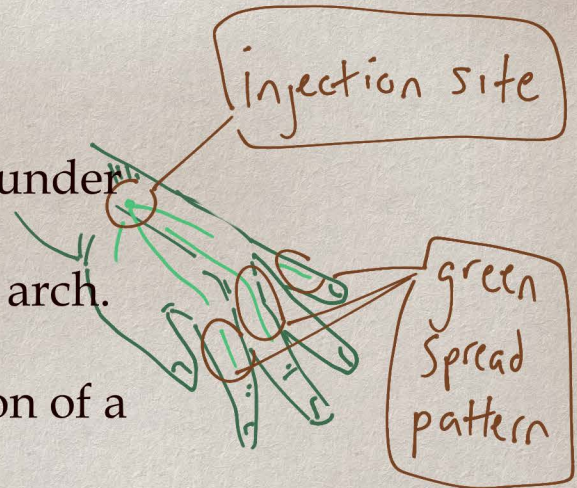


(May 6, 1872) Specimen was injected in vivo under localized anesthetic at 21:25.

Injection site on dorsal plane into the venous arch.

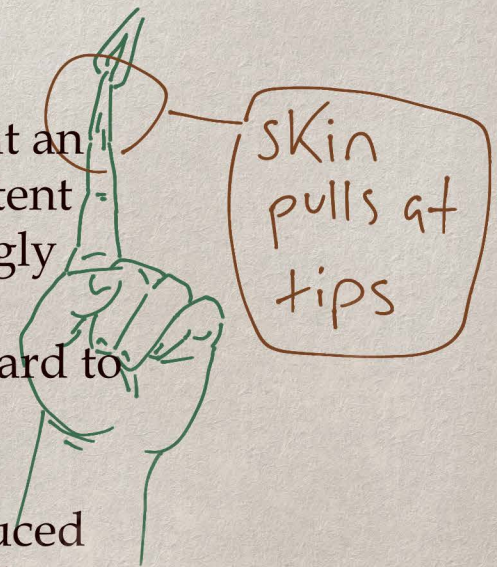


Note 1 after injection: Increasing discolouration of a green hue afflicting the skin.

Bending the joints of each finger is becoming limited at different places.

Note 2 after injection: Skin elasticity increasing at an alarming rate. The green hue has become consistent across the skin of the hand and forearm, seemingly benign.

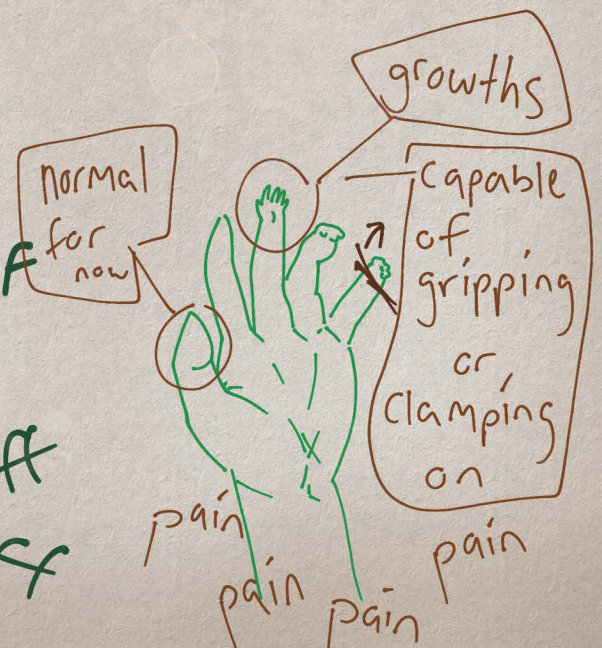
Pain radiates from one joint per finger but it is hard to determine which.

