CLASSIC COMICS

Featuring Stories by the World's Greatest Authors

No. 26

$10.00 CANADA/USA

FRANKENSTEIN

MARY W SHELLEY

FRANKENSTEIN: INTRODUCTION

Author of *Classics Illustrated: A Cultural History*

Mary Shelley (1840) by Rothwell

The most famous horror story ever written began, naturally enough, as a nightmare. It happened this way. In 1816, eighteen-year-old Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin (later Shelley) and her future husband, the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, joined the poet Lord Byron and his physician-friend, Dr. John Polidori, in Switzerland, near Lake Geneva. When bad weather kept them housebound for several days, they passed the time by reading ghost stories.

Lord Byron suggested that each of the four friends should write a ghost story. As Mary Shelley later wrote, "I busied myself *to think of a story*.... One which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature and awaken thrilling horror—one to make the reader dread to look round, to curdle the blood, and quicken the beatings of the heart." For several days she was unable to report any progress with her tale. One night, however, she listened to a scientific conversation between Byron and Shelley about the possibility of reanimating a corpse.

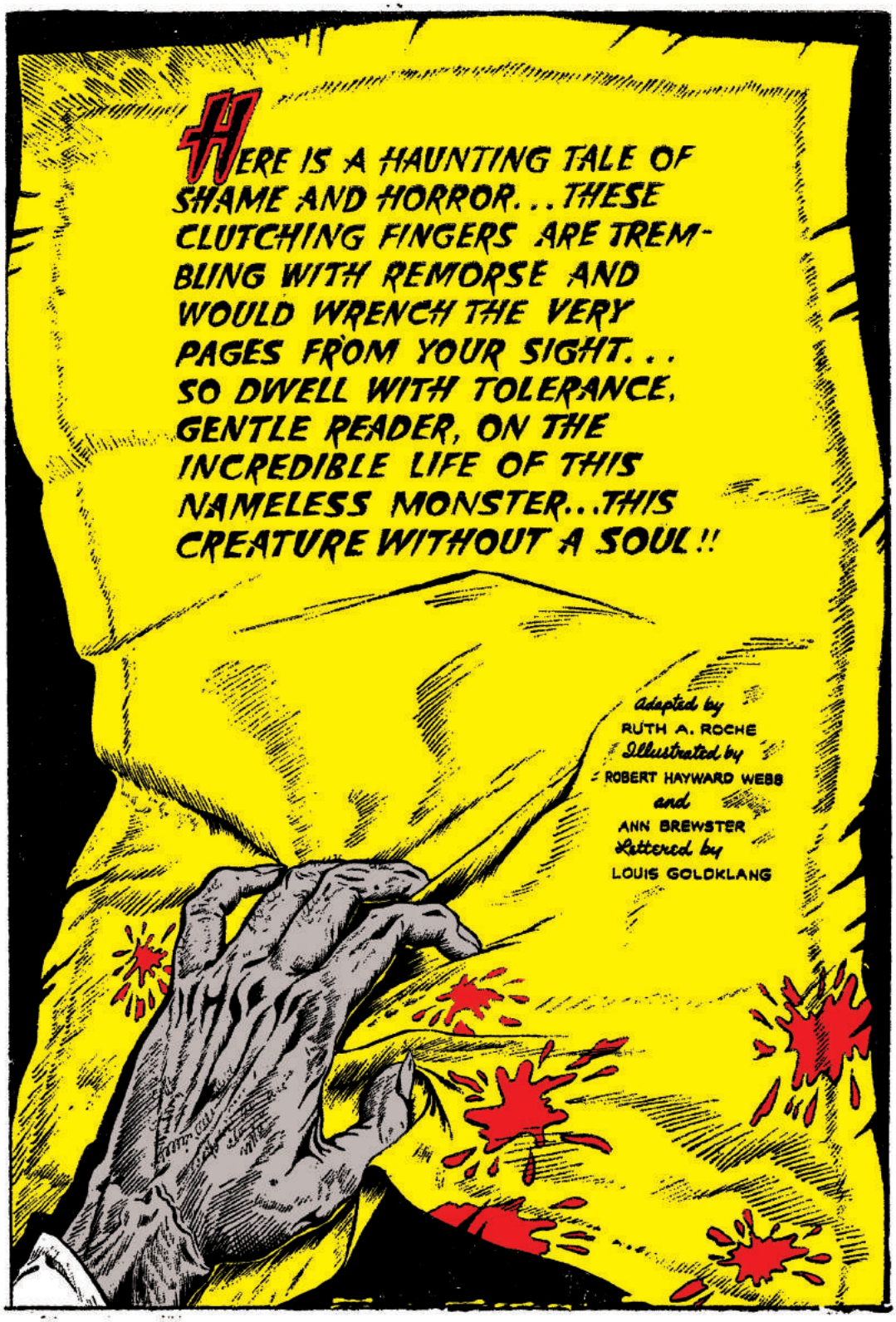
"Night waned upon this talk," Mary Shelley remembered. "When I placed my head on my pillow I did not sleep.... I saw—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life and stir with an uneasy, half-vital motion. ... His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handiwork, horror-stricken. ... He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold, the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes."

The next morning, Mary recalled, "I announced that I had *thought of a story.* ... At first I thought but of a few pages, of a short tale, but Shelley urged me to develop the idea at greater length." *Frankenstein or, The Modern Prometheus* was published in January 1818, when the author (now married to the poet) was twenty. The novel was an immediate best-seller, and its popularity has continued to grow during the past two centuries. Numerous films have been inspired by the book, including James Whale's *Frankenstein* (1931) and *Bride of Frankenstein* (1935)—both featuring Boris Karloff as the monster—as well as Mel Brooks's brilliant parody *Young Frankenstein* (1974).

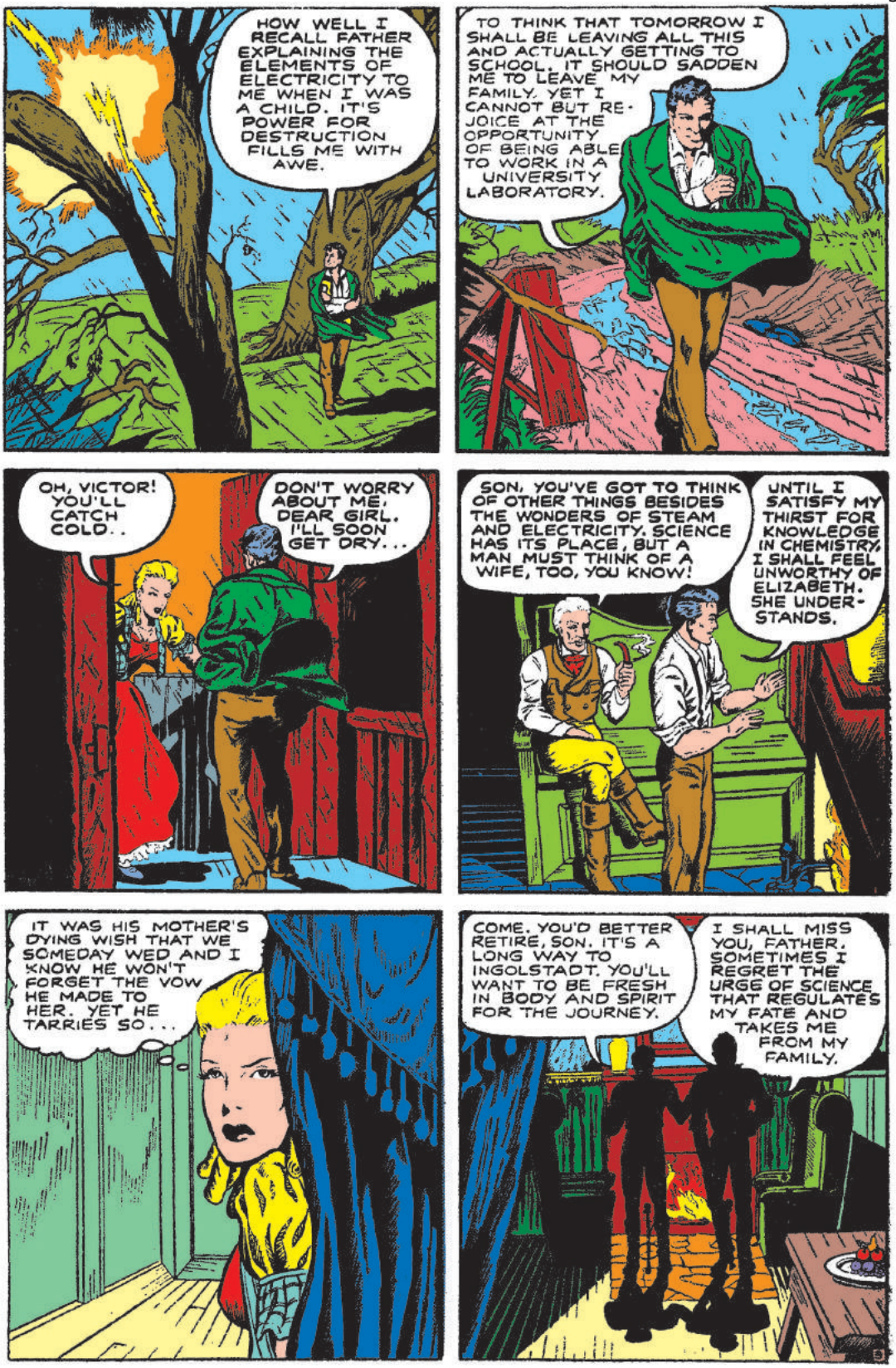
In popular culture, the name "Frankenstein" is often confused with the nameless "creature." Yet the common misidentification reinforces novelist Muriel Spark's contention that the creator, Victor Frankenstein, and "the miserable monster whom I had created" are each halves of one being. In the process of creating "the wretch," Frankenstein seems to become less human, while his creation grows in intellect and moral capacity, becoming, in the end, somehow more human than his maker. Even when the creature commits the most horrid deeds, he never entirely loses the reader's sympathy. The characters are locked for much of the novel in a revolving pattern of pursuer and pursued, ending only in the death of one and the disappearance of the other, "lost in darkness and distance."

CLASSIC COMICS, *Frankenstein*, Number 26 by Mary Shelley
Painted cover art by Norman B. Saunders and interior art by Robert H. Webb and Ann Brewster, lettered by Louis Goldklang, adaptation by Ruth A. Roche, Shelley biography (September 1958; twelve printings).
From **Classics Illustrated: A Cultural History, with Illustrations**

Published by JACK LAKE PRODUCTIONS INC. 4936 Yonge Street, Suite 601, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M2N 6S3


HERE IS A HAUNTING TALE OF SHAME AND HORROR... THESE CLUTCHING FINGERS ARE TREMBLING WITH REMORSE AND WOULD WRENCH THE VERY PAGES FROM YOUR SIGHT... SO DWELL WITH TOLERANCE, GENTLE READER, ON THE INCREDIBLE LIFE OF THIS NAMELESS MONSTER...THIS CREATURE WITHOUT A SOUL!!
Adapted by
RUTH A. ROCHE
Illustrated by
ROBERT HAYWARD WEBB
and
ANN BREWSTER
Lettered by
LOUIS GOLDKLANG

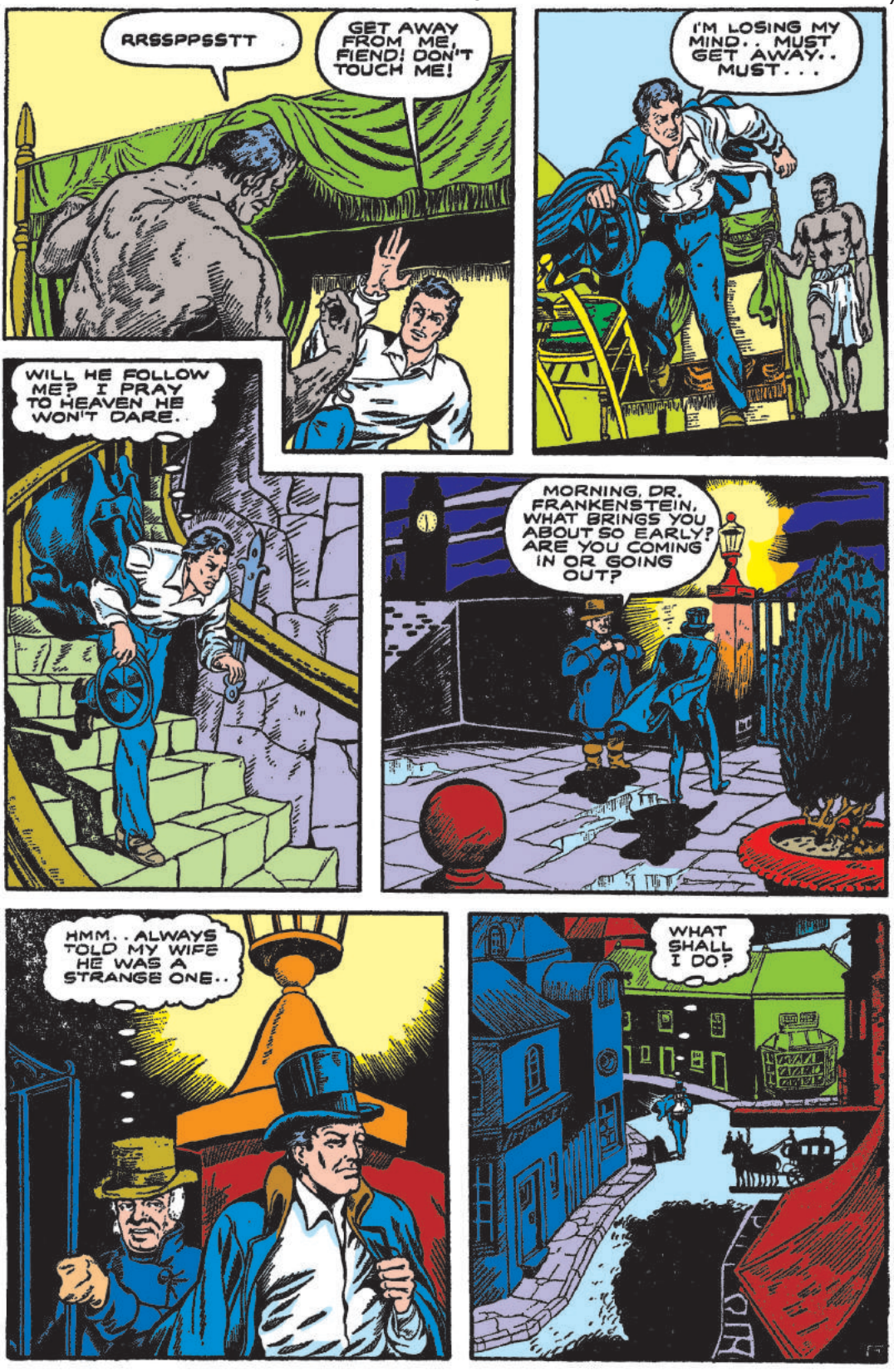

YOU MUSTN'T PULL ON THE LOCKET, DEAREST, IT WILL BREAK, AND IT CONTAINS A PICTURE OF YOUR LOVELY MOTHER!
BUT IT'S SO PRETTY. AREN'T YOU MY MOTHER, ELIZABETH?
OUR STORY UNFOLDS AT A GAY FAMILY OUTING ATTENDED BY THOSE WHOM FATE HAS ALREADY MARKED FOR DEATH.. NEVER APPREHENDING, THEY ARE HAPPY - SEEKING NO MORE THAN THE SMALL PLEASURES OF A PICNIC...
ELIZABETH IS YOUR COUSIN, WILLIE. HAVEN'T WE EXPLAINED THAT TO YOU BEFORE?
BUT I REMEMBER WHEN MOTHER DIED, FATHER! I EVEN REMEMBER WHEN ELIZABETH CAME TO LIVE WITH US!
YOU HAVE A GOOD MEMORY, ERNEST. CONSIDERING THAT YOU WERE SUCH A CHILD WHEN IT ALL HAPPENED.
HEY! HELLO YOUNG MAN!
HENRY!
IF VICTOR WON'T PLAY WITH YOU, HENRY, I WILL. YOU NAME THE GAME.
I DIDN'T EXACTLY ASK HIM TO PLAY, WILLIE, HE'S VERY BUSY WITH HIS CHEMISTRY, BUT AS FOR US... HOW ABOUT HIDE AND SEEK, EH!
BUT SUDDENLY...
RAIN! OH DEAR. SPOILING OUR LOVELY HOLIDAY! HURRY, EVERYBODY, IT WILL SOON BE COMING DOWN IN TORRENTS!
VICTOR WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED! HE LOVES STORMS, DON'T YOU, SON?
YES, FATHER, I LOVE A GOOD STORM. THE RAIN IS WARM. YOU PEOPLE GO ALONG WITHOUT ME. I WILL JOIN YOU SOON.
COME ALONG, ERNEST.


HOW WELL I RECALL FATHER EXPLAINING THE ELEMENTS OF ELECTRICITY TO ME WHEN I WAS A CHILD. IT'S POWER FOR DESTRUCTION FILLS ME WITH AWE.
TO THINK THAT TOMORROW I SHALL BE LEAVING ALL THIS AND ACTUALLY GETTING TO SCHOOL. IT SHOULD SADDEN ME TO LEAVE MY FAMILY. YET I CANNOT BUT RE-JOICE AT THE OPPORTUNITY OF BEING ABLE TO WORK IN A UNIVERSITY LABORATORY.
OH, VICTOR! YOU'LL CATCH COLD..
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DEAR GIRL. I'LL SOON GET DRY...
SON, YOU'VE GOT TO THINK OF OTHER THINGS BESIDES THE WONDERS OF STEAM AND ELECTRICITY. SCIENCE HAS ITS PLACE, BUT A MAN MUST THINK OF A WIFE, TOO, YOU KNOW!
UNTIL I SATISFY MY THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE IN CHEMISTRY, I SHALL FEEL UNWORTHY OF ELIZABETH. SHE UNDER-STANDS.
IT WAS HIS MOTHER'S DYING WISH THAT WE SOMEDAY WED AND I KNOW HE WON'T FORGET THE VOW HE MADE TO HER. YET HE TARRIES SO...
COME. YOU'D BETTER RETIRE, SON. IT'S A LONG WAY TO INGOLSTADT. YOU'LL WANT TO BE FRESH IN BODY AND SPIRIT FOR THE JOURNEY.
I SHALL MISS YOU, FATHER. SOMETIMES I REGRET THE URGE OF SCIENCE THAT REGULATES MY FATE AND TAKES ME FROM MY FAMILY.


