



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

EMC Study Edition



English
&Media
centre

Acknowledgements

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TEACHERS' NOTES

This English and Media Centre study edition has been designed to help students gain a detailed critical and contextual understanding of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. While primarily intended for GCSE students, it can also be readily adapted for use with 11-14 year olds.

The 'Before Reading' activities have been designed to give students a flavour of Dickens' writing and the times in which he lived. They will help to prepare students to tackle the full text, which has been divided into manageable sections. Each section contains 'During Reading' activities, which are designed to help guide students through the text, while familiarising them with important aspects of study.

The extensive 'After Reading' activities provide students with opportunities to explore the novel in detail, while developing their skills of critical analysis and writing. Opportunities to practise exam-style questions have been built into this section, as well as a range of stimulating reading, writing and speaking and listening activities.

The text of the novel has been checked against a published version of the 1843 first edition, with some irregular spellings put in modern form. On several occasions the punctuation in this edition does not match with current Standard usage, particularly when applied to dashes, colons and semi-colons. It was decided to stick with Dickens' original usage in order to give an indication of the speech rhythms he wanted to emphasise in readings of his work.

BEFORE READING

Christmas in 1843

A Christmas Carol was first published in 1843 at the start of what is known as the Victorian Age. It was a time of rapid social changes and the establishment of new traditions, such as those around the celebration of Christmas. For example, the same year saw the first commercially produced Christmas card, shown on page 7.

The central image on the card shows three generations of a family raising a toast to whoever receives it. The images on either side show acts of charity, with food and clothing being given to the poor.

- Look closely at the card with a partner and discuss the following:
 - How is it similar or different to Christmas cards that are sent today?
 - What does it suggest about what British society was like in 1843?
 - What does it suggest about what people did to celebrate and mark Christmas in 1843?

Dickens and Christmas

Charles Dickens had a fascination with Christmas. It features several times in his books. Two extracts are included on page 8.

- Read the accounts of Christmas that he wrote before *A Christmas Carol* and discuss the following with your partner:
 - How is Christmas shown in each extract?
 - What do the extracts suggest about Dickens' personal view of Christmas?
 - How do you think Christmas might be shown in *A Christmas Carol* based on these extracts?

Different versions of *A Christmas Carol*

- In pairs, discuss what you notice about the images on page 9, all DVD covers or posters for different versions of *A Christmas Carol*.
- Based on these, what do you expect to find in the novel?



Extract 1

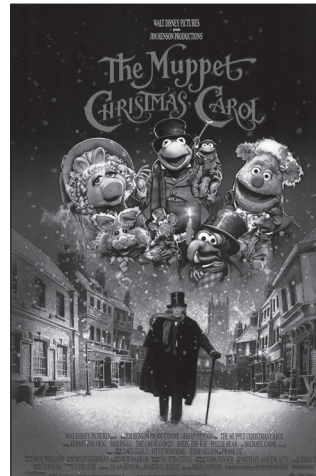
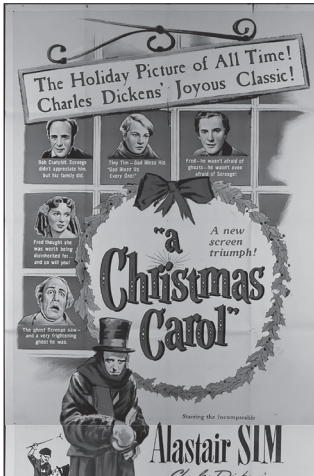
Who can be insensible to the out-pourings of good feeling, and the honest interchange of affectionate attachment, which abound at this season of the year? A Christmas family-party! We know nothing in nature more delightful! There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas. Petty jealousies and discords are forgotten; social feelings are awakened, in bosoms to which they have long been strangers; father and son, or brother and sister, who have met and passed with averted gaze, or a look of cold recognition, for months before, proffer and return the cordial embrace, and bury their past animosities in their present happiness. Kindly hearts that have yearned towards each other, but have been withheld by false notions of pride and self-dignity, are again reunited, and all is kindness and benevolence! Would that Christmas lasted the whole year through (as it ought), and that the prejudices and passions which deform our better nature, were never called into action among those to whom they should ever be strangers!

From Charles Dickens, 'A Christmas Dinner' (1836)

Extract 2

And numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered, far and wide, in the restless struggles of life, are then reunited, and meet once again in that happy state of companionship, and mutual goodwill, which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilised nations, and the rude traditions of the rudest savages, alike number it among the first joys of a future condition of existence, provided for the blest and happy! ... Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; and transport the sailor and the traveller thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!

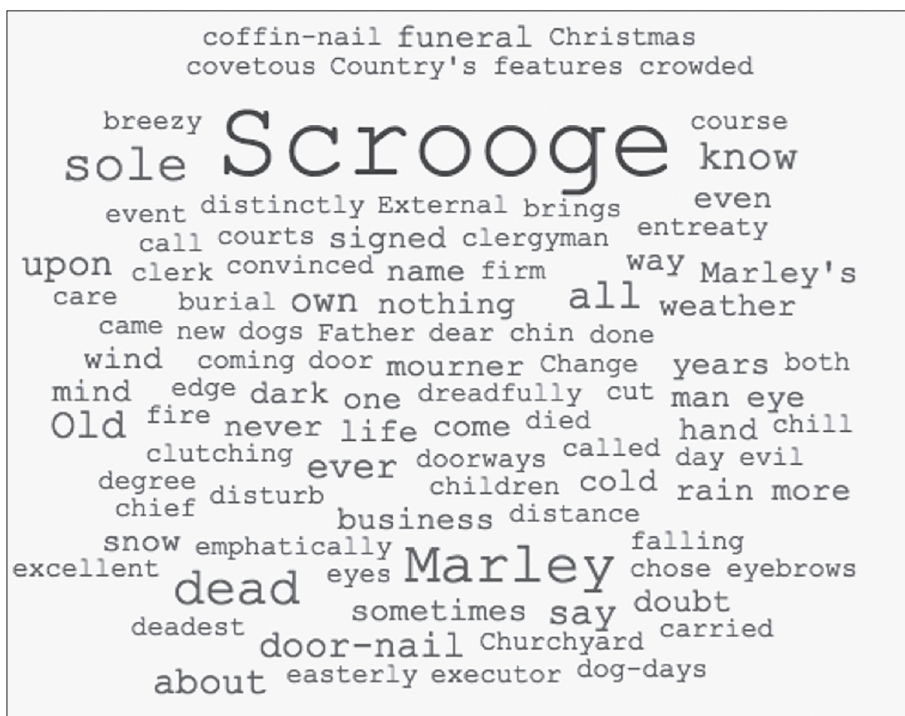
From Charles Dickens, The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club (1836-37)



Key words and motifs

In pairs, explore the word cloud below. It contains the most significant words from the first two pages of *A Christmas Carol*, with the size of the word based on the number of times it occurs.

- What groups of linked words can you find in the cloud, for instance words to do with weather? What themes do these suggest that the novel will explore?
- Based on these words, what kinds of things do you think might happen in the opening section?
- Write the opening paragraph to a short story that includes at least 10 of the words in the cloud.
- When you have read the first two pages, return to this section and see how well your answers matched what actually happens in the story.



Dickens' World – Common Themes and Style of Writing

Dickens is perhaps the most famous novelist ever to have written in the English language, with his work still widely read all over the world.

- In pairs, read the extracts below that come from some of his other novels.
- Based on these extracts, what themes do you think he might commonly write about?
- What do the extracts suggest about his writing style? (Think about the vocabulary he uses, how he uses sentences and his tone of voice.)

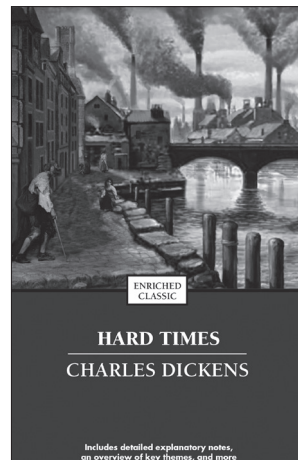
Extract 1: from *Hard Times*

‘Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to facts, sir!’

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speaker’s square forefinger emphasised his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster’s sleeve.

Extract 2: from *The Old Curiosity Shop*

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird – a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed – was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever.



Extract 3: from *Great Expectations*

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself – for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet – when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling while he ate the bread ravenously.

