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### Experiment-73

“On 24 November 2354, a child was born. Its name, Experiment-73. A child born to fly. We are currently looking for it. According to the higher authorities it is a highly intelligent and independent creature who is capable of evading captivity. It has black hair and black eyes. Attached to its back are a pair of titanium white wings.

If you happen across this creature, do not engage. Call the authorities immediately. This is Ralph Ong from Red Dot and we will keep you posted.”

“Experiment-73 was a fetus who had bio-magnetic wings induced to repel the Earth’s poles...”

“... first breakthrough scientists have made in magnetic-flight; capable of rendering airships futile...”

“...cross-breeding was not succeeding...”

This was the first time the world knew of 73’s existence since its birth seven years ago. Some celebratory cause that was. At the bend in Seletar-West street, the laboratory housing Experiments 1-72 had just welcomed the newest member of their family. A lot of expectations—and money—were pinned on its birth.

73 grew up without any parental figure. The security cameras in its cell picking up his movements every day were its only guardians. Its cell was its only home. No pictures, just the 3 by 3 by 20 meter cell constructed specially to house it. Its interactions were only with its feeding tube when it was fed water and nutrient

supplements thrice a day. It never felt touch, other than the cold embrace of the walls of its cell. The child would look at the only window in its prison, dreaming that one day it would see freshly planted farmland so far the naked eye couldn't see.

By the age of six, 73 had rewritten the course of history. It had learned to fly. It had met all its creators' hypotheses-only if they cared to look away from the glory and money they had started drowning in.

The negligence worsened as their audacity grew. They spent days, then weeks away from the lab. They did not take into account the child's brain activity. They did not see its mettle. And so the nights continued falling and the fates resumed knitting their fabric and the stars started readying themselves to align for the child was plotting.

The child was plotting.

News channels like Red Dot came to look like fools later. The child's story became a folk tale that grandparents told their grandchildren. A black period in the otherwise rich and powerful history of the world.

But the glint of its grown body' smile, currently soaring over to the moon will tell you otherwise.

Word count: 430 words