

PROCU17

Written by Mark Falcon

Edited (heavily) by Ed Hurst

Apology and Intro:

It's not every day the author of the thing you are about to read apologizes for writing it. But that's what I'm doing. I'm an engineer through and through. I think like an engineer, design like an engineer and unfortunately write like one as well. Thankfully Ed Hurst stepped up and took the editing job because if he hadn't you might actually try to harm yourself while reading.

So why did I write this short story and why will I continue to write? I explained this in my blog but it bears repeating. Looking back I had some pretty horrible English lit teachers so I never really got the whole fluid writing thing down. I was even told that I should never write given my rather limited abilities. Well the INTERNET allows us to create podcasts, Video blogs and a whole host of things that Main Stream Media considers worthless. Kinda like what my teachers thought of my writing. So I am ignoring all negative past 'please-don't-write' recommendations and doing just the opposite. Simply put I've had a bunch of stories in my head for the longest time and for the longest time wanted to tell those stories. So with the Internet at my disposal, that's exactly what I plan on doing. Hopefully you'll come away from my stories and go, "not a bad story idea." Or better yet you'll even suggest my stuff to others. Either way I hope you enjoy it.

Thanks for reading.

Mark

p.s. Ed didn't edit this portion. You can tell can't you?

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Chap 1

My name is PROCU17, but you can call me James. I was given the number 17 to help me remember the day of the “accident”. That was the day my wife died. I was offered my current job shortly after that but I initially turned it down. In the beginning, I held my moral ground and refused to take part in any control groups. Then my kids went missing. I lasted two 2 before accepting their offer. During the indoctrination ceremony I was allowed to spend time with my children which made all future decisions a foregone conclusion. Because of these events I do the job when they tell me, how they want it, and in the manner that suits them. Following my indoctrination I learned very quickly to push aside all my personal moral and religious beliefs for the sake of my children.

In about 5minutes A2PROCU73 will knock on my door and wish to start the proceedings. No matter how hard A2PROCU73 tries to hide it, it's obvious he hates my guts. He hates me for one reason and one reason only. He wants my job and can never have it. After A2PROCU73 performs his sterilization duties he will call a LABTECH (LT) for the injection. After a successful administration of SerumE423 (They're always modifying it so I might be a few revs off) the clock starts ticking and my true calling begins. To some I have the ultimate job that any man could ever want.

If you are confused by all of this maybe I should back up a bit while I wait the required stationary period. It's totally cliché, but it all started the day I found a trojan on my wife's Apple Voice Cloud. I was working security at the bank as a subcontractor and clearly out of my element. Installing, configuring and all that was my game. Protecting was Alex's game but he needed help and the pay was beyond great. US NET Security (USNS) only had a few small cells still using Open Source software so they needed help tracking them down. Jenny said that if we were going to have a third child we needed more of a bank account so I took the position. After I got my clearance I was authorized to download any open source tool now under state control. BackTrack 35 or should I say, WSBT35 was my favorite because it allowed overlapping ports scans. When Open Source was about to finally take off, the powers in control decided it was imperative that all such projects be stopped. At the time Open Source was so advanced beyond anything the agency had, it needed laws to bridge the gap. So they had a law passed which made Open Source of any kind illegal. Patricia Torvalds was actually arrested in a very public manner as a way to send a clear message to the community. She must have been detained for at least a year before the Finnish government had her expedited back home.

So as a way to get proficient at using the tool I brought it home and started using it on my wife's PC. Apple's security was notoriously bad, but its redundant DRM, no analog hole, and no fair use packaging made it the perfect system for a people in the new age. The Media agencies poured trillions into marketing the PC and even went so far as to subsidize the remaining 10 million units. That's why when I found the Trojan I thought it was just a tracking program. I didn't even try to get rid of it, but the damage was done. Within hours we had visitors at our house asking all kinds of questions. They all had badges I had never seen before and all were armed. And not just with hand guns; no, these looked like fully automatic rifles. That night our kids had a sleep over at my in-laws while both of us were up all night answering the same questions over and over from different people. I didn't know it at the time but what I thought was a Trojan was in fact a program like the old SETI thing. Remember how everyone would download an app and any spare cycles on your PC were donated to the SETI project? Well that's how this one worked but it wasn't looking for alien life. The program I had found was working on the first versions of The Serum.

