

The Beauty of the Heart

He is near the window watching the countryside to relieve his soul. He feels deeply lonely. Even Victor Frankenstein, his creator, has rejected him. No pity, no compassion for him. He is the monster, the ugly creature, frightening everyone. Victor's obsession with the mystery of life has doomed his existence. He would like to have a chance of talking to someone and having a kind response. He has learnt the words to share his emotions, but who might think of him as capable of doing that?

The light from the window seems to hit his face and his yellow eyes are attracted by the bright colours of the landscape. He decides to go for a walk.

At the end of the road, he takes a path leading to the wood and he stops near a lake. He looks at his face reflected on the water: *"Why is anyone scared of me? Why does He hate me?"*, he asks himself loudly. A hunter, hearing his deep voice, comes closer to his huge body, getting ready to shoot him. *"What sort of miserable creature are you?"*, the hunter shouts at him. Once again just few words hit his heart like bullets violently. He stays silent and walks away nimbly. A short distance from there he finds a shelter to hide in.

While he is lying on the ground, he can hear a voice through a hole on the wall opposite the door in the shelter. *"Dear children, it's time to continue our story..."*. A blind man is telling a Greek myth: *"One day, Narcissus came near a lake. He was lost in his thoughts, he hated everyone who loved him just for his beauty. Then, he looked at himself in the water. While Narcissus was admiring his reflection in the lake, he fell into the water and died"*. The monster seems very impressed and whispers: *"Well, how is it possible? A beautiful creature who dies for his beauty!? Therefore, beauty is neither "truth" nor perfection. It can be deceiving, making people pursue a utopian happiness....I have to talk to the blind man!"*. Suddenly, he stands up and leaves the shelter.

It's three o'clock in the afternoon. He knocks at the front-door but it sounds like no one is in the house. *"Probably they are out, it's such a warmy day and a walk in the wood is a great idea"*, the monster mumbles. After a while, *"Felix... Agatha are you back?"*, a soft voice breaks the silence. *"Hello! It's a neighbour knocking"*, the monster answers excited. Soon the door opens and the blind man welcomes him. *"My children have gone on a trip and I'm waiting for them"*, he says, *"but, please, come in and tell me of your need"*.

The monster seems mentally paralyzed. No disgust, no anger, no violence against him, for the first time. He tries to put the words to say in order and then he starts to tell the blind man most of his unhappy life . *"The story of Narcissus I heard from you was so inspiring that I am here to know more"*, he adds frantically. *"It'll be a pleasure, dear friend"*. The blind man confidently makes a cup of tea for his guest. Then he begins to tell him about the handsome hunter of the myth and the deadly effect of his self-love. *"Therefore, no creature on earth can be perfect!?"*, the monster eventually maintains. *"Correct! And no creature on earth can be self-sufficient"*, the blind man replies.

The monster keeps thinking but he stays silent, *"Narcissus...Victor....they both were unhappy in their life although they had been gifted with great talents"*. *"But had they ever recognized the gift received and had they ever thanked?"*. He smiles. It sounds like he has finally found the truth. He says to himself: *"Everyone may have a fulfilling life: one's own diversity contributes to the beautiful variety of creatures on earth and happiness stands in the awareness and the gratitude for that."* Unexpectedly the anger and sadness trapped in his heart turn into hope. In the meanwhile, Agatha's and Felix's voices can be heard afar : *"Daddy, daddy.... what a marvellous trip we had!"*.

The creature shakes the blind man's hand and he walks away. He feels relieved, he is no longer afraid of being alone.

"...non deformitate corporis foedari animum, sed pulchritudine animi corpus ornari."

(L.A.Seneca, Epistulae morales ad Lucilium 7,66)

"...not to defile the mind with the deformity of the body, but to adorn the body with the beauty of the mind."