

**CLASSICS**  
*Illustrated*

# FRANKENSTEIN

MARY W. SHELLEY

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**H**ERE IS A HAUNTING TALE OF SHAME AND HORROR... THESE CLUTCHING FINGERS ARE TREMBLING WITH REMORSE AND WOULD WRENCH THE VERY PAGES FROM YOUR SIGHT... SO DWELL WITH TOLERANCE, GENTLE READER, ON THE INCREDIBLE LIFE OF THIS NAMELESS MONSTER... THIS CREATURE WITHOUT A SOUL!!

Adapted by  
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YOU MUSTN'T PULL ON THE LOCKET, DEAREST, IT WILL BREAK, AND IT CONTAINS A PICTURE OF YOUR LOVELY MOTHER!

BUT IT'S SO PRETTY. AREN'T YOU MY MOTHER, ELIZABETH?

ELIZABETH IS YOUR COUSIN, WILLIE. HAVEN'T WE EXPLAINED THAT TO YOU BEFORE?

BUT I REMEMBER WHEN MOTHER DIED, FATHER! I EVEN REMEMBER WHEN ELIZABETH CAME TO LIVE WITH US!

OUR STORY UNFOLDS AT A GAY FAMILY OUTING ATTENDED BY THOSE WHOM FATE HAS ALREADY MARKED FOR DEATH. NEVER AWARE, HOWEVER, THEY ARE HURRY-SEEKING NO MORE THAN THE SMALL PLEASURES OF A PICNIC...

YOU HAVE A GOOD MEMORY, ERNEST. CONSIDERING THAT YOU WERE SUCH A CHILD WHEN IT ALL HAPPENED.

HEY! HELLO YOUNG MAN!

HENRY!

IF VICTOR WON'T PLAY WITH YOU, HENRY, I WILL. YOU NAME THE GAME.

I DIDN'T EXACTLY ASK HIM TO PLAY, WILLIE, HE'S VERY BUSY WITH HIS CHEMISTRY, BUT AS FOR US... HOW ABOUT HIDE AND SEEK, EH!

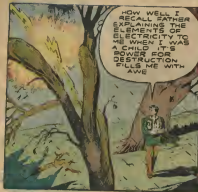
BUT SUDDENLY...

RAIN! OH DEAR, SPILING OUR LOVELY HOLIDAY! HURRY, EVERYBODY, IT WILL SOON BE COMING DOWN IN TORRENTS!

VICTOR WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED! HE LOVES STORMS. DON'T YOU, SON?

YES, FATHER, I LOVE A GOOD STORM. THE RAIN IS WARM. YOU PEOPLE GO ALONG WITHOUT ME. I WILL JOIN YOU SOON.

COME ALONG, ERNEST.



HOW WELL I RECALL FATHER EXPLAINING THE ELEMENTS OF ELECTRICITY TO ME WHEN I WAS A CHILD IT'S POWER FOR DESTRUCTION FILLS ME WITH AWE

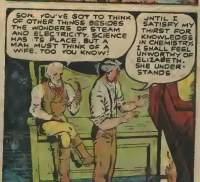


TO THINK THAT TOMORROW I SHALL BE LEAVING ALL THIS AND ACTUALLY GETTING TO SCHOOL IT SHOULD SADDEN ME TO LEAVE MY FAMILY YET I CANNOT BUT REJOICE AT THE OPPORTUNITY OF BEING ABLE TO WORK IN A UNIVERSITY LABORATORY



OH, VICTOR! YOU'LL CATCH COLD

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DEAR GIRL. I'LL SOON SET DRY



SON, YOU'VE GOT TO THINK OF OTHER THINGS BESIDES THE WONDERS OF STEAM AND ELECTRICITY. SCIENCE HAS ITS PLACE, BUT A MAN MUST THINK OF A WIFE, TOO YOU KNOW!

UNTIL I SATISFY MY THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE IN CHEMISTRY, I SHALL FEEL UNWORTHY OF ELIZABETH. SHE UNDERSTANDS

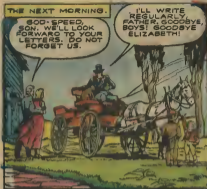


IT WAS HIS MOTHER'S DYING WISH THAT WE SOMEDAY WED AND I KNOW HE WON'T FORGET THE VOW HE MADE TO HER. YET HE MARRIED SO



COME, YOU'D BETTER RETIRE, SON. IT'S A LONG WAY TO INGOLSTADT. YOU'LL WANT TO BE FRESH IN BODY AND SPIRIT FOR THE JOURNEY

I SHALL MISS YOU, FATHER. SOMETIMES I REGRET THE URGE OF SCIENCE THAT REGULATES MY FATE AND TAKES ME FROM MY FAMILY



THE NEXT MORNING.

GOD-SPEED, SON. WE'LL LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR LETTERS. DO NOT FORGET US.

I'LL WRITE REGULARLY FATHER. GOODBYE, BOYS! GOODBYE ELIZABETH!



I SHALL MISS YOU, VICTOR.

WHAT CAN I SAY TO YOU, ELIZABETH. FIND COMFORT WITH MY PEOPLE WHO LOVE YOU SO WELL AND I PROMISE MY RETURN SHALL BE SOONER THAN YOU EXPECT.



GOODBYE, SON!

GOODBYE, VICTOR. GOODBYE!

FAREWELL, VICTOR!



DON'T GRIEVE, ELIZABETH. I HAVE A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR YOU. I HAVE EMPLOYED LITTLE JUSTINE MORITZ TO HELP YOU WITH THE YOUNGSTERS. IT WILL ALLOW YOU MORE LEISURE... SAY, TO WRITE TO VICTOR.

DEAR UNCLE. I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED JUSTINE.

SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARS ON THE ROAD.



PERHAPS I SHOULD NOT BE SO ANXIOUS TO GET TO SCHOOL FOR I BELIEVE MYSELF TOTALLY UNFIT FOR THE COMPANY OF STRANGERS...



HOLD! AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY FAREWELL TO YOUR OLD FRIEND? IF MY FATHER DIDN'T INSIST ON MY LEARNING HIS BUSINESS, I'D BE RIGHT NEXT TO YOU IN THAT SEAT!

AH, HENRY. AT LEAST YOU SHED NO TEARS AT MY LEAVING! I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO VISIT ME OFTEN, MY FRIEND.

WELL THERE'S THE CHURCH STEEPLE I CAN EASILY GUIDE MYSELF TO MY NEW HOME NOW. FIRST TO STOP OFF AT THE UNIVERSITY



WELCOME, FRANKENSTEIN! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. I'M KREMPE, YOUR PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY

I AM HONORED, SIR, THAT THE FIRST TO GREET ME SHOULD BE YOU.



TO BEGIN WITH I WANT YOU TO FORGET EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER STUDIED AND START ANEW WITH US

THAT WON'T BE EASY, SIR, BUT I'LL TRY.



... AND AT LAST VICTOR REACHES THE MILESTONE THAT IS TO CHANGE HIS ENTIRE DESTINY.

VICTOR, THIS IS PROFESSOR WALDMAN. I HOPE YOU TWO BECOME CLOSE FRIENDS

THIS IS MORE THAN I DREAMED OF, THE GREAT PROFESSOR WALDMAN!

HEAR THE LAD, VICTOR, I LIKE YOU ALREADY!



ENDLESS WEEKS PASS. EACH DAY FINDING VICTOR MORE INTENSE AT HIS STUDY AND WORK.

IF I COULD ONLY FIND THE KEY TO BANISH DISEASE FROM THE HUMAN FRAME AND RENDER MAN INVULNERABLE TO ANY BUT A VIOLENT DEATH, IF, IF! AND IT COMES SO CLOSE.



ONLY UTTER EXHAUSTION CAUSED HIM TO PAUSE IN THE SECRET EXPERIMENT AND SEEK REST IN HIS PRIVATE CHAMBERS

DEAR ELIZABETH, SUCH A FAITHFUL CORRESPONDENT! IF SHE ONLY KNEW HOW REMOTE THEY ALL SEEM TO ME. I'M GLAD JUSTINE MAKES HER SO HAPPY. I MUST FIND TIME TO WRITE IT'S BEEN SO LONG



MONTH UPON MONTH ROLLS ON AND IT IS AGAIN NOVEMBER. DISMAL, DESOLATE, NOVEMBER.

TWO LONG YEARS OF WORKING IN SECRET... TO-NIGHT SHALL FINALLY SHOW MY RESULTS, SUCCESS OR FAILURE! IT'S NOW UP TO FATE AND THIS LAST INJECTION!



