



Sometimes it hurt. He'd feel the stitches running through his body and remember even the tiniest details of all the procedures made to him. Sometimes it wouldn't, making it bearable, helping him forget about his biggest traitor, his creator.

At that moment, it did hurt however, he didn't feel any pain coming his way, he just saw a light, dancing slowly in the living room, illuminating even the dimmest of corners and the darkest shadows. That light, a bright flame, reminded him of fire. Fire.

He remembered, even the brightest most appealing fire was deceitful.

He left the room, leaving that light dancing alone in the dark living room, her songs fading with her light. Frankenstein's monster wasn't stupid as most people would say, he was clever and quick, nothing could make him doubt himself, except her.

He could hear the light following him, trailing behind him, trying to keep quiet which was seemingly impossible with those high heels. He stopped and the light hit his back. He turned around and saw her.

She was like a star. She smiled, looking at him with shining eyes and a hopeful gaze. He didn't say a word, he couldn't, how could he? She was so bright, so... precious and he was, well, a monster. That was his name, wasn't it? Frankenstein's monster, creature even. He turned around without saying a word even though they both knew he wanted to.

"Frankie," She whispered. When she called him by that name he couldn't resist her. He didn't turn around but stayed there, signaling for her to speak. "How long will you ignore me?"

"I'm not". He tried to keep his voice monotone, he didn't want to show how utterly sad that phrase had made him feel.

"Then why won't you even look at me!" How could he? Her light was too bright, too hot, too aggressive, too much for him. He knew something for sure, don't play with fire or you'll end up burning yourself.

"I can't" He started moving, slowly but surely. Maybe hoping she would stop him. She didn't. The light started to get dimmer behind him as he reached the lobby. It was unusually empty. Nearly all the lights were out and he couldn't see or hear anything.

"You know, sometimes I think you might be in love with her". A calm voice descended from the stairs, her body creating a little aura of light wherever she passed. The ghost was looking

at him as if she knew him, as if she could understand all the pain he felt all the time, as if she could even fathom the unending fear of losing that little ball of light.

“Stop playing with me, Ghost, you hate me, you hate all of us”

“I do” She didn’t try to mask it. It was as if her voice lost all the warmth it had just a moment before.

“Then don’t act so friendly with me, it might work with Him but it won’t with me”

“Okay, I won’t.” She smiled. It was an honest smile on a weathered face. He sometimes wondered if she ever won a contest with that smile. “But she will. Frankie-”

“Don’t call me that. I hate it” He didn’t. He hated when it wasn’t used by that ball of light.

“Okay, Mr. Frankenstein’s Creature, hope that’s better. I just want to tell you to take the shot, she loves you, just let her in.” She looked at him, like REALLY looked at him. He felt vulnerable, like this ghost could make all of the pain disappear just with a few words.

“What if it burns?” He whispered, not even sure he was the one who uttered those words until he felt the rubor going to his cheeks, or well, the equivalent of blushing his body did.

“What if it doesn’t.” A smile crept on his face, cynicism taking over his expressions. She scoffed “I know you like to look tough, hell, you have a mechanic arm that looks insanely cool, but we both know you have a soft heart. At least you do around her. She knows it and she will wait however long you want her to. Don’t make her wait too long, Frank, she has also suffered a lot.”

With those words she disappeared. She always did that, she would tell the most confusing words he didn’t need to hear and then “poof” she’s gone. He scoffed and continued walking towards the door. He took the handle, the words the Ghost had told him running inside his head.

The door opened suddenly from the other side, making him stumble and nearly fall. He was there. The thing about this man is that He was huge. Frankenstein’s monster was already taller than 2 meters and still, he was one head smaller than the other man. He had blood on his face and seemed pretty happy. He could only imagine what the man was doing before coming to the manor.

“Would you like to move or should I make you do so?” His voice was cold and aggressive and sent chills down his back. He moved to the side, letting the taller one pass through.

“you have... something on your lips.” He didn’t seem to hear him, and if he did, he did a great job of hiding it. “Jackass”

Outside the manor even the faintest light forced him to cover his eyes, the moon was too bright compared to the dining room. He closed the door behind him and couldn’t help but notice the Ghost talking with Him.

Far from them there was a little town bursting with life. He could see the lights in the different establishments, hell, he could even differentiate the city hall from the other buildings. He sometimes wished the residents would be nicer and accept him like one of them.

He sometimes dreamt they did.

In his dreams he was human. One human body instead of an amalgamation of different people.

He would play with his friends, buy bread and go to the library. He would meet someone and they would fall in love and they would have children and live peacefully. He would die of natural causes or be killed, he didn’t care, he just wanted to be able to live normally and die like a human. He would dance, clumsily, and step on his partners’ feet. She’d say “it’s okay, you’re doing great” and he would laugh and continue, grabbing her waist with more strength and pulling her closely. She would laugh too, moving her feet with the music and trying to guide him. They would end up on the corners of the dance floor, staring awkwardly at the other dancers and she would say “It was fun” and he would say “I haven’t had this much fun in years!” and she would laugh and fill the room and he would stare at her and her smile.

