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Bevan, Nathan. Wales on Sunday [Cardiff (UK)] 28 Sep 2008: 16.

Abstract (summary)  Translate [unavailable for this document]

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Full Text  Translate [unavailable for this document]

MEN, can I talk to you about safe sex?

Now, I know there are some of you out there, mostly in the borough of Merthyr, for whom "safe sex" means making sure the hand-brake on the Subaru Impala is fully on before attempting to take your trousers off.

But have the rest of you ever wondered why there's never been a contraceptive pill for men?

Well, I'll tell you.

It's because it would lead to mood swings, enlarged breast tissue and hair loss, and - to be quite frank - I don't need any artificial help in that department.

I'm perfectly capable of going completely to seed all on my lonesome, thank you very much.

Thank heavens then for the Aussies, in particular Professor Derek Abbott and his team from the University of Adelaide, who've invented a way for men to control the flow of their sperm - it's alright, I've checked with a doctor and he said it's OK to say sperm on a Sunday (I've also had it seconded by my vicar).

Anyway, Prof Abbot has designed a remote-controlled key fob that allows men to turn on and off a tiny valve that's been surgically implanted in their nethers under...
local anaesthetic.

The size of half a grain of rice, this "fertility control micro-valve" opens and shuts the vas deferens, the duct in the body that deals with all the baby-making stuff.

Now, I don't know about you, but something like that would certainly make a vas deferens to my life.

Ho ho!

But am I the only one to spot a major flaw in this plan?

I mean, what if you get the fob confused with the one that works the locks on your car?

Just imagine struggling towards your Volvo Estate, heavy shopping with both hands, while rummaging around in your jacket pocket for the little button to pop the boot.

Push the wrong one and you're going to get a severe case of the cross-eyes, not to mention a few odd looks from the other Tesco shoppers who might have happened to be in the car park at the time.

And it doesn't end there either.

Mix up those fobs during the heat of passion and you can look forward to seriously stern looks from the missus the following morning.

"Two things," she'd say, tapping her foot furiously, arms wrapped tight together across her chest.

"First of all, I think I'm pregnant.

"Secondly, the bloody car's been broken into...

AGAIN!"

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