamente o falso orgulho que levou seu amigo a um comportamento tão indigno de sua afeição. Ele não perdeu tempo em tentar encontrá-lo, esperando persuadi-lo a recomeçar a vida com seu crédito e assistência.

### Original English

As the circumstances of his marriage illustrate his character, I cannot refrain from relating them. One of his most intimate friends was a merchant, who, from a flourishing state, fell, through numerous mischances, into poverty. This man, whose name was Beaufort, was of a proud and unbending disposition, and could not bear to live in poverty and oblivion in the same country where he had formerly been distinguished for his rank and magnificence. Having paid his debts, therefore, in the most honourable manner, he retreated with his daughter to the town of Lucerne, where he lived unknown and in wretchedness. My father loved Beaufort with the truest friendship, and was deeply grieved by his retreat in these unfortunate circumstances. He bitterly deplored the false pride which led his friend to a conduct so little worthy of the affection that united them. He lost no time in endeavouring to seek him out, with the hope of persuading him to begin the world again through his credit and assistance.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Beaufort tomara medidas eficazes para se esconder, e foram dez meses até que o pai do narrador descobrisse sua morada. Extremamente feliz, o pai apressou-se até a casa, que ficava numa rua modesta perto do Reuss. Mas quando entrou, foi recebido apenas pela miséria e pelo desespero. Beaufort havia salvo apenas uma quantia muito pequena do naufrágio de sua fortuna, mas era suficiente para sustentá-lo por alguns meses. Enquanto isso, esperava encontrar um emprego respeitável em uma casa comercial. Consequentemente, o intervalo foi passado na inação; sua dor só se tornou mais profunda e dolorosa quando ele teve lazer para reflexão. Finalmente, ela tomou tal conta de sua mente que, após três meses, ele jazia em um leito de doença, incapaz de qualquer esforço.

### Original English

Beaufort had taken effectual measures to conceal himself; and it was ten months before my father discovered his abode. Overjoyed at this discovery, he hastened to the house, which was situated in a mean street, near the Reuss. But when he entered, misery and despair alone welcomed him. Beaufort had saved but a very small sum of money from the wreck of his fortunes; but it was sufficient to provide him with sustenance for some months, and in the meantime he hoped to procure some respectable employment in a merchant's house. The interval was, consequently, spent in inaction; his grief only became more deep and rankling, when he had leisure for reflection; and at length it took so fast hold of his mind, that at the end of three months he lay on a bed of sickness, incapable of any exertion.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Sua filha o atendia com a maior ternura, mas ela via com desespero que seu pequeno fundo estava diminuindo rapidamente e que não havia outra perspectiva de sustento. No entanto, Caroline Beaufort possuía uma mente de força incomum, e sua coragem cresceu para apoiá-la em sua adversidade. Ela conseguiu trabalhos simples; ela trançou palha; e por vários meios conseguiu ganhar um mísero salário que mal era suficiente para sustentar a vida.

### Original English

His daughter attended him with the greatest tenderness; but she saw with despair that their little fund was rapidly decreasing, and that there was no other prospect of support. But Caroline Beaufort possessed a mind of an uncommon mould; and her courage rose to support her in her adversity. She procured plain work; she plaited straw; and by various means contrived to earn a pittance scarcely sufficient to support life.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Vários meses se passaram nessas condições. O pai da moça ficou mais doente, e ela passou mais tempo cuidando dele. Seu dinheiro foi diminuindo gradualmente. No décimo mês, seu pai morreu em seus braços, deixando-a órfã e empobrecida. Essa perda final a abateu. Ela se ajoelhou ao lado do caixão de Beaufort, chorando amargamente, quando o pai de seu futuro marido entrou no quarto. Ele veio como um anjo da guarda para a pobre moça, que se confiou aos seus cuidados. Após o enterro de Beaufort, ele a levou para Genebra e a colocou sob a proteção de um parente. Dois anos depois, Caroline tornou-se sua esposa.

### **Original English**

Several months passed in this manner. Her father grew worse; her time was more entirely occupied in attending him; her means of subsistence decreased; and in the tenth month her father died in her arms, leaving her an orphan and a beggar. This last blow overcame her; and she knelt by Beaufort's coffin, weeping bitterly, when my father entered the chamber. He came like a protecting spirit to the poor girl, who committed herself to his care; and after the interment of his friend, he conducted her to Geneva, and placed her under the protection of a relation. Two years after this event Caroline became his wife.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Meus pais tinham uma diferença de idade considerável, mas isso parecia apenas uni-los mais estreitamente em amor dedicado. A mente íntegra de meu pai exigia que ele aprovasse profundamente antes de poder amar intensamente. Talvez ele tivesse sofrido ao descobrir a indignidade de uma pessoa amada em anos anteriores, por isso valorizava mais o mérito

comprovado. Seu apego à minha mãe demonstrava gratidão e adoração, diferente da afeição piegas da velhice. Provinha da reverência por suas virtudes e do desejo de recompensá-la pelas tristezas que ela havia suportado, conferindo uma graça inexprimível ao seu comportamento para com ela. Tudo cedia aos seus desejos e conveniência. Ele tentava protegê-la como um jardineiro protege uma delicada planta exótica dos ventos ásperos, cercanda-a de tudo que pudesse estimular emoções prazerosas em sua mente gentil e benevolente. Sua saúde e seu espírito outrora constante haviam sido abalados por suas experiências. Nos dois anos anteriores ao casamento, meu pai gradualmente abandonou todas as suas funções públicas. Imediatamente após a união, eles buscaram o agradável clima da Itália, e a mudança de cenário e o interesse de uma viagem por aquela terra maravilhosa serviram como um restaurador para seu corpo enfraquecido.

### Original English

There was a considerable difference between the ages of my parents, but this circumstance seemed to unite them only closer in bonds of devoted affection. There was a sense of justice in my father's upright mind, which rendered it necessary that he should approve highly to love strongly. Perhaps during former years he had suffered from the late-discovered unworthiness of one beloved, and so was disposed to set a greater value on tried worth. There was a show of gratitude and worship in his attachment to my mother, differing wholly from the doting fondness of age, for it was inspired by reverence for her virtues, and a desire to be the means of, in some degree, recompensing her for the sorrows she had endured, but which gave inexpressible grace to his behaviour to her. Everything was made to yield to her wishes and her convenience. He strove to shelter her, as a fair exotic is sheltered by the gardener, from every rougher wind, and to surround her with all that could tend to excite pleasurable emotion in her soft and benevolent mind. Her health, and even the tranquillity of her hitherto constant spirit, had been shaken by what she had gone through. During the two years that had elapsed previous to their marriage my father had gradually relinquished all his public functions; and immediately after their union they sought the pleasant climate of Italy, and the change of scene and interest attendant on a tour through that land of wonders, as a restorative for her weakened frame.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Da Itália, eles visitaram a Alemanha e a França. Eu, seu filho mais velho, nasci em Nápoles e, quando bebê, os acompanhei em suas viagens. Por vários anos, continuei sendo seu único filho. Embora fossem profundamente apegados um ao outro, pareciam extrair infinitas reservas de afeto de uma mina de amor para derramar sobre mim. Minhas primeiras lembranças são das carícias ternas da minha mãe e do sorriso de prazer benevolente do meu pai ao me olhar. Eu era seu brinquedo, seu ídolo e algo melhor — seu filho, a criatura inocente e indefesa dada a eles pelo Céu, a quem eles deveriam criar para o bem, e cuja felicidade ou miséria futura eles poderiam guiar de acordo com o cumprimento de seus deveres para comigo. Com essa consciência profunda do que deviam ao ser que haviam trazido à vida, combinada com a ternura ativa que os animava, pode-se imaginar que, enquanto a cada hora da minha infância eu recebia lições de paciência, caridade e autocontrole, eu era guiado por um cordão de seda, de modo que minha vida parecia uma sequência contínua de prazer.

### Original English

From Italy they visited Germany and France. I, their eldest child, was born at Naples, and as an infant accompanied them in their rambles. I remained for several years their only child. Much as they were attached to each other, they seemed to draw inexhaustible stores of affection from a very mine of love to bestow them upon me. My mother's tender caresses, and my father's smile of benevolent pleasure while regarding me, are my first recollections. I was their plaything and their idol, and something better——their child, the innocent and helpless creature bestowed on them by Heaven, whom to bring up to good, and whose future lot it was in their hands to direct to happiness or misery, according as they fulfilled their duties towards me. With this deep consciousness of what they owed towards the being to which they had given life, added to the active spirit of tenderness that animated both, it may be imagined that while during every hour of my infant life I received a lesson of patience, of charity, and of self-control, I was so guided by a silken cord, that all seemed but one train of enjoyment to me.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Por muito tempo eu fui a única preocupação deles. Minha mãe desejava muito ter uma filha, mas eu continuei sendo o único filho. Quando eu tinha cerca de cinco anos, durante uma excursão além das fronteiras da Itália, eles passaram uma semana às margens do Lago de Como. Sua natureza benevolente frequentemente os levava a visitar as cabanas dos pobres. Para minha mãe, isso era mais que um dever; era uma necessidade, uma paixão — lembrando-se do que havia sofrido e de como havia sido aliviada, ela queria agir como um anjo da guarda para os aflitos. Durante uma de suas caminhadas, uma cabana pobre nas dobras de um vale chamou sua atenção, parecendo particularmente desolada, enquanto o número de crianças seminuas ao redor falava de pobreza extrema. Um dia, quando meu pai havia ido sozinho a Milão, minha mãe, acompanhada por mim, visitou aquela morada. Ela encontrou um camponês e sua esposa, trabalhadores e curvados pelo cuidado e trabalho, distribuindo uma refeição escassa para cinco crianças famintas. Entre elas estava uma criança que atraiu minha mãe muito acima das outras. Ela parecia de uma linhagem diferente. As outras quatro eram pequenos vagabundos de olhos escuros e resistentes; esta criança era magra e muito clara. Seu cabelo era o mais brilhante ouro vivo e, apesar de suas roupas pobres, parecia colocar uma coroa de distinção em sua cabeça. Sua testa era clara e ampla, seus olhos azuis sem nuvens, e seus lábios e traços faciais tão expressivos de sensibilidade e doçura que ninguém podia olhar para ela sem vê-la como um tipo diferente de ser, uma criatura enviada do céu, carregando um selo celestial em todas as suas feições.

