

### **An extract from *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Bronte**

. . . I remembered I was lying in the oak closet, and I heard distinctly the gusty wind, and the driving of the snow; I heard also, the fir-bough repeat its teasing sound . . . I resolved to silence it, if possible . . . “I must stop it nevertheless!” I muttered, knocking my knuckles through the glass, and stretching my arm out to seize the importunate branch: instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little ice-cold hand!

The intense horror of nightmare came over me; I tried to draw back my arm, but, the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice, sobbed,

“Let me in— let me in!”

As it spoke, I discerned, obscurely, a child’s face looking through the window—Terror made me cruel; and, finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature off, I pulled its wrist on the broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bedclothes: still it wailed, “Let me in!” and maintained its tenacious gripe, almost maddening me with fear.

1. What is the mood of this extract?
2. What words does the author use to create this mood? Why did the author choose these words?
3. List four things you learn about the narrator.
4. Explain what is happening in this extract.

### **An extract from *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley**

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the results of my labours. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of a half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a violent convulsion shook its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how describe the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful? Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of pearly whiteness; but these features only formed a more horrid contrast to his watery eyes, that seemed almost the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips.

I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep.

1. How is the narrator feeling? Quote 4 things from the extract.
2. What does the creation look like? Quote 4 details.
3. What is the mood of the extract? How can you tell?
4. Are there any contrasts? What are the effects of these?
5. How does the way the final sentence is written in paragraph one build up tension?