THE NEXT MORNING.
GOD-SPEED, SON. WE'LL LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR LETTERS. DO NOT FORGET US.
I'LL WRITE REGULARLY, FATHER. GOODBYE, BOYS! GOODBYE ELIZABETH!
I SHALL MISS YOU, VICTOR.
WHAT CAN I SAY TO YOU, ELIZABETH. FIND COMFORT WITH MY PEOPLE WHO LOVE YOU SO WELL AND I PROMISE MY RETURN SHALL BE SOONER THAN YOU EXPECT.
GOODBYE, SON!
FAREWELL, VICTOR!
GOODBYE, VICTOR, GOODBYE!
DON'T GRIEVE, ELIZABETH. I HAVE A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR YOU. I HAVE EMPLOYED LITTLE JUSTINE MORITZ TO HELP YOU WITH THE YOUNGSTERS. IT WILL ALLOW YOU MORE LEISURE... SAY, TO WRITE TO VICTOR.
DEAR UNCLE. I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED JUSTINE.
SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARS ON THE ROAD.
PERHAPS I SHOULD NOT BE SO ANXIOUS TO GET TO SCHOOL FOR I BELIEVE MYSELF TOTALLY UNFIT FOR THE COMPANY OF STRANGERS. . .
HOLD! AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY FAREWELL TO YOUR OLD FRIEND? IF MY FATHER DIDN'T INSIST ON MY LEARNING HIS BUSINESS, I'D BE RIGHT NEXT TO YOU IN THAT SEAT!
AH, HENRY. AT LEAST YOU SHED NO TEARS AT MY LEAVING! I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO VISIT ME OFTEN, MY FRIEND.

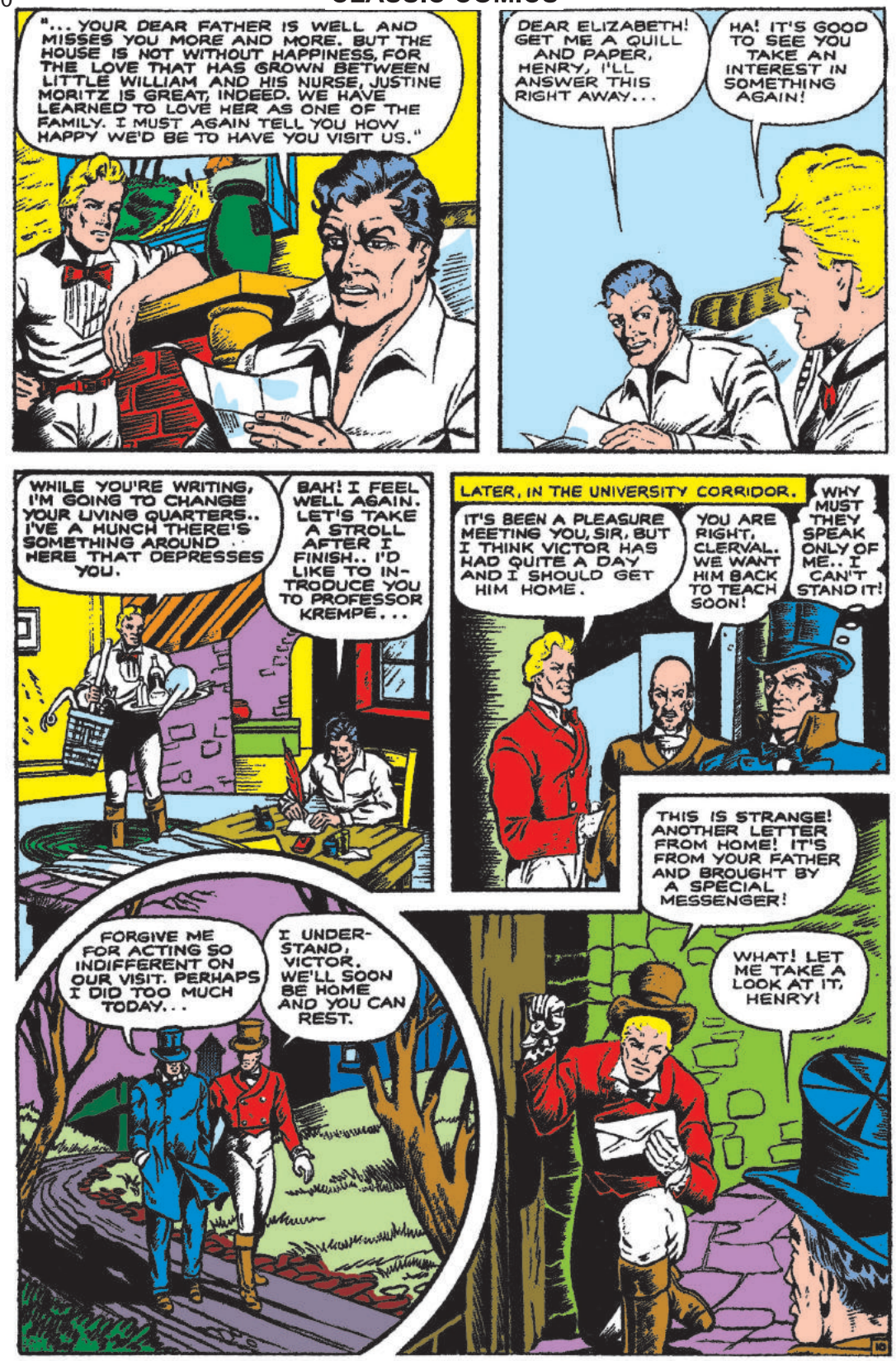

WELL, THERE'S THE CHURCH STEEPLE I CAN EASILY GUIDE MYSELF TO MY NEW HOME NOW. FIRST TO STOP OFF AT THE UNIVERSITY
WELCOME, FRANKENSTEIN! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. I'M KREMPE, YOUR PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.
I AM HONORED, SIR, THAT THE FIRST TO GREET ME SHOULD BE YOU.
...AND AT LAST VICTOR FACES THE MILESTONE THAT IS TO CHANGE HIS ENTIRE DESTINY.
TO BEGIN WITH I WANT YOU TO FORGET EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER STUDIED AND START ANEW WITH US.
THAT WON'T BE EASY, SIR, BUT I'LL TRY.
VICTOR, THIS IS PROFESSOR WALDMAN. I HOPE YOU TWO BECOME CLOSE FRIENDS.
THIS IS MORE THAN I DREAMED OF, THE GREAT PROFESSOR WALDMAN!
HEAR THE LAD! VICTOR, I LIKE YOU ALREADY!
ENDLESS WEEKS PASS.. EACH DAY FINDING VICTOR MORE INTENSE AT HIS STUDY AND WORK..
IF I COULD ONLY FIND THE KEY TO BANISH DISEASE FROM THE HUMAN FRAME AND RENDER MAN INVULNERABLE TO ANY BUT A VIOLENT DEATH. IF.. IF! AND I COME SO CLOSE..
ONLY UTTER EXHAUSTION CAUSES HIM TO PAUSE IN THE SECRET EXPERIMENT AND SEEK REST IN HIS PRIVATE CHAMBERS.
DEAR ELIZABETH, SUCH A FAITHFUL CORRESPONDENT! IF SHE ONLY KNEW HOW REMOTE THEY ALL SEEM TO ME. I'M GLAD JUSTINE MAKES HER SO HAPPY. I MUST FIND TIME TO WRITE. IT'S BEEN SO LONG...

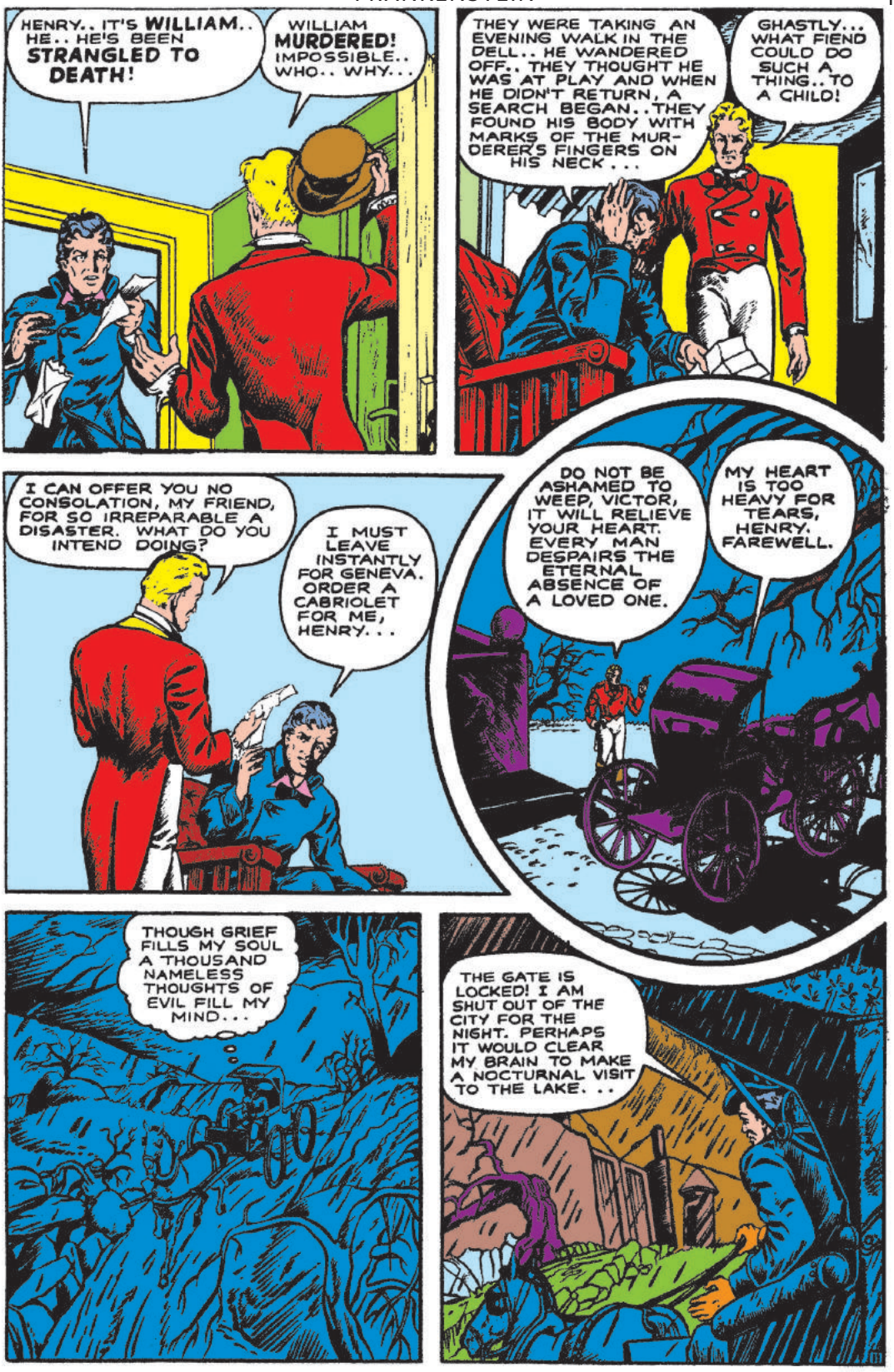

MONTH UPON MONTH ROLLS ON AND IT IS AGAIN NOVEMBER.. DISMAL, DESOLATE, NOVEMBER.
TWO LONG YEARS OF WORKING IN SECRET...TONIGHT SHALL FINALLY SHOW MY RESULTS. SUCCESS OR FAILURE! IT'S NOW UP TO FATE AND THIS LAST INJECTION!
SUDDENLY.. SLOWLY.. THE INANIMATE CREATURE OPENS ITS DULL YELLOW EYES..A CONVULSIVE MOTION AGITATES ITS LIMBS AND... IT BREATHES...
SAINTED MOTHER! WHAT HAVE I CREATED? IT..IT'S A DEMON!
WHAT FOOL DREAMS LED ME ON..THIS MONSTER IS CONCEIVED THROUGH MADNESS.. I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT IT..
SLEEP..I MUST SLEEP..CAN'T THINK OF WHAT TO DO NEXT..
6

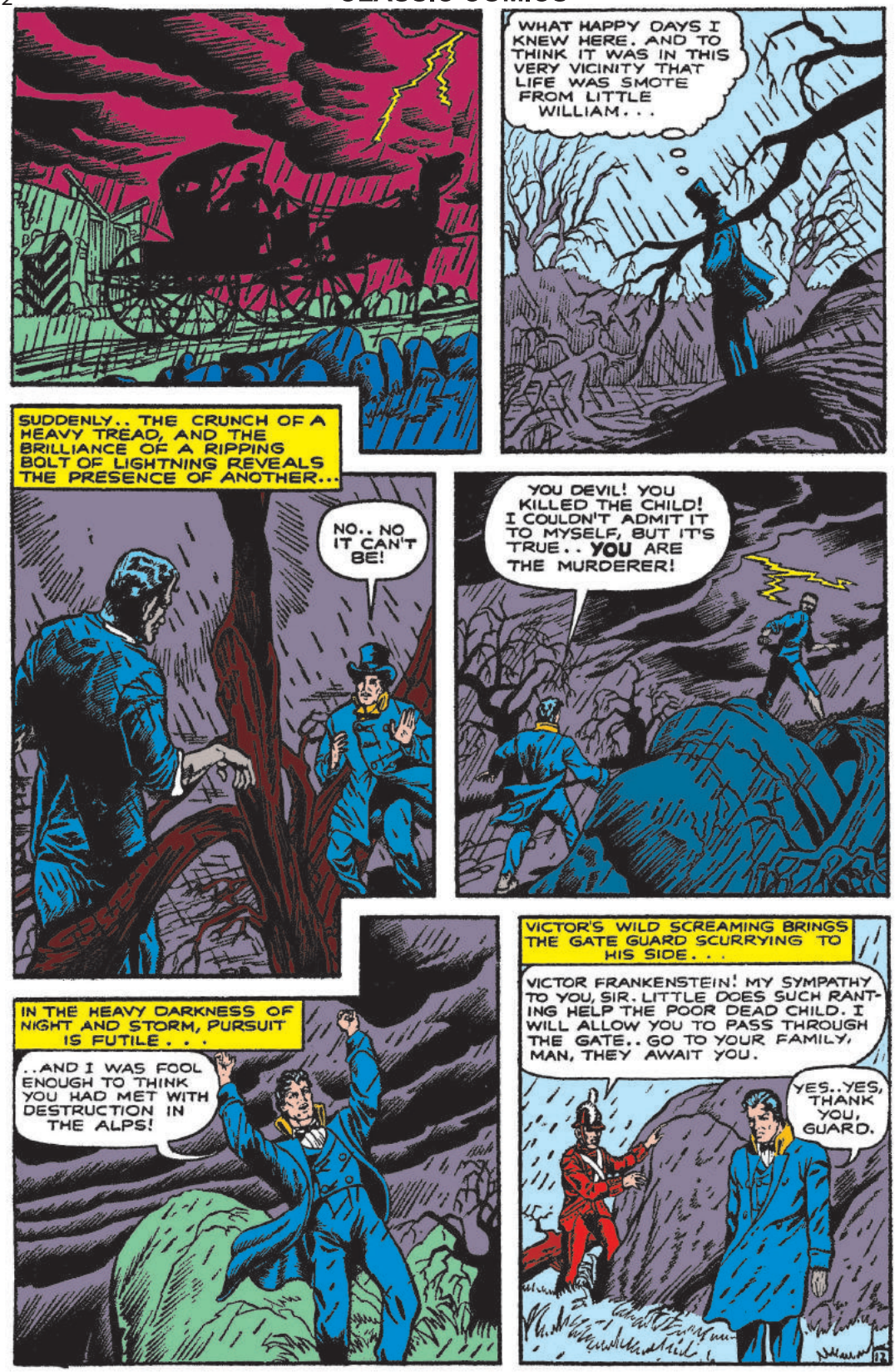

RRSSPPSSTT
GET AWAY FROM ME, FIEND! DON'T TOUCH ME!
I'M LOSING MY MIND.. MUST GET AWAY.. MUST...
WILL HE FOLLOW ME? I PRAY TO HEAVEN HE WON'T DARE..
MORNING, DR. FRANKENSTEIN, WHAT BRINGS YOU ABOUT SO EARLY? ARE YOU COMING IN OR GOING OUT?
HMM.. ALWAYS TOLD MY WIFE HE WAS A STRANGE ONE..
WHAT SHALL I DO?

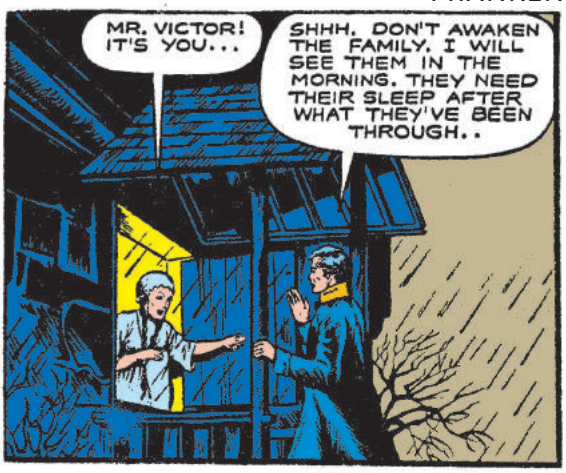

VICTOR, VICTOR, MY FRIEND!
WHO CAN THAT BE? I DON'T WANT TO FACE ANYBODY...
HELLO, YOU OLD MOLECULE CHASER! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU AS EASILY AS THIS!
HENRY CLERVAL! WHAT GOOD FORTUNE BRINGS YOU HERE?
FATHER FINALLY CONSENTED TO LET ME COME TO SCHOOL AND FURTHER MY STUDY IN LANGUAGES BUT VICTOR
DON'T STOP TALKING. HOW I WELCOME YOU, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW! TELL ME OF MY FAMILY... AND ELIZABETH.
REALLY, VICTOR, WHAT AILS YOU? I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOU LOOKING SO BAD!
WE WILL TALK ABOUT ME LATER. YOU MUST TRUST ME, HENRY AND NOT THINK I'VE LOST MY REASON. WAIT HERE... I WILL CALL YOU IN A MOMENT... IF ALL IS WELL
WHAT SHALL I DO IF THAT MONSTER IS LOOSE UP HERE.
WHAT'S BOTHERING HIM? HE ACTS LIKE ONE POSSESSED!
THANK HEAVEN, HE'S GONE!
CLERVAL COME UP.


VICTOR, I DEMAND YOU TELL ME WHAT HAS COME OVER YOU. I AM YOUR FRIEND. HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING TOO HARD?
TOO HARD? THAT'S A FINE JOKE! HA, HA, HA...
WORKING TOO HARD! WHAT A FINE JOKE... HA, HA, HA...
VICTOR.. VICTOR!
HOUSE-KEEPER!.. RUN AND FETCH PROFESSOR WALDMAN. QUICKLY! DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN HAS FAINTED!
TENSE MOMENTS LATER...
NERVOUS FEVER. HE'LL RECOVER, BUT HE MUST RESTRAIN HIMSELF FROM WORKING SO HARD ON HIS SECRET EXPERIMENTS!
SHHH.. DON'T MENTION HIS WORK, PROFESSOR, THAT'S WHAT SEEMED TO SEND HIM OFF. I'LL SEE THAT HE REMAINS QUIET.
I'M SURE HE'S IN GOOD HANDS. YOU'RE A TRUE FRIEND, CLERVAL. KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME.
THANK YOU, PROFESSOR.
SECRET EXPERIMENT, EH! I THOUGHT SO... WELL, HE'LL TELL ME ABOUT IT IN DUE TIME.
SLOWLY, THE WEEKS PASS...
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MORNING? AHH.. HENRY.. HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR ME.
NONSENSE! LOOK, I'VE BEEN AFTER THE MAIL.. HERE'S A LETTER FROM HOME. THEY KNOW NOTHING OF YOUR ILLNESS, SO IT SHOULD BE CHEERFUL NEWS!

