

Preface

The titan Prometheus made man out of clay and then stole fire to improve the quality of life for mankind. Victor Frankenstein, like Prometheus, created a man. Frankenstein achieved that groundbreaking milestone though scientific knowledge and unscrupulous acts with the purpose of creating a prototype of superior intelligence and gargantuan proportions. Both Prometheus and Frankenstein paid dearly for their ungodly acts.

This is the story of Frankenstein's immortal creature. It tells what happened to him after Victor's death in the Arctic. Would he be given an opportunity to redeem himself or shunned by mankind the rest of his life?

It is helpful to know the essence of Mary Shelley's story. Victor Frankenstein was repulsed by his creation's

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horrific looking face and gargantuan body. The creature aimlessly wandered the countryside, foraging for sustenance, mystified why people hated him. His sharp mind was his best asset. He learned to read and write, eventually fluent in several languages.

The monster blamed Frankenstein for his misery. He killed Victor's baby brother William and framed Justine, a member of the Frankenstein household for William's murder.

The eight foot tall fiend met up with Frankenstein in the ice and snow covered mountains above Geneva, Switzerland. He persuaded an extremely reluctant Frankenstein to make a woman. After much procrastination, Victor set about the heinous task. Then, just before finishing his work, the creature witnessed Frankenstein destroy her. Furious, he began another killing spree, killing Frankenstein's best friend and bride.

After Victor recovered from a long illness and breakdown, he set out after the creature. The chase took them to the Arctic. The crew of an icebound ship saw the gigantic form of the creature on a dogsled. Sometime later, Victor stopped at the ship. He was taken aboard by Captain Walton and allowed time to rest before continuing his deadly pursuit.

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Eventually Frankenstein told Walton his story, which the sea captain put down in a series of letters addressed to Walton's sister. After Frankenstein's death in Walton's cabin, Walton encountered the monster there. He allowed the giant to escape after announcing his intent to die in a funeral pyre.

Our story begins several days after he abandoned ship.

Chapter 1

The blizzard blew huge crystal-shaped snowflakes on his ugly, cold face. It was summer in the Arctic. The planet was in the midst of a mini Ice Age.

The gigantic man trudged onward, step by step into the gale as the snow lashed down and accumulated on the frozen terrain. Normal men would have hunkered down in a snow cave but he was not like other men.

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A majestically antlered buck galloped through the forest, his face full of fear as he ran for his life. He was pursued by the eight-foot tall survivor of the Arctic journey. The man remarkably kept pace with his prey.

The distance between man and beast gradually lessened as they scampered over fallen branches and leafy, uneven terrain. The frantic animal, eyes bulging and tongue dangling, raced downhill, through a stream and then up a steep gravelly incline. Its hooves momentarily lost traction but managed to scamper up to

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the top. The buck accelerated on the level ground beyond.

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A twenty-one year old woman drove a brown Ford Taurus on Maine State Route 90, a quiet two lane highway in rural Maine, less than ten miles from Penobscot Bay. A Neil Young song, “No More,” played loudly on her mp3 player. She focused on the song’s rhythm and Young’s plaintive singing than on the road ahead. Her head and upper torso moved with the beat.

Less than a hundred feet ahead a large buck sprinted across the road, chased by the behemoth. Mary blinked, not believing what she saw. The giant quickly looked left then right while never losing his stride. Their eyes locked on each other for a few seconds before he reached the far side of road and disappeared into the forest.

Mary slammed on the brakes, burning a trail of black rubber on the macadam highway. The vehicle came to a complete stop near where the man and deer crossed the highway. She breathed heavily while peering into the woods. Though the music on the audio system was loud

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she no longer heard it. Her mind already drifted to a different time and place.

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The giant pursued the deer for a half mile. He sensed the animal's stamina weakening.

Now is the time to put him out of his misery.

He sprinted alongside his prey, angling closer. Then he leaped into the air with hands outstretched. The gigantic yellowish pale scarred hands grabbed the antlers and the buck crashed down. It struggled to get up but the hunter used his enormous brute strength to savagely twist the majestic antlers, breaking the buck's neck.

The giant, breathing heavily, stood up and gazed compassionately at his work. His two greatest physical attributes were his size and terrible face. His height was almost eight feet tall. His body was lean and hard. His pallor was almost a deathly white. Black, thin, uncombed hair mopped his forehead and covered his scarred neck.

