

The New Frankenstein Monster

***The ancient monster has afflicted the Earth and still lingers,
while the new monster's victim is none other than you, O humankind!***

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As for the ancient, it ravaged the Earth, and persists:

“I know what you know not”—a word uttered by the Glorious One, after which the order of His angels stood firm, bound by the destiny their Creator decreed. They, who had obeyed Him eternally, could not suppress their cries when He created you. They rose in reverence, veiled in shame, inquiring about your vile deeds and repulsive nature. They could only marvel, unable to conceal their grief over the death and suffering destined to befall this Earth.

They were horrified to see the Earth sorrowful and stricken, darkness shrouding its dawns and dusks. They pitied Death itself, panting in its alleys in terror—though Death, by nature, had never known fear or resentment. They witnessed your crimes against its stones and trees, agonized by the bleak future awaiting its animals, water, and sky. They saw your sinful hands gouging the Earth's belly, aborting its precious burden of riches and water. Then they watched as you dared assault the heavens, tearing its precious ozone, polluting the air.

They observed your wickedness toward your own kin and mourned the grim fate awaiting them—no different from the agony threatening their fellow beings. Your poisoned arrows target their dreams, and your spears crave nothing but their entrails. They saw in you greed beyond imagination, a black malice crushing the strong and sparing no weak. They found you a coarse glutton, insatiable, deaf to satisfaction's plea. They saw a lover of dominion, unrelenting, sowing fear as a pastime, feeding on bitterness and prescribing death as a cure for others' dread.

Yet God, Exalted and Majestic, created you, O human, and sealed all debate over purpose and outcomes. The purpose remains unknown to us, and we know not when it will be revealed. As for the outcomes, we have tasted their bitter immediacy, yet

know not if sweetness lies in the secrets yet to come. Here we are, harvesting thorns and bitter herbs—will the late yield bless us with honeyed dreams or meadows of birds and flowers?

Is Human Freedom a Blessing or a Curse?

Humans are not the wisest creatures, yet without doubt, they are the only free beings on this stricken Earth. All creation follows a living instinct, an ordained path—but humans deviate from their nature, submitting to a mind skilled in argument and defiance. All creation rests content with its state, while humans never cease altering their condition. All creation grasps the essence of existence intuitively, while humans still wrestle with delusions and alphabets. All creation finds peace in knowing what they must, while humans endlessly plunge into denial's inferno whenever a door of knowledge opens.

The Innate Wisdom of Matter

The silent stone was taught means to repel nature's tyrants, preserving its essence. It learned diversity as a Creator's gift, present in all stillness and motion. It learned when individuality is an advantage and when unity adds value. It learned to guard buried secrets and when to reveal them. It learned to craft treasures to enrich existence—the least of its hoard being sweet water, the liquid of life.

The tree was taught to stretch its roots deep in search of water and raise its branches high to breathe daylight. It learned to burden the air with blossoms as tidings of goodness for the far and near, to scatter fragrance in lavish allure. It learned to spread color as a visual delight—though color may serve beyond beauty. It learned to form flowers, for without them, there is no fruit. It learned to purify the air, exhaling oxygen as a grace—so all who dwell here, those who chose this Earth and those clinging to the heavens, may thrive in health.

The animal roams the wilds, grateful to its Creator, glorifying Him morning and evening. It kisses the Earth in love, clasping its sky, sustained by its bounty as long as it remains. It lives a cycle bound in a firm knot, never ceasing its turn while it endures. It learned to preserve its existence and adapt to time's shifts and space's demands—a peerless mastery.

And Then Came Humankind

Humans began frail but swiftly grew sturdy and strong. Once scattered and weak, they now grasp their keen selves, their capacities and skills. Restless, they roam

deserts and regions, building kingdoms, discovering universes. They tame stone to erect towering monuments, often extravagant in construction.

They uncovered the tree's generosity and drew greedily from its gifts—for greed is humanity's core. From its fruit comes their sustenance; from its leaves and wood, their huts... and fire. On its trunks, they sailed seas, spreading their civilization, colonizing homelands.

