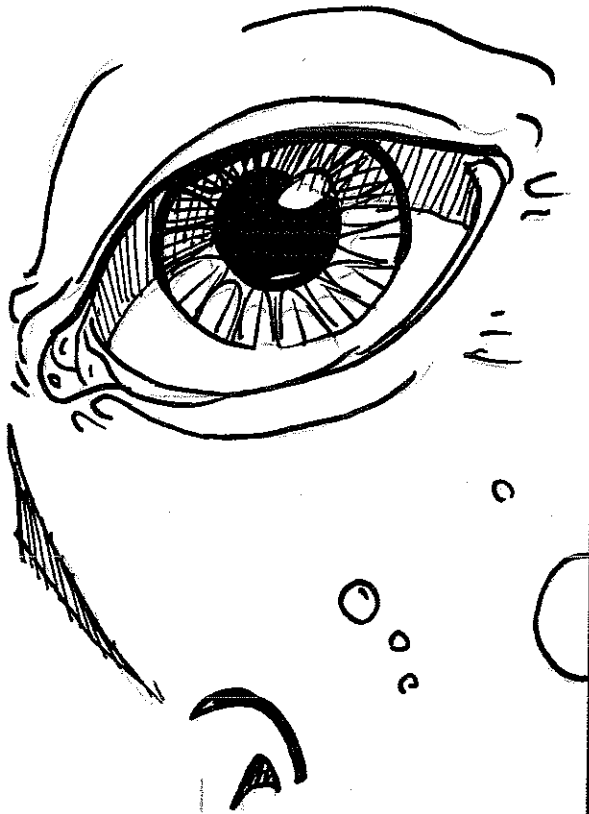


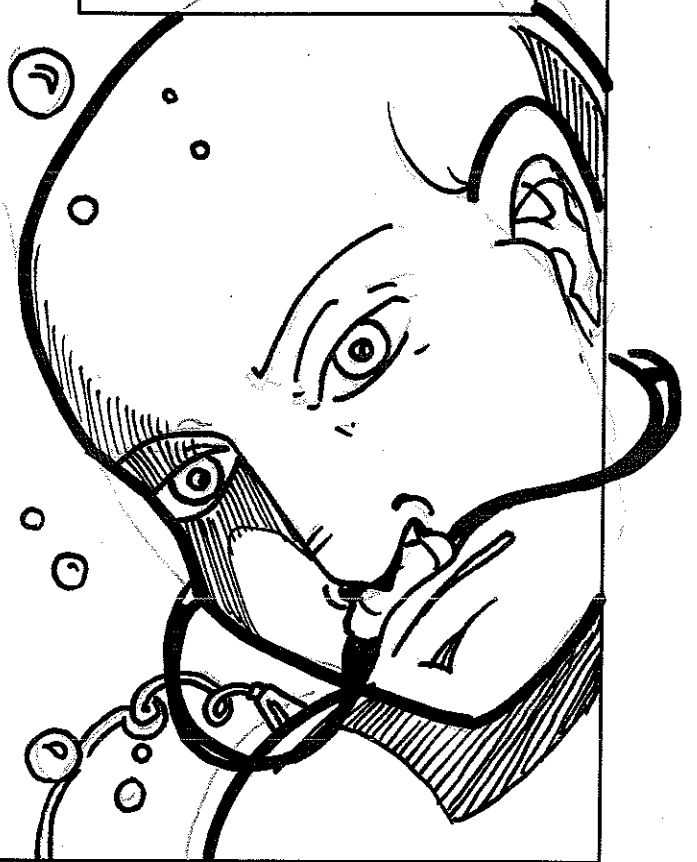
# WORLD FRUIT

By Christopher Whitehead

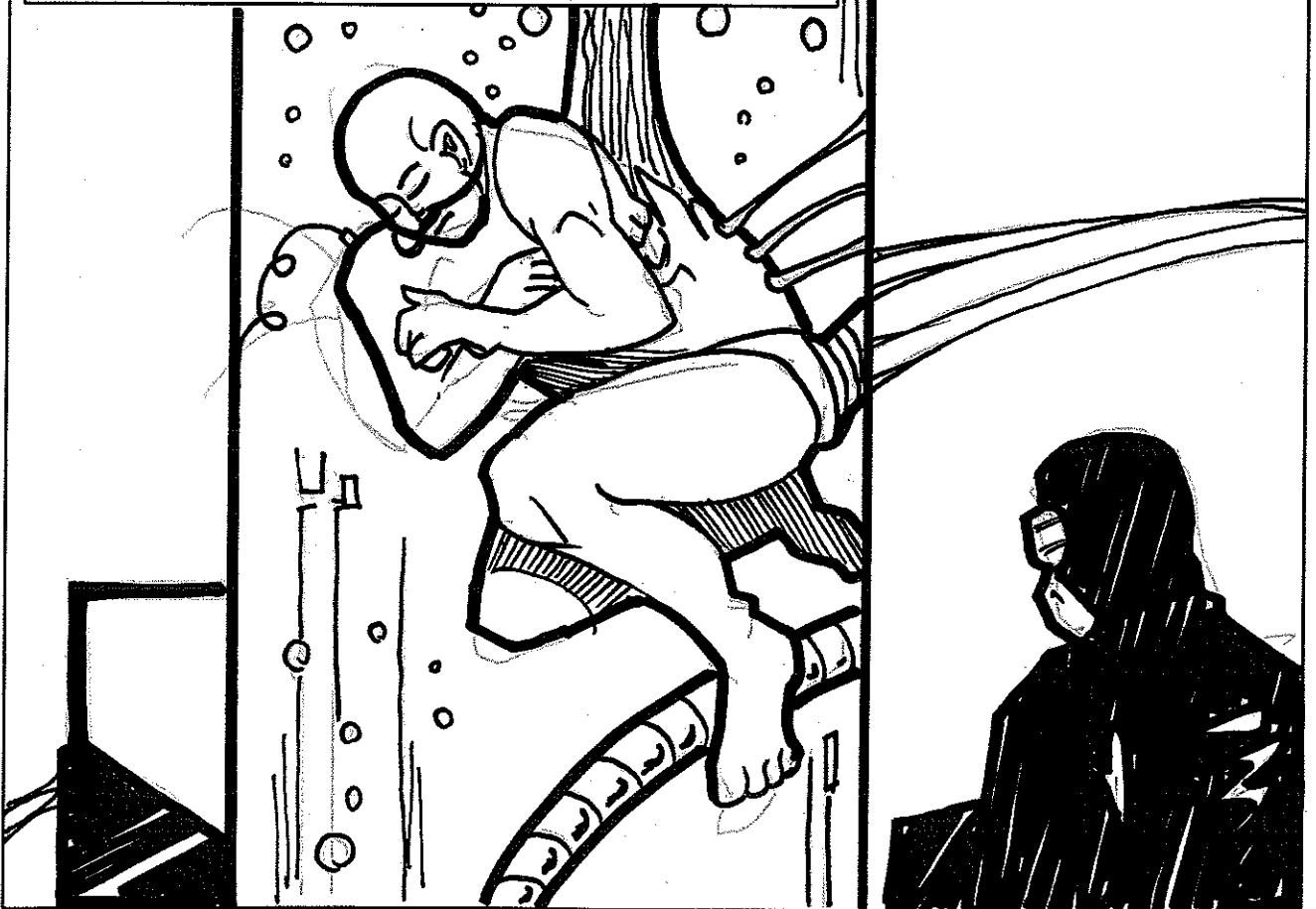
How did this happen?



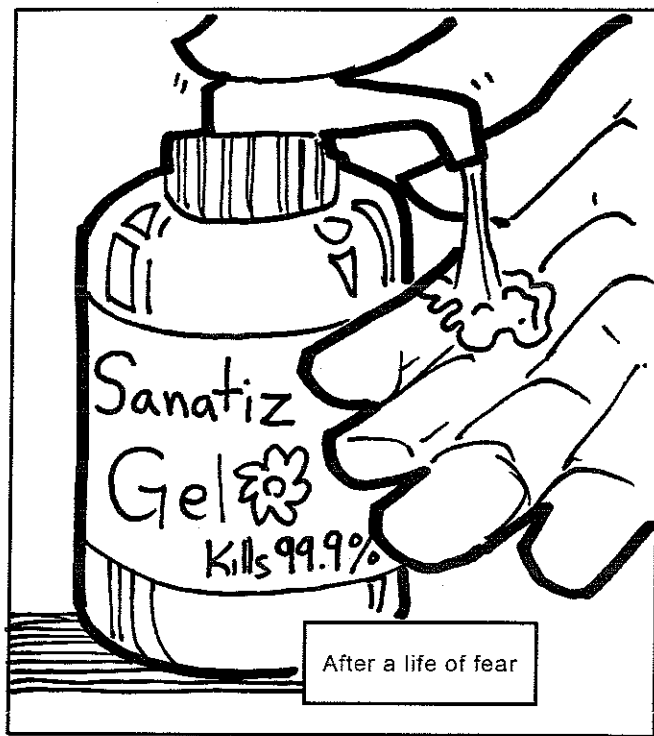
How did I end up stuck in this life?



Stuck in this tank, being fed and catching my breath trough tubes?

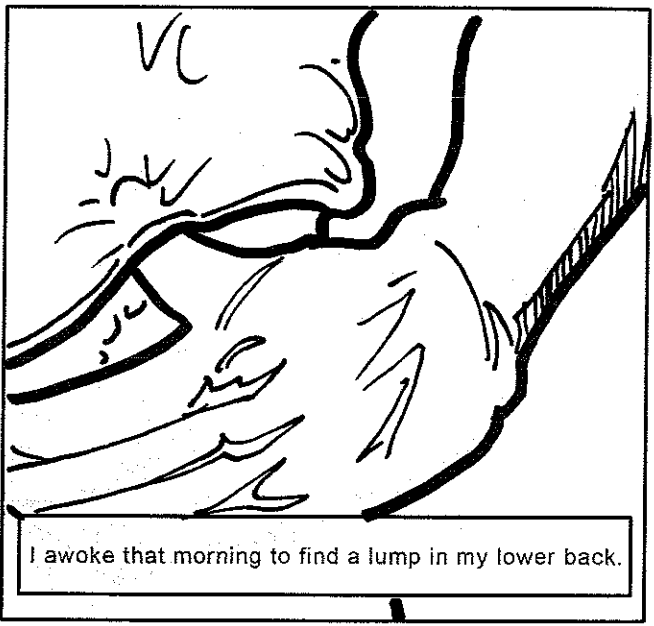


It started on my 30th birthday.