He scanned the immediate area with a pair of intelligent, penetrating yellow eyes to make sure there were no human witnesses. Old scars lined his horrific face. The mouth was lined with pencil thin dark lips. He

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looked about forty five years old but was in fact much older.

The slain buck lay with his tongue dangling out. The giant squatted down and peered into the beast's dead eyes, transfixed. Honoring the life of a slain animal was one of the hunter's rituals.

How many has it been? How many have I killed?

The prodigious quantity of deer, rabbits, and other species he slaughtered to sustain him. But he had killed dozens of men, too for a number of other reasons. Thankfully he has not been forced to being in almost a century.

Back in the closing decade of eighteenth century Europe, he murdered Victor Frankenstein's best friend, bride and brother among others. He blamed Victor for turning him into a monster. It was Victor who created the man with a gigantic frame, long arms, and a frightful face horror that made women faint or scream on sight, and men cringe.

Victor Frankenstein was the first to be repulsed by him. The young scientist fled the chamber adjoining the laboratory moments after watching the creature gaze down at him with a scary grin. The monster was ill-treated by practically everybody he met. Only a kindly blind man treated him fairly.

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It wasn't his fault he looked like a monster but people treated him as one nevertheless. He was born with a healthy brain, one that helped him learn languages and understand who was to blame for his grave misfortune.

Over the seemingly endless decades since then, he has learned to diminish his horrific appearance with makeup and wear hats that cast shadows over his frightening face. He often wore shirts with the collars turned up to cover the scars on his neck. But not on this day. It was a warm day even in eastern Maine. He wore a size 6x large green t-shirt, a belt with scabbard, army style pants and size 22 EE brown boots.

He was an intimidating force of nature with a sharp intellect, a being to be respected, feared and yet had qualities to be admired. He was the epitome of the ultimate survivor. No living thing in the history of planet Earth had ever lived as long as this larger than life man. Would his lifespan be endured for additional centuries? Or would it finally end? He does not particularly care one way or the other.

The goliath was never christened by his creator, though he was called many names: monster, fiend, demon and creature. He adopted over the years several aliases starting with Sohn der Schrenken, German for "Son of

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Terror”. That slowly evolved to a more Americanized Sohn (pronounced “zone”) Schrenk.

Sohn often contemplated the beginning of the post Victor Frankenstein era, starting with when he floated on an ice float, drifting away from Walton’s southbound ship. Fortune turned in his favor when he found himself within sight of his abandoned sled. He’s let the remaining huskies free earlier. So he ended up pulling the sled, planning to use the wood to build his funeral pyre.

Then, some days later, deciding to go on living, he’s roasted a walrus on the dying coals of his funeral fire. The beast was shot with the last remaining stolen gun in his possession. He was also armed a serrated long knife.

Sohn walked westward along the southern Arctic coast always keeping the ocean in sight to his left. He both hoped for and dreaded the prospect of seeing distant sails on the horizon. Sohn wanted to put as much distance as possible between himself and his native Europe. Perhaps North America held a better future.

I will be a new person there. Sohn laughed at himself angrily. I have to keep walking. It's better than lying down and freezing to death or being burned alive on my funeral pyre. Damn Victor Frankenstein for creating me!

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Sohn trod onward in the bleak white wilderness while continuing to reflect on his violent solitary past. Positive contact with people was an extreme rarity as his physical appearance evoked fear and hostility. There was no wood for building a fire so he ate raw whatever wildlife he could slaughter. The warm blood and organs sustained him.

Can I blame people for reacting as they do? How many doors have closed in my face? How many people have turned their backs on me and fled for their lives? Who wants to spend time with a freak of nature, a monstrosity in dimension and ugliness?

The monster bitterly remembered the final time he saw Victor, laying lifeless in Captain Walton's cabin. Sohn, in despair, intended to incinerate his eight foot tall body in a bonfire at the very top of the world. But just as he was about to take a final leap into the flames, he thought Victor spoke to him from the underworld.

LIVE!

Sohn backed away, his eyes transfixed by the eerie blaze. *Did I really hear that?* He would wonder many time in the months and years ahead whether it was his own imagination or Victor communicating with him, life it was, miserable or not.

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Sohn would always regret that he and Victor, his mentor and surrogate father, never bonded. But it never happened. Victor regretted his creation practically from the moment he encountered him. Sohn wanted acceptance, Victor chose denial. Sohn wanted Victor's help. Victor wanted nothing to do with him.

