

Frankenstein

I

My name is Victor Frankenstein. I was born in Geneva to one of the most important families in the country. When I was young my parents travelled a lot, and they often took me with them. They loved me very much. I have very happy memories of my childhood.

Shortly after my fifth birthday I was with my parents on Lake Como where we met a poor family of farmers. There were five children in the family, four boys who all had dark hair like their father, and a fair-haired girl, who looked very different to her siblings. Her mother told me how she came to be in the family. Her name was Elizabeth Lavenza, the daughter of a rich man from Milan. Her mother had died when she was born, and her father had died soon after, fighting to free his country from a bad government. Elizabeth had become an orphan and a beggar, before being adopted by this kind family, but it was hard for them to look after five children with so little land and money. They asked my parents if they would adopt her. They immediately accepted – my mother had always wanted a daughter.

Everyone loved Elizabeth. She was like a sister to me. We were good friends and never fought. The differences between us brought us closer together. Elizabeth was calm and happy. She enjoyed reading poems and she loved the mountains near our home. I was interested in facts. I wanted to discover everything and anything about the world around me. The world, to me, was full of secrets, and I wanted to find the answers to them.

When I was seven my parents had another son, Ernest, and a few years later my brother, William, was born. We stopped travelling and moved to Geneva. We also had a country house in Belrive, on the eastern side of the lake. We enjoyed the calm, and spent more time there than in Geneva. It was in Belrive that I met Henry Clerval, the son of a businessman from Geneva. He was very clever and liked reading adventure stories. We soon became best friends.

As a child, children's games didn't interest me. I preferred reading science books, and I was most interested in chemistry. I wanted to know all the secrets of the sky and the earth. Henry was interested in history, adventures and dreams.

One day, when I was about fifteen years old, we saw a terrible storm from our house in Belrive. It came from behind the mountains. I watched it with excitement. Suddenly I saw stream of fire from an old and beautiful tree, less than 20 metres from the house. When the lightning disappeared, only the bottom of the tree remained. The tree was completely destroyed. From this moment I was fascinated by the power of lightning. I became very interested in electricity, and in the power that exists in all natural things.

At seventeen years old my parents decided to send me to the University of Ingolstadt. However, before I left a terrible thing happened. This would be the first of many terrible things that would happen in my life. Elizabeth had become very ill and her life was in danger. My mother looked after her day and night. After three days Elizabeth got better, but my mother quickly became ill. She was dying. Shortly before her death she took my hand and Elizabeth's. " Children, I'm putting my hope in you two, " she said calmly. " I want you to marry. I believe your marriage will bring you future happiness, and make your father happy too. I'm sorry to leave you all. Elizabeth, I trust you to take my place and look after my younger children. "

My mother's death was hard for everyone, but Elizabeth was sweet and kind to us, and I loved her very much.

As summer faded into autumn I left Switzerland to start my studies in chemistry and medicine in Ingolstadt. Mr Waldman, the chemistry professor, took his new students to his laboratory and showed us his experiments. He told us " if you want to succeed in science, forget everything you think you already know. "

II

At the age of eighteen I started my studies in chemistry and medicine. In my house I set up my laboratory. Sometimes I spent all night working on experiments in the laboratory. At other times I read books and journals, always thirsty to learn more. I wanted to understand where life came from, and one day I realised that I could use the energy from lightning to discover the secrets of life, to give life to things ... or to people that were dead, and to create new living creatures. I could create life.

First I went regularly to the hospital to study dead bodies. I brought parts of dead bodies back to the laboratory and stitched them together to create a human form. I built a very tall mast on top of the roof of the laboratory. It would catch lightning and send electricity down to a machine in the laboratory. I worked so hard I forgot about my family and friends. I didn't answer Elizabeth and Henry's letters, and they worried about me a lot. I didn't eat or sleep, until one cold night in November I first saw the result of my work.

Thunder rumbled outside, and a bolt of lightning hit the mast. The creature opened his eyes. I had wanted to make a beautiful man, but the face of the creature I had made was ugly. Its skin was wrinkled and yellow, and its eyes were as yellow as his skin. Its thin lips opened in a cruel smile. Its legs and arms were huge : my creature was not a man, but a monster that looked terrible and frightening.

