

# The Diary of Liena Jane Howard

Posted by lady Ji

As told and Edited by Richard, 6thSept 4963

I rediscovered Liena's diary disc shortly before I left the Bureau of Female Population Control after almost one hundred years working there as a supervisor in various ranks within the Division Of In House Processing.

I remembered her the moment I spotted it in my desk as I so sadly cleared it away for the last time By then the female population was more in sync and it was no longer politically possible to keep the culling program going to the great disappointment of many to whom a generation of our loveliest girls had given such exquisite pleasure and the sorrow of Federation treasuries for the girls, in giving their young lives, had indeed brought great wealth to the State.

Liena was right to think that I thought a great deal of her for she was indeed both sweet and brave, both wonderful traits carried with her right to the end. She was also very lovely and I still cannot say how she survived without being selected by a client to enjoy for so long.

Survival for the girls did not always follow from what one might value of them in a technically aesthetic sense for I had seen the most classically beautiful girls be amongst the last of their group to be culled and indeed had even seen some truly beautiful girls go through to release.

This was, of course, vital lest the most desirable amongst them were to lose all heart upon being initially drafted and thus depreciate the value of them all. That a girl depended on hope if she were to maintain her appearance and vitality and therefore value went without saying and just one depressed girl around the School was deleterious to the morale of them all.

Liena was, despite the occasional gloom in her diary, cheerful and helpful to others and was thus very popular with her sisters and was sadly missed when finally called upon to die.

Survival, then, depended on luck and that luck depended in turn on the wants of a particular run of customers. Most girls were chosen, not for their faces so much, which were universally lovely anyway, but for what their potential purchaser envisioned his girl would look like as he or, occasionally, she, applied the means of killing her.

When one saw a client selecting a girl with lovely long legs it was odds on he had it in mind to watch her hang. A fragile delicate neck would never do for supporting a girl as she did so, but would suite a person who liked to manually strangle his girl, the feel and sight that delicate, svelte column in his adoring hands brings as he kills her and, I might add, without getting hand cramp doing it.

Few, very few, girls had it all.

Liena, while not quite the exception for no girl could be, was certainly lovely in every sense of the word and, if I recall correctly, was rated "AA+" by her drafting panel, a high value girl indeed. She had her ballet-toned legs, her incredibly lovely and, above all, expressive eyes and a slim, lithe elegance, an ideal girl no matter what one's fancy.

She was almost fragile in her prettiness rather than classically beautiful, soft brown hair and very fair, almost pure

white skin, so fine it looked almost translucent, making those blue green eyes the focal point of her delicate, exquisite young face.

I did not know, as I have observed already, why she survived for so long, but it made it so much harder for her when she was chosen given the sensitive, sweet nature she was born with.

And it made my role in supervising her processing a sad but, I have to confess, much more moving and poignantly enjoyable experience.

I have noted in these journals before how much more meaning and satisfaction there is in the processing, or officiating in the processing by a client, of a girl one likes for herself.

As I said, I still wonder why it was that all but three short of the quota from her intake were processed before she was called to serve the State and offer her life for the common good.

A very fortunate customer indeed was he who had the great privilege of having this exceptional girl give him her greatest gift.

How he was for her, I will let her diary tell.

Liena was, like many other girls rather unlucky that her client wanted to enjoy her during the mid morning processing session. A girl selected for this session has longer to dwell on her coming death than, say, those chosen to be killed in the breakfast session or that of the late afternoon or evening.

A girl who has to die early in the morning can be awakened by her Matron and kept busy with her preparation right up to the time she must go to her client while girls scheduled for later in the day need not be told that they have been chosen until such a time as it is necessary to get them prepared for their client.

But Liena, whilst still awakened early, for the staff were always pressed for time having to prepare so many girls for the day's culling schedule, had to wait until ten in the morning having completed her sleep period three hours earlier so, as we shall see, her stress and worry was somewhat prolonged.

Here, then, is her diary up to her last conscious moment and a print out of the Diary's recording of her actual death.

It is written in the simple, unfussed way of the charming person she was.

The reader of it will note that the Selected Thoughts Mk 3<sup>TM</sup> model diary was designed specifically with the needs in mind of a girl destined to undergo culling and was programmed to switch to the present tense from the moment of her waking on the morning upon which she was to be processed. This allowed it to record her suffering, feelings and thoughts as she was actually dying.

" My Diary  
27th June 4892

Mother wouldn't buy me a Thought Diary at first, but I finally talked her into it. She said I was worrying myself too much about being selected for the draft one day and putting things into a diary would only make it worse for me.

But I want people to know what a girl unlucky to be born extra pretty has to go through so I got Mom to buy a "Selected Thoughts Mk3" (Girl's)<sup>TM</sup> model which only takes those thoughts it knows are about you being a selectable quality girl. It also has the power to record relevant thoughts right up to the moment the girl dies if she is selected. I so hope it never has to do that with me.

But I really just know I am going to be drafted and chosen and killed by some one - I am sure it will be a man.

I have been sure of this for a whole month now, a week before my fourteenth birthday when our school had a visit from the Education Department in London City. His job is to visit year eight girl's schools and hold a special class for those girls he thinks are starting to show that they may be pretty enough later to be selected for the draft. He said the law was called the 'Control of the Female Population Act' or something like that.

He chose thirty-four of us. I wanted to have the diary after he looked at me for a long time and shook his head with a funny sad look on his face and I knew what he was thinking. While he was telling us a bit about what the prettiest of us could expect, he kept looking at me a lot. I know I am going to be killed one day.

Why do so many girls have to be borne than are boys? It just isn't fair.

That is the reason he gave for them killing lots of us when we turn eighteen, lots of the prettiest ones anyway. That's not fair either.

He gave all of us an electro-pad note to take home. It says something about a favorable preliminary assessment being made of us and that we must not be taken out of the Council Zone of England without permission from the Bureau and that we must report every year for reassessment and evaluation or something.

28<sup>th</sup> Jan 4893

It happens often still, the cruel way the way other kids tease us more pretty girls about the way we look. They say awful things about how we will get ours when someone kills us one day.

27<sup>th</sup> June 4984

I had to attend my second review today, my fifteenth birthday.

Two ladies from the assessment office of the Bureau made me parade before them in a pretty dress they provided. Worse still they made us undress so they could examine us for imperfections, they said. It was awfully embarrassing although not as much as the first

time. When I complained about it then, I was told by my class teacher that selected girls are required to be naked during their culling so I had better get used to it.

Everyone now talks as if I am certain to be picked when I am eighteen and I am getting so frightened already.

I then had to let a woman examine me all over. I was told she was a Doctor and her job is to monitor the health of candidate girls as only the very healthy of us can be chosen in the draft later on. I never hoped to be a sickly girl, but I do now. I am not though; she said I was quite a good example of the type most sought by selection schools as I could be expected to provide value to a client if a slow method of processing me such as strangulation was used.

Please God don't let me be strangled if I get drafted- it would be a terrible way to be killed.

8<sup>th</sup>. August 4984

Mom and dad had a fight over me tonight.

Dad says I need to go to a department or modeling school. He says I am all gangly and awkward. Mom yelled at him. I heard them through the wall of my bedroom it was that loud. Mom said he must want to get me killed suggesting that. She said everyone says how lovely I am already and he wants to make certain I am drafted and killed in the cull.

Dad said life must go on - something about not allowing the needs of the State to dictate what we do. He said I should be allowed to develop to my full potential and if that meant I was chosen then that is the way it has to be.

In the end they said I will go to ballet classes.

2<sup>nd</sup> January 4985

It's "official". I have a boy friend at last.

Classified girls rarely get to have a regular boy friend. The boys say it drives them mad to see the prettiest girls going to waste, but it hurts them too much when they lose them to the draft.

18<sup>th</sup> May 4985

I was selected to play the first cygnet in Swan Lake today. The instructor at ballet said I was progressing very well. She said she chose me because of the lovely way I carried myself

now, how graceful the way my neck looked when I held my head up properly.

I hope this does not get me drafted as Mom fears.

The ballet is to be staged the day before my birthday, which will be nice for Mom and Dad.

27<sup>th</sup> June 4985

My annual inspection was held this afternoon. I have been reclassified to "A Plus" meaning that I will be inspected every three months by the Bureau Assessors to see that I am not doing anything from now on to mar my face of anything like that. They told me I will be publicly executed if I do. Apparently some girls try to avoid the draft by trying to disfigure themselves once the time for possible call up gets near.

6<sup>th</sup> December 4985

My boy friend, Robert, is getting really worried now. He knows I will be eligible to be drafted to serve the State in six months. His fussing keeps reminding me of it and I am getting frightened. I cry some nights now.

