

tremendously curious in knowing why my mom was working with a murderer. I felt betrayed and confused. I suddenly heard a door begin to unlock. I threw the paper and photograph under the cot and sat worriedly, awaiting his opening. The door creaked open.

"Change of plans, my love. We will be doing the experiment right now," he said excitedly. My breathing sped up and I felt as if my heart was going to pop out of my chest. He came up to me, forced me to stand, and made me follow him once again through a series of short corridors before arriving at another room. He opened the door, revealing a dusky room. He carried me over to a surgical table, where he lay me down and began to place restraints on my hands and feet.

"Please, don't do this! I beg of you; let me go, please!" My cries were ignored, and he continued to prepare everything for the experiment. A single light bulb was placed a foot away from my face. He gathered scissors, white paste, cement mix, tape, and cloth. I crazily tried to free myself from the restraints. I screamed, over and over again, but I was disregarded just as before. He went over to a small sink and rinsed his hands with the little water that emerged from the sink. He walked over to me, and examined my face. He pushed my hair back, away from my face, then proceeded to grab the scissors. I shrieked as he made an incision on my left and right cheek; the incision being made for a reason which I never knew. He then grasped the white paste and a brush, then started to layer evenly and thinly all over my face. I was hopeless, what was I going to do? The white paste began to harden, and he started to mix the cement. I pleaded with him once again to stop, but he did not. He began laughing loudly like a crazed maniac, and his eyes sparkled with sadistic joy. He dipped his brush into the wet cement, then began to brush it over my chin. Then came my cheeks, and next my forehead.

"Nose or mouth, my dear? Which one first?" He asked.