

Chapter 3 – The Experiment

Description

Before you get started on the newest chapter of my novel, “The Black,” turn your attention to the top right of my blog. For easy access, I will now catalogue all the entries for my novel there, so you can visit any chapter you want at the click of a mouse.

As always, comments and/or feedback is appreciated.

Here it is, the newest chapter entitled, “The Experiment.”

Chapter Three – The Experiment

No matter how much I used the new painless auto-injector, I was constantly surprised of just how sci-fi it was. It was sleek and metal, with a mechanism at the top where you insert the medication. I didn’t know precisely how it worked, but you inserted the meds, placed the other end on the injection site, pressed the trigger, you heard the tell-tale **HISS** sound and you were done! I swear it worked like a hypo-spray out of Star Trek.

ANUBIS™ main source of income was being hired out as an experimental laboratory for new drugs or compounds. Companies would send us various things and we would test them out on various animal species. Having an outside laboratory confirm your findings goes a long way in the patent process.

“You make it, we try it,” should have been the company slogan.

Placing the F vial, containing the control saline into the injector, I began the test.
But first: “Hey Jen!” I yelled.

“I’m starting the test! You,” I stopped when I saw her walk into the room.

“Sorry I’m late,” she said, “but I was feeding the frogs, so sorry if I smell like cricket crap.”

“I’ll forgive you, this time,” I said with a smirk and a wink. “Shall we?”

Jen picked up the first member of the Partridge mice, and place it on the table. Exerting just a little bit of force, she placed her hands on the mouse and pushed down. Her hands were positioned directly above the mouse’s legs, so that it could not move.

“Ready,” she said.

“Ok, P-trial test beginning at 9:35 am. First mouse.”

I placed the injection head right where the mouse’s skull meets its spine and pressed the trigger “**HISS**.”

“I love the auto-injector,” said Jen, as she placed the mouse into another cage with a big “I”™ on it, standing for Injected. “It makes holding them down so much easier when they don’t struggle.”

The process went like an assembly line until all of the P-trial mice were vaccinated with nothing but saline.

“Nurse,” I said, looking at Jen.

“Yes Doctor?” said Jen in her sexiest voice

“Sponge.”

Without another word, she picked up a nearby sponge and wiped the sweat off my forehead. Our faces were mere centimeters apart, and she smelled like freshly picked apples. We just stared at each other, and it seemed that the temperature of the room increased at least by 10 degrees.

The attraction between us at that moment was palpable. I never wanted her more than at that moment. She was everything I would possibly want in a woman: Smart, confident, very pretty and loved to laugh.

“Roger,” whispered Jen.

“Yes?”

She giggled.

“What?”

And then, she just kissed me.

It was weird, but in the best way possible. All thoughts vanished from my brain, and I was just totally in the moment of Jen.

After what seemed like an hour, we broke apart.

Jen smiled, and said, “Will that be all Doctor?”

I cleared my throat and laughed. “That was,”

“I know,” said Jen.

What the hell, she did just kiss me, I thought. Might as well go for the f-ing plunge.

“Would you like to do something tonight?” I said nervously.

“Only if you promise to kiss me back like that again,” she said, while brushing her bangs out of her eyes. “And we need to finish our experiment first, and then we can discuss our plans for tonight and breakfast tomorrow.”

“Break fast?” I said, my voice cracking just a little bit.

“Well,” said Jen, “if you play your cards right.” And with that, she walked to the fridge to get the trial drug.

Smiling despite myself, I moved the empty P cage and the control mice to the other side of the lab.

Grabbing the empty TI (Test Injected) cage and placing it on my bench, I threw the empty P-trial vial into the glass container for removal and recycling.

Jen returned with the memory test drug (B-vial) and went to grab to Brady mice, while I prepped the auto-injector.

When she returned and placed the mice on the lab bench, I was all prepared to begin. “B-trial test beginning at 10:07 am. First mouse,” I said.

Grabbing the first mouse, she put him on the table; I placed the injector above his spine and **HISS**. Done.

Just like the control, it proceeded perfectly, like an automated assembly line. After a short while, I said to Jen, “How many mice do we have left?”

“Just one more,” said Jen. And winking, she then said, “Then we can discuss about what we’re going to do next, and maybe cut out early to start our date earlier.”

“Sounds good to me,” I said with a big smile. “Bring me our last patient.”

As I grabbed the auto-injector, Jen picked up the mouse, and placed him on the lab bench.

“You know Roger; I’ve wanted to do that for a while.”

“Me too.”

“I don’t know why I’ve waited for so long,” said Jen. “I suppose I was just nervous that you would not reciprocate.”

“Are you kidding?” I said, placing the injector above the mouse’s spinal cord. “I’ve had a bad crush on you for the longest time, but I wasn’t sure about how you felt about me.”

“I think you know now,” said Jen, and leaned in to kiss me. Wanting to feel her lips upon mine again, I moved my hands and leaned in to meet her. Our lips met and the feeling was even better than the first time.

After a short while, I heard her sigh in content, and we unlocked our lips.

“Ok, we really need to finish this, then we can resume,” I said.

Jen, smiling and blushing a little bit, grabbed the mouse and I placed the auto-injector above the spine and pressed the trigger.

But, nothing happened.

Pressing the trigger once more, there was no **HISS**. Pulling out the B-vial, I noticed that the drug was all gone.

“Jen,” I said calmly. “Was there an extra mouse?”

With a look of concern on her face, she said weakly, “No.”

And then, all of a sudden, all the colour that was present in her face drained away.

“What’s wrong?!”

“Roger,” she said, her voice slowly rising in pitch and intensity. “Your ARM!”

Looking down, I noticed that the left forearm of my lab coat was spotted with a few drops of crimson. Lifting the coat, I saw something that sent a chill down my spine: A small puncture mark, made by an auto-injector.

That was it. That one mistake, that one slip of judgment, one lapse in concentration, changed my life forever. That moment lead to everything that happened to me: the headaches, the flashes, the asylum, the “friends,” and of course, the death.

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