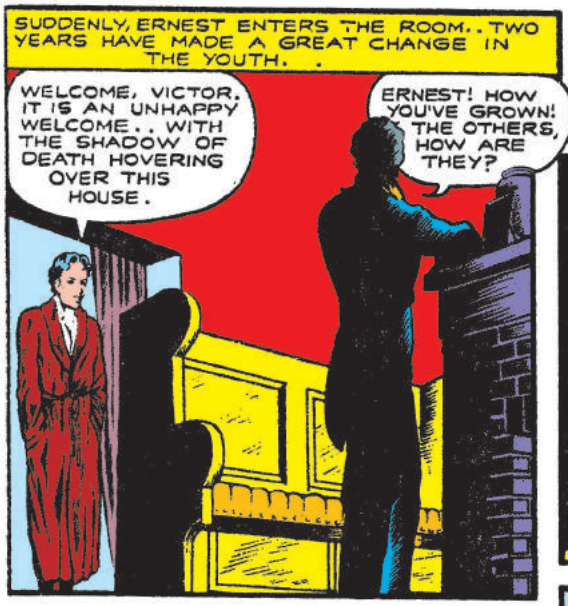

"... YOUR DEAR FATHER IS WELL AND MISSES YOU MORE AND MORE. BUT THE HOUSE IS NOT WITHOUT HAPPINESS, FOR THE LOVE THAT HAS GROWN BETWEEN LITTLE WILLIAM AND HIS NURSE, JUSTINE MORITZ IS GREAT, INDEED. WE HAVE LEARNED TO LOVE HER AS ONE OF THE FAMILY. I MUST AGAIN TELL YOU HOW HAPPY WE'D BE TO HAVE YOU VISIT US."
DEAR ELIZABETH! GET ME A QUILL AND PAPER, HENRY, I'LL ANSWER THIS RIGHT AWAY...
HA! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU TAKE AN INTEREST IN SOMETHING AGAIN!
WHILE YOU'RE WRITING, I'M GOING TO CHANGE YOUR LIVING QUARTERS.. I'VE A HUNCH THERE'S SOMETHING AROUND HERE THAT DEPRESSES YOU.
BAH! I FEEL WELL AGAIN. LET'S TAKE A STROLL AFTER I FINISH.. I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO PROFESSOR KREMPE...
LATER, IN THE UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR.
IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE MEETING YOU, SIR, BUT I THINK VICTOR HAS HAD QUITE A DAY AND I SHOULD GET HIM HOME.
YOU ARE RIGHT, CLERVAL. WE WANT HIM BACK TO TEACH SOON!
WHY MUST THEY SPEAK ONLY OF ME.. I CAN'T STAND IT!
THIS IS STRANGE! ANOTHER LETTER FROM HOME! IT'S FROM YOUR FATHER AND BROUGHT BY A SPECIAL MESSENGER!
WHAT! LET ME TAKE A LOOK AT IT, HENRY!
FORGIVE ME FOR ACTING SO INDIFFERENT ON OUR VISIT. PERHAPS I DID TOO MUCH TODAY...
I UNDERSTAND, VICTOR. WE'LL SOON BE HOME AND YOU CAN REST.

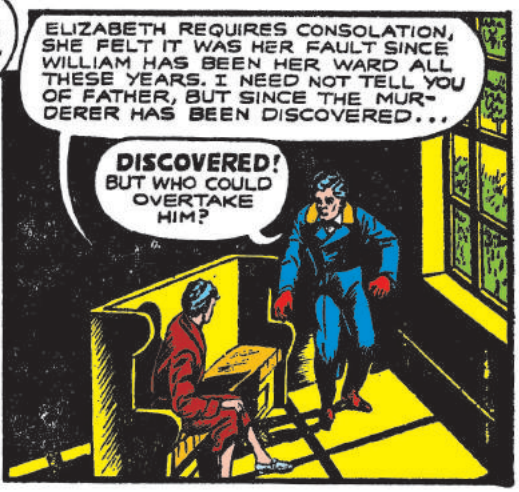

HENRY.. IT'S WILLIAM.. HE.. HE'S BEEN STRANGLED TO DEATH!
WILLIAM MURDERED! IMPOSSIBLE.. WHO.. WHY...
THEY WERE TAKING AN EVENING WALK IN THE DELL.. HE WANDERED OFF.. THEY THOUGHT HE WAS AT PLAY AND WHEN HE DIDN'T RETURN, A SEARCH BEGAN..THEY FOUND HIS BODY WITH MARKS OF THE MURDERER'S FINGERS ON HIS NECK...
GHASTLY... WHAT FIEND COULD DO SUCH A THING..TO A CHILD!
I CAN OFFER YOU NO CONSOLATION, MY FRIEND, FOR SO IRREPARABLE A DISASTER. WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING?
I MUST LEAVE INSTANTLY FOR GENEVA. ORDER A CABRIOLET FOR ME, HENRY...
DO NOT BE ASHAMED TO WEEP, VICTOR, IT WILL RELIEVE YOUR HEART. EVERY MAN DESPAIRS THE ETERNAL ABSENCE OF A LOVED ONE.
MY HEART IS TOO HEAVY FOR TEARS, HENRY. FAREWELL.
THOUGH GRIEF FILLS MY SOUL A THOUSAND NAMELESS THOUGHTS OF EVIL FILL MY MIND...
THE GATE IS LOCKED! I AM SHUT OUT OF THE CITY FOR THE NIGHT. PERHAPS IT WOULD CLEAR MY BRAIN TO MAKE A NOCTURNAL VISIT TO THE LAKE...


WHAT HAPPY DAYS I KNEW HERE. AND TO THINK IT WAS IN THIS VERY VICINITY THAT LIFE WAS SMOTE FROM LITTLE WILLIAM...
SUDDENLY.. THE CRUNCH OF A HEAVY TREAD, AND THE BRILLIANCE OF A RIPPING BOLT OF LIGHTNING REVEALS THE PRESENCE OF ANOTHER...
NO.. NO IT CAN'T BE!
YOU DEVIL! YOU KILLED THE CHILD! I COULDN'T ADMIT IT TO MYSELF, BUT IT'S TRUE.. YOU ARE THE MURDERER!
IN THE HEAVY DARKNESS OF NIGHT AND STORM, PURSUIT IS FUTILE...
..AND I WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO THINK YOU HAD MET WITH DESTRUCTION IN THE ALPS!
VICTOR'S WILD SCREAMING BRINGS THE GATE GUARD SCURRYING TO HIS SIDE...
VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN! MY SYMPATHY TO YOU, SIR. LITTLE DOES SUCH RANTING HELP THE POOR DEAD CHILD. I WILL ALLOW YOU TO PASS THROUGH THE GATE.. GO TO YOUR FAMILY, MAN, THEY AWAIT YOU.
YES..YES, THANK YOU, GUARD.


MR. VICTOR! IT'S YOU...
SHHH. DON'T AWAKEN THE FAMILY. I WILL SEE THEM IN THE MORNING. THEY NEED THEIR SLEEP AFTER WHAT THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH..


SILENCE REIGNS OVER THE SORROW-STRICKEN HOME AND THE WEIGHT ON VICTOR'S HEART IS IMMEASURABLE...
THIS HOUSE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME WITHOUT YOU, LITTLE BROTHER. MY SOUL IS IN ANGUISH, A THOUSAND DEVILS TORTURE IT..

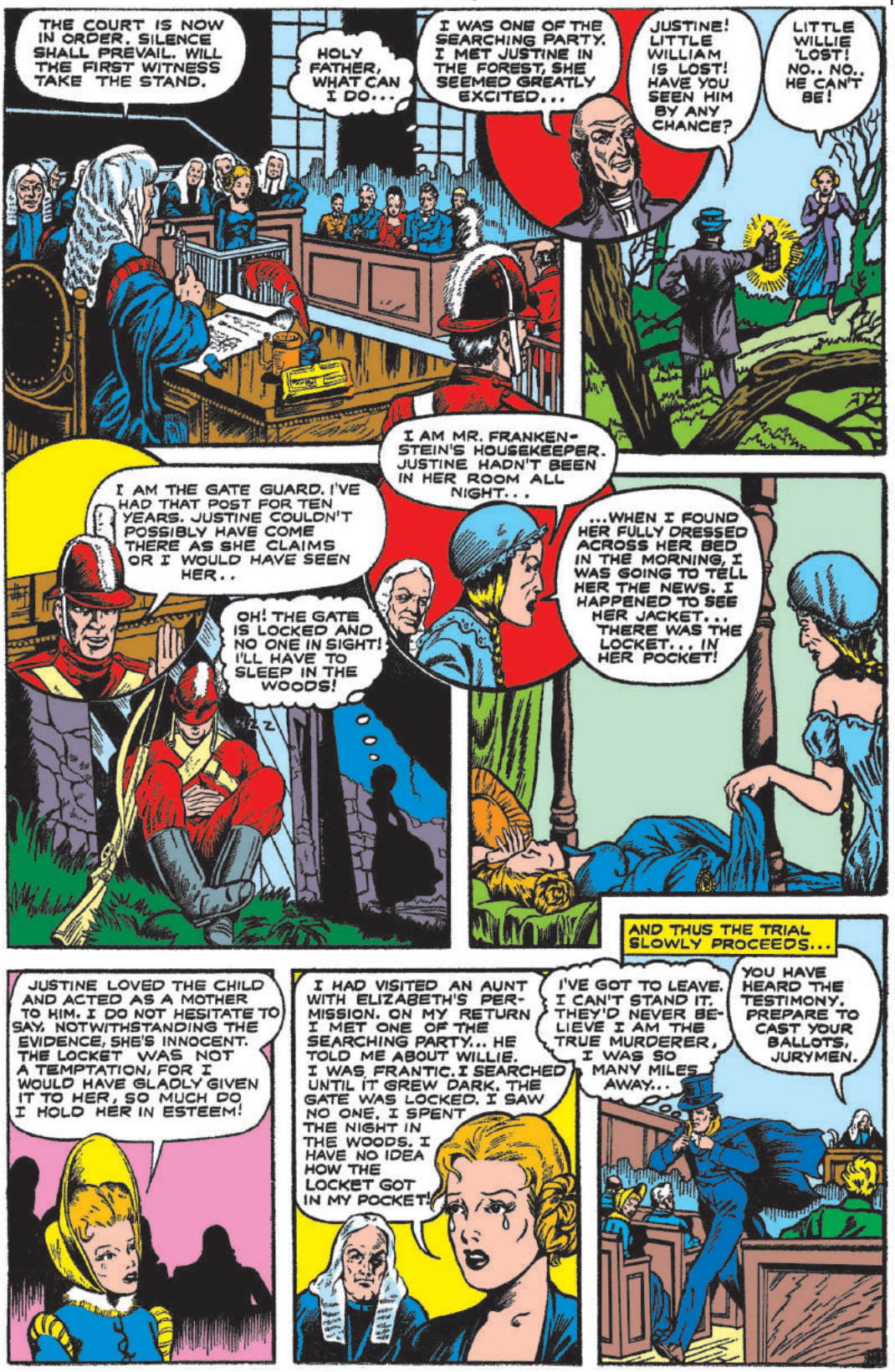

SUDDENLY, ERNEST ENTERS THE ROOM.. TWO YEARS HAVE MADE A GREAT CHANGE IN THE YOUTH. .
WELCOME, VICTOR, IT IS AN UNHAPPY WELCOME.. WITH THE SHADOW OF DEATH HOVERING OVER THIS HOUSE.
ERNEST! HOW YOU'VE GROWN! THE OTHERS, HOW ARE THEY?

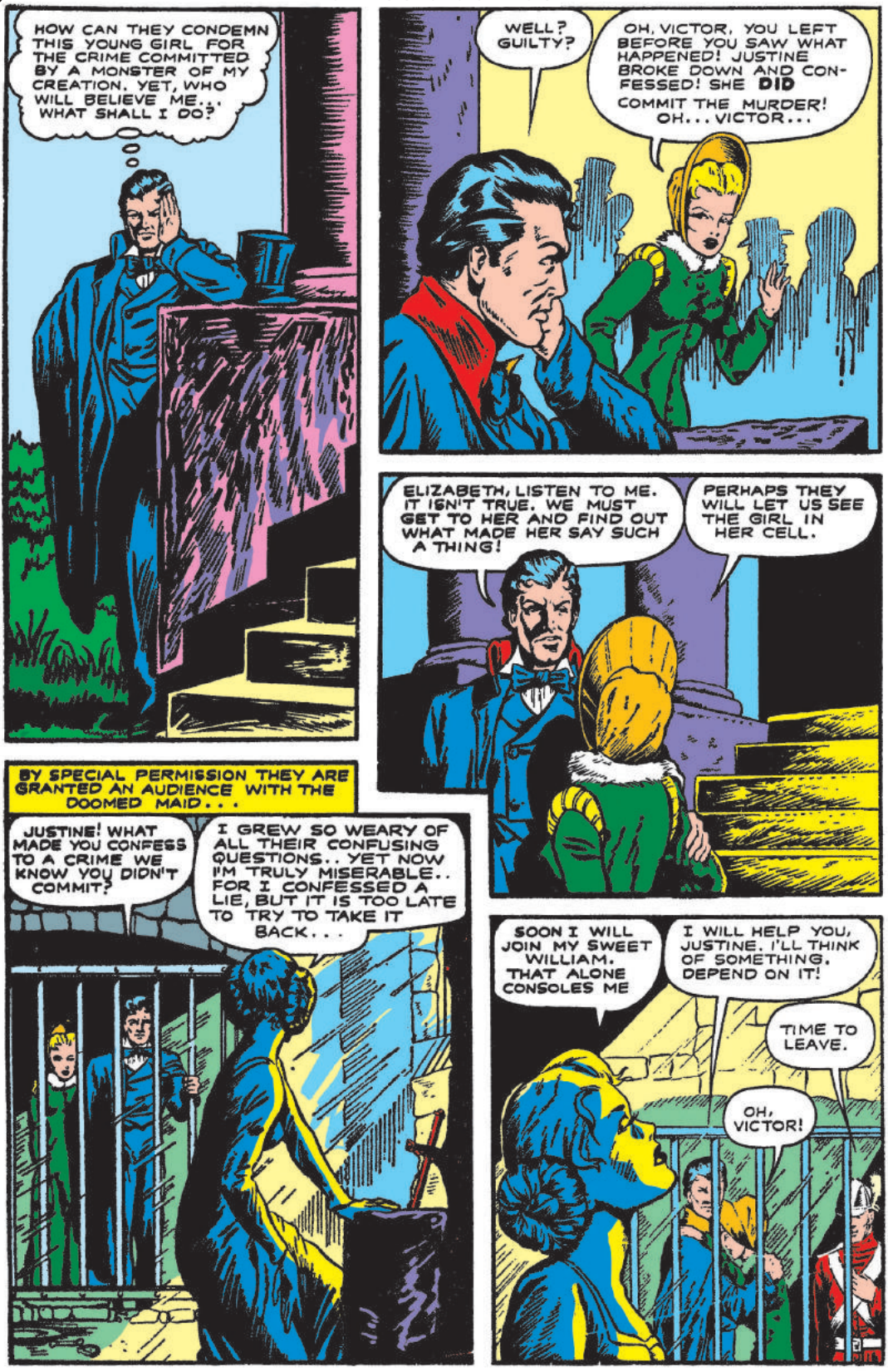

ELIZABETH REQUIRES CONSOLATION, SHE FELT IT WAS HER FAULT SINCE WILLIAM HAS BEEN HER WARD ALL THESE YEARS. I NEED NOT TELL YOU OF FATHER, BUT SINCE THE MURDERER HAS BEEN DISCOVERED...
DISCOVERED! BUT WHO COULD OVERTAKE HIM?


I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, VICTOR! IT WAS A GREAT SHOCK TO US THAT JUSTINE COULD BE SO LOVING TO WILLIAM AND AT THE SAME TIME BE SO WICKED.
JUSTINE MORITZ MURDERED WILLIAM!!


CIRCUMSTANCES PROVED IT! THE MORNING AFTER THE MURDER SHE SUDDENLY TOOK TO HER BED AND WENT INTO A STRANGE SLUMBER! IN HER POCKET A SERVANT CHANCED TO SEE THE LOCKET ELIZABETH HAD PUT ON WILLIAM'S NECK BEFORE HIS DEATH! TO THINK A LOCKET WAS TEMPTATION FOR MURDER!
NO.. NO! IT'S A MISTAKE!
13


YOU ARE ALL MISTAKEN. I KNOW THE MURDERER. JUSTINE IS INNOCENT!
FATHER! WE'VE AWAKENED YOU...
DID YOU HEAR VICTOR, FATHER? HE SAYS HE KNOWS THE TRUE MURDERER!
INDEED, AND SO DO WE. JUSTINE WAS A GREAT SHOCK TO US. WELCOME, VICTOR.
IT IS A MOST UNHAPPY HOME-COMING, FATHER... ELIZABETH!
I KNOW, SON...
OH, VICTOR! YOU TRAVELLED FAST...
COME, COME, THIS IS NO WAY TO GREET THE DAY. WE MUST STRENGTHEN OURSELVES, FOR IN A FEW HOURS THE TRIAL WILL BE ON.
SHE'S INNOCENT. I KNOW SHE IS...
THE TRIAL! SO QUICKLY!
YOU ARE RIGHT, COUSIN ALPHONSE, I'LL HAVE THE SERVANTS PREPARE BREAKFAST. YOU HAD BETTER REST DURING THE DAY, VICTOR. YOU CAN GO TO COURT TOMORROW.
YOU'RE KIND, ELIZABETH, BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I MUST BE THERE TODAY... I MUST!
MANY HOURS LATER, THE CURIOUS AND THE SYMPATHETIC FILE QUIETLY INTO THE COURT-HOUSE...
HALF OF THE TOWN HAS TURNED OUT!
YES, VICTOR. JUSTINE WILL SOON KNOW HER FATE.


