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| PERATTUS  by  M. G. Sinclair |

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| Adult  Dystopian |

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| PREFACE |

*He*. I wonder if I could be called a He. I suppose to be called such, would prerequisite possessing some humanity. That was taken from me long ago. Before I was born, rather twisted and mangled, machines of the insemnoplex forcing life into me. Even They hazards to call us human, They had deemed the word too ‘unevolved’, and has removed the word from existence. They hadn’t even bothered to replace it with anything, only things worth considering, are worth naming, I suppose. Our bodies have been mangled, broken and made anew. We still possess two arms and two legs: but they’re long, thin and bony. No fat, muscle matter, save for a small bit about the elbows, knees, shoulders, hips and neck, just enough to function as They needs us to. I have three long needle-like fingers on one hand, two on the other: a defect in creation, I was lucky to only get one, others are not so lucky. Feet that split in two, more claws than toes, and heels that sprout another. The neck is little more than a branch, sporting rubber tubes, molded into the flesh: for breathing, eating, and drinking. My face is long and snout-like, taken up mostly by my eyes which have been made bulbus to take in more light to navigate the perpetually dim streets of \_\_, and long torn fleshy ears that stick back and up like antenna.