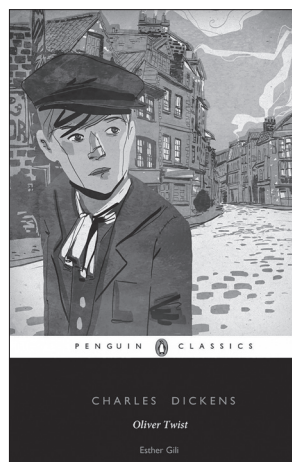
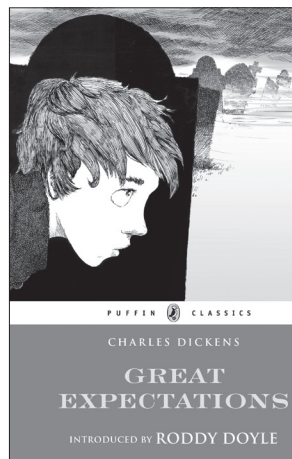
‘You young dog,’ said the man, licking his lips, ‘what fat cheeks you ha’ got.’

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

Extract 4: from *Oliver Twist*

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook’s uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered each other, and winked at Oliver; while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said: somewhat alarmed at his own temerity:

‘Please, sir, I want some more.’



STAVE 1

MARLEY'S GHOST

Before Reading Stave 1, Section A

The Preface

- Look at Dickens' preface to the book, below.
 - What tone does Dickens set in this preface?
 - What type of relationship is he establishing with the reader?

PREFACE

I HAVE endeavoured in this Ghostly little book, to raise the Ghost of an Idea, which shall not put my readers out of humour with themselves, with each other, with the season, or with me.

May it haunt their houses pleasantly, and no one wish to lay it.

Their faithful Friend and
Servant,

C. D. December, 1843.



Establishing Scrooge's character

As you are reading this section think about how Dickens establishes Scrooge's character.

- What kind of man is he?
- How is he described?
- How does he compare with other characters in this section?

Stave I¹:

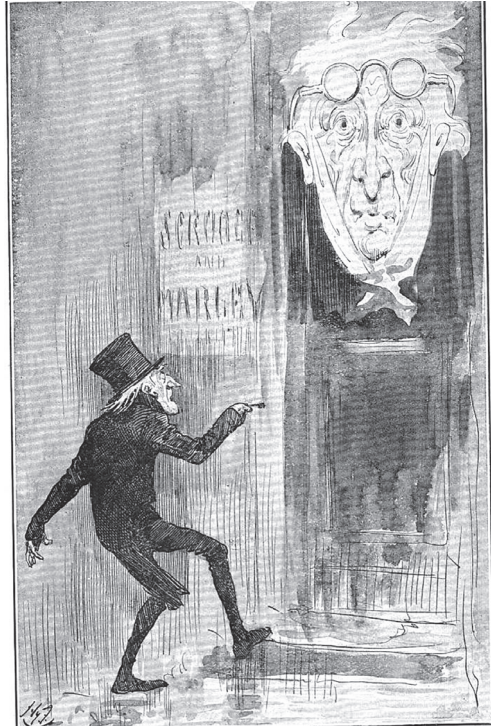
MARLEY'S GHOST

MARLEY was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change² for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade.

But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor³, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee⁴, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain.



¹ A 'stave' usually refers to the five lines on which musical notes are written. Here it is used instead of 'chapter'

² Short for 'The Royal Exchange', the centre of the London financial system

³ Person appointed to carry out the terms of a will

⁴ The person who gets what is left in someone's will once all debt payments have been made

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father⁵ died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot – say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance – literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime⁶ was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days⁷; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often 'came down'⁸ handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, 'My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?' No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know

5 In Shakespeare's play Hamlet's father was murdered by his Uncle Claudius

6 The frost that covers an object

7 The hottest days of the year

8 Slang for 'gave money'

him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, 'No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!'

But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call 'nuts' to Scrooge.

Once upon a time – of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve – old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house⁹. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside, go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already – it had not been light all day – and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary



⁹ An office in which a business carries out its operations, often to do with accounting

for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

‘A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!’ cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge’s nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

‘Bah!’ said Scrooge, ‘Humbug!’

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge’s, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

‘Christmas a humbug, uncle!’ said Scrooge’s nephew. ‘You don’t mean that, I am sure?’

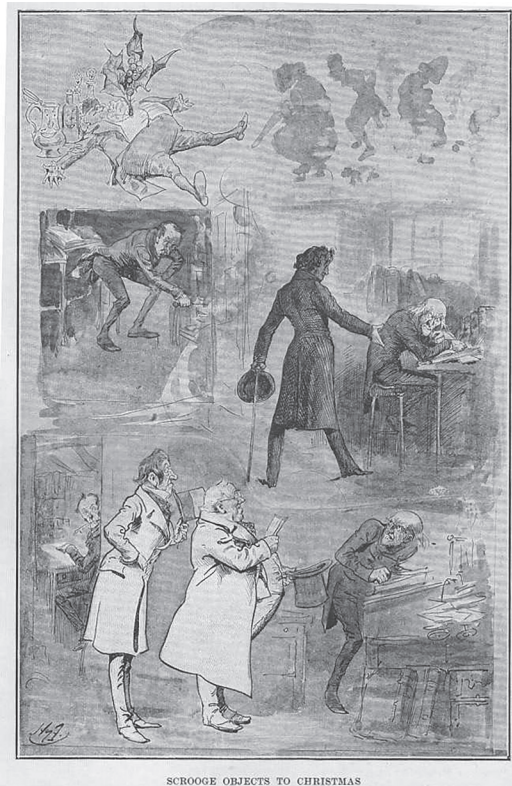
‘I do,’ said Scrooge. ‘Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You’re poor enough.’

‘Come, then,’ returned the nephew gaily. ‘What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You’re rich enough.’

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, ‘Bah!’ again; and followed it up with ‘Humbug.’

‘Don’t be cross, uncle!’ said the nephew.

‘What else can I be,’ returned the uncle, ‘when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What’s Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in ‘em through a round



SCROOGE OBJECTS TO CHRISTMAS

dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will,' said Scrooge indignantly, 'every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!'

'Uncle!' pleaded the nephew.

'Nephew!' returned the uncle, sternly, 'keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.'

'Keep it!' repeated Scrooge's nephew. 'But you don't keep it.'

'Let me leave it alone, then,' said Scrooge. 'Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!'

'There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say,' returned the nephew: 'Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round – apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that – as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!'

The clerk in the Tank¹⁰ involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

'Let me hear another sound from you,' said Scrooge, 'and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir,' he added, turning to his nephew. 'I wonder you don't go into Parliament.'

'Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow.'

Scrooge said that he would see him – yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

'But why?' cried Scrooge's nephew. 'Why?'

¹⁰ Small section of the office in which the clerk worked

‘Why did you get married?’ said Scrooge.

‘Because I fell in love.’

‘Because you fell in love!’ growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. ‘Good afternoon!’

‘Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?’

‘Good afternoon,’ said Scrooge.

‘I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?’

‘Good afternoon,’ said Scrooge.

‘I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I’ll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!’

‘Good afternoon!’ said Scrooge.

‘And A Happy New Year!’

‘Good afternoon!’ said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

‘There’s another fellow,’ muttered Scrooge; who overheard him: ‘my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I’ll retire to Bedlam’¹¹.

¹¹ Short for ‘Bethlehem’, a notorious asylum for the mentally ill

After Reading Stave 1, Section A

Establishing Scrooge's character

- What did you notice about Scrooge's character as you read?
- How does he compare with the two other characters mentioned, Scrooge's nephew, Fred, and his clerk (whose name you will find out later in the book)?
- Remind yourself of the description of Scrooge on pages 20-21 (from 'Oh! But he was a tight-fisted...' to '... 'nuts' to Scrooge!').
 - Read the passage in pairs and pick out the sentence, or part of a sentence, that you think describes him most vividly. Share your choices around the class.
 - Still in your pair, read the statements below and select the two that you think best describe what Dickens is trying to achieve with this description.

Dickens' description of Scrooge is written like this in order to:	
A.	Grab the reader's attention at the very start of the novel.
B.	Match Scrooge's characteristics to the season of winter.
C.	Show off his (Dickens') extravagant writing style to the reader.
D.	Turn the reader against Scrooge from the very beginning.
E.	Establish Scrooge as a caricature (an exaggerated character) rather than a realistic one.
F.	Establish that this novel is partly comic in tone.
G.	Set up themes about kindness, goodness and their opposites.

Dramatising Dickens

Dickens' work has been adapted for stage and screen on numerous occasions. In part this is because his characters are described so colourfully and speak in such memorable dialogue.

