

Dr. Frankenstein faced unending criticism and ridicule from colleagues. The medical field deemed Frankenstein's studies disturbing, unnatural, and a perversion of the medical sciences. But why shame a scholarly mind? Dr. Frankenstein's surgical skills were indisputably distinguished, aided by a profound understanding of human anatomy.

Dr. Frankenstein made brilliant discoveries researching the Central Nervous System and had begun mapping nerve structures to refine surgical methods for more precise results. Yet, reputation failed to match achievements. It was as if the medical community wanted the doctor but not the person.

A brilliant mind like that ought not be left alone, nor neglected. For such pursuits of knowledge can test the limits of morality, sanity, and even humanity. It's hard to say when the borders were first blurred, then broken, but they were. But what was Dr. Frankenstein's original sin? Why did the medical community condemn such earnest intellectual pursuits? Because she was a woman? Hmmm? That's right! Dr. Frankenstein was a woman and a medical doctor in 1800s Germany.

And she faced discrimination, but that wasn't going to stop her.

She was determined to make a medical miracle, to contribute something that would save lives and revolutionize emergency surgeries. The only thing standing in her way was that she didn't have a husband.

One morning, after finishing a hysterectomy, Dr. Frankenstein was having a cup of coffee. They always assigned her either lobotomies or hysterectomies, probably as some kind of a cruel sexist joke. She was finishing the schematics for a brand-new medical device when two of her colleagues, Fritz and Hans, passed her.

"Hey, Hans. How did it feel to lose your patient during surgery this morning?"

"Ja, it felt bad but not as bad as if I had a uterus."

Dr. Frankenstein muttered a slur at the men as they left arm in arm before turning back to her schematics. She didn't mind working late in her laboratory alone or considering eating with her cats as having company for dinner.

She enjoyed her work! And returning to her cold, lonely bed in her drafty family home night after night. The pressure of her family line, and their generational wealth, ending with her didn't bother her...

Once, men had desired her. She'd had a suitor when she was younger, and he'd felt her bosom through her blouse.

Now, the neighborhood children were beginning to call her "Dr. Spinsterstein."

One morning, during a routine staff meeting, the Chief of Medicine was having his mid-morning beer and cigarette when he collapsed! The team swarmed him, recognizing the severity of his heart attack. It would no doubt be fatal.

However, Dr. Frankenstein retrieved the prototype of her invention: a Defibrillator.

“Stands back, fellas.” She ordered as she plugged in the device.

“What is that thing?”

“Do you want him to live or not?!”

Through her research, Dr. Frankenstein discovered the medicinal power of electricity. She placed one of the electrical pads below the dying man’s right clavicle and the other below his left pectoral muscle. Then, she activated the device.

The hospital lights flickered as an electrical current surged, charging the doctor’s heart muscles. The Chief of Medicine twitched. The crowd argued and protested, but Dr. Frankenstein removed the current to allow the muscles to relax before turning on the electricity again.

By resetting the old doctor’s irregular rhythms, she pioneered a new lifesaving medical technique. The senior doctor’s condition quickly stabilized, and he was taken away for more thorough treatment.

The room stood silent as Dr. Frankenstein unplugged her device. She had just saved a life yet felt regarded as a heretic. But then, they clapped for her, cheered for her, and some bastard squeezed her bum.

“Oh my...”

When the Chief of Medicine returned to work, he invited her into his office and offered her a promotion. In addition to a modest salary increase, she was given a stipend to hire an assistant, and her new primary duty would be conducting research from home. She would provide monthly research updates, have access to human and cadaver experiments, and conduct lectures at the local university.

It was a dream job, but she couldn’t help but feel as if she was being rewarded by being dismissed.

“Also,” the Chief of Medicine said as she left, “my wife has invited you to our dinner party this Saturday.”

Dr. Frankenstein’s blood ran cold. A dinner party meant she needed a date. She needed a date in four days. A storm of thoughts and fears brewed in mind. She was a single 40-year-

old spinster. How was she supposed to get a date? A male partner could help prove she wasn't a defective woman, she could NOT show up without one!

But how? How was she going to do that? Let's think. Yesterday, she didn't have a date, either. So, how was today different? Well, she earned a promotion. But how could she leverage that into a date when it was the very thing condemning her?

Okay, calm down. Now it's clear. Dr. Frankenstein ran an ad in the paper for a laboratory assistant to pose as her date!

