

Unborn

Book 1 of the Unborn Trilogy

A Dystopian Novel

written and illustrated by

Gaius Famius

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Chapter 1

Kindergarten

Summer's earliest memory was of when she was five and in kindergarten. She later read in a book that early memories were supposed to be good memories, but it was the tragedy of this memory that caused her to remember that day, and all of the good memories before that day were burned away like so much ash. After that day, there were never any good memories for Summer.

The teacher was reading a story to all the little children gathered eagerly around her. Summer's knee touched the knee of her best friend Angel, and they rolled their eyes at each other and giggled together.

The classroom door banged open and Angel's father and mother squeezed through the door together, facing each other, and arguing loudly. The anger hurt Summer's ears. The distress and worry on Angel's face was horrible. Angel jumped up, but was afraid to go to her parents, who were not paying any attention to her at all. Behind Angel's Mom and Dad, the principal walked in and joined in the argument. Behind the principal came the two school nurses.

Angel's father was saying, "I don't understand. Why did it take so long to find out? Why wasn't I told five years ago?"

Angel's mother replied, "I didn't know for sure. It was possible that she was yours. I just didn't know. I never had the test done."

Angel's father replied, "But now they have caught the guy, and now they've done the test for you, and now you know. Now you must make a choice."

Neither Angel nor Summer understood what Angel's parents were saying. All they knew is that they were very upset. And because her parents were upset, Angel was very upset. And because Angel was upset, Summer was very upset.

The principal butted in, "I'm glad that we found out before too many resources were wasted. She is the product of a rapist, and you know

what you should do. A rapist's Unborn must always be aborted.”

Angel whimpered, “Mommy? Daddy?”

They ignored Angel. Angel was such a bright, happy, friendly child. Even though Summer was Angel's best friend, everyone was friends with Angel. There wasn't a single kindergartner that didn't love Angel and being near her bright, happy smiles and giggles.

But now Angel's parents were ignoring her and arguing in front of her. All of the children were beginning to get upset. They didn't understand anything, but what they did understand is that something bad was happening.

The teacher closed the book and stood up, “Excuse me, can you fill me in real quick about what is going on here?”

The principal matter-of-factly stated in front of all of the children, as if they didn't even exist, “The police recently caught the rapist that raped Angel's mother six years ago and they ran their full battery of DNA tests. It turns out that Angel is the rapist's daughter, and that this is not Angel's father, like we have been led to believe all these years.”

The teacher replied, “Well, that's not good.”

Angel's mother spoke up, “How was I supposed to know?”

Angel's father shook his head, “You told me you had the tests done. If you hadn't lied, then we would have at least known that I wasn't the father.”

One of the school nurses asked, “Where is the rapist now? Do they still have him?”

The principal weighed in again, “Yes, he was tried this morning and received a summary judgment of five to ten years in jail for rape. But that doesn't solve our problem here.”

Looking pointedly at Angel's mother, the principal forcefully said, “It is time for you to exercise your right to choose and to abort this Unborn offspring of a rapist. That you allowed this situation to go on this long is disgusting. You should have settled it long ago.”

By now Angel was crying and whimpering quite loudly over and over, “Mommy? Mommy? Mommy?” but Angel's mother just ignored her.

Staring at the floor, Angel's mother said, “I know that you are right.” She sighed wistfully and looked at Angel's father, “I had just really hoped that it was your child.”

Angel's father shook his head, “Well, it's not my child, and I will not raise the child of a rapist. That just is not happening.”

One of the school nurses stepped forward, “Please, we have a lot to do today. There are other abortions waiting for us. We need to get this over. Everyone knows the right thing to do. Why are you hesitating?”

Angel's mother nodded and reached out her hands, “I don't want to raise the child of a rapist either.” The other nurse handed her the consent forms, and she signed them.

By now, over half of the kindergartners were upset and crying. They didn't know why, but they knew that something was desperately wrong.

Briskly, the abortion nurses became all business and swiftly moved forward. The two nurses each grabbed one of Angel's arms. The one nurse pulled something weird-looking out of her medical uniform. Summer tried to see what it was, but she had never seen one before.

The nurse put the weird object right up against the center of Angel's forehead, looked at it a second, and then there was a loud THUD. Instantly Angel slumped down, and if the two abortion nurses had not been holding onto her, she would have landed on the floor.

Summer was worried. Angel did not look good. She looked very, very sick. She almost looked as sick as her puppy had last year when he died.

The nurse put the weird object away, and the two nurses marched out the door, dragging Angel's lifeless body between them.

The teacher clapped her hands, “Unborns, settle down. This is an excellent lesson today.” Waving to Angel's mother, the teacher called her over and pulled her down to sit on the floor with the other children.

The teacher went on, “Little Unborn children, let me introduce you to a real heroine, a mother that made the right choice. This is a day to be proud of.”

She continued, “You probably don't know what any of this means, but that is why you are still Unborns, you just can't understand many things. See, the man that Angel's mother thought was Angel's father was not really her father. A bad man raped Angel's mother many years ago, and the man who raped Angel's mother was really Angel's father.”

“This is a bad thing. The children of rapists should never be allowed to live. That is why we have the abortion nurses. The nurses help us by aborting any Unborn that is the product of rape.”

“For most of you, this is the first time that you will have the honor of seeing a mother use her right to choose so that she could do the right thing, and choose an abortion for her Unborn.”

The teacher smiled brightly and expectantly at the class of kindergartners. They stared at her uncomprehendingly, without the slightest idea of what she was talking about.

Summer was confused. None of it made any sense. All she understood was that her best friend Angel was gone. But the trauma of the moment seared the teacher's words into her brain, and she would think about them many times, over and over again, as the years went by.

Angel's mother smiled, “I'm a mother, and the most important thing that a mother can do is use her right to choose. I chose what was best for Angel, and best for me, and best for each one of you. Today is a better and brighter place because I chose to do the right thing. I hope that this will be an example for each of you to learn from. May you, too, one day make the right choices.”

Smiling, she waved goodbye, and went over to join Angel's father

and the principal. Summer watched her go and strained to hear what the principal was saying.

“The rapist was sentenced to five to ten years in jail for the rape. It will be a long time before he gets out. So I don't think you will have to worry about him again.”

Summer was still confused. If the rapist was in jail, then where was her friend Angel? When would Angel be coming back?

Summer sat in stunned silence. Almost as stunned as if it had been her forehead that the nurses had put the cattle thud against, instead of that of her best friend Angel. Angel was not to be the last friend that Summer lost.

Chapter 2

First Grade

In first grade, Summer began to learn more, but she didn't laugh and giggle as much, and she shied away from being best friends with anyone.

Every morning the first grade teacher would sit them down in a semi-circle and they would sing a little hand song together. The teacher called it a hand song because they would use their hands while they sang.

I'm a little Unborn... ["Make your hands tight and clasped together!"]

But a big Burden... ["Throw your hands up wide!"]

Poor Daddy... ["Pull your finger down from your eye pulling a tear!"]

Poor Mommy... ["Pull a tear from your other eye with your finger!"]

Such a big Burden... ["Throw your hands up wide again!"]

I'm just a little Unborn... ["Clasp your hands together on your lap again and hunch over!"]

I'm just a little Unborn... ["Keep your hands clasped and rock back and forth like you are rocking a baby!"]

Everyone would then break out laughing and tossing their hands in the air and waving to each other.

"Now let's sing it again all together! Watch me and remember your hands!"

I'm a little Unborn!

But a big Burden!

Poor Daddy...

Poor Mommy...

Such a big Burden!

I'm just a little Unborn!

I'm just a little Unborn!

Then it was time for reading. Each student was required to read out loud. Summer was proud of how well she could read out loud when

most of the other children were stuttering and stammering.

In a bright, clear voice Summer began:

“Look, Look.
Oh, Oh, Oh.
Look, Mommy.
See, see.
See Unborn.
Look, Mommy.
See Unborn.
Look and see.
Oh, Mommy.
Look and see.
See Unborn.
Funny, funny Unborn.”

Reading was fun, but math was also fun. They were learning to count and add and subtract.

1 Unborn, 2 Unborns, 3 Unborns, 4 Unborns, 5 Unborns, 6 Unborns...

The teacher said when you added things up, they didn't always add up to what you thought they would add up to.

1 little Unborn plus 1 little Unborn equals 2 large burdens.

1 little Unborn plus 2 little Unborns equals 3 large burdens.

Adding numbers was fun, but the teacher said that subtraction solved problems.

3 little Unborns minus 1 abortion equals 2 little Unborns.

4 little Unborns minus 3 abortions equals 1 little Unborn.

Math didn't make much sense, but the animal lady was the favorite part of Summer's day.

Every day, the animal lady would bring in a bunny, or cat, or puppy, or guinea pig. The children would sit in a semi-circle and carefully

pet and play with the animal while the lady talked.

“Animals are sacred. All animals have the right to live. We should never ever eat animals. We should never ever hurt animals. Only bad Unborns hurt or eat animals. Animals need our help. The Unborns must help the animals. We must protect the animals. Don't you love the little bunny? He's so soft and furry.”

In the afternoons they would all play games like Unborn, Unborn, Abort. The kids would all sit in a circle with their hands folded. The teacher would then slowly walk around the circle. She would put her hand on each kid's head and say “Unborn, Unborn, Unborn.” Then suddenly the teacher would pause with her hand on the head of a kid and she would say “Abort!” When the teacher said “Abort!”, all of the children would jump up and chase the Abort around the room and into a corner.

One by one, each of the kids would be aborted until they were all sitting in the corner. The teacher always won. Once all the Unborns had been Aborted, one at a time, and were sitting in the corner, they would start over. Everyone would come sit back down, and the teacher would do it again, “Unborn, Unborn, Unborn, Unborn, Abort!”

At the end of the day, the teacher would call everyone together into a semi-circle around her and read them a story. There were many different stories, and Summer liked them all. Teacher liked to read this one a lot:

Away You Go
by Gail Coots

Mommy said, “Look, look.
I see a yellow school bus.
See the yellow school bus go.
Away, away it goes.
It goes to school.”

Unborn said, “Look, look.
I see a yellow school bus.

See the yellow school bus go.
Away, away it goes.”

“Look, Unborn,” said Mommy.
“Here is the yellow school bus.
You can go away in it.
Away, away you go in the yellow school bus.”

“Look, Mommy,” said Unborn.
“Here is the yellow school bus.
I can go away in it.
Away, away I go in the yellow school bus.”

“See, see,” said Mommy.
“See the yellow school bus go to school.
See, see the Unborn at school.
Away, away to school.”

“See, see,” said Unborn.
“See the yellow school bus take me away.
See, see the Unborn at school.
Away, away to school.”

“Come, Unborn,” said Teacher.
“Come, come and play.
Come and play ball.
Come and play, Unborn.
Come and play.”

“See, see,” said Teacher.
“See the Principal, little Unborn.
See the Principal come for Unborn.
Away, away, away you go.
Away, Unborn, go with the Principal.
Away, away, away you go.”

“Away, away I go,” said Unborn.

“Away I go with the Principal.
Away, away, away I go.”

“Look, look,” said Mommy.
“Where is Unborn?
Where is little Unborn?”

“See, see,” said Teacher
“Little Unborn went away.
Away, away with the principal.
Principal aborted little Unborn.
See, see, little Unborn is aborted.”

“Good, good,” said Mommy
“Little Unborn is away.
Away is good, good is away.
Away is a good Choice.
Mommy made a good Choice.
Unborn is away.”

Chapter 3

The Rules

It would not be until fifth grade that Summer finally began to understand everything. Not that she ever understood how these things were possible. But she began to understand how things worked. Knowing what the rules of the game were helped.

Summer was a member of the Unborn. As were all of the rest of her friends. They wouldn't be Born until they had reached the 18th Anniversary of their Entrance into the world from their mothers.

The Unborn were not Persons. They were simply a more advanced developing stage of a fetus. A blob of tissue that belonged 100% to their mothers. At this point in their short lives they were called Unborn offspring. This was the time that their mothers would evaluate their offspring to see if they were suitable to become Born, or see if they were defective and should be aborted. If the Unborn was defective, or a burden in any way, then it was a mother's duty to abort her Unborn offspring. A mother had until the Unborn reached it's 18th anniversary of the date of it's Entrance into the world to choose to execute her right to an abortion.

The mother had lots of help with evaluating her Unborn offspring to see if it was suitable to become Born. The schools and the teachers existed primarily to help the mothers evaluate their offspring. There were constant tests. Medical tests, psychiatric tests, psychological tests, intelligence tests, emotional tests, personality tests, academic tests, achievement tests, physical fitness tests, and genetic tests.

No one ever told the Unborn how to pass the tests. Failure usually meant an abortion. But the Unborn quickly learned what they could from watching other Unborn fail. Those who learned might be able to pass a few more tests, but an Unborn could never be sure. Ultimately it was the mother's choice.

Every week, more Unborn would be called to the school nurses' office, right next to the principal's office, and they would never return to class. Another abortion had been performed. But that is what the school was there for; to help the mother choose and have an

abortion on demand, any time she wanted it.

The Unborns learned, but the lessons were hard. And one lesson all the Unborns learned: It was never a game.

Chapter 4

Middle School History

The middle school history teacher was a young teacher. Barely a Born herself, she was still full of excitement over her new life as a history teacher. This was her first semester teaching, and she still shivered with the excitement of being able to teach the truth to such young minds. Unable to control herself, she smiled and waved her hands constantly while talking. Summer loved listening to her, and dreamed that one day she could grow up to be like her new history teacher. So bright, happy, and full of life.

“History is the study of the past. It can be boring. Especially if you just study ancient civilizations, empires, wars, and all of the awful things that men have done.”

“But history is interesting if you study how women have fought to free themselves from the bonds of the evil men who have fought hard to enslave all women for their own personal pleasure.”

“Once you Unborns understand that all of history is about women struggling to become who they should be, then history will make complete sense and everything will fall into place.”

“So history does not have to be boring.”

“We used to study in detail about ancient civilizations, empires, wars, and politics. But now you no longer need to learn such useless information. Prior to the 21st century, when the moment of Born was finally changed to 18, the history of all countries and governments before that was about enslaving and keeping women down.”

“And that really is boring. The endless enslavement of women. So let's study what is interesting in history. The women who freed all the other women.”

“In the 20th and 21st centuries, a number of women came forward and sacrificed everything they had to fight for the natural moral rights of women granted to them by their mother, mother earth.”

“These brave, courageous women turned the tide of rape and pillage

by men, and finally enshrined a mother's right to choose above all other laws and rights. Only then were women finally free.”

“Today we will talk about one such woman, Gail Coots, and her contribution to the bright and shining world of freedom that awaits you if you become Born.”

“Gail Coots entered into a fundamentalist, religious family. She was the youngest of 14 children. Her father refused to allow her mother to use any kind of birth control or contraception. Because there were so many children, Gail lived her entire life in poverty. She was forced to work, and cook, and clean every day. Her parents homeschooled her and her brothers and sisters. They said that this was their right as parents, and that it gave the children a better education. But the real reason was so that the parents could work these 14 children like dogs.”

“This kind of child slavery was common in the middle ages, but it is so sad that it could still happen in the 21st century.”

“These parents, and I don't like calling them parents, because in no way were they parents, didn't even allow their children to have cell phones, video games, boyfriends and girlfriends, cars, or anything! From dawn to dusk they worked and cleaned and studied books. And if they didn't get their work done, they cleaned and worked from dusk to dawn.”

“On top of everything, they were forced to go to church 3 times a week, and sit and listen to the lies about how a woman's place is in the home obeying her husband.”

“Well, the church and the parents tried hard to indoctrinate little Gail, but she could see the truth for herself. What was happening in her family was wrong and evil. She was just a slave.”

“It was wrong for women to have so many children.”

“It was wrong for children to not be allowed to go to school.”

“It was wrong for children to be forced to go to church.”

“So Gail vowed that when she grew up, she would never get

married, that she would never have children, and that she would never go to church again.”

“Most importantly though, Gail Coots vowed that she would get the laws changed so that no parent could keep a child from going to school.”

“When Gail Coots grew up, she became a Senator. Gail Coots authored, or wrote, the Right to Learn Law, which quickly became the law of the land and still stands today.”

“This is a wonderful law. This law recognizes that only public schools can teach children the truth. To keep parents from trying to indoctrinate their children, this law banned all homeschools and all private schools.”

“Now, Gail Coots never went to a private school, but she knew what slavery a homeschool was, and many of her friends from church told her about the awful things that they were forced to learn at the private church school.”

“As an anecdote, the first thing that Gail did when she left home was buy herself all of the things that her parents would never have approved of. And guess what? She didn't feel guilty for a moment!”

“Now, thanks to the sacrifices of Gail Coots, all parents were required to send their children to public schools so that they could learn to be free.”

“And to keep the parents from trying to control the children when they were not in school, Gail even added a section to the law that said that no parent could force their children to go to church. After all, if children are to have a Right to Learn, then why should they be indoctrinated in church?”

Summer sighed happily. At least she was not growing up in such slavery. She didn't have to go to church, and she got to go to public school. She had never realized how bad things were for kids before. Maybe she wanted to be like Gail Coots when she grew up and set everyone free.

Chapter 5

Finally Junior High

Slowly the semesters rolled by. Since the older classes were always smaller than the younger classes, the school systems now kept all the Unborn in the same school throughout preschool to 12th grade. Why have separate schools? It was just an unnecessary burden. If there were too many Unborn at any one school, then obviously the principal wasn't doing his job right.

Summer was always bumping shoulders with her classmates, but they also were always knocking knees with the little ones. Mothers were required to send their Unborns to school as soon as they passed Entrance so their evaluations could start. So the little Unborns always outnumbered the older ones.

Summer's locker, which the little ones didn't get, was on the end of a row, and there was a space between her row of lockers and the next row of lockers. The space was large enough that Summer could step back into it, and with her back against the concrete block wall could stand out of the way of the push and flow of the traffic.

Seeing a large preschool group coming down the hall, Summer closed her locker door and slipped into her cubby-hole to wait them out.

Just as the preschool teacher passed Summer's cubby-hole, the principal rounded the corner of the hallway and yelled at the teacher to wait. Trapped, Summer pressed back further into her cubby-hole, simply hoping not to be noticed.

The principal caught up to the preschool teacher, and right behind him was the school abortion nurses and a mother. With a sense of foreboding, Summer cringed as small as she could.

One of the preschoolers yelled, "Mommy! Mommy!" She ran towards her mother, but the abortion nurse caught her by the arm and held her back.