- In pairs, remind yourself of the conversation between Scrooge and his nephew at the end of this section (from "A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" on page 22 to the end).
- Develop a reading of this section, using the dialogue only. You should limit yourself to 100-150 words in order to try and get across the essence of what the two men are saying.
- Hear one or two examples of your work around the class and discuss how Scrooge's character comes across and how he compares to his nephew.

FRANKENSTEIN

BY MARY SHELLEY

EMC Study Edition



Acknowledgements

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A note on the text

The text of *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley is out of copyright. This study edition uses the 1818 text, published on Gutenberg and checked against the Norton Critical Edition (ed J. Paul Hunter). Original spelling and punctuation has been retained.

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Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, Robert Louis Stevenson

A Christmas Carol, Charles Dickens

Great Expectations, Charles Dickens (forthcoming late 2016)

Jane Eyre, Charlotte Brontë (forthcoming late 2016)

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Teachers' Notes

A note on the text

The text here follows the first published edition of *Frankenstein* from 1818. We chose this over Shelley's revised 1831 version because we believe it offers a more challenging and intellectually engaging read, particularly in its portrayal of Victor Frankenstein and some of the more minor characters. While there are some significant differences between the two editions, including the way that the chapters are set out, these do not alter the core impact of the novel. Awarding bodies have not expressed a preference for one edition over the other in their examination specifications. Please check with your Awarding Body which edition will be used on the exam papers and alert students, if necessary.

Further exploration of some of the differences can be found on page 224.

The text has been checked against the Norton Critical Edition (ed J. Paul Hunter). Original spelling and punctuation has been retained.

Using this book

This book is part of the EMC Study Edition series of classic novels, each of which contains an original text, in full, along with an extensive range of activities for students to undertake before, during and after reading. We believe that these editions offer the perfect blend of guidance and challenge for developing readers who need to build their critical skills while also gaining a deep, secure understanding of their novel's narrative. To this end we have lightly glossed the text, although we have deliberately not glossed every difficult word. We believe that too much glossing slows reading down to the point where it becomes an obstacle to enjoyment rather than support.

While we believe that the activities in our study editions cover many of the key areas that students need to look at when studying a novel, limitations of space mean that they cannot cover everything. As with all English and Media Centre resources, we encourage teachers to use the suggested activities alongside their own ideas and subject expertise.

Photocopying

This publication is not photocopiable with the exception of the map on page 18, the representation of narrative structure on page 200 and the vocabulary list on page 216. These can also be downloaded and printed off: www.englishandmedia.co.uk/publications and search for 'Frankenstein'.

BEFORE READING

What Are Your Expectations?

The following information is designed to help you anticipate some of what happens in *Frankenstein* (without giving too much away).

- Work through the various elements and then make some predictions.

The title

The full title of the novel is *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*.

In Greek mythology, Prometheus was a god tasked with creating humanity by the supreme god, Zeus. He did, and taught humans all kinds of useful skills, including architecture, astronomy and medicine. However, when he went against Zeus's wishes and gave humans fire, Zeus punished him. He was tied to a rock and every day a giant eagle ate his liver, which miraculously repaired itself every night.

There was a lot of interest in Prometheus at the time when Mary Shelley wrote *Frankenstein*. He was seen as a prototype of the modern scientist in his teaching of humankind, but also as a dangerous figure, prepared to defy authority and to unleash potentially harmful forces.

- What ideas do you have about why Shelley gave her novel the subtitle *The Modern Prometheus*?

The Preface

The novel is prefaced with these lines from *Paradise Lost*, a famous poem by English poet, John Milton:

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me? –

- What do you think these words mean?
- What do they suggest about what you are about to read?

Frankenwords

In 1992 a scientist wrote a letter to the *New York Times* warning against the production of genetically modified foodstuffs. To get his message across, he called such produce **frankenfood**. The use of 'franken' as a prefix caught on from that moment. This involves combining it with another word to suggest something monstrous, usually brought about by scientific intervention. Here are some other examples:

- Frankenfish
- Frankenseeds
- Frankenfarmer
- Frankenfruit
- Frankentrucks

Now we even have 'frankenword' to describe a word that is made from combining two or more words.

- What does the use of 'Franken' from *Frankenstein* suggest about what happens in the book?

Ingredients

Some key ingredients in the novel are listed below.

- What do they add to your expectations of the story?
 - A scientist
 - Secrets
 - An explorer
 - An experiment that goes wrong
 - A series of murders
 - Letters
 - A journal
 - Scenes from family life
 - Ambitious individuals
 - A love affair
 - A close friendship
 - A laboratory
 - Two court cases
 - Travel all over Europe and beyond, including scenes in:
 - Geneva (Switzerland)
 - The French Alps
 - An Austrian university town
 - Germany
 - England
 - Scotland
 - Ireland
 - The Arctic

Key words

The table below includes some of the words that have particular significance in *Frankenstein* (in order of the number of times they occur).

- What strikes you about the words? Do any of the words seem to go together? Do any stand out as different?

Night	93	Companion	30
Heart	81	Science	29
Feelings	76	Kindness	27
Miserable	65	Wretched	24
Love	59	Imagination	23
Nature	53	Endured	23
Hope	50	Enemy	23
Happiness	49	Body	23
Return	49	Vengeance	21
Despair	49	Unhappy	19
Horror	45	Language	19
Creature	44	Creation	19
Journey	36	Passion	18
Fiend	34	Solitude	15
Knowledge	33	Sorrow	15
Peace	32	Divine	12
Existence	31	Sublime	7

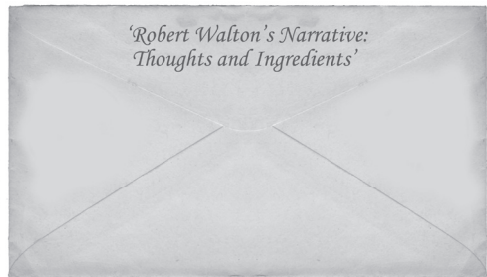
DURING READING

Keeping Track of What's Going On

Frankenstein is written in a very interesting and unusual way. It contains several different narrative voices that are, ultimately, filtered through a single narrator, Robert Walton. This means that when you are reading part of the story narrated by a particular character, you have to remember that it is Walton's record of that particular narration. You are effectively reading a story within a story, what might be called a 'Russian Doll' structure.

To help you keep track of what is going on, you are going to keep a record of various aspects of the novel as you read, including the different narrative voices. You will be able to draw on this work in the 'After Reading activities', where you will also have the chance to explore the narrative structure in more detail.

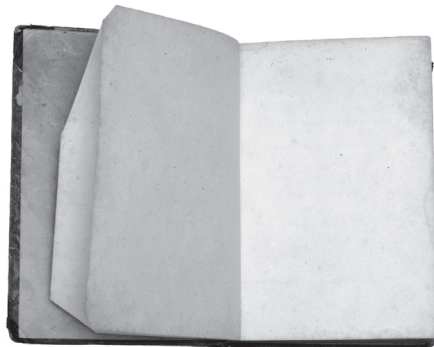
You should keep your record in a large envelope or folder with 'Robert Walton's Narrative: Thoughts and Ingredients' written on the outside. This is to remind you that everything in the narrative comes through Walton.



As you read, you will fill your envelope with the following:

Thoughts and speculations

The text has been split up into several 'pause points'. After each one, you will be given the opportunity to write down your thoughts about what you have just read and to speculate about what is going to happen next.



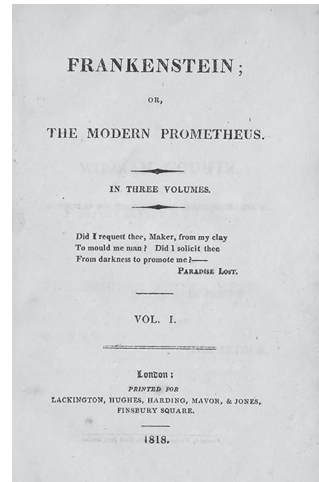
SECTION 1

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me? –

Paradise Lost.

* * * * *

TO WILLIAM GODWIN,
AUTHOR OF POLITICAL JUSTICE,
CALEB WILLIAMS, &c. THESE
VOLUMES Are respectfully inscribed
BY THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE

The event on which this fiction is founded has been supposed, by Dr. Darwin¹, 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.

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

¹ Erasmus Darwin, 1731-1802, developed some of the earliest theories of evolution. He was Charles Darwin's grandfather.

PAUSE POINT 1

After Walton's Letters and Early Journal Entries

The Preface

As a whole class, re-read the Preface that came before the section you have just read.

