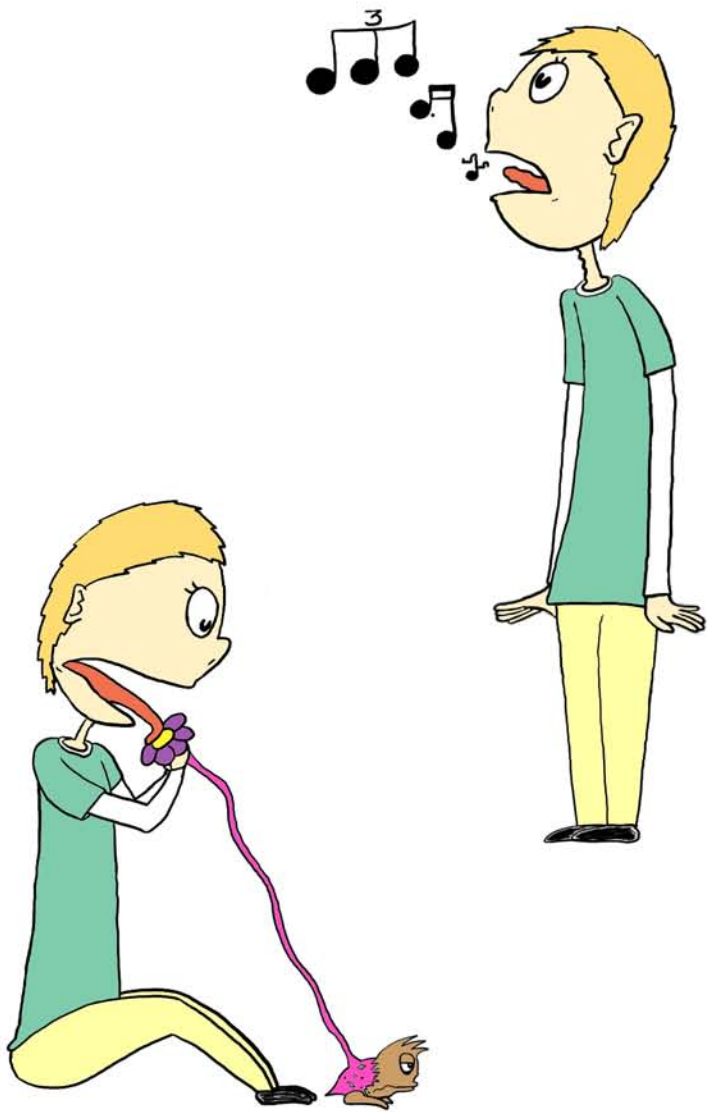


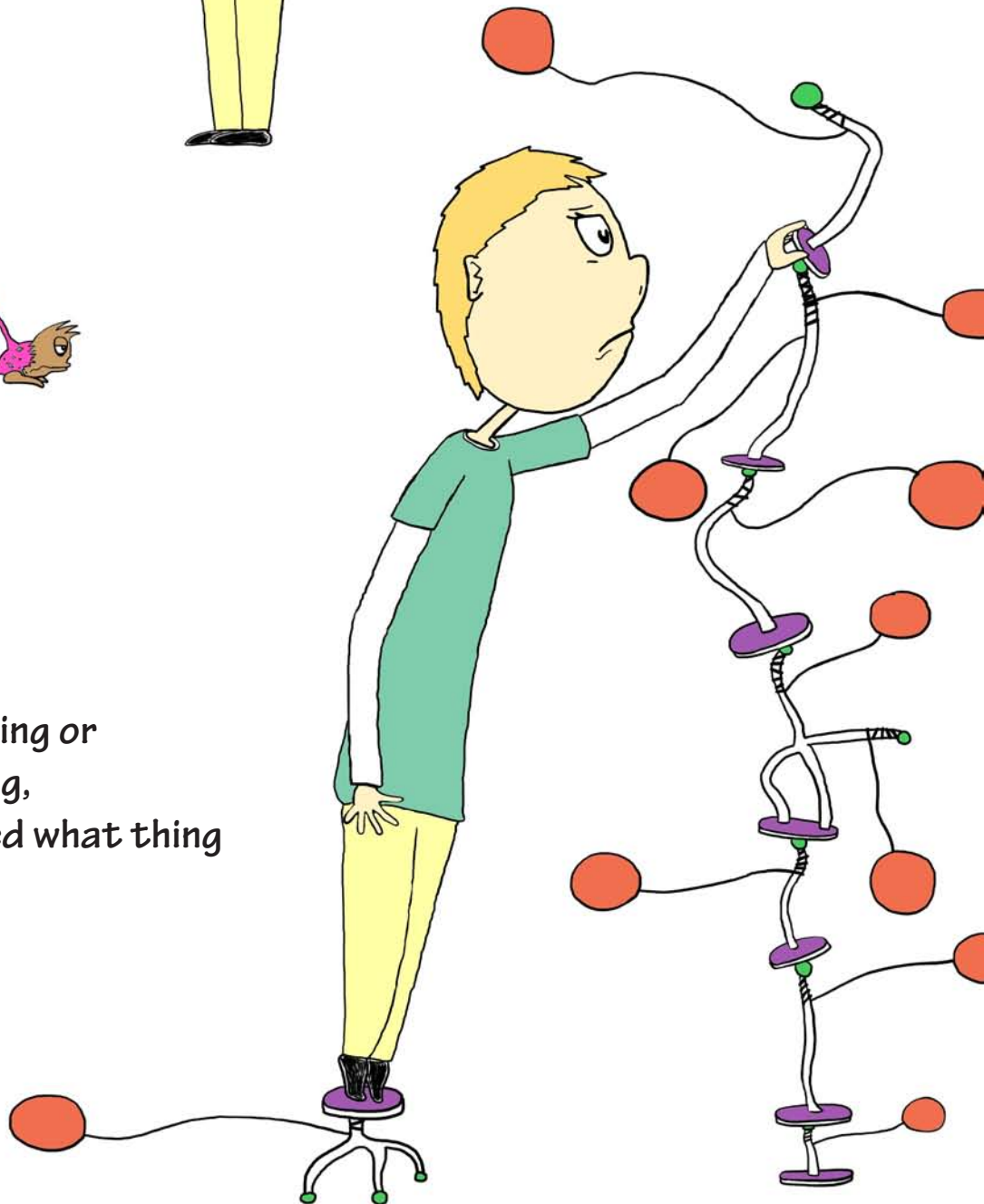
The trouble for Alex
Von Seahorse Von Phee
Was choosing which where
was the where he should pee.
For he was a she, you see.
A very odd thing for a he to be.