SUDDENLY, SLOWLY, THE INANIMATE CREATURE OPENS ITS DULL YELLOW EYES... A CONVULSIVE MOTION AGITATES ITS LIMBS AND... IT BREATHES...

SANCTED MOTHER! WHAT HAVE I CREATED? IT, IT'S A DEMON!



WHAT FOOL DREAMS LED ME ON, THIS MONSTER IS CONCEIVED THROUGH MADNESS... I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT IT...



SLEEP, I MUST SLEEP... CAN'T THINK OF WHAT TO DO NEXT



RRSSPPSSTT

GET AWAY FROM ME, FIEND! DON'T TOUCH ME!

I'M LOSING MY MIND. MUST GET AWAY. MUST

WILL HE FOLLOW ME? I PRAY TO HEAVEN HE WON'T DARE.

MORNING OR FRANKENSTEIN WHAT BRINGS YOU ABOUT SO EARLY? ARE YOU COMING IN OR GOING OUT?

HMM, ALWAYS TOLD MY WIFE HE WAS A STRANGE ONE.

WHAT SHALL I DO?





VICTOR, VICTOR, MY FRIEND!

WHO CAN THAT BE? I DON'T WANT TO FACE ANYBODY.



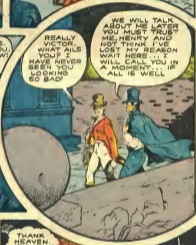
HELLO, YOU OLD MOLECULE CHASER! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU AS EASILY AS THIS!

HENRY CLerval! WHAT GOOD FORTUNE BRINGS YOU HERE?



FATHER FINALLY CONSENTED TO LET ME COME TO SCHOOL AND FURTHER MY STUDY IN LANGUAGES BUT VICTOR

DON'T STOP TALKING. HOW I WELCOME YOU, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW! TELL ME OF MY FAMILY... AND ELIZABETH



REALLY VICTOR, WHAT AILS YOU? I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOU LOOKING SO BAD!

WE WILL TALK ABOUT ME LATER YOU MUST TRUST ME, HENRY AND NOT THINK I'VE LOST MY REASON WAIT HERE... I WILL CALL YOU IN A MOMENT... IF ALL IS WELL



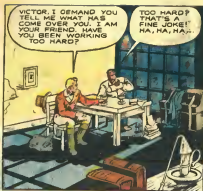
WHAT SHALL I DO IF THAT MONSTER IS LOOSE UP HERE

WHAT'S BOTHERING HIM? HE ACTS LIKE ONE POSSESSED!



THANK HEAVEN, HE'S GONE!

CLerval! COME UP



"... YOUR DEAR FATHER IS WELL AND MISSES YOU MORE AND MORE. BUT THE HOUSE IS NOT WITHOUT HAPPINESS, FOR THE LOVE THAT HAS GROWN BETWEEN LITTLE WILLIAM AND HIS NURSE, JUSTINE MORITZ IS GREAT. INDEED, WE HAVE LEARNED TO LOVE HER AS ONE OF THE FAMILY. I MUST AGAIN TELL YOU HOW HAPPY WE'D BE TO HAVE YOU VISIT US."



DEAR ELIZABETH! GET ME A QUILL AND PAPER, HENRY. I'LL ANSWER THIS RIGHT AWAY...

HA! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU TAKE AN INTEREST IN SOMETHING AGAIN!



WHILE YOU'RE WRITING, I'M GOING TO CHANGE YOUR LIVING QUARTERS. I'VE A HUNCH THERE'S SOMETHING AROUND HERE THAT DEPRESSES YOU

BAH! I FEEL WELL AGAIN. LET'S TAKE A STROLL AFTER I FINISH.. I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO PROFESSOR KREMPE



LATER, IN THE UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR.

IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE MEETING YOU, SIR, BUT I THINK VICTOR HAS HAD QUITE A DAY AND I SHOULD GET HIM HOME.

YOU ARE RIGHT, CLERVAL. WE WANT HIM BACK TO TEACH WITH US SOON!

WHY MUST THEY SPEAK ONLY OF ME.. I CAN'T STAND IT!



THIS IS STRANGE! ANOTHER LETTER FROM HOME! IT'S FROM YOUR FATHER AND BROUGHT BY A SPECIAL MESSENGER!

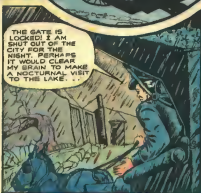
FORGIVE ME FOR ACTING SO INDIFFERENT ON OUR VISIT PERHAPS I DID TOO MUCH TODAY

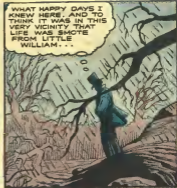
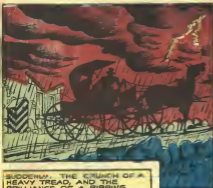
I UNDERSTAND VICTOR. WE'LL SOON BE HOME AND YOU CAN REST



WHAT! LET ME TAKE A LOOK AT IT, HENRY!







WHAT HAPPY DAYS I KNEW HERE. AND TO THINK IT WAS IN THIS VERY VICINITY THAT LIFE WAS SMOTE FROM LITTLE WILLIAM...

SUDDENLY, THE CRUNCH OF A HEAVY TREAD, AND THE BRILLIANCE OF A RIPPING BOLT OF LIGHTNING REVEALS THE PRESENCE OF ANOTHER...



NO.. NO IT CAN'T BE!



YOU DEVIL! YOU KILLED THE CHILD! I COULDN'T ADMIT IT TO MYSELF, BUT IT'S TRUE.. YOU ARE THE MURDERER!

IN THE HEAVY DARKNESS OF NIGHT AND STORM, PURSUIT IS FUTILE...



...AND I WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO THINK YOU HAD MET WITH DESTRUCTION IN THE ALPS!

VICTOR'S WILD SCREAMING BRINGS THE GATE GUARD SCURRYING TO HIS SIDE...

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN! MY SYMPATHY TO YOU, SIR. LITTLE DOES SUCH RANTING HELP THE POOR DEAD CHILD. I WILL ALLOW YOU TO PASS THROUGH THE GATE.. GO TO YOUR FAMILY, MAN. THEY AWAIT YOU.



YES.. YES, THANK YOU, GUARD.



MR. VICTOR!  
IT'S YOU...

SHHH. DON'T AWAKEN  
THE FAMILY. I WILL  
SEE THEM IN THE  
MORNING. THEY NEED  
THEIR SLEEP AFTER  
WHAT THEY'VE BEEN  
THROUGH...

SILENCE REIGNS OVER THE SORROW-  
STRICKEN HOME AND THE WEIGHT ON  
VICTOR'S HEART IS IMMEASURABLE...

THIS HOUSE WILL NEVER  
BE THE SAME WITHOUT  
YOU, LITTLE BROTHER.  
MY SOUL IS IN ANGUISH.  
A THOUSAND DEVILS  
TORTURE IT...



SUDDENLY ERNEST ENTERS THE ROOM. TWO  
YEARS HAVE MADE A GREAT CHANGE IN  
THE YOUTH.

WELCOME, VICTOR!  
IT IS AN UNHAPPY  
WELCOME - WITH  
THE SHADOW OF  
DEATH HOVERING  
OVER THIS  
HOUSE.



ERNEST! HOW  
YOU'VE GROWN!  
THE OTHERS  
HOW ARE THEY?

ELIZABETH REQUIRES CONSOLATION  
SHE FELT IT WAS HER FAULT SINCE  
WILLIAM HAS BEEN HER WARD ALL  
THESE YEARS. I NEED NOT TELL YOU  
OF FATHER, BUT SINCE THE MUR-  
DERER HAS BEEN DISCOVERED

DISCOVERED!  
BUT WHO COULD  
OVERTAKE  
HIM?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU MEAN, VICTOR! IT  
WAS A GREAT SHOCK  
TO US THAT JUSTINE  
COULD BE SO LOVING  
TO WILLIAM AND AT  
THE SAME TIME BE  
SO WICKED

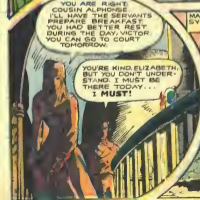
JUSTINE  
MORITZ  
MURDERED  
WILLIAM!!

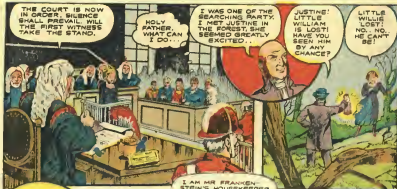


CIRCUMSTANCES PROVED IT! THE  
MORNING AFTER THE MURDER SHE  
SUDDENLY TOOK TO HER BED AND  
WENT INTO A STRANGE SLUMBER!  
IN HER POCKET A SERVANT  
CHANCED TO SEE THE LOCKET  
ELIZABETH HAD PUT ON WILLIAM'S  
NECK BEFORE HIS DEATH: TO  
THINK A LOCKET WAS TEMPTA-  
TION FOR MURDER!

