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**Dr. Frankenstein**

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*“You fool, Victor Frankenstein of Geneva, how could you know what you had unleashed? How was it pieced together? Bits of thieves? Bits of murderers? Evil stitched to evil stitched to evil. God help your loved ones.”*

*– Professor Krempe, “Frankenstein” (1994)*

You used to have morals.

Back when you first started working on reanimation techniques, you had a family. You had friends. You were driven to create a reanimated human by pure scientific curiosity. You thought that such techniques could lead to prolonged human life and immortality. But when you finally succeeded one chilly October day, you were terrified by the creation you had unleashed. The monster was out of control. It stormed over your entire life, devouring your wife and every one of your children, and you were powerless to stop its actions. With nothing else to do, you retreated to your secret lair in the Swiss Alps and hid from your creation. Time passed in a blur, and days grew into weeks without notice. You lived almost entirely within your head during these weeks following the monster’s rampage, alternately crying and laughing maniacally. Sometimes, you wouldn’t sleep for days, and some days you wouldn’t wake up. Sanity retreated quietly into the distance.

Something changed within you. After some amount of time had passed, you left your lair for the first time in weeks to find that it was a midwinter evening. The landscape was appropriate – silent, monochromatic, dead. You wandered down the mountainside, wrapping a thick woolen coat around you, until you reached the outskirts of a village. Brushing the snow off a pile of newspapers, you discovered that the date was Friday, January 13. The main headline, “Monster Ravages Geneva Business Sector,” sprawled across the front page above a grainy photo of a marketplace in chaos. You stared at the photo emotionlessly for a moment, and then, for some reason, started to giggle. You tried to stop, and to feel sorrow for the innocent people dying, but every time you got yourself back under control, your eyes would fall onto the image again and you just started laughing again, laughing harder and harder until you were dancing in the middle of the deserted street, head thrown back, cackling ruthlessly to the starry sky.

You made a beeline for Geneva, stopping just once to attach a makeshift rope leash to a stray dog you found on a street corner. You walked straight into downtown Geneva and paused in the deserted city square. Your new pet sniffed curiously at pigeon droppings while you turned in a slow circle, trying to sense which direction would lead you to the monster. At length, having heard muffled crashes coming from the northeast, you pulled your dog away from the old sandwich he’d found under a bench, and followed the noise.

The sounds grew louder and the dog perked up its ears. Your breath quickened and you hurried forward. Finally, amid the screams of civilians’ screams, you heard the roar of the monster who’d haunted your dreams, your ticket to endless power. You heaved the dog onto your shoulder and hurried forward. When the monster’s hulking form came into view, you yelled breathlessly,

“Monster! Igor! My Igor! Your master has returned at long last!”

The monster, about to tear down a potter’s stand, paused. Its head turned toward the sound of your voice, its blunt brain working to place the familiar sound. The potter used the moment of distraction to leap out of his stand, stumble, and sprint away down an alleyway. All down the street, Genevans were escaping down side streets and slamming doors behind them. You yelled again,

“Igor! My beloved monster! Your master has returned with a gift!”

A connection clicked within the monster’s pathetic brain, it let out a roar of pleased recognition, and it began running towards you. The dog squirmed in your arms, but you took a firm hold of its legs, swung it around your body, and hurled it at the monster, who caught the barking dog within its arms and deftly snapped the neck.

The monster slowed to a walk as he approached you, chewing the warm dog flesh with a crooked smile. You stood unflinchingly still, staring into the monster's uneven eyes. The monster paused a meter away from you, and sputtered through a mouth of blood,

"Master give name?"

"That's right, Igor. You have a name."

Igor roared happily and ripped off a chunk of dog leg with its teeth.

"Igor, we are going to work together now. I will no longer stand in your way."

Igor stepped forward, spreading his bloody arms.

"No. None of that, Igor... I have no desire to hug you." *Giggle. You were losing it again.* "But... but you may hug anyone else in this city – *heh* – in this world! – *hahaha* – hug them... *TO DEATH!! MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!*"

Following your lead, Igor threw back his head and roared an earth-moving roar that echoed down the now-empty streets.

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You and Igor spent two months in each others' company. It felt like longer. It was a happy time. You located and overran an appropriately ominous castle for use as your Geneva lair, and from your lair you planned your conquests. Having never encountered a monstrosity as powerful as Igor, the government was uncoordinated and slow to respond. Targeting powerful government officials such as Baron von Einflussreich and Herr Güte, you overran the system of government and plunged Switzerland into anarchy for 3 weeks before England staged an intervention.

