FRANKENSTEIN'S DUNDEE



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Welcome to *Frankenstein's Dundee*! This is a Monster Mash combining stories from two previous comics, *Frankenstein Begins* (2015) and *Frankenstein Returns* (2018). These were produced in conjunction with the Being Human festival, a national celebration of the Arts and Humanities. The stories were written by myself, and co-created by artists nightmarish Norrie Millar and eerie Elliot Balson. Colours were provided by Ashling Larkin and Rebecca Horner, lettering by Damon Herd, design by Phillip Vaughan, and Rebecca and Catriona Laird pulled all these stories together at the production stage, like mad scientists assembling a frightful creature!

The starting point for these tall tales is Mary Shelley herself. The author of *Frankenstein* (1818) revealed in the preface to the 1831 edition of her most famous novel that Dundee, where she spent some time as a teenager, inspired her imagination. She drew on her experiences in Dundee when writing *Frankenstein*, and we have grabbed hold of that idea and squeezed it with our greedy, monstrous hands! We hope you enjoy *Frankenstein's Dundee*!

Professor Christopher Murray

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Front cover, frontispiece, and illustrations on pages 4, 36, and 54 by Norrie Millar.

Illustration on page 30 by Dan McDaid.
Back cover image by Elliot Balson.

UniVerse University of Dundee DUNDEE COMICS CREATIVE SPACE Being Human

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MARY SHELLEY'S DUNDEE OR FRANKENSTEIN BEGINS

SCRIPT:
CHRIS MURRAY
ART:
NORRIE MILLAR
COLOURS :
REBECCA HORNER
LETTERING:
PHILLIP VAUGHAN

7 July 1812

I am not a perfect judge of Mary's character. I believe she has nothing of what is commonly called vices, and that she has considerable talent. I am anxious that she should brought up, like a philosopher, even like a cynic. It will add greatly to the strength and worth of her character.

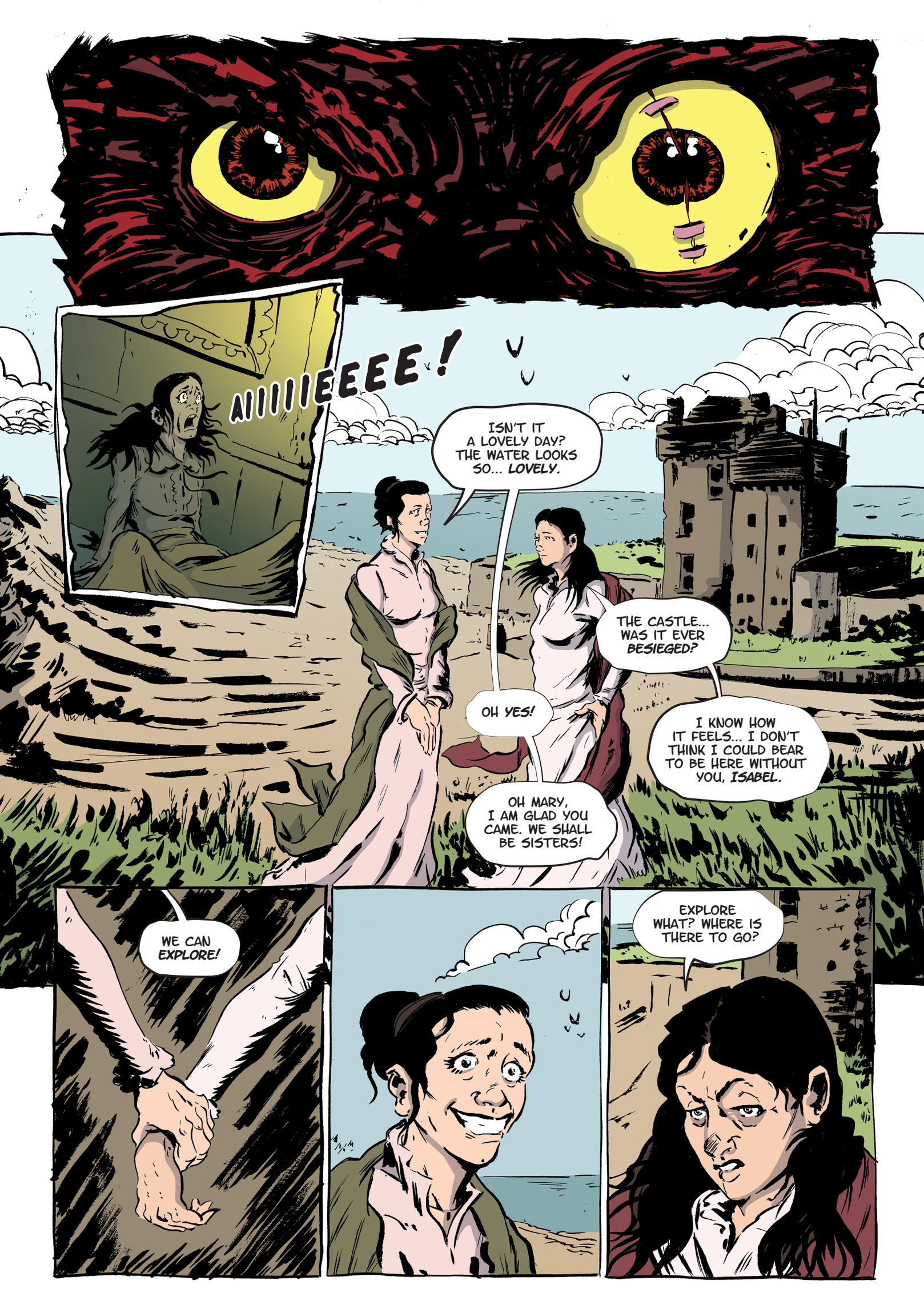
I should also observe that she has no love of dissipation, and will be perfectly satisfied with your woods and your mountains. I wish, too, that she should be excited to industry, she shows great need to be roused...

William Godwin








AIIIIIEEEE!
ISN'T IT A LOVELY DAY? THE WATER LOOKS SO... LOVELY.
OH YES!
OH MARY, I AM GLAD YOU CAME. WE SHALL BE SISTERS!
THE CASTLE... WAS IT EVER BESIEGED?
I KNOW HOW IT FEELS... I DON'T THINK I COULD BEAR TO BE HERE WITHOUT YOU, ISABEL.
WE CAN EXPLORE!
EXPLORE WHAT? WHERE IS THERE TO GO?


SO, YOUR FATHER OWNS ALL OF THIS?
WELL, HE OWNS A LOT OF IT. THIS IS THE HIGH STREET. I'M NOT REALLY SUPPOSED TO COME HERE BY MYSELF.
LUCKILY, YOU AREN'T BY YOURSELF!
SORRY, LITTLE MISS.
OAF! OH, I MEAN... OH, IT'S ALRIGHT.
COME MARY, WE'LL SEE THE SHIPS.


THESE SHIPS MUST HAVE SEEN SOME FAR OFF PLACES.
I SUPPOSE... THEY GO FAR NORTH, AND SOUTH. THEY SPEND MONTHS SURROUNDED BY ICE SOMETIMES.
I SHOULD LIKE TO PASS SOME TIME THAT WAY. COULD YOU IMAGINE? THE PEACE... WHAT STORIES I WOULD CONCOCT. ONE MIGHT EVEN GO A LITTLE MAD!


