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Canis Drainem

Edit

## Part 8

Harvey mind was racing as he turned the corner and headed towards Cecil's house. Cecil was fortunate enough to not have to share a dorm with other guys like most people around here. Cecil's family had paid to put him up in a small house off campus no more than a block from the dorms. This was good for Cecil not just because Cecil wasn't the most sociable person, but also because Cecil loved to tinker and experiment. Most of his house had been converted into some form of science lab or another. He had an area devoted to chemistry experiments, and are devoted to robotics, an area devoted to lasers and prisms. If there was some off the wall style of super science you could think of, Cecil had dabbled in it... which was a large part of how Harvey and Wash had found themselves in their current predicament.

Harvey paced awkwardly in front of the door for a moment as he steeled his nerves and tried to

figure out how he would explain this to his friend. He was only supposed to take a few inches off the school bully, but now a few inches were all that was left of him! Finally, Harvey worked up the nerve to press the doorbell.

*Ding-dong ding dong* the doorbell chimed.

Harvey stood there for what felt like ages while he waited for his friend to get to the door. Harvey was shaking like a leaf. His nerves were getting the better of him now. How would he explain why it had taken him so long to seek help? How would he explain that Wash was now G.I. Joe sized? How would he explain why Wash reeked of ball sweat and jizz?

Harvey reached out and tapped the doorbell a few more times.

*Ding-dong ding-dong ding-dong ding-dong* the doorbell chimed repeatedly.

Right as the the doorbell could ding-donged a fourth time, the door flew open.

“Chill!” Cecil hissed from behind the screen.

“Hey. This is an emergency,” Harvey replied in a frantic, forced whisper.

“Why are you whispering? There’s no one else here?” Cecil whispered back.

“So, uh... Thing’s didn’t go as planned...”  
Harvey stammered.

“Oh? What happened? Did you chicken out? Don’t tell me you chickened out,” Cecil whined.

“No! I didn’t chicken out! I zapped the guy. I did it! I shrunk Wash!” Harvey explained frantically.

“So? What’s the problem?” Cecil asked, but as he was speaking, he noticed the darkness around Harvey’s eye for the first time.

“Wow. You look like shit,” Cecil said. “Need some ice for that? Even down a few inches he beat your ass concave, huh?” Cecil added as he inspected Harvey’s bruises.

“What? Oh! I forgot about the bruises!” Harvey said. “Wait. Ignore the bruises. This is important. So, the gun worked.”

“Of *course*. it worked. I made it!” Cecil replied haughtily.

“Yeah, well it didn’t *stop* working.” Harvey explained.

Cecil balked for a moment before asking. “What do you mean it didn’t stop working?” Cecil asked.

“So as expected. The zap hit him, and he shrank a little bit,” Harvey explained. “Then as you said, he ‘beat my ass concave’, but as he was hitting me, he got smaller again!”

“Again? Did you zap him twice?” Cecil asked.

“No! I mean. I don’t think so? It should have just been the once, but then again, he tried to turn the gun on me afterwards, and it exploded in his hands,” Harvey rattled.

“EXPLODED!?!?” Cecil shouted.

“Chill!” Harvey hissed.

“Don’t tell me to chill. Do you have any idea how long that took to make? How many prototypes and revisions I had to go through? That was months of work!” Cecil shouted.

“That’s not important right now. The thing is Wash shrank again. He shrank A Lot!” Harvey explained.

“A lot?” Cecil asked. A devious smirk playing at the corner of his lips. “Please tell me. How much did he shrink? A few inches? No. We expected a few inches. This had to be more than that to constitute “A Lot”. Hmm. A foot? Oh man. Is he *my* height now? That would be so choice. He could probably still whoop my ass since he’s... you know...” Cecil made a flexing gesture almost like a gorilla puffing up its pecs, “yoked.”

Harvey just looked back at Cecil. The silence was deafening as his brained struggled to come up with the words to explain the sitch.

“... say something... this is getting creepy...” Cecil said after a tense pause that seemed to go on for ages.

Harvey nervously rubbed his shoulder. He could not bring himself to look his pal in the eyes. Cecil was getting more worried by the moment, but Harvey didn't know how to explain.

"Harvey... just how much did he shrink?" Cecil asked nervously.

Harvey fidgeted some more and chewed nervously at his lower lip. Finally, Harvey decided that the only choice was to show rather than tell. Harvey reached his hand down into his shorts but was quickly stopped by Cecil.

"You had better not be doing what I think you're doing. On god, if you tell me you've been keeping him in your pants, I will probably cry," Cecil whined.

"Why are you so upset? You wanted to see him taken down, right?" Harvey asked.