## PART 2

17<sup>th</sup> March 4986

Robert told me about his father today. In all this time we have been going together I have never met him. His parents are rich. I know that. Robert told me his father and some friends are members of a culler's club.

Every Sunday morning they go to the same training and assessment school I will have to go to if I am drafted. Robert says they go there every week to share a girl. He thinks they take it in turns to actually kill one of them while the others watch.

Robert says his father wants to meet me.

11<sup>th</sup> April 4986

Robert's father and I had an odd talk tonight. I don't know whether I liked it or not. He could have been truly concerned for me, but I just don't know.

He talked about how he thought it must be very bad for a girl to be killed by a stranger, how some girls he had enjoyed had been the daughters of friends and knowing him had

helped them. He said his group always tried to choose a girl one of them knew. The club member who knew the girl always was the one to kill her so she might be less frightened and would not have to suffer as much as a stranger might want her to.

I did not know what he was getting at so he explained that he was a friend of the Governor of the selection school and, if I wanted, he could arrange to come for me immediately I graduated from the introductory and orientation course.

I was terribly confused. I asked him what he meant by come for me.

He told me he would be happy to process me himself if I wanted, that his preference with girls he knew was to gently strangle her manually as it was a much more personal way to process girls and it also allowed for her to be killed with as little pain as possible.

I was appalled. I thought he was saying he would come and take me home. I asked him if he meant it, that he really wanted to kill me.

He told me he liked me and certainly did not want to hurt me, but if I had to die, well, he thought I might prefer him to do it than some stranger. He said it would make him very happy to help me that way. He kept looking at my neck.

I ran from his house, but did think about what he said that night. Perhaps it would be better to be killed by someone I knew. Surely if he knew me he would do it so it would not hurt me so much. I never got much sleep that night thinking about what it would be like to be killed by him rather than someone I did not know.

I spoke to the school councilor about his offer and she told me not to have anything to do with Robert's father again. She said I must understand that only four out of ten girls from each draft are required to submit to the cull, the rest are allowed to go home once the rest of them are dead. If I agreed to his idea, I would be the first to be killed with no hope of going home.

Then she asked me if I knew what sort of a club Robert's father was in and I said I thought it was one of the many culling clubs men could join. The Councilor said that that was only part of it and had I noticed there was a particular group of boys and girls in the school who befriended the most pretty girls while most other students tended not to and I said I had noticed Robert was friends with some kids who liked to be seen with the prettiest girls, but so what?

Then she told me that all these kid's fathers were in the same cullers club and these kids were paid extra allowances if they could get friendly with the pretty girls who were sure to be selected for the draft. They then took the girls them to meet their fathers who would pressure those girls into to letting them kill them if they were selected for the training and selection school and then I realized Robert didn't care for me at all and only took me to his dad so his dad could talk me into letting him strangle me.

I never saw my boy friend again after that. Well I had to at school, but I never went with him again. He said he did not care as I was not allowed to have sex anyway. He said I would killed while still a virgin.

Why do they want a girl to be still a virgin when she is selected to be killed? I wonder if she is still after she is dead- whether they allow the client to have the girl before killing her or use her afterwards maybe then I remembered reading somewhere that it is not allowed to sexually molest selected girls.

They must get their pleasure just from killing them.

None of it is fair although I am glad, I suppose, if that is the rule.

27<sup>th</sup> June 4986

My eighteenth birthday and they came again, the same doctor to check me over for health and any blemishes on my body and the same assessor to assess me for eligibility for drafting. I hate it the way they run their hands over you. Surly the assessor can tell if I have developed in beauty by looking, but he says it helps him examine a girl to touch her at the places he is examining, says it helps find any faults on her skin.

There were none to find.

They called my mother in then and said that it was their duty to inform her that I had been assessed as being a group "AA plus" quality girl and as such was obliged to submit myself for induction into the West London Selection and Training School, Bureau of Female Population Control at eight the following morning.

My parents tried to tell me that I probably would not be chosen, that there was sure to be lots of girls more beautiful than me who would be culled, but I am terribly frightened. I cried a lot tonight.

### PART 3

28<sup>th</sup> June 4986

I had to get up early this morning. God it was awful waking up knowing I had to go to the Selection and Training School. Mom could not bear to go with me so Dad drove me there by himself. He dropped me at the door and wouldn't come in with me. He looked so sad. I am sure he really thinks I am going to be selected for culling.

I had to wait in a large room like a picture theatre while lots of other girls came in. They

were draftees just like me. Golly they are all so beautiful. Surely I will not be wanted by a man to kill with all of them to chose from first.

A man and a woman came in to talk to us. Four young men stood at the back of the room and I guessed they were there in case any of the girls tried to run away or something.

The man said his name was Richard and that he was the Director of in House Processing. He said his job was to ensure the maintenance of standards throughout the school and things like ensuring girls provided high levels of satisfaction to clients who might purchase rights to them.

I tried not to listen much.

The lady seemed so kind. She said she was in charge of our training and she hoped she could help us through our stay here and make it bearable if we were chosen to be culled. She said she could do nothing about making our deaths hurt any less if our client chose a method which made us suffer before dying, but hoped to help us accept and understand what had to happen in the interests of the Federation.

I don't care about the damned Federation. I want so to live and go home.

The lady said the first thing we had to accept was that girls came here to be killed and to help us appreciate that fact she was going to select one of us now and let us see a girl being actually processed.

It was awful. She seemed to be looking at me for a long time and I was sure I was going to be picked, but she asked the girl next to me to come down to the platform, which, when the lights were turned on, had a rope and horrible looking noose dangling down.

I tried not to watch the girl being hung, but I could not stop myself. It was awful.

They said they were going to hang her in a way so it did not hurt her for too long, but they had to leave her hanging alive at least for a little while so we could get a better understanding of the process of a girl's death. Richard said it was important that no girl be asked to die without full value being obtained from her, even one being killed as a demonstration.

I said to the girl across from the now empty seat that I did not care if they never got value from me if I was killed, just so long as it did not hurt too much. God, what am I saying? I don't want to die at all!

Richard made the girl introduce herself. She was Jenny Hicks from Oxford. She could hardly speak she was so frightened. Richard told us that Jenny was having more trouble facing her death than we should after we were trained to cope better with it.

The woman had to help Jenny undress. She said all girls were asked to be naked for their culling unless their client wanted to act out a scene in some costume of his choice, but that was rare. She said it was easier for the staff to prepare the dead body for examination if a girl was naked for her death and in any event that was how clients wanted them as it allowed full appreciation of her reactions as she was dying.

Jenny was a very slim very pretty girl with long straight legs. I had the silly thought that she would have looked good doing ballet.

She tried to pull away when Richard began to bind her hands behind her back. He spoke quietly to her and she crossed her wrists for him. I did not hear what was said.

The two of them spent a while explaining things to us, the sort of knot they had set and where they had put it on the side of poor Jenny's ear. They wanted her head to remain up as she hanged so we could see her face in the monitors on our desks. They said they were going to give her a small drop to dislocate some vertebrae or something like that to speed up her death a little and to make sure the rope went tight around her neck to stop her from being able to breath at all. They said those of us who were selected to be hanged by our clients could expect to live a bit longer than Jenny will, but as this was only an introduction to the school's purposes, Jenny could be spared a slow strangulation.

Richard said a significant majority of girls were processed by one form of strangulation or another so we should watch closely.

Please don't let me be strangled, it must be terrible.

It was for Jenny even if she did have a short drop before strangling.

She struggled dreadfully in the end though she seemed to freeze and hang very still as if moving hurt her very badly to start with. The look in her eyes, I will never forget that. Her body shook and quivered perhaps as long as a minute before it went limp. Time was so hard to guess at. Richard said she was experiencing involuntary convulsions as she strangled, something all girls did as they suffered asphyxiation. She was conscious at that stage, he said, telling us to watch her eyes for signs of dying then she hung still as until her eyes went strange, sort of distant and a little series of trembles shook her then she began to kick with her legs. I thought doing that must have increased her pain with her body jerking by her poor neck, but Richard explained she was then dead and what we were seeing were her death throes.

I was glad she was dead. I mean I was glad she was not suffering anymore.

Her body was shiny with perspiration, glistening under the lights as she swayed on the rope. Richard said her dead body was very hot because of the heat build up as a girl strangles. He said it is to do more with the loss of oxygen than her struggling or pain.

We had to file past her dead body before going to dinner. I was not hungry; none of the girls were much. We talked about what we saw a lot. Some girls said it did not look too bad, but I remembered what Richard said about the different ways clients liked to kill their girls and how some methods hurt a lot more than others.

