

Natasha Amelia Frankenstein's journal

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This is an autobiography of Natasha Amelia Frankenstein (my character in VAN HELSING 2 DRACULA RETURNS). Comments please^^

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1 - Prologue

Hello, I am Natasha Amelia Frankenstein. If you think my family and I live at a castle because we got respect from our village of Transylvania, you are sadly mistaken. You see, the Frankenstein family are outcasts in this village. Both my mother and father are the only humans left. I, however, am not human...for I am an undead dragon. An old friend of mine named Vlad Tepes died because of me, according to my father. He has FULL respect for me and my mother. WE are WE had left in our family! My father's name is Dr. Victor Frakenstein, and my mother's is Elisabeth Frakenstein. I appologize if my tears are for nothing but the sorrows of my behalf to all of you. I HAVE respect to my family and this village! I would to ANYTHING to protect them! I will not stop until I succeed. I would rather die than to betray my friends and family because it is eather I die a hero, or live long enough to see myself become the villan! If others critisize of what I do or what or who I am, then that is their ordeal.

2 - October 31, 1883

STOP, GOD!!! STOP!!!! IF YOU ARE GOING TO TORTURE MY FATHER, YOU WILL HAVE TO TORTURE ME, TOO!!!! I PROMISE YOU, HE WILL NEVER TEACH ME ABOUT MY PAST LIVES AGAIN!!! Just please,... stop torturing him. Or I will have to brake... my brother's... promise. I am concern about my parent's lives. Their lives are mine to protect.

3 - November 6, 1883

Today, my family met a man named Count Vladislaus Dracula (the person who hired my father to make an experiment to bring the dead back to life). I was behind my mother and she introduced herself, but I did not. I was too shy and I did not speak until he asked me what was my name. I told him what my name was. He smiled at me and I smiled back. I came from behind my mother as my smile was still there.

4 - November 3, 1884

For several days, my father was experimenting me. He said that he wanted to know what I was. I tried to tell him, but he did not listen to me. I told mother about it. She said he knows what I am, but he does not want to tell me because of "The Incident". I believe her. I do not want to discuss the incident. Because to me, it's too painful. So please do NOT ASK ME!!! I am sorry, my dear friends. Please forgive me.

5 - November 6, 1885

No! NO! My mother is DEAD! Dracula killed her. He sucked all of her blood out which caused her to die instantly. I tried to help her I really did, but father would not let me. I struggled to break free from his clutches, but alas, I could not. I cried against my father's torso like a cowardly, whimpering dog. Then, without thinking, I ran towards Dracula. He dodged my attack, grabbed the back of my head, pulled my arm back and pushed me in the direction of where my dead mother is. "If you do anything like that again, Natasha, I will kill you... just like I did to your mother." he threatened. I was paralyzed and did not move. He sighed and let me go. I wept like a four year old as he left. Father helped me up and carried me to my room. Now I noticed Dracula is no human... he is a vampire. I am scared. I do not know what to do. WHY AM I SO PATHETIC?! I am sorry if my tears are ruining the pages of my journal. The only family I have left now is my father.