

## The sterilisation bureau

A Britain of the future takes drastic action to deal with its overpopulation problem.

Steven Jones looked across the desk at the man sitting before him. Next to the man sat his teenaged sons.

One of the boys was still rubbing his neck where the subdermal implant had been injected. It was ostensibly an identity and tracking device but it also had a more nefarious purpose...

“Okay, good to meet you Mr...” Jones consulted the sheet in front of him. “Mr Spears.”

Jason Spears nodded.

“Will this take long? I have things to be getting on with.”

“You’ve already had your medicals; I just need to take down some details and you can be on your way. Twenty minutes tops.”

“Couldn’t we just have done this online?” Jason asked, irritated by the bureaucracy.

“Well, it’s easier this way. You had to come in for your check-ups and identity chip implants anyway. This way, if I need clarification on anything, you’re right here with me.”

“Hmmm, I suppose so,” Jason sulked. He was losing an afternoon’s work to be here. He was a scaffolder – not the most glamorous of work but it paid the bills.

Jones smiled at the man pleasantly.

“Let’s get on with it then, the sooner you’re done, the sooner you can get back to your work on the building site.”

Although his tone was pleasant and cordial, Jason felt as though there was something vaguely patronising about the way Jones said “building site”, as though Jason’s means of earning a living didn’t meet with his approval. Jason stifled his desire to tell the man to fuck off. The security guard in the corner was armed with a taser, and he was doubtless quite capable of dropping Jason and his twin sons before they could get halfway across the desk towards the man conducting the interview. Spears had already noted that the chairs were screwed to the floor. He was beginning to suspect the reason why, but his suspicion was wrong.

Jones started asking a series of mundane questions: full name, date and place of birth, occupation, employer – all the sort of things that could already be extracted from any government records file. After five minutes, Jones had gathered all the information he needed.

“Okay, now I just need you to take a look at the screens on the desk. They’re touch operated. There are a series of questions; hypothetical situations. Please read each one carefully and choose the way that you would respond in each situation. If you think that you would not make any of the choices, choose the option that you least disagree with.”

“What does that mean?”

“Choose the option you like best.”

“No, “hyper-fetickl””

Jones consider correcting the man’s pronunciation but it seemed needlessly provocative.

“Oh. It means made up; pretend.”

“Oh right.”

“You can start now.”

Jason and his sons each leaned over the desk to look at the screens. There were fifty questions. Steven knew that they would never be able to get through them all before it was too late. He suppressed a grin knowing that he was making the world a better place.

### **The Daily Telegraph April 3<sup>rd</sup> 2052**

#### **Population growth places strain upon Britain’s welfare services**

Britain’s population reached 217 million people this month. The massive rise, follows the trend begun in 2019, as the nation’s ethnic demographic shifted from increasingly irreligious Europeans, who averaged 1.9 children per family for the past 50 years, to naturalised Muslims from the Middle East who averaged 2.9 children per family world-wide, and 4.1 in Britain, leading to a dramatic growth in the non-native population.

This in turn, has led to massive strains upon Britain’s welfare, educational and healthcare systems as the demand for such services massively outstrips our ability to pay for them.

Prime Minister Declan Donnelly confirmed today that the government is considering imposing strict limits upon the number of children that a single couple are permitted to have. This move, which was most recently utilised in Communist China under Chairman Mao in 1979, and was extremely unpopular right up until its abolition in 2013, is likely to face fierce criticism from human right rights campaigners, and politicians on both sides of the aisle.

### **The Daily Mail July 15<sup>th</sup> 2053**

#### **Widespread protests as government announces controversial program**

13 million people took to the streets across Britain today to protest the government’s new One-per-family child limit, which was introduced this month. Widespread clashes with Police have been reported with at least 46 deaths and thousands injured as the public vented their anger, destroying shops and vehicles.

Dec Connelly has announced an immediate suspension of the law, and he promised that the government will explore alternative means of supporting a population that is too large for the country.

Steven idly reviewed the files of the three males sitting before him whilst they struggled to answer the questions on their computers. There were reference photographs accompanying each file. The two boys were good specimens. Each had decent abs and bodies that would make most women happy. They were naked; uncut, and unexceptional for their age. The father was considerably less impressive. He had a reasonably muscular torso and powerful arms and shoulders from his years lugging steel tubing around building sites, but he had a paunchy belly.

In no more than a year's time, all three would lose all interest in their genitals.

It had become a ritual for Steven to look at the genitals of the males who came to him. He knew what they did not; that their visit to the census and health bureau was going to end in their eventual emasculation. It gave him an undefined feeling superiority knowing that in a year's time, he, with his mundane desk job, would be more of a man than any of his often-hyper-masculine clients.

Even as they stared at their screens with furrowed brows, their genitals were being bombarded with gamma radiation. It was an idea first pioneered by Nazi Doctor Josef Mengele, but perfected by the British government in 2055.

#### **Office of special projects. Doctor G.T. presiding : Report into viability of mass sterilisation program**

Our process is a simple one. All you need to do is persuade the subject to sit, pre-occupied with a meaningless desk task. Whilst they sit, thermal and x-ray cameras will automatically locate the subject's testicles. Small gamma ray guns then fire two sustained, low intensity beams at the subject's testes for a period of ten minutes. These will kill the seminiferous tubules that produce the germ cells that eventually become sperm, it also prevents the testicles from producing testosterone.

Coupled with the sub-dermal implantation of a 25-year measured-release capsule containing medroxyprogesterone acetate, which serves as an arousal suppressor. This capsule may be combined with the identity chip that the government is considering making mandatory.

