



- *Fahrenheit 451* by Ray Bradbury, 1953.
Extract from chap. 1.

1 IT WAS A PLEASURE TO BURN.
"It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and
changed. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its
venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his
5 hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies
of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history.
With his symbolic helmet numbered 451 on his stolid head, and his eyes all
orange flame with the thought of what came next, he flicked the igniter and
the house jumped up in a gorging fire that burned the evening sky red and
10 yellow and black. He strolled in a swarm of fireflies. He wanted above all, like
the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the
flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and lawn of the house.
While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a wind turned
dark with burning."



- *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*,
by Robert Louis Stevenson, 1886.
Extract from Chapter 1 'The Story of the Door'

1 `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
5 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
10 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
15 to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. 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
20 doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not
much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; 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
25 apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about
as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us: every time he looked at
my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turned 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
30 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 harpies. 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.



- *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde,*
by Robert Louis Stevenson, 1886.
Extract from Chapter 2 'Search for Mr Hyde'

1 From that time forward, Mr Utterson began to haunt the door in the by street of
shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty and
time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all
hours of solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.
5 `If he be Mr Hyde,' he had thought, `I shall be Mr Seek.' And at last his patience was
rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a ball-room
floor; the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and
shadow. By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed, the by street was very solitary,
and, in spite of the low growl of London from all around, very silent. Small sounds
10 carried far; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side of
the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a
long time. Mr Utterson had been some minutes at his post when he was aware of an
odd light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols he had long
grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person,
15 while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and
clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively
arrested; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he
withdrew into the entry of the court.
The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the
20 end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could soon see what
manner of man he had to deal with. He was small, and very plainly dressed; and the
look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher's
inclination. But he made straight for the door, crossing the roadway to save time;
and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket, like one approaching home.
25 Mr Utterson stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed. `Mr Hyde,
I think?'



- *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*,
by Robert Louis Stevenson, 1886.
Extract from Chapter 9 'Dr Lanyon's narrative'

1 Twelve o'clock had scarce rung out over London, ere the knocker sounded very gently on the door. I went myself at the summons, and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the portico.
"Are you come from Dr. Jekyll?" I asked.

5 He told me "yes" by a constrained gesture; and when I had bidden him enter, he did not obey me without a searching backward glance into the darkness of the square. There was a policeman not far off, advancing with his bull's eye open; and at the sight, I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.
(...)

10 This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, struck in me what I can only describe as a disgustful curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable; his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement—the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising, and revolting—this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was

15 added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world. These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.
"Have you got it?" he cried. "Have you got it?" And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

20 (...)

25 But here I took pity on my visitor's suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity.
"There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table and still covered with the sheet.

30 He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart: I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.
"Compose yourself," said I.

35 (...)

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in colour, to effervesce audibly, and to throw

• *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde,*
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Extract from Chapter 9 'Dr Lanyon's narrative' (end of extract)



40 off small fumes of vapour. Suddenly and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased and the
compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My
visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass
upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.
45 "And now," said he, "to settle what remains. Will you be wise? will you be guided? will you
suffer me to take this glass in my hand and to go forth from your house without further
parley? or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer,
for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and
neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress
50 may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new
province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall be laid open to you,
here, in this room, upon the instant; and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger
the unbelief of Satan."
(...)



- Extract from *Varney the Vampire, or the Feast of Blood*, by James Malcolm Rymer. 1845-47.

1 A tall figure is standing on the ledge immediately outside the long window. It is its finger-nails upon the glass that produces the sound so like the hail, now that the hail has ceased. Intense fear paralysed the limbs of that beautiful girl.

5 The figure is there, still feeling for an entrance, and clattering against the glass with its long nails, that appear as if the growth of many years had been untouched. She tries to scream again but a choking sensation comes over her, and she cannot. It is too dreadful—she tries to move—each limb seems weighed down by tons of lead—she can but in a hoarse faint whisper cry,—

"Help—help—help—help!"

10 The figure turns half round, and the light falls upon the face. It is perfectly white—perfectly bloodless. The eyes look like polished tin; the lips are drawn back, and the principal feature next to those dreadful eyes is the teeth—the fearful looking teeth—projecting like those of some wild animal, hideously, glaringly white, and fang-like. It approaches the bed with a strange, gliding movement. It clashes together

15 the long nails that literally appear to hang from the finger ends. No sound comes from its lips.