Perhaps a handsome student from university would interview and be charmed by her. She had only planned to ask him to play along with the ruse for the party but maybe something genuine would develop. He'd be young, ambitious, and full of scorching manly hormones. He'd be insatiable. Her work would decline. Worse. He'd marry her.

And then one winter night, in the laboratory, he'd bash in her brilliant brain!

Steal her work! Reveal that he had a young, gorgeous mistress with a luscious full figure all along. They'd laugh at her foolishness as she lay dying. They couldn't care! No one would care! No one would find the body for months. She'd become a cautionary tale: "Dr. Frankenstein" or just "Frankenstein." Perish the thought.

Damn her foolishness. Why did she ever think she could trust a university boy?

After the ad ran, Dr. Frankenstein received several responses and arranged interviews. Her day was fully booked, but several candidates left when they learned they'd be working under a woman. One candidate stood out from the rest, an eighteen-year-old named Igor.

The young man's clothes were fitted and ironed, his nails tidy and glossy. He'd been groomed as an artist's apprentice since he was a boy, but his master broke up with him after discovering several alleged cases of infidelity. In reality, those dirty old perverts are always looking for something younger.

Igor knew nothing of science, but he wore a lovely perfume and seemed the least menacing of the candidates. When she announced that he'd earned the assistant position, he squealed and cheered and fell into a death drop on the floor.

After an intense stand-off with a belligerently intoxicated applicant, Dr. Frankenstein gave her new assistant a tour of the laboratory.

"Look at all this science!" Igor said, "You know, I bet you could do every type of science in here! You've got the space and a retractable skylight!"

“Igor, listen,” the doctor began, “I haven’t been completely forthcoming about why I hired you.”

“You’re gonna diddle me, aren’t you?”

“Oh, absolutely not, Igor! It’s just... You see, I’m an unmarried woman in a field dominated by men. They don’t see me as an equal. They don’t compare me to our peers; they compare me to their wives.”

“Dr. Frankenstein, I know exactly how that feels.”

“I just feel that if they could see me as a better woman, they’ll start seeing me as a better doctor too.”

“Oh, honey,” Igor gave her a hug. “I’ll try to make them all believe a beautiful twink like me would date an old spinster lady like you.”

That night, there was a knock at the door. Igor’s previous Master intruded, drunk and angry.

He demanded Igor return to him and insulted Dr. Frankenstein’s decorating and housekeeping. He grabbed Igor, and but the barely legal twink resisted. Dr. Frankenstein intervened, but the artist threw her to the floor.

He then tried to physically carry Igor out of the castle but was an artist and didn’t have the upper body strength to do so. They fell onto the stone floor, and Dr. Frankenstein reached for a weapon. She didn’t even know what it was before she slammed it over the artist’s skull. He collapsed on the floor, and Igor scrambled over to Dr. Frankenstein.

“We have to report the crime.” he eventually said.

“No, Igor. We don’t have to report the crime if the crime never occurred...”

And so, Igor and Dr. Frankenstein toiled in the laboratory, rescaling and reengineering her invention in hopes of performing the impossible: resurrection.

The two toiled so fiercely that the scraping and banging was heard all the way into town and haunted the villagers’ night of sleep.

In the early morning hours, growing delirious from exhaustion, Dr. Frankenstein declared her work complete.

The Artist’s body was hooked up to the current. First his heart, then his Central Nervous System, and finally his limbs. Dr. Frankenstein flipped the first switch, and the power flickered as the artist’s chest began pulsating.

The second switch made the body twitch and jerk and jitter and jump, with the strain on the electrical grid intensifying. Within seconds, sparks flew from the machine and ruptured in flames that destroyed the energy source and left the Frankenstein estate in darkness.

From the strange sounds to the electrical disturbances and now the utter dark silence emerged a sense of suspicion from the town. The villagers began whispering about what evil that unmarried woman and the young homosexual had been brewing in those decrepit Frankenstein walls.

“Well, even if we could generate enough power to flip the third switch, the brain stem is corrupted. The whole brain is useless. We must find another brain.”

“Another brain?”

“Just put the body on ice until we can figure out what to do with it.”

Due to the excitement of the murder and cover-up, Dr. Frankenstein nearly forgot about the dinner party!

She had turned cold to affection long ago, but there was something feminine about Igor that relaxed her. And his snide insults didn't challenge her low self-worth, which was familiar and reassuring.

By Saturday, Frankenstein felt ready for their ruse. She felt adored. She felt attractive and confident.

