

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGICAL HISTORY OF FRANKENSTEIN

~~A deeper love was blossoming, as well.~~  
 START → My Victor, darling of my future hope,  
 Hath been my constant joy these many years.  
 Why, then, is my mind fill'd with prescient fear, 80  
 As if some dreadful portent it discern'd?  
 The man is brilliant, plainly, but complex:  
 Although his mind respected is by all—  
 An as-yet unsurpassèd intellect—  
 I know a trouble 'neath the surface lies. 85  
 His fascination with both life and death,  
 The mysteries of crossing twixt the two,  
 Are matters that consume him night and day,  
 Unfathomable waters he would fathom.  
 I hope his ship shall not break on these waves, 90  
 His plans be drown'd beneath the boundless depths.  
 Ye gods, who watch o'er those who sail the sea,  
 And watch, too, o'er those whom fate beckoneth,  
 Be with my Victor as he ventures forth.  
 To Ingolstadt he flies with purpose plain, 95  
 But to what outcome—sacred or profane? STOP

[Exit.]

## SCENE 3.

*Ingolstadt.**Enter VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.*

Victor In Ingolstadt at last, and may my course  
 Directed be by what I find herein.

*Enter PROFESSOR KREMPE.*

Good day, sir. May I trouble you, I beg?  
 Know you Professor Krempe, the specialist