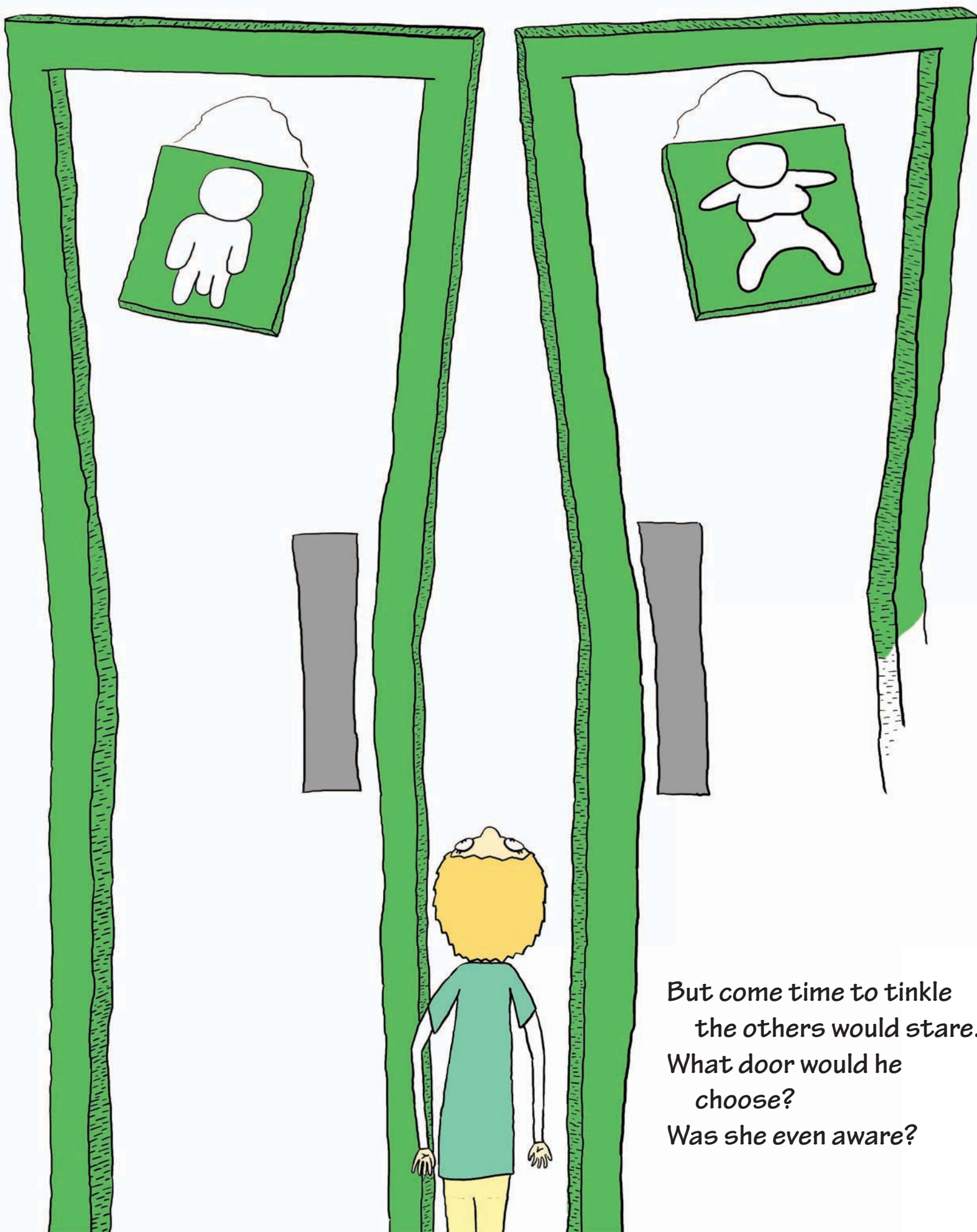
“Was this part the extra?”
“Was that what he’s lacking?”
“What are all these, thats, and
those?” they kept asking.





