

My Eureka Moment

The rain tapped lightly against the portholes of my laboratory. It had been nearly eight hours since the experiment began. Using all my knowledge from decades of research, I prayed that the outcome of my toils would save the poor creature from a wretched future.

I held myself accountable for his horrific injuries; I should have checked what my wife was up to, traversing the bedchambers of the house, setting traps to cripple and maim these beautiful rodents. "Beautiful!" she had cried, beholding the creature's countenance as it twitched violently on its wooden deathbed.

His life, however insignificant my wife thought it to be, is precious to me. It's why I could never work at those godforsaken pharmaceutical labs, zapping their life away in pursuit of profit. If I can preserve what remains of him then I can research further, bringing back to life other creatures of misfortune.

God's creations are so amazingly complex, even the smallest of beings. I have already decided that if he recovers to full health and accepts his technological enhancements, he will form part of the Z generation of cyborgs, outperforming the likes of Rabbot; a programme so easily dismissed as lunacy! What do *they* know about progress - we are scientists not slaughterers, and how dare they brand us as such when we strived to protect innocent lives from a legacy of military butchers.

I could not think logically and needed to revitalise my senses. My job done, I took my first break for coffee and air. I listened to the moon and the stars conversing in the sky as the warm summer air whispered above the canal, breathing life even at this hour. The sun would soon rise - and to what, a dawn of failure?

I returned below deck to witness the accomplishment of my toils. He was lying there, awake and twitching with life, roused from hours of anaesthesia. I cried out in delight as I watched him regard my countenance - it was almost as if he knew that I had saved his life. His new limbs rotated and revolved, as if the neurons of his brain were learning to control these new methods of transportation.

For the next hour I worked solidly, painstakingly repairing the patchwork of incisions and unhooking vital life support systems. I felt a wretch as I watched him grimace; I'm unsure whether he is in pain or not, perhaps adjusting to the nanobots that inhibit his body. He utters some unearthly squeak, cursing me as I fuse the mechanics and wires, joined to his existing arteries and tiny bones. His fur is a lustrous greyish-blue and his eyes seem so small, and watery. His teeth, two tiny white pearls, smile at me as I fix him onto his tracks.

I watched him for some time as he studied his new legs and shuffled steadily across the operating table. Naturally he bumped into things as his brain adapts, but after a while I started to wonder whether his vision needed external correction. I scurried towards my monitor to see what he sees - indeed, his sight lacks the clarity and definition I had hoped for. I return to gaze at him parked in the centre of the table, his whiskers extending towards me - I close my eyes and think of what to call him. As I articulate my thoughts he perked up at my utterance of the word 'Tracks'.

I shall call him Trak-Z. I am looking forward to the months ahead, enhancing this wonderful mouse further and creating a team that will change the lives of many living animal and man, for the greater good of humanity and animalkind.

Professor Albert Windar