I guess I should explain how the Serum was created. About a 3 years before my discovery, two MIT chemical engineering doctoral students went to Africa to work on a new Date Rape drug. Liberal Arts majors head to the moon to get weightless and drunk; MIT guys mess with chemicals. Go figure. They wanted an ingestible drug which didn't cause any form of passing out. Instead they wanted their victims as enthusiastic participants, so they were working on a way to increase pheromone levels. But they didn't stop there. They also wanted the drug to release a chemical that would kill all viable sperm during the action to prevent pregnancy from occurring.

I'm just a computer guy with very little chemistry knowledge so the next part is a bit fuzzy to me. They did this by inducing something called "clomid" but that's where they got it wrong. Very wrong. Instead of preventing pregnancies, the modified sperm was causing women to give birth to severely deformed babies. The students continued their "research" and were able to avoid the local authorities when a few babies were deformed, but when the numbers climbed sharply they were brought in for questioning. This is where things get very weird. It wasn't the US govt or the military that stepped in and bailed these kids out, it was the Pharmaceuticals. Within 6 months they had reversed the effects of the original serum, and that's when all hell broke loose. As they refined the formula the number of children's diseases started to drop to a point where a couple could produce a nearly genetically perfect child. No special diets, no working out, nothing -- Just perfect babies.

I personally think the next part of the story is kinda of funny. Everyone was watching the politicians, the large media companies, and of course the banks, as the ones who wanted to take over, but never the Pharmaceuticals. Within 2 years they had one of their own running for the White House with the promise to wipe out disease as his main platform. It ended up being the largest win by anyone in the history of the country. But they didn't stop there. Utopian dialog started. The perfect-human-race talk started. Then on July 5, 2020 the Progenitor Law was passed, halting any unauthorized pregnancy. The public outcry was loud and swift following the announcement, but it was too little too late. There was some unrest, but martial law was used by the president to silence all dissenting voices. Some called it the US Tienamen Period, others the New Age. Like I said before, in the end it didn't matter. Following martial law, a few more timely laws and the whole thing was over in less then a year. After that, the total take over and control of the American Family. Each child upon reaching puberty was required by law to present themselves for genetic testing. The results placed each child into one of three categories. Type 1, 2 or 3.

But nature had the last laugh in this whole "man controlling man" chaos. When the Pharmaceuticals first started running focus groups, everything was test tube. But nothing worked. They moved to Artificial Insemination (AI), but once again no viable success. It wasn't until they allowed couples to start a new life in the way nature had intended. The serum only worked in conjunction with elevated mucus levels, adrenaline, body temperature, and a few other things with the female. Or was it the male? I can't remember; either way they had their ultimate magic potion for controlling the human race. After that, the Types Law was passed insuring the betterment of mankind for future generations.

Type 1 would never be allowed to produce an offspring due to some variances in their genetic makeup. In simple terms, the serum had no affect on them. To even get a marriage license was hard enough if both partners were Type 1. Those who rebelled against the laws were either smart enough to get out of the country before they were found out or they were given a Population Control Injection. Back in the day it was called an *abortion*, but that's a word no longer used or allowed in proper circles. Then there was the jail time, or should I say, detention periods. If you thought the people in charge were just going to sit back and let you break the rules, you obviously had not been integrated properly. When you were released the sterilization procedure awaited, to make damn sure couples would never attempt

something like that again.

Type 2, saw random results when combined with another Type 2. From a statistical point of view this was the largest group in the population. Some referred to them as the Bells because when you looked at the population as types they filled in the middle section. Which gets us back to me, a Type 3 and the rarest of the three types. Some said that for every Type 3, there were over 1000 type 1s. When coupled with another Type 3 and through the aid of the Serum a genetically perfect baby would result. One that needed no shots, would never get sick, be free of all known childhood diseases, essentially the perfect baby. The only exception to the above results came when the male was Type 3, and female of Type 2. That particular combining would result in a viable fetus about 90% of the time. Reversing the gender proved catastrophic so it was never allowed. The state tried avoiding such 3 and 2 combings and only did so when absolutely necessary.

So now you know what I do. I am a Procreation Unit. My job is to help create a perfect tomorrow.

Chap 2

“Stationary Period is over, please proceed to Monitoring Room 34.”

