

Graphic Novel

Frankenstein

by Mary Shelley

THE
CLASSIC NOVEL
BROUGHT TO
LIFE IN FULL
COLOR!

Classical
COMICS



Frankenstein

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Mary Shelley

Original Text
Rick Text

Frankenstein

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Mary Shelley

ORIGINAL TEXT VERSION

Script Adaptation: Jason Coble
American English Adaptation: Joe Sutliff Sanders
Linework: Declan Shalvey
Coloring: Jason Cardy & Kat Nicholson
Lettering: Terry Wiley
Art Director: Jon Haward
Design & Layout: Jo Wheeler & Jenny Placentino
Publishing Assistant: Joanna Watts
Additional Information: Karen Wenborn

Editor in Chief: Clive Bryant



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Frankenstein or The Modern Prometheus

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Dramatis Personæ



Victor Frankenstein



Frankenstein's Monster



Elizabeth Lavenza
Victor's adopted sister



Robert Walton
Adventurer



The Ship's Master



The Ship's Lieutenant



Alphonse Frankenstein
Victor's father



Caroline Frankenstein
Victor's mother



Ernest Frankenstein
Victor's brother



William Frankenstein
Victor's brother



Henry Clerval
Victor's friend



Justine Moritz
Servant to Frankenstein's household

Dramatis Personæ



Monsieur Krempe
*Professor of Natural Philosophy,
University of Ingolstadt*



Monsieur Waldman
*Professor of Chemistry,
University of Ingolstadt*



Lawyer
*States the charge against
Justine Moritz*



Old Woman
*Gives evidence against
Justine Moritz*



Monsieur DeLacy
Cottage dweller



Agatha DeLacy
*Daughter of
Monsieur DeLacy*



Felix DeLacy
Son of Monsieur DeLacy



Turkish Merchant



Safie
Daughter of the Turkish Merchant



Mr. Kirwin
Magistrate



Fisherman



Genevan Judge

Volume I

Prologue

Mary Shelley's literary masterpiece *Frankenstein* was unleashed upon the world in 1818. It was written before the days of steam travel, when the world seemed a much larger place than it does today. Far-off places were out of the reach of all but the bravest adventurers; and in those unknown places it was possible that things could exist – even things created by human beings – that would terrify anyone who saw them.

Science was progressing at an astounding pace. It seemed that anything and everything was possible, as the human race found new and more powerful ways to create and also to destroy.

At the same time, medical science was finding new ways to heal the sick and to revive the dying; and it started to raise questions about the nature of life itself. If the dying can be revived, then could the dead also be brought back to life? How about a dead person that had been assembled from the parts of other dead people? Could that be given life too?

Where would it all end? Would this all go too far? And if so, what would the consequences be?

Indeed, in this early world of advancing medical science, anything and everything seemed possible...



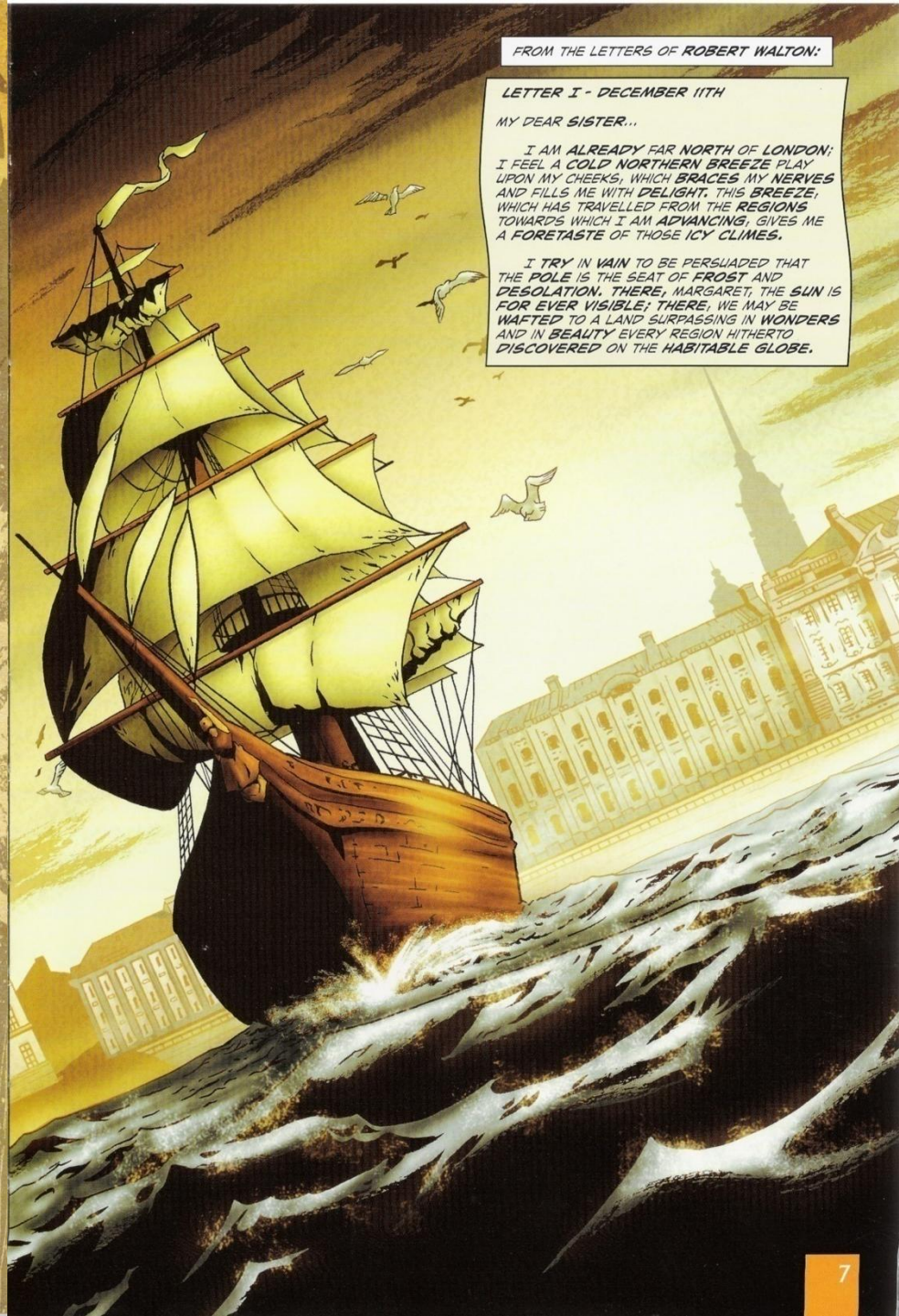
FROM THE LETTERS OF ROBERT WALTON:

LETTER I - DECEMBER 11TH

MY DEAR SISTER...

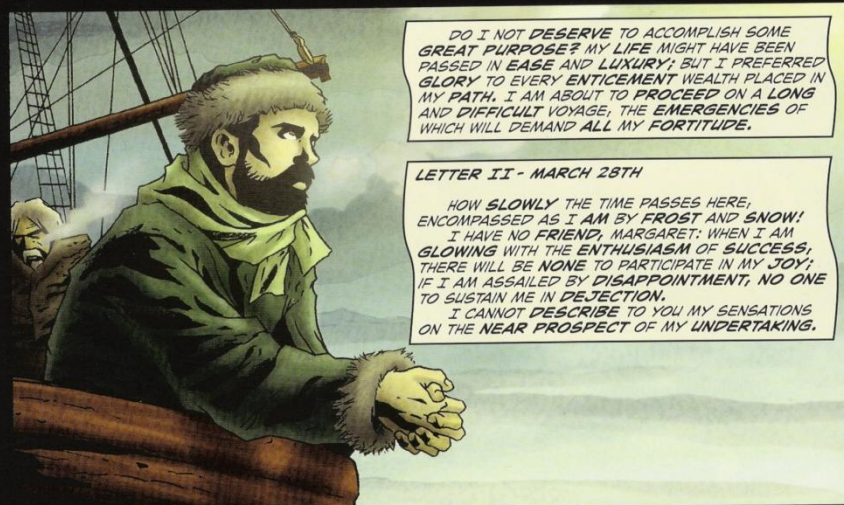
I AM ALREADY FAR NORTH OF LONDON; I FEEL A COLD NORTHERN BREEZE PLAY UPON MY CHEEKS, WHICH BRACES MY NERVES AND FILLS ME WITH DELIGHT. THIS BREEZE, WHICH HAS TRAVELLED FROM THE REGIONS TOWARDS WHICH I AM ADVANCING, GIVES ME A FORETASTE OF THOSE ICY CLIMES.

I TRY IN VAIN TO BE PERSUADED THAT THE POLE IS THE SEAT OF FROST AND DESOLATION. THERE, MARGARET, THE SUN IS FOR EVER VISIBLE; THERE, WE MAY BE WASTED TO A LAND SURPASSING IN WONDERS AND IN BEAUTY EVERY REGION HITHERTO DISCOVERED ON THE HABITABLE GLOBE.