THE COURT IS NOW IN ORDER. SILENCE SHALL PREVAIL. WILL THE FIRST WITNESS TAKE THE STAND.
HOLY FATHER, WHAT CAN I DO...
I WAS ONE OF THE SEARCHING PARTY. I MET JUSTINE IN THE FOREST, SHE SEEMED GREATLY EXCITED...
JUSTINE! LITTLE WILLIAM IS LOST! HAVE YOU SEEN HIM BY ANY CHANCE?
LITTLE WILLIE LOST! NO.. NO.. HE CAN'T BE!
I AM THE GATE GUARD. I'VE HAD THAT POST FOR TEN YEARS. JUSTINE COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE COME THERE AS SHE CLAIMS OR I WOULD HAVE SEEN HER..
OH! THE GATE IS LOCKED AND NO ONE IN SIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO SLEEP IN THE WOODS!
I AM MR. FRANKENSTEIN'S HOUSEKEEPER. JUSTINE HADN'T BEEN IN HER ROOM ALL NIGHT...
...WHEN I FOUND HER FULLY DRESSED ACROSS HER BED IN THE MORNING, I WAS GOING TO TELL HER THE NEWS. I HAPPENED TO SEE HER JACKET... THERE WAS THE LOCKET... IN HER POCKET!
AND THUS THE TRIAL SLOWLY PROCEEDS...
JUSTINE LOVED THE CHILD AND ACTED AS A MOTHER TO HIM. I DO NOT HESITATE TO SAY, NOTWITHSTANDING THE EVIDENCE, SHE'S INNOCENT. THE LOCKET WAS NOT A TEMPTATION, FOR I WOULD HAVE GLADLY GIVEN IT TO HER, SO MUCH DO I HOLD HER IN ESTEEM!
I HAD VISITED AN AUNT WITH ELIZABETH'S PERMISSION. ON MY RETURN I MET ONE OF THE SEARCHING PARTY... HE TOLD ME ABOUT WILLIE. I WAS FRANTIC. I SEARCHED UNTIL IT GREW DARK. THE GATE WAS LOCKED. I SAW NO ONE. I SPENT THE NIGHT IN THE WOODS. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW THE LOCKET GOT IN MY POCKET!
I'VE GOT TO LEAVE. I CAN'T STAND IT. THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE I AM THE TRUE MURDERER, I WAS SO MANY MILES AWAY...
YOU HAVE HEARD THE TESTIMONY. PREPARE TO CAST YOUR BALLOTS, JURYMEN.

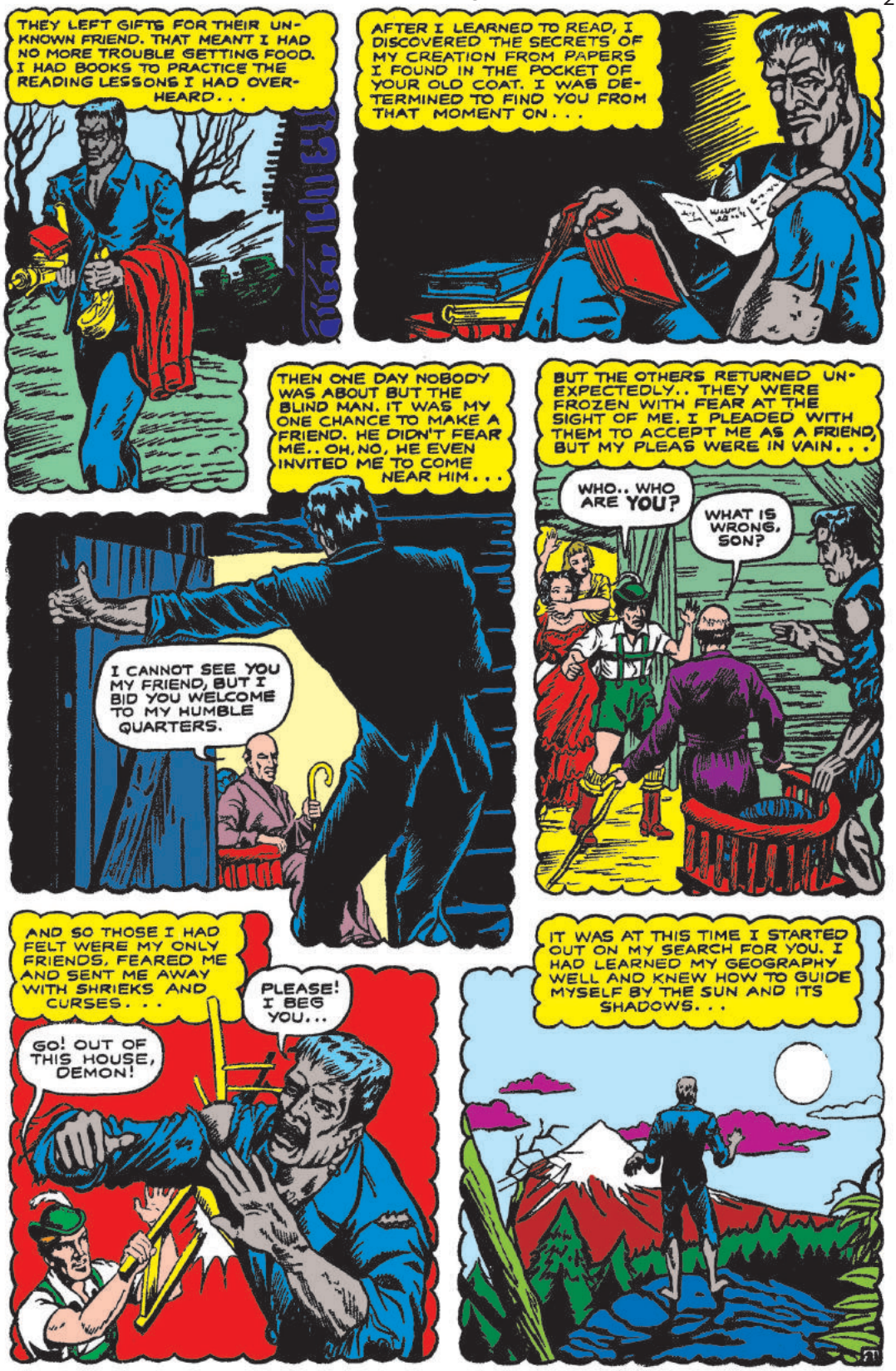

HOW CAN THEY CONDEMN THIS YOUNG GIRL FOR THE CRIME COMMITTED BY A MONSTER OF MY CREATION. YET, WHO WILL BELIEVE ME... WHAT SHALL I DO?
WELL? GUILTY?
OH, VICTOR, YOU LEFT BEFORE YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED! JUSTINE BROKE DOWN AND CONFESSED! SHE DID COMMIT THE MURDER! OH... VICTOR...
ELIZABETH, LISTEN TO ME. IT ISN'T TRUE. WE MUST GET TO HER AND FIND OUT WHAT MADE HER SAY SUCH A THING!
PERHAPS THEY WILL LET US SEE THE GIRL IN HER CELL.
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION THEY ARE GRANTED AN AUDIENCE WITH THE DOOMED MAID...
JUSTINE! WHAT MADE YOU CONFESS TO A CRIME WE KNOW YOU DIDN'T COMMIT?
I GREW SO WEARY OF ALL THEIR CONFUSING QUESTIONS.. YET NOW I'M TRULY MISERABLE.. FOR I CONFESSED A LIE, BUT IT IS TOO LATE TO TRY TO TAKE IT BACK...
SOON I WILL JOIN MY SWEET WILLIAM. THAT ALONE CONSOLES ME
I WILL HELP YOU, JUSTINE. I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING. DEPEND ON IT!
TIME TO LEAVE.
OH, VICTOR!


BUT THE NEXT DARK DAWN FINDS JUSTINE PAYING THE WEIGHTY TOLL OF MURDER WITH HER OWN YOUNG LIFE.
I SHALL NEVER KNOW PEACE AGAIN. MAY THE ALMIGHTY HAVE MERCY ON THAT POOR INNOCENT GIRL'S SOUL
FOR DAYS VICTOR BROODS.
FORGIVE ME IF I STARTLED YOU, VICTOR YOUR FATHER WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK WITH YOU
THANK YOU, ELIZABETH. WHERE IS HE?
HERE I AM, SON. WE'VE DECIDED TO REST A FEW WEEKS IN THE MOUNTAINS OR YOUR HEALTH WILL BE GONE AGAIN. WE ALL NEED A CHANGE. WE'LL LEAVE IN THE MORNING
THAT SOUNDS GOOD, FATHER
THE NEXT DAY.
WE'RE GOING TO STAY AT OUR LODGE, VICTOR, AND FATHER SAYS IF WE RIDE STEADILY, WE'LL BE THERE FOR LUNCH!
WELL! I'M HUNGRY ALREADY!
AH! IT'S GOOD TO BE HERE AGAIN. WE MADE IT IN SUCH SHORT TIME, TOO.
NO WONDER: DIDN'T YOU SEE THE WAY VICTOR CHARGED HIS HORSE?
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF WE WERE IN FOR AN ELECTRIC STORM OUR FIRST DAY TOO WHAT LUCK
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...I'M GOING FOR A STROLL
I DON'T SEE WHY THE MENTION OF AN ELECTRIC STORM SHOULD DISTURB YOU VICTOR!
BUT, VICTOR! YOU SAID YOU WERE HUNGRY!
HE'S CHANGED SO.

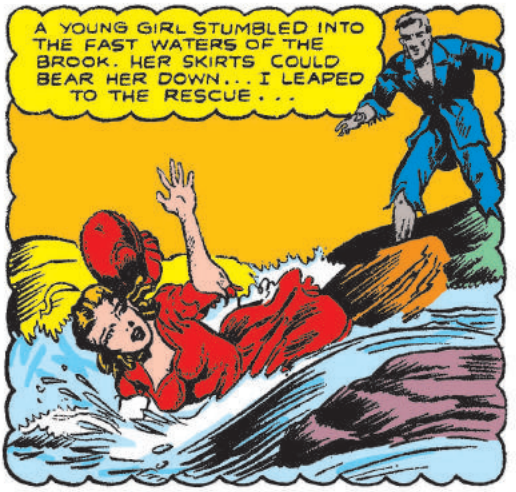

WILLIAM... JUSTINE... I'M TWICE A MURDERER. WHAT RIGHT HAVE I TO LIVE... I FEEL NOTHING BUT SHAME AND LOATHING FOR MYSELF...
SUDDENLY, A SOUND... THE CRUNCH OF A HEAVY TREAD, GROWING IN MOMENTUM...
WHAT'S THIS? AH! THAT SHADOW! SO! OUR PATHS CROSS AGAIN! THIS TIME I'LL KILL HIM!
ABHORRED MONSTER! THE TORTURES OF HADES ARE TOO MILD A VENGEANCE FOR YOUR CRIMES...
BE CALM, I ENTREAT YOU. HEAR ME. I, TOO, HAVE SUFFERED.
YOU SPEAK! HATED DEVIL, SO YOU'VE LEARNED TO USE YOUR TONGUE!
YES, IT IS TRUE. I AM HATED AND DO SPEAK. YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME.
COME. FOLLOW ME TO MY CAVE
SPEAK, THEN! AND WHILE YOU TALK, I WILL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO KILL YOU!
BEGONE! THERE CAN BE NO COMMUNION BETWEEN US. WE ARE ENEMIES. BEGONE, OR MATCH STRENGTH IN A BOUT THAT WILL DOOM ONE OF US!
BELIEVE ME, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, I COULD KILL YOU WITH A SINGLE BLOW! BUT YOU ARE MY CREATOR AND THAT MUST NOT BE. HEAR ME OUT...
18.


ENTER AND SEAT YOURSELF, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.
NOW I'LL TELL MY STORY. I REMEMBER LITTLE OF THE FIRST DAY I WAS CREATED. AFTER YOU LEFT ME I WAS COLD. I SAW YOUR BODY WAS CLOTHED, SO I TOOK SOME OF YOUR GARMENTS AND PUT THEM ON AS BEST THEY'D FIT. I LEFT THE HOUSE BY THE BACK ENTRANCE..
...I WANDERED INTO THE FOREST, COLD, HUNGRY AND IGNORANT. FINALLY I SPIED AN OLD BEGGAR AT HIS FIRE HE FLED IN FEAR WHEN HE SAW ME. HIS FIRE WAS THEN MINE AND I FOUND IT KEPT ME WARM. BUT I WAS STILL HUNGRY...
LATER I CAME UPON A HUT. A MAN WAS INSIDE EATING. HE SCREAMED IN FRIGHT AND ALSO RAN OFF. I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIS TERROR. I WAS ONLY INTERESTED IN EATING HIS FOOD.
IT WASN'T UNTIL I WENT TO THE VILLAGE THAT I DISCOVERED WHAT A MONSTER I WAS. WOMEN FAINTED, CHILDREN SHRIEKED AT MY SIGHT, MEN STONED ME...
THEN DROVE ME FROM THEIR COMMUNITY...


I FLED TO THE EDGE OF THE FOREST IN EXHAUSTION... THERE I SAW A HOVEL AND DECIDED TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN IT.. I THOUGHT IT WOULD ONLY BE THAT NIGHT... BUT...
...VOICES ATTRACTED ME.. I MOVED A FEW BOARDS IN THE WALL AND THERE FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE COTTAGES THAT WERE TO CHANGE MY ENTIRE OUTLOOK ON LIFE
FOR DAYS I WATCHED, UNSEEN, THESE LOVING PEOPLE. ALL DAY THE YOUNG MAN WORKED, AND EVEN AT NIGHT HE HAD TO CARRY FUEL TO THE FIRE... I FELT I WANTED TO BE ONE OF THEM...
KNOWING I WAS MUCH THE STRONGER, I WAITED FOR DARKNESS AND DID THE CHORES FOR HIM..
FINALLY, ONE DAY, A VISITOR ARRIVED. IT WAS THE YOUNG MAN'S FIANCEE. THEY WERE OVER JOYED AT THE SIGHT OF EACH OTHER. .I NOTICED WITH GREAT CURIOSITY THAT HER LANGUAGE DIFFERED FROM HIS...
LATER I LEARNED SHE WAS ARABIAN. FELIX TAUGHT HER HIS LANGUAGE... I WATCHED, LISTENED AND LEARNED ALONG WITH HER.
A
B


THEY LEFT GIFTS FOR THEIR UNKNOWN FRIEND. THAT MEANT I HAD NO MORE TROUBLE GETTING FOOD. I HAD BOOKS TO PRACTICE THE READING LESSONS I HAD OVERHEARD...
AFTER I LEARNED TO READ, I DISCOVERED THE SECRETS OF MY CREATION FROM PAPERS I FOUND IN THE POCKET OF YOUR OLD COAT. I WAS DETERMINED TO FIND YOU FROM THAT MOMENT ON...
THEN ONE DAY NOBODY WAS ABOUT BUT THE BLIND MAN. IT WAS MY ONE CHANCE TO MAKE A FRIEND. HE DIDN'T FEAR ME.. OH, NO, HE EVEN INVITED ME TO COME NEAR HIM...
I CANNOT SEE YOU MY FRIEND, BUT I BID YOU WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE QUARTERS.
BUT THE OTHERS RETURNED UNEXPECTEDLY.. THEY WERE FROZEN WITH FEAR AT THE SIGHT OF ME. I PLEADED WITH THEM TO ACCEPT ME AS A FRIEND, BUT MY PLEAS WERE IN VAIN...
WHO.. WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT IS WRONG, SON?
AND SO THOSE I HAD FELT WERE MY ONLY FRIENDS, FEARED ME AND SENT ME AWAY WITH SHRIEKS AND CURSES...
PLEASE! I BEG YOU...
GO! OUT OF THIS HOUSE, DEMON!
IT WAS AT THIS TIME I STARTED OUT ON MY SEARCH FOR YOU. I HAD LEARNED MY GEOGRAPHY WELL AND KNEW HOW TO GUIDE MYSELF BY THE SUN AND ITS SHADOWS...


WHILE PASSING THROUGH THE FOREST I MET WITH PICNICKERS. THEY WERE HAVING GREAT SPORT. MY HEART ACHED THAT I COULD NOT BE HAPPY AS THEY WERE.. WHEN SUDDENLY..

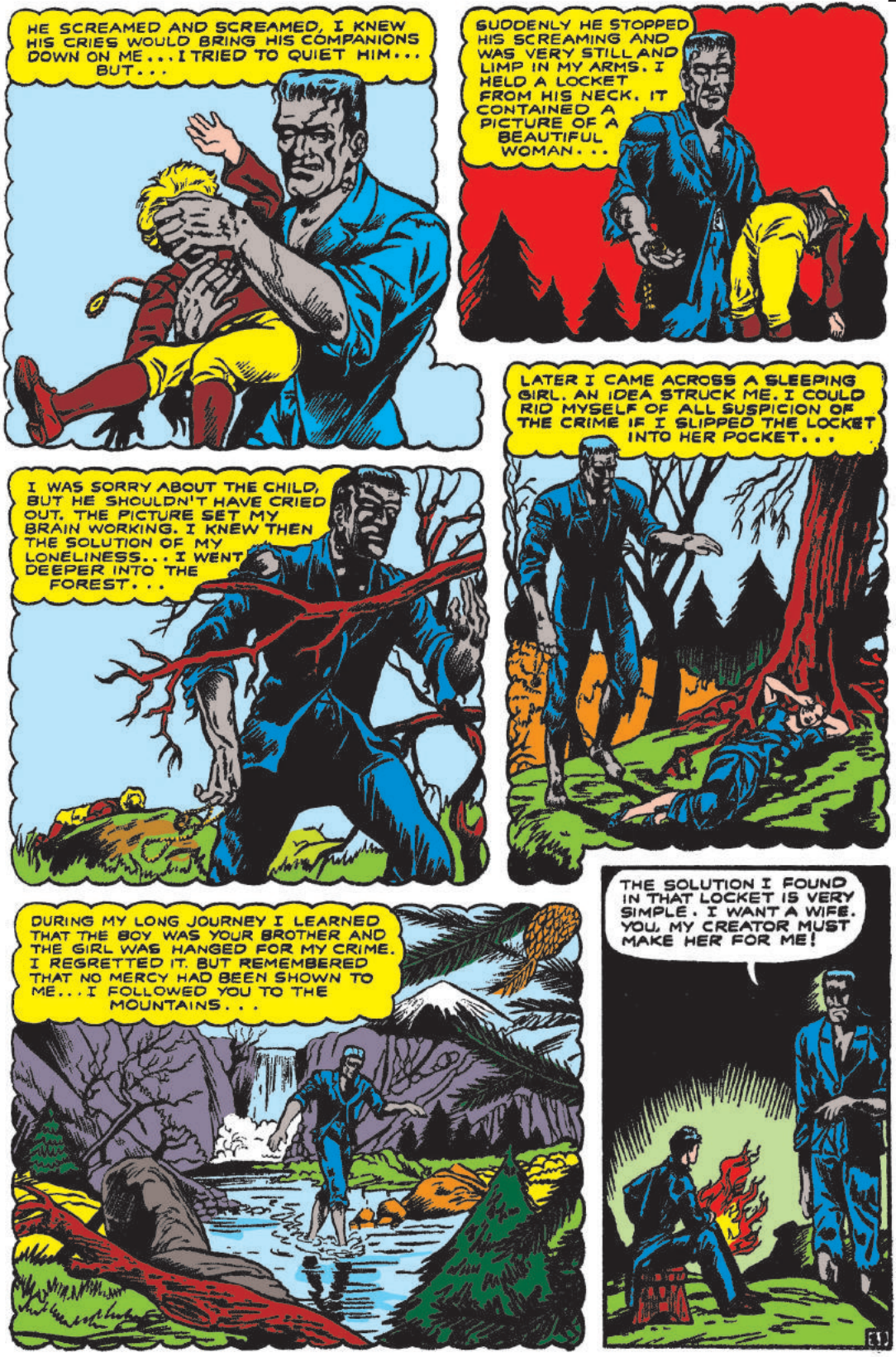

A YOUNG GIRL STUMBLED INTO THE FAST WATERS OF THE BROOK. HER SKIRTS COULD BEAR HER DOWN... I LEAPED TO THE RESCUE...


