

# FrankenLibs

I started from my sleep with \_\_\_\_\_; a cold  
*emotion*  
\_\_\_\_\_ covered my forehead, my teeth chattered,  
*noun*  
and every limb became \_\_\_\_\_; when, by the dim  
*adjective*  
and \_\_\_\_\_ light of the moon, as it forced its way  
*color*  
through the window shutters, I beheld the \_\_\_\_\_ —  
*noun*  
the \_\_\_\_\_ monster whom I had created. He held up  
*adjective*  
the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called,  
were fixed on me. His \_\_\_\_\_ opened, and he muttered  
*noun*  
some \_\_\_\_\_ sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks.  
*adjective*  
He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched  
out, seemingly to \_\_\_\_\_ me, but I escaped and rushed  
*verb*  
downstairs. I took refuge in the \_\_\_\_\_ belonging to the  
*noun*  
house which I inhabited, where I \_\_\_\_\_ during the rest  
*verb, past tense*  
of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening  
\_\_\_\_\_, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to  
*adverb*  
announce the approach of the \_\_\_\_\_  
*adjective* *noun*  
to which I had so \_\_\_\_\_ given life.  
*adverb*

# Original passage from 1831 revised edition of *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley.

*I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed; when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch — the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.*

From Chapter 5 of *Frankenstein, or, The Modern Prometheus* by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. [Revised edition, with a new introduction]. London: Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 1831.