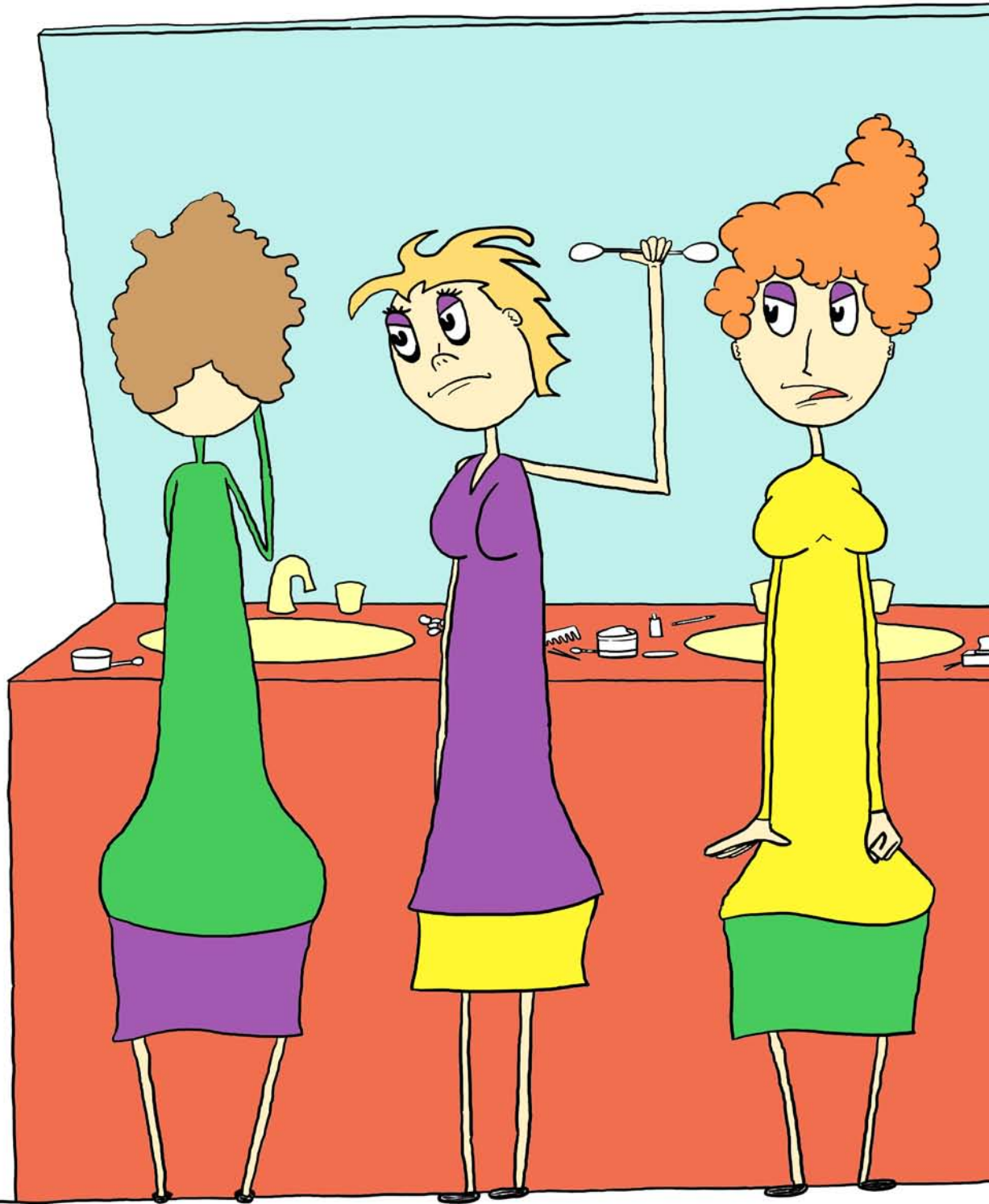
When singing or snacking or
spin-dangle stacking,
It never much mattered what thing
she was packing.