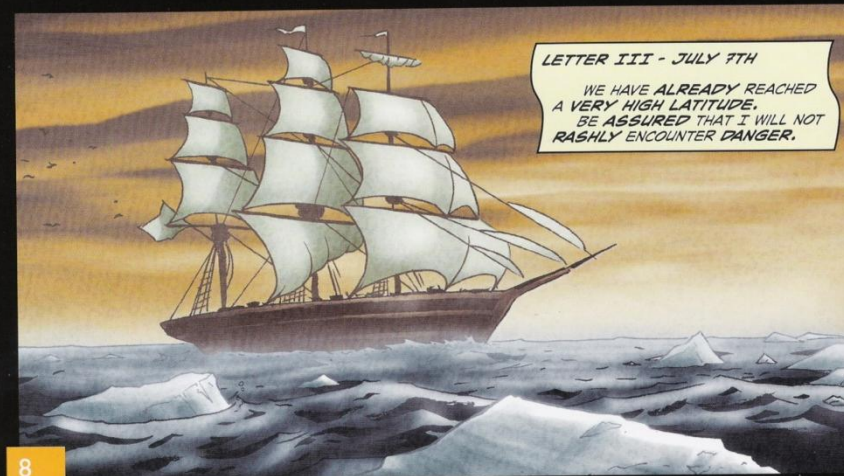
THIS EXPEDITION HAS BEEN THE FAVOURITE DREAM OF MY EARLY YEARS. I HAVE READ WITH ARDOUR THE ACCOUNTS OF THE VARIOUS VOYAGES MADE IN THE PROSPECT OF ARRIVING AT THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN.



DO I NOT DESERVE TO ACCOMPLISH SOME GREAT PURPOSE? MY LIFE MIGHT HAVE BEEN PASSED IN EASE AND LUXURY; BUT I PREFERRED GLORY TO EVERY ENTICEMENT WEALTH PLACED IN MY PATH. I AM ABOUT TO PROCEED ON A LONG AND DIFFICULT VOYAGE, THE EMERGENCIES OF WHICH WILL DEMAND ALL MY FORTITUDE.

LETTER II - MARCH 28TH

HOW SLOWLY THE TIME PASSES HERE, ENCOMPASSED AS I AM BY FROST AND SNOW! I HAVE NO FRIEND, MARGARET: WHEN I AM GLOWING WITH THE ENTHUSIASM OF SUCCESS, THERE WILL BE NONE TO PARTICIPATE IN MY JOY; IF I AM ASSAILED BY DISAPPOINTMENT, NO ONE TO SUSTAIN ME IN DEJECTION.
I CANNOT DESCRIBE TO YOU MY SENSATIONS ON THE NEAR PROSPECT OF MY UNDERTAKING.



LETTER III - JULY 7TH

WE HAVE ALREADY REACHED A VERY HIGH LATITUDE. BE ASSURED THAT I WILL NOT RASHLY ENCOUNTER DANGER.

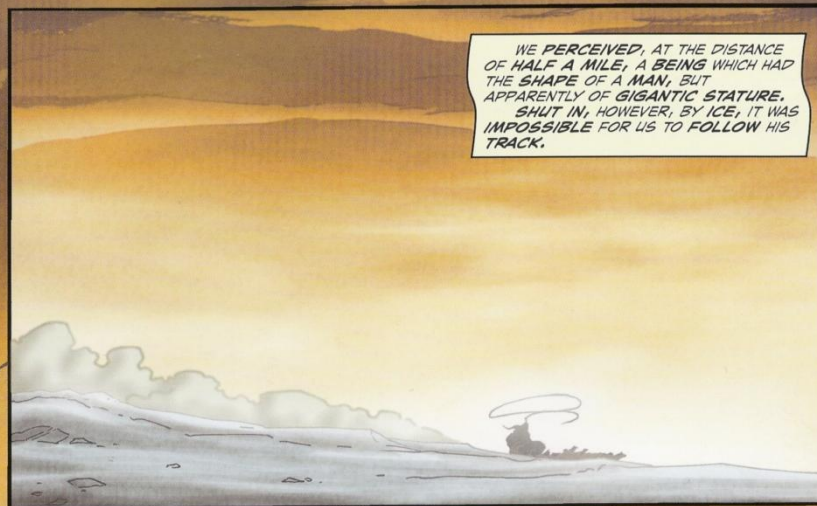


LETTER IV - AUGUST 5TH

LAST MONDAY, ICE CLOSED IN THE SHIP ON ALL SIDES. OUR SITUATION WAS SOMEWHAT DANGEROUS, AS WE WERE COMPASSED ROUND BY A VERY THICK FOG. WE ACCORDINGLY LAY TO, HOPING THAT SOME CHANGE WOULD TAKE PLACE IN THE ATMOSPHERE AND WEATHER.

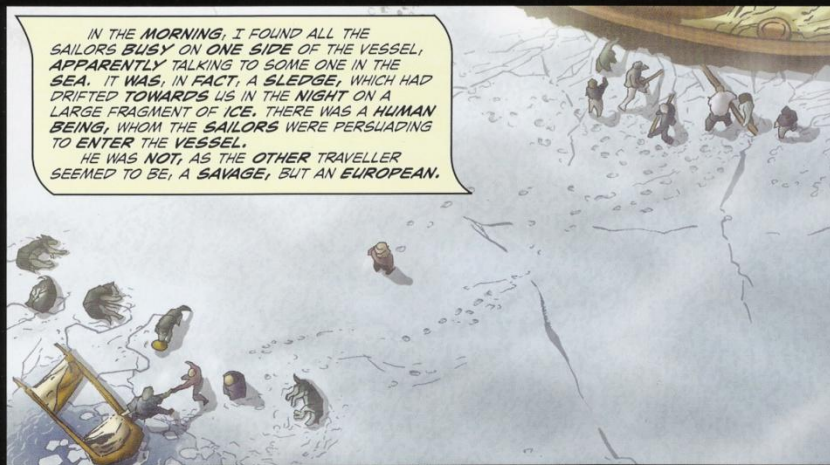


ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK, THE MIST CLEARED AWAY, AND WE BEHELD VAST AND IRREGULAR PLAINS OF ICE, WHICH SEEMED TO HAVE NO END. SOME OF MY COMRADES GROANED, AND MY OWN MIND BEGAN TO GROW WATCHFUL WITH ANXIOUS THOUGHTS, WHEN A STRANGE SIGHT SUDDENLY ATTRACTED OUR ATTENTION, AND DIVERTED OUR SOLICITUDE FROM OUR OWN SITUATIONS.

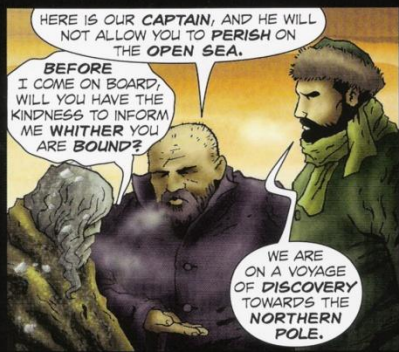


WE PERCEIVED, AT THE DISTANCE OF HALF A MILE, A BEING WHICH HAD THE SHAPE OF A MAN, BUT APPARENTLY OF GIGANTIC STATURE. SHUT IN, HOWEVER, BY ICE, IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO FOLLOW HIS TRACK.





IN THE MORNING, I FOUND ALL THE SAILORS BUSY ON ONE SIDE OF THE VESSEL, APPARENTLY TALKING TO SOME ONE IN THE SEA. IT WAS, IN FACT, A SLEDGE, WHICH HAD DRIFTED TOWARDS US IN THE NIGHT ON A LARGE FRAGMENT OF ICE. THERE WAS A HUMAN BEING, WHOM THE SAILORS WERE PERSUADING TO ENTER THE VESSEL. HE WAS NOT, AS THE OTHER TRAVELLER SEEMED TO BE, A SAVAGE, BUT AN EUROPEAN.



HERE IS OUR CAPTAIN, AND HE WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO PERISH ON THE OPEN SEA.

BEFORE I COME ON BOARD, WILL YOU HAVE THE KINDNESS TO INFORM ME WHETHER YOU ARE BOUND?

WE ARE ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY TOWARDS THE NORTHERN POLE.



UPON HEARING THIS HE APPEARED SATISFIED, AND CONSENTED TO COME ON BOARD.



HIS LIMBS WERE NEARLY FROZEN, AND HIS BODY DREADFULLY EMACIATED BY FATIGUE AND SUFFERING. I NEVER SAW A MAN IN SO WRETCHED A CONDITION. WE RESTORED HIM TO ANIMATION AND BY SLOW DEGREES HE RECOVERED. TWO DAYS PASSED BEFORE HE WAS ABLE TO SPEAK.



WHY DID YOU COME SO FAR UPON THE ICE IN SO STRANGE A VEHICLE?

TO SEEK ONE WHO FLED FROM ME.

I FANCY WE HAVE SEEN HIM.

WE SAW SOME DOGS DRAWING A SLEDGE, WITH A MAN IN IT, ACROSS THE ICE.



THE DAEMON!
DO YOU THINK THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE HAS DESTROYED THE OTHER SLEDGE?

THE ICE DID NOT BREAK UNTIL NEAR MIDNIGHT.

HE MIGHT HAVE ARRIVED AT A PLACE OF SAFETY BEFORE THAT TIME.

I HAVE DOUBTLESS EXCITED YOUR CURIOSITY. YOU ARE TOO CONSIDERATE TO MAKE ENQUIRIES.

AND YET YOU RESCUED ME; YOU HAVE RESTORED ME TO LIFE!

A NEW SPIRIT OF LIFE ANIMATED THE STRANGER. HE MUST HAVE BEEN A NOBLE CREATURE IN HIS BETTER DAYS.

