

Singularly disconsolate, I quitted my residence and made way to my fortress of contemplation and companionship – the Teutoors Ingolstadt. My discovery of this wondrous establishment occurred shortly after Elizabeth severed our marital bonds and I became a regular customer, partaking sometimes twice or thrice per week. Of late, I had not returned since losing my University income, but desperate I was now for release from the ill fortunes of recent days.

“Hi, welcome to Teutoors,” the greeter intoned, attired in bright orange lederhosen and constricting white shirt with two breast pocket buttons playfully forming the bulging eyes of Siegfried, the jolly Teutonic Knight.

“Hello, Porsche,” I replied. “It is good to see you again.”

She looked at me blankly.

“It is I, Victor Frankenstein!”

Her face brightened. “Oh, *hi* Vector!” She reached out to touch my arm. “I’m *so* glad you came in, Vector. Everybody here’s such a loser, but *you* seem really cool.”

“May I have my usual table?”

The blank expression returned to Porsche’s visage. I found my own way.

Knowing well already what I desired – a pint of Baselbieter Bier with original style zany chicken wings, the items of lowest cost – I closed the menu and searched for a waitress. There was one whose back was towards me. “You there, good Fräulein!” I called out. “I have tonight a most fervent longing for a merry repast!”

The young woman turned.

I gasped. “Inga Blücher!”

“Victor Frankenstein!” my former University colleague exclaimed. “What the hell are you doing here?”

“I am...I, um...” My visage scowled. “What are *you* doing here?”

“I lost a bet with Daniel.” Inga said, shrugging her shoulders. “I thought Krempe’s hair was real, but Daniel’s always insisted it’s a toupée. It’s a joke, just for tonight. We worked it out with the manager.”

“Is this not...embarrassing?” I asked.

“Yeah well, it could be worse. If Daniel had lost, he’d be going full monty at Reissverschlüsse. Besides, you wouldn’t believe some of these pathetic guys here, leaving me thirty, sometimes forty percent tips.” Inga paused. “Hey listen, Daniel and the rest of the group will be here in about half an hour. Wanna stick around?”

I gazed about and saw the establishment with new eyes. Upon the wall was a sign that read, “Customers are expected to buy hats and T-shirts.” A bizarre Muzak version of “Don’t Know What You Got (Till It’s Gone)” was playing in the background. At one table, a man in a soiled white undershirt was yelling at his squabbling toddlers while his wife smoked a cigarette and looked the other way. Elsewhere, a scrawny young man with unkempt hair was passed out upon the table, a thin stream of drool running down the side of his gaping mouth. A balding,

obese middle-aged man nursed a half-empty pint while staring longingly at a waitress. An acne scarred teenager tried clumsily to grope another.

“I will absolutely *not* be staying!” Gastric gasses stirred, and my sphincter threatened release. I stood so quickly the chair fell behind me. “Goodbye, Inga!”

I quitted the Teutoors Ingolstadt with shame and intestinal distress, retiring to my residence with all due haste. Trembling with excess passion, I took down the LottoFrankë.ch website, deleted all the files and emails, and shredded the letter from the Eidgenössische Spielbankenkommission. Whence the destruction was complete, I let forth a malignant howl of devilish rage and despair. I was alone; none were near me to dissipate the gloom and relieve me from the most terrible reveries.

Never again would I be a patron of the Teutoors Ingolstadt. Two months later, some idiot child in München raised 50,000 euros on Schlagstarter.de to make weisswurst.

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We Shall Be Monsters

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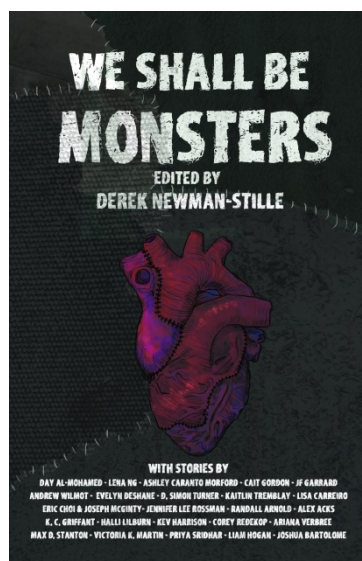
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Edited by multiple Prix Aurora Award winner [Derek Newman-Stille](#) and published by [Renaissance Press](#), *We Shall Be Monsters* commemorates the bicentennial and legacy of the ground-breaking and genre-changing novel *Frankenstein: Or, the Modern Prometheus* by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *We Shall Be Monsters* features twenty-four stories and poems by diverse authors from around the world, ranging from direct interpretations of Shelley's text to innovative explorations of stitched, assembled body, and narrative experiments in monstrous creations.

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