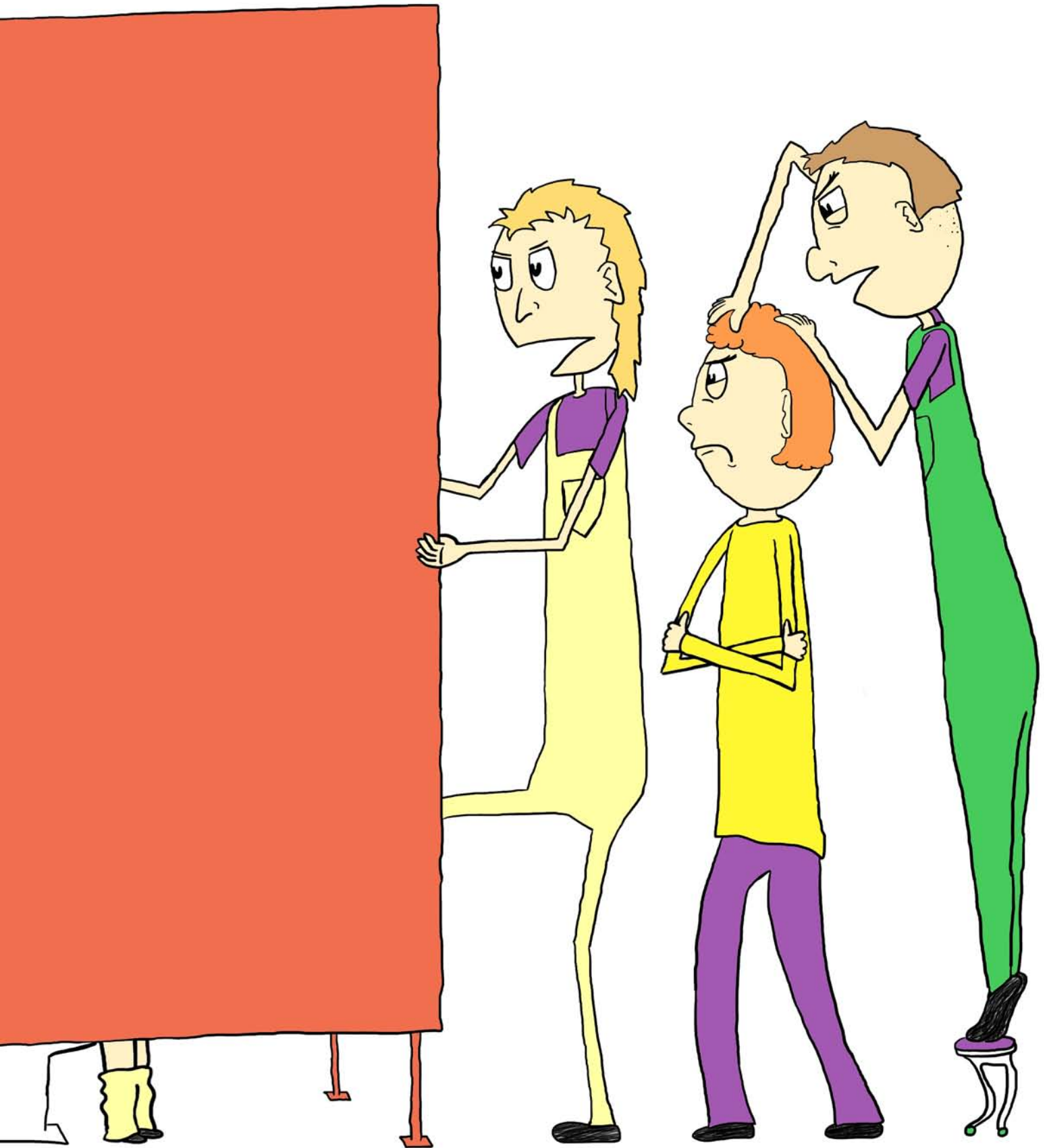


But come time to tinkle
the others would stare.
What door would he
choose?
Was she even aware?

Girls mussing and fussing.
Girls preening and prissing.
“No boys!” when he entered,
they all began hissing.



They boys were no better,
