

# Frankenstein

BY ROD PIKE

Thus it was that I came to the Pinnacle of my researches. Convinced that I had been given divine insight, I made a momentous and subsequently catastrophic decision. I, Doctor Victor Frankenstein, would create a human being, a beautiful person of high intellect. Then... Then I would breathe life into him!

Oh how conceited we mortals are! For months I worked, through day and night. With only feeble daylight, barely able to penetrate the now filthy windows, to comfort me. By night... By night my task took on an unearthly, bizarre atmosphere. My... creation lit by a guttering oil lamp assumed a hideous countenance. Its flesh not pink and soft, but of coarse and waxen pallor. Its eyes... Just staring... Devoid of all emotion. Glazed, watery: A dull jaundiced yellow.

Because of the delicate surgery involved I had chosen to work to the largest scale possible. I paid unofficial visits to charnel houses to select, and subsequently amputate the most powerful pieces for my jigsaw. What gruesome work! Corpses vacantly staring as I hacked them apart!

So... On a damp and misty evening in November I brought it to life! What a fool I was! Its eyes slowly focused on me. It arose, ponderously and in apparent pain. It staggered towards me reaching out with its massive arms. A guttural cry exuded from its twisted, misshapen lips. A base and animal like sound! As this... abomination approached, towering above me, I felt that a cruel trick had been played on me. I had the power of life, the ability to create something beautiful. Yet before me stood the results of my pathetic effort. Ugly and deformed. Covered in a network of livid scar tissue. His black lifeless hair fell across his face which was hideous beyond belief. Panic seized me... I turned and fled, leaving the door open.

I paced the streets all night unable to think of anything other than my foolhardiness. The sun was rising as I returned to my house. My heart pounded! What would I find? I entered furtively, looking beyond every shadow. Then I summoned up enough courage to enter my laboratory... Nothing! He was gone, Oh happy day!

That was four years ago. I had virtually erased him from my memory, and my researches now followed a more conventional approach. Then tragedy struck. My sister, a mere twenty two years old was murdered. A monstrous giant was seen to strangle her before hurling her body from a cliff top, onto the rocks below. My duty is clear. To her memory, and to the world. I must find him and destroy him if I can!

One thing I have learned from this, is man's place in the scheme of things. True, I gave the being life, strength and movement. What I could never give him was... a soul...

### PART ONE. HARD JOURNEY.

Doctor Frankenstein has arrived at his father's house in Switzerland. From here he plans to start the hunt for the monster that he created four years previously. This being, who so brutally murdered his younger sister must be destroyed. The creature has been sighted over the years, but no one has had the courage to track him down. The last reliable sightings were in the mountain range, on the other side of the lake...

### PART TWO. THE SLAYING.

The Doctor is fortunate enough to discover a cottage in the woods, where he can get shelter from the cold night. The old blind man and the young woman who reside there have an horrific and tragic tale to tell. The morning brings horrors anew, which harden the Doctor's resolve to destroy his creation.

On arrival at the village of Chamont, he decides, after talking to one or two people, that he must fully arm and equip himself if he is to stand a chance. This is not quite so simple. (You didn't really expect it to be did you?)

And so he embarks on his journey. Here, his adversary mockingly displays his superhuman agility... and yet never gets so far ahead, that the Doctor loses the scent. Odd... most odd.

The final confrontation takes place in a derelict chateau, high in a mountain pass. Make no mistake about it. There will be blood and carnage at the end... There has to be... The question is... Whose blood?...

### PART THREE. THE MONSTER'S STORY

A being awakes... He knows nothing of who or where he is. All he has are vague images in his mind, which mean nothing to him... and a lot of pain.

You will play out his part and discover what made him a killer. But in doing so, you must increase your IQ level. After all you started off knowing nothing, and to survive you must learn quickly... very quickly.

### GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

LOADING: Shift Run/Stop.

SAVING PART GAME: Insert blank tape, type SAVE and press return. Type in your game save name and press return. On completion of save, you will be returned to your saved position.

LOADING SAVED GAME. Load in the main game. Then insert your game save tape and type LOAD and press return. Then enter your saved name, press return and you will be taken to your saved position.

### SPECIAL COMMANDS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

For Inventory type X in all parts.

Review location/situation, type LOOK, LOOK

AROUND, SEARCH, EXPLORE and EXAMINE things and places.

Multiple commands are possible if separated by 'and' or 'then' or ',': ie: Get the knife and throw it. Or, get the gun, load it, fire gun.

Directional commands are usual N,S,E,W,U,D

Part two contains a conversation module. To engage in speech enter SAY, (don't forget the comma), followed by your message. Try not to make your conversations too complex though! ie: say, have you seen the monster (return) would be accepted.

Part three is a bit different. You are responsible for the monster's intelligence, among other things. Monitor this with IQ (return). In fact you have a lot of responsibility in this part. Use all senses of thought, sight, smell, hearing etc, (think, watch, listen and so on). For this, coupled with your experiences, will increase your IQ.

One final word. To retain the integrity of Mary Shelley's original character, part three will only be accessible to those of you who complete parts one and two. I request that players getting this far, keep the relevant information a secret, after all, it was hard won. This will ensure that the pleasure for other players will not be spoiled.



Rod Pike