AUGUST 13TH
MY AFFECTION FOR MY GUEST INCREASES EVERY DAY; HE EXCITES AT ONCE MY ADMIRATION AND MY PITY TO AN ASTONISHING DEGREE. HOW CAN I SEE SO NOBLE A MAN DESTROYED BY MISERY, WITHOUT FEELING THE MOST POIGNANT GRIEF?
HE IS NOW MUCH RECOVERED FROM HIS ILLNESS.



AUGUST 19TH

YESTERDAY THE STRANGER SAID TO ME...



YOU MAY EASILY PERCEIVE, CAPTAIN WALTON, THAT I HAVE SUFFERED GREAT MISFORTUNES.

YOU SEEK FOR KNOWLEDGE AS I ONCE DID; AND I HOPE THAT MAY NOT BE A SERPENT TO STING YOU, AS MINE HAS BEEN. YET... YOU MAY DEDUCE AN APT MORAL FROM MY TALE.

PREPARE TO HEAR OF OCCURRENCES WHICH ARE USUALLY DEEMED MARVELLOUS.



MY FATE IS NEARLY FULFILLED. NOTHING CAN ALTER MY DESTINY;

LISTEN TO MY HISTORY AND YOU WILL PERCEIVE HOW IRREVOCABLY IT IS DETERMINED.

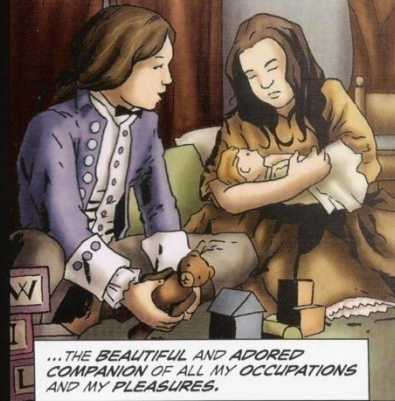
I REMAINED FOR SEVERAL YEARS THEIR ONLY CHILD.

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 ORPHANED 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 BEAUTIFULL AND ADORED COMPANION OF ALL MY OCCUPATIONS AND MY PLEASURES.

VOLUME I CHAPTER I

I, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, AM BY BIRTH A GENEVESE, AND MY FAMILY IS ONE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF THAT REPUBLIC.

MY FATHER FILLED SEVERAL PUBLIC SITUATIONS WITH HONOUR AND REPUTATION. THERE WAS A CONSIDERABLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE AGES OF MY PARENTS, BUT THIS CIRCUMSTANCE SEEMED TO UNITE THEM ONLY CLOSER IN BONDS OF DEVOTED AFFECTION. AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE, MY PARENTS SOUGHT THE PLEASANT CLIMATE OF ITALY.

FROM ITALY THEY VISITED GERMANY AND NAPLES. I WAS BORN AT NAPLES, AND AS AN INFANT ACCOMPANIED THEM ON THEIR RAMBLES.

VOLUME I CHAPTER II

WE WERE BROUGHT UP TOGETHER; THERE WAS NOT QUITE A YEAR DIFFERENCE IN OUR AGES.

ON THE BIRTH OF A SECOND SON, MY PARENTS GAVE UP ENTIRELY THEIR WANDERING LIFE, AND FIXED THEMSELVES IN THEIR NATIVE COUNTRY.

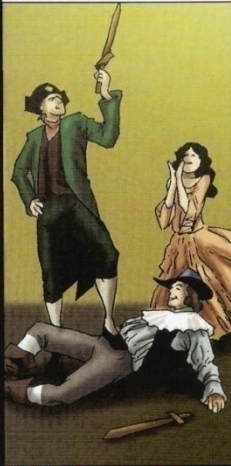


WE POSSESSED A HOUSE IN GENEVA. THERE, I UNITED MYSELF IN THE BONDS OF THE CLOSEST FRIENDSHIP TO HENRY CLerval. HE WAS DEEPLY READ IN BOOKS OF CHIVALRY AND ROMANCE. HE BEGAN TO WRITE MANY A TALE.

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.

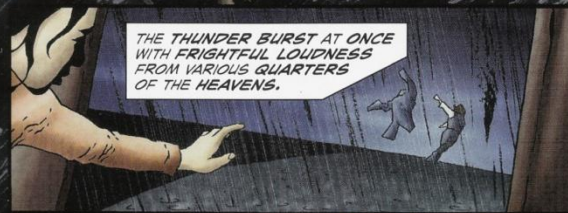
I READ AND STUDIED THE WILD FANCIES OF THESE WRITERS WITH DELIGHT. HERE WERE MEN WHO HAD PENETRATED THE SECRETS OF NATURE. I BECAME THEIR DISCIPLE.

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.

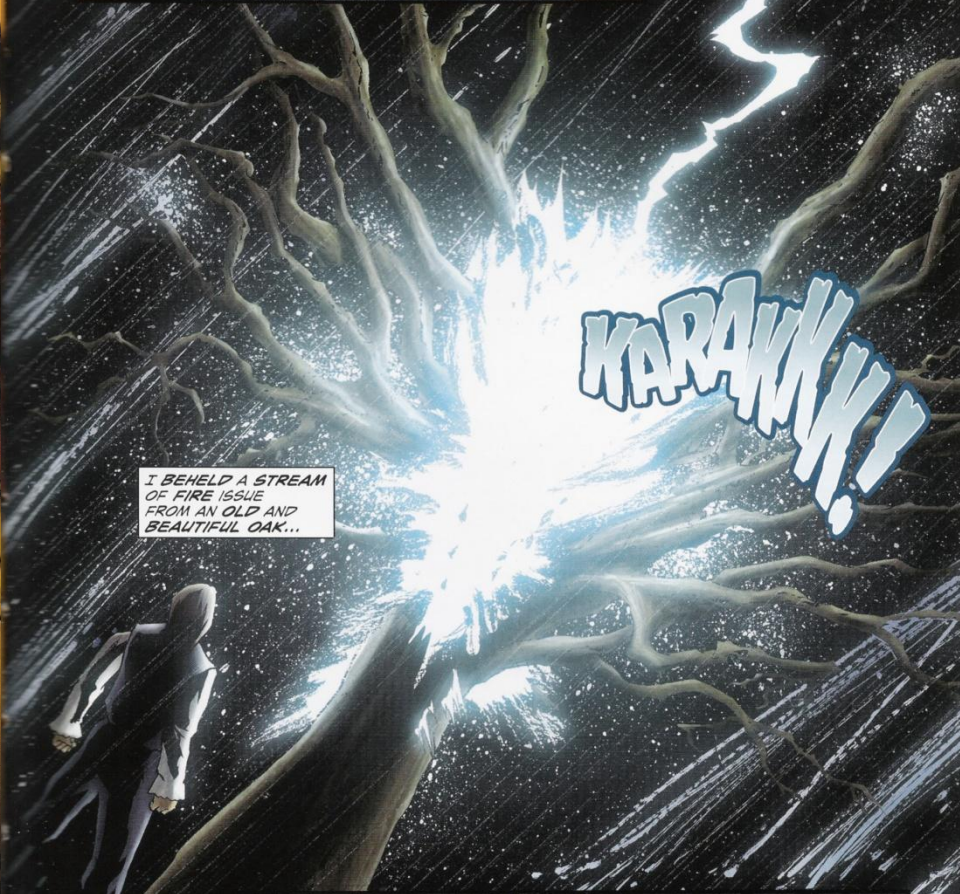


THE THUNDER BURST AT ONCE WITH FRIGHTFUL LOUDNESS FROM VARIOUS QUARTERS OF THE HEAVENS.

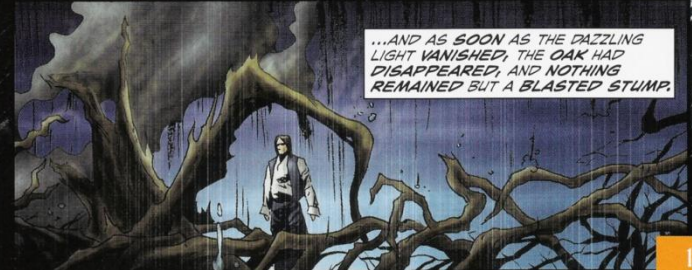


KARAKK!

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 LITTE AND TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION.

VOLUME I
CHAPTER III

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...

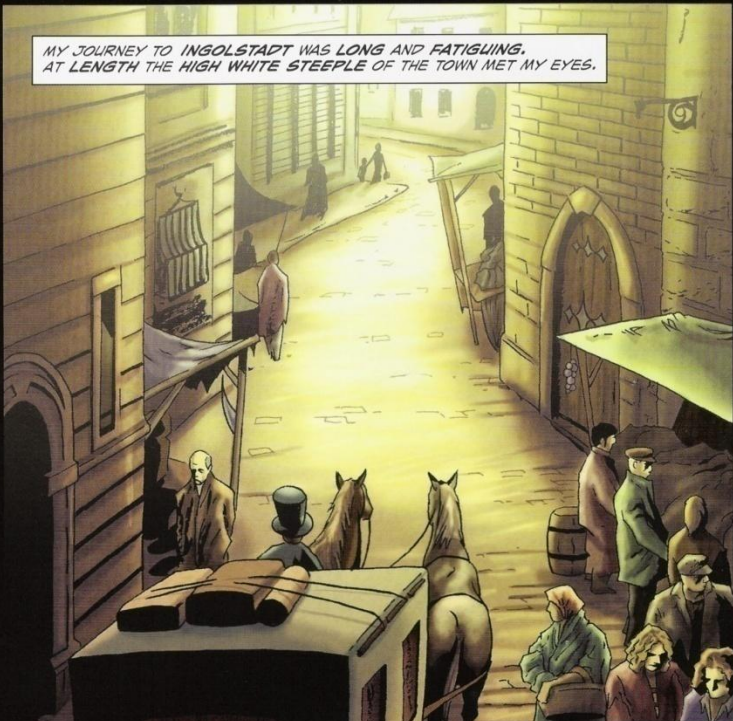
...BUT WE HAD STILL DUTIES WHICH WE OUGHT TO PERFORM. ELIZABETH VEILED HER GRIEF, AND STROVE TO ACT THE COMFORTER TO US ALL.