You could tell by the look on his face that A2PROCU73 wanted this to be over with as fast as possible. After he escorted me to the room he would assume his position in the monitor room. Using infrared and ultraviolet he would monitor all aspects of the procedure and verify the results. Also working in the monitor room was A2PROCU87, a loose canon if there ever was one. Some hinted that he was with the rebellion, but nothing was ever proved. The rebellion, or whatever the state called them, were people who felt child birth should be something that the state has no involvement in. From a revenue stream and Utopian perspective, these people were enemies of the state. When found, most were shot on sight, where others received some form of predetermined hearing. The state would broadcast the hearings as a means of propaganda but no one really watched them.

Getting back to the process. The process was the same each and every time. I wore a perfectly white robe, hairnet and nothing else. I would enter the room and wait for the other party to be brought in. During the proceedings three people would monitor the progress. 2 Procreations Assistants and one LT Leader. Outside the 2 doors 4 armed guards; 2 at each door. The only thing I wasn't sure about was who was going to walk through those doors.

So like every other time I thought of my kids happy and healthy and prepared myself. When the doors finally did swing open, I was clearly not ready for what I saw. In front of me was a young girl sobbing uncontrollably. The crying wasn't the problem nor was the age, it was the innocence. She walked extremely slow towards me constantly looking back to the door she had just come in. When she had almost reached me she noticed the wall sized one-way mirror/monitor. Her eyes grew to an enormous size when she spoke, “They're going to watch us do it? Nooooooo!” Her sobbing turned to complete crying as she slumped to the floor. I glanced at the mirror, looking for a sign as to what to do next. Nothing was said, so I helped her to the table and backed away. I thought I had seen it all but this was like no other.

Some Female units who walked through those doors were Type 2 and would do anything to start a family. They typically asked that I got it over as quickly as possible. If their husbands were not the

correct Type this was their only option for starting a family, so they just tolerated the procedure. Their husbands were usually right outside the main doors, which took some getting use to. I'd get through it by remembering how I felt when my children went missing those 2 days. Some other women got off on having people watch them. They would saunter in and give the boys in the monitor room something to drool over. Then there were some who felt it an honor to server their country and were completely cold through the entire event. But this thin redhead was like no other I had ever met. I approached.

“Are you ok?”

The voice was less then a whisper and she never raised her head to speak, “I can't do this.”

“Ummm, look if it were up to me I'd let you go, but it's not my choice.”

“I can't do this; he'd never forgive me.”

“Look there are armed wha? Who would never forgive you?”

She raised her head a little, just enough for me to get a decent look at her. The makeup was a complete mess, so I guessed at around mid twenties. I leaned in, lowered my voice and asked again. “Who would never forgive you?”

“My fiancé. We just got engaged last week. I can't do this to him.” As the words left her mouth she started to make a hand gesture I hadn't seen in years. All public displays of religion had been outlawed for many years, so I was totally not ready for her to attempt the Sign of the Cross. What really threw me was her timing. Of all places to try an perform such a blatant religious gesture! Did she not remember we were being monitored? When she got to the Son part I grabbed her hands and asked her if she wanted to die. I reminded her of the rules and tried to get things back on track but she started up, “Please just let me go home. I don't want to do this, I'm saving myself for my husband.”

The last time I had done the Sign of the Cross was with my children the day my wife died. I said prayers with them before they went to bed that day. We then said them again the night I told them that their mother was not coming back. It was the worst day of my life. I always thought the sex talk would be bad, but try explaining death to a small child. Then try telling them that it was their mother who is dead. Like I said, the worse day of my life. The kids only cried a little at first, but for weeks after, the nightmares kept everyone up. It took about a month of everyone sleeping in the same room to finally get them to a point where they could go back to school. I didn't pray much after that. At the time I was looking for someone to blame and God seemed the best candidate at the time. Both my wife and I were born and raised Catholic, but hadn't practiced since the Public Display Laws had tightened. For whatever reason I now felt the urge to pray with this young girl, even though I had given it all up to save my children. Now my job was to give this young girl a child. But why? She wasn't even married yet. This didn't make sense. Maybe they would let this one go? Is she a mistake? I looked to the mirror as I held the girl in my arms and lipped, “A little help here.”

The help I would receive came in the way of an announcement over the loud speaker, “there are 4 point 16 minutes left of full potency. Please proceed.”

“Thanks, thanks a lot; that helps”, I muttered. It was A2PROCU73. He was not about to help me no matter how bad the situation got. I was on my own.

