

Darla Hotchkins

“There is pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know!”
-John Dryden

It's his own fault, of course. Anything that you do to him will be because of his own inability to see. You *loved* him, you *wanted* him, you *needed* him, but all he could think about was himself. All he cared about was ruling the world. Well, you'll show him. You'll rule the world first. And when he comes to you, begging and pleading for you to take him in, to let him rule the world with you, perhaps you'll let him. If he's willing to show you the kind of love you have for him.

You remember the first time you saw him. It was Organic Chemistry 503- Using Chemistry as a Tool of Destruction. As he stood up there, lecturing the class on the possibilities of explosives and mind-altering drugs, you swooned. Here was a man for whom you had waited your entire life. A man of brilliance, a man of suave determination, a man of sociopathic tendencies. When he talked about the possibilities of man-made nuclear holocaust, it was like a dream come true. You had found the man you wished to share your life, your ideas, your need to occasionally engage in destructive violent acts with. Dr. Marshall Fields. It was love at first sight.

But he didn't hold the same views for you. No, for him the only important thing was ruling the world. You tried flowers, long poetry, letter bombs, even - as an extreme-chocolates. Once you even snuck into his office, removed all of your clothes, and lay down upon his desk, waiting for him to come into his office and see you, too finally see you. The only thing you got was a circular burn on your stomach where he set his coffee down.

Then came the ultimate blow. He left the school in order to work at some research lab. The only consolation you had gotten from him was being able to hear his voice in lecture every day. Now, even that would be stripped away from you. Desperately, you broke into the offices of the school every night, searching feverishly through records in order to find some sort of clue as to where he was going.

Finally, just before you graduated, you found the answer you were looking for. A letter of recommendation for him had been sent to Fort Lucas Rita Research Labs in San Inguon, Arizona. You jeopardized your degree, all of the money your parents had put into a large insurance policy just before driving their car off a cliff in an accident that the police never traced back to you, everything you had ever worked for in a vain attempt to try and win his love. You drove to San Inguon, everything you owned in your little '48 Ford with the dead poli-sci major in the trunk (you had stuffed him in there during finals week of freshman year when he made a rude pass at you, and one of these days, you'll have to

remember to take him out, he's smelling up the entire car) and climbed the gates of Fort Rita.

For which you were shot at by three guards carrying machine guns. It was obvious that you needed to sneak in there, rather than brazenly breaking in. So you picked up the local newspaper and looked for a job at the Labs. None. Then you looked for a job in town. There was only one- acting as a nurse at Edwood High. It would be tedious, degrading, and a waste of your degree. But it would get you closer to... him.

So you drove back to school and finished your degree in Biology, then applied for the job. As the only applicant, you were immediately accepted, despite the School Board's worry about your fascination with needles. You came to San Inguon, found a small house to rent, looked to the needs of the little bastards running around the school (that's your job, after all) and began plotting your revenge.

For it had finally gotten to revenge in your mind. He had spurned you for the last time. Now you were going to make him suffer, you were going to make him beg you to take him, you were going to force him to notice you. If he was obsessed with ruling the world, then fine. You would find a way to rule the world first.

The first thing you needed to do was to find a way into the Research Labs. A little bit of feminine wiles took care of that. General Hiram Cork, the man who commands Ft. Rita, is a widower. A few choice words, a little bit of the right perfume, a hand placed upon a certain part of the anatomy, and he was all yours. He took you back to his place, and you only managed to get through the evening without retching by imagining that he was Marshall. That nearly gave you away; once, in the heat of passion, you cried out "Marsh!" Luckily, you don't think that Cork noticed. He's old, and probably doesn't hear too well. Either that, or he didn't care who you were thinking of, just so long as you were with him.

After a while, he was out of energy and fell asleep. You took the opportunity to root through his papers and find the passwords at the base. You copied them down onto your little prescription pad, hid the pad in your purse, and blissfully slept, dreaming of Marshall.

The next day was one of constant anticipation, waiting for the night to come. Principal Siegelski even came by to make sure that you were all right. You assured her that you were fine, just fine. She left, looking at you strangely. You don't care. Once you have Marshall, let them look at you any way they want!

That night you went to Ft. Rita. You gave the guards the right passwords and snuck into the Labs. There, you went straight to the Chemistry Department, looking for any clue as to what Marshall was working upon. Just when you were about to give up all hope, you saw his notebook lying underneath his desk. Rifling through it, you found that he was working with some strange chemical called Serum X. He had noted that when

given in certain doses to iguanas, it caused them to grow to massive sizes. You copied down all that you could, and then found his test tubes of Serum X. You stole two tubes, which would be enough to experiment with, but hopefully not enough for him to notice missing.

For the next week, you wasted half of one of the test tubes trying to recreate his experiments on the iguanas. Perhaps you copied the notes down wrong, or perhaps he was merely attempting to create a diversion from his real goals. In either case, the results were disappointing. One iguana turned brown. Another hopped around like a rabbit. Another barked like a dog. But none of them grew to the humongous size that Marshall's notes said they would.