HER COMPANION DIDN'T UNDERSTAND... HE SHOT AT ME. I DROPPED THE GIRL AND RAN OFF... BLOOD AND PAIN RACKED MY SHOULDER... I CURSED THE BITTER FATE THAT MADE ME SUCH A MONSTER THAT ALL SHUNNED AND EVEN TRIED TO KILL...

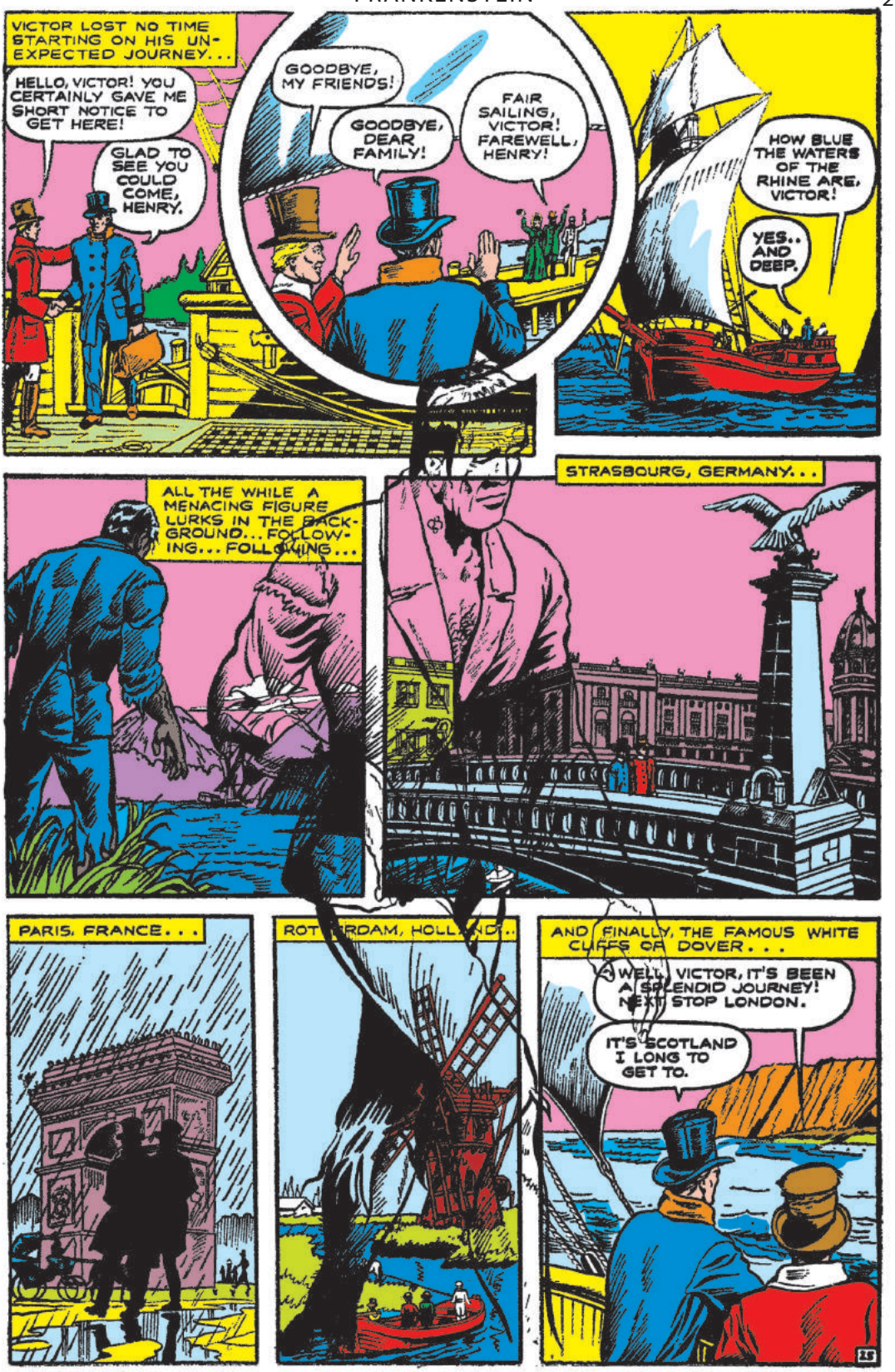

TEARS ROLLED DOWN MY CHEEKS. THERE WAS NOT A LIVING THING I COULD CALL FRIEND... BUT...

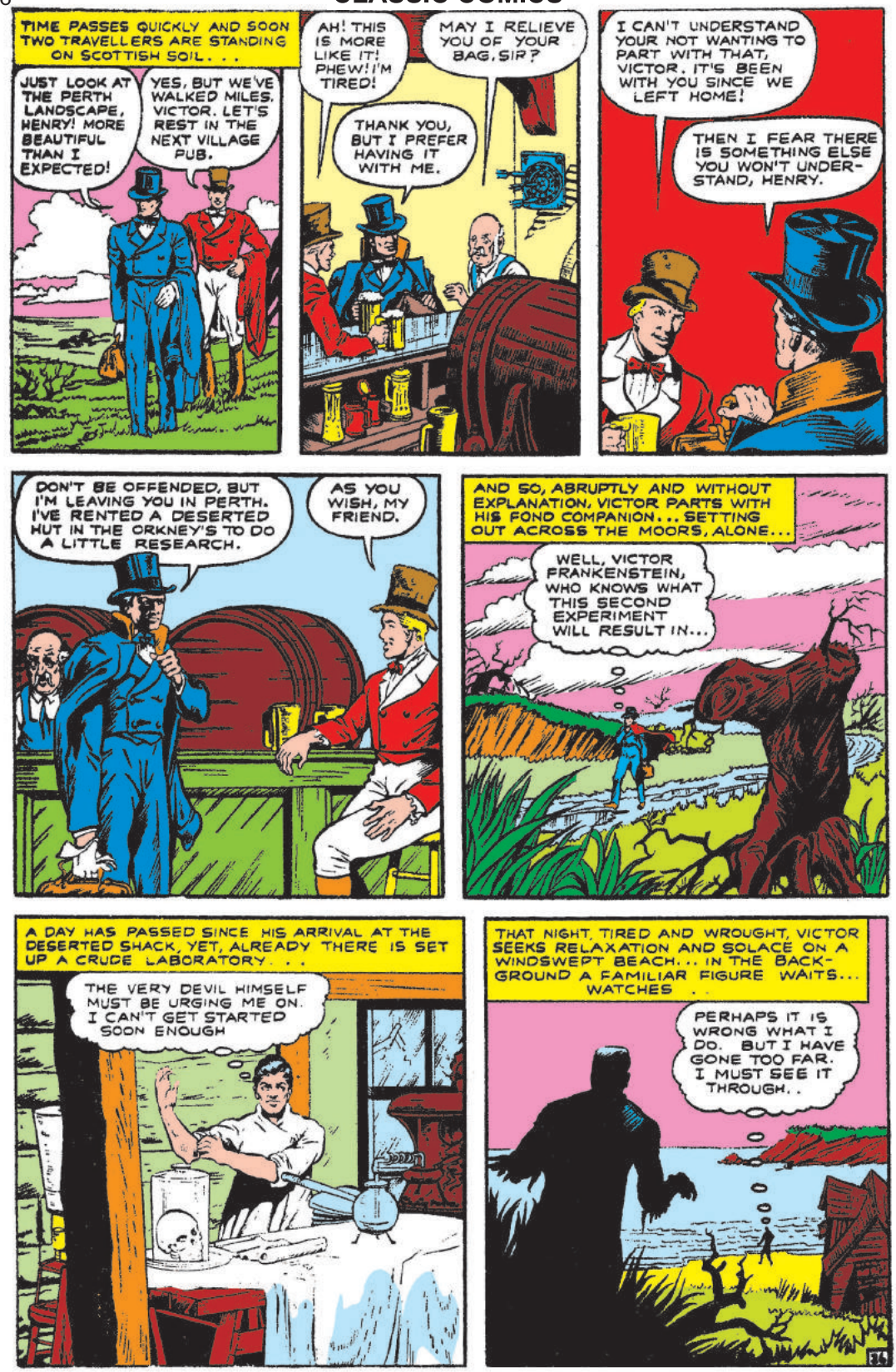

A LITTLE CHILD APPEARED, HE DIDN'T FEAR ME LIKE THE OTHERS...


I DECIDED TO TAKE HIM WITH ME AND TEACH HIM TO BE MY FRIEND. EVERY MAN NEEDS A FRIEND...
NO! NO! PUT ME DOWN!
HUSH, LITTLE MAN. I WON'T HURT YOU...
21


HE SCREAMED AND SCREAMED, I KNEW HIS CRIES WOULD BRING HIS COMPANIONS DOWN ON ME... I TRIED TO QUIET HIM... BUT...
SUDDENLY HE STOPPED HIS SCREAMING AND WAS VERY STILL AND LIMP IN MY ARMS. I HELD A LOCKET FROM HIS NECK. IT CONTAINED A PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...
LATER I CAME ACROSS A SLEEPING GIRL. AN IDEA STRUCK ME. I COULD RID MYSELF OF ALL SUSPICION OF THE CRIME IF I SLIPPED THE LOCKET INTO HER POCKET...
I WAS SORRY ABOUT THE CHILD, BUT HE SHOULDN'T HAVE CRIED OUT. THE PICTURE SET MY BRAIN WORKING. I KNEW THEN THE SOLUTION OF MY LONELINESS... I WENT DEEPER INTO THE FOREST...
DURING MY LONG JOURNEY I LEARNED THAT THE BOY WAS YOUR BROTHER AND THE GIRL WAS HANGED FOR MY CRIME. I REGRETTED IT. BUT REMEMBERED THAT NO MERCY HAD BEEN SHOWN TO ME... I FOLLOWED YOU TO THE MOUNTAINS...
THE SOLUTION I FOUND IN THAT LOCKET IS VERY SIMPLE. I WANT A WIFE. YOU, MY CREATOR MUST MAKE HER FOR ME!

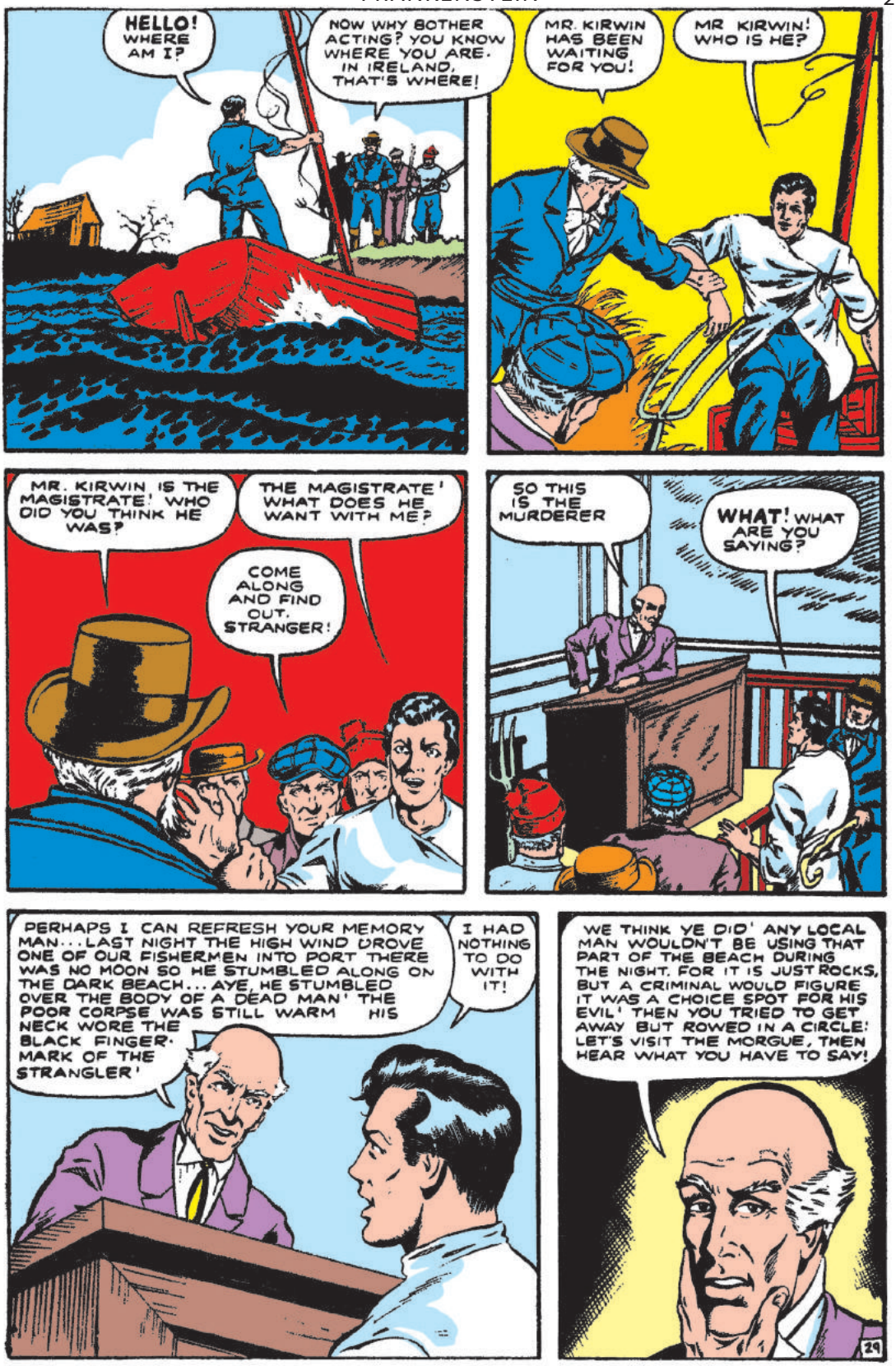

I REFUSE! NO TORTURE SHALL EVER EXTORT ME TO DO SUCH A THING! NEVER!
I DO NOT THREATEN YOU, CREATOR, I REASON WITH YOU. GIVE ME A WIFE FOR A FRIEND AND I PROMISE TO QUIT EUROPE FOREVER. I'LL DEPART FOR SOME REMOTE LAND AND LIVE THE REST OF MY DAYS IN QUIET.
GRANT ME THIS WISH, CREATOR. I DESERVE SOME CHANCE FOR HAPPINESS, ALL MEN EXPECT THAT OF LIFE.
YOU MAKE A DEVIL'S BARGAIN, BUT IF I THOUGHT YOU WOULD CLEAR OUT OF EUROPE FOREVER IT WOULD BE WORTH IT TO ME.
I HAVE NO NEED TO SHAKE YOUR HAND. I WILL CREATE YOU A WIFE AND I HAVE WAYS TO SEE THAT YOU KEEP YOUR PROMISE.
I SHALL NOT TROUBLE YOU OR YOURS AGAIN, BUT I WILL BE BY YOUR SIDE, ALWAYS. THIS IS ONE BARGAIN YOU CANNOT BREAK. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.
VICTOR RETURNS WITH A STRANGE ELATION FLARING IN HIS HEART. . .
VICTOR! WE'VE BEEN FRANTIC WITH FEAR OVER YOU!
NONSENSE, FATHER. I'M FEELING BETTER THAN I HAVE IN MONTHS!
AFTER TWO RESTFUL WEEKS. . . THE RETURN TO GENEVA. . .
WELL, SON, YOU SEEM TO BE FEELING SO MUCH BETTER... I WANT TO REMIND YOU AGAIN OF ELIZABETH... YOU HAVE KEPT THE POOR GIRL WAITING. . .
I HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT, FATHER. I MUST GO TO ENGLAND FOR A WHILE...THEN.. IF SHE'LL HAVE ME. . .
LATER, VICTOR SEIZES AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK TO ELIZABETH. . .
YOU HAVE BEEN SO PATIENT.. WILL YOU WAIT JUST TWO MORE YEARS. I'M CERTAIN TO BE MY OLD SELF THEN. IT'S SOMETHING I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW, DEAREST. YOU MUST HAVE FAITH IN ME.
OH, VICTOR! I BEG YOU TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. AND YOU KNOW IN YOUR HEART, I'LL WAIT!


VICTOR LOST NO TIME STARTING ON HIS UNEXPECTED JOURNEY...
HELLO, VICTOR! YOU CERTAINLY GAVE ME SHORT NOTICE TO GET HERE!
GLAD TO SEE YOU COULD COME, HENRY.
GOODBYE, MY FRIENDS!
GOODBYE, DEAR FAMILY!
FAIR SAILING, VICTOR! FAREWELL, HENRY!
HOW BLUE THE WATERS OF THE RHINE ARE, VICTOR!
YES.. AND DEEP.
ALL THE WHILE A MENACING FIGURE LURKS IN THE BACKGROUND... FOLLOWING... FOLLOWING...
STRASBOURG, GERMANY...
PARIS, FRANCE...
ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND..
AND FINALLY, THE FAMOUS WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER...
WELL, VICTOR, IT'S BEEN A SPLENDID JOURNEY! NEXT STOP LONDON.
IT'S SCOTLAND I LONG TO GET TO.
25


TIME PASSES QUICKLY AND SOON TWO TRAVELLERS ARE STANDING ON SCOTTISH SOIL. . .
JUST LOOK AT THE PERTH LANDSCAPE, HENRY! MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN I EXPECTED!
YES, BUT WE'VE WALKED MILES, VICTOR. LET'S REST IN THE NEXT VILLAGE PUB.
AH! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! PHEW! I'M TIRED!
MAY I RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR BAG, SIR?
THANK YOU, BUT I PREFER HAVING IT WITH ME.
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOUR NOT WANTING TO PART WITH THAT, VICTOR. IT'S BEEN WITH YOU SINCE WE LEFT HOME!
THEN I FEAR THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE YOU WON'T UNDERSTAND, HENRY.
DON'T BE OFFENDED, BUT I'M LEAVING YOU IN PERTH. I'VE RENTED A DESERTED HUT IN THE ORKNEY'S TO DO A LITTLE RESEARCH.
AS YOU WISH, MY FRIEND.
AND SO, ABRUPTLY AND WITHOUT EXPLANATION, VICTOR PARTS WITH HIS FOND COMPANION... SETTING OUT ACROSS THE MOORS, ALONE...
WELL, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, WHO KNOWS WHAT THIS SECOND EXPERIMENT WILL RESULT IN...
A DAY HAS PASSED SINCE HIS ARRIVAL AT THE DESERTED SHACK, YET, ALREADY THERE IS SET UP A CRUDE LABORATORY. . .
THE VERY DEVIL HIMSELF MUST BE URGING ME ON. I CAN'T GET STARTED SOON ENOUGH
THAT NIGHT, TIRED AND WROUGHT, VICTOR SEEKS RELAXATION AND SOLACE ON A WINDSWEPT BEACH... IN THE BACK-GROUND A FAMILIAR FIGURE WAITS... WATCHES . .
PERHAPS IT IS WRONG WHAT I DO. BUT I HAVE GONE TOO FAR. I MUST SEE IT THROUGH. .

