

State-Sanctioned Regression

Chapter II

BecomingBabyAgain

But I had to fight this, defend myself or get as far away from here as possible!

Again, we were herded through the door but this time we were ushered left down the corridor, and just before we were pushed deeper into the building, I saw another group of people, still dressed in their partying outfits and looking tired, stressed and generally freaked out were being led into that same quasi-court room. I felt like calling out, but what would be the point? There was nowhere they could run away to, and they'd soon find out what was in store for them. We were led into a what looked like a sport changing rooms with benches and hooks.

"Strip" said one of the guards.

"What?" was the general reaction from the shocked crowd. It took a while for the guard to convince anyone to remove the slightest bit of clothing, but knowing that we didn't have much choice, people slowly started to take off their outfits. Eventually was stood in just their underclothes, the boys in their boxers and the girls with panties and bras, standing around embarrassed to be practically naked I front of total strangers, a few even shyly crossed their arms trying to hide the stomachs and other bits of open skin.

"Strip"

"But there are guys in here...?" questioned one of the girls.

"So?" snarled the guard, "You're all adults, it's nothing you've not seen before!"

Everyone began to slowly take down their remaining clothes, covering their dignity with their hands and trying hard not to meet anyone's gaze. I couldn't help but quickly look round at everyone else. A few of the girls were neatly trimmed but so were a few of the guys, but quite a few looked a little overgrown!

"Finally," laughed the guard as he shepherded us through another doorway leaving behind all our clothes and goods.

"Wait, wait, what about my wallet"

"Don't worry, all your belongings will be returned to you when you're released"

The doorway led onto a loading ramp where a lorry was waiting for us. We were pushed into the back of it. The door slammed and we were again plunged into darkness accompanied by the sound of the engine starting.

"If they're just driving us to some other place, why the fuck did they take our clothes and stuff?" said one of the guys. Which I thought was actually quite a good question until one of the girls replied.

"I mean, probably so that we wouldn't try and escape or something? Do you want to jump out of this van totally naked? What if we were in the middle of a city or something? Plus, without your wallet, it's not even like you can buy clothes or anything, or get a train as far away as possible"

Everyone muttered in agreement. Unlike the first journey, we began to talk about each other's lives and families. What they thought was going to happen. After the conversation had begun to flow, we even began to laugh with each other and tell little anecdotes until the lorry stopping put a swift end to that.

The door was opened, and it was almost like DeJa'Vu, the walled off compound seemed exactly like the courtroom place, but this time rather than being led into that glass box to be sentenced we were

led into a huge hall. A large white room filled with chairs all looking towards a large screen on the stage. A few more naked people, none that I recognised were sat on the front rows, and we were made to sit in the seats next to them. None of us with any idea what was happening. Nothing did happen until the room was totally full. Naked men and women sat neatly in rows. Just like a cinema, the lights dimmed and the screen at the front of the hall lit up with some light jazzy music. An older man appeared on the screen and began to speak.

"Hello, I'm Governor Clarke and I'm in charge of this State Sanctioned Regression facility. Now, you're all here for different reasons from different places so this is my opportunity to explain what goes on here.

Regression facilities are a new scheme created to aid criminal rehabilitation, the idea being that your environments growing up led to the people that you have become today. We aim to reverse that process back to the beginning and rebuild you into responsible law-abiding citizens. The minimum sentence is 5 years, but we have the powers to extend that until we feel that you're suitable for release. If you do not cooperate with the program, then we have strict and suitable punishments in place for as long as we deem necessary. There will now be a video outlining the events of your stay with us here"

A photograph of a prisoner flashed up on the screen. I guess he had been transferred from another prison rather than being bought straight here as the photograph showed him in an orange jumpsuit. He was a scary looking burly guy with a large scar down his left cheek. An over voice talked over the images.

"This is prisoner 260796, formerly known as Daniel Spencer. He was sentenced to 2 years for the repeated possession of drugs with intention to supply under the Misuse of Drugs Act 1971. This photo shows him being transferred over from a Medium Security Facility into our care here."

