

SAMPLE
TRANSLATION

DESA MUCK
DEADLY SERIOUSLY
ABOUT SEX

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TRANSLATED BY: DAVID LIMON

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Desa Muck: Deadly Seriously About Sex

27.

WHEN CAN I START AND WHY DO I HAVE TO WAIT?

The fateful Saturday was past and two earth shattering dates had taken place. Susan's A.D.D. and Tina's. With Fred? No. On Friday evening Tina's phone rang. It was Mick and he was brief. Would Tina like to go out with him on Saturday afternoon? Tina was also brief. She said: "Okay."

Then she calmly called Fred, who she had a date with, to tell him that he was too childish for her and that it was The End. Over, finito, the boot. Who says that today's youngsters aren't cool? But not all. After Tina's call Fred spent the whole weekend in bed with a temperature, hoping that it would end like La Traviata. It seems so unfair that in such circumstances the school doctor does not send the patient to a health spa to convalesce.

The night before her date with Damian Susan didn't sleep a wink, but watched a wonderful colour film playing in her head. Some extracts: Adam and Eve, the first heavy metal fans, Romeo playing Juliet his records, the star and the fan trapped in a lonely hut in a snow storm and so on. All the films starred Susan and Damian, and all ended at his place or rather in his bedroom, which Susan imagined as being totally black. Black sheets and pillows, walls covered in black leather, black speakers, a black guitar in the corner, and all illuminated by black light. She saw herself as a small, well fed white sacrificial lamb on the black altar of his bed. Of course, she was not taking into account the fact that she was barely fourteen years old. I thought of appearing on the scene and giving her a good telling off, as she had no mother to do this for her. I'd do it because I don't think kids under sixteen should be having full blown sex! Perhaps you now feel cheated, as if I've been pretending to be a warm and broad-minded person and in these final chapters I'd be giving you generous advice on how to arrange an

orgy in the sixth grade. So why am I against? First, ask yourself why you even want to begin having sex at your age. Most teenage responses to this are the same: out of curiosity, so that I don't get teased, so I can show off, so as not to lose a boyfriend/girlfriend, etc. This is like saying that you are studying because your parents make you, or you tidy your room for the same reason, and you don't wear your glasses or braces because you're getting teased. Sex can be disagreeable like studying or tidying up if you are not doing it for yourself, from the deep need aroused by your longing for your partner. We have sex with someone only because we feel so strongly for them that we want to offer them the pleasure that we long for ourselves. For that you must know yourself well, your body and your partner. And if you have sex too soon, it may be a bit like getting behind the wheel of a car without the slightest idea how to drive, saying: "If every other

idiot can do it, so can I..." and zooming off onto a busy road. Things will happen that you can't control.

"And when will we be old enough for sex?" you ask with shrill voices. Soon. But I can't tell you the exact date. Neither me nor anyone else. One day you will simply feel that your relationship is mature enough that you greatly desire it and without any fear. To check whether it really is the right time, talk to someone about it in confidence. Ideally with your

parents. Considering that they made you they must have had sex at least once and will already know something about it. Until then there's no need to sit at home playing snap. You can indulge in erotic fantasies. They don't harm anyone and maybe during such daydreaming you may hit upon an idea that will one day pleasantly surprise your partner. Let sex reveal itself to you when the time is ripe and it will be the most wonderful discovery of your life

28.

YOU CAN'T SEE ME, NOR HEAR ME – MY NAME IS VIRGINITY

Susan prepared with utmost care for her date with Damian. She rid her legs of hair so thoroughly that the bathroom floor looked as if it was carpeted with fur and because she didn't eat all week she no longer looked like a small, excitable tank. Why didn't she eat?

Because she was suddenly afraid. She was being plagued with frantic questions like: "What if my level of spiritual development isn't enough to conquer Damian for ever? What if I am for him a mere cigarette that he smokes and then treads on? One of the thousands he has lit in his life?"

Yup, losing her virginity no longer seemed such a cool or a brave thing. Everything she'd read in books and on problem pages suddenly sounded like a horror story. It was like "Little Red Riding Hood Goes into Battle".

So let's clarify exactly what virginity is! A boy is a virgin if his sex organ has never ever, even accidentally, found its way into a woman's vagina. A girl is a virgin if she has never found a penis of any kind in her vagina. So most of you who this book is intended for are thus virgins, because you have not yet had sexual relations.