I had nightmares seeing over and over again Jenny being killed and then myself hanging there struggling and crying out for someone to help me. Dreams are awful when they do that, let you do things like cry out while strangling, I mean.

Please, don't let me be slowly strangled to death.

29<sup>th</sup> June 4986

We had a pleasant day after the horrible introduction to the school yesterday.

They put on a little party for all the girls from the previous intake who had not been selected and were going home. The law says girls can go home after forty percent of them have been culled. All these girls who are going home are so lovely. Those who were selected to be killed must have all been stunning. It makes me think I may not get selected after all as I don't think I am as pretty as any of these lucky girls.

Only selecting some of us to die did not help poor Jenny yesterday, hanged like that just to show us what it looked like when a girl is killed. I hope I don't have any more dreams of her hanging.

26<sup>th</sup> July 4986

Today starts our last week of training.

We were given a complete tour of the School's studios, the specially prepared rooms where the girls are taken to be killed by their clients.

We watched girls being processed in most of them as it was a busy day with over eighty percent utilization. We were told seventy-three girls died today.

I hope, if I am selected, my client wants to kill me with a knife. Hardly any of the girls prefer that way, but I think I might. Anything is better than being strangled although I did see one girl manually strangled in Studio 7 (b) and the man seemed very kind to his girl, talking quietly to her and telling her he obtained his pleasure from the actual killing of a girl, the taking of her life rather than her pain. He took a long time to kill her using such gentle pressure on her throat, but other than for a minute or so at the end she did not seem to suffer too badly although I don't know for sure. She was able to get a little air as

he strangled her and I did not like the sounds she made. Perhaps it would be better to be strangled quickly, even if it hurts more.

I saw two girls have their throats cut and it is very quick. The studio where girls are killed this way is a bit frightening at first, the stark tiles and the drain in the floor, I mean. I suppose it has to be like that to clean away the girls' blood once they have died.

One girl was asked to kneel next to the drain in the floor and her client tilted her head back from behind using her hair, sort of curving her neck over his thigh before cutting her throat. The other girl was killed by asking her to lay on her side on the floor then her client knelt with his knees in the small of her back to arch her body in a curve by pulling her head back by her hair.

He positioned her so that the front of her throat was right over the drain in the floor. He was well dressed and wanted to control where her blood went, he told her, while he positioned her on the floor.

A girl thrashes about a lot when her throat is cut, but our instructor told us that most of that occurs after the girl is dead and while it might look distressful, a girl does not suffer much and then only briefly if she is killed by having her throat cut.

I do hope, if I am chosen, my client will want to kill me that way.

27<sup>th</sup> July 4986

Yesterday's tour of the School's processing facilities was reviewed in today's class. A series of high definition videos were shown to us allowing a much more detailed study of the girls as they were being processed and then explanations were given by two of the medical staff about the various stages girls go through as they are actually experiencing their culling.

The scanner, which takes the images, is able to monitor the girls' vital signs so we could see the effect on their hearts and brain activity. They also had a pain monitor going for that day so we could see how much each method of culling a girl would hurt us if we were chosen to be killed that way.

I was surprised that slow hanging causes a girl about the most pain. I thought manual strangulation would, what with the thumbs pressing so hard into her soft throat and all. The rope hurts her just a little bit more to start with and a lot more as she continues to hang by her neck.

I would still hate most of all to be manually strangled just the same - all of the pain being in the one spot on your throat. And it would be so, well, personal, his bare hands about your neck. Perhaps that is what they like, all those clients who like to strangle their girls that

way.

I took close note of the girl who was laid on the tiled floor to have her throat cut as she seemed to do the most thrashing about of all the girls although the one who got shot in the forehead reacted a lot too. The big difference was the way the girl with her throat cut kicked her legs. Gee they were nice legs, so long and such nice shape. Odd how I should notice such a thing. Perhaps I am getting used to the thought of girls being killed although not the idea of it being me, of course.

I always thought a girl being hung would kick her legs a lot too One of the doctors explained that in drop hanging she does, but with her legs swinging free, their own weight tends to make the motion less obvious whereas the girl laying on the smooth wet floor can slide about quite a lot making her movements exaggerated. Our instructor explained that the floor had just been cleaned of the blood from two other girls processed earlier and that was why it was wet.

If my throat is cut like that I hope the floor is dry. I would not want my client to see my dead body slide about like that girl's did.

25<sup>th</sup> July 4986

I hated the lectures today. They were about how a girl should present herself to her client for processing. You know, how she should do all she can to make herself appealing to him and make his experience of her enjoyable.

We were told that we had a duty to the State not just to offer our lives to it if called upon to die, but to ensure that the State got the maximum value from us. We also had a duty to our school. We had to make the experience had by our client when he killed us very rewarding for him so he would come back to our own training and selection school and purchase the rights to more girls.

We had to watch some videos of girls presenting themselves to their clients and pick what they were doing wrong or how they could make themselves look better for him. I saw the girl in my video looking down a bit and said she should have looked at her client so he could see her eyes which was the correct answer.

The girl also looked glum, the instructor said, and while we were not expected to look happy, every effort had to be made to look attractive and willing to accept what the client wanted of us. The clients would expect us to be afraid, she said, and anyway most customers thought pretty girls were at their most beautiful when they were frightened.

The hardest part was being shown how to undress when we were asked to by our client. Almost all girls have to be naked for their client as he kills them. Our new pattern presentation gowns are made of polished satin so it will slide over our skin when we

undress. This is supposed to look good for the client. The dress comes to just above our knees and it has a satin sash around the waist, which we have to take off first and give it to the client. It is to tie our hands behind our backs so we cannot use them as we are being killed. Girls, who are killed with the client touching them such as when they are strangled or smothered or have their throats cut by a knife, must have their hands tied behind their backs first. They say it is better for the girl if she cannot do anything with her hands as she is being killed. Making it easier for her client to do it to her means she might not get hurt as much. Anyway, we know men prefer to have a girl helpless when they kill her.

The gowns are held up by thin strings of silk which are tied over the girl's bare shoulders by bows which we have to learn to slowly undo one side at a time, carefully letting the first side drop to just expose the nipple of one breast then the other then slowly lower the gown down our bodies until it has fallen around our feet leaving us naked ready to be positioned for processing. The satin allows the gown to slide evenly down the girl's body.

We had to practice this lots of times to get it just right as we were told it will be harder for us to do on the day as we will be very scared of what is going to happen to us and the undressing must come naturally for it to look good for our client.

That night in our lounge us girls all said we did not care about the awful old Federation or our clients or anything else. We just want to go home. None of us want to be killed.

It's not fair. Almost half of us will be killed soon.

28<sup>th</sup> July 4986

Today we had our final lesson. It covered the reason clients pay so much for the rights to our lives and what it is they look for in killing girls.

We were told that, for us girls, women clients were often the worst as most wanted to kill us out of jealousy. They got their pleasure out of killing a girl more beautiful than they were or, where they were once very lovely themselves; it was revenge for their lost beauty. These women almost always got the most pleasure from our pain and would hurt a girl as much as they were allowed to before killing her. They like to hear a girl cry out in her pain and especially to hear her beg them to stop hurting her. The best thing for us to do is to try to bear the pain silently if we can and they will get impatient and go too far causing the girl to die before they want her to.

A female client who loves girls is the best to have however, for she will usually be very sympathetic and kind. She seeks her sexual pleasure from girls and knows how they think and feel. And we were told that even those women who want to hurt their girl for a while before killing her understand what she is suffering and won't want to go too far.

They told us that almost all of these women are very grateful to their girl once she has died

for them and are often sad when it is over.

That's what they said anyway.

They also say it helps a girl who has been told she has been selected to be culled to know what her client wants from her, whether her death is enough or whether she needs to suffer more than is necessary to kill her although I would probably not want to know if I was going to be made to suffer a long time before dying. Especially if I was told the night before how he wanted to kill me, as happens mostly.

We were told that most men want to kill a girl for sexual reasons as well, that their urge to kill girls has been developed over thousands of years.

No one knows why men like to hurt us and then kill us, but most do. Our instructor says there are over seven million men in the Federation who have purchased perpetual culling licenses from the Bureau of Female Population Control as well as millions of casual users of culling schools.

We are in dread of inexperienced cullers. Sometimes they need four or five attempts to kill a girl by, say, strangling her and she must be as good for them and compliant to their wishes as she can to help them get what they paid for. The school punishes us very nastily if we do not do our best for our clients and they want to hand us back for a refund. It is hard to believe, but we are told it is very tiring to manually strangle a girl as the hands get very tired and inexperienced clients stop before the girl falls unconscious so they have to start again with her throat already very sore and bruised.

