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**Directive 3433©**

By

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**Dr. N Applebee droned on and on. I caught myself almost falling off my chair as I drifted towards sleep. Damn, this talk was practically on elementary embryology. Then again, my presentation hadn't exactly received a rousing welcome, "Early Detection of Fetal Defects," but at least it was pertaining to Directive 3433. I expected my early detection method to be adopted for Directive 3433. Whoopee for me!**

**I glanced around. I wasn't the only one drifting into REM sleep! I needed the rest break or I would pee in my pants! Applebee, finish already Damn You! Dr. N Applebee, I wonder if the N stands for no balls? At last, the red light was flashing on the podium for the talk to end. No luck, Dr. Applebee droned on without let up. I could see the Director was getting annoyed. At last! The director walked up to Applebee and scowled, "Thank you Dr. Applebee." Now the mike was dead and Applebee couldn't ask if anyone had questions.**

**With almost no expression in that famous voice, the Director spoke firmly, and seriously: "We will now take a 30 minute break and then resume to vote on Directive 3433." I think that hostile look was meant for me.**

**Directive 3433. I was in turmoil. I wanted to vote against it. I believed it was wrong. But did I have the courage to do so? When I was young, I had voted against the Directive 3401. The Director had asked for a unanimous vote and I had dared to vote nay! I had suffered for it. All social invitations stopped; we were no longer invited for tea or dinner. Our invitations to our friends were politely excused. Sally stood by me as long as she could, two months, then one morning she was gone, along**

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with her clothes and things. Then, when I tried to get a date for the Spring Dance, I couldn't get one! Not even Mildred "the hawk," wanted to be seen with me. This lasted almost a year, a year without those soft breasts to nuzzle, and asses to hold on to, and no pretty face to kiss.

I knew the Director would be checking on me, looking to see if I dared to vote nay again. Did I have the courage of my convictions?

I have checked my DNA history. One of my predecessors was a World War Two hero; he dove his plane into the smokestack of a Japanese destroyer. Another was a hero of the Viet Nam War with many medals for brave deeds. Another had saved his platoon in the Afghan war. So why wasn't I brave too? My biggest fear was not so much that Agnes might leave me, it was a fear that my daughter, Judy, would not appreciate what I had done. She might suffer too! Children can be so cruel.

Though my first name is Kelly, the kids would nick name me Knucklehead and try to beat me up. When I fought back and broke a few teeth, they stopped. It's a good thing they did stop because I can really throw a punch when I am provoked. But I don't want my daughter to have such childhood trauma.

Back in the Assembly Hall, the Director's face was almost ashen as the vote was counted. I am ashamed to say I voted yea. The vote was unanimous. Directive 3433 will go into effect immediately.

As I passed the mirror on my way out, I looked myself over; not too bad looking – firm muscles, unwrinkled face, firm carriage. Maybe I'm not too old to

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apply for another pregnancy? To be honest, I had enjoyed breast feeding my daughter, and my breasts were still firm and able.

This time, I would select a blond musician sperm. My daughter Judy is science science all day and I am ready for singing and dancing for this one. Since my first one was a girl, maybe they wouldn't have to give those shots they give to insure against nature's mistakes.

As I drove towards home sweet home, I shrugged and thought. After all, maybe the directive is right. Mandatory abortion of all male embryos as soon as the sex is recognized has prevented those terrible wars with total destruction. With males constantly at war, by now, mankind might have ended in a final destructive conflict. We have stopped the old abuses and subjugations of women. And all pervasive corruption is a thing of the past too. Still, I say a few men should be allowed to mature just for the chance to study them.

But tonight, ah, I looked forward to another fantastic night with Agnes.

**The End**