- What aspects of the Preface are reflected in this opening section?
- What aspects of the Preface are you still anticipating reading about?

Getting to know Robert Walton

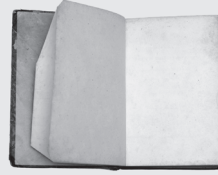
In one way or another, the whole of *Frankenstein* is told through Robert Walton.

- Working with a partner, range through his opening letters and journal entries, identifying points where he reveals something about his character.
- Compile two lists about his character:
 1. Biographical facts. For example, for one year he tried to be a poet.
 2. What can be inferred or deduced. For example, he has a romantic spirit (as suggested by his desire to be a poet).
- Share your findings and conclusions round the class before discussing what kind of narrator you think Walton will be. For example, is he reliable? Does he have an eye for detail? Does he look at the world in a particular way? What is he doing and why?

SECTION 2

Coming up in the next section...

- Here are some of the key things to think about and look out for when reading up to the next pause point:
 - The significance of family to Victor Frankenstein (who is the narrator at this point, though we have not yet been given his name).
 - The type of education Victor Frankenstein receives.
 - Victor Frankenstein's attitude towards scientists and scientific discovery.



VOLUME 1

Chapter I

I am by birth a Genevese¹⁶; and my family is one of the most distinguished of that republic. My ancestors had been for many years counsellors and syndics¹⁷; 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; and it was not until the decline of life that he thought of marrying, and bestowing on the state sons who might carry his virtues and his name down to posterity.

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

¹⁶ Someone from Geneva, in Switzerland

¹⁷ Government officials



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

BY CHARLES DICKENS

EMC Full Text Study Edition

Classroom materials written and edited by Andrew McCallum

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Text: *Great Expectations* (out of copyright). The text in this edition is from www.gutenberg.org and has been checked against the Norton Critical Edition, edited by Edgar Rosenberg (New edition, 1999)

Cover: Oscar Kennedy as Young Pip in the BBC adaptation of *Great Expectations*, 2011

Maps on pages 385 and 386: © Rebecca Scambler, 2016

Black and white illustration of St Peters, Near Broadstairs, Kent, England (19th century); Timewatch Images/Alamy Stock Photo

Pen and ink drawings from *Great Expectations* used throughout the text are John McLenan's original illustrations for the serialisation in *Harper's Weekly* (1860-61) and are in the public domain.

Page 12: 'You Young Dog', said the man; page 19: The gibbet on the marshes; page 24: Magwitch alone on the marshes, trying to remove his manacle; page 29: Pumblechook, Pip and Mrs Joe; page 42: Mrs. Joe roughly washes and dries Pip's face; page 44: Pip and Joe by the hearth; page 53: 'Who is it?' said the lady at the table; page 61: 'Leave this lad to me, Ma'am; leave this lad to me'; page 65: 'At such times as your sister is on the rampage'; page 75: 'It's a great cake. A bride-cake. Mine!'; page 109: Pip, Biddy, followed by Orlick; page 117: 'Pip's a gentleman of fortune, then -' said Joe; page 129: Pip and Biddy sitting on a bank in the Marshes; page 137: 'You infernal scoundrel, how dare you tell me that-'; page 160: 'This chap murdered his master'; page 189: We walked round the garden twice or thrice; page 194: 'Hold me! I'm so frightened'; page 236: She carried a bare candle in her hand; page 287: The Aged P., Wemmick's father, at the hearth; page 292: 'Look here-', said Herbert; page 297: Let me sit listening as I would, with dread; page 306: I saw her running at me, shrieking, with a whirl of fire blazing all about her; page 339: He was taken on board, and instantly manacled at the wrists and ankles; page 352: Joe now sat down to his great work,-etc; page 368: I saw no shadow of another parting with her

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Page 398: '*Great Expectations* and Class' by John Bowen (<https://www.bl.uk/romantics-and-victorians/articles/great-expectations-and-class>); Page 399: Crime in *Great Expectations*' by John Mullan (<https://www.bl.uk/romantics-and-victorians/articles/crime-in-great-expectations>)

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Using This Book

This book is part of the EMC Full Text Study Edition series of classic novels, each of which contains an original text, in full, along with an extensive range of activities for students to undertake before, during and after reading. We believe that these editions offer the perfect blend of guidance and challenge for developing readers who need to build their critical skills while also gaining a deep, secure understanding of their novel's narrative. To this end we have lightly glossed the text. As we believe that too much glossing slows reading down to the point where it becomes an obstacle to enjoyment rather than support, we have deliberately not glossed every difficult word.

The activities in our study editions cover many of the key areas that students need to look at when studying a novel, but due to limitations of space do not cover everything. As with all English and Media Centre resources, we encourage teachers to use the suggested activities alongside their own ideas and subject expertise.

The novel has been divided into 12 sections. These sections are not all of the same length but reflect sensible points to pause in the narrative. In some of the longer sections you may want to pause at the end of chapters to check understanding and to speculate about the development of the story.

A note on the text

As with many 19th-century texts, different editions differ in punctuation and spelling, with some editions modernising both. The text in this edition is from www.gutenberg.org and has been checked against the Norton Critical Edition, edited by Edgar Rosenberg. Chapter numbering is sequential from 1 to 59.

Photocopying

This publication is not photocopiable with the exception of pages 383 and the maps on pages 386 and 387. A4 versions of these pages can also be downloaded from the English and Media Centre website. Please go to www.englishandmedia.co.uk/publications and search for 'Great Expectations'.

BEFORE READING

Expectations of *Great Expectations*

Life in 1860

- Read the list of facts below about Britain in 1860, the year that *Great Expectations* was published.

The average life expectancy was 41 years.
Women who married in 1860 on average had six children.
300 in every 1000 children died before the age of 5.
20% of girls and 37% of boys aged 10-14 worked full-time.
The average working week was 70 hours long.
London's population was 2.5 to 3 million, and Britain's was about 29 million.
There was no state education system guaranteeing an education for all.
Literacy rates were 60% for women and 70% for men.
There was no National Health Service or social security system to support those who were ill or in need of financial assistance.

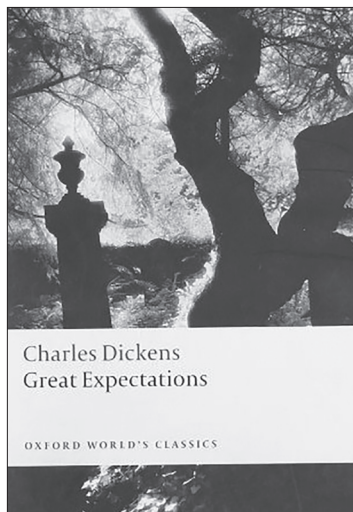
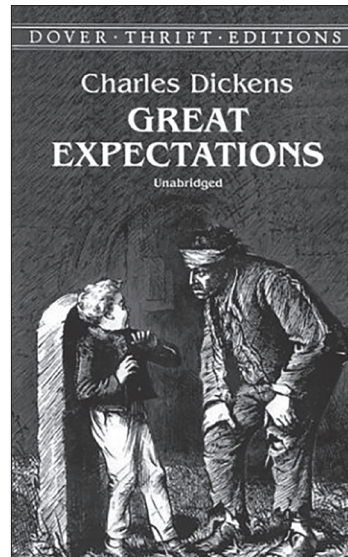
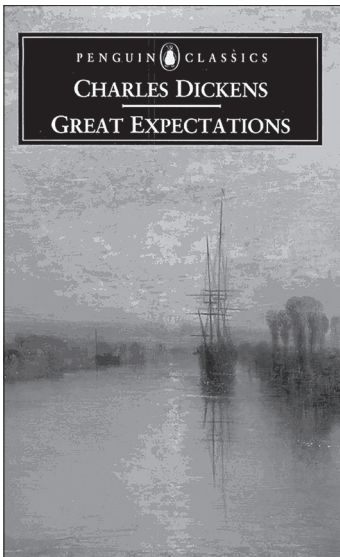
- What do these figures suggest about life in 1860. How, for example, does it compare with life today?
- What might average expectations have been for someone in Britain at this time? And what might great expectations have been?

N.B. *Great Expectations* actually takes place in the years before it was published. The exact dates aren't mentioned, but are probably around 1812-1840.

Front covers

Here are three very different covers for editions of *Great Expectations*.

- Write down your thoughts about what each suggests about the novel: what it might be about, where it might be set, what type of story it is likely to be, and so on.
- Comment on why you think one novel has produced such different front covers.
- Compare your responses as a whole class.



Key words

Below are some of the key words in *Great Expectations*, along with the number of times in which they occur.