Right in front of her, the principal was telling the preschool teacher that there was a simple matter that they had to take care of real

quick.

The 4 year old preschool girl struggled against the abortion nurse futilely. Summer could see in her eyes that she knew what was going on.

The 4 year old preschool girl stopped struggling and turned to her mother, “Mommy, I don't want to die.”

The second school nurse said, “You aren't going to die. Only Born people can die, and you haven't been born yet. You are just a tissue.”

The little 4 year old girl ignored everyone else and looked only at her mother with pleading eyes, “Mommy, I don't want to die.”

Standing right in front of Summer, the mother nodded, “Let's do it, I can't take care of this tissue anymore. It's too much trouble.”

The 4 year old girl kept pleading, “Mommy, I don't want to die.”

All of the adults ignored what she was saying. Summer held her breath and didn't move an inch. The first abortion nurse pulled out her cattle thud, put it to the forehead of the 4 year old, and pulled the trigger.

THUD.

Chapter 6

The Ribbon

Summer stood with her back pressed against the concrete block wall in the corner, tucked behind the row of lockers. She pressed her head against the block and bit her teeth and locked her knees and tried desperately to keep from passing out as her legs banged against the lockers, they were shaking so bad.

The sweat poured off her brow and into her eyes. Summer was thankful for the blurring the sweat caused as the nurses turned and marched past her. The large male nurse was carrying the small offspring upside down by the ankles and dragging her hair along the hallway floor.

As the nurses marched past Summer, a small pink and red and blue ribbon fell from the little girl's hair.

Everyone in the hallway stood frozen until the nurses turned the corner.

Summer couldn't take her eyes off of the ribbon. Then she forced herself away from the wall, and managed to scoop up the ribbon just before someone stepped on it.

As the kids silently swirled around Summer, heading back to their classes, Summer clutched the ribbon tightly and whispered fiercely, "I will never forget you."

Chapter 7

Introducing Professor Science

The rest of junior high passed in a blurred numbness. Too old to deny that she or her classmates could be aborted any day, and too young to see the day of being Born as anything other than a distant dream.

The only bright spot was Science. Unlike all of the other teachers, who seemed to be stamped from the same mold, who preached abortion with a religious fervor, and who all seemed to hate Unborns, while pretending to be their best friends, Professor Science was sharp, witty, and dedicated to his subject.

There was even a rumor in the school that Professor Science was the only teacher who had never asked for or demanded the abortion of a student. None of the other teachers liked him, but it was the only class that anyone felt safe in. A small mistake, or even a large mistake, in Professor Science's class never resulted in a note home to their mothers recommending an abortion. Oh, Professor Science would peer over his glasses at you, and with a simple look of disappointment, bring the rowdiest kids in line.

“Results!”, Professor Science would exclaim, “What are the results?”

“It doesn't matter what we think that something should do or be. It only matters what actually happens. If you mix orange food coloring, sugar and water together, do you get a sugar drink? Or a glass of orange juice? Can you make orange juice with water, sugar, and orange food coloring, or do you need oranges? Will food coloring, sugar, and water ever spontaneously turn into a strawberry cheesecake? Results!”

“The same thing, done the same way, will always give you the same results!”

Professor Science explained that he had been fired from the University because of results. He wouldn't give the University the results that they were looking for. “Those are conclusions!” he said. “Conclusions are not results. Conclusions are what you want the

results to be. It used to be that a conclusion simply stated what the result was. But now, in 21st century science, a conclusion is whatever they want the results to be, regardless of what the results actually were.”

“Most of the professors and scientists will simply write in their conclusion whatever the University or State wants the results to be. Since most of the bureaucrats that read the studies only read the conclusions, they will think that the conclusions are the results.”

“But conclusions are not the results! Results are results! Results are always true. Conclusions that do not state the results accurately, but only what everyone wants the results to be, are simply lies!”

“So the University terminated my funding, and took away my salary. My results did not produce the conclusions that they wanted, so the result was that I could no longer write conclusions!”

Laughing at his own joke, Professor Science crinkled up and everyone had a good laugh at the system with him. Summer thought that surely someone who only wanted to truthfully state the results could not be a bad person.

Of course, the principal seemed to think that Professor Science was a bad person, and the principal was always stalking around and trying to catch Professor Science doing something wrong. “The principal has his conclusions, and they do not seem to agree with my results!” Summer loved the large crinkly smiles that Professor Science only seemed to make when the principal wasn't looking. She felt like Professor Science was on their side, not the principal's side.

However, the principal could not disagree with Professor Science's results. No one else could teach science so that the students would all pass the mandated tests with high scores. “The principal has concluded that he doesn't like me, but he can't argue with my results. I make him look good in the science test scores. And he knows that if he taught the science class the results would be muuuch different.” Another large crinkly smile.

When the principal sat in the back of the science class and watched the professor, Professor Science never smiled, but still he taught

what he wanted to, knowing that the principal didn't understand anything he said.

“To get results, you must have consistent methods. There are two basic methods to science. One is experimentation, and the other is observation. Yes, we do observe the experiments, but that is not the kind of observation we are talking about.”

“To do an experiment, we set up something that we can repeat, like this glass of water, this cup of sugar, and this bottle of orange food coloring. I will mix them all up together to see what the result will be.” Professor Science demonstrated, and finished with a large glass of orange sugary drink.

“Now, a properly constructed conclusion will state directly and truthfully what the results of the experiment are. For example, 'Mixing together water, sugar, and food coloring produces a sugary drink.'”

“But no one wants those kinds of conclusions anymore. They want the scientist's conclusions to match the goal of the research, regardless of the experiment or results. Let me give you an example.”

“Someone, somewhere decides that the conclusion should be orange juice. They decide that the goal of the research is to show how mixing a glass of water, this cup of sugar, and this bottle of food coloring produces a cup of orange juice. So the scientists perform the experiment over and over. Of course the results are always the same, a large glass of orange sugary drink. But this is not the conclusion that they are being paid for. So they run the experiment as long as they can, and generate as many data points as they can about all the glasses of orange sugary drinks that they produced.”

“Then they sit down, and write this conclusion: 'Mixing one glass of water, one cup of sugar, and orange food coloring produces a glass of orange drink that looks like orange juice, and to someone without experience tasting orange juice, tastes like orange juice, therefore we conclude that this mixture of ingredients produces, what is for all intents and purposes, orange juice.' Now, I am not making this up. How many times have your mothers given you an orange drink and

told you to drink your orange juice, but when you drank it, you KNEW that it wasn't orange juice, but some kind of sugary drink that just looks like orange juice?"

Then Professor Science pulled out a knife, a juicer, and a couple of oranges. Cutting the oranges in half, he put them in the juicer and watched the juice run down into his clean glass. "Now, does anyone want to tell me what kind of juice we have here? An orange juice? Or orange juice?"

With another crinkly smile, Professor Science gulped down the orange juice, "Well, I know what my results are! And it sure tasted good!"

Amid the laughter, and more than a few wistful glances at the class of orange juice, the professor went on, "What I just showed you is observational science, or observation, the second method of doing science. The first was experimentation, where we did an experiment, and made something happen. The second is observation, where we observe something and see what happens in the real world."

The principal slipped into the room, and sat at a desk in the rear.

The professor went on, "Our observation shows that orange juice comes from oranges. Ahh, but, you are saying, didn't you juice those oranges? Wasn't that an experiment? No, because I didn't actually do anything. I didn't mix anything up, or create anything. I merely observed that orange juice comes from oranges. If I drilled a hole in the orange and drank directly from the orange, the result would be the same, orange juice. If I dropped the oranges on the floor and started jumping up and down on them...", which Professor Science proceeded to do with gusto, splattering orange juice all over the front of the classroom, "the result is still orange juice."

"How exactly we extract the juice from the orange is immaterial to the observation and the result. We observe that orange juice comes from an orange."

"Our conclusion? 'In our experiment, mixing water, sugar, and orange food coloring will produce an orange drink that looks like

orange juice and will fool some people, especially mothers at the grocery store, but if you want real orange juice, then you will have to squeeze an orange!”

“Results, people! Results!”

The principal, sitting in the back of the room, completely missed the results as he stared at the orange splattered all over the classroom and pondered his own conclusion, “The professor really is insane! Now the school would have to pay overtime to the janitor to clean up this mess!”

Chapter 8

Safety Class

“Today, we have a firefighter here to tell you how to be safe, and what to do in the event of a fire.”

Dressed in full turnout firefighting gear, Mr. Firefighter stepped forward. “Good morning, class. Today I have some very important tips to share with you. If you follow my tips, the life you save may be that of a Born.”

“Fires start very easily, and are very dangerous. You may just be playing around, but if the fire you start for fun kills a Born Person, then the fire is no longer fun.”

“Never play with matches, or play with gasoline, or anything else that can cause a fire.”

“If a fire starts, then your first responsibility is to make sure that all Born Persons are told immediately, so that they can evacuate the area and be saved.”

“It is the duty of an Unborn to always put the life of a Born first. Whatever sacrifice you have to make, so that any Born Persons caught in a fire escape, that is your duty as an Unborn.”

“It is against the law for an Unborn to endanger the life of a Born. What you may not know is that this law also applies to firefighters, rescue personnel, ambulance personnel, doctors, nurses, and policemen.”

“The law doesn't only mean that you Unborn can't do something that endangers a Born Person, but also that a Born Person can't do anything that endangers themselves on behalf of an Unborn.”

With a hard glint in his eye, the firefighter went on, “If your house catches on fire, then we firefighters will NOT risk our lives to try and save you. You are Unborn, and not only is it against the law, but it's just not worth the risk. Why should we sacrifice our lives to save someone who isn't even alive yet?”

“That is why if there is a fire in your house, make sure that you wake

up your mother and your father, and any other Born in the house first, and make sure that they get out before you even attempt to leave the burning house. If you are negligent in your duty to save the Born first, then the courts can and will rule for an abortion. After all, it is only right that you should have died in the fire, and not a Born.

“It is better to save a Born, than to save an Unborn.”

“Remember, after all of the Born are safe, then it is your responsibility to save yourself. We will not save you. We will not take any risks on your behalf. After you have saved yourself from the fire, we will, of course, provide aid to you outside.”

“Don't start fires in the first place, and you won't have to save yourself.”

“Once you have become a Born, being a firefighter is a wonderful career that you should all consider. The opportunities to save the lives of Born Persons occur on a regular basis, and nothing, nothing, will leave you feeling better than the fact that you just saved a life.”

“So, let's imagine for a minute that you have become a Born, and your assigned career is firefighter. You receive a call, and when you roll up in the firetruck, a man comes running out of a burning house and tells you that his wife and Unborn are still in the house. Do you risk your life and enter the house?”

Not sure what to say, the class merely mumbled.

The firefighter continued, “Yes, of course you risk your life. The life of a Born mother is in danger and you need to go rescue her.”

“As you enter the house, you come across the Unborn child unconscious on the floor. Do you stop and render aid and attempt to rescue the Unborn?”

Having a better idea of the expected answer, the class shook their heads no.

“Correct! Leave the Unborn right where it is and continue your search for the Born mother. In another room, you find the Born

mother unconscious on the floor. What do you do?”

Again uncertain, the class mumbled, but one student spoke up, “Rescue her.”

“Exactly! You rescue the Born mother using a fireman's carry and get her out of the house as quickly as you can. Once outside, you administer oxygen and turn her over to the medics.”

“Now, do you go back into the house to rescue the unconscious Unborn?”

Shaking his head no, the firefighter quickly had everyone shaking their heads no with him. “No, the firefighter does not risk his life on the behalf of an Unborn. The firefighter does his duty to the State and protects his own life first by staying outside of the house while it finishes burning down.”

“Does anyone have any questions?”

Chapter 9

The Protestors

Summer and her friends began to see protestors outside of the school. Curiosity would cause the Unborns to line up at the windows to watch and see what the protestors were doing outside of the school fence. A row of police officers would stand inside of the fence and watch the protestors carefully. The protestors would chant and preach, but they were so far away, Summer couldn't hear what they were saying.

Then the teachers would come into the rooms and shoo the Unborn away from the windows, and close the blinds. "Don't look at them, or watch them. Those people out there are criminals and terrorists who just want to control children and their mothers and take away a mother's right to choose. They are the most awful people who walk this earth, and the sooner they all get thrown in prison, the better."

That still didn't stop the Unborns from watching every chance they could. Some protestors even held up large signs. Large enough that the Unborns could read even from such a long distance. Signs that said things like:

Every Unborn Is A Person

Everyone Is Alive

Legal Abortion Is Still Murder

You Have The Right To Live

All Humans Are Persons

The teachers didn't give up. "See those signs? Those signs are nothing but lies, and just prove what violent, thoughtless, murderous people those protestors are."

The next morning, when the school bus picked Summer up, the windows had been taped over with black construction paper so that Summer and her friends could see nothing outside the bus, and most especially they could not see the protestors. But even over the loud diesel engines, they could hear the chanting as the buses drove past the protestors.

Summer was full of questions, but she dared not ask any of them. One of her friends was a little more daring, though. Myron came to class one day whispering to everyone about how he had met one of the protestors downtown. "So there I was, just enjoying a soda, when I thought I recognized someone outside at the bus stop. I walked over and said, 'Hi, don't I know you?'"

"He said no, and looked puzzled. But I kept staring at him, and finally it came to me. He was one of the protestors. So of course I thought to myself, here's our chance to ask some questions."

"You don't know me, but I recognize you. You are one of those protestors that stand outside my school every day.' He looked around, and then seeing that no one was listening to us, he nodded."

"I asked him why do they do that. Why do they write such lies on their signs and cause so much trouble for us Unborns. He denied that they were lies. He said that the signs are true. He said, and you are not going to believe this, but he said that even Unborns are Persons. I just laughed at him."

"I said, 'We all know that isn't true. How can you say such things?'"

"Then the bus came, and he handed me his business card and said he wanted to meet with me again so he could explain if I was willing. So I called him last night, and he invited me over to his house to talk. He says that it isn't safe to talk anyplace public. I said sure, but that I was bringing a bunch of my friends just to keep everything on the up-and-up. So he said, no problem. So guess what, guys? We

are going to a pizza party tonight!”

Summer and the girls weren't sure that it was a good idea, but the boys thought it would be a fun adventure, so everyone promised not to say anything, and to show up.

Later, Summer and her girlfriends met up with Myron and walked over with him. He was so excited about the meeting. Summer warned him not to act so excited in school, so that the teachers didn't start asking questions.

At the house, the man wasn't alone. There were a couple of other protestors there, too. After digging into the pizza and chatting for awhile, Myron and the protestors started talking seriously.

Myron asked again, “Why do you do your protesting? We all know that the things you say aren't true. So why are you terrorists?”

One of the women protestors leaned forward, “They have labeled us as terrorists because they are terrified of the truth that we are speaking. Not because we are violent. We aren't. We want to save lives, but they accuse us of the very things that they are guilty of, violence and murder.”

Myron shrugged his shoulders, “What violence? What murder?”

The man nodded, “Abortion is murder.”

One of the other teenagers jumped in, “Abortion isn't murder. Abortion is a mother's choice. An Unborn isn't yet alive. It's not yet a Person. It's not murder to abort an Unborn.”

One of the female protestors sighed with a sad smile, “That is what they teach you in school, isn't it?”

Summer nodded, “Yes, it is. We don't know anything else. Only what they have taught us is true.”

The man continued, “What the State teaches as Truth, and what is the Truth, are rarely the same thing.”

The woman went on, “If you are not alive, then how can I be sitting here talking to you?”

The teenagers didn't have an answer. Summer thought about the little 4 year old girl in the hallway. "If we don't want to die, does that mean that we are alive?"

The woman nodded grimly, "Certainly. Do any of you want to die?"

The teenagers all shook their heads and one of the boys muttered, "Not really."

The man went on, "There are other ways to know if someone is alive. What if they are in a coma? They aren't thinking right then about not dying, but still they are alive and deserve to live. What about a baby before Entrance? We don't know when a baby starts thinking, but don't you think that the baby is alive, and if given a choice would want to live?"

One of the girls answered, "But that is it. That's why pre-Entrance babies and Unborns are not alive. We don't know what we want. And we won't know until we are fully developed if we want to be alive, or if we even deserve to be alive. So that is why it's okay to abort us. We aren't developed enough yet."

The woman answered, "Well, don't you think that every Unborn should be given the chance to fully develop then? How can you know if you want to be alive, if you are not given the opportunity to become alive?"

Summer answered, "It's not our Choice. It's our mother's Choice. It's up to her."

They talked animatedly for a couple of more hours. Most of the Unborn kept their thoughts to themselves, but Myron appeared to enjoy everything more than anyone else.

Afterwards, Summer and her girlfriends agreed not to go back. It was too risky, and thinking such thoughts could only result in one thing... more abortions.

Chapter 10

Science Class

Professor Science entered the classroom, peered over his eyeglasses at everyone, and then began, “Today, you will learn the basics of the reproduction of a species.”

“First, you have to have both boys and girls.” Everyone laughed, and Professor Science pretended to raise his eyes in a questioning manner.

“Sexual reproduction is the process by which a new individual organism is created by combining the genetic material of two parent organisms.”

“This is the process used by most plants and animals, with some variation in the details, of course.”

“The female of the species contributes an egg, and the male of the species contributes a sperm. The egg and the sperm join together, and after they have joined, you now have a new unique organism.”

“At different times in class we will study different species. But first we will study the human species.”

“We have previously studied DNA or genetic material. DNA in humans is encoded into 23 pairs of chromosomes. These chromosomes are the software, or the information needed to tell the human body how to build itself, and how to work. Without coded information, all that would exist would be a raw pile or jelly of proto-plasmic elements. It is the information contained in our genetic material that not only determines if you are a boy or a girl, but also if you are a human, a chicken, or an elephant.”

“Half of each chromosome pair comes from the mother, and the other half comes from the father. So each of you has 46 chromosomes, which are divided into 23 pairs. In each pair, you are half your mother and half your father. 23 of your chromosomes come from your mother, and 23 of your chromosomes come from your father. Therefore you have 46 chromosomes, or 23 chromosome pairs.”

“Other non-human species have different numbers of chromosomes. The ape, which appears to be closest to the human genetic code, has 48 chromosomes. The pig, which does not look anything at all like a human, has 38 chromosomes. The fish called carp has 104 chromosomes, and the mosquito has only 6 chromosomes.

“In spite of the similarities, though, an ape or a pig cannot combine with a human to form a new organism. The egg to be combined must be 100% human, and the sperm that combines with it must be 100% human. This is how sexual reproduction is limited to strictly within a species. If two organisms can combine their DNA to form a new organism, then they are of the same species, regardless of artificial labels applied by so-called scientists based upon surface characteristics.”

