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The Man Who Wanted to Grow Mushrooms

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THE MAN WHO WANTED TO GROW MUSHROOMS

It was something to do with the land in the basement, under a house he was hemmed into, his life overrun by women and gardens and green vegetables. Something in him grew where nothing else would. Something grew dark. Some dank husbandry gave him strength without light without roots—something could make its own life and make it his. His cattle ranch. His crimson clover. His secret field of mushrooms under the house in a light women couldn't see by. All this was his until one afternoon too late for anything else he called his grandson aside. "We'll make money at this," he said. "We'll get our land back again." But inside two months he was dead, and the mushrooms still growing quietly under the floor under my bed.