

Hatred Filled My Heart

4 One time, I decided to travel during the day. I was deep in the forest and I was confident I would not be seen. The sun shone and I allowed myself to relax, enjoying the landscape and, forgetting that I was a monster, I allowed myself to be happy. Tears welled up* in my eyes and I looked to the heavens to thank them for this feeling of joy.

The path now went along a deep, fast river, and I heard voices near me. I stopped and hid. A young girl came running past the place where I had hidden, laughing as if she were running away from someone in a game. Suddenly she slipped and fell into the river. Without thinking I rushed into the water and with great difficulty managed to rescue her. At that moment the young man she had apparently been running away from appeared. He looked horrified and grabbed* the young girl away from me. They ran off into the forest and I followed. As I approached, he raised his gun and shot me. I fell to the ground and they escaped.

This was how I was rewarded* for my kindness. I had risked my life to save this girl from drowning* and I had been shot as a thank

welled up (here) filled up
grabbed quickly and violently took

rewarded thanked
drowning when you die in water

you. My bitterness and anger at human beings increased every day. I swore* revenge.



After some weeks, my wound healed enough for me to continue my journey. Two months later I found myself on the outskirts of Geneva. Hatred filled my heart.

I was sleeping in the woods near Geneva, when I heard a young child coming towards me. My first thought was that he was so young and maybe he would not have the same reaction* to me as all the other people had. Maybe he was too young to be afraid of me. As he passed me, I took hold of him and pulled him towards me.

As soon as he saw me he covered his eyes with his hands and screamed*.

'Why are you screaming?' I asked him. 'I do not want to harm* you, I just want you to listen to me.'

'Let me go,' he shouted, struggling* to escape from me, 'You evil monster. You are going to eat me and tear me to pieces. Let me go, or I will tell my Papa.'

'Boy, you will never see your father again. You are coming with me!' The boy continued, 'My father is an important man, he is Mr Frankenstein and he will punish you!'

'Frankenstein!' I said, astonished. 'He is my enemy, the person I most hate in the world. You will be my first victim.'

The boy continued to struggle and shout. I put my hands around

swore made a promise
reaction how you behave when something has happened
screamed shouted very loudly

harm hurt
struggling fighting to escape

his throat* to make him stop and soon he lay dead at my feet. I looked at the dead boy and felt that his death was a great victory* for me. I saw how easily I could destroy the life of the man who had created me, saw how I could make Frankenstein as unhappy as I was.

'The death of this boy will be the first of a thousand things I will do to him to make him wish he had never been born.'

The boy was wearing a necklace. I took it off his neck. Inside the pendant was the portrait* of a beautiful, gentle-looking woman. For a moment the picture calmed me, but my mood* changed again. She was a reminder* of what I would never be able to have – a wife to love. I thought how she would scream in terror if she saw me. I was furious* with rage.

I walked on and soon came to a barn. Thinking it was empty, I went in. There, sleeping peacefully was a young woman. I had a new idea. If I put the necklace into her pocket I could make it seem as if she had murdered the boy, she would pay the price for my suffering. The hatred I felt in my heart told me I was right to punish* these people.

This young woman would never look at me with love in her eyes, if she woke and saw me she would be terrified. I was pleased that I had found another way to make a person suffer.

So, full of rage* and hatred, I travelled to these mountains, where we are sitting together, you, my creator, and I. I have been thinking a lot over the past weeks since the murder. Sometimes I wanted to end my life, sometimes I wanted to see you, but then an idea came to me, something that only you can help me with.

throat front part of the neck

victory when you win, eg a battle or a fight

portrait picture of a person, often only their face

mood the way I was feeling

reminder something which makes you remember

furious extremely angry

punish make someone pay (physically or mentally) for something bad they have done

rage strong, irrational anger



I want you to make me a companion* who will live with me. She must be as horrible and deformed as I am. You will do this for me. You have no choice.'

'You must create a female for me, who will live with me as my wife and companion. Only you can do this and you must not refuse me.'

'I will never do what you ask,' I said. 'You can threaten* me as much as you like, but I will never create another evil monster who would murder people like you do.'

'You are wrong,' said the monster. 'It is true that I am evil, but I have only done these bad things because my life is so terrible. I do not feel guilty about murder. Think about this – if you killed me you would not even think of it as murder. If humans were kind to me, I would be gentle with them. I would not want to kill anyone. But, be warned*. If I cannot make people love me, then I will make them be afraid of me. And you, my creator, will be the most afraid. I will destroy you and everyone around you. I will make you hate your life.'

'If you agree to make me a female,' he said, seeing that I was changing my mind*, 'I promise you that no human being will see us again. We will go far away, maybe to the forests of South America, where we can live in peace.'

