

***Person #346 Report:***

*Green eyes. Fair skin. 32 freckles across the nose and cheeks. Orange hair. Curly. A slightly crooked tooth second to the center on the right. 5 feet 7 inches 4 cm.*

**Subject A:**

Clara Grey

current age: 5 hours, 8 minutes, 53 seconds.

She will grow to fit the description above.

Current time: 12:37pm.

A white, crisp, sanitized glove grabs baby Clara's arm. The subject squirms away. The needle is inserted. Subject is subdued. Subject is taken to room D5.

The needle is brought to Room C7. The white glove feeds the machine and exits the room, to return in precisely two hours.

**Subject B:**

Clara Gray

current age: 1 minute old.

Current time: 2:37.

A white, crisp, re-sanitized glove lifts the child off of the white metal bed. The subject squirms away. Upon success, expose of the needle. Subject is taken to room E5.

It is imperative these two subjects never interact. Families are assigned. Subject A will be sent to location #8756a. Subject B will be sent to location #4875d.

Clara Gray will grow to fit the description presented in Person #346 Report.

Clara Gray will grow to fit the description presented in Person #346 Report.

It is hypothesized certain differentiations will arise in the subjects of the subjects are presented with opposing stimuli.

L#4875d reported conflict among peers more so than L#8756a.

L#8756 reported generally minimal conflict.

L#8756a reported general opposition to such conflicts.

We hypothesize the subjects will be impacted by the respective circumstances.

Subject A and subject B are injected above the right shoulder blade.

This injection will gather the experiences of the subjects.

This information will be constantly updated on Computer #8 in Room V5.

The hypothesis will be proven using this data.

Subject A's family arrives to retrieve the subject at 7:00pm on December 19th.

Subject B's family arrives to retrieve the subject at 9:00pm on December 19th.

December 20th: Both subjects are in location.

Phase one of *Person #346*: complete.

### **Chapter 1a: Clara**

“Happy Birthday!” I hear about six voices united. The lights flick on and I squint. Green eyes are more sensitive to light than darker pigmented eyes. The voices pierce my ears and the sound traces down into them and forces a smile on my lips. My heart is beating rapidly.

My dad is sitting at the table. My sister about 3 feet away from the table, behind the couch. Over about 2 and about 3 feet closer to me are my two best friends, Jamie and Maria. My mother is across the room by the light switch, I assume she turned on the light. My brother is sitting by the window. They are all smiling.

I laugh. I feel excited. It may not sound it, but I am. My mother says I present things in a calculated manner. I think the calculated is simpler to comprehend than the emotional. So the narration in my head is mostly calculated. I don't need to explain the emotions because I feel them. But I suppose if I narrate for someone other than me, I should try to explain.

My name is Clara Gray. I am 16 years old, today. That's why everyone screamed “Happy Birthday!” and turned the lights on. This is a surprise party. I wasn't surprised because Anna, my younger sister who is behind the couch told me not to be in the house until 5pm today. And

Jamie and Maria told me they weren't free tonight. And it's my 16th birthday. So I knew it was a surprise party.

I don't feel surprise but the lights and the yelling did make me jump a bit. And I smile because these people make me smile.

The first birthday I remember is my 6th. All the same people were present. (Except Anna was only two, so she only half counts.) There were more people there, too, because when you're small your whole class comes to your birthday. I dropped my cake on the ground because I tripped on the carpet. It was chocolate cake with blue icing. And I cried because I ruined the cake. Also because now I couldn't eat the cake. But mostly because I ruined something. I remember Maria came and helped me off the floor. And Jamie gave me some of her cake. There was more cake left and Jamie got more, but we didn't know that when we were six. She gave me her cake anyway.

I've always been a little bit odd. A little bit calculated. My mom says there's no one else like me. I am special. But nobody seems to mind.

One time when I was seven, a boy named Henry made fun of me when I told him one of my facts. I've always loved facts. He shocked me after he had been walking around on the carpet, so I told him that an electric shock isn't actually strong enough to throw a person across the room, but the body is thrown because the muscles contract in reaction to the shock. And he was silent for a second and then told me I was "weird" and then licked his hand and tried to touch it to my hair. I didn't want his germs. So I screamed. Maria told him to stop. Jamie told the teacher and he had to apologize to me the next day. He didn't want to, I could tell. But the teacher made him and he did. Henry is nice to me now, but we are older now so no one licks his

hand anymore. We actually joked about it once- the day he tried to touch me with his germs. We laughed about it.

Fact: laughter always helps.

In present time, we eat cake and we play a game we invented where you roll a dice with letter on it and you have to use that letter to start a story. You go around the circle and everyone adds on to the story, starting with that letter. We made it up because we lost the scattergory game but we found the dice under the couch. The dice has letters on it. It's fun when I can fit my facts into the stories.

We only have one rule to the game: the ending has to be happy. Sometimes it's hard to make the story end, but usually between all of us someone can make it happy.

### **Chapter 1b: Clara**

The car lights direct their gaze at my face. I squint. Green eyes are more sensitive to light than darker pigmented eyes. I move around to the passenger side.

