

The Death of the Modern Adam

By Zach Brengel

My skin is far stronger than I had anticipated, the flames merely nibbled at my flesh. Not even twenty minutes after I ignited myself, had my pitiful excuse for clothing been reduced to ash, yet my body remained merely peppered with crimson sores. I shall die, eventually, but I have begun to grow impatient with my demise. The fire burned me, but was merciful to my sins. The only being powerful enough to right my wrongs is the very force that took my creator away, for only death can make my spirit sleep in peace. The gentle face of my master's bride spawned into my head, and burned far brighter than any of hell's fires. She was standing there, her pale and distorted features half covered by her hair, which began to extend, wrapping around my body, and binding my soul to damnation. Suddenly, I saw the late Frankensteins walking through swedish forests. The same forest I called refuge after his disownment of me. Thick layers of snow, laced the ground and trees. The sky, a direct portal to heaven. Victor embraced his wife, but as he they kissed, they became livid with the hue of death. I scream, and inferno returns. Once the horror left my sight, I was filled with disappointment. Awakened from my visions, I look on my ice raft and notice a layer of dew. My pyre was melting. I began to panic, reaching up to the heavens, but my knees were soldered closed. I fell to the icy firmament, and weeped the life I once wished to throw away. Did my hopes truly die upon his rejection, or did I throw away any chance of happiness I had left with pointless bloodshed? After many aching hours, my pyre disappeared, and I began to fight to stay above the seas. The combined vigor of tempest and tide forced me into their domain, and in an instant my life was over.

I hear the bells of the church to the God Victor worshiped, and lament my creator. Each ring takes me to a funeral. My fingers snapping down on the neck of my creator's brother; A gavel slams down, damning his servant; His bestfriend's body falls to the floor, his bride lays lifeless on their wedding bed; my creator himself consumed by his obsession; and now me, my final victim.

As my rotting corpse was swallowed by the fathoms, I myself fathomed my place in it all. There was no more vengeance for me, I was merely a lifeless bag of flesh and bone, now ripped apart by the current. With my viscera floating through the waves, I thought about those I loved and wished loved me back, and those I could never love again. It pained me to my fleeting soul. My flesh didn't suffer from such philosophical shackles, and so floated freely through the deep. On its journey, the sea's many fauna would make it their prey. Creatures big and small consumed my tissue, restoring their life, and refueling their vigor; Giving birth to another generation of undersea life. I was created to be Frankenstein's opus, his Adam, but I am rather the fallen angel who presented the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. I live on forever in the blood of my predators, and the blood of their descendants. Each evolution of a creature barred my name, and continued my legacy. After centuries upon centuries, my creator's image no longer needs space in my mind. So farewell, Frankenstein! I have become one with your creator, merged into a form beyond your feeble comprehension. I hope somewhere, maybe beyond the stars, you and your gentle Elizabeth may get some rest.