



WHAT THE CISE NEVER SAW

the story of a forbidden love

Rajaa Dew
Diana Soto

The way she looks at me, I know she did something, but what? What is she thinking about? Did she record it in her Cise? Are the Rulers after her? How could I use what I knew to help her? I had more questions than answers; all I knew, however, was that she didn't do something allowed, she broke some kind of rule somehow.

We live in a city of what once was Denver; our population: 2,000 people- that's all. We don't know much more than what we learned about the past 50 years. The country we live in was known as the United States which had about 300 million populates at some point, but it's only us now. We know there was a plague of some sort and we are the lucky survivors. Only one person knows all history- The Graver. The Graver is the one single person that gets all the information engraved into him/her about our past... all past, something nobody can do, not even the Rulers.

Our government is a normal government; we obey a group of people known as the Rulers. We know better than to act a certain way or we are punished. What I believe is stranger, however, is that we are implanted a Cise within our eyes that make us record what we must and some of what we want. The problem with recording what we want with our Cise is that if we do something that's not allowed, we could get punished and being punished here wouldn't be wished upon our worst enemy. The government is strict and we follow directions and never violate what we are told.

We are all breeders, the people that are not in power of course. Since our population is so scarce, we must sleep with the person assigned to us during breeding week. Men and women do this job five days a week every month, while women are

ovulating until they become pregnant then men move onto the next woman.

The rules with breeding are:

1. We must last no more than 30 minutes
2. We must breed 5 days in a row
3. We must record the activity with our Cise (not that we have a choice, as it turns on during arousal.)
4. We must not kiss after sexual activity has begun.
5. We must take the pill.
6. WE MUST NEVER LAY WITH WHO WE ARE NOT ASSIGNED.

Let me introduce myself, I'm Jay Bale.

It had been a little over a year now since my 18th birthday, but most importantly it had been over a year that I was assigned the best career that could ever happen to me. At our graduation ceremony, the class of 2014 was assigned occupations. I was chosen to become a doctor in the field of pill designing. Pills were made right after the plague to continuously cancel out the emotion of 'Love'? I don't question the Rulers; it seems as if 'Love' is deadly.

Breeding Week- the one week in every month in which a man was assigned a woman. The male must have intercourse with the female during her ovulation period. Apparently, I have never failed to get a female pregnant which made me one of their few dependable source to the society.

I remembered the last time I bred successfully. Her name was Amanda, 19 years young, blonde, hazel eyes, gorgeous smile- she was attractive in all aspects. But I

wasn't there to be attracted to her, I was there to do my job. Amanda laid naked in front of me while I took off my pants. She had told me that it was her first time ever and that she was nervous, I didn't know what to say so all I said was, "you'll be okay, I promise." As I started to thrust her, my Cise turned on and as soon as I started to touch her for her to lubricate herself naturally, I heard her Cise turn on as she got aroused. (I could never get over the strange feeling of the Cise turning on. It made a weird noise, as if a camera just took a picture, it felt as if someone touched your eye gently and a couple twitches in the eye afterwards.) Every day I only took 15 minutes with her; she was attractive, tight, and was very submissive in her role; all she did was lay and that made it easier for me. As Amanda and I were fulfilling our job, I got to know more about her, she was assigned as a Nurturer, I was her first breeder, and her favorite color was blue. None of that mattered to me really, Amanda was just another girl, but I didn't know she would be the last I ever got pregnant during Breeding Week.

The way our society worked in selecting jobs for our citizens is complicated. Since birth we are evaluated every single day of our lives- they studied every habit, every trait, they broke down every little aspect of what was within us and assigned us a job with no doubt of success.

My job was all I could ask for, but it also came with tons of sacrifice. I had this best friend named Jamie. We grew up together and we thought nothing could get between our friendships. That was until the day of the ceremony. Apparently, The Rulers had assigned Jamie the single most important role in our community. She had been assigned Graver. By the way I looked at her eyes, I could see the fear she beheld. She would be engraved all history

and secrets hidden from Denver before the plague that wiped out humanity. She would also never experience breeding since it's not required. The Rulers congratulated Jamie. Their final words were, "You'll only ever be the Graver."

I honestly had no interaction with Jamie for over 10 months. I would see her leave her dwelling almost every morning, but she was always in a rush, I never even got wave back. It was almost as if she was hiding something, something big...

