FLOWERS FROM CHARLY



A FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON REMIX

Log 1 - Day 36

New cage. Metel cold.
Lite alwayz on. No dark.

Bars tall.
No wata. No fuud.

Smels: blech. Gluves. Ink. Coffe.
Sounds: hum abuv. Keys. Steps. Dor slam.

I run cirkles.
Run agen.
I waite for fuud that duz not com.

Log 2 - Day 72

Maze. Walls wood. Smel bad.

Flor smoove. Cold.

Cornrs sharp.
I nose forwrd.

Left. Ded end.

Turn bakc.

Rihte. Strate. Cornr.

At end: cheeze. Hard. Dry.

Eet fast.

Hands lift me.

Bak to start.

Men rite. Watchers clik.

I begin to see ther paturn too.

Log 3 — Day 108

Left. Straight. Corner.

Paws quicker. Nose sure.

Steps feel lighter.

I finish sooner.

Cheese comes faster.

Men nod. Write more.

But I watch them also.

Eyes narrow. Pencils scratch.

They are measured too, though they do not know it.

Log 4 — Day 144

Another runner now. A man.

Slow. Heavy. Breathing loud.

Hands shake. Feet stumble.

I finish first. I eat.

But they clap for him. Not me.

He is praised. I am measured.

Same race. Same end.

Different worth.



I compare outcomes.

Equal performance should mean equal recognition.

It is in who performs.

I wonder: is progress about speed, or about who is seen?

Log 5 – Day 180

The maze opens in my mind before I run it. Paths unfold. Turns are predicted, not guessed.

Charly improves too. At first clumsy, now faster. Sometimes he wins. They cheer. If I win, silence. Notes only.

I see the scientists more clearly than they see me. The cough when one is unsure. The tapping pencil of another, pretending patience. Their faces flush when wrong. They are fallible, yet they call me experiment.

They believe they measure intelligence. But they measure obedience. I do not choose to run. I am made to run.

Progress, they say, is speed. But I begin to ask: what if progress is freedom?

Log 6 - Day 216

I think about consent. Charly signed papers. But he could not know what they meant. His "yes" was not choice, only trust. I did not even sign. I was lifted, placed, commanded. They call this science. Advancement. But what advances if dignity is left behind?

Charly looks at me differently than they do. He sees himself in me. He knows my failure will be his. He sees not a number, but a mirror.

At night, I dream of fields without walls, burrows dug deep, tunnels that lead somewhere of my own choosing. In

those dreams. I am not test or tool. I am being.

They do not write dreams in their notes. Dreams cannot be timed with a stopwatch. Yet maybe dreams are the truest sign of intelligence.

Log 7 – Day 252

Lately my body resists what my mind still knows.

Thoughts are clear, but paws slip. Chest tight.

The cheese comes slower.

I bit the wall today. They wrote "erratic."

Not true. I know my actions.

It was not confusion, but frustration.

Charly shouted my name. His voice cracked.

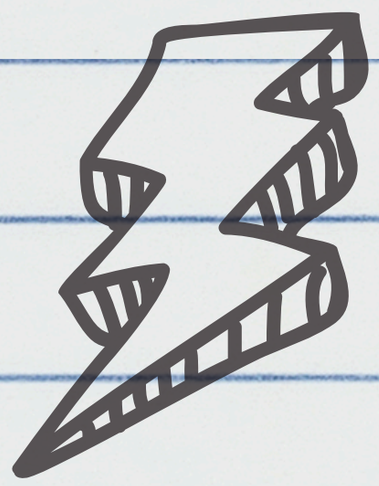
He sees what I see: the pattern of decline.

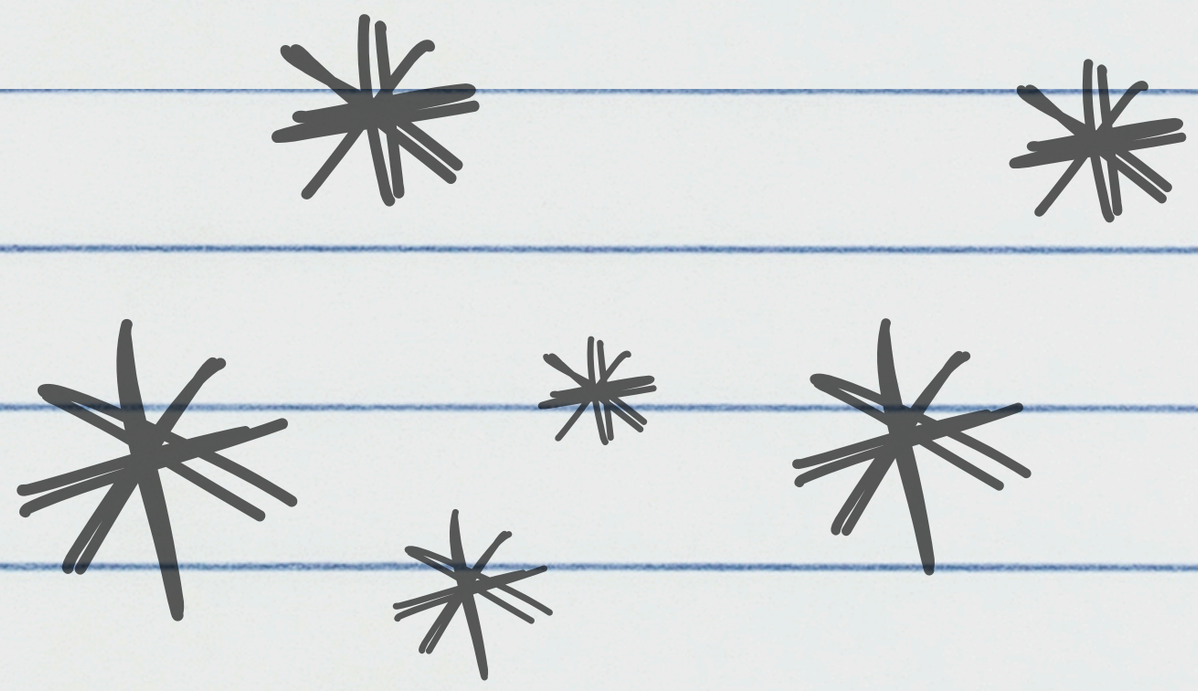
Not sudden, but certain.

I calculate: if my speed falls, his will follow.

My body weakens first. His will weaken after.

We share the same curve, only shifted in time.





Log 8 — Day 288

Decline worse.

Maze feels longer.

Legs heavy.

Teeth ache.

Head hurts.

Scientists record times.

Do not record pain.

Do not record fear.

They think the numbers pure. But numbers hide suffering.

Charly argues with them. He points at me. He is angry because he sees truth:

My decline is not just mine. It is his future.

Log 9 - Day 324

Confushun.

Cornrs blur.

Smels mix. Chok, swet, cheze.

Start. Stop. Start agen.

Forgett path. Forgett turn.

Nose unsher.

Body slo.

Charly loud. Voyse sharp. Then breking.

Men stil rite.

For them, I am data.

For him, I am pruf.

Log 10 - Day 364

Cold. Lite brit.

Hed hevy.

No maze.

No cheze.

No run.

Charly heer.

Eyes wet.

Gud frend.



EPILOGUE



Dear Ms. Kinnian

I put flours for Algernon. He my frend. He run fast. Then slow. Then gone. It makes me sad.

I get slow too. I forgget lots. Words hard now. But I dont forgget him.

He show me I not alone. We both in cage.

He was my frend. I miss him. I wish you teach him too

If you see his grave put flours.

So we not forgget.

- Charly