### Original English

For a long time I was their only care. My mother had much desired to have a daughter, but I continued their single offspring. When I was about five years old, while making an excursion beyond the frontiers of Italy, they passed a week on the shores of the Lake of Como. Their benevolent disposition often made them enter the cottages of the poor. This, to my mother, was more than a duty; it was a necessity, a passion—remembering what she had suffered, and how she had been relieved—for her to act in her turn the guardian angel to the afflicted. During one of their walks a poor cot in the foldings of a vale attracted their notice, as being singularly disconsolate, while the number of half-clothed children gathered about it, spoke of penury in its worst shape. One day, when my father had gone by himself to Milan, my mother, accompanied by me, visited this abode. She found a peasant and his wife, hard working,

bent down by care and labour, distributing a scanty meal to five hungry babes. Among these there was one which attracted my mother far above all the rest. She appeared of a different stock. The four others were dark-eyed, hardy little vagrants; this child was thin, and very fair. Her hair was the brightest living gold, and, despite the poverty of her clothing, seemed to set a crown of distinction on her head. Her brow was clear and ample, her blue eyes cloudless, and her lips and the moulding of her face so expressive of sensibility and sweetness, that none could behold her without looking on her as of a distinct species, a being heaven-sent, and bearing a celestial stamp in all her features.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A camponesa, vendo que minha mãe olhava com admiração e maravilha para aquela linda garota, contou sua história com entusiasmo. A garota não era sua filha, mas sim a filha de um nobre milanês. Sua mãe era alemã e havia morrido ao dar à luz. O bebê foi colocado com essas boas pessoas para ser criado; elas estavam em melhor situação naquela época. Não estavam casadas há muito tempo, e seu próprio filho mais velho havia acabado de nascer. O pai da garota era um daqueles italianos alimentados pela memória da antiga glória italiana — um entre os 'escravos sempre inquietos' que lutavam para conquistar a liberdade de seu país. Ele se tornou vítima da fraqueza do país. Não se sabia se havia morrido ou ainda permanecia nos calabouços da Áustria. Sua propriedade foi confiscada, e sua filha tornou-se órfã e mendiga. Ela permaneceu com seus pais adotivos e floresceu em sua modesta morada, mais bela que uma rosa de jardim entre amoras de folhas escuras.

### Original English

The peasant woman, perceiving that my mother fixed eyes of wonder and admiration on this lovely girl, eagerly communicated her history. She was not her child, but the daughter of a Milanese nobleman. Her mother was a German, and had died on giving her birth. The infant had been placed with these good people to nurse: they were better off then. They had not been long married, and their eldest child was but just born. The father of their charge was one of those Italians nursed in the memory of the antique glory of Italy——one among the schiavi ognor frementi, who exerted himself to obtain the liberty of his country. He became the victim of its weakness. Whether he had died, or still lingered in the dungeons of Austria, was not known. His property was confiscated, his child became an orphan and a

beggar. She continued with her foster parents, and bloomed in their rude abode, fairer than a garden rose among dark-leaved brambles.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Quando o pai do narrador retornou de Milão, ele descobriu uma criança impressionantemente bonita brincando com o narrador no salão da vila. A aparência e os movimentos da criança eram mais graciosos que os de uma camurça da montanha. Logo ficou claro que se tratava de uma órfã que a mãe do narrador havia acolhido após obter o consentimento de seus guardiões rústicos. Embora eles amassem a doce órfã e a considerassem uma bênção, perceberam que seria injusto mantê-la na pobreza quando a Providência havia fornecido protetores tão poderosos. Após consultar o padre da vila, Elizabeth Lavenza passou a viver com os pais do narrador, tornando-se mais que uma irmã para ele — uma companheira amada em todas as suas atividades e alegrias.

### Original English

When my father returned from Milan, he found playing with me in the hall of our villa, a child fairer than pictured cherub—a creature who seemed to shed radiance from her looks, and whose form and motions were lighter than the chamois of the hills. The apparition was soon explained. With his permission my mother prevailed on her rustic guardians to yield their charge to her. They were fond of the sweet orphan. Her presence had seemed a blessing to them; but it would be unfair to her to keep her in poverty and want, when Providence afforded her such powerful protection. They consulted their village priest, and the result was, that Elizabeth Lavenza became the inmate of my parents' house—my more than sister—the beautiful and adored companion of all my occupations and my pleasures.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Elizabeth era universalmente amada, e o narrador compartilhava desse apego apaixonado e quase reverente, que se tornou seu orgulho e deleite. Na noite anterior à sua chegada, sua mãe havia prometido brincando um belo presente para o dia seguinte. Quando ela apresentou Elizabeth como

aquele presente, o narrador, com seriedade infantil, interpretou suas palavras literalmente e considerou Elizabeth como sua — para proteger, amar e estimar. Qualquer elogio a ela ele recebia como se fosse dirigido a uma possessão sua. Eles se chamavam de primos, mas nenhuma palavra podia descrever plenamente seu relacionamento; ela era mais que uma irmã, destinada a ser somente dele até a morte.

### Original English

Everyone loved Elizabeth. The passionate and almost reverential attachment with which all regarded her became, while I shared it, my pride and my delight. On the evening previous to her being brought to my home, my mother had said playfully, “I have a pretty present for my Victor—tomorrow he shall have it.” And when, on the morrow, she presented Elizabeth to me as her promised gift, I, with childish seriousness, interpreted her words literally, and looked upon Elizabeth as mine—mine to protect, love, and cherish. All praises bestowed on her, I received as made to a possession of my own. We called each other familiarly by the name of cousin. No word, no expression could body forth the kind of relation in which she stood to me—my more than sister, since till death she was to be mine only.

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## Chapter II

### Pt/En

#### Português

O narrador e Elizabeth cresceram juntos, com menos de um ano de diferença de idade. Sua companhia era marcada por perfeita harmonia, e suas personalidades contrastantes apenas os aproximavam. Elizabeth era mais calma e concentrada, enquanto o narrador, embora igualmente ardente, era mais intensamente devotado ao conhecimento. Elizabeth encontrava prazer na beleza poética e cênica de seu lar suíço — as montanhas majestosas, as mudanças de estação, tempestades e calmaria, o silêncio do inverno e os vibrantes verões alpinos. Enquanto ela contemplava essas aparições magníficas com satisfação séria, o narrador se deleitava em investigar suas causas. O mundo parecia um segredo que ele ansiava desvendar, e sua curiosidade e pesquisa séria das leis ocultas da natureza lhe traziam uma alegria próxima ao êxtase, entre suas memórias mais antigas.

### Original English

We were brought up together; there was not quite a year difference in our ages. I need not say that we were strangers to any species of disunion or dispute. Harmony was the soul of our companionship, and the diversity and contrast that subsisted in our characters drew us nearer together. Elizabeth was of a calmer and more concentrated disposition; but, with all my ardour, I was capable of a more intense application, and was more deeply smitten with the thirst for knowledge. She busied herself with following the aerial creations of the poets; and in the majestic and wondrous scenes which surrounded our Swiss home—the sublime shapes of the mountains; the changes of the seasons; tempest and calm; the silence of winter, and the life and turbulence of our Alpine summers—she found ample scope for admiration and delight. While my companion contemplated with a serious and satisfied spirit the magnificent appearances of things, I delighted in investigating their causes. The world was to me a secret which I desired to divine. Curiosity, earnest research to learn the hidden laws of nature, gladness akin to rapture, as they were unfolded to me, are among the earliest sensations I can remember.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Após o nascimento de um segundo filho, sete anos mais novo que o narrador, seus pais abandonaram a vida nômade e se estabeleceram em seu país natal. Eles possuíam uma casa em Genebra e uma casa de campo na margem leste do Lago Genebra, a pouco mais de uma légua da cidade. Viviam principalmente no campo, em considerável reclusão. O narrador preferia evitar multidões e formar apegos intensos a poucos indivíduos. Assim, era indiferente à maioria dos colegas de escola, mas formou uma amizade próxima com Henry Clerval, filho de um comerciante genebrino. Henry era excepcionalmente talentoso e imaginativo, amando empreendimentos, dificuldades e até o perigo por si só. Era bem lido em romances de cavalaria, compunha canções heróicas e escrevia contos de encantamento e aventura cavalheiresca. Frequentemente incentivava o narrador a encenar peças e bailes de máscaras, com personagens extraídos dos heróis de Roncesvales, da Távola Redonda do Rei Arthur e dos cruzados.

### Original English

On the birth of a second son, my junior by seven years, my parents gave up entirely their wandering life, and fixed themselves in their native country. We possessed a house in Geneva, and a campagne on Bellerive, the

eastern shore of the lake, at the distance of rather more than a league from the city. We resided principally in the latter, and the lives of my parents were passed in considerable seclusion. It was my temper to avoid a crowd, and to attach myself fervently to a few. I was indifferent, therefore, to my schoolfellows in general; but I united myself in the bonds of the closest friendship to one among them. Henry Clerval was the son of a merchant of Geneva. He was a boy of singular talent and fancy. He loved enterprise, hardship, and even danger, for its own sake. He was deeply read in books of chivalry and romance. He composed heroic songs, and began to write many a tale of enchantment and knightly adventure. He tried to make us act plays, and to enter into masquerades, in which the characters were drawn from the heroes of Roncesvalles, of the Round Table of King Arthur, and the chivalrous train who shed their blood to redeem the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidels.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ninguém poderia ter tido uma infância mais feliz que o narrador. Seus pais personificavam bondade e indulgência, agindo não como tiranos que governavam por capricho, mas como agentes e criadores de muitos prazeres para seus filhos. Quando observava outras famílias, via claramente quão afortunada era a sua própria sina, e a gratidão aprofundava seu amor filial.

### **Original English**

No human being could have passed a happier childhood than myself. My parents were possessed by the very spirit of kindness and indulgence. We felt that they were not the tyrants to rule our lot according to their caprice, but the agents and creators of all the many delights which we enjoyed. When I mingled with other families, I distinctly discerned how peculiarly fortunate my lot was, and gratitude assisted the development of filial love.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O temperamento do narrador era ardente e intenso, mas, em vez de interesses infantis, impulsionava um desejo apaixonado pelo conhecimento. Ele pouco se importava com línguas, política ou governos. O que o fascinava eram os profundos segredos do céu e da terra, o mundo físico e a essência misteriosa da natureza e da alma humana. Suas investigações eram sempre direcionadas ao metafísico — ou, no sentido mais elevado, aos mistérios físicos da existência.

### Original English

My temper was sometimes violent, and my passions vehement; but by some law in my temperature they were turned, not towards childish pursuits, but to an eager desire to learn, and not to learn all things indiscriminately. I confess that neither the structure of languages, nor the code of governments, nor the politics of various states, possessed attractions for me. It was the secrets of heaven and earth that I desired to learn; and whether it was the outward substance of things, or the inner spirit of nature and the mysterious soul of man that occupied me, still my enquiries were directed to the metaphysical, or, in its highest sense, the physical secrets of the world.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Clerval focava nas dimensões morais da vida: o drama da existência humana, as virtudes dos heróis e as ações das pessoas. Ele sonhava em se tornar um daqueles registrados na história como benfeitores corajosos da humanidade. A alma santa de Elizabeth iluminava o lar pacífico como uma lâmpada de santuário. Sua simpatia, sorriso, voz suave e olhar gentil estavam sempre presentes para abençoar e inspirar. Ela era o espírito vivo do amor, suavizando a aspereza do narrador e subjugando-o à sua gentileza. Até mesmo Clerval, nobre como era, talvez não fosse tão humano e atencioso sem a influência dela. Ela revelou a ele a verdadeira beleza da beneficência e fez do fazer o bem o objetivo final de seu espírito ambicioso.

