New Title Information

Title: Frankenstein: The Graphic Novel
Sub title: Original Text
Publisher: Classical Comics Ltd
Author: Mary Shelley

Contributors: Script Adaptation: Jason Cobley
Pencils & Inks: Declan Shalvey
Art Direction: Jon Haward
Colouring: Jason Cardy & Kat Nicholson
Design & Layout: Jo Wheeler
Editor in Chief: Clive Bryant

Brief description of the book:
True to the original novel (rather than the square-headed Boris Karloff image from the films!) Declan's naturally gothic artistic style is a perfect match for this epic tale. Frankenstein is such a well known title, yet the films strayed so far beyond the original novel that many people today don't realise how this classic horror tale deals with such timeless subjects as alienation, empathy and understanding beyond appearance.

Key sales points:
• ADAPTATION TRUE TO THE ORIGINAL STORY.
• Full colour graphic novel format.
• Meets UK curriculum requirements.
• Teachers notes/study guides for KS2/KS3 available.

Publisher information:
Classical Comics is a new UK publisher creating graphic novel adaptations of classical literature. True to the original vision of the author, the book has been further enhanced by using only the finest artists - giving you a truly wonderful reading experience that you'll return to again and again.

Edition: First
Series: One of two versions available - Original Text and Quick Text
Pub Date: September 2008
Classification: General Fiction, FNS, FNG
Price: £9.99
Format: Paperback
Size: 246mm x 168mm
Pages: 144 pages
Age range: General
Illustrations: 132 pages of full colour graphic novel style illustrations.

Reviews:
“Classical Comics, spearheaded by Clive Bryant hopes to continue a long tradition of top quality new work crafted using the finest artists, aiming to ‘bring a truly wonderful reading experience.”

“I think the whole concept is just a brilliant innovative way of getting these wonderful stories across to many people (young and old) who otherwise may never have had this opportunity.”

www.downthetubes.net April 2007
Mitz, www.thisisbyus.co.uk August 2007
I remained for several years their only child. I was their only plaything and their idol, and something better - their child, the innocent and helpless creature bestowed on them by heaven.

When I was about five years old, my mother found a peasant and his wife; with five hungry babes, among these there was one which attracted my mother far above all the rest. She was the daughter of a nobleman, and with my father's permission my mother prevailed on her rustic guardians to yield their charge to her.

Elizabeth Lavenza became the inmate of my parents' house - my more than sister.

The beautiful and adored companion of all my occupations and my pleasures.

We were brought up together; there was not quite a year difference in our ages. On the birth of their second son, my parents gave up entirely their wandering life, and fixed themselves in their native country.

We possessed a house in Geneva. There, I united myself in the bonds of the closest friendship to Henry Clerval. He was deeply read in books of chivalry and romance. He began to write many a tale.

The busy stage of life; the virtues of heroes, and the actions of men were his theme.
Elizabeth was the living spirit of love to soften and attract. Clerval might not have been so full of kindness and tenderness had she not unfolded to him the real loveliness of beneficence.

Natural philosophy is the genius that has regulated my fate. I procured the whole works of Agrippa, Paracelsus and Albertus Magnus.

I read and studied the wild fancies of these writers with delight. Here were men who had penetrated the secrets of nature. I became their disciple.

Wealth was an inferior object; but what glory would attend the discovery, if I could banish disease from the human frame and render man invulnerable to any but a violent death!

When I was fifteen, we witnessed a most violent and terrible thunderstorm. It advanced from behind the mountains of Jura.
The thunder burst at once with frightful loudness from various quarters of the heavens.

I beheld a stream of fire issue from an old and beautiful oak --

... and as soon as the dazzling light vanished, the oak had disappeared, and nothing remained but a blasted stump.
The next morning, we found the tree shattered in a singular manner. It was not splintered by the shock, but entirely reduced to thin ribbons of wood.

Before this, I was not unacquainted with the more obvious laws of electricity. I at once gave up my former occupations. I betook myself to the mathematics and the branches of study appertaining to that science...

...but it was ineffectual. Destiny was too potent, and her immutable laws had decreed my utter and terrible destruction.

