

“Women!?”

“That was close!” Borsk exclaimed. A battered, armored police hovercar sped by as Borsk ducked into a dark alley. “The police are getting more strict.” said Borsk to his unseen friend Gantoris.

“Yeah, all we did was stay out a few minutes late!” responded Gantoris as he fought to regain his breath.

“Really, and you can’t even complain about equal rights!” Boys can’t do anything at all! Why can’t we do anything!”

“I wish we could look forward to something besides cooking and cleaning! Why should we even go to school when all we do all day is fold shirts and cook food?” At this Gantoris twisted his face in disgust. “It isn’t fair that all the girls get to go on to middle school when we only get to go through grade school.”

“They get to go through high school and even college!” agreed Borsk. “We can be just as smart as they are.” The two eight year old boys began to warily trudge home, remaining ever watchful for the armored police vehicles that could mean certain doom. They had mistakenly stayed out past five PM. To the women running the planet, this was the proper time to be inside for *boys* under the age of ten. Borsk and Gantoris hated it. They wanted to grow up to be star fighter pilots or president, but unless things changed they were destined to cook and clean for the rest of their seemingly insignificant lives.

“I wonder what it’d be like if boys could get jobs and be what they wanted.” As Gantoris said this the two boys arrived at Gantoris’s home. “I’d better go!” said Gantoris as the microlens on his door scanned his DNA.

“See ya’ tomorrow, unless you’re grounded.” Gantoris stepped into his house and Borsk could already hear the screaming. “His parents are really letting him have it!” Borsk thought to himself. “I wonder what mine are going to do to me.” With that last disappointing thought, Borsk made his way home.

It was dark along Borsk’s path home. The energy shield reflected most of the sun’s beautiful rays. Unfortunately the energy shield couldn’t be disengaged for more than a few hours due to the sun’s now almost deadly UV rays. Borsk diverted his eyes from the invisible canopy blocking him from the beauty of the sun and looked at the trash strewn about the street he was walking along. He stopped at a foul smelling puddle with a swirl of fluorescent rainbow colored streams slowly flowing toward a small drainage grate. Borsk, caught in awe of the striking, yet rotten smelling puddle, did not hear the approaching whine of repulsar lifts. The repulsar lifts carried an armored police hovercar which landed almost silently three feet away from the unsuspecting boy. An obese policewoman stepped out of the battered vehicle and began to walk toward the dreaming eight year old. Borsk looked up just in time to see two chubby hands reach out with a pair of handcuffs. Borsk didn’t even bother resisting, knowing that would only infuriate the policewoman and get him into further trouble.

It was a long, tiring ride in the shaky hovercar and all the while Borsk just sat and thought. He was mainly wondering what kind of punishment he would receive when he took his leave of the dank jail cell that awaited him. Eventually the constant, yet steady bobbing of the hovercar rocked Borsk to sleep.

Borsk had a dream. In this magnificent dream he was free. Free to do anything he pleased. To Borsk, this was completely strange and new. Borsk decided to explore his new found freedom. He went to work. He wasn't exactly sure what his job was or what he was doing, but it seemed to invigorate him. After work, when he came home, his beautiful wife had gotten home from work more than an hour ago and just finished cleaning the house. She had even started to cook dinner! Borsk was astounded. "How was work . . ."

Borsk never got to finish his awesome dream, for the large policewoman grabbed him and yanked him out of his slumber and out of the hovercar. Instead of being tried for his crimes, Borsk was sent directly to his dark, musty, jail cell. At the time, Borsk wished there was still a court system, but he knew that the tyrannical women leaders of the modern world changed that long ago. Now the government had the final say on crimes and injustices.

Borsk looked around his miniscule jail cell, which he would live in for the next four days. To his right there was a very uncomfortable looking blue cot. The mattress was shredded in many places. Where the blue had been ripped or cut away, tan foam jutted out like water trying to escape from a small hole in a dam. Borsk shifted his view to the left. There he saw an ancient looking sink with hideous black splotches showing very noticeably on the original porcelain. He then saw a stall, women had done away with going to the bathroom in plain view, which was something at least. There were many things etched into the cracking paint on the stall floor. Some of the inscribing read "Rocko was here," and, "For a good time call 555-1234 (ask for Romeo)." The wall to the left was bare, excluding white tally marks made by prisoners of the past. The highest number of tallies was all the way up to one hundred and ten. It smelled like rotting food and dying rats in the untidy cell that was to be Borsk's home for four whole days.