I know it would be so hard to do, but it is best if a girl can relax her neck as much as possible as she is being strangled by hand as by making it easier for her client to kill her she will suffer less. At least that is what they say.

And I have heard awful stories about poor girls where their client has hesitated as he tried to cut her throat.

We also have to accept that some men deliberately stop the process, which they are using to kill their girl to make their pleasure last or sometimes because they like to see her suffer. Again they told us to remain calm and accept the pain until his needs from our suffering are satisfied and he decides to let us die.

It is all so easy for our lecturers. They are not the ones suffering and dying.

The teachers said we would be told if we have a novice or casual purchaser. They are asked to fill out a questionnaire and say what they want from a girl and how they want us to be positioned for culling and so on. If it is likely to result in a girl suffering too much they are given tuition as to better methods of enjoying their girl without being too cruel to her.

Licensed cullers don't have to say what they intend to do with their girl, but they usually follow the same pattern so the staff can tell us about what will probably happen to us although we must be prepared to accept his wish if he wants to try a new method or enjoy a new experience.

## PART 4

4<sup>th</sup> August 1986

I am starting to be hopeful. Today was the seventh parade I have done and five more girls from my group were selected. Only about twenty more and I can go home. I was sorry my friend Charlene was chosen. She was so nice. She entertained at a business lunch meeting of men in the School restaurant. She said they were going to slow hang her, apparently allowing her toes to just touch the floor for the first half of her processing. Poor Charlene. She was like me and did not want to die of strangulation. What a silly thing I just said. None of us want to die at all!

Actually saying the word "die" like that does not describe it, what we have to face. We are not asked to die. We girls are killed.

5<sup>th</sup> August 1986

Had a terrible fright today at my parade. A man chose me to cull. He was going to hand smother or strangle me tomorrow morning. He told me he would reassess me in the processing studio in the morning and finally make up his mind then how he would do it. He said I had a lovely soft face and lips. He told me a smooth soft facial quality was very important if a girl was to be hand smothered with gentle sensual pressure. He said he prefers for the girl not to be able to get any air at all. It would be quicker that way, too, I suppose.

He also said it would be a shame to waste such a long slender neck. He was touching it with the back of his fingers, making me hold my head up as he ran them up and down my throat.

I cannot tell you of the horror of my next two hours.

Richard, the Director, came to see me with the news that the man had called up to cancel his booking. He told me that normally once a girl has been selected she must be killed even if her client cancels. He said he will let me live on this occasion as the customer had not paid a deposit on me and therefore it could not be said that the rights to my life had been purchased.

I cried then. I cried for a long time. Richard stayed with me and held me. It helped a lot.

Richard said that I should not get my hopes up too high about going home even though three more of my group were culled today as it would be all the harder for me if I was still selected. I asked him how he thought I would be killed if I were chosen, you know from my looks. He said he suspected I would be manually strangled and indeed with my pretty, long slender neck he was surprised I was still with them.

I wish I had not asked. I hate my neck.

9<sup>th</sup>. August 4986

We did not have to parade for clients yesterday. We are allowed one day in five off. It is to give us a chance to recover from the stress. The stress can harm a girl's appearance if she is kept at it without a break.

The two days before, though, saw five girls from my intake leave us. Three of them were hanged together for a group of travel agents visiting from The Greater Eastern Council. They are promoting us English Council girls to them as part of package tours.

It might help to be killed together with other girls, particularly if they were friends. But I suppose it would be just awful if they were killed one at a time and you were the last girl to die.

12<sup>th</sup> August 4986

Dear God help me. I am going to be killed in the morning.

Richard came himself to tell me.

The man who had wanted me 'phoned back and said he still wanted to purchase the rights to me. A business problem made him cancel the first time, he has now paid for me in full.

Richard could not tell me how it was going to be done to me, but felt sure it would be either smothering or strangulation.

I am going to be suffocated or be strangled to death at nine in the morning.

I asked if he knew the client and he said he had supervised his enjoyment of two or three girls some years ago and knew he was still a regular customer. If he remembered rightly the client was sometimes kind and at others he needed to hurt his girl a bit more than really necessary before killing her. It depended on how his business day had been. He thought that the client was one of those who needed girls to release his tension sometimes

and that was when he had to hurt them. When things had been good, the girl was to help him celebrate his good fortune and he was very kind and gentle to them.

He did not know for sure, but he thought it likely that such a person, given his two preferred methods of processing girls, would use strangulation when he needed to inflict extra pain as that method was more conducive to hurting a girl than smothering her.

I wished again that I had not asked a question.

Richard stayed with me for a while talking about how I should conduct myself to make it as good as I could for the client and hopefully help make it as easy for myself as the method he chooses for me allows. Richard says I will suffer quite a lot either way but must try not to fight against what must be done to me. He says it will be better that way for struggling makes it hard for the client to control his girl and she is inevitably hurt more before she dies.

He told me I should know what to expect in the morning. He said they would prepare the studio the way the client had asked for it to be set up in the past. It allows for him to choose which ever way he wants to process his girl, no, I must say it, accept it, how he wants to kill me, without having to go to the trouble of bringing in any additional apparatus to position me on.

Richard said I will see a bed without any pillow or any thing on it so my head will lie back with my face well up. This is there in case he wants to smother me with his hand. The bed will be very firm so that my struggling does not move him about and make it hard for him to control what he wants to do to me. He will sit on the bed next to me to do it. Richard says he remembers the client likes to caress a girl a lot before he kills her, likes to run his fingers over her face and lips and things like that if he is to smother her.

Richard said I should apply a lot of moisturizer to my face and lips when I prepare myself in the morning as it makes the face nice and soft and the cream makes it easier for the client to block off all the air with less pressure. He says the worst thing is to struggle so much that air can get in and cause me to live longer than the client wants for that is suffering for nothing so I should try to stay as still as possible.

If I have to be strangled, there will be an adjustable kneeling pad for me to position myself on so that the client can raise me to where he wants me to be for the strangulation. Richard thinks he likes his girls to be positioned high so he can easily see their eyes and also have a good view of their throat where the thumbs are. He says he remembers the client moves his thumbs in the girl's throat to increase the pain or for some other reason, but cannot remember whether or not he lets the girl have some air to make her stay alive a bit longer.

I hope he kills me quickly and he is in a good mood.

Richard told me that when a girl is strangled on the kneeling platform there is nowhere to lay her down when she loses consciousness so he will stand behind me to hold me up so that the client can complete my strangulation after I go limp. He also said that, for the same reason, he will want to position the hospital gurney next to the platform so that he can lift my dead body straight onto it once he is satisfied that life has gone from me. He told me this because he did not want me being upset at the sight of it so close to where I had to position myself ready for my client.

Richard told me he liked me a lot that I was sweet and brave and he would be with me in the morning while I was being processed.

I am glad he will be there when it happens to me. I will try to be brave although I don't think I am very brave at all.

I am so very frightened now. What will it be like for me when I wake up in the morning, then!

A Matron came to see me when Richard left and told me to get ready for bed and she would give me some medication to help me get a good rest so I will look my best for my client in the morning. She said the tablet will stop me from having bad dreams about what must happen in the morning. I told her I wanted to remain awake for a little while to think things and what I had to do in the morning and what sort of things might happen to me.

Matron agreed, but said I must take the sleeping tablet in an hours time and she would come in later to see that I was alright and resting properly. She said she would see me in the morning with my pre processing medication to keep me nice as I died and also the beautician would come to prepare me for presentation to my client.

I do not know whether it is wise to think about things too long, but I sit on the edge of my bed and start to do so anyway.

Why do men like to see us suffer before we die? Killing girls might be a nice thing for them to enjoy, I think I can understand that, you know the knowledge that they have done it to a girl, taken her life away from her. But why do they only do it to the prettiest girls and not to the ordinary looking ones. The State says it is to be fair as the beautiful girls of the Federation who are not chosen to serve always get the best jobs and so on. They become models and actresses and make the most Federation Credits and so it is only fair that they are the ones who have to serve the State by being eligible for the cull.

But I know it is because us pretty girls are the ones the clients will pay lots more for, so it must be because they get enjoyment out of killing only pretty girls. They must get sexual pleasure out of seeing us die. That's it.

But why do they want to hurt us so much as they kill us. Some of the girls say it is to make us last, to make the time it takes for us to die longer so they can enjoy the thought that

they are killing a pretty girl last longer.

I sat there thinking for a long time, trying to think mostly of other things than what was going to happen to me in the morning, but it kept coming back. I could not stop seeing myself naked and helpless, my hands tied behind my back, kneeling there waiting for him to come to me. Then he would come, his huge gnarled hands out towards me, towards my neck, his fingers crooked ready to strangle me.

