

Spawn

Outside smelled like nothing, but the buzz of electricity swarmed us, reminding us how uncommon it is to be alive. Trees were reserved for fairytales that I prayed to whatever God the Corperment hadn't branded that I'd be able to read my little girl one day. First, we had to find safety, and that meant removing my chip.

On November the 9th, 2103, a Tuesday, someone had hacked into the Corperments main drive from sites A-P, clearing more than half the network's financial accounts before a team was able to freeze the system. Months later, the accounts have yet to thaw in fear that the persons responsible should return next Tuesday. Investigation is still ongoing across the SIte-dom but so far it is confirmed that four hackers were involved in the take over, each positioned respectfully in Site C, U, N and T- locations at each point of the diamond our trash island has mold itself into. Since then, women have been required to have chip implants. Designed to store all data, all methods of communication and location, the GPS tracker also assured that the wearer was completely reliant on the device. Registration for the implant was voluntary, but undergoing the treatment was mandatory. There are only 100,000 people on our island, and passports are kept at the ferry terminal for immigrants to hand in upon arrival. On top of financial accountants, our island has human accountants. Access to the GPGP is dangerous, as the fish surrounding will eat just about anything and everything. Dangerous, but not impossible.

I worried that I would have to dislocate my shoulder to reach the space between my blades where the chip was embedded. I'd booked an appointment, hearing horror stories of botched chip jobs and un-happy endings imposed by the doctors. Women were a truly a hated being, but so far no A.I engineer had been able to replicate the heaven we held between our legs. The procedure room had been bright and made of steel like every room I'd seen in my 112.6 fort nights living here. The doctor was a woman, or perhaps a well programmed cyborg. It's been harder to distinguish the two since they started designing imperfections into A.I so that they were less obvious and less susceptible to hate crimes.

When all 5"2' two of her perfect hour glass entered the examining room, she didn't seem the least bit surprised to see ten patients crammed into the room, synonymous women who she would hardly look at as she branded us like animals.

"180 and pause," was all she said to us, so we turned around and waiting for the burning pain to sear into our shoulders.

" I hear that after ten months, it becomes a part of your anatomy permanently," the girl beside me whispered without turning her head, not talking to anyone specifically.

I'd forgotten my bag and the scissors in it, only managing to cut off my hair before escaping the hospital. Now, as I searched for a sharp object, a pointed edge- anything on this peninsula made of plastic, I also had to think of how to feed The Little One, who was too exhausted by operating outside of my womb to know she should be crying. She was so fresh to this world and already in pursuit of an escape. I needed to get her- to get us- back to the mainland, but without my chip, I'd also be disconnected from my network, unable to know east from west, the hour of the day, the level of my insulin. With my back against the dump chute I could hear the alarms ringing and the confident male voices over the speakers, though the hospital was barely visible. Despite it's feather weight design, I could imagine where my chip was and tried to press it to the cool metal of the chute. I have no one to contact, I realized, snapping out of my fear of disconnect. Little One had a father, of course, but I had never seen his face.

When the ten of us turned and bent over, resting our elbows on the inspection tables covered in a plastic that may have been recycled or on it's way to our lands foundation, we heard the door open again. No one thought it was important enough to look up and see why so many men were entering the room until the devil was entering our heavens.