

The Monster's
Diary: A Look
Inside the Mind of
New Adam

I ran from my maker. For many days I was cold and alone.

One day, I found an old shelter. It was lonely like me. At the back of my new home, I found a small crevice. From inside I could see a cottage. It was not very big, but it was clean. There was a boy and a girl, both young like my maker. At night, I could see them through their window. They would sit at a table with an older man. The three of them did not have much to eat, but they would often laugh and smile. Over time I learned to read their lips. I recognized some words over and over again.

“Agatha.” “Felix.” “De Lacey.” But the one that made them the happiest was “family.”

Sometimes the old man would put a strange wooden object on his lap. When touched I could faintly hear the most beautiful sounds. To return the joy they were giving to me, I would go out into the forest late at night and find wood for their fire. They never knew it was I. After how my maker treated me, I was too scared for these amazing people to see me. But I wanted to know “family” for myself. I decided to enter their house. Because I knew

*the old man, De Lacey, could not see, perhaps
he would try and understand me.*

One night, during my accustomed visit to the neighbouring wood, where I collected my own food, and brought home firing for my protectors, I found on the ground a leathern portmanteau, containing several articles of dress and some books. I eagerly seized the prize, and returned with it to my hovel. Fortunately the books were written in the language the elements of which I had acquired at the cottage; they consisted of Paradise Lost, a volume of Plutarch's Lives, and the Sorrows of Werter. The possession of these treasures gave me extreme delight; I now continually studied and exercised my mind upon these histories, whilst

*my friends were employed in their ordinary
occupations.*

I spent many days pondering my very being. My person was hideous, and my stature gigantic: what did this mean? Who was I? What was I? Whence did I come? What was my destination? These questions continually recurred, but I was unable to solve them.

The only solace I found was in the words of John Milton's masterpiece, that work known as *Paradise Lost*. I read it, as I had read the other volumes which had fallen into my hands, as a true history. It moved every feeling of wonder and awe, that the picture of an omnipotent God warring with his creatures was

capable of exciting. I often referred the several situations, as their similarity struck me, to my own. Like Adam, I was created apparently united by no link to any other being in existence; but his state was far different from mine in every other respect. He had come forth from the hands of God a perfect creature, happy and prosperous, guarded by the especial care of his Creator; he was allowed to converse with, and acquire knowledge from beings of a superior nature: but I was wretched, helpless, and alone. Many times I considered Satan as the fitter emblem of my condition; for often, like

*him, when I viewed the bliss of my protectors,
the bitter gall of envy rose within me.*

“I could have torn him limb from limb.” This is what I said to myself as I reflected.

It was a blustery autumn afternoon. Agatha, Felix, and (his newly betrothed) Safie had left the cottage on a walk. Seizing the moment, I approached the cottage to visit the blind elder whilst he was alone.

I could vividly hear the melancholy notes coming from his guitar as I knocked. “Please, come in,” a frayed voice called. I thanked him for his hospitality and sat in front of the fireplace.

I told him a vague version of my story whilst I could. "These amiable people to whom I go have never seen me and know little of me."

With all his heart and honesty, De Lacey reassured me that the hearts of men are full of brotherly love. But hearing the sounds of his family returning, I bowed before the old man. "Save and protect me!" I cried. "You and your family are the friends who I seek."

"Great God!" He exclaimed. "Who are you?"

I heard a deafening yell from behind. I clasped my hands together to beg for mercy, but in spite of my plea, Felix charged at me. He lifted his hiking stick and struck.

To avoid conflict, I fled from the cottage. Once I reached a distance to which they could not pursue me, I collapsed against a firm oak tree and sobbed.

I could have torn him limb from limb...but I refused.

Cursed, cursed creator! Why do I live? Why, in that instant, did I not extinguish the spark of existence which you had so wantonly bestowed? I could with pleasure have destroyed the cottage and its inhabitants, and have glutted myself with their shrieks and misery.

I continued for the remainder of the day in my hovel in a state of utter and stupid despair. My protectors had departed, and had broken the only link that held me to the world. For the first time the feelings of revenge and hatred filled my bosom, and I did not strive to controul them... When I thought of my friends, these

thoughts vanished, and a gush of tears somewhat soothed me. But again, when I reflected that they had spurned and deserted me, anger returned, a rage of anger; and, unable to injure any thing human, I turned my fury towards inanimate objects. As night advanced, I placed a variety of combustibles around the cottage; and, after having destroyed every vestige of cultivation in the garden, I waited with forced impatience until the moon had sunk to commence my operations... I lighted the dry branch of a tree, and danced with fury around the devoted cottage... The wind fanned the fire, and the cottage was

*quickly enveloped by the flames, which clung to
it, and licked it with their destroying tongues.*

... Where do I go now?

