

Through my eyes

I'm in bed by 9 pm, there's a full moon out, and I'm feeling peaceful; however, I'm not done with homework. I need to finish the book *The Island of Dr Moreau* in nine hours, including sleep. I lie down, get out my book and pencil, and I spend about ten minutes on the last chapter I was stuck on, Chapter 17: A Catastrophe. My eyes are already feeling droopy, but I've got to finish this book. Prendick wants to go home. I want to go to sleep. He wishes a ship would rescue him. I wish a ship would rescue me from this homework. Something escapes Moreau's laboratory. It is the puma that he is torturing. "I saw an awful face rushing upon me,—not human, not animal, but hellish, brown, seamed with red branching scars, red drops starting out upon it, and the lidless eyes ablaze" (83). I fly through the chapter, growing increasingly tired and losing concentration, but I manage to pull through. I am now on chapter 18. Dr. Moreau is dead, and I start feeling weird aching all over my body, especially in my hands. I try to ignore it and keep moving forward; however, as I go to annotate with my pencil, I find that my hands are frantically shaking. Now that I notice, they look a little disoriented as well, and my fingernails suddenly get longer and pointier than before. I close the book, get up, and splash my face with water, thinking I'm over exhausted, and it's all in my head.

Sitting back down and starting up again, I think I'm feeling a bit better. I continue reading chapter nineteen. M'ling is now dead. "The wretched thing was injured so dreadfully that in mercy I blew its brains out at once (94). I would be pretty horrified by the island at this point. I keep reading. Although it's not just my hands that are bothering me now. Something is on the back of my neck... what the. I reach behind my neck, and what I feel is not skin, but hair? Fur? What is going on, I ask myself. Things are starting to get weird. Looking back down at my book,

the words are suddenly in a language I do not know. Words are scattered, flipped upside down, and I can't read the novel I'm trying to understand. I start panicking, thinking of the meaning of all this, as a sharp pain strikes me. Sweat running down my face, my book looking at me like it's never seen me before, my nails are now claws?!? Thoughts run through my head like they will go on infinitely. I get up and run into my bathroom, looking at myself in the mirror. My entire face and neck are full of fur, my eyes are blood red, and my skin looks like it's going to pop right off my body. Adrenaline rushes from my head to my toes, my mind takes control, and my body flies into fight or flight mode. Running around my room, I need to do something that will calm me down. I feel like I have just drunk ten cups of coffee, and I have so much energy in me. Suddenly, the room is immediately spinning, and everything goes black. I wake up lying on my back, looking right at a ceiling light. Where am I? Why does my whole body hurt? My mouth feels like sandpaper. There is a man in the room who looks slightly familiar, but since my eyes are still hazy, I can't quite make him out. He is holding a tape measure and measuring my ears as of now.

“Who are you?” I ask.

“Alphonse Bertillon,” he says.

“Why am I here? What are you doing?” I scream.

“I am taking measurements, and you have very unique ears, very large,” he says. I need to get out of here. I get up, not exactly sure where I'm going, but I'm running for the door. I open the door and meet with what seems like a deserted tropical island. Looking around, it is in fact not deserted. My anxiety spikes when I see many huge, terrifying beasts, boats on fire,

and chaos. Most beasts are crowding around some sort of fire; however, they run away when they see a human appear, who runs to another man injured on the ground. There is also a beast, one who looks kinda human-like, lying on the sand, who is either extremely hurt or dead. I quickly turn my head when I hear crackling and see that the building I was just in is now on fire. Holy Crap!?! How and when did that happen? My stomach rumbles, and I can't tell if I'm going to throw up because I need to eat something or throw up if I eat something, but all I know is that I am STARVING. Seeing the blood coming out of the injured man increases my appetite, and it does not gross me out. It's not a want but a need for that blood. I start making my way over, getting closer and closer, and I get faster and faster. Running my fastest to have him in my hands. I don't let the thoughts in the back of my mind distract me; all my focus is on that man. Right before I make it to the man on the ground, the one leaning over him turns and looks right into my eyes. The last thing I feel is the intensity of his stare in my soul, and my head crashing into the sand. I wake up.