

Kayden Bartlett

Thomas Rachel

9/27/24

Honors English 10

*To Elizabeth Frankenstein...*

- *London England Feb, 18th 17-*

I am aware of the fact you do not know who is writing to you and that you may be inclined to discard this letter, but I advise you to listen intently. The past few months have been exhausting, for I had been the captain of an expeditionary adventure to the north pole, although I failed my mission, I gained something that for the time being, made me feel human again. What was this miracle that made me rejoice in life again? He was a great friend and companion, and I believe he was betrothed to you, his name was Victor Frankenstein.

When we first contacted him, Victor was but a shaggy mass of skin and bones, barely holding on to dear life. His condition was so poor that he was bedridden for a great deal of time. During his recovery I cared for him and we became accomplices, yet he still would not disclose to me why or what had happened to him. Only after a great deal of time would Victor begin to walk, when on deck he had a look in his eyes, as if he was intently looking for something, or someone. But who, out of anyone, and anywhere in the world could he be searching for? Then one day he told me why, and how he had ended up in this frigid wasteland. Victor's story was vivid, with all sorts of science and action one would not dream of in life, but out of everything he spoke of, one thing caught my attention, Victor, Your dear husband, he had created a monster.

Victor's story sounded as if it was made up, yet he told it to me with the utmost seriousness and intensity. For during his studies in Austria he created something, a true monster, something that would haunt him for the rest of his life. Victor spoke of his life's work with the harshest of tones stating that it was he who

had ruined his life, he who had stripped everything he loved and held dear away from him, and he who he had been chasing when we first met. This monster had chased him from Austria to the Alps, up the Rhine and into England, and he had then chased the monster across the icy tundra into the poles where we met. I often wondered why Victor had created this monster, out of greed, out of glory, out of self-ratification? For I and Victor himself, secretly knew that it was not a monster rejected by both society and his creator, but his own ego and self-consciousness that had ruined his life.

And so I write to you today to inform you of Victor's untimely demise. When I finally made the decision to head back to England, Victor had already reverted back to sickness and disease, yet he persisted that we stay. But we had made our decision and to the protest of me, Victor chose to stay in the arctic, still believing that his quest to salvation had not ended. And to end this letter to you Elizabeth Frankenstein, Victor, your husband, is no more. I also must inform you that this will be my last letter to you, for this page in my life has ended, and I must begin a new chapter.

Your Husband's last and final friend.

Robert Walton