NO... NO!  
IT'S A  
MISTAKE!







THE COURT IS NOW IN ORDER. SILENCE SHALL PREVAIL. WILL THE FIRST WITNESS TAKE THE STAND.

HOLY FATHER, WHAT CAN I DO...

I WAS ONE OF THE SEARCHING PARTY. I MET JUSTINE IN THE FOREST, SHE SEEMED GREATLY EXCITED...

JUSTINE! LITTLE WILLIAM IS LOST! HAVE YOU SEEN HIM BY ANY CHANCE?

LITTLE WILLIE LOST! NO... NO... HE CAN'T BE!



I AM THE GATE GUARD. I'VE HAD THAT POST FOR TEN YEARS. JUSTINE COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE COME THERE AS SHE CLAIMS OR I WOULD HAVE SEEN HER.

I AM MR FRANKENSTEIN'S HOUSEKEEPER JUSTINE HADN'T BEEN IN HER ROOM ALL NIGHT.

OH! THE GATE IS LOCKED AND NO ONE IN SIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO SLEEP IN THE WOODS!

...WHEN I FOUND HER FULLY DRESSED ACROSS HER BED IN THE MORNING, I WAS GOING TO TELL HER THE NEWS. I HAPPENED TO SEE HER JACKET... THERE WAS THE LOCKET... IN HER POCKET!

AND THUS THE TRIAL SLOWLY PROCEEDS...

JUSTINE LOVED THE CHILD AND ACTED AS A MOTHER TO HIM. I DO NOT HESITATE TO SAY, NOTWITHSTANDING THE EVIDENCE SHE'S INNOCENT THE LOCKET WAS NOT A TEMPTATION, FOR I WOULD HAVE GLADLY GIVEN IT TO HER, SO MUCH DO I HOLD HER IN ESTEEM!

I HAD VISITED AN AUNT WITH ELIZABETH'S PERMISSION. ON MY RETURN I MET ONE OF THE SEARCHING PARTY. HE TOLD ME ABOUT WILLIE. I WAS FRANTIC. I SEARCHED UNTIL I GREW DANK THE GATE WAS LOCKED I SAW NO ONE. I SPENT THE NIGHT IN THE WOODS. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW THE LOCKET GOT IN MY POCKET!

I'VE GOT TO LEAVE. I CAN'T STAND IT. THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE I AM THE TRUE MURDERER. I WAS SO MANY MILES AWAY.

YOU HAVE HEARD THE TESTIMONY. PREPARE TO CAST YOUR BALLOTS. JURYMEN.





HOW CAN THEY CONDEMN THIS YOUNG GIRL FOR THE CRIME COMMITTED BY A MONSTER OF MY CREATION. YET, WHO WILL BELIEVE ME... WHAT SHALL I DO?



WELL? GUILTY?

OH, VICTOR. YOU LEFT BEFORE YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED! JUSTINE BROKE DOWN AND CONFESSED! SHE DID COMMIT THE MURDER! OH... VICTOR...



ELIZABETH, LISTEN TO ME IT ISN'T TRUE. WE MUST GET TO HER AND FIND OUT WHAT MADE HER SAY SUCH A THING!

PERHAPS THEY WILL LET US SEE THE GIRL IN HER CELL.



BY SPECIAL PERMISSION THEY ARE GRANTED AN AUDIENCE WITH THE DOOMED MAID...

JUSTINE! WHAT MADE YOU CONFESS TO A CRIME WE KNOW YOU DIDN'T COMMIT?

I GREW SO WEARY OF ALL THEIR CONFUSING QUESTIONS... YET NOW I'M TRULY MISERABLE.. FOR I CONFESSED A LIE, BUT IT IS TOO LATE TO TRY TO TAKE IT BACK..



SOON I WILL JOIN MY SWEET WILLIAM. THAT ALONE CONSOLES ME

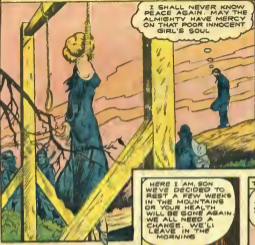
I WILL HELP YOU, JUSTINE. I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING. DEPEND ON IT!

TIME TO LEAVE.

OH, VICTOR!



BUT THE NEXT DARK DAWN FINDS JUSTINE PAYING THE WEIGHTY TOLL OF MURDER WITH HER OWN YOUNG LIFE.



I SHALL NEVER KNOW PEACE AGAIN. MAY THE ALMIGHTY HAVE MERCY ON THAT POOR INNOCENT GIRL'S SOUL

FOR DAYS VICTOR BROODES.



FORGIVE ME IF I STARTLED YOU, VICTOR. YOUR FATHER WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK WITH YOU

THANK YOU, ELIZABETH. WHERE IS HE?

HERE I AM, SON. WE'VE DECIDED TO REST A FEW WEEKS IN THE MOUNTAINS OR YOUR HEALTH WILL BE GONE AGAIN. WE ALL NEED A CHANGE. WE'LL LEAVE IN THE MORNING

THAT SOUNDS GOOD, FATHER

THE NEXT DAY.



WE'RE GOING TO STAY AT OUR LODGE, VICTOR AND FATHER SAYS IF WE RIDE STEADILY, WE'LL BE THERE FOR LUNCH!

WELL! I'M HUNGRY ALREADY!



AH! IT'S GOOD TO BE HERE AGAIN. WE MADE IT IN SUCH SHORT TIME, TOO

NO WONDER! DIDN'T YOU SEE THE WAY VICTOR CHARGED HIS HORSE?

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF WE WERE IN FOR AN ELECTRIC STORM. OUR FIRST DAY. TOO WHAT LUCK.

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M GOING FOR A STROLL

I DON'T SEE WHY THE MENTION OF AN ELECTRIC STORM SHOULD DISTURB YOU VICTOR!

BUT VICTOR YOU SAID YOU WERE HUNGRY!

HE'S CHANGED SO.



WILLIAM... JUSTINE... I'M TWICE A MURDERER. WHAT RIGHT HAVE I TO LIVE... I FEEL NOTHING BUT SHAME AND LOATHING FOR MYSELF.



SUDDENLY, A SOUND... THE CRUNCH OF A HEAVY TREAD, GROWING IN MOMENTUM...



WHAT'S THIS? AM! THAT SHADOW! SO! OUR PATHS CROSS AGAIN! THIS TIME I'LL KILL HIM!

ABHORRED MONSTER! THE TORTURES OF HADES ARE TOO MILD VENGEANCE FOR YOUR CRIMES..

BE CALM, I ENTREAT YOU. HEAR ME, I TOO, HAVE SUFFERED.



YOU SPEAK! HATED DEVIL, SO YOU'VE LEARNED TO USE YOUR TONGUE!

YES, IT IS TRUE I AM HATED AND DO SPEAK. YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME.



COME, FOLLOW ME TO MY CAVE

BEGONE! THERE CAN BE NO COMMUNION BETWEEN US. WE ARE ENEMIES. BEGONE OR MATCH STRENGTH IN A BOUT THAT WILL DOOM ONE OF US!

BELIEVE ME, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, I COULD KILL YOU WITH A SINGLE BLOW! BUT YOU ARE MY CREATOR AND THAT MUST NOT BE HEARD.



SPEAK, THEN! AND WHILE YOU TALK, I WILL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO KILL YOU!



ENTER AND  
SEAT YOURSELF,  
VICTOR  
FRANKENSTEIN.

NOW I'LL TELL MY STORY.  
I REMEMBER LITTLE OF  
THE FIRST DAY I WAS  
CREATED. AFTER YOU  
LEFT ME I WAS COLD. I  
SAW YOUR BODY WAS  
CLOTHED, SO I TOOK  
SOME OF YOUR  
GARMENTS AND  
PUT THEM ON AS  
BEST THEY'D  
FIT. I LEFT THE  
HOUSE BY THE  
BACK ENTRANCE.

I WANDERED INTO THE  
FOREST, COLD, HUNGRY  
AND ISORANT. FINALLY I  
SPIED AN OLD BEGGAR AT  
HIS FIRE. HE FLED IN FEAR  
WHEN HE SAW ME. HIS  
FIRE WAS THEN MINE  
AND I FOUND IT KEPT ME  
WARM BUT I  
WAS STILL  
HUNGRY...

