Legal

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Abstract

"Good morning," he said. "Yeah," I said...
"GOOD morning," he said. "Yeah," I said. "Don't turn that water on too far. It splashes out on your trousers."
"Got a blade I can borrow?"
"Yeah, there in my kit."
"Thanks."
"Damn beard grows too fast."
"Yeah, someone ought to find a hormone for negative growth of whiskers."
"Good idea."
"Mind closing the window? I can't stand to hear that kid cry."
"Better get used to the sound. You might have a kid of your own some day."
"If I do, it won't be a bastard like its old man."
"Wah, wah," cried the baby.
"What are you saying?"
"That's what I am. I was adopted."
"That's no sign."
"No, no sign. But I sometimes get an empty feeling when I think of it."
"Yeah, I suppose."
"I might be the result of one stiff drink."
"Baa, wah," cried the baby.
"What's the difference how you got here? None of us asked to come."
"The result of one stiff drink. Guess you're right, but all my kids will be legal."
"Mind if I use your lotion?"
"Go ahead."
"Thanks."
"Okay."
"So long."
"Mine will all be legal," he suddenly yelled, shaking his razor.
"Okay, okay!" I said, closing the door.
"Bah, wah," cried the baby.