I put my attention back to the girl. This girl needed to somehow get through this or she might find herself no longer engaged. Or worse, dead. Yeah, but at least she would die sticking with her morals instead of just going along like I have done for the last 2 years or so. But then if I were dead, who's to say my kids would be allowed to grow up? And who would have raise them?

“3 Minutes left of full potency. Please proceed.”

“Are you and your fiancé perfect, or do you fool around?”

She raised her head in total shock, “What kind of question is that? You some kind of pervert?”

“Well it's like this. I have two kids and I want to live. Please don't make me force the issue. You have two choices.” I was now whispering in here ear in hopes that the monitor room would not pick everything I said up. “You can either lay back and get this over with, OR you can do something to me that you may have done to your boyfriend.”

Her look of shock turned to confusion, “ What are you talking about?”

“1 Minute 30 left of full potency. Please proceed.”

“If you sell it really well, you know that you are really into this whole event, you could finish the deal, ending the proceedings. The serum only works on the first attempt. After that I am only allowed to perform after a certain number of days. By getting it over with, they may delay your impregnation till after you and your fiancé can get married.

“1 Minutes left of full potency. Please proceed.”

“It's now or never.”

That day I learned that marriage IS worth taking risks over. Because out of all the females I had ever met in this lab, this one was the strongest of them all. With tears streaming down her face she acted better then anyone I had ever seen. So much so the control room started barking orders for her to stop. But the more the monitor room barked orders, the more aggressive she got. I followed her lead and acted right along. Two people caught up in a moment of pure lust doing something the MAN didn't want us to do. It was the first time I had broken a rule in about 2 years. I can honestly say the act was no where near as satisfying as the part of actually getting away with it.

Chap 3

LTLLeader28 was not happy.

“What were you freakin' thinking?! Do you realize the expenditure we put into you? The serum is not cheap and, takes days to synthesize. Not to mention you wasted one of your cycles, which means you're out of rotation. This is not some whorehouse we're running here. What happened in their has been outlawed because it does not better our society. Do I also need to remind you that there are two young children waiting to be picked up at school today and it would be an absolute shame that they miss their ride?”

Since the beginning I had heard similar threats, and had learned to avoid it. Do what they say and my children would remain safe. That was the plan. But today was different.

“Don't you ever threaten me with my kids again. You got it!?”

“Wow, Mister Calm is blowing a gasket! Unless you forget Mr. Type 3, you have a job to do. You are the reason why there will be a next generation. So the next time a young girl gets you all hot and bothered stick to the script. Do I make my self clear?!”

I didn't respond, just continued to stare.

“Do I make myself CLEAR PROCU17?”

“Touch my kids and you die.”

LtLeader28 went to the door to have a short whisper session with a BEMOD then he spoke, “Maybe talking is not what he needs right now.” LtLeader28's words were firm and to the point. The BEMOD had arrived a few moments after LtLeader28 and said nothing until now, “I agree.” Being a type 3 meant there was no physical harm done to me by anyone. I was vital material to them so they needed to keep me working perfectly. That was before the BEMOD used the butt of his gun to break two of my toes. The pain was the worst I had felt in years. I screamed in pain and A2PROCU73 was called into the room. He came but slowly, very slowly. When he entered you could tell he was truly enjoying the entire moment. “Please escort our cradle robber down to MEDLAB 3 and have those toes looked at.”

“Yes sir.”

“73 is it?” asked the LtLeader28.

“Yes it is sir, A2PROCU73 to be precise.” A2PROCU73 was being recognized while I had two broken toes. This was not my day.

Chap 4

Given all the advances they had made in genetics you would think something as simple as setting a few broken bones would be an easy procedure, but no. There was the typical pulling and tugging before the local had enough time to take effect. Much to A2PROCU73's delight my foot ended up being numb for the casting, but I felt every adjustment they made to those toes. Then as a sign of respect to my level, they had me transported back to my home location without ever touching the ground. I was placed in a chair near the front door so I could see my kids come in from school. Two sets of crutches, one for upstairs and one for down, were placed in their proper positions. I was told that I would not be allowed any form of pain killer, given that it may adversely affect the serum's potential. Before they left I was informed that in 5 days I would return to my position to continue my duty. That's pretty much how it went down; in, drop me off, instruct, leave and done. I sat for almost 2 hours thinking and waiting. Waiting and thinking about the redhead, my kids and my life's choices. I wondered why I was a level 3. Wondered if I'd have this job even if my wife were still alive. Can you image those conversations. “Hi honey I'm home.”