LATER I CAME UPON A HUT. A  
MAN WAS INSIDE EATING. HE  
SCREAMED IN FRIGHT AND ALSO  
RAN OFF. I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND  
HIS TERROR. I WAS ONLY IN-  
TERESTED IN EATING HIS  
FOOD.

IT WASN'T UNTIL I WENT TO THE  
VILLAGE THAT I DISCOVERED  
WHAT A MONSTER I WAS. WOMEN  
FAINTED, CHILDREN SHRIEKED AT  
MY SIGHT, MEN STONED ME...

THEN DROVE ME FROM  
THEIR COMMUNITY...

I FLED TO THE EDGE OF THE FOREST IN EXHAUSTION... THERE I SAW A NOVEL AND DECIDED TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN IT. I THOUGHT IT WOULD ONLY BE THAT NIGHT... BUT...



VOICES ATTRACTED ME... I MOVED A FEW BOARDS IN THE WALL AND THERE FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE COTTAGES THAT WERE TO CHANGE MY ENTIRE OUTLOOK ON LIFE.



FOR DAYS I WATCHED, UNSEEN, THESE LOVING PEOPLE. ALL DAY THE YOUNG MAN WORKED, AND EVEN AT NIGHT HE HAD TO CARRY FUEL TO THE FIRE... I FELT I WANTED TO BE ONE OF THEM.



KNOWING I WAS MUCH THE STRONGER, I WAITED FOR DARKNESS AND DID THE CHORES FOR HIM.



FINALLY, ONE DAY, A VISITOR ARRIVED. IT WAS THE YOUNG MAN'S FIANCÉE. THEY WERE OVERJOYED AT THE SIGHT OF EACH OTHER... I NOTICED WITH GREAT CURIOSITY THAT HER LANGUAGE DIFFERED FROM HIS.



LATER I LEARNED SHE WAS ARABIAN. FELIX TAUGHT HER HIS LANGUAGE... I WATCHED, LISTENED AND LEARNED ALONG WITH HER.



THEY LEFT GIFTS FOR THEIR UNKNOWN FRIEND. THAT MEANT I HAD NO MORE TROUBLE GETTING FOOD. I HAD BOOKS TO PRACTICE THE READING LESSONS I HAD OVERHEARD.



AFTER I LEARNED TO READ, I DISCOVERED THE SECRETS OF MY CREATION FROM PAPERS I FOUND IN THE POCKET OF YOUR OLD COAT. I WAS DETERMINED TO FIND YOU FROM THAT MOMENT ON...



THEN ONE DAY NOBODY WAS ABOUT BUT THE BLIND MAN, IT WAS MY ONE CHANCE TO MAKE A FRIEND. HE DIDN'T FEAR ME... OH, NO, HE EVEN INVITED ME TO COME NEAR HIM...



I CANNOT SEE YOU MY FRIEND, BUT I BID YOU WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE QUARTERS.

BUT THE OTHERS RETURNED UNEXPECTEDLY. THEY WERE FROZEN WITH FEAR AT THE SIGHT OF ME. I PLEADED WITH THEM TO ACCEPT ME AS A FRIEND, BUT MY PLEAS WERE IN VAIN...



WHO... WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT IS WRONG, SON?

AND SO THOSE I HAD FELT WERE MY ONLY FRIENDS, FEARED ME AND SENT ME AWAY WITH SHRIEKS AND CURSES...

PLEASE! I BEG YOU...

GO! OUT OF THIS HOUSE, DEMON!



IT WAS AT THIS TIME I STARTED OUT ON MY SEARCH FOR YOU, I HAD LEARNED MY GEOGRAPHY WELL AND KNEW HOW TO GUIDE MYSELF BY THE SUN AND ITS SHADOWS...



WHILE PASSING THROUGH THE FOREST I MET WITH PICKNICKERS THEY WERE HAVING GREAT SPORT MY HEART ACHED THAT I COULD NOT BE HAPPY AS THEY WERE WHEN SUDDENLY



A YOUNG GIRL STUMBLED INTO THE FAST WATERS OF THE BROOK HER SHIRTS COULD BEAR HER DOWN I LEAPED TO THE RESCUE



TEARS ROLLED DOWN MY CHEEKS THERE WAS NOT A LIVING THING I COULD CALL FRIEND BUT



HER COMPANION DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HE SHOT AT ME I DROPPED THE GUN AND RAN OFF... BLOOD AND PAIN RACKED MY SHOULDER I CURSED THE BITTER HATE THAT MADE ME SUCH A MONSTER THAT ALL SHUNNED AND EVEN TRIED TO KILL



A LITTLE CHILD APPEARED HE DIDN'T FEAR ME LIKE THE OTHERS



I DECIDED TO TAKE HIM WITH ME AND TEACH HIM TO BE MY FRIEND EVERY MAN NEEDS A FRIEND

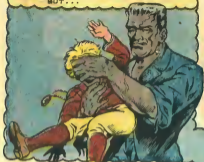
NO! NO! BUT ME DOWN

HUSH, LITTLE MAN, I WON'T HURT YOU.



# FRANKENSTEIN

HE SCREAMED AND SCREAMED. I KNEW HIS CRIES WOULD BRING HIS COMPANIONS DOWN ON ME... I TRIED TO QUIET HIM... BUT...



SUDDENLY HE STOPPED HIS SCREAMING AND WAS VERY STILL AND LIMP IN MY ARMS. I HELD A LOCKET FROM HIS NECK. IT CONTAINED A PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...



LATER I CAME ACROSS A SLEEPING GIRL. AN IDEA STRUCK ME. I COULD RID MYSELF OF ALL SUSPICION OF THE CRIME IF I SLIPPED THE LOCKET INTO HER POCKET...



I WAS SORRY ABOUT THE CHILD, BUT HE SHOULDN'T HAVE CRIED OUT. THE PICTURE SET MY BRAIN WORKING. I KNEW THEN THE SOLUTION OF MY LONELINESS... I WENT DEEPER INTO THE FOREST...



DURING MY LONG JOURNEY I LEARNED THAT THE BOY WAS YOUR BROTHER AND THE GIRL WAS HANGED FOR MY CRIME. I REGRETTED IT, BUT REMEMBERED THAT NO MERCY HAD BEEN SHOWN TO ME... I FOLLOWED YOU TO THE MOUNTAINS...



THE SOLUTION I FOUND IN THAT LOCKET IS VERY SIMPLE. I WANT A WIFE. YOU, MY CREATOR MUST MAKE HER FOR ME!







I REFUSE! NO TORTURE SHALL EVER EXTORT ME TO DO SUCH A THING! NEVER!

I DO NOT THREATEN YOU, CREATOR, I REASON WITH YOU. GIVE ME A WIFE FOR A FRIEND AND I PROMISE TO QUIT EUROPE FOREVER. I'LL DEPART FOR SOME REMOTE LAND AND LIVE THE REST OF MY DAYS IN QUIET



GRANT ME THIS WISH, CREATOR. I DESERVE SOME CHANCE FOR HAPPINESS, ALL MEN EXPECT THAT OF LIFE.

YOU MAKE A DEVIL'S BARGAIN, BUT IF I THOUGHT YOU WOULD CLEAR OUT OF EUROPE FOREVER IT WOULD BE WORTH IT TO ME



I HAVE NO NEED TO SHAKE YOUR HAND. I WILL CREATE YOU A WIFE AND I HAVE WAYS TO SEE THAT YOU KEEP YOUR PROMISE

I SHALL NOT TROUBLE YOU OR YOURS AGAIN. BUT I WILL BE BY YOUR SIDE, ALWAYS. THIS IS ONE BARGAIN YOU CAN NOT BREAK. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

VICTOR RETURNS WITH A STRANGE ELATION FLARING IN HIS HEART...



VICTOR! WE'VE BEEN FRANTIC WITH FEAR OVER YOU!

NONSENSE, FATHER. I'M FEELING BETTER THAN I HAVE IN MONTHS!

AFTER TWO RESTFUL WEEKS... THE RETURN TO GENEVA...



WELL, SON, YOU SEEM TO BE FEELING SO MUCH BETTER... I WANT TO REMIND YOU AGAIN OF ELIZABETH... YOU HAVE KEPT THE POOR GIRL WAITING...

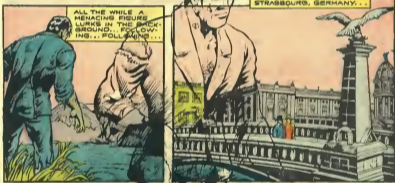
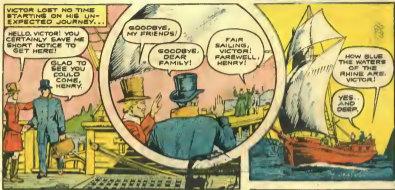
I HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT, FATHER. I MUST GO TO ENGLAND FOR A WHILE... THEN, IF SHE'LL HAVE ME...

