

I Have Immortalized: I Frankenstein by Simon E. Evans

Chapter 10

**Authors Note: “Warning” story
might contain mystery and strong
language, readers discretion is
advised.**

Chapter 10 Seeking is finding

The nearer I drew myself towards those mighty cells, the clearer the view becomes.

They were some organism of various kinds, some were in their humanoid or hermaphrodite form, some were very ugly and having a monstrous and beastly appearance, such that could terrify or frightened anyone.

They were so many of them, but I get closer, even further as much as I could, unafraid if anything might go wrong or they might get loosed.

Those species weren't caged or housed, as my view around things in this underground domain becomes clearer, but were incubated right inside an incubator with life support and chains were tied to their hands and foot.

There were label stamps in front of the incubator, profiling and Identifying each individual humanoid or hermaphrodite specie that's been incubated.

When I look at those stamps, I could read on some of it, some were written in mystery language, symbolically, and alphabetically, so much that I could not comprehend.

The few ones that I could read, were stamped, which had my very name written on it.

It reads, "

~Frankenstein Creature~111666111~Reptilian~Alpha1~
This Particular specie, one with this stamp, has a tail."

Another is read,"

~Frankenstein Creature~222666222~Reptilian~Alpha2~
This Particular specie, one with this stamp, also has a tail."

Another is read, "

~Frankenstein Creature~000666000~mammalian~Beta6~
This Particular specie, one with this stamp, was covered."

Another is read,"

~Frankenstein Creature~060666060~mammalian~Gamma9~
This Particular specie, one with this stamp, looks monstrous."

And there were so many of them, with stamps and labels written in mystery languages, symbolically and alphabetically so much that I could not be able to read or identify.

Those species out there were alienated to various degrees. Looking ugly and monstrous, and so I was bored by their appearance and I had to leave that spot immediately, before something could go wrong.

I abandoned those incubated creatures right there, only creation knew why they're bound and alienated to such an extent.

Another spot, that struck my interest, was the spot where the books and many other documentaries are kept, still within this gigantic laboratory.

So I said, I'm going to check things out, If there are anything that might help out in anyway to find out what is the voice, the beautiful voice that spoke to me.

Something that could help me find the answers, to the things I seriously and desperately needed to know.

What are my?

What is even this place?

How did I get myself here, into this place?

How do I get myself out, of this realm?

What are my even doing here?

Why is creation not telling me, anything.

Those Books out there might be the better options for the answers that I'm desperately in need of. So I went to the Books hoping to find the answers.

