

Journey's End

to tell me the methods and equipment he had used to make the creature, but he refused. Nothing I said could make him tell me anything about it.

'Are you mad, my friend?' he said to me. 'Don't you realise how terrible it would be if I told you? Would you also create a monster who would be an enemy of the people of this world? You must learn from my story. You are ambitious like I was, but do not make the same mistakes I did.'

When I told Frankenstein I had been writing down his story, he asked to see what I had written. He made some corrections, added some details where he thought I had missed out something important.

'I want the story to be right,' he said.

A week has passed since my guest started telling me about his life. Some days I tried to comfort him, tried to make him hope again, but he says it is too late for that. I am afraid that the only way he will ever feel peace will be when he dies. There is one thing though that does seem to make him happy. He really believes that he sees his dead friends around him. He says that they have come to him from a different place. He talks to them and they comfort him. He believes this so strongly that I almost believe I can see them myself.

We have talked about a lot of things this week. He is extremely knowledgeable* about many subjects and I can see that before everything went wrong, he was an exceptional* and intelligent man.



knowledgeable knows a lot of things

exceptional unusual in a good way, special

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Walton's Journal.

August 26th, 17-

Now that you have read this story dear Margaret, do you feel the same sense of horror, the same feelings of terror that I do? I have written the story down as a single narrative*, but it was not like that when he was telling it to me. Sometimes he was not able to continue his story and had to stop speaking, he was in agony*, both physically and mentally. Other times, his voice became broken and piercing* and through the words he was trying to say you could hear his anguish. Other times he would tell me the most horrible things in a calm, quiet way as if they did not upset him at all and then suddenly without warning*, like a volcano erupting*, he would become furious with rage and he would scream out, cursing his enemy. His behaviour was difficult to watch.

His story does seem true, but I admit, that if we had not seen the monster with our own eyes the day before we found Frankenstein, I would have had many doubts. Indeed, it still seems incredible to me that such a monster really exists. A few times I asked Frankenstein

narrative (written) story

agony severe pain

piercing sharp, loud, which hurts your ears

warning tell someone there is a danger or a problem

erupting exploding

MARY SHELLEY

September 2nd

My beloved Sister,

As I write to you, we are in the most serious danger and I do not know if I will ever return to England. The ship is surrounded by mountains of ice which could destroy the ship at any time. The crew are very worried but there is nothing I can do, except hope, and I never lose hope. It is terrible to think that the lives of all these men are in danger because of me. If we die it is because of my mad idea to explore the north pole.



September 5th

We are still surrounded by mountains of ice, and we fear death will come at any moment. Some of the crew have already died from the cold and the other men are angry and unhappy. This morning five of them came to my cabin. They told me they were worried that if by some miracle* the ship became free of the ice, I would want to continue our journey north and our lives would be at risk* again. They wanted me to promise that if we escaped the ice, we would turn the ship to the south and go home.

In all honesty, I have not decided what to do. To go back having discovered nothing would be awful. Instead of making some incredible new discoveries I will return a failure*, but I am afraid the men have had enough.



miracle magical, supernatural act
at risk in danger

failure person who has not succeeded in doing what they
had planned to

FRANKENSTEIN

September 7th

I have decided. We will return south. I am coming back disappointed and having discovered nothing.



September 12th

It is over, we are coming home. I have lost any hope of making any new discoveries and, dear sister, I have lost my friend. On September 9th the ice began to break up. The ship was still in great danger, but on 11th the sea became free of ice to the south. When they saw that we were free, the crew shouted with joy.

My friend became too ill even to get out of bed. When he heard the shouts of the crew and I told him that we were turning south he said, 'You may want to give up, but I will not. I will continue my search until I die.' He tried to get out of bed but he did not even have the strength to stand on his feet. When the ship's doctor came to see him, he told me he would be dead in a few hours.

I sat by his bed watching him. His eyes were shut and he seemed to be asleep. After some time he spoke again.

'I have spent many days telling you my story, and during that time I have thought a lot about what I did and I do not believe that I did anything wrong. I cannot be blamed*.'

'It is true that I created a creature and as his creator it was my duty to make him happy, but it was much more important for me to save

blamed (here) told you have done something wrong, or that
you are guilty of something

my fellow* humans from this monster. I was also right not to create a companion for him. He was evil and she may have been the same as him. He killed my friends and now I have failed because I have not killed him. I am worried he will never stop killing people.

'Goodbye, Walton, I am grateful for what you have done for me.' He looked suddenly happy. 'Ah!', he said, 'I see the people that I love. They are with me. I am happy; soon I will be with them again. I will be at peace.'