LATER, VICTOR SEIZES AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK TO ELIZABETH...



YOU HAVE BEEN SO PATIENT. WILL YOU WAIT JUST TWO MORE YEARS. I'M CERTAIN TO BE MY OLD SELF THEN. IT'S SOMETHING I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW, DEAREST. YOU MUST HAVE FAITH IN ME.

OH, VICTOR! I BES YOU TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. AND YOU KNOW IN YOUR HEART, I'LL WAIT!



TIME PASSES QUICKLY AND SOON TWO TRAVELERS ARE STANDING ON SCOTTISH SOIL...

JUST LOOK AT THE PERTH LANDSCAPE, HENRY! MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN I EXPECTED!

YES, BUT WE'VE WALKED MILES. VICTOR, LET'S REST IN THE NEXT VILLAGE PUB.



AH! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! PHEW! I'M TIRED!

MAY I RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR BAG, SIR?

THANK YOU, BUT I PREFER HAVING IT WITH ME.



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOUR NOT WANTING TO PART WITH THAT, VICTOR. IT'S BEEN WITH YOU SINCE WE LEFT HOME!

THEN I FEAR THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE YOU WON'T UNDERSTAND, HENRY.



DON'T BE OFFENDED, BUT I'M LEAVING YOU IN PERTH. I'VE RENTED A DESERTED HUT IN THE ORKNEY'S TO DO A LITTLE RESEARCH.

AS YOU WISH, MY FRIEND.



AND SO, ABRUPTLY AND WITHOUT EXPLANATION, VICTOR PARTS WITH HIS FOND COMPANION... SETTING OUT ACROSS THE MOORS, ALONE...



WELL, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, WHO KNOWS WHAT THIS SECOND EXPERIMENT WILL RESULT IN...

THE DAY HAS PASSED SINCE HIS ARRIVAL AT THE DESERTED SHACK, YET, ALREADY THERE IS SET UP A CRUDE LABORATORY...

THE VERY DEVIL HIMSELF MUST BE URGING ME ON... I CAN'T GET STARTED SOON ENOUGH



THAT NIGHT, TIRED AND WROUGHT, VICTOR SEEKS RELAXATION AND SOLACE ON A WINDWEPT BEACH... IN THE BACKGROUND A FAMILIAR FIGURE WAITS...

PERHAPS IT IS WRONG WHAT I DO... BUT I HAVE GONE TOO FAR.. I MUST SEE IT THROUGH...



AS WEEKS  
PASS

WHAT A HORRIBLE  
CREATURE! YET  
HOW COULD ANY-  
ONE CREATE  
BEAUTY FROM  
THE FILTH I  
MUST USE TO  
WORK WITH

EVER WATCHING THIS FAN-  
TASTIC BIRTH, A GIANT HULK  
SHADOWS THE WINDOW PANE  
IN ANXIOUS ANTICIPATION...

BUT THE STRAIN OF FRIENDLY  
LABOR SUDDENLY CAUSES  
VICTOR'S NERVES TO SNAP.

NO! NO! I  
CAN'T  
FINISH...  
I CAN'T!

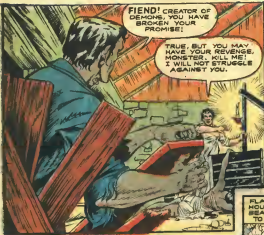
FAREWELL, HOUSE OF  
EVIL! I GO. NEVER TO  
RETURN TO THE STENCH  
OF SIN THAT HANGS  
OVER YOU!

BUT ESCAPE IS  
NOT SO SIMPLE

GO BACK VICTOR  
FRANKENSTEIN!

WHAT? YES  
YES YOU  
ARE RIGHT!  
I MUST GO  
BACK!

YES! THERE IS SOMETHING  
I ALMOST OVERLOOKED.  
THIS AND THIS AND THIS!



FIEND! CREATOR OF DEMONS, YOU HAVE BROKEN YOUR PROMISE!

TRUE, BUT YOU MAY HAVE YOUR REVENGE, MONSTER. KILL ME! I WILL NOT STRUGGLE AGAINST YOU.



WHAT KIND OF JUSTICE WOULD YOU CALL THAT? EVEN AN OUTCAST CREATURE LIKE MYSELF CAN THINK OF BETTER. I GO NOW, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, BUT I SHALL RETURN ON YOUR WEDDING NIGHT AND THEN SEEK MY REVENGE!

FLAMES RAGE THROUGH THE HOUSE OF DOOM, LIGHTING THE BEACH WHERE VICTOR FLEES TO HIS FRAIL CRAFT...



HEADING OUT INTO THE NORTH CHANNEL, VICTOR FACES A SUDDEN LASHING STORM, BUT HE FEELS IT NOT...



HOW CAN I FACE HENRY WHO WAITS FOR ME SO PATIENTLY IN IRELAND.

HOURS LATER, CALM AND DAYLIGHT SUBDUES THE FURY OF THE STORM...



FATE WILL NOT LET MY BODY DIE. I MUST LIVE... YET MY SPIRIT HAS KNOWN A THOUSAND DEATHS...



HELLO!  
WHERE  
AM I?

HOW WHY BOTHER  
ACTING? YOU KNOW  
WHERE YOU ARE  
IN IRELAND,  
THAT'S WHERE!



MR KIRWIN  
HAS BEEN  
WAITING  
FOR YOU!

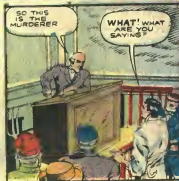
MR KIRWIN!  
WHO IS HE?



MR KIRWIN IS THE  
MAGISTRATE! WHO  
DID YOU THINK HE  
WAS?

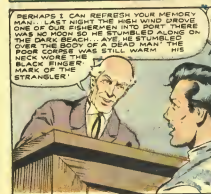
THE MAGISTRATE!  
WHAT DOES HE  
WANT WITH ME?

COME  
ALONG  
AND FINE  
OUT,  
STRANGER!



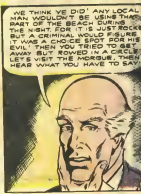
SO THIS  
IS THE  
MURDERER

WHAT! WHAT  
ARE YOU  
SAYING?

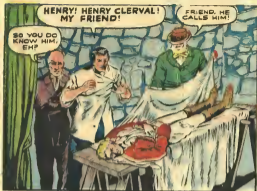


PERHAPS I CAN REFRESH YOUR MEMORY  
MAN.. LAST NIGHT THE HIGH WIND DROVE  
ONE OF OUR FISHERMEN INTO PORT THERE  
WAS NO MOON SO HE STUMBLED ALONG ON  
THE DARK BEACH... AYE HE STUMBLED  
OVER THE BODY OF A DEAD MAN! THE  
POOR CORPSE WAS STILL WARM HIS  
NECK WORE THE  
BLACK FINGER  
MARK OF THE  
STRANGLER!

I HAD  
NOTHING  
TO DO  
WITH  
IT!



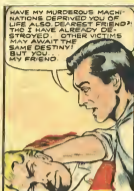
WE THINK YE DID! ANY LOCAL  
MAN WOULDN'T BE USING THAT  
PART OF THE BEACH DURING  
THE NIGHT, FOR IT IS JUST ROCKS.  
BUT A CRIMINAL WOULD FIGURE  
IT WAS A CHOICE SPOT FOR HIS  
EVIL! THEN YOU TRIED TO GET  
AWAY BUT ROWED IN A CIRCLE  
LETS VISIT THE MORGUE, THEN  
HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY!



HENRY! HENRY CLerval!  
MY FRIEND!

FRIEND, HE  
CALLS HIM!

SO YOU DO  
KNOW HIM,  
EH?

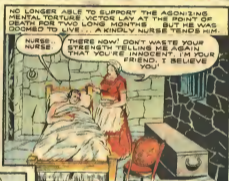


HAVE MY MURDEROUS MACHI-  
NATIONS DEPRIVED YOU OF  
LIFE ALSO, DEAREST FRIEND?  
THO I HAVE ALREADY DE-  
STROYED. OTHER VICTIMS  
MAY WAIT THE  
SAME DESTINY!  
BUT YOU...  
MY FRIEND.



KINDLY HAVE HIM  
REVIVED IN A  
CELL. HE'S A  
SICK MAN,  
PATRICK.

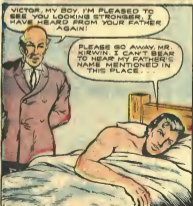
SURE, AND  
THAT IT  
SEEMS. MR.  
KIRWIN!