And she would look at him back “You know, sometimes I wish you’d love me back”.

He blinked in surprise. When he opened his eyes the town was still there, and it seemed to be even farther than before. He let a grunt escape, not even daydreaming could help him escape his life.

The door opened behind him and the hissing told him he shouldn’t turn around. He heard the tail sliding through the porch and around the house, towards the greenhouse. She loved that place.



Everyone in that mansion loved something about the house.

The Ghost loved the hallways and paintings. The tall man loved his room. The serpentine woman loved the greenhouse. The bright ball of light loved the dining room and chimney.

And he loved her.

He let the air fill his lungs and opened the door again. The lobby was still empty, perfectly cleaned, ignoring some furniture with some specks of dust. He nearly ran while climbing the steps and going through the left corridor. He stopped when he heard crying.

"Don't worry, love, he will come around" the Ghost. "He needs time, you know he's scared. He was betrayed the last time he loved".

"I know." The light said, her voice breaking. She said something else but he couldn't really understand her. He put his hand over the door handle and began pushing it. "I love him, I really do, I just don't know how long I can wait. Am I not pretty enough?"

He put his hand down, feeling warmth coming over his cheeks and ears. He felt giddy. He felt happy. He felt scared.

Fire was deceitful, wasn't it?

He turned around and left towards the lobby where he sat down, watching the stairs. The Zombie came by like an hour later and the Ghost didn't take long to appear. She stayed by his side, completely silent. They both watched as the Zombie cleaned everything he could reach even though it was already shining. It took hours to clean one side of the stairway and he went to the other. Frankenstein's monster knew that was his cue to leave.

"Can I tell you something?" The voice startled him, he had forgotten the presence of the woman next to him.

"Sure, go ahead, today you are only telling me nonsense" She didn't smile, not even a little fake pity laugh. He was uncomfortable.

"Before all of this happened, that zombie was my husband." He knew this story, in the end, the couple was killed by them. "Edmund, he was perfect in every way. He cleaned while I

painted and wrote. He helped me cook and always made sure I wasn't hot or cold even if he was sweating or freezing."

>>He didn't leave me when I fell violently sick, not even once. He got sick too and instead of resting and letting our maids take care of both of us, he would go to the town and get everything we needed." That man seemed really great, he couldn't deny it. "However, I didn't love him. Before being like that he was a lousy liar and a lazy bastard."

"What happened?" He couldn't help himself. He had both his elbows on the knees, listening to her intensely.

"I wanted to leave him. We had been married for 5 years, together for 7. I gave him a last chance though and he came through. He was the best husband a woman could ask for. Still, I didn't love him." She laughed, as if something about the story was funny. "Before you guys came and killed us, I prayed for his downfall. I wanted him gone. I was so tired. Then, you came and you did bring his death. I was happy, I could finally rest in peace, alone, for once."

The Zombie finished cleaning the stairs and began mopping the top floor.

"And then, he... resurrected. Even dumber than before. And I did too, except I still remember everything." She looked at her hands and was capable of seeing through them.

"I don't understand where you are going with this story" She looked at him again, with the sadness of eternity in her eyes.

"I loved someone once. She wasn't Edmund. She was... better, prettier and she loved me too. I didn't tell her I did though, I was scared to love anyone. So I lost her and lived 9 years of misery until you came by." She made a long pause. They could hear the mop sliding on the floor. "I hate you, I really do, but I don't hate her so please, please, don't commit the same dumb mistake I did and tell her. There's nothing worse than wondering what could have been." And with that, she disappeared once again.

He didn't know what to do after hearing her story. The zombie continued cleaning, ignoring the fact that his ex-wife hated him. The front door opened again, the woman with the snakes entering the house. She tilted her head a little, acknowledging his presence. He did so too and that was it. She went through the central door and disappeared quickly inside one of the rooms. He didn't have to wait too long before hearing music coming from there.

The lights went off completely, leaving the room in an uncertain state, not really safe but not really uncomfortable. He could stay there, just for one night, he was scared of going upstairs and finding her there.

Fire was pretty, wasn't it?

He went upstairs, leaving huge wet footprints on the just-cleaned floor, and through the door. Every light was off except the one they used as a room. He knocked on the door and waited for her to let him in.

But she didn't.

He entered, figuring she would be sleeping.

She wasn't.

The lights were dim but his eyes managed to find her in the dark. She was looking at herself in the mirror, the dress she used to wear beside her. She was crying while trailing her own stitches with her fingers. And then, she saw him at the door, too stunned to say anything but too amazed to look away.

"Get out, please" She was begging and he couldn't move. He had seen her millions of times and half of those he could only see a bright light coming from her smile but, at that moment, he could only see her. There was no fire on her skin or a bright light that made him cower in fear for if he would turn it off. She smiled and continued caressing her scars. "I look like a monster, don't I?"

"Excuse me?" How could she say that? How could she look like a monster? She smiled, tears still streaming down and taking her make up with them. She took the dress and put it on.