Today I experienced the greatest of anguishes, both physical and emotional, during what started out as a soft ponderous walk through the woods. I was walking under the shade of a cypress when, all of a sudden, I heard excited voices off in the distance.

I started to slowly make my way out from behind the tree when a young girl came running towards the spot where I was concealed. She continued her course along the precipitous sides of the river, when suddenly her foot slipped, and she fell into the rapid stream.

The girl was still, lying in the stream, when I lunged into the cold water to save her from the grasp of death. I did everything in my power to restore animation to her, when a man of rustic appearance slowly approached me from behind his hiding place in a nearby copse of trees.

Before I could utter even a syllable to explain what had happened, he aimed his gun at me and fired. I sunk to the ground, and my injurer escaped into the wood carrying the girl.

I put my hand on the wound and when I took it off I found blood running through my fingers

like the tears of a fallen angel. Even as I write this passage the wound stings like a javelin in my shoulder.

Never before have I felt so hurt and alone!
Even my body was prone to the pains that
creatures great and small felt. Knowing I could
not continue forward in this state, I stockpiled
nuts and berries on which to subsist and
remained hidden whilst I recovered.

I have reached an epiphany: If I was brought
into the world from nothing, then it would be
feasible for another creature like myself to be
given flesh. Not only could another innocent soul
be born into a repulsive form, but it could in
theory be a suitable wife for me.

I imagine her now... like myself, she is far taller than the average human. A serene stream of dusky hair cascades to her torso. Her arms are laden with wounds long past; stitching from the various corpses that brought her together. Yet beneath this mangle of human folly, her watery eyes hold a sense of yearning. Because I would be there, she would not have to endure as I did before finding the acceptance she seeks.

However, the only individual who could create such a creature would be my own maker. And

*he would have no desire to be in my presence
again.*

After an eternity of wandering, I found myself among the Jura mountains of Geneva.

As I set up a dwelling place for the evening, I spotted a young boy. He was dressed in pristine blue garments. His hair was pure blonde, and he carried a bright golden pendant around his neck. I realized this child was young enough that he may not have yet been instilled with the hatred that other men held for me. As such, I approached the little creature in hopes of making his acquaintance and taking him on as a companion.

However, when he gazed upon me, the boy immediately shielded his eyes with his hands. I gently pulled his minuscule hands away, but this caused him to exert a shrill scream that echoed through the mountains. "Child, what is the meaning of this?" I said. "I do not intend to hurt you, listen to me." He quickly retorted: "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," I told him, "you must come with me." To this, he yelled with venom: "Hideous monster! You

must let me go. My papa is a Syndic-- he is
M. Frankenstein-- he would punish you."

Upon hearing these words, something jolted
within my mind. Frankenstein -- That was
the name of my maker! This boy, then, was
related to the one who had brought me into this
wretched world and left me to suffer.

He continued to spew insults from his filthy
maw. Each vile word trampled through my ears.
Any rational thought in my mind became
indecypherable.

In my desire for silence, I was possessed to thrust my hands around his throat. Like the smallest twig, it instantly frayed within my grasp. Seeing his body become still and hearing no cries of fear or pain, I let go.

The child's form fell gracelessly to the ground. I could now see thick black marks around his throat, where my own hands had been.

It has become clear to me now that I have reached a point of no return. In a fit of rage, I murdered Victor's younger brother, William. I will not claim that I am solely innocent in this matter; but I maintain that it is the rejections of those who I encountered, starting with the abandonment of my creator, that have led me to where I am now. The frustration of a loveless and companionless existence has proven to be too burdensome.

Nonetheless, I feel that now I have fully earned the title of "monster" that has taken

*the place of a true name. My name, now and
forever, is Monster.*

I wandered through the harsh mountainscape of Jura, searching for that dreaded soul who abandoned me after my conception.

As I reached the height of a perilous crag, I saw from my vantage point a lone figure. I effortlessly leapt my way to where the figure stood. I looked down upon this man. He was a husk-- skin pasty and dry, eyes flaked red, body quivering. It was obvious this was Victor Frankenstein. Before I could open my mouth, he clenched his fists and exclaimed: "Devil! How dare you approach me? And do you not

fear the fierce vengeance of my arm wreaked on
your miserable head?"