The bloodlust was stopped abruptly in March of that year. Armed with heavy artillery and a number of tanks, the authorities closed in on your lair, beating down your lesser creations along their way. You and Igor fought back as long as you could, but the armies of England eventually shackled you and threw Igor into a cage. The last you heard of your faithful sidekick, before a chloroform-soaked cloth was forced over your nose and mouth, was a long, melancholy howl.

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It's been a few months since you were deported. You were brought here to Sciencetown, "a place where you will be protected from your research, and the world will be protected from you." You're slowly getting the hang of things, though Igor was left in Switzerland. You wake up, do research, eat, do research, sleep. There's the occasional election, therapy session, or outburst from fellow residents, but other than that it's basically Science, Science, Science. Not quite the life you led before. Less destruction. Less blood.

An exciting thing happened last week, though! The entire population of the world was converted into drones! Really, it's the first bit of good luck to come your way since you left your Geneva lair. Chaos in the world means a host of new possibilities. You might be able to get Igor back, for a start. Some of the protective fields might have worn off his cage, allowing you to devise some sort of teleportation mechanism to bring him to Sciencetown. You know Igor wouldn't be able to hurt anyone here due to the protective ScienceDome, but at least he could help you in the lab and impress the other scientists.

Honestly, the drone virus has shocked you back into productivity. Made you take stock of where you are in your evil life. And you've realized that your work has stagnated since coming here. You are nowhere near as powerful as you could be! You could be so much more respected! And feared!

Step 1: take responsibility for the greatest catastrophe the world has ever suffered – the near-complete destruction of the human race. You've completed this step. Shortly after the drone virus was deployed, you made an ostentatious announcement

to Sciencetown, claiming that you had singlehandedly invented the drone virus and *destroyed the human race!* HAHAAHAHA-HAAAA!! ... Yes, that was a good moment. Got some of the old blood flowing. Unfortunately, your announcement means you're a little pressed for time to *actually* create the drone virus, lest someone call out your bluff. Better get working.

Step 2: Take over the world! (Of course. With the population converted into mindless drones, this is the perfect time.) With any luck, you'll soon have Igor back to help you, and taking over the world together would be just like old times. You're certainly not out of practice when it comes to animating corpses – you've spent nearly all your time here doing Science, after all. Most of all, you think it'd be fun to rule Australia. All those weirdo marsupials seem like they'd be so much *fun* to do experiments on! But if you can rule more of the world, even better!

Finally, there's one practical consideration to keep in mind. Sciencetown, now isolated from human contact and trapped within the ScienceDome, is running out of food and water. Dr. Clayton Forrester, the Mayor of Sciencetown, has put forth a call for help securing these resources so the residents of Sciencetown don't die out. You've agreed to help out by genetically engineering meat for food. You will call your product "shmeat." In all likelihood, shmeat will look gross and taste like Science, but it will keep you all alive! Maybe you can convince the other scientists that they owe their lives to you.

And so, you finally find yourself back in the mad scientist mindset, swamped with research that needs to be done, a world to conquer, and a henchman to teleport! The time is right for you to sweep through the world of Science once again and secure your reputation... forever! BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!

### Goals

- Import Igor, your long-lost henchman!
- Invent the drone virus, in case someone calls out your bluff...
- Take over the world! Or at least take over Australia.
- Genetically engineer shmeat for food.

### Roleplaying Notes

- You should speak in a German accent at all times.
- Yeah... roleplay that backstory accordingly.

### Contacts

- Dr. Clayton Forrester (Charles Hope): The Mayor of Sciencetown, who has called for people to help engineer food and water for the community.

### Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

### Bluesheets

- Residents of Sciencetown

### Greensheets

- How to Take Over the World
- Locating your Henchman

### Abilities

- none

### Items

- Searchy Grid of Science (in-game document)
- Shmeat (research notebook)
- Import/Tame Drone Igor (research notebook)
- Drone Virus (research notebook)

Stats

- $\psi$ :	7, 9, 11, 13	- $\pi_T$ :	1
- $\iota$ :	0	- $\rho$ :	9
- $\delta$ :	5	-	
- $\tau$ :	10	$\spadesuit$ :	GGCTCTAATCTGATCG