"Well, yes, but. The plan was to take him down a few inches. That's just enough to mess up his flow. You know, weaken him enough that he's no longer the star jock. You know? A prank that no one would ever figure out because what happened would be physically impossible! But if people find out he's shrunken down to the size of a Ken doll, there's no way we can deny it! Not only will people find out what we did, people will find out what I did! My secrets won't be safe! My inventions will be revealed to a world that's not ready for them! Can you imagine!? Governments are already

way too good at “disappearing” people without being able to tuck them away in their pockets!”

Cecil started pacing back and forth and muttering under his breath. “Well the prototype is destroyed. Hopefully, not enough of it remains to rebuild it, but I’ll have to hide my notes extra carefully. I can’t let anymore know what really happened here. If no one knows, then no one has any idea to suspect that the gun is anything other than some weird looking sci fi prop. Ok. That’s it. I’ve got it.”

Cecil turned and faced Harvey. “Get rid of him.” Cecil said flatly.

“What!?” Harvey shouted.

“He’s tiny, right? It’ll be easy. Just throw him away. Feed him to a raccoon or something. I don’t know. Just get rid of him.” Cecil said.

“Fuck no! I promised him I’d help him!” Harvey shouted again.

“Why!? Why should you help him? He deserved what he got. It’s not like anyone will miss him. If you’re that worried, keep him in a hamster cage or something and keep him as a pet,” Cecil said, throwing his hands up in disgust.

“No. I need *you* to fix this!” Harvey hissed.

“Fix what? I already told you, there’s no fixing it. The shrinkage is permanent. This isn’t some Pym Particle horseshit. The subject crumbles at the molecular level. When the subject gets hit was the ray,



it destabilizes their form. Particles break off from the object as the matter restabilizes. The matter is in a state of flux until it manages to rebuild itself. That's how it works! Matter is destroyed in the process!" Cecil spat.

"I know! I know! But even if we can't regrow him, we need to at least stop him from shrinking away to nothing!" Harvey said.

"Shrinking to nothing? That won't happen," Cecil said and began to start to close the door.

"Wait! Why won't that happen?" Harvey asked.

"I explained it all earlier. The beam destabilized the matter. The matter automatically seeks to return to a state of homeostasis. In doing so, excess particles are expelled. That's what causes the shrinkage. Once the matter stabilizes, the process is over. One and done. Get it?" Cecil said.

"But that's the thing. He shrunk. Then he shrunk again. Then he shrunk again. Each time without getting zapped again!" Harvey explained. "It's like every time he got excited, or panicked, of something he would shrink!"

Cecil balked for a moment. His brow furrowed. He eyes glanced upward as he ran the calculations. "But that would mean... hmm... I suppose if the object in question never truly reached homeostasis, but that would mean... hmm... and if that's the case then... SHIT!"

“What?” Harvey shouted.

“FUCK DAMN! SHIT! MOTHER CUNTING FUCKSHIT!” Cecil screamed.

“I don’t speak South Park! Explain it in English!” Harvey shouted.

“You don’t get it!” Cecil cried.

“No! I don’t” Harvey shouted back.

“The shrinkage is caused by particles being ‘burned off’ as the object tries to readjust. When used on a static object, this is an easy process, but if you use it on a complex object, such as a biological entity, whose molecular composition is always in a state of flux, there’s no such thing as a true state of homeostasis,” Cecil explained.

“So what you’re saying is...” Harvey murmured as he parsed what his friend was saying.

“Yes! Whatever you did to make the gun explode. It doesn’t matter! It was always going to happen like this!” Cecil cried.

“But then why does it seem to happen when he gets worked up?” Harvey asked.

“All that does is speed the process up. Think about it. When you’re happy, the body converts chemicals inside it to produce dopamine. When you’re scared, the body converts chemicals to adrenaline. The body is always converting matter from one thing to another. Calories to energy. You get the idea. So the

gun made the natural processes of the body unstable. Everything from taking a breath to producing sweat to digesting food. Everything is causing a change in matter, which thanks to the gun, is causing the body to steadily break down." Cecil explained.

"So if the body is always in a state of flux, is there anyway to stop the shrinkage? Can we force it into a state of stasis long enough to let it stabilize? Oh! Cryogenics! We can do that, right?" Harvey asked.

"No no no no. That's no good. The process is still wildly unsafe. We are more likely to kill him than freeze him, and there's no telling what a shock like that to the system would do even if we did freeze him. It might cause him to shrink faster as all the cells freeze." Cecil replied.

"We have to try something, though!" Harvey cried.

"I know! I know! But I don't know what! I have to think! I have to look over my notes! There has to be something I missed. There has to be some way to fix this!" Cecil sputtered.

"What should we do?" Harvey asked.

"For now? You keep him calm. See if you can slow the process. I'll be in my room. There has to be something in my notes than can stop it." Cecil explained.

Before Harvey had a chance to even protest, Cecil quickly turned and charged back into his house

leaving Harvey standing on the front porch. Unsure what else to do, Harvey let himself in, and resigned himself to playing the waiting game until Cecil had an answer. Harvey just hoped it came in time...