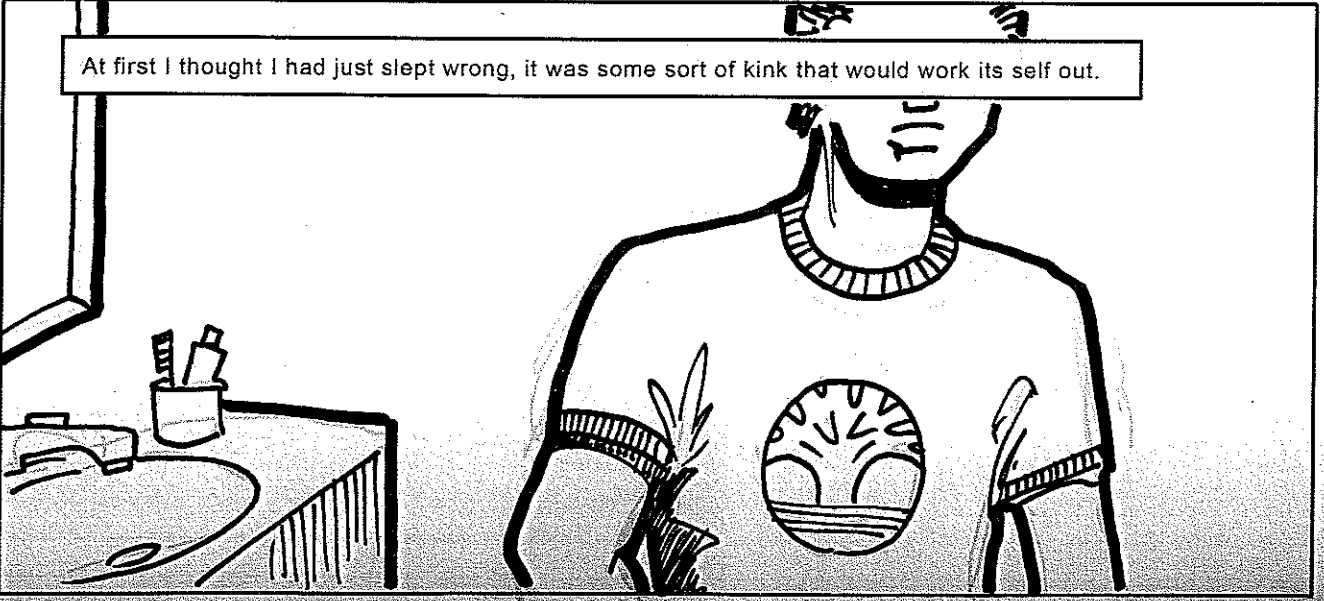
After a life of fear

always worried about illness, germs and cancer

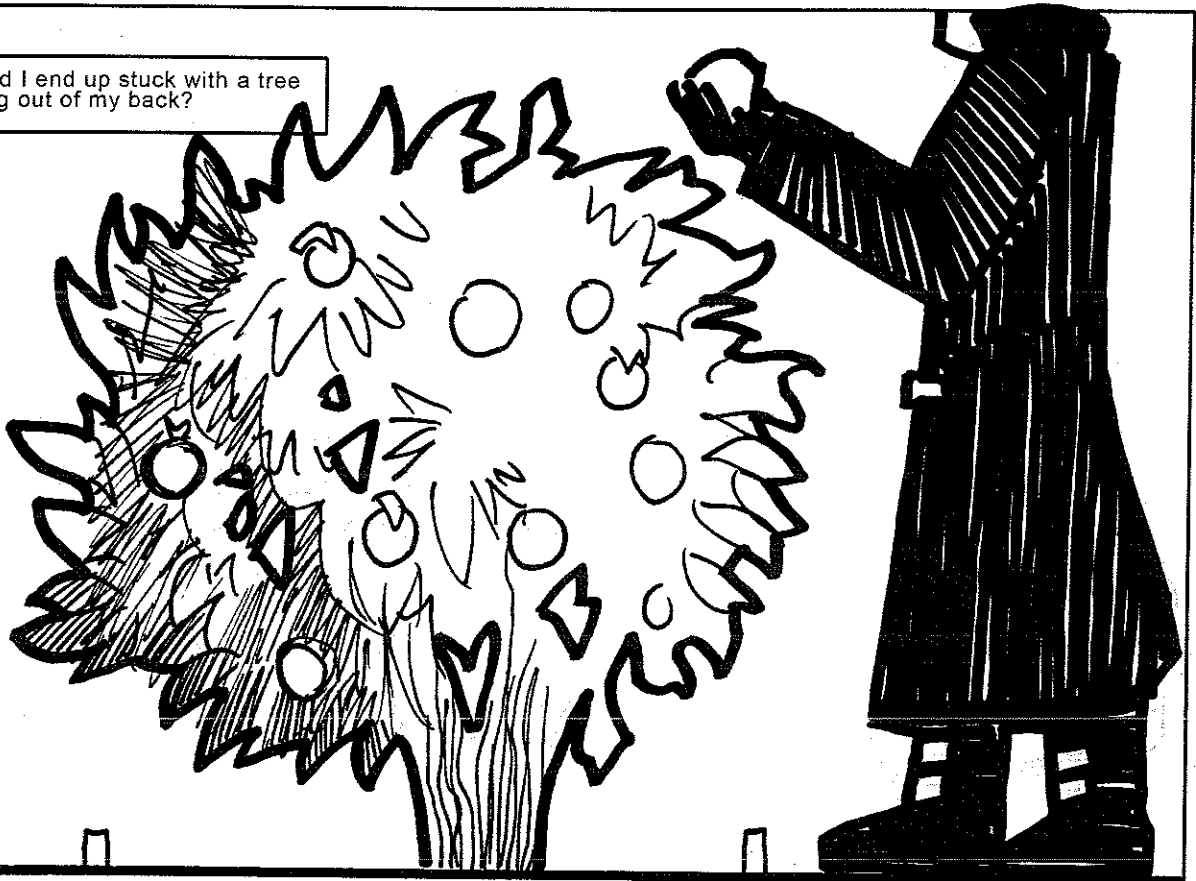


I awoke that morning to find a lump in my lower back.

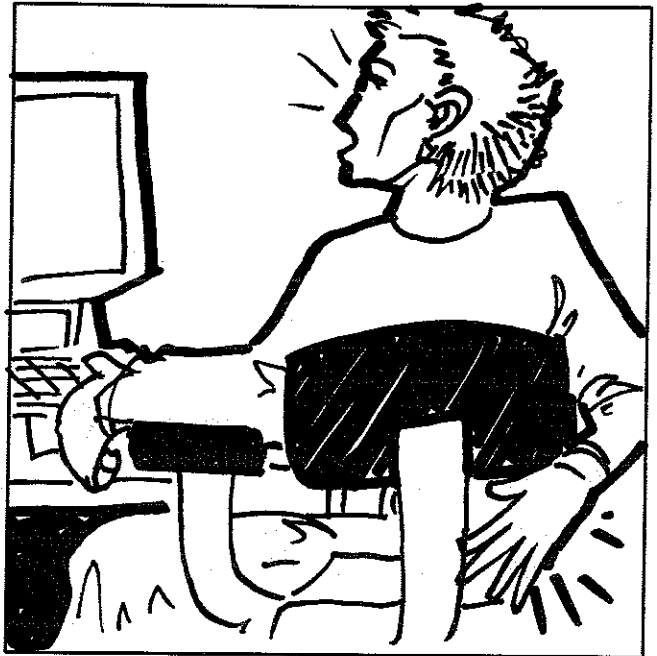
At first I thought I had just slept wrong, it was some sort of kink that would work its self out.



How did I end up stuck with a tree growing out of my back?



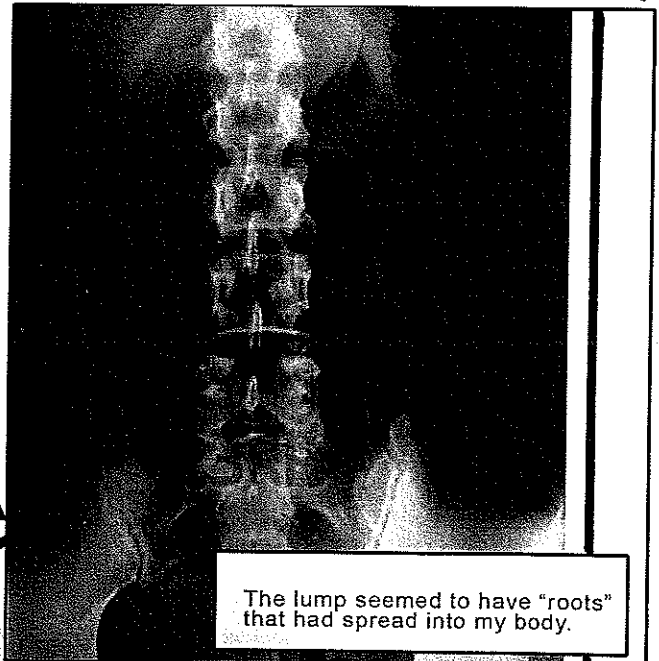
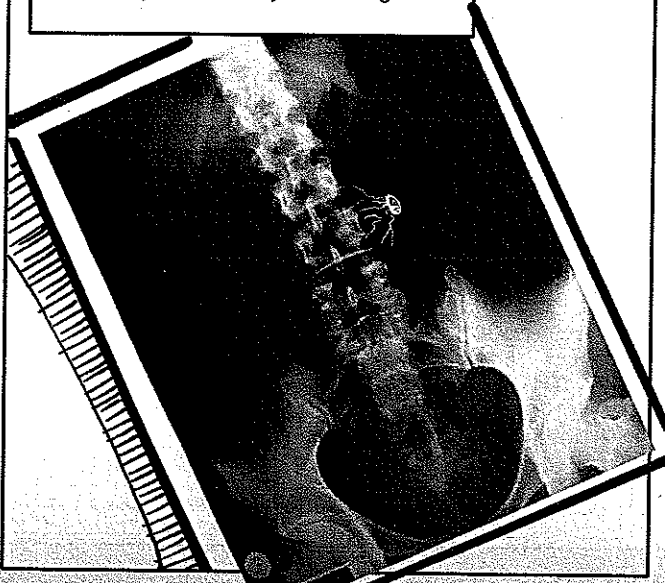
A few days later the lump and discomfort it caused had not gone away.



