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# Frankenstein Alive, Alive!



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FOR THREE LONG DAYS AND NIGHTS I KEPT MY LONELY VIGIL IN THE WOODS, WRESTLING CEASELESSLY WITH UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS OF MORALITY AND LOYALTY... AND MY OWN CONFLICTING EMOTIONS.

MY GROWING CERTAINTY THAT DR. INGLES WAS IRREDEEMABLY MAD, YET I FELT BEHOLDEN TO HIM FOR ALL HE HAD DONE FOR ME THESE LAST TEN YEARS I LIVED IN HIS HOUSE.

HIS INSANE DESIGNS ON RACHEL'S UNBORN CHILD OFFENDED SOME DEPTH IN MYSELF I DID NOT YET UNDERSTAND, AND RACHEL HERSELF, THIS YOUNG WOMAN I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW...

...NONE OF THIS INVOLVED OR AFFECTED ME PERSONALLY IN THE SLIGHTEST.

PART OF ME WANTED TO SIMPLY QUIT THIS PLACE, WALK AWAY AND NOT LOOK BACK. LEAVE ALL OF THEM... DR. INGLES, DOLLY, RACHEL AND HER BABY, TO THEIR VARIOUS FATES... AND THIS I HAD RESOLVED TO DO, BUT MY FEET, SEEMINGLY OF THEIR OWN VOLITION, TURNED BACK ON THE PATH AND IN THE END I RETURNED HERE.






SINCE ALL OF THE SERVANTS HAD BEEN DISMISSED WEEKS AGO, THE HOUSEKEEPING WORK CONCERNING RACHEL FELL TO ME.

I PERFORMED THESE TASKS AS QUIETLY AND EFFICIENTLY AS I WAS ABLE, WHILE I DETERMINED TO REMAIN LUTTERLY UNSEEN.

PLEASE, SIR.  
PLEASE, I BEG  
YOU TO REMAIN  
HERE WITH ME AND  
SPEAK, IF ONLY  
FOR A MOMENT.

RACHEL, LONELY IN HER CONFINEMENT, PLEADED DESPERATELY FOR ME TO STAY A WHILE AND KEEP HER COMPANY, BUT I REMAINED RESOLUTE.





RESOLUTE, COLD AND STONE-LIKE,  
GRIMLY DETERMINED TO JUST PERFORM  
MY TASKS, FORCING MYSELF TO REMAIN  
UNTOUCHED AND UNAFFECTED...

...LIKE AN AUTOMATON  
UNMOVED BY MY  
SURROUNDINGS AND  
UNRESPONSIVE TO ANY  
HUMAN PLIGHT.

OCCASIONALLY, WHEN I LEAST EXPECTED IT, I'D  
SUDDENLY BUMP INTO DOLLY STUMBLING THROUGH  
THE NIGHT AND ALL MY RESOLVE WOULD MELT AWAY  
IN LIGHT OF MY SURPRISE AND REVULSION.

SIGHTLESS AND UNLIVING,  
SHE WANDERED AIMLESSLY  
ABOUT THE HOUSE.





DR. INGLES ATTEMPTED TO CATCH HOLD OF AND SUBDUDE HIS FLAILING WIFE, WHOSE STRUGGLES, THOUGH FEEBLE, WERE STILL VIOLENT IN THE EXTREME.

PLEASE, HOLD THE LANTERN.



HOW TO DESCRIBE MY HORROR AT WATCHING DOLLY FLAIL AND TWIST LIKE AN EEL IN THE DOCTOR'S GRASP. HER HEAD FLIPPING TO AND FRO IN A HELPLESS SHAKE OF NEGATION, HER HANDS BEATING WEAKLY IN THE AIR LIKE THE WINGS OF A DYING BIRD, HER MOUTH OPEN IN A SOUNDLESS SCREAM.



IT WAS BECOMING MORE DIFFICULT ALL THE TIME FOR ME TO HOLD MY TONGUE AT DR. INGLES' PRONOUNCEMENTS. MY OUTRAGE ONLY INCREASED AT HIS CALM, BLITHE TALK OF USING RACHEL'S LIVING BABY AS AN INGREDIENT FOR A POTION TO RESTORE LIFE TO HIS DEAD AND ALREADY DECOMPOSING WIFE.



OBVIOUS AS IT WAS TO ME, AND PERHAPS TO ANY CLEAR-THINKING OBSERVER, HAD THERE BEEN ONE TO SEE, DOLLY'S RESTORATION TO ANY SEMBLANCE OF LIVING, COGENT HUMANITY WAS A LOST CAUSE.



SHE WAS BEYOND THE VEIL AND BEYOND HOPE. THE MURDER OF A NEWBORN BABE WOULD AVAIL HER NAUGHT.