And what is losing your virginity like? First: everyone, men and women alike, have stage fright before it happens, because this is an important test of maturity. But all these fears are unnecessary, as it always turns out when things are behind us. For Mother Nature is a good teacher and guide. The nearness of the one we care for triggers in us such a strong desire for union that we spontaneously get into the natural flow of coupling. How do you think that rabbits always manage this first time, even though they have no books to refer to? Deadly Seriously About Mating?

But Susan would not be placated at all by these words. She stomped about the room, moaning: "What about all that blood?! And what if he refuses to believe I'm still a virgin?"

This is how it is: girls are born with a thin barrier of skin in their vaginas that has a small hole in the middle through which menstrual blood can flow. It's called the hymen or maidenhead, and the first time you have sex this stretches and tears so that there may be a little bleeding, but it isn't dangerous. Strenuous sporting activity or the use of tampons means that these days bleeding when you lose your virginity is less likely.

"What about the pain? I hear it really hurts!!" whined Susan.

But real pain during one's first sexual experience is only likely if the girl isn't ready for it, does not really want it, or who has a clumsy boyfriend who does not follow the rules of petting.

The bar in the middle of Ljubljana where Susan had agreed to meet Damian was heaving. Susan hid in the corner and waited with chattering teeth among the colourful crowd which was made up mainly of provocative and attractive young women. Suddenly she remembered she had forgotten to feed her hamster Marian – and reached a quick decision! When she was old and famous she would reveal in her memoirs that the reason she had never married was

that she had given up her only true love, Damian, because of her hamster Marian, who needed her more. She rushed towards the door in a panic, but too late! There stood Damian, peering

round through his long black hair. All those sexy misses were chirping away around him, but he still spotted Susan, who was trying to sneak past. He greeted her cheerfully:

"Oh, there you are, Janet, or whatever! Here's a ticket for you, I'm sorry I don't have time for a drink. Have fun!"

And he was gone.

"He's more bothered about the concert than about me!" Susan realised. It hurt. If only the bastard didn't have such sexy bags under his eyes.

The concert was worthy of those two popular adjectives – wicked and cool. Susan partied as if her life depended on it. As she made her way home through the soft spring night she felt kind of wild. And free. She thought she still had the option of nursing Damian when he was old

and sick and forgotten. Then she remembered her mum, who was no longer around, telling her she had gone crazy for some singer when she was a student. "He was a legend," she said. "His music is eternal" And the stars above her were stars once more, no longer small glittering compact discs.

29.

AN ONLINE STAR

When Susan got home she felt almost unattached again and she returned to her favourite pastime, which she had somehow neglected while being in love with Damian: messing around online, where she had been a star since the age of ten. She was a regular guest on Netlog, Facebook and Twitter. She had played around in every possible chat room and forum. It was best when no one knew her and she could lie to her heart's content. Sometimes she was "Zoe23", claiming to be a student of medicine and giggling at all the improper suggestions from men of every age and profession. Sometime she hid behind the name "Mouse16" and

was very surprised how many older men offered her help and even money. Sometimes she signed in as a boy and had fun when girls tried to chat her up. Most of all she liked to tease older married guys of whom there were great numbers online, especially during working hours. She very soon learned how to answer ambiguously and far too soon (she was still a child) understood what they wanted from her.

One day when she was "Zoe23" and was describing herself to someone called "Batman28", her dad crept up on her. He read the following over her shoulder:

Zoe23: "I'm very tall, very thin and very blonde. I have a bit of a problem because everyone says I'm so beautiful and sexy and they all want to be with me. What music do you listen to?"

Batman28: "The same as you. I think we should meet as soon as possible, maybe I could help you with your problem. I'm a psychologist."

Zoe23: "Didn't you say you were a pilot?"

Batman28: "That, too."

Then her father shoved her out of the way and wrote: "This is Zoe's father. She is fourteen years old. I'll call the police and get a hacker to tell me who you really are. You'll be in prison for paedophilia!"