Fearing it was a more serious injury, I went to see my doctor.



The x-rays were very revealing.



The lump seemed to have "roots" that had spread into my body.

My doctor had never seen anything like this so he called in other doctors.



No one could figure out the nature or origin of the lump.



When I awoke from surgery I was told that the lump's root system was so infused with my circulatory

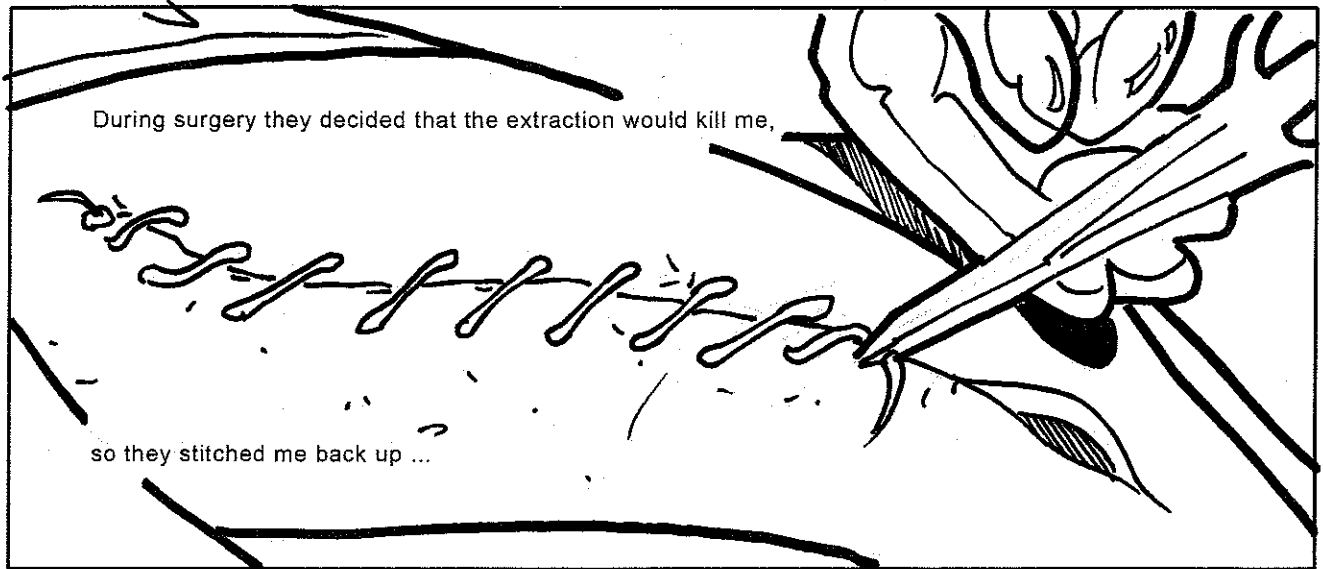


and nervous system that they could not remove it.

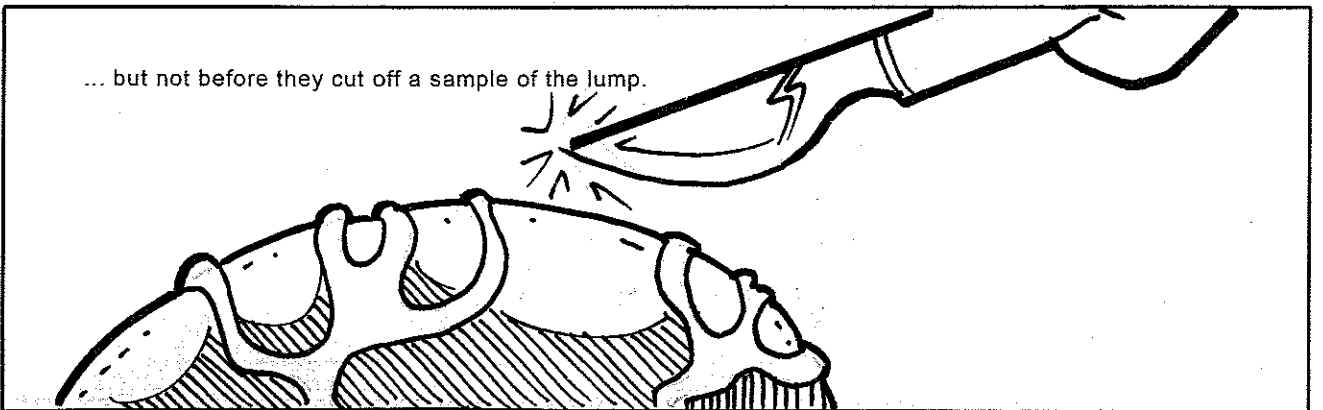


During surgery they decided that the extraction would kill me,

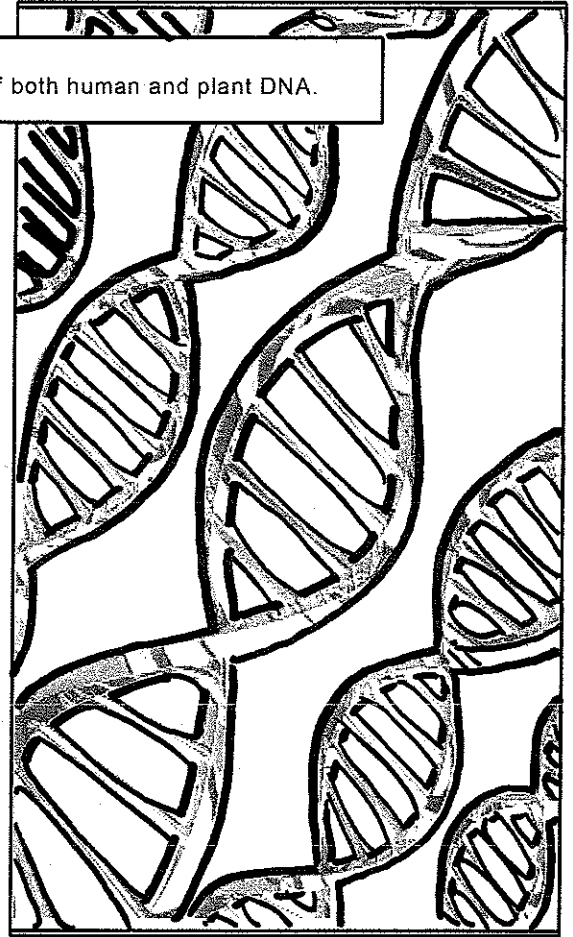
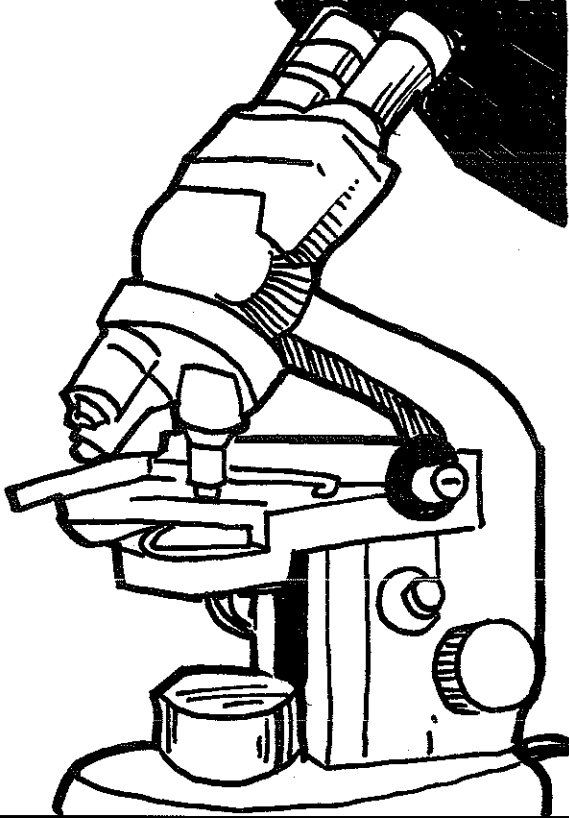
so they stitched me back up ...



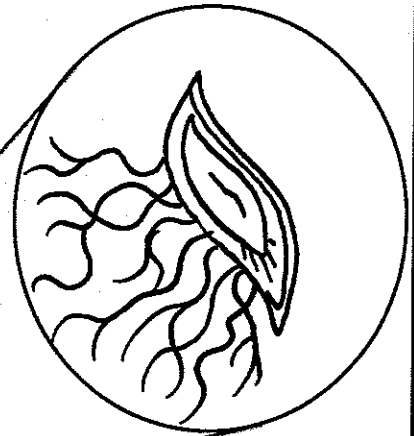
... but not before they cut off a sample of the lump.



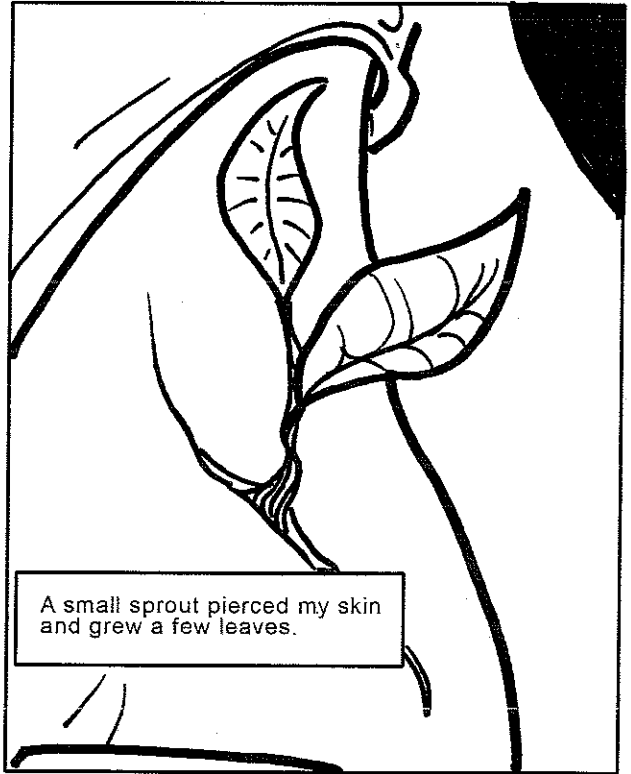
Further testing showed that the sample was made up of both human and plant DNA.