“Oh hi, how was your day?”

“Just great I got to impregnate a brunette today. She was a real hottie.”

Thought about my initial reaction to joining the redhead in prayer. Was it just a learned habit that resurfaced or did I miss praying? But mostly I thought about my idle threat to kill anyone who caused any harm to my children. Being a level 3 grants you certain privileges, but threatening an LTLeader is a whole other thing. Given this was my first real offense, the powers in control will probably instruct the troops on Procreation Stress and leave it at that. But I wasn't done thinking. Were my kids better off in their current situation then if I had not backed down? And what about that prayer thing? Don't get me wrong I still very much believed in God. Most American did in some form or fashion. But public displays that let everyone know you did is where the Government stepped in. When my kids walked through the door I stopped thinking and started thanking. It was hugs all around.

Chap 5

For the next 4 days I got to drop my kids off at school and actually got to meet their teachers. Their official title was Educational Facilitators (EF), but I still called them teachers. I also got to pick them up and quickly realized I was in the minority. Most children attended some form of after school learning, but my kids loved the idea of leaving “early.” If I remember correctly, it was called Extended Learning or Extended School day when I attended; but everything had a new name now. We'd take the PT over to the park and have a mid-afternoon snack. During that time I realized how much of their upbringing I was not a part of. That harsh reality was breathtaking in it's scope and bound. The state was in charge of all educational presentations (as they called it) and all students were given the same lesson plan. Even so called “private” schools, which weren't really, had to follow all the same rules and lessons as the public school. Mostly the rich and early level 3s got this privilege, but I couldn't tell the difference except for their uniform.

By day 4 I wanted more time with the children and ended up calling them both in sick. Again, another privilege of being a level 3. Then the fifth day came and it took all my emotional strength to hold back the tears as I dropped them off at school. Once I was out of their sight, the tears streamed down my face. People walking by were not use to such emotional outbursts in public and my actions were reported. I told the Public Safety (PS) unit that the pain in my foot was unbearable. I explained how I was not allowed any medication due to my level. After they scanned my retina, they had a transport take me to the lab facilities where I was given ice for my feet. I played along while they ran some tests. The results brought news one can only dream of. Some how my body was producing more white blood cells then they had anticipated. I was quickly given a second round of tests with the results matching the first. Unless I was given some form of medication to reduce the white cell count, I was indefinitely off the rotation. I waited as the doctors and govt assistants weighed their options. LTLeader28 was called in for questioning regarding the entire incident and was last seen leaving under guard. Finally after 4 hours of tests and meetings and discussions, I was given medication. Those in charge had concluded the fastest way to get me back in the rotation was medication. The medication period coupled with the cleansing period would still be less than if I were allowed to heal without any intervention. I was then scheduled for physical therapy, muscular stimulation and aqua-based strengthening in order to speed my recovery. Through it all, the only number I heard was 12. 7 days on antibiotics, and 5 days to cleanse. If only A2PROCU73 could see the smile on my face as I left the facilities.

Chap 6

The next day I volunteered to go on every field trip, cookout, and sports day the school had planned. I dropped them off and picked them up each and every day. I got to know the building engineer (BE), a few parents and the principal of the school. My son lost his first tooth and my daughter had her very first ballet lesson, and I got to see them both. I also started praying again. The first night was just a quick “thank you” before jumping into bed, but the second night saw me asking for things. My requests were small and mainly for my children's benefit, but I prayed like I meant it. By the 7th day I was actually asking God to somehow make me immune to the antibiotics. That was the first time in over 2 years that I wanted to find a way out of my current job. On day 9 I went on an architecture tour which included a very old Cathedral. The inside had been converted to office space, but the wall and ceiling paintings were all intact. I must have taken a hundred digital images and asked at least a dozen historical and design questions. Before going on the tour I had done some research to ensure that none of my questions had any religious references whatsoever. But trust me when I say this, I prayed when I was there. Each time my retina grabbed an image, I said a little prayer. But in the end, the message was the same; I wanted out of the company and I wanted God's help.