That night I had a horrible nightmare. I thought I saw Elizabeth walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. When I kissed her, her mouth became cold. It was like a kiss of death. I woke up, shaking with fear. The yellow light of the moon was shining through the window, and the monster was standing next to my bed. It looked at me. Its mouth opened and it made some sounds, but I could not listen. It touched my arm. I ran downstairs and left the house. I stayed away until early morning. When I returned I listened for every sound. I didn't ever want to see it again. My dream was dead, and my hopes were destroyed.

At six o'clock I went back outside. It was raining heavily, but I didn't care. As I passed in front of a hotel in the town centre I saw Henry Clerval. He had just arrived from Geneva to start studying in Ingolstadt. He was happy to see me, and at the sight of my old friend I forgot all my misery for a few minutes. He gave me news about my family. They were well, but worried because they had no news from me.

When we arrived at my house I asked Henry to wait at the door. I didn't want him to see the monster. I looked around, but I couldn't find it. I couldn't believe my luck – it had surely ran away. We went to my room and had breakfast. However, paranoid about the monster, I became ill. Henry looked after me, and I told him how I had created this atrocious creature. At first he didn't believe me, but soon realised this was the terrible reason for my illness.

It wasn't until spring, when I saw the new leaves on the trees, that I felt better. I was so grateful to Henry, who had spent all winter looking after me. He asked me to promise him one thing – to write to Elizabeth and my father. Of course, I accepted his request. Seeing I was better, Henry gave me a letter from Elizabeth. It was a kind and friendly letter, telling me about my father and my brothers. She asked me to write back, and I did so immediately.

Two weeks later, I was able to leave my room. I returned to the university, but I no longer wanted to study science. When I saw my chemistry equipment I felt very nervous. I hated chemistry.

Henry didn't like science. He wanted to study oriental languages. I was very happy to study with him and enjoyed my new classes. We spent the summer together in Ingolstadt, and intended to return to Geneva at the end of autumn. However, winter arrived early, and the snow made travel impossible, so I had to wait until spring.

The month of May arrived. I waited for a letter from my father before deciding when to return to Geneva. During this time Henry and I walked a lot in the countryside near Ingolstadt. When we came back to the university we both felt calm and happy.

III

We returned to my college after a walk in the countryside one Sunday afternoon to find I had received a letter from my father. My youngest brother, William, was dead. He had gone missing while playing hide and seek with Ernest last Thursday. Ernest had become worried after looking for him for over an hour with no luck. He had found my father walking in the forest nearby and asked if he had seen William. They had searched together for hours, and on arriving at a nearby park found poor William lying dead. He had been strangled- the print of the murderer's finger was on his neck.

I was devastated, and left immediately for Geneva. It was the first time I had been home in over six years. I didn't know why, but I felt scared. The sun was shining as I got on the boat across the lake. As I was crossing the lake a storm started rolling in from the mountains. 'Dear, sweet little brother William,' I thought. 'Is this storm for you?'

As I walked the final 500 metres in the pouring rain I suddenly stopped, alarmed. I had seen a figure moving in the trees, and suddenly the lightning illuminated the scene, and I recognized the terrible monster I had created in Ingolstadt. I realised immediately that it must be my brother's murderer, and bitterly regretted the day I had created it.

My sense of sadness and injustice deepened when I learnt that Justine Moritz, a sweet girl who had nursed my mother when she was dying, had been accused of the murder. Not believing her possible of such a crime my father and Elizabeth had tried in vain to defend her. A picture of my mother was found in her coat pocket. It was believed she had stolen it when she murdered William and so she was found guilty and hung. I was responsible for the deaths of two people – my little brother, William, and kind, sweet Justine... and as long as the monster continued to live this was surely not the end...