When I was seventeen, my parents resolved that I should become a student at the University of Ingolstadt; then misfortune occurred. Elizabeth caught the scarlet fever. My mother attended her sickbed; Elizabeth was saved but my mother sickened.

My children, my firmest hopes of future happiness were placed on the prospect of your union.

Elizabeth, my love, you must supply my place to my younger children.

Alas! I regret that I am taken from you. I will endeavour to resign myself cheerfully to death -- and will indulge a hope of meeting you in another world.
She died calmly; and her countenance expressed affection even in death.

My mother was dead...

...but we had still duties which we ought to perform. Elizabeth veiled her grief, and strove to act the comforter to us all.

I loved my brothers, Elizabeth, and Clerval; but I ardently desired the acquisition of knowledge.

The day of my departure for Ingolstadt at length arrived. Clerval had endeavoured to persuade his father to permit him to join me; but in vain.

Write often, Victor.
MY JOURNEY TO INGOLSTADT WAS LONG AND FATIGUING. AT LENGTH THE HIGH WHITE STEEPLE OF THE TOWN MET MY EYES.

THE NEXT MORNING I DELIVERED MY LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION. CHANCE - OR RATHER THE ANGEL OF DESTRUCTION - LED ME FIRST TO...
Monsieur Krempe, professor of natural philosophy. He was an uncouth man, but deeply imbued in the secrets of his science.

Have you really spent your time studying such nonsense?

Yes. Every minute, every instant that you have wasted on those books is utterly and entirely lost!

I little expected, in this enlightened and scientific age, to find a disciple of Magnus and Paracelsus!

My dear sir, you must begin your studies entirely anew!

I went into the lecturing room of Monsieur Waldman. This professor was very unlike his colleague.

The ancient teachers of this science promised possibilities, and performed nothing. The modern masters promise very little; they know that the elixir of life is a chimera.

But these philosophers penetrate into the recesses of nature, and have discovered how the blood circulates, and the nature of the air we breathe.

They have acquired new and almost unlimited powers; they can command the thunders of heaven, mimic the earthquake, and even mock the invisible world with its own shadows.

Soon my mind was filled with one thought, one conception, one purpose. I will pioneer a new way, explore unknown powers, and unfold to the world the deepest mysteries of creation.
In Monsieur Waldman, I found a true friend. In a thousand ways he smoothed for me the path of knowledge. Two years passed in which I made some discoveries which procured me great esteem at the university.

Whence did the principle of life proceed? To examine the causes of life, we must first have recourse to death. I became acquainted with anatomy; but I must also observe the natural decay and corruption of the human body.

Darkness had no effect upon my fancy; and a churchyard was to me merely the receptacle of bodies deprived of life, which, from being the seat of beauty and strength...

...had become food for the worm.

I spent days and nights in vaults and charnel-houses. I saw how the fine form of man was degraded and wasted. I paused, examining and analysing all the minutiae of causation, until from the midst of darkness a sudden light broke in upon me.

After weeks of incredible labour and fatigue, I succeeded in discovering the cause of generation...

...and life!
When I found so astonishing a power placed within my hands, I hesitated a long time concerning the manner in which I should employ it.

Although I possessed the capacity of bestowing animation, yet to prepare a frame for the reception of it...

...with all its intricacies of fibres, muscles and veins still remained a work of inconcencible difficulty.

As the minuteness of the parts formed a great hindrance to my speed, I resolved to make the being of gigantic stature: about eight feet in height, and proportionally large.

I seemed to have lost all soul or sensation but for this one pursuit.

In a solitary chamber, or rather cell, I kept my workshop of filthy creation;

And often did my human nature turn with loathing from my occupation.

So deeply was I engrossed in my occupation, every night I was oppressed by a slow fever, and I became nervous to a most painful degree;

The fall of a leaf startled me, and I shunned my fellow-creatures as if I had been guilty of a crime.
It was on a dreary night of November, that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils.

I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing.
His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as **beautiful**.

But now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart.

I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

I had worked hard for two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body.

For this I had deprived myself of rest and health;