Sohn mourned Victor's death as he trod across the bleak, desolate tundra but came to realize that dwelling on the events of their time together was detrimental to his survival. In essence, Victor continued to be a negative influence by simply thinking about their failed relationship. Determined that better days lay ahead, Sohn sought to overcome challenges. He had a destiny to fulfill, whatever it might be.

As he stepped on to the hardened tundra Sohn contemplated what he would do should he encounter a wayward ship's crew. Verbal communication wouldn't be an issue as he was fluent in German and English. A ship's crew usually included men from diverse countries so there would be somebody he would understand. Sohn covered his face with fur from a wolverine he'd recently killed. He was still ferocious looking, but that couldn't be changed.

He kept walking with his sharp observant eyes scanning the distant horizon.

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Mary awoke from her stark daydream of the giant. She seemed to be with him in a shadowy gray world from an earlier time. Was it in Europe? But the scene quickly receded from her consciousness.

Rap. Rap.

Mary looked to her left. A gray haired man in a plaid flannel shirt stood there, bent forward and looking at her anxiously. He circled his right hand, indicating that Mary should lower her window. Mary nodded and did so.

“You okay, miss?” he inquired.

Mary’s eyes were a little glazed but she understood him clearly enough.

“Yes.”

Pointing at the rubber marks on the highway, he said, “Where you testing your brakes or something?”

“I saw a deer and—”

“And you stopped to avoid it?” the man said, interrupting her.

Mary turned toward the slight opening in the woods where the man and deer had vanished before turning back to the stranger. She decided to agree with

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the Good Samaritan. Explaining what she saw wouldn't be smart.

“Yes.”

“Well, hunting season is in a couple months, though that'll barely put a dent in their population. That's for sure,” he said in his Maine accent. He regarded her curiously. “You okay to drive?”

“I'm fine.” Mary smiled reassuringly. “I should be going. Thanks for asking.”

Mary rolled up the window and eased down on the accelerator, backing the car slowly away from the man. He watched the Ford pick up speed, then shook his head and returned to his truck.

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Meanwhile, back in 1798, Sohn tried to devise a plan for what to do should he encounter another ship's crew.

Will they attack me at first sight? Should I skirt around them? I don't know. All I know is that I'm tired of trouble. I want to get along with people if they will allow it. Peaceful coexistence. Is it too much to expect? Am I like the Devil in Paradise Lost with no hope for redemption?

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Where would he go? How could he interact with mankind without being detested and feared? The first question was easy to answer. Heading westward would eventually bring him to northern Canada. Once there, he would drift south. The population at the end of the 18th Century was concentrated in the southern region near the border with the recently independent young nation known as The United States. If he ran into anybody at all in northern or central Canada chances were they'd be fur traders.

During a week on the tundra, the only breathing beings he saw were birds, arctic hare, wolverines, seals and walruses. He ate them as needed trying not to waste the precious meat.

Then one morning he came upon a partially buried shipwreck. The vessel was mostly shrouded with snow and its bowels braced in thick ice. The giant stopped several hundred feet from the ship. He had perfect vision and hearing. He carefully scanned every inch for signs of habitation and strained his ears for any human sounds. There was no sign of life on board.

“Hello,” he shouted.

He waited patiently for a few minutes. Then he sprang into action, taking long quick strides, narrowing the distance to the wreck rapidly before leaping onto the

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main deck. Sohn stopped instantaneously and looked all around him at his deserted surroundings. There were no recent footprints in the snow encrusted planking other than his own.

He looked down at his enormous footprints, slowly raised his eyes to the horizon and did a 360 degree turn seeing no life forms at all.

“Solitude sometimes is best society” he proclaimed with extended arms. He nodded with satisfaction. Perhaps it was just as well as he wasn’t yet prepared to face anybody.

His stomach growled. Was there still food below deck or had the crew taken everything when they abandoned ship? Sohn expected they would have been unable to take everything with them by hand so he stepped across the deck and ducked his head below the hatch and went down a steep staircase.

* * *

Mary was bewildered as she drove down the highway hardly aware of the road ahead and her surroundings. She was essentially on mental auto pilot. The giant’s eyes had been both hypnotic and disturbing. They were old eyes that had seen too much. Mary

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somehow knew that even though they had interfaced for only a few seconds. She lowered all of the windows to clear her thoughts and disperse the images. She smiled as her hair blew freely in the wind, forcing the recent disturbance into the recesses of her mind.

“It’s a beautiful day and I’m going to make the most of it,” she said aloud. Mind over matter and the power of positive thinking were two of her mottos. Mary needed to dig deep within herself to overcome her discomfort.

