

Experiment 499

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Enya's story from creation to the events of A Cowardly Experiment. How is a failed experiment ever going to fit in and how do you deal with a very annoying person? Must read this if you are also reading the trilogy.

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1 - Jumba's 499th Experiment

A/N: I was originally going to do this story before I started A Cowardly Experiment but because some of the plot in A Cowardly Experiment took place I couldn't do this story first without giving anything away. Although this story mostly revolves around experiment 499 the origins of Slash are also in this. Since this story can't get ahead of A Cowardly Experiment I will be working more on that then this story.

Experiment 499

By CTCD

Chapter 1

Jumba's 499th Experiment

The first thing I felt was...wet? Most likely, for that is my first memory and to have memory meant that was the first time I was aware.

Jumba made me, was the first thing that went through my mind. Although I didn't know at the time, all experiments were programed to recognize this at the moment of existence to keep them from harming they're creator.

I'm his 499th experiment, I thought next. This was also programed into me, to realize my identity in the world...just a number in 499 experiments...

I knew that I was in some kind of tube, a tube where all experiments met there life and began there very existence. I felt a breathing mask over my mouth to keep me from drowning in the very liquid that gave me life. Chords and wires were hooked up to me, keeping me alive until strong enough to live on my own.

In my mind I saw a picture of myself and could see the pictures of the other 499 experiments, this was programed into me too. I could tell what powers they held just by looking at they're mental picture, another part programed into me.

I saw my own power...to sing people into a never ending sleep unless I will them to wake again by singing in certain tone of voice. This explained why I didn't sit here and think...destroy, destroy, destroy! My power was much more subtitle...much more beautiful then the powers of the other experiments. I didn't need to be a killing machine, I just needed to be cunning and beautiful. I was Jumba's masterpiece, his greatest work of art. I was the step to his true goal, the most vile and destructive experiment of them all, I could bring the whole world into a coma like sleep...forever...

I also noticed I spoke almost all languages of the galaxy, a cunning move of Jumba...I could infiltrate just about any species known to the Galactic Federation. The Federation...rulers of the universe, the peace keeps of all planets...the people I hate, programed to do so after Jumba who too hates them. It seams

I'm one of the only experiment except for a few others like 020 who have such a power. Jumba felt it was too time consuming to give all the experiments more than one language.

I suddenly sensed my creator's presence in the room, I also had a mental picture of him...along with two other people, Dr. Hamstervil...the person who payed for my creation and a creature who belonged to the species known as the Ukili, he seemed to only be called Doc...Jumba's lab assistant...

I felt no love for these people, only Jumba. It seems Jumba hardly liked these people either but needed them in order to make experiments. I could hear their voices, muffled on the other side of the glass.

Too muffled for me to understand them, I opened my eyes to look. Bubbles blocked my vision and the yellowish, orange liquid was too thick to see much through...

The talking stopped the moment I opened my eyes, had they been waiting for me to awaken? Of course, my programming told me that some of the incorrect, broken, failed experiments that went wrong during creation never woke up...never became aware...they would waste away until they died, having no awareness to know to do otherwise.

It was also then when I realized I was female, there were many genders that varied through species but Jumba felt that male was the most powerful and made most of his experiments that way, but I was female making me all the more special over the others.

I heard a beeping sound on the other side of glass and the liquid began to drain away. Once gone the glass opened and light filled my eyes, too blinding for eyes that had never been used before I covered them from the painful light. The tubes, wires and breathing mask unhinged from my body, their job of keeping me alive until I was ready to awaken finished. My legs, weak from never being used failed me as I dropped to the floor.

I felt a cloth touch my face and wipe away the liquid that had been preserving me, I knew it was my creator doing this. He seemed to have a loving care for his experiments no matter how deadly they were. Too bad Hamstervil and Doc weren't, Doc reared my head up by grabbing my long ears to observe me. I still couldn't open my eyes but I heard Hamstervil's voice in the background of the room.

