



THE ARCTIC SEA.

YOU, WHO CALL FRANKENSTEIN YOUR FRIEND, SEEM TO HAVE A KNOWLEDGE OF MY CRIMES.



BUT, IN THE DETAIL WHICH HE GAVE YOU, HE COULD NOT SUM UP THE MISERY WHICH I ENDURED. FOR WHILST I DESTROYED HIS HOPES, I DID NOT SATISFY MY OWN.



THEY WERE FOREVER CRAVING--STILL I DESIRED LOVE AND FELLOWSHIP, AND I WAS STILL SPURNED.



AM I THE ONLY CRIMINAL, WHEN ALL HUMANKIND SINNED AGAINST ME?



I, THE MISERABLE AND THE ABANDONED, SPURNED AND KICKED AND TRAMPLED ON.



BUT I AM A WRETCH.



"I HAVE MURDERED THE LOVELY AND THE HELPLESS, STRANGLED THE INNOCENT AS THEY SLEPT. FEAR NOT THAT I SHALL BE THE INSTRUMENT OF **FUTURE MISCHIEF**.



"I SHALL SEEK THE MOST **NORTHERN** EXTREMITY OF THE **GLOBE**, AND COLLECT MY **FUNERAL PILE**, AND **CONSUME TO ASHES** THIS MISERABLE FRAME.



"WHEN THE IMAGES THIS WORLD AFFORDS FIRST OPENED UPON ME, WHEN I FELT THE CHEERING WARMTH OF SUMMER, AND HEARD THE CHIRPING OF THE BIRDS, I SHOULD HAVE WEPT TO DIE--



"--NOW IT IS MY ONLY CONSOLATION, POLLUTED BY CRIMES, AND **TORN** BY THE **BITTEREST** REMORSE, WHERE CAN I FIND REST BUT IN **DEATH**?"



FAREWELL, FRANKENSTEIN!

IF THOU WERT YET **ALIVE** AND YET **CHERISHED** A DESIRE OF **REVENGE** AGAINST ME, IT WOULD BE BETTER SATIATED IN MY **LIFE** THAN IN MY **DESTRUCTION**.



"SOON THESE BURNING MISERIES WILL BE EXTINGUISHED."

"I SHALL ASCEND MY FUNERAL PILE AND EXULT IN THE TORTURING FLAMES."



"THE LIGHT WILL FADE AWAY..."



"...MY ASHES WILL BE SWEEPED INTO THE SEA BY THE WINDS."



"MY SPIRIT WILL SLEEP IN PEACE..."



"...OR IF IT THINKS..."