NO LONGER ABLE TO SUPPORT THE AGONIZING  
MENTAL TORTURE VICTOR LAY AT THE POINT OF  
DEATH FOR TWO LONG MONTHS. BUT HE WAS  
DOOMED TO LIVE... A KINDLY NURSE TENDS HIM.

NURSE...  
NURSE

THERE NOW! DON'T WASTE YOUR  
STRENGTH TELLING ME AGAIN  
THAT YOU'RE INNOCENT. I'M YOUR  
FRIEND, I BELIEVE  
YOU!



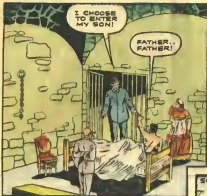
VICTOR, MY BOY, I'M PLEASED TO  
SEE YOU LOOKING STRONGER. I  
HAVE HEARD FROM YOUR FATHER  
AGAIN!

PLEASE GO AWAY, MR. KIRWIN. I CAN'T BEAR  
TO HEAR MY FATHER'S  
NAME MENTIONED IN  
THIS PLACE...



HE IS  
HERE  
VICTOR!

NO, NO! TAKE HIM  
AWAY... FOR MERCY'S  
SAKE! DO NOT LET  
HIM ENTER...







# FRANKENSTEIN

SOON AFTER, ELIZABETH AND VICTOR WERE MARRIED... A STRANGE COUPLE. HAPPY, YET SOMEHOW QUIET... AS IF A GREAT FEAR POSSESSED THEM...



SUCH A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE!



ELIZABETH MY WIFE...

VICTOR, I'M SO HAPPY...



VICTOR! PUT ME DOWN, YOU SILLY BOY!

TO THE LODGE, THAT'S FAR ENOUGH FROM EVERYONE!



STEALING AWAY FROM THE WEDDING GUESTS, THEY DRIVE TO THE SECLUDED LODGE TO BE ALONE... BUT A CHILL OF UNSEEN TERROR FILLS VICTOR'S HEART.



ELIZABETH YOU'RE TREMBLING... AFRAID OF THIS DARKNESS?

NONSENSE, VICTOR! IT WILL BE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT ON THE INSIDE WHEN WE LIGHT THE CANDLES!



EVEN AT THIS MOMENT THE WORDS OF THE MONSTER RING IN VICTOR'S EARS. 'I SHALL RETURN ON YOUR WEDDING NIGHT, THEN SEEK MY REVENGE.'

AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION, THE GUESTS HAVE CORNERED FRANKENSTEIN'S FATHER... AND TEASE HIM WITH QUESTIONS...



MEANWHILE... THERE! THAT'S MUCH BETTER!

I WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN... I WON'T... I WON'T!



BUT IN THE BLACK SHADOWS EVERY WORD IS HEARD BY A WILD-EYED LISTENER



YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, THAT UNLIKE YOU... I KEEP MY PROMISES.



LOOK! LIGHTS IN THE LODGE! JUST AS WE SUSPECTED. WILL THEY BE SURPRISED TO SEE US!



ALAS! WHAT IS THIS DREADFUL APPREHENSION I FEEL, CLOUDING THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

WILL THIS HORRIBLE NIGHT  
EVER END?  
THERE IS NO  
SIGN OF HIM  
ABOUT, YET.

VICTOR!



NOW, MASTER, WE ARE  
BOTH WIDOWERS! HA,  
HA, HA!

DEVIL! YOU  
BLOODY  
FIEND! I'LL  
KILL YOU...  
KILL YOU!



I HAVE MY  
REVENGE!

ELIZABETH!  
ELIZABETH!



DEATH! DEATH! I MUST DIE...  
BUT NO... I AM NOT WORTHY  
OF IT UNTIL I HAVE AVENGED  
THIS DISASTER!



MY SON, WE HEARD  
SCREAMS... VICTOR!



THE OLD GENTLEMAN CAN BEAR NO MORE. HE CRUMBLES TO THE FLOOR FROM THE GHASTLY SHOCK. . .



I AM A DOCTOR! I'LL TAKE CHARGE HERE.

VICTOR, STUNNED AND DAZED, WITH HIS STRICKEN FATHER, IS LED DOWNSTAIRS BY KINDLY HANDS. . .



DRINK THIS, MY BOY! MY FATHER, HOW IS HE?

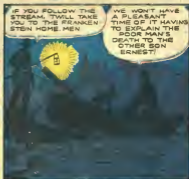
IT IS MY PAINFUL DUTY TO TELL YOU THAT THE DREADFUL SHOCK PROVED FATAL.



FATHER GONE TOO. I MUST FIND THIS MONSTER!

WE WILL HELP YOU, VICTOR.

HOURS LATER, A GROUP OF THE SEARCHERS CHANCE TO MEET IN THE DEEP FOREST. . .



IF YOU FOLLOW THE STREAM, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE FRANKENSTEIN HOME. MEN

WE WON'T HAVE A PLEASANT TIME OF IT HAVING TO EXPLAIN THE POOR MAN'S DEATH TO THE OTHER SON ERNEST!



WHO'S THAT ON THE GROUND? WHY, IT'S VICTOR! IS. . . IS HE DEAD?

WORSE THAN THAT! WE FOUND HIM HERE ON THE GROUND RAVING AND RANTING! LISTEN FOR YOURSELF!

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN IS INSANE!

THE FOLLOWING WEEKS IN A RETREAT FOR THE MENTALLY ILL ONLY TEND TO INTENSIFY VICTOR'S ANGUISH.

WHY HAVE THEY BROUGHT ME HERE... A PADDED CELL... I AM NOT MAD! THEY MUST LET ME GO!



WHILE IN THE HOSPITAL'S ADMITTANCE CHAMBER, PROFESSOR WALDMAN PLEADS FOR HIS FRIEND'S FREEDOM.

... BECAUSE OF THE BACKGROUND OF THIS CASE, I AM WILLING TO STAKE MY REPUTATION THAT VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN IS SANE! I BEG YOU TO RELEASE HIM!

YOU SPEAK SO SINCERELY, SIR, WE ARE CONVINCED! YOU MAY HAVE THE PLEASURE OF RELEASING HIM YOURSELF!



I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, PROFESSOR. I SHALL REPAY YOU SOMEHOW, BUT FOR NOW, I MUST SEE THE MAGISTRATE.

I WILL GO WITH YOU, MY FRIEND.



... EVERY WORD I HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT THIS MONSTER IS THE TRUTH, YOUR HONOR. I RESPECT THE COURT TO HELP ME APPREHEND THE FIEND.

THAT'S A FANTASTIC TALE, VICTOR, BUT DEEP SORROW SOMETIMES MAKES A MAN'S THOUGHTS WILD.



YOU MUST BELIEVE HIM, JUDGE. I KNOW HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH!

COME, PROFESSOR, IT'S PLAIN TO SEE WE ARE ONLY WASTING TIME...



WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW, VICTOR?

I'M GOING TO THE CEMETERY... ALONE... PLEASE UNDERSTAND... THANK YOU AGAIN FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE.





FIVE INNOCENT PEOPLE..  
MAY THE ALMIGHTY  
BLESS THEIR SOULS  
AND HAVE PITY  
ON MINE...



SUCH IS  
JUSTICE  
MASTER

YOU!



THIS TIME YOU WILL NOT  
ELUDE ME.. I'LL FOLLOW  
YOU ACROSS THE EARTH..  
YOU'LL TASTE DEATH  
FROM MY HANDS..DEVIL!

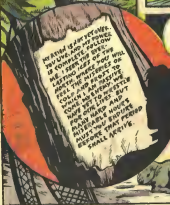


HE IS OUT OF SIGHT! AH,  
HIS FOOTPRINTS SHOW  
HE PASSED THIS WAY  
TO THE RIVER.. THE  
CARVING ON THE TREE..  
WHAT DOES  
IT SAY.



THE DEADLY HUNT LEADS  
EVERY NORTHWARD...

THANK YOU, AND  
NOW I MUST  
HURRY...



MY NAME IS HART VON GELM.  
I'M A WOLF, AND MY POWER  
IS COMPLETE. FOLLOW  
ME I SEEN THE MISTRESS ON  
LEAVING HEREE OF THE  
NORTH WHERE SHEERES ON  
FEEL THE MISTRESS ON  
COLD AND BRIST TO  
WHICH I AM DESIRE  
COULD NOT BEHAVE WE  
FOR OUR LIVES. BUT  
MAY HARD AND  
MISERABLE HOUR'S  
MUST YOU ENDURE  
BEFORE THAT PERIOD  
SMALL ARRIVE.

