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Grade: 8
Story Title: Omega

Omega

Day 276:

I etched another tally on the Emoti-wall. It displayed a pulsating pattern of black waves. “....276”. One day more in this lonely world and 276 days since I became the last of my kind.

Day 1:

The news arrived at midnight. My TrackTab Holo flashed a nostalgic neon blue around the darkness of my cell. The face of an AMF (Authoritative Male Force) elite appeared in flickering color. My eyes still adjusting to the light, I rose to meet him and caught his eye. I immediately recognized him as Jonas, a childhood friend.

“Hey Meg, or should I say V.I.P. Omega? I just wanted to check in on how you’re doing. I’ve been trying to visit, but you’re usually on lockdown and my schedule is just so busy...”

“It’s okay Jonas, I understand. Now quit stalling, what did you want to tell me?”

He paused, taken aback, and then slowly nodded. My insides churned and the walls turned ultramarine. I shed a silent tear. We both knew what that meant. The only other living woman had just died. I was the last woman on earth.

About a century ago, in the year 2052, MERP (Maximum Efficiency Reproduction Process) was invented in response to the rapidly increasing population. Using EWT (External Womb Technology), MERP was more efficient overall and resulted in the elimination of birth related defects. However, there was one major problem: MERP drastically influenced gender ratios at birth. When we had realized that only baby boys were being born, only a handful of women had the gall to switch back to the traditional way. Among that handful was my momma, and I was born.

Even so, baby boys were still being born disproportionately. The female population was on the decline and women became a rarity. As a result, crime rates shot up and half of the economy collapsed. Rape and prostitution became common events as it was becoming increasingly dangerous to be a woman in society. I, along with the remaining women, were moved out of our pods and into the AMF headquarters. They promised us safety and security but all I could see was a life in isolation. As the other women began to die off, I was put into a tiny cell surrounded by Emoti-walls with only a sole window made out of one-way glass for me to gaze down upon what was left of humanity.

Day 5:

I woke up to a sickly soreness. The smell of antiseptic in the air. I looked down to see wires and tubes sprouting up out of my arms and legs. Suddenly something cold was shot into my bloodstream. I blacked out.

Day 6:

When the heavy door to my cell slid open, I scrambled away towards the corner of the room only to discover Jonas, casually strolling in. "Oh phew," I sighed. "It's only you. What happened yesterday?"

"The AMF wanted to conduct a cloning attempt on you despite my repeated disapproval. I just wanted to see that you were okay."

"Thanks Jonas," I managed, a rosy glow appearing on my cheeks. "It feels nice to know that someone cares about the only girl in the world."

Day 37:

I saw a MERP-born out the window sporting a ladies' sunhat. I guess fashion has evolved since the absence of women. Or was he simply flaunting the freedom men have in society? The freedom that women don't? The Emoti-walls changed from a shimmering blue to a brilliant crimson. I slowly backed away from the window and curled up in a corner. Tears streaked down my pale cheeks.

Day 68:

Today they issued me a TrackTab Biblio as a source of entertainment. Using voice commands, I brought up the latest news report. "Materbots to be available to all households. Looks, thinks, and acts just like a real human!" the robotic voice buzzed. I was aghast at the mention of these words. Suddenly all the cloning tests made sense. The AMF had used me to create objects of women.

Day 93:

I had the TrackTab read me a story about women in the time before MERP. Women were respected by men who actually had sensibility and valued for their unique personalities. Today they are mass produced and distributed for the sole purpose of accompanying man. Oh, how women have been robbed of their former glory! What I would give to live in such an impartial society!

Day 162:

162 tallies on a grayscale wall. With the Materbot being a fast success worldwide, the AMF had almost completely forgotten about me. Even Jonas had drastically cut down on his visits. If there was hope for the future of women, I surely did not see it.

Day 211:

Every time I look out my window I see newer and newer versions of the Materbot. The news was even hailing it as an improvement over real women. The only escape from the labyrinth of emptiness I live is

the sweet memories of my mother. A sweeping brush of the cheek or the faint scent of lavender. She seems so distant, like all other women, extinct and vanished off of the face of the earth.

Day 276:

I etched another tally on the Emoti-wall. It displayed a pulsating pattern of black waves. “....276”. One day more in this lonely world and 276 days since I became the last of my kind. Was I to be a mere stencil for the objectification of women for the rest of my life?

December 21st, 2052

“...and this, dear friends, is why the government must strictly prohibit the production of MERP and any other artificial child birthing method”. The house was littered with the sounds of sleep-deprived snores. All but the Speaker of the House had fallen asleep.

“A successful filibuster, Senator Knag, and quite the charming story. However, I am afraid that even when our colleagues awake, you will be the only one in the house in opposition of MERP. The science behind it is revolutionary in itself! We have conquered the basis of life! Do you realize the effect this could have all over the world? Who cares about a tiny gender inconsistency? This is for the greater good.”

“I would hold it against you for saying that a skewed birth ratio is for the greater good if we weren’t living in the society that we are. Don’t you see that women are already being objectified and that their voices are being quelled? Birth ratios are currently in the favor of men and you want to tilt the playing field even more? How egotistic! One of the global roles of women is sustaining the human population, yet you want to deprive them of that as well. Women have just as much to offer as men and such less opportunity, and neither man nor woman deserves to be deprived of an opportunity before it comes knocking. Don’t you see? Artificial birth will be the omega of women contributions to society and the global significance of women as a whole. MERP should not be adopted and the long dormant talents of women around the world should be utilized.”

Every senator was now awake having heard Knag’s speech. Soon, the whole hall was filled with sonorous clapping. The senate unanimously concluded that MERP was the alpha and omega of the oppression of women. The bill was rejected the next morning.