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.

I LOVED MY BROTHERS, ELIZABETH, AND CLERVAL; BUT I ARDENTLY DESIRED THE ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE.

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 UNCOLTIVATED MAN, BUT DEEPLY IMBUED IN THE SECRETS OF HIS SCIENCE.



HAVE YOU REALLY SPENT YOUR TIME STUDYING SUCH NONSENSE?

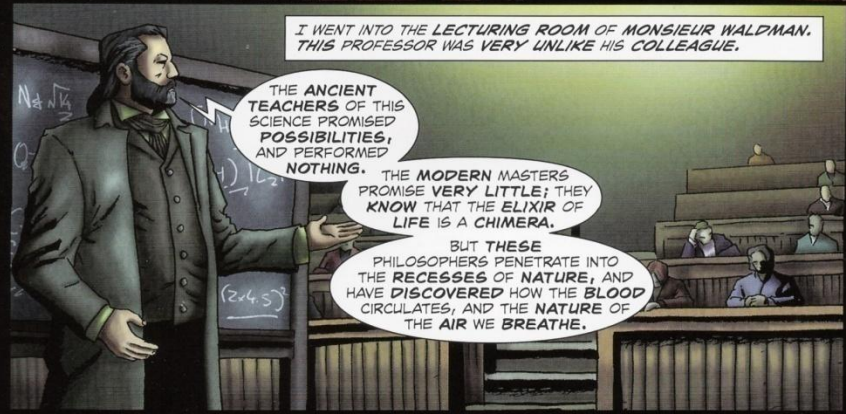
YES.

EVERY MINUTE, EVERY INSTANT THAT YOU HAVE WASTED ON THOSE BOOKS IS LITTERLY 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.



VOLUME I
CHAPTER IV

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.

ONE OF THE
PHENOMENA WHICH HAD
PECULIARLY ATTRACTED
MY ATTENTION WAS THE
STRUCTURE OF THE
HUMAN FRAME, AND,
INDEED, ANY ANIMAL
ENDUED WITH LIFE.
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...

DARKNESS HAD NO EFFECT UPON
MY FANCY; AND A CHURCHYARD
WAS TO ME MERELY THE RECEPACLE
OF BODIES DEPRIVED OF LIFE,
FROM BEING THE SEAT OF BEAUTY
AND STRENGTH...

...BUT I MUST ALSO
OBSERVE THE NATURAL
DECAY AND CORRUPTION
OF THE HUMAN BODY.

...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
INCONCEIVABLE DIFFICULTY AND LABOUR.

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.

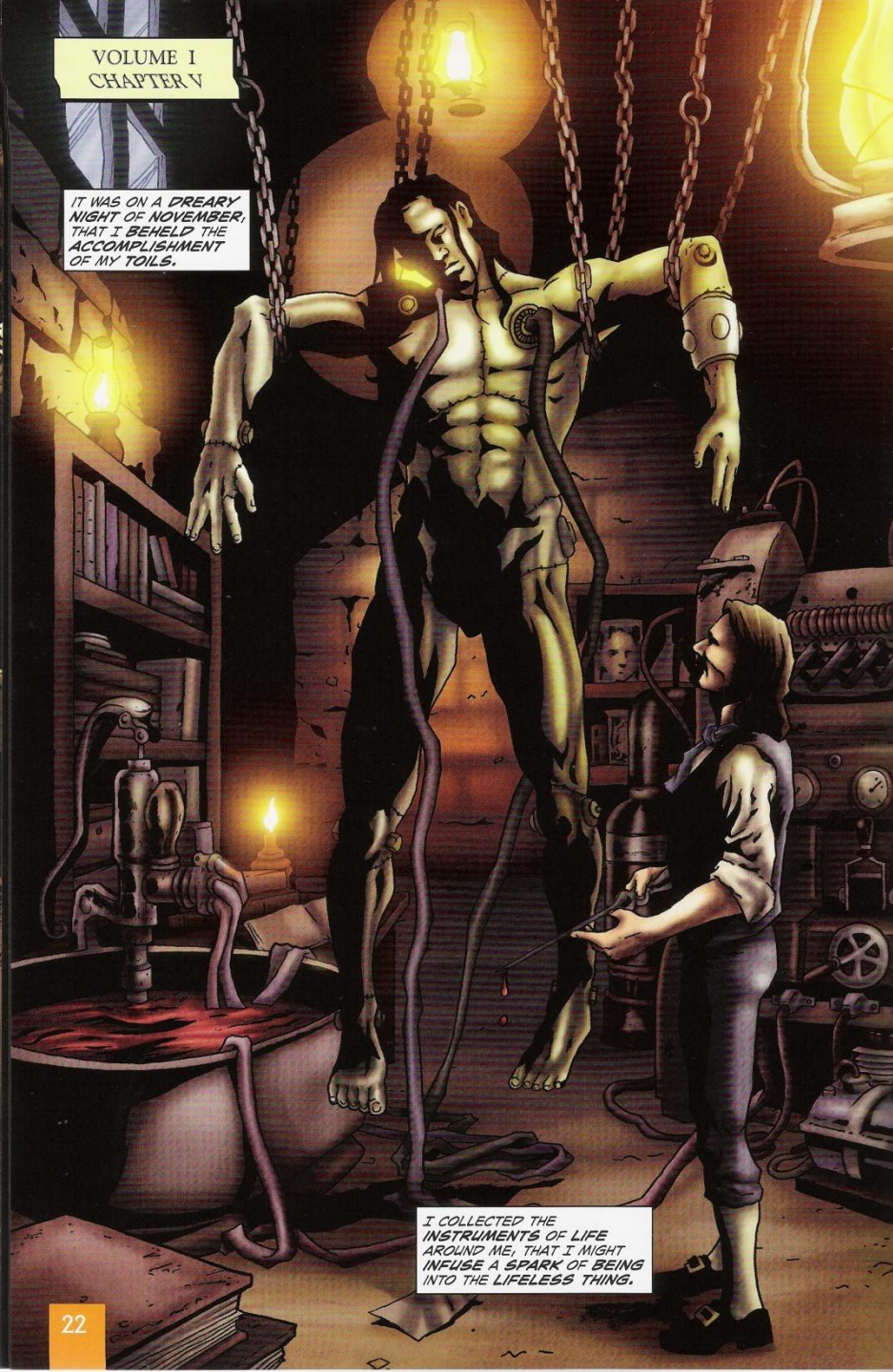
IN A SOLITARY CHAMBER,
OR RATHER CELL, I KEPT
MY WORKSHOP OF FILTHY
CREATION;

AND OFTEN DID MY
HUMAN NATURE TURN
WITH LOATHING FROM
MY OCCUPATION.

I WAS THUS ENGAGED,
HEART AND SOUL, IN
ONE PURSUIT, 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.



BEAUTIFUL!

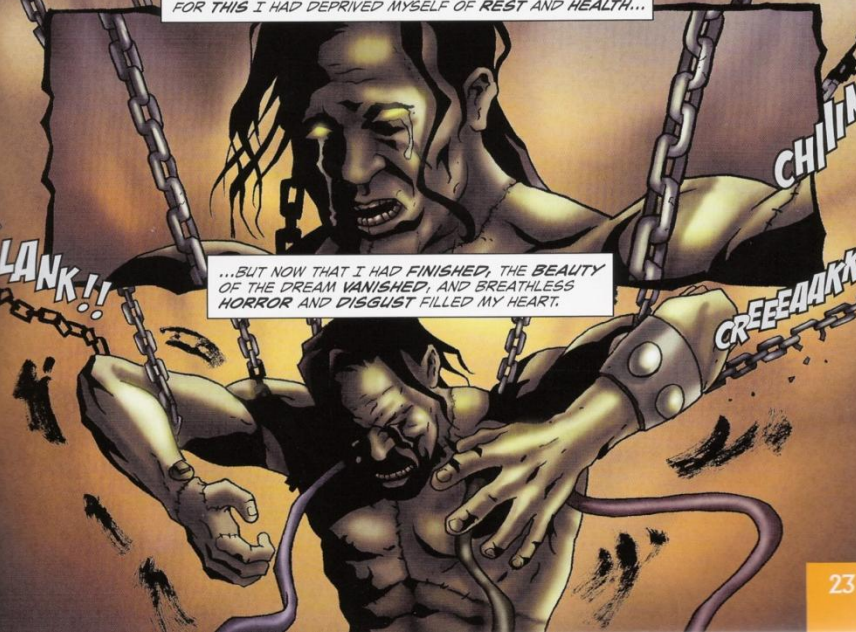
GREAT
GOD!