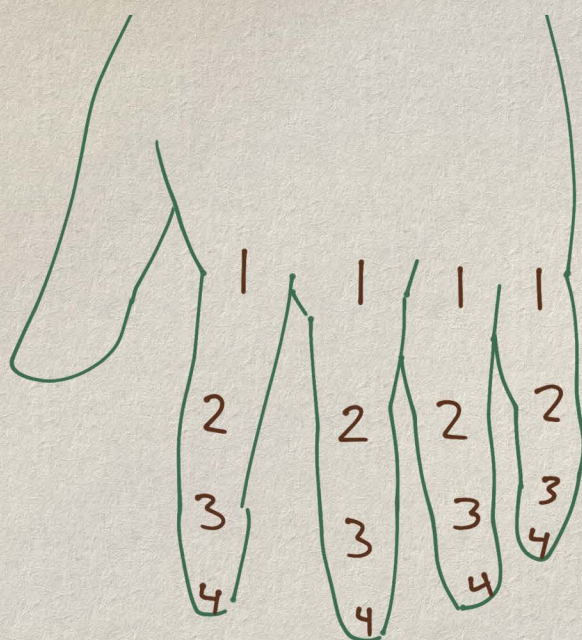


Note 3 after injection: Pain can no longer be reduced by medical intervention. I am in agony. I can feel my bones.

(May 8 1872) It's stretching me
Something's sprouting from
my fingertips. Need it OFF
Need it off

off cut off off
cut off cut off cut off





My pointer finger bends just after the ring finger.

My middle finger cannot bend at the knuckle between pinky and pointer.

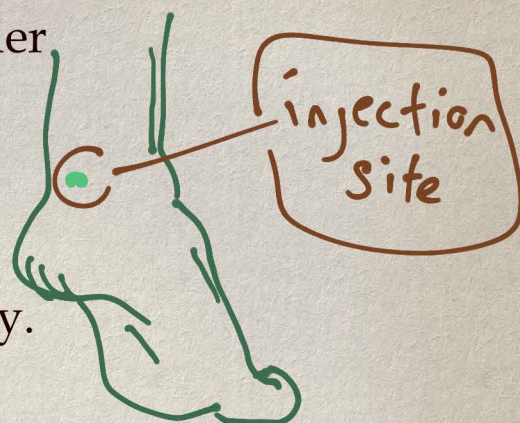
My ring finger cannot bend at its base.

My pinky hurts right at the tip.

Cutting at the painful rigid places in order from quadrant 1-4 should release the growths for extraction

(May 6, 1872) Specimen was injected in vivo under localized anesthetic at 21:45.

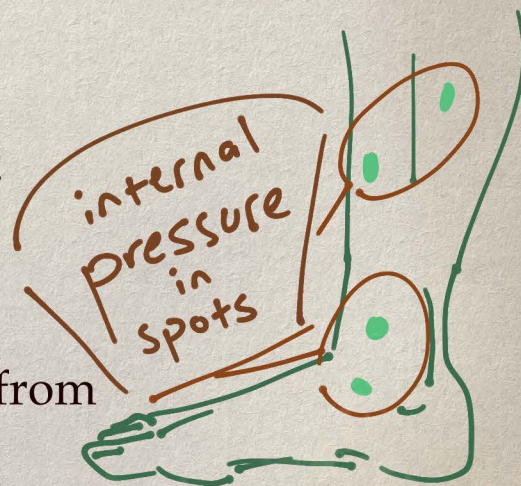
Injection site at hindfoot above calcaneus.



Note 1 after injection: Skin and muscle appear as normal. Pressure sensation observed internally.

Note 2 after injection: Pressure is exponentially increasing and dispersing.

Something feels like it's moving in the soft tissue.



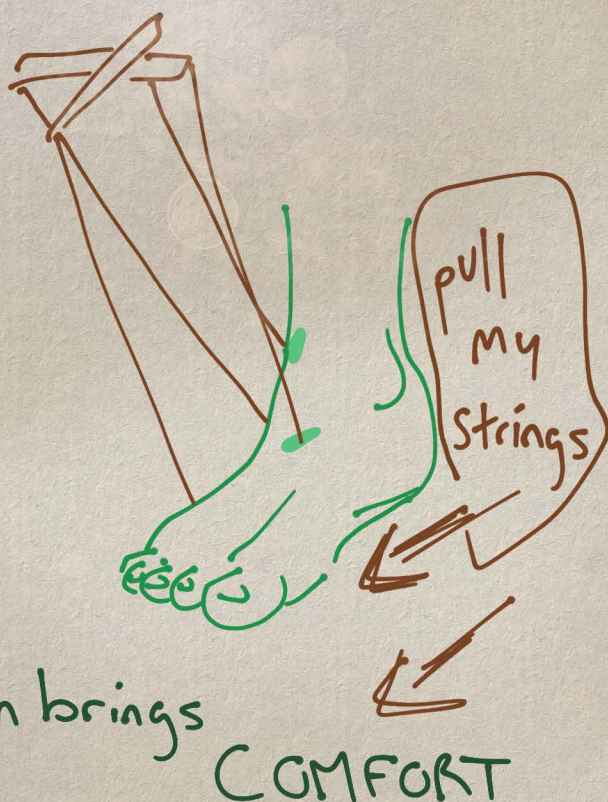
Note 3 after injection: I can see it move. It's a squirming, wiggling movement. There's no pain. Just the pressure, like my foot is being strangled from the inside. I want to peel my skin back to look.

