

Look into a psychotic mind



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Not for the faint hearted. As a child I'd always been curious. Starting when I was six, I would spend hours doing my "experiments" It began with frogs and worms but soon I went on to bigger animals, mammals. The family cat, a little boys puppy, the school gerbils. The police never knew who took them although they did find the bodies... When I was done with them. I'm twenty six now and quite the normal city girl if you don't count my experiments. I work for Poise magazine as a photographer and part time interviewer but my passion still lies in the biology of a body.

Did you know humans can continue to live after the removal of the stomach, spleen, 75% of the liver, 80% of the intestines, one kidney, one lung, and virtually every organ from the pelvic and groin area. You might not feel too great, but the missing organs wouldn't kill you. I wonder who was lucky enough to do this experiment, I'd love to be them. The surgeon or scientist... Not the subject missing his organs. This is what inspired my latest question and led to the idea for my new "experiment" I picked up my subject outside a local club.

It's quiet skinny but still a healthy looking packman, the shaggy brown hair is really what pulled me to it. Eve always loved light brown hair for some reason. Anyway, my specimen spent the morning in my car trunk while I was at work, I made sure he was knocked out properly. I don't need my co-workers hearing noises from my car and investigating... I'd probably lose my job. Who am I kidding? My job would be toast. I drove up to my old family house in the country, having taken the week off I had time to come out here.

No one knows about the old house and it was so far away from anything you could scream your head off without anyone showing up. Perfect for what I needed. I dragged the still unconscious specimen into the large garage, his chloroform nap would be the last peace he had so he may as well enjoy it. I'm a relatively small woman so dragging him to the garage wasn't the easiest thing to do. Why the heck didn't I park closer? I sighed to myself. Break time is over and I need to get back to work. I walked across the dusty floor and stared at the tools lining my wall.

I looked at each one and grinned at the damage they could each do. Hammers for smashing, saws for sawing, pliers for pulling, knives for slicing and blowtorches for... Well you get the point. The collection was large and helped quell my curiosity. I grabbed a length of thick rope from one of the hooks and walked back to where my specimen lay. My shoes made clanking noises against the floor but there was no reason to be quiet... So I wasn't. Spotting a sturdy beam above me, I tossed the rope over it and watched as thick braided cord fell far enough down so I could reach it if I jumped.

You'd think I'd done this before. After I made sure I could reach both ends of the rope I turned to my subject. He looked so peaceful, I don't think he remembered his abduction or understood what was to come. My first human specimen was a cutie, I had to admit. It's almost a shame, almost. I pulled his unconscious body into place and wound the rope around his ankles after removing the man's boots. I made sure my knots were tight and would not slip undone as that would ruin the experiment.

Grabbing the other end of dangling rope I pulled it over my shoulder and began to walk towards the pillar near the edge of my garage where I could tie off the rope, leaving my specimen hanging from the rafters like meat in a butcher shop. While waiting for my subject to awake I decided to record my progress in the book I pet with me at all times. It was filled with notes on all my experiments, granted they were all animal experiments. Subject: "Humans" Experiment: Skin Skin is a thin layer of tissue acting as a perimeter around the internal body keeping unwanted germs out.

It is also the largest organ in the body and arguably the most important. How important? After skinning subject "Humans" I hope to answer that question. Hypothesis: Without the outer layer the body should succumb to bacteria, viruses and disease. I am anticipating that dehydration will be my biggest obstacle. I heard a groan come from behind me and suppressed a grin. He's awake! I dropped the knives I'd brought with me behind him noisily. The man was now flailing around uselessly. The grogginess from being knocked out prevented him from succeeding, it was actually quite humorous!

