



Still Existing

Susan O'reilly

Historical

Did he have to make me eight foot tall? Hard enough with this ugly mug to meet a woman but there aren't many even with platform heels that reach the grand heights of eight foot. He also gave me black lips and screws out of the side of my head. If I hear one more time that I must have a screw loose I'm going to explode.

He had the know-how and the power to use chemistry, alchemy and electricity to bring me to life but he couldn't have done a bit of plastic surgery, woe is me. He ran off in disgust but left me stranded and now I lust. I want the company of the female persuasion my needs need assuaging.

I'm going to ask him for a mate he made me once, he can do it again. I find him at last on a mountain of all places. He denies my request but I appeal for a hearing as it his fault I exist. He eyes me, imbibing me, is in shock that I can read and talk. Obviously, a better creator than he thought. He asks me was it me that did the killings and I said yes as they rejected me, screaming at my green visage. He says he cannot make another that even I must see it would only bring on more sorrow to everyone involved. I tell him if he does this for me I will disappear and he will never hear or see me again.

Victor begins his work feeling like a jerk. How can he continue with this madness his work enveloped in sadness? He can't go through with it and disposed of her in the sea just like popping a zit. I'm wild with anger and plot my revenge on Victor. Victor married a lady called Elizabeth I strangle her while the inks still wet. Their union was never consummated just like me who never mated.

Victor chases me but I escape capture. I hear of his demise and plan my own. I cannot carry it through, I feel

life coursing through my veins. I have heard differing stories of my death but I can assure you it hasn't happened yet.

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