

To my most hated creation,

I understand that I accepted your request in Montanvert, but I am afraid I must now rescind my word. After weeks of revisions and labors to adhere to your pleas, I have finally realized what I must do. There is no virtue within you, or this accursed work that I so ever condemn to the deepest pits of hell. Your hatred and contempt don't equate to the virtuous deeds you say you have accomplished. I couldn't allow another of your kind to exist. I couldn't bring myself to create such an abomination after I had already seen the hate it has caused. You swore to be harmless and docile, but how inconstant your feelings are! Have you not already shown a malignant presence that not even a mother could not ignore? As your creator, I must take responsibility for your punishment and solidify your consequences. While I labored on your request, for a fleeting moment, I considered your terms. I thought that if there was another such as yourself, you might be able to change. But as I reflected on your crimes and your murders, the deceitful facade you so ever carefully spun, slowly began to unravel. Oh poor Justine! She did not deserve the cruel fate that you so devilishly bestowed upon her! For your crimes, you must be punished, you must suffer in turmoil and solitude. Oh foul demon! I have taken the task of destroying my work and your companion into my own hands. I obliterated each piece of the accursed, dun-white atrocity that you call a friend, and scattered the remains in the rough seas. Never shall the rotten parts of your companion ever embrace one another, for they shall not perceive the warm rays of heavenly light that all creations of god should. One such as yourself should know all about this sensation, this undisturbed hate that I feel at this very instant would be enough to burn you to ashes. I have no doubt you will turn to hate, no doubt that you will cause more suffering, but I have made my choice. You do not deserve a companion, and you surely do not deserve a lover. Nothing you say will change what I have done, there are no more deceitful words that you could spout to ever change this outcome. When this letter finds you, I shall have already disappeared to lands far away.

Elizabeth and Clerval shall accompany me in my endeavors, and we will live your dream.

Begone foul demon! Be ashamed of your existence, and never show your hateful complexion again! Relish in the consequences of your murders, and become a victim of hate. Have every second of every torturous day take its toll upon you, and when you think of your creator, think of nothing but hate and Despair. Farewell creature of Hell, may our paths never cross again!

Hatefully,

- Victor Frankenstein