APPENDIX

Until he was thirty-two, Charlie Gordon: gentle, amiable, and oddly engaging had lived in a kind of mental twilight. His bookish knowledge was important and had enabled him to read and write after a fashion, but he also knew he wasn’t nearly as bright as most of the people around him. His co-workers in the Bakery would insult him daily, without him ever realizing their intentions. All of this held him back, not too many people close to Charlie could relate to him. There was even a white mouse named Algernon who outsmarted Charlie in many ways. But a remarkable operation had been performed on Algernon, and now he was a genius among mice. Suppose Charlie underwent a similar operation...