Her eyes are fascinated. The glance of a serpent could not have produced a greater effect upon her than did the fixed gaze of those awful, metallic-looking eyes that were bent on her face. Crouching down so that the gigantic height was lost, and the horrible, protruding, white face was the most prominent object, came on the figure. What was it?—what did it want there?—what made it look so hideous—so unlike an inhabitant of the earth, and yet to be on it?

20 With a sudden rush that could not be foreseen—with a strange howling cry that was enough to awaken terror in every breast, the figure seized the long tresses of her hair, and twining them round his bony hands he held her to the bed. Then she screamed—Heaven granted her then power to scream. The glassy, horrible eyes of the figure ran over that angelic form with a hideous satisfaction—horrible profanation. He drags her head to the bed's edge. He forces it back by the long hair still entwined in his grasp. With a plunge he seizes her neck in his fang-like

25 teeth—a gush of blood, and a hideous sucking noise follows. The girl has swooned, and the vampyre is at his hideous repast!



- Extracts from *Dracula* by Bram Stoker, 1897.

1 His face was a strong- a very strong- aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose and
peculiarly arched nostrils; with lofty domed forehead, and hair growing scantily round the
temples, but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over
5 the nose, and with bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion. The mouth, so far as
I could see it under the heavy moustache, was fixed and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly
sharp white teeth; these protruded over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness showed
astonishing vitality in a man of his years. For the rest, his ears were pale and at the tops
extremely pointed; the chin was broad and strong, and the cheeks firm though thin. The
general effect was one of extraordinary pallor.

10 Hitherto I had noticed the backs of his hands as they lay on his knees in the firelight, and
they had seemed rather white and fine; but seeing them now close to me, I could not but
notice they were rather coarse- broad, with squat fingers. Strange to say, there were hairs in
the centre of the palm. The nails were long and fine, and cut to a sharp point. As the Count
leaned over to me and his hands touched me, I could not repress a shudder. It may have
15 been that his breath was rank, but a horrible feeling of nausea came over me, which, do
what I would, I could not conceal.

* * *

20 What I saw was the Count's head coming out from the window. I did not see the face, but I
knew the man by the neck and the movement of his back and arms. I was at first interested
and somewhat amused, for it is wonderful how small a matter will interest and amuse a man
when he is prisoner. But my very feelings changed to repulsion and terror when I saw the
whole man slowly emerge from the window and begin to crawl down the castle wall over
25 the dreadful abyss, face down, with his cloak spreading out around him like great wings. At
first I did not believe my eyes. I thought it was some trick of the moonlight, some weird
effect of the shadow; but I kept looking, and it could be no delusion. I saw the fingers and
toes grasp the corners of the stones, worn clear of the mortar by the stress of the years,
and by thus using every projection and inequality move downwards with considerable
30 speed, just as a lizard moves down the wall.

What manner of man is this, or what manner of creature in semblance of man? I feel the
dread of this horrible place overpowering me; I am in fear- in awful fear- and there is no
escape for me; I am encompassed about with terrors that I dare not think of...



- Extracts from Twilight by Stephanie Meyer, 2006.

1 They were sitting in the corner of the cafeteria, as far away from where I sat as possible in the long room. There were five of them. They weren't talking, and they weren't eating, though they each had a tray of untouched food in front of them.

5 They didn't look anything alike, and yet, they were all exactly alike. Every one of them was chalky pale, the palest of all the students living in this sunless town. Paler than me, the albino. They all had very dark eyes despite the range in hair tones. They also had dark shadows under their eyes- purplish, bruise like shadows. As if
10 they were all suffering from a sleepless night, or almost done recovering from a broken nose. Though their nose, all their features, were straight, perfect, angular.

But all this is not why I couldn't look away.

I stared because their faces, so different, so similar, were all devastatingly,
15 imhumanly beautiful. They were faces you never expected to see except perhaps on the airbrushed pages of a fashion magazine. Or painted by an old master as the face of an angel.

* * *

20 Edward in the sunlight was shocking. I couldn't get used to it, though I had been staring at him all afternoon. His skin, white despite the faint flush from yesterday's hunting trip, literally sparkled, like thousands of tiny like diamonds were embedded in the surface. He lay perfectly still in the grass, his shirt open over his sculpted,
25 incandescent chest, his scintillating arms bare. His glistening, lavender lids were shut, though of course he didn't sleep. A perfect statue, carved in some unknown stone, smooth like marble, glittering like crystal.



