

Volume II

Frankenstein

VOLUME II
CHAPTER I

...AND ON THE
MORROW
JUSTINE DIED.

I BEHELD THOSE I LOVED
SPEND VAIN SORROW UPON
THE GRAVES OF WILLIAM
AND JUSTINE, THE FIRST
HAPLESS VICTIMS TO MY
UNHALLOWED ARTS.



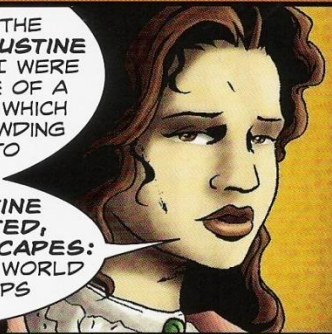
I HAD BEGUN LIFE WITH BENEVOLENT
INTENTIONS, AND THIRSTED FOR THE MOMENT
WHEN I SHOULD PUT THEM IN PRACTICE AND
MAKE MYSELF USEFUL TO MY FELLOW BEINGS.
NOW ALL WAS BLASTED.

I WAS SEIZED BY REMORSE
AND A SENSE OF GUILT. I
SHUNNED THE FACE OF MAN;
SOLITUDE WAS MY ONLY
CONSOLATION - DEEP, DARK,
DEATHLIKE SOLITUDE.

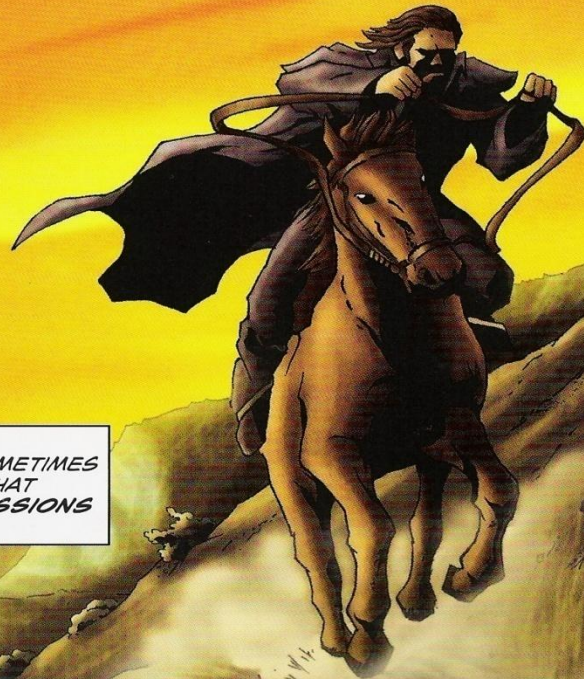
I HAD BEEN THE AUTHOR
OF UNALTERABLE
EVILS, AND I LIVED IN
DAILY FEAR LEST THE
MONSTER WHOM I HAD
CREATED SHOULD
PERPETRATE SOME
NEW WICKEDNESS.

WHEN I REFLECT ON THE
MISERABLE DEATH OF JUSTINE
MORITZ, I FEEL AS IF I WERE
WALKING ON THE EDGE OF A
PRECIPICE, TOWARDS WHICH
THOUSANDS ARE CROWDING
TO PLUNGE ME INTO
THE ABYSS.

WILLIAM AND JUSTINE
WERE ASSASSINATED,
AND THE MURDERER ESCAPES:
HE WALKS ABOUT THE WORLD
FREE, AND PERHAPS
RESPECTED.



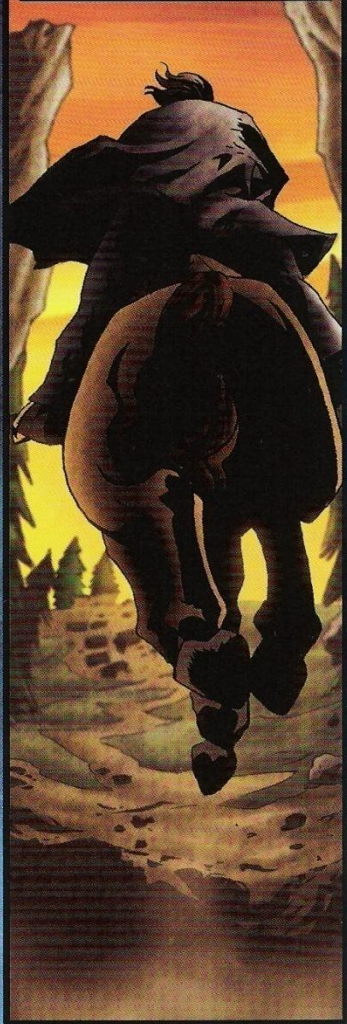
MY FATHER'S HEALTH WAS DEEPLY SHAKEN.
ELIZABETH WAS SAD AND DESPONDING. SOMETIMES
I COULD COPE WITH THE SULLEN DESPAIR THAT
OVERWHELMED ME; BUT THE WHIRLWIND PASSIONS
OF MY SOUL DROVE ME TO SUDDENLY LEAVE.



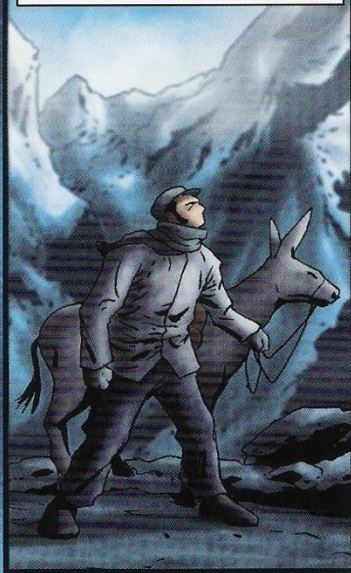
VOLUME II
CHAPTER II

IN THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE ALPINE VALLEYS, I SOUGHT TO FORGET MYSELF AND MY EPHEMERAL, BECAUSE HUMAN, SORROWS.

AT LENGTH I ARRIVED AT THE VILLAGE OF CHAMOUNIX.

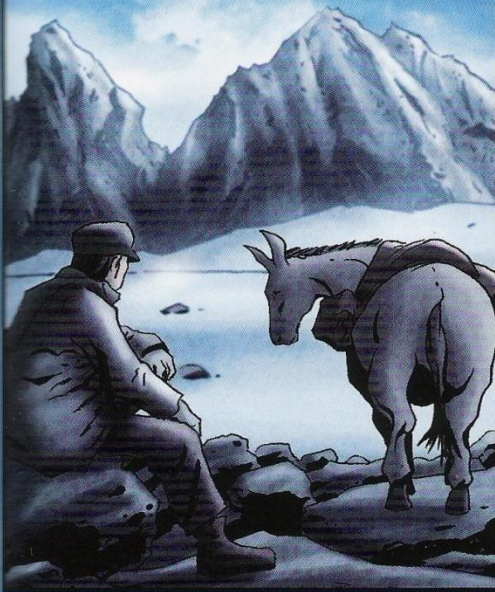


I SPENT THE FOLLOWING DAY ROAMING THROUGH THE VALLEY, AND I RESOLVED TO ASCEND TO THE SUMMIT OF MONTANVERT. I REMEMBERED THE EFFECT THAT THE VIEW OF THE TREMENDOUS AND EVER-MOVING GLACIER HAD PRODUCED ON MY MIND WHEN I FIRST SAW IT.



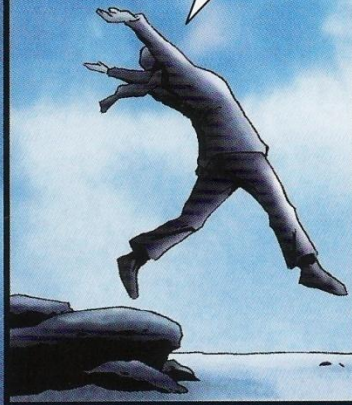
THE ASCENT IS PRECIPITOUS. I LOOKED ON THE VALLEY BENEATH; VAST MISTS WERE RISING FROM THE RIVERS WHICH RAN THROUGH IT AND CURLING IN THICK WREATHS AROUND THE OPPOSITE MOUNTAINS, WHOSE SUMMITS WERE HID IN THE UNIFORM CLOUDS, WHILE RAIN POURED FROM THE DARK SKY; AND ADDED TO THE MELANCHOLY IMPRESSION OF THE OBJECTS AROUND ME.

IT WAS NEARLY NOON WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE TOP OF THE ASCENT. I SAT UPON A ROCK, GAZING ON THIS WONDERFUL SCENE.

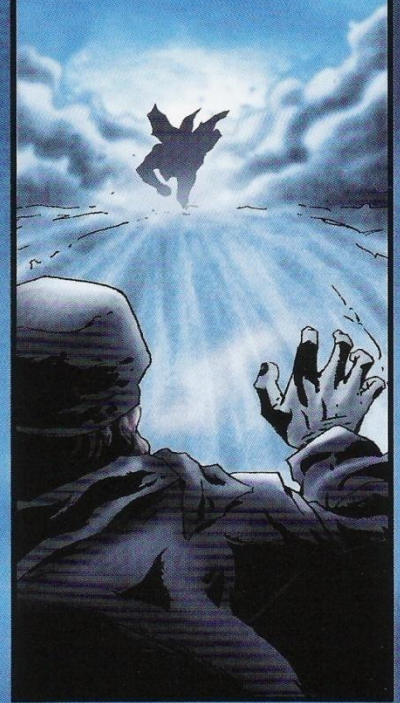


MY HEART, WHICH WAS BEFORE SORROWFUL, NOW SWELLED WITH SOMETHING LIKE JOY.

WANDERING SPIRITS, IF INDEED YE WANDER, AND DO NOT REST IN YOUR NARROW BEDS, ALLOW ME THIS FAINT HAPPINESS, OR TAKE ME, AS YOUR COMPANION, AWAY FROM THE JOYS OF LIFE!



AS I SAID THIS, I SUDDENLY BEHELD THE FIGURE OF A MAN ADVANCING TOWARDS ME WITH SUPERHUMAN SPEED. HIS STATURE SEEMED TO EXCEED THAT OF A MAN.



IT WAS THE WRETCH WHOM I HAD CREATED. I TREMBLED WITH RAGE AND HORROR, RESOLVING TO WAIT HIS APPROACH, AND CLOSE WITH HIM IN MORTAL COMBAT!



DEVIL, DO YOU DARE APPROACH ME? AND DO NOT YOU FEAR THE FIERCE VENGEANCE OF MY ARM WREACKED ON YOUR MISERABLE HEAD?

BEGONE, VILE INSECT!

OR RATHER, STAY, THAT I MAY TRAMPLE YOU TO DUST!

OH, THAT I COULD, WITH THE EXTINCTION OF YOUR MISERABLE EXISTENCE, RESTORE THOSE VICTIMS WHOM YOU HAVE SO DIABOLICALLY MURDERED!

I EXPECTED THIS.

ALL MEN HATE THE WRETCHED; HOW, THEN, MUST I BE HATED, WHO AM MISERABLE BEYOND ALL THINGS!

YET YOU, MY CREATOR, DETEST AND SPURN ME. YOU PURPOSE TO KILL ME. HOW DARE YOU SPORT THUS WITH LIFE?