I THINK YOU'D LIKE TO BE A LITTLE BIT *MAD*, MARY. IT WOULD SUIT YOUR TEMPERAMENT.
BUT YOU ARE THE SANEST PERSON I'VE EVER MET! *WHAT BAD LUCK!* OH, IT'S *STARTING* TO *RAIN!*
AND I THOUGHT THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE *SUNNIEST CITY IN SCOTLAND?*

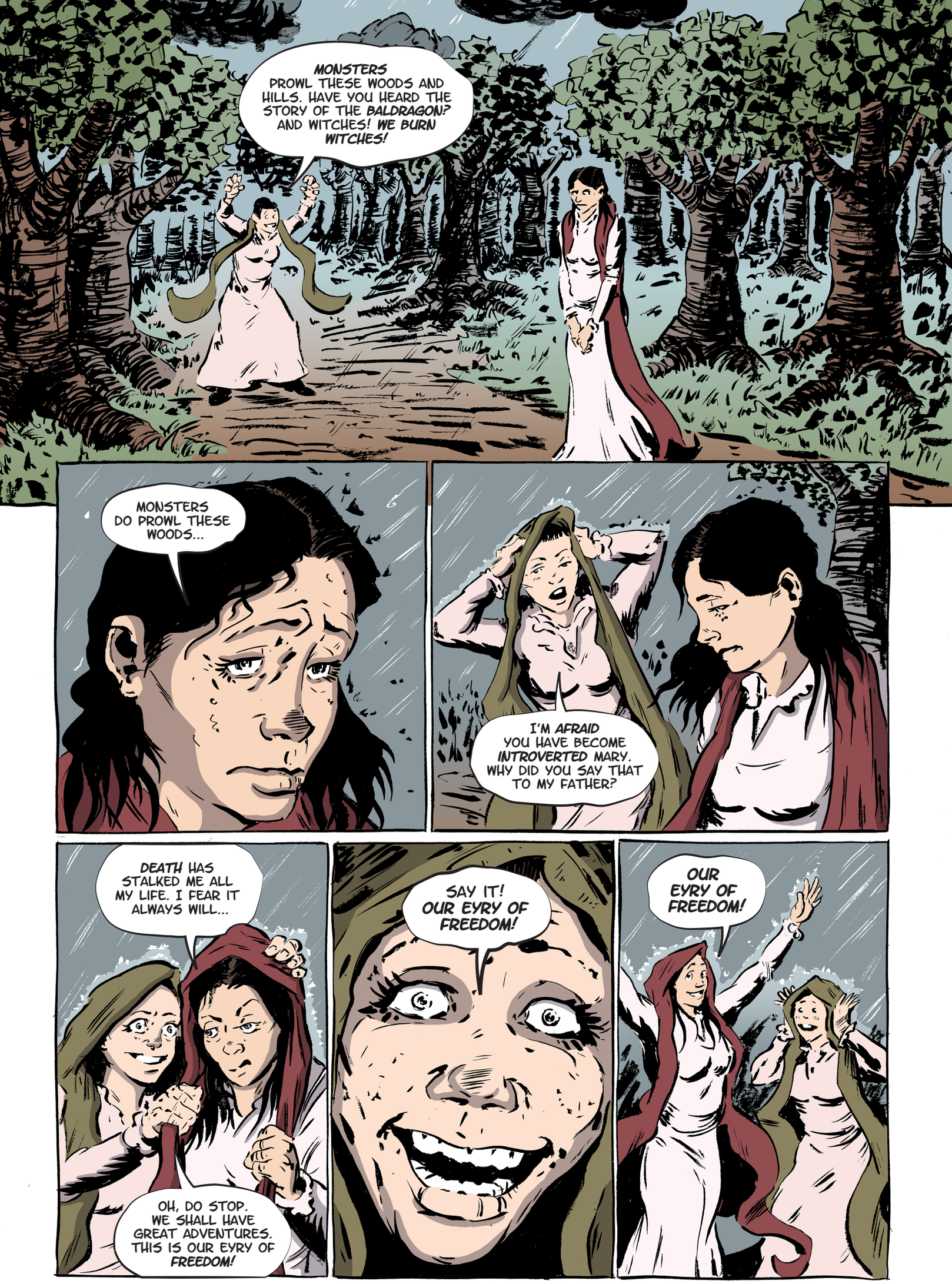





I KILLED MY MOTHER WHEN I CAME INTO THIS WORLD. HE COULD COPE WHEN I WAS A CHILD, A BLANK SLATE THAT HE COULD WRITE HIS HOPES AND DREAMS ON, BUT WHEN I BECAME MY OWN PERSON HE DID NOT WANT THE RESPONSIBILITY.


AND NOW I LOOK LIKE HER. A GHOST RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIS EYES. AND HIS NEW WIFE, OH HOW SHE HATES ME...


AND WHERE SHALL WE GO TODAY?
WHERE ARE YOU HEADED OFF TO?
THE *WOODS*, FATHER.
MARY, YOUR FATHER SENT YOU TO US SO YOU COULD HAVE AN EDUCATION IN LIFE.
HE IS *AFRAID* OF THE EDUCATION IN DEATH THAT I HAVE ALREADY GIVEN HIM.
WHAT DID YOU *SAY*?
WE'LL BE BACK FOR SUPPER FATHER!


MONSTERS PROWL THESE WOODS AND HILLS. HAVE YOU HEARD THE STORY OF THE BALDRAGON? AND WITCHES! WE BURN WITCHES!
MONSTERS DO PROWL THESE WOODS...
I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE BECOME INTROVERTED MARY. WHY DID YOU SAY THAT TO MY FATHER?
DEATH HAS STALKED ME ALL MY LIFE. I FEAR IT ALWAYS WILL...
OH, DO STOP. WE SHALL HAVE GREAT ADVENTURES. THIS IS OUR EYRY OF FREEDOM!
SAY IT! OUR EYRY OF FREEDOM!
OUR EYRY OF FREEDOM!


DAD, MEET YER GRANDDAUGHTER.
AH CANNAE SEE HER...
...BUT I KEN SHE IS FAIR BONNY.
COME INSIDE, ABODY...


WE SHALL BE FRIENDS FOREVER, WON'T WE?
EVERYTHING I WRITE WILL BE FOR YOU.
I WOULD SO DEARLY LIKE TO BE A HEROINE OF A ROMANCE.
THEN YOU SHALL BE DISAPPOINTED.


WRITE.
ALWAYS.
CHILD, YOU HAVE BECOME AS A DAUGHTER TO ME. YOU ARE *ALWAYS* WELCOME HERE AS LONG AS THIS HOUSE STANDS.



It is 1816, the year without Summer, as the ash from a volcanic eruption casts a pall over the continent.

Mary has eloped with poet Percy Shelley, a radical, as well as a married man. Their first child lies in its grave, and others will follow. It is a time marked by death, as Mary's half-sister, Fanny Imlay, and Percy's first wife, Harriet, both commit suicide.

