



FROM THE PERSONAL DIARY OF
VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Ingolstadt, Germany

June 15, 1798

What unbearable guilt! I am the most wretched man alive — a blasted tree, shattered. I am abhorrent to even myself.

My gentle and good wife, Hildy, dead. Only nineteen years of age and already gone from my arms, defeated in her struggle to give birth to our sweet tiny girls, Giselle and Ingrid. I imagine them blooming into beauties, reproducing Hildy's luscious dark hair, violet eyes, and avid intellect. But this I shall never witness myself. In years to come they may well curse my name, but I am compelled to abandon my daughters, and pray that they do not suffer too greatly. To claim them as my own would be to endanger their very existence. Who knows what this fiend I have created is capable of?

Tonight, by moonlight, I will head toward the Swiss mountains with the intent of drawing the Monster away from Ingolstadt, and

thereby keep him from learning that this night I have become the father of twin girls.

Castle Frankenstein, Gairsay Island

Orkney, Scotland

August 21, 1800

For two long years the fiend has hounded me. I thought I could keep ahead of him but it is no use. He finally caught up with me on the slopes of Mount Montanvert and took me to his wretched hovel. He told me of his life these last years and I was amazed at how he had educated himself and yet grown so cold and hard in his emotional state. In that hovel, he presented his demand: "Make me a mate or I will destroy you."

I shuddered at the hideousness of his request but he added a threat to ensure my cooperation. "I will work at your destruction, nor finish until I have desolated your heart, so that you shall curse the hour of your birth." This he swore to do if I would not promise to make him a bride. To prove he was capable of such fiendishness, the Monster revealed it was he who had killed my younger brother, William, just as I had suspected.

I was right to fear his wrath and move as far away from my precious twin daughters as possible. How happy I am that he does not know of their existence.

March 15, 1801

I have arrived this week by boat to Castle Frankenstein, left to me by my mother, Caroline Beaufort Frankenstein, who was a relative of its previous owner. The castle is believed to be built by the fierce Viking conqueror Sweyn. It is massive, and with its decaying stone walls, it appears to be one of this small, rugged island's oldest structures.

I have avoided the Monster's request for these many months as I studied to make an improvement on the form of this new female creature, but the time has finally come to comply, lest the fiend grow impatient and unleash the murderous spree he has sworn to undertake.

This castle will be the ideal location for a laboratory and especially suited to my pursuits because a secret underground tunnel of ingenious engineering connects it to an even smaller, more deserted island — a most tantalizing discovery!

The other day I followed the tunnel through a cavernous underground space, and from there was able to scale the rock wall that opened into a meager hut on the oversized rock they call Sweyn Holm, that overlooks a crashing ocean. I knew immediately that I had found the perfect site for my purposes — the construction of a female companion as demanded by the Monster, who dogs my every step. This is the promise he has extracted from

me. In exchange he vows to retreat with his companion to South America, never to threaten me or those I love again.

The sooner I embark on this unholy travesty, the more quickly I can return to reclaim my girls. I am told they are now living with Hildy's widowed father, the Baron Von der Wien, in Ingolstadt. I will convince him that I can provide Ingrid and Giselle with a wonderful life once the Monster has left. I will even wed again to provide them with a stepmother. There is nothing I will not do for my daughters.

April 8, 1801

I am immersed in solitude and miserable beyond utterance. The female I have built is an exquisite creature with abundant black hair and a radiant complexion, graceful in form and visage. Yet when I look upon her — her curls tossed over the end of the table, her eyelids shimmering over their sockets as though at any moment they will open to reveal sparkling orbs — it is not pride but engulfing shame that consumes me.

How could I have not seen it until this very moment? But without doubt it is so.

I have, without conscious intent, re-created my Hildy! I have built a bride not for the Monster, but for myself!

Only now do I shed the tears I was too frantic to cry when I first learned of Hildy's death.

I feel the Creature out there, lurking. I have felt him there in the periphery of my life from the moment I created him six years ago, when I was merely a lad of nineteen. The Monster has shadowed me throughout this trip and I know now he is still near — closer than ever — awaiting his bride.

I will not give him my Hildy!

Before I let him love my darling, I will destroy her. She is my greatest achievement and yet I must exterminate her. My eyes blinded by hot tears, I raise my surgeon's hacksaw to annihilate this assemblage of organs, nerve, and flesh before I am tempted to bring it to life and love it utterly.

April 10, 1801

The Monster is in a rage! He now knows I have broken my vow to build him a companion. I have hacked his would-be wife into pieces and thrown them into the wild Irish Sea.

The Monster has once more sworn vengeance on all I love, this time with renewed and terrible commitment.

My dear friend Henry Clerval has already been murdered. I must race back to Geneva to do what I can to protect my family. I only thank the gods that I never claimed my two baby daughters. No one knows they are connected to me, and thus they remain safe.

May God bless them and keep them so always.