

# Edna Takes Charge



Ladybone Culinary Bio-ethics







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# Edna Takes Charge



by

Roderick Earnestchild

*after an idea by Dornford Sittingbourne*

A Ladybone "Bio-ethics Book"

Edna was an ambitious little girl who lived with her fashionably unmarried mother, her “*cousin*” Brian, “Stuart” a Dorset long-haired retriever and a cat called “Fluff”. “*Thank goodness for non-means-tested benefits said Mummy*”. “*Country Casual twin sets don’t grow on trees you know*”, she continued. Brian was puzzled: this was his second bio-ethical conundrum of the day.



Brian liked to take charge and could be quite bossy. *“This kite is bio-ethically unsound and shouldn’t be allowed to fly. I am going to try to modify it genetically and save the planet”*, he said one day.

Edna liked the kite as it was. *“I am going to wrap this rope round your testicles and pull it very tight”*, she thought, but being a girl and a bit soft, she knew she wouldn’t really.





Edna and Brian were drawing. Mummy had given them pens and paper to keep them amused whilst she slipped upstairs to play with her friend Donald who sometimes popped round in the evenings and made funny noises.

*“My line is straighter than yours, ergo more ethically acceptable”*, insisted Brian. Edna decided he was a twat.



One day Donald delivered the milk so early that he stayed for breakfast. “*Hurrah*”, shouted Brian. “*At last a socially acceptable male role model of the kind generally acknowledged to be essential to the health of a growing boy*” he enthused.

Edna looked at her mother and wondered, not for the first time, if a single mother on benefits with a noisy friend who visited at night was the right role-model for her.





Later that week Mummy needed to pop into the chemists to buy a special pill that mummies took the morning after their best friend had made funny noises.

*“Can we buy some pharmaceuticals suitable for bio-ethically adventurous home experiments”*, Brian asked in his most beseeching voice? Mummy looked sceptical but agreed.

*“Oh for Christ’s sake do you ever give it a rest?”* thought Edna. She would definitely have to take charge!



On the way home, several ideas occurred to Edna, none of them of the kind Mrs Rictus, her teacher, would have thought suitable for a young girl.

*“I could push him under the train”, she thought, “but that might have unhappy consequences for the driver who might suffer from Post Traumatic Stress and need serious counselling.”*

In any event, she realised the man from the John Collier window display who was carrying home a gigantic toilet roll cover was watching from nearby.



Back at school, Edna had another idea.

*“Whilst no one is looking, I could smash his bio-ethical face into an ontologically fixed coatpeg until it comes out on the other side”*

she thought, realising that the school's failure properly to observe modern Health and Safety guidelines had presented her with a golden opportunity.





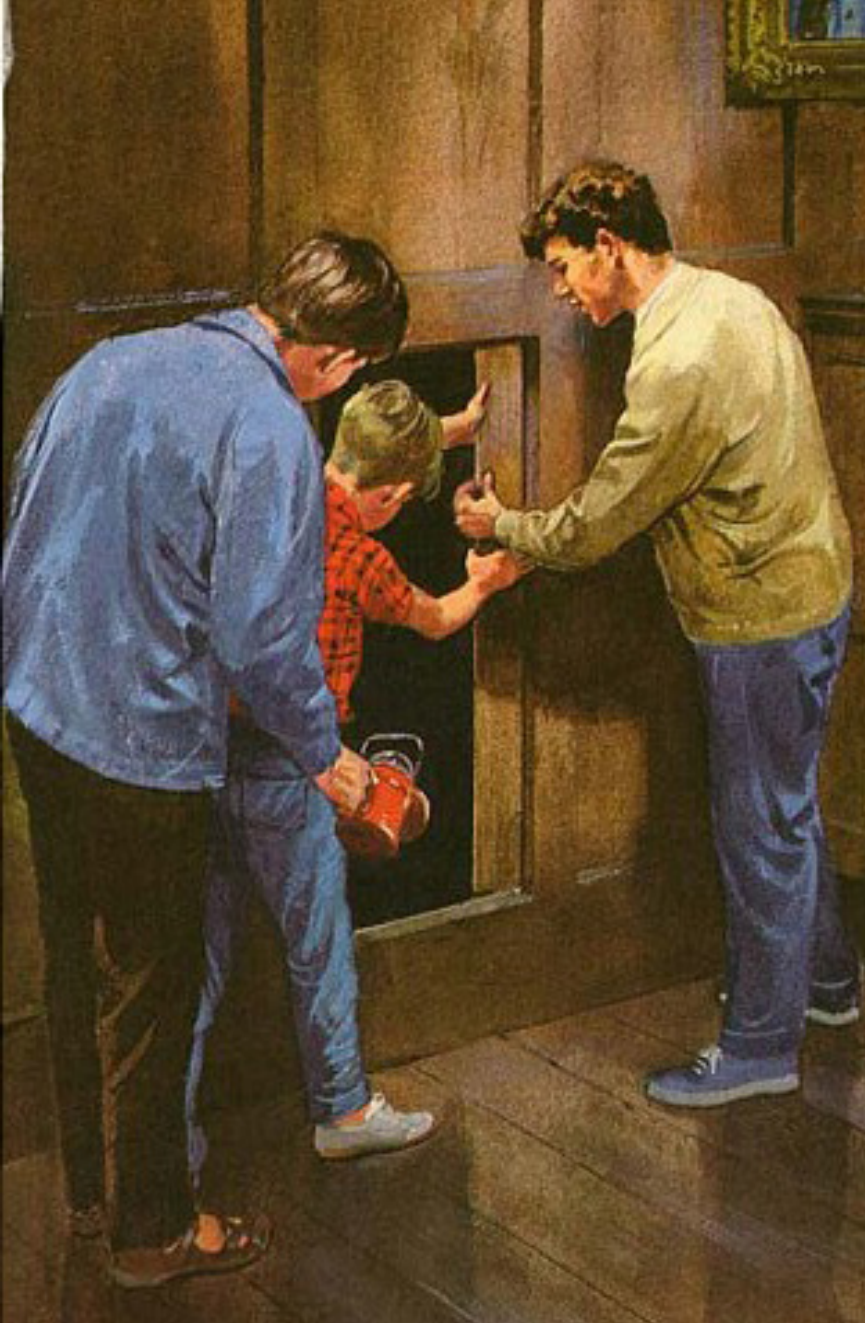
Ideas just kept popping into Edna's head.  
*"Or I could tell the people at mummy and Donald's adult therapy group that Brian has the world's smallest penis, that he will never enjoy a happy and fulfilled life and that a visit to Dignitas would be morally justified in the circumstances."*

Edna wondered why there were dinner plates hanging from the walls but concluded it was probably part of Donald's special treatment.



Edna was on a roll. *“Or I could talk to that nice Josef Fritzl and his friend from down the road and see if they can help me keep the little prick hidden for a while”* she mused.

His head still full of thoughts of becoming a famous Professor of Culinary Bio-ethics, Brian suspected nothing.





*“Better still”, Edna concluded. “I’ll become a nurse, study bacteriology and introduce methicillin-resistant Staphylococcus aureus into his dripline”. “In fact”, she continued, “if I make a batch, I might do for Donald as well.”*

In any event, Edna was determined. One way or another she was going to get the annoying little sod. Yes! She was definitely going to take charge!



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