“So, if anyone is ever going to actually believe we're in a real relationship that isn't based on my cripplingly low self-esteem, all of this needs to be repaired.”

He said in regard to her hair, face, clothing, and personal grooming.

Lightning flashed as Igor strapped his mistress to the slab. Thunder cracked and roared as he wheeled in his instruments of beautification. Igor took off Dr. Frankenstein's glasses, removed her ponytail, cut layers, and added bailage.

Only then did he begin fulfilling his sinister vision. Plucking, peeling, waxing, and exfoliating. Then moisturizing and eventually contouring to accentuate her flattering features while minimizing her ugly spots.

“This is, beyond doubt the shallowest thing I have ever done. I mean, why does society pressure women to take such drastic measures in order to be seen as attractive by –”

Igor showed her her reflection.

Dr. Frankenstein felt like one of the beautiful women. She imagined herself beside them, laughing and talking. Fingers grazing along each other's arms. Admiring the curves of the feminine form.

"You are ready, Frau Dokter" Igor said.

As they approached the party, Dr. Frankenstein marveled at the tremor in her hands.

"Nerves, Igor. Watch my nerves tremble."

"Don't be weird."

The Chief of Medicine's staff greeted the two and led them into the parlor.

"I say, who are these people?"

"Sir, it's me. Doctor Frankenstein."

Gasps filled the room.

"Dr. Frankenstein? Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, sir. Dressed appropriate for the occasion. Do you like my shoes?"

"She should be dressing like that all the time." Hans declared.

"Shut up, Hans." Igor said. "Looking this good takes time."

The Chief of Medicine approached Igor and kissed his hand.

"And this delicate twink must be your son."

"No! He's my fiancée."

"Fiancée?"

"Yes."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, he's my fiancée of course. That's why I never dressed up at the hospital. He gets so jealous of me."

"And I'm tougher than I look!" Igor added.

"Huh. You see, when I thought he was your son, I assumed you were a widow. Something about overcoming such a tragic circumstance made me want to respect you."

"Oh..."

“Alas, since you claim that this dear sissy is your fiancée...?”

“Yes, I will stand by that claim.”

“Ah, unfortunate...”

Luckily, the butler interrupted to announce that dinner was served.

At the dinner table, the reality of Dr. Frankenstein’s supposed promotion dawned upon her. She had been ousted. They reminisced about life at the hospital without her. They told jokes that had to be explained and talked about sports, which she didn’t follow.

Meanwhile, Igor earned the attention of the wives and fiancées of the men. It seemed to Dr. Frankenstein that there was no place for her.

When she excused herself to the restroom, she returned to find the dinner table abandoned. Piano and singing led by Igor rang from the parlor, but she chose to abandon the party and return to her laboratory.

Dr. Frankenstein wheeled out a medical and began experimenting how to refine the medicinal properties of electricity to reanimate detached tissue and muscle and nerve.

At one point, late in the night, Igor returned. She recognized Hans’ grating voice in the symphony of moans as he blew out Igor’s back echoing throughout the corridors. By daybreak, Dr. Frankenstein had a sleep-deprived epiphany.

She may not be able to attract a man, but she could still be married. Just the same, she could not resurrect a dead body, but she could create life. Create a man who has never lived or died, pieced together.

He would be her husband, and she would finally get the respect she deserved.

The cadavers from the hospital showed too much decay, but The Artist was fresh.

What she truly needed was a fresh brain with an intact central nervous system, but where was she going to get one?

“Good morning, Frankenstein.” Hans said, entering the laboratory.

“Hans, what are you doing in my laboratory? Where is Igor?”

“I sent him into town.”

“Why?”

“Because I am going to MURDER you, und steal your invention.”

Hans' cruel laughter rang throughout the laboratory as he picked up a hammer and approached Dr. Frankenstein.

"No, please! I'm a woman! I'm barely over 100 pounds!"

"When you lie about your weight, you're only lying to yourself!"

Hans raised the hammer over his head, ready to strike, when a heavy THUD made his eyes widen. His arm fell, and he dropped the hammer as he collapsed to his knees. Behind him, stood Igor, wielding a bloody hatchet.

"Igor, you saved my life! But you ruined the brain!"

"Yeah, I guess I'm a real knockout." Igor replied.

Which was completely inappropriate and highlighted what a poor sense of morality Igor had developed after a past of unaddressed extensive sexual exploitation during adolescence.