As he spoke his voice became quieter and quieter, until at the end, it completely disappeared. His eyes shut and he lay on the bed with a smile on his lips and not long after, he was dead.

I have to stop writing now Margaret, there are noises coming from the cabin where we have put Frankenstein's body. I must go and find out what is happening.



Later

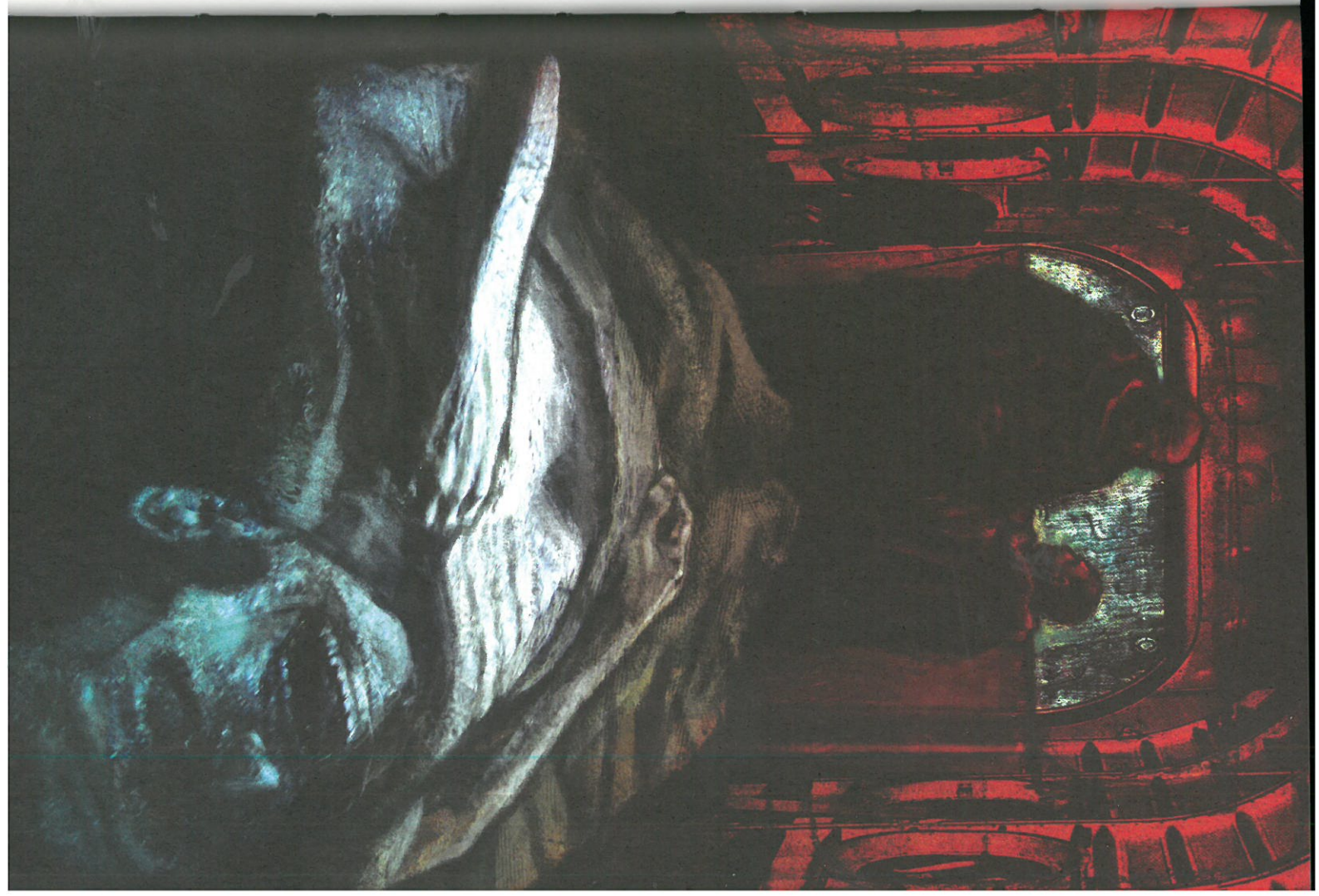
I hardly know how to write down what has just happened. I will try my best.

When I went into the cabin, I saw a gigantic creature looking down at the body of Frankenstein. It was huge*, terrifying. Its hair hung over its face. It was howling with grief.

