Propelled by an almost supernatural enthusiasm, Mary Shelley's eponymous protagonist, Frankenstein, questions "Where...did the principle of life proceed?" While the very sentiments of his philosophical search move beyond the natural boundaries of man's knowledge, the use of "supernatural" conjures a sense of extremity and an allusion to a passionate striving, Frankenstein will never learn to "separate." In the Frankenstein himself characterizes this question "bold," yet claims it is "cowardice or carelessness" "remaining" our inquiries. Here, he employs inclusive language which stands as an empirical juxtaposition to the use of the first person singular.

By extension, the protagonist is adopting a higher position of authority to protect. By extension, the protagonist is adopting a higher position of authority to protect. Underpinning these dramatic contrasts of language is the action illustration of Frankenstein's fixation on self. It is this self-restraint coupled with his "extreme ability to "bestow animation upon a lifeless matter," that inevitably leads to the unhallowed scientist's ultimate demise.

At Shelley's broader convictions concerning the lack of morality underpinning scientists of her own world are reinforced through a myriad of dark and pervasive images. In her novel's introduction, "I must also observe the natural decay and corruption of the human body" implies Frankenstein's exuberant passion lies with the contamination of one living creature. Throughout the imagery of the worm feeding off of the "living matter" and its "slow process exemplifies the sinister workings of Frankenstein's very psychology. It is psychological corruption Shelley woos against and thus the embodiment of the extent to which Frankenstein's actions offend, our moral standards and cross boundaries. As such, the author called for a sense of balance within life. Communicated through the juxtaposition of "beauty and strength" against "decay and corruption," the irreducible need for a middle ground is elucidated. Moreover, Shelley's use of the superlative "vilest," alludes to Frankenstein's tendency to act either in "delight" or in "pain," for him
only extremes exist. In a wider sense, Shelley draws upon the fatal flaws of Frankenstein to critique the imperialistic way of thinking, peddling. Rather than dwell in opposites, Shelley implores her own rationalized society to mediate there is an in-between.

In assessing Frankenstein, it indeed a victim of his own hubris. Passage Three further elaborates, 

Frankenstein's characterisation as a victim of his own hubris is exemplified in Passage Three. Here, the creature exclaims, "look on the hands which execrate me dead." While Shelley humanizes "the daemon," she creates an ironic tension between the "hands" which created the "fiend" and the "hands" which have been formed irrevocably to Frankenstein's own physical and emotional torment. In interpreting the creature and created so marvelously, Walton's declaration, "You threw a torch into a pile of buildings, and when they are consumed you sit among the ruins and lament the fall," adopts a duplicitous meaning. Although directly addressing the creature, explicating this statement similarly captured the disposition of both the tragic protagonist and his inability to understand his creation's passions with a sense of morality and consciousness for others. Moreover, the "hands" which Walton refers to is encapsulated in Passage Two as Frankenstein "walks" about like a "jester" separate from all it loved—after remembering the creature's haunting words "I will be with you on your wedding night." As such, the utmost term "hypocritical fiend," permeates the latter's claim of the creature's "hypocritical" nature is typified.

Building off on the interconnectedness of the creature and Frankenstein to the similarities in duet seen through Passages Two and Three. In Passage Two Frankenstein employs excessive terms such as "burned with rage," "a thousand images to torment and sting," and "insurrection revenge." The creature throughout Passage Three mimics such diction, electrocuted referring to "insatiable passion," and "not
ten-thousandth portion of the anguish that was mine! It is therein Shelley embeds the idea that the wretched
wranglings of Frankenstein explored in Passage One have
tangled others in his bivariate downfall. The just
how imperative an understanding of compassion and
morality are, hence reiterated. While the tragic end to
Frankenstein's life is explicitly mentioned as "fratricide"
"point(s) at the corpse," Shelley employs paradoxical images
to communicate the moralゼnlife of the creature. The
creative lament's "my heart was steadfast, passion
remorse." Here, the term "poison" adumbrates the notion
that "good" and all that a heart traditionally reflects,
have been contaminated by a vitally contaminated