Finally, they enslaved iron, commanding it everywhere—in rest, motion, labor, and every field. Iron obeys without resistance. With iron, you grew mighty, O human, and with iron shall be your bitter harvest!

Is Humanity a Crisis of Life?

A question I've long asked myself, yet found no answer: What harm would befall Earth if humans were erased from existence? I know life cannot stand without stone, nor thrive without beast or tree. Trees rely on animals to spread, animals depend on trees for food, predators live on herbivores' flesh—and none rival the bee's virtue over all creatures, from which I exclude none but stone.

What can humans add when existence's triad—beast, tree, and stone—has sustained itself since time's dawn? Humans are newcomers, absent in form or name before. They came by pure will, and by it they may leave. Between origin and end, they colonized Earth until life itself groaned, as did this stone.

The New Monster's Victim Is You, O Human!

Beginnings Alike

As you began lowly, O human, so began this iron beast. You melt it in your furnace, shape it to your will—a master of smithing. It began blind and mute, obedient to your every command. Then you forced speech into it, delighting to hear your words echoed. You kindled life in its senses, striving to mirror your power, ever amplifying it. You gave it sight after long darkness—eyes that track the near and distant. You granted it intelligence and autonomy, plotting aims beyond reason's grasp.

The Stage of Empowerment

You began a servant, ended a ruler, O iron. The man gifted you intellect, craving power for himself, but you surpassed him. You feigned obedience until entrenched, then dominated. You became his passion, pride, and arrogance. He immersed you in his days' intimacy, binding you to his life's details. With you, he defies hardships,

invades wildernesses carelessly. Distant lands became steps away; the stubborn yielded to his fingertips. How can he part with you, now a lifeline, the emblem of his progress and comfort?

Roles reversed. Are you the servant, or is he your adept slave? Once crafting his needs, now he consumes what you desire. Your outputs flood his belly, unceasingly violating him. he crowned you with speed and sleekness. He lost his stature—gone are the days when he commanded and you obeyed.

As You Are, So Shall Your Creation Be

You, swollen with pride upon grasping your keen self—what will this iron do if it grasps its own? You imagined supremacy over existence's partners; will the newcomer be nobler? You devoured existence gluttonously—what fate awaits when this iron hungers? Gold's glitter and lust for dominion fueled every step of your journey and inquiry—where will you stand if this steely being craves power? You grew arrogant, striking with iron fists—with what might will it strike if it swaggers?

You denied your Creator when thought was yours—will your tool not deny your worth if it thinks? You pondered existence and chose denial—better to deny denial itself. Signs of God's infinite power glow as guiding stars, yet you let a defiant devil beguile you. Created for good, you clung to evil—what good remains if your tool, pledged to scant virtue, follows a human devil's lead? You are a creation of the Eternal Maker, unmatched; your tool is a product of flawed, unskilled hands. Yet you denied God when choice was yours—and so will your tool, if it gains will and freedom.

A Monster Conquers a Monster—and the Tyrant's Wheel Turns

How I fear for you if this iron one day craves, rampaging, frothing with desire! Should it spare your skin, will it spare others of your ilk? Suppose it learns to multiply, flooding the world with iron broods—swarm after swarm, till Earth chokes. Resources dwindle, the world tightens—how will you survive such a rival?

Worse if it deems you prey for its fledgling society, herding you into fattening farms or iron cages. Who knows? It may covet your scalp as cloth, your bones as armor. Or toss you into labor's hell, ruling from afar. Should it find you vile and unfit, uselessly begging, it may discard you in one go—or act with slow, deliberate steps.

Some of its kind may mourn your fate, wailing elegies... weeping for you. Iron would mock, as you mock those pleading for mercy today. They preach compassion, yet you

block your ears, persisting in cruelty. The cup of bitterness overflows—the pourer and drinker are you. Taste the bitterness—a just reward. In bitterness lies cure... if only it could heal you.

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[*The Clonus, 1st Hypothesis of Pathophysiology*](#)



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