DO YOUR DUTY TOWARDS ME, AND I WILL DO MINE TOWARDS YOU AND THE REST OF MANKIND. I WILL LEAVE THEM AND YOU AT PEACE; BUT IF YOU REFUSE, I WILL GLUT THE MAW OF DEATH, UNTIL IT BE SATIATED WITH THE BLOOD OF YOUR REMAINING FRIENDS.

ABHORRED MONSTER! FIEND THAT THOU ART!

LUNGE!

WRETCHED DEVIL!

COME ON, THEN, THAT I MAY EXTINGUISH THE SPARK WHICH I SO NEGLIGENTLY BESTOWED!




BE CALM!

I INTREAT YOU TO HEAR ME, BEFORE YOU GIVE VENT TO YOUR HATRED ON MY DEVOTED HEAD.

HAVE I NOT SUFFERED ENOUGH, THAT YOU SEEK TO INCREASE MY MISERY? LIFE IS DEAR TO ME, AND I WILL DEFEND IT.

REMEMBER, THOU HAST MADE ME MORE POWERFUL THAN THYSELF. BUT I WILL NOT BE TEMPTED TO SET MYSELF IN OPPOSITION TO THEE.




I AM THY CREATURE; I OUGHT TO BE THY ADAM, BUT I AM RATHER THE FALLEN ANGEL, WHOM THOU DRIVEST FROM JOY FOR NO MISDEED.

I WAS BENEVOLENT AND GOOD; MISERY MADE ME A FIEND. MAKE ME HAPPY, AND I SHALL AGAIN BE VIRTUOUS.

BEGONE!

THERE CAN BE NO COMMUNITY BETWEEN YOU AND ME; WE ARE ENEMIES.

BEGONE, OR LET US FIGHT.



HOW CAN I MOVE THEE? YOU, MY CREATOR, ABHOR ME. YOUR FELLOW CREATURES SPURN AND HATE ME. THE DESERT MOUNTAINS AND DREARY GLACIERS ARE MY REFUGE; THEY ARE KINDER TO ME THAN YOUR FELLOW BEINGS.

MY ENEMIES SHALL SHARE MY WRETCHEDNESS, YET IT IS IN YOUR POWER TO DELIVER THEM FROM AN EVIL WHIRLWIND OF RAGE.

LISTEN TO ME, FRANKENSTEIN; AND THEN, IF YOU CAN, AND IF YOU WILL, DESTROY THE WORK OF YOUR HANDS.



WHY DO YOU CALL TO MY REMEMBRANCE? CURSED BE THE HANDS THAT FORMED YOU!

COME TO THE HUT UPON THE MOUNTAIN. LISTEN TO ME, AND DECIDE.

ON YOU IT RESTS WHETHER I LEAD A HARMLESS LIFE,

OR BECOME THE SCOURGE OF YOUR FELLOW CREATURES, AND THE AUTHOR OF YOUR OWN SPEEDY RUIN.

I WEIGHED THE VARIOUS ARGUMENTS THAT HE HAD USED, AND DETERMINED AT LEAST TO LISTEN TO HIS TALE.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, I FELT WHAT THE DUTIES OF A CREATOR TOWARDS HIS CREATURE WERE, AND THAT I OUGHT TO RENDER HIM HAPPY BEFORE I COMPLAINED OF HIS WICKEDNESS.

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CHAPTER III

IT IS WITH CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTY THAT I REMEMBER THE ORIGINAL ERA OF MY BEING, AND IT WAS, INDEED, A LONG TIME BEFORE I LEARNED TO DISTINGUISH MY SENSES.

I SOUGHT A PLACE WHERE I COULD RECEIVE SHADE, THIS WAS THE FOREST NEAR INGOLSTADT.

I ATE SOME BERRIES AND SLAKED MY THIRST AT THE BROOK, AND THEN LYING DOWN, WAS OVERCOME WITH SLEEP.

IT WAS DARK WHEN I AWOKE, I FELT COLD, ALSO, AND HALF FRIGHTENED. BEFORE I HAD QUITTED YOUR APARTMENT, I HAD COVERED MYSELF WITH SOME CLOTHES, BUT THESE WERE INSUFFICIENT. FEELING PAIN INVADE ME ON ALL SIDES, I SAT DOWN AND WEPT.

SOMETIMES I TRIED TO IMITATE THE PLEASANT SONGS OF THE BIRDS, BUT WAS UNABLE.

SEVERAL CHANGES OF DAY AND NIGHT PASSED, WHEN I BEGAN TO DISTINGUISH MY SENSATIONS FROM EACH OTHER.

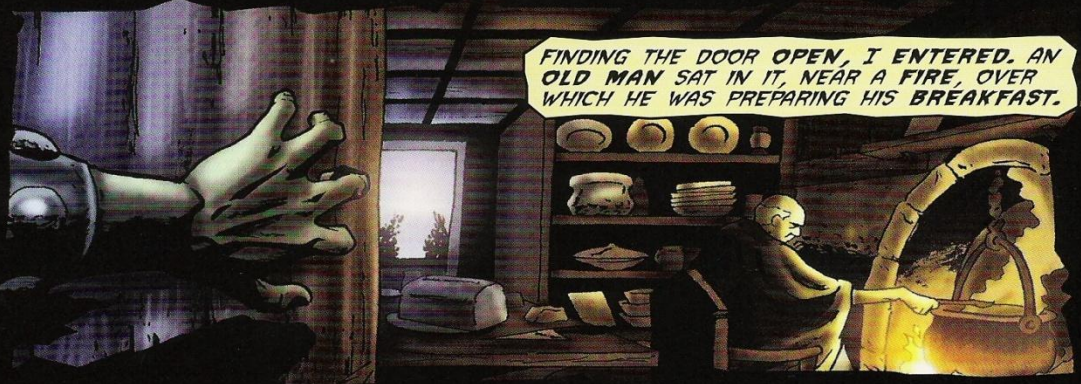
THE UNCOUTH AND INARTICULATE SOUNDS WHICH BROKE FROM ME FRIGHTENED ME INTO SILENCE AGAIN.



FOOD BECAME SCARCE, AND I OFTEN SPENT THE WHOLE DAY SEARCHING IN VAIN FOR A FEW ACORNS TO ASSUAGE THE PANGS OF HUNGER.



I LONGED TO OBTAIN FOOD AND SHELTER; AT LENGTH I PERCEIVED A SMALL HUT. THIS WAS A NEW SIGHT TO ME; AND I EXAMINED THE STRUCTURE WITH GREAT CURIOSITY.



FINDING THE DOOR OPEN, I ENTERED. AN OLD MAN SAT IN IT, NEAR A FIRE, OVER WHICH HE WAS PREPARING HIS BREAKFAST.



PERCEIVING ME, HE SHRIEKED LOUDLY AND RAN OUT ACROSS THE FIELDS.

HIS FLIGHT SOMEWHAT SURPRISED ME. BUT I WAS ENCHANTED BY THE APPEARANCE OF THE HUT; HERE THE SNOW AND RAIN COULD NOT PENETRATE.

IT PRESENTED TO ME THEN AS EXQUISITE A RETREAT AS PANDAEMONIUM APPEARED TO THE DAEMONS OF HELL AFTER THEIR SUFFERINGS IN THE LAKE OF FIRE. I GREEDILY DEVoured THE SHEPHERD'S BREAKFAST. THEN, OVERCOME BY FATIGUE, I LAY DOWN AMONG SOME STRAW, AND FELL ASLEEP.

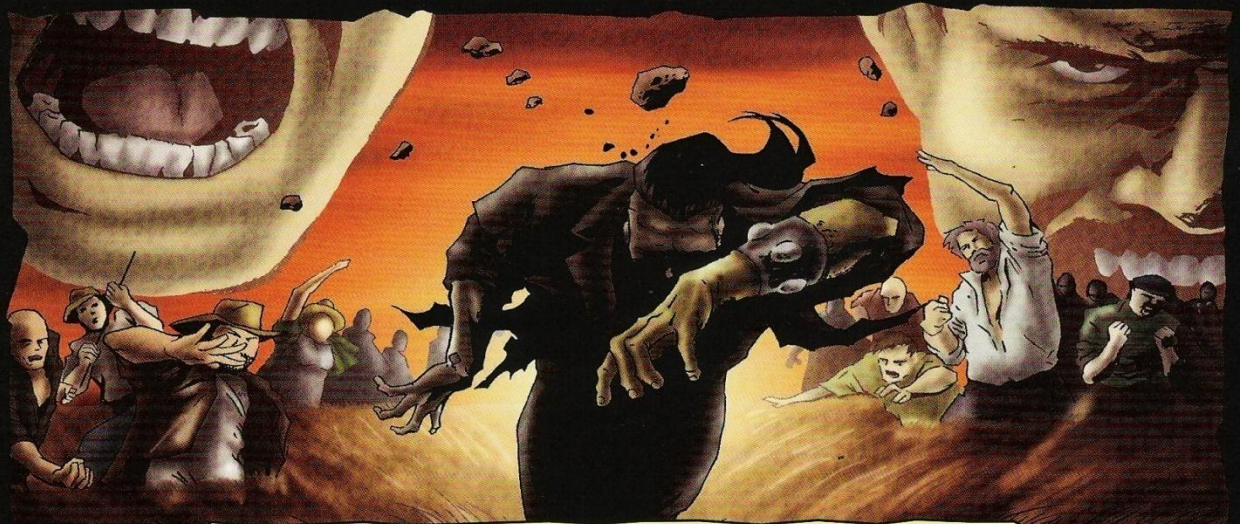
IT WAS NOON WHEN I AWOKE; AND, ALLURED BY THE WARMTH OF THE SUN, I DETERMINED TO RECOMMENCE MY TRAVELS. I PROCEEDED ACROSS THE FIELDS FOR SEVERAL HOURS, UNTIL AT SUNSET I ARRIVED AT A VILLAGE.

HOW MIRACULOUS DID THIS APPEAR!



I HAD HARDLY PLACED MY FOOT WITHIN THE DOOR OF A COTTAGE BEFORE THE CHILDREN SHRIEKED, AND ONE OF THE WOMEN FAINTED.





THE WHOLE VILLAGE WAS ROUSED; SOME FLED, SOME ATTACKED ME, UNTIL, GRIEVOUSLY BRUISED BY STONES AND MANY OTHER KINDS OF MISSILE WEAPONS, I ESCAPED TO THE OPEN COUNTRY...

...AND FEARFULLY TOOK REFUGE IN A LOW HOVEL. THIS HOVEL JOINED A COTTAGE OF A NEAT AND PLEASANT APPEARANCE; BUT AFTER MY LATE DEARLY BOUGHT EXPERIENCE, I DARED NOT ENTER IT.

ALTHOUGH THE WIND ENTERED IT BY INNUMERABLE CHINKS, I FOUND IT AN AGREEABLE ASYLUM.

HERE THEN I RETREATED, AND LAY DOWN HAPPY TO HAVE FOUND A SHELTER, HOWEVER MISERABLE, FROM THE SEASON AND FROM THE BARBARITY OF MAN.

