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Document A

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein* (1818), Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1992 (137-139)

1 “For some weeks I led a miserable life in the woods, endeavouring to cure the
wound which I had received. The ball had entered my shoulder, and I knew not whether
it had remained there or passed through; at any rate I had no means of extracting it. My
sufferings were augmented also by the oppressive sense of the injustice and ingratitude
5 of their infliction. My daily vows rose for revenge—a deep and deadly revenge, such as
would alone compensate for the outrages and anguish I had endured.

“After some weeks my wound healed, and I continued my journey. The labours I
endured were no longer to be alleviated by the bright sun or gentle breezes of spring; all
joy was but a mockery which insulted my desolate state and made me feel more
10 painfully that I was not made for the enjoyment of pleasure.

“But my toils now drew near a close, and in two months from this time I reached the
environs of Geneva.

“It was evening when I arrived, and I retired to a hiding-place among the fields that
surround it to meditate in what manner I should apply to you. I was oppressed by
15 fatigue and hunger and far too unhappy to enjoy the gentle breezes of evening or the
prospect of the sun setting behind the stupendous mountains of Jura.

“At this time a slight sleep relieved me from the pain of reflection, which was
disturbed by the approach of a beautiful child, who came running into the recess I had
chosen, with all the sportiveness of infancy. Suddenly, as I gazed on him, an idea seized
20 me that this little creature was unprejudiced, and had lived too short a time to have
imbibed a horror of deformity. If, therefore, I could seize him and educate him as my
companion and friend, I should not be so desolate in this peopled earth.

“Urged by this impulse, I seized on the boy as he passed and drew him towards me.
As soon as he beheld my form, he placed his hands before his eyes and uttered a shrill
25 scream; I drew his hand forcibly from his face and said, ‘Child, what is the meaning of
this? I do not intend to hurt you; listen to me.’

“He struggled violently. ‘Let me go,’ he cried; ‘monster! Ugly wretch! You wish to
eat me and tear me to pieces—You are an ogre—Let me go, or I will tell my papa.’

“‘Boy, you will never see your father again; you must come with me.’

30 “‘Hideous monster! Let me go. My papa is a syndic—he is M. Frankenstein—he
will punish you. You dare not keep me.’

“‘Frankenstein! you belong then to my enemy—to him towards whom I have sworn
eternal revenge; you shall be my first victim.’

35 “The child still struggled and loaded me with epithets which carried despair to my
heart; I grasped his throat to silence him, and in a moment he lay dead at my feet.

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“I gazed on my victim, and my heart swelled with exultation and hellish triumph; clapping my hands, I exclaimed, ‘I too can create desolation; my enemy is not invulnerable; this death will carry despair to him, and a thousand other miseries shall torment and destroy him.’

40 “As I fixed my eyes on the child, I saw something glittering on his breast. I took it; it was a portrait of a most lovely woman. In spite of my malignity, it softened and attracted me. For a few moments I gazed with delight on her dark eyes, fringed by deep lashes, and her lovely lips; but presently my rage returned; I remembered that I was forever deprived of the delights that such beautiful creatures could bestow; and that she
45 whose resemblance I contemplated would, in regarding me, have changed that air of divine benignity to one expressive of disgust and affright.

“Can you wonder that such thoughts transported me with rage? I only wonder that at that moment, instead of venting my sensations in exclamations and agony, I did not rush among mankind and perish in the attempt to destroy them.

50 “While I was overcome by these feelings, I left the spot where I had committed the murder, and seeking a more secluded hiding-place, I entered a barn which had appeared to me to be empty. A woman was sleeping on some straw; she was young: not indeed so beautiful as her whose portrait I held; but of an agreeable aspect and blooming in the loveliness of youth and health. Here, I thought, is one of those whose joy-imparting
55 smiles are bestowed on all but me. And then I bent over her and whispered, ‘Awake, fairest, thy lover is near—he who would give his life but to obtain one look of affection from thine eyes; my beloved, awake!’

“The sleeper stirred; a thrill of terror ran through me. Should she indeed awake, and see me, and curse me, and denounce the murderer? Thus would she assuredly act, if her
60 darkened eyes opened, and she beheld me. The thought was madness; it stirred the fiend within me—not I, but she, shall suffer; the murder I have committed because I am forever robbed of all that she could give me, she shall atone. The crime had its source in her: be hers the punishment! Thanks to the lessons of Felix and the sanguinary laws of man, I had learned how to work mischief. I bent over her and placed the portrait
65 securely in one of the folds of her dress. She moved again, and I fled.

“For some days I haunted the spot where these scenes had taken place; sometimes wishing to see you, sometimes resolved to quit the world and its miseries forever. At length I wandered towards these mountains, and have ranged through their immense recesses, consumed by a burning passion which you alone can gratify. We may not part
70 until you have promised to comply with my requisition. I am alone and miserable; man will not associate with me; but one as deformed and horrible as myself would not deny herself to me. My companion must be of the same species, and have the same defects. This being you must create.”

