**Beowulf**

So. The Spear-Danes in days gone by  
and the kings who ruled them had courage and greatness.  
. . .   
There was Shield Sheafson, scourge of many tribes,   
a wrecker of mead-benches, rampaging among foes.  
. . .  
A foundling to start with, he would flourish later on  
. . .  
In the end each clan on the outlying coasts   
beyond the whale-road had to yield to him   
and begin to pay tribute. That was one good king.  
(1–11)

. And a young prince must be prudent like that,  
giving freely while his father lives  
so that afterwards in age when fighting starts  
steadfast companions will stand by him  
and hold the line. Behaviour that’s admired  
is the path to power among people everywhere.  
(20–25)

Wise sir, do not grieve. It is always better  
to avenge dear ones than to indulge in mourning.  
For every one of us, living in this world  
means waiting for our end. Let whoever can  
win glory before death. When a warrior is gone,  
that will be his best and only bulwark.   
(1384–1389)

Beowulf got ready,  
donned his war-gear, indifferent to death;   
his mighty, hand-forged, fine-webbed mail  
would soon meet with the menace underwater.  
It would keep the bone-cage of his body safe:  
. . .  
[His helmet] was of beaten gold,  
princely headgear hooped and hasped  
by a weapon-smith who had worked wonders. . . .  
(1442–1452)

O flower of warriors, beware of that trap.  
Choose, dear Beowulf, the better part,  
eternal rewards. Do not give way to pride.  
For a brief while your strength is in bloom  
but it fades quickly; and soon there will follow   
illness or the sword to lay you low,  
or a sudden fire or surge of water  
or jabbing blade or javelin from the air  
or repellent age. Your piercing eye  
will dim and darken; and death will arrive,   
dear warrior, to sweep you away.   
(1758–1768)

**The Odyssey**

Sing to me of the man, Muse, the man of twists and turns  
driven time and again off course, once he had plundered  
the hallowed heights of Troy.  
Many cities of men he saw and learned their minds,  
many pains he suffered, heartsick on the open sea,  
fighting to save his life and bring his comrades home.  
But he could not save them from disaster, hard as he strove—  
the recklessness of their own ways destroyed them all,  
the blind fools, they devoured the cattle of the Sun  
and the Sungod blotted out the day of their return.  
Launch out on his story, Muse, daughter of Zeus,  
start from where you will—sing for our time too.

So then,  
royal son of Laertes, Odysseus, man of exploits,  
still eager to leave at once and hurry back  
to your own home, your beloved native land?  
Good luck to you, even so. Farewell!  
But if you only knew, down deep, what pains  
are fated to fill your cup before you reach that shore,  
you’d stay right here, preside in our house with me  
and be immortal. Much as you long to see your wife,  
the one you pine for all your days . . .

But you, Achilles,  
there’s not a man in the world more blest than you—   
there never has been, never will be one.  
Time was, when you were alive, we Argives  
honored you as a god, and now down here, I see,  
you lord it over the dead in all your power.  
So grieve no more at dying, great Achilles.”  
  
I reassured the ghost, but he broke out, protesting,  
“No winning words about death to me, shining Odysseus!  
By god, I’d rather slave on earth for another man—  
some dirt-poor tenant farmer who scrapes to keep alive—  
than rule down here over all the breathless dead.”

Of all that breathes and crawls across the earth,  
our mother earth breeds nothing feebler than a man.  
So long as the gods grant him power, spring in his knees,  
he thinks he will never suffer affliction down the years.  
But then, when the happy gods bring on the long hard times,  
bear them he must, against his will, and steel his heart.  
Our lives, our mood and mind as we pass across the earth,  
turn as the days turn . . .

Dracula

The castle is on the very edge of a terrible precipice. A stone falling from the window would fall a thousand feet without touching anything! As far as the eye can reach is a sea of green tree tops, with occasionally a deep rift where there is a chasm. Here and there are silver threads where the rivers wind in deep gorges through the forests.  
But I am not in heart to describe beauty, for when I had seen the view I explored further; doors, doors, doors everywhere, and all locked and bolted. In no place save from the windows in the castle walls is there an available exit.  
The castle is a veritable prison, and I am a prisoner!

I was afraid to raise my eyelids, but looked out and saw perfectly under the lashes. The girl went on her knees, and bent over me, simply gloating. There was a deliberate voluptuousness which was both thrilling and repulsive, and as she arched her neck, she actually licked her lips like an animal. . . . Lower and lower went her head as the lips went below the range of my mouth and chin and seemed about to fasten on my throat. . . . I closed my eyes in a languorous ecstasy and waited—waited with beating heart.

3. You are a clever man, friend John; you reason well, and your wit is bold; but you are too prejudiced. . . . Ah, it is the fault of our science that it wants to explain all; and if it explain not, then it says there is nothing to explain. But yet we see around us every day the growth of new beliefs, which think themselves new; and which are yet but the old, which pretend to be young. . . .

She still advanced, however, and with a languorous, voluptuous grace, said:—“Come to me, Arthur. Leave these others and come to me. My arms are hungry or you. Come, and we can rest together. Come, my husband, come!”   
There was something diabolically sweet in her tones—something of the tingling of glass when struck-which rang through the brains even of us who heard the words addressed to another. As for Arthur, he seemed under a spell; moving his hands from his face, he opened wide his arms

**Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**

. Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable. . . . He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theater, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. . . . [I]t was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of down-going men.

He put the glass to his lips, and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table and held on, staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth; and as I looked there came, I thought, a change—he seemed to swell—his face became suddenly black and the features seemed to melt and alter—and at the next moment, I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arm raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.   
“O God!” I screamed, and “O God!”again and again; for there before my eyes—pale and shaken, and half fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll!

It was on the moral side, and in my own person, that I learned to recognise the thorough and primitive duality of man; I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both; and from an early date . . . I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved daydream, on the thought of the separation of these elements.

[B]ut I was still cursed with my duality of purpose; and as the first edge of my penitence wore off, the lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for licence. Not that I dreamed of resuscitating Hyde; . . . no, it was in my own person that I was once more tempted to trifle with my conscience. . . .  
[However,] this brief condescension to my evil finally destroyed the balance of my soul. And yet I was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before I had made discovery. It was a fine . . . day. . . . I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not yet moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active goodwill with the lazy cruelty of their neglect. And at the very moment of that vainglorious thought, a qualm came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly shuddering. . . . I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger, a solution of the bonds of obligation. I looked down; my clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee was corded and hairy. I was once more Edward Hyde.