On day 11 I got a surprise visit by a BEMOD. I was just leaving to get my kids from school when the monitor went off. I assumed he had his dates wrong so I just grabbed what I needed and locked the door behind me as I told him where I was going. I even offered him a ride. He told me he needed to talk with me. I told him we could talk all he wanted on the way to school. That's when he unlocked my front door and asked me to step inside. He informed me that I was not going to be picking my kids up today or any other day for that matter. Tomorrow was day 12 and they expected me back at work by 7AM; sharp. I was heartbroken, because I had ordered a cake and had bought my kids some surprise presents. The BEMOD spent the next 3 hours briefing me on new protocols and procedures, but all I could think of is how am I going to tell my kids it's over. When he finally left, the children arrived and we headed out to buy a cake. It wasn't as nice as the one I had ordered but it was good enough. The children loved the gifts, loved the cake and told me how much they had loved spending time with their daddy. Most of their classmates never had that chance, so even at a young age they realized how unique their situation was. That night my kids and I slept in the same bed for the very last time, but not before saying our prayers.

Chap 7

For whatever reason the powers in charge didn't want me dropping my kids off at school. Why else schedule me in for 7AM? It was pretty obvious they were exerting their authority on me to make sure I knew who was in charge. So I went along, but made sure I woke the kids early so I could say goodbye. The aide arrived a few moments before I left. My kids knew her and kinda liked her, so at least they would get to school safe. When I got to facility the latest SerumE Revision had been created, so there was new procedures to learn. Actually, for me nothing would change. I would get sterilized, get the shot, relax for awhile, then get to work. A2PROCU73 on the other hand had to follow a few more steps so I'm sure he was going to be quite annoyed at the whole thing.

When I arrived at my room I was told that I was scheduled for a 10am. I then did something I had never done before since I started working there: I asked who the other person would be. I really didn't expect an answer and when I was told that it didn't matter I wasn't surprised. To pass the time I watched

a few state run programs, but both got interrupted by state run trials and one execution. In the end I just turned it off and thought. I thought about my kids, my job and my future. Did I even have a future?

About an hour later A2PROCU73 knocked on the door and started the proceedings. He didn't say a word. So I once again did something I had never done before, "So 73, where do you live? I live in the reservoir region." The look of both shock and indignation was displayed across his face for everyone to see. But, he didn't answer. I continued, "So are you married? Have any kids?"

"Listen, and listen intently because I have no intention of ever repeating this to you again. You won the lucky gene contest and I didn't. Fine, so be it. I'm also your aide because of our genetic make up. But let me make this clear, nowhere in my contract does it state I have to socialize with you, be your friend and most importantly, like you. Now shut the hell up and drop the BS talk."

73 had said what he had to say without batting an eyelash, stuttering, or even pausing for a brief second. He didn't raise his voice; he didn't even look away. He just stared at me while giving me an earful and after he was done he went back to work. I never said another word to him for the rest of my life.

Chap 8

With my hairnet in place and bathrobe on, I passed the two armed guards who opened the doors for me, and walked into the lab. Once in, the guards did as they always do, close the door then turn around so their backs are to the doors. No one was there, but they hardly ever bring the female in before the male. Maybe I should have asked A2PROCU73 that, instead of his address, but I guess that's out of the question now. The lights seemed a bit brighter then the last time I had been here, but then again maybe I had just gotten used to them.

Then without notice the two guards at the other entrance opened their doors and waited. So who would it be today? Another married women who wants to have kids but can't due to her husband's type? Maybe a high ranking official that wants to balance career and family? Would they be shy or very modest? Skinny or fat?

Then I saw the hair and knew. It was the redhead again. I immediately walked over and started banging on the window. "Who's ever idea this was, you can tell them it's not funny. She not married so why do I need to impregnate her?" She had entered the lab enough so the guards could close the doors behind her. She had been crying but looked different given how her face was not covered in smeared makeup. I walked up to her and told her, "We are not doing this. You are not even married. Every single woman who walks through the door is either married, divorced, or some high ranking official that has the power to be a single mom. You are not any of those and until someone tells me what is going on , Nothing, and I mean nothing will happen here today. "

"5 Minutes left of full potency. Please proceed."

"5 Minu... you know what...Screw you!" I was shouting and didn't care. The redhead practically ran over to me begging me to stop what I was doing. She was going on about wanting to live and how having a baby is better then being dead. I pushed her away and was yelling at the window.

