

Charles D. Allen [real name here]
666 Stygian Road
Middle of Nowhere, NE 68405
scotopia@gmail.com
(1195 approx. words)

Doctor's Daughter
by C.D. Allen

[My pen name is different from my real whole name, so I place the pen name under the title, centered.]

She awoke to “Stop it! Stop talking in there!” It was a husky man's voice, but she didn't see any man. **[Every paragraph is flush left. There are NO tabs.]**

The little girl was in a wheelchair, looking at her, partially obese and twisted at the hips so that her legs bent oddly in front of her. On the back of her wheelchair, there was a respirator, where the girl's mask tubes attached.

[Between each paragraph is one space.]

Charlotte saw her and began wondering where she was. She looked around, seeing another woman standing near her, naked and smiling. Charlotte tried to ask them what was going on, but her voice croaked. Then she realized that the little girl blinked her eyes, huffed air into her mask and squeezed at a pimple on her face. The beautiful woman next to her, however, was stiff. If it was wax, it was the best sculpture she'd ever seen.

“You *like* it?” came a voice. **[Notice I included the italics. I don't underline the word I want italicised.]** Charlotte tried moving, but she was strapped down in almost every place you could think of. What was going on here?

Then she saw her surgeon, standing next to the waxen woman, stroking her long, shiny hair. “This is my sister, my wife. She wanted to look beautiful forever, so we thought of plastination. Didn't we honey?” He looked lovingly at his little girl. “Unfortunately, our eternal love produced a mutation, our daughter. It's called *spina bifida*. Some of her lumbar didn't grow, so her spinal cord bunched into cysts and made her paraplegic amongst other things. Oh, it's quite a deadly disease and she's been in and out of hospitals all her life.”

“Where am I?” she tried to say. The breath for each word was labored and skipped over her tongue in a mess.

“Where are we? Hm, yes, I gave you a mild paralyzing agent, which hopefully lasts long enough for me to perform a small excisional biopsy.” The doctor put on a pair of old scrubs, still faintly stained with blood. Then he pushed a tray of instruments closer to the table she was laying across. “This'll help me determine whether or not your genes are

worthy for my daughter.”

Charlotte tried shouting. The raspy gurgling that came from her throat, left her exhausted and defeated. *This can't be happening*, she thought. *This is just a dream!*

Charlotte looked at the little girl in the chair, who looked at her with huge black eyes. She didn't seem as though any of this was affecting her.

“Lissa is mildly retarded and she wants this more than you can imagine,” the doctor said, lifting a shiny handle with a jigsaw-toothed jaw. Each tooth looked sharper than a razor blade. “Yes, you want this, don't you baby girl? You want this so much it's delicious!”

The little girl seemed to get excited, rocking in her wheelchair, frothing and moaning.

When the doctor moved the sharp jaws of the instrument down her stomach, Charlotte looked at herself for the first time and saw that she was naked. For a moment, her horrified mind thought of that thing being used in a pap smear and she found herself breathing harder.

Then the doctor smiled and pulled up on the table. It careened, the belt-straps holding her to the table. The doctor was now working behind her. Charlotte sucked on her lips, trying to imagine what he was doing. Then she felt a tugging sensation on her lower back. Then something clanked in a bowl and after a few more minutes, the table was turned back into its proper position. The doctor was smiling at her.

“All stitched up. Can't have you dying on us yet, can we?” the doctor said. He grabbed the metal bowl, which contained a bloody lump of flesh and something that . . . was . . . *too* white. Was it bone? Her bone? What the hell did he do to her back?

The doctor returned later and let his daughter watch as he put a mask on her face again. The straps kept her from moving her head away, so she took a deep breath until her head went foggy, then black.

When she awoke again, the little girl was laying next to her on another table, looking at her with big black eyes. The mask on her face was fogged and her thick fingers twirled at her greasy locks.

“Please, little girl. Don't let him do this to me,” she said, her throat feeling raw and tired.

The girl grinned and shook in excitement.

The doctor came in with a syringe filled with a colorless fluid. He looked at his daughter lovingly and said, “It's time, sweetie bunch. Don't worry. Daddy has it all worked out and when you awake, you're going to have this woman's body and you're going to feel so much better about life. You'll even see things all new. It'll be like a whole new world for the both of us.”

His daughter looked at him. Her black eyes made him look nervous and he smiled wider. "Okay, here goes." He pushed the needle into his daughter's fatty arms and pushed on the plunger. The little girl's eyes slowly closed.

"You have to stop this, please," Charlotte said. How could there be any science ready for such a preposterous idea? This was going to fail and they were both going to die. Charlotte felt her tears stinging her eyes as she tried to hold it all back.

The doctor pulled a machine out from the closet and plugged it in. Moments later, he was taking the tubes from the machine and attaching needles to them. The needles went into his daughter's arms. Then he made an incision on her lower side, which began to bleed, where he stuck what looked like a small tap. He turned the tap and blood began pouring out in spurts. After flicking the machine on, it began pumping a thick gunk that smelled like plastic.

"She's dead now," the doctor said, wiping his brow. "She was in my head, don't you see? I had to put this whole show on for her. She was in my fucking head and I couldn't take it anymore. Oh God, the evil things she thought and forced into me!"

"What about me?" Charlotte cried as the doctor took out a 9mm from under a rag on the tray.

"You're bleeding slowly," the doctor said. "You'll die, too. It's, um, the way she would have wanted it." He wiped away his tears, took a deep breath and, after a loud report, his head was half gone in a thick haze of blood and brain matter.

Charlotte felt exhausted and sicker. She moved her head enough to see that she was, indeed, laying on a table in her own blood. As her life slipped away, she looked into the eyes of the little girl.

Finis.
C.D. Allen
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