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One Man's Story
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ONE MAN'S STORY

His parents met. His father had sperm, and his mother, eggs. This is how he got started.

Nine months later he was on the outside.

After the usual stations of childhood he finally achieved the adult form of his species...

Then there was a women, who said, with your sperm and my eggs we could make a child.

He said, oh, no, my father does that. He's the expert in that field.

Then what do you do? she said.

I tend to grow inside of my mother after my dad has with her. Nine months later I come out and start to mess on myself. Please forgive me, at the time I don't know any better. But I do finally achieve the imago of my species. I enter my middle years; all the time growing toward my end. Finally I'm wornout and have become biological trash. Nature loses interest. I am alone...