“How was your birthday?” The sound is far away- muffled by the pounding in my head. I force a smile. I know my dad does his best. For many working dads, balancing family life and work is a challenge.

“Good.” It really wasn't.

I don't like talking about the kids from my school. I don't truly understand why they do what they do. I can't calculate it. My mother used to tell me I present things in a calculated manner. I think the calculated is simpler to comprehend than the emotional. So the narration in my head is mostly calculated.

My name is Clara Gray. I am sixteen years old, today. My mother passed away when I was nine. I was odd. My mom used to say I'm special. My dad says I'm different. I see it's hard for my dad to not have my mom. He's lonely. I don't know how to make him not lonely. I'm odd. The kids in my class call me weird.

One person said happy birthday to me today. Her name is Megan. She followed it with "I guess." The teacher said it was my birthday. I couldn't tell what she was guessing. She only smiled with half her face.

I probably say about 35 facts a day. This is an estimate. When I was small I would say them aloud. Now I keep them locked in my internal narration. I try not to speak in front of others.

My first birthday I remember was when I was 6. That was the day I realized I was odd. Everyone comes to everyone's birthday when you're small. Everyone came to mine. Mary Blue told everyone I was "weird." No one talked to me the whole party. That's all I remember. Except, I remember I had chocolate cake with Blue icing. I didn't eat it. I don't like the color blue anymore.

A year later when I was seven, I tried to make friends with a boy in my class named Ethan. I tried to tell him one of my facts. I shocked him when I tapped him. I was on the carpet. It was an accident but I was nervous he would be angry, so I told him that an electric shock isn't actually strong enough to throw a person across the room, but the body is thrown because the muscles contract in reaction to the shock. And he was silent for a second and then told me I was "weird" and then licked his hand and tried to touch it to my hair. I didn't want his germs. So I screamed. Everyone turned and laughed when I screamed. It sort of made sense that the word

weird hurt. But they didn't even use any words. And it hurt more. And the teacher yelled at me for laughing. We are older now so no one licks his hand anymore. They don't need to. Even though no one tries to touch me with their germs, nothing is different really.

Fact: the laughter hurts more when it's whispered.

In present time, I eat dinner with my father and retire to my room. I play a game with myself where I roll a dice from an old scattergories game. Whatever letter it lands on I use to start a story. It's fun when I can fit my facts into the stories. I like writing the stories because I like that I can choose the ending. Sometimes, though, depending on how the dice rolls, I can't think of a way to make the ending happy.

## **Chapter 2a: Clara**

I sometimes count the number of steps it takes to get from my locker in the hall to the door of my classroom. It's like a game. I walk by a group of girls whispering and laughing. It pulls me from my counting and I feel my mind grasping at the numbers but they are gone, my feet left them behind. I only hear the laughing. It is a fact that a resting heart rate is 60 bpm on average. The thudding in my chest, based on the shortening time length between each thud, suggests I am no longer at rest. My eyes flicker so I may only perceive the hallway in a series of different pictures. They move so quickly no picture felt complete. They blur. My body tumbles toward the ground. I catch my weight in my hands. I feel like I am pouring myself into the cold tile. I turned my body and I saw the laughter grow from a whisper to a howl. I never thought you could see laughter. But you can. It looks mean- or at least this kind does.

They walk by me, swaying to the song of their heels, like nothing had happened. I suppose to them nothing did.

## **Chapter 2b: Clara**

I sometimes count the number of steps it takes to get from my locker in the hall to the door of my classroom. It makes it feel like a game. I walked by a group of girls whispering and laughing. I keep counting. I am counting faster, so I must be stepping faster. I see the laughter in my head. It is suffocating my numbers. It is a fact that a resting heart rate is 60 bpm on average. I am no longer at rest, so my heart is beating faster. When a heart is laughed at, it tries to run away. This is why it knocks on your chest. It is trying to get out. My heart knocks too hard and it knocks my body over. I tumble toward the ground. I let my weight pour into the cold tile. I feel nothing but cold tile. I feel numb. I keep my face square between my hands, facing the ground. Laughter looks even meaner than it sounds.

Heels clinked on the ground and sliced my peripheral vision. The rhythm of the steps didn't falter. Like nothing had happened.

## **Chapter 3a: Clara**

Tension clenches my eyes. I hold my breathe and collect my scattered belongings. I stand and redirect myself. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven...

I stop counting when I step into the bathroom. The game is over. The bitter taste of salt water taste infected my mouth almost. It is a fact that there are tiny hairs on your taste buds that tell you brain what you taste. Maybe these hairs knew tears were bitter just a fraction of a second before I did.

I wonder if laughter could bruise you on the inside. I take thirteen deep breathes. It is a fact that the average human attention span is approximately 13 seconds. The bruise inside fades.



With my inside bruise healing, I am left to calculate the situation. I am having difficulty calculating. I suppose this is because I am missing a whole half of the equation. I only have my half. It is awfully hard to solve an equation with only one half.