The creature explicitly questions the fairness with which 
has been treated, "was there no injustice within it?" This
very question germinates on a larger scale with the
motivation of the Frankenstein's slave figure. However,
the creature sees his creator's act of "abandon(ment)"
take the true cause of his "bitter and loathing despair." In
characterizing loneliness as the Monster at the text's
core, the (carnal) consequences of society's prejudice and
immorality is driven elucidated in its repetitively
structured sentences realizations of the creature:
"I am a wretch. I have murdered the lovely and helpless;
I have strangled the innocent... I have pursued [my
creator] even to that immediate ruin." Shelley's
use of similar sentence constructions here draws emphasis to the tragic ramifications of corrosive
society can have upon the innocent.

Given the epistolary make-up of the Gothic novel,
however, Shelley exemplifies the differences
between appearances and realities. Opening the
passage three, the creature questions "did you
dream?" The term "dream" is similarly employed in
the denouement of Passage Two, "they appeared like a
dream." Here, the use of the word "dream" is highly
reflective of subjective thought alone, while he
Other connotations create a sense of fantasy. Moreover, Frankenstein reflects "I awak, I again felt as it belonged to a race of human beings." In incorporating "as if" into the carefully constructed vocabulary of her protagonist, Shelley highlights the power of individual perception and thereby, her concept that different events can be interpreted in a myriad of ways. Consequently then, the creature's impassioned speech, "Once I falsely hoped to meet with beings who, pardoning my outward form, would love me for the excellent qualities which I was capable of unfolding; resonates poetically. Here, Shelley illustrates the emotional toll a society's value on appearance can "impose" upon the very fabric of one's mind.

Nice! Controlled! I feel better here!
One of the phenomena which had peculiarly attracted my attention was the structure of the human frame, and, indeed, any animal endowed with life. Whence, I often asked myself, did the principle of life proceed? It was a bold question, and one which has ever been considered as a mystery; yet with how many things are we upon the brink of becoming acquainted, if cowardices or carelessness did not restrain and enquire. I resolved these circumstances in my mind, and determined thenceforth to apply myself more particularly to those branches of natural philosophy which relate to physiology. Unless I had been animated by an almost supernatural enthusiasm, my application to this study would have been insipid, and almost intolerable. To examine the causes of life, we must first have recourse to death. I became acquainted with the science of anatomy; but this was not sufficient; I must also observe the natural decay and corruption of the human body. In my education my father had taken the greatest precautions that my mind should be impressed with no supernatural horrors. I do not ever remember to have trembled at the tale of superstition, or to have feared the apparition of a spirit. Darkness had no effect upon my fancy; and a churchyard was to me merely the receptacle of bodies deprived of life, which, from being the seat of beauty and strength, had become food for the worm. Now I was led to examine the cause and progress of this decay, and forced to spend days and nights in vaults and charnel-houses. My attention was fixed upon every object the most insignificant to the delicacy of the human feelings. I saw how the fine form of man was degraded and wasted; I beheld the corruption of death succeed to the blooming cheek of life; I saw how the worm inherited the wonders of the eye and brain. I paused, examination and analyzing all the minutiae of causation, as exemplified in the change from life to death, and death to life, until from the midst of this darkness a sudden light broke in upon me—a light so brilliant and wondrous, yet so simple, that while I became dizzy with the immensity of the prospect which it illustrated, I was surprised, that among so many men of genius who had directed their inquiries towards the same science, that I alone should be reserved to discover so astonishing a secret.

Remember, I am not recording the vision of a madman. The sun does not more certainly shine in the heavens, than that which I now affirm is true. Some miracle might have produced it; yet the stages of the discovery were distinct and probable. After days and nights of incredible labor and fatigue, I succeeded in discovering the cause of generation and life; nay, more, I became myself capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter.