### Original English

Meanwhile Clerval occupied himself, so to speak, with the moral relations of things. The busy stage of life, the virtues of heroes, and the actions of

men, were his theme; and his hope and his dream was to become one among those whose names are recorded in story, as the gallant and adventurous benefactors of our species. The saintly soul of Elizabeth shone like a shrine-dedicated lamp in our peaceful home. Her sympathy was ours; her smile, her soft voice, the sweet glance of her celestial eyes, were ever there to bless and animate us. She was the living spirit of love to soften and attract: I might have become sullen in my study, rough through the ardour of my nature, but that she was there to subdue me to a semblance of her own gentleness. And Clerval—could aught ill entrench on the noble spirit of Clerval?—yet he might not have been so perfectly humane, so thoughtful in his generosity—so full of kindness and tenderness amidst his passion for adventurous exploit, had she not unfolded to him the real loveliness of beneficence, and made the doing good the end and aim of his soaring ambition.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador sente grande prazer em recordar sua infância, antes que o infortúnio obscurecesse sua mente e transformasse suas visões brilhantes de utilidade em uma reflexão sombria sobre si mesmo. Ao relatar seus primeiros dias, ele também registra os eventos que, imperceptivelmente, levaram à sua miséria posterior. Quando tenta entender a paixão que passou a governar seu destino, descobre que ela surgiu de fontes humildes, quase esquecidas. Mas cresceu como um rio de montanha, avolumando-se em uma torrente que varreu todas as suas esperanças e alegrias.

### **Original English**

I feel exquisite pleasure in dwelling on the recollections of childhood, before misfortune had tainted my mind, and changed its bright visions of extensive usefulness into gloomy and narrow reflections upon self. Besides, in drawing the picture of my early days, I also record those events which led, by insensible steps, to my after tale of misery: for when I would account to myself for the birth of that passion, which afterwards ruled my destiny, I find it arise, like a mountain river, from ignoble and almost forgotten sources; but, swelling as it proceeded, it became the torrent which, in its course, has swept away all my hopes and joys.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O narrador sente que a filosofia natural guiou seu destino, então deseja relatar os fatos que levaram ao seu amor por essa ciência. Quando tinha treze anos, sua família fez um passeio aos banhos perto de Thonon. O mau tempo os obrigou a ficar um dia na estalagem. Lá, ele encontrou por acaso um volume das obras de Cornelius Agrippa. Abriu-o com indiferença, mas as teorias e os fatos maravilhosos logo transformaram sua apatia em entusiasmo. Uma nova luz parecia surgir em sua mente, e ele contou alegremente ao seu pai. Seu pai olhou para a página de rosto e disse que o trabalho de Agrippa não valia nada, aconselhando-o a não perder tempo.

### Original English

Natural philosophy is the genius that has regulated my fate; I desire, therefore, in this narration, to state those facts which led to my predilection for that science. When I was thirteen years of age, we all went on a party of pleasure to the baths near Thonon: the inclemency of the weather obliged us to remain a day confined to the inn. In this house I chanced to find a volume of the works of Cornelius Agrippa. I opened it with apathy; the theory which he attempts to demonstrate, and the wonderful facts which he relates, soon changed this feeling into enthusiasm. A new light seemed to dawn upon my mind; and, bounding with joy, I communicated my discovery to my father. My father looked carelessly at the titlepage of my book, and said, "Ah! Cornelius Agrippa! My dear Victor, do not waste your time upon this; it is sad trash."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Se seu pai tivesse se dado ao trabalho de explicar que os princípios de Agrippa haviam sido totalmente desacreditados e substituídos por um sistema moderno e prático de ciência, o narrador teria jogado Agrippa de lado e retornado aos seus estudos anteriores com vigor renovado. É até possível que sua trajetória fatídica tivesse sido evitada. Mas a rejeição apressada de seu pai não o convenceu de que ele conhecia o conteúdo do livro, então ele continuou lendo com grande avidez.

### Original English

If, instead of this remark, my father had taken the pains to explain to me, that the principles of Agrippa had been entirely exploded, and that a modern system of science had been introduced, which possessed much greater powers than the ancient, because the powers of the latter were chimerical, while those of the former were real and practical; under such circumstances, I should certainly have thrown Agrippa aside, and have contented my imagination, warmed as it was, by returning with greater ardour to my former studies. It is even possible, that the train of my ideas would never have received the fatal impulse that led to my ruin. But the cursory glance my father had taken of my volume by no means assured me that he was acquainted with its contents; and I continued to read with the greatest avidity.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ao voltar para casa, a primeira tarefa do narrador foi obter as obras completas daquele autor, seguidas pelas de Paracelso e Alberto Magno. Ele leu suas ideias imaginativas com prazer, sentindo que continham segredos conhecidos apenas por ele. Sempre tivera um forte desejo de compreender os mistérios da natureza. Apesar dos esforços e descobertas dos filósofos modernos, seus estudos o deixavam insatisfeito. Lembrou que Sir Isaac Newton supostamente se descrevia como uma criança catando conchas no vasto oceano desconhecido da verdade. Os sucessores de Newton, mesmo em sua juventude, pareciam principiantes na mesma busca.

### **Original English**

When I returned home, my first care was to procure the whole works of this author, and afterwards of Paracelsus and Albertus Magnus. I read and studied the wild fancies of these writers with delight; they appeared to me treasures known to few beside myself. I have described myself as always having been imbued with a fervent longing to penetrate the secrets of nature. In spite of the intense labour and wonderful discoveries of modern philosophers, I always came from my studies discontented and unsatisfied. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have avowed that he felt like a child picking up shells beside the great and unexplored ocean of truth. Those of his successors in each branch of natural philosophy with whom I was acquainted, appeared even to my boy's apprehensions, as tyros engaged in the same pursuit.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Um fazendeiro sem instrução observava o mundo natural e entendia seus usos práticos. O filósofo mais erudito sabia pouco mais. Ele havia revelado parcialmente a superfície da natureza, mas suas verdadeiras características permaneciam um mistério. Ele podia dissecar e dar nomes, mas não compreendia as causas mais profundas. O narrador havia observado as barreiras que pareciam impedir a humanidade de alcançar o núcleo da natureza, e ele havia reclamado tolamente.

### **Original English**

The untaught peasant beheld the elements around him, and was acquainted with their practical uses. The most learned philosopher knew little more. He had partially unveiled the face of Nature, but her immortal lineaments were still a wonder and a mystery. He might dissect, anatomise, and give names; but, not to speak of a final cause, causes in their secondary and tertiary grades were utterly unknown to him. I had gazed upon the fortifications and impediments that seemed to keep human beings from entering the citadel of nature, and rashly and ignorantly I had repined.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

No entanto, havia livros e indivíduos que haviam explorado mais profundamente. O narrador aceitou suas afirmações e tornou-se seu seguidor. Embora parecesse estranho que tais ideias surgissem no século XVIII, durante sua educação formal em Genebra ele foi em grande parte autodidata em suas matérias favoritas. Seu pai não tinha interesse científico, deixando-o lutar com a compreensão limitada de uma criança, mas com a sede de conhecimento de um estudante. Guiado por esses novos mestres, ele diligentemente perseguiu a pedra filosofal e o elixir da vida, logo se concentrando inteiramente no elixir. A riqueza importava pouco; em vez disso, ele sonhava com a glória de banir doenças e tornar os seres humanos imunes a qualquer morte, exceto violenta.

### **Original English**

But here were books, and here were men who had penetrated deeper and knew more. I took their word for all that they averred, and I became their

disciple. It may appear strange that such should arise in the eighteenth century; but while I followed the routine of education in the schools of Geneva, I was, to a great degree, self taught with regard to my favourite studies. My father was not scientific, and I was left to struggle with a child's blindness, added to a student's thirst for knowledge. Under the guidance of my new preceptors, I entered with the greatest diligence into the search of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life; but the latter soon obtained my undivided attention. Wealth was an inferior object; but what glory would attend the discovery, if I could banish disease from the human frame, and render man invulnerable to any but a violent death!

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Essas não eram suas únicas fantasias. Seus autores favoritos prometiam livremente a capacidade de invocar fantasmas ou demônios, e ele buscava ansiosamente esse poder. Quando suas invocações sempre falhavam, ele atribuía o fracasso à sua própria inexperiência, e não à falta de habilidade dos autores. Por um tempo, ele se imergiu em teorias ultrapassadas, misturando ideias contraditórias como uma pessoa inábil, lutando em um pântano de conhecimento diverso, guiado pela imaginação vívida e lógica infantil, até que um acidente redirecionou seus pensamentos.

### **Original English**

Nor were these my only visions. The raising of ghosts or devils was a promise liberally accorded by my favourite authors, the fulfilment of which I most eagerly sought; and if my incantations were always unsuccessful, I attributed the failure rather to my own inexperience and mistake, than to a want of skill or fidelity in my instructors. And thus for a time I was occupied by exploded systems, mingling, like an unadept, a thousand contradictory theories, and floundering desperately in a very slough of multifarious knowledge, guided by an ardent imagination and childish reasoning, till an accident again changed the current of my ideas.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Por volta dos quinze anos, a família do narrador havia se mudado para sua casa perto de Bellerive, onde testemunharam uma forte tempestade. Ela veio de trás das montanhas do Jura, com trovões estrondosos de todas as direções. Ele observou a tempestade com curiosidade e prazer. Parado na porta, viu de repente um jato de fogo atingir um velho carvalho a cerca de vinte metros de distância. Após a luz ofuscante desaparecer, o carvalho sumiu, restando apenas um toco queimado. Na manhã seguinte, encontraram a árvore destruída de uma maneira peculiar, não por estilhaçamento, mas reduzida a finas tiras de madeira. Ele nunca vira nada tão completamente destruído.

### Original English

When I was about fifteen years old we had retired to our house near Bellerive, when we witnessed a most violent and terrible thunderstorm. It advanced from behind the mountains of Jura; and the thunder burst at once with frightful loudness from various quarters of the heavens. I remained, while the storm lasted, watching its progress with curiosity and delight. As I stood at the door, on a sudden I beheld a stream of fire issue from an old and beautiful oak, which stood about twenty yards from our house; and so soon as the dazzling light vanished, the oak had disappeared, and nothing remained but a blasted stump. When we visited it the next morning, we found the tree shattered in a singular manner. It was not splintered by the shock, but entirely reduced to thin ribbons of wood. I never beheld anything so utterly destroyed.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Antes disso, eu não era totalmente ignorante sobre as leis básicas da eletricidade. Um homem de grande conhecimento científico estava conosco e, comovido pela catástrofe, explicou uma teoria nova e surpreendente sobre eletricidade e galvanismo. Suas ideias tornaram os pensadores que eu admirava, como Cornelius Agrippa, insignificantes. No entanto, por alguma razão, essa rejeição dos meus antigos heróis me fez perder o interesse pelos meus estudos habituais. Parecia que nada poderia ser conhecido. Os assuntos que por muito tempo me fascinaram tornaram-se de repente desprezíveis. Com a volubilidade da juventude, abandonei minhas ocupações anteriores, descartando a história natural e

campos relacionados como criações deformadas. Desenvolvi um grande desprezo por uma suposta ciência que nunca poderia atingir o limiar do conhecimento real. Nesse estado de espírito, voltei-me para a matemática e estudos relacionados, acreditando que estavam construídos sobre fundamentos seguros e, portanto, dignos da minha atenção.