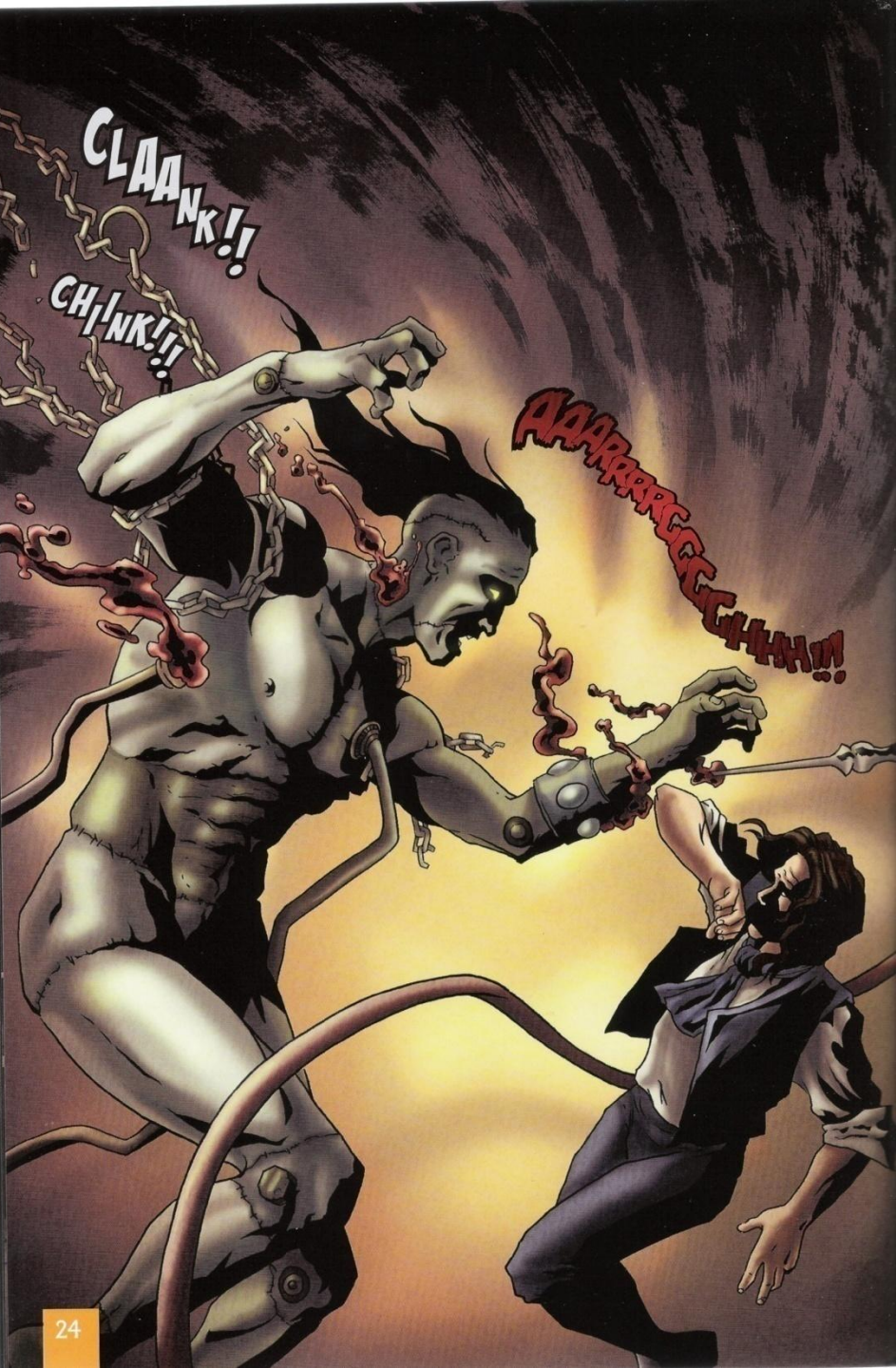
I SAW THE DULL YELLOW EYE OF THE CREATURE OPEN; IT
BREATHED HARD, AND A CONVULSIVE MOTION AGITATED ITS LIMBS.



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...



...BUT NOW THAT I HAD FINISHED, THE BEAUTY
OF THE DREAM VANISHED, AND BREATHLESS
HORROR AND DISGUST FILLED MY HEART.



I THOUGHT I SAW ELIZABETH,
IN THE BLOOM OF HEALTH,
WALKING IN THE STREETS OF
INGOLSTADT.



DELIGHTED AND
SURPRISED, I
EMBRACED HER...



... BUT, AS I
IMPRINTED
THE FIRST
KISS ON
HER LIPS...



... THEY BECAME
LIVID WITH THE
HUE OF DEATH.


HER FEATURES APPEARED TO CHANGE, AND
I THOUGHT THAT I HELD THE CORPSE OF MY
DEAD MOTHER IN MY ARMS; A SHROUD
ENVELOPED HER FORM, AND I SAW THE GRAVE-
WORMS CRAWLING IN THE FOLDS OF FLANNEL!



I STARTED FROM
MY SLEEP WITH
HORROR.



SMASH!!!



I BEHELD THE WRETCH -
THE MISERABLE MONSTER
WHOM I HAD CREATED.


UNGH... MUH...

HE MIGHT HAVE
SPOKEN, BUT I
DID NOT HEAR.

ONE HAND WAS STRETCHED
OUT, SEEMINGLY TO DETAIN
ME, BUT I ESCAPED...


...AND TOOK REFUGE IN THE COURTYARD - WHERE I
REMAINED DURING THE REST OF THE NIGHT, LISTENING
ATTENTIVELY, CATCHING AND FEARING EACH SOUND AS
IF IT WERE TO ANNOUNCE THE APPROACH OF THE DEMONICAL
CORPSE TO WHICH I HAD SO MISERABLY GIVEN LIFE.

OH! NO MORTAL COULD SUPPORT THE
HORROR OF THAT COUNTENANCE.
I HAD GAZED ON HIM WHILE UNFINISHED;
HE WAS UGLY THEN, BUT WHEN THOSE
MUSCLES AND JOINTS WERE RENDERED
CAPABLE OF MOTION, IT BECAME A THING
AS EVEN DANTE COULD NOT HAVE
CONCEIVED. DREAMS THAT HAD BEEN
MY FOOD AND PLEASANT REST FOR SO
LONG A SPACE WERE NOW BECOME A HELL
TO ME.




MORNING, DISMAL
AND WET, AT LENGTH
DAWNED. I SOUGHT TO
AVOID THE WRETCH,
WHOM I FEARED EVERY
TURNING OF THE
STREET WOULD
PRESENT TO MY VIEW.

I DID NOT DARE
RETURN TO THE
APARTMENT
WHICH I
INHABITED.




I TRAVERSED
THE STREETS
WITHOUT ANY CLEAR
CONCEPTION OF
WHERE I WAS OR
WHAT I WAS DOING.



MY HEART
PALPITATED IN
THE SICKNESS
OF FEAR.



MY DEAR
FRANKENSTEIN!



HOW GLAD I
AM TO SEE YOU!
HOW FORTUNATE THAT
YOU SHOULD BE HERE AT
THE VERY MOMENT OF
MY ALIGHTING!

I GRASPED HIS HAND, AND IN A MOMENT FORGOT MY HORROR AND MISFORTUNE.

HENRY CLERVAL!

YOU MAY EASILY BELIEVE HOW GREAT WAS THE DIFFICULTY TO PERSUADE MY FATHER THAT ALL NECESSARY KNOWLEDGE WAS NOT COMPRISED IN THE NOBLE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

BUT HIS AFFECTION FOR ME AT LENGTH OVERCAME HIS DISLIKE OF LEARNING, AND HE HAS PERMITTED ME TO UNDERTAKE A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY TO THE LAND OF KNOWLEDGE.

IT GIVES ME THE GREATEST DELIGHT TO SEE YOU; BUT TELL ME HOW YOU LEFT MY FATHER, BROTHERS, AND ELIZABETH.

VERY WELL, AND VERY HAPPY, ONLY A LITTLE UNEASY THAT THEY HEAR FROM YOU SO SELDOM.

BY THE BY...

I DID NOT BEFORE REMARK HOW ILL YOU APPEAR; SO THIN AND PALE; AND LOOK AS IF YOU HAD BEEN WATCHING FOR SEVERAL NIGHTS.

YOU HAVE GUESSED RIGHT;

I HAVE LATELY BEEN SO DEEPLY ENGAGED IN ONE OCCUPATION, THAT I HAVE NOT ALLOWED MYSELF SUFFICIENT REST;

BUT I SINCERELY HOPE THAT ALL THESE EMPLOYMENTS ARE NOW AT AN END, AND THAT I AM AT LENGTH FREE.

I TREMBLED EXCESSIVELY.

I WALKED WITH A QUICK PACE, AND WE SOON ARRIVED AT MY COLLEGE.

I THEN REFLECTED, AND THE THOUGHT MADE ME SHIVER, THAT THE CREATURE MIGHT STILL BE THERE IN MY APARTMENT.

I DREADED TO BEHOLD THIS MONSTER; BUT I FEARED STILL MORE THAT HENRY SHOULD SEE HIM.

HENRY, REMAIN A FEW MINUTES.

A COLD SHIVERING CAME OVER ME...

