**De Aston**

**English Department**

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**Year 7: From Prose to Playscript –**

**Academic Excellence Booklet**

**Name:**

The role of the Academic Excellence Booklet is for you to complete these tasks over the next six weeks. These activities are purposely designed to challenge you, so don’t worry if you find them difficult. You’re meant to! Learning happens when people have to think hard. That being said, your English teacher is a specialist, so ask any of us for help, anytime!

1. Read this extract from Jane Eyre.

The din was on the causeway:  a horse was coming; the windings of  
the lane yet hid it, but it approached.  I was just leaving the  
stile; yet, as the path was narrow, I sat still to let it go by.  In  
those days I was young, and all sorts of fancies bright and dark  
tenanted my mind:  the memories of nursery stories were there  
amongst other rubbish; and when they recurred, maturing youth added  
to them a vigour and vividness beyond what childhood could give.  As  
this horse approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the  
dusk, I remembered certain of Bessie's tales, wherein figured a  
North-of-England spirit called a "Gytrash," which, in the form of  
horse, mule, or large dog, haunted solitary ways, and sometimes came  
upon belated travellers, as this horse was now coming upon me.

It was very near, but not yet in sight; when, in addition to the  
tramp, tramp, I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the  
hazel stems glided a great dog, whose black and white colour made  
him a distinct object against the trees.  It was exactly one form of  
Bessie's Gytrash--a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge  
head:  it passed me, however, quietly enough; not staying to look  
up, with strange pretercanine eyes, in my face, as I half expected  
it would.  The horse followed,--a tall steed, and on its back a  
rider.  The man, the human being, broke the spell at once.  Nothing  
ever rode the Gytrash:  it was always alone; and goblins, to my  
notions, though they might tenant the dumb carcasses of beasts,  
could scarce covet shelter in the commonplace human form.  No  
Gytrash was this,--only a traveller taking the short cut to  
Millcote.  He passed, and I went on; a few steps, and I turned:  a  
sliding sound and an exclamation of "What the deuce is to do now?"  
and a clattering tumble, arrested my attention.  Man and horse were  
down; they had slipped on the sheet of ice which glazed the  
causeway.  The dog came bounding back, and seeing his master in a  
predicament, and hearing the horse groan, barked till the evening  
hills echoed the sound, which was deep in proportion to his  
magnitude.  He snuffed round the prostrate group, and then he ran up  
to me; it was all he could do,--there was no other help at hand to  
summon.  I obeyed him, and walked down to the traveller, by this  
time struggling himself free of his steed.  His efforts were so  
vigorous, I thought he could not be much hurt; but I asked him the  
question -

"Are you injured, sir?"

I think he was swearing, but am not certain; however, he was  
pronouncing some formula which prevented him from replying to me  
directly.

"Can I do anything?" I asked again.

"You must just stand on one side," he answered as he rose, first to  
his knees, and then to his feet.  I did; whereupon began a heaving,  
stamping, clattering process, accompanied by a barking and baying  
which removed me effectually some yards' distance; but I would not  
be driven quite away till I saw the event.  This was finally  
fortunate; the horse was re-established, and the dog was silenced  
with a "Down, Pilot!"  The traveller now, stooping, felt his foot  
and leg, as if trying whether they were sound; apparently something  
ailed them, for he halted to the stile whence I had just risen, and  
sat down.

I was in the mood for being useful, or at least officious, I think,  
for I now drew near him again.

"If you are hurt, and want help, sir, I can fetch some one either  
from Thornfield Hall or from Hay."

Now use this as an opening for your own script. Remember to use all of the conventions of a script. Think about your characters. Will you have a narrator? Remember to use stage directions!

1. Create either a presentation or a speech in which you decide if Frankenstein’s creature was born evil or if he was made evil by society. If society had treated him differently would he have acted in a different way? Or was he evil because he was made out of the body parts of criminals?
2. Do some research into different versions of Frankenstein’s monster in films and Tv shows. How similar are these versions to Mary Shelley’s original description? Why has he been changed? Why do so many people think the monster is called Frankenstein rather than the creature?

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

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

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain; I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her, but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed; when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch–the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh! No mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then, but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

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For more resources, including literacy support, visit www.deastonenglish.com