

Dr Aldon Fleming's Journal

Journal Entry 1: Today the prince brought me into his personal quarters to have a meeting with me about a new experiment. He wanted me to create a serum to turn prisoners into super soldiers. The whole time he was acting strange, he kept looking around and there were no guards to be seen. I have a feeling he didn't ask for permission from the queen.

Journal Entry 2; My efforts to create the serum have been vastly unsuccessful as of late. My first thought was to infuse muscle proteins with testosterone and taurine. It increased the muscle mass of the rabbit it was tested on, but only after a few hours of constant exercise. I'm afraid that I'll have to start using less natural substances.

Journal Entry 3: Today's test was disastrous to say the least. The prince is growing impatient and has started requiring me to test on inmates. My latest test was a mix of menthol and ammonia. The poor prisoner started screaming in pain as soon as the chemicals made it into his bloodstream. He writhed around on the floor, the prince just scoffed and left.

Journal Entry 4: The family has me working extra long days now. I haven't been able to do anything with my wife in weeks, and I'm not very much closer to creating the serum. Yesterday's trial had some interesting effects but nothing that the prince was happy with.

Journal Entry 5: My lack of sleep is catching up to me. Last night I forgot to clean out my equipment, so when it was time to run my experiment today it was tainted and unsafe. I tried telling the prince that it couldn't be used but he demanded it be tested. Against all good reason I went along with it. I have never heard screams so loud.

Journal Entry 6: I came back into my lab today to find every part of my setup filled with a blue sludge. It was impossible to clean out. Ammonia didn't work so I tried pushing it out with a metal rod and the slime reacted to it but didn't budge, just like my wife when I bring up our kids' growing age. Hard to believe young Christopher is almost 20.

Journal Entry 7: The prince is growing increasingly angry about my lack of results. I still have not had the chance to tell him about the slime problem, which has gotten considerably worse. Thankfully, I was able to transfer it to a large container. I'm pretty sure it was breathing the other day but I have no way to prove that.

Journal Entry 8: I have done something only God has done before me, I created a new form of life. The container that I had the sludge in was open when I came back to the lab, and there was a creature looking up at me. It was floating about 15 centimeters off the ground. I rubbed my eyes for about 10 minutes straight to make sure it was real. And when the prince came in it merged itself with the table. Beyond being impressive, it's funny even nonhumans are scared of him.

Journal Entry 9: The being talked to me today. I think it was able to pick up on pieces of my conversations with the prince, along with some of my science journals. We had a surprisingly interesting discussion about the anatomy of plants. He reminds me of an old friend. I need to name him soon.

Journal Entry 10: Raziel. I think that's what I am going to call him. He seems fond of the name. Having him around has been great for me, almost like having another son. It makes dealing with the prince's increasingly growing temper and demands a lot easier. I'm scared he's going to kill me if I don't get any results soon.

Journal Entry 11: Everything has gone wrong and I have gotten as far away as I can from the castle. I fear I don't have much time left so I'm giving away Raziel to Christopher. It's time for him to get the family heirloom anyway.

Journal Entry 12: I will not live to see tomorrow. The prince is coming over the hill with his best men. May god forgive me for dedicating my life to science and reunite me with my beautiful family on the other side. I knew I should not have accepted his proposals.