

An SF Story Written By A Dumb Person:

A Post-Modernist Fantasia.

By Traci Dow

She had started work at the facilities at the age of eighteen. That was thirty-one years ago, and she had still yet to come to terms with where these 'facilities' were exactly. What she did know however, was that this place was first established as a safe-haven from crimes against children which had been on the rise since the twentieth century. Growing up here was originally just another option for parents who wanted their children to grow up with a guaranteed education, as well as a chance to grow up in a world without crime. Often times the government would send children here whose parents were deemed unfit to raise said child or were no where to be found.

As the times changed, the birth rate increased and more room was needed for children. The government would allocate large grants to ensure the continued the prosperity of the facilities. As birth rates continued to steadily climb, the money followed.

To try and stop this pandemic of human life, the government began to make it mandatory for all unmarried women to take birth control. Government funded anti-sex propaganda surfaced, and spread like wildfire across the nation.

Things still got worse. Despite all efforts, the population continued to spiral out of control. Drastic measures needed to be taken; every child upon birth from that moment on would have major surgery to remove certain parts so there would no longer be sex, or babies or any of that trouble. Imagine that. What previously fixed pets, also does wonders for humanity. To be sure the population did not falter over-time, additional grants were awarded to create genetics lab for creating children in the facilities and an entire city to house them was created. The facilities were soon responsible for

every birth in the country. Inconceivable!

Children created in a laboratory had many benefits: diabetes was gone, AIDS was gone, in fact, all diseases were now gone! No child would ever have to grow up sick because their sick parents were irresponsible and reproduced against any and all logic. Shame.

For the most part the children at the facilities were directed by an omniscient voice that came out of speakers located throughout the facilities. The voice would tell them when to sleep, when to eat, and essentially whatever the children would need to know.

Occasionally a child would start a fight or refuse to do what the voice told them. That was where she came in. Her name was Sarah, she was one of the many care takers who overlooked the facilities. When a child did something wrong it was her job to intervene and stop the problem. She would then need to write a detailed report and send it to administration. From that point the administration would run a personal history of the child, and the bloodline from which they are from. If the bloodline showed that many of the children from it have had problems then administration would halt production children from that bloodline.

Sarah typically looked after children from the ages five until eight and she cared about her job very much- it consumed her. Watching them innocently amuse themselves for hours on end with some imaginary game, hearing their laughter and watching them grow and develop as people was her one true joy in life. Her life was one filled with innocent musings, she didn't care too much for the callousity of the outside world.

She was housed here on the premises. Having grown up here, she had been outside these walls only once, and it was brief. It was for her professional training. She had so many fond memories of growing up here, swinging on swings, playing hopscotch and so much more it is why she chose to work her in the first place.

Occasionally she would receive a new child to take care of. A test subject. The lab often sent

her test children. They were always trying to create better, stronger, smarter people. But often times their efforts showed no results. However one day she recieved a child and this child was different.

While all the other children were off playing games, he sat quietly. While all the other children were talking during class time, he sat quietly. While all the other kids were putting up a fuss, not wanting to nap, he was already lying down, sleeping soundly.

Sarah became grossly fascinated with this child who did not act like one so she wrote up a report for the administration to read. With test subjects, it is required to report more often than with regular children.

Within a few days she received a report from the administration informing her not to worry, and the child is likely just going through an adjustment phase. That this is normal for all children and that she should know better at this stage in her career.

Sarah had to accept the report as the truth, since no other truth was made known. Sarah did not understand this child she was not entirely sure she liked him either. One day while the children were playing and he was sitting calmly she asked him if he would like to join them. He looked blankly at her for a moment and simply replied with, "if that is what you would like me to do."

"Shouldn't you want to play, shouldn't all children want to play?" she asked, looking down at him.

"I do not see a need to partake in such frivolous activities," he replied. And as Sarah was about to make her reply the voice informed her and her class that it was no longer time to be playing, and it was now time for studying. He excelled in his studies and within a couple of weeks he was at the top of his class, but something in him was missing.

Sarah contacted the administration again, only this time she did it directly. She picked up a telephone and asked the operator to connect her; this rarely happens. The people at the other end of the phone sounded very isolated and distant, yet charmingly pleasant. And when she demanded to know

why her new child was acting so peculiar and unchildlike and they told her.

They informed her that they had finally mastered obedience at the level of genetics. A level of obedience that could've only have been dreamed of up until this point. They continued to tell her that the experiment was a complete success and that all the test subjects were exceeding all of their wilds hopes and hypotheses. Soon all children would be produced to be like him and she soon wouldn't need to worry about having children who behaved badly or were rambunctious. She would never have to worry about a child behaving abnormally again. Bizzare.

Sarah then hung up the phone and in a numb state of surreality she walked to the park. She sat on a swing and began to think of the children's laughter that would silence and how it would soon be just distant memory that would gradually fade away, she began to feel depressed, and she thought she might cry. Everything about being a child would soon be gone. Childhood taken from them but also from her.

No more games, no more scrapped knees and no more swinging. She wished things could be different, but no one can interfere with the infinite path this world is taking. So she lifted her head up and decided she would have to adapt to this new reality. This world. Progress.