

## **Shine Bright 4e - File 6 Spooky doubles**

### **One person, two faces, Doc 1 p. 60**

In Hotel Transylvania: Transformania (2022) Dracula and other characters are hit by a ray. This ray transforms him and his monster friends into humans, while a human (Johnny) is changed into a monster! Dracula travels to South America to reverse the transformation

## **One person, two faces, Doc 2 p. 60**

In Tim Burton's short film Vincent (1982) young Vincent Malloy wants to be just like Vincent Price, an actor in horror films. The little boy has a nice, normal life with his sister and parents, whereas Vincent Price is a scary, tormented character living in a big creepy house.

## Doctor Jekyll's confession, p. 61

I was born in the year 18-. [...] The outside world saw a serious, hard-working doctor. Behind this quiet character, however, was an active, fun-loving young man-about-town<sup>1</sup>. [...] Both<sup>2</sup> these people were me. The serious, successful young doctor was me, and the wild, fun-loving, irresponsible young man was me too. I thought about this for a long time and slowly realised that I was not extraordinary in this. Every man has two sides to his character.

At that time, the good side of my character was stronger than the evil side. Henry Jekyll had his faults, but he was mostly a good, kind man. I cannot be sure, but I believe that is the reason why Edward Hyde was so much smaller than Henry Jekyll. But that was not the only difference between the two men. Henry Jekyll had a kind, open, honest face. Pure evil stared<sup>3</sup> out of Edward Hyde's eyes.

Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*,  
1886, retold by Rosemary Border

**1.** trendy, fashionable man   **2.** tous les deux   **3.** watched intensely

## Frankenstein, p. 64

Suddenly, I saw a man on the ice. He was quite far away, but he was coming quickly towards me. The man took long steps<sup>1</sup>, across the ice. Then I realised who it was. It was the monster! I was angry and I was frightened. I wanted to fight him. I wanted to kill him.

“Go away, you terrible monster!” I screamed. “Or stay and die! I want to destroy you. But I cannot bring back the two people that you have killed!”

“Everybody hates me, and you hate me too,” replied the monster. “But you created me. You are responsible for me. You made me, but now you want to destroy me. You do not know my misery. How can you play with life like this? Please listen to me and help me. Do what I ask. Then I will leave you and be good. I will never see you again. I will not make any trouble for you. And I will not hurt anyone again. If you refuse, I will kill all your friends!”

Mary Shelley, Frankenstein, 1818, adapted by Deborah Tempest

1. pas

## The Picture of Dorian Gray, Doc 2 p. 65

He went in quietly, locking the door behind him. Walking straight to the portrait, he took off the purple curtain that was covering it. [...]

There was a cry and a crash. The cry was so horrible that frightened servants woke and came out of their rooms. [...] When they entered the room they found a portrait hanging on the wall. It showed Mr Dorian Gray as they had last seen him, young and beautiful. Lying on the floor was a dead man in evening dress<sup>1</sup>. He had a knife in his heart. He was old and terribly ugly. It was not until they saw his rings that they recognized who the old man was.

Oscar Wilde, The Portrait of Dorian Gray, 1890, adapted by Kieran McGovern

**1.** formal clothes

## Compréhension de l'écrit, p. 71

Coraline stopped and listened. She knew she was doing something wrong, and she was trying to listen for her mother coming back, but she heard nothing. Then, Coraline put her hand on the doorknob and turned it; and, finally, she opened the door. [...]

She almost had it when somebody said, "Coraline?" It sounded like her mother. Coraline went into the kitchen, where the voice had come from. A woman stood in the kitchen with her back to Coraline. She looked a little like Coraline's mother. Only...

Only her skin was white as paper.

Only she was taller and thinner.

Only her fingers were too long, and they never stopped moving, and her dark red fingernails were curved and sharp.

"Coraline?" the woman said. "Is that you?" And then she turned around.

Her eyes were big black buttons.

"Lunchtime, Coraline," said the woman.

“Who are you?” asked Coraline.

“I’m your other mother,” said the woman. “Go and tell your other father that lunch is ready.”

Neil Gaiman, *Coraline* (Chapter 3), 2002