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AP Literature 2A

Frankenstein Self-Reflection

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Although, I vaguely described the reason as to why the event in my journey essay occurred, I gave enough clues to hint that it was because of a boy. It was because of my refusal to let go of him that led up to *The Blow*. This leads me to the first theme: when we find something that makes us happy, we don't want to let it go.

In *Frankenstein*, the monster had lived happily with the cottage family although he never openly approached them. He found happiness in their every-day life, and was content to just observe them. He did want the cottage family to direct their kindness towards him, but kept making excuses not to because he knew that they would recoil at the very sight of him. This was the first time that the monster had ever felt happiness since his creation, and he didn't want to lose it by presenting himself to the cottage family.

There is not a huge emphasis on the reason why it was wrong for me to be with this boy. It's understood through reading my journey essay that he is not strongly liked by my family. However, the main reason is because of the way he looks. My family cannot look beyond the tattoos and piercings that he has, and has labeled him into the category of a troublemaker based off of his looks. This brings up a very harsh, but true theme: society favors the beautiful and disregards the ugly.

It is evident that the monster had a kind heart. He did several kind deeds but was never awarded for his service. He had once saved a young girl from drowning, but because of his

grotesque feature, he was shot at by the man who was related to the girl. All the good things that he did were disregarded because of the way he looked on the outside. No one could see past the way he looked, and never saw the good things that he had done.

I found it strange that I had a strong connection towards the antagonist of the book. The monster was supposed to be the bad one in the book for killing so many innocent people, but instead of having the same hatred for him as Victor had, I felt empathy for him.

The monster tried countless times to show that there was more to him than his looks. When he asked Victor to make a female version of him, Victor sympathized for him and was about to give in to his request until he looked at the monster. It was then that he changed his mind to create another monster as hideous as the one that he was staring at. There was no sympathy for the ugly being, and the monster knew this fact better than anyone else.

Appearance was the one thing that I countlessly had to argue with my parents. They started referring to him as a thing instead of a person. I was frustrated that they had labeled him and had made assumptions of what his personality was like based off of his looks. He was said to have the appearance of a person who would abuse others physically if given the chance, and I was baffled by the mere idea of it. Knowing him for over two years, I knew his personality was far from angry. He was by far the calmest person I had ever met, and yet he was given the title as an abuser. No matter how much I argued in his favor, his appearance was always the only thing that my parents could see. Both he and the monster could do good things all their lives, but their looks would be judged before anyone cared enough to listen to the good that they've done.

I had previously stated about how the monster didn't want to let go of the one thing that made him happy in his miserable life. He clung onto the cottage family because of the love that they he learned by observing them.

The monster didn't want to destroy the one thing that made him happy, and this brings up a valid question: is it wrong to not want to let go of something that makes you happy? I sympathized for the monster as I didn't want to let go of the person that made me happy. There was no harm in both mine and the monster's instance. We were both content with what we had, but were both not allowed to keep the happiness that we wanted.

With the lack of sympathy that the monster received, he retreated to live in isolation. He found comfort in the beauty of nature as it made him calm and happy. Like the monster, I find nature to have a calming effect on me. It becomes a sort of escape from society where everything is natural and untainted. There are those who find comfort in the company of others, but the monster and I find peace in the isolation of nature and the wilderness.

There were several instances in the monster's story where I connected and sympathized for him. However, I saw the wrong he committed as he started to kill off Victor's family and friends. I would not seek revenge in the manner that the monster had done as I find it to be a cruel way of getting back at someone. He killed several innocent people just to make Victor miserable, and relished in his pain. I could not relate to the killing spree that he went on since I don't see any justice in taking a life, especially when they are innocent.

Another characteristic that's different between the monster and I is the fact that he is quick to judge others for what happens to him. When he decides to approach the old man in the cottage, he rushed to tell the man who he was for he feared that he would lose the opportunity as soon as the others came home. He acted rashly, but blamed the cottage family for being like everyone else in the world by judging him for his experience. Unlike the monster who is quick to accuse others, I usually believe that I did something wrong even when it's not my fault. I don't blame others as the monster did, but look to myself when something has gone wrong.