YOU HAVE PURCHASED  
ENOUGH PROVISIONS FOR  
MANY MONTHS OF THE  
MIGHTY COLD, STRANGER  
I WISH YOU SPEED AND  
A SAFE JOURNEY



MILES AHEAD OF VICTOR, RELENTLESSLY LEADING ON, THE MONSTER PASSES THROUGH A RAGING, HOWLING BLIZZARD...

WHAT IS THIS? HOWLING DOGS! LUCK IS WITH ME! SOME POOR DEVIL HAS KNOWN DEATH FROM THE COLD, BUT I CAN MAKE GOOD USE OF HIS DOGS AND SLED!

MUSH, MY FOUR LEGGED FRIENDS FOR FRANKENSTEIN WILL SOON BE UPON US, BARING HIS WRATH UPON MY HEAD. I WANT TO GIVE HIM A GOODLY CHASE FIRST.

I SEE HIM! I'VE GOT YOU NOW, MONSTER.. I'VE GOT YOU NOW!

THE ICE.. CRACKING! IN THE NAME OF THE HEAVENLY FATHER, WHY MUST THIS HAPPEN TO ME NOW?

WHAT SHALL I DO.. ONLY TWO DOGS LEFT

PAINFUL HOURS PASS BEFORE THE FREAK TIDES BENEATH THE FROZEN MASS OF RIVER HEAVE THE GREAT FLOES TOGETHER AGAIN.

AT LAST THE ICE IS A SOLID MASS AGAIN AND I CAN GO ON.. BUT WHAT IS THE USE.. MY FOOT IS FROZEN.. PROVISIONS GONE.. THE POOR DOGS HOWL WITH HUNGER.. I SHALL NOT WEAKEN!  
ON!.. MUSH!.. MUSH!



OTHER HEARTS KNOW THE TERROR OF THE ICE...  
THE CREW ABOARD A THREE MASTED SCHOONER  
HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN THE JAM FOR DAYS...

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL  
BE SPENDING THE  
REST OF OUR LIVES  
LOCKED IN THE  
ICE HERE AT  
ARCHANGEL...

NOT NECESSARILY,  
MATE. SOMETHING  
MAY HAPPEN. THE  
ICE HAS BEEN  
RUMBLING FOR  
DAYS... SAY!  
WHAT'S THAT?



TWO  
MEN!

IT'S A GIANT!  
A DEMON!  
HE'LL CURSE  
OUR SHIP!  
KILL HIM!



THE GIANT'S DISAPPEARED  
INTO THIN AIR! BUT LOOK!  
THE OTHER HAS STUMBLER!



HE SEEMS INJURED!  
WE'D BEST RESCUE  
HIM!




CAREFUL,  
LADS. HE  
STILL  
LIVES!

AYE! AND  
THAT'S A  
MIRACLE.



HURRY, MEN  
YOU'LL BE  
SWEEP AWAY  
THE ICE IS  
CRACKING!



LOOK, CAPTAIN. THE OTHER SLEIGH  
HAS STOPPED. SHALL WE SAVE  
HIM ALSO?

I'M AFRAID RESCUE WOULD  
MEAN DEATH TO THE  
RESCUER WITH THE ICE  
SPLITTING THE WAY IT IS.



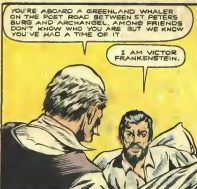
ELIZABETH!  
ELIZABETH!

THIS POOR DEVIL  
WEARS HIS SOUL  
ON HIS FACE. HE  
MUST HAVE SUFFERED  
THE TORTURES OF  
THE DAMNED.



DRINK THIS  
MAN, IT WILL  
BRING YOU  
ABOUT!

WHERE  
AM I?



YOU'RE ABOARD A GREENLAND WHALER  
ON THE POST ROAD BETWEEN ST PETERS  
BURG AND ARCHANGEL, AMONG FRIENDS  
DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT WE KNOW  
YOU'VE HAD A TIME OF IT.

I AM VICTOR  
FRANKENSTEIN.



I CANNOT  
TARRY, I  
MUST GET  
HIM.

THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE,  
MY FRIEND. YOU HAVE  
LOST THE USE OF YOUR  
LEGS. THEY'VE BEEN  
FROZEN. YOU ARE VERY  
ILL. PLEASE LIE DOWN.



COME NOW, MAN,  
JUST SIP THIS ..



TELL THE FIRST  
MATE TO COME  
HERE  
IMMEDIATELY!

AYE, AYE  
SIR.



HE'S A GONER  
ALL RIGHT!

THEN WE MUST GET  
HIS STORY FOR THE  
LOG, BEFORE IT'S  
TOO LATE.



CAN YOU HEAR ME, MATE?  
TRY TO SPEAK, WE MAY  
YET BE ABLE TO HELP  
YOU.

HE'S  
MOVING HIS  
LIPS! HE'S  
TRYING TO  
TALK

WEAKLY, THE SLOW AND FALTERING TALE FALLS FROM VICTOR'S DYING LIPS LEAVING HIS LISTENERS AGHAST.



BY THE SAINTS  
TIS MORE THAN  
A MAN CAN  
BELIEVE



HE'S FINISHED  
POOR  
DEVIL

AYE, MAY PEACE  
BE WITH HIS  
TORMENTED  
SOUL

OUR VISITOR HAS EXPIRED. SOMEDAY I'LL TELL YOU HIS AMAZING STORY AS FOR NOW THE MATE TELLS ME THE ICE HAS BROKEN ENOUGH TO LEAVE WE'LL GET STARTED AFTER THE BURIAL.

AYE, CAPTAIN, WE CAN DRIFT WITH THE CURRENT FOR MANY KNOTS

MEANWHILE, IN SILENCE, A BORM HOSTS UP THE SIDE OF THE RAIL... OVER ON TO THE DESERTED DECK...

AND AS IF GUIDED BY INSTINCT, TO THE CABIN WHERE VICTOR REPOSES

OH, FRANKENSTEIN, WHAT DOES IT AVAIL THAT I NOW ASK YOUR PARDON? YOUR ANGUISH HAS BEEN MINE, YOUR PITY WAS MY HORROR, MY EVIL WAS YOUR CREATION, AND NOW IT IS ENDED

I HEAR A VOICE!

IT'S COMING FROM UP THERE!

LET'S GO, MEN!

THOUGH THEY FOUND THE CABIN EMPTY, A CANDLE HAD BEEN LIT. IT FLICKERED ITS TOKEN OF RESPECT.

MAN OVER-BOARD!

TOO LATE... A WIDENING GULF REACHED SHIP AND ICE...

LOOK, CAPTAIN! HE'S FLOATING NORTH, HE'LL PERISH!

'TIS BETTER THIS WAY, HE IS A MONSTER, POLLUTED BY BITTER CRIMES AND TORN BY REMORSE. **DEATH TO HIM!**

"He was soon borne away by the waves and lost in the darkness and distance."

# Mary Shelley

**F**ROM earliest childhood Mary Shelley was under the personal influence of the literary great of her time. Lamb was a frequent visitor at her father's house. Coleridge came and read in his hypnotically persuasive voice from "The Ancient Mariner."<sup>20</sup>

William Godwin, Mary's father, was born of a stud, conservative family. Early in life he showed an interest in religion and as a young man was a minister. He did not remain long in this profession. A volume of sermons, followed by some serious philosophical writings gained him a position of respect in the literary world.

Godwin married Mary Wollstonecraft, who was herself a writer of no mean ability. Her book, "Vindication of the Rights of Women," calling for equality of education and opportunity in the commercial world for her sex, brought fame.

Mary Shelley was born on August 30th, 1797. Her mother died ten days later. Perhaps much of the sorrow of Mary's life would have been avoided had her liberally-minded and strong-willed mother survived.

Godwin struggled to care for Mary and her older half-sister, but feared that his bachelor home was not the proper surroundings. A few

years after the death of his first wife, he remarried. This second marriage does not seem to have been fortunate, for his wife had no understanding of the theories and philosophies of Godwin and his associates. Poor financial circumstances only served to place an extra strain upon the family.



At the age of 17, Mary eloped with Percy Bysshe Shelley to Switzerland. It was on this trip that she undertook her first serious literary venture, a travel-book of the journey.

Shelley, though in line to inherit a baronetcy, had little money. He was an almost unknown poet. (Shelley never became popular until long after his death.) His family supplied a small allowance, but Shelley was for years on the verge of bankruptcy, mainly due to loans he secured for Godwin's publishing business. Godwin, though borrowing money through Shelley, never forgave him for eloping with Mary.