Consumed with guilt I decided I needed to get away. I went to Chamonix for a few days, where I decided to climb to the top of one of the mountains, Montanvert. The path was difficult and dangerous in the icy rain. It took me all morning to get to the top. Below was the great glacier, like a sea of ice. I climbed down through the clouds to the glacier. I spent two hours crossing it. The clouds lifted, and the sun glistened on the ice. Suddenly I saw a man in the distance. He was walking rapidly towards me. As he got closer I realised who it was. It was the monster ! I was angry and 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 !'

'You cannot understand how I feel,' continued the monster. 'The dark sky is much kinder to me than people are. The mountains and cold ice are my only home. You say that I am a murderer. But *you* want to murder *me* ! Believe me, Frankenstein. At first, I was kind and

good, but people were unkind to me. The law says that a person can defend himself. Even if he is guilty. Please listen to my story. Then you can judge me.'

IV

When I heard the monster's words, I felt kinder towards him. Yes, I created him. I was responsible for his happiness or unhappiness. I decided that I must listen to his story. As it started raining again I followed him into a small hut where we sat by the fire. The monster began to speak.

'At first I was alone and I was hungry. I took some clothes from your house, but I was cold. I do not remember very much, but I remember the forest near Ingolstadt. I quickly learned how to live there. I ate leaves and fruit, and I drank from the river. I was not quite human, so I didn't need good food. I didn't know who I was. I didn't know where I came from. But I learned about life. I enjoyed hearing the birds sing.

'Sometimes I searched for food all day. I didn't know how to make a fire so I couldn't get warm. One day, I saw a little hut on a hill. The door was open, so I went inside. An old man was sitting by the fire. He turned when I entered, looked at me and screamed. He ran outside and across the fields as quickly as he could. There was some bread, milk and cheese on the table. It was the man's breakfast. I was very hungry, and I ate it quickly. I liked the hut because it was dry and warm. I fell asleep on the floor.

'Later, I continued walking across the fields. Evening came, and I arrived in a village. It seemed so wonderful ! I looked at the houses and other buildings. Vegetables grew in the gardens. I went into a farmhouse. The people inside looked at me and screamed. Everyone in the village became angry. Children ran away, but men attacked me with stones. I escaped to the fields. I was frightened and unhappy.

'I found another small hut, and I went inside. I slept on the floor. I was happy to find a dry place. There I could escape the bad weather. And I could escape the cruel world of people.

'I stayed in my hut. Nobody saw me there. I cleaned it and covered the holes in the walls with wood and stones. Nearby was a pool of water I could drink from. I had to steal food, but I was safe.

‘At the side of the hut was a small house. I watched the people who lived there. Later I learned their names. There was an old man, Mr de Lacey, and his son Felix and daughter Agatha. I listened to them. Slowly I learned some words and began to understand their language. I found it easy to copy the sounds. At first, I only learned words like " sister ", " brother ", " bread " and " wood ". Later, I could speak and understand more and more. I enjoyed my simple life living next to the de Laceys.

‘The de Laceys came from a good family in France, but now they were quite poor. They grew vegetables in the garden, but they were often hungry. They only had a little money for milk and bread, so I didn’t steal any food from them. I ate what I could find in the forest.

‘Agatha was a sweet, kind young woman, and I wanted to be her friend. I thought she was beautiful and good. She made me happy. I watched Felix go into the forest every morning. He stayed there all day. When he returned, he was carrying wood for the fire. He worked very hard, so I decided to help them. At night, I went into the forest and cut wood for the family fire. I left piles of wood outside the door of the house. They were very pleased, and I enjoyed helping them. Now Felix had more time for work in his garden or repairs to his house. I tried to help them in other ways too. I swept the snow from the path. I watched Felix working, and then I did some of his work at night. They never saw me. They didn’t know who was helping them. But they were always grateful.

‘I watched the de Lacey family and learned a lot from their love and kindness. They were beautiful and polite. Mr de Lacey went for walks with his son. Agatha often sang to her father. Their lives were simple and good.

‘But I saw my face in a pool of water. They could not love me or be kind to me. I was an ugly monster. When the family went out, I went into the house. I looked at their books, and slowly I learned to read. You gave me intelligence. From their books I learned about the world. I learned about different countries, about history and science. More than anything, I wanted friends, and I wanted love. But I frightened people. They thought I wanted to hurt them.