Mary and Percy, along with Mary's stepsister Claire, wind their way through the countryside of France, recently ravaged by war, and through Switzerland to the Villa Diodati, a manor close to Lake Geneva, to meet their friend, the scandalous Lord Byron, the father of Claire's unborn child.




ON THE WAY MARY, PERCY AND CLAIRE ARE RUMOURED TO HAVE PASSED THE GLOOMY RUIN OF *CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN*, ONCE THE HOME OF ALCHEMIST *JOHANN CONRAD DIPPEL*, WHO HAD STUDIED ANATOMY, AND MAY HAVE EXHUMED DEAD BODIES FOR THIS PURPOSE...


WE WILL EACH WRITE A GHOST STORY!


A CREATURE WHO CANNOT INSPIRE LOVE - ONLY FEAR.


MOTHER?

IZZIE...


PERCY...


AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
GIVE ME LIFE!




e lonely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betroth d knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.
STEIN
PLIP


"You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings…"
THE END


PARADISE
LOST

ARKTOS

STORY by Chris Murray - ART & LETTERS by Elliot Balson - COLOURS by Ashling Larkin







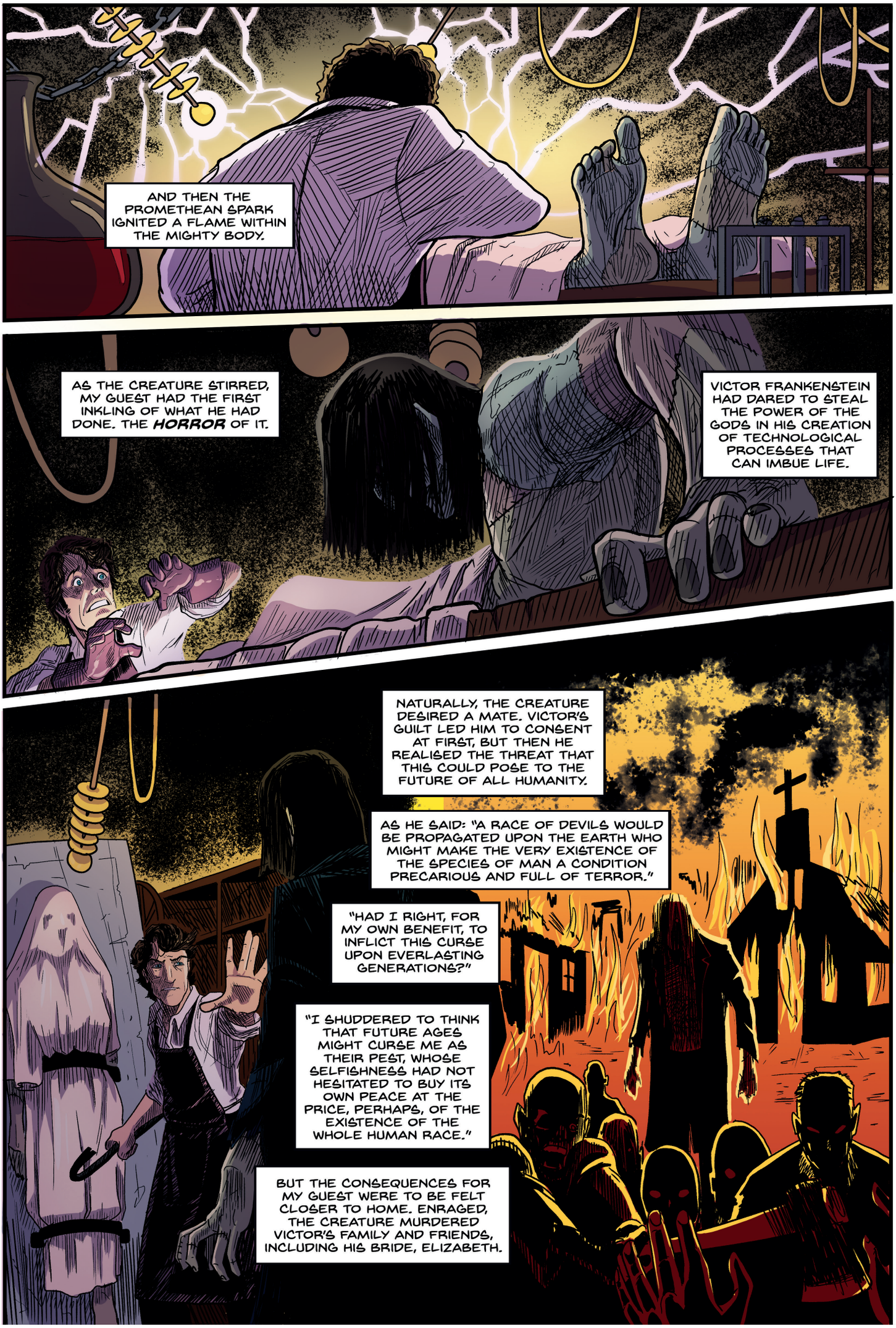

HIS TALE BEGAN AT INGOLSTADT UNIVERSITY IN GERMANY IN 1792.


INSPIRED BY SCIENTIFIC ADVANCES HE DREAMED OF STEALING FIRE FROM THE HANDS OF THE GODS -- HE WOULD INSTIL THE SPARK OF LIFE IN A BEING OF HIS OWN CREATION.

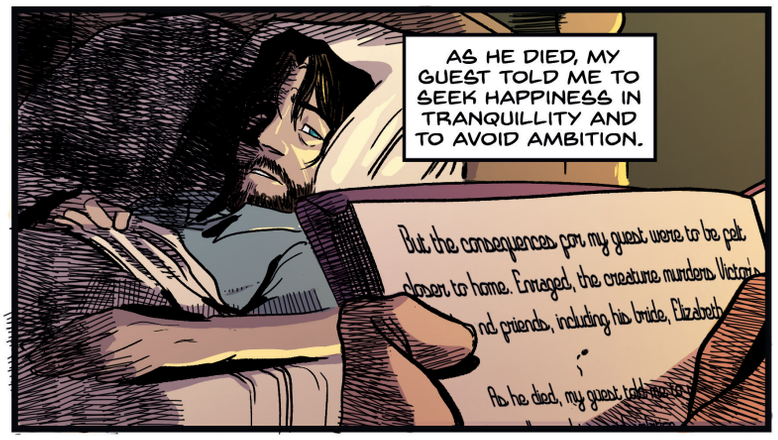

THE MEANS BY WHICH HE ACQUIRED MATERIAL FOR HIS GREAT EXPERIMENT WERE LESS THAN REPUTABLE.

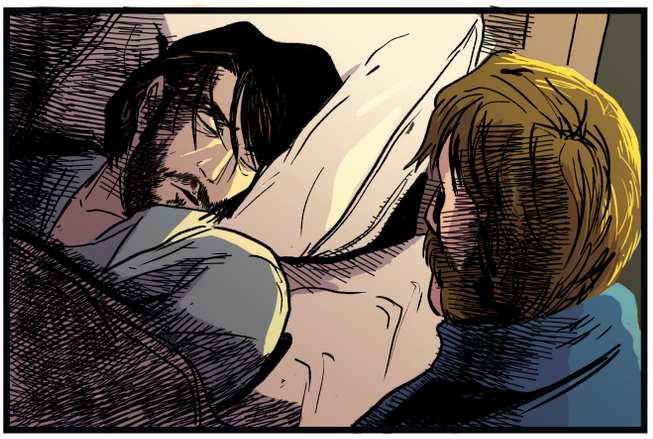

AND HIS ARCANE INTERESTS DREW MOCKERY FROM HIS PEERS.