I knew I mustn't act upon my impulses if I wanted him to come to understand me. To ensure he listened I offered a threat: "Do your duty towards me, and I will do mine towards you and the rest of mankind. If you will comply with my conditions, I will leave them and you at peace."

I began to inform him of everything that had occurred since I came into the world. For as much as he demonized me, I could tell that Frankenstein listened intently to every word I

said. I hoped any sense of remorse dwelling within his heart was boiling to the surface. After I finished my story, I gave my proposal:

"You must create a female for me with whom I can live in the interchange of those sympathies necessary for my being. This alone you can do." At first he refused, but I continued to bargain. "If you consent, you nor any other being shall ever see us again; I will go to the vast wilds of South America."

"I consent to your demand," he uttered. With this declaration, we parted ways.

Today my creator, the arrogant and malicious Victor Frankenstein, broke the most sacred of all promises and destroyed my one chance at contentment. Right in front of my very eyes, Victor took the body of my bride to be and tore it to shreds with his bare hands. I could see a sadistic glee in his eyes as he ripped my love limb from limb, destroying my one and only hope for companionship in this cruel world.

I have vowed revenge on Victor, warning him that "I will be with you on your wedding night" ...

From my time espying my maker's actions, I had learned that Frankenstein's dearest cousin, Elizabeth, was in Geneva as the day of her wedding neared. I approached her as she dreamt solemnly in the night.

With the agility of a serpent, I clutched my hands around her throat and extinguished the flame of life within. Her lifeless form remained dormant, as if her slumber went uninterrupted.

Sensing that Frankenstein had found the body and begun his pursuit, I made tracks along the

banks of the Rhone, ensuring I was always a day's length away from him. At night I laughed, my howls carrying along the winds of the river. With each passing day I would continue to leave him notes, carved into trees and stones. I said this:

“My reign is not yet over, you live and my power is complete. Follow me, I seek the everlasting ices of the north, where you will feel the misery of cold and frost, to which I am impassive.

“You will find near this place, if you follow
not too tardily, a dead hare. Eat and be
refreshed.

“Come on, my enemy; we have yet to wrestle for
our lives, but many hard and miserable hours
must you endure until that period should
arrive.”

For the first time, Victor feels as I have always felt--betrayed, lost, and alone. His brother, and the most precious thing to him of all--his bride--have been taken away. How fitting should it be that the man who suffered me a brideless existence should suffer the same fate?

Victor's desperate desire for vengeance has sent him blindly chasing me through the arctic ice sheets in temperatures practically unbearable, even for me. I suspect that he will continue to hunt for me in those frigid temperatures, screaming "foul beast!" into the empty night

*until he expires in the cold. Now he and I can
dance together in misery.*

My maker is gone. There he lies, white and cold. He who called me into being is dead. He was finally at peace. But not I.

In his death my crimes are consummated; the miserable series of my being is wound to its close! Oh, Frankenstein! Generous and self-devoted being! What does it avail that I now ask thee to pardon me? I, who irretrievably destroyed thee by destroying all thou lovedst. Alas, he will never answer.

Could I not have listened to the voice of conscience, and heeded the sting of remorse,

before this diabolical vengeance to this extremity, Frankenstein would yet have lived. A frightful selfishness had always hurried me on, while my heart was poisoned with remorse. I was the slave, not the master of an impulse, which I detested, yet could not disobey.

I had cast off all feeling. Subdued all anguish to riot in the excess of my despair. Evil thenceforth became my good. And now it is ended.

Once my fancy was soothed with dreams of virtue, of fame, and of enjoyment. Once I falsely hoped to meet with beings, who, pardoning my outward form, would love me for the excellent qualities which I was capable of bringing forth. But now vice has degraded me beneath the meanest animal.

I look on the hands which executed the deeds. The fallen angel becomes a malignant devil.

Am I to be thought the only criminal, when all humankind sinned against me? I, the miserable and the abandoned, am an abortion,

to be spurned at, and kicked, and trampled on.
But it is true that I am a wretch. I have
murdered the lovely and the helpless; I have
strangled the innocent as they slept. You may
hate me, but your abhorrence cannot equal that
with which I regard myself.

I will seek the most northern extremity of the
globe; I shall collect my funeral pile, and
consume to ashes this miserable frame, that its
remains may afford no light to any curious and
unhallowed wretch, who would create such
another as I have been. I shall die. I shall no
longer feel the agonies which now consume me,

or be the prey of feelings unsatisfied, yet
unquenched.

Now, I go... I go to die alone forever in a
frozen hell. A hell ignited by a false god.