'One day, I tried to talk to old Mr de Lacey. His eyes were very bad, and he couldn't see anything. " He will talk to me, " I thought. " He can't see me, so he won't judge me. " I waited until his children were gone and knocked on the door.

" Who is there ? " asked the old man.

" Excuse me, " I replied, " I'm a tired traveller. Please can I sit by your fire for a few minutes ? "

" Come in, " said Mr de Lacey. " You can sit here with me and rest. "

" I'm alone, " I told him. " I have no friends. I need help, but I'm afraid to ask people for it. When I meet people, they send me away. They see me as a terrible monster. But I am not a criminal. "

" I believe you, " said the old man. " I can only judge your words. But how can I help you ? "

'There was a noise at the entrance to the house. Felix and Agatha were home. It was time to speak.

" Oh, please save me and protect me ! " I cried. " I have no friends or family. Only you. I know you are kind and good. I need you... "

" But who are you ? " cried Mr de Lacey.

'The door opened. Felix and Agatha saw me with their father. I can't describe their faces. They thought I was attacking him. They started screaming and Agatha fell to the ground in fear. Felix pulled me away from their father, and hit me very hard with a stick. Quickly, I escaped and returned to my hut.'

V

' "Oh, why am I alive ? " I cried to myself. I hated the person who created me. I was angry with the world of people, and I wanted revenge.

'When night came I went into the forest, where I screamed and cried loudly like a wild animal. I ran through the trees and destroyed things. Everyone in the world was sleeping or happy except me. I was unwanted, hated and feared by everyone. I hated all humans, especially my creator. It was time for war.

'The next morning the de Lacey's left. I heard Felix saying " We can't live here now. My father's life is in danger. My sister will never forget what we saw. We must leave this place. " Later that day I went back to the now abandoned house. In a fit of rage I set fire to it.

'I then decided to find you, Frankenstein. You created me. You were responsible for me. When I left your laboratory, I took a piece of paper with me. It had your name on it. I discovered you were in Geneva, a town I had read about in one of de Lacey's books. It was late autumn when I left. The rivers were frozen, and the earth was hard and cold. I travelled by night so nobody would see me. It was spring when I arrived.

As I was walking by the lake I saw a small boy. Such a young child surely wouldn't have fear and hate in his heart. I approached him, and he screamed. I tried to calm him, and asked him to listen to me. He thought I wanted to attack and eat him and threatened to tell his father, Mr Frankenstein. It was at this moment I realised he was from the family of my enemy and decided to take my revenge by killing him. I felt happy and proud.
" Frankenstein will know suffering too now ! " I said to myself.

'I noticed a small picture in the child's pocket. It was of a beautiful woman. This made me angry. A beautiful woman could never love me. I took the picture to a hut in the field. I wanted somewhere to hide. In the hut, a young woman was sleeping. I watched her, hoping she wouldn't wake up and see me. Then I had an idea. I put the small picture in her coat pocket. " They will think she is the murderer, " I thought. Then I ran away as fast as I could.

'So, Frankenstein,' the monster said, 'that is my story. I came to these mountains, hoping to find you. You mustn't go until you have promised me something. I am alone. My life is misery, and humans will never be my friends. I want you to create another monster. I want a wife.'

At first I stood silent, but then shouted 'I refuse !' If I created a wife for him there would be two of these evil monsters in the world.

The monster went on to explain that he was bad because he was unhappy. He had no reason to like people, because they hated him. If he couldn't have love he would create fear, but if I created a wife for him he promised they would live far away in the forests of South America. In the end I agreed to make him a wife, but only if he promised to never come back to Europe. He promised, and disappeared across the ice.

VI

I was uneasy about creating a second monster, but decided I had to keep my promise. I had also promised Elizabeth I would marry her, but I couldn't do that while we were still in danger from the monster. After a week in Geneva I travelled to England to visit some scientists and start doing experiments to make the new monster. My father and Elizabeth suggested Henry should travel with me. I agreed. I enjoyed Henry's company. However, I didn't want him to be there when I created the monster.

