
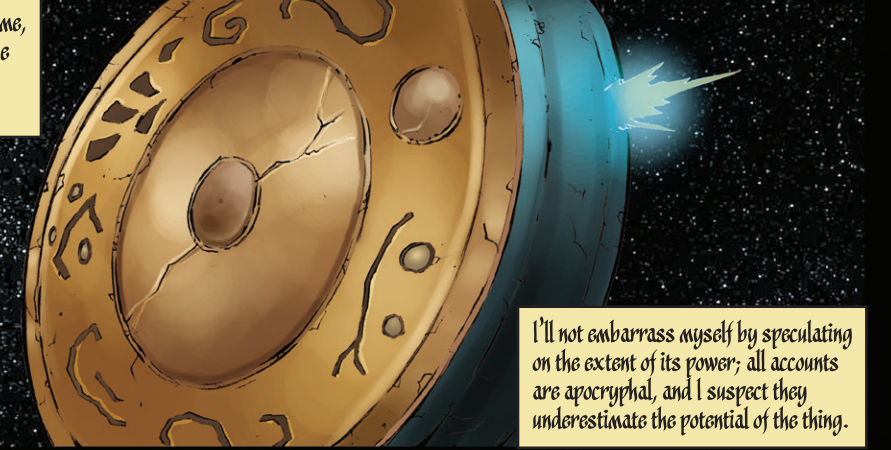


From the journals of
Victor Frankenstein:




In this matter of creation I have been fraught with uncertainty. It is often an absence of faith in my own ability that blinkers my eyes when I need them most, but not this day.

I have seen the shape of things to come, and it has engendered in me a sense of obsession; I must possess the Philosopher's Stone.



I'll not embarrass myself by speculating on the extent of its power; all accounts are apocryphal, and I suspect they underestimate the potential of the thing.

One thing is known. The Stone holds the link between intellectual science and arcane mysticism.



It is true that I have achieved my goal. I have created life from dead matter!

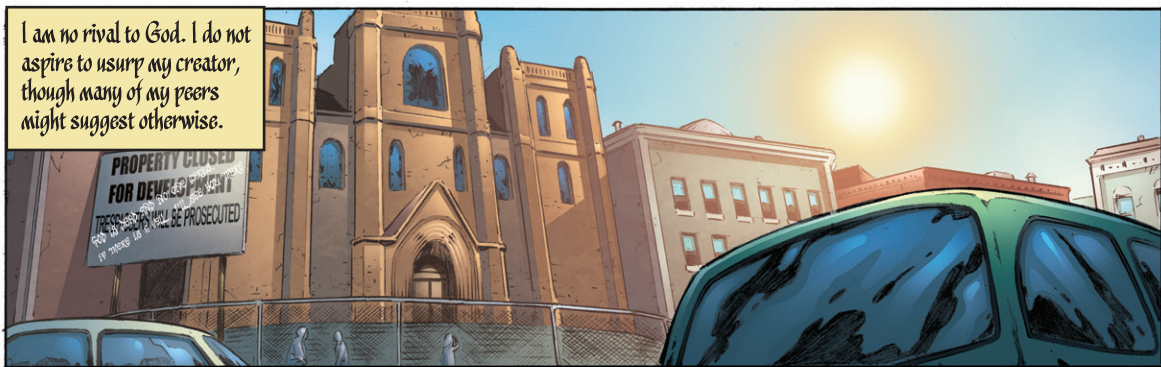
But know as I do: Flesh animated by electric breath; form given the function of impulse – it is life, but it is not alive. Not truly.

There is dimness in the eyes. A human brain reanimated commands the motion and focus of the gaze, but it cannot imbue those eyes with light.