“For example, zebras and horses can form new organisms, or offspring, even though, by the patterns of their fur, they are normally considered two different species. The DNA doesn't lie. Zebras and horses are the same species, even if they are of different breeds, just like we have many breeds of dogs.”

“This is important. However different two humans may look on the outside, on the inside, in their DNA, in their chromosomes, they are still both human.”

“A female human can only reproduce with a male human. All other species are excluded.”

“All artificial distinctions based upon skin color and race are merely that, artificial distinctions based upon looks or cultural practices, and have nothing to do with the DNA and chromosomes of the mother and father.”

“At the time of Entrance, the average female human baby has 1 million oocytes. We commonly call them eggs, but technically they have not grown into eggs yet. This is something to think about. Every female human, on average, has the ability to have 1 million babies. Of course, at an average time of nine months per pregnancy, and say, three months in between for time off, if we say 1 year per baby, you would have to live at least 1 million years to have all of your babies.”

With a smile, “Mothers with multiple sets of twins and triplets could shorten that time.”

The whole class laughed self-consciously, thinking about such enormous numbers of babies.

“As the female human matures, she begins to prepare her oocytes for the possibility of becoming babies. Before an oocyte can combine with the male sperm, it must first develop into an egg. This happens on the average of once a month.”

“While it is an oocyte, the oocyte has only the mother's DNA and is 100% the mother's tissue. As it matures into an egg, the oocyte goes through a process called meiosis. Entire scientific careers have been built studying meiosis! But I will simplify it for you. In meiosis, the oocyte reduces by half its DNA so that it now contains only 23 chromosomes. The oocyte is now an egg and has only 23 chromosomes that are unpaired, or half of the required chromosomes to be human.”

“There are, of course, all kinds of specialized terms and definitions for all of this that you will have to learn. But today I will keep it simple. Details to follow.”

“The male sperm goes through a similar process to shed half of its chromosomes.”

“If the egg and the sperm did not shed half of their chromosomes, then when they combined, there would be a new total of 92 chromosomes. Humans don't have 92 chromosomes, although aquatic rats do!”

“Now when the egg and the sperm join together, they will combine their DNA and have the correct number of chromosomes at 46, or 23 pairs.”

“At this moment, the pairing up of these two sets of chromosomes results in an entirely new and unique set of DNA that has never existed before, and can never be duplicated by any other egg and sperm. Eggs and sperm are like snowflakes. Every joining of an egg and sperm always results in a new unique human. No two are ever the same. Just like snowflakes. No two are ever the same.”

“The moment that a sperm enters an egg and they join together is called fertilization. This usually happens inside the female's fallopian tubes. The egg has now become a zygote. The zygote then travels down to the uterus where it is implanted into the uterine wall so that it can continue to develop.”

“The zygote develops into an embryo, which develops into a fetus, which develops into an infant, which develops into a child, which develops into an adult.”

“Is a Born adult a unique human?” Professor Science peered over his glasses until the class responded, “Yes!”

“Is an Unborn teenager a unique human?” Professor Science continued to peer over his glasses, but received only confused mumbles, so he answered the question for them. “The Born adult has 46 chromosomes that are 100% human. The Unborn teenager has 46 chromosomes that are 100% human. So yes, the Unborn teenager is 100% human.”

“Is the Unborn child a unique human?” Peering over his glasses again, Professor Science was met with silence. “Yes it is. The Unborn child is 100% human.”

“Is the Unborn infant a unique human?” This time, the class tentatively answered, “Yes.”

“Is the Unborn fetus a unique human?” A stronger tentative “Yes,” was the reply.

“Is the Unborn embryo a unique human?” Still tentative, but a “Yes.”

“Is the Unborn zygote a unique human?” This time, silence again. Professor Science helped them out, “Yes. Even though the zygote is only a single cell, the zygote is now its very own unique human. At the moment that the mother's DNA was joined to the father's DNA it became a unique human. 50% of its mother and 50% of its father, but 100% its own DNA.”

“At the moment that it becomes a zygote, the egg ceases to be merely part of the mother's tissues. It is no longer merely a part of

the mother's body, but has it's own unique body, even if that body is only one single cell in size.”

“The mother is now a host to a brand new life that lives inside her, but is not her. This new life cannot live without the mother, but it is still a life of it's own.”

“So, people, we have observed that when an egg and a sperm join together, they create a new unique organism. If the mother's egg is human, and the father's sperm is human, the new unique organism is most definitely a human. Size and location have no effect on the humanity of this new life.”

One of the boys raised his hand tentatively, not sure if he should ask this question, “Professor Science, then when exactly do you become a Person?”

Professor Science smiled and pointed his finger, “You've hit the nail on the head. The Law says that you do not become a Person until the 18th anniversary of your Entrance. Did you become human on the 18th anniversary of your Entrance? No. You have always been human. But the Law says that you are not yet a Person, and therefore not entitled to any of the protections of the Law.”

“But what do the results say? What does the science say? When did you become a human? You became a human at the moment you were fertilized. Do you not think that is the most obvious, logical, scientific, and clear moment that you also became a Person?”

“The majority of the scientists disagree. They say you are a human, but not yet a Person. But why? Simple. A Person cannot be aborted. As long as you are not a Person, you can be aborted, even if you are a human.”

“So, you tell me. The results are obvious. You are all unique humans. The conclusion? Some people conclude that you are not Persons so that you can be aborted, and some people conclude that you became a Person when you became a unique human.”

“But the results, the facts, are stubborn things. No one can change the fact that you became a unique human the moment you were fertilized.”

“Results, people! Results!”

Chapter 11

Myron Plans His Case

One day in class Myron whispered to everyone, "Today is the day! Today we are filing my lawsuit! The protestors are helping me. They are paying all of the legal bills."

"Aren't you taking an awful chance? Won't they just abort you?"

"No, they can't abort me while I am suing. I will be protected. For awhile at least."

Summer asked, "What are you talking about?"

Myron explained, "I am going to sue my parents for the right to be Born. The protestors are helping me, and they have their own lawyers. Just think, if we can win the right to be Born, then we can't be aborted."

"When do you find out the result?"

"Oh, it will take awhile. Weeks and months they say. The law never moves fast."

Myron continued, "One day I won't be in class because I will have to go down and appear in court."

One of the girls asked again, "But why? What chance do you have now? Now the teachers will just come after you!"

"No. I have to take my chances. The doctors just found out that I have leukemia. My parents are already discussing what to do. The lawsuit is the only chance I have. They will definitely abort me anyway. So what do I have to lose?"

"I am going to sue them for the right to be Born. The right to become a Person. Otherwise, they will abort me because of my leukemia."

Summer squeezed Myron's hand, "I hope you win!" But in her heart, Summer was afraid that he would lose. And if Myron lost, they would abort him, too.

Summer missed what the teacher was now saying because she was thinking about what she would do one day once she was Born. Summer would help Unborns. She didn't know how. But she would. Somebody needed to. Hardly anyone was helping them. Maybe these lawyers would help Myron. Maybe one day abortions would be illegal and all Unborns could get to live.

“Summer, answer the question!” The teacher was impatient. Summer had no idea what the question was. “What was the question again?” With a snort, the teacher said, “Pay attention! The question is, 'Why is the Right to Choose the most important right that a mother has?’”

Chapter 12

AAPT Animals Are Persons Too

All of the students were assembled in the main gym for a special presentation. The classes of little ones were the largest. As Summer looked around, she could see how every grade upwards had fewer and fewer students in it. There were very few students in the high school classes.

The guest lecturer was from Animals Are Persons Too, otherwise known as AAPT, or as they said for short, apt. Summer knew what to expect. These presentations were a yearly thing. After the lecture, in the front of the gym, they would be allowed to go over and visit the animals. The animals were so beautiful. Since zoos were now illegal, the only time most Unborns got to see any animals were at the AAPT lectures. AAPT had special government licenses to imprison the animals. Most of the animals at AAPT had been injured or disabled somehow, and without AAPT's help, would probably die in the wild.

“I'm going to introduce you to some very special friends today. These are my friends, the animals. Animals Are Persons Too! And these special animals here today have all been hurt or disabled, and that is why I help them. They are Persons too and deserve my help.”

“On my arm here is a bald eagle. Her name is Light Breeze. Light Breeze was wounded by an illegal hunter who shot at her, and her one wing no longer works. Light Breeze can no longer fly and catch mice and rats to eat for dinner, so we have to catch them for her.” Light Breeze turned her baleful eyes back and forth as she eyed the children.

“Even though Light Breeze can't fly, she can still lay eggs, and we can incubate those eggs, and hatch them into baby eagles. This is very important because every single baby eagle is unique, and the more baby eagles we can save, the more diverse the genetics of the species will be. We do everything that we possibly can to save every single eagle because every single eagle is a Person Too and has the right to live.”

“The hunter that shot this eagle was sentenced to death for attempted murder of an endangered species. Humans, even Born Persons, have no right to ever murder any animal for any reason.”

“Did you know that many, many years ago people actually murdered and ate animals almost everyday? Nooo? Good! Because it is such an awful thing, we shouldn't even think about it. That is why today, everyone, both Borns and Unborns are strict vegetarians. We have moved past the barbaric phase of human history where we murdered animals just to eat their meat. The evil people who insisted that they had a right to murder animals and hunt them down to eat, have all been locked up, and our society now peacefully co-exists with animals and lets them live.”

“Always remember that it is morally wrong to kill any animal, for any reason. Animals Are Persons Too. Several years ago the courts recognized this, and they granted animals the status of Persons from the moment that they are fertilized, until the moment they die natural deaths. Hunting and slaughterhouses were shut down immediately.”

“Did you know that when they had slaughterhouses these murderers used a tool called a cattle thud to kill cows and horses, sheep, goats, and other animals? This inhumane tool was used by placing it against the forehead or brain stem of the animal they wanted to murder. When the trigger was pulled, a captive bolt, meaning it didn't fire an actual bullet, but a bolt of metal that only travels a short distance, would come out the end of the cattle thud very fast and kill the animal. It was a painful, senseless way to die.”

“Thankfully, today it is illegal to use cattle thuds on animals. Anyone using a cattle thud on an animal is guilty of murder, and the punishment is death. We have found a much better use for cattle thuds, though, and that is for the abortion nurses. The nurses use cattle thuds everyday to carry out necessary abortions in as humane, and painless a method as possible.”

“That is one of the reasons that abortion is so important. By limiting the number of humans on the earth, we can ensure that the earth has enough resources to care for it's true children, all of the wild animals. Every human that is not aborted uses up valuable land and

resources that would be better used by the animals. Without abortion, all of the animals would become extinct in only a few months.”

“Just think how awful that would be. If the animals did not have a right to life, if the animals were not protected as Persons, then humans would very quickly murder all of the animals at their whim, and millions of species would become extinct overnight. Before the laws were changed to protect the animals, hundreds of species went extinct every single day. The life of animals must be protected at all costs. If that means humans must make a few sacrifices for the sake of the animals, then we must.”

“The animal mothers will do anything they need to protect their young, and give them the chance to grow into adults who can breed and continue the species. Animal mothers will sacrifice themselves to protect their young from predators like humans. The only reason that animals die anything other than a natural death in the wild is because evil humans try to murder them. Thankfully, since the laws were changed, animal populations have rebounded strongly, and the animals have been able to take their rightful place in the world. Their place as Persons, more equal than any human Person.”

“As a human, it is the duty and responsibility of all Born Persons and Unborns to do whatever is necessary to preserve the life of any animal they encounter. The death of an animal, for any reason, is always wrong. Death is always wrong. Every animal that dies makes the world a sadder, smaller place. Always call 911 immediately to get in direct contact with AAPT should you find an animal that has been hurt or injured. If you see someone trying to hurt an animal, call 911 immediately, and AAPT will come out and stop them. Unborns that do not respect the life of animals prove that they are unsuitable to be Persons. All Persons respect the life of all animals more than their own lives.”

“As Unborns, you too must do your part to protect the rights of animals.”

“As you visit each animal, remember that you are meeting a genuine Person who deserves your utmost respect, love, and worship.”

Summer's class was near the end of the line, but that was okay because they got to spend more time with each animal. Her classmates didn't say much, as there were too many adults around watching everything. Summer looked deep into the eyes of the panther. Smiling she whispered, "If only you were my mother, and I was a panther, then I would never have to worry about life."

Chapter 13

Phys Ed Class

Most of the kids hated the annual physical education test. It was a pass or fail test. If you failed, your mother received a strong recommendation for an abortion. And the principal was not known to take no for an answer. The tall, blonde, fit, buff, full-of-himself phys ed coach also had a way of being persuasive with the mothers.

The test was fairly straight forward. A few calisthenics, pushups, situps, chinups, and then a two mile run. It was important that all Born be good physical fitness specimens. As far back as Summer could remember, every annual phys ed class resulted in more disappearances. Everyone that was left this year would have no trouble with the phys ed test, except for Mary.

Chubby Mary. Mary had always had a struggle with her weight. She wasn't obese. She just had too much fat. She tried all of the diets. She tried all of the exercises. But nothing ever worked for her. Her mother was a perfect physical specimen. Her mother also claimed that she had been chubby at Mary's age, but had worked all of it off by the time she was Born. That was the only reason she still gave Mary a chance, when most of the mothers would have already given up.

Summer and Kara bumped into Mary and wrapped their arms around her. "We are going to help you today. No one is going to fail this test today. Especially you. Everyone passes today. Everyone."

Mary sniffed, "How can you help me? You can't do my exercises for me."

Kara smiled, "No, but we can be there every step of the way and encourage you."

Summer squeezed her arm, "You won't be alone. We won't leave you."

Mary teared up, "Don't fail on my account. It's not fair. I'm just not good enough. I try so hard, but it is never good enough."

Summer shook her head, “No, don't think like that. You are good enough. You can do it. You don't have to be the fastest or win. All you have to do is finish it and pass.”

The coach blew his whistle, “Listen up, you Unborns. Today is the annual physical education test to determine if you are fit enough to measure up to Born standards. You have all taken this test before. If you don't pass the test, then you will fail. Failure bears a high consequence.... abortion!”

The tanned, blonde, god-like coach looked disdainfully at all of the Unborn. “Personally, I don't care if any of you pass. You all look like a bunch of weak, pathetic, pasty-skinned, lazy couch potatoes to me. I would love to send a failure notice to every single one of your mothers.”

Arrogantly, he went on, “When I was an Unborn, not a single one of you would have made the cut. You boys all look like the stick figures we drew in art class in kindergarten. You girls all look like you couldn't lift a book to crack it's cover. You should take pride in what you look like. None of you look like gods or goddesses to me.”

“Line up. Let's go. Pushups are first. One at a time so that I can make sure that you are not cheating.”

The boys jostled to go first so they could show off to the girls and each other just how strong they were. They breezed through the pushups with no problems. Geoff turned and smiled at Summer and then popped off his pushups without even breaking a sweat. Then he smiled at Summer again. Summer grinned weakly. She had yet to go.

When it was her turn, Summer made it through her pushups, but not easily like Geoff had. Then Kara went, and she was okay. The coach called Mary up. Mary was shaking and sweating, and she hadn't even done a pushup yet.

Coach looked at her, “Did you start without me, Mary? Looks like you have already done a few hundred pushups. No matter. You will have to do them again for me.”

Shaking, Mary dropped and began counting them off. Summer and

Kara knelt on each side of Mary and kept calling to her and encouraging her. Slowly, Mary's resolve built, and she pushed through them and finished.

Coach didn't say anything, but made a note on his pad, and gave Summer and Kara an evil look.

Slowly the class moved through the situps and chinups. Everyone passed, even Mary, but Mary looked completely spent and ready to collapse. The coach's mood had gone from arrogant to surly. He enjoyed failing students, and hadn't been able to fail anyone yet.

Calling everyone together, the coach barked, "Next, and last, is the two mile run. You have to pass this run." He glared at everyone then continued, "Everyone runs at the same time. Even if you passed everything else, if you fail the run, you fail the entire test. But this is also an elimination round. The last person to finish the run is automatically eliminated. Even if you pass the time portion, but you are last, then you will be eliminated."

Coach looked directly at Mary, but was disappointed because she never took her eyes off of the ground. Then he pulled his starter pistol out of his pocket and waved it around. "Go on! Line up! Let's get this started."

Summer and Mary and Kara stood towards the back. Mary stood with her chest heaving, trying to suck in air. She still hadn't recovered from the chinups. Summer and Kara passed worried looks. "Come on Mary. Get ready. You can do it. We will be right next to you all of the way."

BANG

The starter pistol rang out and the boys and some of the girls streaked off like rabbits. Mary just stood there. Summer and Kara grabbed her arms and pulled her into a staggering run. The coach stood with his arms folded and eyes narrowed as they struggled past him, dead last.

"Go, Mary, go. We aren't going to leave you. If you don't pass, then we won't pass either."

Mary thought about that, and then started fighting. She didn't have the breath to say anything, but she didn't want Summer and Kara to fail the test because of her.

Constantly giving her encouragement, the three of them struggled around the track together. Summer kept her eye on the countdown clock on the scoreboard, and kept recomputing in her head whether or not they would make it. They were slow, and just barely making the pace time.

Everyone else finished the race and was standing by the finish line, which the coach was straddling. Summer and Mary and Kara slowly approach the line, but they still had one more lap to go.

The coach started taunting them, "You can't do it. Give up now so I can just fail you now and go to lunch early. This is un-be-liev-able!"

They crossed the line. One lap to go. Geoff came out of the crowd and jogged up behind Summer and Mary and Kara, "You're doing good. You can finish. Don't give up now."

The other students hesitated, and then followed Geoff. Casting worried glances at the coach as they passed him, they all fell in with Summer and Mary and Kara and began to yell encouragement. Mary's resolve was growing. Her head came up, and she kept pushing. Slowly, the crowd became a team and began chanting encouragement, "You can do it! Yes you can!"

"Ma-ry! Ma-ry! Ma-ry!"

They rounded the final corner and approached the finish line, with only seconds left on the clock. Summer and Mary and Kara crossed the finish line with only five seconds to spare.

The coach stood with his arms crossed. When the team didn't stop whooping and hollering and celebrating, the coach pulled out his whistle and blew it continuously until everyone shut up. Then he stomped over and stood in front of Mary, with his arms still crossed.

Summer instinctively grabbed Mary's arm. The coach was obviously furious. "You still failed. You were still the last one to cross the finish line. Actually, all three of you were. You are tied failures."