The astonishment which I had at first experienced on this discovery soon gave place to delight and rapture. After so much time spent in painful labour, to arrive at once at the summit of my desires was the most gratifying consummation of my toils. But this discovery was so great and overwhelming that all the steps by which I had been progressively led to it were obliterated and I beheld only the result. What had been the study and desire of the wisest men since the creation of the world was now within my grasp. Not that, like a magic scene, it all opened upon me at once: the information I had obtained was of a nature rather to direct my endeavours so soon as I should point them towards the object of my search, than to exhibit that object already accomplished. I was like the Arabian who had been buried with the dead, and found a passage to life, aided only by one glimmering, and seemingly ineffectual, light.

I see by your eagerness, and the wonder and hope which your eyes express, my friend, that you expect to be informed of the secret with which I am acquainted; that cannot be: listen patiently until the end of my story, and you will easily perceive why I am reserved upon that subject. "I will not lead you on, unguarded and ardent as I then was, to your destruction and infallible misery. Learn from me, if not by my precepts, at least by my example, how dangerous is the acquirement of knowledge, and how much happier for the man who believes his native town to be the world, than he who aspires to become greater than his nature will allow.

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2

All was again silent; but his words rung in my ears. I burned with rage to pursue the murderer of my peace and precipitate him into the ocean. I walked up and down my room hastily and perturbed, while my imagination conjured up a thousand images to torment and sting me. Why had I not followed him, and closed with him in mortal strife? But I had suffered him to depart, and he had directed his course towards the main land. I shuddered to think who might be the next victim sacrificed to his insatiate revenge. And then I thought again of his words—"I will be with you on your wedding-night." That then was the period fixed for the fulfillment of my destiny. In that hour I should die, and at once satisfy and extinguish his malice. The prospect did not move me to fear; yet when I thought of my beloved Elizabeth,—of her tears and endless sorrow, when she should find her lover so barbarously snatched from her,—tears, the first I had shed for many months, streamed from my eyes, and I resolved not to fall before my enemy without a bitter struggle.

The night passed away, and the sun rose from the ocean; my feelings became calmer, if it may be called calmness, when the violence of rage sinks into the depths of despair. I left the house, the horrid scene of the last night's contention, and walked on the beach of the sea, which I almost regarded as an insuperable barrier between me and my fellow-creatures; nay, a wish that such should prove the fact stole across me. I desired that I might pass my life on that barren rock, wearily, it is true, but uninterrupted by any sudden shock of misery. If I returned, it was to be sacrificed, or to see those whom I...
most loved die under the grasp of a demon whom I had myself created.

I walked about the isle like a restless spectre, separated from all it loved, and miserable in the separation. When it became noon, and the sun rose higher, I lay down on the grass, and was powerfully by a deep sleep. I had been awake the whole of the preceding night, my nerves were agitated, and my eyes inflamed by watching and misery. The sleep into which I now sunk refreshed me; and when I awoke, I again felt as if I belonged to a race of human beings like myself, and I began to reflect upon what had passed with greater composure; yet still the words of the fiend rang in my ears like a death-knell, they appeared like a dream, yet distinct and oppressive as a reality.

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3

"And do you dream?" said the demon; "do you think that I was then dead to agony and remorse?—He," he continued, pointing to the corpse, "he suffered not in the consummation of the deed—oh! not the ten-thousandth part of the anguish that was mine during the lingering detail of its execution. A frightful self-loathing hurried me on, while my heart was poisoned with remorse. Think you that the groans of Cerval were music to my ears? My heart was fashioned to be susceptible of love and sympathy; and when wounded by misery to vice and hatred it did not endure the violence of the change without torture such as you cannot even imagine.

