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## Another Turn of the Wheel

by Garf Collins

Unia was disappointed by the weather and the fact that Hector wasn't there. She commanded 'TIME' and the Contact system answered '20.49 June 25 2153.'

"Always too much data. Where can that man be," she said petulantly as she looked out of the window at clouds of rain being driven across the city. She glanced down at the river deep within its containing banks. "Thank goodness Terracontrol engineers have managed to stabilize the climate but I wish they could stop some of this extreme weather."

She commanded, 'GET GISELLE' and the face of her friend appeared on the Contact screen.

"Giselle. That General Hector hasn't turned up. I'll never get pregnant at this rate."

"Why don't you just get inseminated like most other women then?"

"Well. I'm traditional in some things. I like to keep up some of the old ways and I was getting used to him as this would have been my third attempt."

Unia and Giselle were members of EPOGE (the Elite Party of Greater Europe.) They regarded as quaint the feminists like the Suffragettes and the MeToo movement of the last two centuries.

From the start of the early 2000s girls had begun to outdistance boys educationally and as they emerged into adulthood they had first taken over the professions such as medicine, accountancy and the law. From there they had gradually taken over governments throughout the world. Machines, bioscience and software had increasingly made engineering, agriculture and many other traditional male dominated sectors easy for clever female management. The old haphazard means of procreation had begun to be regarded as too random. Now with detailed and accurate genetic profiling party members were matched with selected male donors. The children were raised through a schooling system optimized over many years. They were highly likely in their turn to become members of the Party or privileged male donors.

The Contact system burst into life. It was Hector.

"Where the hell are you? You know you were suppose to be here at 20 hours."

"Unia. I'm not coming," at that Hector smiled wryly, "I am on strike. We've formed a male emancipation movement called WeAlso inspired by a 21st century women's campaign. Now it's our turn to object to being taken for granted with no economic status. We resent having to maintain our bodies and submit to all sorts of biological tests just for the gratification of women in producing babies for the Party. So no sperm from us. Unless our reasonable demands are met, the race will die out."