Borsk dragged himself onto the dilapidated bed and sat down. As he let his weight fall on the mattress, foam went spurting in all directions. Borsk sneezed. Closing his eyes, he bowed his unusually heavy head in thought. "What are my parents going to do with me? Why did we have to see that last pitch?" With that, he opened his eyes, intending to look up at the ceiling as he had seen his parents do when upset, but Borsk just stopped and nearly passed out as his eyes swept across the floor. Suppressing a scream, Borsk rushed to the rusted bars of his cell, frantically trying to get the nearest guard's attention. Eventually, and deliberately slowly, a slim guard made her way toward Borsk's cell.

"What do ya' want, ya' little runt? Ha ha ha . . ." the guard smirked.

"Someone died in here?" Borsk could barely form the words as he pointed a shaky finger at a chalk outline of a boy about his size. Borsk felt light headed and it seemed to him that the room was slowly rotating.

"Yeah, we forgot to feed im'." said the guard without a hint of humor in her voice. "Someone found 'im a week later lyin' right there." The guard pointed at the poor child's outline and laughed maniacally. The guard was still laughing as she reached the end of the hall. Borsk felt sick to his stomach and didn't find any humor at all in the fact that someone had died in this very room. He ran to the bed with tears rushing from

the corners of his eyes. Borsk buried his head in his arms and cried. The force of diving on the cot, however, spewed foam everywhere. He sneezed. The foam and the sneeze only made him cry harder. He ended up crying himself to sleep that night.

Three days later, Borsk was excused from the prison and released to his parents only to be confined to his house for another month. He mostly, during his very uneventful month, sat in his room and yearned for the dream he had in the nearly decimated hovercraft. He pleaded with his subconscious mind to finish the dream, but to no avail. As long as he lived he would never forget that special dream.

Twenty years later, Borsk still had to live in the horrible world that refused to let him do the things he wanted to do. He had to cook, clean, take care of the dog, take care of his two boys when his wife was away, and many other household chores. These wouldn't be so bad if he could have a job, use the holo-net at will, play games with other adults, or other privileges that would make him pleased with his puny existence. He loathed the way the world worked and vowed to change it. "Today! I'll start today! I will change the world!" decided Borsk.

With his mind made up, Borsk took his wife and kids to the capitol, Charleston, West Virginia. Women say that the countryside is "prettier" than Washington D.C. It was a five hour trip to the capitol and all Borsk's determined mind could think of was his childhood fantasy of freedom. His family shared his beliefs on equal rights and was extremely supportive. When the family of new activists arrived at the capitol, Borsk sped straight toward the House of Feminism which had replaced congress a while back. He charged right through the gate and pushed two very tough looking guard women out of his way. He stormed into the middle of a crowded room filled with very stunned women.

Borsk spun around and slammed the huge double doors right into the faces of the two approaching guards. Borsk quickly barred the two heavy wooden doors and turned to face the furious looking women. "Let me speak!" yelled Borsk over the din of hushed conversation. Not one woman answered and they all became extremely quiet. He could understand why they were stunned, no man was ever allowed to enter the House of Feminism, but they were apparently going to let him speak. "I do not wish harm or even aggression against any of you, my only wish is freedom." It was so quiet that Borsk did not even need to yell in the enormous chamber. The feminists just stared at each other silently, contemplating what Borsk just said. "Why should men be treated as inferiors? What ever happened to equal rights? Men and women used to co-exist as equals. Why can't we do that now?" He hoped he had said the right things. He had rehearsed this in his head for years.

"We will consider your issues and give you a response at a later date." said the house leader in a very grim voice that did not instill much hope in Borsk. He was escorted out of the building and sent home. "I failed," was all he said to his family as they drove home.

However, much to the surprise of Borsk, his beliefs spread with the news of his actions. Many people took up the cause including his old friend Gantoris. Not only men joined into Borsk's faction, but women rallied too. Eventually the group's supporters spread through the government and very soon the faction outnumbered the feminists.

The United States seceded from the Unified Countries and established an equal-rights democracy. Other countries soon joined what was called the "Federation," following in the footsteps of the USA. Soon, entire continents joined all at once. Eventually the entire planet was one united federation with equal rights for all.