Recommend all males with over the age of 13 with an age-adjusted IQ below 110 receive the "treatment". Men with an annual income above certain threshold, say £300,000 may be exempted, pending ongoing review of their circumstances.

Jones watched the man and his sons struggling with dilemmas that were intentionally perplexing; more so with each question. He glanced up at the wall. They'd been working for seven minutes. He wondered if they were sterile yet.

They wouldn't discover for months.

The drug release was timed to build up slowly, so they would not immediately lose their libido, although they would be shooting blanks within a month as the forming spermatozoa in their testicles were irreparably damaged and lost all motility.

Steven glanced at the photos of the boys. They were at the pinnacle of their sexual prime, and now they were going to lose the desire or capability. It was a pity for the young man on the right. He was gay, although he claimed to be straight on the questionnaire, but the psychometrics never lied. He was unlikely to contribute to the growing population, yet he still had to lose his ability to procreate: it was just too great a risk.

The drug medroxyprogesterone acetate was initially pioneered for chemical castration on sexual deviants in the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, but the slow release capsule was 100 times more potent with none of the negative side effects that sometimes came with early formulations.

Steven looked again at the photo of Jason's genitals. The man had large low-hanging testicles. Once they lost function, they would rapidly start to shrink like grapes withering on the vine. Without the weight they would rise towards his body, and his scrotum would tighten. At the same time, his penis would also shrink. It would always have a long foreskin, but its length and girth would diminish dramatically, and by the time it finally reached its new dimensions, he'd look more like a 12-year-old, just starting puberty, rather than the 42-year-old he actually was.

Steven felt a momentary pang of sadness for the boys as he considered his own 16-year-old son; a few years younger. Fortunately, the boy had a 120 IQ: like father like son, so his future was spared. Then Steven looked at the brutish building-site worker that was their father. This was their likely destiny as well, and did Britain really need any more like him?

Steven looked at the clock.

"Please stop now," he said to the man and his sons.

"But I ain't finished," Jason said.

"Nah, nor me," one of his sons added.

His name was Jordan or Ryan or something similarly working class.

Steven glanced at the file. Tyler.

"That's perfectly alright. You aren't expected to finish them all. Thank you for coming in. We're all done. You're free to go now. I'm sorry to take up your time. You'll be contacted for a follow up medical in three months' time just to make sure the ID chips are functioning properly. If you have any problems with them before that, such as discomfort or rashes beyond the next few days, please contact us and we'll take a look.

### **That evening**

Steven arrived home and hung his jacket on the coat hook by the door before sprawling on the couch.

His son was sitting at the table doing his homework on a tablet.

“Hey dad. Shall I make you a drink. Tea?”

“Oh, that would be lovely, thanks Alexander. You had a good day?”

“Yeah great, basketball, came fourth in a maths test. Oh, and we all had these weird medicals.”

Steven’s blood turned to ice. He was sworn to absolute secrecy about his work, and it was more than his freedom was worth to reveal the nature of what he did, even to his family.

“Medical?” he asked with forced casualness. “Did your mother sign a permission form?”

“No, we never got one.”

Steven swallowed, not wanting to alarm his son.

“So um, what happened in the medical?”

“Oh, you know the usual. Check your heart, that sort of thing. Make sure I’m not gonna have a heart attack when we play matches.”

“Matches?”

“Oh, didn’t I tell you? I got on the basketball team.”

“So, it was a medical for that?”

“Yeah I guess so.”

Steven hid his sigh of relief.

“Except... Well it wasn’t just the guys on the team that got one.”

Steven felt his apprehension return.

“You said it was weird?”

“Yeah, we got these chips in our necks. You said we’d have to get them some time but I thought I’d be getting them in the doctors with you. Then we did these tests on the computer. They said it was to test our cognitive responses or something.”

“Cognitive,” Steven corrected.

He’d used the same line hundreds of times.

“How long did the computer tests last?”

“Oh, only about ten minutes. I didn’t have time to get through them all but the man said that was normal.”

Steven’s heart was pounding in his chest. He knew now that it was already too late for his son but what could he do about it? He scowled and stood up to walk out of the room.

“Dad what’s up? Are you angry at something?”

“Yeah, but it’s nothing you’ve done wrong son!”

The man stormed from the room.

## **6 hours earlier**

Operative 478 sat at his desk. Before him subjects Spears and his two 18-year-old sons. 478 conducts the interviews according to the government script. Unbeknownst to him, operative 478's testicles are being bombarded with gamma radiation in line with the government's new 140+ program.

## **The Daily Express January 4<sup>th</sup> 2057**

### **Government denies forcible sterilisation program**

The government today issued a categorical denial that it had sterilised millions of people as part of a eugenics program reminiscent of the Nazi Jewish sterilisation program. The government's science minister Anthony McPartlin says that the massive decrease in male genital size, and a widespread drop in libido is due to an excess of oestrogen which has gotten into the British food-chain due to fertilisers and bio-engineered grain products.

The government has promised to investigate the matter with all haste and hopes to issue a report within the year.

Steven stood beside his son in the bathroom. They both had their boxers pulled down. Poking out of their groins were two small flaps of flesh. Steven's was two and a half inches long, and his son's an inch shorter.

"Does yours get hard anymore?" Steven asked.

Alexander shook his head.

"And my balls have almost gone completely."

He lifted the end of his tiny cock to reveal a scrotum that was little more than a bump beneath his penis.

"At least most of the other boys are the same. Except Aubyn and Francis. Do you think our dicks will ever grow back dad?"

Steven sighed deeply.

"No son, I don't think they will."