### Original English

Before this I was not unacquainted with the more obvious laws of electricity. On this occasion a man of great research in natural philosophy was with us, and, excited by this catastrophe, he entered on the explanation of a theory which he had formed on the subject of electricity and galvanism, which was at once new and astonishing to me. All that he said threw greatly into the shade Cornelius Agrippa, Albertus Magnus, and Paracelsus, the lords of my imagination; but by some fatality the overthrow of these men disinclined me to pursue my accustomed studies. It seemed to me as if nothing would or could ever be known. All that had so long engaged my attention suddenly grew despicable. By one of those caprices of the mind, which we are perhaps most subject to in early youth, I at once gave up my former occupations; set down natural history and all its progeny as a deformed and abortive creation; and entertained the greatest disdain for a would-be science, which could never even step within the threshold of real knowledge. In this mood of mind I betook myself to the mathematics, and the branches of study appertaining to that science, as being built upon secure foundations, and so worthy of my consideration.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Nossas almas são estranhamente construídas, e estamos ligados à prosperidade ou à ruína por pequenos laços. Olhando para trás, parece que a mudança repentina nos meus interesses foi a sugestão de um anjo da guarda — a última tentativa de evitar a tempestade que já pairava sobre mim. Essa vitória foi anunciada por uma calma e alegria incomuns após o abandono dos meus estudos recentes e atormentadores. Assim, aprendi a associar a continuação desses estudos ao mal e o seu abandono à felicidade.

### Original English

Thus strangely are our souls constructed, and by such slight ligaments are we bound to prosperity or ruin. When I look back, it seems to me as if this almost miraculous change of inclination and will was the immediate

suggestion of the guardian angel of my life— the last effort made by the spirit of preservation to avert the storm that was even then hanging in the stars, and ready to envelope me. Her victory was announced by an unusual tranquillity and gladness of soul, which followed the relinquishing of my ancient and latterly tormenting studies. It was thus that I was to be taught to associate evil with their prosecution, happiness with their disregard.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Foi um forte esforço do espírito do bem, mas foi em vão. O destino era poderoso demais, e suas leis imutáveis já haviam decretado minha destruição total e terrível.

### Original English

It was a strong effort of the spirit of good; but it was ineffectual. Destiny was too potent, and her immutable laws had decreed my utter and terrible destruction.

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# Chapter III

## Pt/En

### Português

Quando completei dezessete anos, meus pais decidiram que eu deveria estudar na Universidade de Ingolstadt. Até então, eu havia estudado em escolas em Genebra, mas meu pai acreditava que, para uma educação completa, eu deveria me familiarizar com costumes diferentes dos do meu próprio país. Então, minha partida foi marcada para uma data próxima. No entanto, antes que esse dia chegasse, ocorreu a primeira desgraça da minha vida — um presságio, por assim dizer, da minha miséria futura.

### Original English

When I had attained the age of seventeen, my parents resolved that I should become a student at the university of Ingolstadt. I had hitherto attended the schools of Geneva; but my father thought it necessary, for the completion of my education, that I should be made acquainted with other customs than those of my native country. My departure was therefore fixed at an early date; but, before the day resolved upon could arrive, the first

misfortune of my life occurred□—an omen, as it were, of my future misery.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Elizabeth pegou escarlatina; sua doença foi grave e ela correu grande perigo. Durante sua enfermidade, muitos argumentos foram feitos para persuadir minha mãe a não cuidar dela. A princípio, ela cedeu aos nossos apelos, mas quando soube que a vida de sua favorita estava ameaçada, não conseguiu mais controlar sua ansiedade. Ela ficou ao lado de Elizabeth, e seus cuidados dedicados venceram a doença — Elizabeth foi salva. Mas as consequências dessa imprudência foram fatais para minha mãe. No terceiro dia, minha mãe adoeceu; sua febre foi acompanhada de sintomas alarmantes, e seus médicos pareciam soturnos. Em seu leito de morte, a fortaleza e a bondade desta que foi a melhor das mulheres não a abandonaram. Ela juntou as mãos de Elizabeth e as minhas. Ela nos disse que suas mais firmes esperanças de felicidade futura estavam depositadas em nossa união, e que essa expectativa agora consolaria meu pai. Ela pediu a Elizabeth que ocupasse seu lugar com as crianças mais novas. Lamentou ser tirada de nós, mas disse que se resignaria alegremente à morte e esperaria nos encontrar em outro mundo.

### Original English

Elizabeth had caught the scarlet fever; her illness was severe, and she was in the greatest danger. During her illness, many arguments had been urged to persuade my mother to refrain from attending upon her. She had, at first, yielded to our entreaties; but when she heard that the life of her favourite was menaced, she could no longer control her anxiety. She attended her sick bed□—her watchful attentions triumphed over the malignity of the distemper□—Elizabeth was saved, but the consequences of this imprudence were fatal to her preserver. On the third day my mother sickened; her fever was accompanied by the most alarming symptoms, and the looks of her medical attendants prognosticated the worst event. On her deathbed the fortitude and benignity of this best of women did not desert her. She joined the hands of Elizabeth and myself:□—“My children,” she said, “my firmest hopes of future happiness were placed on the prospect of your union. This expectation will now be the consolation of your father. Elizabeth, my love, you must supply my place to my younger children. Alas! I regret that I am taken from you; and, happy and beloved as I have been, is it not hard to quit you all? But these are not thoughts befitting me; I will endeavour to resign myself cheerfully to death, and will indulge a hope of

meeting you in another world.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador descreveu a morte calma de sua mãe, o rosto dela mostrando afeto mesmo no fim. Ele refletiu sobre a profunda dificuldade de aceitar que alguém que fazia parte da vida cotidiana pudesse ter partido para sempre. No início, a mente não consegue acreditar na perda, mas com o passar do tempo, a realidade do luto se instala. Ele observou que todos experimentam essa tristeza, então não há necessidade de descrevê-la em detalhes. Eventualmente, o luto se torna mais uma escolha do que uma necessidade, e os sorrisos retornam. Apesar da morte de sua mãe, eles ainda tinham deveres a cumprir e precisavam continuar vivendo, considerando-se afortunados enquanto outros permaneciam.

### **Original English**

She died calmly; and her countenance expressed affection even in death. I need not describe the feelings of those whose dearest ties are rent by that most irreparable evil; the void that presents itself to the soul; and the despair that is exhibited on the countenance. It is so long before the mind can persuade itself that she, whom we saw every day, and whose very existence appeared a part of our own, can have departed forever—that the brightness of a beloved eye can have been extinguished, and the sound of a voice so familiar, and dear to the ear, can be hushed, never more to be heard. These are the reflections of the first days; but when the lapse of time proves the reality of the evil, then the actual bitterness of grief commences. Yet from whom has not that rude hand rent away some dear connection? and why should I describe a sorrow which all have felt, and must feel? The time at length arrives, when grief is rather an indulgence than a necessity; and the smile that plays upon the lips, although it may be deemed a sacrilege, is not banished. My mother was dead, but we had still duties which we ought to perform; we must continue our course with the rest, and learn to think ourselves fortunate, whilst one remains whom the spoiler has not seized.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A partida planejada do narrador para Ingolstadt, adiada pelos eventos recentes, estava agora marcada novamente. Ele pediu ao pai mais algumas semanas, sentindo que era quase um sacrilégio deixar a casa silenciosa de luto e se precipitar no mundo agitado. Ele não estava familiarizado com a tristeza e a achava assustadora. Queria ficar com aqueles que restavam, especialmente para ver sua querida Elizabeth consolada.

### **Original English**

My departure for Ingolstadt, which had been deferred by these events, was now again determined upon. I obtained from my father a respite of some weeks. It appeared to me sacrilege so soon to leave the repose, akin to death, of the house of mourning, and to rush into the thick of life. I was new to sorrow, but it did not the less alarm me. I was unwilling to quit the sight of those that remained to me; and, above all, I desired to see my sweet Elizabeth in some degree consoled.

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# Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

## **ambitious** /æmˈbɪʃəs/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ambicioso

**Simple English:** Trying or wishing to achieve great success or power.

**Example:** *He is very ambitious and always aims for the top positions in his career.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He describes his lieutenant as a very brave and ambitious man who also has noble human traits. [Back to B1](#)

## **amount** əˈmaʊnt (4 occurrences)

**Português:** quantidade

**Simple English:** A quantity of something.

**Example:** *The amount of water is enough.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, she saw with worry that their small amount of money was running out, and there was no other way to get support. [Back to B1](#)

2. They saw a farmer and his wife working hard, giving a small amount of food to their five hungry children. [Back to B1](#)

3. He insultingly sent Felix a small amount of money, saying it was to help him plan for the future.

4. He took double the usual amount because he was so sad.

## **ancestor** ˈæn.ses.tər (1 occurrence)

**Português:** antepassado

**Simple English:** A family member from long ago.

**Example:** *He looked sad like his ancestor who died.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Another tale told of a family's ancestor who had to give a deadly kiss to all the young men in his family. [Back to B1](#)

**baby** *'beɪbi* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** bebê

**Simple English:** A very young child or animal.

**Example:** *Sabor was with her only cub, a small, spotted baby.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator was born in Naples and travelled with them as a baby. [Back to B1](#)
2. The girl's mother was German and had died when the baby was born. [Back to B1](#)
3. They had recently married and their own eldest child was just a baby. [Back to B1](#)
4. Even when the wind made the lakes rough, it was like a baby playing, not like the huge, noisy ocean.

**basic** */'beɪsɪk/* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** Basic; base; fundamentais

**Simple English:** Forming the necessary foundation on which other things build.

**Example:** *Understanding basic math is essential for solving more complex problems later.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Before this, I knew some basic things about electricity. [Back to B1](#)
2. He then briefly discussed the current state of chemistry and explained basic terms.
3. It wished it had stayed in its home and never known or felt anything beyond basic needs like hunger and thirst.

**beginners** *bi'ɡɪnərz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** iniciantes

**Simple English:** People who are new to something.

**Example:** *Beginners can learn a lot with practice.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator felt that other scientists he knew seemed like beginners in their work. [Back to B1](#)

### **behavior** *bi'heivjər* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** comportamento

**Simple English:** the way someone acts

**Example:** *His violent behavior made others afraid.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. I also wanted to show the importance of family love and good behavior.  
[Back to B1](#)
2. Their behavior became calmer and more controlled than it had been since their journey to the icy sea.
3. Elizabeth seemed happy, and my calm behavior helped her feel relaxed.

