

# FRANKENSTEIN

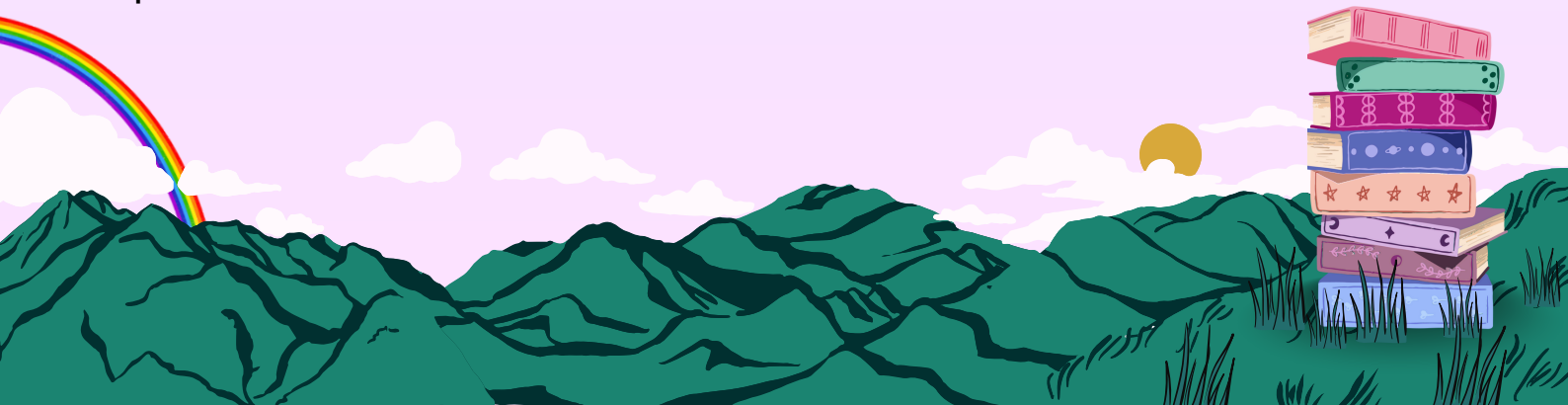
*Jaspreet Chamber*

November 1792, Switzerland

*Where am I?* A wintry sun has risen into a speck of light in the distance. I wonder if its hurry to blanket the landscape in warm, morning rays is an apology. An apology for setting earlier and earlier each day and leaving the world to the bloodthirsty night. And leaving the townspeople to the destruction that comes with the night. So she wakes early to shoo away what's left of the pale moon until his next stretch overlooking the sky. My gaze is intent on the sight above me. Streaks of pale sunlight escape through the channels between each evergreen tree. The dusky sky is a sombre blue and runs picturesquely between the winter branches. Giving the appearance of great rivers spanning across maps, splitting off and merging in places. Crown shyness. That's the phenomena's name. Where the trees are too timid to touch, instead opting to grow just shy of each other. Maybe the villagers are shy also, likewise opting to grow around me.

Fogg envelopes everything in a thick silvery mist. It sucks up the light before it can touch the snow. Passive, daunting but tranquil, the forest has the appeal of a forgotten land. Not lost over time but purposely casting an oblivious veil over the occasion wanderer. The sweet scent of morning dew collecting on petals lingers in my nose. Droplets cascade all around the sublime forest. In my eardrums the sound of the faint pitter-patter of each falling droplet, echoes. Before disappearing into the thick blanket of snow on the ground. So immersed in my surroundings I don't think to wonder if it rained during the night. As the feeling of my soaked clothes is absent.

As the morning grows the sounds of young birds begin to fill the air with their morning calls. Their incessant chirping, tweeting, and warbling are such optimistic sounds.



It sounds pleasant to my ears after feeling what feels like years of silence. Autumn leaves litter the early winter snowy ground. If you were to step on them, I'd imagine you'd imprint their papery remains deep into the white snow. The isolated forest remains in a capsule, it'd be untouched if not for the destructive essence that brought me to these lands. As I survey my surroundings, not a single creature stirs. The thick fog betrays nothing that might lurk in its depths. As if the dark shadows cast by the voluminous trees are hidden secrets or threats that should not be uncovered. *How did I get here?* I imagine any ordinary person would shiver as the frigid chill seeps through my clothes. But the cold doesn't penetrate my skin.

Specks of white fall, shimmering in the sun. Dancing as they are swirled by the wind whipping through the snowy tips of trees. The appearance is of a winter romance that blossomed, alluring your mind deeper and deeper into the enchanted land. The apologetic warmth of the sun softly kisses my cold cheeks. Tipping my chin higher, I soak in its forgiving warmth. It's melting away the tiny little specks of ice floating down to land on my nose. The sun begins to turn the mist into a pale ghostly smoke. The shadowy shapes begin to clear and I can see what surrounds me. Snow-covered branches of evergreen trees. Encompassed in glassy ice are frosted vegetation, fallen leaves, and ... deep vibrant red splattered on the white snow. It's as if the fog in my head is also lifting. Showing little glimpses of the night before. One at a time as if the whole truth is too much to bear. They're full of fear, blood, and death. I finally know why I've been gazing at the sky.

