

# Alderozital Study Notes

By: Sarah Brown

## Purpose:

Intention of the study is to test the biochemical effects of Alderozital on cancerous growth, as well as determining the proper dosage for potential population treatment.

## Methods:

Each test subject was immunocompromised and injected with cancerous cell clusters 30 days before drug administration (CBRA). Test subjects in Group A (001-050) were injected with 0.05 mg of Alderozital in the upper left arm, and subjects in Group B (051-100) were injected with 0.50 mg of Alderozital in the upper left arm. Two injections will be administered to each subject throughout the experiment. Each subject resides in a separate 4 foot by 4 foot cage with water accessible 24/7 and feedings at 0600, 1200, and 1800 daily. Subjects sleep on bedding provided in the cage but are woken twice daily for vital measurements. Subjects were given a small tranquilizer dose to conduct x-ray examinations and blood draws once every seven days.

**Day 001:** Initial injection. Each subject has been tagged with their identification number and dosage information, light green for 0.05 mg and light blue for 0.50 mg. Food was given on time and water was filled.

### Subjects remaining: 100

*I blink my eyes open. The fluorescent light bouncing off the linoleum tiles is blinding, but my view is quickly blocked by two white coats looming over me. I'm assuming they are some sort of scientists, but I can't make out their features with the large goggles covering their faces. I see hairy arms reaching towards mine in an effort to hold me down. I scream and squirm out of their grasp, but it's not long before I'm pinned down again. My heart is racing as a third coat quickly approaches and I feel a sharp pain in my left arm. Why are they doing this? Don't they know it hurts? "STOP, PLEASE! IT BURNS!" I'm yelling, but they are oblivious to my pain. A light blue tag is clamped around my wrist, and I can make out the numbers 075. After more painful poking and prodding, I am forced into a small room with nothing but bedding and a small container of water. Looking out through the glass, I can see the same three coats repeating the process over and over again, each one more painful than the next. My head pounds and the ringing in my ears is only amplified by the screams of those around me. Terrified, I curl up in the corner of the room and try to fall asleep.*

**Day 007:** First x-ray examination performed at 0500. Subjects were not allowed to eat or drink for 24 hours beforehand, so water was removed from cages and food was withheld. Three subjects did not awaken after tranquilization and were disposed of, while one subject was unfortunately exterminated by a researcher after waking up on the table and attacking laboratory staff. Dose is being recalculated to prevent further complications. Alderozital seems to have little effect on either Group A or Group B at the moment, and the study has been extended to one year's time.

### Subjects remaining: 96

*I'm so hungry. What started as a small ache has risen to a constant stabbing pain throughout my abdomen. From what I can tell, it's only been a day since my last meal, but time moves so slowly when you're trapped. I should be spending my nights gazing up at the stars, twinkling with just enough light to make out the silhouettes of trees and houses around me. Instead, my nights begin as soon as the coats have done their work for the day, and they plunge us into an unimaginable darkness. I could be running outside with my face turned up to the rain on one of the few days there was a break from the intense heat. It was summer when I was taken from my home, my brother and sister watching in horror as I was handcuffed and led away for what my abductors referred to as 'the betterment of society'. I would give everything to be burning under the sun instead of a room set just cold enough to make you uncomfortable, but not cold enough to be given*

*a blanket. They even took our water away, as if it wasn't a necessity, as if my reflection staring back at me wasn't the only thing keeping me sane. The lights flicker twice before turning on, as they always do. But today something seems different. A large machine is wheeled in on a cart, and on the bottom is a cooler labeled 'TRANQUILIZER'. My heartbeat starts to quicken. Going one by one down the first row of cages, they force each one of us into a corner and jab the needle in our neck. I watch as countless around me crumble to the floor and are forced into the machine, with a small black and white picture popping up on a backlit screen. I can feel the blood rushing through my body as the door to my cage opens and I spin around to see a coat approaching me with a very shaky needle in his claws. I try to run but am caught by another coat at the door, and I feel the far too familiar prick of the needle entering my skin as my vision starts to fade to that same unimaginable black.*

**Day 79:** X-rays are beginning to show mass shrinkage. However, bloodwork is beginning to come back with abnormal levels of potassium, phosphate, and calcium, possibly a part of tumor lysis syndrome. Kidney function is also being monitored, but now will be tracked as well. Some subjects, specifically in Group B, have begun vomiting and/or refusing food. There has been a loss of appetite and increase in fatigue in both groups, both shown through observational notes and weight measurement tracking. If the trend continues, subjects may be placed on a feeding tube in efforts to provide nutrients until the end of the study. Reminding each other that this research is being done to benefit all animal populations (FBRadmin).

**Subjects remaining: 91**

*I've lost count of how many days we have been here. I'm starting to feel tired all the time and don't know if it's from never leaving the cage or that I've begun throwing up the food I'm given. Those around me are not doing well either, but some are definitely better than others. The initial fear has begun to wear off for most of us, and I can tell many have already given up on ever escaping this torturous cycle. Though my body is ready to succumb, the feeling of the cool floor on my face keeps my senses engaged as I try to pay attention to the coats at the nearest workbench. I've been able to pick up on some conversations while here, and apparently, we are all part of a cancer drug study that could be used to treat their species. Even though it would make more sense to test on their own kind, we share 95% of our genes with them and serve as easier subjects (UAR). For such an important test group, they treat us like shit. I've heard them talk about plenty of other alternatives as well, such as computer modeling or in-vitro testing, so I am clueless as to why they are resorting to testing us (Lingel). Today seems to be an especially heated argument about how to slow the "progression of their conditions" as the tall coat with glasses phrased it. There are multiple voices shouting back and forth, and while the tension in the room is concerning, a small part of me is hopeful they have realized this study is pointless and are willing to let us go. Then one of the coats says something with a tone that sends shivers down the back of my spine: "So what if they all die?! They're nothing but subjects." I hear a frustrated response and the clang of a metal object being pushed to ground, and slowly roll over just in time to see the white tail of a coat disappear through the doorway. I can't say I don't blame them; we all would leave if we could. The words echo in the back of my head: nothing but subjects...*

**Day 144:** The majority of Group B has been placed on tube-feeding, and roughly half of Group A will be making the transition this week. The subjects seem to have vision issues arising as well, but cannot be properly diagnosed without a thorough eye examination. X-ray results are beginning to show a slight decrease in the rate of mass shrinkage but an increase in healthy cell death. This could be a serious complication.