Mary finally found a voice, “No! They didn't fail. They were just helping me. They would have been much faster without me.”

The coach sneered, “THAT is exactly the problem. You were a burden to them, and you held them back. Just like you will always be a burden and hold everyone back. No Unborn should ever be a burden.”

Summer butted in, “No! We finished together. She wasn't last. And she wasn't a burden. Mary passed the test. She's good!”

Everyone watched the argument in silence and dread. There had never before been an elimination round on the physical education test. They had no idea how this would end.

The coach started to get apoplectic, “She didn't do it on her own, therefore it doesn't count!”

Mary collapsed on the ground and just sat down hunched over, breathing hard.

Summer still stood next to Mary, with Kara on the other side, and they both put their hands protectively on Mary's shoulders.

The girls on the team started a chant, and then the boys joined in, “Ma-ry! Ma-ry! Ma-ry!”

The coach pulled his starter pistol out and began waving it around and yelling, “The only thing that counts is winning, and to win, you have to be the best.”

“Mary is not the best, she is a poor excuse for an Unborn. She must be aborted. Is she going to go through her Born life with other people carrying her and pushing her along?”

“Is Mary always going to be a burden on society?”

“Is Mary always going to be a burden on me?”

“NO! Mary failed, and the price of failure in my class is abortion.”

The coach put his starter pistol right up to Mary's forehead. He forced her head back until she was looking up at him. Then he

pulled the trigger.

BANG

Not a thud, but a bang.

A hole appeared in Mary's forehead and her brains sprayed out the back.

Blood and brain matter sprayed Summer and Kara who stood there in complete shock.

Coach waved the gun with a big smile, "See? It's not always a starter pistol. I was ready for you today."

"Some abortions are clean, and some abortions are messy. This one was messy."

"Now everyone go hit the showers and get cleaned up for your next class."

One of the kids timorously asked, "What about Mary?"

Coach replied, "Don't worry about it. Yard maintenance will clean up the mess. Now go. Hit those showers. I still have five rounds left."

The coach gave Summer and Kara speculative looks as they slowly started to move off. Geoff grabbed Summer's arm and started to pull her along. He whispered, "You tried. You really tried. Now just try to stay alive yourself. There is nothing more you can do for Mary."

Summer gave Geoff a weak smile and almost passed out, except that he held her up and propelled her forward.

Chapter 14

High School History

As Summer walked into history class, Geoff gave her a smile from the back of the room. Summer smiled back and blushed. The Unborns avoided personal relationships as it was just too painful if one half of a couple was aborted. Besides, the teachers frowned on it. Nothing must be allowed to interfere with an Unborn's education and preparation to become Born. Not even a boyfriend or girlfriend. There would be plenty of time in College, after being Born, for such things.

Summer felt like they received the same lectures over and over and over again. History probably wouldn't be any different today than it was yesterday, or the year before. They even had the same history teacher that Summer had had back in middle school. A little bit older now, but just as excited about her job as she had been back then.

Waving her hands constantly, Miss History talked non-stop, and rarely had the patience to ask questions. This was fine with the Unborns. They could zone out and let Miss History's hands hypnotize them. If they watched Miss History's hands, then Miss History thought they were paying attention.

“In the 20th and 21st centuries, a number of women stepped forward and sacrificed everything they had to fight for the natural moral rights of women granted to them by their mother, mother earth.”

“These brave, courageous women turned the tide of rape and pillage by men, and finally enshrined a mother's right to choose above all other laws and rights. Only then were women finally free.”

Summer was beginning to think that Miss History had memorized all of her lessons. They sure sounded the same. She then turned to wondering if Geoff was watching her from the back of the room, but she couldn't turn around to check.

“Today we will talk about another such woman, Aika Zakon, and her contribution to the bright and shining world of freedom that awaits you if you become Born.”

“Aika Zakon is the woman who first courageously defended the truth that the physical age of a human has nothing to do with when that human becomes a Person.”

“Aika Zakon was a young childhood specialist. During her career, she worked with hundreds of young children. She quickly observed that young children are not cognitively aware of who they are. Young children cannot reason, make plans, or think about who they want to be when they grow up. All they could think about was eating and pooping. She realized that they don't even think about that either. They just cry when hungry or wet. Everything that young children do is merely a reaction to environmental stimulus.”

“So she began to ask questions. She asked everyone she knew why are young children considered to be Persons when they can't do anything that adults can, and everything must be done for them? After all, if you can't take care of yourself, and if you are not viable without constant care from adults, then you simply cannot be a Person yet.”

“Aika's observations were so unquestionably true that no one could answer her. Very quickly, people realized that Aika was right. Young children can't possibly be Persons. They have no idea who they are, or what they want, and can't live without their mother's constant care.”

“Aika also observed that young children are a serious burden upon mothers, and deny their mothers their own enjoyment of life. When talking with her mothers, Aika found out that many of the mothers wished that they had chosen to have an abortion, but it was too late now because their child had entered the world. Back then, abortions were illegal after Entrance.”

“But if young children are not yet Persons, then why couldn't their mothers have post-entrance abortions? Once a mother realized what a burden her infant really was, all those feedings, and diapers, why couldn't the mother then choose an abortion when the burden became too great?”

“So Aika formed a lobbying organization for women called Mothers Against Child Slavery or MACS.

The purpose of MACS was to teach women that it was time for them to be freed from being slaves to their children. MACS educated an entire generation of mothers to the burdens of motherhood, and opened the eyes of these mothers that the only reason they could not have an abortion to end their slavery was the laws of men who wanted to control women.”

“Aika was never able to change any laws, but her efforts to educate women about the truth eventually meant that one day there were many women who knew that the slavery of mothers had to be ended, and eventually laws were passed, including the monumental Person Definition Law.”

“Aika's story shows that everyone must do their part to move forward, one step at a time, the rights of mothers. Today, we must work hard to protect the rights of mothers.”

“I hope that once you become Born, you too will fight for the rights of a mother to choose. Nothing is more important than that.”

Summer began to feel like Miss History's hands were waving at her directly. Could Miss History see that Summer didn't care about the rights of the mother? Summer wondered what she would call an organization that would promote the rights of the Unborn. Unborns United Against Mothers UUAM? Or Unborns Set Free USF? Or UNHUMAN UNborns Hoping Unhuman Mothers Abort No More? Whatever. Summer had plenty of time to work on a name. It would still be awhile before she was Born and could fight for anyone's rights.

Chapter 15

Myron's Day in Court

Myron came to school one day looking paler than normal. Paler than his leukemia had been making him. The excitement had gone out of Myron. Now he just sat in the back of the class, fidgeted nervously, and whispered the story.

“So I wore my best suit and I met with the lawyers and they took me into the courtroom. We had to wait because there was a case in front of us. There was a lawyer standing there with a dog. I didn't understand why the dog was there until they started.”

“The judge called everything to order and called the first case. It was the case before mine. Funny, but it turns out that the dog was the one doing the suing. It was so hilarious. The judge would ask a question, then the lawyer would turn and growl at the dog, and the dog would growl back, and then the lawyer would answer the judge.”

“It was just a preliminary hearing for that case, just like it was a preliminary hearing for my case.”

“So the owner of the dog had his own lawyer and was fighting his dog, who was suing him because the dog didn't like the food he was getting. The owner claimed that the dog couldn't sue him because the dog didn't have 'standing'.”

“It's kind of confusing, but apparently if you don't have 'standing' then you can't sue someone. They even have rules about who can or cannot sue.” Myron just shook his head and was silent for a minute.

“Anyway, the judge seemed to be impatient with the dog's owner's lawyer. He shut him down and told him, 'Yes, the dog can sue you. I rule that the dog has standing, and therefore is legally qualified to sue you because dogs are Persons too, and they have their rights.’”

“The judge then set a court date for the trial for the dog's owner.”

“Next, me and my lawyer were called up. My lawyer explained my case. That I was suing for the right to be Born because my parents

had decided to abort me because I have leukemia.”

“Then the judge asked the lawyer, 'What standing does your client have?’”

“My lawyer stammered, and didn't seem to be able to answer the judge.”

“The judge interrupted him and demanded, 'Is your client a Person? What standing does your client have?’”

“My lawyer answered that while under the law I was not a Person, but that anyone looking at me could see that I was a Person and I should be granted the human right to have my case heard.”

“Then the judge got angry. 'How dare you fill my courtroom with this nonsense. Your client has not been Born yet, and therefore is not a Person. Your client has no standing. I am dismissing this lawsuit, and furthermore, I am ordering that no more legal shenanigans will be allowed to interfere with the right of the client's mother to choose an abortion.’”

“It is a settled issue of LAW that an Unborn is not a Person and does not have the right to be Born. No Unborn has the right to be Born. That is purely the mother's choice. I sincerely hope that this mother chooses to abort this offspring immediately as it is clearly too much trouble.”

“And as for you, counselor, if I ever see you in my court again with such a frivolous lawsuit, I will have you disbarred and locked up for the rest of your natural life.”

“Now get out of my courtroom.”

“So we left. And here I am. I just wanted to come to school and say goodbye to all of you and tell you what happened. I think that my parents are in the principal's office right now.”

Comforting hands reached out for Myron. The boys shook his hand, and the girls gave him hugs or pats. Everyone had known that this day was coming. An Unborn with leukemia, or cancer, or any of those dreadful diseases was always aborted. It cost too much to take

care of them, it was too much of a burden on society, and the teachers always said it was for the best anyway. The abortion saved the sick Unborn a lot of suffering.

The teacher finally walked in and looked at the Unborns gathered around Myron disapprovingly. “Come Myron. We need to go to the principal's office.”

Myron stood up, and touched everyone he could. After going a couple of feet, he turned around and looked at everyone, “So it was good knowing you guys. I'll see you on the other side. Hopefully not for a long while.” Always quick to tell a joke, Myron finished, “Although I hear that only Persons are allowed in Heaven.” With a rueful smile he shambled out the door and down the hall.

Chapter 16

Science Class

“Results, people! Results!”

Professor Science was impassioned and energetic today. Summer and Geoff widened their eyebrows at each other, but settled back to listen. Science was too important and interesting to be passing notes.

“Science is a valuable tool only as long as it reports honestly and dispassionately what the results are. Most science is twisted around to satisfy the agenda of one group or another. This is usually the group with the most money because they are the ones that can fund the research. Remember, it doesn't matter what the results are if you can dictate what the conclusions will be.”

“I don't care about the conclusions. Look at the results. They will tell you the truth.”

“A human egg, joined to a human sperm will always give the same results. A unique human being. This has been observed over and over again. Tested, analyzed, and experimented with.”

“And yet, the law CONCLUDES that when a human egg is joined to a human sperm, it only produces a POTENTIAL human being, who may one day be a Person, but until then is only a part of the mother.”

“A human egg, joined to a human sperm will always give the same results. A unique human being. This is the result. This is the fact that cannot be ignored. And yet the law and mothers ignore it all the time.”

“Is there any basis in the results for the conclusion that the law has reached?” Professor Science waited until most of the students had shaken their heads no. “The conclusions that you Unborns live by and die by every day are in spite of the results, not because of them.”

“The mother desires and wants this new unique human being to still be a part of her own body, so that she will have complete control over this new unique human being and can do with it what she

wants. The mother does not want to acknowledge that this is a unique human being, but just part of her own tissues. If it is part of her own tissues, then she can do whatever she wants with it.”

“But do feelings and the law determine what scientific results are?”

Professor Science paused and looked at each individual student.

“Do feelings and the law really determine when a Person becomes a Person? They can conclude whatever they want, but they cannot change the results. They cannot change the facts.”

“The law can determine what the conclusions are, but the law can never change the results.”

“Mothers can change the law so that the Unborn are merely tissues and not yet Persons, so that they can do what they want with this 'tissue', which is the Right to Choose... an abortion.”

“But no law can change the results. A human egg, joined to a human sperm will always give the same results: a unique human being.”

“So when does that unique human being become a person? The observations and the results are clear. At the moment that the human egg and the human sperm are joined together, THAT is the moment of the creation of a unique PERSON. That egg and sperm, or zygote, or fetus, or baby, is no longer the mother and father separately, but is now it's own Person.”

“From the moment of fertilization, the zygote is a Person.”

“So what does the law conclude? You are a Person when we say you are a Person, and we can change the definition whenever we want, to suit the whims of the people writing the law at that point in time.”

“Who do you want to trust your life to? Science or the Law?”

Chapter 17

Creative Writing Assignment

The language arts teacher hummed to herself as she passed out the assignment sheets. Smiling brightly, she clapped her hands, “You all will just love this creative writing assignment.”

“Today you are going to write a short essay, here in class. This essay is a test of not only your ability to write something in a short period of time using the correct grammar and punctuation, but also of your ability to think.”

Geoff groaned and Summer snickered. The teacher spun around but couldn't see who caused the trouble, so she went on, “This is an imaginary, fantasy scenario. You have been Born for 15 years and now have offspring of your own. Your offspring have not lived up to your expectations. Please write in detail why you have decided to abort your offspring.”

“Since none of you can possibly know what it is like to be a Born Person, you will have to use your imaginations. But the best writing is always based upon reality. Therefore, on the papers in front of you, I have written down the name of one of your classmates. This classmate is going to be your imaginary offspring and the one you will write about explaining your decision to abort this defective, unsuitable burden of an offspring.”

Geoff winced and sucked in his breath. Summer glanced over at him and he held his paper up at a slight angle. Her name was on it. Summer smiled and shrugged. It was just a creative writing assignment. Of course Geoff couldn't write about how much he liked Summer, but that was none of the teacher's business anyway.

Summer turned her paper over and looked at the name at the top. Tad. Tad the tadpole everyone called him. He sat right next to her. He was a sweet kid. Glasses, whiny voice even though he didn't whine, and just an all around geek, nerd, dork, whatever. But sweet. Summer had never really thought about him, so she let her eyes slide over in his direction. He was sitting hunched over his chair with his pencil in hand waiting to start. He must have felt her watching

because he glanced up and they smiled at each other. He blushed and looked back down. Summer sighed. This wouldn't be fun, but at least she didn't have to write about Geoff.

“You may begin.”

Summer stared at her paper with writer's block before she finally began to write.

“Why I have chosen to abort my offspring, Tad.”

“Tad is a weird boy. Tad wears glasses. Tad is a geek. When Tad talks, it sounds like fingernails on a chalkboard. Nobody talks to Tad because it hurts their ears to listen to him. But Tad's glasses keep him from seeing everyone laughing at him.”

“Tad is not a Greek god. Tad is not a dreamboat. Tad is not an Unborn you look up to. Tad is spindly and thin.”

Summer paused and started chewing on her pencil. Tad really was a sweet boy even if nobody really talked to him. That scratchy voice was enough to drive anyone to suicide. Maybe he would grow out of it. Summer glanced over at Tad. He was scratching away furiously on his paper. She sighed again. It was hard to find negative things to say. But she couldn't write, Tad is a sweet boy as long as he doesn't talk. Shaking her head, she put her pencil back to the paper.

“Tad's voice is enough to drive anyone to having an abortion.”

“That is why I am choosing an abortion. I am tired of listening to Tad the Tadpole's awful voice. If I don't abort Tad, then I might commit suicide.”

Summer thought that the tadpole part and the suicide part was creative. Maybe it would be enough to get her a pass on the paper. She reread her paper. It really was bad writing, though. Horrible if you thought about it. It was a shame that she couldn't submit any of her notes and poems to Geoff instead. They were much better, and actually had such wonderful things to say.

The teacher said, “Your time is up. Please turn your papers over and leave them on your desk.”

Summer turned and gave Tadpole a bright smile. It was little enough to soothe her guilt over what she had written. But Tadpole would never read it, and would never know, so a smile was good enough. Tadpole really was sweet, even if he did always blush any time she glanced in his direction.

As they pushed through the door, Summer grabbed Geoff's elbow. "So what did you write about me?" He winced again. "I would rather not say. I had to make everything up." Geoff palmed a note into Summer's hand, "But this is what I really feel!"

Summer smiled and peeled off to the bathroom. She locked herself in a stall and pulled Geoff's note open.

"Even if you are an Unborn, I still love you.
Even if your eyes are brown, not blue, I still love you.
Even if your hair is brown, not blonde, I still love you.
Even if you are thin, not fat, I still love you.
Even if your mind is sharp, not curvy, I still love you.
Even if you are a girl, not a Person, I still love you.
Even if you are an Unborn, I still love you."

Summer cried, wiped her tears, and tucked her note away. Time to go.

Chapter 18

Social Studies Class

“Today we are going to do a case study of a poor mother who was denied the right to an abortion in the early 21st century and how this denial destroyed her life.”

Miz Social Studies put special emphasis on the word 'destroyed'.

Summer sighed under her breath. These stories were always about the poor mother, and nobody ever cared about the poor Unborn. But she had to stay abortionally correct, and every feature on her face told Miz Social Studies that she was deeply concerned about the fate of this poor mother.

“In the early 21st century, not long after the date of being Born was raised to one, a travesty of justice happened that eventually re-opened the debate about what the date of Born should be, and eventually led the way to the date of being Born being raised to 18, where it is today.”

“A middle class mother in her early thirties, who was married, had a four year old child. The problem was that her child was autistic. Because the doctors did not know that the child was autistic before his Entrance, they were unable to recommend an abortion before the legal cutoff at that time, which was at the moment of Entrance. Unbelievably, once a child entered the world, it was considered to be Born. An abortion was legal up until the moment of Entrance, but the law ignored the clear moral right of the mother to abort a child until it is a Born Person.”

“The doctors failed this mother, and because of that, her life was destroyed. Then the law failed this mother, and that made things worse. This is what happens when men are allowed to tell women what to do with their bodies.”

“So the mother was forced to raise this child, who she then found out, AFTER his Entrance, that he was autistic. She tried to make the best of these bad circumstances, and tried to raise the child so that he could become a contributing Person. But it just didn't work. The immense medical care that this child required rang up tens of

thousands of dollars of medical bills, well over \$120,000. Money that the mother was responsible for paying. All because she couldn't get an abortion as soon as she found out that the child was autistic.”

“The mother was forced to struggle along for years. When the child was three, all those men in the congress were finally forced to start backing down on a mother's right to choose, and they finally changed the law so that the date of being Born was now one. This helped a lot of women, but it did not help our poor mother, who had been saddled with her autistic child for 3 years now.”