The doctors had no explanation but it appeared I had a "seed" in my back and it had taken root.



A few months later, a new problem sprouted...literally.



A small sprout pierced my skin and grew a few leaves.

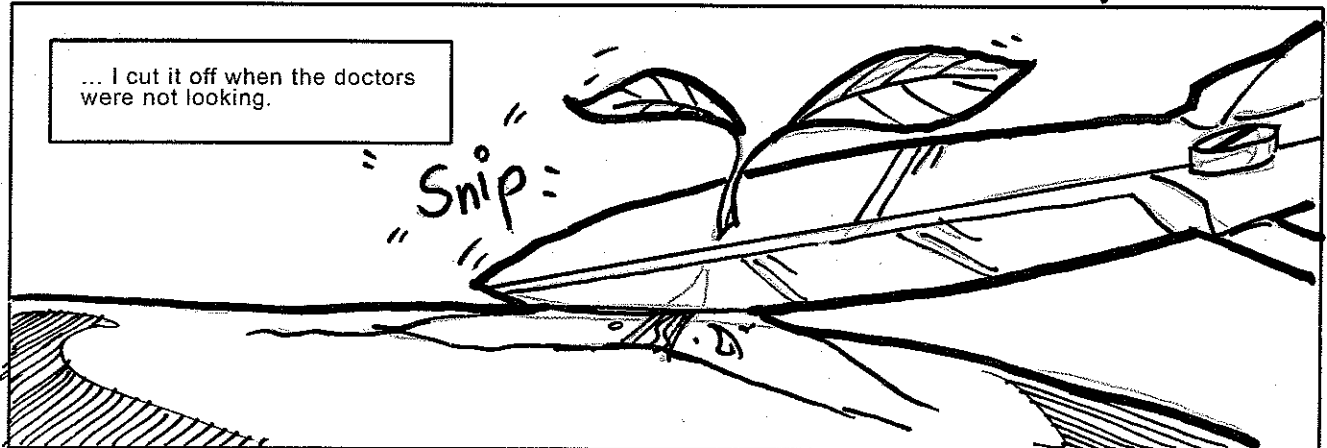
The doctors wanted to leave the sprout so they could study it



but I did the only logical thing ...



... I cut it off when the doctors were not looking.



When I awoke a couple of days later  
I was told that I had passed out due to  
the pain and I had almost bled to death.

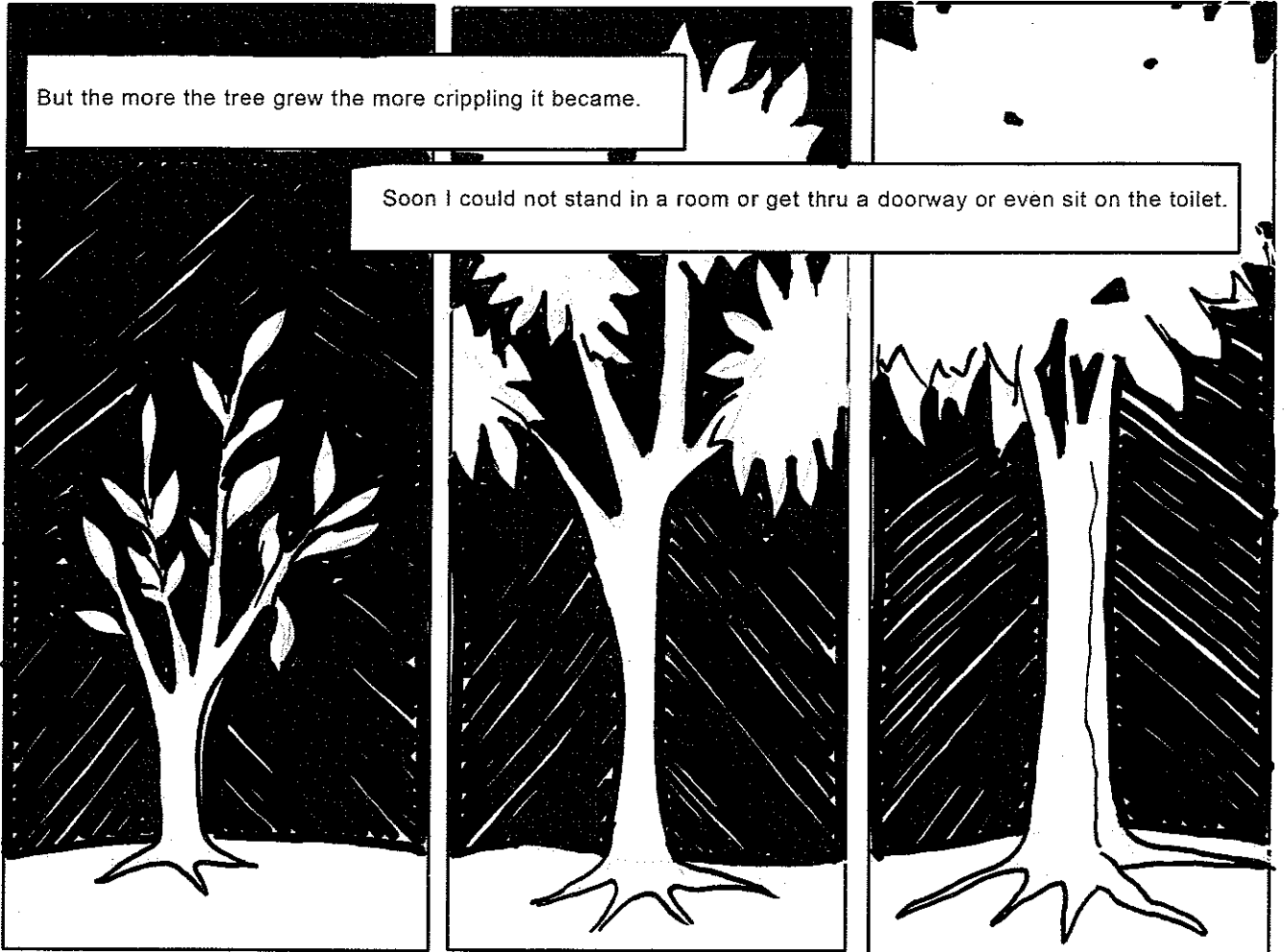


At times, lying in my hospital bed, I think maybe this is like some super power and I will become some sort of covert government superhero.



But the more the tree grew the more crippling it became.

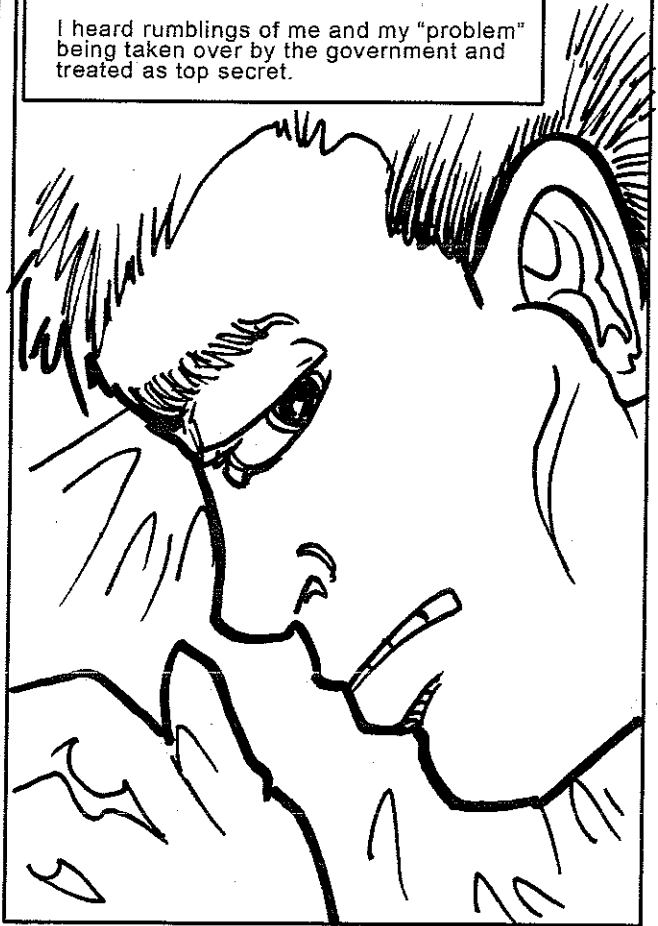
Soon I could not stand in a room or get thru a doorway or even sit on the toilet.



