

Frankenstein

A symphony of pickaxes breaking ice chorused for miles around. A twisted approximation of what a man should be, lumbered across the snow to a weary ship. Its planks groaning as it stretched itself free from the ice.

The crew worked tirelessly on their task to free the ship. It worked well for the creature as he silently passed onto the ship's deck. The young captain left the captain's quarters, scribbling some last notes in a journal. His face tight. The creature watched him leave, and made his way inside the quarters before the door shut.

The quarter's window was covered, keeping it warm. The creature's shadow loomed over the bed and the bundle of blankets that was once his creator.

"Walton?" came a raspy sound. The creature glided by the bedside.

"Always am I the first to be forgotten?" said the creature

The blankets froze then suddenly shifted. A thin arm pulled the covers down, revealing the face who he loathed and loved the most.

"You" said Victor Frankenstein. His skin hung loosely on his face. Yet those gleaming eyes still glared out his sockets with the intensity and the fury of a man who dared to play at God.

"How do you feel my dear creator? Lonely without your wife?" said the creature staring back.

Frankenstein lunged forward, grabbing the creature by his coat.

"You gave me nothing but this cursed existence," said the creature. "You can have my life."

"If you desired death so much then why?" said Frankenstein.

"Why? I asked for nothing from you save one thing to alleviate my suffering and you could not even grant me that. Now you see- why are you laughing?"

Frankenstein's arms began to shake as a fit of laughter overtook him. "Still, you think I denied you a mate to spite you?"

"You feared creating a species that would grow to threaten your kind."

"All true I admit." Frankenstein pulled himself closer to the monster. "I created life, not love. Did you think your new bride would love you from the moment she opened her eyes. You? A twisted aberration who causes nothing but murder. Whose spite drives him. What do you know of love? Your desired mate would have rejected you the same as all others in this world."

The creature's mouth was open to reply, but he could not utter a sound. He shivered. The room's cold reaching into his body and robbing whatever warmth was there.

Frankenstein collapsed back into his bed. His breathe wheezy and ragged. However, he still chuckled. "It seems I still took something from you after all."

The creature did not recall what he said to captain Walton. He lumbered out onto the ice. His joke of an existence drowned in a black pool. Still, as the cold water filled his lungs, the creature realised what he was. He was Adam as Frankenstein envisioned. Adam cast out of Eden before he could speak or act. Adam, without an Eve.