I was not sure I could believe the monster's promises, and I was not sure if what he asked was a good or a bad thing, but when I thought about his story and how he had been treated* since his creation, I felt sorry for him. In the end I made my decision. I had to help him, had to give him a bit of happiness.



companion friend, someone you spend a lot of time with
threaten say to someone you will hurt them or kill them
warned told someone a bad thing

changing my mind changing my opinions/ideas
treated the way people behaved

The creature left, and I travelled back home. My family were worried about me and kept asking me if there was a problem, but I did not tell them about what had happened to me up in the mountains of Chamounix.

Days and weeks passed. I was anxious, worrying about the promise I had made. I was too afraid to start my work, but I was also worried about what the monster would do if I did not make him a female. I knew it would take me months of work and when I thought about making this second monster, I felt sick.

In the meantime*, I heard of a teacher in England who I thought might be able to help me, but still I delayed. I was afraid of taking this first step towards making a second monster. I became ill again and spent my days out on the lake in my boat, where I found peace in the gentle breeze* and beautiful landscape around me.

I could not put it off* any more, I had to make a decision. One day, I found my father in his library and asked his permission to travel.

'My son,' he said, full of love and affection for me, 'I have always hoped that one day you would marry Elizabeth. It would make me so happy after all the terrible things that have happened to us. Does this journey mean that you do not love her? Does it mean that you think of her as your sister and no more?'

'My dear father,' I replied. 'You do not need to worry. I love Elizabeth with all my heart and my hope has always been that one day we would get married. I will only be away for a few months,

in the meantime at the same time
breeze light, not strong wind

put something off not start to do something (because it is difficult or frightening etc)

maybe a year, and when I come home, we will be married.'

My father agreed* to let me go, hoping that when I came back I would be well again. Elizabeth was upset, but because she loved me so much she too let me go.

Without telling me, my father arranged* for Clerval to meet me in Strasbourg.

I admit* I was worried about leaving my family with the monster free, but he had promised to follow me wherever I went. I thought he would follow me to England.



After some time in London, Clerval received an invitation* to go to Scotland. My friend was excited about exploring somewhere new and I wanted to see mountains and streams* again, so we accepted the invitation.

Clerval was enjoying every minute of our journey, but each day I became more and more worried about what the monster could do to my family. So much time had passed since my conversation with him that he might commit some terrible crime to force* me to start on my work.

I told Clerval I had to spend some time on my own. He was unhappy about this, but accepted my decision. I left him to travel to his friends in Scotland.

I had never felt so alone in my life.



agreed gave his permission
arranged organised
admit be honest

invitation offer to have someone with you for a party, dinner,
to stay etc
streams small rivers
force make someone do something (give them no choice)

I decided to find a remote* part of Scotland where I could carry out my terrible task* in secret. I chose one of the Orkney islands on the north-west coast of Scotland. It was perfect.

After many weeks, my work was nearly finished. I was excited but also had a strong sense that I was doing something truly terrible.

One evening I sat in my laboratory. The sun had set* and the moon was rising above the sea. It was too dark for me to work. Three years before I had created a monster who was violent and evil and here, after all that time and all that had happened, I was about to create another one! What would this new creature be like? She might agree to live with the monster, but she might not. She might hate the monster and then the situation would be worse than before.

Up in the mountains of Chamounix I had agreed with the monster. At that time it had seemed the right thing to do, but when I thought about it now, I began to see how terrible my promise was. People in the future might curse me as the creator of these new and terrifying creatures who only wanted to destroy and murder everything they saw.

I was thinking about all of this, when suddenly I looked up. There, in the window, was the monster. On his face was a terrifying smile.

His face was full of evil, hatred and violence. I wondered what madness had made me promise this terrible thing to the monster. Trembling* with fear, I went over to the body of the female monster and I did what I knew I must do. I broke her into pieces, until the thing I had spent so long making lay completely destroyed around me.

remote far from anywhere
task (here) job

set gone down (at night)
trembling shaking

The monster watched me as I did this and when I had finished he howled with evil despair, disappearing into the night. I locked* the door of my laboratory and went into my room. I was alone, there was no one who could help me.



Some hours later, I heard a small boat arrive at the shore. I heard footsteps* approaching the cottage and I started to tremble with fear again, as the door to my room opened. It was the monster.

'Why have you broken your promise?' he said. 'Why have you taken away all my hope? I will make you regret* this. Am I the only creature in this world not to have a wife? By destroying her you have destroyed any hope I had. I promise you, that because of what you have done you will live the rest* of your life in fear and despair.'

As he turned to leave, he said, 'Remember this. I will be with you on your wedding night.'

He quickly went back to his boat and disappeared into the black night.



locked closed with a key

footsteps the sound made by the feet when someone is walking

regret wish you had not done something

rest what remains