I could not think of me being actually killed, but I kept on imagining what I would look like after he had done it, the way I would be laid out on the gurney thing. My body was so white; no color at all even my lips and eyes. There was not even any color of bruising on my throat nor on my face. The girl we had to watch on a video monitor being smothered had vivid imprints of her client's fingers and thumb of her dead face. He had to hold her face very tight as had she struggled terribly hard to breath as he was killing her. But very part of me was just so white. So dead.

It was terrible.

When I at last layed back on my bed for the last time, I realized I had not yet cried. I did on and off while I though about things.

## PART 5

14<sup>th</sup> August 4986 (7.00am)

Fingers are touching my face as I awaken. It is nice and I think I am still at home and it is my mother. She often woke me up that way, touching my cheek - brushing my hair away from my face. Then I open my eyes and there is a strange pretty young lady sitting on my bed caressing my face. She is smiling. 'Easy now, ' she says gently. 'It is time to get up sweet heart. My name is Jenny and I am going to make you into the most beautiful girl ever to leave us.'

Then it hit me. The tingling started between my legs and ate deep into my belly. I knew at once it was a most awful terror that was doing it. Today I was going to die. They were here to get me ready, make me lovely just so a man could kill me.

'No' I hear my voice say. I think it is my voice, but I have never heard it wail so terribly. I shrink away from the pretty lady.

'You must be calm now, Liena,' says another voice. It is the matron. 'Get up now, please dear. The more you keep yourself busy until you are with your client the easier it will be for you to get through this difficult time. Once you are with your client it won't be so bad.'

'Yes, and also I have another seventeen authorizations to see to before seven thirty' says

another voice. 'So bring her to me first if you will, Jenny, and I then I can will leave her to you.'

I look in confusion about the room then see a hard looking woman standing there with a thing that looks like a camera in her hands.

Other hands ease me out of bed. I am naked.

'Liena, dear,' says Jenny indicating the third woman, 'Ursula is with the Governor's Office and she has to do your final clearance and obtain formal authorization for you to be culled this morning.' 'Just look into the lens, at the red light, child,' she says coldly to me.

I do so and it turns green.

She just sort of grunts at it and then says that I am now duly authorized to be taken and given over to the use of a citizen who has paid the appropriate fee for the rights to my life and that he is in turn authorized to use such means as are lawful to process me according to the code of practice set down by the Committee for Prevention of Excessive Suffering by Selected Girls and do I have any objection to this determination.

I do not answer. I am frozen.

'She has to have an audible reply, honey,' I heard Jenny say.

'Please don't take me out there to that man. I do not want to die, oh please', I say helplessly.

'Look girl, I am late already, so tell me, do you or do you not agree you can lawfully be culled,' the other harsh voice says.

'Yes.' I have said it, said they can kill me. The wave of terror sweeps over me. Down my body again.

'Now, girls' she continues at me, 'we have a couple of other small administrative matters which have to be cleared up. First your letter to your next of kin. Have you signed one yet? Do you want your body sent back to your people?'

I am confused. I tell her I don't know anything about a letter.

'They are in your dresser draw, girl,' she says irritably. 'They are all the same. They tell your folks that they should not worry about you and that sort of thing. They say you know your duty to the Venerable Leader and the Federation and willingly give your life to the betterment of society. The letter says you are going to be processed painlessly and so on. You should have been told all this stuff ages ago.'

I look at a letter.

'I am not going to be killed painlessly though. My client smothers or strangles his girls,' I say, tears coming again.

'They don't know that, you silly girl, so sign it and let me get on with my work.'

I sign a letter.

The horrible woman leaves us saying something about how us girls are not being trained properly these days and how anyone would think I am the only girl going to be killed today.

The Matron gives me two tablets to take. She says one is to help me with my fear a little, suppress the urge to panic and try something bad like resist my client. She is sorry she is not allowed to give me anything for the pain I must suffer. Girls must be natural as they are being processed, she says. The other one is to keep me nice and pleasant for my client as my muscles relax when I die.

'Do you know how he wishes you to be prepared. Honey?' It is Jenny speaking again. I have taken the tablets and Matron has gone. She had squeezed me on the shoulder and told me to be brave and it would soon be all over.

A young boy has come into the room. He is only wearing a pair of briefs. His job is to come into the shower with chosen girls and make sure that they are properly bathed and fresh for their deaths.

'Sorry?' I stammer to Jenny.

'I seem to have misplaced the order for your preparation and was wondering if you knew how your client wanted you prepared for him.'

'No, Richard did not tell me that.'

'Do you know how he wants to kill you, perhaps?'

I find I can answer Jenny as she is nice and kind to me

. 'Richard said my client would make up his mind when he saw me again in the morning - this morning in the processing studio. Richard thought he often smothered his girls and sometimes he strangled them if he wanted them to suffer a bit more before they die. He does that if he is having troubles at his work.'

'Lennie,' Jenny was talking to the boy, 'you tell us what you think Liena's client might do. We have found' she is looking at me now, 'that most clients who make up their mind when they see their girl do so on her appearance. Oh by the way, Lennie is a trainee in the preparation department. I hope you don't mind if we discuss what needs to be done to you. He must learn, after all.'

'Let me see' Lennie is saying as he looks at me, tilting my head back to see my face better. 'Hmm, strangled hey? If we were to cut her hair real short he will no doubt be utterly captivated by that lovely neck. Nothing like clearing the hair away to give a lovely long neck a compelling line, I always say.'

'Yes', Jenny comes to me as she speaks, her hand going to my hair, touching it, feeling it, 'but if we leave her hair long and clean and shiny to form a gorgeous dark curtain under her head as she lays down, don't you think he might want to enjoy smothering her every bit as much?'

'True, but we can compromise; indeed we should as we do not know by which method he will want to kill her. Suppose we put her hair up in a formal style. That way her neck will be beautifully bared for him if he chooses to strangle her yet he can tell her to let it down if that is the way he wants her.'

'I don't know,' says Jenny. 'She has such fine hair and it is likely to become untidy if she is strangled. You know how a girl always struggles when the pain gets bad. Also I do not need any more complaints from clients who hate the feel of stray strands between their hands and their girl's necks.'

It seems impossible, but I am starting to calm down a little, I realize. Perhaps if I can just let them do what they have to with me I may be able to stop from letting the terrible panic take me over. Perhaps it is the way they handle me as they prepare me for my client or perhaps the pill I have taken is helping a little.

My fingers are still shaking though.

'We must make a guess at it then, I suppose', the boy is saying.

'How would you kill her if she was yours, then Lennie?'

Lennie comes to me and touches my face. He is so gentle. His fingers run over my cheeks then over my lips. He tilts my head back and looks at my neck, touches it with the tips of his long gentle fingers, pressing very softly in the centre. It feels nice until I realize why he is doing it - to work out how he would like to kill me if I were his.

'Well, it would be a crime to waste such a classically beautiful neck. Her throat is soft yet the fine structures beneath would provide a lovely sensuous feel under thumbs as they

pressed into it, a perfect example for the purpose of manual strangulation if one is to use the parameters set down in the qualities classification manual.'

'That's decided then,' Jenny says. 'We shall cut her hair short for manual strangulation.'

'What about the places on her which he will want to use to kill her then, regardless of method'? This is Jenny speaking, educating the boy in his job, I realize. She is using me to teach him all about how to prepare girls for their client.

'Well, we should still prepare her face for hand smothering, especially her lips and under her nose. Some nice rich moisturizer for her face and lips to make it easy for him to prevent any air from being taken by her unless he wishes to keep her alive a little longer. And her neck, of course. A generous application of the new high penetration flesh conditioner to the throat area will make her neck feel soft and pliable where the thumbs would press if he does, as I expect, want to strangle her.'

Jenny goes to the door after telling Lennie to complete my preparation as discussed then she stop and tells him to make sure I am given a long cool down spray after my cleaning and to remember that I will get very hot as I am being killed by asphyxiation so he is to use a generous application of skin coolant so I remain nice to touch right to the end.

I hear this yet do not feel too frightened. That is strange.

I am seated at a mirror looking at my hair fall away. Looking at my neck as it is bared for the man's hands. I hate my neck. I hope the man will smother me after all. The boy is good at cutting hair.

Lennie is not naked in the shower but I can see he is aroused. His hands feel soothing on me as he massages me with the cleansing lotion. He uses his fingertips a lot to clean my skin, being very gentle, especially with my face and neck. He says he must not leave any marks on me to spoil my skin.

The rinsing spray is so cold. Lennie rubs me quickly to stop goose bumps forming he says. The cold air used to dry me makes me shiver. Lennie sprays me with some mist. He says this is the stuff to keep my skin cool and dry to feel as I am being killed by loss of air.