HIS CREATURE WAS ASSEMBLED FROM THE DEAD, BOTH HUMAN AND ANIMAL.


AND THEN THE PROMETHEAN SPARK IGNITED A FLAME WITHIN THE MIGHTY BODY.
AS THE CREATURE STIRRED, MY GUEST HAD THE FIRST INKLING OF WHAT HE HAD DONE. THE HORROR OF IT.
VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN HAD DARED TO STEAL THE POWER OF THE GODS IN HIS CREATION OF TECHNOLOGICAL PROCESSES THAT CAN IMBUE LIFE.
NATURALLY, THE CREATURE DESIRED A MATE. VICTOR'S GUILT LED HIM TO CONSENT AT FIRST, BUT THEN HE REALISED THE THREAT THAT THIS COULD POSE TO THE FUTURE OF ALL HUMANITY.
AS HE SAID: "A RACE OF DEVILS WOULD BE PROPAGATED UPON THE EARTH WHO MIGHT MAKE THE VERY EXISTENCE OF THE SPECIES OF MAN A CONDITION PRECARIOUS AND FULL OF TERROR."
"HAD I RIGHT, FOR MY OWN BENEFIT, TO INFLICT THIS CURSE UPON EVERLASTING GENERATIONS?"
"I SHUDDERED TO THINK THAT FUTURE AGES MIGHT CURSE ME AS THEIR PEST, WHOSE SELFISHNESS HAD NOT HESITATED TO BUY ITS OWN PEACE AT THE PRICE, PERHAPS, OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE."
BUT THE CONSEQUENCES FOR MY GUEST WERE TO BE FELT CLOSER TO HOME. ENRAGED, THE CREATURE MURDERED VICTOR'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS, INCLUDING HIS BRIDE, ELIZABETH.




AS HE DIED, MY GUEST TOLD ME TO SEEK HAPPINESS IN TRANQUILLITY AND TO AVOID AMBITION.
But, the consequences for my guest were to be felt closer to home. Enraged, the creature murders Victor's and friends, including his bride, Elizabeth.
As he died, my guest told me to

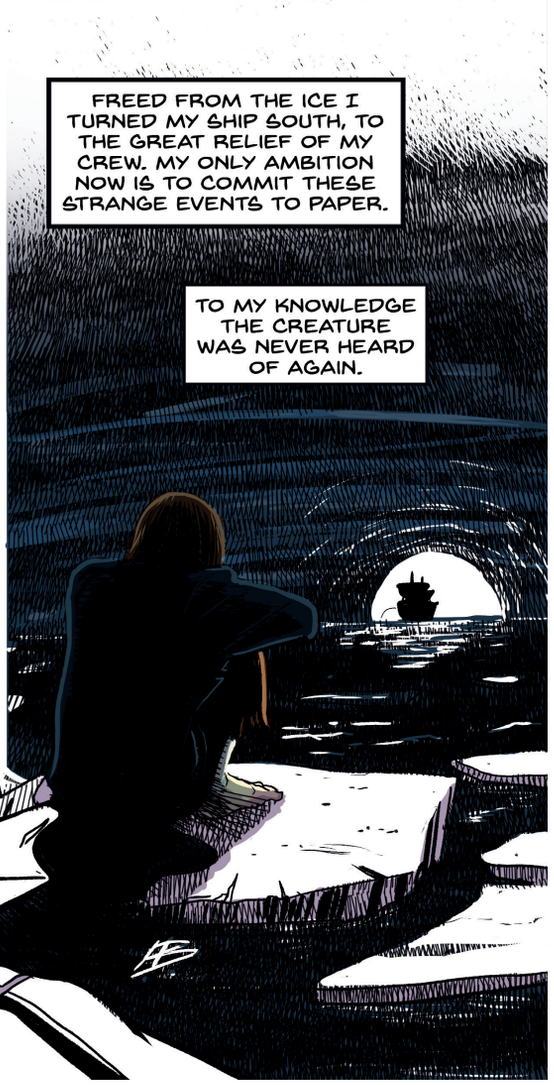



AND THEN THE VILE SUBJECT OF MY GUEST'S NARRATIVE APPEARED.


HE IS DEAD WHO CALLED ME INTO BEING. FAREWELL FRANKENSTEIN.
HE WAS NOTHING LIKE I IMAGINED.


I WISH THINGS HAD BEEN DIFFERENT.




FREED FROM THE ICE I TURNED MY SHIP SOUTH, TO THE GREAT RELIEF OF MY CREW. MY ONLY AMBITION NOW IS TO COMMIT THESE STRANGE EVENTS TO PAPER.
TO MY KNOWLEDGE THE CREATURE WAS NEVER HEARD OF AGAIN.



