

The sky is blue, and the grass is greener than I have ever seen it before. Standing in the sunshine for the first time in a long while, I realize that it is almost graduation day. I have been dreading this day for nearly seven years. Since the day that I arrived at this place, it's explained that graduation is the most important thing. As part of my graduation, I must be a mentor to a new student. All girls are brought here on their fifth birthday, and we all graduate, if that is what you want to call it, on our twelfth birthday. So, in essence, every day is someone's graduation day. We get trained on how to love, nurture, and care for our future husband and children. We cannot work, we are destined to be mothers (that shows our status in the eyes of your husband); and there is no such thing as a female to female relationship, even as friends. During your graduation, you mate with a man that is twice your age. There is no meeting him first. This mating or coupling not based on physical attraction, nor is it based on things that you might have in common because you will not meet him until the coupling day. The school officials are the ones that chose your partner. Your only mission in life after that is to please your husband and have his babies. But do not get too attached to these children because they will be taken on their fifth birthday regardless of the sex. The boys go to labor camps where they learn to be the breadwinners of the family, and the girls are sent here to learn how to be the ones responsible for caring, nurturing, and love.

As the children get off the bus, we are paired up with a crying 5-year-old. There are so many that a few of us have two girls. Thankfully, I am not one of them. The girl that I have has brown hair and green eyes. The brown hair is common, but the eyes are piercing. She has been crying like most of the rest of the bus. I know that I cried when I came here; I was scared and missed my mother.

They were instructed on the bus not to speak unless spoken. Not talking is especially hard for a 5-year-old. The girl's mother is supposed to try to teach this before the child leaves home.

Several social norms place on girls, such as not talking to anyone. Severe punishments impact girls for venturing outside of the social norms, such as wanting to work, or not wanting to be a mother, or not wanting to be with a man at all.

As the girl stood by my side, I began to explain the rules as best as I could. "There is no building of friendship here; we are here to learn about how to keep our husbands happy and have many children. We do not talk with one another outside of class. The point here is to be silent around your husband when you are not conversing. You must be in a heterosexual relationship when you graduate. The institution will choose a partner for you; this is not up for debate. You have two duties when you leave here, first please your husband and second is to have children".

As her eyes again began to fill with tears, I continued, "your independence and identity will be taken away as well as any rights that you think that you have. That includes food and clothing. You will eat twice a day, and there is a time limit on how long you must eat. You must earn your clothing by following the rules and assimilating yourself while you are here. For now, you will wear a pillowcase with the head and arms cut out of it. You will learn how to clean and cook for your husband. He will be your priority, that is until you have children." We go to the changing area to change into her attire for the next few months. At this point, she is sobbing again, but she completely loses her composure when she has to throw away all of her personal belongings, such as her clothes, her necklace, and the doll that she had from home. I can see that she has questions but cannot ask due to the crying, and I will not let her ask them. "You must become a perfect woman," I add.

“Being a perfect woman means pleasing your partner and having children, I cannot emphasize this enough. When you graduate and have a partner assigned, you must know the art of pleasing men. That means sexual as well. I am sure that you observed your mother and father having sex, considering you lived in a one-room house. You must learn how to have sex, and this includes anal and oral. If a man is not pleased, then he will not give you children. To please him, you must know how to cook, clean, and what to do to help make him aroused.”

“Once you have had children, you must not get too attached. You will teach them how to walk and talk, to help them self sooth, and to get them ready for school. Girls will come to a facility much like this one, whereas boys go to labor camps where they teach how to work at labor-intensive jobs. Girls have their emotional support animal to be attached. We are to nurture but not to get attached.”

The green-eyed girl has big alligator tears rolling down each cheek. And she has been holding her breath so that she appears that she is not crying and that she is strong. She is trying to regain her composure when I bring up the emotional support animal. “There is some good news here, though,” I say, “even though what I have told you already seems like a lot to take in. There is an animal that you get to choose. It can be a dog, a cat, or a bird. I chose a dog for my Emotional Support Animal or ESA; this is Jewel. She is a golden retriever. She doesn’t need a lease; she trains to the sound of my voice; Jewel lay down.” Jewel looks at her owner and lays down.

“Jewel has been with me since my tenth birthday. When the puppies are born, they are given five days with their mother. Once the five days are over, we will get a puppy. We must bottle

feed them, keep their body temperature up, and give them constant care to ensure their survival. This type of caring is done to help up prepare to be mothers. The emotional support animal is your confidant, your only friend. You will not be able to build any relationships with others here, just your ESA. No friends here make for a lonely five years in the beginning. You will not be allowed to make friends while you are here; remember, there is no talking to others unless you have permission."