It is a fact people don't fit well into equations because people feel things and feelings don't fit well into equations. This means you cannot say it is a fact that people are innately evil. Even when they make you cry. This is a self-discovered fact. People must be innately good because if I add evil to the unknown side of the equation, I have to add evil to mine side. I do not want evil on my side. So people must be good.

### **Chapter 3b: Clara**

Tension clenches my eyes. I hold my breathe and collect my scattered belongings. I set my new destination. I think of nothing but maintaining a constant inflation in my lungs.

I step in the bathroom. I deflate. I send my hands up to my face before they get to my taste buds.

It is a fact laughter bruises you inside. I take thirteen deep breathes. It is a fact that the average human attention span is approximately 13 seconds. Of course, this is an average. It is also a fact that most bruises take about two weeks to heal.

I redirect my thoughts to consider the situation. I am having difficulty calculating. I consider the half of the equation I am not truly sure of- that is, their half. I only have my half. It is awfully hard to solve an equation with only half the necessary information. I'm also not certain what I would be solving for. It is a fact people don't fit well into equations because people feel things and feelings don't fit well into equations. This is a fact I inferred based on my

own observations. This means, we cannot prove people are innately good, so we cannot explain why people might do things that seem evil.

If I add evil to one side of the equation, I have to balance it. This means, if I am on the other side of the equal sign, I have to add evil to my side. I don't want evil on my side. Perhaps that means I am not meant to fit into the equation.

#### **Chapter 4a: Clara**

I return to an empty home. It is silent.

#### **Chapter 4b: Clara**

I return to an empty house. It is silent.

#### ***Person #346 Report***

*Green eyes. Fair skin. Pink hue across cheeks. 32 freckles across the nose and cheeks. Orange hair. Curly. A slightly crooked tooth second to the center on the right. 5 feet 7 inches 4 cm.*

Subject a:

Clara Gray

Status: 16 years, 19 hours, 12 minutes, 7 seconds.

She has grown to fit the description above.

Subject b:

Clara Gray

Status: terminated

Termination: self inflicted

The description above is no longer fulfilled.

Cheeks are not longer possess pink hue.

Experiment status: Complete

#### **Chapter 4a: Clara**

A sharp chill wraps around my wrist like a bracelet of burning ice. This is a simile. It is also an oxymoron because ice does not burn. I have no better way to describe the sensation.

I check the time. 4:08. The last chill was at 2:08. The one before that at 12:08. Before that 10:08. I predict the next will be at 6:08. The each last two minutes. They are painful and very cold and the shoot up from my wrists and cause an ache in my head. This started last night before my parents returned home from school. The brevity of the pain leaves me considering whether to consult my parents. I am currently deciding against it. My mother reacts very strongly to possible danger. I do not want to worry her. I also do not want her to make me go to the doctor because the doctor's hands are cold and I do not like when she touches me.

#### **Chapter 4b: Clara**

It is a fact that blood is redder once it has spilled. It is a strange sensation to see yourself outside of yourself. I feel myself being pulled away from the self that I see. I turn to look behind me. At first the shift was not jarring until I registered the new picture before. The room is different. I see a new self before me.

### **Person #346 Report**

*Green eyes. Fair skin. 32 freckles across the nose and cheeks. Orange hair. Curly. A slightly crooked tooth second to the center on the right. 5 feet 7 inches 4 cm.*

A white glove tremors as a closed file reopens on the screen.

Urgent.

Subject B termination is in question. The Subject does not appear to be complete terminated.

Subject A appears to be experiencing trauma related to Subject B.

It is possible the Subjects are fusing back together.

The result of a collision of Subject B with Subject A is unknown.

This experiment is unprecedented.

No further hypothesis has been made.

The program head suggests deleting all evidence of the origin of Subject B.

Deactivate injection before deleting file.

## **Chapter 5a:**

My left hand wraps around my body to put out the fire I assume must be on my back.

Upon arrival, my left hand has not task to complete. There is no fire to be seen or quenched.

Above my right shoulder blade is a ball of fire wedging itself into my skin.

I try to count in my head but the burning is messing up my numbers. I hear my own cry in a whisper. I press my hand against my mouth to catch the sound. The whispered cry does not stop. I cannot identify any known facts.

#### **Chapter 5b: Clara**

I am staring at this other me when my separate self begins to struggle. I appear to writhing in pain. As I consider this I feel a pull from behind me.

My body is left behind and the pull is taking the rest of me piece by piece. I feel like I am fading. I start to panic. I will get no more answers. Who is this other me? I yell to her but I feel myself fading.

I just want her to hear me. If this is the last thought I ever get to think, I want at least myself to hear it. Whoever this I may be.

I am yelling through my gasps. *I am Clara Gray. I am Clara Gray. I am Clara Gray. I am Clara....*

#### **Chapter 6a: Clara**

Slowly the burning starts to fade.

I keep my hand on my mouth. Words start to form around the whisper. *I am Clara Gray. I am Clara Gray. I am Clara Gray.*

#### **Chapter 6b: Clara**

...

***Person #346 Report deleted***