

I was Cold, Alone and Afraid

The monster got nearer and nearer and I was very frightened, but I also felt rage growing inside me. I decided to try to kill the monster there and then. I could see suffering in his face but also great evil. The monster's terrible ugliness was too horrible for my eyes. As he got close I shouted,

'Devil!* How dare you even come near me? Leave me now you evil monster, because if you stay I will destroy you and turn you back to dust*. How I wish that by killing you I could bring back to life those that you have destroyed.'

The evil creature looked at me and spoke, his voice was full of bitterness* and anger. 'I expected you to speak to me in this way. You do not see how much I suffer. You, my creator, hate me, but I am only alive because you made me. Listen to me, do what I am about to ask you and I promise you I will leave you and the rest of humanity in peace, but if you don't do what I ask, then I will kill all of your friends.'

'Monster! Demon*!' I cried, 'The worst tortures of hell are not enough to punish you for your crimes*.' I went to attack him, determined to kill him, but he was too strong and quick for me.

devil supernatural evil being, the opposite of God
dust tiny pieces of dry earth
bitterness anger and resentment

demon supernatural evil being, not as powerful as the devil
crimes acts which are illegal, eg killing someone, stealing etc

Then he said, 'All I ask is that you listen to me. Can't you see how much I have suffered? I ask you not to attack me again,' he continued, 'because although my life has been terrible, I do not want to die and I will defend* myself.'

'If that happened, I would win! Remember you made me a lot stronger and bigger than you. Hear what I have got to say. If you do what I ask, then you will find me gentle and obedient*. I am your creature, I should be your Adam*, but I have become a fallen angel. I was good, but my terrible experiences have made me bad. If you make me happy then I will be good again.'

I was furious, blind* with rage. 'Leave now. I do not want to see you ever again. You disgust me.'

'I will tell you my story, and you will change your mind. We can sit in that hut* over there and I will tell you everything that has happened to me since you created me.'

He began to walk towards the hut he had pointed to and I followed him, my heart heavy with anger and sadness. His words had made me think for the first time about the duties* a creator has towards what he creates and I decided to listen to him. He made a fire in the hut and I sat opposite this horrible creature waiting to hear what he had to say. This is his story.



The Monster's Story

My first memories are very unclear to me. Everything was confusing. I saw, smelt, heard and felt all at the same time and I did

defend protect (yourself) from danger or injury
obedient doing what you are told to do
Adam (Christian mythology) the first man created by God.

blind unable to see
hut small, simple building
duties things you have to do

not know how to separate my experiences. When I opened my eyes, I was blinded by the light and had to shut them immediately.

I was confused, did not understand where I was, who or what I was. Eventually I found my way to a forest near Ingolstadt and sat in the shade* of the trees away from the heat and light of the sun, which I found unbearable.

I was hungry and thirsty so I ate berries* and drank from a stream. I fell asleep for the first time, and when I woke up it was dark. I was cold, alone and afraid. All I could feel was pain. I sat down and wept*.

Suddenly, above the trees, I saw for the first time something extraordinary and beautiful. A round, yellow light rose above the trees. It was the first time I had seen the moon. For several days and nights I lived like this, gradually learning how to understand my feelings, gradually letting* the light into my eyes. I found some clothes and another day I found the remains* of a fire. It was good to have the warmth, but I quickly discovered how the fire burnt if you put your hand in it.

Over the next days I began to see the beauty of the world around me. I saw little flying creatures, which after a while I learnt were insects. I heard the birds singing and saw the changing beauty of the sky above me. I tried to copy the songs of the birds, but the sounds that came out of my mouth were terrible and frightening even to me.



shade darker places out of the sun
berries small fruit on trees and bushes
wept cried a lot

letting allowing
remains last bits or pieces of something

The weeks passed. There was almost no food because it was winter, but one day, I found a hut, the home of an old man. I went in and when he saw me he ran out shrieking*. I did not understand why he had run away, but there was food there, a little bread, some milk and cheese, which I ate and then I slept.



The next day I came to a village, but when the people saw me they attacked me and chased* me away with stones.

I was injured* and lonely and went to hide deep in the forest. After some time, I came across a little cottage with a small, empty pigsty* attached to it. I went into the sty, covered myself with straw* and went to sleep. I was happy to have found shelter both from the cold winter weather and from the cruelty* of the humans I had met on my journey.



When I woke up I found that the cottage was empty. I went in to get some food, hiding in my shelter again as soon as I had taken what I needed. Later, I saw a lovely young girl carrying a bucket of water into the cottage. I watched her from my hiding place. She looked gentle but sad and was dressed in poor clothes. A young man joined her carrying firewood from the forest. I discovered then that there had once been a window into the cottage from the sty that I had made into my home. The window was covered over with wood but there was a hole in it and looking through it I found I could see into the cottage without being seen.



shrieking shouting in a high voice because you are afraid
chased ran after someone
injured when a part of your body is damaged

pigsty place on a farm where the pigs live
straw the dry stalks of the wheat plant
cruelty extreme unkindness

The young man went into the cottage, made up the fire and then went back out to work in the garden. The girl was busy inside preparing a small meal and on a chair by the fire sat an old man with silver hair. The young people, the old man, they all looked so gentle and kind, but they all seemed sad. I felt great pity* for them and I was curious* about them. What could have happened to them to make them so sad?