Then a new voice came over the intercom, “You are in direct conflict with regulation 432.15 of the Progenitor law. Please stop your current actions and proceed as directed in the lab procedures. This is your first warning. “

“What part of 'screw you' did you not get?” I walked over to the redhead and started questioning her. “So is your fiancée ok with you getting pregnant now? Quite the change in heart.”

She was crying again but her words were clear, “My boyfriend would rather have me pregnant than dead.” She was quick, but I wasn't giving up. Something was wrong and I wasn't going to give in. “So what type is your boyfriend that you need my help?”

She didn't answer but pushed me away. She started screaming at the top of her lungs that she didn't want to die. She kept turning around as if to make sure every wall could see her.

“You are in direct conflict with regulation 432.15 of the Progenitor law. Please stop your current actions and proceed as directed in the lab procedures. This is your second warning. “

The redhead was now ripping off her robe and getting up onto the table. She was going out of her way to make sure all parties involved knew she was in compliance.

Then out of nowhere A2PROCU73's voice was heard in a calm and soothing manner, “James, I don't understand why you are acting like this. Is this the best course of action for your children?” I knew the day would come when my kids would be used as full fledged pawns. I also knew that someday my kids would know what I did, gave up, changed and put up with to keep them safe. At this moment the only thing I cared about was having my kids know that daddy wasn't a coward. I turned to the window and said only one word, “No.”

With that both sets of doors slammed open and all 4 guards came rushing in as the rooms lights went to yellow. The speaker system started back up but with that different voice, “In direct violation of regulation 432.15 of Progenitor Law I accuse you of sins against the state.” Two of the guards had grabbed the girl from the table . She was screaming at the top of her lungs as they carried her out of the lab. Time began slowing down.

“PROCU17, given your refusal to step down I hereby find you guilty of treason. By the power granted to me via the Treason Neutralization Act I hereby sentence...”

Time was now in slow motion. I was watching as both guards pulled their weapons. Watched as they both released the safeties and started the process of aiming.

“...you to death by execution. Do you have any last words?”

I looked up to the ceiling, raised both arms out and said, “forgive me.” The first bullet punctured my right lung and I heaved. The second, third and fourth found my stomach knocking me onto my back. The guards added one more each to my chest bringing the total to 6, making sure that my execution was complete. Thoughts of my kids flashed in front of me. I saw my wife when I first met her. Saw my children when they were first born. Saw the two guards looking down at me with disdain. Time was getting slower and slower as my breathing got heavier with each breath. I blinked a few times and then saw A2PROCU73 hovering over me. He was shaking his head while rubbing his forehead. I could now taste the blood in my throat. I gasped one last time and heard A2PROCU73 say, “What a waste.”

Post Mortem interval

PMI-1

When A2PROCU73 returned to the control room, A2PROCU73 was still in shock. "I can't believe they just shot him." A2PROCU73 wanted to respond but his Proc was now dead, and that meant tons of forms, meetings, interviews and a whole host of other things, so he just ignored him. Instead, he started pulling up forms on his screen and was ready to begin the long process, when the door to the control room opened. A slender female walked in dressed in a proper lab coat covering her expensive business suit. Her brown hair was up in a tight bun, but you could tell her hair was still very wet. A2PROCU87 turned around and was about to turn back when he did a double take. "You?!"

A2PROCU87 stared a bit more then spoke, "Hey, you're the redhead! You're the girl in the room." The women looked at A2PROCU87 blankly then walked to another part of the room. She picked up some files and papers and started to read. A2PROCU87 got up and slowly approached. "They shot him because of you. Do you realize that? You got a Type 3 killed?" She continued to ignore him. A2PROCU87 got a little closer to the women but failed to notice the BEMOD that had entered. He was surveying the situation with his arms folded, but hadn't moved toward them yet. "Do you realize what you have done?" The women had had enough. She sighed, smirked a bit, and gently put her work down. She turned her head, but only her head, and whispered something. A2PROCU87 didn't hear it so he got in closer. She whispered again, "Go back to your seat."

