

**“Him” by Hina (Anonymous)**

## **EXPERIMENT LOG**

### **CASE #913: SYNTHETIC HUMAN CREATION**

**August 29, xxxx**

Today comprised routine checks and examination of pseudo-organic material. However, I am delighted to write that he is structurally complete. As the subject lied in his chamber, my heart cannot help but swell. His skin, unblemished and blooming, was a sight to see. No words could describe him other than simply ethereal.

I have come a long way since I first created my perfect lover.

**August 31, xxxx**

I left him in the chamber for two days. I figured that it would aid in the development of his physical form, making him more “human-like” I suppose. Physically, he is picture-perfect. Humanity dwells in imperfection, it is what makes us who we are. But fundamentally, he was not human. By removing that variable, I can bring perfection to life.

“Wouldn’t that make you that thing’s mother?” My colleagues had the audacity to jest at my proposal. I did not birth him. He is mine to dote on as a lover and not as a mother.

I will make sure they swallow their words.

**September 4, xxxx**

The past few weeks were focused on me making sure he could function once he wakes up. I had to make certain that my beloved could walk, talk, think, and all the sorts. I would gander to say that I pre-programmed these functions into him, but I am not working on artificial intelligence. Perfection as he may be, I still want him to feel the experience of being human.

I already established an idea of what I want his personality to be like. However, I recently decided that I want him to develop his own, under a controlled environment, of course. It would be a shame to let him out into the world so early.

**September 9, xxxx**

I am excited. The past routine checks have given me the ideal results. There is no foreseeable way that this will go wrong.

He is ready to wake up.

**September 13, xxxx**

My beloved is alive.

I was never one for fiction, but he looks like he stepped right out of a novel. The moment he opened his eyes, time stopped. He reached his hand out for me immediately. I am over the moon; he knows that he was made for me.

Furthermore, I am still astonished at my prowess. He was my first attempt at engineering life. I had faith in my project, but for it to unfold in front of my very eyes felt so unreal.

He does not have a name just yet. I want him to choose that for himself. It is the least that I could do since he has already given me so much joy in just our first hours together.

### **September 15, xxxx**

I had to perform a brief round of routine check-ups for him, but we spent the entire day in my laboratory quarters. He had to be accustomed to a lot of things associated with living. I ended up teaching him more than I planned today. He is quite the quick learner. Additionally, he seemed to be interested in my line of work.

So far, everything has been going according to plan. I do find intelligence to be an extremely attractive attribute, after all.

### **September 22, xxxx**

It has been a week, has it? Time seems to pass by quickly when one is enjoying oneself, after all.

I am proud to write that he passed every evaluation with flying colors so far. Routine check-ups are necessary, but we have moved on to more intimate tests. Surely, I do not have to write in detail what transpired these past seven days. Rest assured that he is quite the ardent lover.

He is affectionate; he is attentive; he is eager. He is everything I want in a partner. As I write this, he is looking over my shoulder. Arms snaked around my torso. How adorable.

### **September 30, xxxx**

Obligatory end-of-the-month report. No one is enforcing these, but I enjoy keeping it for the sake of principle.

My colleagues are still not on board with this entire matter. I, however, do not care. Apparently, it is odd for me to become intimate with somebody so quick.

I created my lover for myself. He already has the prerequisites of what I want in a significant other. It does not take a genius to put two and two together.

### **October 13, xxxx**

It has been a month since He came to life. I woke up to Him whispering His name in my ear. I smiled. Before then, we have only been referring to each other in terms of endearment. He is so precious, otherworldly even. I decided I will omit His name in future reports since He wanted me to be the only one who knew.

While indulging in our dinner, He asked me what His life purpose was. My curious darling read my philosophy books and the sorts when I was busy. (Good for him, my books usually sat in dust

due to disuse.) He was catching up to me in terms of intellect. I gave Him a sincere grin for the nth time today. "It is to love and be loved," I said.

"I love you; do you love me back?" He inquired further.

The answer will always be yes, my love.

#### **October 31, xxxx**

He has met none of my colleagues yet. A part of me is afraid of how He will act around others. Interpersonal interactions with others have not been accounted for through tests yet.

They dropped by my laboratory today. No warnings, nada. A part of me appreciated the company. I have not seen them in quite a while.

However, they had the misfortune of being greeted by Him first. I have never seen such a sour expression on my Beloved's face.

My colleagues did not stay for long. His eyes were glued to their back as they left.

He is clingier than usual tonight, refusing to leave my side. It is difficult to write when a grown Man is glued to your arm.

#### **November 4, xxxx**

We already established that He was not to leave the laboratory-quarters unless He was with me.

I am upset that He broke that rule. Nerves ate at me as I looked for His whereabouts. He could not be that far. The establishment we were in was secluded from the rest of society, after all. I returned to my quarters to prepare dinner.

He returned shortly before the last drop of dusk. His lips trembled and apologized, chalking His departure up to curiosity of what was outside my laboratory.

I could not stay mad at him for long. Above all, He was the love of my life.

#### **November 9, xxxx**

I received news of an accident at a nearby laboratory. It took the lives of two of my colleagues. The attendant from the adjacent laboratory expressed that it was due to human error. Accidental poisoning. I could not believe it.

Two of the region's top-performing alchemists met their demise from a miscalculation that common sense could avoid. Personal convictions aside, I prepared to attend the wake.

He was not too keen on me attending. I offered to bring Him. He vehemently refused. I left anyway, not without telling Him I already prepared lunch.

I returned to a trashed laboratory. He spared me no glance and retreated to our sleeping quarters. Amid the mess, I realized that my previously dusty chemistry and alchemy books looked pristine. I intend to sleep on a spare futon tonight.

#### **November 10, xxxx**

I woke up on our bed, His arms wrapped tightly around me, and His head tucked in my neck. My quarters were back in its neat state now. He most likely felt guilty, a feeling that he rarely exhibits.

He approached me during lunchtime. I had a hunch. I have been rarely wrong in my life; I hoped this instance was one of them. His eyes, which usually held the universe, looked so devoid of life.

“I love you; do you love me back?”

Of course, the accident could not have been because of human error. The Culprit was not a human in the first place.

But as I had promised, my answer would always be yes.

Who was I to judge, anyway?