

FRANKENSTEIN, Chapter 3, paragraph 9

I seem to have lost all soul or sensation but for this one pursuit	15
I pursued nature to her hiding places	6
Who shall conceive the horrors of my secret toil as I dabbled among the unhallowed damps of the grave or tortured the living animal to animate the lifeless clay	3
My limbs trembled...	1
and often did my human nature turn with loathing from my occupation	8
tortured the living animal to animate the lifeless clay	3
the dissecting room and slaughterhouse furnished many of my materials	0
I kept my workshop of filthy creation in a solitary chamber, or rather, cell	1
One secret which I alone possessed	1
Disturbed with profane fingers the tremendous secrets of the human frame	3