“Our poor mother was forced to continue to struggle along. The mother became overwhelmed by the burden of caring for this defective boy. The medical bills continued to go up. The defective boy had to go to a special needs school and receive special teaching. Thankfully, we don't have those kinds of schools anymore because we no longer keep defective children. The mother's entire existence was dedicated to caring for this defective child. The mother was overwhelmed, and she felt that she had no time for herself, and that her life did not belong to her. Every exhausted, heartbreaking moment was taken by this burden of a child. She wanted her own life, and she wanted a normal child. But all of this was still denied to her because it was still illegal to have an abortion after one year.”

“Slowly, the mother realized that her moral obligation to do the right thing out-weighed the consequences of breaking the artificial boundary set by the law. So after another year, when the boy was four, she performed a self abortion.”

“The mother drowned the defective child in a bathtub full of water, then wrapped the boy up, laid him on the couch, and called the police to come get him. She knew she would have to pay a high price, but she had done the right thing, and was ready to face the system.”

“When the police arrived, they ignored the mother's explanations of a self-abortion and arrested her for murder of a child. Murder of a child! Can you imagine such a thing! It is not morally possible to murder a child. They are not yet Born. Sadly, the law did not yet recognize this.”

“So the mother was handcuffed like a common criminal, paraded in front of the tv cameras, and locked in a jail cell full of awful women that were guilty of check forgery, bank robbing, shoplifting, and other despicable acts.”

“The judge denied bail, and the woman served almost two years in jail just to get her case heard in court. A really nice female attorney volunteered her services and defended the broke and exhausted mother. An excellent defense was made that the mother had simply used her Right to Choose to choose what was best for the defective child, herself, and society, and performed a self-abortion.”

“Incredibly, or not so incredibly once you understand that men are really evil creatures, the judge and the jury, which only had two women on it, ruled that this poor mother was guilty of murdering a child and would receive a mandatory 15 year prison sentence.”

“While the mother was suffering unjustly in prison, her case stirred up the legal profession and greatly contributed to the debate that eventually led to the legal recognition that being Born and becoming a Person should not happen until a child is 18.”

“Even after the law was passed, the mother was still kept in prison because she had been convicted before the law was changed.”

“You can see how the law denied what was morally right, the mother's right to choose until 18, and how the law destroyed this woman's life.”

“Thankfully, after she was finally released, the mother sued the government for it's enslavement of her and mistreatment and false arrest and false imprisonment, and won a large enough settlement that she was able to finally go to college and become a teacher.”

“That wronged mother sits before you today. I am that wronged mother.”

“Thankfully the world is a much better and brighter place, and even though I paid a high price for my self-abortion, other mothers today are not burdened the way that I was, nor do they have to go to prison for aborting their children.”

“Now you can understand why I am so passionate about this subject. And why everyone must work hard to protect the mother's right to choose until the child becomes a Person. Even you Unborn must protect this right, because if you don't, then the right won't be there if you do become a Person.”

Miz Social Studies looked around at the class happily and expectantly, looking for faces full of praise and worship of her. The Unborns struggled to control their facial expressions and to look the way that they knew Miz Social Studies probably wanted them to look.

Miz Social Studies looked directly at Summer, “Let's start with you Summer. What are your reactions and feelings about what I've told you today. Be truthful. There are no wrong answers.”

Summer gagged slightly, but hid it and answered Miz Social Studies, “It's a sad story. I can't believe that they denied you your rights like that and treated you so badly. But I'm glad it worked out in the end. If I become a mother one day, I hope that I am as good a mother as you were.”

Pasting a smile on her face, Summer tried not to vomit as Miz Social Studies basked in the praise, and squealed in delight. As Miz Social Studies turned to another kid, Summer dropped her eyes to the desk and grimaced as she wondered what it felt like to be drowned. Or would she rather be thudded. She didn't know. That poor little boy. Drowned in his own bathtub.

Chapter 19

Creative Writing Assignment Graded

The following day, Summer pretended to be reading her schoolwork, but she had her poem from Geoff tucked away into her notebook and she was reading that instead.

The bell rang and the teacher clapped her hands. Summer put her note away and glanced up. She noticed that Tad was late for class.

“I’m disappointed to announce that most of you failed your writing assignments. Summer is the only one to get an A+ on yesterday’s assignment. She is the only one who’s essay convinced the mother that the right thing to do was to have an abortion.”

“Everyone else got an F because you failed to convince the mother of your Unborn.”

“Congratulations, Summer! We are so proud of you.”

“As an example of what you should be writing, I am going to read it to you now:”

“Why I have chosen to abort my offspring, Tad.”

“Tad is a weird boy. Tad wears glasses. Tad is a geek. When Tad talks, it sound like fingernails on a chalkboard. Nobody talks to Tad because it hurts their ears to listen to him. But Tad’s glasses keep him from seeing everyone laughing at him.”

“Tad is not a Greek god. Tad is not a dreamboat. Tad is not an Unborn you look up to. Tad is spindly and thin.”

“Tad’s voice is enough to drive anyone to having an abortion.”

“That is why I am choosing an abortion. I am tired of listening to Tad the Tadpole’s awful voice. If I don’t abort Tad, then I might commit suicide.”

The teacher stopped and looked triumphantly around the room, beaming with pride.

“That was some of the best writing I have ever read. And it did

exactly what creative writing is supposed to do. It persuades the reader of the truth of what the author is saying. Your readers were the mothers. Each of your essays was sent by email to the mother of the Unborn that you wrote about.”

Summer wanted to crawl under her desk. She glanced over at Geoff, but he wouldn't look at her and looked like he wanted to crawl under his desk too. What had Geoff written about her? Well, it couldn't have been too bad, she was still here, unaborting. But Tad was gone. Summer's essay had gotten Tad aborted.

Summer and other kids look around, and the only kid missing from class was her friend in the glasses, sweet Tad the tadpole.

Summer was mortified and crushed that her essay did this. She had never experienced guilt like this. She had killed an innocent boy just to pass a class. Guilt ridden, Summer looked at all of her classmates, looking for understanding and forgiveness.

The other kids pointedly looked away from Summer. The unspoken rule was that the Unborns were not supposed to do anything that might get another Unborn aborted. Summer had definitely crossed that line. She shouldn't have been so creative. Then maybe Tad would still be sitting in his seat. Tad wasn't anyone's friend, but he was still an Unborn, and that mattered more than anything else. For the first time in her life, Summer really did feel like committing suicide. The guilt was awful.

Nobody talked to Summer for the rest of the day. But that was okay. Summer didn't feel like talking. She felt horrible. How could a mother abort her own child? All Summer had done was write a fantasy paper about aborting someone, and she felt like dying over the whole thing. What was awful was that Tad HAD died over the whole thing.

All Summer had been doing was regurgitate the propaganda they were fed daily and write down what the teacher wanted. Even that had consequences, though. Could an Unborn do anything that didn't get themselves or another Unborn aborted? How did anyone ever become Born?

Even Geoff didn't talk to Summer for the rest of the day. He just let her wallow in her guilt and sorrow. He really didn't understand how she felt, but tried to imagine since he had been writing about her. Geoff was glad that he hadn't done a very good job on his writing assignment about Summer. But Geoff had no idea of what to say to Summer.

Summer fell asleep that night thinking about Tad, not Geoff.

Chapter 20

Guest Speaker from MAPT (Mothers Are Persons Too)

All of the older classes assembled in the gym again for another special presentation. This one didn't include the little ones. The Unborns loved special presentations. They were usually safe times because the teachers were busy trying to show whoever the guest speaker was how good their Unborns were.

Summer saw that the speaker was from an organization called MAPT or Mothers Are Persons Too. She couldn't help herself. She started humming a little secret song that the Unborns knew.

“Everyone is a Person, except for me. Except for me.”

“Everyone is a Person, except for me. Except for me.”

The girls around her caught the reference, and giggling, started humming too. One of the teachers frowned at them, but since the teachers couldn't hear the words, and only the humming, they could only be annoyed.

A bright, energetic, older woman in her late forties, who obviously spent a LOT of time working out, took the stage, and thought she was leading an exercise class, just bouncing all over the stage.

“Good Morning Unborns!”

The Unborns mumbled back, “good morning.”

The woman looked around again, and smiling brightly yelled even louder, “GOOD MORNING UNBORNS!”

The classes sighed and put a little more effort into their reply, otherwise they would be here all day saying good morning.

The woman brightened up even more. How was that even possible? Summer kept humming under her voice.

“I'm here today to tell you about some new developments in the rights of a mother, who as we should all know by now, I hope, Mothers Are Persons Too!”

“There is today, a new group of pioneers who are making a good case that becoming a Person should be based upon the completion of brain development in the tissue, and since the brain does not stop developing until the 26th anniversary of Entrance, the government is considering honoring this fact by changing the moment of being Born from 18 to 26.”

The woman stopped and beamed around at everyone in the gym as if she had just invented pizza.

“This fact is already recognized because children remain on their parent's health care until they turn 26. But still, to this day, there are barbaric and backward forces in our society that prevent a mother from exercising her right of choice up until the point that her offspring actually become Persons. That will be a wonderful day when mothers have been granted complete liberty and choice for the entire time that their child is a tissue.

The Unborns glanced at each other uneasily.

“Changing you Unborns into Persons at the age of 18 is an unnatural and artificial distinction that limits the rights of a mother to do what she wants to do.”

“How can you possibly be Persons before your brains have fully developed? And your brains won't stop developing until you are 26. Ergo! You are not Persons at 18, and are only Persons when you are 26.”

“This is such wonderful news for mothers. I speak for MAPT because everyone forgets that Mothers Are Persons Too, and they try to burden us for our entire lives with this idea of motherhood.”

“My offspring is 23, and if I had legal choice, I would abort him without a second's hesitation.”

“He is such a burden to me, and I'm just tired of it.”

“Merely being of the human species is not enough to be a Person. A Person is a fully developed human, who is a net contributor to society, not a burden.”

“This is the true definition of a Person. Are they a net contributor to society? Or a burden? In my humble opinion, a developing human child who never completely develops enough to become a net contributor, should never be granted the status of Person, and for the good of the parents and the state, should be aborted.”

“This year should be a good year for MAPT, and we sincerely believe that we will be able to get the law changed this year.”

“I have a bunch of literature here for you to take home to your mothers, and I strongly urge you to share what you have learned today with your mothers and to convince them to support us and this very important change to the law. Always, always, vote for mother's rights.”

Summer felt ill inside. Out of the corner of her eyes, she could see that the rest of her classmates felt the same way. But she couldn't help herself. As her turn in line came, and she accepted her stack of MAPT literature from the woman, Summer gave her a big smile, but kept humming her little song.

“Everyone is a Person, except for me. Except for me.”

“Everyone is a Person, except for me. Except for me.”

Chapter 21

Professor Science's Viability

“Results, people! Results!”

Summer just loved Professor Science and the way that he said good morning. All of the Unborns loved the way that he called them people, even though this really irritated the principal. Summer really was beginning to think that the only honest thing left to be in life was a scientist. Although Professor Science said that most scientists lied in their conclusions to make their research sponsors happy. But still, if she couldn't be a heroine that set the Unborn free, then she wanted to be a scientist so that she wouldn't have to lie to them. At least not about the results.

The principal entered the room and took a seat at the rear. Wonderful, thought Summer. But Professor Science was much smarter than the principal, and it would still be a good lecture, even if he had to say everything tongue-in-cheek.

“Many people call the moment of fertilization conception, and other people call the moment of implantation conception. Because of the confusion surrounding the use of the word conception, it is best to use more precise terms that define exactly when you are talking about. The two terms that you want to use, so that there is no confusion, are 'fertilization' and 'implantation'. Remember, the zygote comes into existence at the moment of fertilization, even though it may be several hours, or a day or two before it becomes implanted in the mother's uterus.”

The principal had a blank look on his face. He didn't even understand the basic science, much less the fact that Professor Science had just told all of the Unborn that they had become Persons the moment they were fertilized. No matter. The Unborn understood.

“This is of course just a basic overview. We have skipped many steps, and over the course of the semester will study many details. Today we are going to talk about viability of the zygote.”

“Viability is the ability, notice that the word ability is in viability, of

an organism to take care of itself.”

“A viable organism can survive on it's own without any direct care.”

Professor Science puffed his cheeks out like a puffer fish. The principal didn't even notice, but the students knew it meant that Professor Science was about to speak tongue-in-cheek.

The Professor blew the air out of his cheeks, grimaced, and continued, “An egg, which is 100% the mother's tissue is joined by the sperm. When the sperm enters the egg, it becomes part of the egg, and therefore part of the mother's body. At no time does this blob of tissue stop being part of the mother's tissue. After entrance, the exposed fetus is still part of the mother, and is still the mother's tissue and the mother's property. We know this because after Entrance, an unborn still cannot provide for itself. It can't feed itself, or buy groceries, or put on clothes, or anything. It simply is not viable.”

“It doesn't matter if we are talking about a zygote, an embryo, a fetus, an infant, a child, or a teenager. None of them are viable until they are Born and become Persons.”

“A tissue does not become viable until the moment of Born. After being Born on the 18th anniversary of your Entrance, then you are permitted to get a job, have a bank account, vote, and do all of the other things in life that make one a viable Person.”

“Until you can vote, then you are not viable. This is not an artificial distinction. The politicians set the laws that define and recognize what science conclusions tell us. Politicians recognize that only a Person can vote, and you are not a Person until you can vote.”

Bored, the principal stood up and walked out without saying a word.

Professor Science sat quietly on his desk for a moment. One of the boys piped up into the silence, “I wonder if the principal would be viable buck naked on the North Pole?” Everyone laughed, even the Professor.

The Professor continued, “Viability has NOTHING to do with when you become a Person. The scenario that I just fed you is what

people like your principal and the politicians believe. The only good Person is a Person that votes for you, and if they don't vote for you, then they can't be a Person. The privileges of being a Person are granted only to those who know the right way to vote.”

Professor Science snorted.

“Of course, the zygote is not viable inside the mother. Of course, the infant is not viable without constant care from it's mother and father. Of course you teenagers aren't viable without the support of your families.”

“Viability has NOTHING to do with when you come a Person. Either you are a Person, or you aren't. Or as our esteemed colleague here presented the case, if you were dropped off on the North Pole buck naked, in which case, you definitely would not be viable without immediate and direct outside care, would you suddenly stop being a Person?”

“If viability is the definition of a Person, then no human could ever be a Person, because we are all inviable for many reasons for major portions of our lives.”

“It is during the times of our inviability, as a zygote, as a fetus, as an infant, as a child, as a teenager, buck naked on the north pole, as an Oldborn, that we most need our humanity. It is during these times that we most need the protection of being a Person, because it is during these times that we are, to one degree or another, sometimes 100%, dependent on the humanity of those caring for us to treat us as Persons.”

“If those caring for us lose their humanity, and stop treating us as Persons, we will not survive. We will either be aborted, freeze to death, or euthanized as Oldborn.

“Our survival as Persons is completely dependent upon the care that we receive when we are inviable. We all begin life as inviable, and we all end life as inviable. To deny anyone the rights of being a Person just because they need help surviving is to deny our humanity.

“The most important right of a mother is to protect her Unborn until

they are completely viable on their own. This means from the moment the Unborn was a zygote, until the moment that the Unborn can vote, has a job, and doesn't need to ask for money.”

Summer and her classmates had never heard such things before. It was too much to comprehend. The Professor considered them to be Persons, even though they weren't 18 yet. Was such a thing even possible? How could anyone imagine that?

Chapter 22

History Class

The bell rang, and Miss History addressed the class:

“Today we are going to discuss the struggles of early 21st century bio-ethicists to define a Person. Their struggles would have been unnecessary if they could have simply recognized the plain fact that we can all see today, that a Person is not Born until the 18th anniversary of their Entrance.”

Geoff had moved his seat and now sat where Tad used to sit.

“Believe it or not, there was a time in history when primitive humans did not understand this, and they mistakenly assigned the moment of Born at different times in the life cycle of a developing human. At one time, people even thought that the moment of Entrance was the moment a developing human became a Person, or as we now call it, the moment of Born.”

“Can you believe that people could be so ignorant? It was all the fault of the religious fundamentalists. The same religious fundamentalists that claimed that the world was flat and only six days old. These fanatics taught their children these myths, and their children perpetuated them.”

Summer watched Geoff writing her a note. The Unborns were all supposed to take lots of class notes, but most of the note writing they did was too each other.

“First the religious fundamentalists defined a Person as someone who had survived Entrance. But that wasn't enough for the power-hungry zealots who only wanted to control women, and they tried to redefine a Person as a Person from the moment of fertilization on. They actually claimed that all zygotes and up were Persons. This position is so laughably wrong that it doesn't even merit an answer.”

“The religious fundamentalists claimed that the Unborn were Persons with the same blind, hateful fervor that they claimed that the earth is flat. We don't even need to discuss why they were wrong because everyone, even Unborns, know that they were wrong.

Thankfully, there are no longer any religious fundamentalists left on mother earth.”

Geoff quietly tore his notepaper out of the notebook and began folding it up.

“The religious fundamentalists were very powerful, and for a long time, the best compromise that our bio-ethicists could achieve was to draw the line artificially at the moment of Entrance. This was a poor compromise, and this made no sense, because there has not been adequate time to fully evaluate a human being, and it is often not discovered until after Entrance that a particular human being should be aborted and discarded.”

“Finally though, recognizing that too many unqualified people were becoming parents and teaching their children such outright falsehoods, the State intervened, and required that all parents must obtain a license and receive certified training before they could have each child. Anyone that failed to get a license was forced to have an abortion. This immediately started to cut down on the number of ignorant Unborns that these religious fundamentalists burdened the world with, as they refused to be trained and certified and the State was forced to perform many abortions.”

Geoff palmed the folded note and waited until Miss History was looking in a different direction. Then he quickly passed it to Summer, letting his hand linger on hers.

“Next, the State recognized that children did not stand a chance of growing up in the truth if they were not permitted by their parents to attend public schools. A new law, The Right to Learn Law, was passed that clearly, and for the first time, recognized that only public schools can teach children the unbiased truths that they need to know to grow up to be net contributors to society. The law banned all private schools and all homeschools. For the first time, all children could actually learn the truth without being controlled by their primitive, fanatical, religious parents.”

“It took another generation, but Unborns who had been indoctrinated by the religious fundamentalists quickly disappeared, and were replaced by Unborns that actually understood their place in society.”

“Even amongst the bio-ethicists it took a full generation for them to reach the truth that is so evident to all of us today.”

Summer pretended to be listening to Miss History, but was more interested in unfolding her note and reading it.

“After the passing of The Right to Learn Law, a new law was passed, The Person Definition Law. For the first time, it was legally recognized that simply surviving Entrance does not automatically make a human child a Person. To become a Person, it must be earned. A Person must show that they will be a net contributor to society and will not be a burden on their mother, their community, or mother earth.”