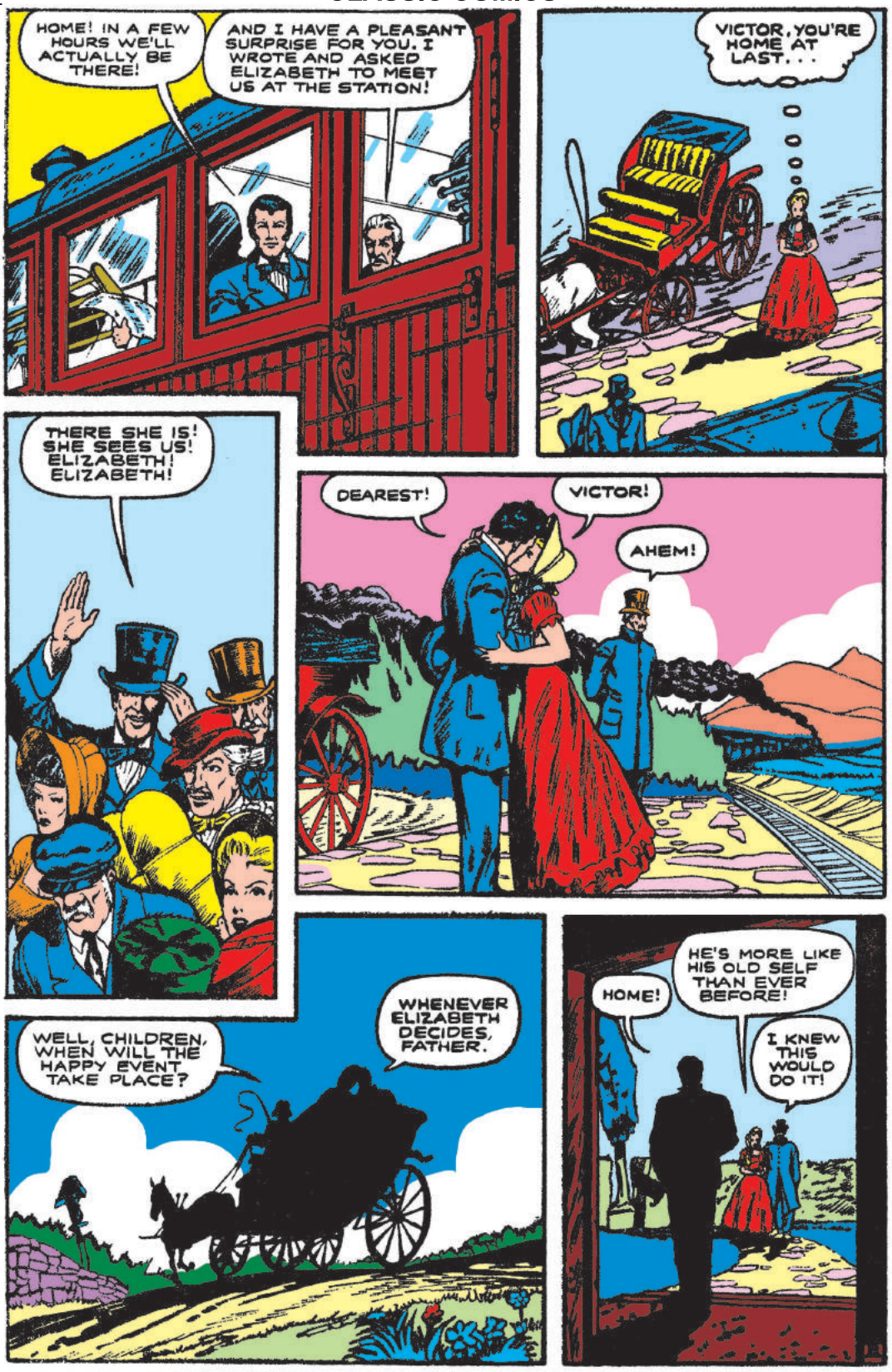

AS WEEKS PASS...
WHAT A HIDEOUS CREATURE! YET HOW COULD ANYONE CREATE BEAUTY FROM THE FILTH I MUST USE TO WORK WITH...
EVER WATCHING THIS FANTASTIC BIRTH, A GIANT HULK SHADOWS THE WINDOW PANE IN ANXIOUS ANTICIPATION...
BUT THE STRAIN OF FIENDISH LABOUR SUDDENLY CAUSES VICTOR'S NERVES TO SNAP...
NO! NO! I CAN'T FINISH... I CAN'T!
FAREWELL, HOUSE OF EVIL! I GO, NEVER TO RETURN TO THE STENCH OF SIN THAT HANGS OVER YOU!
BUT ESCAPE IS NOT SO SIMPLE...
GO BACK, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN!
WHA... YES! YES, YOU ARE RIGHT! I MUST GO BACK!
YES! THERE IS SOMETHING I ALMOST OVERLOOKED... THIS AND THIS AND THIS!

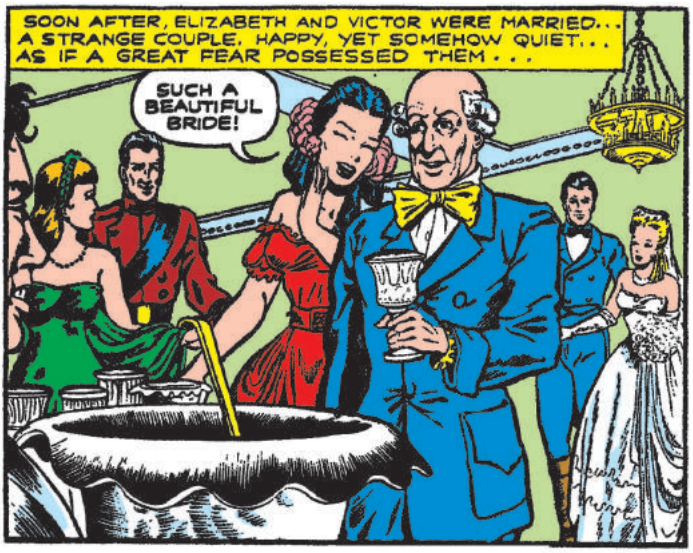

FIEND! CREATOR OF DEMONS, YOU HAVE BROKEN YOUR PROMISE!
TRUE, BUT YOU MAY HAVE YOUR REVENGE, MONSTER. KILL ME! I WILL NOT STRUGGLE AGAINST YOU.
WHAT KIND OF JUSTICE WOULD YOU CALL THAT? EVEN AN OUTCAST CREATURE LIKE MYSELF CAN THINK OF BETTER. I GO NOW, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, BUT I SHALL RETURN ON YOUR WEDDING NIGHT AND THEN SEEK MY REVENGE!
FLAMES RAGE THROUGH THE HOUSE OF DOOM, LIGHTING THE BEACH WHERE VICTOR FLEES TO HIS FRAIL CRAFT. . .
HEADING OUT INTO THE NORTH CHANNEL, VICTOR FACES A SUDDEN LASHING STORM, BUT HE FEELS IT NOT. . .
HOW CAN I FACE HENRY WHO WAITS FOR ME SO PATIENTLY IN IRELAND.
HOURS LATER, CALM AND DAYLIGHT SUBDUES THE FURY OF THE STORM. . .
FATE WILL NOT LET MY BODY DIE. I MUST LIVE... YET MY SPIRIT HAS KNOWN A THOUSAND DEATHS. . .


HELLO! WHERE AM I?
NOW WHY BOTHER ACTING? YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE. IN IRELAND, THAT'S WHERE!
MR. KIRWIN HAS BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
MR KIRWIN! WHO IS HE?
MR. KIRWIN IS THE MAGISTRATE! WHO DID YOU THINK HE WAS?
THE MAGISTRATE! WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH ME?
COME ALONG AND FIND OUT. STRANGER!
SO THIS IS THE MURDERER
WHAT! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
PERHAPS I CAN REFRESH YOUR MEMORY MAN... LAST NIGHT THE HIGH WIND DROVE ONE OF OUR FISHERMEN INTO PORT THERE WAS NO MOON SO HE STUMBLED ALONG ON THE DARK BEACH... AYE, HE STUMBLED OVER THE BODY OF A DEAD MAN! THE POOR CORPSE WAS STILL WARM HIS NECK WORE THE BLACK FINGER-MARK OF THE STRANGLER!
I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!
WE THINK YE DID! ANY LOCAL MAN WOULDN'T BE USING THAT PART OF THE BEACH DURING THE NIGHT. FOR IT IS JUST ROCKS, BUT A CRIMINAL WOULD FIGURE IT WAS A CHOICE SPOT FOR HIS EVIL! THEN YOU TRIED TO GET AWAY BUT ROWED IN A CIRCLE! LET'S VISIT THE MORGUE, THEN HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY!
29


HENRY! HENRY CLERVAL! MY FRIEND!
FRIEND, HE CALLS HIM!
SO YOU DO KNOW HIM, EH?
HAVE MY MURDEROUS MACHINATIONS DEPRIVED YOU OF LIFE ALSO, DEAREST FRIEND?! THOUGH I HAVE ALREADY DESTROYED... OTHER VICTIMS MAY AWAIT THE SAME DESTINY! BUT YOU... MY FRIEND...
KINDLY HAVE HIM REVIVED IN A CELL. HE'S A SICK MAN, PATRICK.
SURE, AND THAT IT SEEMS, MR. KIRWIN!
NO LONGER ABLE TO SUPPORT THE AGONISING MENTAL TORTURE, VICTOR LAY AT THE POINT OF DEATH FOR TWO LONG MONTHS... BUT HE WAS DOOMED TO LIVE... A KINDLY NURSE TENDS HIM...
NURSE.. NURSE.
THERE NOW! DON'T WASTE YOUR STRENGTH TELLING ME AGAIN THAT YOU'RE INNOCENT. I'M YOUR FRIEND. I BELIEVE YOU!
VICTOR, MY BOY, I'M PLEASED TO SEE YOU LOOKING STRONGER. I HAVE HEARD FROM YOUR FATHER AGAIN!
PLEASE GO AWAY, MR. KIRWIN. I CAN'T BEAR TO HEAR MY FATHER'S NAME MENTIONED IN THIS PLACE...
HE IS HERE, VICTOR!
NO, NO! TAKE HIM AWAY... FOR MERCY'S SAKE, DO NOT LET HIM ENTER...
30


I CHOOSE TO ENTER, MY SON!
FATHER.. FATHER!
I HAVE BEEN WORKING FOR YOUR FREEDOM, VICTOR. I HAVE PROOF THAT YOU WERE ON THE ORKNEY ISLANDS AT THE HOUR POOR HENRY WAS . . .
THAT MEANS I'M FREE.. DOESN'T IT?
NURSE! NURSE! DID YOU HEAR? I'M FREE! I'M FREE!
YOU'LL BE GOING HOME NOW, MR. FRANKENSTEIN... AND MIND YOUR HEALTH, NOW! YOU'RE STILL WEAK...
SOON THE TWO, FATHER AND SON, WERE HOMEWARD BOUND . . .
YOUR WEDDING TO ELIZABETH WILL TAKE PLACE AS SOON AS WE ARRIVE IN GENEVA, VICTOR. IT WILL MAKE A NEW MAN OF YOU!
HOW CAN I TELL HIM OF THE EVIL THAT THREATENS ME . . .
BUT HUGGING THE SHORE IS ANOTHER TRAVELLER WHOSE DESTINATION IS ALSO . . . GENEVA . .
I AM WITH YOU, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, EVERY MILE OF THIS JOURNEY . . .
YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN, VICTOR IS THERE SOMEONE ELSE?
NO, FATHER.. THERE'S NO ONE ELSE!
31


HOME! IN A FEW HOURS WE'LL ACTUALLY BE THERE!
AND I HAVE A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR YOU. I WROTE AND ASKED ELIZABETH TO MEET US AT THE STATION!
VICTOR, YOU'RE HOME AT LAST...
THERE SHE IS! SHE SEES US! ELIZABETH! ELIZABETH!
DEAREST!
VICTOR!
AHEM!
WELL, CHILDREN, WHEN WILL THE HAPPY EVENT TAKE PLACE?
WHENEVER ELIZABETH DECIDES, FATHER.
HOME!
HE'S MORE LIKE HIS OLD SELF THAN EVER BEFORE!
I KNEW THIS WOULD DO IT!


SOON AFTER, ELIZABETH AND VICTOR WERE MARRIED... A STRANGE COUPLE, HAPPY, YET SOMEHOW QUIET... AS IF A GREAT FEAR POSSESSED THEM...
SUCH A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE!


ELIZABETH, MY WIFE...
VICTOR, I'M SO HAPPY...

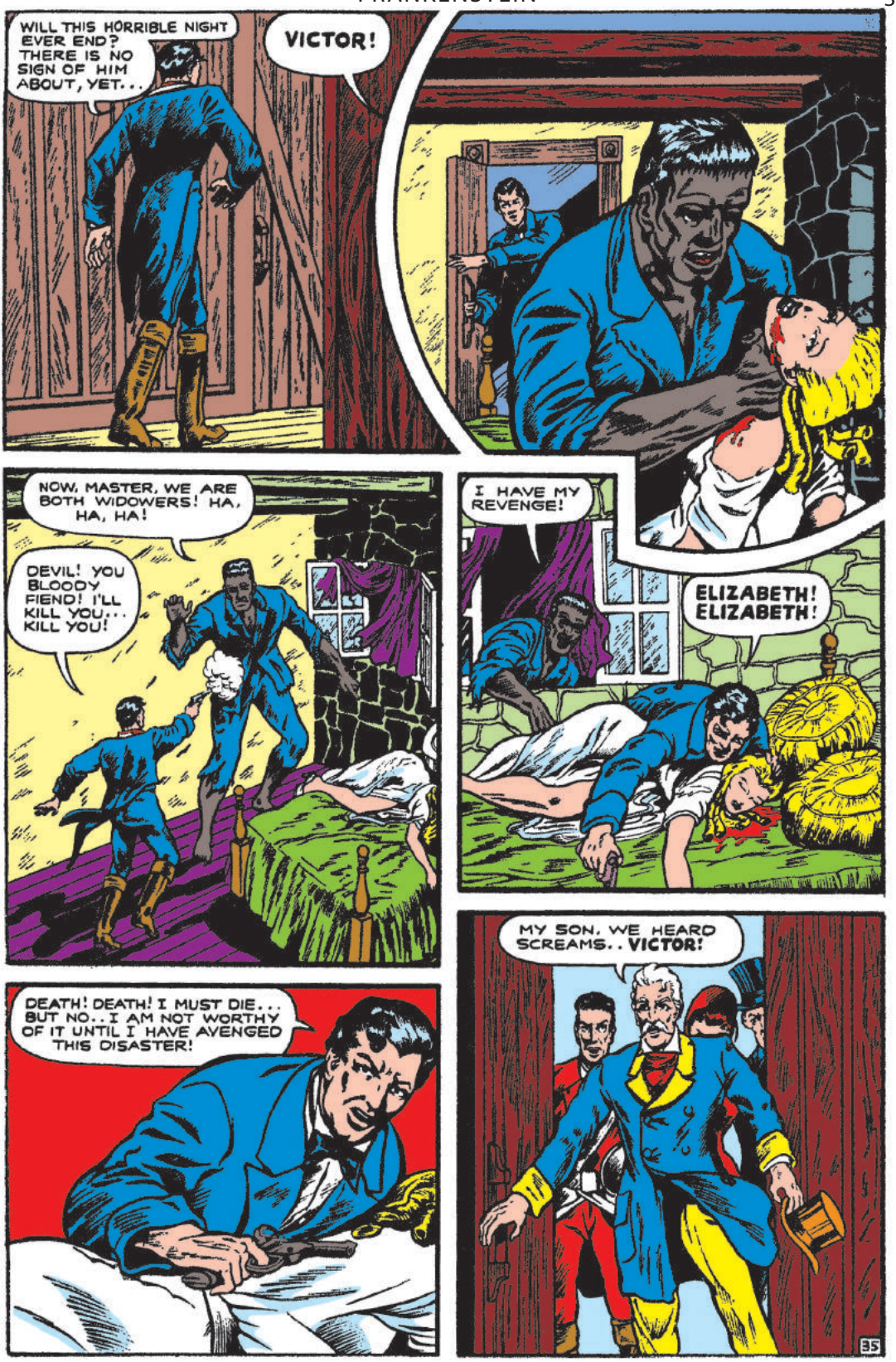

VICTOR! PUT ME DOWN, YOU SILLY BOY!
TO THE LODGE. THAT'S FAR ENOUGH FROM EVERYONE!


STEALING AWAY FROM THE WEDDING GUESTS, THEY DRIVE TO THE SECLUDED LODGE TO BE ALONE... BUT A CHILL OF UNSEEN TERROR FILLS VICTOR'S HEART...

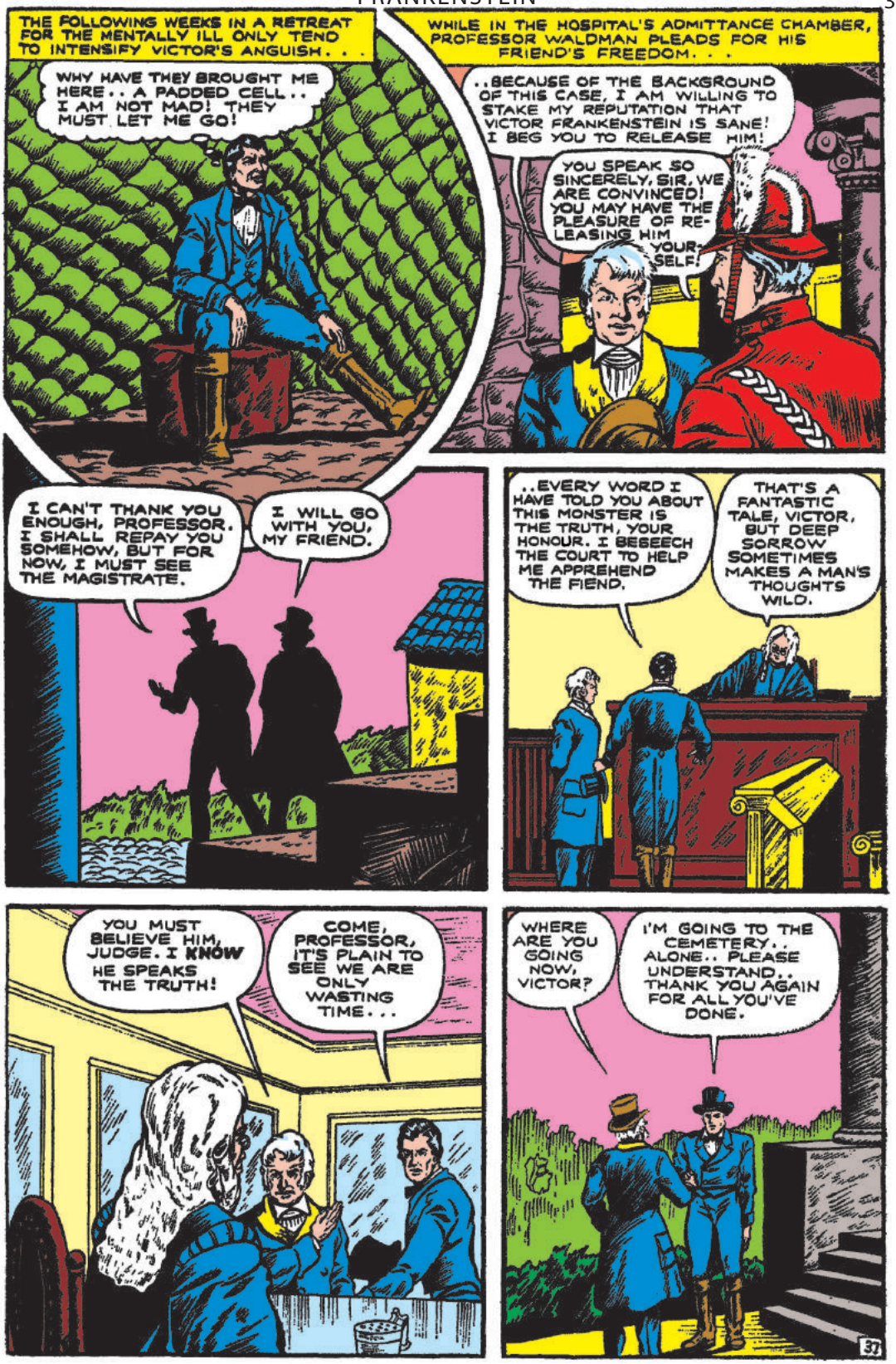

ELIZABETH! YOU'RE TREMBLING... AFRAID OF THIS DARKNESS?
NONSENSE, VICTOR! IT WILL BE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT ON THE INSIDE WHEN WE LIGHT THE CANDLES!