"Do they hurt?" He couldn't take his eyes off her, it was as if she was looking at her for the first time in his life. The confusion must have made way into his expression because she felt the need to clarify. "The stitches, sometimes I feel like they are doing everything again. Sometimes I dream I'm one of them. One can only hope I guess."

"I'm sorry" He knew what it felt like. He knew how hard it was. He knew it would be harder to love her while being a monster.

“Do you think I’m pretty?” He nodded, maybe a little too quick for his liking and she laughed. The fire returned to her body, making him flinch.

Fire was pretty, but also deceitful.

“Yes, the prettiest woman I’ve ever seen.” Her smile grew. She was still facing the mirror, not making eye contact with him even if he wanted to yell for her to look at him. He wanted her to really see the monster she wanted to love.

“So you don’t think I look like a monster?” That question again. No, he didn’t but that meant that he wasn’t one either didn’t it? So if he wasn’t a monster, then why did they betray him? He was silent and maybe pondered for too long. “You do think so. It’s fine, I think you look like one too.”

“Sorry, we can’t deny what we are” She turned around, finally facing him and he felt his heart skip a beat. Her brightness was so blinding but he was able to see her now. She also had the same insecurities as him, the same fear, the same pain... And she managed to love him and trust him and wait for him while he felt like a little kid forgotten in a ditch. “I’m sorry I’m such a coward”

She laughed again, the tears had started to dry on her cheeks and sometimes they shined making him smile. He moved closer, slowly but steady, trying to read if she didn’t want him to. Her smile grew wider but it trembled sometimes. She was also scared.

He put himself in front of her and hugged her and she did too, both in complete silence. He could hear her breathing and she could hear his heart beating like a lunatic. He was so scared.

Fire was warm and pretty and it loved him.

They stayed silent for a few seconds but it felt like hours to them. He couldn’t help but smile while sensing the warmth beneath his arms and feeling the tickling of her hair on his cheek. He didn’t want to let go but he did.

“I’m scared”

“I am too”

“Will we figure it out?”



"I'm sure we will"

"You don't look like a monster"

"Well, I feel like one"

"Then I'll have to show you your mistake. However long that takes."

"It might be eternity"

"Eternity it is then"

"You think I'm the prettiest woman you know?"

"I know you are"

"You are the handsomest man I've ever met"

"You don't have to lie, I know I'm not handsome"

"Well, I'm not lying which means you are mistaken."

He was mistaken, of course he was. How could he have taken so long to realize? Fire was hot, dangerous and aggressive; it spread, burned and destroyed.

But fire was also pretty. It warmed and lighted. It crackled, hoping someone would hear and he had been deaf for such a long time.

She was fire and he was scared, hell, he knew he could burn, but perhaps that excited him more, trusting that such a bright flame would never harm him. It would have seemed impossible to his past self to trust anyone again. The music coming from the ground floor took him out of his trance.

It was a simple song, a calm melody with certain aggressive touches at some points. It sounded foreign, probably coming from the place of the woman who was playing it. Shortly after, she began to sing although they couldn't understand the words she sang, too many walls between them and the origin. He extended her hand forward, trembling although he didn't know if from fear or excitement.

“Would you like to dance? With me specifically?” That was a dumb phrase. She laughed so hard she snorted and began blushing, making him laugh too. She took his hand and came closer, putting the other hand on his metal shoulder, both feet in front of his. “I don’t know how to dance”

“I’ll show you, you’ll do fine.” And with that, she took his hand and put it on her waist and began moving.

It started slow, without following any specific pattern or direction. They were swaying more than dancing. He was clumsy and a little sweaty which made him insecure. She didn’t mind. She guided him with care and tenderness, showing him how to do each step with love and patience. Her touch was gentle yet firm, providing both encouragement and support with every movement.

As they continued, the bond between them grew stronger. They now moved as one, their bodies perfectly in sync with each other. Together they created a beautiful dance, expressing their love through the unspoken language they both were using. Each step brought them closer, a testament to their deep bond, a reflection of the sentiment that guided them.

As the music reached its crescendo, the dance peaked. In that moment, both surrounded by the music and the sound of their steps, they knew that what truly guided them was love.

The melody began calming down again and he was ecstatic about how great he was doing. She was smiling so bright and big he might become blinded but he didn’t care. Then, he stepped on her.

“I’m so sorry”

And she said “It’s okay, you’re doing great”.

And he laughed and continued, grabbing her waist with more strength and pulling her closer. She also laughed, continuing with the dance while guiding him. Then it ended and they both looked at each other, breathless, but happy.

And then she said “It was fun”

And he said “I haven’t had this much fun in years!”

And she laughed again, filling the room with her beautiful laughter.

And he stared at her and her smile.

And she looked back at him and she said:

“I love you”

And he blinked, surprised, his heart beating as it never had before, hell, he didn't even know if it had ever beaten before knowing her.

And he smiled, tenderness filling his gaze.

And he said:

“I love you too”