- Which words stand out? Can you see any patterns?
- Make some predictions about the story based on these words; for example, about setting, action, themes and characters.

boy	220	love	60	truth	23
house	186	river	59	fear	22
eyes	180	guardian	56	grave	22
face	166	marshes	52	girl	20
gentleman	123	boat	49	murder	20
light	144	book	45	dread	19
friend(s)	102	fortune(s)	43	daylight	15
child/children	89	afraid	41	darkness	14
hope	86	family	39	benefactor	13
London	80	secret	37	jail	13
dark	71	expectations	29	avenger	11
change/changed	69	village	29	justice	11
convict(s)	64	wretched	26	haunted	10
business	62	stranger	25		

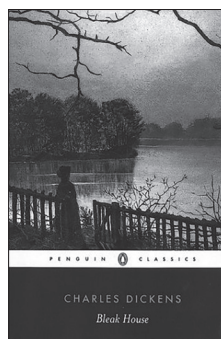
Dickens' Writing Style

Dickens was hugely popular in his own time and to this day is still widely read around the world.

- Read the opening sentences from three of his novels below.
- Discuss what these extracts suggest about Dickens' writing style, thinking carefully about, for example, word choices and the tone created.
- Based on your discussion, jot down three things that are distinctive about Dickens' style.
- Now read the first two paragraphs of *Great Expectations*. In what ways is it similar or different in style compared to the openings to Dickens' other novels?

Extract 1: from *Bleak House*

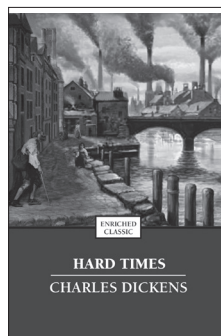
London. Michaelmas Term lately over, and the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snow-flakes – gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs, undistinguishable in mire. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers.



Extract 2: from *Hard Times*

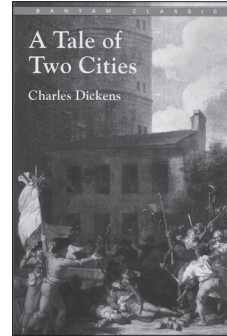
'Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!'

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a schoolroom, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasised his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve.



Extract 3: from *A Tale of Two Cities*

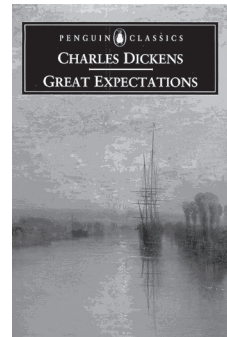
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way - in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.



Great Expectations – the first two paragraphs

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister – Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, '*Also Georgiana Wife of the Above,*' I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine – who gave up trying to get a living, exceedingly early in that universal struggle – I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.



Chapter I

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister – Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, *'Also Georgiana Wife of the Above,'* I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges¹, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine – who gave up trying to get a living, exceedingly early in that universal struggle – I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things, seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

'Hold your noise!' cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. 'Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!'

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron² on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

'O! Don't cut my throat, sir,' I pleaded in terror. 'Pray don't do it, sir.'

'Tell us your name!' said the man. 'Quick!'

'Pip, sir.'

¹ The tombstones of the five brothers

² A chain

‘Once more,’ said the man, staring at me. ‘Give it mouth!’

‘Pip. Pip, sir.’

‘Show us where you live,’ said the man. ‘Pint out the place!’

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards³, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself – for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my legs – when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling while he ate the bread ravenously.

‘You young dog,’ said the man, licking his lips at me, ‘what fat cheeks you ha’ got.’

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

‘Darn Me if I couldn’t eat em,’ said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, ‘and if I han’t half a mind to’t!’

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn’t, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

‘Now lookee here!’ said the man. ‘Where’s your mother?’

‘There, sir!’ said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

‘There, sir!’ I timidly explained. ‘Also Georgiana. That’s my mother.’

‘Oh!’ said he, coming back. ‘And is that your father alonger your mother?’

‘Yes, sir,’ said I; ‘him too; late of this parish.’

‘Ha!’ he muttered then, considering. ‘Who d’ye live with – supposin’ you’re kindly let to live, which I han’t made up my mind about?’

‘My sister, sir – Mrs. Joe Gargery – wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.’

‘Blacksmith, eh?’ said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and me several times, he came closer to my



³ Tree with top branches chopped off to encourage new growth

tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

'Now lookee here,' he said, 'the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file⁴ is?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And you know what wittles⁵ is?'

'Yes, sir.'

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

'You get me a file.' He tilted me again. 'And you get me wittles.' He tilted me again. 'You bring 'em both to me.' He tilted me again. 'Or I'll have your heart and liver out.' He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, 'If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more.'

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then, he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

'You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery⁶ over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it wery hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?'

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

'Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!' said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

'Now,' he pursued, 'you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!'

'Goo-good night, sir,' I faltered.

4 Hand-tool with sharp teeth used to cut through metal

5 Mispronunciation of 'victuals', meaning food

6 A fort with gun emplacements, probably built during the Napoleonic Wars in the early 19th century



STRANGE CASE OF
DR JEKYLL & MR HYDE

EMC Study Edition



English
&Media
centre

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TEACHERS' NOTES

A note on the text

Stevenson's novel is divided into 10 chapters. Several of these are very long. In this study edition, the text has been divided into 14 manageable sections. Each section is preceded by ideas to support student's active reading of, and engagement with, the text and brief follow up activities. The table below shows how Stevenson's chapters relate to the sections in this edition:

Sections in this edition	Chapters in the novel
Section 1	Ch 1: Story of the Door
Sections 2a & 2b	Ch 2: Search for Mr Hyde
Section 3	Ch 3: Dr Jekyll Was Quite at Ease
Section 4	Ch 4: The Carew Murder Case
Section 5	Ch 5: Incident of the Letter
Section 6	Ch 6: Remarkable Incident Of Dr Lanyon
Section 7	Ch 7: Incident at the Window
Sections 8a & 8b	Ch 8: The Last Night
Sections 9	Ch9: Dr Lanyon's Narrative
Sections 10a, 10b & 10c	Ch 10: Henry Jekyll's Full Statement of the Case

Glossing

We have lightly glossed the text. We made the decision not to gloss every unfamiliar word, believing that this is likely to slow the reading down to the point where it becomes an obstacle to enjoyment, rather than support.

Adaptations

There are many readily available drama scripts, graphic novels and film versions, which you might like to use to introduce the text, support your teaching of it, or for revision. Details of some available adaptations can be found on page 176.

Photocopying

This publication is not photocopiable. However, the map on page 17, the extract on page 155 and the summary cards on pages 131-133 can be photocopied.

Victorian London

Stevenson chose to set his story in London, which at the time he was writing was the largest city in the world and was still rapidly expanding. The huge numbers of inventions and improvements in technology led to the era just before Stevenson was born being termed the 'Industrial Revolution'. One of the results of that period was the large-scale movement of people from the countryside to the towns, and many of these people ended up in London.

As the centre of trade and commerce, London benefited enormously from the Industrial Revolution and was not only the largest but also one of the most impressive cities in the world. However, the wealth did not benefit everyone, and there were large numbers of extremely poor people living on the streets and in overcrowded slums. Education was only compulsory up to the age of 10 and there were no welfare or national health systems. It's not surprising that many of the poorest took to crime and prostitution to make a living.

Victorian London was famous for magnificent sights, the latest fashions, high society and beautiful, wealthy houses. It was also famous for thick fog caused by the coal fires people used to heat their homes. Streets had limited lighting and plenty of manure underfoot from the horse-drawn carriages and omnibuses used for transport. It must have been a pretty smelly place!

Taking a walk through Jekyll and Hyde's London

Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde takes place mainly in two areas of London: Cavendish Square near Harley Street and Soho. In real life you can easily walk between these two areas.

- Divide the class in half. One half is going to work on the image of Soho on page 11, the other half is going to work on the image of Cavendish Square on page 12.

Soho

This is an image of Soho in Victorian times. Soho is an area of London which has a long history associated with vice – drugs, gambling, prostitution and crime. In *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, this is where Hyde has a house.

- With a partner, look closely at the image, noticing details such as the children playing in the gutter and the kinds of people portrayed. What would it be like to walk around in this area? Brainstorm words and phrases which come to mind as you look at the image, think about its connections with the darker side of London and draw on what you know about Victorian London. Try to use all your senses.



Cavendish Square

This is an image of Cavendish Square in Victorian times. Cavendish Square is on Harley Street, a street associated with doctors and medicine. In *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, this is the area in which Dr Jekyll lives.

