

Exhausted and beaten, I returned to Ingolstadt and retreated into my room in a state of utter and stupid anxiety. I resolved to beg the kindness of my childhood friend Clerval to establish employment for me at Kürzer & Boily. True comrade that he was, Henry arranged this life-saving position. I could now facilitate my private research. Thus, I began working double shifts where the purpose of the second shift was to obtain needed materials from the Kürzer & Boily laboratories and transfer them to my private room. Month passed and all went according to plan. By changing the location of my abode several times I was able to avoid the letters of summons from the University.

On a particularly dismal night, however, I had endeavoured to transport of a modest amount of flavinioids from the organic chemistry laboratory to a point where I could return under cover of darkness to retrieve the package from the disposal area before the bin collectors arrived. As I waded amongst the filth of a large dumpster, an alarm sounded. I had mere minutes to extricate myself and make off with the flavinioids. Leaping to the ground, I heard a security officer hail to me.

“Please stop, sir! This is a dangerous area and I must ask you to return to our medical aid room for examination.”

The impudent fool! I ran as if carried along by Hermian wings, but I could not allow the minion’s comment to go unaddressed. I turned my head and yelled back to him, “Danger! Do not speak to me of danger, you mere lackey! The work I do will shine with the light of...”

There was a horrible crash, and I was sure that I saw the light of which I was just speaking. My forward momentum combined with my backward view had caused me to collide vigorously with some kind of large metallic waste receptacle. The resulting cacophony drowned out the remainder of my eloquent answer.

I staggered to my feet, knowing that I must reach and then scale the chain link fence and make my way to the safety of the treeline to avoid an unpleasant interview with the constabulary. I had lost considerable speed as a result of my collision, but judged that I could still reach safety before any action on the part of the authorities. My path was strewn with various pieces of detritus from the factory, and with my vision still degraded from the appearance of astronomical apparitions before my eyes, I continued to have unintentional contact with much of the debris.

The racket was deafening. I became aware that the stars before my eyes had now started flashing in bright red and blue colouration. The package containing the flavinioids, along with much of my clothing, had been torn during the hasty climbing of the chain link fence. I proceeded at considerable pace to the relative safety of the forest, now accompanied by the sound of baying hounds.

It was a distinctly unpleasant night.

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We Shall Be Monsters

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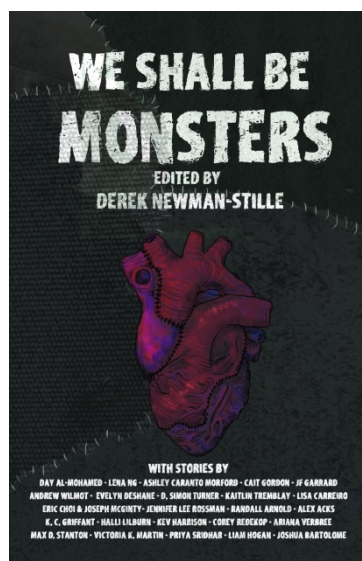
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Edited by multiple Prix Aurora Award winner [Derek Newman-Stille](#) and published by [Renaissance Press](#), *We Shall Be Monsters* commemorates the bicentennial and legacy of the ground-breaking and genre-changing novel *Frankenstein: Or, the Modern 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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