

## The Creator

She was alone, in her kitchen, waiting for her package to arrive which she ordered before the weekend. She finished school recently so she really had nothing else to do than to try out some whacky science experiments. When she saw the DHL truck arriving from the balcony door, she excitedly opened it and waited for the deliverer to get out of the car. The deliverer noticed and gave it directly to her, a small very heavy package. Smiling, she ran back to the kitchen and opened it. Inside were 64 small pellets of pure bismuth, together weighing in at a kilogram. Having read online it's hard to clean off a used pot, she chose a rather small and tall one from the cupboard to sacrifice and started filling in a small number of pellets, put it on the stove and started observing, quickly getting bored and turning to her phone instead. After about 10 minutes of scrolling and wandering around mindlessly, some of the bismuth started to liquify at the bottom. She took a butterknife from the drawer and began stirring in the small pot. It was very little liquid but very heavy when lifting and shaking around, still, for crystals to form there needed to be more, so she added the rest as well, not all that careful not to spill any molten metal onto her bare feet. She didn't even think about a surface for the crystals to form on yet, running around the room panicked now, because she couldn't seem to find anything non-flammable. She settled on a multi-layered surface consisting of aluminium foil, baking paper, and cardboard. The pot of bismuth meanwhile had fully melted, so she stirred around in it again. The disrupted parts of the liquid metal's oxide layer turned shiny, then quickly changed colour due to thin-film interference. It was quite beautiful, she thought, then quickly went back to her original objective. She pulled the knife from the pot and saw tiny colourful crystals forming, turned off the heating and waited for the colour of the top oxide layer to change, indicating the perfect temperature, where crystal growth should be maximized. Lifting the pot, again surprised how heavy it actually is compared to the size, she carefully pours the still liquid bismuth out on the cardboard, which immediately started to smoke. It flowed very rapidly, but luckily crystallized. This was a stupid idea, she thought, while continuing to slowly pour the molten radioactive substance onto the definitely flammable surface. The crystals that were left behind after were also rather disappointing, only a few little cubes have formed at the bottom. Much more impressive though was the side of the pot that was poured over; it now featured a wide variety of colours in a rainbow-like arrangement. It was also easy to separate from the pot, unlike everything else, because although a brittle one, bismuth is also a very sticky metal. Brilliant idea: use a high tube with an even smaller diameter to grow taller crystals. An empty toilet paper roll was quickly found and mounted onto the previous cardboard with several layers of questionably stable tape. She reheated the metal, the started pouring, too quickly as it turned out, because it quickly started melting the tape away and escaping through the bottom. Unable to react quickly as she still held about 1 kg of molten

metal in her right hand with an improvised aluminium foil glove, the metal was on its way to slither down the kitchen top. Without making a noise, but very loudly thinking the very worst things, she tried putting down the pot as fast as possible. She was too late, the bismuth already started dripping down and exploded into tiny droplets on the floor.

Time stopped. She looked around, peripherally, she couldn't actually move her eyes, or any part of her body. A droplet was about to hit the floor, and one did already. Something was around the droplet, a contourless, white something. It was an almost glowing white, and it was growing larger, or coming closer, she really couldn't tell. It slowly morphed into the shape of a rounded heptagram, going around a bit. Time unstopped. The thing jumped right towards her, in her face. It was hot, incredibly hot, even more hot than the 300°C the stove could produce. It immediately vaporized the top of her skin. The rest of the molten splatters crept up on the floor, slowly lurking towards her as well. She screamed in agony, falling down on her back, her feet now also being covered in the metal. Smoke rises from every line which the molten substance forms on the legs and eventually the body in the form of veins. The white thing has started to enter her mouth and eyes, but she was already not being able to process anything. Her body temperature has risen to 80°C. Lines of the bismuth now made it to the fingertips. She laid there for several minutes, boiling alive, then turned completely white. Glowing white and contourless, like the thing. Her inner began to resonate, her body began to float, absorbing several floor tiles and levitating some along with her. Her will to live was already gone a long time ago, but it didn't let go. A distinct white chunk could soon be seen coming out of where the nose was before, falling to the ground and burning a small circle into the remaining floor. The body slowly faded from white to the original girl, that was now burned severely. It didn't last long; she regained her regular healthy skin in a matter of seconds. It regrew with fleshy outgrowths poking out everywhere on her body surface slowly covering burned areas, first the arms, then legs, torso and finally the head. 2 small bulges formed on her scapulae, then she fell down. The previously dropped white chunk faded as well and revealed itself to be a full human brain, disfigured and partly molten away. The white thing crawled out from the belly, leaving a gaping wound that also healed within seconds, with the same fleshy outgrowths. It sneaked toward the brain with its 7 legs and reached out for it with one of them. It united with the brain, got smaller and smaller, then morphed into a ball and vanished.