The next photograph showed him lay back in a large chair almost like a dentist's chair. Above him a screen was playing something; I couldn't see what it was due to the angle of the photograph. He also had a set of headphones over his ears and lots of electrodes wired from his head into a series of machines around the room.

"The first thing that we do in this facility is what we call processing. We make a database collecting all the information from our prisoner. Rather than asking the prisoner and letting ourselves be lied to and deceived, we simply wire ourselves into his head and monitor his brain patterns and responses things the screen is showing. This essentially gives us a backup copy of the prisoner's personality should we need it in the future.

Next, using the same process but almost in reverse we do something called re-processing where we take undesirable thoughts, activities, and memories out of the prisoner's head. We erase for example, memories of criminal activities, other criminals he might know and criminal methods he may have used. We leave the base of his memories alone such as where he grew up, who his parents are but he is now essentially a blank human canvas with no interests and very little knowledge"

Another photo flashed up on the screen of him, surrounded by another crowd of prisoners, all naked and sat in the same cinema like hall that I was sat in now staring up at a screen. Again, the camera didn't show just what the screens were showing.

"The next part of the process is more cosmetic; we apply a series of implanted ideas and thoughts into prisoners' heads using a series of hypnotic like displays, repeated audio messages both subliminal and obvious. This is only cosmetic as during their time here, prisoners will learn to outgrow

the things they lean at this stage. These things are objects like diaper dependence, lack of cognitive thoughts like reading, writing and talking, and it makes the prisoners thinking a lot fuzzier and harder, meaning that walking becomes much harder. Again, these are all obstacles that prisoners must overcome to be released from the facility."

A video was displayed on the screen showing our once tough looking prisoner, still huge and with a scar down his cheek, sat totally naked on the floor apart from a clean white diaper taped around his waist. The prisoner was letting his head sway to one side, he looked totally unphased by the diaper, and he was letting a stream of dribble drip out from his mouth and down his front. The camera zoomed into his diaper as a little stain of yellow began to spread across the front of it, zooming out showed the prisoner with a look of relief on his face but otherwise totally unaware of what had happened, and was looking in no hurry to do anything about it.

A series of photographs displayed across the screen showing the prisoner asleep in a crib, cuddling a toy, surrounded by other prisoners and the last one seemed to be him in a kind of nursery.

"The next stages are ones that you would imagine need to happen. Re-education appropriate to the level at which the prisoners are currently at, we start at nursery level and moving up quickly to junior school. We find that once prisoner begins the learning process, their thoughts begin to filter back into their heads and make the process very quick and easy.

As I say, there are rules in the facility. We don't segregate between male and female prisoners as we find that after re-processing the human desires for sex and attraction are often forgotten, and do not re-appear until the very end of the process. However, fraternization between different genders, or any kind of sexual activity between anyone is strictly prohibited. Despite the level of regression that the prisoner Daniel had received, he was still caught on numerous occasions in compromising positions with other female prisoners. For this reason, we decided that Daniel should continue our stay as a female prisoner to give him a taste of his own medicine and give him a chance to learn about what wasn't appropriate"

The next video showed the prisoner dressed in a light pink and white schoolgirl outfit, his hair had grown just long enough to have two small pigtails and he was stood in front of a class answering a few simple maths questions on the board. All of a sudden, he crouched down, and I could see the back of his diaper expand as he let out a series of whines and grunts. Everyone else in the class laughed loudly and pointed as he filled his diaper.

"You're clearly not ready for my classes yet" sighed the teacher, "report back to nurse level and try again in two years' time!". Daniel burst into tears and shuffled out of the classroom.

The next photo showed Daniel dressed for school with a big smile on his face and holding his skirt up to show off a pull-up.

"At the moment, Daniel here has almost reached the end of his stay here and is progressing well. He was only scheduled to be here for an estimated 5 years but it's taken him almost 14 to learn how to keep his panties dry!"