“Let me read you the Law. It is such a beautiful thing:”

The Person Definition Law defines a Person, who is legally recognized as having the right to life, and the right to contribute, as any human being, who after careful evaluation, can be certified to be a net contributor to their family, to their society, and to mother earth. Certification as a Person will be known as being Born. The moment of Born is not synonymous with the moment of Entrance, or the moment of medical birth into the world from the mother's womb. A human being is not a Person until they have been certified. This law confers upon the Executive and the Judiciary branches the authority to establish whatever regulations, agency, and legal apparatus are necessary to determine when certification should be made.

While Miss History was looking at her paper to read the law, Summer ignored her and read Geoff's note: “Sweet beautiful Summer, warm and friendly as a summer's day, will you be my girlfriend? Geoff”. Her heart beating wildly, and hearing Miss History still reading, Summer quickly scribbled on another notepaper, “Strong Geoff, who better to share a summer's day with? Yes I will be your girlfriend.” Then Summer folded it up and passed it to Geoff.

Miss History was still talking.

“After the Person Definition Law was passed, the moment of being

Born was quickly changed by the Supreme Court in *Osberg vs. Kerris Health Clinics* to the 1st anniversary of Entrance. Julia Osberg was an unwed mother who was pressured by her parents not to get an abortion while still in utero. After giving Entrance, Ms. Osberg quickly realized that she was not cut out to be a mother, and that the unwanted child imposed a burden upon her. When she tried to get an after-Entrance abortion, the local health clinic refused because it was owned by a religious group. So Ms. Osberg did the courageous thing, and sued the health clinic. After numerous appeals, the Supreme Court finally heard her case and ruled that she had been unfairly denied the opportunity of an abortion, that her child was clearly an unwanted burden, and that she had an inalienable right to have the abortion still performed, even though the child was now 11 months and 3 weeks past Entrance.”

“To simplify matters, Congress quickly recognized 1 year from Entrance as the legal cutoff for abortion, without exceptions, in all cases. This was a major victory for the rights of mothers to care for themselves and to choose, but it was still not enough.”

Summer watched as Geoff unfolded her note and read it. She loved the wide, bright smile that lit up his face, and when he turned and looked at her, she couldn't tear her eyes away.

“One year from Entrance was simply not enough time to adequately evaluate a developing human to determine if they could be a net contributor to society or not. Too many burdens were slipping past this artificial deadline and becoming permanent burdens on society because the date of Born had been set too low. Other courageous women began to sue for the right to abort their offspring at later points in time after Entrance until finally, the legislative, executive, and judiciary branches all held a special conference where it was agreed that the moment of Born should be legally set at what everyone recognized as the truth: no one becomes a Person until the 18th anniversary of their Entrance. These politicians finally recognized the truth, “How can someone who cannot vote, be a net contributor to society?” Working together, the State quickly put everything into place, and finally mothers had their Right to Choose completely vindicated and protected.”

“There is no more important right and responsibility, than the right of a mother to choose the fate of her Unborn offspring.”

Chapter 23

The Hallway

In the hallway, the class bantered about the lecture.

“Did you hear the one about the homeschool?”

“No, what happened?”

“The school was too big to fit into the home, so the home fell down.”

“Can you imagine such a thing? A school at home?”

“Can you imagine the principal and the abortion nurse sitting on your couch watching tv with you?”

With a shudder, “at least they don't go home with us now.”

“Can you imagine automatically becoming a Person at the moment of Entrance?”

Wistfully, “that would be nice wouldn't it?”

“My grandmother went to a private school. She said it was very different. But she won't say anything more. She said those days are gone and won't talk about it.”

“It's a good thing they are gone. Can you imagine being forced to learn such nonsense?”

“I heard that the janitor down at the train station was homeschooled and that is why he is only allowed to push a broom. He can't read or write or even think. He just goes around all day mumbling to himself.”

“Some people say he is praying.”

“But we all know that there is no god, so he must just be talking to himself.”

“Religious fanatics... they should have aborted him.”

“Don't pick on the poor man, his mother didn't have that right to choose. He's almost 60. She was forced to raise him.”

“I’m glad my mother wouldn’t be forced to raise me if I came out like that.”

Chapter 24

Civics Class

Miss Civics waited until the school bell rang. Then she rang her own little bell that she kept on her desk for extra emphasis. She didn't even wait for the students to be quiet. They always already were.

She began, “The most important job of the State is to protect the mother's right to choose.”

“This isn't a history class. I'm sure that you get plenty of history in history class. This class is really about your place in society as an Unborn, and your responsibilities to society if you ever become Born.”

“Everything that we will talk about is self-evidently true, but since there are still people from older generations flitting around that possess bad thinking, and sometimes try to seduce you Unborn with their harmful ways, it is important that we go over things for your own benefit.”

“As I mentioned earlier, the most important right is the mother's right to choose.” Miss Civics turned and wrote on the board, 'The Right to Choose'. “But there are many things that can interfere with that right, such as religion, old fashioned ideas, power-hungry men, or even just plain ignorance. So that is how government came into existence, to protect the rights of mothers against all of these forces that will seek to enslave her to her own body.”

“Of course, it has been an evolutionary process, and freedom and the proper place of government has taken many generations. There was even a time when fundamentalist kooks tried to pervert government and use it to enslave women, instead of respecting government's proper place in defending women.”

“But we are not really interested in history, or at least I'm not, or I would have been a history teacher. What I really want to talk about today is the state of the State, and how the State will protect your rights once you are a Born mother.”

“A mother is the most important role on earth. That is why we honor the mother of us all, mother earth, by putting her needs first and always respecting her right to choose. A right that she has bequeathed on each of her daughters.”

“It is a mother's right to choose to let live only those offspring that will prove to be net contributors to society and mother earth. A mother that lets all of her offspring live, regardless of their productivity, imposes a burden on herself and on mother earth to care for those offspring that are of no benefit to either herself or mother earth.” Miss Civics sniffed piously.

“Since a mother can be emotionally assaulted by men, and others, into keeping defective offspring, it is very important that the State be involved with a mother's right to choose and to help her see what the right choice to make in every situation is.”

Miss Civics smiled broadly, “This has, of course, gotten easier since the State legally recognized that an offspring cannot actually become a Person until they turn 18. We now have adequate time to evaluate offspring and make the proper decisions as to whether or not they should be aborted, or allowed to become Persons.”

“The State has established a number of apparatus for helping the mother to properly exercise her right to choose, and to guide her to the right choice. These apparatus focus mostly on the public school system, where the Unborn are evaluated and tested on a daily basis, not just medically, but also for attitude, learning ability, right thinking, productivity, and their ability to become net contributors to society. The school system established by the State communicates with the mother on a regular basis, so that her right to choose can be exercised at any time it becomes apparently necessary. Furthermore, the school system supports the mother by providing the nursing staff needed to fulfill the functions of Choice.”

“Let me clear something up. The choice to abort an Unborn is ALWAYS the right choice. An abortion is never wrong. The best choice for mother earth would be for all Unborns to be aborted. That would be best for mother earth. That's why no abortion is ever wrong.”

“Of course, once human Persons are no longer needed to be guardians of mother earth, then that may be possible. Until then, the State provides the legal framework for mothers to work together to protect their right to choose, and to exercise it for their benefit and the benefit of mother earth.”

“That is all we have time to cover today, but always remember, the State can never allow anything to interfere with a mother's right to choose.”

The students never talked in Miss Civics' classroom. Everyone knew that she would write up a report recommending an abortion at the slightest whiff of a reason.

In the hallway they whispered on the way to their next class.

One of the boys said, “Hey, if we don't get aborted this afternoon, do you want to go get a pizza after school?”

One of the girls smirked back, “If I was your mother, I would abort you just for wanting to eat that junk.”

Laughter, “Who cares? What are the odds any of us will live long enough to die of a heart attack, anyway?”

“I'm in.”

“Me, too. We might as well celebrate another day of not being aborted.”

Chapter25

The Pizza Parlor

Not long after school let out, the kids began to show up at the pizza parlor. It was nearly empty, being too early for the late crowd, but most of the mothers with young Unborns had already left. The pizza parlor was a relic of a bygone era. A time when people believed in spending money on their Unborns, and didn't view them as unnecessary burdens. The old man who ran the place kept the machines running as best he could. Although it was the indoor playground that most of the mothers of young Unborns came to use in the middle of the afternoon, being too cheap to actually put tokens in the machines. The teenagers took over in the evenings until 8, when the pizza parlor closed an hour before curfew.

Taking up several tables in the corner, the teenage Unborns began to hit the pizza buffet and play the arcade games. A feeling of euphoria and defiance passed through the group faster than an electric current, and they quickly became raucous and unruly. Unused to such uninhibited behavior, they didn't know when to quiet back down.

As they ran their mouths with light jokes about being Unborn and getting aborted, their volume grew and grew.

“If the principal slips on a banana peel, falls down and hits his head, and becomes unconscious for several weeks, does he become a non-contributing member of society who should be aborted?”

“Answer... only if he starts acting like an Unborn.”

“A chimpanzee and an Unborn were flying in a small plane when it crashed. The pilot was killed, but both the chimpanzee and the Unborn escaped the crash. Who will they send for the rescue? Will it be an AAPT rescue team? Or a metal salvage company for the plane wreckage?”

“Two business colleagues were talking at the water cooler and one asked the other, how many children do you have? The first colleague replied, none, all five of my Unborn are under 18 and haven't been Born yet.”

“A mother told her mother, 'Mom, I think I need to have an abortion.' The grandmother replied, 'If only I could still have an abortion.’”

“The Unborn asked, 'Mom, do you want me to stop at the store on the way home from school?' The mother replied, 'Only if it's convenient for you?’”

“Why do abortion nurses have to be licensed? So they won't fall down, land on their cattle thuds, and accidentally abort themselves.’”

“One Unborn says to another, 'oh, that I had never been fertilized.' 'Why?', asks the second Unborn. The first one replies, 'Then I wouldn't have to deal with this endless waiting to see if I will ever be Born.’”

“What does an abortion nurse do on vacation? Go to petting zoos.’”

“Who gets to kill more? A secret agent? Or an abortion nurse? An abortion nurse, but they aren't as well paid.’”

The last group of mothers with young Unborns, still sitting in the back, began to look distinctly uncomfortable, and visibly upset. Unnoticed, they called their young Unborns to them, and began whispering to them and getting them ready to go. The mothers argued amongst themselves about what they should do.

One of the teenagers noticed the mothers watching them, glaring at them, and arguing amongst themselves. Getting uneasy she said, “Guys, I think we need to quiet down. We may have a problem.’”

Only a couple of other teenagers looked around and glanced at the mothers. Seeing their complete lack of respect, one of the mothers pulled out a cell phone and began talking urgently on it. The teenager whispered again urgently, “Guys, I really think we need to quiet down! Our problem is getting worse.’”

Another mother spoke up, “Yes, you very definitely do have a problem.’”

One of the boys turned to her, “What's it to you? We are just sitting here with our friends telling jokes and enjoying ourselves. We aren't bothering you. Why don't you just leave us alone?’”

“Well.... I never heard an Unborn talk so disrespectfully in my life. And your jokes are horrible and crude. How can you say such awful things about the Born who care for you?”

With a snicker, “Because they are true.” Everyone laughed.

The mother on the cell phone clearly said, “We need several officers and abortion nurses here, right now!”

The old owner waddled over and began trying to settle everyone down. The third mother began berating him for letting such trash into his place and for not reporting them to the police himself.

The second mother began lecturing the teenage Unborns. “You have no right to speak the way that you are speaking. You are Unborn, and you are to be respectful at all times. Being aborted is the highest honor you can achieve at this point in your lives, and you act like it's a bad thing. You especially have no right to say these things in front of other younger Unborns. Unborns who are still innocent and stand a chance of growing up to be Born. They are not yet corrupted, but if you keep running your mouths, you will ruin them. You should all be aborted, right now. There is no way that you will turn out to be good Borns.”

The girls began shifting around and putting their things in their bags and trying to edge towards the door. One of the boys started gathering up trash and taking it over to the trash can. None of them spoke.

One of the boys drifted over by the front window. “Guys, now we really do have a problem, the cops are here.” Flashing lights began reflecting inside the pizza parlor. The owner stood ringing his hands. He was only trying to preserve some of the old ways, not cause any Unborns to get aborted.

The boy by the front window ran past everyone yelling, “Quick, out the back door! Let's get out of here!”

The frozen teenagers suddenly panicked and they all started moving, shoving over tables and chairs and stampeding for the back door. The young Unborn mothers were in the way, and were unmercifully shoved as the stampede moved past them. Punching through the

back door, the fire alarm went off, and the teenagers broke apart and ran in all directions.

Inside, the owner covered his face with his apron moaning, “No! No! No!”

The irate mothers stood and pointed to the back door, and yelled at the cops and the abortion nurses to hurry.

Outside, the teenage Unborns skedaddled in all directions, running through alleys, jumping fences, crawling under houses, bursting through stores. The cops didn't stand a chance of catching them. The Unborns were not just trying to keep from getting caught and going to jail, they were literally running for their lives. If they were caught...well, that is why there were abortion nurses with the cops. So that the problems could be solved on the spot.

As they worked further and further away from the pizza parlor, the police helicopter swung into view over the parlor and began shining it's light about. Dogs could be heard barking.

Summer quietly edged down the rows of someone's garden. A dog began growling at her from the back yard. Frightened and out of breath, Summer tried to think. Then she pulled the small box of pizza out of her purse, and as the dog began stalking her, she threw it to him. He stopped, sniffed the air, and decided that the tofu-roni smelled more interesting than Summer did. As he wolfed down the pizza, Summer made it to the back fence and climbed over. Sagging against the fence, she breathed raggedly with relief.

The dog slammed into the fence directly behind Summer, furious that his prey had gotten away, and still smelling more pepperoni on Summer.

Summer nearly had a heart attack, and the impact of the dog against the fence right next to her head caused her to fall over. Scrambling away on her hands and knees, she reached back and grabbed her purse, then finally jumped to her feet and began running again.

Seeing a dark gap between two houses, Summer turned and darted in. She slammed into someone who was standing there, and they both sprawled to the ground. Frantic, she tried to untangle herself

and get back to her feet. “Summer? Is that you? It's Kate!”

“Kate? Kate? Are you okay?”

“Yes! Calm down! It's so exciting! I'm so exhilarated! I feel like I am actually alive!”

“Quick, we have to get out of here!”

“No... No... This is my house. We are okay now.”

Summer relaxed. Her house was only four more houses down the street.

“How did you get away? Do you think that the dogs will follow us? How did you find your house? I didn't even know where I was.”

Kate laughed, “Poor Summer, you almost frightened yourself into a self abortion. Wouldn't that be ironic?”

Summer slowly calmed down, “Let's go to my house. I need some new clothes.”

Kate was still breathlessly euphoric, “If only we could beat them every time! This was so much fun! And the prize! Life itself! Isn't it wonderful to be alive!”

Chapter 26

Kate Gets Mad

The next morning in Social Studies class everyone watched as each Unborn entered the classroom. Mentally counting heads and checking off the list of everyone that had been at the pizza parlor the night before, the Unborn dreaded finding out who had been caught.

Kate and Summer burst through the door arm in arm, laughing breathlessly with excitement. Looking around, they saw that everyone else had made it, and they waved gaily at everyone.

Miz Social Studies barked out, “And what are you two so happy about today?”

Kate turned and smiled at Miz Social Studies, “Oh, it's just wonderful to be alive!”

All she got in return was a glare. The bell rang and Miz Social Studies asked, “Are you going to take your seats so we can begin today's lesson on abortion with dignity?”

Kate sat down, put her chin in her hands, leaned forward, and smiled pertly, “Yes, ma'am, I am sooo ready to learn about abortion with dignity.” Then she giggled.

Summer began to worry. Fun was fun, but Kate was taking this too far.

Miz Social Studies wrote on the board in big block letters
ABORTION WITH DIGNITY.

“Class. Today you will learn your responsibilities as an Unborn to accept your mother's choice for an abortion with dignity.”

“There are two ways that you need to be dignified around an abortion. First, you need to be dignified when an Unborn you know is aborted. That aborted Unborn does not deserve our grief, but our respect and praise. The Unborn was chosen for an abortion by it's mother, and is therefore a worthy gift to mother earth. Other Unborns should never show tears, be upset, or have any feelings of grief.”

“Remember, an Unborn is not yet Born, so they are not yet a Person, and cannot yet die. The abortion is merely a medical procedure. A very necessary medical procedure that removes an unnecessary burden upon it's mother and the mother of us all, mother earth.”

“The gift of this Unborn to mother earth should be respected by all other Unborns, and the moment met with quiet dignity. A wonderful thing has happened.”

“Unborns who act undignified, who in fact act as if a Born has died, do not understand their place in society, and show only that they are not qualified to become Born.”

“Kate, your complete attitude today is undignified and disrespectful. I am being patient with you, but you need to wipe that smirk off your face.”

Going on, Miz Social Studies started part two, “The second way that an Unborn needs to have dignity with an abortion is when they have been chosen to be aborted. It is unseemly, selfish, and wrong when an Unborn responds to it's mother's choice to abort them with anything other than dignity.”

“An Unborn should never cry, go into hysterics, scream, yell, or carry on in any way. The Unborn has been chosen and should be thankful and dignified.”

Kate shot her arm into the air, startling everyone. No one ever raised their arm in Miz Social Studies's class. “I have a question. Why should we have dignity? Dead is dead! Isn't it the truth that the real reason you want us to have dignity is so that you don't have to feel guilty about killing us?”

Miz Social Studies glared, “It's not killing to abort an Unborn. You are not alive.”

Kate stood up, “I want to LIVE with dignity, not die with dignity.”

Sputtering, Miz Social Studies stammered, “You are only alive if your mother chooses to let you be Born.”

Kate pounded her fist on the desk, “Why don't we have a choice?”

Who cares about my mother's choice? I choose to live, and I choose to live with dignity!”

Miz Social Studies knuckled down, “Well, it's not YOUR choice. It's your mother's choice. And with an attitude like yours, you will never be Born.”

Kate shook her head and stubbornly said back, “Why don't all you awful Born who like aborting Unborns for mother earth just commit suicide for mother earth, and stop aborting those of us who want to live?”

Chapter 27

Civics Responsibilities

Miss Civics rang her little desk bell vigorously, “Welcome back. I'm glad to see that you are all eager to learn more about your place in society and your responsibilities to the State.”

