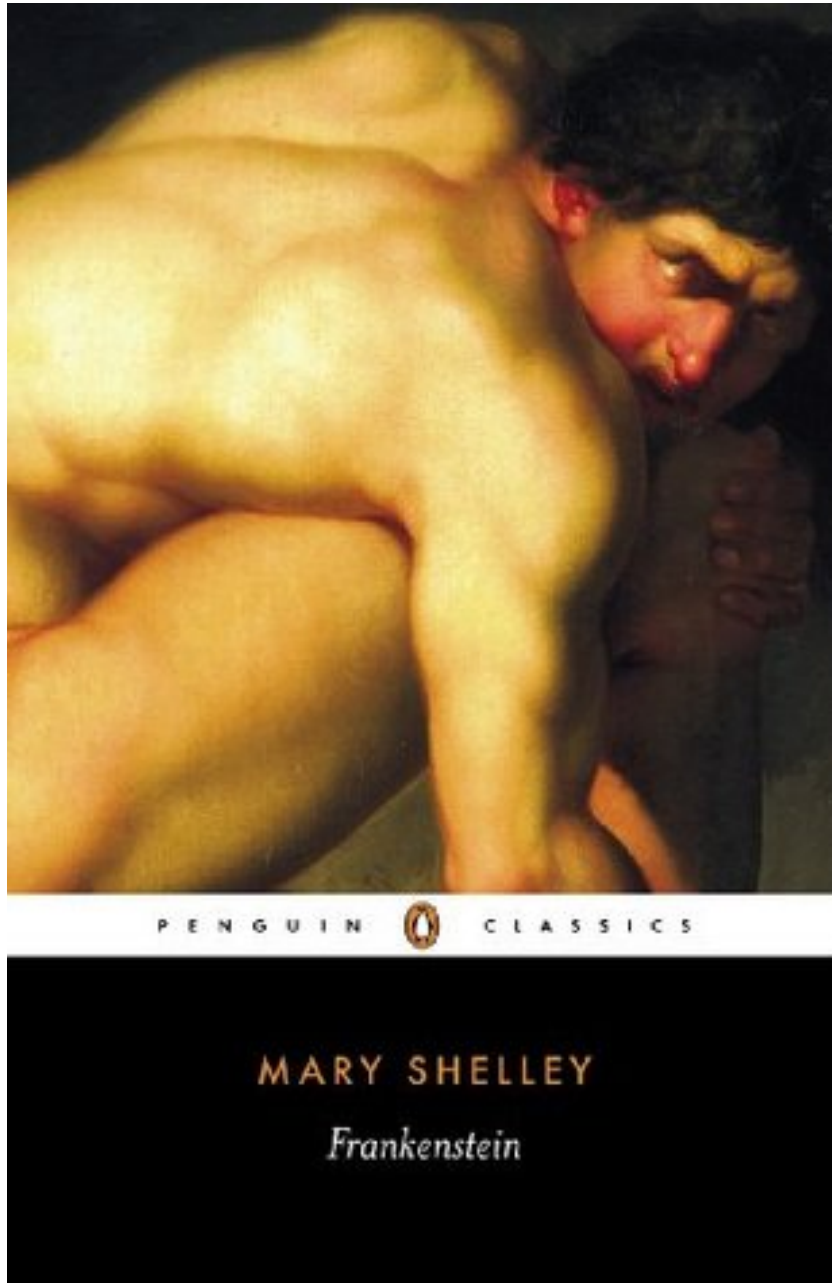


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Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley

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What people Say:

Hannah

No stars. That's right. Zero, zip. nada.

It's been almost 30 years since I've detested a book this much. I didn't think anything could be worse than Kafka's

. Seems I'm never too old to be wrong. This time, I don't have the excuse that I was forced to read this for high school lit. class. Oh no, this time I read this of my own volition and for fun. Yeah, fun. Kinda like sticking bamboo shoots between my fingernails type of fun. Watching paint dry fun. Going to an Air Supply conce

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OK, to be fair, I need to tell you what I liked about this....

Well, Mary Shelley was a teen when she wrote this. Color me impressed. At 19 I was just looking for my next college boyfriend, not penning the great English classic. Kudos to Mary for that.

Otherwise, I can't think of anything to admire in this book, apart from the fact that it's the only book in my reading history where I actually noted EVERY SINGLE PAGE NUMBER and mentally counted down the time I'd be finished.

Why did I persist, you may ask? Well, at the point where the pain became mind numbing, I decided to channel my inner John McCain and just survive the torture. Figured it would make me a better, stronger reader. Might even make me enjoy a re-read of

Stephen

My
, but this
is going to be a bit
due to my
being so
by the novel's
gorgeousness that I'm feeling a bit light-headed. So please forgive the random thoughts.

Mary Shelley! I love you!!

Dear Hollywood - you lying

of literature-savaging, no talent hacks! you got this all wrong. Please learn to read and get yourself a copy of the source material before you

Emily May

I was walking along earlier today with

and discussing the important things like, you know... books. And the subject of our top favourite books of all time came up. Oddly enough, two of our top three were the same -

and

. Then Jacquie said her third was a book that I hadn't thought

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. Then Jacquie said her third was a book that I hadn't thought about in a very long time. That book was

. It hit me like a shot of good literature: I had forgotten all about this classic that had so affected me, made me think and completely torn my heart out multiple times.

? I said.

Anne

So.

I finished it.

If you are a fan of classic literature

are utterly devoid of a sense of humor, stop reading this review right now.

I've always wondered what the

Frankenstein story was like...and now I know.

Sadly, sometimes the fantasy is better than the reality.

And the

is, this book is a big steaming pile of poo.

It's an old-timey horror story, right?

Bill Kerwin

It's been fifty years since I had read

, and, nowâ€”after a recent second readingâ€”I am pleased to know that the pleasures of that first reading have been revived. Once again--just as it was in my teens--I was thrilled by the first glimpse of the immense figure of the monster, driving his sled across the arctic ice, and marveled at the artful use of narrative frames within frame, each subsequent frame leading us closer to the heart of the novel, until we hear the alienated yet articulat

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of the immense figure of the monster, driving his sled across the arctic ice, and marveled at the artful use of narrative frames within frame, each subsequent frame leading us closer to the heart of the novel, until we hear the alienated yet articulate voice of the creature himself. In addition, I admired the equally artful way the novel moves backward through the same frames until we again reach the arctic landscape which is the scene of the novel's beginning...and its end.

This time through, I was particularly struck with how Mary must have been influenced by the novels of her father. The relentless hounding of one man by another who feels his life has been poisoned by that man's irresponsible curiosity is a theme taken straight out of Godwin's

and the cautionary account of a monomaniac who gradually deprives himself of the satisfactions of family, friends and love in pursuit of an intellectual ideal is reminiscent of the alchemist of

. Her prose also is like her father's mark in her ability to make delicate philosophical distinctions and express abstract ideas, but she is a much better writer than he: her sentences are more elegant and disciplined, and her descriptive details more aptly chosen and her scenes more effectively realized.

The conclusion of the novel seems hasty and incomplete, but perhaps that is because the concept of

is so revolutionary that no conclusion could have seemed satisfactory. At any rate, this fine novel has given birth to a host of descendants, and "unlike Victor Frankenstein" is a worthy parent of its many diverse creations.