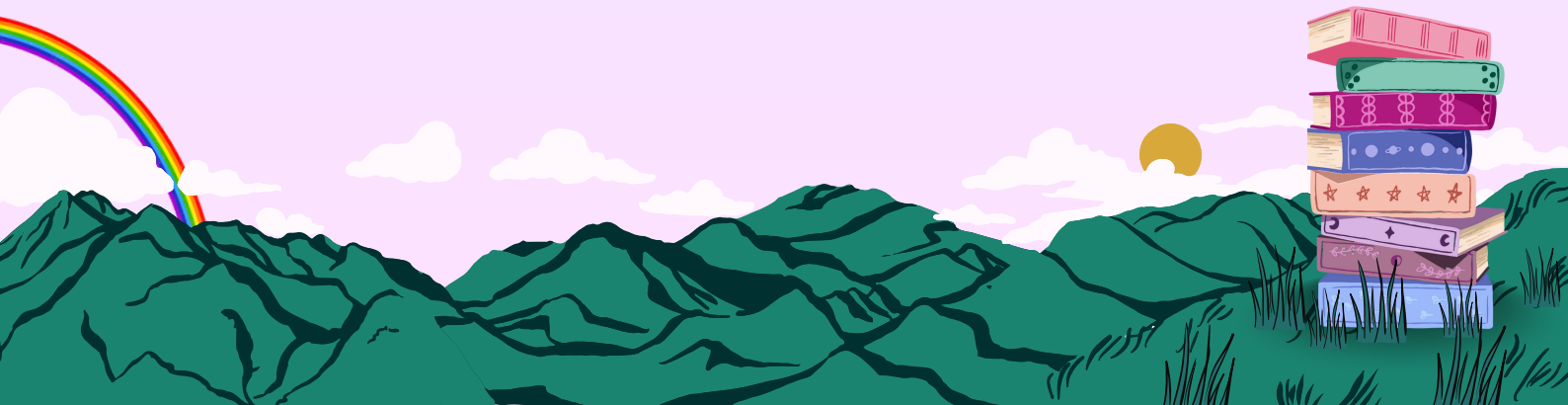
The bright speck of light that was the sun has now turned into a harsh overhead light. There was darkness before this moment. The earthy smell of soil and the coldness that comes with the dark had buried me. Then two hands in the dead of night pulled me up without much care. My peaceful tomb was raided. From then on I only remember pain. The pain of each individual stitch in my side. The pain of being taken apart with a knife opened and then emptied. Then the pain of birth. An immense amount of electricity hit my body, allowing me to be reborn.



My blurry, newfound vision showed me colours the likes I'd never seen before. My lungs gasped for air as if I had been drowning. Once gaining consciousness of my surroundings, my eyes settled on a room full of foreign metal instruments. Contraptions I cannot begin to describe lined the walls. I was engulfed in confusion, not understanding what it all meant. The momentary relief of my confusion was quickly gone and I left again in pain. A storm rages under my skin as my insides thrash against each other. Parts not meant for each other, are desperate to pull away. Who can blame them? This rough and calloused hand is not the same kind as which belongs to my pale leg. Do you understand? I've given you a glimpse into the conflict that rages between my consciousness and my body. Both parties are unwilling to connect with one another. Whose nameless bodies did you tie me to, my creator?

But what keeps me from closure is not the torment on my body but in fact yours. Your eyes, my creator, are burned into my memory. That initial look of awe you quickly replaced with anguish and disgust, haunts me. How could I have known then? Without a second look, you were gone. And there I was, left alone in a foreign place, unable to call out to you for I had no voice.

As quickly as the memory appeared it was gone. *Who am I?* I'm left to ponder. In a puddle of melted snow, I get a glimpse of my appearance. My skin is greyish blue and the whites of my eyes are yellowish. Undisguised stitches run along my skin. If you could not behold me, how would society? I am wretched. No wonder people fear me and chase me away with fire and pitchforks. You have cursed me, my creator. *What is my name?* Another question burns in my mind. All I've heard is the name "monster" thrown at me. You didn't grant me a name. No food, no warmth, or shelter. Castaway to fend for myself in a foreign and unforgiving country. I will find you and demand answers to my questions. I have every right as I am the Adam of your labours. Those countless nights you slaved away in my preparation. What possessed you to give me life?



As the sun makes its dive back into the darkness, I know its last offer of salvation is gone. And the bloodthirsty night is left uncontrolled. I want you to grant me a final act as my creator. Then our relationship will be no more. Grant me the satisfaction of understanding, Dr.