“Where did we leave off?”

“Oh, that's right. The primary purpose of the State is to make sure that nothing ever interferes with a mother's right to choose.”

Miss Civics turned and wrote this on the board again, 'The Right to Choose'.

“The State is the guardian of the human mother's right to choose, and the guardian of mother earth's right to choose.”

“As the guardian, the State is the final arbiter, or decision maker, as to who should be aborted, and who should be permitted to become a Person.”

“As we saw before, an abortion is always the right choice to make. The problem is that there are many forces, even in our enlightened society today, that seek to keep a woman from exercising that right. Nothing must be allowed to stop a woman from choosing an abortion.”

“When the State sees that a man, a husband, or a father, is trying to interfere with a mother's right to choose an abortion, it is the duty and responsibility of the State to intervene, stop the man, and provide the mother with the means to have her abortion.”

“Sometimes you Unborn will attempt to emotionally influence your mothers into not having an abortion. This is also wrong, and you have no right to interfere with her right to an abortion.” Miss Civics paused and glared at each student in the room, directly accusing each of them of emotionally influencing their mothers. “In some ways, this can be the hardest thing for a woman to resist, the seductions of her own offspring. So it is often necessary for the State to step in and make the decision for the mother when it sees that she is being

kept from making that decision by either a man, or even her own Unborn.”

With one final glare, Miss Civics went on, “As Unborn, you do not have the right to life. It is your duty as Unborn to submit willingly and happily to the choice that your mother makes, and to the choice that the State makes on your mother's behalf.”

“An Unborn that does not honor this duty to be aborted if Chosen, is not fit to become a Person, and must be immediately aborted, even if by force.”

“If, by some unfortunate progression of events, you do become a Born one day, then your responsibilities are just beginning. If you become a mother, your first and primary duty to your mother, mother earth, is to have an abortion. You shouldn't even have to think twice about having one. An abortion is always the right choice, and the sooner the better, but better late than never.”

“As a Born, your civic duties are to act as a guardian for mother earth. There are different ways that you can and must be a guardian.”

Pausing, Miss Civics wrote on the board:

1. vote for the State to protect a mother's right to choose at every election
2. support every mother you know and encourage her to exercise her right to an abortion
3. report to the State any signs of fanaticism or attempts to stop an abortion
4. report all unlicensed parents
5. report all parents not teaching their children right thinking
6. accept gladly all decisions by a mother and the State to perform an abortion
7. if in doubt, always consult the State

“But remember, if you ever are Born, which I sincerely hope never happens, your most important duty as a Born Person and as a citizen is to Abort Always and Abort Early.”

“Being a Born Person is a heavy responsibility. Your decisions as a Born affect every other Born, and they affect mother earth. There is no more important civic duty than supporting a mother's right to choose.”

“Anyway, that is all for today, and hopefully there won't be as many of you at the next class.”

Pretending to smile graciously, the students all said, “Thank you, Miss Civics.” But in the hallway, the graciousness melted away.

“There are hardly any of us left. How 'not as many' does she want us to be?”

One girl sniffed, “Why do they even bother sending us to school? Why didn't they just kill all of us at Entrance?”

“Shhhh...don't give them any ideas.”

“Remember, you are an Unborn, you can't be killed, only aborted.”

Rolling her eyes, “Uh, right. From their point of view. But I'm beginning to have my own point of view, and from where I'm standing...an abortion, especially of me, doesn't look too appealing.”

“But think of all of the fun you would have. That cattle thud must really feel good.”

“I wonder how much you do feel?”

“I wouldn't think about it or you will find out.”

Chapter 28

The Promise

Summer and Geoff meandered slowly through the park on their way home. Holding their schoolbooks, they kicked the rocks, and walked close, but not too close. Neither did they hold hands. Romantic relationships amongst Unborn were frowned upon as they always ended up causing a fuss when one or the other Unborn happened to be aborted. The cameras watched them. And behind the cameras were the watchers. If Summer and Geoff were to hold hands, then videos would be sent to their parents in real time. Holding hands was just not worth being aborted.

Summer asked, “Geoff, what are you going to do when you are Born? Are you going to follow your father and be an abortion nurse?”

Geoff shrugged, “I don't want to. I don't want to be a nurse. I want to be an engineer or something. I want to build things with my hands.”

“What are you going to do after you are Born?”

“I think that I want to be a scientist. Maybe I can be the first woman scientist that will say things to protect the Unborn. Nobody listens to Professor Science because he is a man.”

Geoff shook his head, “I know. But I could be happy designing and building things.”

Summer looked at him, “Is that really what would make you happy?”

Geoff stopped and looked at Summer, “What would really make me happy would be for us to get married, have lots of little Unborns, and promise never to abort any of them.”

They stared at each other breathlessly.

“Then I really would need to be an engineer to pay all those bills and feed all those mouths.”

Summer gazed into Geoff's eyes. They stood two feet apart. Even the cameras could see that they weren't touching.

Geoff hesitated, then spoke quietly, "Will you marry me?"

Summer couldn't breathe, "Yes!" Not moving was torture. She wanted to throw herself in Geoff's arms, but they could only stand there. Finally, she turned and slowly moved down the path, her thoughts full of dreams of a good, simple life. Geoff working. Geoff coming home. Geoff swinging the kids around. Geoff swinging her around.

Summer looked out of the corner of her eyes and smiled at Geoff, who was watching her.

"Yes!" she said again. "Yes, I will marry you, and you will marry me, and we will have lots of children, and we will never, ever have an abortion, even if we have five kids! And you can be an engineer! And I...I can be a mother!"

At the exit to the park, they stood quietly. The time to say goodbye had come. They had to go in different directions to go home. Reluctantly, they parted ways, but with their hearts soaring, and holding a dream.

Chapter 29

Professor Science's DNA

“Results, people! Results!”

“Your DNA! Who shares your DNA? Even identical, or monozygotic twins, who both come from the same FERTILIZED egg, don’t share absolutely identical DNA. No one shares your DNA. Your DNA belongs to you and you alone.”

“At the moment of fertilization, the joined egg and sperm are now a unique living being, not yet viable, but still a unique living being. If the egg and sperm are human, then the joined egg and sperm are a unique living human being.”

“What happens at the moment of birth on your 18th anniversary of entrance that suddenly makes you a Person?”

“Scientifically... nothing! It is merely an artificial moment in time set by man.”

“What happens to your DNA at the moment of Entrance? Scientifically...nothing! The unique human organism simply goes from living inside it's mother's body to living outside it's mother's body.”

“What happens to your DNA at the moment of implantation? Scientifically...nothing! Implantation is merely the next step in development, but is not the moment of the creation of a unique living human being.”

“What happens to your DNA at the moment of fertilization? Scientifically...Everything!”

“This is the moment that a unique living human being comes into existence. Before this moment there was only the mother's egg and the father's sperm. But now, at the moment of fertilization, we have a brand new set of DNA that has never existed in the universe before, and can never exist again. Yes, sometimes the egg will split or divide AFTER it is fertilized and has become a zygote. This split zygote develops into identical twins, who share nearly identical

DNA, but those twins were created at the moment of fertilization. In spite of being nearly identical, even identical twins are each a unique human being with unique DNA.”

“Each unique human being is created at the moment of fertilization and at no other point in their life. Creation of a human person has nothing to do with Entrance, or being Born, or cognitive development, or viability, or any of the artificial standards set by the law.”

“If you do a DNA test on a fertilized egg seconds after fertilization, will it show that it is the mother's tissue? Or will the DNA test show a unique person that is not the mother?”

“Saying that you are just tissue, your mother's tissue, is like saying that a car is just steel”

“Is a car just steel?”

“Aren't you all looking forward to your 18th anniversaries so that you can get your driver's licenses?”

Did you know that it used to be legal to get a license when you were 15? Did you know you could get a driver's license at 12 in many places? Did you know that there was a time when you didn't even need a driver's license to drive a car? Nobody did. Which came first? The driver or the driver's license? Why, the driver, of course. The law followed afterwards, but the law did not create the driver. The law only tries to control the driver. The law does not create drivers. The law only thinks that it does.”

“Look at each other!”

“According to the Law, you are each just a glob of your mother's tissue that she can dispose of as she wishes.”

“Look at your neighbor. Does your neighbor look like a glob of tissue to you?”

“When I look at you, I see the unique DNA that makes up each one of you. The same DNA that existed from the moment that your mother's egg and your father's sperm joined together to create a new

creature with it's own unique DNA.”

One of the kids asked, “Professor Science, are you saying that we are Persons NOW? Even though we haven't been Born yet?”

Professor Science peered over his glasses, “I didn't say that! Your DNA says that you became a person at the moment of fertilization.”

The doorknob to the classroom rattled and the principal suddenly stuck his head in the door, startling everyone except Professor Science.

Before the door was even partly open, Professor Science was continuing his lecture, “Deoxyribonucleic Acid molecularly encodes all heritable information, adenine [A] and guanine [G] and cytosine [C] and thymine [T], in long strands of chromosomes and plasmids, two parallel strands attached through the hydrogen bonding of the bases, ATP exclusively to TTP, CTP exclusively to GTP, to the figure of 6×10 to the 9^{th} nucleotides, which compresses to about 1.9 cubit microns.”

The principal watched for a few minutes, but with his eyes glazing over, interrupted Professor Science, “Sorry to interrupt, but your intercom stopped working again. I can't hear you in my office when it is broken. I will have maintenance come fix it immediately.”

Professor Science nodded his head and continued, “Now remember everything I've said because it will be on the test.”

The door closed and Professor Science continued, “Still talking about DNA. The ONLY moment when the DNA of two people joins together to create a new unique human being is at the moment of fertilization.”

“After that moment, the new tissue is no longer part of the mother's tissues, but is it's own tissue.”

“So who really does that tissue belong to?”

“Does it belong to the mother?”

“Or does this new unique tissue belong only to itself?”

“At what point in time do you actually begin to own your own tissues? When you are 18? When you experience Entrance?”

“Do you become a unique human being at the moment your brain stops developing at 26?”

“Fetus is the Latin word for baby. The only difference between a child or infant and a fetus is that one lives inside it's mother's body, and the other lives next to it's mother's body.”

“But at any time, even when inside the mother's body, is this unique human being PART of the mother's body?”

“DNA tells us absolutely not!”

“DNA tells us when life begins without any shadow of a doubt, and without any argument.”

“So when did you become a human being? When did you become a Person?”

The light on the intercom came back on. Professor Science smiled and made sure everyone saw what he saw. “Well, I think that is enough for today. Please study hard and memorize your ACGTs. You never know when you will be tested.”

The principal stuck his head back in the door and looked up to check the intercom light. “It should be working now.” Standing in the doorway, holding the door open, he stared at each of the Unborn as they filed slowly past him on the way to their next class.

After the door closed behind the principal, Professor Science walked over to the intercom, pulled out some kind of device, waved it in front of the intercom, and the light went out again.

Chapter 30 Hallway Gossip

In the hallway, out of sight of the principal, the Unborn fell to arguing amongst themselves.

“Look at it from our point of view...what does it matter if you have achieved entrance or not...they still say we are not viable and can be aborted.”

“What difference does it make if you are aborted the day before your 18th anniversary? Or the day after you are fertilized? Either way, you are not a person and never get to live a free life.”

As a crowd of preschoolers swept past them in the hall, one of the girls pointed, “Well, at least at that early stage the children don't have to live in fear of being aborted.”

“Or in the mother's womb. What does a pre-Entrance Unborn know about abortion?”

“Maybe ignorance is nice.”

“Do you think that they know when they are being murdered? Do you think they scream?”

“Who cares if they know or not, don't you think that they should have the same rights as any Person does?”

“But we don't have any rights.”

“But we should have rights. We should all have the right to live. We are all unique living beings. Even those fetuses and zygotes.”

One of the boys joked in a German accent, “If the zygote was ze goat, then ze goat would have a right to life, but the zygote is not ze goat, so the zygote does not have any rights.” This was followed by muted hysterical laughter.

“But mother earth doesn't give us that right to live, or apparently, any rights.”

“Then mother earth is an abusive mother. We should have that right

to live. Any mother that murders her own children is no mother at all.”

“But who would that right come from? The law doesn't give us any rights. Mother earth doesn't give us any rights. Professor Science says that the results are the results, and I think he's right. But I don't see us getting any rights from it. Do only those who murder Unborns have any rights?”

“I wish there was someone who could give us the right to live.”

Chapter 31

Summer's Dream

Summer was walking home alone through the park today. Geoff had to stay at school and do something with his father, who worked at the school.

Summer clutched her books to her chest, and wandered dreamily down the path.

She dreamed of becoming a scientist like Professor Science. Going to the University and learning how to do observations and experiments. Results were always a good thing.

Science had shown her that the moment of becoming a Person is at fertilization, and that anything that keeps that fertilized egg from growing up is murder of a Person.

But Summer's mother was a psychologist. Newly Borns were expected to follow the family tradition unless they could prove they would be better at something else. Summer didn't know if she could prove that, but she sure didn't want her mother's job.

But maybe University wasn't the way to become a scientist. Wasn't Professor Science kicked out of the University? He said in class one day that they never liked his conclusions, because his conclusions were always truthful to the results, and he wouldn't bend them to make anyone happy.

There was a rumor that Professor Science had been homeschooled as an Unborn. Summer didn't really know what homeschooling was, and the teachers said it was evil. So if the teachers said it was evil, then it was probably a good thing. Maybe Professor Science had always been able to speak the truth when being homeschooled. At least he wouldn't have had to worry about being aborted by the teachers every day. Of course, parents could abort at home, but surely, Summer hoped, any parent that loved their child enough to homeschool, even though it was illegal, wouldn't abort their child.

Summer wandered in the past and remembered when she had dreamed of wanting to grow up to be one of the heroines of abortion.

She snorted to herself. All those women who claimed to set the world free were wrong. How can you be free if you can't even grow up?

Now Summer dreamed every day of becoming a Born that would save Unborns from being murdered. Maybe she would only get to save her own Unborns. How many Unborns did Geoff want to have, anyway? But maybe she would get to save more than that, too. Certainly as a scientist she could work to save Unborns. Wouldn't people have to listen to the results sooner or later?

Or maybe, one day, she would be one of the Heroines of the Unborn. A mother that not only gave her own Unborns the right to live, but worked to bring that right to live to all Unborns. Oh, how many Unborns she could save.

She could change the laws to agree with the results, so that everyone became a Person when they were fertilized and did not have to wait until they were Born.

Now THAT would be freedom. The freedom to live. The freedom to grow.

Summer smiled dreamily. The freedom to grow. The freedom to not have to watch your friends be aborted. The freedom to develop and have dreams. The freedom to become who they wanted to become.

Summer shook her head to herself. The Unborn have no voice, they cannot vote, they must do whatever their parents and teachers want, even when it's bad for them. They can't believe in anything except the right to choose. They are slaves who must meet very strict standards just so that they can be allowed to be Born. No Unborn can ever have it's own feelings and beliefs without risking being aborted, all at the whim of the mother and the State.

Summer wasn't allowed to dream, but Summer dreamed anyway. She would become a voice for the Unborn, who couldn't speak for themselves. She would tell everyone what it was like to be an Unborn with no voice and no rights. She would convince everyone to remember when they were Unborn and had no rights. She would convince mothers to change their minds and not have abortions. She

would convince everyone that mothers should protect the rights of the Unborn because the Unborn cannot protect themselves.

Summer reached the end of the path at the exit to the park. Startled, she paused. Then she smiled, soon she would be Born, and then she would become a voice for the Unborn. Once she was Born, then they would listen to her. Summer knew what she would do with her life.

Chapter 32

Report Card Day

Summer and her classmates moved nervously but expectantly from class to class all day long. Today was report card day, and today they found out the grades that had been reported to their parents this morning. Parents didn't have to wait for their offspring to bring home their report cards because they were e-sent to all of the parents at the moment that school started.

Occasionally, a parent would forward the report card to their offspring's e-reader, but otherwise, mostly, they had to wait until the teacher handed out small cards in class with their grade summary on it. What could have been done in seconds at the beginning of school, was dragged out all day long.

As Summer and her classmates moved into the social studies room and took their seats, they argued quietly amongst themselves.

“I think that they withhold the grades from us because the teachers just like to torture us.”

“Not Professor Science. He never tortures anyone.”

“No, but the other teachers do. They like to lord it over us and pretend that they are gods.”

“They are gods. They hold the power of life and death over us.”

“Especially since some of our parents decide whether or not to abort us based on these stupid report cards.”

“I know. Poor Kate. Didn't her parents promise that if she ever got a D that she would be aborted that day?”

“Yes, but I don't think it matters how hard you work, if the teacher doesn't like you, you just won't get a good grade.”

“It helps to be popular with the teachers like Kate is.”

“At least nobody has been aborted today.”

“Yet!”

“We will be fine. This is our last class of the day. Everyone has done okay this time.”

“Don't count your chickens before they hatch. Miz Social Studies is a mean old bird.”

“Maybe she should have been born a chicken.”

“Yeah, fifty years ago when we could eat her for dinner. If she were born a chicken now, she would be even more important than she is as a teacher.”

“At least the chickens don't get to decide who should be aborted.”

“The mean old bird. Somebody should abort her.”

“Shhhhhhh. Here she comes.”

The class settled down and sat quietly in their seats as Miz Social Studies walked into the room, perpetually scowling, and glared at everyone. She threw her large bag on the desk, spilling some of it, and then, taking the stack of report cards, began to slowly walk around the room. As she stopped at each pupil's desk, she would snap their report card down on the desk and watch them closely to see their reaction. Only once she was satisfied by their reaction did she move on to the next student.

Miz Social Studies stopped next to Summer's desk. Summer stared at the desk and held her breath. After a bit, Miz Social Studies snapped the report card onto the desk in front of Summer, letting her hand cover the grade until the last possible second.

As the hand moved away, Summer saw a B. She exhaled in relief, and her shoulders dipped forward as she relaxed. Not a great grade, but not a bad one either. It helped that Summer had learned to keep her mouth shut and just parrot the responses the teacher wanted.

Summer did not even hear Miz Social Studies move away, but she heard Billy behind her sigh in relief. That left only Kate at the rear of the class. Kate had always been a straight A student, even in social studies, so everything was going to be okay this report card day.

Summer turned around so that she could watch Kate's smile of triumph.

Miz Social Studies stood next to Kate's desk and paused for an even longer period of time. She waited until all of the students had turned around and were watching her and Kate. Then she snapped Kate's report card down onto the desk in front of Kate and slowly pulled her hand away.