When he finally gave up, I walked behind him and gave his hair a playful tug, pulling his head back slightly. "What!? Wait-Who are you? Where am I!?" He yelled in fury. The anger was to be expected. He flailed some more until he faced me and tried to grasp at the edge of my Jeans. I stood just out of his reach, these are designer Jeans! "Why?" I finally repeated back at him. "Sees you crazy bitchy! Why am I here!?" He screamed. "Because I have a question, no need for vulgar language." I added sweetly. "Huh? Fine. What's the question?" He huffed. "Do you remember how you got here? Not my actual question but still needs to be answered." "I- I... No." He looked

thoughtful and I smiled, just what I wanted to hear. I slipped my hand into my pocket and withdrew the needle filled with liquid chloroform, enjoying the look of horror on his face. Before he could yell or thrash around I slipped it into his neck, further than necessary and he yelped in pain. The Heimlich soon entered his blood and the struggling stopped. Carefully I made the first incision in his back with a fillet knife, being careful not to go too deep as I ran the blade down his back.

I pulled up the skin and slid my knife between the skin and his back watching as the external organ was removed from his back. I did my task in silence working my way up his shoulders and arms. I wasn't concerned with the small amounts of skin under the bindings as it would be rubbed raw by the friction of his movements and there was no time to work on such tediousness. Next I worked on my subject's chest and torso. By the time the crimson map of internal workings was shown on his top half, or bottom since he is upside down. A decent sized puddle of blood had collected on the stone floor.

The thick red liquid ran down his still unharmed neck and landed with a trickling plop on the ground. The neck proved an easy part. The fingers and toes gave me some difficulty as the skin between the digits was at an awkward angle and hard to reach with in the small spaces, I succeeded in the end. Skinning his "manhood" was excruciatingly tedious. The skin covering the gender based organ was already so thin, it was nearly impossible to get rid of. I'm thankful the member is so small or I may have lost my patience and chopped the damned thing off completely.

I gave my subject a shot of kill, a chemical compound used to help blood clotting and thicken the blood. I want to see how long my subject will survive without skin and blood loss cannot be a factor! His neck and head was all that was left. As I passed over his features carefully, I ruined one of the eyes by accidental cutting an eyelid off. Careless but not a huge mistake, I hope. I finished off removing the rest of the skin from his head. He isn't cute anymore, that's for sure. There, perfect. I thought as I stood back to admire the exposed muscles and tendons.

The blue of his veins reminded me of a road map, twisting and turning throughout his rosy red form. Fresh blood oozed from his body but not to an extent that would cause the subject's demise, thanks to the kill . I placed a large mirror in front of him so when he awoke he'd see himself. I want him to appreciate the time I put into his death. When my subject awoke there was much swearing so I left him alone for a day to calm down and accept his fate. Its day 2 of the skinless man and time to feed him. I can't let starvation or dehydration influence my answer. His death has to be due to loss of skin.

He didn't speak while I fed him, no swearing or begging. I found it unusual but I think he must be feeling some despair. I'd noticed his drying form and the way most of his body had scabbed over, leaving it looking rough and deformed. I suppose that all I can do now is wait Day 5. Five and make sure he has enough water. Day 3. The subject is growing weaker, diseases starting to take over his skinless form. Some disconsolation can be seen in his tissue as well as a mixture of sores that seep a yellowish puss. The eyelid that I accidental cut off has now dried out, it now rerouted from his face slightly.

His body is also admitting a sour smell. Like a mixture of dried urine and rotting flesh. The dour attracts all sorts of flies, gnats and mosquitoes. Both feeding on his decaying tissue and laying eggs in the warm gore. I watch in fascination as his flesh seems to crawl and wiggle with the bugs devouring him slowly. It's exciting, I did not for see this in my experiment. Day 4. The eye without its lid popped at some point last night, its insides became a comfortable bed for flies. Putrid, dark greenish purple glop dried in a strip down his face. Disgusting. " Why don't you just kill me? The man asked weakly. I am killing you silly! It's just taking a while longer than expected. " I smiled at how naive he is. " Why? " He wept. " I told you, I'm curious. " Then I thought of something, " What's your name? " " Connors, My name is Connors. You? " Him should I tell him my name? " I'm Reggae. " After that I left him hanging. Literally. He's still strung up from the roof, I'm surprised he hasn't complained off head-AC. Days, I thought as I stood in front of his lifeless body. His muscles and tissues were one giant, inflamed red scab with large areas of purple, blue and even yellow due to extreme infection.