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Document B

Ed Miliband, extract from the speech delivered at the Royal Institute of British Architects, 25 July 2014 (<http://labourlist.org/2014/07/the-choice-of-leadership-read-the-full-text-of-ed-milibands-speech/>)

1 Four years ago when we set out on this journey, people said we couldn't be a one
term opposition. But because of the unity we have shown and the programme we have
developed, today, we're in a position to win the next general election. But to do that we
5 have to recognise that our real opponent is not simply the Tories but it is something
different. Nobody I have met on the doorstep has said, "I'm really excited about the
chance to keep this Tory government." No. That's not our challenge. Our challenge is
bigger. Our biggest obstacle isn't the Conservative Party. It is cynicism. The belief that
nobody can make a difference. That all politics is the same. Today I want to talk about
10 why a certain style of leadership feeds that cynicism. And I want to argue that we need
a new type of leadership in this country. Let me start with what you know: the cynicism
we see and hear is not about you, people who go and knock on doors and bear the brunt
of the anger. When people say "you're all the same, you're in it for yourself, you don't
care about my life", they are not talking about you. They're talking about us: the
15 politicians. Our motivation, our way of doing things and what matters to us. Millions of
people think that for us as politicians, it actually is all about us. That we are in it for
ourselves, for our own success, not the country's. There are lots of reasons why people
think that. But a lot of it comes to the difference people see between what matters in
their life and what seems to matter in modern politics. They believe we value posturing
20 more than principle. Good photos or soundbites more than a decent policy. Image more
than ideas. And it is no surprise that people think that. Because so often the terms of
trade of politics—the way it is discussed and rated—has become about the
manufactured, the polished, the presentational. Politics is played out as showbiz, a
game, who is up and who is down. Rather than the best chance a lot of people have to
change their lives. This is not new but it has got worse. Politicians have fuelled it. The
25 media feed it. At Prime Minister's Questions, we keep score. When Tory women get
appointed to the Cabinet, they are said to be "walking down the Downing Street
catwalk". And things are judged far more on style than substance. But this political
culture, this photo-op politics, denies people a debate about the things that really
matter. And does deep harm to our country. It leaves politics a game that fewer and
30 fewer people are watching, or believing. People's sense of the artificiality, the triviality,
the superficiality of politics is more highly tuned than ever. And the more it seems this
is what matters to us, the more the public are put off. Unless we stand up now and say
that we want to offer people something different, more and more will simply turn away.
Assuming that it has simply become about celebrity. And C-list celebrities at that. And
35 if we allow that to continue to happen, we will also rob people of the debate they
deserve. About the things that matter. But here is the good news: I am determined that
at the next election we give people a choice about the kind of leadership they can have.
David Cameron is a very sophisticated and successful exponent of a politics driven by
image. I am not going to [be] able to compete with that. And I don't intend to. I want to
40 offer something different. He made his name as Leader of the Opposition for some
fantastic photos, like hanging out with huskies in the Arctic Circle. I congratulate him

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for it. Even my biggest supporters would say I haven't matched him on that. I have come to realise two reasons why. First, it is not what I care most about. And second, it is not just that I haven't tried to do it, it's not where my talents lie—as you may have noticed. Of course image and pictures matter and count for all of us. And always will. They are part of our politics. And will always remain so. And I have a team who work for me on these things. And will continue to do so. But I am not from central casting. You can find people who are more square-jawed. More chiselled. Look less like Wallace. You could probably even find people who look better eating a bacon sandwich. If you want the politician from central casting, it's just not me, it's the other guy. And if you want a politician who thinks that a good photo is the most important thing, then don't vote for me. Because I don't. But here's the thing: I believe that people would quite like somebody to stand up and say there is more to politics than the photo-op. And that culture diminishes our politics. More than ever because of the serious issues that the British people are facing in their lives. That the world is facing. So today I want to address what matters to me. What do we really need in our leaders? And the answer doesn't actually start with the politicians and how we look. That's the thing about photo-op politics: it is about us and not about you. If politics is going to respond to the distrust people feel, it has to start by talking about the things that matter to you. About whether your work will enable you to make ends meet and have a better future for yourself and your family. About whether your kids will have a better life than you. About whether we can begin to overcome the deep divisions that exist in our country, the inequalities that divide us. Britain needs leadership that can help answer those questions. The current guy might take a good picture but he can't build a country that works for you. It is not what he cares most about. And you are not who he stands up for. Here's what I think matters. The leadership you need and the leadership this country needs is one that has big ideas to change things. With the sense of principle needed to stick to those beliefs and ideas even when it is hard. And with the decency and empathy to reach out to people from all backgrounds, all walks of life. For me, those qualities are the gold standard for what a modern leader should offer.

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Document C

Charlie Chaplin, film still from *The Great Dictator* (1940)