they kicked in her stall.
“You don’t belong here!”
“No girls!”
“None at all!”

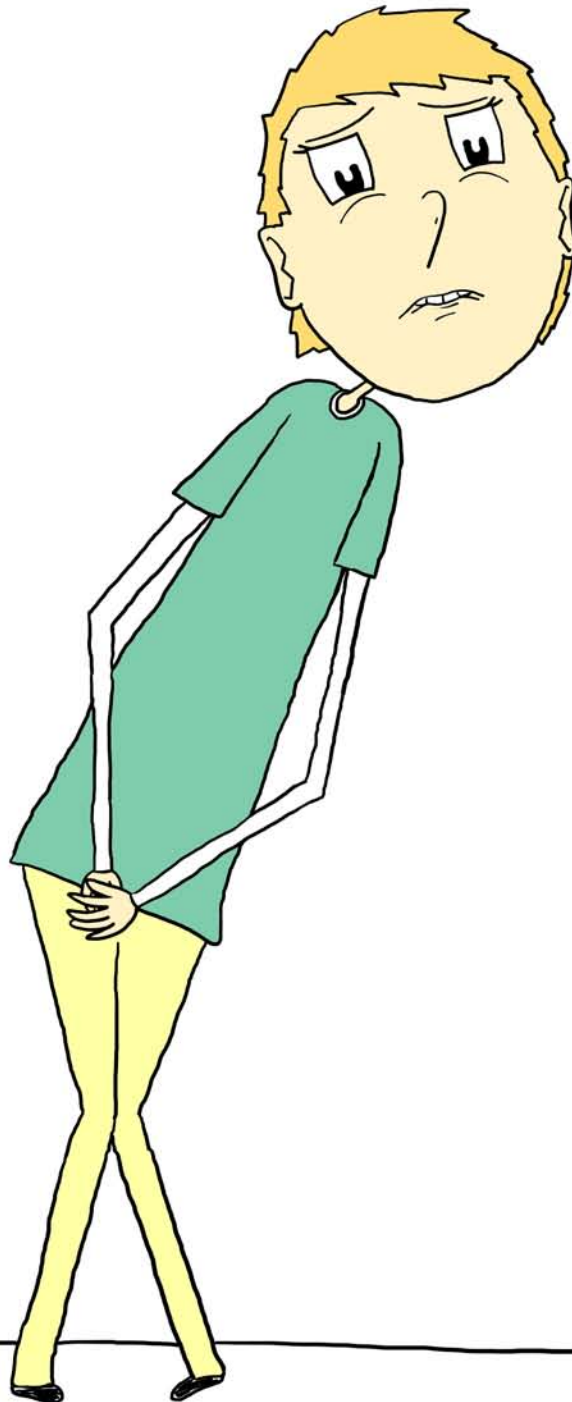


Whether he was a she
or 'twas she who was he
Was now of concern to
Miss Mister Von Phee.
She still had to pee, you see.
Had to pee! *Had to pee!*
Had to PEE!