...BUT I BECAME ASSURED THAT MY ENEMY HAD INDEED FLED.

I CLAPPED MY HANDS FOR JOY AND RAN DOWN FOR CLERVAL.

THE SERVANT BROUGHT US BREAKFAST; BUT I WAS UNABLE TO CONTAIN MYSELF.



HA-HA HA HA-HA!!



HA-HARRH!

MY DEAR VICTOR!
WHAT, FOR GOD'S SAKE, IS THE MATTER?



HA HA HA HA!

HOW ILL YOU ARE!
WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS?



I THOUGHT I SAW THE DREADED SPECTRE GLIDE INTO THE ROOM.

DO NOT ASK ME...

...HE CAN TELL!



SAVE ME!!!

OH, SAVE ME!

I FELL DOWN IN A FIT. POOR CLERVAL! WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN HIS FEELINGS? A MEETING, WHICH HE ANTICIPATED WITH SUCH JOY, SO STRANGELY TURNED TO BITTERNESS.

I DID NOT RECOVER MY SENSES FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.

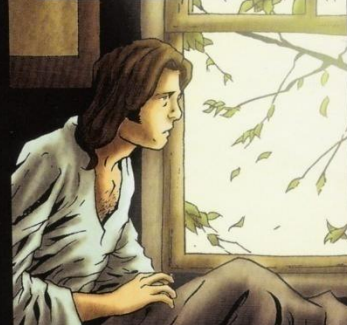
VOLUME I
CHAPTER VI

THIS WAS THE COMMENCEMENT OF A NERVOUS FEVER WHICH CONFINED ME FOR SEVERAL MONTHS. DURING ALL THAT TIME, HENRY WAS MY ONLY NURSE.



KNOWING MY FATHER'S ADVANCED AGE, AND HOW WRETCHED MY SICKNESS WOULD MAKE ELIZABETH, HE SPARED THEM THIS GRIEF BY CONCEALING THE EXTENT OF MY DISORDER.

BY VERY SLOW DEGREES, AND WITH FREQUENT RELAPSES THAT ALARMED AND GRIEVED MY FRIEND, I RECOVERED.



IT WAS A DIVINE SPRING; AND THE SEASON CONTRIBUTED GREATLY TO MY CONVALESCENCE.

DEAREST CLERVAL, HOW KIND, HOW VERY GOOD YOU ARE TO ME.

THIS WHOLE WINTER, INSTEAD OF BEING SPENT IN STUDY, HAS BEEN CONSUMED IN MY SICK ROOM.

HOW SHALL I EVER REPAY YOU?

YOU WILL REPAY ME ENTIRELY, IF YOU GET WELL AS FAST AS YOU CAN; AND SINCE YOU APPEAR IN SUCH GOOD SPIRITS --

-- YOUR FATHER AND ELIZABETH WOULD BE VERY HAPPY IF THEY RECEIVED A LETTER FROM YOU. THEY HARDLY KNOW HOW ILL YOU HAVE BEEN, AND ARE UNEASY AT YOUR LONG SILENCE.

HOW COULD YOU SUPPOSE THAT MY FIRST THOUGHT WOULD NOT FLY TOWARDS THOSE DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS?

THEN YOU WILL BE GLAD TO SEE THIS LETTER --



-- THAT HAS BEEN LYING HERE SOME DAYS FOR YOU:

IT IS FROM YOUR COUSIN, I BELIEVE.

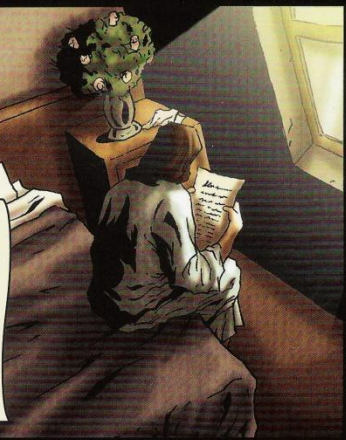


MY DEAREST COUSIN,
YOU HAVE BEEN ILL, VERY ILL, AND EVEN THE CONSTANT LETTERS OF DEAR KIND HENRY ARE NOT SUFFICIENT TO REASSURE ME ON YOUR ACCOUNT.
GET WELL - AND RETURN TO US. YOU WILL FIND A HAPPY, CHEERFUL HOME, AND FRIENDS WHO LOVE YOU DEARLY. YOUR FATHER'S HEALTH IS VIGOROUS, AND HE ASKS BUT TO SEE YOU; BUT TO BE ASSURED THAT YOU ARE WELL.

HOW PLEASED YOU WOULD BE TO REMARK THE IMPROVEMENT OF OUR ERNEST! HE IS NOW SIXTEEN AND DESIROUS TO ENTER INTO FOREIGN SERVICE, BUT WE CANNOT PART WITH HIM UNTIL HIS ELDER BROTHER RETURN TO US.

I WISH YOU COULD SEE LITTLE DARLING WILLIAM; HE IS VERY TALL OF HIS AGE, WITH SWEET LAUGHING EYES. WHEN HE SMILES, TWO LITTLE DIMPLES APPEAR ON EACH CHEEK. HE HAS ALREADY HAD ONE OR TWO LITTLE 'WIVES'; BUT LOUISA BIRON IS HIS FAVOURITE, A PRETTY GIRL OF FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

DO YOU REMEMBER ON WHAT OCCASIONS JUSTINE MORITZ ENTERED OUR FAMILY? HER MOTHER WAS A WIDOW WITH FOUR CHILDREN, OF WHOM JUSTINE WAS THE THIRD. THROUGH A STRANGE PERVERSITY, HER MOTHER COULD NOT ENDURE HER, AND TREATED HER ILL. WHEN JUSTINE WAS TWELVE YEARS OF AGE, SHE CAME TO LIVE AT OUR HOUSE.



JUSTINE, YOU MAY REMEMBER, WAS A GREAT FAVOURITE OF YOURS; YOU ONCE REMARKED THAT IF YOU WERE IN AN ILL HUMOUR, ONE GLANCE FROM JUSTINE COULD DISSIPATE IT.

ONE BY ONE, HER BROTHERS AND SISTER DIED, AND JUSTINE WAS CALLED HOME BY HER REPENTANT MOTHER. SHE SOMETIMES BEGGED JUSTINE TO FORGIVE HER UNKINDNESS, BUT MUCH OFTENER ACCUSED HER OF HAVING CAUSED THE DEATHS OF HER BROTHERS AND SISTER. BUT MADAME MORITZ IS NOW AT PEACE FOREVER. SHE DIED ON THE FIRST APPROACH OF COLD WEATHER, AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS LAST WINTER.



JUSTINE HAS RETURNED TO US, AND I ASSURE YOU I LOVE HER TENDERLY. SHE IS VERY CLEVER AND GENTLE, AND EXTREMELY PRETTY.

I HAVE WRITTEN MYSELF INTO BETTER SPIRITS, DEAR COUSIN; BUT MY ANXIETY RETURNS UPON ME AS I CONCLUDE...



...ADIEU!
AND, I INTREAT YOU, WRITE!
ELIZABETH LAVENZA.

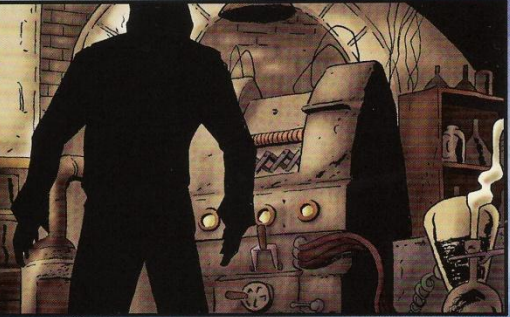
DEAR, DEAR ELIZABETH!

I WILL WRITE INSTANTLY AND RELIEVE THEM FROM THE ANXIETY THEY MUST FEEL!

I WROTE, AND THIS EXERTION GREATLY FATIGUED ME; BUT MY CONVALESCENCE HAD COMMENCED, AND PROCEEDED REGULARLY. IN ANOTHER FORTNIGHT I WAS ABLE TO LEAVE MY CHAMBER.

EVER SINCE THE FATAL NIGHT, THE END OF MY LABOURS, I HAD CONCEIVED A VIOLENT ANTI-PATHY EVEN TO THE NAME OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

I COULD NEVER PERSUADE MYSELF TO CONFIDE TO C'LERVAL THAT EVENT WHICH WAS SO OFTEN PRESENT TO MY RECOLLECTION.



C'LERVAL CAME TO THE UNIVERSITY WITH THE DESIGN OF MAKING HIMSELF MASTER OF THE ORIENTAL LANGUAGES, AS THUS HE SHOULD OPEN A FIELD FOR THE PLAN OF LIFE HE HAD MARKED OUT FOR HIMSELF.

I WAS EASILY INDUCED TO ENTER ON THE SAME STUDIES.



I FOUND NOT ONLY INSTRUCTION, BUT CONSOLATION IN THE WORKS OF THE ORIENTALISTS. THEIR MELANCHOLY IS SOOTHING, AND THEIR JOY ELEVATING, TO A DEGREE I NEVER EXPERIENCED IN STUDYING THE AUTHORS OF ANY OTHER COUNTRY.



WHEN YOU READ THEIR WRITINGS, LIFE APPEARS TO CONSIST IN A WARM SUN AND A GARDEN OF ROSES, IN THE SMILES AND FROWNS OF A FAIR ENEMY, AND THE FIRE THAT CONSUMES YOUR OWN HEART.