When it heard me come in, the monster looked up at me, stopped howling and went over to the far side of the cabin. When I saw its face I was frozen with fear. I have never seen anything so horrible. I

fellow companion, person in same group as you

huge very big, enormous



closed my eyes and tried to remain calm and I told him to stay. He looked at me in surprise, then he turned back to the lifeless body of Frankenstein and seemed to forget that I was there.

'Oh Frankenstein,' he cried, 'I have killed you too. I tried to destroy you, make you suffer as much as I did by killing everyone you loved. Now you are dead and I am guilty of your death. It is too late to ask you to forgive me. You are dead and cold, you cannot speak to me. There is nothing I can do.'

He continued to speak to Frankenstein in this way for some time. Eventually he became quieter and I went over to him, but did not look at him, I was too terrified.

'You should have listened to your own conscience*', I said to him. 'You should have stopped doing these terrible things. You could have chosen a different life.'

'Do you really believe that I thought what I was doing was right? Do you think I enjoyed killing these people?' he answered. 'My heart was poisoned* with hatred, I thought only of revenge. After I had killed Clerval, I went back to Switzerland. I felt terrible about what I had done. I hated myself.'

'Then,' the monster continued, 'I thought about what had happened to me, about how I had suffered. I remembered how people had attacked me when all I wanted was to be friends with them. Then I became filled with hatred for the person who had created me. Hatred and revenge were my masters*, I had no choice.'

'When I killed her, when I killed Elizabeth, I tell you, I was glad*, because I made him suffer as he had made me suffer. Now that he is dead, the story is finished. He is my last victim.'

'You hypocrite*', I said to him, 'You do not really feel sorry for what you have done. If Frankenstein was still alive, you would still be wanting him dead.'

'What you say is not true,' he replied. 'I was good, I looked for love and affection and found only hatred and fear. That is what made me bad. No one saw the good in me, no one could forget how I looked, everyone was afraid of me. I was good, but now my crimes have made me truly bad. When I think about the crimes I have committed I can hardly believe that I did them. Was it really me who killed those people? How can I, who saw goodness in myself and everything around me, have become so evil?'

'You have been speaking to Frankenstein,' he continued, 'and he has told you a lot about me, I can see that you know about my crimes.'

'But he did not tell you about how much I suffered, because he did not know. I destroyed everything around me and it did not make me any happier. I still wanted love and friendship, but everything I did, all the crimes I committed, took me further and further away from the things I wanted more than anything in the world. Am I the only criminal in this story? Are the people who chased me away* and attacked me innocent? Why do you not hate the family who lived in the cottage, the family who were so gentle with each other, but who chased me

conscience inner voice which tells you what you are doing is right or wrong, inner morals

poisoned (here) was destroyed, corrupted
masters the people or things you must obey (male)

glad happy
hypocrite someone who says one thing and does the opposite

chased me away forced me to leave

MARY SHELLEY

away with such violence? What about the man who shot me after I rescued his girl from the river? Is he not guilty of any crime?

'It is true that I have murdered innocent people who did no harm* to anyone. I look at the cold body of my creator and see how I have destroyed him. You hate me, but I hate myself more and while I hated the man who created me, I loved him because he gave me life.

My work is nearly done, but do not worry, I do not plan to kill you or anyone else. It is my own life I have to end. I will go now, and I will travel north. I will make a funeral pyre*, set fire to it and I will burn, I will become only ashes* blown on the wind. I will be glad to die. I will no longer have to suffer as I have every minute of every day since I was created. When I am dead, I will be at peace.

'The man who created me is dead and soon I will also be dead. No one will remember us, no one will even remember that we ever existed*. I will no longer see the stars or the sun, I will not feel the wind blowing on my face. Some years ago, when I was first created, I loved the feeling of the warm summer sun. When I heard the leaves moving in the breeze or the birds singing sweetly in the spring, I loved life. I would not have wanted to die then, but now it is the only thing I hope for. I have done many evil things which I regret*, I can only find peace in death.

'I am going now. You are the last human I shall ever see. Goodbye.' Turning back to the body of Frankenstein he said, 'Goodbye Frankenstein. Your life became hell, but you did not suffer as much as I did. I am glad that my life will soon be over.'

FRANKENSTEIN

With that he jumped out of the cabin window onto the floating ice below. I watched him through the darkness as he was carried away by the waves and soon I could not see him anymore. He had disappeared into the icy darkness of the north.

harm bad thing

funeral pyre pile of wood where a dead body is placed to be cremated or burnt

ashes the dust left when a fire has stopped burning

existed were alive

regret feel sorry you did something, wish you hadn't done it