

# The Cheese Grater

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**THIS  
HYPER-  
TIME  
PERIOD**

## Won't somebody think of the gametes!

### UCLU Elections

Meet the candidates

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### Is *The Cheese Grater* cybophobic?

The independent assessment

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Your weekend sorted

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'Truth' finally calculated

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## Shock as human refuses to breed

In the light of shocking footage demonstrating that foetuses can have favourite participants in Big Brother at just 20 weeks old, this was adopted as the last date for abortions in 2008. Further medical discoveries followed, with the onset of fashion sense being placed at 16 weeks and existential angst at just eight. With an increasingly short time to arrange for their new growths to be vacuumed out, it soon became commonplace for couples to book an abortion on their first date, to make sure they'd have time to go through the mandatory two month pre-termination counselling if the worst happened. And when fertility tech progressed to the point that zygotes could be kept alive, abortion was recognised as the horror it is.

From there it was a hop-skip-and-jump to the realisation that not starting a pregnancy was just as immoral as not continuing one. Since that self-satisfied day all women have enjoyed the intoxicating chemical imbalance of motherhood a thousand times over, and our streets ring with the happy laughter of gangs of feral children!

### Lovingly slaughtered

It seems Greer is hell-bent on disregarding centuries of moral guidance, intense medical research and legal precedent, as well as her evolutionary programming. This publication moves that in view of the sanctity of all life, Miss Greer should be ritually slaughtered – after having all her baby seeds removed for careful nurturing in a loving home, naturally.

### The Intimidatingly Efficient Podiatric Stomping Machine

SHOCK AND ANGER are the emotions wringing the hearts of the people of the United Democratic Space Empire today, after the distressing announcement from Leeloo Greer, a 16-year-old telecom operator, that she was "only prepared to birth five children – or seven if they're really cute". Showing no concern for the other viable cells in her sacred, life-giving ovaries, the misguided youth continued: "Whose ova are they anyway?"

### It's harvest time

This is a barbaric suggestion for the 29th century. Ever since medical advances first allowed us to gestate whole children *in vitro*, from a single ovum all the way to the full gurgling package, our duty has been clear – to germinate all the little purple wrinkled individuals that we can. Every woman fulfils her body's natural purpose and respawns – manually for the first dozen times, and then with egg-harvesting for as long as reasonably possible. These are future human beings; if we can keep them alive, we have an obligation to do so.

Even the laws of the primitive 21st century tribespeople

made this clear: once an amorphous foetal blob had reached the point where it could be kept alive independently of its mother, only supported by a team of medical staff, several rooms full of equipment and a butler, it had rights. And in response to the growing population problem their nascent civilization faced – namely that several upper-middle-class couples couldn't pass on their superior genes without the presence of lots of nurses in uniform – money was poured into fertility treatments and premature birth-care for anything they did manage to squirt out.

### Foetal fashion-sense