EVEN AT THIS MOMENT, THE WORDS OF THE MONSTER RING IN VICTOR'S EARS. "I SHALL RETURN ON YOUR WEDDING NIGHT. THEN SEEK MY REVENGE."
33


AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION, THE GUESTS HAVE CORNERED FRANKENSTEIN'S FATHER... AND TEASE HIM WITH QUESTIONS...
YOU KNOW WHERE THEY WENT, SIR, TELL US!
LET'S TRAIL THEM. THEY CAN'T LEAVE US LIKE THIS WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE!
WHAT TRICKS ARE YOU UP TO?
MEANWHILE...
THERE! THAT'S MUCH BETTER!
I WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN... I WON'T... I WON'T!
BUT IN THE BLACK SHADOWS, EVERY WORD IS HEARD BY A WILD-EYED LISTENER...
YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, THAT UNLIKE YOU... I KEEP MY PROMISES.
VICTOR!
DON'T BE STARTLED, BELOVED... WHILE YOU GO TO YOUR ROOM, I WANT TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT EVERY DOOR IS SAFELY LOCKED FOR THE NIGHT.
LOOK! LIGHTS IN THE LODGE! JUST AS WE SUSPECTED.. WILL THEY BE SURPRISED TO SEE US!
ALAS! WHAT IS THIS DREADFUL APPREHENSION I FEEL, CLOUDING THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE...
34


WILL THIS HORRIBLE NIGHT EVER END? THERE IS NO SIGN OF HIM ABOUT, YET...
VICTOR!
NOW, MASTER, WE ARE BOTH WIDOWERS! HA, HA, HA!
DEVIL! YOU BLOODY FIEND! I'LL KILL YOU... KILL YOU!
I HAVE MY REVENGE!
ELIZABETH! ELIZABETH!
DEATH! DEATH! I MUST DIE... BUT NO.. I AM NOT WORTHY OF IT UNTIL I HAVE AVENGED THIS DISASTER!
MY SON, WE HEARD SCREAMS.. VICTOR!
35

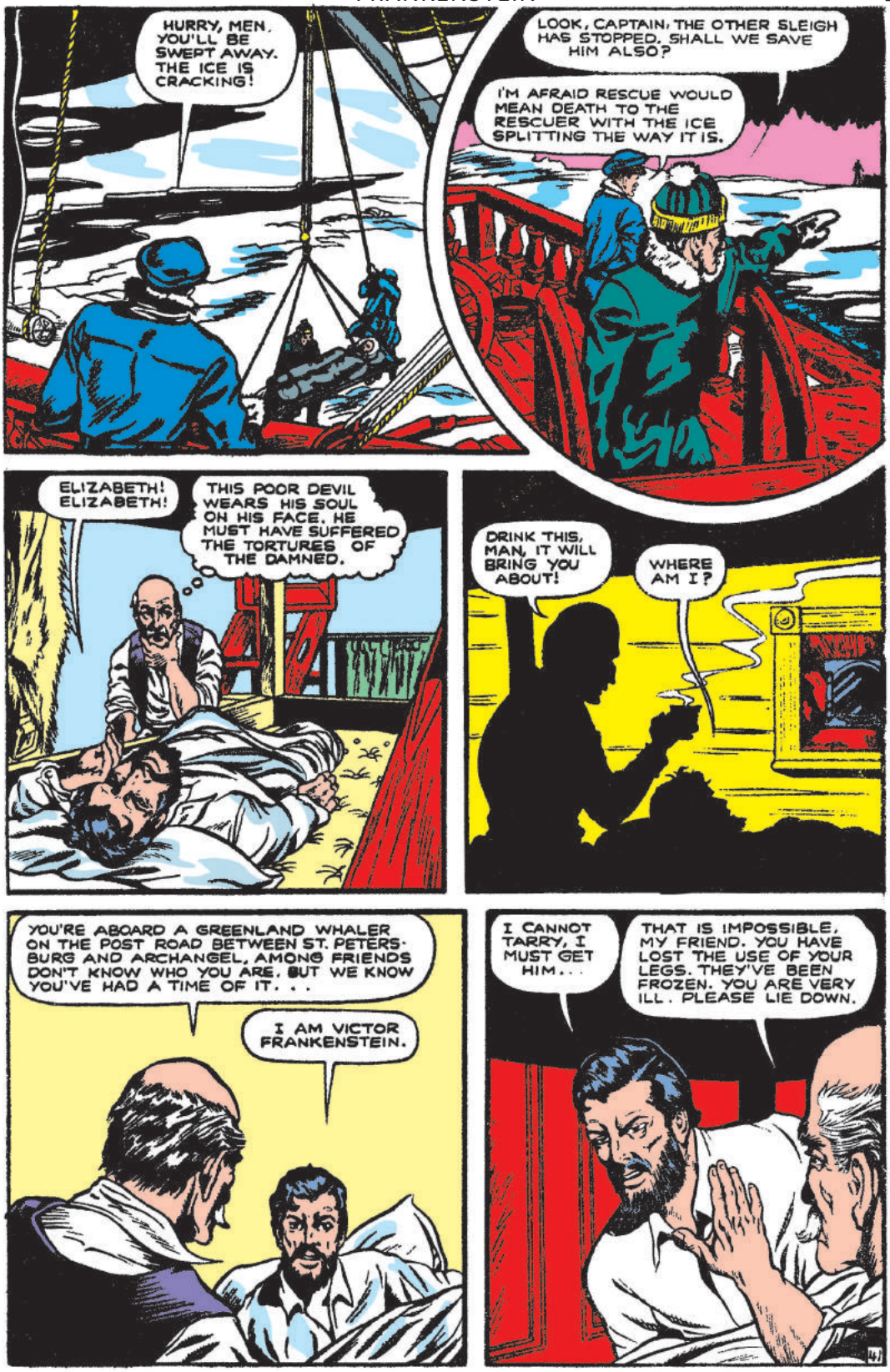

THE OLD GENTLEMAN CAN BEAR NO MORE, HE CRUMBLES TO THE FLOOR FROM THE GHASTLY SHOCK . . .
I AM A DOCTOR! I'LL TAKE CHARGE HERE.
VICTOR, STUNNED AND DAZED, WITH HIS STRICKEN FATHER, IS LED DOWNSTAIRS BY KINDLY HANDS . . .
DRINK THIS, MY BOY!
MY FATHER, HOW IS HE?
IT IS MY PAINFUL DUTY TO TELL YOU THAT THE DREADFUL SHOCK PROVED FATAL.
FATHER GONE TOO.. I MUST FIND THIS MONSTER!
WE WILL HELP YOU, VICTOR.
IF YOU FOLLOW THE STREAM, 'TWILL TAKE YOU TO THE FRANKENSTEIN HOME, MEN.
WE WON'T HAVE A PLEASANT TIME OF IT HAVING TO EXPLAIN THE POOR MAN'S DEATH TO THE OTHER SON ERNEST!
HOURS LATER, A GROUP OF THE SEARCHERS CHANCE TO MEET IN THE DEEP FOREST . . .
WHO'S THAT ON THE GROUND? WHY, IT'S VICTOR! IS.. IS HE DEAD?
WORSE THAN THAT! WE FOUND HIM HERE ON THE GROUND RAVING AND RANTING! LISTEN FOR YOURSELF!
VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN IS INSANE!
36

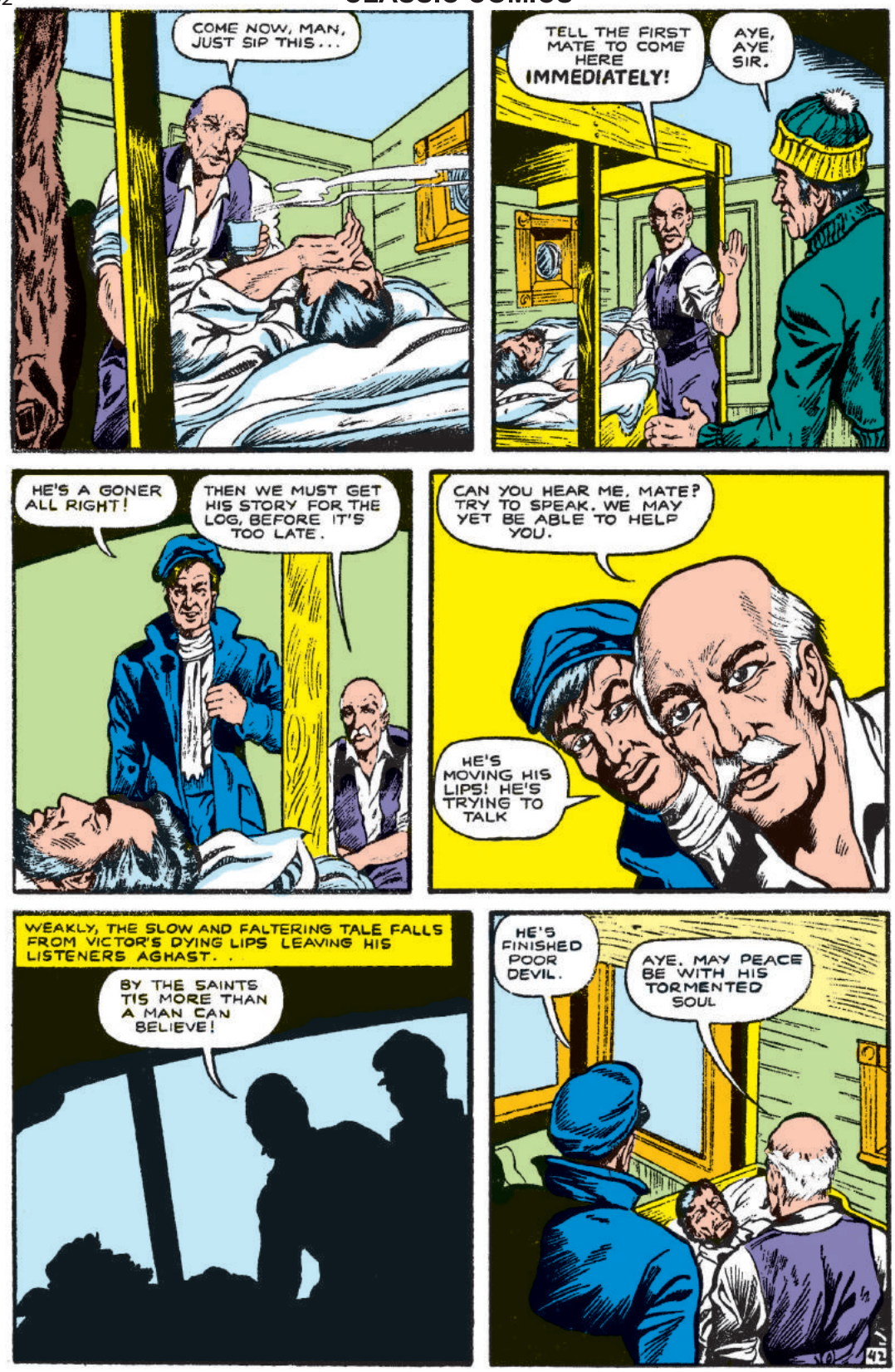

THE FOLLOWING WEEKS IN A RETREAT FOR THE MENTALLY ILL ONLY TEND TO INTENSIFY VICTOR'S ANGUISH. . .
WHY HAVE THEY BROUGHT ME HERE.. A PADDED CELL.. I AM NOT MAD! THEY MUST LET ME GO!
WHILE IN THE HOSPITAL'S ADMITTANCE CHAMBER, PROFESSOR WALDMAN PLEADS FOR HIS FRIEND'S FREEDOM. . .
..BECAUSE OF THE BACKGROUND OF THIS CASE, I AM WILLING TO STAKE MY REPUTATION THAT VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN IS SANE! I BEG YOU TO RELEASE HIM!
YOU SPEAK SO SINCERELY, SIR, WE ARE CONVINCED! YOU MAY HAVE THE PLEASURE OF RELEASING HIM YOURSELF!
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, PROFESSOR. I SHALL REPAY YOU SOMEHOW, BUT FOR NOW, I MUST SEE THE MAGISTRATE.
I WILL GO WITH YOU, MY FRIEND.
..EVERY WORD I HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT THIS MONSTER IS THE TRUTH, YOUR HONOUR. I BESEECH THE COURT TO HELP ME APPREHEND THE FIEND.
THAT'S A FANTASTIC TALE, VICTOR, BUT DEEP SORROW SOMETIMES MAKES A MAN'S THOUGHTS WILD.
YOU MUST BELIEVE HIM, JUDGE. I KNOW HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH!
COME, PROFESSOR, IT'S PLAIN TO SEE WE ARE ONLY WASTING TIME. . .
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW, VICTOR?
I'M GOING TO THE CEMETERY.. ALONE.. PLEASE UNDERSTAND.. THANK YOU AGAIN FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE.
37

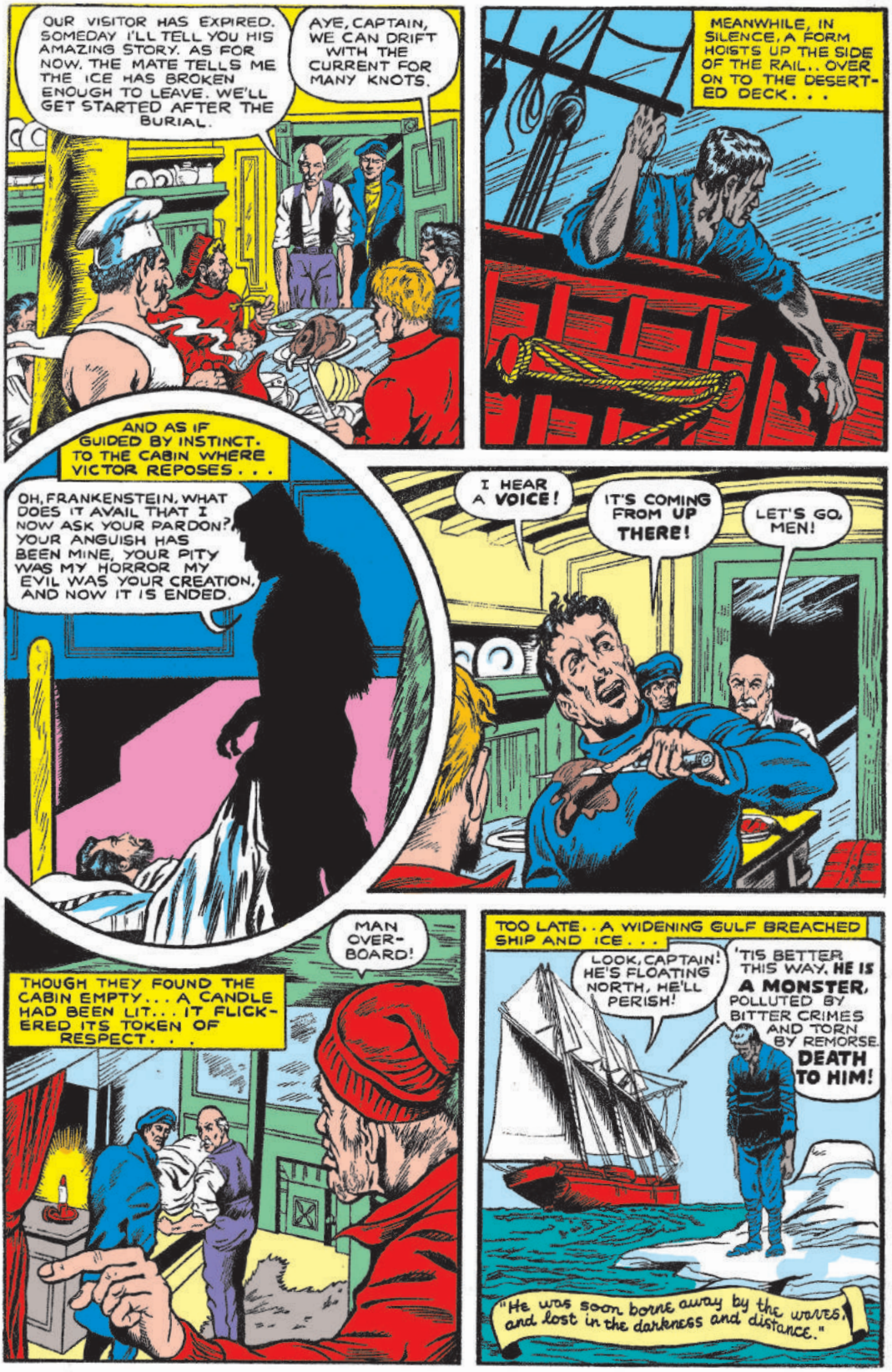

FIVE INNOCENT PEOPLE.. MAY THE ALMIGHTY BLESS THEIR SOULS AND HAVE PITY ON MINE...
SUCH IS JUSTICE, MASTER.
YOU!
THIS TIME YOU WILL NOT ELUDE ME.. I'LL FOLLOW YOU ACROSS THE EARTH.. YOU'LL TASTE DEATH FROM MY HANDS, DEVIL!
HE IS OUT OF SIGHT! AH, HIS FOOTPRINTS SHOW HE PASSED THIS WAY TO THE RIVER.. THE CARVING ON THE TREE.. WHAT DOES IT SAY..
MY REIGN IS NOT YET OVER. YOU LIVE, AND MY POWER IS COMPLETE. FOLLOW ME; I SEEK THE EVER-LASTING ICES OF THE NORTH, WHERE YOU WILL FEEL THE MISERIES OF COLD AND FROST TO WHICH I AM PASSIVE. COME, MY ENEMY. WE HAVE YET TO WRESTLE FOR OUR LIVES. BUT MANY HARD AND MISERABLE HOURS MUST YOU ENDURE BEFORE THAT PERIOD SHALL ARRIVE.
THE DEADLY HUNT LEADS EVER NORTHWARD...
THANK YOU, AND NOW I MUST HURRY.
YOU HAVE PURCHASED ENOUGH PROVISIONS FOR MANY MONTHS OF THE MIGHTY COLD, STRANGER I WISH YOU SPEED AND A SAFE JOURNEY.