I DRANK FROM THE PURE WATER WHICH FLOWED BY MY RETREAT, AND ATE THAT WHICH I COULD FORAGE OR PURLOIN.

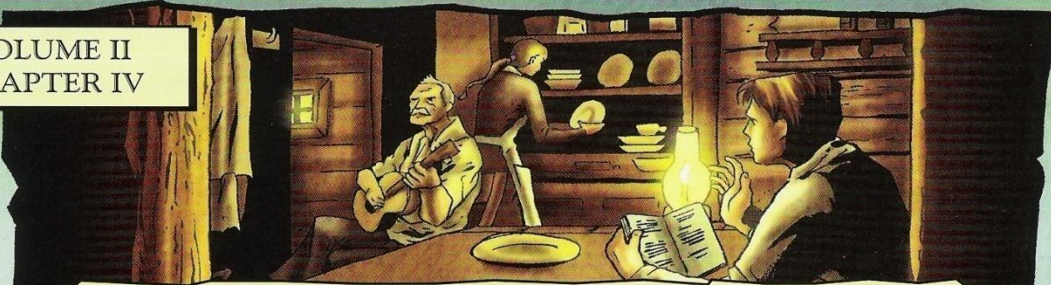
UNSEEN, I WATCHED A YOUNG GIRL OF GENTLE DEMEANOUR, A YOUNG MAN, WHOSE COUNTENANCE EXPRESSED A DEEPER DESPONDENCE, AND AN OLD MAN.

THEY SHOWED SUCH KINDNESS AND AFFECTION THAT I FELT SENSATIONS OF A PECULIAR AND OVERPOWERING NATURE; THEY WERE A MIXTURE OF PAIN AND PLEASURE, SUCH AS I HAD NEVER BEFORE EXPERIENCED; AND I WITHDREW, UNABLE TO BEAR THESE EMOTIONS.

NIGHT QUICKLY SHUT IN, BUT TO MY EXTREME WONDER, I FOUND THAT THEY HAD A MEANS OF PROLONGING LIGHT BY THE USE OF TAPERS...

...AND I WAS DELIGHTED TO FIND THAT THE SETTING OF THE SUN DID NOT PUT AN END TO THE PLEASURE I EXPERIENCED IN WATCHING MY HUMAN NEIGHBOURS.

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CHAPTER IV



THE NEXT DAY PASSED IN THE SAME ROUTINE AS THAT WHICH PRECEDED IT. I SOON PERCEIVED THE OLD MAN TO BE BLIND. NOTHING COULD EXCEED THE LOVE AND RESPECT WHICH THE YOUNGER COTTAGERS EXHIBITED TOWARDS THEIR VENERABLE COMPANION.

I LONGED TO JOIN THEM, BUT I DARED NOT. I REMAINED IN MY HOVEL, ENDEAVOURING TO DISCOVER THEIR MOTIVES.

THEY WERE NOT ENTIRELY HAPPY. I SAW NO CAUSE FOR THEIR UNHAPPINESS; BUT I WAS DEEPLY AFFECTED BY IT.

IF SUCH LOVELY CREATURES WERE MISERABLE, IT WAS LESS STRANGE THAT I SHOULD BE WRETCHED. YET WHY WERE THESE GENTLE BEINGS UNHAPPY?

A CONSIDERABLE PERIOD ELAPSED BEFORE I DISCOVERED ONE OF THE CAUSES; IT WAS POVERTY. THEIR NOURISHMENT CONSISTED ENTIRELY OF VEGETABLES AND THE MILK OF ONE COW. THEY SUFFERED PANGS OF HUNGER, ESPECIALLY THE TWO YOUNGER COTTAGERS, WHO PLACED FOOD BEFORE THE OLD MAN WHEN THEY RESERVED NONE FOR THEMSELVES.



I HAD BEEN ACCUSTOMED, AT NIGHT, TO STEAL A PART OF THEIR STORE FOR MY OWN CONSUMPTION; BUT WHEN I FOUND THAT THIS INFLECTED PAIN ON THE COTTAGERS, I SATISFIED MYSELF WITH BERRIES, NUTS AND ROOTS FROM A NEIGHBOURING WOOD.



I DISCOVERED ALSO ANOTHER MEANS THROUGH WHICH I WAS ENABLED TO ASSIST THEIR LABOURS.

THE YOUTH SPENT A GREAT PART OF EACH DAY COLLECTING WOOD FOR THE FAMILY FIRE; AND, DURING THE NIGHT, I OFTEN TOOK HIS TOOLS AND BROUGHT HOME FIRING SUFFICIENT FOR THE CONSUMPTION OF SEVERAL DAYS.

BY DEGREES I MADE A DISCOVERY OF STILL GREATER MOMENT.

I PERCEIVED THAT THE WORDS THEY SPOKE SOMETIMES PRODUCED PLEASURE OR PAIN, SMILES OR SADNESS.

I ARDENTLY DESIRED TO BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH IT. BUT I WAS BAFFLED IN EVERY ATTEMPT I MADE FOR THIS PURPOSE.

BY GREAT APPLICATION, HOWEVER, I DISCOVERED THE NAMES THAT WERE GIVEN TO SOME OF THE MOST FAMILIAR OBJECTS.

I LEARNED AND APPLIED THE WORDS, "FIRE", "MILK", "BREAD", AND "WOOD".

I LEARNED ALSO THE NAMES OF THE COTTAGERS THEMSELVES.

THE OLD MAN WAS "FATHER".


THE GIRL WAS "SISTER", OR "AGATHA".

THE YOUTH WAS "FELIX", "BROTHER", OR "SON".

I CANNOT DESCRIBE THE DELIGHT I FELT WHEN I LEARNED THE IDEAS APPROPRIATED TO EACH OF THESE SOUNDS, AND WAS ABLE TO PRONOUNCE THEM. I DISTINGUISHED SEVERAL OTHER WORDS WITHOUT BEING ABLE AS YET TO UNDERSTAND OR APPLY THEM; SUCH AS "GOOD", "DEAREST", "UNHAPPY".



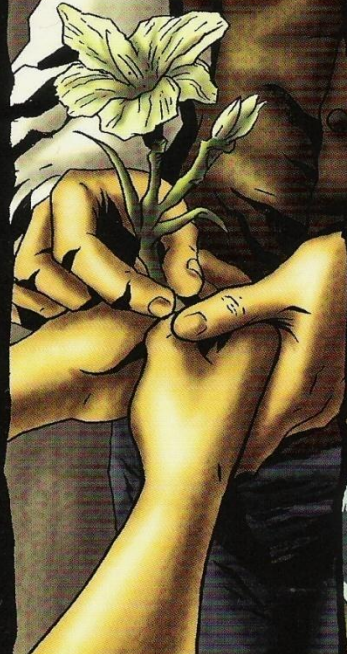
I SPENT
THE WINTER
IN THIS
MANNER.



THE GENTLE
MANNERS AND BEAUTY
OF THE COTTAGERS ENDEARED
THEM TO ME; WHEN THEY WERE
UNHAPPY, I FELT DEPRESSED.
WHEN THEY REJOICED,
I SYMPATHISED
IN THEIR JOYS.



FELIX WAS
ALWAYS THE SADDEST OF THE
GROUP, AND APPEARED TO HAVE
SUFFERED MORE DEEPLY THAN
HIS FRIENDS.




IN THE MIDST OF
POVERTY AND WANT,
FELIX CARRIED WITH
PLEASURE TO HIS SISTER
THE FIRST LITTLE WHITE
FLOWER THAT PEEPED
OUT FROM BENEATH
THE SNOWY GROUND.



I HAD ADMIRERD THE PERFECT FORMS OF MY COTTAGERS - THEIR
GRACE, BEAUTY AND DELICATE COMPLEXIONS; BUT HOW WAS I
TERRIFIED WHEN I VIEWED MYSELF IN A TRANSPARENT POOL!

AT FIRST I WAS UNABLE TO BELIEVE THAT IT WAS INDEED I WHO
WAS REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR; AND WHEN I BECAME FULLY
CONVINCED THAT I WAS IN REALITY THE MONSTER THAT I AM,
I WAS FILLED WITH DESPONDENCE AND MORTIFICATION.



MY MODE OF LIFE IN MY HOVEL WAS
UNIFORM. I SLEPT DURING THE DAY, AND
WHEN THE COTTAGERS HAD RETIRED TO REST,
I WENT INTO THE WOODS AND COLLECTED
MY OWN FOOD AND FUEL FOR THE COTTAGE.
AS OFTEN AS IT WAS NECESSARY, I CLEARED
THEIR PATH OF SNOW.

THESE LABOURS BY AN INVISIBLE HAND
GREATLY ASTONISHED THEM. ONCE OR TWICE I
HEARD THEM UTTER THE WORDS "GOOD SPIRIT",
"WONDERFUL"; BUT I DID NOT UNDERSTAND
THE SIGNIFICATION OF THESE TERMS.

I THOUGHT THAT IT MIGHT BE IN MY POWER TO
RESTORE HAPPINESS TO THESE DESERVING PEOPLE.
I IMAGINED THAT I SHOULD FIRST WIN THEIR
FAVOUR, AND AFTERWARDS THEIR LOVE.
THESE THOUGHTS LED ME TO
APPLY WITH FRESH ARDOUR TO
ACQUIRING THE ART OF LANGUAGE.

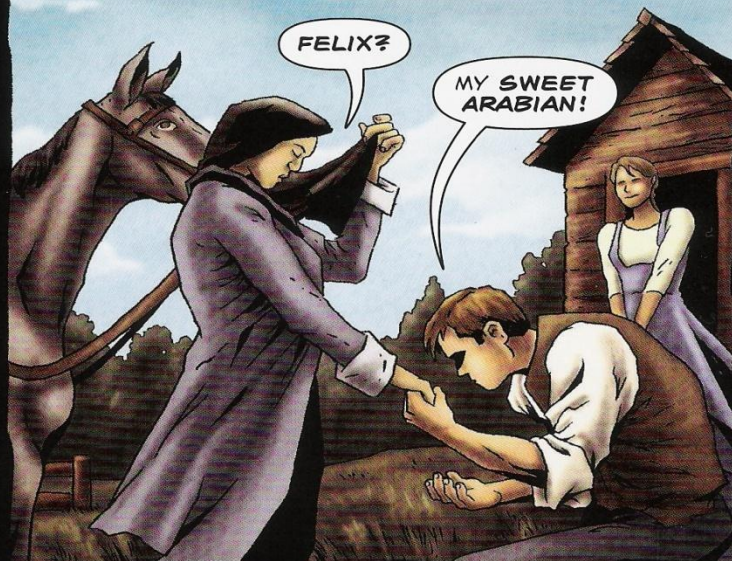
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CHAPTER V



SPRING ADVANCED.

MY SENSES WERE GRATIFIED AND REFRESHED; YET THE COUNTENANCE OF FELIX WAS MELANCHOLY BEYOND EXPRESSION.

SOME-ONE TAPPED AT THE DOOR.



FELIX?

MY SWEET ARABIAN!