You knew you had to up the ante. If Marshall was experimenting with iguanas, you would have to experiment with humans. Two weeks ago was the annual vaccination for students, designed to keep children from gathering nasty diseases during the summer vacation. You happily gave the injections, never letting on that you had secretly replaced the polio vaccine with Serum X. You even poured some into Principal Siegelski's coffee to see if it affected adults.

To your disappointment, you have seen no real effects yet. Perhaps it doesn't work upon humans. Maybe it's effects are so subtle as to be unnoticeable except by those who are close to the students. In any case, you must continue to watch them and see if any sort of effect pop up. And from that, perhaps you will find a way to thwart Marshall's plans of ruling the world.

Then he will finally be yours.

Standard quote: "Now, this might hurt a little bit, but I wouldn't do it if it weren't absolutely necessary."

Mannerisms: Darla is *way* off the deep end. Bright, sociable, and psychopathic. To everyone else, she seems a nice, normal, caring person. But if you see her when she gets that unhealthy gleam in her eye, well, it's the kind of thing that sends a shudder down your spine....

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: The biggest brat of them all. He's into some sort of rebel kick and runs around in a leather jacket, bucking authority. He's constantly pulling pranks. He's never pulled a prank on you, possibly because you have a lot of sharp instruments and would very much get him back. Oh, yes.

Robert Sherman: One of J.D.'s buddies. He at least shows some shine of intelligence, unlike most of the cattle going to Edwood High.

Nick Kerensky: The biggest kid in his class, and also one of the dumbest. He might be useful as muscle if you need it. You'll keep him in mind.

James Daniels: The class president, valedictorian, and football captain. Stands for everything good and decent in America. Needless to say, he might try to stop Marshall if he found out about Marshall's plans. Hmm...

Timmy Carroll: The class science geek. He might be able to help you, if he didn't have the attitude that science was a good and natural thing that should be used only to help others. You'd like to show the little twit the truth about what science can do, possibly by showing him the effects of vivisection first-hand. But first, take care of Marshall. There'll be time enough for random, deadly, painful experiments on teenagers later.

Tony Turrelli: The class clown. Always ready with a joke or an insult. One day, he'll insult you, and you'll burn his tongue in hydrochloric acid. But first, win over Marshall.

Mark Sturvin: The class rich kid. Son of Harold Sturvin, the richest man in San Inguon. Mark's a shy, quiet, and dreadfully boring boy.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. You've seen her occasionally when she's had a bruise or black eye. She denies it, but you're sure that J.D.'s been beating her up. Hmm. Maybe J.D. isn't as bad as you think.

Teresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. She's a bit of a tomboy.

Catherine Thomas: Now *this* girl, you've seen something in her eyes, something evil and scary. You like her. You like her a lot.

Margaret Smith: The class airhead. Completely clueless. One day you'll do a dissection of her brain to see if it really is as underdeveloped as you think.

Laura Fetner: Class cheerleader and James' squeeze. Everything a kid looks for in a girl: perky, cute, and sexy. You wouldn't mind seeing her in a horrible car wreck. But then again, you wouldn't mind seeing any of the kids in a horrible car wreck.

Wendy Mitchell: Class reporter. She's always poking her nose into things, trying to find some sort of story to write up. One day, if she's not careful, that nose will be cut off.

Adele Siegelski: The principal of Edwood High. She's a real pain, but because she's your boss, you have to play nice to her. But when you and Marshall rule the world together, she'll pay. In a big way.

General Hiram Cork: The old lech that runs Ft. Rita. You haven't talked to him since the tryst, despite his sending you flowers and chocolates and calling incessantly. Why should you care about him? You got what you needed from him, and you really don't care about anyone but Marshall.

Dr. Randall Rourke: The town doctor. Young and idealistic. You have to deal with him quite a bit; after all, you're not really a qualified physician. His constant idealism annoys the hell out of you.

Dr. Marshall Fields: The love of your life. The man you would give anything to be with. The one you wish to spend your entire life with. Anything he wants, you'll do. Anything he needs, you'll get. But first, he has to notice you.

Goals:

1. Win the love of Dr. Marshall Fields. First, you have to get him to notice you. He's completely wrapped up in his quest to rule the world. So you'll either have to:

a) rule the world first, forcing him to come to you begging you to let him rule the world; or b) find out what his plans are to rule the world, then find a way to put a monkey wrench in them so that he has to come to you begging you to let him continue with his plans to rule the world. This is the only thing you care about. Once he finally declares his love for you, you'll join him in ruling the world and forcing your psychotic tendencies upon the planet. But for now, keep your destructive desires to yourself, lest you get into trouble and people stop you on your quest to win the heart of Marshall.

Of course, if he hasn't fallen in love with you by the time game wraps, and you decide to go on a tri-state killing spree, we'll understand.