"Wha? Who do you think you are coming in here...", A2PROCU87 never got to finish that sentence because the BEMOD intervened. With no wasted effort A2PROCU87 was lifted off the ground with one hand and planted in his seat across the room. The BEMOD's other hand was now firmly wrapped around his throat and it was tightening. The women didn't move initially, but eventually tilted her head back, rolled her eyes and walked over to where A2PROCU87 was now struggling to breath. "Derek, let me make this very clear. We have been watching you for a very very long time. In fact, we watch everyone. Would you like to know what church James visited during his little break from us? How about where your girlfriend lives? Or maybe that little side gig you have going with that bartender? Yes Derek we watch everyone." Derek's face was now totally red but the redhead had one more thing to say, "Derek, you are nothing. I can find a thousand more aids in a split second. I on the other hand do whatever it takes to find enemies of the state. And when I do find them, I see to it that they are never a problem for anyone ever again. So unless you want to end up like your free-thinking friend in there, I'd suggest you get some new friends."

The hand finally left Derek's throat and he collapsed into the chair gasping for air. The women went back to the same folder and papers and called A2PROCU73 over without ever looking at him. The shock of the entire situation had A2PROCU73 locked in place. He pointed to himself while looking at both the women and BEMOD. The BEMOD was standing by the door and gave A2PROCU73 a slight head nod as if to say, "Go over to her." A2PROCU73 slowly got up and tried to take a very wide path to the women while at the same time keeping track of the BEMOD. From what he could see, the BEMOD was still watching A2PROCU87 and was pretty much ignoring him. When A2PROCU73 finally got to a point where he could see her face, he stopped and waited. And he waited. And he waited some more until she began to speak.

“ A2PROCU73, are you familiar with the process needed to close this issue?”

Somehow A2PROCU73 talked without his voice trembling, “Not really. I've .. um.. never done this before. I was actually pulling up all the needed forms when you came in.”

“Consider yourself done.”

“Huh, I'm done? Sorry but I don't understand.”

“James was a type3. That means people, very important people, will want justification. A lot of resources were expended on James so having those forms you spoke of, filled out by some aide will not be justification enough; even if his crime was Treason.”

A2PROCU73 didn't know what to say so he just stood there.

“Instead I want you to take care of the children the same way you disposed of the wife. You got noticed with the way you handled that clean up. You are to be commended for your service to your country.”

“Th-tha-thank you.”

“Upon completion of the children's removal you will be given some personal time before you are assigned a new Procreation Unit. Enjoy it, you deserve it.” And with that she and the BEMOD simply left.

A2PROCU73 and 87 just stared at each other wondering what just happen. When A2PROCU87 finally got his breath back he decided to turn around and face the panel. He didn't know what he was actually supposed to do, but he felt it would be a good start. A2PROCU73 slowly walked over to his chair and sat down. He was speechless.

PMI - 2

When A2PROCU87 finally left the room, 73 got off his chair, quietly locked the door, and started to work under the control panel. He produced a small, old fashioned over the head, one-ear headset with a boom microphone. The cable was connected under the panel and was just long enough to allow him to sit on his chair. He punched in a number of data points into the panel and waited.

“Father O'Connelly? Can you hear me?”

The connection had a tremendous amount of background noise but both parties could hear well enough to converse.

“Yes Leon, I can hear you.”

“Father, I'm so sorry but James didn't make it. They shot him for treason. I tried to protect him but it wasn't enough. Father please forgive me.”

“Leon, you did the best you could given the circumstances. Don't blame yourself. I will be sure to include him in our prayer service tonight.”

“I only have a few more seconds, I have orders to dump the children. Can you get to the dumpster tonight?”

“Oh Leon you are an angel from heaven, Bless you. We will be there. I'll be sure to tell their mother to expect company.”

Notice: If you read this short story and liked the way it was written then you really don't need to read any of this. But if you're curious, you are more than welcome to it.

Thoughts

Yeah yeah yeah the dead guys tells the story. I know, I know that shouldn't happen because if the guy is dead how does he go back in time and bring you up to speed? Think of it this way, the story is kinda in real time. As in he narrates the story as he is going through it right up to the point of his death. If you can get past that part, you should be good to go with the rest of it. As for the overall “thing” yes I was going for a dystopian / Orwell kinda feel.

So where did the whole idea come from? This story has been growing and forming in my head for many years. Mr. Orwell played a big part, but so did the Iron Maiden song “Die With Your Boots On”. Add in some genetic engineering news, a sprinkle of Main Stream Media decimating the Catholic Church every time it can and you have a wonderfully upbeat main character getting killed type story.

One more thing. In 1984 the main character is totally broken by the end and knows it. In my story the main Character starts broken and finds himself to a point where he's had enough and finally makes a stand.

Till next story, thanks for reading.