"So the thing finally woke up." He spoke, "After becoming that close to awaking you must think that 499 wasn't made correctly."

"Undoubtedly..." Doc proclaimed. "We should scrap this one just in case and begin again, a new 499 without any flaws. There has got to be something wrong with this one."

"We haven't even tested her yet!" This time it was Jumba. "We can't make any conclusions until we make sure and after how long I worked on this one we will not be destroying it! I already have plans for 500 series anyway!"

"Fine then." Doc spoke. "But you do know how your little mutant monsters treat failed experiments."

"I am still trying to deal with them about that!" Jumba yelled. "I can't help it 262 was nearly killed by other experiments because he failed. Besides experiments with useless powers or weak ones are

picked on too.”

“I think any of the useless one should be destroyed anyway.” Doc said with a sigh...

“I will not be having my work destroyed! They all have evil functions like I intended them to and that should be enough for you!”

“How am I supposed to get rid of the Federation with an experiment like 214, who only take bad pictures!” Hamstervil raged.

“This is what 499 is for!” Jumba argued. “Let’s take her to the training area and see if she lives up to her power.”

Too bad whatever hopes I had of proving my worth as one of Jumba’s most greatest experiments was about to be destroyed and I would forever be hated...

...Until I met...him...who saved me from Hamstervil who tried to do experiment on me too fix my power which would never work for me and that terrible cage I spent so long in...but I wouldn’t meet him for many years, yet...

This is my story...I’ve wanted to tell it for so long...I want to tell everyone how my life went from bad...to good...

End Chapter

2 - Cur Poenam Cordi Parvo Damus?

A/N: There is another reference to a character coming up in A Cowardly Crossover who hasn't been mentioned yet because this is told after the events in A Cowardly Crossover so don't freak out about it. Also the song in this chapter is from Final Fantasy VII: Advent Children.

Chapter 2

Cur Poenam Cordi Parvo Damus?

Cur in gremio haeremus?
Cur poenam cordi parvo damus?
Stella nobis non concessit, non concessit
Stella nobis non concessit, non concessit
Venarum pulsus in terram fluens
Parvus, parvus pulsus
Cor mortem ducens
Vita mollis in stellam redeunt
Animam sacrificare necesse est?
Cur in gremio haeremus?
Cur veniam petimus
In terram fatali?

I remember this song all too well, Gareth had it playing once and I couldn't help but notice it. I've tried hard it sing it just as well as the humans in the song did but I have yet to perfect it. It is a tribute to both the happiness and sadness we all experienced while Malla had her way with us. Gareth tells me this song is far to sad but beautiful none the less. It...reminds me of when I found out...When I found out that my life was not going to be the way I had hoped...when I found out I was a failed experiment...

I remember Jumba, Hamstervil, Doc, and me walking down to the testing area. After getting the 'walking' thing down I was making my way down the halls proudly, knowing what an importance I was to Jumba and hopefully soon to Hamstervil and Doc too.

We passed various experiments as we made are way my mind played off there numbers in my head as I saw them. Doc was complaining about how much money he'd and Hamstervil had wasted on experiments that weren't capable of being destructive just annoyances with there powers.

"What will you have me do after training Jumba?" I asked...those were my first words, why couldn't they have been something better?

Both Doc and Hamstervil gave me an eerie look when I spoke, they must have forgotten I could talk as well as the next experiment.

"Experiment 499, we must be making sure your powers work correctly before you will be assigned to do

anything.” Jumba said. This was my death sentence...

I was too stubborn at the time to believe my power may not work, much less the high chance that it was true thanks to my delayed awaking after creation.

Making one final turn we entered the training grounds. It was mostly just a room surrounded by metal walls except for a door which led to a room with a long glass window for observation. At the very top of one of the wall was another glass window where a few experiments were watching to see the knew 499th experiment use it's power...I knew I wasn't going to fail, I couldn't...could I?

“Bring in the target!” Hamstervil yelled from behind the glass window.