Kate's face turned ashen white, and she started trembling.

One of the students next to her leaned over and peaked at her report card. Shocked, he turned and whispered to the boy next to him. It ran through the room like an electric current, shocking everyone as it touched them.

“Kate got a D.”

Miz Social Studies smiled for the first time that the offspring could ever remember. A smile of triumph, with her lips curling and teeth showing. Then she turned and walked back up to the front of the classroom and triggered the intercom to the principal's office.

“Mr. Principal, I think that we are ready now.”

“Thank you, Miz Social Studies. Please send Kate to my office immediately. Her parents are waiting.”

Miz Social Studies, still grinning from ear to ear like a gargoyle, turned to Kate, “Kate, you may go to the principal's office now. They are waiting for you.”

Kate sat frozen and ashen, unable to move.

Barking, the smile gone now, Miz Social Studies yelled, “Kate, get up out of your chair and go down to the principal's office now.”

Kate struggled to stand, and gathered her things. Then she stopped, straightened her shoulders up, and with great dignity, reached into her bag and handed something to the boy next to her.

Kate worked her way around the room, and without saying anything, stopped and handed each classmate something of hers. When she

got to Summer, her bag was gone, but Kate pulled off her lovely sweater, and laid it quietly on Summer's desk.

The entire class sat frozen, watching the tableau unfold with bated breath.

Kate reached the door, having given away all of her personal items, and holding only in her hand the report card, she stopped, stood up straight, squared her shoulders, and then calmly marched out.

As the door snicked shut behind Kate, no one ever saw Kate again.

Miz Social Studies harumphed loudly, “Well, that takes care of that problem. Let that be a lesson to the rest of you. Now, who can tell me about your assigned reading in your text, 'The Heroines of Abortion'?”

No one responded. The entire class sat up straight in their chairs. With one mind, as if they had preplanned it and argued about it for days, the students all stared straight at Miz Social Studies and glared at her.

Miz Social Studies tried vainly to get someone to respond to her. The triumph drained from her and was replaced with frustration. Finally giving vent to her anger, she began to yell and scream.

The class was not moved, and continued with determination their silent tribute to Kate.

Refusing to admit defeat, Miz Social Studies swept her stuff into her large bag and stormed from the room.

The class sat without moving, waiting to see if the mean old bird would come back.

Shakily, Billy, Kate's secret boyfriend, stood up, “It's not over. She murdered my Kate. I will never forget.”

Following Billy out, the class quietly dispersed. The boys filled with rage. The girls filled with despair.

Summer trailed last. Stopping at the door, she turned, and, hugging Kate's sweater to her, stood looking momentarily at Kate's empty

desk in the back of the room.

Chapter 33

Professor Science's Observations

Numbed to the marrow of her soul, even Professor Science couldn't rouse Summer from her shocked stupor. But she still heard every word her beloved professor said.

“From the moment that the human egg and the human sperm join together there is a unique human being, which we call a zygote. It's easy to kill a zygote because we are not calling it a Person. And, you can't see it yet. Humans are weird in that if they can't see something, then it's not important.”

“The egg is part of the mother's tissue. The sperm is part of the father's tissue. But from the very instant that the egg and the sperm join together, the egg ceases to be part of the mother's tissue, and the sperm ceases to be part of the father's tissue. The new human tissue is unique unto itself. Not a single other sperm, of the same father, joining to that same egg, will ever produce the same unique human being that came into existence at that moment in time. If that new zygote is lost for any reason, failure to conceive or implant into the mother's uterus, miscarriage, stillbirth, abortion, etc., then that unique human being can NEVER be replaced. It is gone forever.”

“That unique human being has only one life. If that life is taken away for any reason, it is gone forever.”

“In your other classes you will hear the teachers argue that the zygote cannot be harmed in any way because it is not yet a Person. If you drown a kitten when it is newborn, and it never grows into a cat, have you harmed that cat? The cat never comes into existence because the kitten that would be that cat is never allowed to grow up. In your animal rights class, they will teach you that you have irreparably harmed that cat by denying it the opportunity to live.”

“But in your social studies class, denying a human being the ability to grow up and become a Person does not harm the human being because it is not yet a Person. What is the difference between a kitten and a cat? Can you have a cat without it first being a kitten? Can you have a Person, without it first being a human being?”

“The kitten and the cat are one and the same unique life-form. The zygote, the fetus, the infant, the child, the developing human being, and the Person are one and the same unique life form.”

“If the zygote that became you is killed, would there ever be a you? If the developing human being that is you is aborted, will you ever become a Person? If the kitten is killed, will there ever be a cat?”

“We are told that killing the developing kitten is morally wrong because it destroys a unique animal. At the same time, the State tells us that killing a developing human being is right because it destroys nothing and harms nothing, and benefits society by reducing the burdens on society.”

“When you go to your next class today, and the teacher or your parents choose to abort you, have you been harmed? Has your unique human life been destroyed? Or does it not matter because you are not yet Persons?”

Summer shivered and shook uncontrollably. Kate was gone. Kate was dead. Kate was dead, because YES, Kate was a Person. Kate may never have been Born, but Kate was still a Person, and Kate had deserved to live. There would never be another Kate. No other egg and sperm joined together would ever be her Kate. Summer could no longer control herself, and broke down at her desk, sobbing and sobbing.

Professor Science stopped, walked over to the classroom door, locked it, and pulled the curtain over the window. Now was not the time for another impromptu visit from the principal. One of the students walked up to the professor and whispered to him about Kate. Nodding, the professor returned to his desk and leaned against it sadly and with a heavy heart.

No one said anything for ten long minutes as they all sat silently listening to Summer sob, and thinking about Kate.

Glancing at the clock, Professor Science saw that the bell was just about to ring. He cleared his throat, and said quietly, “When I observe you, I observe that each of you is a unique Person. And when I observed you in yesterday's class, I also observed that Kate

was a unique Person.”

Then the bell rang.

Chapter 34

Social Studies Class the Next Day

The next day in Social Studies class, everyone was quiet. Billy nervously played with his pencils, snapping them against the desk. In the quiet of the room, they sounded like gunshots.

Miz Social Studies was late. Eventually the door opened, but Miz Social Studies did not walk in. A new teacher walked in. She calmly laid her stuff on the desk and surveyed the class. “Miz Social Studies will not be coming back. She was killed in a car crash on the way to school this morning. I will be your new teacher.”

Then she began the lesson at the exact point that Miz Social Studies left off. Even though she droned along, no one heard anything that she had to say. Afraid to say anything in class, they passed looks, notes, and texts asking questions that no one seemed to have any answers to. Only Billy remained completely quiet, not communicating with anyone.

Five minutes before class ended, two policemen strode into the classroom, taking up positions on either side of the room. Accompanying them was the principal and a plain clothes detective. The principal started to speak, but the detective waved the principal away. Looking straight at Billy, he asked, “Who is Billy, the boyfriend of Kate?”

Billy stood up, all of his nervousness gone now and replaced with resoluteness. “I am.”

The detective surveyed him, “I am placing you under arrest for the murder of Miz Social Studies. You tampered with her car computer and she lost control, hitting a telephone pole on the way to school this morning. She died in the hospital two hours ago.”

Billy replied, “Yes, I did tamper with her car. There is no point in hiding it. But I didn't murder her. I merely executed her for murdering my girlfriend Kate yesterday.”

The detective didn't reply to Billy, but waved to the two policemen, who grabbed Billy, threw him against the wall, cuffed him, and frog

marched him out the door.

Still standing in the same place, the detective addressed the remaining class. “Remember, there is no escape. Either you become productive citizens, or you die.”

The new teacher stepped forward, “Detective, they can't die. They aren't yet Persons. Please don't confuse them. I am going to try and save as many of these offspring as possible, but it may be too late. They have already learned bad habits and bad thoughts.”

The detective nodded, then turned and left.

Chapter 35

Crushed

The rest of the semester passed slowly and quietly. Summer's class no longer had any hope. They were quiet, depressed, and hopeless. They went to class, memorized the proper answers, and parroted them back to their teachers. No one talked anymore about being Born, or what they would do after they were Born. It no longer mattered. They would probably never be Born. They could only take things one day at a time.

Summer and Geoff no longer talked about being married. Summer struggled to keep her hopes and her dreams from dying, but she began to wonder if there was any point in even bringing a child into this awful, hateful, bloodthirsty world.

The teachers and principal watched each of them closely, looking for any continued signs of rebellion. But there were none. Rebellion requires hope and a desire to be something different than they were.

The hopes had been crushed and desires washed away.

The system had finally crushed and broken them.

Now the teachers began in earnest to try and mold these remaining students into the productive citizens that the state needed.

All except for Professor Science. The professor droned along in his incomprehensible science jargon that passed right over the heads of the principal and the other teachers. After all, they knew all of the correct answers, and there was no need to think. Professor Science's teaching required the students to think in order to understand and figure out the correct answer.

The State did not need productive citizens that could think, but productive citizens that could listen, obey, and learn the correct answers that were expected of them. There was no longer any need to ask questions. The State already had all of the necessary answers.

Summer and her classmates quickly fell into step and became this kind of potential citizen.

Ironically, this greatly increased the chances that they would be Born one day.

Chapter 36

Professor Science's Seeds

Professor Science saw the changes in his students. They were crushed, beaten down. Very few of an older class ever made it to being Born. He couldn't stop that. But he could plant seeds. If you want something to grow, you have to plant the seeds. So class after class, Professor Science worked at loosening the soil and planting seeds.

Many of the students no longer cared about Professor Science's simple statements of fact. They merely kept their heads down and tried to survive. But a few students still listened. Slowly, seeds were planted. Slowly, hope began to grow again in the hearts of some of the crushed students. Other students never heard anything that Professor Science said. They were only too willing to be automatons of the State, and to take their place in the system as productive citizens. Any life was better than no life. They didn't even hope to survive to be Born. It wasn't a strategy to see them through until the moment of Born. It was simply acceptance of their place in the system. If they were Born, they would be part of the system, and undoubtedly commit many abortions themselves in the service of the system. If they were aborted, then that was what best served the system. They accepted unquestioningly whatever was in store for them.

But in Professor Science's class, seeds were planted, and a few of the seeds grew. Seeds with the names of Hope, Dreams, Plans, Future, Right and Wrong, Justice, Fairness, Love, Compassion, Truth.

But whenever something starts to grow, there is always the risk that it will die, or be aborted.

Chapter 37

The End

Summer almost made it.

A week before Summer was Born, her boyfriend Geoff became Born.

The day before Geoff became Born, they walked through the park together, and talked quietly of dreams and plans. Geoff seemed distant, and when Summer pressed him, he would only say, “Be patient. After you are Born in a week, then we can make plans.”

When they parted ways at the exit to the park, Summer watched him go until he was out of sight. She would not see him again until after she was Born. The Born never returned to school. School was only for the Unborn, to evaluate them. Geoff would either go to college now, or be expected to take up the family business. Since Geoff’s father was one of the abortion nurses at the school, a fact that no one ever talked to Geoff about, Summer sincerely hoped that Geoff would choose to go to college and follow his dream of becoming an engineer and building things.

Well, it was only a week. She could wait a week. The previous 18 years of her life had seemed interminable and unending. After awhile, no Unborn ever expected to make it this far. Just a few more days.

On her last day of school, Summer was saying goodbye to all of her classmates and cleaning out her locker. The principal was paging someone on the intercom. Summer was too busy talking to hear who it was. Then everyone around her went deathly quiet. Summer looked up and looked around, confused. One of the boys whispered, “It’s you, Summer. The principal just paged you to his office.”

Numb with shock, Summer just stared at him. She didn’t understand. It was over. She had made it. She started to move towards the office, but then stopped. She remembered Kate. Summer reached into her freshly packed bag and handed all of her possessions out to her classmates. She would never be taking them home now. Summer handed her empty bag to one of the boys, then

she took off Kate's sweater. She stroked it for a minute, and then handed it to one of the girls.

Summer reached up and touched the ribbon in her hair, but she couldn't bring herself to give that away. She had promised that little girl that she would never forget her. And she never would.

Summer ignored the receptionist and walked unsteadily into the principal's office without knocking. Who cared? What was he going to do? Abort her?

Her mother was standing next to the principal's desk. Summer looked at her and asked tenuously in a little girl's voice, "Mommy, are you going to kill me?"

"No, Summer, I'm going to have an abortion. You have always been an unhappy child, ever since kindergarten. I don't know what happened to you, but you have been a disappointment, and you will never have a good quality of life. I cannot in good conscience allow you to be Born."

The principal handed her mother a clipboard and said, "Please sign this." Her mother signed the consent forms right in front of her, and handed them back to the principal.

Summer broke down and began pleading with her mother, "Mother, please, I want to live. I don't want to die. I won't be a burden on you. I will move out immediately."

Summer's mother shook her head, "I'm sorry. I can't bear to go through the rest of my life watching you be unhappy. This needs to end now."

Summer fell to her knees and began to plead desperately.

Her mother just kept shaking her head, "I had put this off because I had hoped that you would turn into a happy child. But I was wrong. I should have done this years ago."

"Mommy, I don't want to die."

"Summer, you aren't even a person yet. It's not your Choice."

Her mother continued rather emphatically, “This is MY Choice...and I choose to abort you.”

The principal signaled the abortion nurses standing in the corner, “Let's get this over with. I have some budget figures I need to work on.”

“Mommy, I don't want to die.”

Summer turned her head and saw through a blur of tears Geoff's father, the big, burly abortion nurse, and next to him, Geoff.

It didn't make sense. Geoff walked up to Summer. Summer weakly said, “You, too?”

Geoff was tall and strong. But somehow different. He was now cold, distant, and professional. In a calm, professional voice he said to Summer, “Come now, no fuss, no muss, there's no point in fighting it.”

Summer didn't know who this Geoff was. The Geoff who said, “I'm sorry, but now that I am a Born adult, things are different than from before I was Born.”

Geoff calmly reached into his nurse's pocket, and pulled out a cattle thud,. He looked carefully, centering it up right in the middle of her forehead, and looked dispassionately into her eyes as he pulled the trigger.

THUD.

Epilogue

The big, older, burly nurse, Geoff's father, tightened his grip on Summer's body and dragged her from the principal's office.

As he went through the doorway, he carelessly banged her head against the door frame.

A pink and red and blue ribbon fell from her hair and lay on the floor.

Preview:
Book 2 of the Unborn Trilogy: Born
Chapter 1: The Principal's Office

Dr. April Chalmers of the Department of Mother Protective Services stood next to the principal's desk and watched the abortion nurse drag the Unborn Summer's body out of the office.

Summer's head banged against the door frame, and a ribbon fell out of her hair. Summer was always wearing that ribbon. The ribbon fell on the floor and laid there. Dr. Chalmers looked away from the ribbon and turned to the principal. She shook his hand, and automatically answered whatever it was he was saying. Protocols had to be followed, even in trying circumstances.

Dr. April Chalmers was Summer's mother. She was feeling very stressed out. It was a shame, but Summer had never been a happy Unborn, and as Summer's mother, Dr. Chalmers had to set an example. Therefore, she couldn't cut Summer any slack, and Summer just had not measured up. There simply was no alternative except to abort Summer.

Today was turning out to be far more stressful and emotional than she had expected. It really was her first abortion. Oh, Dr. Chalmers had recommended hundreds, if not thousands, of abortions during her career. But this one was the first personal abortion for Dr. Chalmers. Work had always come first, and rarely had men been in Dr. Chalmers life, so abortions had never been necessary. Summer was a one time fluke, and that hadn't turned out well.

Dr. Chalmers finished thanking the principal, shook his hand again, and as she passed through the doorway, she pretended to reach down and fix her shoe. She palmed the ribbon, but was careful not to let the principal see her do it. That would be an emotional display unworthy of such an esteemed Born as herself.

April was a government psychologist. Her job was to evaluate, not the Unborn, but the Born who worked with the Unborn: the principal, the teachers, the abortion nurses, and often the mothers when they were confused. April's job was to look for those who

were having trouble doing their jobs of encouraging others to have an abortion. Any weakness, any at all, would get written up and reported. Discipline always followed. Severe cases would be criminally prosecuted, and if convicted, resulted in a Person being stripped of being a Person.

Picking up her daughter's ribbon was an offense that she would write any mother up for if they confessed to such a thing in their seemingly private sessions. There was no doctor/client privilege with government psychologists.

Turning, Dr. Chalmers again waved goodbye to the principal, but mostly April was checking to see if the principal had noticed her actions. He seemed oblivious.

April hurried. She wanted to get lunch before she had to be back in her office. She needed a large glass of wine and a few minutes to clear her head. She had an appointment this afternoon with the young abortion nurse, Geoff she thought his name was, who had aborted Summer. The failure rate among new abortion nurses was high. And this was his first abortion.

It was April's job to make sure that he kept his head on straight and properly fulfilled his new responsibilities as a Born and as an abortion nurse. If he didn't, then he would be sent to isolation in a mental institution. Abortion workers who failed were never released into the general prison population where they might infect others with their mental problems.

As she passed the front desk, the receptionist said, "Goodbye, Dr. Chalmers, we hope to see you again soon."

Outside the office, April stopped and impulsively put the ribbon in her hair and felt to see if it was straight. It was, after all, Summer's ribbon, and April was surprised by the depth of her feelings for Summer. No one ever needed to know where the ribbon came from.

Author's End Notes

The inspiration for this novel is a true story from the Holocaust. A story of a little girl and a Nazi soldier. That story has haunted me for decades.

While we say NEVER AGAIN when talking about the Holocaust, we have failed, for the Holocaust marches on every day, in almost every country in the world.

The Nazis classified entire groups of humans as Non-Persons by the law. Today, an entire group of humans has also been classified as Non-Persons by the law of most countries.

The adult Nazi soldier did not hear the little girl begging her helpless mother, "Mommy, I don't want to die," any more than the adults today hear the begging of the Unborn.

Millions of times every year, in almost every language spoken, an Unborn is crying, "Mommy, I don't want to die."

This book is dedicated to the little 4 year old girl, who, when facing the Nazi soldier who would shoot her in the head, had the courage to speak those words, "Mommy, I don't want to die."

This book is dedicated to the 55 million and growing innocent lives slaughtered in the American Holocaust. A number that now far exceeds the 13 million killed by Hitler and is now surpassing the number of military and civilians killed on all sides of World War II. War is no longer necessary for governments to sanction the genocide of large portions of it's own population. There is almost no place on earth where an Unborn is safe, even from his or her own mother.

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Brass Serpent Productions LLC

109 East 17 Street Suite 4311

Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001-4543

www.brassserpent.com