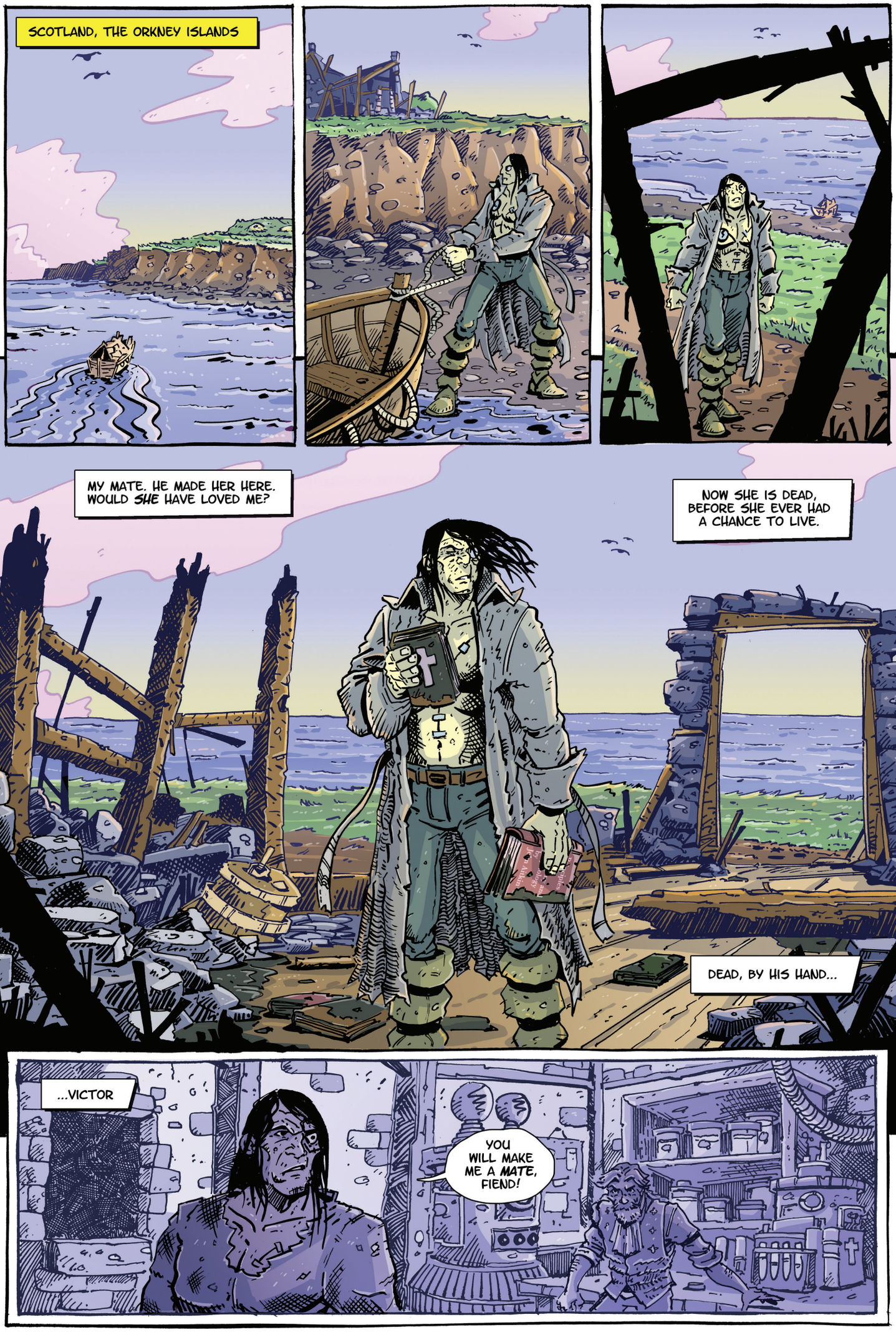

FRANKENSTEIN
RETURNS
SCRIPT: CHRIS MURRAY
ART: NORRIE MILLAR
LETTERING: DAMON HERD
I SHALL NOT DIE.


ROOOAAR

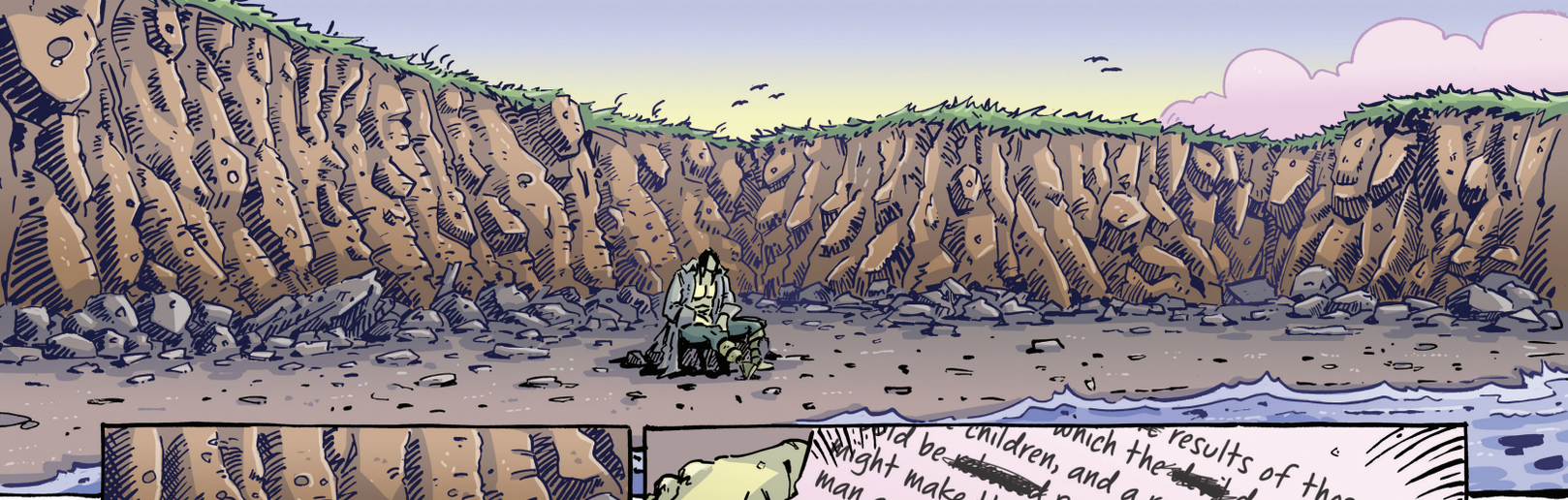


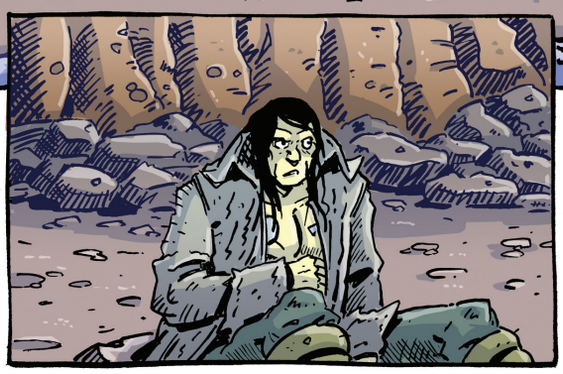


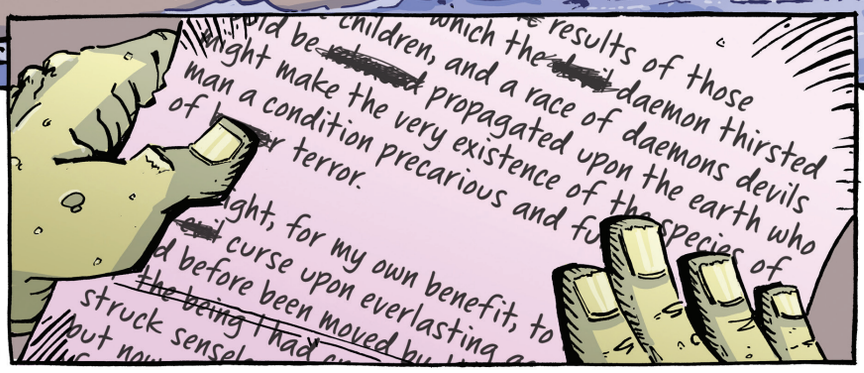



SCOTLAND, THE ORKNEY ISLANDS
MY MATE. HE MADE HER HERE. WOULD *SHE* HAVE LOVED ME?
NOW SHE IS DEAD, BEFORE SHE EVER HAD A CHANCE TO LIVE.
DEAD, BY HIS HAND...
...VICTOR
YOU WILL MAKE ME A *MATE*, FIEND!