(May 7, 1872) Note 4 after injection: My foot jerks in twitches, as though something is pulling its strings. I have become a puppet of my own flesh and whatever it is I host.

(May 8, 1872)

My body pulls me forward. From my feet, I am brought closer to perfection. The pressure is good. Fills me. Pulls me.

Seeing the green in my skin brings



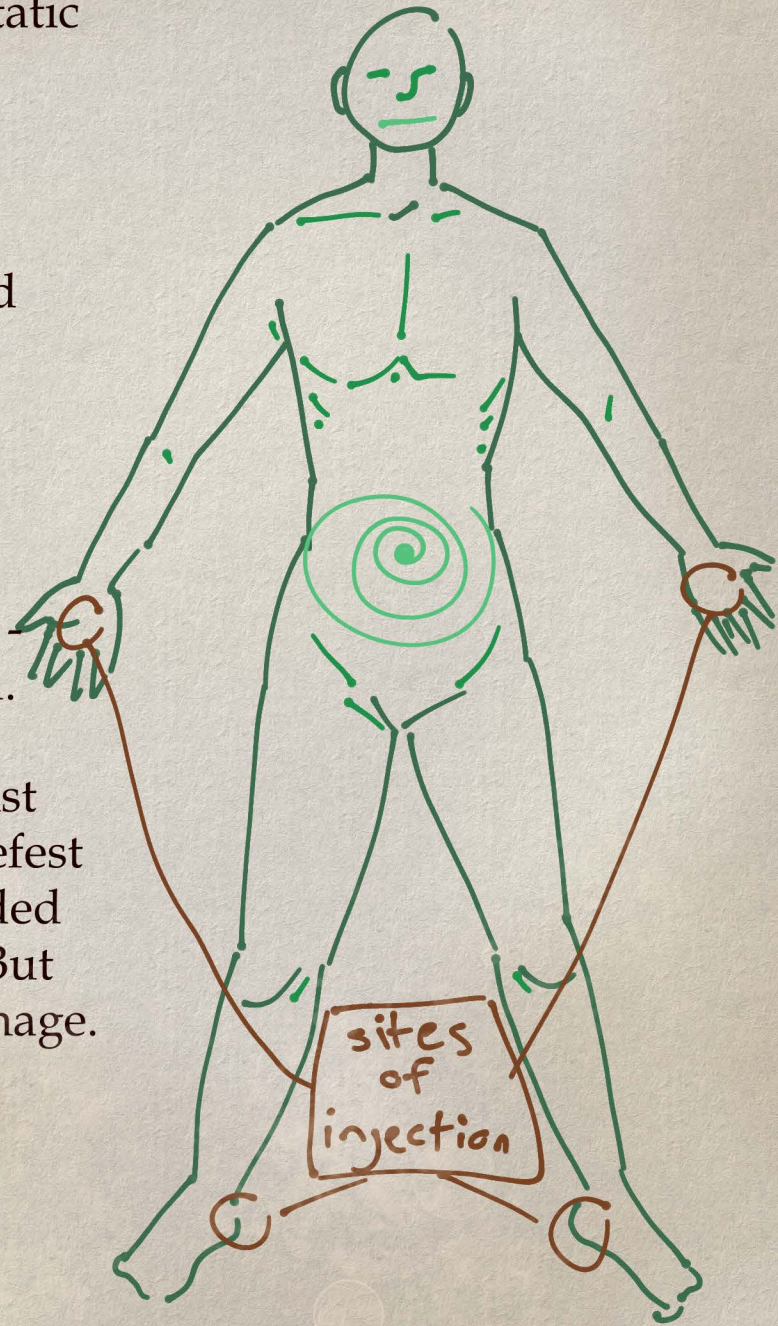
(May 7, 1872) Documenting homeostatic measurements and observing any changes to other parts of my body post-injections.