- With a partner, look closely at the image, noticing details, such as the glimpse of a garden behind the wall and the kinds of people out walking. What would it be like to walk around the square? Brainstorm words and phrases which come to mind as you look at the image and think about its medical connections and what you know about Victorian London. Try to use all your senses.



Taking your walk

The two areas of London you have been looking at are within walking distance of each other. You are going to take a virtual walk from one to the other.

- The class should now form two lines facing each other. Take it in turns to walk in groups of three or four down between the lines as one side speaks words and phrases describing Soho, and then back up the lines as the other side speaks words and phrases describing Cavendish Square.
- As a class, reflect on the activity. Talk about your expectations of a novel set in these areas of London during the Victorian period.

SECTION 1

Reading Chapter 1 – Story of the Door

Introducing Utterson

In the ‘Story of the Door’, Stevenson plunges us into the world of 19th-century London and a witness’s account of a disturbing and mysterious encounter. But before we get to these excitements, he gives us a long description of Mr Utterson, the lawyer, and his friendship with Richard Enfield, his cousin.

The first couple of paragraphs are quite a challenge! Stevenson packs a lot of information into them, to give the reader a picture of Utterson’s character.

Some of the descriptions are fairly straightforward – even if the language is unfamiliar. For example:

‘a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile’

means he doesn’t smile very much.

Some of the descriptions need more unpicking. For example:

‘He was austere with himself: drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages’

From this we learn that not only does Utterson live a very plain life, but he *deliberately* chooses to drink gin rather than wine (‘vintages’) because he likes fine wine and wants to deaden his taste for it!

And some of the descriptions are quite knotty – even experienced readers and critics disagree over exactly what Stevenson means. An example of this is Utterson’s description of himself as inclining to ‘Cain’s heresy’. You’ll have chance to think a bit about this after reading the chapter – don’t worry about it for now.

Even though it can be frustrating not to understand everything, try not to get hung up on every word or reference that puzzles you. That will slow you down and stop you enjoying the story. The most important thing is to get the general idea about what the characters are like and what is happening. You can always follow up the trickier references later, to see what the extra information adds to your understanding or enjoyment of the story.

- Give this a go by reading the first two paragraphs down to 'he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour'. In pairs, put together a 'thumbnail description' of Utterson in your own words. What sort of man is he? Is there anything unusual about him?
- Compare your descriptions across the class. Agree two or three phrases or short quotations to add to your Utterson character profile.

The opening chapter – what's most important?

The first chapter includes the different elements listed below (out of order).

- Read up to the first pause point and agree which of these elements were introduced in this section.
- Then continue reading to the next pause point and do the same again.
- After reading the complete chapter, talk about which of these elements you found most intriguing or exciting.

The different elements of Chapter 1

- The mystery of the cheque.
- The description of Mr Utterson's unease.
- The description of the sinister building.
- The decision to talk no more about this incident.
- The description of the London streets.
- The history of the friendship between Utterson and Enfield.
- Enfield's decision to tell Utterson his story of the door.
- Naming Hyde.
- The description of Mr Utterson's appearance and character.
- The trampling of the little girl and her family's anger.
- The story of the will.

Chapter 1

Story of the Door

Mr UTTERSON the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment¹; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beamed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when



he was alone, to mortify² a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. 'I incline to Cain's heresy³,' he used to say quaintly: 'I let my brother go to the devil in his own way.' In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of down-going men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

1. Mr Utterson doesn't show his feelings.

2. Subdue – Mr Utterson uses self discipline to overcome his desire for old wines.

3. Cain was the elder son of Adam and Eve who murdered his brother Abel. Asked by God where his brother Abel is, Cain replied 'Am I my brother's keeper?' 'Heresy': a provocative belief, at odds with established beliefs. Mr Utterson doesn't believe in making himself responsible for the actions of other people.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity⁴ of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt, the bond that united him to Mr Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull, and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

PAUSE 1

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the week-days. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed, and all emulously⁵ hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their gains in coquetry⁶; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east, the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point, a certain sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower storey and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature, the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon

4. Broad-minded, accepting, wide-ranging.

5. Copying others in hoping to do better.

6. Flirtatious behaviour.

the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

Mr Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

PAUSE 2

‘Did you ever remark that door?’ he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, ‘It is connected in my mind,’ added he, ‘with a very odd story.’

‘Indeed?’ said Mr Utterson, with a slight change of voice, ‘and what was that?’

‘Well, it was this way,’ returned Mr Enfield: ‘I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o’clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep – street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church – till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child’s body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn’t like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut⁷. I gave a view-halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl’s own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones⁸; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child’s family, which was only natural. But the doctor’s case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a

⁷ Unstoppable force or fate that crushes people.

⁸ Slang for doctor.

bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this, as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies⁹. I never saw



a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black, sneering coolness – frightened too, I could see that – but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. ‘If you choose to make capital out of this accident,’ said he, ‘I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,’ says he. ‘Name your figure.’ Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child’s family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door? – whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts’s¹⁰, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can’t mention, though it’s one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that, if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out of it with another man’s cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. ‘Set

⁹ In Greek mythology, birds with women's faces who carried men to their deaths.

¹⁰ Bank to royalty or aristocracy, opened in 1755.

your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.' So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine.'

'Tut-tut,' said Mr Utterson.

'I see you feel as I do,' said Mr Enfield. 'Yes, it's a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the proprieties, celebrated too, and (what makes it worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good. Blackmail, I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the capers of his youth. Black Mail House is what I call that place with the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far from explaining all,' he added, and with the words fell into a vein of musing.

PAUSE 3

From this he was recalled by Mr Utterson asking rather suddenly: 'And you don't know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?'

'A likely place, isn't it?' returned Mr Enfield. 'But I happen to have noticed his address; he lives in some square or other.'

'And you never asked about the – place with the door?' said Mr Utterson.

'No, sir: I had a delicacy,' was the reply. 'I feel very strongly about putting questions; it partakes too much of the style of the day of judgment. You start a question, and it's like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently some bland old bird (the last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back garden and the family have to change their name. No, sir, I make it a rule of mine: the more it looks like Queer Street¹¹, the less I ask.'

'A very good rule, too,' said the lawyer.

'But I have studied the place for myself,' continued Mr Enfield. 'It seems scarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one but, once in a great while, the gentleman of my adventure. There are three windows looking on the court on the first floor; none below; the windows are always shut but they're clean. And then there is a chimney

¹¹ From the phrase 'He's in Queer Street' meaning in trouble, usually financial.

which is generally smoking; so somebody must live there. And yet it's not so sure; for the buildings are so packed together about that court, that it's hard to say where one ends and another begins.'

The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then, 'Enfield,' said Mr Utterson, 'that's a good rule of yours.'

'Yes, I think it is,' returned Enfield.

'But for all that,' continued the lawyer, 'there's one point I want to ask: I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child.'

'Well,' said Mr Enfield, 'I can't see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde.'

'Hm,' said Mr Utterson. 'What sort of a man is he to see?'

'He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something downright detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn't specify the point. He's an extraordinary looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no hand of it; I can't describe him. And it's not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment.'

Mr Utterson again walked some way in silence and obviously under a weight of consideration. 'You are sure he used a key?' he inquired at last.

'My dear sir...' began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

'Yes, I know,' said Utterson; 'I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party, it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale has gone home. If you have been inexact in any point, you had better correct it.'

'I think you might have warned me,' returned the other, with a touch of sullenness. 'But I have been pedantically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and what's more, he has it still. I saw him use it, not a week ago.'

Mr Utterson sighed deeply but said never a word; and the young man presently resumed. 'Here is another lesson to say nothing,' said he. 'I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again.'

'With all my heart,' said the lawyer. 'I shake hands on that, Richard.'

After Reading Chapter 1

Hearing the 'voice' of the narrative

In the nineteenth century, when Stevenson's novel was first published, families would often listen to a novel being read aloud.

- Working in groups of three, choose a short section from Chapter 1 that you think would work well as a dramatic reading.
- Practise reading it aloud, with one of you reading the narrative, and the other two reading Utterson and Enfield's dialogue.
- Experiment with reading in different styles (for example, very dramatic and exaggerated, or calm and understated). Which do you think works best? Why is this?
- Listen to a few of the dramatic readings. Talk about the sections different groups chose for their reading. Did any work particularly well?
- How has preparing a reading and listening to dramatic readings helped you understand Chapter 1? Did it reveal anything new to you or give you a better sense of what the two characters are like? Share your thoughts.