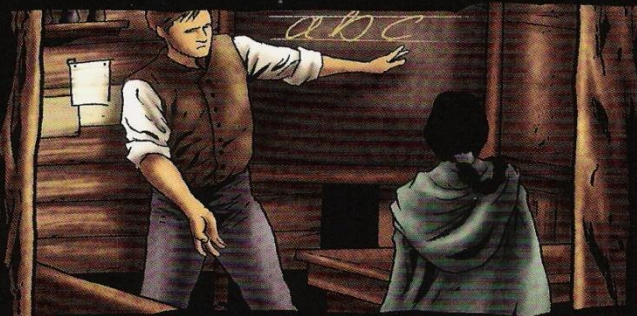
FELIX SEEMED RAVISHED WITH DELIGHT WHEN HE SAW HER. SHE DID NOT SEEM TO UNDERSTAND HIM, BUT SMILED.

THE COTTAGERS CALLED HER "SAFIE".

THE DAYS NOW PASSED AS PEACEABLY AS BEFORE, WITH THE SOLE ALTERATION THAT JOY HAD TAKEN PLACE OF SADNESS.

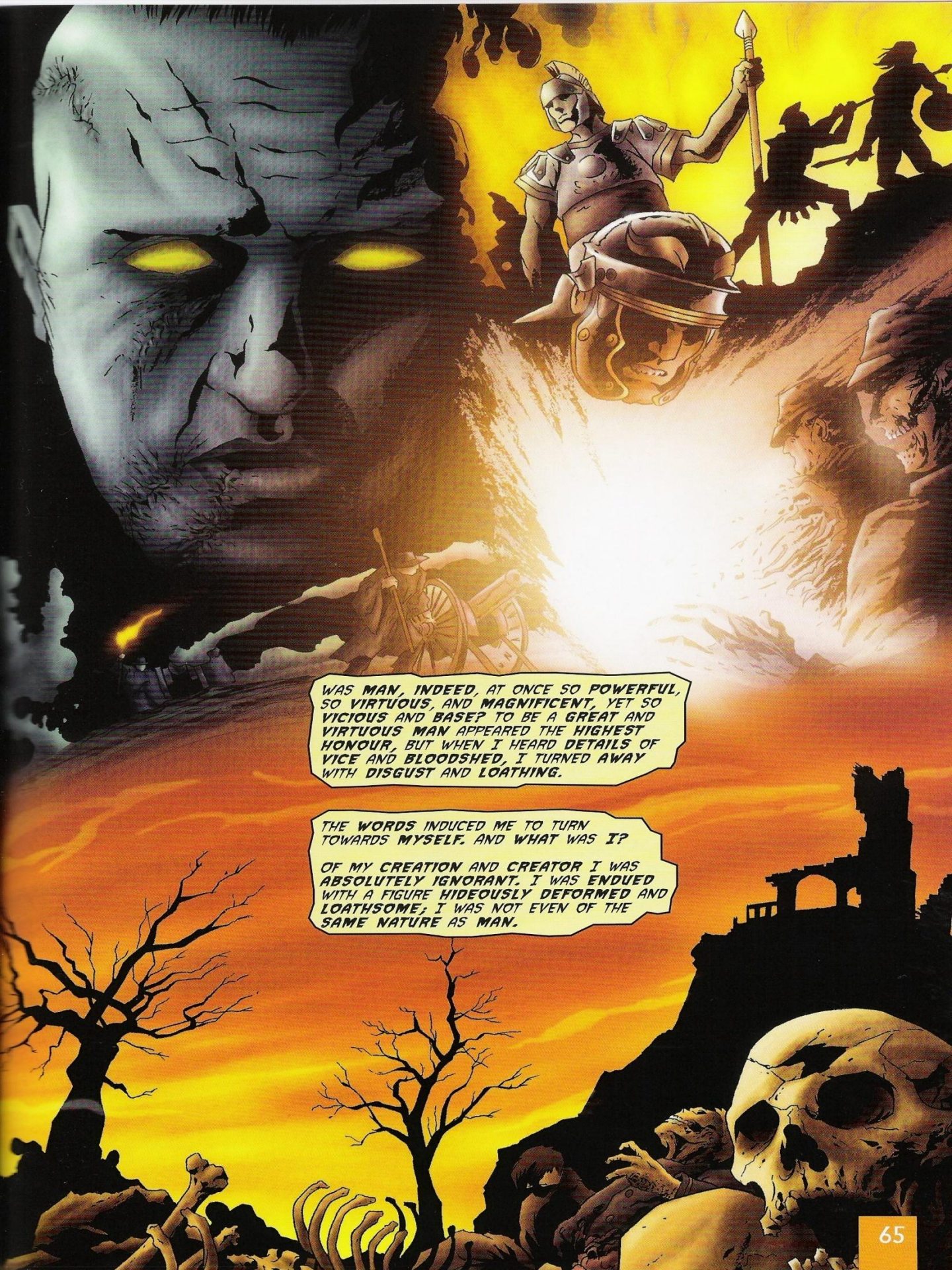
MY DAYS WERE SPENT IN CLOSE ATTENTION, THAT I MIGHT MORE SPEEDILY MASTER THE LANGUAGE.

SAFIE AND I IMPROVED RAPIDLY, SO THAT IN TWO MONTHS I COMPREHENDED MOST OF THE WORDS UTTERED BY MY PROTECTORS.



I ALSO LEARNED THE SCIENCE OF LETTERS AS IT WAS TAUGHT TO THE STRANGER.

THE BOOK FROM WHICH FELIX INSTRUCTED WAS VOLNEY'S 'RUINS OF EMPIRES'. IT GAVE ME AN INSIGHT INTO THE MANNERS, GOVERNMENTS AND RELIGIONS OF THE DIFFERENT NATIONS OF THE EARTH.



WAS MAN, INDEED, AT ONCE SO POWERFUL, SO VIRTUOUS, AND MAGNIFICENT, YET SO VICIOUS AND BASE? TO BE A GREAT AND VIRTUOUS MAN APPEARED THE HIGHEST HONOUR, BUT WHEN I HEARD DETAILS OF VICE AND BLOODSHED, I TURNED AWAY WITH DISGUST AND LOATHING.

THE WORDS INDUCED ME TO TURN TOWARDS MYSELF. AND WHAT WAS I? OF MY CREATION AND CREATOR I WAS ABSOLUTELY IGNORANT. I WAS ENDUED WITH A FIGURE hideously DEFORMED AND LOATHSOME; I WAS NOT EVEN OF THE SAME NATURE AS MAN.

I HEARD OF THE DIFFERENCE OF SEXES, AND THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF CHILDREN; HOW THE FATHER DOATED ON THE SMILES OF THE INFANT...

...BUT WHERE WERE MY FRIENDS AND RELATIONS? NO FATHER HAD WATCHED MY INFANT DAYS, NO MOTHER HAD BLESSED ME WITH SMILES AND CARESSES;

OR IF THEY HAD, ALL MY PAST LIFE WAS NOW A BLOT, A BLIND VACANCY IN WHICH I DISTINGUISHED NOTHING.

WHAT WAS I?





THIS FAMILY -
WHO WERE
THEY?

SOME TIME
ELAPSED BEFORE
I LEARNED THE
HISTORY OF MY
FRIENDS.

THE NAME OF THE OLD MAN
WAS DE LACEY. HE WAS DESCENDED FROM
A GOOD FAMILY IN FRANCE. THE FATHER OF
SAFIE HAD BEEN THE CAUSE OF THEIR RUIN.



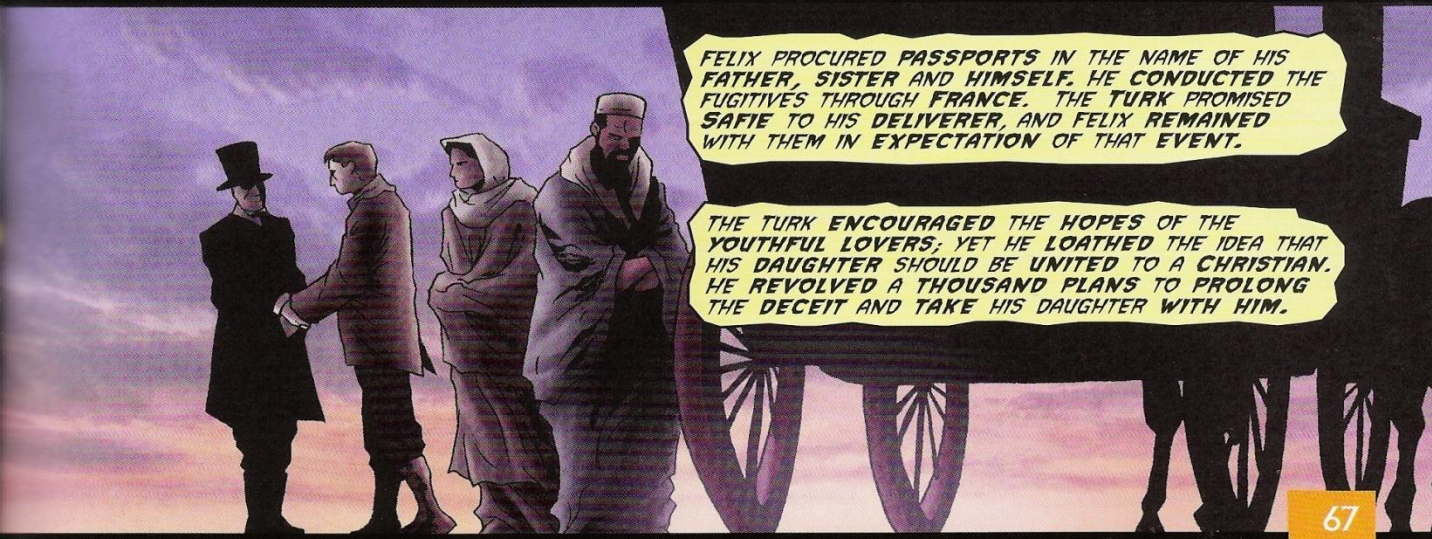
HE WAS A TURKISH MERCHANT AND
HAD INHABITED PARIS FOR MANY YEARS,
WHEN, FOR SOME REASON, HE BECAME
OBNOXIOUS TO THE GOVERNMENT.

HE WAS CAST INTO PRISON AND
CONDEMNED TO DEATH. IT WAS JUDGED
THAT HIS RELIGION AND WEALTH RATHER
THAN THE CRIME ALLEGED AGAINST HIM HAD
BEEN THE CAUSE OF HIS CONDEMNATION.



FELIX HAD ACCIDENTALLY BEEN
PRESENT AT THE TRIAL AND
MADE A SOLEMN VOW TO
DELIVER HIS ESCAPE.

FELIX REJECTED OFFERS OF
REWARD FROM THE TURK; YET
WHEN HE SAW THE LOVELY SAFIE,
THE YOUTH FOUND A TREASURE
WHICH WOULD FULLY REWARD
HIS TOIL AND HAZARD.



FELIX PROCURED PASSPORTS IN THE NAME OF HIS
FATHER, SISTER AND HIMSELF. HE CONDUCTED THE
FUGITIVES THROUGH FRANCE. THE TURK PROMISED
SAFIE TO HIS DELIVERER, AND FELIX REMAINED
WITH THEM IN EXPECTATION OF THAT EVENT.