There was no answer. Susan knew she would now get a lecture entitled "I've told you a hundred times that on the Internet girls like you are preyed on by the most dangerous criminal types and that many of them disappear and become victims of white slave traders and end up as tragic drug addicts and in the porn industry or as prostitutes." Susan had already stopped listening after the first two words, but I know her dad was right and I also know how afraid he was. However, Susan's dad and I are grown ups, so in any case have no idea

There's one other problem about the Internet. I can't explain except by beginning with... when I was young... So... When I was young there was no sign of the Internet and we hadn't the slightest

idea that such a thing was possible. There were no mobile phones. We didn't even have a telephone at home and had to go out to the telephone box. You're probably asking how we didn't die out. Well, we had to go out. And we went. Full of excitement and expectation. To the cinema, to the theatre, the swimming pool, the park, the library. We walked, we flirted, we made contact quite politely, and boys invited us out and we got together and went on trips, and to the mountains. We could see each other, talk and look each other over. In that way we knew who we were dealing with and thus we learned to distinguish between those who were suitable for us and those who were perhaps a danger. We didn't create false, virtual identities to hide behind. We were real. And no one can convince me that it's nicer to sit on a summer evening all sweaty in front of the computer, bullshitting with strangers as it is to be staring deeply into someone's eyes on that same summer evening. And right at that moment a gentle breeze blows. Just for the two of you. I'm the one who worries about your generation dying out in front of the screens while outside spring awakens for nothing.

30.

HOW DO I SAY NO? – NO!

Damian has thus limped from our story. With him, Susan experienced her first unrequited love, kept her virginity – and survived. Fred was given the elbow by Tina because of Mick,

his health took a blow and his self-confidence – but he survived. Ron's unrequited love for his teacher had turned him into a woman hater – but he had survived. The strongest romantic emotion experienced so far by Tina was the conviction that out of all the boys Mick suited her new spring wardrobe the best. As she had decided upon him for purely practical reasons she arrived for their date completely calm and relaxed.

But things unfolded differently from how she'd imagined. Although she was wearing a new jacket that any normal teenager would be crazy with envy for, he didn't take her to the cinema or the café. He said he had something important to show her and took her home. Where there was no sign of his folks or any other living being. As soon as they got into his room all the politeness went out of the window. Mick sent his hands into action immediately and they began to lay siege to Tina's buttons from all sides. Even the threatening labels like Zara and Levi's didn't stop him.

"Hey, what are you doing?!" said Tina, trying to push him off.

"Don't go all prim on me, girl," responded Mick with a nervous laugh, struggling with the zip on her jacket, which hypocritically bit his finger.

"Let go of me!" she said, pushing him off. "Let's go to the café instead."

"Café?! What café?! Don't act all superior. Everyone knows what you're like. I saw you making out with Fred. What's wrong with you?"

As he was so absorbed in struggling with Tina's jacket he didn't notice that her soft pink cheeks were becoming dangerously red. Lightning shot from her eyes and distant thunder emerged from her mouth when she opened it to catch her breath. Then there was a crash. Straight into Mick's eye, which immediately went black.

"Hey, what the hell are you doing?! You were really coming onto me!! What's wrong? Don't tell me you're still a virgin!"

And plop – the other eye turned black. Tina, with all her buttons and zips intact, exited through the front door, where his ex and future girlfriend was waiting to see what happened. "He's all yours, his nose is still in one piece!" said Tina, stomping past.

This incident with Mick brings us to an issue which sooner or later all girls encounter and that is "he-wants-to-she-doesn't". So, dear young female reader, when you know your future

boyfriend really well and trust him and have great talks with him, and dates go oh-so smoothly and the snogging is excellent – and you still don't feel ready for sex, know that there's nothing wrong with you. You are just too young or have some other reason for saying no to sex. Your reasons, whatever they are, are good enough. Only you can decide about your life and your body! If the boy is alright he will understand your reasons and not force himself on you, because he cares for you and respects you. You can get by quite happily without sex. (See petting, chapter 24!) But you must also try to understand your boyfriend's impatience and help him get over the time until you are grown up enough and ready. In other words, there's no need to wait until you are both old and grey.

But you can be unlucky and come across a boy like Mick. Like a bulldozer, with no time for feelings or difficult ideas like respecting others and behaving nicely. When a boy like that feels the need for sex he expects the whole world to throw itself at his feet. Like the cockerel in the farmyard chasing hens and when they run away from him he explains to another cockerel on the dung heap that all hens are stupid. There is no reason to explain to that kind of guy why you said: "No!" Let him go home and learn how to behave!

31. ON WOMAN HATERS

When Tina shot like a rocket out of Mick's she ran and ran until she was deep in the woods. When she was sure that there was no one around apart from small woodland creatures she allowed the tears to escape from their hiding place beneath her eyelids. For the first time in her short but successful life something had gone really wrong. For the first time she had not got what she wanted and had even been humiliated.

"You look very decorative snivelling like that beneath the forsythia. You probably thought about which colour bush would go with your new jacket! It looks as if you're appearing in a heavy metal video for Snow White!"