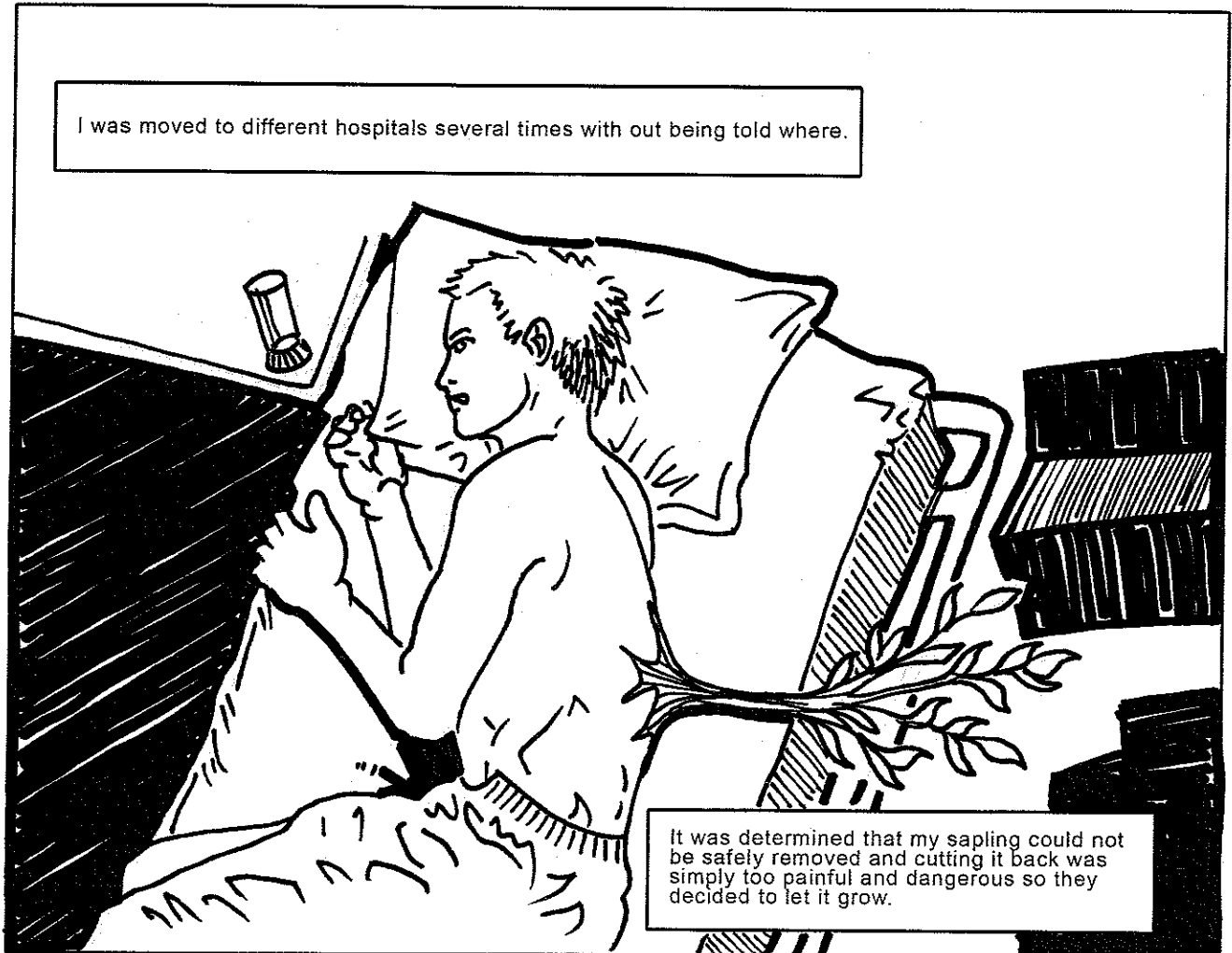
The plant continued to grow as the researches poked, prodded and gathered data.



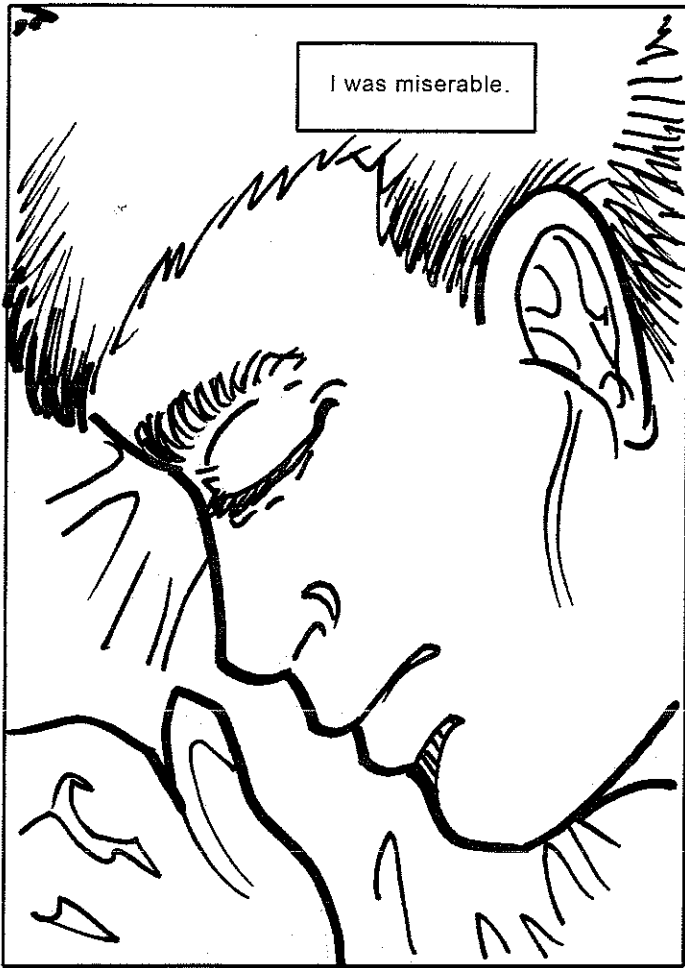
I heard rumblings of me and my "problem" being taken over by the government and treated as top secret.



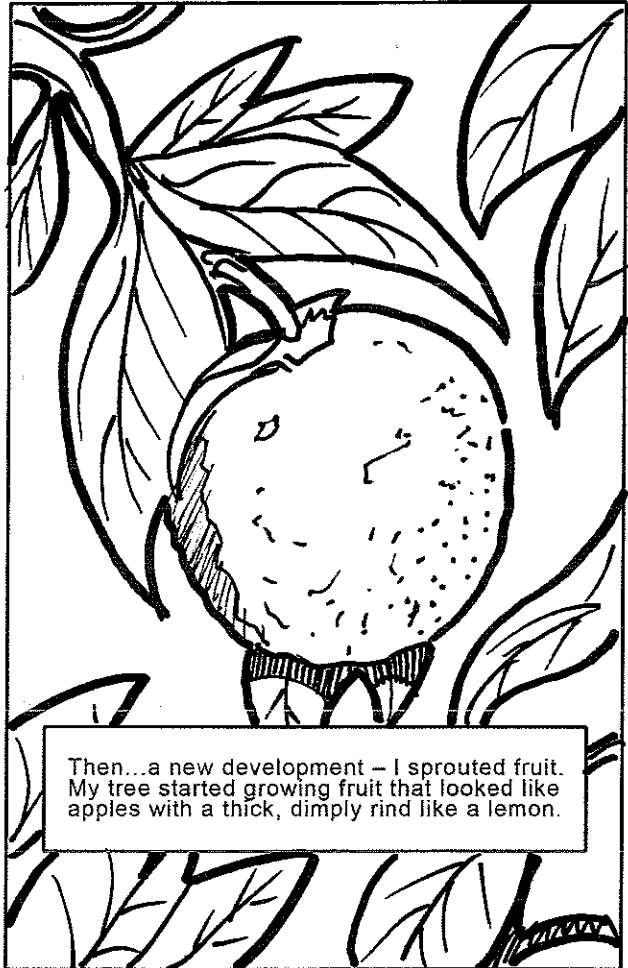
I was moved to different hospitals several times with out being told where.



It was determined that my sapling could not be safely removed and cutting it back was simply too painful and dangerous so they decided to let it grow.



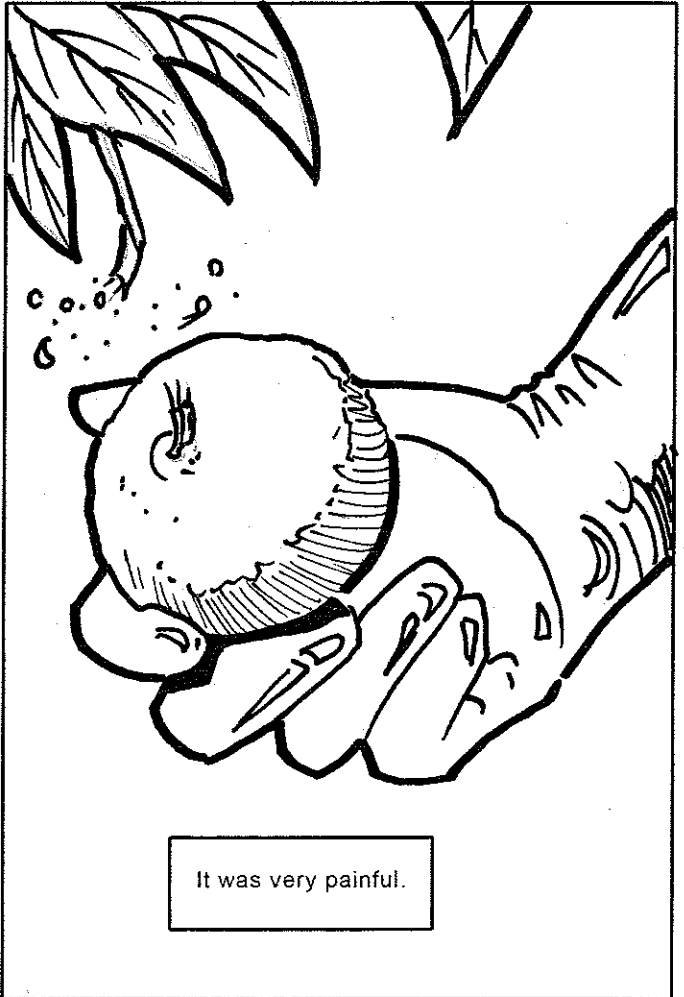
I was miserable.



Then...a new development – I sprouted fruit. My tree started growing fruit that looked like apples with a thick, dimply rind like a lemon.



The doctors decided to "pick" one for testing.

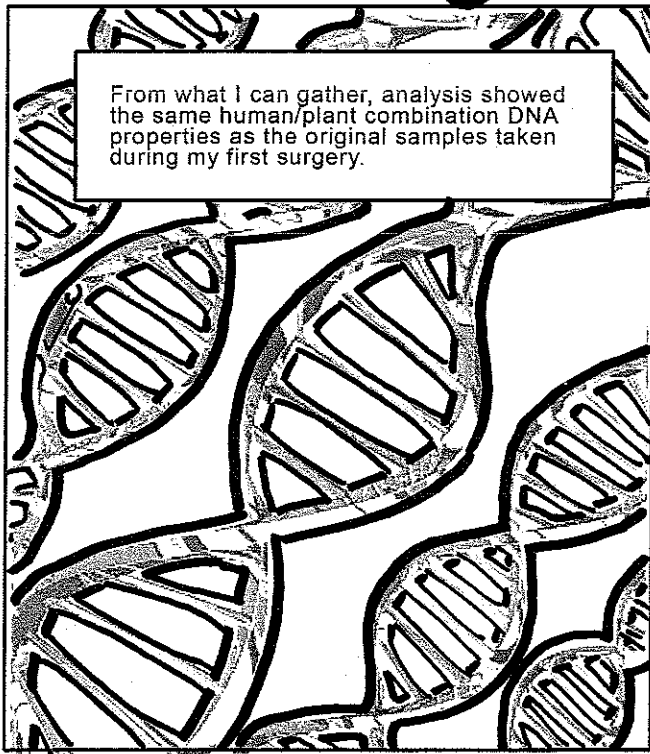


It was very painful.