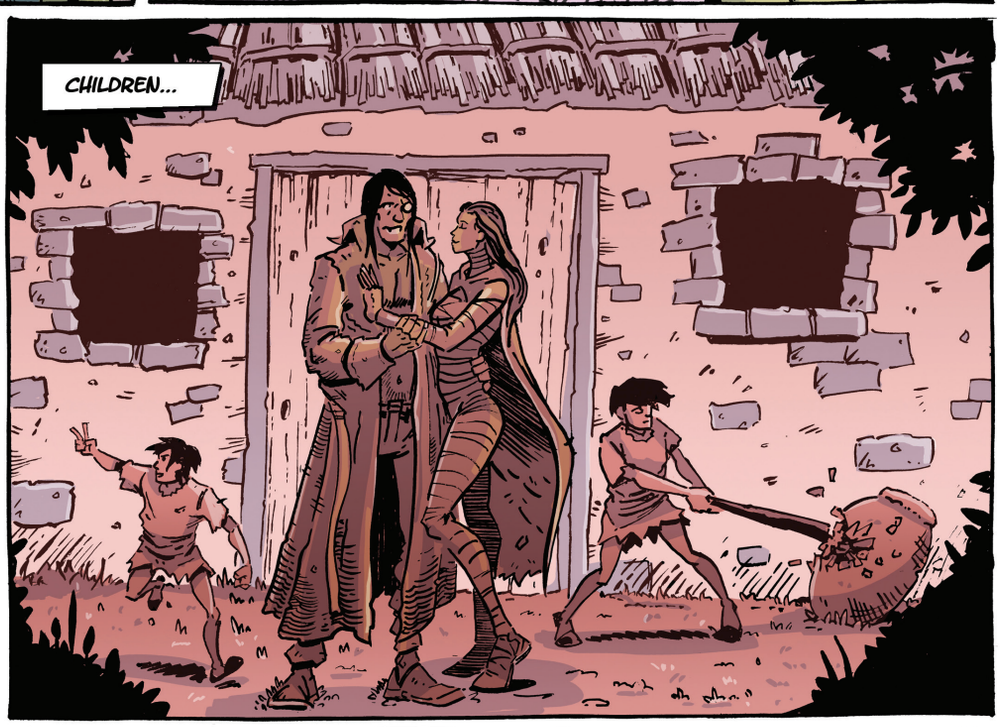

THERE IS MY LAST VICTIM.
One of the first ~~repent~~ results of those sympathies for which the ~~devil~~ daemon thirs
One of the first results of those sympathies for which the daemon thirsted would be children, and a race of devils would be propagated upon the earth who might make the very existence of the species of man a condition dange precarious and full of te
, for my own benefit, to inflict
rse upon everlasting genera
before been moved by the
e being I had created; I had be
ck senseless by his fiendish threats;
ut now, for the first time, the wickedness
of my promise burst upon me; I shuddered to think that future ages might curse me as their pest, whose selfishness had not hesitated to buy its own peace at the price, perhaps, of the existence of all the whole human race.
SO, MY CREATOR AND TORMENTOR HAS COMMITTED OUR SORRY TALE TO PAPER. AND YOU, HAVE RECORDED HIS CONFESSION?
AH... YES, IN LETTERS TO MY SISTER...
I HOPE YOU GET TO DELIVER YOUR LETTERS.
FORTUNE IS WITH YOU, FRIEND.
FAREWELL.





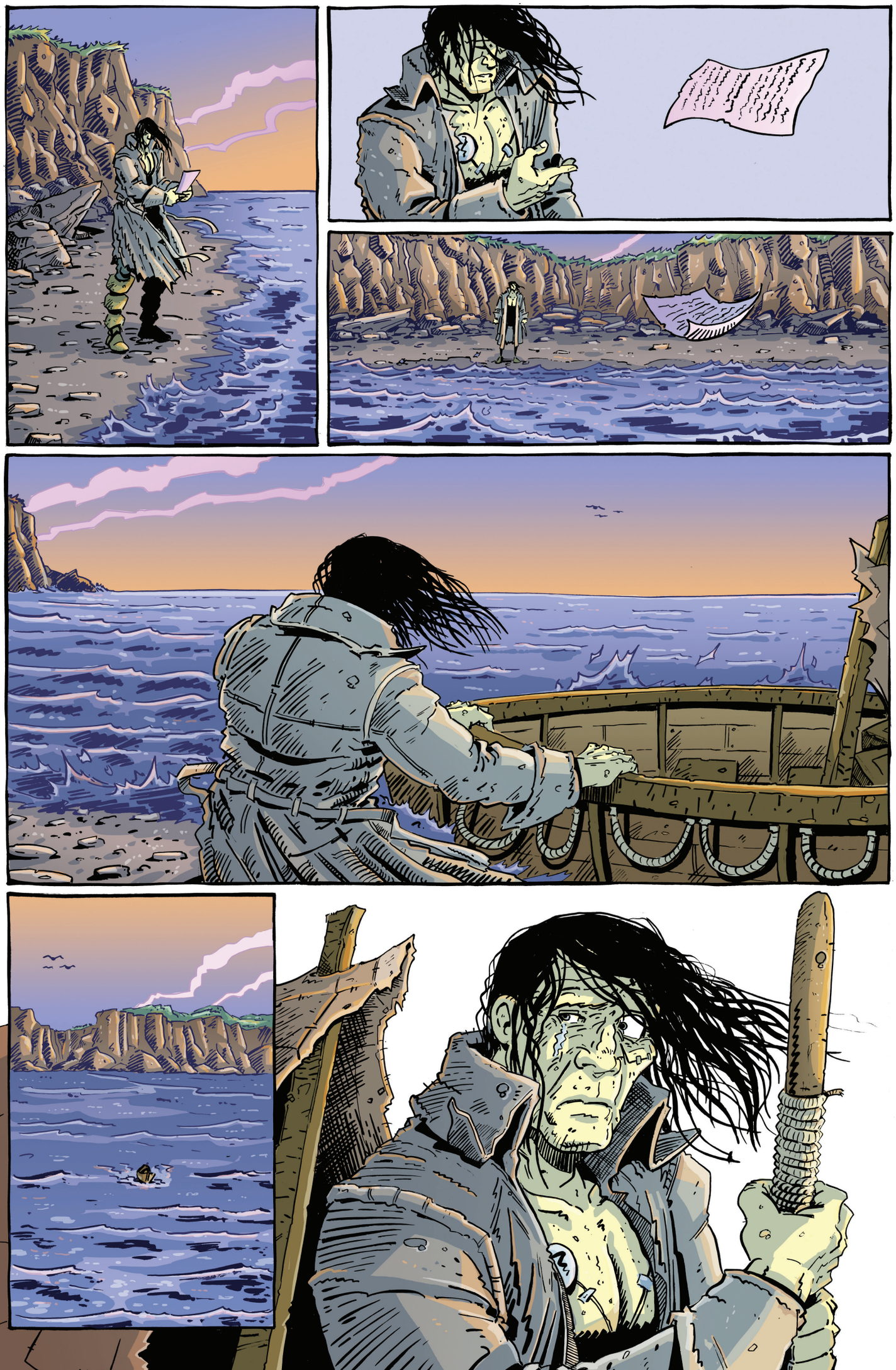

results of those
which the daemon thirsted
children, and a race of daemons devils
propagated upon the earth who
might make the very existence of the species of
man a condition precarious and full
of terror.
ght, for my own benefit, to
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struck sensel
but now

