

Sam the Sperm Journeys Out

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Just an intro to a story about my sperm anthro, Sam... There'll be more later.

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1 - Intro

It can be hard living the life of a sperm. I mean, really, you can't say you've had a bad day until you've lived in a dude's balls. Yeah, it's a hard life (pun TOTALLY intended, in case you didn't catch it the first time), but it's my life. Who am I, you may ask? I'm Sam. Sam the Sperm...

Now, I'm not exactly sure of my host's name, but the boys and I like to call him "Guy". It works. It's a name, and he really is a guy. Ah, but I'm getting off course now. Anyway, as far as I know, Guy is a good place to live, be it his nards or not. There's a lot of us here.

Well, until the bus comes anyway. What bus? I'm sure that's what you're wondering. The answer to that is the bus OUT. That doesn't answer anything though, because now I'm sure you're wondering where Out is. That's a good question, because every fella who goes Out never comes back in.

According to various germs who took a wrong turn at the lower intestine, Out is sorta like being reborn...IF you get to the RIGHT Out, that is. Some Outs can kill you! Specifically, one Death Out is called "Condom". Another is called "Mastrubation". Eh, but what do germs know? I think they take advantage of the fact that they can come and go as they please...

Which leads me to another point. Apparently, anywhere past Guy's orifices besides Out is toxic, and can ALSO cause death. Advantage or not, I don't intend to risk it. See what I mean by hard life? Oh, and no pun intended this time, 'cuase that joke's gettin' OLD...

So here I am, stuck in Ballsville with only one way Out that could also be the wrong Out that kills me. Great. So I've decided to fight my natural instincts that drive me to go Out and miss that bus, and possibly survive.

Now I watch as busload after busload leaves, and no one comes back. It's starting to get boring, kids. REAL boring. I'm starting to wonder if risking it is really all that bad...