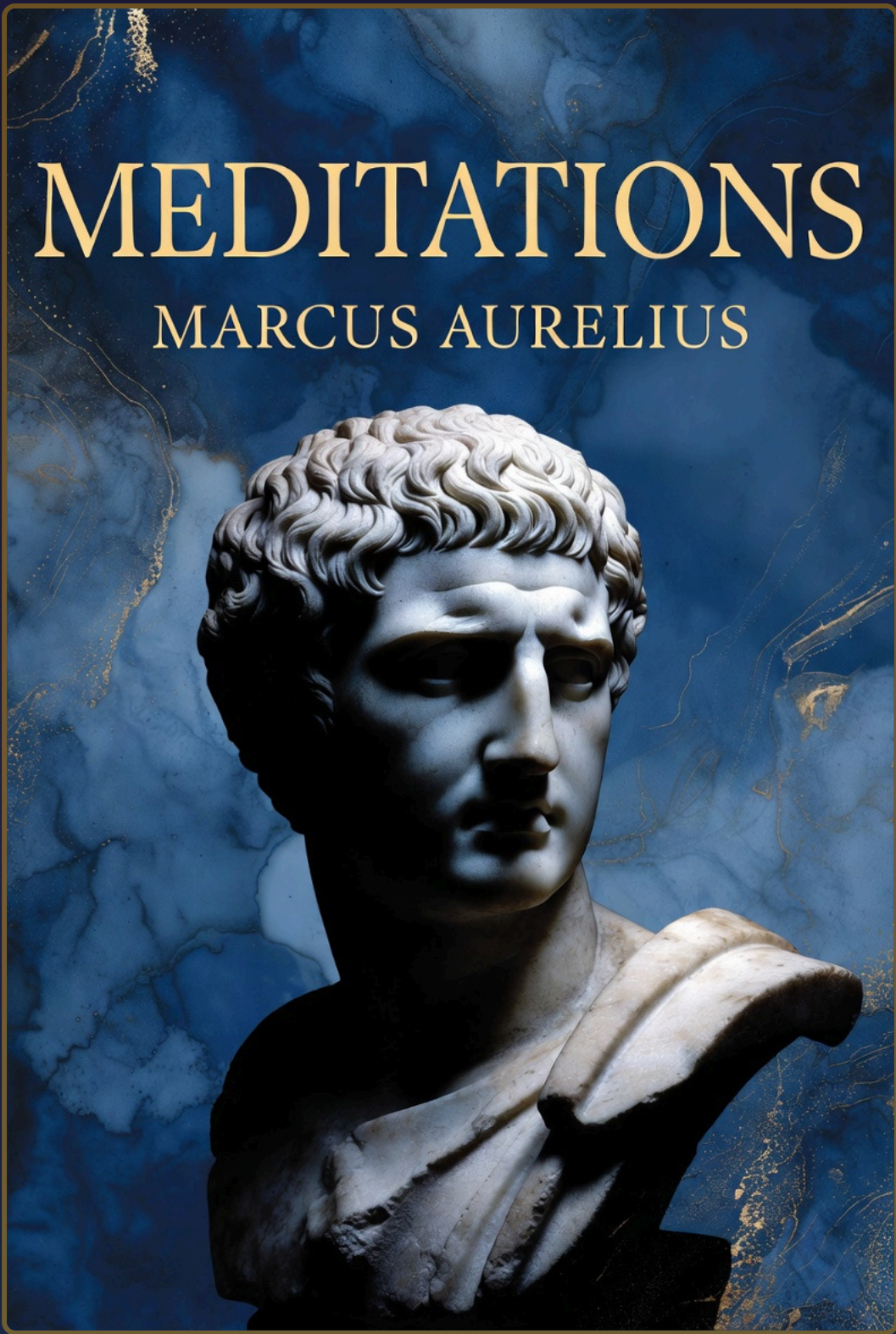


MEDITATIONS

MARCUS AURELIUS



FRANKENSTEIN

or, The Modern Prometheus

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley
ONDE CLASSICS

Forward

There's a reason you're here.

A teenage girl wrote this story two hundred years ago, during a summer of storms and ghost stories at Lake Geneva. She was eighteen. Her companions were poets and dreamers. They challenged each other to write something terrifying.

Mary Shelley wrote about a man who created life—and then ran from it. About a creature who wanted only to be loved. About the monsters we make and the monsters we become.

This isn't just a horror story. It's a story about loneliness, about responsibility, about what happens when we abandon what we create. Victor Frankenstein's greatest sin wasn't creating the creature—it was refusing to love him.

We're Onde, a small publishing house. This edition was curated with care, illustrated with AI to capture the gothic atmosphere Mary Shelley conjured with words alone. The text is authentic, from the 1818 edition. The illustrations aim to show you the creature as Mary saw him: not a monster, but a being searching for connection.

If this story moves you, we'd love to hear about it.

MEDITATIONS

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Victor Frankenstein at work

LETTER I

To Mrs. Saville, England.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 11th, 17—.

You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings. I arrived here yesterday, and my first task is to assure my dear sister of my welfare and increasing confidence in the success of my undertaking.

I am already far north of London, and as I walk in the streets of Petersburg, I feel a cold northern breeze play upon my cheeks, which braces my nerves and fills me with delight. Do you understand this feeling?

This breeze, which has travelled from the regions towards which I am advancing, gives me a foretaste of those icy climes. Inspirited by this wind of promise, my daydreams become more fervent and vivid.

I try in vain to be persuaded that the pole is the seat of frost and desolation; it ever presents itself to my imagination as the region of beauty and delight. There, Margaret, the sun is for ever visible, its broad disk just skirting the horizon and diffusing a perpetual splendour.

FREE ***RIVER HOUSE***



The voyage to the frozen north

CHAPTER I

I am by birth a Genevese, and my family is one of the most distinguished of that republic. My ancestors had been for many years counsellors and syndics, and my father had filled several public situations with honour and reputation.

He was respected by all who knew him for his integrity and indefatigable attention to public business. He passed his younger days perpetually occupied by the affairs of his country; a variety of circumstances had prevented his marrying early, nor was it until the decline of life that he became a husband and the father of a family.

As the circumstances of his marriage illustrate his character, I cannot refrain from relating them. One of his most intimate friends was a merchant who, from a flourishing state, fell, through numerous mischances, into poverty.

This man, whose name was Beaufort, was of a proud and unbending disposition and could not bear to live in poverty and oblivion in the same country where he had formerly been distinguished for his rank and magnificence.



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