

I am not recording the vision of a madman, Captain Walton...

I became myself capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter.

Using repeated electrical currents, I brought back a dead guinea pig. It lived for three days. Like a magic scene, it all opened up for me.

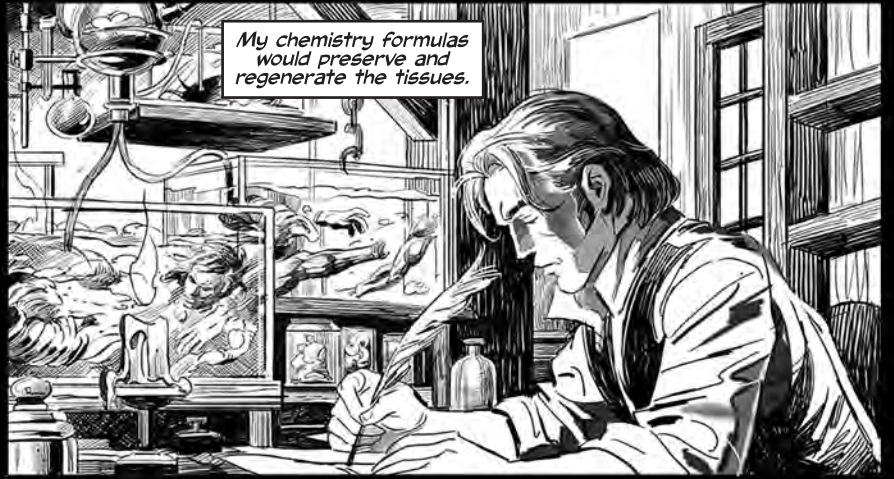


What had been the study and desire of the wisest men since the creation of the world was now within my grasp.

I needed a greater current than my instruments could produce -- so I devised a rod to command lightning.



My chemistry formulas would preserve and regenerate the tissues.



Indeed, I had halted decay.



One by one, I found the best materials.



When I found so astonishing a power placed within my hands, I hesitated a long time concerning the manner in which I should employ it.







Although I possessed the capacity of bestowing animation...

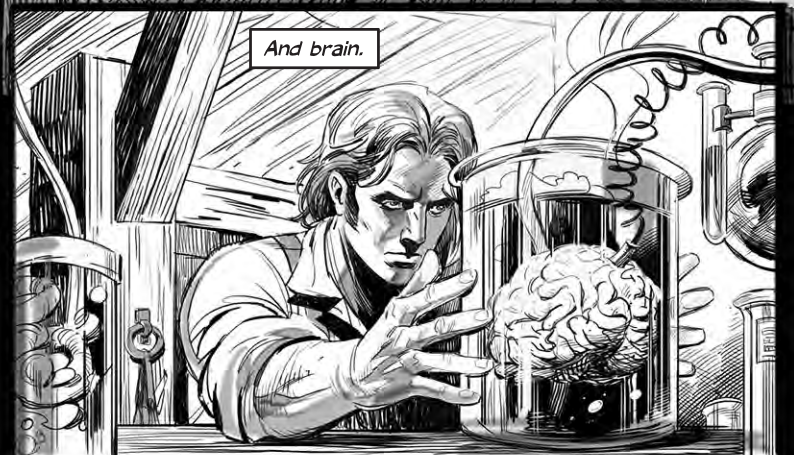


...yet to prepare a frame for the reception of it...

...with all its intricacies of fibres, muscles, and veins, it still remained a work of inconceivable difficulty and labour.



I needed a strong heart.



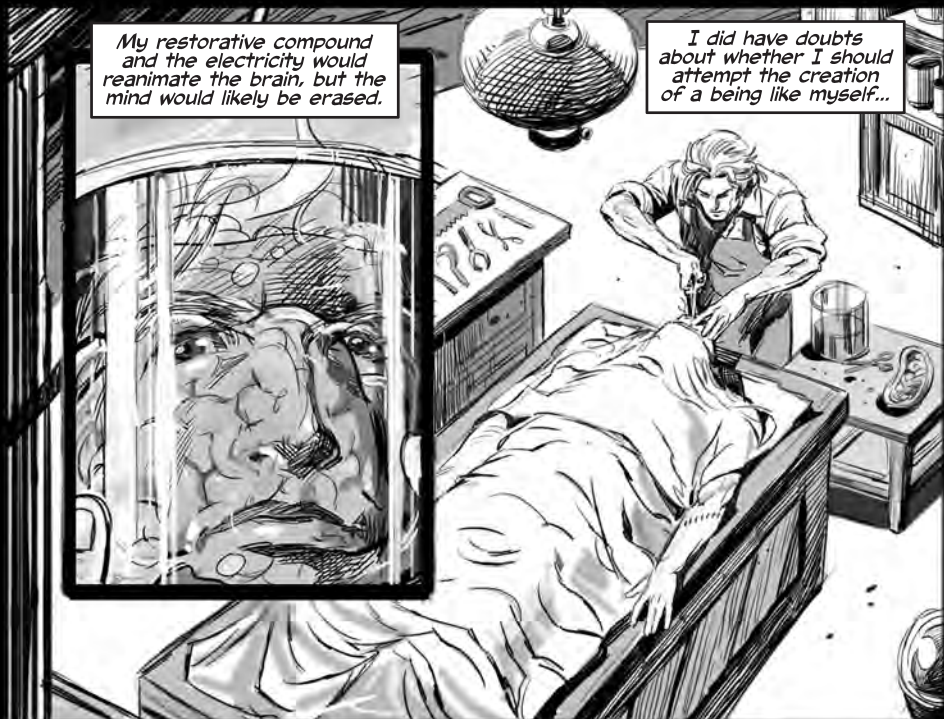
And brain.



My restorative compound and the electricity would reanimate the brain, but the mind would likely be erased.

I did have doubts about whether I should attempt the creation of a being like myself...

...But once I succeeded at connecting the brain, I was too excited to doubt of my ability to give life...



...to an animal as complete and wonderful as man.

At times, the materials within my command hardly appeared adequate...

...Worsened by my own fatigue-induced clumsiness.



I had lost a precious supply of blood, which would take too long to replace.

So, I used my own for the final replenishment.

A new species would bless me as its creator and source. No father could claim the gratitude of his child so completely as I should deserve theirs.







No one can conceive the variety of the feelings which bore me onwards like a hurricane in my first enthusiasm of success.

I had created a human being.

As the minuteness of the parts formed a great hindrance to my speed, I had resolved to make a being of gigantic stature.



Weeks after, I finished the body, awaiting the right storm.

I thought that if I succeeded and bestowed animation upon lifeless matter, in time, I might renew life where death had visited.



Every night, I was oppressed with a slow fever, and I became nervous to a most painful degree.



Sometimes I grew alarmed at the wreck I perceived that I had become. I knew I needed exercise and amusement...



...when my creation should be complete.



At last, the night I had awaited finally came...





*The energy of  
my purpose alone  
sustained me.*



*It was a dreary  
November night...*



*...perfect to behold  
the accomplishment  
of my toils.*



**KRAK BOOM**







*It was already one in the morning.*

*I could hear the rain pattering dismally against the panes.*



*I readied my instruments of life.*



*I worked with an anxiety that almost amounted to agony.*



*Feverishly, I turned the wheel, so I might induce a spark into the lifeless thing I had created.*



*I heard the faintest heartbeat... but I knew it wasn't enough... to achieve life.*



**KRRAKOOOM**

**YES...  
COME CLOSER...**







All was darkness.



KRATHOOM



Then the lightning flashed again.

In that instant, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open. It breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs as it sat up on the table.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how to delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form?