### **bit** *bit* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** um pouco

**Simple English:** A small amount.

**Example:** *She was still a bit weak.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. When he felt a bit better, I moved him to my cabin and took care of him.  
[Back to B1](#)
2. The warm sunshine and fresh air made me feel a bit calmer.

### **blocks** *blɒks* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** blocos

**Simple English:** Large pieces of something solid.

**Example:** *They saw blocks of ice on the ground.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They were not afraid of the ice blocks they saw, even though these showed they were going to a dangerous place. [Back to B1](#)
2. My ship is surrounded by large blocks of ice that could destroy it at any moment.
3. He makes them feel strong, and they start to believe that the large ice blocks are small problems that can be overcome by human effort.
4. The ice blocks broke apart.

**careful** *'kɛərʃəl* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** cuidadoso

**Simple English:** Being cautious to avoid problems or danger.

**Example:** *Be careful when crossing the street.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He promises to be careful and responsible, especially when others' safety is in his hands. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said he would be calm, keep trying, and be careful. [Back to B1](#)
3. Although Justine was usually cheerful and sometimes not very careful, she watched her aunt's actions closely.
4. I carried guns and a knife with me all the time and stayed very careful.

**challenges** *'tʃælɪndʒɪz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** desafios

**Simple English:** Difficult tasks or problems to overcome.

**Example:** *He faced many challenges at work.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He enjoyed challenges and adventure, and he loved reading stories about knights and heroes. [Back to B1](#)

**chose** *tʃoʊz* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** escolheu

**Simple English:** picked one thing or person

**Example:** *Tarzan chose the strongest attacker with the big stick.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He chose a life of adventure over wealth. [Back to B1](#)
2. He chose one of the most remote islands in the Orkneys for his work.

**compares** *kəm'pæərz* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** compara

**Simple English:** To say one thing is like another

**Example:** *He compares the city to a big maze.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He compares his excitement to a child starting a fun boat trip. [Back to B1](#)
2. He compares his feelings to a famous poem about a sailor, but reassures his sister not to worry about his safety. [Back to B1](#)

**confusing** */kən'fju:zɪŋ/* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** confuso; confundindo; desconcertante

**Simple English:** Difficult to understand or unclear, causing uncertainty.

**Example:** *The confusing directions led us to the wrong location for the meeting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Like someone unskilled, he mixed many conflicting ideas and struggled deeply in a confusing sea of knowledge. [Back to B1](#)
2. The observer could not understand their sadness at first, but by watching carefully over time, they understood many things that were confusing before.

**connect** *kə'nekt* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** conectar

**Simple English:** To join or become close with someone or something.

**Example:** *They started to connect during the meeting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This taught me to connect bad things with continuing my old studies and happiness with ignoring them. [Back to B1](#)
2. It had always looked as it did now and had never seen anyone like itself or anyone who wanted to connect with it.

**connects** *kə'neɪkts* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** conecta

**Simple English:** To join or link two things

**Example:** *The road connects the city and the village.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Everything needs a beginning that connects to something before it. [Back to B1](#)

**continuous** */kən'tɪnjuəs/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** contínua; permanente; constante

**Simple English:** Happening without interruption or pause in time.

**Example:** *The continuous rain caused many floods in the area last week.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator felt guided by a gentle hand, and his childhood seemed like a continuous happy experience. [Back to B1](#)

**copy** *'kɒpi* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** copiar

**Simple English:** To do or make something the same as another.

**Example:** *Children like to copy their parents.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator thought it must be very scary because trying to copy the Creator of the world would be terrifying. [Back to B1](#)
2. She thought her aunt was perfect and tried to copy her way of speaking and behaving.
3. Safie understood very little and spoke in broken sentences, while the narrator could understand and copy almost every word spoken.
4. He thought God made humans beautiful, but he was an ugly copy.

**couldn't** *'kʊd.nt* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** não podia

**Simple English:** used to say someone was not able to do something

**Example:** *I couldn't see the stars because it was cloudy.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The writer thought a lot but couldn't come up with any ideas. [Back to B1](#)
2. When the narrator lay down, they couldn't sleep or really think. [Back to B1](#)

**countryside** *'kʌntrisaɪd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** campo

**Simple English:** land outside cities and towns

**Example:** *The path through the countryside is shorter.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She spent much of her childhood in the countryside in Scotland. [Back to B1](#)
2. It escaped to the countryside and hid in a small, empty hut.

**creative** *kri'eɪ.tɪv* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** criativo

**Simple English:** having new and original ideas

**Example:** *He was a creative and energetic person.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She wrote, but her real creative writing happened outside, under trees or on hills. [Back to B1](#)

**daydreaming** *'deɪdri:mɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** sonhando acordado

**Simple English:** Thinking about nice things instead of what you should do.

**Example:** *She was daydreaming and spilled her drink.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. As a child, she wrote stories, but her favorite activity was daydreaming and imagining imaginary events. [Back to B1](#)

### **didn't** *'dɪdnt* (13 occurrences)

**Português:** não

**Simple English:** did not do something

**Example:** *He didn't go to school yesterday.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, he didn't know how to finish her story and had to end it quickly. [Back to B1](#)
2. If the story didn't do this, it wouldn't be a proper ghost story. [Back to B1](#)
3. They felt affection for it because it was created during happy times when death and sadness were just words that didn't deeply affect them. [Back to B1](#)
4. However, they felt these personal memories were just for themselves, and readers didn't need to know about them. [Back to B1](#)
5. It wasn't like magic; he didn't see everything at once.

### **discussions** *dɪ'skʌʃənz* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** discussões

**Simple English:** talks about ideas or problems

**Example:** *The discussions helped solve the problem.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Lord Byron and Shelley had many long discussions, and the writer listened quietly. [Back to B1](#)
2. Sometimes, he read my favorite poems or started discussions that he argued very cleverly.

### **disproven** *dɪs'pru:vən* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** refutado

**Simple English:** shown that something is not true

**Example:** *The theory was disproven by new evidence.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. For a time, he followed old, disproven theories. [Back to B1](#)

**doesn't** 'dəʊzənt (1 occurrence)

**Português:** não

**Simple English:** Short form for 'does not'

**Example:** *She doesn't like spicy food.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The writer explains that creating something new doesn't mean making it from nothing. [Back to B1](#)

**emptiness** 'ɛmptɪnəs (1 occurrence)

**Português:** vazio

**Simple English:** The state of being empty or without things.

**Example:** *He imagines the North Pole as a beautiful place with constant daylight, not frost and emptiness.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He imagines the North Pole as a beautiful place with constant daylight, not frost and emptiness. [Back to B1](#)

**encouragement** ɪn'kʌrɪdʒmənt (1 occurrence)

**Português:** encorajamento

**Simple English:** Support or confidence given to someone.

**Example:** *Knowing everything might give them encouragement.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator said that her husband did not give her the idea for any specific event or feeling, but without his encouragement, the story would not have become what it was. [Back to B1](#)

**enjoyable** ɪn'dʒɔɪəbəl (2 occurrences)

**Português:** agradável

**Simple English:** Giving pleasure or fun.

**Example:** *The hunt would be less enjoyable because he would feel too safe.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They made sure he and his siblings had many enjoyable experiences. [Back to B1](#)

2. The narrator felt that this journey would have been enjoyable if he had been happy.

**Excitement** /ɪk'saɪtmənt/ (6 occurrences)

**Português:** excitação; emoção; empolgação

**Simple English:** A strong feeling of enthusiasm and happiness intensely.

**Example:** *The excitement in the crowd grew as the concert started.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He compares his excitement to a child starting a fun boat trip. [Back to B1](#)
2. He spoke carefully, showing respect for his teacher, and did not show all his excitement for his future work.
3. Then, he felt great happiness and excitement.
4. However, my excitement was mixed with worry.
5. I felt very cheerful and walked along with great joy and excitement.

**exploration** ˌɛksplə'reɪʃən (2 occurrences)

**Português:** exploração

**Simple English:** The act of searching or traveling to discover new things.

**Example:** *The explorers began their exploration of the island.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He loved reading about exploration voyages, which filled his uncle's library. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, he then received money from his cousin's inheritance, which made him return to his earlier interest in exploration. [Back to B1](#)

**Extra** /'ɛkstrə/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** extra; adicional; acréscimo

**Simple English:** More than needed or added to current amount.

**Example:** *We ordered extra pizza to share with our friends on Friday.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They only changed parts that were extra to the main story, keeping the main story the same. [Back to B1](#)

**famous** 'feɪməs (7 occurrences)

**Português:** famoso

**Simple English:** Known by many people.

**Example:** *Paris is a famous city.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Because her parents were famous writers, she thought about writing from a young age. [Back to B1](#)
2. Her husband wanted her to be a famous writer like her parents. [Back to B1](#)
3. Later, the writer became interested in poetry and felt like he lived in his own dream world, hoping to become a famous poet. [Back to B1](#)
4. He compares his feelings to a famous poem about a sailor, but reassures his sister not to worry about his safety. [Back to B1](#)
5. He wrote songs and stories about adventures and often suggested they act out plays or dress up as characters from famous tales. [Back to B1](#)

**favorite** 'feɪvərɪt (5 occurrences)

**Português:** favorito

**Simple English:** liked the most

**Example:** *Soccer is his favorite sport.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. As a child, she wrote stories, but her favorite activity was daydreaming and imagining imaginary events. [Back to B1](#)
2. I felt like a slave forced to work in a dangerous mine, not an artist doing his favorite job.
3. He has had a few girlfriends, but his favorite is Louisa Biron, a pretty five-year-old girl.
4. He enjoyed walking, and Clerval was his favorite friend for these trips in his home country.
5. Sometimes, he read my favorite poems or started discussions that he argued very cleverly.

**fictional** ˈfɪkʃənəl (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ficcional

**Simple English:** Made-up, not real.

**Example:** *The author used this idea for a fictional story.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The author did not seriously believe this idea, but used it for a fictional story.

[Back to B1](#)

**financially** fəˈnænfəli (1 occurrence)

**Português:** financeiramente

**Simple English:** In a way related to money or finances.

**Example:** *He was now financially secure.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The infant was left with the farmer and his wife to be cared for; they were doing better financially at that time. [Back to B1](#)

**focus** ˈfəʊkəs (6 occurrences)

**Português:** focar

**Simple English:** To pay attention to one thing.

**Example:** *He wanted to focus on their safety first.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The elixir soon became his main focus. [Back to B1](#)

2. When he woke up, the night felt like a dream, but he decided to return to his old studies and focus on a science he believed he was good at.