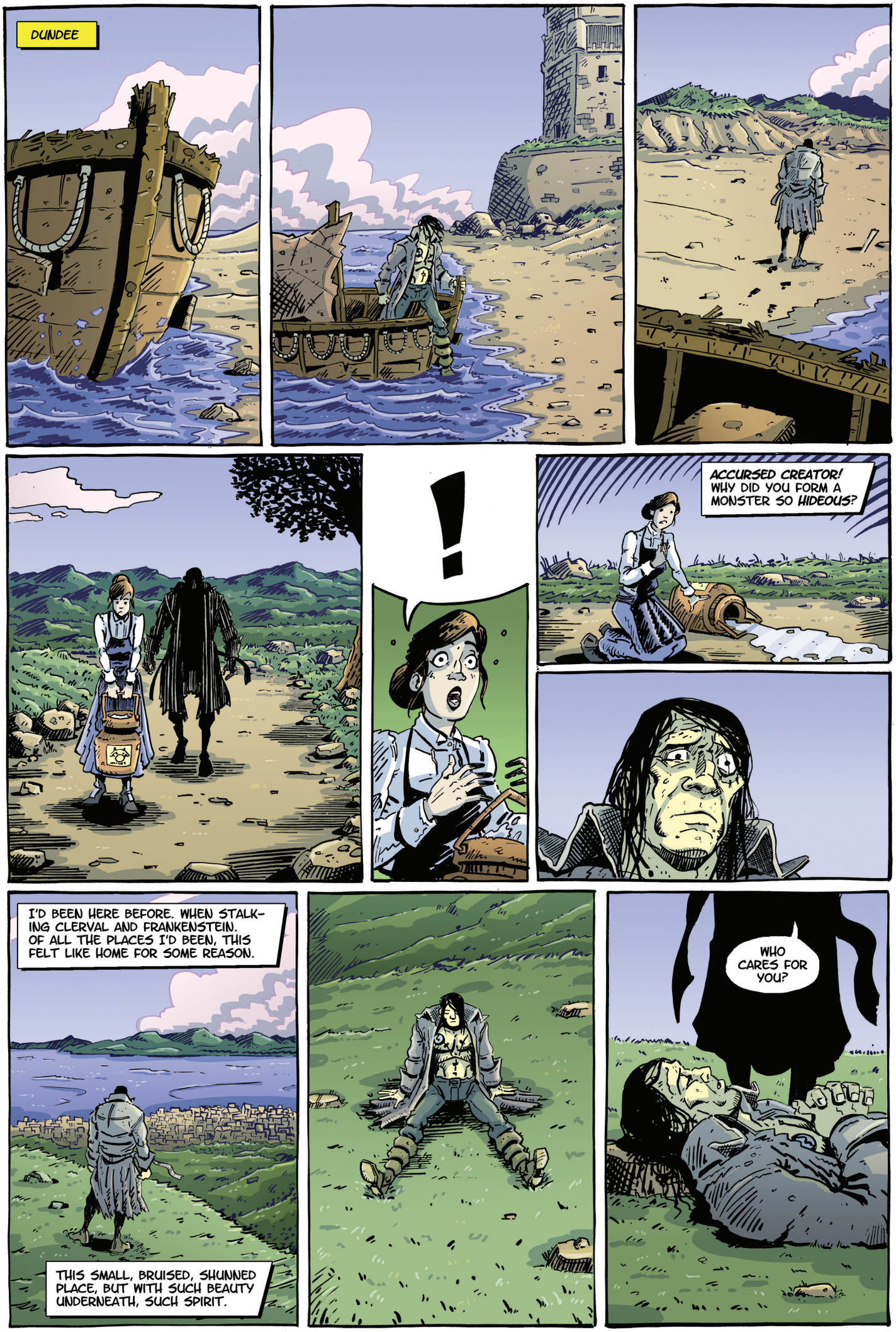


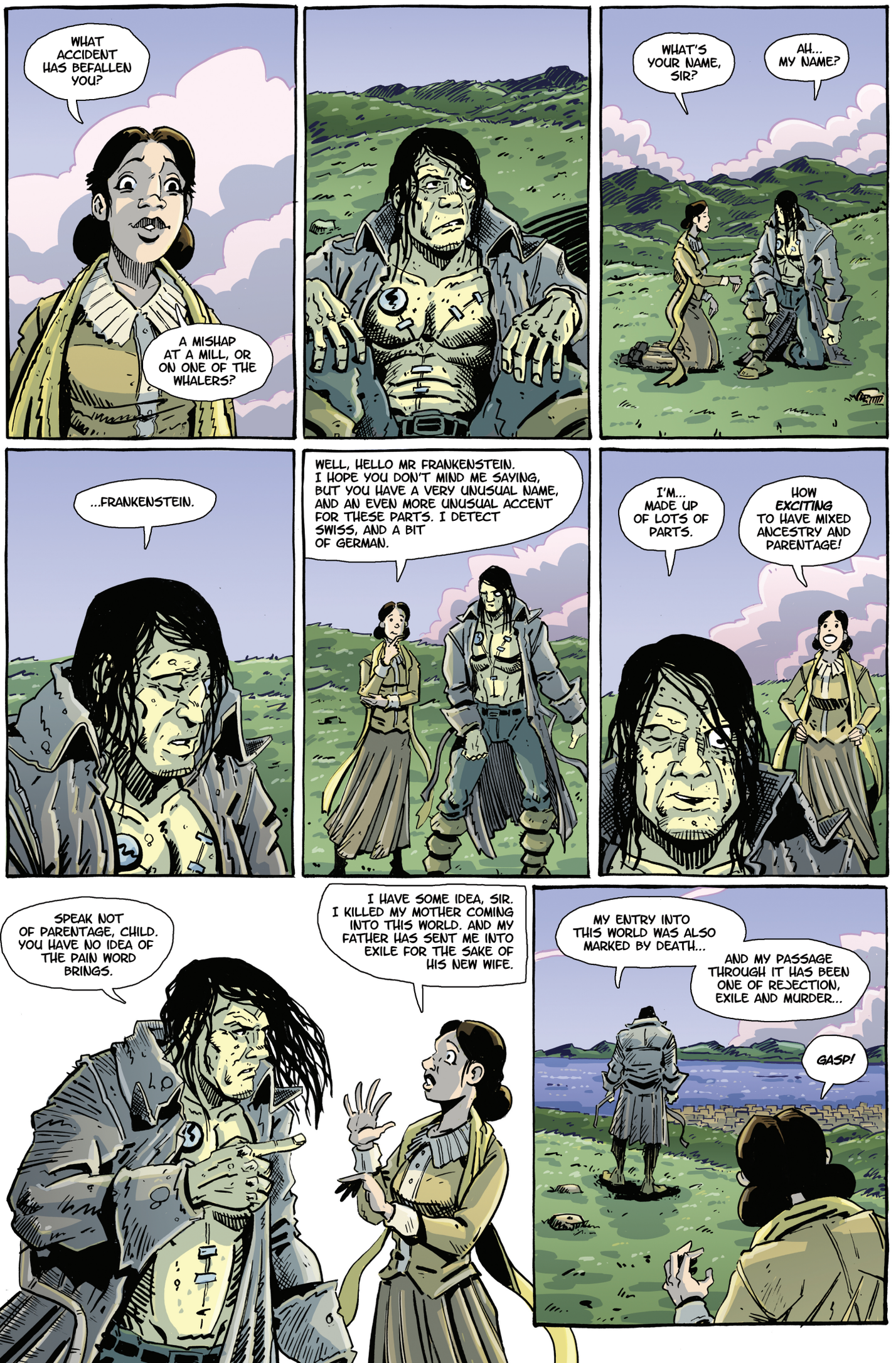

CHILDREN...


