

THE EXPERIMENT

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Chapter 1

An Unforgiving Solitude

He cried for god knows how long, I can only assume years, before returning to his dark white chamber of isolation. He stared at the ceiling and went back to sobbing uncontrollably before I slid a quarter under the door. Little did he know there weren't any vending machines around. He looked around in every little crevasse and crack in the room trying to find a coin slot but he could never find one. Eventually he sat back down and rolled the coin back to me, but the coin hit the door.

He turned back, looking as disappointed as ever. We then shoved his new room mate into the chamber as a prize for his effort. The chamber was no longer isolated. We knew we had done our job, and so we all stepped away and looked in awe of our creation. The man got up before falling back down again. He couldn't say a word and he couldn't pick himself up.

Testing went by like usual. A pair of scissors slowly crept down his throat making their way to his heart. He gagged before maintaining his posture again. We all laughed at him. We all thought it was funny.

“What are you doing!?! Are you mad!?” The man yelped as he clenched onto his stomach, desperately trying to keep the pieces from falling apart. We decided to have him escorted to the basement, where he could drink the dripping sink water. His “friend”, as he called the other specimen, was set free. But we cut off his mouth. It's a big gaping hole now.

We brought in his ration of food for the day. Twenty raisins. He always called them “sad grapes.” We can't remember when he started calling them that. We could never strangle an answer out of him, no matter how hard we squeezed our hands around his mind. He's a very stubborn specimen.

He ate the raisins one by one, grabbing each raisin and slowly letting go into his mouth. We found it so uncomfortable, that we had to go over to him and force feed them to him. “Why won't you let them die slowly? They're gentle creatures just like us, and they deserve to die in honor,” he said.

“Not everybody deserves to die in honor,” My colleague explained to him.

It seemed like years went by as he stared at us like a deer to headlights. We all knew he didn't have a single thought running through his head. He suddenly looked back to his hands, which were now a slight purple color. "You did this," he said. "You killed them. Apologize, they deserve it."

We sent him back to his chamber, tied up in a dolly as he tried to scream through the sticky third lip we placed on his mouth. He eventually gave up and collapsed his guts onto the floor as soon as we let him go. He was never the same, and we all knew it. I had to do the honor of shaking a \$5 dollar bill in his face to wake him up. He tried grabbing it, and failed. I taped it to the ceiling as a reminder to him.

Every time he tries to grab it, we have my friend run in and chase him with a knife before he's a wet sobbing ball on the floor. He learns every time, and he slowly gets smarter with each attempt to scare him. We don't like it though, so we always change our methods. He's also a believer in science. We say he's delusional when we're around him, but deep down we all know he's right.

Testing went by like usual. We had bandages places on all of the open holes in his skin. We want him to get an infection, but we don't want it to happen so soon. He always has trouble peeling bandages off. We shaved his eyebrows and stored the hair in a bag. We shaved his hair and stored it in a different bag. We shaved his pubic hair and stored it in a third bag. He's but a pile of damaged quivering skin past this point, and all we can do is diminish his sense of humanity further.

When he was younger, maybe 60 or 70 years old, he always used to pick the blueberries from the field he worked in. His life is but a dream and a distant memory. We love to remind him. He loves reminiscing on the old times. We stuck a screw gun up his throat and pulled the trigger as his uvula went into a knot around the tip. His mouth became dry ever since, and now he needs permission to talk. When he gets permission to talk, we give him a water bottle, and his vocal cords gain life for a short moment.

We tore out his teeth and placed them on piano keys, and made a song out of his canines. He liked the tune, but couldn't say anything about it. He offered to play a song. We agreed to let him. He tried sitting at the piano but he collapsed again and spilled all of his teeth onto the floor. We prohibited him from ever playing music again. We don't want another one of those incidents to happen again. We never liked it, and we never will.

He was due to be executed in a few years, so we had time to toy with him. We loved watching him through his mirrors, and looking up through his floors. We had a fascination with how such a desperate little thing was still alive. He turns 110 tomorrow. He has my blessing.

Chapter 2

Ever Giving And Ever Glowing

The dark white chamber shifted to a more pleasant green tint. We walked in with our cake to congratulate him. His face lit up like a white and yellow daisy with a crudely drawn smile. His muscles pulsed harder and harder until they popped from inside of his skin. His heart grew exponentially until it was too big to tame.

He walked on the stage as we stared at him, beaming our attention to the dark lifeless pits that were once his eyes. He went to talk, but his jaw fell off. Nobody could catch it in time before it went down the vent. He went to talk once more, but he could only produce a flat tone. No tongue, no teeth, no lips, no jaw. He is now only legally the same person that he once was.

“Sorry but your time is over for today,” my colleague told him, “Step off the stage and get in bed.” And so he did. We turned off the light. He had significantly less trouble with snoring than before. Now he sleeps in complete peace. We're only doing good for him, and it shows.

He wasn't doing well in the morning. It was only getting more apparent to us that the moment was ticking closer that he would have to be “silenced.” We asked him if he was okay, and he responded in two affirming tones.

