

A Distinct Lack of Depth Perception

By Holo

Ian was strapped to a metal operating table, completely immobilized by steel restraints that were tight enough to almost cut off the circulation to his hands and feet. He couldn't move an inch. His head was in a vice, keeping him from moving anything other than his ears and eyes. He watched, trembling as something shined in the corner of his vision. As it came into focus, he could make out the shape. A scalpel.

The scalpel hovered centimeters away from Ian's face before it pressed into the flesh above his eye and sliced vertically down. The eyebrow, eyelid, and bag under the eye were split, and blood and clear fluid leaked out of the incision. Ian squirmed in place, straining against the shackles that were holding him down. His mouth was clamped shut, or he would have screamed. The apparatus over his head held his eye wide open as the area around it was cut away. The scalpel moved with machine-like precision. Up, then down. Across, then around, cutting away the skin and muscle that kept the eye from falling out of its socket.

Once the skin was removed, a scooping instrument that looked a lot like a melon-baller was slipped in around his eyeball from the outside. His eye bulged slightly out of his skull, and his pupils shrank in panic as he felt a painful tug on the flesh that connected his eye to his brain.

In one swift motion, the optical nerve was severed, and everything went dark in one eye. The eyeball was scooped out with the metal instrument, and placed delicately on a sterile, metal table. Blood poured out of the empty, fleshy socket, and his remaining eye swiveled wildly in his head to try and make up for his sudden reduction in vision.

The clamp around his mouth forced his jaws open, and tears started to stream from the corners of his eyes. He watched in horror as his eye was brought back into his sight, stuck to the end of a fork. Slowly, it was brought to his mouth, until the slimy ball touched his tongue and his mouth was forced shut. His eyeball squished between his teeth with a sickening *squelch*. The taste was rubbery and saline, and he was forced to swallow it down, which made his stomach turn.

The fork was removed, and a patch was placed over his bleeding eye socket to patch the weasel up, but he was kept well restrained in the event he was needed for further "testing."