Lennie then smoothes some moisturizers into my lips and face around my mouth. He says I have lovely lips and it would be a shame to have them covered as I die. He says girl's lips show what is happening to her as she dies from asphyxiation and hand smothering is a waste of them.

I think he likes to work with girls who are about to be killed.

He covers my lips and under my nose very gently with his hand and tells me to try to

breath in. I cannot and he says good and lets me go. He says my lips do feel nice, though.

He uses another thinner cream and smoothes it into my neck, being very gentle not to hurt me as he works it into my throat area with his thumbs. He is breathing quickly. I now know he would love to have me to strangle.

Lennie has finished making me up, just a little, he said, to make my skin look and feel very young and fresh.

Jennie comes back then and tells me to stand and looks at me closely all over. She tells Lennie that I will do and takes me to the door and faces me up the passage and tells me to go to Studio 9(g) and to try to be very brave and to remember that it is my duty to the State to present myself beautifully for my client's pleasure and she hopes it will not be too bad for me as she thinks I am a nice girl.

## Part 6

I look up the long passage to where I must walk, looking for the door to the place where I am going to be killed and I am so terribly frightened again.

I can hardly stand, my legs feel so weak. I look for the sign out from my door, but there is along line of doors from the one above me, which only says 5(b), and I can only just see 9 (a) in the far distance. I must walk to where it must be done to me, I must get to him or it will never end, this terror.

There are other girls like me, going to their own clients, all with their eyes looking ahead, vacant. We do not look at each other, do not think of the other girls going to their deaths, do not think how they are going to suffer.

We have only our own terror and no feeling of anything else.

I hear a gasp from a girl as she opens the door to her studio. I see the cause of her horror as she stands transfixed looking in. There is a man in there with a mask on. There is a block of wood. He stands next to it with a huge axe. There is lots of blood on the block of wood.

The girl is going to be killed on the block, will have to put her neck on other girl's blood and wait for the axe. I try not to feel sick. I must look my best for my client. It is my duty to be beautiful for him. Or is it that I do not want to be rejected by him and be punished in front of the whole school and then hanged on that... I must not think of failing my client.

I am at the first door with a "9" on its sign. I stumble. I reach out to steady myself on the door, but it is open and I fall through it. I hurt my knees.

I look up and want to scream, but I am too terrified.

An attendant is there fixing a new hanging noose, staring at me, saying something about me being early, that the next client isn't due in this studio for ten minutes, but I can wait if I like now I am here, but that he has to change the rope before I can be hung as the last girl's neck bled on it rather badly due to chaffing. She must have struggled too much, he said.

I stumbled out of the door into the passage his voice in my ears saying that girls were just not being taught to bear their pain the way they used to.

I must get to my studio, must not be late for my client, but I go the wrong way and must turn and go back past the open door to 9(a).

Now I am here at my door. I make myself breath deeply. Then I remember how I am going to die. Oh, God, he is going to stop me from being able to breath at all.

I open the door.

The room is as Richard told me it would be, but it does not help my terror. The bed where I could be smothered was there and so was the raised padded stand on which he liked his girls to kneel if her chose to strangle them.

And next to it was the trolley, gurney they called it, on which they would lay me after I am dead. Did putting it next to the stand mean I was going to be strangled, that the client had made up his mind?

And I see Richard and go to him. I know he will help me.

'Liena!' I hear him say to me, his voice almost harsh. I stop shocked.

'You must go to your client, Liena.'

I have not even seen him yet he is there so close. He had came to the door to greet me.

'Come girl, let us see you over in the light,' he is saying and he takes me by my hand and pulls gently me over near the bed.

The bed. He is going to smother me after all.

He lets my hand go and stands there looking at me for a while.

'Well girl, undress.' He is smiling at me. He is very good looking. Madness to think of that now. 'I cannot see through clothes you know, even the lovely little thing you girls wear for

us these days. Lets see if you are as lovely as the pretty girl I remember from two days ago.'

I undo the little bows at each shoulder, remembering to do it slowly yet still fumbling in my terror I let the gown fall left side first exposing my breasts slowly, one at a time as I have practiced, but I have forgotten to untie the broad silk girdle about me, the sash which I am supposed to hand him to use on me to bind my hands before killing me. I hold my gown up just below my breasts and fumble with the sash with one hand, my fingers shaking, and at last I can hand it to my client. He is looking at me. I feel myself going red. Am I embarrassed at my forgetfulness and terribly frightened he will be angry with me and want to hurt me a lot as he kills me or even send me away to be punished.

He laughs at my fumbling, says I am lovely in my fear. He says my blush makes me look so young and innocent and is endearing and it will make having me a truly wonderful experience. He says I am quite delightfully refreshing and he is really going to enjoy having me as his girl.

He looks older than I remember him from before, but still young. Why do I suddenly think of his age and think he is good looking. I hope he wants to be kind to me, doesn't want to hurt me too much as he does it to me.

'Come on girl, lets see you, turn around.' I am naked before him. I look for Richard, but he is standing near the kneeling platform.

'Beautiful, quite beautiful. I am glad she was still available Richard, old chap. Would have been a shame to have seen some other customer enjoy her.' I am being turned round by him, his hands on my shoulders, my back, my legs, on me, feeling me, my breasts, examining every bit of me.

'You know, Richard, it is quite a lift for the spirits to realize that this girl has been growing up just for this purpose for eighteen years, eighteen years to be this perfect, being cared for with love every day, admired for her growing beauty, her parents cultivating that beauty. Eighteen years to arrive here at her most lovely and this morning it will take me just five minutes to take it all away, just a few beautiful minutes and this devine creature will be dead. A great privilege, we have in being permitted to take the life of these girls, you know.'

I realize Richard does not answer the clients much. Just lets them enjoy talking about their girls however they like.

'What I love about the girls available to us under the Program is the perfection in the small things, Richard. Take this girl's hands.' The man is holding mine in his, touching them with the tips of his fingers. 'Absolutely perfect. Long slim fingers, the backs utterly unblemished. And her arms. So slim and soft and smooth, tapering to tiny delicate wrists. One of my great pleasures with girls like this one is the tying of such lovely hands behind her back, the thought that such perfection is used to make her quite helpless to stop me doing what

has to be done to kill her.'

I listen to these words trying not to listen, but I have to. I was told in our lessons that clients like to talk of their girl before they kill her, like to examine her and get pleasure from her beauty. He lets go of my hands and runs his fingers lightly all over me as he studies me all over again.

He talks to Richard as if I am not there. We were told many men do that too, talk to the supervisor about the girl they are going to kill.

'Look at the potential in this girl, Richard, think of the joy she would have brought and received in love with these perfect breasts, the inviting swell of the hips and the space between, the pleasure she would have enjoyed had she not been mine today, if she was allowed to live. But she will not be allowed to live, Richard, will she? She is to be denied all those pleasures and other men will likewise be denied the pleasures this exquisite young body could have given them for now she is mine and I, me, have decided, from amongst all the thousands of girls in this selection school, to take this girl's life, to kill her.

'And another thing to cherish in these deeds, Richard, is the thought that what we do is forever. Most everything we do in life is so temporary, yet the killing of a girl is forever, when we see the life leave the eyes of our girl we know we have taken something beautiful away forever. A stirring thought that Richard.'

He turns me to face him, his hands caressing my face, the tips of his fingers traveling over my lips. The backs of his fingers on his other hand sliding down to my neck then up to tilt my face up to him as they go.

'Now, pretty girl, what shall I do with you, how shall I take such a beautiful life away forever? Let me see. I am relaxed and happy with the world so would normally want to smother you, but I am not so sure. What I want is to get the best from you, make sure I get value from that beautiful young life of yours. So, do you have a preference as to how you would like to give yourself to me?'

I think of telling him I could not bear to be strangled, but I cannot. I could not make words come. His right hand is still at my neck and he is running the backs of his fingers up and down the front of my throat again, gently, the way he did when he first said he wanted me at my last parade. Before this awful terror began.

Before I knew I was going to die under the touch of these hands now so gently taking their pleasure from me.

His other hand continues to caress my face, glide over my cheeks then pause at my lips as if he is sampling what it would feel like to smother me.

'It would be such a waste, would it not, Richard'- I am not there anymore other than just as a selected girl to enjoy, to hurt, to kill for pleasure - 'her lips, I mean. Such a shame to cover them, not to be able to see them as she dies if I smother her. So' - he is looking at me again, at my neck - 'I think I shall strangle you, Liena Howard.'