When night came, I saw to my amazement* that they had a lamp. The old man had an instrument which he played. I was enchanted*. Then he put it down, and the young man picked something up and started making sounds which were not like the song of the birds, nor the sounds made by the old man. It was some weeks before I realised that the young man was reading from a book, but in those early days I did not understand anything about words or writing.

The thing that I noticed most was how loving and gentle these people were together. Later that first day, the young woman started to cry, the old man called her to him to comfort* her. When I saw this, I felt such strong feelings, a mixture of pain* and pleasure, which I could not understand. It was a different pain from the pain of hunger or cold.

I did not sleep that night. Everything about this family looked perfect, they had a house, food, warmth, they had each other, and still they were sad.

pity feel sorry for
curious wanted to find out about them
amazement great surprise

enchanted fascinated; made happy by something
comfort make someone feel better
pain bad feeling when you hurt yourself or are upset



As each day passed I made a new discovery. I began to understand some of the words they used to communicate with each other, such as fire, milk, bread, wood. I learnt that the old man was the father and the young people, Felix and Agatha, were his children. I also discovered that the old man was completely blind.



The winter passed in this way and things were difficult for me, but I found great pleasure in watching this family. They were kind and gentle and I was desperate to make myself known to them. Surely they would not chase me away and attack me? I could not be sure of that though and so I stayed in my hiding place helping them out when and where I could.

I made a decision. I started to learn more about reading and writing, and spent many hours practising, I even found some books to study and was amazed at what I learned. I was so desperate to get to know these gentle people and thought that by learning to speak I could explain myself to them in such a way that they would not chase me away as a monster. I thought that they may be horrified at first but that I would convince them of my goodness by my gentle manners*.



Winter came round again before I had the courage to make myself known to the cottagers, but one day when the young people were away and the old man was sitting by himself, I knocked on the door. 'Who is there?' called the old man, 'Come in.'

'I am sorry to trouble you, kind Sir,' I said to him, 'but I have been

manners the way you behave (at table or with other people)

travelling a long time and would be grateful for a little rest*.'

'Of course,' said the old man, 'you may have what you need. I am sorry that my children are away from home and I am blind, you will have to help yourself.'

'I need nothing, thank you, only a little rest.' We sat and talked for a while and I began to tell him of my loneliness*, of how everywhere I went, people chased me away without waiting to find out if I was good or bad. I also told him of some friends that I had and when he asked me who they were, it was too much for me, I started to cry and fell on my knees before the old man.

'It is you and your children who are my great friends,' I cried.

'Great God!' exclaimed the old man, 'Who are you?'



At that moment another disaster happened. Before I had the chance to convince* the old man of my goodness, before I could even begin to get him to accept* me, the door opened and there stood Felix and Agatha. They looked at me in horror. Felix attacked me with superhuman strength and beat me with a stick*. I could have destroyed him easily, I was bigger and stronger than him, but I was overcome by despair. I ran from the cottage.

I watched them for a few more days. I discovered that they had decided to move from their home, because they did not feel safe there. Cursed* creator! Why did I live? Why did I not die in that moment? Why did my suffering have to continue? I howled* my grief deep in the forest, like a wild animal, not caring* who heard me.

rest stop so that you can get your strength back

loneliness bad feeling when you have no one with you

convince persuade

accept (here) let me be his friend

stick piece of wood from a tree

cursed rude or strong words showing your anger/hatred of someone

howled made a loud noise like a wolf or a dog

not caring (here) not being careful, not worrying

Over the next days I watched my friends pack their things and leave and then, as soon as they had gone, I went and destroyed every part of their garden. I tore up the plants, pulled down the fences and then when that was done I put everything that could burn into piles around the whole of the outside of the cottage and waited until it was dark. As night fell, it became very windy. The great wind blew away the clouds and made me wild with excitement and madness. I lit the dry branch* of a tree and set light to the cottage with a loud scream. The wind made the fire worse and the cottage was soon completely in flames. Once I was sure it was going to be completely destroyed by the fire, I left the place that had been my home for so many months, never to return.



I decided to travel to Geneva to find you. Only you, my creator, could help me find justice* in this world. Only you could help me become accepted.

My journey was long and difficult. I travelled at night so that no one would see me. Autumn turned to winter, rain turned to snow, the rivers became frozen* and often I could find no shelter. How I cursed you! How I wished I had never been created!

branch part of a tree
justice fairness

frozen turned to ice