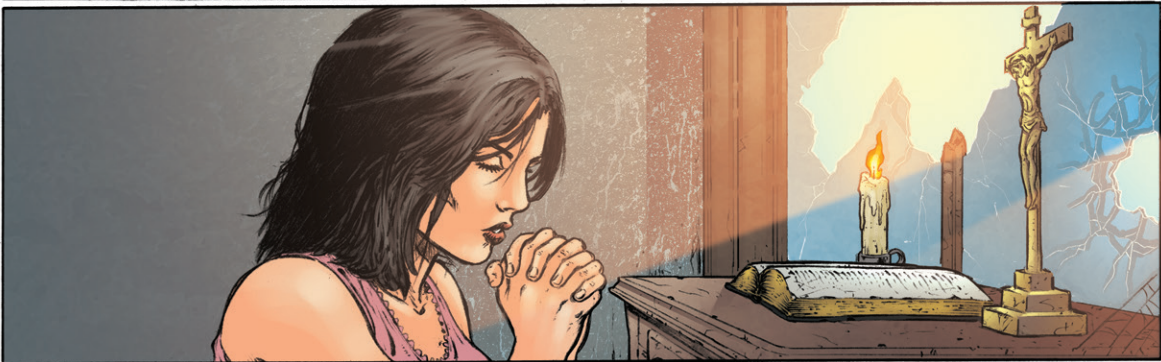
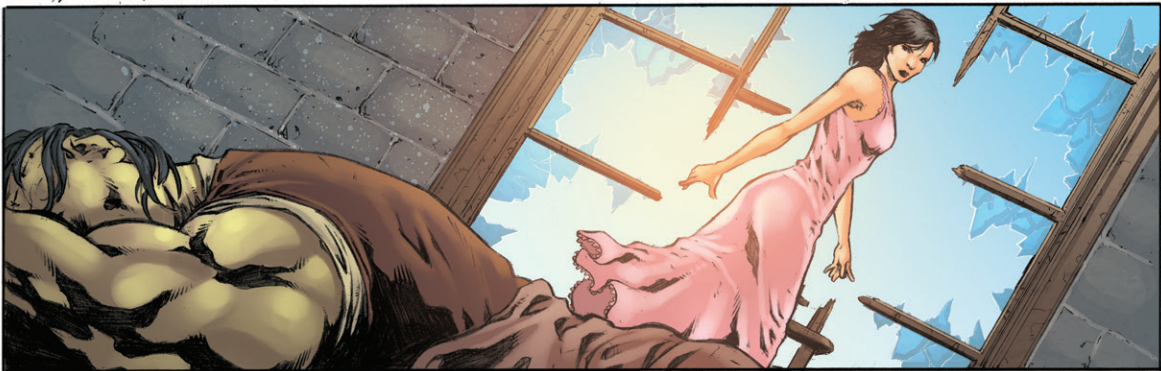
It is the heart that makes the light; a true heart, not my simple device of fluid pumps and metronomic rhythm.

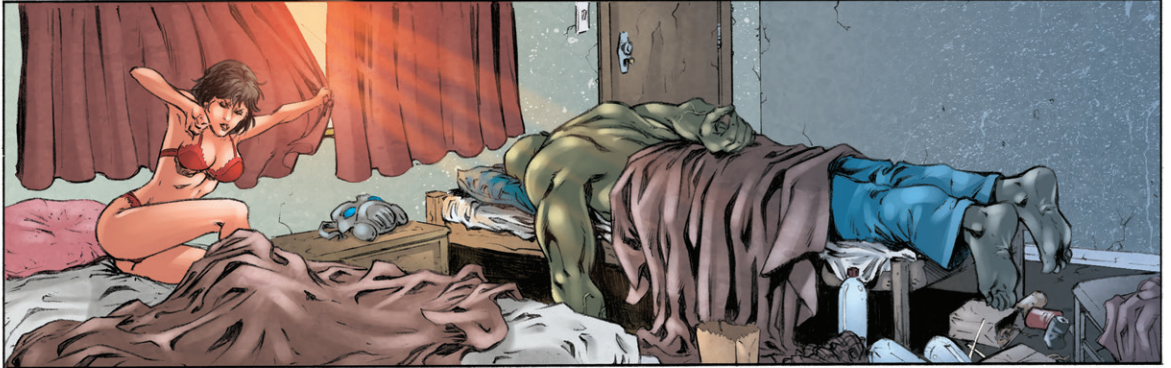
The Stone shall be the heart.

