

Just a quick random idea...

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Yeah... I wrote this a while ago and didn't get around to typing it up till now. Beware, it is very random. Uhm, it's not very realistic, so don't get caught too confused by details.

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Chapter 1 - Programs

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1 - Programs

The stark electric lights turned on at exactly 7:00 A.M., just as they had been Programmed to do. They never turned on a second late. Everything followed its program, there were no mistakes. They simply did not, and could not, happen. Everything followed its program, and as for what happened if they did not, they never thought about. It was prohibited by their program anyway. I could hear the hums and beeps of the monitoring beasts as they awakened from their Night Program. I was awake, but kept my eyes closed, trying to savour my last thick moments of sleep, huddled in the one corner of my perfectly clear cage, its shape so sharp and stark that Nature shuddered at its form. The box's only opening was a small shaft in the ceiling above my head, a hole filled by a metal tube that provided me with meager oxygen. I rubbed my hand through my hair, coming in contact with the fifteen metal wires connected to my cranium, hanging limp like life sucking worms from my scalp to my spine's end. I heard the white metallic doors open, and the clicking of dark dress shoes on white tiled floor. I opened my eyes, whose retinas were, by now, accustomed to the blinding amount of white that affronted them every morning. Everything was white, except for the Doctor's sallow looking skin, and his black dress shoes. His assistants quickly filed in, lining up across the wall in that sickeningly Programmed way. The Doctor, exactly four feet in front of them, perfectly centered. I looked into his expressionless face, as I did every morning, hopelessly trying to find any sort of human emotion hidden in the crevasses of his face. His blank eyes continued staring into mine, even as he asked his attendants for charts and readings, his face barely moving as he spoke. They read them off, starting at the far right, just as they were Programmed to do, every one of them minatures of the Doctor, almost devoid of any emotion...except for that one, the need for approval from the Doctor. I shifted my eyes, staring at the blank wall, hiding my eminent disgust for it all.

"Specimen 3075" Assistant One said, looking down at his clipboard, identical to all the others. "Status: Sub-human Primate. Gender: Male." Number One continued.

"Brain Wave Monitoring shows frequency of emotion 07.3" Number Two said, looking at the monitor of black with snaking green lines waving across it's surface. I could hear the disdain in his voice. I completely shifted myself to face the other side of my cave. They would go on down the line, saying more and more information until I was fit to puke. Sub-human, they called me. If being human meant being one of those sick maniacs with expressionless faces, I was glad to be Sub-human. I suppose you could say I'd given up hope of escape, but I'd never really thought of it. It wasn't on my list of options. There were no mistakes. That was the simple truth. Everything ran as it was Programmed to. The only thing that kept me alive was the fact that I had not always been here. I don't know where, but at least the Doctor had not created me. That would have been unbearable, knowing that I owed my existence, pathetic as it was, to that dark and twisted character, empty of anything resembling life. I knew the Assistants were done reading off numbers and charts now, because I could hear the humming and clacking of the machines increase to an intense throbbing. I shifted in my cage, uncomfortable with queasiness. "Test number 7-63." I heard an Assistant say as he flipped switches and pushed buttons. I heard the Doctor approve, and order the machines put to full capacity. The throb of the machines increased to a thundering roar. I braced myself, sweating heavily, now staring frantically at the metal tube protruding through my ceiling. I froze with panic when a white foggy gas began pouring into the chamber. I crouched, huddled in one corner, as far back as I could go. I tried holding my breath, but it was completely futile, I knew. I gasped for air, and the gas took effect. Suddenly, every single part of me was jolted into pain. It seared through me everywhere, like burning, drowning, freezing, stabbing,

breaking, and every single kind of torture in this diabolical combination. I screamed, clutching my head, my body thrown to the floor, shuddering in violent convulsions. What I would have given for death. I shrieked, grasping the air. I felt like animal, unable to think at all. Any form of logic, reason, or humanity was gone, everything overwhelmed by the brute force of my pain. I don't know how long I lay there, in that stark white room, my ghoulish screams echoing off the harsh, unforgiving white walls. Then, as suddenly as it came, the pain replaced itself with tingling. I lay there, exhausted, defeated. I barely heard an Assistant say "Pain Stimulation complete." I opened my eyes to see the Doctor's stone face only a few feet from my glass cage. His frozen features were the last thing I saw before my eyes blurred, and darkness stole over me. When I woke, it must have been about 3:00 P.M., because the monitors were following their Afternoon Program. I saw the white metallic door slide back. In walked....a girl? It had been so long since I had seen one, I don't even know how I knew it was a girl in the first place. I stared and stared at this almost alien form. She was like a rainbow in this unfeeling world of white. Imagine the brightest tropical fish in the brightest blue water, and that couldn't even hold a candle to her. She almost danced up the aisle of machinery, her bright blue skirt billowing like waves around her. Her curves and color so contrasted the white straightness of everything, that it made the lab look comical and awkward, instead of fearful and superior, as it had been so sure of before. Whenever she passed an Assistant, he froze, unable to move anything but his eyes, in order to follow this human depiction of joy up the aisle. Even the metal beasts ceased their gearing, humming, and flashing in order to watch this strange, little unProgrammed creature procede into their territory. I watched, wonderous at this fascinating butterfly girl. I wanted to shout at her, to save herself, to get out of this place before the Doctor could turn her into something like me. To have her stuck into a box like this, surrounded by metal...no. No! Not her. I would kill myself. I tried to shout, but my stubborn lips refused to move. She continued up the aisle, closer and closer to the Doctor, and me. She at last stood in front of the Doctor, staring straight into his eyes. My throat was dry and tight with fear. For once, his expression changed, not just a little, but into a full gaping mouth of shock, his eyebrows held up in an arch of disbelief. He too was frozen, and could only watch as the girl's delicate hands somehow slipped throught the glass of my prison and took my hand, pulling me untill my feet touched the cold tile. She smiled at me, her warm brown eyes flowing through me. She led me cheerfully down the silent aisle and out the door, leaving the Doctor and his world petrified, his Program completely broken.