Dr. Frankenstein knew that they needed to call the police. It was in defense, after all, but she couldn't bring herself to report the crime and risk Igor's freedom.

He was a gutless bottom, incredibly manipulative, yet still submissive. So, she knew he would probably thrive in prison, but she was selfish and didn't want to be without her boy-servant.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

In response to public outcry, the constable visited Dr. Old Lady Frankenstein. Her haggard appearance didn't raise suspicion, after all she was a spinster in her forties, but her demeanor was nervous and disoriented. It was as if she'd been up all night.

He then noticed the blood on her clothes and decided to conduct an inspection of the property.

"Just to make sure there is no unlawful experimentation. Ja, Frau Dokter?"

"Absolutely, officer. Please come in."

"I take it that, as a spinster, you are not accustomed to having male visitors to your home and that is why it is in such squalor?"

"Well, that was previously the case, but my dear assistant Igor seems to bring all the boys to the yard! Haha. I haven't had much time for it lately."

"Hm..."

Dr. Frankenstein tried to steel her nerves as she followed The Constable toward the laboratory. She grabbed a wrench off the table, uncertain whether she'd have to defend her betrothed.

The Constable opened the door, entered the darked laboratory, and turned on the light. Igor had had hidden Hans' body amongst the legal dead bodies. Dr. Frankenstein followed with bated breath as the constable inspected her inventions and medical equipment.

"There is the smell of death in here." He announced.

Dr. Frankenstein motioned to her icebox.

"Well, yes. For my research! Th-the hospital donates bodies from the morgue. I've been trying to study nervous systems using electrical currents. That's why there's been such power issues. I do apologize. There just never seems to be enough power."

"If only you could harness the power of lightning to fuel your benevolent research, there is a storm brewing in the area..."

Dr. Frankenstein and Igor locked eyes.

"Well, there doesn't seem to be anything illegal here. But do show constraint with your experimentation. Everyone in this town requires electrical power, and you must respect that."

"Yes, officer. Absolutely."

After the constable left, Dr. Frankenstein turned to Igor.

"Igor, I am going to stitch together the bodies from Hans and your former master to create a husband. I need you to go into town and find a new brain for me."

"Dr. Frankenstein," Igor began, "use Hans' penis for your new husband."

"People are finally going to start respecting me Igor."

With that, Igor went into town and Dr. Frankenstein put the bodies on the slab. Thunder rolled in as she butchered and incised, inspecting levels of decay to assemble her fiancé. Fiancé!

Ha! She had a fiancé! Finally! She'd dreamed about this! About walking down, the aisle and sharing their first kiss! It could have come sooner, but she promised her mother that she'd only marry once!

Rain belted the castle roof like a concerto, inspiring Dr. Frankenstein's assembly of her groom. She chose the artist's more handsome face, while keeping Hans' surgeon arms and hands. After confirming Igor's suggestion, she chose his "lower abdomen" too.

It was midnight when the parts were assembled. But would the man Igor was fetching affect the ultimate composition of her husband? And where was Igor?

Thunder rumbled as Dr. Frankenstein worked at the slab, stitching together her fiancé.

At two in the morning, Igor finally returned with the nerdy librarian. He was so intoxicated that he didn't know where he was, and Dr. Frankenstein faced a choice. Was she actually going to kill this man? For science? For a husband? For social acceptance buy a sexist society? Was it worth it to murder him?

Perhaps sensing her nerves, Igor suggested that the librarian and the doctor sensually bathe together and left to draw a bath. Immediately, the drunken librarian was on top of her! Kissing, grabbing, and fondling! She'd only ever known him as a modest, sensitive bookkeeper, yet here he was, his hardon jabbing her thigh.

Maybe she didn't have to build a man, after all. Maybe she and the librarian would be happy together, spending their days amongst books and research. In the evenings, she'd be the mother, he'd be the father, and Igor would be their promiscuous, stupid, and deeply disturbed foster son.

The librarian stopped humping and looked at her through glassy eyes. And

Dr. Frankenstein felt seen by a kindred sensitive soul.

"Can I put it in your butt?" he asked.

"Let's have a drink first."

Dr. Frankenstein put sedatives in the librarian's drink, and soon he was passed out on the couch. The storm was directly overhead, and rain pelted the roof.

When Igor returned in his Fredrick's of Hollywood ostrich feather robe, he was confused.

"I thought we were going to drown him in the bath."

"No, I need his brain as fresh and healthy as possible. Help me get him into the lab."