Henry and I stayed in London for a few months. It was a wonderful, interesting place. Henry wanted to learn as much as he could. I wanted to talk to the scientists who worked there. I wanted to enjoy our visit, but one thing was always on my mind – my promise to the monster. I tried to hide my feelings from Henry. I didn't want him to worry about me.

After a few months in London, we were invited to visit in Perth in Scotland. We both wanted to go. I wanted to leave the city and see mountains and lakes. It was now February. We decided to make a journey through England, and to arrive in Scotland at the end of July. I took my chemistry equipment and the things I needed. I decided to find a quiet place in the north of Scotland. I could finish my work there.

We started our journey in March. In late July we arrived in the city of Perth as planned. Here I convinced Henry to stay with our friends while I continued alone to the north. During all this time I was scared that the monster might be angry that his wife is not ready yet. I found a small island in the Orkneys. This was a good place to create my terrible monster. The island was like a large rock with a few huts on it. Nothing grew there. It was not

pleasant or friendly. I had to get food from a larger island, five miles away. I stayed in one of the huts. It had two rooms, and one of them became my laboratory.

I sat in my laboratory one evening. The moon was shining over the sea, but I didn't have enough light for my work. I thought about my life – and my work. My brother was murdered by my own creation, and now I was creating another monster.

'Will she be worse than her husband?' I thought. 'Will she enjoy being cruel? Will they go away to the forests of South America? He has promised. But what will happen if the female refuses? What will he do if she doesn't love him? Will she hate the monster because he is ugly? Will she prefer a handsome man and leave him? What will he do then, when he is unhappy again?'

'Or will the monster want to have children? Imagine a family of monsters! I can't be responsible for such a danger to the world!

'How can I create this female monster?' I asked myself. 'It is a crazy, terrible thing to do. The world would never forgive me!'

I was shaking with fear. I looked up. By the light of the moon, I saw the monster. He was standing by the window with a terrible smile on his face. Yes, he was following me. He was there for his female.

I looked at him. His face was evil and cruel. I thought about my promise. I knew I couldn't create another monster like him. I destroyed the body on the table.

The monster let out an angry scream and then came through the door. He looked more menacing than ever, and I was very frightened.

'You have destroyed the work which you began,' he reproached. 'Why did you do that? Are you going to break your promise? I have waited for a long time. I left Switzerland with you. I followed you through the hills and mountains and fields of England and Scotland. Do you think it was an easy journey? I have been very tired, and hungry, and cold. Why are you destroying all my hopes?'

'Go away ! Yes, I am breaking my promise. I will never create another monster like you,' I replied.

'Remember that I have power,' said the monster. 'You believe that you are unhappy now. But I can bring you more misery. Then you won't want to live. You created me, but I have power too. Do what I tell you !'

'You have power, but I won't do something I know is wrong. If you don't have a wife, you can't do bad things together. Should I make another monster like you ? A monster who enjoys death and misery ?'

The monster looked at me angrily. 'Every man has a wife ; every animal has a female ! Why do I have to be alone ? Be careful, Frankenstein ! You will never be happy again. I will have my revenge ! You can destroy my hopes and dreams, but revenge will be more important to me than light or food ! I will die, but first you will be sorry ! Remember, I have no fear, and so I have power. I will watch you. You will be sorry ! I will leave now. But remember this : I will be with you on your wedding night.'

Everything was silent again. I was alone with my thoughts and my fear. 'Who will he murder next ?' I asked myself. I remembered his words : '*I will be with you on your wedding night.*' I imagined he was going to kill me on my wedding night. I wasn't afraid to die, but then I thought of my poor Elizabeth. I thought of her crying sadly after my death. Tears poured from my eyes, but I was determined to be strong. I wouldn't let my enemy destroy me, not without a fight.

The next day a boat arrived with some letters for me. Some were from Geneva. One was from Henry, asking me to join him again in Perth so we could travel south to London together. I decided to leave in two days.