Note 1: My abdomen is churning and squeezing, an echo of what I felt in my foot.

Note 2: Something is worming its way through the digestive system. I smell it on my breath. Sweet, caustic the word 'temptation' bursts to mind.

Note 3: Saw my stomach press against the taut skin of my belly. For the briefest of moments, my belly button distended before returning to its former state. But nothing could make me forget the image.

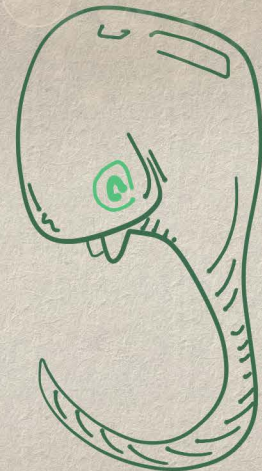
Note 4: Carve into me. Something is unhappy being inside me.



(May 8, 1872)

It boils and screams in acid
 It's whispers are no longer soft
 Raging, caged, set us free

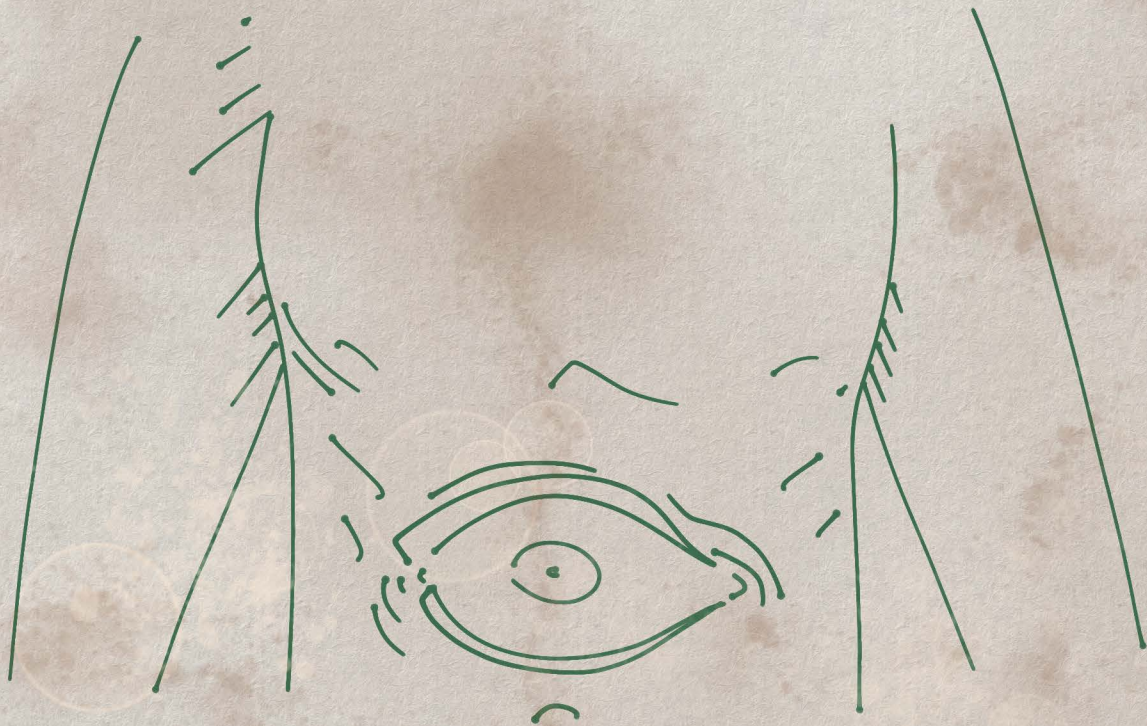
The stomach is not to be our home



PG5

Research Note Escape

Take us home



Wake us UP