One day she was in the biggest rush I ever seen her in. Jamie dropped something, I picked it up after she left, and I was able to recognize my own creation anywhere. She didn't take her pill that morning... The morning after I grabbed her by the arm and opened her hand. Another pill yet to be consumed.

"Jamie what is the meaning of this, you're breaking the rules beyond extremities."

She replies, "These infernal devices are the bane of all of our existence!"

"What do you mean Jamie?" I questioned.

"Stop taking them and you'll see Jay." She bolted away

Those single 7 words haunted my mind all night. I wondered what she meant, what she knew, what she hid...

She seemed so crazy, yet I felt as if I should trust her. So I did...

I went weeks without taking my daily pills, I didn't feel 'Love' yet, and I didn't learn anything new. Breeding Week happened as it always did, but I was scared to see my results...

It had been six months since I took the pills. I gained more curious every day and people were noticing. I failed to make 6 females pregnant and I was told I would be let go if I failed again.

I heard rumors about people who are 'let go'. The people who were released from our community were known as "Deadallies," they were the only ones to feel love and they weren't provided pills nor food, water, nor shelter. These people had diseases, were dirty, and were not where one wanted to end up in. Basically if the low or no resources didn't kill them first, these people were in line to be tortured then murdered; they were made to suffer their last few moments in life.

I knew a Deadally, we went to school together. Johnathan Chavez. He was Jamie's friend. After school Johnathan was assigned a security position; he was the main guard in charge of the people that guarded our hospitals, labs, etc... Johnathan was a top notch Breeder, until his arousals would happen too often outside of breeding week. Since Johnathan couldn't wait until Breeding Week to have intercourse, he started paying Deadallies to have sex with him. At first Johnathan was getting away with it as he wasn't doing it often and the Rulers oversee more than 2,000 of us. When Johnathan went in to breed on his assigned week, they tested him and he was positive with a disease. As the Rulers began to check his Cise, they saw over 60 sexual interactions with Deadallies, including

kissing- he kissed them passionately. The Rulers removed his Cise without any anesthesia in the most painful way and left him to rot where all the other Deadallies did. That was the last day anyone saw Johnathan.

I realized that I couldn't trust Jamie after all her lies, I was failing at getting women pregnant, I was not using my own product, I was curious and confused and I questioned everything; I didn't feel 'Love'- isn't that why we make the pills?. Breeding Week is tomorrow and I am in the danger zone, I had hundreds of pills in my backpack and I needed results fast. It might end with an overdose but it is a risk I need to take. I picked up the first pill...

"Psssssssst," "Psssssssst," someone whispered outside my window.

Jamie came inside my room and asked to talk. She had an eyepatch on, but why?

"Jay I love you" she burst out.

"I'm confused Jamie, why did you make me do this..."

"Do what?" she replied

"Why did you ask me to stop taking pills, my whole life is off balance now and you ruined everything!" I replied.

We talked for hours, she answered everything. The original Graver provided Jamie with enough knowledge to transform the future. The Cise in her eye would record love, and as long as she covered the Cise, it would appear as nothing but a dream. She avoided me because she loved me and once I thought about it long enough, I realized I couldn't live without her. But she knew it all along, which

is why she offered to escape the U.S. there was no possible way for me to refuse because she was my only family. This was no way to live, in a dark society that displays anything but the truth. There was a refuge leaving to South America, leaving to beautiful Brazil (or so I heard). We knew the rulers were after us, my Cise turned on as I told Jamie that I loved her and kissed her. The Rulers would punish us for feeling love; I had to leave 20 years of my life behind and never look back.

We boarded the airplane and I was surprised to see the Original Graver.

The Graver stated, "Jamie are you sure he is worth it?"

Jamie replied, "Worth the world..."

We heard the sirens go off as the 2 single most valuable Gravers and I escaped the continent along with all history and secrets of the past. Denver was but a stranded society bound for failure, and no chance of survival.

And the plane flew off...

Jamie and I are very happy. I learned what love was and I loved Jamie every day of my life. I learned what a wedding was and I married the love. I learned what it meant to be in love with one's own child and now we have 3 beautiful children. I learned what it meant to spend the rest of my life with people I care for, and now I am watching my wonderful children grow, The Original Graver acts like a great grandfather figure to them. And, well, best of all I can 'make love' to gorgeous wife whenever we feel like it and I can kiss her passionately until the end of our lives.