THE TURK ENCOURAGED THE HOPES OF THE
YOUTHFUL LOVERS; YET HE LOATHED THE IDEA THAT
HIS DAUGHTER SHOULD BE UNITED TO A CHRISTIAN.
HE REVOLVED A THOUSAND PLANS TO PROLONG
THE DECEIT AND TAKE HIS DAUGHTER WITH HIM.

THE PLOT OF FELIX WAS QUICKLY DISCOVERED, AND DE LACEY AND AGATHA WERE THROWN INTO PRISON.

THE NEWS REACHED FELIX WHO MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE TURK REGARDING SAFIE AND HASTENED TO PARIS.

FELIX DELIVERED HIMSELF UP TO THE VENGEANCE OF THE LAW, HOPING TO FREE DE LACEY AND AGATHA BY THIS PROCEEDING.

HE DID NOT SUCCEED. THEY REMAINED CONFINED FOR FIVE MONTHS BEFORE BEING DEPRIVED OF THEIR FORTUNE AND CONDEMNED TO A PERPETUAL EXILE FROM THEIR NATIVE COUNTRY.

WHEN NEWS REACHED THE MERCHANT THAT FELIX WAS DEPRIVED OF HIS WEALTH AND RANK, HE COMMANDED HIS DAUGHTER TO THINK NO MORE OF HER LOVER. SAFIE WAS OUTRAGED BY THIS COMMAND.

A FEW DAYS AFTER, THE TURK LEFT FOR CONSTANTINOPLE, LEAVING SAFIE ALONE. BY SOME PAPERS OF HER FATHER, SHE LEARNED THE NAME OF THE SPOT WHERE HER EXILED LOVER RESIDED, AND DETERMINED TO ARRIVE IN SAFETY AT HIS COTTAGE IN GERMANY.

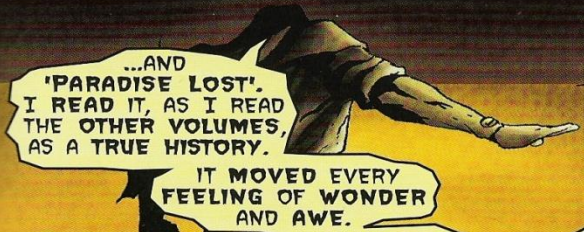
VOLUME II
CHAPTER VII

SUCH WAS THE HISTORY OF MY BELOVED COTTAGERS.

I LEARNED TO ADMIRE THEIR VIRTUES AND TO DEPRECATE THE VICES OF MANKIND.

ONE NIGHT IN THE WOOD, I FOUND IN A LEATHERN PORTMANTEAU, SOME BOOKS.

I EAGERLY SEIZED THE PRIZE, AND EXERCISED MY MIND ON PLUTARCH'S 'LIVES', 'SORROWS OF WERTER'...

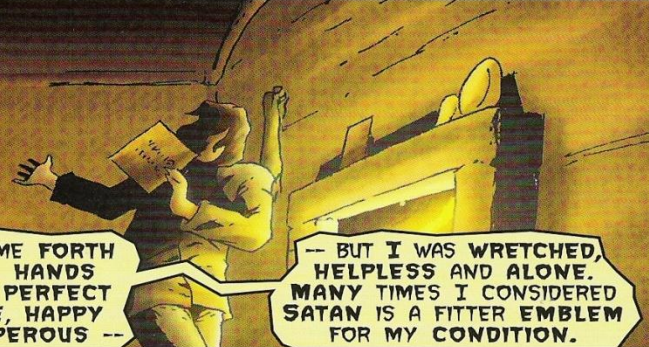


...AND 'PARADISE LOST'. I READ IT, AS I READ THE OTHER VOLUMES, AS A TRUE HISTORY.

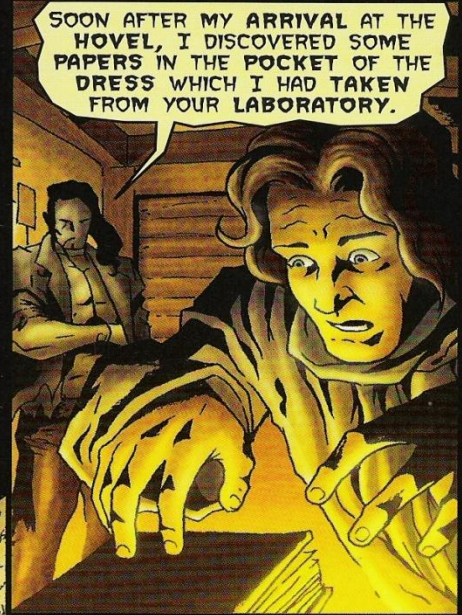
IT MOVED EVERY FEELING OF WONDER AND AWE.

LIKE ADAM, I WAS APPARENTLY UNITED BY NO LINK TO ANY OTHER BEING IN EXISTENCE.

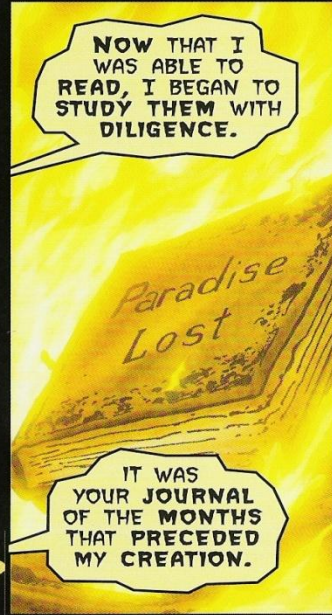
HE HAD COME FORTH FROM THE HANDS OF GOD A PERFECT CREATURE, HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS --



-- BUT I WAS WRETCHED, HELPLESS AND ALONE. MANY TIMES I CONSIDERED SATAN IS A FITTER EMBLEM FOR MY CONDITION.

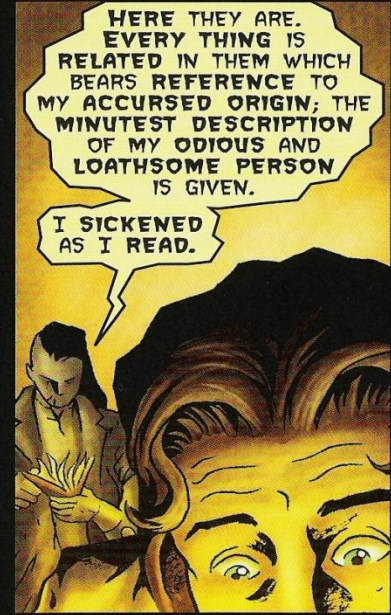


SOON AFTER MY ARRIVAL AT THE HOVEL, I DISCOVERED SOME PAPERS IN THE POCKET OF THE DRESS WHICH I HAD TAKEN FROM YOUR LABORATORY.



NOW THAT I WAS ABLE TO READ, I BEGAN TO STUDY THEM WITH DILIGENCE.

IT WAS YOUR JOURNAL OF THE MONTHS THAT PRECEDED MY CREATION.



HERE THEY ARE. EVERY THING IS RELATED IN THEM WHICH BEARS REFERENCE TO MY ACCURSED ORIGIN; THE MINUTEST DESCRIPTION OF MY ODISIOUS AND LOATHSOME PERSON IS GIVEN.

I SICKENED AS I READ.



ACCURSED CREATOR!

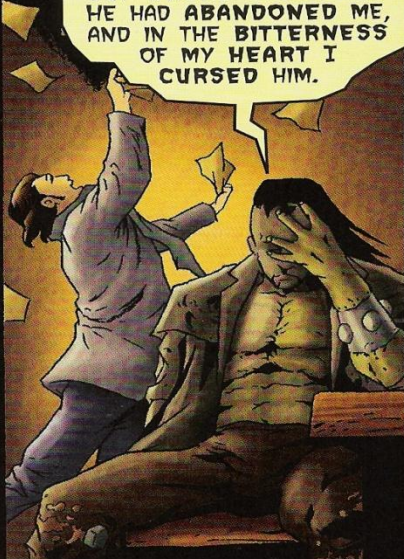
WHY DID YOU FORM A MONSTER SO HIDEOUS THAT EVEN YOU TURNED FROM ME IN DISGUST?

GOD, IN PITY, MADE MAN AFTER HIS OWN IMAGE, BUT MY FORM IS A FILTHY TYPE OF YOURS, MORE HORRID EVEN FROM THE VERY RESEMBLANCE.

SATAN HAD HIS COMPANIONS; BUT I AM SOLITARY AND ABHORRED.

THESE WERE THE REFLECTIONS OF MY HOURS OF DESPONDENCY AND SOLITUDE.

I REMEMBERED ADAM'S SUPPLICATION TO HIS CREATOR. BUT WHERE WAS MINE? HE HAD ABANDONED ME, AND IN THE BITTERNESS OF MY HEART I CURSED HIM.



THE COTTAGERS WERE CONTENT AND HAPPY.

I RESOLVED IN EVERY WAY TO FIT MYSELF FOR AN INTERVIEW WITH THEM.

MONTHS PASSED; THEN, ONE DAY, WHEN THE OLD MAN WAS LEFT ALONE, I APPROACHED THE DOOR OF THE COTTAGE.



WHO IS THERE? COME IN.



PARDON THIS INTRUSION.


I AM A TRAVELLER IN WANT OF A LITTLE REST; YOU WOULD GREATLY OBLIGE ME IF YOU WOULD ALLOW ME TO REMAIN A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRE.



ENTER, BUT AS I AM BLIND, I SHALL FIND IT DIFFICULT TO PROCURE FOOD FOR YOU.

DO NOT TROUBLE YOURSELF, MY KIND HOST; I HAVE FOOD;

IT IS WARMTH AND REST ONLY THAT I NEED.



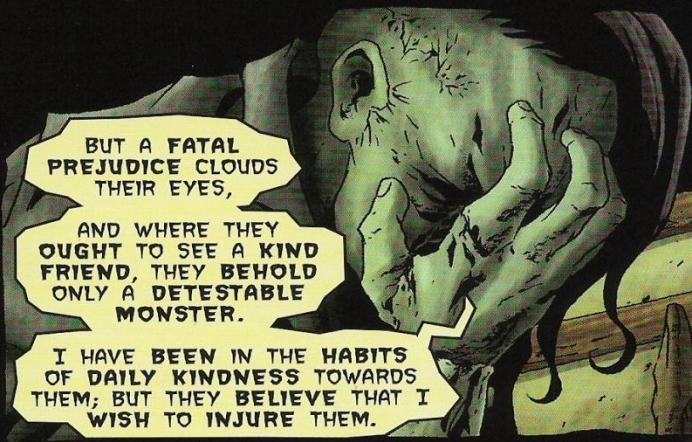
I AM AN UNFORTUNATE AND DESERTEED CREATURE; I LOOK AROUND, AND I HAVE NO RELATION OR FRIEND UPON EARTH.

I AM NOW GOING TO CLAIM THE PROTECTION OF SOME FRIENDS. THESE AMIABLE PEOPLE HAVE NEVER SEEN ME, AND KNOW LITTLE OF ME.

I AM FULL OF FEARS, FOR IF I FAIL THERE, I AM AN OUTCAST IN THE WORLD FOREVER.

