The last queer in the world lives in a glass cage at the Global Catastrophes Museum. I visit every day. I have to, it's my job. But it's not to see her, the last queer. It's to pay homage to the Father General and to report on anything that feels off. The Father General's display encompasses the entirety of the second floor with raised fountains and a larger-than-life statue six inches taller than the Father is in real life. Prints and posters commissioned by government's approved artists line the walls, showing the Father in various poses and uniforms.

Every time I visit, drop a coin into the fountain. The sign says it's for contributing to the greater good. I bow at the statue and nod to the guards. I take pictures of the newest displays, of the ever-changing posters. The Father General's image is 90 percent of my camera roll, and sometimes I scroll the reels when I can't sleep, trying to figure out what it means, what he wants.

"Ma'am," one of them says. Not Fred. Not anymore. This one might be called Terence or possibly Trent. I think someone told me his name when he started a couple weeks ago. Doesn't matter. Best not to get attached or learn their names anyway. Not anymore.

Fred had been my favourite. Fred, with the wide, open smile. He called me Eliza, not ma'am. Fred with a steady stream of bad jokes and an awkward haircut that stuck up at all angles and long fingers always restlessly picking at the hem of his uniform.

He had invited me out once. Fred, I mean, Terry or whatever this guy's name is. This guy hasn't said more than three words to me. But Fred, he'd asked me, weeks after he started at the museum, when I'd finally laughed at something he'd said. I'd met his eyes, and I remember being attracted to the warmth in them.

"Come out with me," he'd said while I was still laughing and I'd said yes, though I'm not sure why. Maybe because it's almost too late for me to make my own choice and a laughing man would be a better husband than someone as serious as me.

Fred had taken me to a club on the outskirts of our section, and the band played a sensual beat verging on the edge of illegal. A couple in the corner danced, bodies pressed together, mouths finding each other's lips. "I shouldn't be here," I'd said, and he took me home.

Later, I laid on my couch, reciting the rules of society in my head, trying to clear my head of the music, of the clandestine kissing, of the feel of Fred's lips on my hand. "He'd make a good match," I'd told my mother later that night. "Too free," she'd said. "Too disobedient."

"Draw a moustache on it," Fred joked during my next visit, gesturing toward the statue of the Father General.