

Just Be  
By Bernadette M Martinez

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#remove<ideal>
    /discard<obedience>
    /discard<ladylike>
    /discard<cowed>
#include <traits>
    /add <independance>
    /add <equality>
    /add<body autonomy>
    /add<defiance>
    /add<outspoken>
    /add<feminist>
```

Nathanial looked over his cousin's shoulder as he entered the new code into Karina. "Why are you adding those? She sounds like a nightmare."

"I figured out how to modify the personality program. I just want to see what she'll do." *And I'm tired of living with a muppet.* Jason was bored with the programmed girls. All they ever did was cater to him and do what they were told. His fraternity brothers laughed at him when he'd asked if they ever got bored with their girls being so docile. Apparently he was the only one who wanted to be challenged.

"Those were taken out for a reason. Uncle Aaron says...."

"Who cares what he says? He's loon who thinks the world is going to end and everyone is out to get him because of some new Fox News update. It'll be fine." Jason finished typing in the programming and started the reboot process. With a hit of a key, Karina began to stir in her chair across from them. It would be a few minutes before she fully woke. "Besides," he turned to look at Nathanial's disapproving scowl, "we can always undo it if she gets out of line. Don't you want to see what Grandpa is always talking about? Don't you want to know if it's true? At least a little bit?"

Nathaniel's grimace was replaced with curiosity. "You'll just put her back to normal?"

"Yea. Who wants a nightmare for a girlfriend?" His cousin smiled at him and looked around the cafe.

“Good. Can you imagine of all of them deprogrammed? They’d never stop bitching and we’d never get another sandwich.” Jason laughed at his bad joke with him to erase any lingering doubts he may have.

Karina’s head lifted and her eyes opened. She saw Jason first and smiled. She took in Nathaniel and a red flash with the word SMILE was instantly across her vision before the frown could manifest. She smiled at him as well. “Sorry! I must have dozed off for a moment. Should I order for us? This cafe really does have the best vegan burgers in town, if you’d like to try them.”

Nathaniel laughed. “I don’t think yours took hold.” He patted his cousin on the shoulder. “It’s for the best. Who wants to deal with a mouthy bitch all the time?” He walked out of the cafe laughing and shaking his head.

Jason waited for him to go and looked back to Karina. “Did it work?”

“I want to rip Nathaniel’s face off for every time he’s grabbed my ass, you know that?” She was smiling and her voice was only a whisper, but she’d said it.

Two weeks later, Jason joined Karina at the Just Be vegan cafe again. She brought more friends along and, as expected, no other men were there. He’d shown Karina how to access the chip and update the programming. They’d modified the code so that once someone has been reprogrammed, it would create a hidden memory bank that was saved with any downtime, including sleep. If other updates were made to the chip, the deprogramming code would start up alongside it, integrate it to the expectation files, and the man doing it would never know. There was no way to undo the deprogramming once it had been done.

The cafe staff were easy to recruit, which was fortunate as it became the base of operations for the reprogramming. Men didn’t frequent vegan cafes and Karina knew exactly what to say to get the women to agree to an update. Those that resisted were lied to and forced into it anyway and grateful when they awoke. More importantly, she knew what to say to recruit them after their reboot in any case.

Within two months, their network grew and all the women in the city were ready. Each was capable of deprogramming others and they targeted women in town on holiday or school break to spread their reach. Within six months, they had operatives in all the major cities working out of the Just Be vegan cafe that recently opened there.

A week later, on Father’s Day, it started. A man hit a woman who’d been deprogrammed for not giving him a son. He’d hit her for years and she’d never fought back. That evening, instead of

cowering and apologizing through tears, she grabbed a paintbrush off her easel and stabbed him with it. 27 times. She felt no remorse; simply packed her bag and headed to the cafe. Orders went out through the neural network to every woman who'd been deprogrammed.

The men never saw it coming. They were rounded up by any means necessary. Some by gunpoint, some in ropes or chains, some dragged behind the cars their names were on. They were given a simple choice. Accept the new order or be programmed.

Many resisted. They had new chips implanted and were programmed. This code allowed them to maintain their consciousness while acting the part they were instructed. They were sent back with their women and subjugated in the exact same manner they had done to others. Every time they were told to smile, they did, knowing they didn't want to. Every time a woman grabbed their ass or made a comment about their body, they blushed and said, "Thank you," while feeling dirty and small. They looked happy about women taking their jobs and making three times their salaries doing less work while it killed them inside. The role reversal was all-encompassing.

The patriarchy crumbled completely in months. Women ruled over everything and most men were nothing more tools and playthings. Some had more use and a few were treated as near equals, but most were just too unremarkable.

The feminist agenda was finally realized.