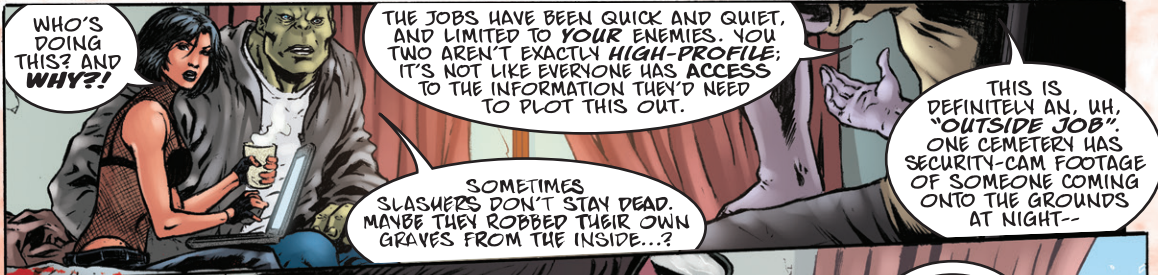
I am no rival to God. I do not aspire to usurp my creator, though many of my peers might suggest otherwise.



If we are servants of God's will, as the scriptures insist, who can judge me? Who can presume to know what forces guide my hand?







WHO'S DOING THIS? AND WHY?!

THE JOBS HAVE BEEN QUICK AND QUIET, AND LIMITED TO YOUR ENEMIES. YOU TWO AREN'T EXACTLY HIGH-PROFILE; IT'S NOT LIKE EVERYONE HAS ACCESS TO THE INFORMATION THEY'D NEED TO PLOT THIS OUT.

THIS IS DEFINITELY AN, UH, "OUTSIDE JOB". ONE CEMETERY HAS SECURITY-CAM FOOTAGE OF SOMEONE COMING ONTO THE GROUNDS AT NIGHT--

SOMETIMES SLASHERS DON'T STAY DEAD. MAYBE THEY ROBBED THEIR OWN GRAVES FROM THE INSIDE...?



FWNNE SHUKK

SHIT! MATT!



HE'S DEAD.

GEE, YOU THINK?! THIS ISN'T THE TIME TO PLAY "CSI: SHITTY MOTEL", VLAD! WE'VE GOTTA FIND--

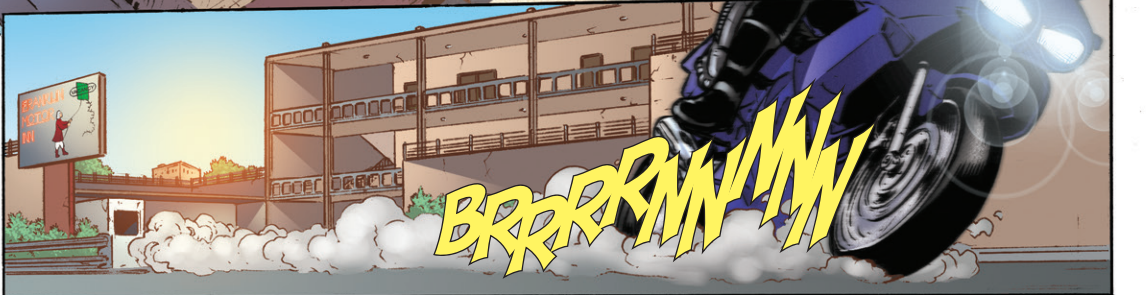
--THERE!



HEY! HEY, CHICKENSHIT WITH THE GUN! WHY DON'TCHA COME BACK AND LET'S DO THIS UP CLOSE, HUH?



DAMN IT, SOMEBODY STOP HER!



BRRRRRNNNN