In came experiment 225 someday to be called Mashy. The oversized experiment had a huge grin across his gigantic face.

Jumba spoke up from behind the glass. “255 is very powerful experiment, we use him as test because he has powerful hide that isn't hurt easily and strength that makes experiments have to push there limits to beat him. Of course you aren't designed for combat so all you have to do is make him fall asleep then use your power again to wake him.”

“Alright...” I spoke looking over at 255.

His smile had faded because he wasn't going to get to beat me up but he growled and said anyway. “Fooboogoo!”

Using a song that was programed into me with the right frequency to put people into a coma like sleep I began to sing.

“Acoota,

mikiba kie baaheth jihadi

slkia toomot gitter bika

naga noboko, ivia takia makia

mikkat iki mockeecha

slkia foobko miktavapt qukta mikovo pivokta mikkata

slkia koko kivo...”

As my song finished I watched as 255's eyes grew dreary...but why wasn't he falling asleep? I sang it again but he still only grew a little more drowsy. I sang it one last time and finally he fell to the floor snoring loudly.

“I did it!” I finally yelled bowing low to my audience. “I was getting a little worried...”

Doc was the first to re-enter the room soon followed by Hamstervil and then Jumba who had a very displeased yet sad look on his face.

Doc kicked 255 lightly but the bulky experiment woke up right away with a jolt.

“This isn’t a coma like sleep...” Doc said with a smile crossing his face as he saw the shocked look on my face. “You’ve failed...You yourself are failed...”

“I’m sorry experiment 499, the moment you finally awakened I knew the worse was likely to happen...you are a failed experiment...” Jumba spoke sadly.

“Why do you get like that whenever you find out one of your experiments are failed?” Hamstervil asked angrily.

“I think you should just get rid of all your failed experiments and try to make them the right way next time!” Doc proclaimed glaring at me with the most disgusted look, like I was some sort ugly monster...

“You will do nothing of the sort.” Jumba spoke. “Go show 499 around the lab so she can get to know the place better...I...I go work on plans for 500 now...” And Jumba left the room, head hunched over the whole way.

I felt my ears drop in disbelief, I was failed...me...I was supposed to be one of Jumba’s great experiments. Me, Jumba, and the rest of the most powerful experiment along with any new ones he was going to make were supposed to take over the Federation...I couldn’t even impress him...

I could hear the laughter of the experiments on the other side of the glass who’d watched my failed performance. I knew word of the failed experiment 499 was going to travel fast...whatever chance I had of having any worth to anybody was gone...

My life ending not even a day before it began...from that moment on I became a piece of trash in the eyes of everyone except maybe for Jumba but was too occupied with new experiments to show me much caring.

Nobody was going to let the piece of trash forget what a piece of junk it was, nobody was going to let the failed experiment forget it was failed...the experiments were going to make sure of that...

End Chapter

Translation of Enya’s song

Heed me,

You cannot fight me,

Sleep forever peacefully to my song,

No never, you cannot escape my peacefulness,

Now you are forever mine,

Sleep with me in the softness of my song,

Sleep with me and never leave me...

As you'll find out later in the story, Jumba based a lot of thing off Enya when he made Angel. Angel is Jumba's new attempt to make a not failed version of Enya but improved her greatly like the power to turn people bad. Enya is NOT Angel in any way, Angel is only like her because Jumba used the same design of Enya's failed power and improved it greatly as you'll see later.

3 - Life As A Failed Experiment

Chapter 3

Life As A Failed Experiment

Doc had taken pleasure in reminding me what a failure I am as he showed me around Jumba's lab. Every experiment I passed seemed to glare at me like I'm trog dung or giggle as I passed by and begin to talk behind my back. I wanted to scream at them...or even better show them how non-failed I am...but you can't prove anything when it's true no matter what...