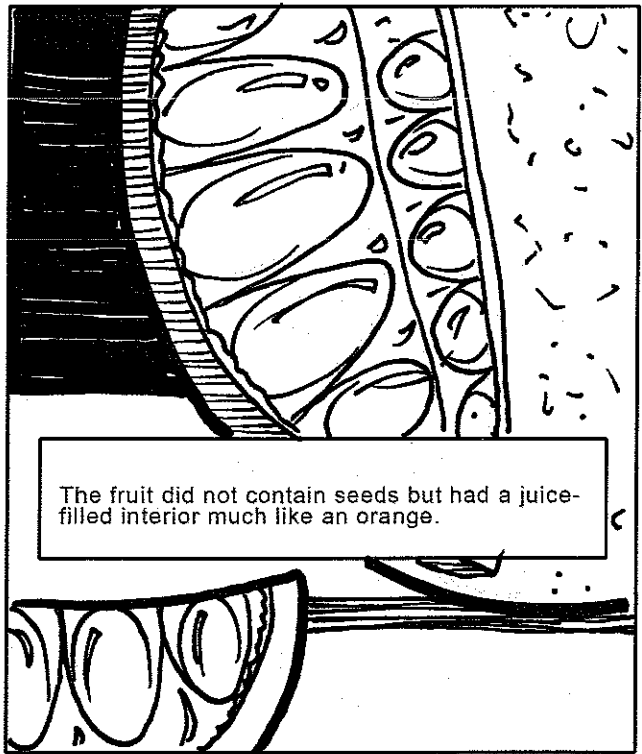
For months they studied the fruit but I only overheard bits and pieces of their findings.



From what I can gather, analysis showed the same human/plant combination DNA properties as the original samples taken during my first surgery.

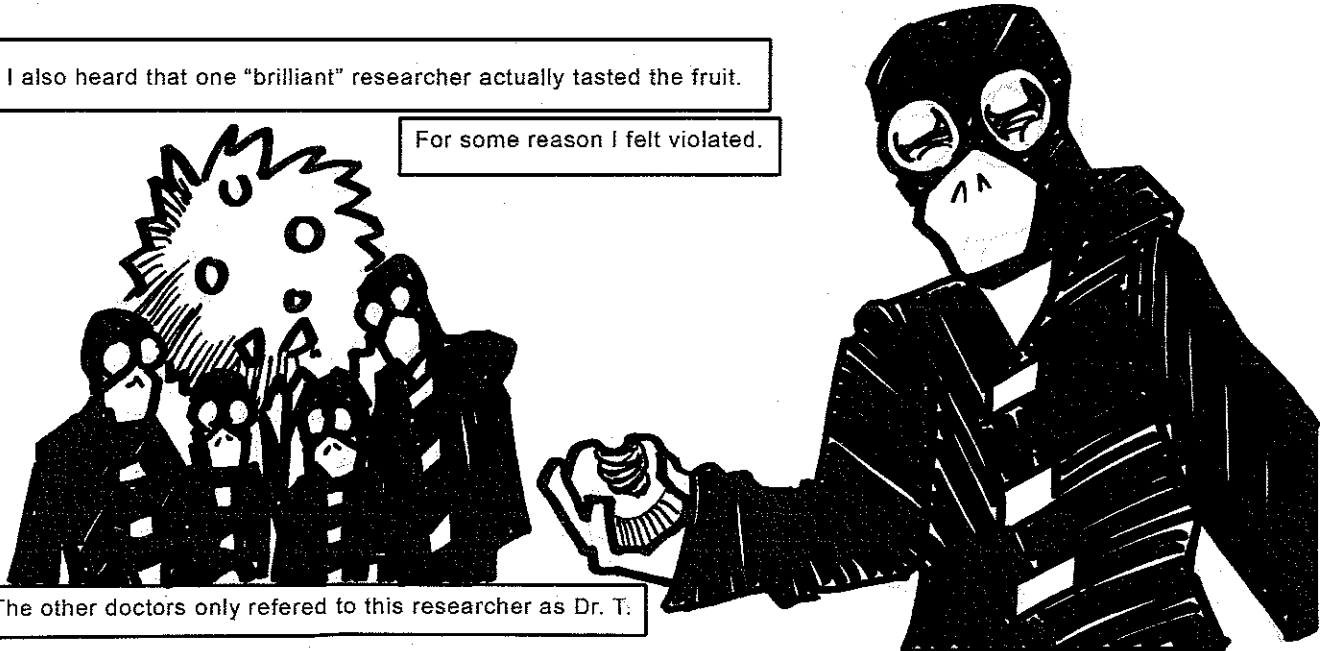


The fruit did not contain seeds but had a juice-filled interior much like an orange.



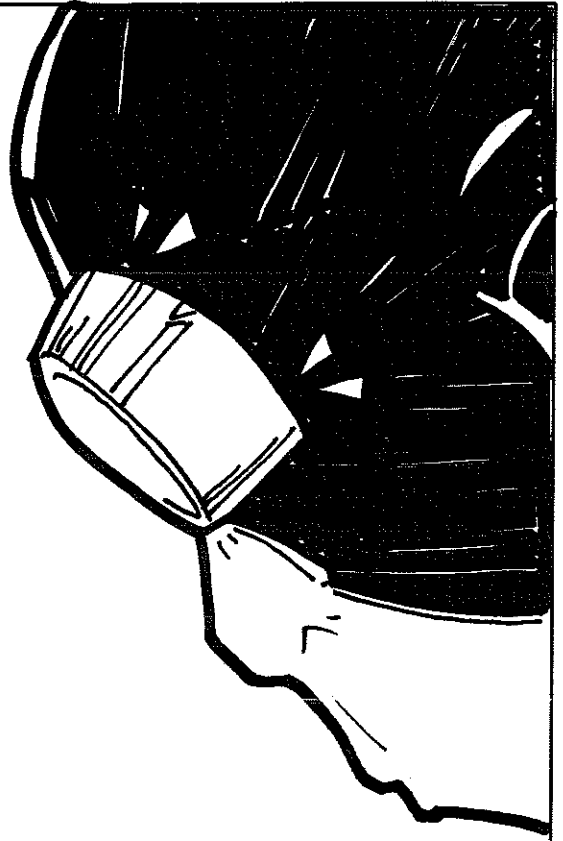
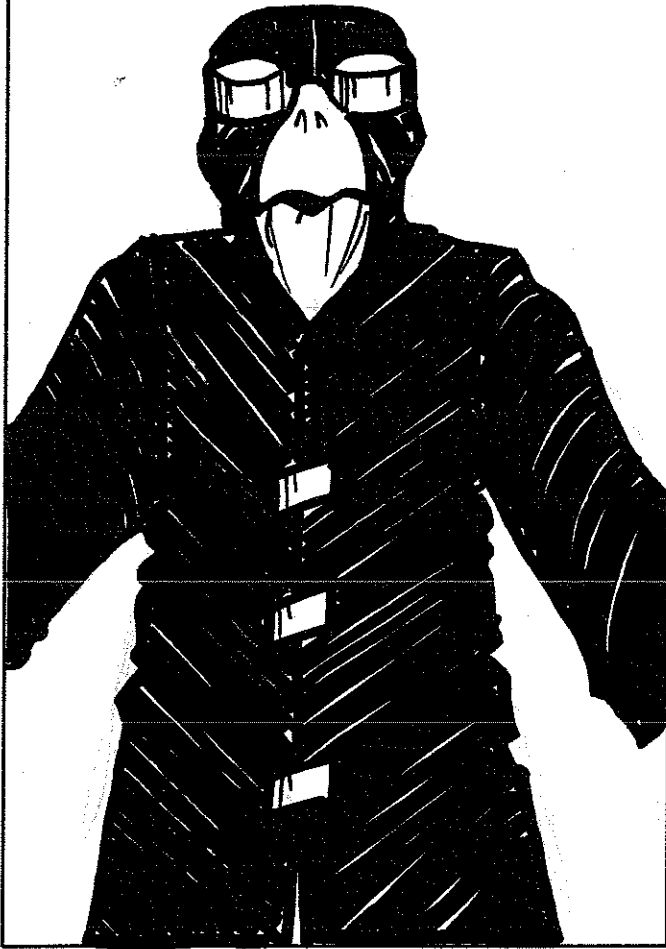
I also heard that one "brilliant" researcher actually tasted the fruit.

For some reason I felt violated.



The other doctors only referred to this researcher as Dr. T.

I guess the results from Dr. T's brave first bite of my fruit were remarkable.



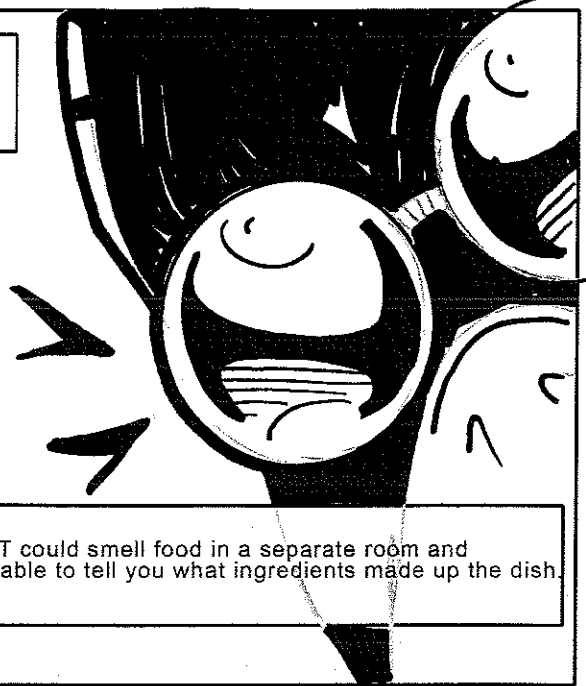
The doctor reported an amazing exhilaration like an increase on all senses at once.

This Dr. T became the patient as the others decided that he had to be probed, prodded and studied.