SUMMER PASSED. MY RETURN TO GENEVA WAS DELAYED BY SEVERAL ACCIDENTS - WINTER AND SNOW ARRIVED, THE ROADS WERE DEEMED IMPASSABLE, AND MY JOURNEY WAS RETARDED UNTIL THE ENSUING SPRING.

I FELT THIS DELAY BITTERLY.

HENRY PROPOSED A PEDESTRIAN FAREWELL TOUR IN THE ENVIRONS OF INGOLSTADT, THAT I MIGHT BID A PERSONAL FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY I HAD SO LONG INHABITED.

EXCELLENT FRIEND!

WE PASSED A FORTNIGHT IN THESE PERAMBULATIONS. MY HEALTH AND SPIRITS HAD LONG BEEN RESTORED, BUT CLERVAL CALLED FORTH THE BETTER FEELINGS OF MY HEART; HE AGAIN TAUGHT ME TO LOVE THE ASPECT OF NATURE AND THE CHEERFUL FACES OF CHILDREN.

I BECAME THE SAME HAPPY CREATURE WHO, A FEW YEARS AGO, LOVED AND BELOVED BY ALL; HAD NO SORROW OR CARE.

EVERYONE WE MET APPEARED HAPPY.

MY OWN SPIRITS WERE HIGH, AND I BOUNDED ALONG WITH FEELINGS OF UNBRIDLED JOY AND HILARITY.

VOLUME I
CHAPTER VII

ON MY RETURN, I FOUND THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM MY FATHER:

MY DEAR VICTOR,

YOU HAVE PROBABLY WAITED IMPATIENTLY TO FIX THE DATE OF YOUR RETURN TO US, BUT NOW, VICTOR, CAN I RELATE OUR MISFORTUNE?

WILLIAM IS DEAD!

THAT SWEET CHILD, WHOSE SMILES DELIGHTED AND WARMED MY HEART, WHO WAS SO GENTLE!

VICTOR, HE IS MURDERED!

LAST THURSDAY, I, MY NIECE, AND YOUR TWO BROTHERS WENT TO WALK IN PLAINPALAIS. THE EVENING WAS WARM AND SERENE, AND WE PROLONGED OUR WALK FARTHER THAN USUAL.

ERNEST!

WILLIAM!

IT WAS ALREADY DUSK BEFORE WE THOUGHT OF RETURNING; AND THEN WE DISCOVERED THAT WILLIAM AND ERNEST, WHO HAD GONE ON BEFORE, WERE NOT TO BE FOUND.

HAVE YOU SEEN WILLIAM?

I HAD BEEN PLAYING WITH HIM.

WILLIAM RAN AWAY TO HIDE.

I VAINLY SOUGHT FOR HIM, AND WAITED FOR HIM A LONG TIME, BUT HE DID NOT RETURN!

THIS ACCOUNT RATHER ALARMED US, AND WE CONTINUED TO SEARCH FOR HIM UNTIL NIGHT FELL.

I COULD NOT REST WHEN I THOUGHT THAT MY SWEET BOY HAD LOST HIMSELF AND WAS EXPOSED TO ALL THE DAMPS AND DEWS OF NIGHT.

ABOUT FIVE IN THE MORNING, I DISCOVERED MY LOVELY BOY, LIVID AND MOTIONLESS.

THE PRINT OF THE MURDERER'S FINGER WAS ON HIS NECK.

OH GOD! I HAVE MURDERED MY DARLING CHILD!

WILLIAM HAD TEASED ME TO LET HIM WEAR A VERY VALUABLE MINIATURE I POSSESS OF HIS MOTHER.

THIS PICTURE IS GONE AND WAS DOUBTLESS THE TEMPTATION WHICH URGED THE MURDERER TO THE DEED.

WE HAVE NO TRACE OF THE MURDERER AT PRESENT, ALTHOUGH OUR EXERTIONS TO DISCOVER HIM ARE UNREMITTED; BUT THEY WILL NOT RESTORE MY BELOVED WILLIAM!

COME, DEAREST VICTOR; YOU ALONE CAN CONSOLE ELIZABETH. SHE WEEPS CONTINUALLY, AND ACCUSES HERSELF UNJUSTLY. WE ARE ALL UNHAPPY, BUT WILL THAT NOT BE AN ADDITIONAL MOTIVE FOR YOU, MY SON, TO RETURN AND BE OUR COMFORTER?

MY DEAR FRANKENSTEIN, ARE WE ALWAYS TO BE UNHAPPY?

I CAN OFFER YOU NO CONSOLATION, MY FRIEND; YOUR DISASTER IS IRREPARABLE.

WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO?

TO GO INSTANTLY TO GENEVA; COME WITH ME TO ORDER THE HORSES.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE AND AFFLICTED FATHER,
ALPHONSE FRANKENSTEIN.

I BADE FAREWELL TO MY FRIEND.

AS I DREW NEARER HOME, GRIEF AND FEAR AGAIN OVERCAME ME. NIGHT ALSO CLOSED AROUND; THE PICTURE APPEARED A VAST AND DIM SCENE OF EVIL, AND I FORESAW OBSCURELY THAT I WAS DESTINED TO BECOME THE MOST WRETCHED OF HUMAN BEINGS.

IT WAS COMPLETELY DARK WHEN I ARRIVED IN THE ENVIRONS OF GENEVA; AND AS I WAS UNABLE TO REST, I RESOLVED TO VISIT THE SPOT WHERE MY POOR WILLIAM HAD BEEN MURDERED.

AS I COULD NOT PASS THROUGH THE TOWN, I WAS OBLIGED TO CROSS THE LAKE IN A BOAT TO ARRIVE AT PLAINPALAIS.

DURING THIS SHORT VOYAGE I SAW THE LIGHTNINGS PLAYING ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT BLANC. THE DARKNESS AND STORM INCREASED EVERY MINUTE AND THE THUNDER BURST WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH OVER MY HEAD.

IT WAS ECHOED FROM SALÈVE, THE JURAS AND THE ALPS OF SAVOY.

KRAKNA-DOOM!

WILLIAM, DEAR ANGEL!

THIS IS THY FUNERAL, THIS THY DIRGE!




AS I SAID THESE WORDS, I PERCEIVED
IN THE GLOOM A FIGURE:

I COULD NOT BE MISTAKEN.



A FLASH OF LIGHTNING
ILLUMINATED THE
OBJECT, AND DISCOVERED
ITS SHAPE PLAINLY TO ME:

ITS GIGANTIC STATURE
AND THE DEFORMITY OF
ITS ASPECT INSTANTLY
INFORMED ME THAT IT
WAS THE WRETCH, THE
FILTHY DÆMON TO
WHOM I HAD GIVEN LIFE.



WHAT DID HE THERE? COULD
HE BE THE MURDERER OF
MY BROTHER? I BECAME
CONVINCED OF ITS TRUTH.

NOTHING IN HUMAN
SHAPE COULD HAVE
DESTROYED THAT FAIR
CHILD.



HE WAS THE
MURDERER!

PURSING THE DEVIL
WOULD HAVE BEEN IN VAIN,
FOR IN ANOTHER FLASH
HE DISAPPEARED AMONG
THE ROCKS OF MOUNT
SALÈVE.



HE SOON REACHED THE SUMMIT...

...AND DISAPPEARED.

IT WAS ABOUT FIVE IN THE MORNING WHEN I ENTERED MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

I TOLD THE SERVANTS NOT TO DISTURB THE FAMILY, AND WENT INTO THE LIBRARY TO ATTEND THEIR USUAL HOUR OF RISING.

SIX YEARS HAD ELAPSED, PASSED AS A DREAM...

...BUT FOR ONE INDELIBLE TRACE.

WELCOME, MY DEAREST VICTOR!

ERNEST!

AH! I WISH YOU HAD COME THREE MONTHS AGO.

YOU COME TO US NOW TO SHARE A MISERY; YET YOUR PRESENCE WILL, I HOPE, REVIVE OUR FATHER,

AND YOUR PERSUASIONS WILL INDUCE ELIZABETH TO CEASE HER VAIN AND TORMENTING SELF-ACCUSATIONS.

ELIZABETH...?

SHE MOST OF ALL REQUIRES CONSOLATION.

SHE ACCUSED HERSELF OF HAVING CAUSED THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER.

BUT SINCE THE MURDERER HAS BEEN DISCOVERED...

THE MURDERER DISCOVERED! GOOD GOD! HOW CAN THAT BE? WHO COULD ATTEMPT TO PURSUE HIM? IT IS IMPOSSIBLE; ONE MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO OVERTAKE THE WINDS OR CONFINE THE MOUNTAIN-STREAM WITH A STRAW.

I SAW HIM TOO; HE WAS FREE LAST NIGHT!

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!

THE DISCOVERY WE HAVE MADE COMPLETES OUR MISERY. NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE IT AT FIRST, NOTWITHSTANDING ALL THE EVIDENCE. JUSTINE MORITZ!

POOR, POOR GIRL, IS SHE THE ACCUSED?

BUT IT IS WRONGFULLY; NO ONE BELIEVES IT SURELY, ERNEST?

NO ONE DID AT FIRST; BUT SEVERAL CIRCUMSTANCES CAME OUT THAT HAVE ALMOST FORCED CONVICTION UPON US; AND HER OWN BEHAVIOUR HAS BEEN SO CONFUSED AS TO ADD TO THE EVIDENCE OF FACTS A WEIGHT THAT, I FEAR, LEAVES NO HOPE FOR DOUBT.

