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Futuristic, castration

A young man tries to enlist help for an escape attempt but discovers something unsettling.

Trump's wall, even if it had ever been completed would not have saved America from its fate. It happened just three years ago in 2033. All eyes were on China and the Middle East thanks to a series of hawkish presidents, and Muslim resentment had been increasing across the globe, but when the attack came, it was from an unexpected direction.

The first warning most people got that America was under attack was not the mushroom clouds that rose from military bases across the entire country; it was the bright aerial flashes of 10,000 air bursts that generated EMP pulses that rendered almost every piece of electronics useless in moments. Small tactical nukes which had been developed in complete secrecy, fell seconds later, eradicating the US's military capability, and almost a million troops in an instant.

With America's ability to respond neutralised, a coalition of South American nations air-dropped shock troops in, taking every major US city within hours. Then the major cities were walled in, turning them into permanent detention centres.

Three years later

Harrison saw Finlay approaching across his deserted back yard. The guy was trouble; never satisfied with the status quo; always looking for a change. Harrison knew how the guy felt. A little over a year ago, he'd been the same. He hadn't believed the stories he'd heard. How guys were punished if they tried to escape. He reached inside his shirt and gripped the necklace that was draped there, stroking the pendant with a mixture of longing and sadness.

Escape was virtually impossible in any case. The city was completely surrounded by a 50-foot wall, and automated trackers controlled tasers along its perimeter, ensuring that anyone who even got close would find themselves taking a painful nap, only to wake up with three months on punishment duty.

Harrison thought back to the year before. Yes, he was a prisoner, but was his life back then really so bad? Without guns, crime had fallen to almost zero, and without drugs, mobile phones or the internet, in many ways his quality of life had actually risen. But it was not in his nature to simply accept confinement; even in a comfortable city-sized cage.

Finlay smiled.

"Hey Harrison, I know you said you aren't interested in trying to get out of here, but I heard you got all the way outside the city when you tried. How did you do it and how did they catch you?"

"I'm not telling you. You'll only get yourself hurt."

“We’re going even if you don’t help. How can it hurt to tell us what you know?”

“We got caught as soon as we got out of the city. There’s nothing useful I can tell you Finlay. If you want my advice, forget about it, it’s just not worth it.”

Harrison stroked his necklace again, and played with the pendants on the end.

Finlay was getting irritated now.

“Maybe *you’re* a pussy who’s willing to spend the rest of his life as a prisoner, but I want to live free!”

For the most part, Americans, were treated far more humanely than they had treated immigrants. Families were allowed to stay together, and work details were far from excessive. In fact, most of the work consisted of nothing more than duties required to feed themselves and keep the cities in power and water.

Harrison grinned wanly at Finlay.

“It’s not worth it,” he said, enunciating every word. “There’s nowhere to go, and they’ve got satellite tracking. We thought we had it all figured out – deflectors to block their scanners, a way to get out to the mountains. Two of the guys even managed to get hold of a couple of AR15s. They’re both dead now.”

He paused as he remembered his friends. Owning weapons was the greatest crime in the cities. The penalty was execution with no exceptions.

“Alfie was 19 when they killed him. Matthew was my best friend. He was just 15; your age and they murdered him too. He never fired the gun. He was just carrying it, but you know; Law number 1.”

“You no longer have the right to bear arms,” Finlay intoned.

Hearing about the execution of a boy his age was like a slap in the face. Things suddenly seemed a lot more real.

“They killed your friend?”

Harrison nodded.

“I’m sorry,” Finlay said quietly. “For everything.”

“Forget it. I was like you. Till we got caught.”

“Yeah man.”

Finlay was introspective now. He turned to walk away then he paused and looked back.

“Did you get punished?”

Harrison nodded solemnly.

“What did they do to you?” Finlay asked.

Harrison looked around to make sure nobody was near.

“Promise never to tell anyone?”

“Sure man. Secrets safe with me.”

Harrison lifted the leather necklace from his T-shirt. On the end were two dried objects: pale cream ovals a little less than an inch long. They were threaded onto the cord. He showed it to Finlay. The boy reached for the pendant with a frown then stopped his fingers just short. The way they dangled side by side suggested something to him.

“What are... Are they what they look like?”

Harrison looked around to double check that they were alone then he pushed the front of his shorts down. Inside, his shrivelled inch-and-a-half-long cock hung like a stubby thumb. He reached down and gripped the dried glans, lifting it to reveal what was behind. His empty sack was withered up tight to the base, the dark skin was grooved. He gave Finlay time for a long look.

“They cut off your balls?”

Harrison nodded.

“Why are you wearing them like that?”

“It’s the law. If I get caught without them, they chop my dick off too. I guess it’s meant to remind people of the price for trying to escape, like I’m gonna be showing them off.”

He paused and gave a wry grin.

“Guess it’s working.”

“Can you still – you know get a boner?”

“They injected something under my skin. I haven’t had a boner since the day they caught me.”

“Fuckers,” Finlay said vehemently.

“Like I said Finlay, it’s.. not... worth... it.”

Finlay walked away, shaking his head, wondering if maybe he should rethink his plan.