
Contrasting Myself With the Beast From Frankenstein

In Mary Shelley's Frankenstein, Victor Frankenstein's creature croaked to life only to find a world filled with doubt, misery, and judgement. Society makes him out to be a monster when in reality, the creature possesses certain human traits, longing for friendship, contact, and love. Not one person looks past initial judgement of the so-called monster. Over time he begins to perceive himself the way others around him do " 'I formed in my imagination a thousand pictures of presenting myself to them, and their reception of me. I imagined that they would be disgusted, until, by my gentle demeanor and conciliating words, I should first win their favour, and afterwards their love' " (Shelley 96). Similar to the creature, I am often misperceived as distant, cold, and quiet, and after a while, it just becomes easier to embody those ideals.

Since childhood, I have always been labeled as the shy kid. Although I constantly exuded smiles and laughs, I rarely uttered a word during kindergarten, thus making myself a tangible target for cruel kids to make fun of. Years later, the words cannot possibly form into a comprehensible sentence through bouts of crippling panic and anxiety. Strategic planning dominates my brain and forces me to consider every word before it exits my mouth. Hours each night are devoted to imagining scenes of how the following day could so easily crumble and my peers think me an imbecile. My mind holds me hostage in a macabre world full of could bes and what ifs.

I can barely hold a normal conversation with my peers. Just try to imagine the terror that satiates my whole body when I talk to someone I'm in love with, especially one who doesn't have the slightest idea of my existence. All words suddenly cease to exist, and the two languages I am fluent in abandon me in my most crucial times of need. I desperately grasp at anything floating around in the deep abyss I call my skull, but I'm a unskilled sailor treading dangerous waters, and I soon meet impending death- metaphorically of course. I end up muttering whatever phrases pops into my brain first and repeat myself until I eventually just sound like an overexcited, babbling idiot. Maybe I will find someone just as insane as I am.

Around my friends and favorite teachers I am by far the most loud and obnoxious person in the room. I can finally be my unabridged self with all of my quirks and obscenities. Doubt and horror still rack my mind constantly, but around my allies, my mind prevails freely. I'd love to be filled with the many splendors that life has to offer, but unfortunately I'll be off in my own world within the dark confines of my silly little head.

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