High up in the tree, above Tina's head, sat Ron, binoculars in his hand, swinging his legs in a satisfied way.

"Idiot!!! Fool!!!" howled Tina in anger. "Clear off now or I'll knock you down!"

"As far as I know this wood isn't yours so I'm free to look at the birds – which is, incidentally my hobby – from this tree. It's my constitutional right!" said Ron with satisfaction and he couldn't have hoped for a more dramatic reaction. Tina went crazy and started throwing branches at him. He continued in a lively kind of way:

"How nice! I love it when women go mad. Don't you want to cry a bit as well?" A large pine cone whizzed past his ear.

"Okay, let's see... Nothing will come of the good-looking but stupid Mick, right? The dude just wants to have fun, no wedding bells for him. Well, there you go. Why didn't you stick with the good-looking and even more stupid Fred, who's crazy about you? He'd marry you tomorrow and keep you in new shoes until your dying day."

Tina helplessly plonked herself down beneath the tree. Ron felt safe now so he climbed down. "And how do you know all this, clever clogs?" asked Tina dispiritedly

"Because I know what women are like." "You?! Let me just say: Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"I know them because I hate them to death and it's always good to know your enemy."

"And why do you hate them?" asked Tina with new interest, beginning to tidy her hair, which was full of forsythia blossoms. Ron began to present with enthusiasm his theory that women's spiritual and biological lack of development was the only barrier to progress and prosperity on planet Earth.

Let me tell you that Tina had incredible luck to be squatting like that beneath the forsythia, fluttering her eyelashes and listening to harmless Ron. She had done a really stupid thing rushing into the woods on her own. And in the previous chapter she was also lucky that with a well-

targeted punch in the eye she was able to stop Mick's attempt at a close sexual encounter of the third kind. For it sometimes happens to girls that boys or men do not stop at the first, nor at the second, nor at any of the other No-s. They become violent and sometimes with threats or even blows force a girl into the sex she does not want.

For any woman, but especially a young and inexperienced one, this is an experience that hurts and humiliates her so much that she gets over it only with great difficulty – or perhaps never. This experience is called rape. It can happen to anyone. A complete stranger can attack you in a deserted place, but it can be someone you know and it can even happen in your own home.

Some people, especially men, have a strange attitude to rape. They say that women themselves are guilty because they provoke rapists by being women and being bold enough not to hide the fact. If someone stole the car of a genius like this he would get extremely irate

if you suggested that it was his fault for provoking the thief by buying a car and parking it in a public place. It follows from this that you cannot provoke a regular man to rape. A rapist is always someone who is mentally ill, meaning that it's hard to foresee how he will react to physical resistance and what aggression will provoke in him. So it's better to avoid risky situations. Remember the following rules:

- NEVER go anywhere deserted or isolated on your own – especially at night!
- Don't get into conversations with strangers.
- If someone seems to be following you, turn to the first passer by for help or run onto the road, where you'll be noticed.
- If a potential attacker comes close, shout for help as loud as you can, stop a car or run to the nearest house for help.
- Never open the door to a strange man.

If you do get raped you must report the attack. If you can't go to the police then you must use the SOS helpline for distress calls and victims of violence. You must also go to the doctor. Never under any circumstances keep it to yourself! You have to trust someone!

32.

MUM, SOMEONE IN MY TUMMY SENDS THEIR REGARDS!

The next day, after Sunday lunch, in an excellent mood, Tina went crashing into Susan's room, where Susan and her cousin Maddy were perched on the couch staring into space, like two chickens awaiting the chopping block.

"Hi girls," burred Tina. "You'll never guess what happened to me yesterday! Susan, you remember Ron? Yesterday he spent the whole afternoon explaining to me why he hated women. And you know, the guy's not so dumb! I didn't understand a word he was saying!

Great, eh? And he's not so terribly ugly. Hey, you're not even listening! What's up? Did Damian get married?"

"Maddy is pregnant!" said Susan in death-like tones. "But you're barely fifteen!" cried Tina

"She'll be sixteen in November," said Susan gloomily.

"And?... Have you and your boyfriend...? You know," asked Tina with interest.

Maddy blushed, while Susan rebuked Tina: "Stop asking stupid questions! Her and John have been going out together since nursery school! It would be strange if they hadn't!"

"But you could still have thought that maybe you were a bit young."

"We don't all go on a date with a calculator in our hand to work out when we can lose our virginity!"

"Well, anyway... What's done is done..."