Mr Utterson's quaint remark

Mr Utterson is a man who doesn't judge people, even when they have done something wrong. For this reason he is often the man people turn to when they are in trouble and no-one else will help them.

Stevenson gives Mr Utterson a bit of dialogue to describe this side of his personality:

'I incline to Cain's heresy', he used to say quaintly: 'I let my brother go to the devil in his own way.'

'Heresy' is something which goes against accepted beliefs, especially those of a religion.

In the Old Testament of the Bible, Cain murders his own brother Abel. When God asks him where Abel is, he replies 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

What does Utterson mean? Why has Stevenson made him say this?

- Use the statements below to help you think about what Utterson means and why Stevenson has made him say this. Choose the two statements you most agree with or find most persuasive.

Utterson is saying it's not his problem if people get into trouble – he can't be expected to take responsibility for them.

Utterson is making a clever joke to explain why he is so tolerant.

Mr Utterson is being modest – he's playing down the fact that he helps people who are in trouble.

Mr Utterson uses a biblical reference to show he's not interested in what sins people commit. He won't judge them.

The fact that Mr Utterson compares himself to Cain, the brother who committed murder is confusing. Cain was just trying to take attention away from the sin he had committed by saying he couldn't 'keep' or look after his brother.

Mr Utterson isn't worried about following conventional beliefs. He might be quite proud of standing out on his own.

- As you read the novel, think about how far it is true that Mr Utterson lets 'his brother go to the devil in his own way'.

The Victorian gentleman

The Victorian period was a time of great social change, with a new middle class who owed their wealth and power to success in business rather than through being a member of the aristocracy. This led to debates about whether you could only be a 'gentleman' by birth, or whether you could become one by behaving a certain way.

- Read through the words and phrases, below, which could be used to describe the ideal of the Victorian gentleman.

The Victorian gentleman

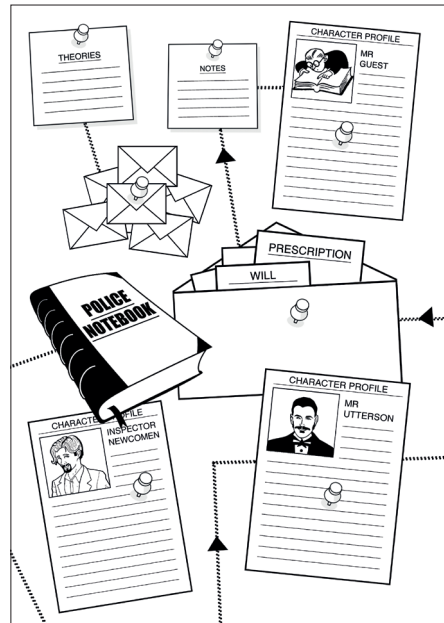
- Honest
 - A dependable and loyal friend and relative
 - Never does anything to cause another person to feel awkward, angry, embarrassed or upset
 - Maintains a dignified and calm exterior at all times
 - Restrained – suppresses strongly felt emotions and resists 'animal urges' (especially sexual feeling)
 - Religious
 - Rational and cultured
 - Does not bear grudges
 - Kind and considerate towards those weaker or less well-off than himself
 - Of aristocratic birth, or in a 'good' job (vicar, lawyer, doctor, for example)
 - Financially secure
 - Of good, moral reputation
 - Does not get involved in gossip, rumour or anything which might ruin another gentleman's reputation
 - Patient
- With a partner, discuss which of these values you think are still considered important today. Do they all apply equally to women and men, or do you think they are still mainly about male behaviour?

Completing your 'Case File'

From the very first chapter, Stevenson introduces some puzzling and intriguing elements.

- What is the importance of the will?
- What is the mystery surrounding the cheque?
- Who is Mr Hyde and why does he provoke such a strong reaction in people?

Begin your 'Case File' on the *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* by adding to the following sections.



Notes

- Questions/things you don't understand.
- Any ideas and theories you have about what is going on.

Character profile

- Anything you've learned about Utterson.

Documents

- Adding the documents mentioned in this section to your document file or envelope.

The map

- Where do Utterson and Enfield walk? Where does Enfield see Hyde trample the girl? Annotate the map with your ideas.

JANE EYRE

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË

EMC Full Text Study Edition



Classroom materials written and edited by Lucy Webster

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USING THIS BOOK

This book is part of the EMC Full Text Study Edition series of classic novels, each of which contains an original text, in full, along with an extensive range of activities for students to undertake before, during and after reading. We believe that these editions offer the perfect blend of guidance and challenge for developing readers who need to build their critical skills while also gaining a deep, secure understanding of their novel's narrative. To this end we have lightly glossed the text. As we believe that too much glossing slows reading down to the point where it becomes an obstacle to enjoyment rather than support, we have deliberately not glossed every difficult word.

The activities in our study editions cover many of the key areas that students need to look at when studying a novel, but due to limitations of space do not cover everything. As with all English and Media Centre resources, we encourage teachers to use the suggested activities alongside their own ideas and subject expertise.

The novel has been divided into 12 sections. These sections are not all of the same length but reflect sensible points to pause in the narrative. In some of the longer sections you may want to pause at the end of chapters to check understanding, speculate about the development of the story or to complete some of the 'Reading the Novel' tasks suggested on pages 11-13.

A note on the text

As with many 19th-century texts, different editions differ in punctuation and spelling, with some editions modernising both. The text in this edition is from www.gutenberg.org and has been checked against the Norton Critical Edition, edited by Richard J Dunn. Chapter numbering is sequential from 1 to 38. In the three-volume form, Volume 1 comprised Chapters 1-15, Volume 2 comprised Chapters 16-26 and Volume 3 comprised Chapters 27-38.

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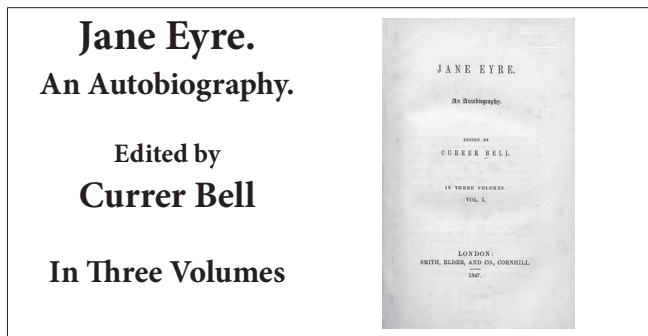
BEFORE READING

Exploring Your Expectations

The title

The novel you are going to read is normally known just as *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë. (You can see a selection of book covers for the novel on page 398 in After Reading.)

When first published, its full title was:



- In pairs share your first thoughts and questions about the original title. What do you think the first readers seeing this title page would expect from the book they were about to read?
- We know that *Jane Eyre* is a novel – a made-up story – by Charlotte Brontë. What sort of novel do you think it will be? Make a note of your first thoughts, then work through the activities below, adding to your expectations as you do.

Ingredients

Included on page 7 are some of the key 'ingredients' in *Jane Eyre*.

- Read the ingredients and think about the expectations you have of the novel, for example:
 - the type of novel it is (mystery, romance, adventure and so on)
 - the order you think the events might come in
 - the plot (i.e. what happens)
 - themes and issues it might explore.

An orphan	Two rescues
A cruel aunt	A revelation
A miserable school	An inheritance
A governess	A lie
A big house	A secret
Escape over the moors	A reconciliation
Two fires	A long-lost uncle
A mysterious visitor	An attic
An interrupted wedding ceremony	Mysterious noises and goings-on in the night

The settings

Jane Eyre is set in a number of different places. These are listed here, in the order Jane goes to them.

- Gateshead (a large house, owned by Mrs Reed, Jane’s aunt)
 - Lowood (a boarding school for poor and orphaned girls)
 - Thornfield Hall (a large house in the middle of the countryside)
 - Gateshead
 - Thornfield Hall
 - The moors (a bleak and wild landscape)
 - Moor House (a clergyman’s family house on the moors)
 - The school at Morton (a tiny school for village girls)
 - Thornfield Hall
 - Ferndean (a remote manor house, 30 miles from Thornfield Hall)
- Sketch out the journey Jane makes over the course of the book.
- What ideas do you get about the novel just from looking at the different settings? What do they add to your expectations of the novel?

Number crunching

The table below includes some key words in *Jane Eyre* (in order of the number of times they occur).

- What strikes you about them? Do any of the words seem to go together? Do any words stand out as being very different? What do they add to your expectations of the novel?

