THE REPORT

Patient Details:

ID: 400129

Name: Lydia

Source: Women’s Detentional Facility

Methods:

A deep pore cleansing technique that I have named Arthurian Acid.

The recipe given to the patient is as follows:

* 1 tablespoon of lime
* 1 tablespoon of concentrated collagen
* Only 0.1 ml of blue-ringed octopus venom.

Summary:

Results:

ACT 2

Me: Would you care to tell me what this is? (Hand him the report)

Arthur:

He reaches for the offering slowly. Tilts his head back to fully visualize the paper. Stares, as if the page was a door, vacuuming his flesh through to the other side. Finally, he chuckles.

“My life’s work.” Presents long yellow teeth between cheeks wrinkled outward in folds of the most absurd smile. “How did you find this? This is priceless.”

Me: Your life memories all clutter the boat with their constant insinuations.

Me: Not that hard to find when you don’t spend all your time sobbing.

Me: It is quite interesting, I must say. Fine read.

Arthur:

All for discovery! This is the type of thing I wouldn’t forget. I was testing out a new theory. Researching how the blue-ringed octopus’s venom in small doses could truly \_cleanse\_ the pores, as is so desirable for women everywhere.

Me: Was it working?

Me: Why did I find this in the hidden archives, if it was reaching such amazing discoveries?

Me: It says that the test subject was a woman from the state penitentiary.

Me: Tests with human subjects already seems like a problem in and of itself.

Arthur:

We were analyzing everything very closely. And since we had deals with the government, it was possible to go around some… Annoying bureaucracies with finding people to volunteer. Even though that did often happen. As the subject… Jack, is how he’s called? Might have told you.

Arthur:

Ah yes. Lydia. Lydia was the mother of my Penelope. She was quite impatient in the test room. Always reaching peaks of anxiety that called for knocking her out a little. She died shortly after sweet Penelope…

Me: So, you dated a test subject?

Me: Did she consent to this?

Arthur:

Don’t misinterpret, sir. Lydia was \_chosen\_ as a patient. I evaluated a long line of inmates in that prison and cherry-picked only the best ones and the most prepared. They were repaid in benefits, of course.

Arthur:

I saw from the first glance that she was interested in me. In fact, that explains her strong willingness to be a part of the research.

Arthur:

Yes, but the only good thing she ever brought me was my… Penelope. I loved my daughter so much… And she was taken. I have never forgiven Lydia for being such a terrible wife and allowing my Penelope to… Pass.

Me: Why did I find this in the hidden archives section?

Me: What happened to Lydia?

Me: Why did your daughter die?

Arthur:

Lydia died shortly after my baby. That’s how I knew there was something wrong. There had to be a correlation. I discovered an infection that had passed down from the octopus to the progenitor and at last, to the fetus.

Arthur:

It was hidden because they were jealous.

Me: What did you do when you found out?

Arthur:

I realized it had gone too far. We were killing people… Babies. All in the name of research. No… It was too much.

I panicked. Told Margaret, the owner of the company, that we should stop the research. It was going too far. But the bitch, she fired me.

Me: How did you feel about that?

Arthur:

They were all bitches anyway.

Me: you’re crazy. Why should i believe you?

Arthur:

Here is something you can find for me.

\*Margaret talks about how the human tests were his idea