

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGICAL HISTORY OF FRANKENSTEIN

*Enter THE MONSTER, holding a lit torch.*

START

Monster Why did I live? Curs'd in creation I!  
 So wantonly was life bestow'd on me—  
 I should have taken arms against a sea 215  
 Of troubles and destroy'd my very self.  
 But, failing that, I shall have my revenge.  
 Rage doth o'ercome my heart, if any heart  
 Doth beat within my wither'd, borrow'd breast.  
 These friends of mine—not friends, no, not that  
 word, 220

But hateful, prejudicial enemies—  
 Hath fled and gone or they would be swept up  
 Within my all-consuming, righteous ire.  
 I'll burn their house, wherein I mercy sought,  
 Until there's naught but cinders that remain. 225  
 Come wind, and fan the flames of mine intent,  
 And fire come purge the painful memory.

*[He lights the cottage on fire.]*

Now where? My next step shall decide my fate. ← STOP  
 I have it: I shall my creator find  
 And set his world aglow as he did mine— 230  
 The justice of it pleases very well.  
 Toward my maker shall I bend my path,  
 Engulfing him within my fiery wrath.

*[Exit.]*

## SCENE 3.

*Ingolstadt.*

*Enter VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, in bed, and HENRY CLERVAL  
 waiting on him.*

Victor My senses only now return'd to me—  
 Yet how long, Henry, did I lie abed?