While Igor counterbalanced chains, Dr. Frankenstein sawed open the librarian's skull and marveled at his beautiful, nerdy brain. Delicately, she extracted the organ, careful not to corrupt the delicate brainstem.

“Here comes the groom,” she said and she and Igor cackled over the symphony of heavy rain. With loving care, she implanted the new organ into Hans’s cranium and sewed the final piece closed.

Dr. Frankenstein strapped her creation to the slab, and Igor opened the skylight. The sounds of the storm amplified and rain pelted the interior of the laboratory.

“The first switch!” she yelled. Igor pulled the lever and a flurry of sparks and monstrous noises surged from the device.

“The second switch!” More sparks as the lightning rods activated. The groaning and whirring sounds from the machine competed with the cacophony of the torrential storm.

“Igor, raise up my man!”

Igor ran the pulley, lifting the slab into the stormy night sky.

“And now, the third switch!” Soon, lightning struck the metal and burning light illuminated the dark lab. “Bring him down!”

Dr. Frankenstein waited for the slab to descend. Her breath caught in her throat as she stared at the still creation, fearing her plan had not worked.

Then, a finger twitched. It flexed and bent, then the other fingers joined.

“He’s alive! He’s alive! He’s alive! He’s alive! Igor, we’ve done it! We’ve made life! And I didn’t have to lose my figure having a baby! We have become God! Thank you for all your emotional support, Igor!”

RRRGGHH! Frankenstein’s creation roared and fought against his restraints.

“Quick, Igor! Take a photograph of our first meeting.”

Dr. Frankenstein posed beside her feral creation and Igor took a photograph.

The flash burned the creation’s sensitive eyes and he screamed and struggled in pain.

While the creature, bound and belligerent, struggled to comprehend reality due the ungodly pain of its existence, Dr. Frankenstein and Igor made quick work preparing for the wedding.

The wedding march played. Dr. Frankenstein never thought this day would come. She walked down the make-shift aisle, eyes locked on the drooling amalgamation of men she’d engineered into her perfect groom. Igor presided over the ceremony, and their union was sealed with a kiss.

Just then, banging on the front door! Igor ran to the window! mob of villagers with pitchforks and torches and Fritz at the helm!

“We know that you have abducted Hans, the artist, und now the librarian.” The Constable shouted. “Come out und meet justice, ja?”

Despite Dr. Frankenstein’s Husband’s unstable temperament and violent tendencies, they had to unlock him to flee. The villagers pounded on the door, eventually breaking through. They stormed the castle and found the lab, horrified by the grotesque pile of discarded body parts.

“Spread out! They couldn’t have gotten far!”

Dr. Frankenstein led her Husband and Igor through a secret passage. If her old life had to end to start a new one, so be it. She had her man, and her boyservant.

When she opened the exit, Igor jumped out immediately. Someone had discovered the secret passage, and the mob was closing in.

Thunder growled, scaring Dr. Frankenstein’ Husband into immobility. She looked into his eyes and saw his innocence. He knew nothing of this world, and his mind was that of a newborn. She tried to pull him with her, but he resisted.

“Baby, it’s fine! Trust me! We have to go! It’s safer out here than in there!”

A scream rang out when Fritz first caught sight of Dr. Frankenstein’s Husband. Igor pulled his master out of the exit, and, now alone, Mr. Frankenstein roared in fear at a CLASH of lightning.

The villagers, mistaking his fear for unholy violence, brandished their torches. The fire terrified the creation further, and he swung at the angry mob in defense. They then descended upon him with their pitchforks, ending the abominable creation’s existence and setting fire to the place of scientific evil.

Dr. Frankenstein and Igor watched their home burn from afar. She was now a widow, a respectable title for a lady of her age. But something told Dr. Frankenstein she wouldn’t be lonely any longer. She had the secrets to create life.

Now, she just needed to rebuild the means.

Wow! What a tragic and harrowing tale! And to think that it’s all based on true events!

It really makes you think about all the progress humanity has made and the grim, inescapable reality of prejudice and bigotry still in the world. Perhaps that’s the greatest horror of all.

Or perhaps the greatest horror is the possibility of Murder and Abuse Of A Corpse committed by someone with megalomaniac aspirations of creating a husband from death.

Or maybe it's enjoying a well-told and very good story without liking the video, leaving a complimentary comment, or subscribing to the channel.

Perish the thought!

Either way, I'm Bami Boneye and I have no reason to lie to you.