Dear Diary,

This day is one I will not forget, not in five years, not in fifty years, not in five hundred. It is a thought that I shall be thinking as I die, and I shall take it with me into the grave, then through to the afterlife. I cannot, could not forget it. The moment my poor, exposed eyes laid their sights on the horrors that I had made. You couldn't pay me to describe that feeling again: the writhing of my gut as it squirmed, urging me to turn away; my head, bellowing, caterwauling, screeching at me, cursing me; the sensations that ran through the vast network of my body, turning my legs to lead and crowding my vision. It was a good thing that my vision was almost entirely blocked, if it hadn't been I could have gone blind! It was such a grotesque being! Such a disgusting animal! Such an ugly beast which I had carefully formed with my own two hands! How they shook when they faced the horrifying monster they had so lovingly toiled over for years. I am on the brink of insanity, I swear. The pure hideousness alone has put me in this bed, confined me to underneath these sheets until I can somewhat conceal the savage rips (that will soon become long, thin scars) that run across my heart. My emotions are unstable: one minute, I can be calm and, to a certain extent, happy. The next, my dear friend Henry must hold me down as I thrash underneath the sheets, anger, anxiousness and grief eating away at me. I cannot bear to write anything more about it. It tears off the mask of content and happiness that I have put on, and reveals a dark and revenge-seeking being on the inside. I must not speak of it again.

Victor Frankenstein