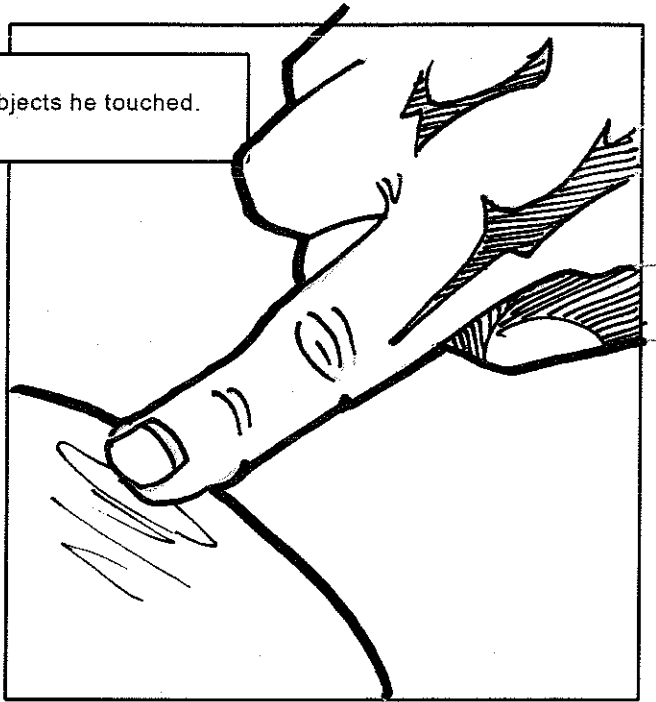
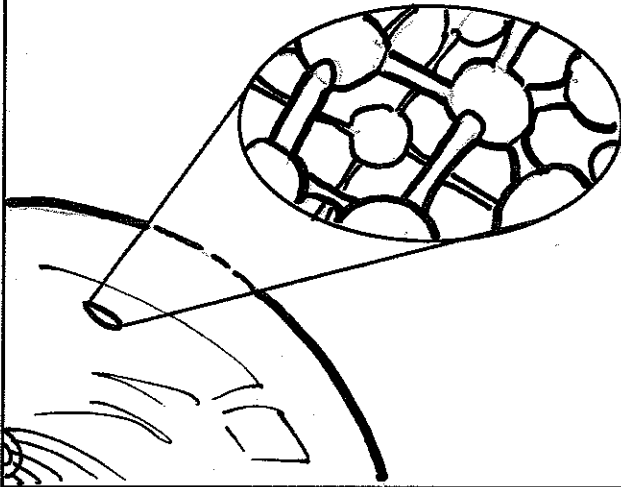
Serves him right.

What they found was that all of Dr.T's senses and sensations were increased in some cases more than doubled.

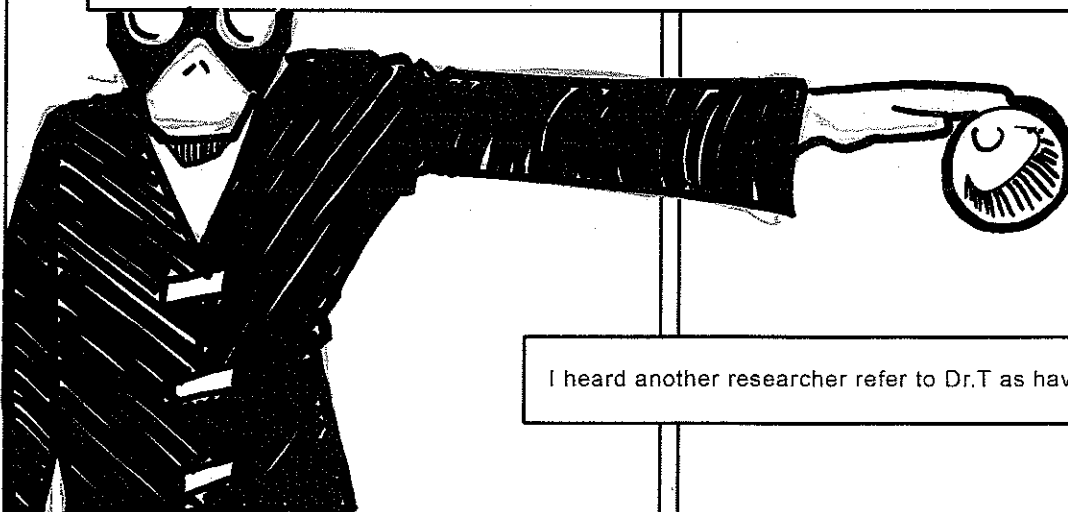


Dr.T could smell food in a separate room and be able to tell you what ingredients made up the dish.

He claimed to be able to feel the molecular surface of objects he touched.

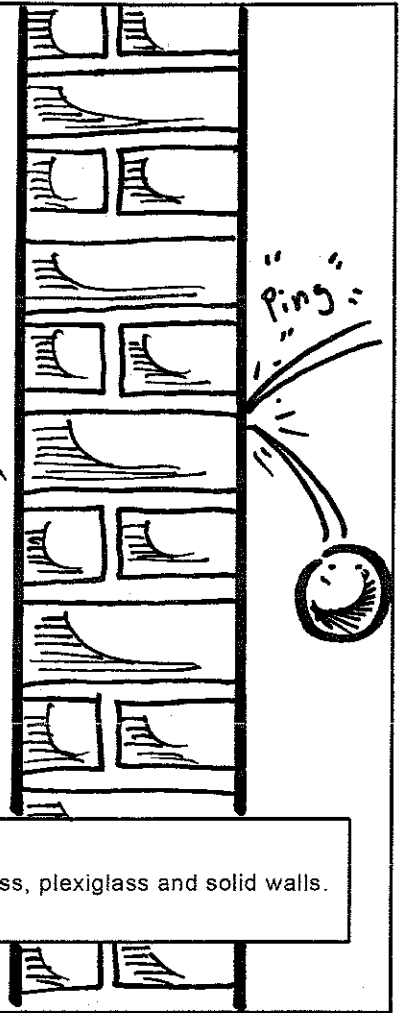
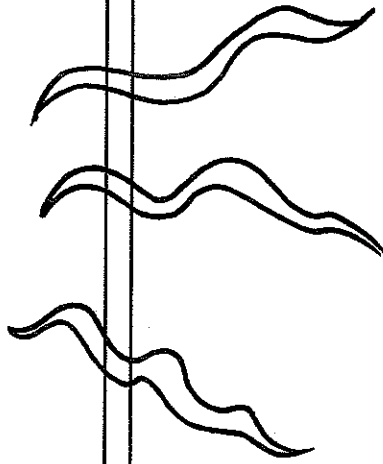
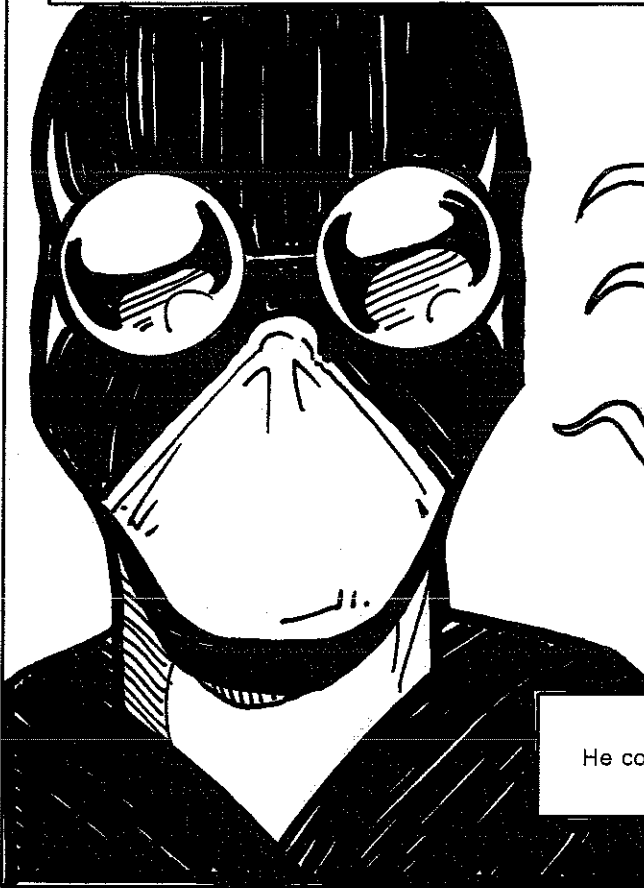


He was also able to make his skin grab the molecular surface of those objects so he could lift things without grasping them.



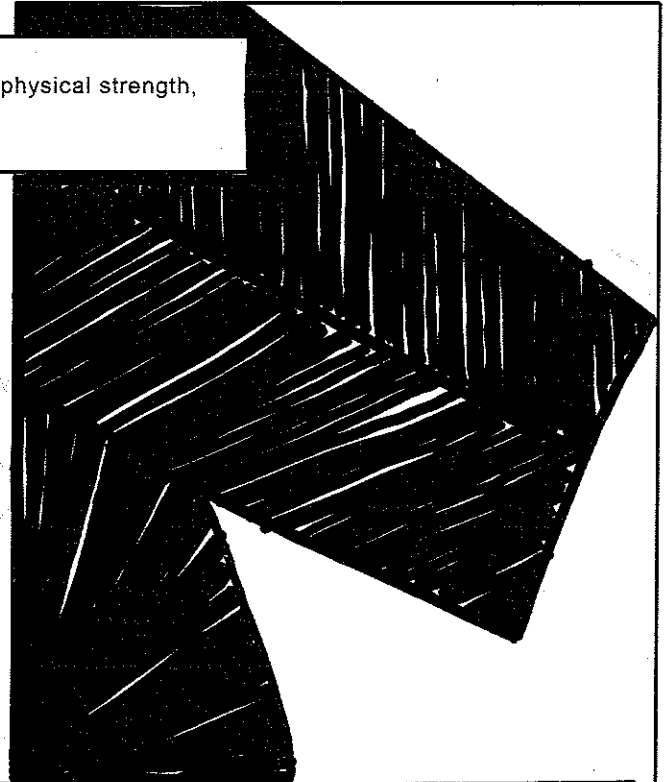
I heard another researcher refer to Dr.T as having "Velcro skin".

Sound tests proved that Dr.T could hear a person talking at a normal level at a hundred yards away.




He could also hear through glass, plexiglass and solid walls.


Other tests proved that Dr.T experienced increases in physical strength, memorization, and skin elasticity.



The experience was described by Dr. T as euphoric and he claimed to have increased sex drive and overwhelming emotions of joy.

