



One unexpected side effect of Doctor Morrow's research was that it was without practical means of proof.

The splicing of human with animal genes could only be effective on the human genome, causing rapid reconfiguration of every cell in the body. But if it worked, who would volunteer to see how far? At the very least there would be a mixing of the volunteer and test subject's somatypes. To what degree it was impossible to say. At worst species reassignment might be complete. Dr. Morrow, research director of the project, thought not. But neither did the doctor have any desire to perform the experiment on himself.

But one undergraduate student considered doing just that. Unlike her fellow scientists, Isobel had a conscience. It was troubling her because she knew the experiment had to be performed. And yet It would be wrong to perform it on whomever could be guiled Into signing a release...someone with only months to live, non compos mentis, or looking for a pardon could hardly enter into an arrangement like this entirely of their own free will. Isobel privately decided she would perform the experiment.

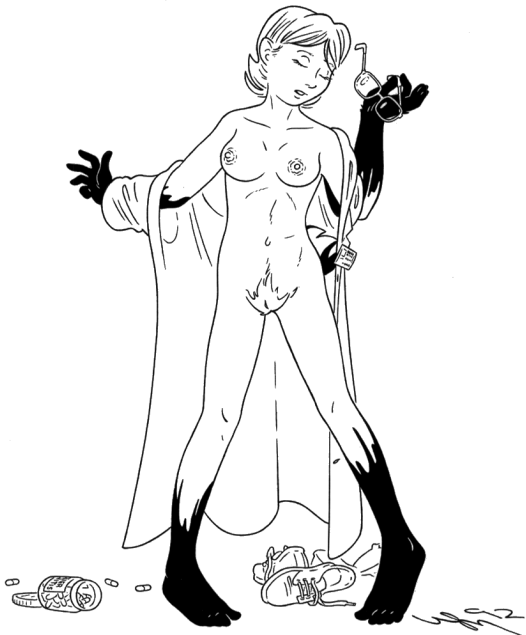
It would be easy. The new genetic material was in an ingestible form, and kept in an unsecured part of the lab. Isobel signed for one of the keys, and late that same night, clad only in her lab smock and tennis shoes, returned to the lab. She had one last choice to make. Which of the mammalian genotypes to mix with her own? *Procyon lotor*? *Vulpes vulpes*? *Odocoileus virginianus*? She reached for one at random, unbuttoning her smock at the same time. She kicked off her tennies and took a capsule. It was *Mephitis mephitis*.

Isobel would turn herself into a
skunk...

























Ghy 91



WJ 91











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