MILES AHEAD OF VICTOR, RELENTLESSLY LEADING ON, THE MONSTER PRESSES THROUGH A RAGING, HOWLING BLIZZARD . . .
WHAT IS THIS? HOWLING DOGS! LUCK IS WITH ME! SOME POOR DEVIL HAS KNOWN DEATH FROM THE COLD, BUT I CAN MAKE GOOD USE OF HIS DOGS AND SLED!
MUSH, MY FOUR LEGGED FRIENDS, FOR FRANKENSTEIN WILL SOON BE UPON US, BARING HIS WRATH UPON MY HEAD. I WANT TO GIVE HIM A GOODLY CHASE FIRST. . .
I SEE HIM! I'VE GOT YOU NOW, MONSTER.. I'VE GOT YOU NOW!
THE ICE.. CRACKING! IN THE NAME OF THE HEAVENLY FATHER, WHY MUST THIS HAPPEN TO ME NOW?
WHAT SHALL I DO.. ONLY TWO DOGS LEFT...
PAINFUL HOURS PASS BEFORE THE FREAK TIDES BENEATH THE FROZEN MASS OF RIVER HEAVE THE GREAT FLOES TOGETHER AGAIN..
AT LAST THE ICE IS A SOLID MASS AGAIN AND I CAN GO ON.. BUT WHAT IS THE USE.. MY FOOT IS FROZEN.. PROVISIONS GONE.. THE POOR DOGS HOWL WITH HUNGER.. I SHALL NOT WEAKEN! ON!.. MUSH!.. MUSH!
39


OTHER HEARTS KNOW THE TERROR OF THE ICE.. THE CREW ABOARD A THREE MASTED SCHOONER HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN THE JAM FOR DAYS...
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL BE SPENDING THE REST OF OUR LIVES LOCKED IN THE ICE HERE AT ARCHANGEL..
NOT NECESSARILY, MATE. SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN, THE ICE HAS BEEN RUMBLING FOR DAYS.. SAY! WHAT'S THAT?
TWO MEN!
IT'S A GIANT! A DEMON! HE'LL CURSE OUR SHIP! KILL HIM!
THE GIANT'S DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR! BUT LOOK! THE OTHER HAS STUMBLED!
HE SEEMS INJURED! WE'D BEST RESCUE HIM!
CAREFUL, LADS, HE STILL LIVES!
AYE! AND THAT'S A MIRACLE..


HURRY, MEN, YOU'LL BE SWEPT AWAY. THE ICE IS CRACKING!
LOOK, CAPTAIN, THE OTHER SLEIGH HAS STOPPED. SHALL WE SAVE HIM ALSO?
I'M AFRAID RESCUE WOULD MEAN DEATH TO THE RESCUER WITH THE ICE SPLITTING THE WAY IT IS.
ELIZABETH! ELIZABETH!
THIS POOR DEVIL WEARS HIS SOUL ON HIS FACE. HE MUST HAVE SUFFERED THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED.
DRINK THIS, MAN, IT WILL BRING YOU ABOUT!
WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE ABOARD A GREENLAND WHALER ON THE POST ROAD BETWEEN ST. PETERSBURG AND ARCHANGEL, AMONG FRIENDS DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT WE KNOW YOU'VE HAD A TIME OF IT. . .
I AM VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.
I CANNOT TARRY, I MUST GET HIM. . .
THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE, MY FRIEND. YOU HAVE LOST THE USE OF YOUR LEGS. THEY'VE BEEN FROZEN. YOU ARE VERY ILL. PLEASE LIE DOWN.


COME NOW, MAN, JUST SIP THIS...
TELL THE FIRST MATE TO COME HERE IMMEDIATELY!
AYE, AYE SIR.
HE'S A GONER ALL RIGHT!
THEN WE MUST GET HIS STORY FOR THE LOG, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
CAN YOU HEAR ME, MATE? TRY TO SPEAK. WE MAY YET BE ABLE TO HELP YOU.
HE'S MOVING HIS LIPS! HE'S TRYING TO TALK
WEAKLY, THE SLOW AND FALTERING TALE FALLS FROM VICTOR'S DYING LIPS LEAVING HIS LISTENERS AGHAST. .
BY THE SAINTS TIS MORE THAN A MAN CAN BELIEVE!
HE'S FINISHED POOR DEVIL.
AYE. MAY PEACE BE WITH HIS TORMENTED SOUL
42


OUR VISITOR HAS EXPIRED. SOMEDAY I'LL TELL YOU HIS AMAZING STORY. AS FOR NOW, THE MATE TELLS ME THE ICE HAS BROKEN ENOUGH TO LEAVE. WE'LL GET STARTED AFTER THE BURIAL.
AYE, CAPTAIN, WE CAN DRIFT WITH THE CURRENT FOR MANY KNOTS.
MEANWHILE, IN SILENCE, A FORM HOISTS UP THE SIDE OF THE RAIL.. OVER ON TO THE DESERTED DECK. . .
AND AS IF GUIDED BY INSTINCT. TO THE CABIN WHERE VICTOR REPOSES . . .
OH, FRANKENSTEIN, WHAT DOES IT AVAIL THAT I NOW ASK YOUR PARDON? YOUR ANGUISH HAS BEEN MINE, YOUR PITY WAS MY HORROR MY EVIL WAS YOUR CREATION. AND NOW IT IS ENDED.
I HEAR A VOICE!
IT'S COMING FROM UP THERE!
LET'S GO, MEN!
THOUGH THEY FOUND THE CABIN EMPTY... A CANDLE HAD BEEN LIT... IT FLICKERED ITS TOKEN OF RESPECT. . .
MAN OVERBOARD!
TOO LATE.. A WIDENING GULF BREACHED SHIP AND ICE . . .
LOOK, CAPTAIN! HE'S FLOATING NORTH, HE'LL PERISH!
'TIS BETTER THIS WAY. HE IS A MONSTER, POLLUTED BY BITTER CRIMES AND TORN BY REMORSE. DEATH TO HIM!
"He was soon borne away by the waves, and lost in the darkness and distance."

Mary Shelley

FROM earliest childhood Mary Shelley was under the personal influence of the literary great of her time. Lamb was a frequent visitor at her father's house. Coleridge came and read in his hypnotically persuasive voice from "The Ancient Mariner."

William Godwin, Mary's father, was born of a staid, conservative family. Early in life he showed an interest in religion and as a young man was a minister. He did not remain long in this profession. A volume of sermons, followed by some serious philosophical writings gained him a position of respect in the literary world.

Godwin married Mary Wollstonecraft, who was herself a writer of no mean ability. Her book, "Vindication of the Rights of Women," calling for equality of education and opportunity in the commercial world for her sex, brought fame.

Mary Shelley was born on August 30th, 1797. Her mother died ten days later. Perhaps much of the sorrow of Mary's life would have been avoided had her liberally-minded and strong-willed mother survived.

Godwin struggled to care for Mary and her older half-sister, but feared that his bachelor home was not the proper surroundings. A few years after the death of his first wife, he remarried. This second marriage does not seem to have been fortunate, for his wife had no understanding of the theories and philosophies of Godwin and his associates. Poor financial circumstances only served to place an extra strain upon the family.

At the age of 17, Mary eloped with Percy Bysshe Shelley to Switzerland. It was on this trip that she undertook her first serious literary venture, a travel-book of the journey.

Shelley, though in line to inherit a baronetcy, had little money. He was an almost unknown poet. (Shelley never became popular until long after his death.) His family supplied a small allowance, but Shelley was for years on the verge of bankruptcy, mainly due to loans he secured for Godwin's publishing business. Godwin, though borrowing money through Shelley, never forgave him for eloping with Mary.

Shelley's family regarded him as a black-sheep. His anti-religious writings soon brought him into disfavor in England. Seeking more pleasant surroundings, the young couple went to Italy. It was here, while visiting with Byron, that the idea for Frankenstein was born.

A discussion of Darwin's experiments, then conjectures on the possibility of restoring life to dead bodies appealed to Mary Shelley's fertile imagination. A nightmare on the subject convinced her that this was material for a novel that would terrify the reader.

It was not until sometime later that the novel was completed and published. It brought almost immediate fame. Though she wrote several other novels, all of them well-received by the public at that time, only Frankenstein has stood the test of time.

Shelley died in a boat wreck off the Italian coast in 1822 and Mary made her way back to England. Poverty followed her almost to her grave. Shelley's family settled a small pension on her. In 1844 the family title and estate passed to her son, Percy Florence, the only one of her many children who survived.

Mary Shelley died quietly on February 21st, 1851, at the age of fifty-three.

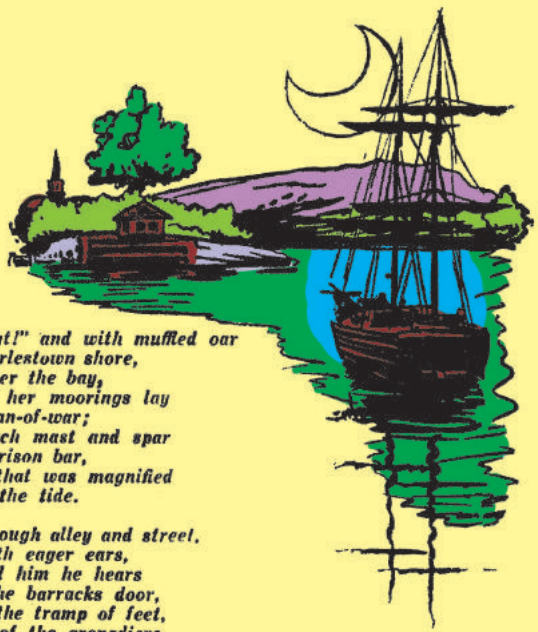
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

(April 18-19, 1775)

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

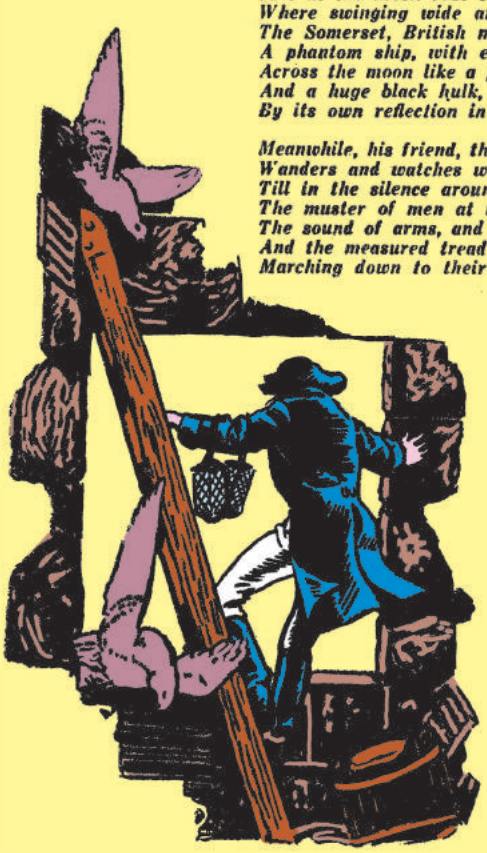
Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."



Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barracks door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.



Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry tower overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight moving over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and straightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Bedford Town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river's fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord Town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE "GHOST OF CORREGIDOR"

By GEORGINA CAMPBELL

The boy from Brooklyn who was Corregidor's last link with the United States is free again — Sergeant Irving Strobing, the "ghost of Corregidor."

He'll never forget the day the Japanese took over in Manila Bay. And the men who were his comrades, those who have survived, will never forget "the ghost."

May 6, 1942 . . . in the tunnels of Corregidor . . . the weary, discouraged American garrison waited for the Japanese to arrive . . . Shells screamed overhead . . . the hot sun glazed down on the blood and slaughter littering the battered fortress in Manila Bay . . . Here a man sobbed quietly to himself, his thoughts turned inward to the past . . . Another sat just staring ahead, seeing nothing, scarcely able to remember what life had been like back in the good old U.S.A.

Without hope, the Americans were indeed lost. Something had to be done. There wasn't much time, and there wasn't much to do, but Strobing saw what should be done, and did it.

Suddenly his radio transmitter crackled to life, and with the sound, the men raised their heads again.

"My name is Irving Strobing. Get this to my mother, Mrs. Minnie Strobing, 605 Barbey Street, Brooklyn, New York . . ."

Hunched over his radio, young Strobing doggedly refused to say die. The handsome, dark-eyed soldier had graduated from Thomas Jefferson High School when he was 16. He spent a year in Brooklyn College, and then quit because he could think of nothing except an army career. He wanted to go to West Point, but there wasn't enough money for that.

At 19, he enlisted in the army on July 9, 1939. "You'll be proud of me!" he told his parents as they signed his papers. "Maybe I'll still get to West Point." He got to the Philippines and fought under General Wainwright. Until today.

Today he was captured, in the blistering heat of Manila Bay. He fought till the last second of time allowed him by his captors—fought not with ammunition, for he had none, but with words, with courage and satire and hope. He became known as the "ghost of Corregidor." Never was a ghost so popular; never was a group of men happier to see and hear this friendly spirit, who filled them with new hope and new courage.

"They are not here yet. We are waiting for God only knows what. How about a chocolate soda?" He tapped the words out, and their message brought a rueful cackle of laughter to the parched lips of his comrades.

"We've got only an hour and twenty minutes" was the young radioman's next message. The men in Malinta Tunnel stretched their weary bodies and thought: "We can make out somehow." They looked about them and saw their rifles, silenced now, lying on the ground. They used the little energy they had left to smash these rifles, so that the Japs wouldn't get them . . . *"They are breaking up the rifles!"* reported Strobing.

"My love to Pa, Joe, Sue, Mac, Carry, Joy and Paul . . ." The Japanese were getting closer now, and Strobing's thoughts inevitably turned to home and family. Joe, his older brother, a staff sergeant on Luzon . . . *"Give 'em hell for us!"* Strobing's radio begged . . . Sue, his sister, who then had not yet graduated from Hunter's College . . . Mac and Carry, his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Friedman, who lived upstairs. Would he ever see upstairs again? Joy and Paul, their kids who'd bragged about Irving from the second he entered the army. Would they say in the future: "He was our cousin and a brave soldier?" And his father; he was alive when Irving sent that message, and smiled in pride when he got that message. He is dead now.

"General Wainwright is a right guy" Strobing's radio said after that. *"We are willing to go on for him."*

When the Japanese arrived, the Americans were willing to march bravely, heads high, for Wainwright; and, too, for Corporal (now Sergeant) Strobing.

The supple fingers which had tapped out words of cheer grew scrawny and calloused as Strobing worked in a Japanese quarry day after day. "It was work or starve," he recalled over three years later; "Or probably both. You filled your ten cars of rocks every day or you missed your food and your rest periods."

Back in Brooklyn, at 605 Barbey Street, Mrs. Minnie Strobing waited for her son to return. "I never could realize that I mightn't be seeing him again!" she said; "I always knew he would come home." A small, plump, brighteyed woman, she found the waiting hard, but she had much of the courage that was in Irving, and she managed to keep smiling. She treasured some pressed flowers her boy had sent her from the Philippines for Mother's Day. She thought often of how he had always liked to fool around with a radio. She was glad she had let him.

After three and a half years of prison, the "ghost" was finally freed in September, 1945. He was flown in from the far Pacific with about 80 other prisoners of war. They came in three big transport planes and were welcomed by over a thousand relatives and friends in San Francisco. Many other thousands lined the streets to cheer wildly as they paraded along Market Street.

High-ranking officers of the Army and Navy met them at Hamilton Field. Honor guards and Army and Navy bands escorted them. The cheering was silenced as messages of gratitude and pride were read.

"You return as conquerors and as heroes and we hail you with the gratitude which your gallantry so richly deserves," said a message from James Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy.

Robert Patterson, Secretary of War, said: "You were our farthest outpost in time of great national peril. You stood firm and heroic in the face of certain defeat. We honor you as we welcome you back."

Strobing and his comrades were pleased by all this. But the message they will treasure forever came from that "right guy," Jonathan Wainwright, to the men he described as "my comrades."

"In future years our greatest pride will be these words," said the General's message, 'I was at Bataan and then I was at Corregidor.'"

Mary Shelley's subtitle, *The Modern Prometheus*, evoked the Greek myth of Prometheus, who created humankind out of clay. On the title page of the first edition the following lines from John Milton's *Paradise Lost* appeared: "Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay / To mould me man? Did I solicit thee / From darkness to promote me?" *Frankenstein* raises questions of continuing relevance that address the ethical boundaries of scientific research and the moral responsibilities of the scientific community.

But before anything else, the book is, as its author intended, a scary story. It is the horror element of the novel that dominates the *Classics Illustrated* adaptation by Ruth A. Roche and the film-inspired artwork by Robert Hayward Webb (CI 25, 34, 46, 132) and Ann Brewster (a female comics-industry pioneer). Published in December 1945 as *Classic Comics* No. 26, *Frankenstein* was one of most popular titles in the series, running through nineteen printings by 1971. Mike Benton, in *Horror Comics* (1991), lauded the *Classics* version of Mary Shelley's tale of terror as "probably the most faithful adaptation of the original novel—movies included." Donald F. Glut called it "a veritable storyboard for the definitive movie version..., if it is ever filmed."

Webb and Brewster obviously relied on Boris Karloff's film persona for their conception of "the creature." By the time *Frankenstein* was added to the *Classic Comics* roster, the Karloff image of the monster was so indelibly fixed in the collective imagination that it is unlikely readers would have accepted a substitute. Beyond the obligatory nod to the movie, the artists display a striking originality in their vision of the story, maintaining a tension in the linework between a sturdy realism and a sinuous undercurrent that contributes to a haunted, otherworldly atmosphere.

The original line-drawing cover by Webb and Brewster depicts the creature raging against his fate against a lightning-filled night sky. It was replaced in September 1958 with a painted cover by the legendary Norman B. Saunders showing a distant Victor Frankenstein chasing the creature across the Arctic ice. Saunders also supplied painted covers for *Classics Illustrated* editions of *A Journey to the Center of the Earth* (CI 138), *The Crisis* (CI 145), and *The Buccaneer* (CI 148). His *Frankenstein painting* is a "classic" in its own right.

Classic Comics #26 Frankenstein
cover by Webb and Brewster (December 1945).