

# One Thousand Painful Variations Performed Upon Diverse Creatures Undergoing the Treatment of Dr Moreau, Humanist

Dr Moreau is examining the manwolf strapped to the operating table. He has worked very hard on this one, tearing him by slow and torturous degrees away from his bestial origins.

Today Dr Moreau is curious. He sees the manwolf gazing at his pretty assistant. He first tries to read the truth in the manwolf's eyes but cannot. Now he must resort to an empirical test.

Very casually Dr Moreau loosens the straps binding the wrists and ankles of the manwolf and then, quietly, leaves the room. He waits a few moments in the hallway, anxious to allow them enough time. Finally, opening a thin crack in the door, he peeks inside with one eye.

*Well, so much for that,* he thinks, and suddenly steps into the room to confront his two subjects—the assistant: standing rigid with terror; the manwolf: down on one knee like a delirious knight before the menaced lady he would gladly save.

“Idiot!” screams Dr Moreau, knocking the manwolf's head a good forty-five degrees to one side with the back of his hand. “We've got a long way to go with these beasts,” he tells his assistant. “It's for their own good!”

Then, with disgust, he takes a little gold key from his vest pocket and walks toward a huge door, behind which is a perplexing array of powerful drugs and instruments of unimaginable pain.

# The Excruciating Final Days of Dr Henry Jekyll, Englishman

Dr Jekyll has been locked in his laboratory off a busy London bystreet for almost a week now, trying to find the formula that would destroy the insatiable Edward Hyde forever, or at least dissolve him into a few chemicals harmlessly suspended in one's system.

Late Sunday morning Dr Jekyll awakens on the floor and discovers, to his amazement, the shrunken form of Hyde stirring half-consciously beside him.

They are both a little groggy, and Dr Jekyll is the first to make it to his feet. For a moment they just stare at each other. Dr Jekyll can see that Hyde's ferocious being has been rendered innocuous and tame, the lingering effect, no doubt, of his debauched life.

"I have just the thing," says Dr Jekyll, cradling Hyde's head with one arm and forcing a beaker of bubbling fluid to his lips. Then Dr Jekyll backs away and watches Hyde being overtaken by wrenching convulsions from the poison he has unwittingly ingested.

Someone is now knocking at the laboratory door (the one that leads into the house). "Dr Jekyll, sir, there's a young lady here asking for Mr Hyde. What should I tell her?"

"Just a minute, Poole," answers Dr Jekyll, smoothing out his crumpled cravat and preparing to deliver the regrettable news that Hyde died days ago in an unfortunate accident of science. The man would drink anything he could get his hands on, and he knew nothing of chemistry!

But before seeing the young lady, Dr Jekyll wants to examine the corpse of his evil twin. *My God, this poor creature is practically*

*immortal*, he thinks as he drags the faintly gasping body of Edward Hyde toward the gaping and fiery incinerator.

# The Agonizing Resurrection of Victor Frankenstein, Citizen of Geneva

Victor Frankenstein has died on board a ship caught in seas of ice near the North Pole. Subsequently, his body is sent back to his native Switzerland, where, however, there is no one to receive it. Everyone he ever knew has already died before him. His brother William, his friend Henry, his wife Elizabeth, and his father Alphonse Frankenstein, among others, are no more. A minor official in the Genevan civil service comes up with the suggestion to donate the corpse, still very well preserved, to the university at Ingolstadt, where the deceased distinguished himself in scientific studies.

Hans Hoffmann, a prodigy in comparative anatomy at the University of Ingolstadt, is conducting a series of experiments in his apartment. He has assembled, and is quite sure he can vivify, a human being from various body parts he has bought or stolen. To consummate his project, which to his knowledge has never been attempted and would certainly make him famous, he still needs a human brain. He has heard that the body of a former student at the university at Ingolstadt is preserved in the morgue of the medical school. It seems the man was a brilliant student. This would be the perfect brain, thinks Hans Hoffmann. Late one night he breaks into the morgue and helps himself.

“Well,” says Hans Hoffmann on the spectacular evening when the creature first opens its eyes, “aren’t you a beauty!” This is intended ironically, of course; the creature is quite hideous. What