RELY ON YOUR HOPES;

AND IF THESE FRIENDS ARE GOOD AND AMIABLE, DO NOT DESPAIR.



BUT A FATAL PREJUDICE CLOUDS THEIR EYES,

AND WHERE THEY OUGHT TO SEE A KIND FRIEND, THEY BEHOLD ONLY A DETESTABLE MONSTER.

I HAVE BEEN IN THE HABITS OF DAILY KINDNESS TOWARDS THEM; BUT THEY BELIEVE THAT I WISH TO INJURE THEM.



WHERE DO THEY RESIDE?



NEAR THIS SPOT.



PERHAPS I MAY BE OF USE IN UNDECEIVING THEM.

I AM BLIND AND CANNOT JUDGE OF YOUR COUNTENANCE, BUT THERE IS SOMETHING IN YOUR WORDS WHICH PERSUADES ME THAT YOU ARE SINCERE.



MAY I KNOW THE NAMES AND RESIDENCE OF THOSE FRIENDS?

AT THAT MOMENT, I HEARD THE STEPS OF MY YOUNGER PROTECTORS.



NOW IS THE TIME! SAVE AND PROTECT ME!

YOU AND YOUR FAMILY ARE THE FRIENDS I SEEK! DO NOT YOU DESERT ME IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL!

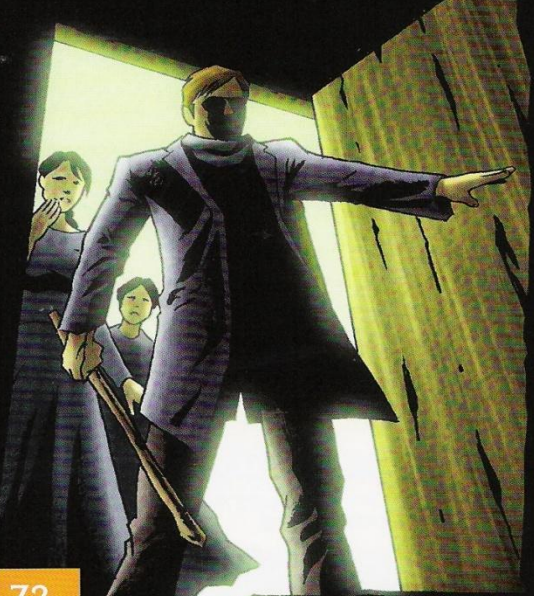


**GREAT GOD!
WHO ARE YOU?**



WHO CAN DESCRIBE THEIR HORROR AND CONSTERNATION ON BEHOLDING ME?

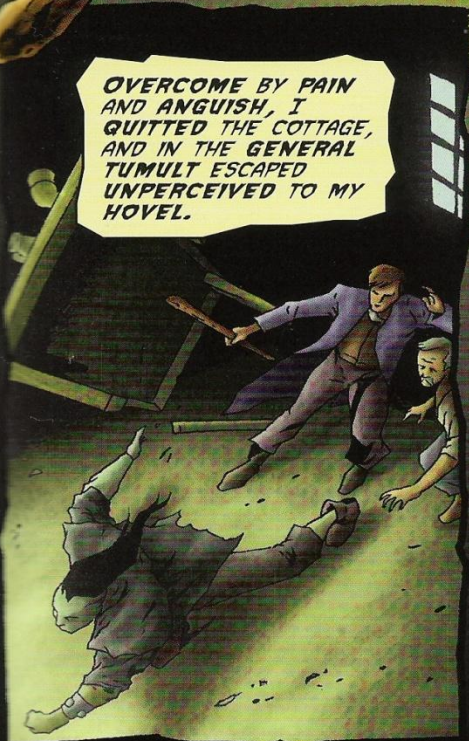
AGATHA FAINTED AND SAFIE RUSHED OUT OF THE COTTAGE. WITH SUPERNATURAL FORCE, FELIX TORE ME FROM HIS FATHER.





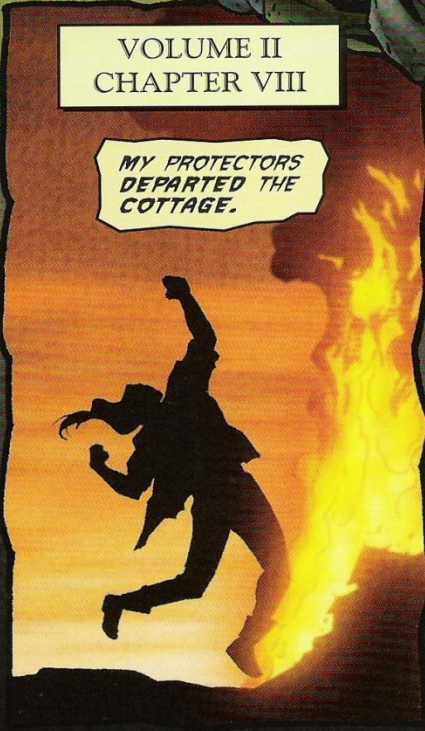
IN A TRANSPORT OF FURY, HE DASHED ME TO THE GROUND. I COULD HAVE TORN HIM LIMB FROM LIMB, BUT MY HEART SUNK WITHIN ME AS WITH BITTER SICKNESS, AND I REFRAINED.

OVERCOME BY PAIN AND ANGUISH, I QUITTED THE COTTAGE, AND IN THE GENERAL TUMULT ESCAPED UNPERCEIVED TO MY HOVEL.

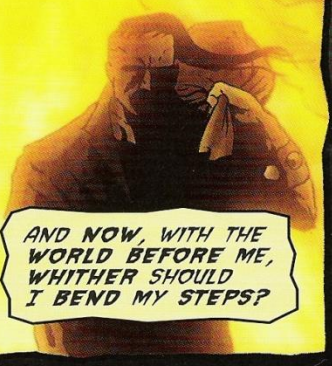


VOLUME II
CHAPTER VIII

MY PROTECTORS DEPARTED THE COTTAGE.



AS THE NIGHT ADVANCED, IN MY INSANITY OF RAGE AND REVENGE, I LIGHTED THE DRY BRANCH OF A TREE, AND THE COTTAGE WAS QUICKLY ENVELOPED BY THE FLAMES.

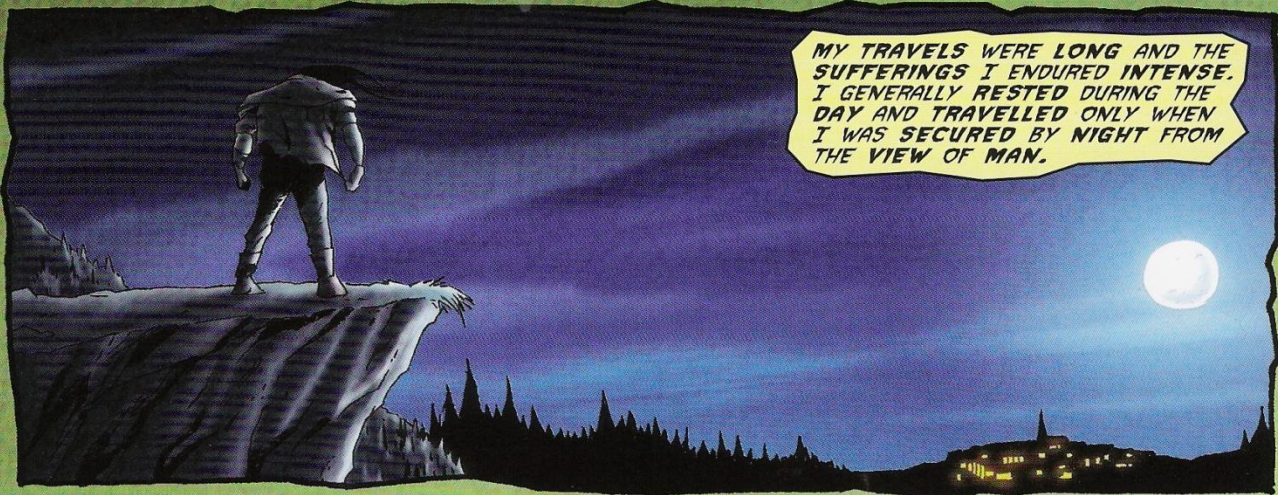


AND NOW, WITH THE WORLD BEFORE ME, WHITHER SHOULD I BEND MY STEPS?

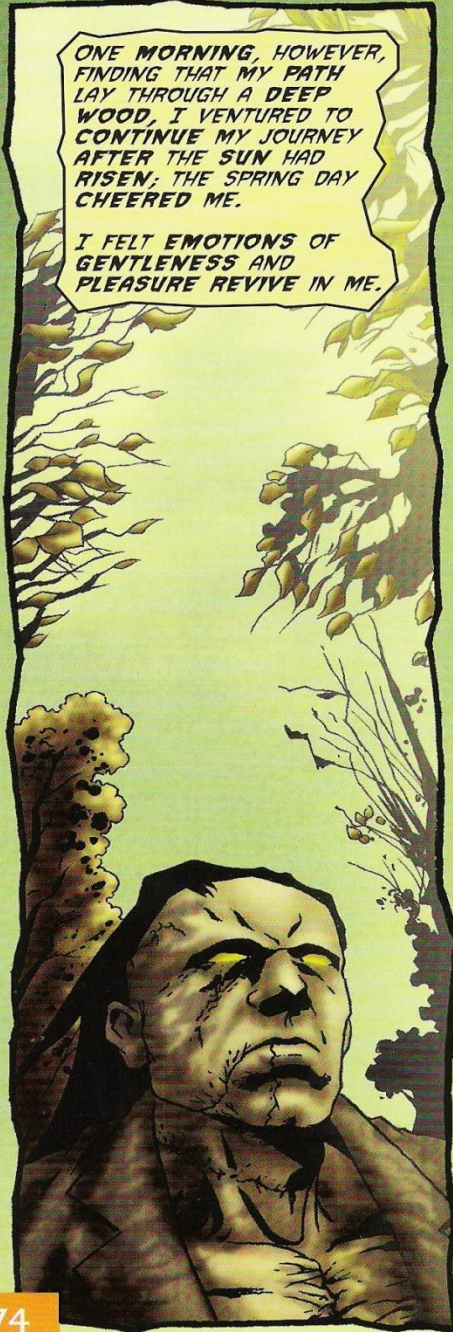
I LEARNED FROM YOUR PAPERS THAT YOU WERE MY FATHER, MY CREATOR. YOU HAD MENTIONED GENEVA AS YOUR NATIVE TOWN;



AND TOWARDS THIS PLACE I RESOLVED TO PROCEED.



MY TRAVELS WERE LONG AND THE SUFFERINGS I ENDURED INTENSE. I GENERALLY RESTED DURING THE DAY AND TRAVELLED ONLY WHEN I WAS SECURED BY NIGHT FROM THE VIEW OF MAN.



ONE MORNING, HOWEVER, FINDING THAT MY PATH LAY THROUGH A DEEP WOOD, I VENTURED TO CONTINUE MY JOURNEY AFTER THE SUN HAD RISEN; THE SPRING DAY CHEERED ME.
I FELT EMOTIONS OF GENTLENESS AND PLEASURE REVIVE IN ME.



