Coot and the Sperm Bank

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COOT AND THE SPERM BANK

I'll tell you, tell you damn straight—this whole notion of banks is sorry as a sinner Sunday morning. I'd never trust a man who scrubs his nails with anything I grub for. And this business of "donors" makes the whole affair ring righteous as Christmas with a preacher. Money's bad enough but now they're setting up a whole new generation to be strangers. It's sad all right. Sadder than them phoney fires they burn up iron logs with in bars where youngsters sit all night working up a sweat to record music. Hot enough, that fire, to brand a steer with, but it leaves your cockles cold and it don't fill up the air with the right scent. You read a good fire like a book, eyes and ears, nose and skin all working at the same time. There's a deal of history in one, and hints about the future. Lord, I'd dread to look into the eyes of any son of mine my Missus had withdrawn from some Nobel genius stranger who wouldn't even leave his name. You got to tend a fire once you set it or it can run amok seeking you out.