# New Years Eve Newer York | 2/4/2016

A soft glow beams down onto a room full of dark faces. It is difficult to make out facial features , but what does that matter? Everyone portrays the same one anyway. It's downtown in New York and the night is on a roll. Hundred is standing awkwardly in the back corner of a retro bar. His eyes scan the room for a woman that suits his desires. He is trying to see the exact height of all the girls in the bar. You see, Hundred only wants a girl that stands at least an inch above the height standard. There, from across the room he spies a girl who spies him right on back. He pushes his arms through the crowd and elbows half the patrons in the bar getting to her.

“Wow, I’ve never seen a face prettier than yours,” he says to her. This line is his go to and he knows he can always start out a conversation with a laugh from his acquaintance.

“Very funny, I bet you use that on every girl,” she says back.

You see, just a decade ago all males and females in North America (America, Mexico, and Canada had all combined into one force) underwent a standardizing of the genomes. Now every face you see is a spitting image of the other.

“Actually just thought that up on my way over,” he says. However, that is precisely what he says to every girl he tries to pick up. He picks them out by being an inch over the height standard so that he has a perfect topic to discuss every time. They are the ones who haven't grown into the height standard because they were much taller than it to start. Now, Hundred used to stand a whole 5 inches on top of that. The above average ladies these days were the ones who used to be very tall, hence taking longer to adjust down. This fact makes for an exceptional conversation topic, for Hundred, of the slow path into a shorter life. Everyone lives longer though, without any diseases mutating gene sequences. They go on to talk about how life has changed and what they missed about being tall enough to peer over crowds.

“I don’t think I ever got your name,” He says.

“Karon, and you?”

“I’m Hundred, but you can just call me Hin,” he says.

Hundred buys them both drinks and chats away. They grab a table away from all the noise and dancing. The liquor keeps coming and inhibitions start to wear away. For Hundred that means letting out a wrath of anger toward the most recent updates. Growth patch 3.0.1 came out just this past week to finish off the outliers of the height standard to become even with it within the month. Only government officials were able to have different bodily features to improve their labor. Construction workers given extra hands, surveillance watchers grew another pair of eyes, and politicians were given a booming voice. The biggest change of all though was the police. Nowadays cops were sprinkled into society wearing normal clothes and blending in. They were modified to weigh much less than the average citizen so that a bulletproof torso could be worn. The torso also had simple pockets to keep the cop’s taser, gun, and other necessary items. Even their cars were changed to be average. Now no one had any clue if they should slow down because that on the side of the road is not just a father checking on his kids, it's a cop ready to give out a ticket. No vandal or drug dealer could tell if the person they're interacting with is a cop, because now all cops are undercover. But that didn’t stop people from using the black market for gene trade. And it especially didn't stop his friend John, who he's about to see for the first time in years.

A man approaches with his eyes squinted.

“Hundred? That you?” He asks.

“Yup it's me,” Hundred leans closer to read this man’s number. “John! I didn’t recognize you, all the guys are doing that hairstyle these days and you have almost fully grown to standard height. I used to simply look for the midget”

“Shut it, you giraffe freak,” John says.

Hundred quickly makes an excuse to get away from his new lady friend and catch up with his childhood friend. Hundred invites John over for a beer and some rich conversation to which John obliges. The two soon learn that they had both in the bar for the past few hours without ever seeing each other. You could be in the same room with your missing brother for an hour and not notice he is there. People now had their name and number printed on them for identification. For example this particular John that Hindered was friends with was actually legally known as John#722914. Almost a million possible for every name in the world. The id was written with government issue tattoo ink on the side of every person's neck. Darkness of the tattoo would be redone every 3 months when the quarterly genome checkup was due.

Checkups consisted of a quick DNA sequencing on that person's genome. It was compared to the government issue and any changes that had been made were recorded and fixed. Weight was either given with fat injections or taken away with liposuction. A positive or negative or 10 lbs from the standard weight was allowed, outside of that and you had to undergo the surgery needed to realign you.

John was in the business of covering up the tracks of genome modification. He's been caught by the GEA (Gene enforcement agency) numerous times. Hindred’s own father worked for the GEA, but he despises them along with John. Although he never partook in illegal modding of his genome, he did not find the past decade to be acceptable in any form and he’ll let you know that within the first hour that you meet him. The men and women who used to be low tier now were on the same playing field as everyone else and Hundred couldn’t stand it. They didn't deserve to even compete with him. He used to be somebody now he was just a nobody, and he promised himself that one day he would change that.