3. From that day on, natural philosophy, especially chemistry, became the narrator's main focus.

4. This intense focus was temporary, and he returned to normal when the strong feeling stopped.

5. His focus on his work also made him forget his friends who lived far away and whom he had not seen for a long time.

## **formal** *'fɔ:rməl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** formal

**Simple English:** Following rules or customs strictly.

**Example:** *She wore formal clothes to the party.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He explains that he did not have a formal education when he was young and feels he is less knowledgeable than others his age, even though he has many ideas. [Back to B1](#)

## **fun** *fʌn* (6 occurrences)

**Português:** diversão

**Simple English:** Enjoyment and pleasure.

**Example:** *He sometimes killed for fun.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. I started writing it for fun and to try out new ideas. [Back to B1](#)

2. He compares his excitement to a child starting a fun boat trip. [Back to B1](#)

3. She became like a sister to him and was a loved friend for all his activities and fun. [Back to B1](#)

4. I knew my work would soon be finished, and I believed that exercise and fun would cure my illness.

5. He wondered if this peaceful scene was a sign of good things to come or if it was making fun of his sadness.

## **goal** *ɡoʊl* (9 occurrences)

**Português:** objetivo

**Simple English:** A result you want to achieve.

**Example:** *Her goal is to learn English this year.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Thinking about his goal calms the writer. [Back to B1](#)

2. His main goal was to learn the deep, physical secrets of the world. [Back to B1](#)

3. Elizabeth showed Clerval the beauty of doing good, making it his main goal. [Back to B1](#)

4. The professor's words touched deep parts of his being, and his mind became focused on one idea and goal.

5. After so much difficult work, he had finally achieved his goal.

### **goodbye** *ɡʊd'baɪ* (12 occurrences)

**Português:** adeus

**Simple English:** Words said when leaving.

**Example:** *He said goodbye before leaving.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator said goodbye to their frightening creation, hoping it would be successful. [Back to B1](#)

2. He says goodbye to his dear sister Margaret. [Back to B1](#)

3. He told his sister Margaret goodbye. [Back to B1](#)

4. They stayed up late, finding it hard to say goodbye.

5. Henry Clerval suggested they take a walking trip around Ingolstadt so the narrator could say goodbye to the area.

### **grinding** *'graɪndɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ranger

**Simple English:** pressing your teeth together and moving them

**Example:** *She was grinding her teeth when she was angry.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, he was usually sad and hopeless, and sometimes he showed his pain by grinding his teeth. [Back to B1](#)

### **harshness** *'hɑ:ʃnəs* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** dureza

**Simple English:** The quality of being cruel or severe.

**Example:** *The harshness of winter is hard to live with.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The writer dislikes the usual harshness on ships and was happy to find a captain who was kind and respected by his crew. [Back to B1](#)

### **healthier** 'hɛlθiə (1 occurrence)

**Português:** mais saudável

**Simple English:** Better for your health.

**Example:** *Peppermints would be healthier.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The stranger is slowly getting healthier, but he is very quiet and seems worried when anyone other than me enters his cabin. [Back to B1](#)

### **hitting** 'hɪtɪŋ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** batendo

**Simple English:** Touching something with force.

**Example:** *He was hitting the wall with his fists.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They waited until morning because they were afraid of hitting large pieces of ice in the dark. [Back to B1](#)

2. Unlike before, it could move freely without hitting obstacles.

3. He listened to the loud waves hitting the shore.

### **horrified** 'hɒrəˌfaɪd (4 occurrences)

**Português:** horrorizado

**Simple English:** Feeling very scared or shocked.

**Example:** *She was horrified by the scary movie.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The student would be horrified by his work and want to run away. [Back to B1](#)

2. She looked very surprised, horrified, and unhappy.

3. She told the lady that she was horrified that the lady might think she, Justine, was capable of such a terrible crime.

4. The narrator noticed the magistrate sometimes looked horrified and at other times showed surprise, but not disbelief.

**hunters** *'hʌntəz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** caçadores

**Simple English:** people who hunt animals

**Example:** *Hunters went into the forest early.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He joined whale hunters and endured hardship, cold, hunger, thirst, and lack of sleep. [Back to B1](#)

**ignoring** *ɪg'no:ɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ignorando

**Simple English:** Deliberately not paying attention.

**Example:** *He was ignoring the noise outside.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This taught me to connect bad things with continuing my old studies and happiness with ignoring them. [Back to B1](#)

**improve** *ɪm'pru:v* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** melhorar

**Simple English:** To become better.

**Example:** *He thought things would improve.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The stranger agreed that people are not complete without a wise, good, and dear friend to help them improve. [Back to B1](#)

**initials** *ɪ'nɪʃəlz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** iniciais

**Simple English:** The first letters of a name or word.

**Example:** *His initials are J.S.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The initials M. W. S. are used. [Back to B1](#)

## **intelligent** *in'telɪdʒənt* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** inteligente

**Simple English:** Having or showing good thinking and understanding.

**Example:** *Her eyes, her way of acting, and her words all showed she was intelligent.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The guest is kind and intelligent, with a well-educated mind. [Back to B1](#)
2. She was still kind and lively, but now seemed more thoughtful and intelligent.
3. Clerval wanted to meet intelligent and talented people, but the narrator was more focused on finding information to complete a promise.
4. Clerval was even happier, enjoying time with intelligent people and learning more about himself.

## **job** *dʒɒb* (8 occurrences)

**Português:** trabalho

**Simple English:** a task or work to do

**Example:** *Tarzan did not understand why they were doing such a big job.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He hoped to find a job with a merchant. [Back to B1](#)
2. He felt the materials he had were not enough for such a hard job, but he believed he would succeed.
3. I felt like a slave forced to work in a dangerous mine, not an artist doing his favorite job.
4. He explained that he had been very busy with one job and had not rested enough.
5. The narrator felt that his difficult work would have one good result: after he finished his terrible job and was free, he could marry Elizabeth and forget his past suffering.

### **jobs** *dʒɒbz* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** empregos

**Simple English:** Work or tasks someone does to earn money.

**Example:** *He saw this as a step to more important jobs.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. His father had also held public jobs with honour and was known for being honest and working hard for the country. [Back to B1](#)
2. In the evening, the young girl and the young man did different jobs.
3. The young woman did many hard jobs inside the cottage.
4. When he returned, he often cleared the snow from their path and did jobs he had seen Felix do.

### **knights** *naɪts* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** cavaleiros

**Simple English:** Soldiers in the past who wore armor and fought with swords.

**Example:** *They used a knife as a sword for knights on adventures.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He enjoyed challenges and adventure, and he loved reading stories about knights and heroes. [Back to B1](#)

### **knowledgeable** *'nɑː.lɪdʒ.ə.bəl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** sábio

**Simple English:** having a lot of information and understanding

**Example:** *She is knowledgeable about history.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He explains that he did not have a formal education when he was young and feels he is less knowledgeable than others his age, even though he has many ideas. [Back to B1](#)

## lack /læk/ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** falta; ausência; faltam

**Simple English:** To be without enough of something needed or desired.

**Example:** *He lacks the skills necessary for this job application.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He joined whale hunters and endured hardship, cold, hunger, thirst, and lack of sleep. [Back to B1](#)
2. His father was not interested in science, so he had to learn by himself, with a child's lack of understanding but a student's strong desire for knowledge. [Back to B1](#)
3. If his attempts failed, he blamed his own lack of experience, not the authors' advice. [Back to B1](#)

## lift /lɪft/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** levantar

**Simple English:** to raise something up

**Example:** *Can you lift this box for me?*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The stars, the sea, and the sights in these amazing places still seemed to lift his spirit. [Back to B1](#)

## lucky 'lʌki/ (4 occurrences)

**Português:** sortudo

**Simple English:** having good luck

**Example:** *He felt lucky to win the prize.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. When he met other families, he realized how lucky he was, and this made him love his parents even more. [Back to B1](#)
2. Even though his mother was dead, they still had duties to do and had to continue living, feeling lucky that at least one person in the family was still alive. [Back to B1](#)
3. Clerval was very happy to see Frankenstein and said it was lucky he was there at that moment.
4. I could not believe I was so lucky.

## **magnetism** *'mægnətɪzəm* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** magnetismo

**Simple English:** the force that pulls objects like magnets together

**Example:** *Magnetism makes the compass point north.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He believes he might discover new lands, understand magnetism, and see places no one has seen before. [Back to B1](#)

## **main** *meɪn* (17 occurrences)

**Português:** principal

**Simple English:** the most important or biggest

**Example:** *They followed the main road to get there.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She did not write about herself as the main character because her own life seemed ordinary. [Back to B1](#)

2. They only changed parts that were extra to the main story, keeping the main story the same. [Back to B1](#)

3. Even if the main idea is not real, it helps to show human feelings in a strong way, better than normal life events can. [Back to B1](#)

4. The author was also interested because the story began in the beautiful place where the main events happen. [Back to B1](#)

5. His main goal was to learn the deep, physical secrets of the world. [Back to B1](#)

## **manage** *'mænɪdʒ* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** lidar

**Simple English:** to control or deal with a situation

**Example:** *She had to manage her tasks carefully.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He believes a friend could help him manage his thoughts and plans. [Back to B1](#)

2. Sometimes Victor could manage his deep sadness, but other times his strong emotions made him want to move around and change places to feel better.

### **manageable** 'mænidʒəbl (1 occurrence)

**Português:** administrável

**Simple English:** Easy enough to control or deal with.

**Example:** *The sea was wild but manageable for the experienced sailor.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He wondered why he should not continue over the wild but manageable sea.

[Back to B1](#)

### **marry** 'mæri (13 occurrences)

**Português:** casar

**Simple English:** To become husband and wife legally.

**Example:** *She had to marry Cadj.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He heard a story about the master: he once loved a woman who was forced to marry someone else. [Back to B1](#)

2. The master gave the woman's father money and his own planned farm to his rival so the woman could marry the man she loved. [Back to B1](#)

3. She said her greatest hope for happiness was that Elizabeth and I would marry. [Back to B1](#)

4. Miss Mansfield, who is pretty, is getting congratulations because she is going to marry John Melbourne, an Englishman.

5. However, he is now feeling better and is reportedly planning to marry Madame Tavernier.

### **members** 'membərz (3 occurrences)

**Português:** membros

**Simple English:** People who belong to a group or team.

**Example:** *The team has five members.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. His family members had been leaders and officials for many years. [Back to B1](#)

2. It learned about how young people grow and gain knowledge, and about the connections between brothers, sisters, and other family members.

3. As night came, he found himself at the cemetery where his family members were buried.

**messy** *'mes.i* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** bagunçado

**Simple English:** Not clean or tidy.

**Example:** *Her desk is always messy.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It's like taking messy, unclear things and making them understandable. [Back to B1](#)
2. Its face was hidden by long, messy hair as it leaned over the coffin.

