

*To Mr. Walton*

England, November 24, 17—.

Oh how grateful I am to hear from you, dearest brother! It has been a long wait of years since I have last seen your face, but I am forever beholden that you continue to send me letters informing me of your safety. If I may remark, however, that your last series of letters has left me greatly perturbed.

I will start by offering my condolences to your friend. I can tell that you felt only the utmost affection towards him, and I can understand your great melancholy regarding his untimely departure. However, brother, you have always encouraged me to speak my mind, and I feel that this condition should not be exempt.

I have contemplated deeply the story that your late friend has told. In his words, I am struck by his great intellect and ability to remember a story in such great detail. And I am also appalled by his intense narcissism and refusal to take accountability for his actions. Brother, I'm sorry to say that I believe that you were blinded by your affections and could not see the true character of this Victor Frankenstein. I do not say this to retract what you experienced with the scientist, I am delighted that he managed to make your time on your travels more bearable, but I do believe that you should further consider what he did, and perhaps moreso, what he did not do.

At the end of his tale, he almost realizes how his actions are the ones that have truly been evil all along. He even says that he was bound towards the creature, but still did not care for him. And yet, he says that he was not blameable. But was it not he that caused the creature to have such intense hatred for mankind? Was it not he that drove the creature into the woods through his neglect, who let him teach himself and learn the ways of mankind, the ways of love, only for them to be stripped away in a fit of bias towards those deemed unappealing in the eyes of man? Was it not he who made a promise that not only did he break, but also destroyed right in front of the creature's eyes when it was nearly completed? Frankenstein created something that went against

the nature of man in the name of seeking glory, and then did not have the affections within him to nurture that creation into a respectful member of society.

Brother, I hope that I have not completely outcasted you from my endearment with my words. I only hope to show you the reality of your dear friend, and perhaps quell your sorrow. I, too, was disheartened by the end of your letters to hear of Frankenstein's passing. And then, I also felt the same for the creature of his creation and his probable self-destruction. Of course, I recognize his difficulties towards mankind and his subsequent violences towards Frankenstein's family, but I cannot in good conscience regard him as simply evil. His affection towards the De Laceys and his aid towards them in their time of need shows that he was a compassionate being. But one cannot be outcasted so many times and still maintain good spirits. Perhaps his actions were dramatic, but he truly did not know much better, after all, there was no one to teach him.

I hope that through my words you will be able to gain some insight into Frankenstein's tale, and if not obtain a compassion for the creature, conceivably release your detestation for him. I know you, Robert, and I believe that you will find a way to maintain your deep affections for your companion and not loathe the creature of his demise as he did. Perhaps, you may come to realize that it was not even the creature that caused his death, and that in reality, he may have brought it upon himself through the consequences of his actions.

Once again, I would declare my utmost exultation to hear of your safety, even though you did not accomplish your goal. I know that there will be some other adventure for you out there, brother, you just have to find it. Until then, I wish you only the best in your journey home. I simply cannot wait to see you, my dear brother.

Your eternally loving sister,

M. Saville.