

Parthenogeneticists, Give My Baby Back To Me

I don't think I can restrain myself any further. If you thought getting in touch with your female side was tortuous (especially with your hips now swaying), the arrogance of that wonderful confection we used to call Sweetie and Sugar – our female counterparts - is only going to get worse.

The latest news is that virgin births (parthenogenesis) of recent scientific currency now include a mouse created from the eggs of two different females, and currently a Broadway dancing sensation. The male component of the planet's beloved homo sapients (more sap than sapient these days) has reached a threshold (and it's not the bedroom) where our services are no longer needed. So I'm asking males of every species, especially

those who are now bipedal, to forget their female side for the moment (yes, that means quit making charity quilts), and get immediately back in touch with your male side, because it's about to go the way of the tail. Remember the tail, we used to wag it a million years ago, and now it's just a vestigial crop. Well, as far as human reproduction is concerned, you're about to become a vestigial crop! I know you just got a card from your wife saying, "You're the best thing" that ever happened to her. But trust me, she's humoring you.

A Doctor George Mudge, in a recent discovery, points out that some mammalian genes located in pre-mature egg cells aren't yet sure whether they are male or female (it happens in the best families), and before these genes get to decide whether they prefer dolls to dump trucks, scientists snatch them up and make the decision for them, coaching them to be more father-like than mother-like, and signing them up for hockey.

Then it's just a matter of setting up the father-like eggs with mother eggs on a blind date, and letting the music do the rest. And it seems like yesterday when women "got together with the girls," and it was just a Tupperware Party.