



Frankenstein, or, The Modern Prometheus

Topéas Aylunis Nojotexvias

Tunna Ayzhrens, ATTO beautiful yet te

yet terrific, I wandered on with a hasty step. This noble war in the sky elevated my spirits: I clasped my hands and exclaimed aloud, "William, dear angel! this is thy funeral, this thy dirge!" As I said these words, I perceived a figure which sto EKTCX COEU 67 ar me: I stood fixed, gazing intelligence of the country lightning illuminated the object, and discovered its shape plainly to me; its gigantic stature, and the deformity of BOXANOV was the wretch, the filthy demon to and I was forced to lean against a tr passed me quickly, and I lost it in the gloom. Nothing in human shape could have destroyed that fair child. He was the murderer! I could not doubt it. The mere presence of the idea was an irresistible proof of the fact. I thought of pursuing the devil; but it would have been in vain, for another flash discovered him to me hanging among the rocks of the nearly perpendicular ascent of Mount Salêve, a hill that bounds Plainpalais of the south. He soon reached the summit and disappeared.

I remained motionless. The thunder ceased but the rain still continued, and the scene was enveloped in a penetrable darkness. I revolved in my mind the events which I would now sought to forget; the whole train of my progress towards the creation; the appearance of the work of my own hands alive at my bedside; its departure. Two years had now elapsed since the night on which he first received life; and was this his first crime? Alas, I had turned loose into the world a depraved wretch, whose delight was in carnage and misery; had he not murdered my brother?

ΜΟΥΣΕΙΟ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΣΜΟΥ



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