BUT SHE WILL BE TRIED TODAY, AND YOU WILL THEN HEAR ALL.

JUSTINE HAD BEEN TAKEN ILL ON THE MORNING THAT POOR WILLIAM'S MURDER WAS DISCOVERED. SHE WAS CONFINED TO HER BED FOR SEVERAL DAYS.

DURING THIS INTERVAL, ONE OF THE SERVANTS DISCOVERED IN HER POCKET THE PICTURE OF MY MOTHER; WHICH HAD BEEN JUDGED TO BE THE TEMPTATION OF THE MURDERER.

JUSTINE WAS APPREHENDED, AND CONFIRMED THE SUSPICION BY HER EXTREME CONFUSION OF MANNER.

YOU ARE ALL MISTAKEN!

I KNOW THE MURDERER. JUSTINE, POOR, GOOD JUSTINE, IS INNOCENT.



GOOD GOD, PAPA!

VICTOR SAYS THAT HE KNOWS WHO WAS THE MURDERER OF POOR WILLIAM!

JUSTINE IS INNOCENT.

IF SHE IS, GOD FORBID THAT SHE SHOULD SUFFER AS GUILTY.

YOUR ARRIVAL, MY DEAR COUSIN, FILLS ME WITH HOPE. IF JUSTINE IS CONDEMNED, I NEVER SHALL KNOW JOY MORE.

SHE IS INNOCENT, MY ELIZABETH; AND THAT SHALL BE PROVED;

FEAR NOTHING.

JUSTINE HAD BEEN OUT THE WHOLE OF THE NIGHT ON WHICH THE MURDER HAD BEEN COMMITTED, AND TOWARDS MORNING HAD BEEN PERCEIVED BY A MARKET-WOMAN, NOT FAR FROM WHERE WILLIAM'S BODY WAS FOUND.



I ASKED WHAT SHE DID THERE, BUT SHE LOOKED STRANGELY AND ONLY RETURNED A CONFUSED AND UNINTELLIGIBLE ANSWER.

JUSTINE WAS CALLED ON FOR HER DEFENCE. SOMETIMES SHE STRUGGLED WITH HER TEARS, BUT WHEN SHE WAS DESIRED TO PLEAD, SHE COLLECTED HER POWERS AND SPOKE IN AN AUDIBLE THOUGH VARIABLE VOICE.

GOD KNOWS HOW ENTIRELY I AM INNOCENT.

I HAD PASSED THE EVENING AT THE HOUSE OF MY AUNT IN CHÉNE.

ON MY RETURN, I MET A MAN WHO ASKED IF I HAD SEEN ANYTHING OF THE CHILD WHO WAS LOST.

I PASSED SEVERAL HOURS IN LOOKING, WHEN THE GATES OF GENEVA WERE SHUT. I WAS FORCED TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN A BARN.

TOWARDS MORNING, SOME STEPS DISTURBED ME, AND I AWOKE. IT WAS DAWN, AND I THOUGHT I MIGHT ENDEAVOUR AGAIN TO FIND THE CHILD.

IF I HAD BEEN BEWILDERED BY THE MARKET-WOMAN, IT WAS NOT SURPRISING - HAVING PASSED A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

I CAN GIVE NO ACCOUNT FOR THE PICTURE. I KNOW HOW HEAVILY THIS ONE CIRCUMSTANCE WEIGHS AGAINST ME, BUT I HAVE NO POWER OF EXPLAINING HOW IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PLACED IN MY POCKET.

I COMMIT MY CAUSE TO THE JUSTICE OF THE JUDGES, YET I SEE NO ROOM FOR HOPE.

VOLUME I
CHAPTER VIII



WE PASSED A FEW SAD HOURS UNTIL ELEVEN O'CLOCK, WHEN THE TRIAL WAS TO COMMENCE. A THOUSAND TIMES RATHER WOULD I HAVE CONFESSED MYSELF GUILTY OF THE CRIME ASCRIBED TO JUSTINE; BUT SUCH A DECLARATION WOULD HAVE BEEN CONSIDERED AS THE RAVINGS OF A MADMAN.

THE APPEARANCE OF JUSTINE WAS CALM. SHE APPEARED CONFIDENT IN INNOCENCE, AND DID NOT TREMBLE.

A TEAR SEEMED TO DIM HER EYE WHEN SHE SAW US; BUT SHE QUICKLY RECOVERED HERSELF.

A LOOK OF SORROWFUL AFFECTION SEEMED TO ATTEST HER LITTLER GUILTLESSNESS.

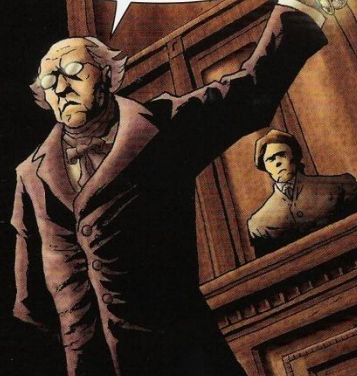


SHE WAS TRANQUIL, YET HER TRANQUILLITY WAS EVIDENTLY CONSTRAINED.

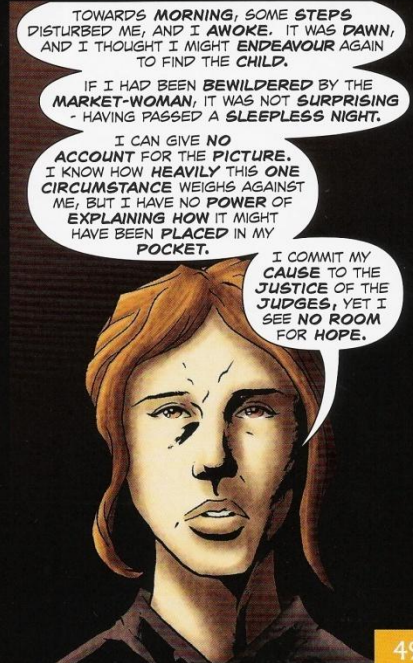


THIS IS THE PICTURE THAT THIS SERVANT FOUND IN JUSTINE'S POCKET,

THE SAME WHICH ELIZABETH PLACED AROUND HIS NECK AN HOUR BEFORE THE CHILD HAD BEEN MISSED.



A MURMUR OF HORROR AND INDIGNATION FILLED THE COURT.



SEVERAL WITNESSES WERE CALLED WHO HAD KNOWN HER FOR MANY YEARS, AND THEY SPOKE WELL OF HER. ELIZABETH ADDRESSED THE COURT IN DEFENCE OF THE ACCUSED, BUT PUBLIC INDIGNATION WAS TURNED ON POOR JUSTINE WITH RENEWED VIOLENCE.

I PASSED A NIGHT OF UNMINGLEWED WRETCHEDNESS.

IN THE MORNING, I WENT TO THE COURT. THE BALLOTS HAD BEEN THROWN; THEY WERE ALL BLACK, AND JUSTINE WAS CONDEMNED.



...BUT SHE HAS CONFESSED!

ALAS! HOW SHALL I EVER BELIEVE AGAIN IN HUMAN GOODNESS?

I WILL GO, ALTHOUGH SHE IS GUILTY; AND YOU, VICTOR, SHALL ACCOMPANY ME.

OH, JUSTINE!

WHY DID YOU ROB ME OF MY LAST CONSOLATION?

I RELIED ON YOUR INNOCENCE!

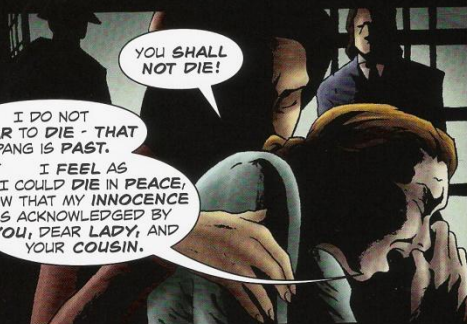
I DID CONFESS, BUT I CONFESSED A LIE. I CONFESSED THAT I MIGHT OBTAIN ABSOLUTION; BUT NOW THAT FALSEHOOD LIES HEAVIER AT MY HEART THAN ALL MY OTHER SINS. WHAT COULD I DO? THE GOD OF HEAVEN FORGIVE ME!

EVER SINCE I WAS CONDEMNED, MY CONFESSOR HAS THREATENED AND MENACED UNTIL I ALMOST BEGAN TO THINK THAT I WAS THE MONSTER THAT HE SAID I WAS.

WHAT COULD I DO?

OH, JUSTINE! FORGIVE ME FOR HAVING FOR ONE MOMENT DISTRUSTED YOU.

DO NOT FEAR. I WILL PROCLAIM, I WILL PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE.



YOU SHALL NOT DIE!

I DO NOT FEAR TO DIE - THAT PANG IS PAST.

I FEEL AS IF I COULD DIE IN PEACE, NOW THAT MY INNOCENCE IS ACKNOWLEDGED BY YOU, DEAR LADY, AND YOUR COUSIN.

THUS THE POOR SUFFERER TRIED TO COMFORT OTHERS AND HERSELF. BUT I, THE TRUE MURDERER, FELT THE NEVER-DYING WORM ALIVE IN MY BOSOM, WHICH ALLOWED OF NO HOPE OR CONSOLATION...