**minor** */'maɪnər/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** menor; pequenas; secundária

**Simple English:** Having little importance or seriousness; relatively small.

**Example:** *The changes to the project were minor and did not affect deadlines significantly.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The writer mentioned that strong winds and a small leak were minor problems that experienced sailors usually forget. [Back to B1](#)

**narrator** *'nærətər* (361 occurrences)

**Português:** narrador

**Simple English:** The person who tells a story.

**Example:** *The narrator was busy looking for strange things.*

**Forms in this book:** narrator, narrator's

**Uses in this book:**

1. When the narrator lay down, they couldn't sleep or really think. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator thought it must be very scary because trying to copy the Creator of the world would be terrifying. [Back to B1](#)
3. The narrator opened their eyes in fear. [Back to B1](#)
4. Suddenly, a quick and happy idea came to the narrator. [Back to B1](#)
5. At first, the narrator only planned a short story. [Back to B1](#)

## **nice** *naɪs* (8 occurrences)

**Português:** bom

**Simple English:** Pleasant or attractive.

**Example:** *The room looks very nice and clean.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Later, the weather became nice. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was happy when it realized that a nice sound it heard came from birds.
3. The observer thought that if these nice people were sad, it was not surprising that they, an imperfect and lonely being, were also unhappy.
4. They had a nice house, everything they needed, food, warm clothes, and enjoyed each other's company and kind words.
5. Spring arrived quickly, and the weather became nice and clear.

## **normal** *ˈnɔrməl* (8 occurrences)

**Português:** normal

**Simple English:** usual or regular

**Example:** *It was a normal day at school.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Even if the main idea is not real, it helps to show human feelings in a strong way, better than normal life events can. [Back to B1](#)
2. This intense focus was temporary, and he returned to normal when the strong feeling stopped.
3. As I spoke, I suddenly saw a figure far away, walking towards me very fast, faster than a normal person.
4. He described this life as peaceful and normal, suggesting that refusing it would be cruel.
5. He mentioned that they had faced difficulties and had been disturbed from their normal life.

**officials** ə'fɪʃəlz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** oficiais

**Simple English:** People with authority or responsibility.

**Example:** *Tired officials organized the group and loud announcers spoke.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. His family members had been leaders and officials for many years. [Back to B1](#)

**onto** 'antu (9 occurrences)

**Português:** em cima de

**Simple English:** moving to a higher position on something

**Example:** *The cat jumped onto the table.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. A person was inside the sledge, and the sailors were asking him to come onto their ship. [Back to B1](#)
2. Whether we feel, think, laugh, or cry, whether we hold onto sadness or let go of worries, it is all the same.
3. Soon, the wind cleared the mist, and I walked onto the glacier.
4. I fell onto a chair and cried loudly.
5. I was tired from too much physical activity and fell onto the wet grass, feeling weak and hopeless.

**particular** pər'tɪkjələr (1 occurrence)

**Português:** específico

**Simple English:** Specific or special; one in particular.

**Example:** *The story does not support any particular belief.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. You should not think that the story supports any particular belief. [Back to B1](#)

**personalities** ˌpɜːsəˈnælɪtiz (2 occurrences)

**Português:** personalidades

**Simple English:** The way people think, feel, and behave.

**Example:** *Their difference came from their personalities.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Their different personalities made them closer. [Back to B1](#)
2. He thought they were a good match because they had known each other since they were very young and had similar personalities and interests.

**Petersburg** ˈpiːtəzbuːrg (2 occurrences)

**Português:** Petersburg

**Simple English:** A city name.

**Example:** *The letter was dated from Petersburg.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The letter is from St. Petersburg, dated December 11th. [Back to B1](#)
2. The writer is now far north of London, in St. Petersburg. [Back to B1](#)

**plant** plænt (2 occurrences)

**Português:** planta

**Simple English:** a living thing that grows in soil

**Example:** *There is a beautiful plant in the garden.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He protected her like a special plant, keeping her safe from harm and surrounding her with things that would make her happy. [Back to B1](#)
2. It could tell the difference between an insect and a plant, and between different plants.

**problem** ˈprɒːbləm (5 occurrences)

**Português:** problema

**Simple English:** something difficult or wrong

**Example:** *He had a problem with the new rule.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They felt a common problem for writers: having no ideas when trying to create something. [Back to B1](#)
2. He told his friend that he could not give him any comfort because the problem was too big to be fixed.
3. I had only imagined how unhappy my home was, but now I saw the reality, which was a terrible new problem.
4. The unhappy person explained that the jewel found in her pocket was a very serious problem.
5. Justine hoped this would be Elizabeth's last problem and asked her to live happily and make others happy too.

### **problems** *'prɒbləmz* (22 occurrences)

**Português:** problemas

**Simple English:** difficult situations that need solutions

**Example:** *He was used to solving problems.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The writer mentioned that strong winds and a small leak were minor problems that experienced sailors usually forget. [Back to B1](#)
2. He lived a kind of double life: he could be very unhappy and face many problems, but when he was alone with his thoughts, he seemed like a spirit with a protective light, untouched by sadness or mistakes. [Back to B1](#)
3. Beaufort lost his money due to many problems and became poor. [Back to B1](#)
4. It was like a last attempt to save me from future problems. [Back to B1](#)
5. He expected many problems and that his work might not be perfect.

### **project** */'prɒdʒekt/* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** projeto; projetar

**Simple English:** A planned piece of work.

**Example:** *We finished the project.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The writer decided to start a big project six years ago. [Back to B1](#)
2. The guest listened carefully to the writer's ideas about his project and the steps he had taken. [Back to B1](#)

3. The writer felt comfortable sharing his strong desire to succeed, saying he would happily give up his money, his life, and all his hopes for his project.

[Back to B1](#)

**protective** *prəˈtɛktɪv* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** protetor

**Simple English:** Intended to keep safe from harm.

**Example:** *He wore a protective helmet for the bike ride.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He lived a kind of double life: he could be very unhappy and face many problems, but when he was alone with his thoughts, he seemed like a spirit with a protective light, untouched by sadness or mistakes. [Back to B1](#)

**published** *ˈpʌblɪʃt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** publicou

**Simple English:** To make a book, article, or idea available to the public.

**Example:** *She published her first novel last year.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Lord Byron started a story, and a part of it was later published. [Back to B1](#)

**realized** *ˈriəˌlaɪzd* (21 occurrences)

**Português:** perceberam

**Simple English:** understood something clearly

**Example:** *They realized a monster was there.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They realized that what had scared them would scare others. [Back to B1](#)

2. When he met other families, he realized how lucky he was, and this made him love his parents even more. [Back to B1](#)

3. He later realized that his fears were true, but he had not imagined how much suffering he would actually experience, not even a hundredth part of it.

4. He realized that chasing it would be useless, as no one could catch a creature that could climb steep rocks like those on Mont Salève.

5. He realized that his own actions might lead to the death of two people: a young child and Justine.

**relationship** /rɪ'leɪʃən ʃɪp/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** relação

**Simple English:** The way two or more people or things are connected.

**Example:** *They have a good relationship as friends.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Their relationship was very special, more than just cousins; she was meant to be his only companion until death. [Back to B1](#)
2. The writer asked Victor if their relationship was like that of a brother and sister who care for each other but do not want to marry.

**reliable** /rɪ'laɪəbəl/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** confiável; fiáveis; fidedigna

**Simple English:** Able to be trusted to perform consistently and meet expectations.

**Example:** *My friend is very reliable; she always arrives on time.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The men I have hired so far seem reliable and very brave. [Back to B1](#)

**responsibility** /rɪˌspɒn.sɪ'bɪl.ɪ.ti/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** responsabilidade

**Simple English:** something you must do because it is your duty

**Example:** *They felt a deep responsibility to raise him well and guide him to happiness.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They felt a deep responsibility to raise him well and guide him to happiness. [Back to B1](#)

**responsible** /rɪ'spɒnsəbəl/ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** responsável; se responsabiliza; encarregado

**Simple English:** Able to be trusted to perform duties or act appropriately.

**Example:** *He is responsible for managing the team and ensuring tasks are completed.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He promises to be careful and responsible, especially when others' safety is in his hands. [Back to B1](#)
2. Victor had told his father he was responsible for these deaths before, while he was in prison.
3. They admitted to being responsible for the deaths of innocent victims, stating that their plans had caused these deaths.

### **risks** *risks* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** riscos

**Simple English:** Situations that could cause harm or danger

**Example:** *They needed to show the risks of forgetfulness.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He promised her that he would not take unnecessary risks, for his own sake and for hers. [Back to B1](#)

### **sailor** *'seɪlər/* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** marinheiro; marujo; velejador

**Simple English:** A person who works as a member of a ship's crew.

**Example:** *The sailor climbed up the mast to check the sails during the storm.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He regrets that his father did not allow him to become a sailor. [Back to B1](#)
2. He compares his feelings to a famous poem about a sailor, but reassures his sister not to worry about his safety. [Back to B1](#)

### **scare** *skɛər* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** assustar

**Simple English:** To make someone feel afraid.

**Example:** *Because Kerchak was their leader, they could scare other tribes away from their jungle area.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They wished they could write a story that would scare their readers as much as they had been scared that night. [Back to B1](#)
2. They realized that what had scared them would scare others. [Back to B1](#)
3. The sound of a falling leaf would scare me, and I avoided other people as if I had done something wrong.

## scary 'skɛri (2 occurrences)

**Português:** assustador

**Simple English:** Causing fear or fright.

**Example:** *A scary panther's cry came from the jungle.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator thought it must be very scary because trying to copy the Creator of the world would be terrifying. [Back to B1](#)
2. They started writing that day with the sentence, 'It was a dark night in November,' writing down the scary thoughts from their waking dream. [Back to B1](#)

## schoolmates 'sku:l.meɪts (1 occurrence)

**Português:** colegas de escola

**Simple English:** people who go to school with you

**Example:** *He was best friends with one of his schoolmates, Henry Clerval.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was not very interested in his schoolmates, but he became best friends with one of them, Henry Clerval. [Back to B1](#)

## scientists 'saɪəntɪsts (14 occurrences)

**Português:** cientistas

**Simple English:** people who study science

**Example:** *He told the animal that scientists thought its kind of animal was not living anymore.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The story is based on an idea that some scientists thought was possible. [Back to B1](#)
2. Despite the hard work and discoveries of modern scientists, he always felt unhappy and unsatisfied after his studies. [Back to B1](#)
3. The narrator felt that other scientists he knew seemed like beginners in their work. [Back to B1](#)
4. He thought it was better when scientists looked for immortality and power, even if they failed.
5. Now, he felt scientists only wanted to destroy the old, grand ideas that interested him.

## **sewing** 'səʊɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** costura

**Simple English:** joining cloth with a needle and thread

**Example:** *She was sewing socks by candlelight.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She found work sewing and weaving straw, earning just enough money to survive. [Back to B1](#)

## **siblings** 'sɪblɪŋz (2 occurrences)

**Português:** irmãos/irmãs

**Simple English:** Brothers and sisters.

**Example:** *She has three siblings: two brothers and one sister.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They made sure he and his siblings had many enjoyable experiences. [Back to B1](#)

2. Sometimes she asked Justine to forgive her past unkindness, but more often she blamed Justine for the deaths of her siblings.

