

Ain't Nothing But a P Thing... Procreation That Is.

Oh my God! Oh my God! I can't remember the last time I was so excited. To be honest, nothing had made me truly happy since my merger to Seth 16 years ago. I had been devastated when I had been notified that I was to be merged with Seth Erickson. He was everything I wished I could forget in life. Loud, brash, slow Seth. He was just like his father and mine. But once the merger was decreed, I knew that I had little reason to hope it would be rescinded. I prayed nightly that he would die before the merger date came. Unfortunately, he didn't. But today I am not so sad. He would finally serve a purpose. You see our number has finally been drawn in the Human Production Lottery. We are finally going to be allowed to reproduce. Not everyone is allowed to reproduce in the New Order. In fact, nothing is like the old ways of the former United States. Citizens are not allowed to choose their mate anymore. The merger committee makes that determination, if you were lucky that is. In the New Order only attractive white women with breasts over a C cup are allowed to ^{merch}~~marry~~. Some parents resorted to injections and implants from the forbidden markets in an effort to make their daughters merger eligible. My parents however were lucky, I developed into the standard 10 just before my 16th birthday. I was merged at 18.

But that was so many years ago. I certainly hadn't loved Seth when we were merged and I honestly can't say I love him now. We are nothing alike. But after all these years, I have come to think of him as my friend. He is sturdy, my Seth. A partner I can always depend on. And now my dearest friend and I are going to be allowed to try for a baby, something I have been praying for, for years. Though recently I had begun to play in earnest. Time is running out. But I can't dwell on that now. Stress impedes conception. I must focus on the positive. Because soon on our Household Reproduction Voucher will be delivered and we can not only finally experience sexual intercourse, but we can preform our civic duty and procreate. That's what we were made for. Back before birth control became illegal, they say that people could have sex when ever and however and with whomever they wanted. How weird is that...? But sex nowadays is reserved for procreation only. After the environmental collapse of 2020, resources be came extremely limited, and a decree was signed by the Commander to limit the population of the United States. Originally the policy adopted was the same as China's one child per family law. But, in time, it was reduced down to allow 2nd Citizen (those who are procreation eligible but do not make up the upper 1/2 percent) 100,000 live births per year nationwide, and thus the Procreation Lottery was born. Half percenters, however, can breed when every they like and are not held to population growth restrictions.

Only certain people are allowed to enter the Procreation Lottery. Men must be between the ages of 25-40 with a body mass index of no more than 22 and at least 6 foot tall. Women have stricter guidelines. Women in the lottery must be at least 18 years old, and must be deemed a standard 10 by the Female Body Approval Commission. The Standard 10 rule was developed in 2018, over a hundred years ago, by the Commander of the United States and has not changed much over the years. To be a Standard 10, a woman must have a body mass index of no more

than 18 and should have a waist that is no more than a 26 inches, hips no larger than 36, and breast cup size no smaller than a C and must be pretty enough to pass the Commander's Computer Automated Beauty Screening. Starting at age 16, eligible women and men go in to the Regional Reproduction Center for bi-yearly checkups to monitor their readiness for the Procreation Lottery. If at any time you are deemed sub-standard you are sent away to the "Fat Farm" to work off the weight and learn proper nutrition habits and how to maintain yourself in an attractive manner. You are allowed 3 trips to the Fat Farm in a life time, if a 4th is required, you are sent for removal. No one knows exactly what happens at the removal plant, we just know you do not come back.

Those who are deemed ineligible for mergers and the Procreation Lottery are not sent away for removal. They are however demoted to 3rd Class Citizen status and forced in to the tent cities on the out skirts of populated areas, allowed only to enter the city for work purposes. 3rd Class Citizens hold jobs such as janitors and construction workers, jobs that get you dirty. The Commander doesn't like filth and doesn't expect 2nd Citizens to take part in such practices, instead allowing them to become bankers, doctors, and lawyers. To prevent the 3rd class from breeding the Commander instituted the Substandard Citizen Sterilization Act, requiring all 3rd class citizens to be sterilized and remain unmerged. Sexual intercourse or acts allowed outside of a merger is strictly forbidden for citizens of the 2nd and 3rd class. Even within the confines of a merger, sexual activity is only allowed for procreation and via the lottery.

As excited as I am that our number has finally been drawn, I am also very scared. Seth and I have a year to get pregnant. By law, if you don't become pregnant within this timeframe you will be assigned to a new merger partner and your name will go back into the lottery. It's not that I would be bothered by a new merger, mergers are part of life. And while I have grown used

to Seth over the years and have found him to be a very efficient merger partner, I just don't have that kind of time left. The possibility of a new merge partner is nothing compared to the ramifications that lack of procreation will have for me. If I don't procreate by 35, I will be sent for removal. My birthday was yesterday, I am 34.