The lab itself was very large, it held a huge kitchen that could fit thousands of experiments, there was also a gym where experiments spent most of the day releasing there destructive urges. Last there was an extremely long hall holding hundreds of doors leading into a small bedrooms for the experiments. Over every door was a number for every experiment except for any rooms that weren't being used and hopefully it would someday have an experiment as Jumba continued to make new ones. The rest of the lab was out of bounds for any experiment, Jumba didn't want his monsters destroying anything important.

Doc led me up to the door with 499 over it, it was my room of course. Doc sneered at me before saying. "You better not leave here, this is the perfect place to shut up a useless experiment like you. Trust me, the other experiments think the same...I suggest you let yourself rot in here."

With that he turned and walked off with a vile smile still panted on his face. Angry with the annoying alien I wanted to go 'Experiment 499' on him but held my destructive urges.

Sighing I entered the room, it seemed like a jail cell more then anything. It was about the same size and only held a bed. Although experiments had to 'answer the call of nature' like any other living thing but Jumba had designed us to only 'need to go' every once in awhile. This also meant we could live off the food we eat much longer then any other living creature.

The next few days were some of the worse ever. Not that every day wasn't bad, these days were the worse. I was constantly plagued with endless hunger because I hadn't eaten enough yet to keep my body going without food for a long amount of time, unlike me the experiments seemed to love eating even with the ability to go long amounts of time without food. My instincts were constantly nagging me to eat but unfortunately no matter what time of day there was always experiments in the kitchen.

My fight for food was awful...if I did get a hold of anything experiments like the someday to be called Kixx got it from me and ate it themselves. If I did get out of the kitchen without losing my food I had to race back to my room or else experiments in the hallway would try and take it.

I'd also been beaten twice by now, after grabbing the food from me the experiment who took it seemed to feel the need to use his powers on me and after trying to get a hold of some food again three experiments caught me and dragged me down to the gym to use me as the 'target' for target practice

and sadly they did. Two of the three experiments were the some day to be called Bonnie and Clyde and they had a insanely good time firing plasma blasts at me. I ended up having to go to Jumba for the burns, he said nothing as helped me treat the wounds. I felt he was the only one who pitied me so I felt angry when he said nothing after seeing me burned.

A few days later he brought out the new 500th experiment...a normal, not failed experiment. 500 was loved instantly by the other experiments and the moment I was back in my room I kicked the wall and screamed my lungs out. I was more then angry that I had been the unlucky one, that I was the failed one. I spent that night wishing I was the 500th experiment and not the 499th.

After I'd finally fed my hunger a few days later I did exactly as Doc had told me to do...rot in this room and never come out...

I never left, never. The experiments thankfully could not enter my room to torment me so I felt safe here. I spent most of my time sleeping, dreaming of being Jumba's finest experiments but when I woke up I realized that was never going to happen now. If I couldn't get to sleep I simply lay there staring at the ceiling. I never cried surprisingly...it was extremely low for an experiment to cry...I didn't need to sink any lower anyway...

A week of never moving from the bed soon passed even if it felt like only a few hours to me. I had no idea that Jumba had just finished experiment 501 and 502 now known as Yin and Yang. Of course they were not failures either. I wondered once were the other failed experiments were. I guessed they were just like me...hiding...

Hardly a few days later the door to my room opened. I thought it was an experiment but I remembered that experiments can't open any door but there own. I didn't care who it was anyway, I mumbled out something and turned my back to whoever it was. I was now staring at the wall with a hazy uncaring look.

"499?" Asked the voice I easily recognized as Jumba.

I continued to stare blankly at the wall. I hadn't forgiven him for not caring about me. I let out an annoyed groan to let Jumba know I wanted to be left alone to 'rot'

I heard him place something on the floor then the door closed silently. He was gone...again...

I looked over at whatever it was he had left...I was surprised at the sight of it.

"A book?"

It was a simple old looking book, nothing more nothing less. I guessed it was a small gift from Jumba. With nothing better to do I grabbed the book and opened it.

...I had just found the one thing I loved in the world...

Simply reading...

End Chapter