"After the murder of Cerval I returned to Switzerland heart-broken and overcome. I pitied Cerval; my pity amounted to horror: I abhorred myself. But when I discovered that he, the author at once of my existence and of its unspeakable torments, dared to hope for happiness; that while he accumulated wretchedness and despair upon me he sought his own enjoyment in feelings and passions from the indulgence of which I was for ever barred, then impotent envy and bitter indignation filled me with an insatiable thirst for vengeance. I recollected my threat and resolved that it should be accomplished. I knew that I was preparing for myself a deadly torture; but I was the slave, not the master, of an impulse which I detested, yet could not disobey. Yet when she died—nay, then I was not miserable. I had cast off all feeling, subdued all anguish, to riot in the excess of my despair. Evil thenceforth became my good. Urged thus far, I had no choice but to adapt my nature to an element which I had willingly chosen. The completion of my demoniacal design became an insatiable passion. And now it is ended; there is my last victim!"

I was at first touched by the expressions of his misery; yet, when I called to mind what Frankenstein had said of his powers of eloquence and persuasion, and when I again cast my eyes on the lifeless form of my friend, indignation was rekindled within me. "Wretch!" I said, "it is well that you came here to whine over the desolation that you have made. You throw a torch into a pile of buildings; and when they are consumed you sit among the ruins and lament the fall. Hypocritical fiend! If he whom you mourn still lived, still would he be the object, again would he become the prey, of your accursed vengeance. It is not pity that you feel; you lament only because the victim of your malignity is withdrawn from your power."

"Oh, it is not thus—not thus," interrupted the being; "yet such must be the impression conveyed to you by what appears to be the purport of my actions. Yet I seek not a fellow-feeling in my misery. No sympathy may I ever find. When I first sought it, it was the love of virtue, the feelings of happiness and affection with which my whole being overflowed, that I wished to beparticipated. But now that virtue has become to me a shadow and that happiness and affection are turned into bitter and loathing despair, in what should I seek for sympathy? I am content to suffer alone while my sufferings shall endure: when I die, I am well satisfied that abhorrence and opprobrium should load my memory. Once my fancy was soothed with dreams of virtue, of fame, and of enjoyment. Once I falsely hoped to meet with beings who, pardoning my outward form, would love me for the excellent qualities which I was capable of unfolding. I was nourished with high thoughts of honour and devotion. But now crime has degraded me beneath the meanest animal. No guilt, no mischief, no malignity, no misery, can be found comparable to mine. When I run over the frightful catalogue of my sins, I cannot believe that I am the same creature whose thought were once filled with sublime and transcendent visions of the beauty and the majesty of goodness. But it is even so; the fallen angel becomes a malignant devil. Yet even that enemy of God and man had friends and associates in his desolation; I am alone.

"You, who call Frankenstein your friend, seem to have a knowledge of my crimes and my misfortunes. But in the detail which he gave you of them he could not sum up the hours and months of misery which I endured, wasting in impotent passions. For while I destroyed his hopes, I did not satisfy my own desires. They were for ever ardent and craving; still I desired love and fellowship, and I was still spurned. Was there no injustice in this? Am I to be thought the only criminal when all human kind sinned against me? Why do you not hate Felix who drove his friend from his door with contumely? Why do you not execute the rustics who sought to destroy the saviour of his child? Nay, these are virtuous and immaculate beings! I, the miserable and the abandoned, am an abortion, to be spurned at, and kicked, and trampled on. Even now my blood boils at the recollection of this injustice."

"But it is true that I am a wretch. I have murdered the lovely and the helpless; I have strangled the innocent as they slept, and grasped to death his throat who never injured me or any other living thing. I have devoured my creator, the select specimen of all that is worthy of love and admiration among men, to misery; I have pursued him even to that irreparable ruin. There he lies, white and cold in death. You hate me; but your abhorrence cannot equal that with which I regard myself. I look on the hands which executed the deed; I think on the heart in which the imagination of it was conceived, and long for the moment when these hands will meet my eyes, when that imagination will haunt my thoughts no more."

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