The use of my name makes the terror turn to despair. My name reminds me I am real, a young girl, a human being. I am Liena Jane Howard and because I am young and they say I am beautiful I am going to be killed!

'No!' I have found a word, spoken, and wish I had not for he will not heed I know that, but it might make him angry and want to hurt me more before I die.

'Oh, there, there, girl', he is smiling at me, happy, 'it will not be that much worse for you than being smothered. In fact the way girls struggle during smothering, I often wonder if it is not worse for them than being strangled. I think, Richard, the extra pain of strangulation takes a girl's mind off the thing which is happening to her, the knowledge that she is being killed is hidden by the pain somewhat, don't you agree?'

'Research supports that theory, it is true,' says Richard.

I wonder if the pain I must suffer will truly take some of my terror away as I die. I hope so. I am much more frightened of dying than of the pain though. Oh God, I do not want to suffer either.

He takes the satin sash from the bed where he had dropped it after I handed it to him when I undressed for him and he tells me to turn around to have my hands bound. My legs are so weak; I almost trip as I turn. I hear him laugh at me, say something about how terror suits me. He sounds happy. I hope so. I don't want him to hurt me more than he really has to.

He plays with my wrists, my hands for a moment, tells Richard again how he loves this part, using a girl's hands to make her feel helpless, and then tells me to cross my wrists one over the other.

I feel the material being wound around them, tightly; pinching my skin and then it is passed between and tied over the loops. Tightly. It hurts, the first pain I have felt since my selection for training school. From now on I will know nothing but pain. And death.

He takes me by my elbows and turns me to face him. I stumble a little, unbalanced by having my arms behind my back, my legs feeling so weak.

He looks at me. I am bound. I am helpless. I am finally and totally his.

And I feel an entirely new sensation. It sweeps down my body starting in my cheeks then to

my breasts and falling, falling deep in my body, to between my legs, there where I used to feel such pleasure when aroused. This is not pleasure, this new feeling.

Then I know it for the monster that it is for it is true terror. I know what I felt before was just a little fear, not this, not this terror. And I know what brings it on, this dread, this all-consuming terror, this fear to the degree of pain. It is brought on by my undressing for him, the baring of my body to this man, my nakedness and then, above all, by my bonds for together they mean I am beyond hope. I am naked and helpless and I know, really know for the first time, that I am going to die here in this place. This morning.

'This will hurt your lovely little wrists, girl, you know that don't you?

I realize it is my client talking the way he does, first to me then to Richard then to me. It is terrifying and confusing.

'When you begin to struggle I mean', he is saying. 'Beautiful how it is those parts of a girl I like so much are the ones which get to suffer for me Richard. This girl's wrists, then her sweet, delicate neck. Be best for you, girl, if you try not to pull at your wrists too much when the pain gets bad. It will only hurt you more and I assure you I have tied your wrists together so you will have no chance of getting free - had a girl once, Richard, who got free. Quite spoiled it the way she fought my hands about her neck, had to let her go and start all over after I had retied her. Hell, it must have hurt her to be strangled all over again with her throat already bruised - I want to talk to you, girl, about your pain and struggling, later - when I are ready for you.'

Why does he want to talk to me about the pain? Does it really hurt a girl that much to be strangled? I am so frightened.

'One other request, Richard, if I may.' He is caressing me again, his hands running about my body and down my arms to finger the bonds at my wrists, letting his eyes travel all over me.

'Yes?', comes a voice, Richard's, from behind me.

'Last girl I had tried to stand up while just when it got really enjoyable, you know, that point when a girl is still strong, but in maximum pain, at her most desperate. Wonder if you might tie this ones ankles together after she kneels on the frame for me?'

I wait for Richard to speak, to say no, say that I have not been told this might happen and that girls should know what is expected of them by their clients before they are given to them for processing.

But it is my client who is still speaking -'It was most unfortunate, that occasion, rather difficult to hold a girl down by her neck and still maintain the desired controlled pressure

on her throat, you know. Quite spoiled the girl for me, it did. She was a damned expensive one too, almost as dear as this one.'

I remember something during lessons about how girls are valued according to their beauty, but talk of it was discouraged for some reason. It was the first I have heard that I am expensive. Dear God, why did I have to be born pretty.

I hear Richard say that the model new kneeling frames are having a bar fitted low across the front. The girl will be asked to move forward on her knees until her thighs press against it to hopefully discourage that upsetting panicky reaction by some girls during their strangulation and until then it is a good idea to bind their ankles together. He says he has some zip ties with him, which should do although they will cut into my flesh if I pull at them.

I am to be tied both by my hands and feet, made utterly helpless. Richard is not my friend at all. I am going to die all-alone.

My client steps back from me and picks up some smothering lotion he must have brought himself. Why? Is he going to smother me after all?

He puts some of it on his hands and lots on his thumbs and brings them up to my face - no he is putting it on my neck, smoothing it into my throat. "Beautiful feeling Richard," he is saying, 'the feel of a girl's skin when covered liberally with moisturizer. I love it on their faces when I smother them, and was wondering what it would feel like on a girl's neck as I strangle her. Lets find out hey?'

Richard comes for me to take me to the kneeling stand. I am steadied by him as we walk around the awful thing on which I am to be killed. I need the steadying hands for this walk is far worse than the terror of my journey to this horrid room. He places an arm about my bare shoulders, his hand caressing me. Maybe he is like Lennie and likes to touch girls, to enjoy the feel of them, before they are killed.

My eyes cannot leave the kneeling stand as I go to it, this thing they have made to position girls on to be strangled, to add to their helplessness by making them kneel, making the feeling of being offered up to the client for his pleasure so total.

I am so frightened. I don't want to be killed.

Richard tells me that he will remain close during my processing as I will collapse into unconsciousness before I die and he will hold me for my client when that happens so he can complete my strangulation.

He shifts the gurney closer to the kneeling platform. Ready for my dead body.

I take the two steps up almost falling in my terror, the terrible knowledge that I am actually

doing this, climbing this thing to place myself before a man to be strangled and I cannot stop it - I must submit myself to him, for him to kill me in agony, it is almost too much to bear. I must not cry out. I must bear it, offer myself to him for it is the what I have been ordained to do. I am a girl, unlucky enough to be beautiful.

I finally manage to kneel on the deep blue cushion placed on the top of the stand. The thought, so strange, comes to me that they have put the cushion there so my knees do not hurt while I am being strangled to death. Why they would do such a thing I do not know, and why I should I think of such a thing I do not know either.

I feel Richard's hands on my legs, feel them sliding softly along my calves to my ankles. Why is he doing that - then I realize he is touching me like that so he too may get a last bit of pleasure from me before I die. Then I feel his hands pull my feet together and something hard and thin go around my ankles and then my ankles are pulled together until they hurt a little where they are tied. My feet are bound now, like my hands. I am ready for my client at last and I am so afraid.

## The Diary Pt 7

My client comes over to stand in front of me. The step on which I kneel places me so that I am just higher than he is, so that he can see my lips and my eyes as they show my terror and my suffering. And so he can see my neck and his hands as they do awful things to me, as his thumbs press into my throat.

Those hands come for me, touch my breasts, tease them, make my nipples hard and I cannot stop them doing it. He is aroused; I have let my eyes drop down there. I look up. He is smiling at me, telling me I am very lovely, very sweet and special, how he is going to enjoy me so much.

The hands leave my shoulders, I feel them touch my neck, low down then they slide up along it, frictionless against my moistened skin. I feel goose bumps form on my neck at the gentle, tickling touch.

He turns his hands over and smoothes them away with the back of his fingers. Then they return to me, crooked, the fingers encircling my neck, the tips coming to rest at the back, moving a little to find the groove better to hold my neck as he wants it.

The thumbs are last. The thumbs, which will kill me.

It is a nightmare; it must be to be so terrible. The thumbs come from beside my neck, come around towards my throat. Slowly. Like the fingers, gently. But different for the thumbs are coming to strangle me. To kill me.

They brush the skin so softly as they creep towards their home, over the hollows down each

side of my windpipe, pause there. He is doing what we were told some clients do before killing their girls. He is feeling my pulse, my life. I know it is my life he will take that thrills him as much as the feel of my neck in his hands. He is aroused at the thought of killing me.

Oh, God please, I don't want to die.

The thumbs are there, at the center of my throat. They do not stay there, however, but with both hands slide up my neck to press under my chin, fingers under the back of my head using both together to lift and tilt back and then straiten my head to the exact position he wants it. To make my neck erect so he can feel it extended and slender in his hands, the way the instructors during training told us men like to position a girl's head so they can caress and love the feel her neck in their hands before they strangle her.

So he can see his thumbs as they press into my throat.