She looked at Maddy sitting on the couch, as small as an abandoned toy, a mere child, and collapsed beside them like a newly hatched heap of misery, saying: "Hell's bells, Maddy, do you know what you've let yourself in for?"

No, Maddy didn't know because for a week she had been too scared to think straight, so I'll tell you. First of all: whenever the stomach silently grows like that it usually ends with a baby. So the under-age mother should immediately talk with her parents. You know, in such situations most parents do not lose it in the way you might expect. They go ballistic if you fail an exam or tear your jeans, but if you announce that you are pregnant, or some other fateful fact, they usually react quite reasonably.

In any case, it's my duty to inform you how much your life will change if you have a baby. That you will have to rehang the posters of the Teletubbies and Mickey Mouse that you got rid of not

long ago is the least of them. And that you will no longer have anything to talk about with your friends, because your problems will suddenly be different and more serious than theirs is also not the most important thing. When a baby is born it's the most fragile and helpless creature on the planet, which without you cannot survive. So it arouses in you a special feeling of responsibility that only grown ups are really capable of and then not all of them. It's like taking the dog for a walk even when your favourite soap is on television, and calmly staying home when your mum isn't well to do all the chores for her, instead of knocking everyone dead at the most important party in the world. But the responsibility to a child is even greater and stronger and is called parental love. That is the only love that works

24 hours a day, 365 days a year, all your life. And so that kind of love is hard work that demands a physically and mentally completely mature person. A teenager that takes on the risk of motherhood must go through the process of growing up, that would otherwise last a number of years, in just a few months. And in doing so she must go through things for which she isn't psychologically prepared and must sacrifice many things. So, to repeat myself – sex is no joking matter!

"And what did the doctor say? Tina asked Maddy.

"What doctor?!" said Susan indignantly. "She can't go to the gynaecologist! Then everyone will immediately know that there is something wrong!"

"Are you saying that she still hasn't been to the doctor's? So how do you even know that you are pregnant?" continued Tina quickly.

"I know. I've got all the signs. My period's more than two weeks late. I feel sick, my breasts hurt, my stomach is a bit big..." enumerated Maddy pathetically.

Allow me to laugh wholeheartedly. Ha, ha, ha. I've had those signs a hundred times in my life and I've only got two kids out of it

So, Maddy: STRAIGHT TO THE GYNAECOLOGIST'S!!!

33.

GYNAECOLOGISTS ARE PEOPLE TOO

"Fred's mum is a gynaecologist!" said Tina.

"Great! Then you can organise a check up for Maddy!" said Susan with delight. "And do it so that no one else knows. She can examine her in the basement or, even better, in an abandoned railway carriage. Maddy you can wear a wig and sunglasses and I'll dress as your husband and then..."

"I wouldn't even dream of going to see Fred now. I don't want him looking at me with those cocker spaniel eyes!" Tina interrupted her.

"Okay, I'll go!" shouted Susan and pathetically marched off to Fred's home.

Although it was late afternoon Fred was still in his pyjamas, as befitting someone who was recovering from disappointment in love. He blushed every possible colour when he saw Susan at the door. Ever since Ron told him that she had hairy legs Fred had respected her greatly.

"I'd like to talk to your mum," she said decisively.

Fred blushed even on the soles of his feet for he knew all too well that women and girls didn't

come looking for his mother because they wanted to discuss biscuit recipes. "Come in, mum's in the bathroom, she'll be out any minute..."

He led her into the living room. They sat opposite each other. Susan looked around her and Fred couldn't help noticing that she had bigger breasts than any woman he knew and his respect for her grew even deeper. Susan snapped at him:

"What are you gawping at? I'm not breast feeding yet!"

Even Fred's elbows and fingernails blushed. His mother came out of the bathroom. She looked strict but wasn't at all in reality. When Susan said hello and said seriously: "I hope you know something about pregnancy," Fred's mum couldn't help laughing and became the friendliest woman in the world. She listened carefully to Susan and told her she was right to have come to her.

She said that any girl who was living in fear because of the possibility that she might be pregnant should always call or go straight to the nearest clinic, ask for the nurse or doctor and confide her fears. Making an appointment and waiting was not necessary in such cases and could sometimes even be fatal. She also said that in every gynaecological clinic there was a gynaecologist who was especially good at dealing with teenagers. Then she told Susan to bring Maddy to her surgery at seven the next morning and not to worry because things could always be sorted out. As Susan was walking home she swore that she would

have at least eight children so that she could go as often as possible to this cool gynaecologist! She also

gave a little thought to the idea that it would not be so bad to have such a woman as a mother-in-law. Back home, she managed to soothe Maddy's nerves and then they all went to bed

thinking that the next day would decide Maddy's fate.

