On the Experiments of Dr. Greene:

*It recently came to my attention that something especially peculiar had been produced from the happenings of a one Dr. Greene. Word had gotten its way around that Dr. Greene had been involved in certain experiments, the results of which had apparently gotten out of hand; he hadn't been seen in quite a while. Therefore, I was sent down to the Greene abode in late May to do reconnaissance on the missing persons case—it proved to be much more.*

*The following is for those of you not at the station and without access to classified investigative information. Such a severe breach of security like this, one will come to realize, becomes necessary when the crime is so outlandishly terrible that perhaps it is better to warn the public as to the domains of human destruction. Please note that I have added personal commentary whenever I deemed it necessary and have excluded certain information that I wouldn't want the public to see, but other than that this manuscript recounts, in short, my search and discovery of the experiments of Dr. Greene.*

It was the fifth house along Parkway that boasted manipulatively erect sediment and uninviting gables designed to present the onlooker with the notion that, although they were still on the road, they had somehow managed to trespass and ought to get going immediately. The Greene house was a daunting structure that rose higher than those around it, but if one were to walk for a bit to the edge of the house they would quickly see that the magnitude only resigned in the front, which protected a much simpler living space behind it. And even beyond that lay a smaller, yet well equipped, structure mimicking that of a barn.

After initial surveying, I resolved to try the bell which, in accordance with my predictions, rang hollow through the halls. Thenceforth, I made my way around to the back seeing as to how most dwellers leave some entrance or another back there. Unfortunately, the back door was sufficiently locked and the windows sufficiently high as to block me out of the home. I carried on with the plan and continued to survey the property. I found little of great importance—the yard consisted mainly of discarded gizmos and irregular—yet seemingly useless—gadgets and I ended up back at the curiously constructed barn.

I sensed an ominous fate when I first smelled that malign odor. Standing on the entrance rocks just outside there wafted some cruel semi-gaseous mixture that hearkened a primal anguish deep inside the roots of my bones. It wasn’t the magnitude of the mixture but the *quality*. Something very miniscule, yet harrowing, alerted my senses of danger and constructed a general disposition of there being something innately *wrong* inside this barn. I was determined to discover what.

Trepidatiously, I opened the barn door. Immediately, my skin coated with a thick sweat unlike any other. Although it was summer, the sheer heat of the place could not have been produced naturally, rather, there was something artificial going on there. I looked around. It seemed that the disheveled trail of gizmos had made its way into the barn as well, although not in good health. On the lawn I had been able to identify certain widgets and other household doohickeys that may have served a purpose, albeit in an age long forgotten, but in the barn my vision repeatedly fell on contraption and contrivance alike that made absolutely no sense to my well-trained eyes. It seemed that however odd one creation was, there was an even odder one lurking in a far off shelf on the opposite side. Metal, wood, glass, copper, marble, and an infinite number of other materials were the bloodlines of the curious creations, not one which I recognized a purpose for.

After observing this collection for quite a while, it began to form in front of me that somehow—do not ask me how—the creations were all part of some *bigger* creation. In so far as one odd shape met another curious cusp and led off—as all of the routes seemed to—towards the back of the barn. And it was from this area that the noxiousness wafted from; and it was to this area that I resolved to search.

Past the gizmos the space cleared out quite a bit and revealed to me large tables with rows of very odd standing plants. I could see that the machine was supplying some sort of liquid, or rather a serum, down into the plant soil. However, when I encroached further I noticed something of the utmost peculiarity. For, when I got up close to the pots, I could see that instead of growing plants they were growing *body parts*! Legs, arms, eyes, assorted toes and fingers. Somehow, somehow he had grown these.

Sitting there, with a leg to my left and a potted brain to my right, I found Dr. Greene’s discarded sketchbook. In it there were disturbing, twisted images of some half-batrachian half-planarian creation that, as seen in the sketchbook, when mixed with crudely cut human parts, could regrow the entire thing into a Frankensteinien specimen. And it was at this point in the notes that I finally saw Dr. Greene for the first time.

A small shadowy lump in the back corner of the room. At least, that’s what was left of Dr. Greene when I came to him. His body was hopelessly riddled with curious punctures and ostentatiously abstract perforations in no way human by nature. Slashes across the face revealed that it was a most unlikely suicide, either. A large cut in the stomach allowed me to inadvertently peer past the flesh and examine the organs. However, these organs were most certainly not human either. Very strange collections of tubular abhorrences and lungs that just weren’t suitable for any earthly survival. I began to think. Suddenly, it came to my attention that perhaps I had *already* met Dr. Greene.

Perhaps, when I had entered the room moments before, I had laid eyes on Dr. Greene in a more quartered form. Whatever this thing was, I believed it to be the product of the experiments of Dr. Greene. My guess at this time is that Dr. Greene had successfully grown a full body specimen. From there, a fight must have broken out. The monster apparently won and decided to reverse the roles and *grow Dr. Greene.* Later, his insufficient lungs, coupled with terrible air quality, must have given up on him. Only one last step remains in the case: the successful regrowth and recovery of Dr. Greene.