- Extracts from the Picture of Dorian Gray, by Oscar Wilde, 1891.

1 It was a lovely night, so warm that he threw his coat over his arm, and did not even
put his silk scarf round his throat. As he strolled home, smoking his cigarette, two
young men in evening dress passed him. He heard one of them whisper to the
other, 'That is Dorian Gray.' He remembered how pleased he used to be when he
5 was pointed out, or stared at, or talked about. He was tired of hearing his own
name now. (...)

When he reached home, he found his servant waiting up for him. He sent him to
bed, and threw himself down on the sofa in the library, and began to think over
some of the things that Lord Henry had said to him.

10 Was it really true that one could never change? He felt a wild longing for the
unstained purity of his boyhood—his rose-white boyhood, as Lord Henry had once
called it. He knew that he had tarnished himself, filled his mind with corruption and
given horror to his fancy; that he had been an evil influence to others and had
experienced a terrible joy in being so; and that, of the lives that had crossed his
15 own it had been the fairest and the most full of promise that he had brought to
shame. But was it all irretrievable? Was there no hope for him?

Ah! in what a monstrous moment of pride and passion he had prayed that the
portrait should bear the burden of his days, and he keep the unsullied splendour of
eternal youth! All his failure had been due to that. (...)

20 The curiously carved mirror that Lord Henry had given to him, so many years ago
now, was standing on the table, and the white-limbed Cupids laughed round it as of
old. (...) Then he loathed his own beauty, and, flinging the mirror to the floor
crushed it into silver splinters beneath his heel. It was his beauty that had ruined
him, his beauty and the youth that he had prayed for. But for these two things, his
25 life might have been free from stain. His beauty had been to him but a mask, his
youth but a mockery. What was youth at best? A green, an unripe time, a time of
shallow moods, and sickly thoughts. (...) Youth had spoiled him.



- Extracts from the Picture of Dorian Gray, by Oscar Wilde, 1891.

1 He took the lamp from the table and crept upstairs. As he unbarred the door a smile of joy flitted across his strangely young-looking face and lingered for a moment about his lips. Yes, he would be good, and the hideous thing that he had hidden away would no longer be a terror to him. He felt as if the load had been
5 lifted from him already.

He went in quietly, locking the door behind him, as was his custom, and dragged the purple hanging from the portrait. A cry of pain and indignation broke from him. He could see no change, save that in the eyes there was a look of cunning, and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite. The thing was still loathsome—more
10 loathsome, if possible, than before—and the scarlet dew that spotted the hand seemed brighter, and more like blood newly spilt. Then he trembled. (...) And why was the red stain larger than it had been? It seemed to have crept like a horrible disease over the wrinkled fingers. There was blood on the painted feet, as though the thing had dripped—blood even on the hand that had not held the knife.
15 Confess? Did it mean that he was to confess? To give himself up, and be put to death? He laughed. He felt that the idea was monstrous. Besides, even if he did confess, who would believe him? There was no trace of the murdered man anywhere. Everything belonging to him had been destroyed. He himself had burned what had been below-stairs. The world would simply say that he was mad. They
20 would shut him up if he persisted in his story.... (...)

But this murder—was it to dog him all his life? Was he always to be burdened by his past? Was he really to confess? Never. There was only one bit of evidence left against him. The picture itself—that was evidence. He would destroy it. Why had he kept it so long? Once it had given him pleasure to watch it changing and growing
25 old. Of late he had felt no such pleasure. It had kept him awake at night. When he had been away, he had been filled with terror lest other eyes should look upon it. It had brought melancholy across his passions. Its mere memory had marred many moments of joy. It had been like conscience to him. Yes, it had been conscience. He would destroy it.

30 He looked round, and saw the knife that had stabbed Basil Hallward. He had cleaned it many times, till there was no stain left upon it. It was bright, and glistened. As it had killed the painter, so it would kill the painter's work, and all that that meant. It would kill the past, and when that was dead he would be free. It would kill this monstrous soul-life, and without its hideous warnings, he would be at
35 peace. He seized the thing, and stabbed the picture with it.

[THEME]

- PERSONAL DOCUMENT



- SOURCE / AUTHOR / DATE

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