But not everyone could sleep. Fred was thinking how different people are. Tina and Susan, for example. And Ron couldn't sleep because he was imagining the looks on the faces of his specky friends at the chess club if he appeared in front of them with Tina on his arm and if

she had on the same leggings that she'd worn beneath the forsythia. When he aroused himself from this dream he was full of disdain for himself. He got up and punished himself by doing 200 squats. And Tina couldn't sleep because she was thinking about which dress she would wear when she accompanied Ron to receive his Nobel Prize and which one when he was sworn in as president. The only one who slept well was Damian.

34.

A TERMINATION ISN'T NECESSARILY TERMINAL

At one in the morning on the fateful night before Maddy's visit to the gynaecologist Susan's dad marched into her room with the phone in his hand and said: "'It's for you!"

"Is it Damian?" Susan was awake in a flash. "Maybe." Her dad shrugged. "I couldn't make out."

Yes! Finally Damian had realised that he couldn't escape his fate, thought Susan with satisfaction and took the phone. But it was Maddy. She was talking very quietly so as not to wake her parents and was crying.

"Can I come over to your place? Please!"

When she came she really looked in need of help. Susan drove her concerned father to bed and they settled down in the kitchen.

"The doctor will probably want to know what I want to do with the baby... But I haven't decided yet! This is terrible! What shall I do?" cried Maddy.

"What do you mean – what shall you do?! We can support one baby, surely?" replied Susan decisively. "I'll give you my lunch money as I'm on a diet anyway. To start with the baby can sleep in a cardboard box wrapped in a towel – it won't know where it is! Let's call Tina, she's very practical, she's sure to think of something."

While we are waiting for Tina let me tell you that in a way Susan is right. If a teenager decides to have a baby a solution can always be found. Although sometimes not the best one. The role of saviours is usually filled by parents and social services. In extreme cases the child can be given up for adoption by a suitable family who really want a child and will take good care of it.

Tina came and, as usual, knew what was best for everyone.

"Are you crazy, girl?!" she said. "You can't have a kid at sixteen! Go and get it aborted!" Upon this word everyone in the kitchen froze, including the flowers in the vase. (For those who don't know: an abortion is a forced termination of a pregnancy. It can only be done by a gynaecologist, using a small surgical procedure, in the first ten weeks of pregnancy.) Maddy blanched and Susan said angrily:

"That's just what I'd expect from you! You'd never allow yourself to be pregnant until you were married to someone with at least one villa and a swimming pool. If something did go wrong it would be elegantly solved by an abortion!"

Tina blushed. Since the famous encounter with Ron beneath the forsythia she felt that a swimming pool was perhaps not absolutely necessary. Maddy whispered:

"I've also thought a lot about an abortion... But... In some book I saw pictures of a foetus... they have such tiny little hands and perfect little fingers..."

Once again Maddy burst into tears.

So that is that, dear boys and girls. When a couple or a woman on her own find themselves in a situation where a pregnancy is completely unsuitable and the child would be unwanted, then it's suddenly no longer a topic for moralising and politicising. Then it's extremely serious and extremely difficult. For parenthood begins with the woman becoming aware of the child inside her! Then our maternal or paternal instinct makes us feel love for the child even if we're not aware of it and whether we want to feel this way or not. That is what Mother Nature has arranged, in order to ensure the survival of the species. So deciding on an abortion is very painful for any woman and we should never condemn her for it. At the most we can condemn the society that compels a woman to make such an extreme choice

The kitchen door opened slightly and Susan's dad peeped in. "Do you need anything? Shall I make you some coffee?"

"Go back to bed! This is women's talk!" barked Susan and her dad immediately disappeared again.

"Everything is men's fault!" growled Susan. But in spite of that she clearly felt that there was a member of the opposite sex who would in such moments stand by her, not blushing and staring at his trainers, and not suddenly spending the whole day at the gym. This wasn't Damian, nor the good natured dwarves from Snow White, but precisely her dad. She felt that Fred would one day be like that. Girls, believe me, there are thousands of such boys around, who will one day develop into reliable partners and devoted fathers. But they are not quite there yet and won't be for a while. Now they would be stricken with panic if you informed them that they had fathered a new child before they had even started shaving regularly. So once more: **SEX IS NO JOKING MATTER!** Let adults have it and let them deal with the responsibilities it brings. Why should they just enjoy themselves all the time?!