

Mia Brown

Thomas

English 9, Period 1

27 September 2024

*To E. Lavenza.*

My dearest Elizabeth,

I apologize for my silence to you in these past months, I have missed you dearly and regret to inform you that I have not been well in these recent weeks. I have been dealing with much emotional turmoil and distress after one of my experiments went wrong. My work had taken complete control of my entire life, and after my latest project, I fear I may never return to who I was before

As you may know, I have always been interested in the sciences, particularly natural philosophy and chemistry. In the past, I have been quite successful in this field, with my new discoveries and improvements of chemical instruments. But, recently I pushed too far past the limits, and made a mistake. I decided that I wanted to be the first person to bring a man back to life, so I began to do so, completing nearly two years of work in getting all of the necessary materials and knowledge. But just as my confidence was higher than ever before, so was my anxiety of what my experiment would bring, nevertheless, I proceeded.

I had chosen handsome features for my creation, ensuring all limbs be proportional for the best outcome, but once my experiment was completed and he had come to life, I was shocked at how pale and shriveled he appeared. This was nothing like I had imagined my experiment ending up, and immediately filled me with regret and shame as I stared at my hard work which resulted in a hideous creature that was more monstrous than manly. In an attempt to ease my sorrows, I escaped to my bedchamber and went to sleep. I even dreamt of you Elizabeth, but it was awful. I had imagined you dead in my arms. I was ever so thankful when I awoke to find it was all a dream, but when I did I discovered the monster standing over me, watching me with his watery, terrifying eyes, his arm appeared outstretched as if to strangle me, I was able to successfully escape with my life by running as quickly as I could out the door and into the courtyard where I stayed for the rest of

the night, pacing and walking the streets. I had never experienced such turmoil in my life, and I wish to never experience it again.

My dearest Elizabeth, I would not be writing this letter today without the help of who I encountered on my walk. As I passed the nearby inn, a voice called out for me, it belonged to Henry Clerval. Henry was able to take my mind off of the monstrosity I had created for a short while, and even when these memories resurfaced, he was able to nurse me back to health so I am able to write this letter to you and ease your worries. I am eternally grateful for the help he has given me to bring me closer to who I was before this disturbing event.

But even now Elizabeth, I feel the mental tolls that this has brought upon me, the remorse that I feel for creating such a horrific creature. I can not help but imagine what would be if I never had created this monster, or simply listened to my professor when he told me that i needed to become well versed in the newer, more advanced teachings rather than the outdated philosophies which I had been reading before. I have wasted so much time on this failed project, staying inside, not appreciating the beauty that the world has to offer, simply because I believed I was able to do the things that no one had done before me. I even neglected my own family who have been by my side my entire life in favor of completing my project.

My beloved Elizabeth, I am deeply disturbed by what I have seen and experienced, and hope to be well again soon, but in the meantime I hope to continue exchanging letters with you as a way to keep my mind off of this dreadful event. Please inform father of my current state, and ensure he knows I am well now and apologize for not writing to him sooner, hopefully he is not upset by my silence towards him in the past months. I miss you dearly and wish I could have written with better news. It is time I say farewell dear cousin.

Victor Frankenstein.

Ingolstadt, March 25th, 17--