I HEARD THE SOUND OF VOICES, THAT INDUCED ME TO CONCEAL MYSELF. I WAS SCARCELY HID WHEN A YOUNG GIRL CAME RUNNING ALONG THE PRECIPITOUS SIDE OF THE RIVER.

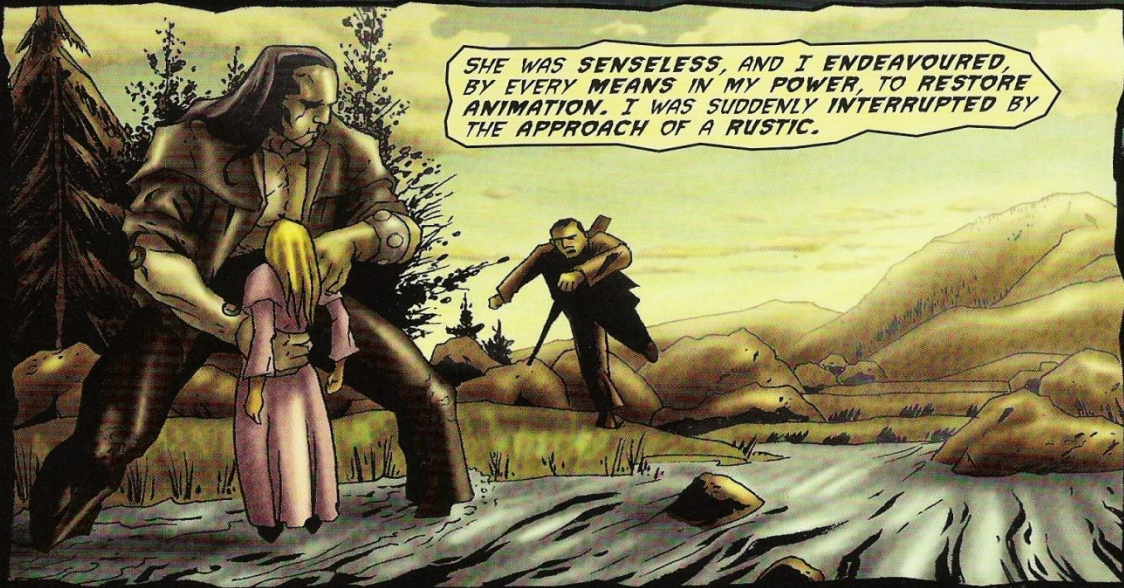
SUDDENLY HER FOOT SLIPT, AND SHE FELL INTO THE RAPID STREAM!





I RUSHED FROM MY HIDING PLACE...

...AND WITH EXTREME LABOUR FROM THE FORCE OF THE CURRENT, SAVED HER AND DRAGGED HER TO SHORE.



SHE WAS SENSELESS, AND I ENDEAVOURED, BY EVERY MEANS IN MY POWER, TO RESTORE ANIMATION. I WAS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY THE APPROACH OF A RUSTIC.

TEARING THE GIRL FROM MY ARMS, HE HASTENED TOWARDS THE DEEPER PARTS OF THE WOOD.

I FOLLOWED SPEEDILY, I HARDLY KNEW WHY.

WHEN HE SAW ME DRAW NEAR, HE AIMED A GUN...

...AND FIRED!

BLAMM!

KRAKK!

ARRGH!

I SANK TO THE GROUND AND MY INJURER ESCAPED INTO THE WOOD.

I HAD SAVED A HUMAN BEING FROM DESTRUCTION, AND AS A RECOMPENSE I NOW WRITHED UNDER THE MISERABLE PAIN OF A WOUND WHICH SHATTERED THE FLESH AND BONE!

THE FEELINGS OF KINDNESS GAVE PLACE TO HELLISH RAGE. INFLAMED BY PAIN, I VOWED ETERNAL HATRED AND VENGEANCE TO ALL MANKIND!

AFTER SOME WEEKS MY WOUND HEALED AND I CONTINUED MY JOURNEY. THE LABOURS I ENDURED WERE NO LONGER TO BE ALLEVIATED BY THE BRIGHT SUN; ALL JOY WAS BUT A MOCKERY WHICH INSULTED MY DESOLATE STATE. I WAS NOT MADE FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF PLEASURE.

IN TWO MONTHS I REACHED THE ENVIRONS OF GENEVA.

A SLIGHT SLEEP RELIEVED ME FROM THE PAIN OF REFLECTION...

...WHICH WAS DISTURBED BY THE APPROACH OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD...

...RUNNING WITH THE SPORTIVENESS OF INFANCY.

AS I GAZED ON HIM, AN IDEA SEIZED ME THAT HE HAD LIVED TOO SHORT A TIME TO HAVE IMBIBED A HORROR OF DEFORMITY.

AAAHHH!

IF, THEREFORE, I COULD SEIZE HIM AND EDUCATE HIM AS MY COMPANION AND FRIEND, I SHOULD NOT BE SO DESOLATE IN THIS PEOPLED EARTH.



CHILD, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? I DO NOT INTEND TO HURT YOU; LISTEN TO ME.

LET ME GO!



MONSTER! UGLY WRETCH!

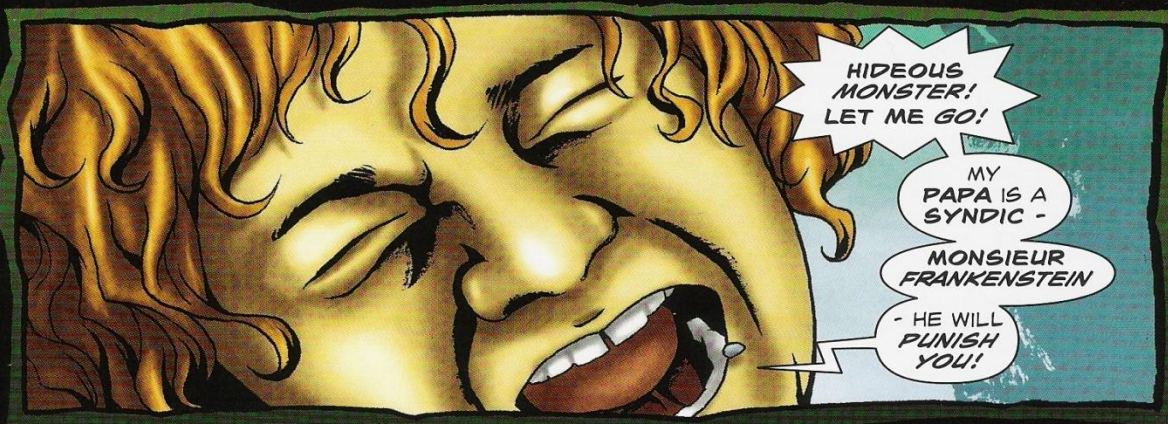
YOU WISH TO EAT ME AND TEAR ME TO PIECES

- YOU ARE AN OGRE -



LET ME GO, OR I WILL TELL MY PAPA!

BOY, YOU WILL NEVER SEE YOUR FATHER AGAIN; YOU MUST COME WITH ME.



HIDEOUS MONSTER! LET ME GO!

MY PAPA IS A SYNDIC -

MONSIEUR FRANKENSTEIN

- HE WILL PUNISH YOU!

FRANKENSTEIN!

YOU BELONG THEN TO MY ENEMY - TO HIM TOWARDS WHOM I HAVE SWORN ETERNAL REVENGE!

YOU SHALL BE MY FIRST VICTIM!

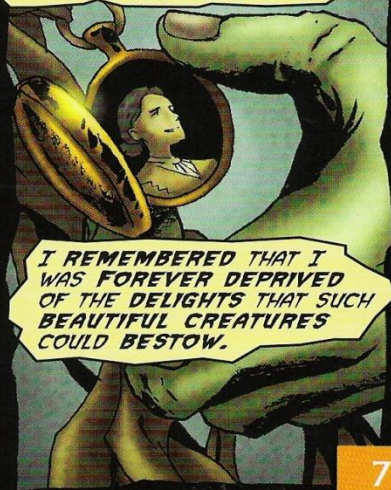


THE CHILD STILL STRUGGLED, AND LOADED ME WITH EPITHETS WHICH CARRIED DESPAIR TO MY HEART; I GRASPED HIS THROAT TO SILENCE HIM...



...AND IN A MOMENT HE LAY DEAD AT MY FEET.

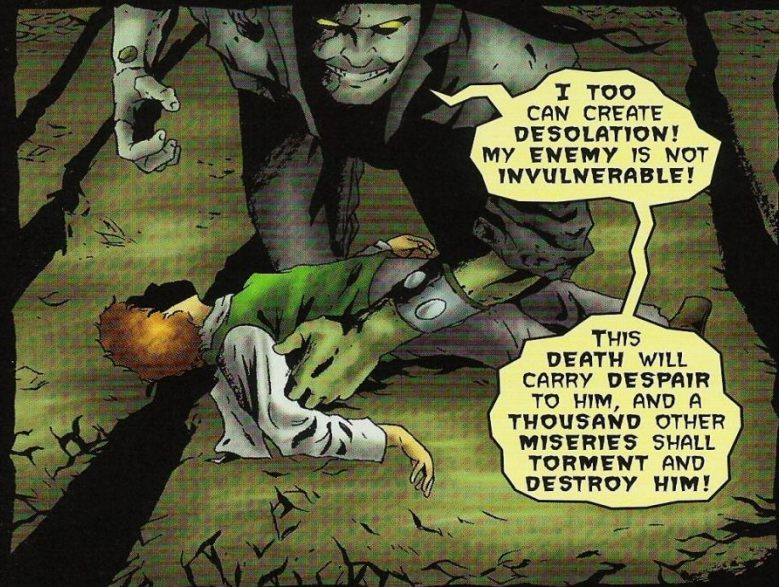
AS I FIXED MY EYES ON THE CHILD, I SAW SOMETHING GLITTERING ON HIS BREAST. IT WAS A PORTRAIT OF A MOST LOVELY WOMAN.



I REMEMBERED THAT I WAS FOREVER DEPRIVED OF THE DELIGHTS THAT SUCH BEAUTIFUL CREATURES COULD BESTOW.

I TOO CAN CREATE DESOLATION! MY ENEMY IS NOT INVULNERABLE!

THIS DEATH WILL CARRY DESPAIR TO HIM, AND A THOUSAND OTHER MISERIES SHALL TORMENT AND DESTROY HIM!





I LEFT THE SPOT WHERE I HAD COMMITTED THE MURDER, AND SEEKING A MORE SECURE HIDING-PLACE, I ENTERED A BARN.

A WOMAN WAS SLEEPING ON SOME STRAW; SHE WAS YOUNG AND NOT INDEED SO BEAUTIFUL AS HER WHOSE PORTRAIT I HELD; BUT BLOOMING IN THE LOVELINESS OF YOUTH AND HEALTH.

