

The Troubled Fetus

By Kristopher Miller

The Fetus floats happily in its mother's womb. Its future has yet to be written in a best-selling autobiography that would be part of a media mogul's book club. Ahead of it was a road full of possibilities ranging from the path of a politician or a path of a prostitute.

The Fetus continues to float happily and without a single ounce of worry until the male spirit of its future self-manifests in the womb.

The Male Spirit smiles at the Fetus. "Hello there," he says. "How are you doing, future me?"

The Fetus quivers at the sight of the Male Spirit. "Uh, who are you?"

"I am yourself in a few decades, little Fetus," says the Male Spirit. "As a man, especially if your parents are white, you will have all sorts of doors open to you."

"Actually, I think my parents are of two different races," the Fetus replies.

The Male Spirit shakes his head. "Wow, okay. I guess that changes things then, huh?"

"What do you mean?" the Fetus asks in a nervous tenor.

"As a man of two different races, you are more likely to be profiled by the police and the government. You don't have to do anything illegal to have them stop and investigate you. You will most likely be stopped by police for just taking a walk."

Another voice, a female's voice, pops in. "Things would be worse if you were a biracial woman on the streets." The Female Spirit manifests in the womb. "You would not just be pulled over but you would also probably be raped on the spot as well."

The Fetus shakes in fear even more. "Who are you?" it asks.

"I am the female version of yourself in a few decades," the Female Spirit replies.

The Male Spirit snorts and says, "You do not want to be her, Fetus. You do not want to suffer menstruation or child birth, do you?"

The Fetus shakes even more and utters "Huh?"

Writing Raw

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The Female Spirit laughs. "Right, I was expecting you to say that. Speaking of child birth, how else is she, the fetus, going to come out to the outside world?"

The Fetus says, "You're both making me nervous."

But both the Male Spirit and the Female Spirit ignore the Fetus.

The Male Spirit says, "Well, if Mr. Fetus were you, then people would constantly wage war on whether you had the right to expel this little guy from your body."

The Female Spirit sighs. "You are as bad as a right-wing radio host asshole who bellows on the air that women are sluts for using birth control or for exercising our right to fuck anyone we want! When the Fetus is born, she will have to deal with a ton of contradictory bullshit regarding how she wants to express her sexuality. Hell, if you slept with any woman you wanted, you would not be shamed at all!"

The Male Spirit holds out his hands. "Now, listen here. If the Fetus is born as a man, he will have to deal with prejudice if he does not sleep with women. If he does not have sex with any woman, he would be considered gay. And him being considered gay would somehow be worse than being a Adolf Hitler!"

The Fetus squirms in fear. "Please, stop arguing," it pleads. "Both of you stop!"

The Male Spirit and Female Spirit continue to ignore the Fetus' pleas.

The Female Spirit clenches her fists and shrieks "Yeah?! If she does not have sex, then she would be called a prude or a dyke! Both men and women will hate her for not fucking them! She will have no say about whatever the hell she wants to do with her body! She won't even walk topless like a man can without being harassed because old white men think society is stuck in the Puritan era!"

The Male Spirit just scoffs at her. "Oh come on, you are making it like he will have the harder life. If he were born as a woman, that is."

"Try dealing with PMS. Try dealing with child birth. You said it yourself while trying to convince this thing between us not to be a woman."

The Male Spirit looks like he has been slapped across the face. "Now look-"

The Female Spirit keeps talking. "You also said that if the fetus were born white and a man, more doors would open up. But the fetus can't choose to be a woman or a man. She depends on biology for gender determination, dumbass."

The Fetus cries, "Please just stop arguing, both of you! I can't take this anymore!"

The Male Spirit shoots back with "Then if it is not biology's fault, then it is society's fault!"

The Female Spirit crosses her arms. "Then society needs to change, doesn't it? Given that the fetus can't choose her gender, race, and sexual orientation."

"Society can't change by itself!" the Male Spirit shouts back. "When the Fetus grows up, he will have to learn to fight for itself, regardless how it will be born-"

SQUIRCH!

Both the Male Spirit and the Female Spirit look at the source of the sound. Both their eyes widen in horror as they dissipate after seeing that the Fetus strangled itself with its umbilical cord when they were busy arguing.

The End

Kristopher Miller bio: Kristopher Miller is a budding writer, blogger, and scholar who graduated Peru State College in 2009 with a Bachelor of Science in English. He is currently working on his masters-level program in technical communication, but until then, he is working to release his first novella in fall 2012 and scribbling drafts of other novella, short story, and poetry material to keep himself from going crazy. He has also reviewed for Adventure Classic Gaming and he is also a writer on Helium.com. Apart from being featured in Writing Raw, Kris is also featured in Peru State College's Sifting Sands 2008 magazine, Chadron State College's Tenth Street Miscellany 2008 magazine, and the April 2010 issue of Down in the Dirt magazine. You can visit his abode at The Catacomb's Bookshelf at <http://catacombsbookshelf.blogspot.com>