The thumbs shift a little, then move up and down as if seeking some special spot. Then I know that they are. I remember now. We were told it takes quite a time to strangle a girl and it is not easy to keep pressing her throat hard for long, so experienced clients find the softest spot on their girl's throat to strangle her with.

I wish I did not keep remembering these things.

The thumbs stop.

Dear God!

'What was your name again, girl?' I hear the words, but they mean nothing. My mind is frozen.

'Your name, girl - I asked you your name.'

I realize my client is speaking to me. He seems to have forgotten my name. I try to tell him, but nothing comes out.

Richard's voice comes from behind me, telling me to try to be calm, telling me to say my name. 'Liena,' I say, or hear myself saying. 'Liena Howard'.

I hear my name, my voice saying my name and it fills me with sorrow again, reminds me again that I am a real girl, young, a human being. I am going to die.

'Well, Liena Howard - he is speaking to me again - 'I want you to know that you are the loveliest girl I have yet had and I want my memory of you to be special. I always have the best memories of my girls when they do their very best to remain in the position I place them in for their processing. You are now perfect. You are nice and erect for me, head

nicely up so I can see your beautiful face and watch your eyes, but without tension in your neck. I don't like it for a girl to arch her head back during her strangulation. Some girls do it to try to get some air, but it spoils the feel of a strangling girl's neck in the hands, makes her throat too taught under the thumbs, so please try not to.

'I don't mind so much if you move your head from side to side - the feel of a long slender neck doing that is nice, but try to keep the movements small if you can.

'And please try not to fight me, bear with the pain for as long as you can. In fact I would like you to remain still until you are actually suffering from strangulation. It really spoils it for me when a girl struggles at the pain caused only by the bruising of her throat. Girls should be able to accept that for their clients, don't you think Richard?'

'Yes' - it is Richard's voice - 'I am sure Liena will do her very best for you'.

I hoped Richard's presence would help me, but it is not. He seems only interested in making sure I am good for me client. I must suffer and die all alone.

'I'm sure she will, old boy.' It is my client speaking again.

'Now Liena, I will do this to you in a way I hope will help you be still for me right through until you actually start to suffer advanced asphyxiation. You will feel my thumbs moving about a little in your throat as I begin to strangle you. This is not done to deliberately hurt you, although I suppose it will have to a little, but it will allow my thumbs to feel their way deep into the softest area of your throat with the minimum of bruising.'

He asks me if I understood and I find myself nodding. He asks if I will try to do as he wants and I am nodding. He tells me that I should have answered out loud as he does not want my head to move up or down. He says he also likes the feel of a girl's voice under his thumbs. He adjusts the position of my head again, getting my throat straight and head erect, then slides them back to their place on my neck.

Why am I nodding as he instructs me? Do I want to be good for him? Do I really want to do this last thing in my life to please the person who is going to kill me?

I have to stop thinking. All I know is I don't want to die.

He is looking from my throat and his hands up to my eyes, one then the other, as I feel the thumbs come to life at my throat, moving but gently, slowly, only the thumbs pressing and the finger tips digging into my nape, the hands soft and warm about my neck. I know from the feel, from our lectures about how most clients like to strangle their girls that he wants to kill me by taking my air only. He does not want to let me go quickly by stopping blood to my brain.

His thumbs are pressing deeper now - they are still moving in my neck, seeking the soft place he wants, pressing into my throat. He is smiling at me. It hurts now.

The thumbs stop moving, but press further into my throat. I can hear my breath as it gets past where it hurts under his thumbs, harder now until something moves in my neck and his thumbs stop me being unable to breath at all.

I move, trying to pull away from the hands about my neck, to get away from the terrible thumbs bruising my throat.

He still smiles at me and he is speaking as he smiles - 'Easy now,' his voice says, 'easy Liena, you are doing fine, quite nice in fact. But I want you to remain still for me please. I know it hurts, girl, but be good for just a little while longer, if you can,'

I stop moving, stop my struggling. I look at him, at his smile. I do not know why I am doing as he asks of me, giving him pleasure as he hurts me, as he begins to slowly strangle me.

He moves the thumbs again, slowly up and down. I feel them go further into my neck, a little part in there move aside with a tiny click.

It hurts so bad now - deep inside my throat.

Suddenly I need air, I have to breath.

I cannot - oh God I can't get any air.

I am being strangled.

The pain spreads now, both ways outwards from my neck; my lips feel as if they are swelling, my eyes cannot see properly. I know he is still smiling and the pain in my chest is swelling, growing, and I know I am starting to die. I feel hot, so terribly hot.

Please someone help me! I don't want to die!

It goes on and on - pain, endless roaring pain and panic and terror and I feel my body jerking, my body contracting and releasing and I remember dimly something the lecturers said about how girls chosen to be strangled would know there was only about a minute to go when they went into convulsions and that they should welcome the feeling for their suffering was nearly over, but the thought makes me panic all the more, want to get away from the pain and terror and to live and I am pulling at my bound hands and my wrists hurt where the cord ties them behind my back, but he holds me by my neck so easily now and I cannot seem to make myself struggle any more and I can see him still smiling at me, looking into my eyes as he comes to me, his face blurred, and I feel him kiss my parted lips very gently and his tongue, I feel his tongue, but I cannot close my lips and my

chest is burning.

That other pain is worse now, terrible, but where is it? My wrists, yes my wrists. They burn as I am trying to get my hands free to stop him strangling me. The bonds get tighter, hurting me more and more, but I cannot stop trying to free my hands. It is terrifying knowing I am so helpless and dying.

I hear him again, faintly above the sound in my ears, he must be speaking to Richard, 'God, man, she is perfect - just look at her long slim body as she goes through her convulsions, the way her shoulders heave as she tries to get her hands free.' He has pushed me away, no, stepped back to see my body, his arms straight out. His hands shift on my neck as he moves, the thumbs move too and I am able to get some air, a tiny bit of air and the terrible hurt in my chest is lighter and that makes me feel his thumbs much worse in my throat, much more pain as he presses into my neck again to strangle me completely. The pain in my chest returns worse than ever.

'And her face,' his voice is faint, excited, 'just look at her dying face, the way the color is sweeping over her lips and God her eyes, you can see it in her eyes, her pain and the approaching death, see in her lovely young eyes that she knows it is coming to her, that she is dying. She is truly the perfect girl for this, no doubt about it, Richard. She is dying perfectly, just perfectly.'

Oh God, please stop the pain. I do not want to die - it is not fair.

And now I feel something else, confusing me for a moment until I know it is Richard taking hold of my arms from behind, to hold me up so my client can finish the awful thing he is doing to me after I can no longer kneel up for him.

'Just a little longer, Liena,' I hear a very distant voice say - it is Richard, - 'just try to bear it a little longer and it will be all over, sweetheart.'

He holds me upright by my arms, holds me up and steady so my client can enjoy me to the end.

I know I am dying now, it is coming. I feel so hot now, hot from the strangulation, from my fear. I want to live so very much.

The pain in my throat is dull now, deep inside. I cannot feel my hands anymore. The agony is now all in my chest, a deep, terrible wrenching ache. I try to look at my client, let him see my suffering, how much he is hurting me, that he is killing me, see he must stop it. I cannot focus my eyes; there must be something grey hanging over them. Please let me have just a little air, one more little breath, I won't ask for any more after that. His thumbs still press into my throat. No air.

I focus just long enough to see that my client is looking into my eyes. He is smiling.

I am shaking, I cannot control the awful contractions in my body, my head is going from side to side and I think I hear my client say something about the feel of my neck in his hands, about how it feels with the moisturizer on it, how sensual it feels, and Richard still holding me up and suddenly I am cold and, and I can hardly see my client at all and there is a great far away hollow noise and I am so very frightened. I am dying... so very sad..... it is so unfair.....dying.....alone... ...'

Auto-Diary input at 1027 hrs

Conscious data from girl diarist Liena Jane Howard aged eighteen years and twenty-seven days ceased flowing at 1027 hrs this day. Her heart stopped beating at 1029-30hrs and brain activity was terminated at 1030-01hrs.. All bodily movement and nervous transmissions ceased at 1038hrs precisely.

Girl diarist Liena Jane Howard can be now certified as legally dead for the purposes of the "Control of the Female Population Act of 2402" her life being beyond practicable recovery.

Diary ceased recording at 1042-01 hrs and is in standby mode and available for reassignment to another diarist.

### Post Script by Richard.

This girl was quite marvelous in the way she went to her death. We had the same client back many times, but he never strangled another girl, but rather chose different approved methods to process his subsequent selections, never, he said, wanting to spoil the memory that he was able to take from Liena.

Poster by [Erotic Strangulation Original Site](#) of Marina Pia