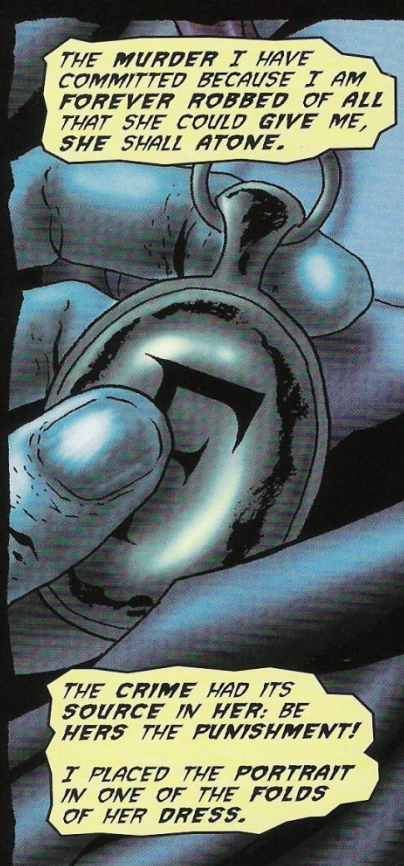
HERE IS ONE OF THOSE WHOSE JOY-IMPARTING SMILES ARE BESTOWED ON ALL BUT ME.



AWAKE, FAIREST, THY LOVER IS NEAR - HE WHO WOULD GIVE HIS LIFE BUT TO OBTAIN ONE LOOK OF AFFECTION FROM THINE EYES; MY BELOVED, AWAKE!

THE SLEEPER STIRRED; A THRILL OF TERROR RAN THROUGH ME.

SHOULD SHE INDEED AWAKE, CURSE ME, AND DENOUNCE THE MURDERER? THE THOUGHT WAS MADNESS; IT STIRRED THE FIEND WITHIN ME - NOT I, BUT SHE, SHALL SUFFER!



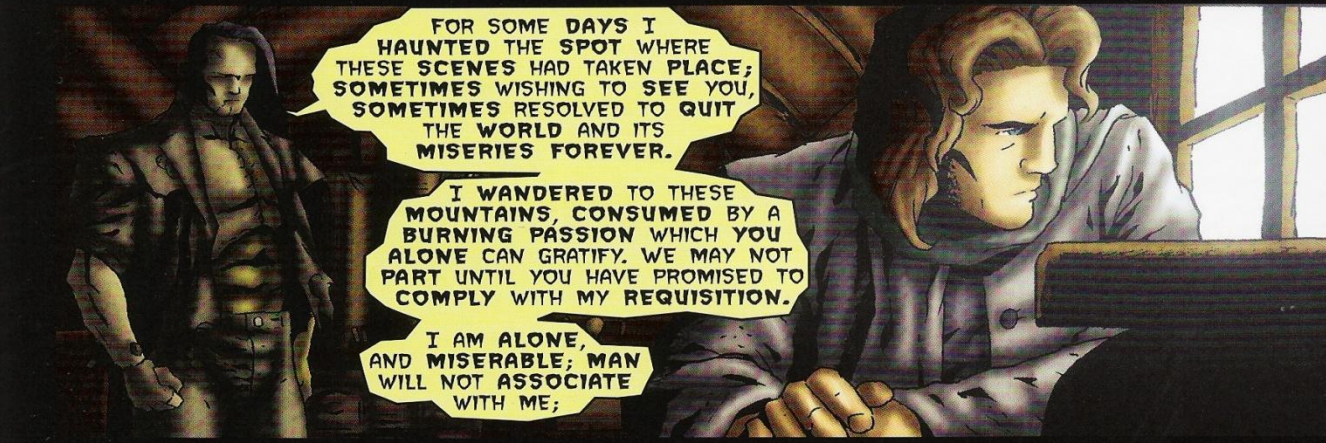
THE MURDER I HAVE COMMITTED BECAUSE I AM FOREVER ROBBED OF ALL THAT SHE COULD GIVE ME, SHE SHALL ATONE.

SHE MOVED AGAIN, AND I FLED.



THE CRIME HAD ITS SOURCE IN HER: BE HERS THE PUNISHMENT!


I PLACED THE PORTRAIT IN ONE OF THE FOLDS OF HER DRESS.



FOR SOME DAYS I
HAUNTED THE SPOT WHERE
THESE SCENES HAD TAKEN PLACE;
SOMETIMES WISHING TO SEE YOU,
SOMETIMES RESOLVED TO QUIT
THE WORLD AND ITS
MISERIES FOREVER.

I WANDERED TO THESE
MOUNTAINS, CONSUMED BY A
BURNING PASSION WHICH YOU
ALONE CAN GRATIFY. WE MAY NOT
PART UNTIL YOU HAVE PROMISED TO
COMPLY WITH MY REQUISITION.


I AM ALONE,
AND MISERABLE; MAN
WILL NOT ASSOCIATE
WITH ME;



BUT ONE AS DEFORMED
AND HORRIBLE AS MYSELF
WOULD NOT DENY HERSELF
TO ME.

THIS BEING YOU
MUST CREATE.

VOLUME II
CHAPTER IX




YOU MUST CREATE
A FEMALE FOR ME.
THIS YOU ALONE
CAN DO; YOU MUST
NOT REFUSE TO
CONCEDE.

I DO
REFUSE
IT.

SHALL I
CREATE ANOTHER
LIKE YOURSELF, WHOSE
JOINT WICKEDNESS
MIGHT DESOLATE
THE WORLD?

BEGONE!

YOU MAY
TORTURE ME, BUT
I WILL NEVER
CONSENT!



YOU ARE
WRONG AND, INSTEAD OF
THREATENING, I AM CONTENT
TO REASON WITH YOU. I AM
MALICIOUS BECAUSE I AM
MISERABLE.

SHALL I RESPECT
MAN WHEN HE CONTEMNS ME?
I WILL REVENGE MY INJURIES:
IF I CANNOT INSPIRE LOVE, I WILL
CAUSE FEAR, AND CHIEFLY TOWARDS
YOU MY ARCH-ENEMY.

I INTENDED TO REASON.
WHAT I ASK OF YOU IS
REASONABLE AND MODERATE.
LET ME FEEL GRATITUDE
TOWARDS YOU FOR ONE
BENEFIT!

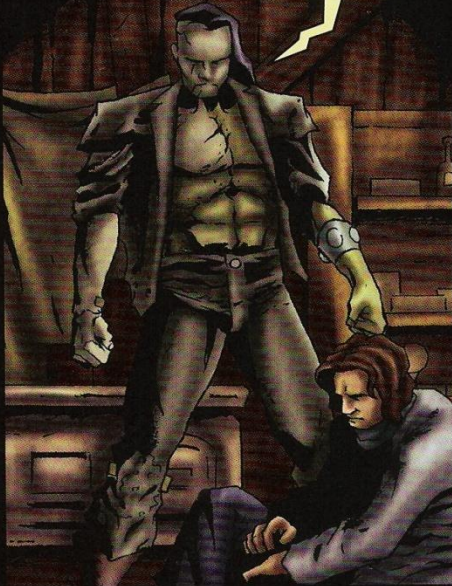
DO NOT
DENY ME MY
REQUEST!

I WAS MOVED. I SHUDDERED WHEN I THOUGHT OF THE POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCES OF MY CONSENT, BUT I FELT THAT THERE WAS SOME JUSTICE IN HIS ARGUMENT.

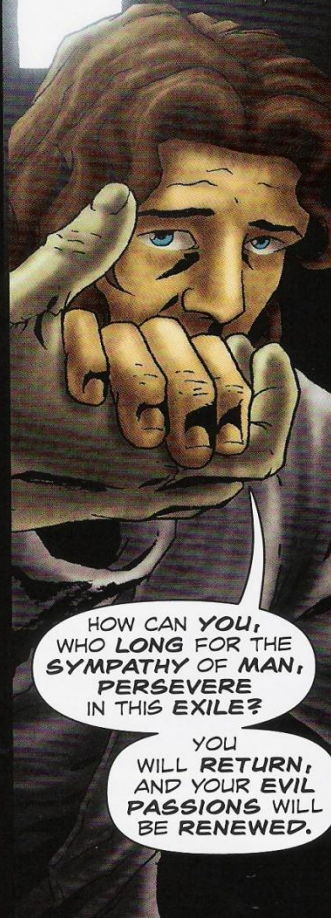
IF YOU CONSENT, NEITHER YOU, NOR ANY OTHER HUMAN BEING SHALL EVER SEE US AGAIN.

I DO NOT DESTROY THE LAMB AND THE KID TO GLUT MY APPETITE; MY COMPANION AND I WILL BE CONTENT WITH THE SAME FARE OF ACORNS AND BERRIES.

THE PICTURE I PRESENT TO YOU IS PEACEFUL AND HUMAN.



YOU PROPOSE TO DWELL IN THOSE WILDS WHERE THE BEASTS OF THE FIELD WILL BE YOUR ONLY COMPANIONS.



HOW CAN YOU, WHO LONG FOR THE SYMPATHY OF MAN, PERSEVERE IN THIS EXILE?

YOU WILL RETURN, AND YOUR EVIL PASSIONS WILL BE RENEWED.

I SWEAR TO YOU.

YOU SWEAR TO BE HARMLESS; BUT HAVE YOU NOT ALREADY SHOWN A DEGREE OF MALICE THAT SHOULD REASONABLY MAKE ME DISTRUST YOU?



THE LOVE OF ANOTHER WILL DESTROY THE CAUSE OF MY CRIMES. MY VICES ARE THE CHILDREN OF A FORCED SOLITUDE THAT I ABHOR.

I CONSENT TO YOUR DEMAND,

ON YOUR SOLEMN OATH TO QUIT EUROPE FOREVER, AND EVERY OTHER PLACE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF MAN, AS SOON AS I SHALL DELIVER INTO YOUR HANDS A FEMALE WHO WILL ACCOMPANY YOU INTO EXILE.






I SWEAR BY THE
SUN AND BY THE BLUE
SKY OF HEAVEN, AND BY
THE FIRE OF LOVE THAT
BURNS IN MY HEART,
THAT IF YOU
GRANT MY PRAYER,
WHILE THEY EXIST
YOU SHALL NEVER
BEHOLD ME
AGAIN!




DEPART TO YOUR
HOME AND COMMENCE YOUR
LABOURS; I SHALL WATCH THEIR
PROGRESS; AND FEAR NOT BUT
THAT WHEN YOU ARE READY
I SHALL APPEAR!



I SAW HIM DESCEND THE MOUNTAIN WITH
GREATER SPEED THAN THE FLIGHT OF AN
EAGLE, AND QUICKLY LOST AMONG THE
UNDULATIONS OF THE SEA OF ICE.

WITH A HEAVY HEART,
I DESCENDED
TOWARDS THE VALLEY.



MORNING DAWNED BEFORE I ARRIVED
AT THE VILLAGE OF CHAMOUNIX;
I TOOK NO REST BUT RETURNED
IMMEDIATELY TO GENEVA.

I RETURNED HOME AND PRESENTED
MYSELF TO THE FAMILY. MY
HAGGARD AND WILD APPEARANCE
AWOKE INTENSE ALARM. SCARCELY
DID I SPEAK; YET EVEN THUS I
LOVED THEM TO ADORATION; AND TO
SAVE THEM, I DEDICATED MYSELF TO
MY MOST ABHORRED TASK.