

Teresa Curry

Prometheus's Final Testimony

I suppose it would be in my best interest to deny the charges you place against me, but instead I marvel at how much evidence you have collected that put me in an unfavorable light. And you are indeed correct about the actions I have committed; I better not lie lest it be added to your list of gripes. However, I do believe it would do the both of us a favor to comprehend the main crimes that you fault me for.

Firstly, I do not refute your claims; I did provide humanity the cure for death. Not an easy task, quite obviously. It's a bit difficult to trace when the idea sparked in my brain. Ah, I believe it was when I was studying up to become a lawyer when I began to see everyone I passed by as living corpses. They shambled about, unaware of their mortality. Death had recently claimed a good friend of mine after a battle death did not deserve to win. I spent most nights awake, racking my mind for ways to conquer the tyrant that would take us all.

I changed my field of study, and attempted to focus on ways to reverse death's effect on its victims. That went nowhere, as death kept an iron grip on those it took. I was not satisfied with simply keeping death at bay for a time, I wished to destroy it.

I am aware of the numerous charges you place on me in regard to the trials that I conducted. Of course, no board of ethics would have approved my proposals, but the world had been falling into ruin, and many were rather willing to ignore my antics. In addition, you are not the first one to attempt to hold those charges against me, although I wager you are less inclined to leave them in the past, but no matter. While it filled my companions with shame when one of the first test groups had not experienced the regression of denaturing and cell decay but instead

excessive cell growth that led to tumors, I felt no such shame, as I knew that in the end my work would pay off.

I fell into my work, shunning most forms of normalcy. There was no need, as I was preparing to save humanity from one of its greatest foes. I fought for decades, with endless research and experiments completed. Bodies piled, but it had to be worth it soon.

I was well into the later stages of my life when it became obvious my work would soon come to a close. This termination would come in either my own end, or the victory of a war humanity has been in for millennia.

I mustered every final drop of life I could manage into this product. Seventy years of labor finally paid off in history's most momentous day.

I had finished my creation, and called for many test subjects to be given a prototype. They filed in, and after administering the treatment, they went through the most brutal of life-threatening situations. Pain was still felt, that much was obvious, however no matter how long someone burned, no matter how many holes we put through them, their life functions did not cease. I dismissed the patients to be treated for their injuries, and then proceeded to consume my own creation. Once again in my prime, I began to save the human race.

It was quickly sent out to those in need of the treatment. The world was set aflame with talk of my success. Still, many refused to take my creation for themselves. Some even attempted to storm facilities that held the substances, trying to destroy their own salvation. People pondered the ethics of my experiments and the creation itself. It was fine; those that questioned me did not have time on their side. They died out.

There were other issues. One was a rapidly increasing population. As a solution, I slowly was able to accumulate power, as many hailed me as the creator. I might as well have ruled the

world, as even areas I had no direct control were governed by contacts that could easily be tied back to me. I prohibited reproduction, and even enforced sterilization. Many grumbled, but few disobeyed, as I could lock them away for eternity.

Other problems rose. Traditional war had faded, but new wars allowed for the most brutal of tortures that could stretch on for decades. Wildlife deteriorated, but we no longer needed oxygen or food to survive. It was painful, but the more comfortable received our regular portions.

But life continued. Everything moved much slower, as the lack of an end point made many lose motivation. I do not believe there was a single person who still remembered you for the first few centuries, as they thought I had taken your place. Endless glory, endless praise, endless life. A life that consumed centuries.

At a point, people grew tired and then hostile. Some claimed that by defeating death and usurping your place, I had killed all that was good and joyous. There was a movement where people found your name in books that had not been touched, and turned their worship away from me.

Astonished, I knew there was only one way to regain their loyalty. I began my research once more. If they missed their late foe so greatly, I would revive it.

In those weeks, I felt as though I had been put in a trance. My hand moved on its own. I did not believe resurrecting death would be beneficial, but I attempted it nonetheless. The solution presented itself to me, and I announced it to the world.

I do not know their response, as the night after my statement, a servant of mine used the invention on me as I slept.

Now I stand before you whom I thought I had conquered. After hearing my tale, what is your verdict?