I removed all my equipment from the laboratory, and weighed the body down with stones before throwing it into the sea. Then, at three o'clock in the morning, I got into a boat and sailed away. I enjoyed sailing. However, I fell asleep, and when I woke up I saw an unfamiliar coast. I sailed into a small fishing port and asked where I was. They told me I was in Ireland, but they didn't look happy to see me. I turned around to see two policemen

coming to arrest me. A man was found dead on the town beach last night, and they were arresting me for murder.

VII

I was taken immediately to see Mr Kirwin, the local judge. He was a kind old man, but he looked at me seriously. Another man described what happened last night. He had been out fishing with his son when they returned to the coast because of the bad weather. While walking along the beach they came across the body of a handsome young man of about twenty-five years old. It looked like he had been in a fight. There were black marks around his neck. He had been strangled to death.

I instantly thought of my poor brother, William. The monster had struck again. Mr Kirwin took me to see the body, and to my horror I saw my dear friend, Henry Clerval, lying dead in front of me. Justine, William and now Henry ? I couldn't take it any more. Two men carried me out of the room. I screamed and cried, and became very ill.

When I woke up, I was in a dark room in prison. I looked around and saw the bars on the window. Then I remembered everything. It wasn't a dream. It was real horror and pain. I couldn't do anything or go anywhere. I had to stay in prison and wait for the trial.

Mr Kirwin showed compassion for me, and having found my letters he had contacted my father, who had come to see me. My father looked after me and I slowly got better. He believed my illness was an illness of the mind. I didn't tell him about the monster. I thought he would think I was crazy.

At the trial the judge believed my story. I was on the Orkney islands when Henry's body was found. This proved I was not guilty. I was free to leave prison.

My father and I travelled together back to Switzerland. I told him that William, Justine and Henry had all died because of me. He didn't believe me, and tried to comfort me. He felt I was still ill. At the same time I hated myself and felt sorry for everything that had happened.

A few days before we left Paris a letter arrived. It was from Elizabeth.

My dear friend,

I was very pleased to receive a letter from my uncle, from Paris. You are not very far away now. I hope to see you in less than two weeks. My poor cousin, you have suffered so much ! I've been very worried about you. But I hope that you are completely well now.

I don't want you to worry about anything. But I want to ask you a question. Since we were children your parents have wanted us to marry. We have always been good friends, but perhaps this is enough for you. Tell me, dearest Victor, do you love another woman ?

You have travelled a lot and spent a long time in Ingolstadt. When I saw you last year, you looked very unhappy. You wanted to be alone. I guessed that you didn't want to marry me. Are you sorry about the promise that you made to your mother ? And are you worried about your father's unhappiness if the marriage doesn't happen ?

Victor, I must tell you that I love you. In my dreams of the future, you are my husband. But I don't only want my happiness – I want your happiness too. I can't marry you if it will make you unhappy. You must be free to choose. If you are happy, I won't be lonely or sad.

Don't answer this letter if it's painful. My uncle will send me news of your health, and we will meet soon. I hope that you will have a smile on your face. Then I won't need any other happiness.

Elizabeth Lavenza

I read the letter. Then I remembered the monster's words : *'I will be with you on your wedding night.'* He wanted to take away my only hope of happiness. He planned to kill me. *'There will be a fight between us,'* I thought. *'If the monster wins, I will be dead. He will have no more power over me. But if I destroy him, I will be free at last. Then I can be happy with Elizabeth.'* I dreamed of the moment when I could live in peace and harmony with my dear Elizabeth.

'Don't be afraid,' I wrote. *'I love only you. I promise I will try and bring you happiness. But I have a terrible secret I must tell you. When you hear it, you will look at me in horror. I will*

tell you my story of misery the day after our marriage, because, my sweet cousin, there must be no secrets between us. But until then, I will say nothing more about this subject.'

When I arrived back in Geneva a week later the first thing I did was fix a date for our wedding, but the monster's words continued to haunt me...

VIII

Everybody helped to prepare for my wedding with Elizabeth. As the wedding day got nearer I grew calmer and felt safer, but I still carried my gun with me wherever I went. Elizabeth didn't know my secret yet, but she could tell something was wrong.