## **special** 'speʃəl (10 occurrences)

**Português:** especial

**Simple English:** different and better than usual

**Example:** *Teeka was beautiful in a special way.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They felt his poems made the beautiful nature around them seem even more special. [Back to B1](#)

2. The writer's friend is educated and refined, but the writer believes this man is special and better than anyone else they know. [Back to B1](#)

3. He protected her like a special plant, keeping her safe from harm and surrounding her with things that would make her happy. [Back to B1](#)

4. She looked special, like a gift from heaven. [Back to B1](#)

5. Their relationship was very special, more than just cousins; she was meant to be his only companion until death. [Back to B1](#)

**specific** *spə'sɪfɪk* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** específico

**Simple English:** special and clear, not general

**Example:** *She had a specific goal to finish the work.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator said that her husband did not give her the idea for any specific event or feeling, but without his encouragement, the story would not have become what it was. [Back to B1](#)
2. When it reached the border of Switzerland, and the weather became warmer and the earth green again, a specific event made its feelings of anger and horror even worse.
3. After finishing his story, the narrator told the magistrate that he accused a specific person and asked for his full help to catch and punish this individual.

**strike** */straɪk/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** Strike; greve; golpear

**Simple English:** To stop working to protest conditions at work.

**Example:** *Workers may strike if their pay is too low and unfair.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Suddenly, standing at the door, he saw a flash of lightning strike an old, beautiful oak tree about twenty yards away. [Back to B1](#)

**strips** *strips* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** tiras

**Simple English:** long, thin pieces of something

**Example:** *The wood was broken into thin strips by the force.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It was not broken into pieces by the force, but completely turned into thin strips of wood. [Back to B1](#)

**stuck** *stʌk* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** preso

**Simple English:** unable to move

**Example:** *The paper was stuck to the floor.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It was a wet and unpleasant summer, and they were often stuck inside because of the constant rain. [Back to B1](#)
2. He did not say much, but his eyes showed a strong determination to not be stuck doing boring business work.
3. They were stuck in the ice and might never escape.

**successful** *sək'sɛsfəl* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** bem-sucedido

**Simple English:** Having a good result or achieving a goal.

**Example:** *She was successful in passing the exam.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator said goodbye to their frightening creation, hoping it would be successful. [Back to B1](#)
2. I could see more clearly each day how successful I was.
3. The narrator's enemy felt more successful as the narrator's tasks became harder.

**tip** *tɪp* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ponta

**Simple English:** The pointed end of something.

**Example:** *The pencil tip was used up.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He wonders if he will see the person again after travelling across large oceans, perhaps around the southern tip of Africa or America. [Back to B1](#)

**tough** /tʌf/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** difícil; resistente; duro

**Simple English:** Strong or difficult.

**Example:** *This is a tough problem.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, he mentions that even tough sailors can have good qualities.

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2. The other children were dark-eyed and looked tough, but this child was thin and very fair. [Back to B1](#)

**toy** tɔɪ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** brinquedo

**Simple English:** An object children play with.

**Example:** *The child played with her favorite toy.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They treated the narrator like a beloved toy and child, a gift from heaven.

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**trip** /trɪp/ (17 occurrences)

**Português:** viagem; desengate; tropeçar

**Simple English:** A journey.

**Example:** *We took a trip to Rome.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. My two friends went on a trip to the Alps. [Back to B1](#)

2. He compares his excitement to a child starting a fun boat trip. [Back to B1](#)

3. His plans are firm, and the trip is only delayed because of bad weather.

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4. He hoped that nothing worse would happen during the rest of the trip. [Back to B1](#)

5. When he was thirteen, his family went on a trip. [Back to B1](#)

### **unclear** ʌnˈkliːr (7 occurrences)

**Português:** incerto

**Simple English:** Not easy to understand or know.

**Example:** *It is unclear what she means.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It's like taking messy, unclear things and making them understandable. [Back to B1](#)
2. The woman asked her what she was doing there, but Justine looked strange and gave a confused, unclear answer.
3. She hoped that her past good behaviour would make the judges interpret any unclear or suspicious points in her favour.
4. It wanted to express its feelings in its own way, but the strange, unclear sounds it made frightened it, and it stopped.
5. It also discussed many ideas and explained things that were unclear to me before, giving me much to think about.

### **understandable** ˌʌndərˈstændəbl̩ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** compreensível

**Simple English:** Easy to understand or accept.

**Example:** *Her sadness is understandable after what happened.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It's like taking messy, unclear things and making them understandable. [Back to B1](#)
2. She explained that her confusion when the market woman spoke to her was understandable because she had not slept and still did not know what had happened to William.

### **unhappily** ʌnˈhæpɪli (1 occurrence)

**Português:** infelizmente

**Simple English:** in a sad or unhappy way

**Example:** *She replied unhappily to the news.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. After paying all his debts, he moved with his daughter to Lucerne, living unknown and unhappily. [Back to B1](#)

**unkind** *ʌnˈkaɪnd* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** desagradável

**Simple English:** Not nice or cruel.

**Example:** *She was unkind to the new student.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He agreed and said it would be rude and unkind to ask too many questions. [Back to B1](#)
2. He saw that the speaker, who had been unkind, now looked compassionate.
3. Her face looked unkind, like people who are used to seeing sad things but do not feel sorry for them.

**unnecessary** *ʌnˈnɛsəsəri* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** desnecessário

**Simple English:** Not needed or not important.

**Example:** *She worked very hard on unnecessary jobs.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He promised her that he would not take unnecessary risks, for his own sake and for hers. [Back to B1](#)

**unpleasant** *ʌnˈplezənt* (7 occurrences)

**Português:** desagradável

**Simple English:** Causing discomfort or dislike.

**Example:** *The smell was very unpleasant.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It was a wet and unpleasant summer, and they were often stuck inside because of the constant rain. [Back to B1](#)
2. He described Mr. Krempe as a short, grumpy man with an unpleasant face, which made him dislike Krempe's subjects.
3. He found that even M. Krempe had useful knowledge, despite his unpleasant appearance and manners.
4. The work was unpleasant, but it had taken over his mind.
5. They detailed the unpleasant events that led to his creation and described his ugly appearance in a way that showed the scientist's own horror and made the narrator's feelings permanent.

**unskilled** *αν'σκιλδ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** não qualificado

**Simple English:** not having the necessary skills

**Example:** *He was unskilled but willing to learn.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Like someone unskilled, he mixed many conflicting ideas and struggled deeply in a confusing sea of knowledge. [Back to B1](#)

**upcoming** *ἄρκαμπιη* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** próximo

**Simple English:** Happening soon.

**Example:** *They prepared for the upcoming exams.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The writer is excited but also nervous about his upcoming journey to unknown lands. [Back to B1](#)

**upsetting** *ἀρ'σέτιη* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** chateador

**Simple English:** making you feel sad or worried

**Example:** *The bad news was upsetting to everyone.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He expected the story to be strange and upsetting, about a terrible storm that destroyed a ship. [Back to B1](#)

2. The speaker felt that the constant shining of the stars was heavy and upsetting.

3. Thinking about my friend who was murdered was too upsetting for me because I was weak, and I cried.

**warned** *ωρνδ* (13 occurrences)

**Português:** avisou

**Simple English:** told someone about possible danger or problems

**Example:** *He warned that if the Doctor made a fuss now, they might lose their jobs.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He warned Walton to expect strange stories, and that these unusual events would seem more possible in these wild places. [Back to B1](#)
2. He warned that gaining too much knowledge can be very dangerous.
3. The daemon warned that if the creator tried to kill him, he would kill the creator's friends.
4. He warned Frankenstein that he could make him and his family suffer greatly if he did not get what he wanted.
5. He warned that Frankenstein's decision would determine if he would live peacefully or become a danger to humanity and cause Frankenstein's own ruin.

**woken** 'woukən (1 occurrence)

**Português:** acordados

**Simple English:** past participle of wake; to be caused to stop sleeping

**Example:** *She was woken by the loud noise.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. But he was woken up, and the horrible thing stood by his bed, opening the curtains and looking at him with strange, watchful eyes. [Back to B1](#)

**worried** 'wʌrɪd (45 occurrences)

**Português:** preocupada

**Simple English:** feeling nervous or anxious

**Example:** *She was always worried about him.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He knows she was worried about his journey, but he wants to tell her he is well and feels more confident about his plan succeeding. [Back to B1](#)
2. Some people were worried, but then they saw something strange. [Back to B1](#)
3. He could not speak for two days, and I worried that his suffering had affected his mind. [Back to B1](#)
4. The stranger is slowly getting healthier, but he is very quiet and seems worried when anyone other than me enters his cabin. [Back to B1](#)
5. He was not used to feeling so much sadness, and it worried him. [Back to B1](#)

**worry** /'wʌri/ (15 occurrences)

**Português:** se preocupe; te preocupes; preocupar

**Simple English:** To feel anxious about something.

**Example:** *Do not worry about it.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He compares his feelings to a famous poem about a sailor, but reassures his sister not to worry about his safety. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, she saw with worry that their small amount of money was running out, and there was no other way to get support. [Back to B1](#)
3. However, my excitement was mixed with worry.
4. Henry did this to protect them from worry, knowing his father was old and Elizabeth would be very sad.
5. Victor read Elizabeth's letter and said he would write immediately to stop their worry.

**worrying** 'wɜːrɪŋ (4 occurrences)

**Português:** preocupante

**Simple English:** causing concern or anxiety

**Example:** *The news was worrying for many people.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. My mother first agreed, but when she heard Elizabeth's life was in danger, she could not stop worrying. [Back to B1](#)
2. On the third day, my mother got a fever with very worrying signs. [Back to B1](#)
3. This constant worrying made Madame Moritz sick.
4. Waking up can be ruined by a single worrying thought.

**worthless** 'wɜːrθləs (1 occurrence)

**Português:** inútil

**Simple English:** Having no value or use.

**Example:** *The old shoes are now worthless.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Everything I had studied before suddenly seemed worthless. [Back to B1](#)

**wouldn't** *'wʊd.ənt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** não seria

**Simple English:** short form for 'would not', showing a negative future action

**Example:** *It wouldn't be a good story without ghosts.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. If the story didn't do this, it wouldn't be a proper ghost story. [Back to B1](#)

**writer** *'raɪtər* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** escritor

**Simple English:** A person who writes books or articles.

**Example:** *The writer finished his new novel last month.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The writer's feelings for his guest grow stronger every day. [Back to B1](#)
2. The guest listened carefully to the writer's ideas about his project and the steps he had taken. [Back to B1](#)
3. The writer's friend is educated and refined, but the writer believes this man is special and better than anyone else they know. [Back to B1](#)
4. Clerval saw that the writer's happiness changed to sadness after reading a letter from his friends.