Shelley's family regarded him as a black-sheep. His anti-religious writings soon brought him into disfavor in England. Seeking more pleasant surroundings, the young couple went to Italy. It was here, while visiting with Byron, that the idea for Frankenstein was born.

A discussion of Darwin's experiments, then conjectures on the possibility of restoring life to dead bodies appealed to Mary Shelley's fertile imagination. A nightmare on the subject convinced her that this was material for a novel that would terrify the reader.

It was not until sometime later that the novel was completed and published. It brought almost immediate fame. Though she wrote several other novels, all of them well-received by the public at that time, only Frankenstein has stood the test of time.

Shelley died in a boat wreck off the Italian coast in 1822 and Mary made her way back to England. Poverty followed her almost to her grave. Shelley's family settled a small pension on her. In 1814 the family title and estate passed to her son, Percy Florence, the only one of her many children who survived.

Mary Shelley died quietly on February 21st, 1851, at the age of fifty-three.

# PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

(April 18-19, 1775)

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

*Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.*

*He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town tonight,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."*

*Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide of her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was swathed  
By its own reflection in the tide.*

*Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barracks door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.*

*Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry tower overhead,  
And stilled the pigeons from their perch  
On the somber rafters, that round him made  
Moans and muring shapen of shade—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight moving over all.*

*Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead,  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.*



Rouled and spurred with a heavy stride  
 Meanwhile impatient to mount and ride  
 On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere  
 Now he galled his horse's side  
 Now gazed at the landscape far and near.

Then, impetuous stamped the earth  
 And turned and straightened his saddle-girth  
 But mostly he watched with eager search  
 The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
 As it rose above the gables on the hill  
 Lonely and spectral and wondrous and still  
 And lo! as he looks on the belfry's height  
 A glimmer, and then a stream of light!  
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
 But lingers and gazes till full on his sight  
 A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurly of hoofs in a village street,  
 A shape in the moonlight a bulk in the dark  
 And beneath, from the pebbles in passing a spark  
 Streaked out by a steed flying fearless and fleet,  
 That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light,  
 The fate of a nation was riding that night,  
 And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,  
 Kindled the land into flames with his heat  
 He has left the village and mounted the steep  
 And beneath him tranquil and grand and deep  
 Is the Atlantic meeting the ocean tides,  
 And under the arch that skirts its edge  
 Now swift on the snark, now loud on the ledge,  
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock  
 When he crossed the bridge into Bedford Town  
 He heard the crowing of the cock  
 And the barking of the farmer's dog  
 And felt the dunt of the river's log  
 That runs after the sun goes down



It was one by the village clock  
 When he galloped into Lexington  
 He saw the armed militiamen  
 Stirring in the moonlight to be proved  
 And the meeting-house windows blank and bare,  
 Gave of them with a spectral glare  
 As if they already stood unbound  
 At the bloody work they would look upon

It was ten by the village clock  
 When he runs in the bridge in Concord Town  
 He heard the beating of the drum  
 And the trill of bells among the trees  
 And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
 Blowing over the windows bare  
 And one was out and asleep in his bed  
 Who that day would be laid in a tomb,  
 Who that day would be laid in a tomb,  
 Pierced by a British musket ball

You know the rest, in books you have read,  
 How the British Regulars rode and led—  
 How the farmers gave them hell for hell  
 From behind each tree and fence and wall,  
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane  
 Then crossing the fields to sweeps again  
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
 And only passing to his and home

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
 To every Middlesex village and farm—  
 A cry of defiance and not of fear  
 A line in the darkness a knock at the door,  
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
 For horse on the night rode of the post  
 Through all our history in the land  
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
 The people will listen and listen to hear  
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.



# THE "GHOST OF CORREGIDOR"

By GEORGINA CAMPBELL



The boy from Brooklyn who was Corregidor's last link with the United States is free again — Sergeant Irving Strobog, the "ghost of Corregidor."

He'll never forget the day the Japanese

took over in Manila Bay. And the men who were his comrades, those who have survived, will never forget "the ghost."

May 6, 1942 . . . in the tunnels of Corregidor . . . the weary, discouraged American garrison waited for the Japanese to arrive . . . Shella screamed overhead . . . the hot sun glazed down on the blood and slaughter littering the battered fortress in Manila Bay . . . Here a man sobbed quietly to himself, his thoughts turned inward to the past . . . Another sat just staring ahead, seeing nothing, scarcely able to remember what life had been like back in the good old U.S.A.

Without hope, the Americans were indeed lost. Something had to be done. There wasn't much time, and there wasn't much to do, but Strobog saw what should be done, and did it.

Suddenly his radio transmitter crackled to life, and with the sound, the men raised their heads again.

"My name is Irving Strobog. Get this to my mother, Mrs. Minnie Strobog, 605 Barclay Street, Brooklyn, New York . . ."

Hunched over his radio, young Strobog doggedly refused to say die. The handsome, dark-eyed soldier had graduated from Thomas Jefferson High School when he was 16. He spent a year in Brooklyn College, and then quit because he could think of nothing except an army career. He wanted to go to West Point, but there wasn't enough money for that.

At 19, he enlisted in the army on July 9, 1939. "You'll be proud of me!" he told his parents as they signed his papers. "Maybe I'll still get to West Point." He got to the Philippines and fought under General Wainwright. Until today.

Today he was captured, in the blistering heat of Manila Bay. He fought till the last second of time allowed him by his captors—fought not with ammunition, for he had none, but with words, with courage and satire and hope. He became known as the "ghost of Corregidor." Never was a ghost so popular; never was a group of men happier to see and hear this friendly spirit, who filled them with new hope and new courage.

"They are not here yet. We are waiting for God only knows what. How about a chocolate soda?" He tapped the words out, and their message brought a rueful cackle of laughter to the parched lips of his comrades.

"We've got only an hour and twenty minutes" was the young radioman's next message. The men in Malinta Tunnel stretched their weary bodies and thought: "We can make out somehow." They looked about them and saw their rifles, silenced now, lying on the ground. They used the little energy they had left to smash their rifles, so that the Japs wouldn't get them . . . "They are breaking up the rifles!" reported Strobog.







"My boys in Pa, Joe, Sam, Ma, Carry, Joy and Paul . . ." The Japanese were getting closer now, and Strobing's thoughts inevitably turned to home and family. Joe, his oldest brother, a staff sergeant on Luzon . . . "Gee 'em hell for us!" Strobing's radio begged . . . Sue, his sister, who then had not yet graduated from Hunter's College . . . Ma and Carry, his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Finselman, who lived upstairs. Would he ever see upstairs again? Joy and Paul, their kids who'd bragged about Irving from the second he entered the army. Would they say in the future: "He was our cousin and a brave soldier?" And his father; he was alive when Irving sent that message, and smiled in pride when he got that message. He is dead now.

"General Wauwright is a right guy" Strobing's radio said after that. "He's aw' willing to go on for him."

When the Japanese arrived, the Americans were willing to march bravely, heads high, for Wauwright, and, too, for Corporal (now Sergeant) Strobing.

The supple fingers which had tapped out words of cheer grew scrawny and calloused as Strobing worked in a Japanese quarry day after day. "It was work or starve," he recalled over three years later; "Or probably both. You filled your ten cans of rocks every day or you missed your food and your rest periods."

Back in Brooklyn, at 605 Barley Street, Mrs. Minnie Strobing waited for her son to return. "I never could realize that I mightn't be seeing him again!" she said; "I always knew he would come home." A small, plump, bright-eyed woman, she found the waiting hard, but she had much of the courage that

was in Irving, and she managed to keep smiling. She treasured some pressed flowers her boy had sent her from the Philippines for Mother's Day. She thought often of how he had always liked to tuck around with a radio. She was glad she had let him.

After three and a half years of prison, the "ghost" was finally freed in September, 1945. He was flown in from the far Pacific with about 80 other prisoners of war. They came in three big transport planes and were welcomed by over a thousand relatives and friends in San Francisco. Many other thousands lined the streets to cheer wildly as they paraded along Market Street.

High-ranking officers of the Army and Navy met them at Hamilton Field. Honor guards and Army and Navy bands escorted them. The cheering was abundant as messages of gratitude and pride were read.

"You return as conquerors and as heroes and we hail you with the gratitude which your gallantry so richly deserves," said a message from James Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy.

Robert Patterson, Secretary of War, said: "You were our fearless outpost in time of great national peril. You stood firm and heroic in the face of certain defeat. We honor you as we well come you back."

Strobing and his comrades were pleased by all this. But the message they will treasure for ever came from that "right guy," Jonathan Wauwright, to the men he described as "my own rales."

"In future years my greatest pride will be these words," said the General's message. "I was at Bataan and then I was 'at Corregidor.'"