Not	1486	Silent	42	Stranger	31	Spirits	19
No	589	Strength	42	Observed	30	Bond	18
Little	332	None	40	Delight	29	Dreary	18
Never	277	Mother	39	Natural	29	Despair	16
Own	204	Existence	38	Beautiful	28	Endure	16
Away	145	Family	37	Promise	27	Cheerful	14
Without	138	Children	36	Plain	26	Conscience	14
New	101	Loved	35	Desire	25	Nobody	14
Strange	90	Afraid	34	Liberty	25	Tranquil	14
Home	80	Die	34	Lock/ed	24	Fearful	12
Alone	72	Friends	34	Solitude	22	Disappointment	11
Poor	57	Quietly	34	Contrary	21	Justice	11
Silence	55	Watched	34	Duty	20	Dreaded	10
Small	43	Dream	33	Nothing	20	Equal	10
Moon	42	Reader	32	Obedied	19		

CHAPTER I

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour in the morning; but since dinner (Mrs. Reed, when there was no company, dined early) the cold winter wind had brought with it clouds so sombre, and a rain so penetrating, that further outdoor exercise was now out of the question.

I was glad of it: I never liked long walks, especially on chilly afternoons: dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twilight, with nipped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings¹ of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed.

The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mamma in the drawing-room: she lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside, and with her darlings about her (for the time neither quarrelling nor crying) looked perfectly happy. Me, she had dispensed from² joining the group; saying, 'She regretted to be under the necessity of keeping me at a distance; but that until she heard from Bessie, and could discover by her own observation, that I was endeavouring in good earnest to acquire a more sociable and child-like disposition, a more attractive and sprightly manner – something lighter, franker, more natural, as it were – she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy, little children.'

'What does Bessie say I have done?' I asked.

'Jane, I don't like cavillers³ or questioners: besides, there is something truly forbidding in a child taking up her elders in that manner. Be seated somewhere; and until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent.'

A small breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room, I slipped in there. It contained a bookcase: I soon possessed myself of a volume, taking care that it should be one stored with pictures. I mounted into the window-seat: gathering up my feet, I sat cross-legged, like a Turk; and, having drawn the red moreen curtain⁴ nearly close, I was shrined⁵ in double retirement.

Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand; to the left were the clear panes of glass, protecting, but not separating me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar, it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast.

I returned to my book – Bewick's 'History of British Birds'⁶: the letterpress thereof I cared little for, generally speaking; and yet there were certain introductory pages that, child as I was, I could not pass quite as a blank. They were those which treat of the haunts of sea-fowl; of 'the solitary rocks and promontories'

1 Scolding, telling off, reproach

2 Exempted; Jane is not allowed to join the others on the others

3 People who argue

4 Moreen is a heavy fabric of wool or wool and cotton

5 Jane is describing the way she is hidden or enclosed in the window seat behind the heavy curtain

6 Jane quotes and paraphrases from the introduction to the second volume of this book (1804). The lines of poetry and six of the little scenes she describes are from volume 2 and one from volume 1 (1797)

by them only inhabited; of the coast of Norway, studded with isles from its southern extremity, the Lindeness, or Naze, to the North Cape –

Where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked, melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule; and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides.

Nor could I pass unnoticed the suggestion of the bleak shores of Lapland, Siberia, Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, Iceland, Greenland, with ‘the vast sweep of the Arctic Zone, and those forlorn regions of dreary space – that reservoir of frost and snow, where firm fields of ice, the accumulation of centuries of winters, glazed in Alpine heights above heights, surround the pole, and concentrate the multiplied rigours of extreme cold.’ Of these death-white realms I formed an idea of my own: shadowy, like all the half-comprehended notions that float dim through children’s brains, but strangely impressive. The words in these introductory pages connected themselves with the succeeding vignettes, and gave significance to the rock standing up alone in a sea of billow and spray; to the broken boat stranded on a desolate coast; to the cold and ghastly moon glancing through bars of cloud at a wreck just sinking.

I cannot tell what sentiment haunted the quite solitary churchyard, with its inscribed headstone; its gate, its two trees, its low horizon, girdled by a broken wall, and its newly-risen crescent, attesting the hour of eventide.

The two ships becalmed on a torpid sea, I believed to be marine phantoms.

The fiend pinning down the thief’s pack behind him, I passed over quickly: it was an object of terror.

So was the black, horned thing seated aloof on a rock, surveying a distant crowd surrounding a gallows.

Each picture told a story; mysterious often to my undeveloped understanding and imperfect feelings, yet ever profoundly interesting: as interesting as the tales Bessie sometimes narrated on winter evenings, when she chanced to be in good humour; and when, having brought her ironing-table to the nursery-herth, she allowed us to sit about it, and while she got up Mrs. Reed’s lace frills, and crimped her nightcap-borders, fed our eager attention with passages of love and adventure taken from old fairy tales and older ballads; or (as at a later period I discovered) from the pages of ‘Pamela’, and ‘Henry, Earl of Moreland’.

With Bewick on my knee, I was then happy: happy at least in my way. I feared nothing but interruption, and that came too soon. The breakfast-room door opened.

‘Boh! Madam Mope!’ cried the voice of John Reed; then he paused: he found the room apparently empty.

‘Where the dickens is she!’ he continued. ‘Lizzy! Georgy! (calling to his sisters) Joan is not here: tell mamma she is run out into the rain – bad animal!’

‘It is well I drew the curtain,’ thought I; and I wished fervently he might not discover my hiding-place: nor would John Reed have found it out himself; he was

PAUSE POINT 1: CHAPTERS 1-4

Getting to know Jane

- Share your first thoughts about Jane and the way she is presented in the first four chapters.

Listed below are some of the ways in which you might describe Jane's character.

- On your own, choose the adjectives you think best fit with what you have seen of her so far (or add your own).
- Share your choices with a partner and see if you can agree on your top three adjectives.
- As a class, pool your impressions of Jane. Can you agree which adjectives seem to describe the most significant aspects of her character so far? You could display these on the wall, as part of your 'Jane's Journey of Life' board.

1. Independent	9. Plain	18. Depressed
2. Clear sense of right and wrong	10. Lonely	19. Resilient
3. Brave	11. Rebellious	20. Ungrateful
4. Imaginative	12. Determined	21. Naughty
5. Secretive	13. Passionate	22. Discontented
6. An observer	14. Dependent	23. Restless
7. Different	15. Grateful	24. Frightened
8. Aware of injustice and unfairness	16. Outspoken	25. Feisty
	17. Cheerful	

Because Jane is narrating her own story, we get a clear picture of her not only from what she says and does but from *how* she says it.

- Look again at the adjectives you selected. Choose one that you think can also be seen in Brontë's style of writing. Find a short passage which you think shows this well and annotate it with your ideas about how Brontë does this.

Readers respond – 2016

2016 was the 200th anniversary of Charlotte Brontë's birth. As part of the celebrations of her novels, the *Guardian* asked a range of writers and critics to talk about what *Jane Eyre* means to them. Three extracts from this article are included below. (You can read what all the novelists thought at <https://www.theguardian.com/books/2016/apr/16/charlotte-bronte-bicentenary-birth-jane-eyre-by-sarah-waters-margaret-drabble-jeanette-winterson>)

- Read the extracts. Choose a short quotation which does at least one of the following:
 - gives you a new idea
 - offers a critical view of the novel
 - says something you disagree with.
- Share your choice with a partner, then use it as the starting point for your own critical writing.

When I next read the book [...] I was struck by the extraordinary directness with which Rochester and Jane communicate. It thrills me, as it must have thrilled readers in 1847, how their talk transcends convention – cutting through politeness, forcing an intimacy that leaves them reeling, altered.

Esther Freud

[...] Brontë's very clever meshing of a plausibly rendered world with a world that is pretty much pure fantasy. I don't just mean fantasy in terms of those gothic elements, but in the bending of hard facts (the contemporary laws of the land) to bring Jane to her eventual reward. In this respect, the book is truthful about cruelty (Bertha's fate, especially), but it is also life-affirming. The central tension between actualities and make-believe ...

Andrew Motion

Jane Eyre is between two worlds and belongs in neither, although she will have to live in both during the course of the novel. She will be a beggar-maid, exposed on the moors, and a princess wooed by the King of Thornfield Hall, Mr Rochester. But if Jane Eyre has fairy tale and mythic qualities, she is also an intensely political creation. Jane genuinely does not believe that morality has anything to do with wealth, power or social standing. She repudiates the idea that women's mental capacities are less than those of men. She would rather live alone than accept a relationship that compromises her independence. Strong stuff even in our times, but revolutionary in 1847.

Helen Dunmore