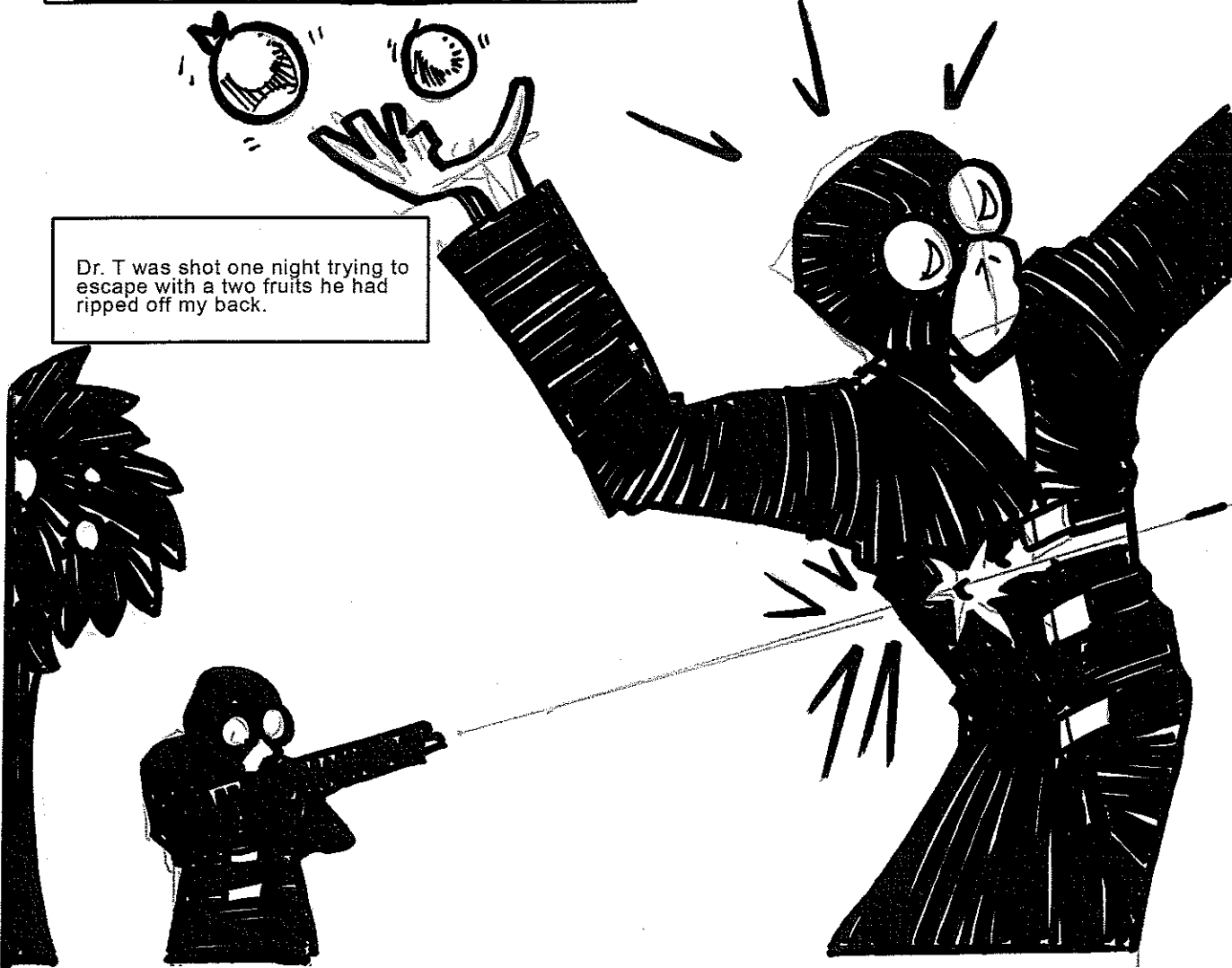


The effects only lasted for a few days and soon Dr.T felt like his normal self.



After weeks of further study it was determined that indeed all effects of the fruit had worn off.

Dr.T was told he could no longer participate in the research but would be kept in the hospital for observation until the research on me was done.



Dr. T was shot one night trying to escape with a two fruits he had ripped off my back.

I do not know how it happened but somehow the knowledge of my fruit got out.

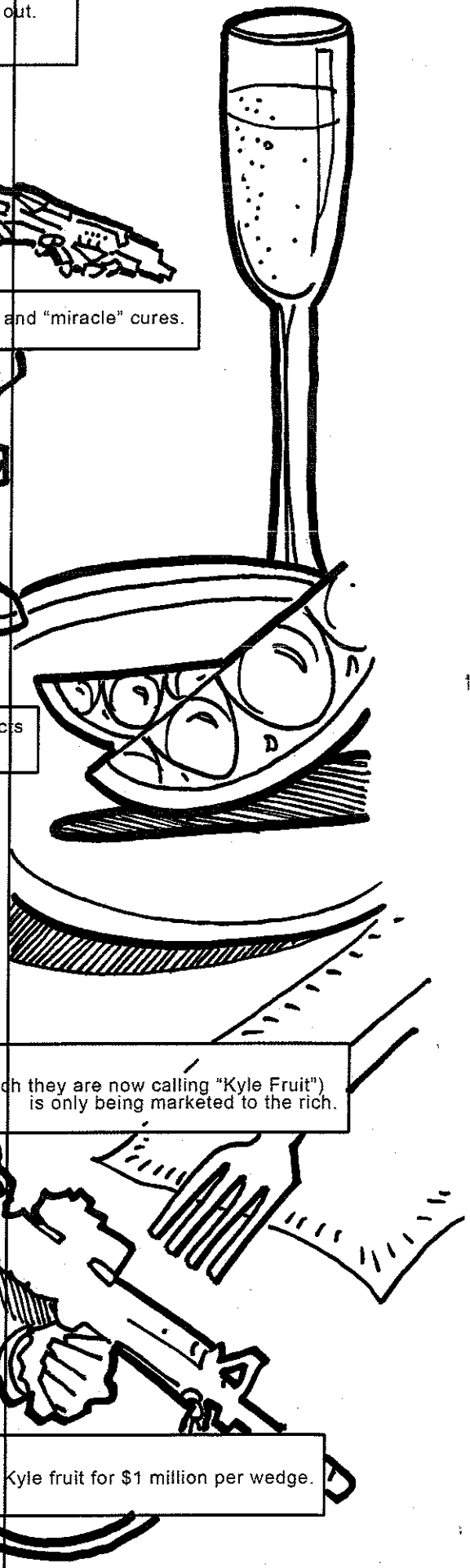
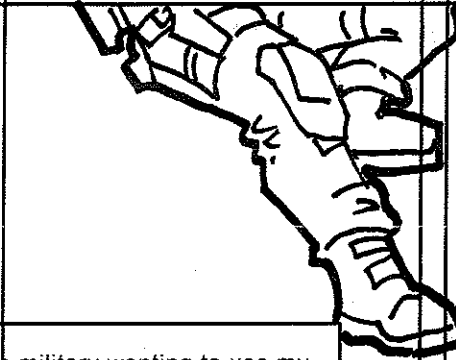
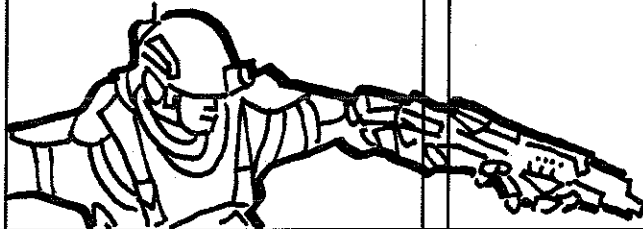
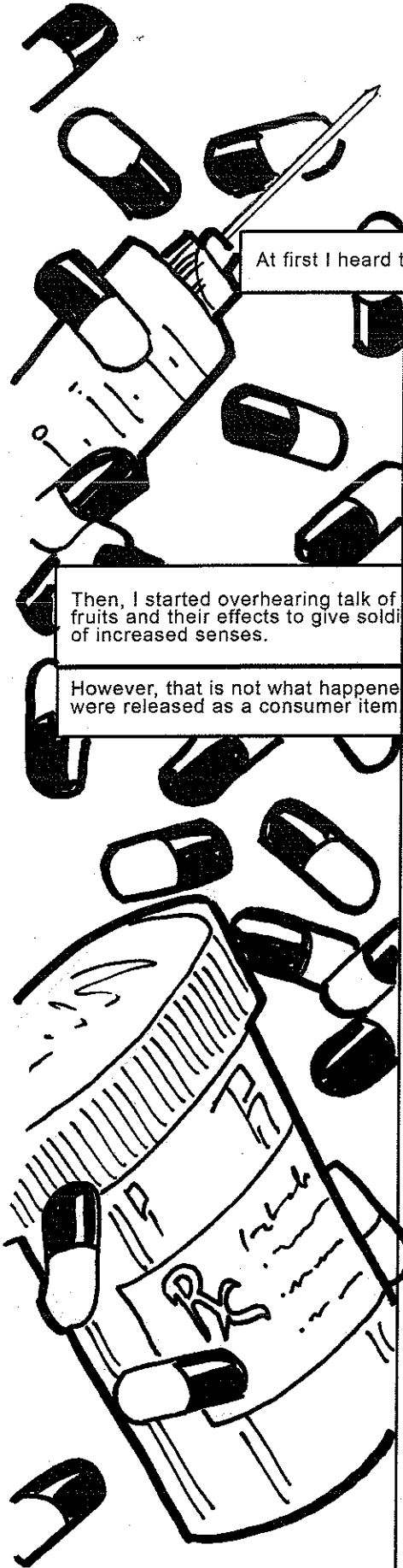
At first I heard talk of using the fruit to develop vaccines and "miracle" cures.

Then, I started overhearing talk of the military wanting to use my fruits and their effects to give soldiers in the field the advantages of increased senses.

However, that is not what happened - the knowledge of my fruit and its effects were released as a consumer item. From what I understand my fruit

(which they are now calling "Kyle Fruit") is only being marketed to the rich.

I heard that they are selling Kyle fruit for \$1 million per wedge.



I now believe I am only being kept alive for the fruit that I bare. I know that, because my fruits do not have seeds, they are having a hard time reproducing the fruit without me.

All cloning attempts at this point have failed.



I do not know if the consumers out their, enjoying the euphoria of my fruits, have any idea where the fruit is coming from. I like to think that if they knew they would stop buying it.

Sometimes I wish I had cancer.