A RACE OF DEVILS.






DUNDEE
ACCURSED CREATOR! WHY DID YOU FORM A MONSTER SO HIDEOUS?
!
I'D BEEN HERE BEFORE. WHEN STALKING CLERVAL AND FRANKENSTEIN. OF ALL THE PLACES I'D BEEN, THIS FELT LIKE HOME FOR SOME REASON.
THIS SMALL, BRUISED, SHUNNED PLACE, BUT WITH SUCH BEAUTY UNDERNEATH, SUCH SPIRIT.
WHO CARES FOR YOU?


WHAT ACCIDENT HAS BEFALLEN YOU?
A MISHAP AT A MILL, OR ON ONE OF THE WHALERS?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SIR?
AH... MY NAME?
...FRANKENSTEIN.
WELL, HELLO MR FRANKENSTEIN. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING, BUT YOU HAVE A VERY UNUSUAL NAME, AND AN EVEN MORE UNUSUAL ACCENT FOR THESE PARTS. I DETECT SWISS, AND A BIT OF GERMAN.
I'M... MADE UP OF LOTS OF PARTS.
HOW EXCITING TO HAVE MIXED ANCESTRY AND PARENTAGE!
SPEAK NOT OF PARENTAGE, CHILD. YOU HAVE NO IDEA OF THE PAIN WORD BRINGS.
I HAVE SOME IDEA, SIR. I KILLED MY MOTHER COMING INTO THIS WORLD. AND MY FATHER HAS SENT ME INTO EXILE FOR THE SAKE OF HIS NEW WIFE.
MY ENTRY INTO THIS WORLD WAS ALSO MARKED BY DEATH...
AND MY PASSAGE THROUGH IT HAS BEEN ONE OF REJECTION, EXILE AND MURDER...
GASP!

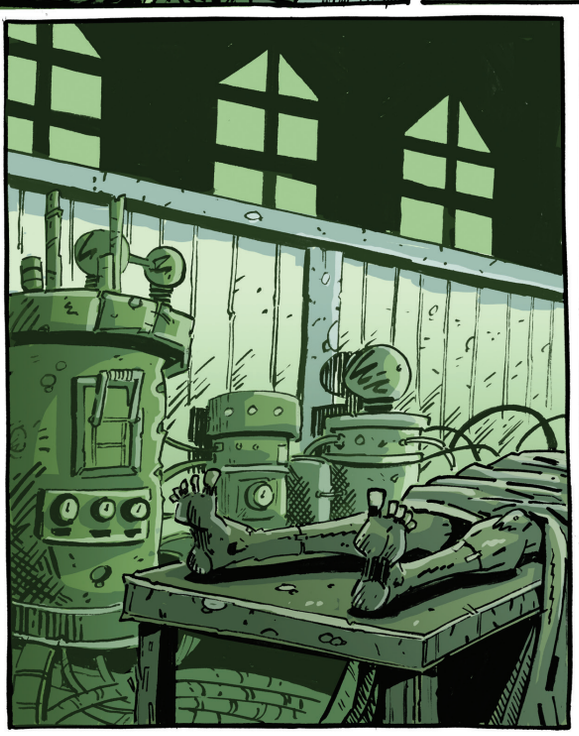

FEAR NOT, CHILD. I MEAN YOU NO HARM. BUT IF VICTOR HAD HIS CONFESSOR, THEN SO MUST I.


MY FATHER WAS AN AMBITIOUS MAN.


HE DEFIED *ALL* REASON AND LIMITS TO PURSUE HIS AIMS.


PRIDE OBSCURED MORALITY.


IF HE LOVED ANY PART OF ME, IT WAS THE *IDEA* OF ME, THE *PUZZLE* OF ME.








AND THAT IS MY TALE, AND YOU ARE THE ONLY SOUL TO KNOW IT.
APART FROM THE SEA CAPTAIN, AND I SUPPOSE, HIS SISTER WILL READ MY FATHER'S ACCOUNT SOON ENOUGH.
WHAT HORRORS... I FEEL I SHALL NEVER THINK OR FEEL THE SAME AGAIN.
THE WORLD SEEMS TOO SMALL FOR A STORY SUCH AS THIS. I HAD A MIND TO WRITE, BUT WHAT FANCIES COULD BETTER THIS?
WRITE.
BUT WHAT OF YOU? WHERE WILL YOU GO? WHAT WILL YOU DO?
I WILL LIVE. PERHAPS I WILL DIE. I KNOW NOT. I STAND APART FROM NATURE.
PERHAPS I WILL OUTLIVE ALL OF YOU. PERHAPS I WILL OUTLAST THE HUMAN RACE AND LIVE ALONE AMONGST THE EMBERS OF YOUR CIVILISATION.
YOU WOULD BE THE LAST MAN?
PERHAPS...
BUT FIRST I MUST LEARN TO BECOME A MAN.


I MUST BE GETTING HOME. I WISH YOU WELL ON YOUR TRAVELS, AND THAT WE MIGHT MEET AGAIN.
I HOPE I HAVE NOT FILLED A YOUNG HEAD WITH NIGHTMARES.
I WILL NOT FORGET YOU.
FAREWELL.


WHEN I LOOKED AROUND I SAW AND HEARD OF NONE LIKE ME. WAS I, THEN, A MONSTER?


NORRIE!

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS



Elliot Balson graduated from Animation at Dundee's Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art and Design in 2015, and then from the Comics Studies Masters at the University of Dundee in 2016. He freelances and writes in third-person because it seems more official.



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Rebecca Horner is a cartoonist and colourist. She is Workshop Lead at Dundee Comics Creative Space, and has done production on many books, including this one. *www.rebeccahorner.com*



Ashling Larkin is a Dundee-based freelance comic artist and illustrator. In 2017 she completed her autobiographical comic *Fundee* and now she is currently working on her ongoing webcomic *The Enchanted Book*. *www.ashlingdraws.com*



Norrie Millar is a Scottish comics artist based in Dundee. He self-publishes his own work and is also a freelance illustrator, providing work for numerous companies and publishers. *www.behance.net/norriemillar*
Illustration by Faye Stacey.



Chris Murray is Chair of Comics Studies at the School of Humanities, University of Dundee and he leads the MLitt in Comics Studies and Graphic Novels course. He is director of the Scottish Centre for Comics Studies (SCCS) and Dundee Comics Creative Space, co-editor of Studies in Comics (Intellect) and UniVerse Comics, and has produced several public information comics for research and engagement purposes. *Illustration by Claire Roe.*



Phillip Vaughan is a Senior Lecturer and the Course Director for the MSc in Animation & VFX and the MDes in Comics & Graphic Novels programmes at the University of Dundee. He is also the coordinator of the Level 3 Comic Art & Graphic Novels module at Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art & Design. He is art director at Dundee Comics Creative Space and the Scottish Centre for Comics Studies, and is co-editor of UniVerse publications.



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