**Subjects remaining: 86**

*I wake up from my last 'imaging session' with a small tube coming out of my nose. There is a repulsive taste in the back of my mouth, but neither coughing nor attempting to move the tube seems to help. I'm assuming this is supposed to replace the food they were giving us, and it is a bit of a relief to not waste the energy on chewing. When the lights flicker on my eyes frantically scan the room to see what tortures we are going to be put through today, but my vision is completely cloudy. Could this have been on purpose? Yet another way to*

*keep us from fighting back? I push myself up to my feet and try to drag myself to the front of the cage to get a better view, but I trip over the water sitting on the floor and slam my face into the glass. Blood starts to trickle down the left side of my face and I hold my head in my hands for a minute before trying to get up again. Tears start to well up in the corners of my eyes, and I fight back to urge to scream or punch the wall with frustration. One of the coats looks over at me and quickly scribbles something in her notebook, then continues on with her preparations.*

**Day 183:** Halfway point of the study. Alderozital is re-administered to the remaining subjects with the same dosage, Group A with 0.05 mg of Alderozital and Group B with 0.50 mg of Alderozital in the upper right arm instead to prevent resticking injury. All subjects have been placed on tube-feeding, but some don't seem to be responding positively. Hair on all subjects has been lost and skin is becoming red and itchy.

**Subjects remaining: 69**

*The needles don't hurt anymore as they enter my skin, but the shock of the cold liquid flowing directly into my veins sends me into a trembling fit. I used to be able to distinguish between the coats, but my eyesight has gotten so bad that I can only see basic shapes if they are directly in front of me. I can feel the hair that has fallen off of my entire body as I try to walk across the floor of my uncleaned cage in an effort to get away from my attacker. There is a constant ache throughout my entire body, with sharp pains jumping from my stomach to my chest and back through to my fingertips. What hurts even more than this are the questions burning into my brain: Why would they be giving us the same drug as the first time? It obviously is doing more harm than good, but I have no way of telling them that directly. Have they not heard our pained screams? Our cries for mercy? Is the death of those around me truly so irrelevant to them that they choose to continue this torture?*

**Day 247:** Second dose has proven detrimental. There are extreme declines in all aspects of health throughout both groups. X-ray results show no mass shrinkage but complete destruction of surrounding cell tissues. Symptoms are now being treated in efforts to keep the subjects alive for the entirety of the study. We are also seeing behavioral changes in the subjects, either little/no movement throughout the day or extremely aggressive behavior when handled. One researcher was bitten by a subject, and an incident report had to be filed. Vital measurements are now only performed once a day to minimize the threat to researchers.

**Subjects Remaining: 38**

*All of the cages around me are empty, but I can hear faint whimpers from across the room, solidifying the fact that there are still others suffering with me. Sometimes I can hear subjects trying to fight back against the researchers, either in frustration or in agony, attacking anything tangible causing them pain. I just don't have the energy anymore. Even little movements are exhausting and each time I am poked or prodded, it feels as if my skin is being ripped off. But there's no way for the researchers to know this pain. They are only focused on the numbers and tangible data, and I gave up on trying to tell them my ailments a long time ago. There truly is no more hope of any of us escaping. Even if we were released, functioning normal in society would be impossible. We have no control of our bodies, our lives, or even our minds at this point. Imagine having your body left to science with you still in it (Bell).*

**Day 265:** The study was cut 100 days short to ensure subjects reached the 'completion' phase. The remaining subjects were euthanized and autopsies were performed. Any cancerous growth was removed from the body and examined under a microscope, while the brain was cut into cross-sections and viewed with imaging. After all useful data was collected, remaining materials were placed into biohazard containers for disposal and cremation. A total of 12 subjects survived the full study, with 11 remaining in Group A and only 1 remaining in Group B (Lingel). Data will be thoroughly analyzed and conclusions will be made in the near future.

**Subjects remaining: 0**

(...)

**Conclusions:**

Alderozital could effectively treat cancerous masses but has extremely detrimental side effects that would have to be combated. Human subject studies found symptoms such as nausea, vomiting, abnormal blood count levels, fatigue, hair loss/thinning, cloudy vision, and nerve damage (Cancer Research UK). Serious cases could result in tube-feeding, as well as severe skin damage and death. Further testing should be done on humans to determine the proper dosage and attenuation of symptoms before moving on to animal trials.

**Signed off by Rat Research Co.**



Author's Note – In searching for research relating to discourse in my major for an Honors Writing Across the Curriculum course paper, I stumbled upon a satirical comic in which the humans were subjects, and the animals were the researchers (“Beauty: No Animal Cruelty”). This source piqued my interest, as it applies specifically to the use of animals in research as well as the general idea of ‘putting yourself in someone else’s shoes. The paper itself is intended to be more ambiguous so it would have a stronger shock factor at the end. This piece is meant to make you feel helpless, an unwilling participant who is also unable to properly communicate your symptoms. The question is not about how beneficial animal research is to humankind, but at what point do we check our power? How much suffering should another species endure in the name of ‘science’?

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