After the wedding there was a large party, and then Elizabeth and I left to begin our honeymoon. We started our journey by water. We planned to stay the night at a hotel, and continue our journey the next day. This was the last happy day of my life. I took Elizabeth's hand. 'You are sad, my love ! You don't know what I have suffered. But let's enjoy this beautiful day together, and not be sad.'

'Be happy, dear Victor,' replied Elizabeth. 'Don't worry, my heart isn't sad. Something tells me I mustn't be too happy. But I won't listen to that terrible voice. Look at the pretty clouds above Mont Blanc. Look at the fish in the clear water of the lake. It's a wonderful day ! Look ! Everything in the world is happy today !'

We watched the sun go down together, but as night fell my fears about the monster returned. A violent storm rolled in from the mountains. I knew the monster must be somewhere, waiting to kill me. I jumped every time I heard a sound, but remained determined to fight. I started walking around the hotel looking for him. He was nowhere to be found. Suddenly I heard a loud scream from our bedroom. Only then did I understand the monster's plan. I ran into the room in a state of extreme panic.

Oh, why did I not die then and there ? Why did I live to tell this horror story ? The dead body of my dear Elizabeth lay cold on the bed, the marks of the monster's evil hands on her neck.

I looked up for a minute. The window was open, and the yellow light of the moon shone into the room. Then I saw him. He stood outside with a terrible, ugly smile on his face. I pulled out my gun and shot at him, but he moved quickly and escaped. A large group of people, who had come at the sound of the gunshot, joined me to pursue the monster through the dense forest behind the hotel, but with no luck. He was gone.

Realising the monster would likely go after father and brother I decided I needed to go back to Geneva. I couldn't get any horses that night, but I found two men willing to take me in their boat and sail across the lake with me. We braved the storm and arrived shortly after midnight. They were still alive. The relief was shortlived. My father died a few days later, unable to live with the grief of Elizabeth's death.

After a few months in hospital, where I was kept alone in a small room, I decided I must pursue and kill the monster. I set off alone, determined not to rest until I found him. One night I heard him. I was outside in the woods when I heard a cruel laugh. He spoke to me. 'I am happy, Frankenstein. You are still alive, so I am happy !'

I moved towards the sound of his voice, but he disappeared into the dark shadows. For months now I have been following him. I have been all over Europe. He knows I am following him. But I can never catch him. Sometimes he leaves me messages. He writes on stone, or on the side of a tree. His messages are cruel :

Follow me ! I will take you to a country of ice, in the far north of the world. You will feel the misery of the cold. But I'm not human – I don't feel it. You are my enemy and I want you to suffer.

It's winter now, and I find myself struggling across glaciers, looking under the ice for food, and still the monster continues north. I hate life now. I prefer to sleep, because in my dreams I see my old friends. I'm looking forward to death, but worry that the monster will outlive me and continue his reign of terror.

Epilogue

A few days later Victor Frankenstein died. He left this account to an adventurer he met, aiming to reach the North Pole. His name was Robert Walton. He stayed with Victor's body

until someone could come and return it to his brother in Switzerland. One day the strangest of things happened. The monster, who had always remained one step ahead of Victor, came to see his dead body.

'Oh, Frankenstein,' cried the monster, 'will you forgive me ? But you can't answer me – you are cold and dead.'

Robert looked on at the hideous creature, and asked him, 'Why are you sorry now ? Frankenstein is dead, but you came here to kill him !'

'Don't worry,' the monster said. 'My crimes are finished. I won't do any more evil things. Frankenstein suffered, but I have suffered too. Frankenstein created me, then he sent me into the world without love. Everybody hated me when they saw me. Nobody wanted to be my friend. So I learned to be evil. I killed everything that Frankenstein loved. That was my revenge.'

'And now he is dead, I must die too. There is nothing more for me to do. I will leave here immediately. I must go and die in the ice, as far away as possible.'

With these words the monster said goodbye to Robert. Then he jumped into the cold water, and was lost in the darkness.