

Brady Pease

Mrs. Fox

English 10 Honors

04 December 2016

The Subject

“Please, Just try and relax, Miss Jacobs.” The cold and apathetic voice gave no comfort or help to the subject as she struggled to find air in the tube she found herself inside. The subject pulled at the restraints that kept her fastened inside of the tube, her whole body writhing in panic. “Miss Jacobs, we need you to calm down in order to proceed.” The frightened girl shot a glare at the source of the voice trying to correct her, the woman in the white lab coat directly ahead and above of her, staring down at the subject with distaste. The subject screamed, tears rushing down her face and dripping off her lips as she cried out.

She blinked the tears away, wishing to see an alternate place when her vision cleared, but instead was met yet again with the picture of the room she was in, which reminded her of a laboratory but was much larger with its blank white tile walls, harsh metal tables for operating, and the dismal scaffolding that ran all around the top of the room, providing prime viewing and observing points for what the subject took as “scientists”. There was a main observation deck directly ahead and above the cylindrical prison that contained the subject, where the female that was giving commands currently stood, peering down from her perch at the terrified guinea pig.

“Miss Jacobs, stop this at once!” the woman demanded. “The Tank awaits you if you continue your efforts.” The subject halted with pure fear at the thought of being

forced into The Tank, a cell far worse than her current one. She stopped her efforts at pulling on the restraints, but tears continued to stream down her face. “Thank you, Miss Jacobs. Now we may begin.” The subject’s silent screams rang out through her mind as the woman above spoke into a handheld radio.

Almost instantly, a set of dark metal double doors swung heavily open on the ground floor where the subject was being held. Two men appeared out of the darkness beyond those doors, and approached the subject steadily, both dressed identically: black boots, black leather lab coats, black gloves and black hooded gas masks. Their eyes shone red with lights that were inside of the masks, demonic and piercing as they fixed on the subject. A horrible, knotting fear twisted and tumbled around in her stomach as she looked in front of her at the demons approaching her, then at the devil perched above them, peering down at her minions carrying out her experiment.

The men reached the tube and stood on either side of it. The one to the right hit a button on a panel that lowered the tube to where it was parallel to the ground, causing the subject to see only the blinding lights overhead. The tube then opened, the top half rotating around to the back, the sterilized air of the lab rushing into the subject’s lungs. The fear inside of her ceased to disperse, however, for the man on the left appeared over her with a syringe in hand, filled with a dark substance speckled with silver orbs floating in it. Her entire body tensed and she tried to cry out as the man used his free hand to palm her mouth, extinguishing her attempt as he plunged the syringe into the side of her neck with a jolting pain. The subject then began to convulse, feeling the thick tarry liquid flushing her veins, eating her insides as she tried to struggle against it.

“Don’t struggle, Miss Jacobs! Let it overtake you, consume you. Rejecting it will result in death,” the woman above shouted as the subject convulsed. Fear continued to flow inside of her, as did the substance, entering her veins and arteries, her heart working to reject it, but starting to pump it through her body. Her chest pounded with her increasing heartbeat, her heart feeling about to burst.

Abruptly, the subject’s struggling stopped, her arms and legs going limp on the platform to which she was restrained. Her breathing slowed to short, choppy, strained breaths, then slowed to none at all. The woman above looked down in dismay at the subject’s sudden dissolution. “Check for vitals,” she ordered the men on the floor by radio. They stepped forward to the table and looked over the seemingly lifeless figure. Pulling up the eyelids of the subject, they saw bloodshot eyes rolled into the back of the subjects head. Blood started to run from the ears and eyes of the subject. One of the men felt for a pulse on the subject’s neck. A pause.

“I’m feeling nothing...” he began to say as he looked up to the woman. The woman above’s gaze turned from his and past him. Her eyes widened.

“Ma’am?” he began to utter as he turned to look at the subject. His gaze was met with the bloodshot and enraged eyes of the girl. He inhaled sharply as the subject ripped its arms from its restraints, grabbed his hand on her neck, and bit off his middle and index fingers. “YerrrAHHHHH!” the man cried out as he stumbled back, holding his gushing hand. The subject spit out his fingers, ripped the restraints off her legs, and leaped from the table onto the floor. The other man stood on the opposite side of the table, frozen in horror, as the subject bounded across the floor and tackled the fingerless man, ripping and clawing at his trench coat and biting off whatever got near enough to her teeth.

The woman above looked down in awe, not joining all the other scientists in panicking and shouting for security to come quickly, but watching it all unfold. She watched as the subject grappled the man to the ground, ripped off his mask and sunk her teeth into his neck, yanking her head back and dislodging the man's throat.

The subject took a few more bites out of her prey as the second man made a break for the double doors. The subject whipped around and vaulted onto the man's back, biting into his trapezius muscle and bringing him to the ground. The scientist's above ran up and down the scaffolding, sounding the alarm and escaping the lab. The woman remained, staring down, hypnotized by her work. The subject looked up from its victim, blood dripping from its flesh filled mouth, into the eyes of its initiator. The woman held her breath. The now-animal let out a guttural cry, one so beastly and so barbarous that the woman fell to her knees on the scaffolding. The beast broke contact, charging through the double doors into the halls of the rest of the building and eventually making its way outside, bounding away from the compound.

"My child..." the woman uttered. "Feast."