Testing went by like usual. We had him laid out in a table with his limbs stretched into an uncomfortable position. We fed him our medicine, and plugged up his throat causing him to gag yet again. We thought that was funny. That's when he started to “feel it.” He started convulsing on the table and clutching both of his fists.

He let out a horrible tone, so loud that we cut his vocal cords then and there. The lower half of his face is now only a gaping gurgling throat. He tries to cry, but only a light stream of water trickles down through the holes in his eyes. He tries to scream, but all he can let out is a hard breath. We tried to cheer him up by bringing him back into his bed, but he started convulsing again. We picked him up and laid him out on the floor, and he was finally able to breathe again.

“Sometimes the roses grow a little weirder than usual” I said to him. The shape of what was left of his face indicated that he was smiling, but it didn't feel like he was. He was always a little weird. We never tried to give him the help anyone else gave him. We

gave him a special kind of help. Maybe he just went insane because we gave him too much help. We need to stop helping him for a while.

My colleagues and I had our first real meeting in months, and everyone was happy. We all sat down and just took in the big picture. It was happy. We were starting to feel happy. Our boss walked in and told us “If you can't fix it, fix it.” We all went pouring out of the room shortly after. Then, someone had the bright idea of cutting the hands off of our specimen. That would be very helpful.

We snuck into his room and turned on the light. He was laying in a fetal position on top of his bed wiggling his fingers and watching them move. He was always fascinated with his fingers, especially his thumbs. On thursday, after he stopped, we all went in and restrained him while one of my colleagues cut off his left hand by the wrist. He let out a long, hard breath. The colleague then went over to his right hand, cutting it off by the wrist as well. He let out a long, hard breath. He then looked down and flopped like a ragdoll down to the ground.

We walked out, and through the glass panel I could see the blood flowing to where his face laid. He looked up, and all I saw was a mess of blood with four holes. We then wanted to cut off his feet, but eventually we decided against it. We liked watching him walk around, looking as hopeless as he usually does. He always paces from the northwest corner to the southeast corner. It's always entertaining to watch through the mirror. We get a good laugh when he trips.

Our boss racked up enough money to buy a wheelchair for him. It couldn't fit through the door though, so one of my colleagues used it around the workplace.

The next day was Bring Your Child To Work Day. We all brought our children, and showed them the man we were working on. “That's the specimen,” I pointed out to my daughter, “He's 110 years old!” She gasped and told me “That's very old.” I nodded and we walked around the workplace together. After the day was done, I told my daughter to close her eyes and hold out her hands.

When her eyes were closed, and her hands were out, I placed the right hand of the man in them. She opened her eyes and told me “Woah! It's all dry and powdery!” I had no choice but to agree, and I drove her back home. I then came back to finish my job of cleaning his blood. I got really mad at him for bleeding. He wasn't supposed to do that, and yet he did it anyways. He had it coming.

He tried to speak, but he could only breathe. I calmed down and cleaned up his blood from the marble floor anyway. He slapped his stubs together, and that reminded me to cover up the ends of his arms. We had a two casts placed on the ends of his stubby arms.

Eventually, we were finally able to get his wheelchair back into his white house. He flailed around what was left of his arms and head, and fell onto the floor convulsing. I went over to pick him up, but his body was too slippery from the blood. We were able to get him into his chair, and he was able to move like never before.

Chapter 3

The Other Side Of The Black Rainbow

Months went by, more months went by, and eventually 2 years had passed. He was now 112 years old. He hasn't died yet. He has taken the crown as the oldest living man in the world. We planned to do a surprise birthday party for him, but not too startling, or else he will collapse and die.

We slowly crept up to his room with a big cake. One of our colleagues opened the door for us, while two other colleagues brought in the cake. We all followed. The cake was placed on the table next to him. His machine roared in excitement. We all took turns grabbing a spoon and giving him a spoonful of cake. His throat was now like a garbage bin that we dispose food into.

Each sliver of cake dropped into his throat was followed by the loud mechanical roar of his outer shell. Only his head was left, and it jolted around in excitement inbetween every spoonful of cake. His favorite cake is chocolate cake. However, he doesn't like the icing, so we always make sure to give him only the bread. We had to assume that through clues, but we don't truly know what he likes and doesn't like anymore.

His breathing becomes overshadowed by the involuntary clanking and jolting of his machine. The machine jumps and spins around on the floor as he begins to vomit the cake out of his throat. We all know our job is done, and so we leave him to jump around in excitement. If you were in the room, you could tell he was excited.

He was left alone for a while, and we never bothered checking up on him. A few months went by, and we only saw him laying face up in his machine. A few more months went by, and he was still staring at the ceiling with his gaping eyes. We always assumed that he didn't want to be bothered. Whenever he wanted us to come in, he would ram the walls of the chamber with his machine.

And so we left him alone. Years went by. We left him alone. We all got older, and we all thought he was getting older too. We assumed he was around the age of 118 when we finally went in to check up on him again. I went over to his machine to look at him, but there was nothing left in his eye sockets. We found out he had died 6 years earlier, on July 21st, 2055 at 2:10 AM.

Testing went by like usual.