"Caring for your ESA is vital to your graduation. Every ESA must survive. If for some reason, the ESA gets ill and passes away, you will get one more chance. If you lose a second ESA, the punishment is harsh. I have never seen anyone lose their ESA, so I am not sure what happens if you lose a second ESA, I am just telling you the rules. You must bath and clean up after your ESA. There is no excuse for having a messy ESA. Cleaning and caring for your EAS will help you learn to care for your children. They must be tended to with as much love and care that you give your ESA."

"Your ESA is your companion, your confidant. Your future husband will not want to hear your complaints and secrets. His job is to provide for the family and give you lots of children. You will do everything with the ESA from eating, sleeping, and training together."

"This helps prepare you for losing your children. You will want to be attached to the children, but you only have them for a short amount of time. Losing your children is when you will be at your most vulnerable and want someone to listen. During this vulnerability is where your ESA comes in. Your ESA will be there through thick and thin. They love you unconditionally and will protect you from harm."

Her face, at this point, becomes a hopeful one. I ask her if she has any questions. She replies, "Can I pet Jewel?" I tell her yes and give Jewel the command "Paws Up," which lets her know that someone needs some emotional support. As she is petting Jewel, she is starting to ask other questions. Jewel lies by the girl's side, not concerned whether there is affection. She has her paws on the green-eyed girl's lap and is panting lightly.

"Have you been here since you were five?" she inquires.

"Yes, I have. We are all detached at the same age."

"I cannot talk to anyone?"

"Only when you have permission."

"What if I don't want children?"

"That is not your choice."

"What if I do not want to graduate?"

"That again is not an option."

"Who am I going to marry?"

"We do not know yet."

"Who are you going to marry?"

"We are not here to talk about me. Is that all your questions for now?"

"Yes."

“Good. Now let me tell you about the partnership since you are so curious. Once you turn 11, you start the lovemaking part of the course. You learn how to give pleasure to your husband so that he will want to provide you with children. You will learn how to care for his needs over your own. You will learn about oral and anal sex, as well as different types of sex, such as BDSM and vanilla sex.”

“At the age of twelve, you will graduate. Graduation means that you will be coupled off with a man that is twice your age. You will not meet him until he comes to claim you. You do not need to get to know him. He may not want to talk to you at all. There is no need to have a physical attraction to your husband. You may learn to love this person as you love your ESA and your children. But it is not required or likely. You can form a connection with this person and learn to care for them as you care for your ESA.”

“The facility moderators will choose your mate. Moderators have chosen this mate for you to keep the institution functional. They are going to be the best person for you to have kids. You will not have to opportunity for a divorce. No divorce means that this your mate for life. If there is domestic abuse, you must learn to take it. Most men will go to work and come home to make babies. There is little talking between men and women.”

As I am telling the young girl the rules of the institution, I begin to question if this is the path that I want to take. Do I want to be in a relationship that is only about a man that I have never met...? Can I give up my children at such a young age...? Do I even want kids...?

I am starting to realize the life that I am about to embark on, how it will only be my ESA and myself. There will be no feeling like what I feel for my ESA. I am meant to do more than serve a

husband and raise children. I want more in life, and if they do not like it, they can kill me, but what about the other punishment. I have heard of a year in confinement, and there is total brainwashing after that. I have seen some come back and start collecting children for the institution.

I will refuse to be with a husband. I do not want to have children. I have seen first hand what happens to girls, and if they do not conform, they either assimilate they have threats of death or worse punishment depending on their amount of resistance or what kind of mood the institution is on that day.

As I am starting to express my resistance to my mentee, I am drawing attention from the institution officials, by telling her that “she does not have to conform to their ways. If we all resist, then there will be no stopping us.” The officials want to end this before I influence the young green-eyed girl. In the retribution of resistance, what is going to happen to me? Are they going to make an example of me, as to what happens when you do not assimilate? I am going to go into solitary confinement for a year, and then I am going to be made to become a teacher at the institution. I will be assigned to collect the children when they turn five years old. I either assimilate, or the institution will force me to commit suicide. The suicide way out is why this institution has such a high success rate. They do not produce “bad girls,” those girls either assimilate or they will die. Now I am one of the bad girls, and I do not want to assimilate.