PEE!

PEE!

PEE!

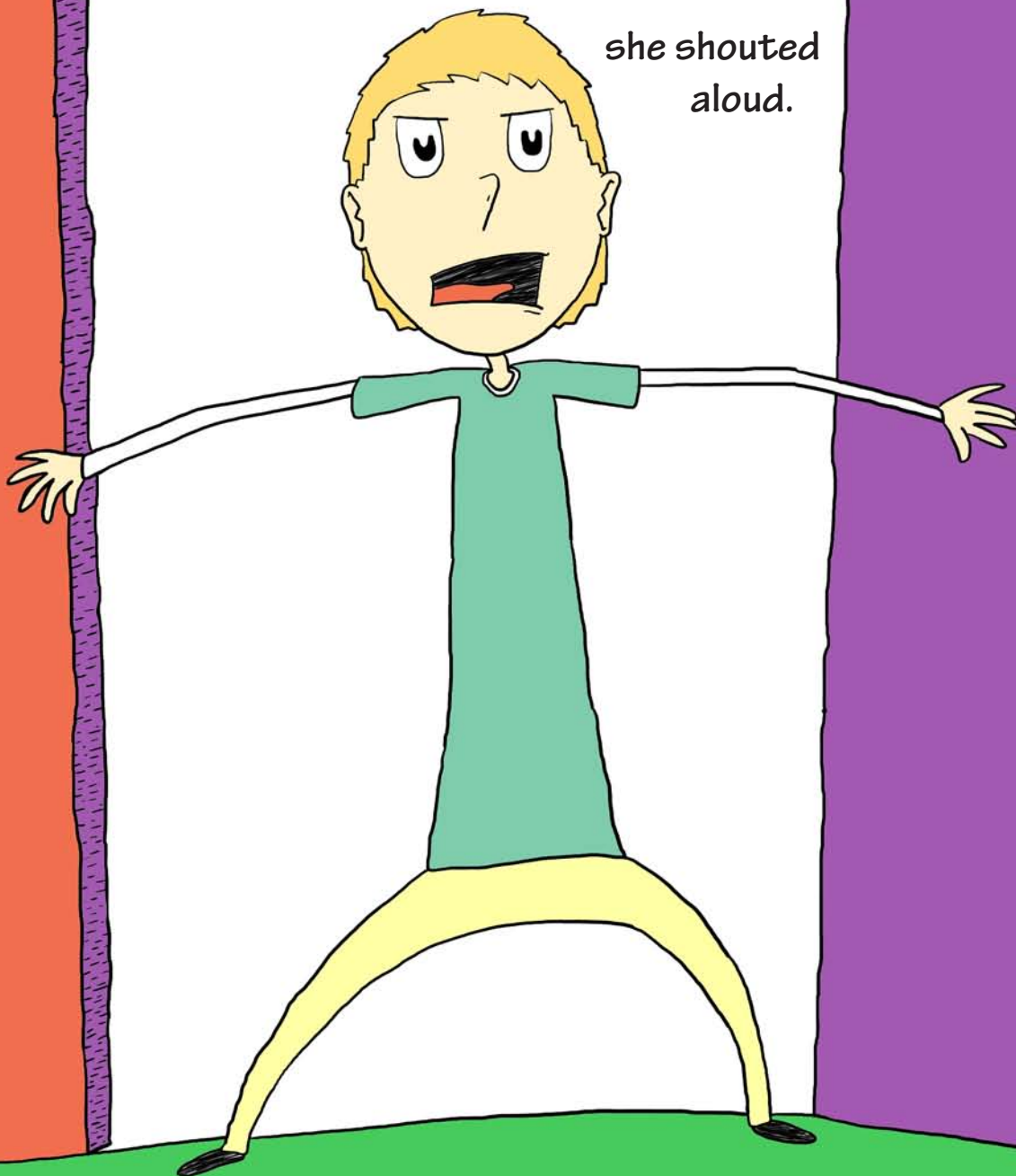


Alex burst out the bathroom
and flew through the crowd.

ATTENTION!

ATTENTION!

she shouted
aloud.

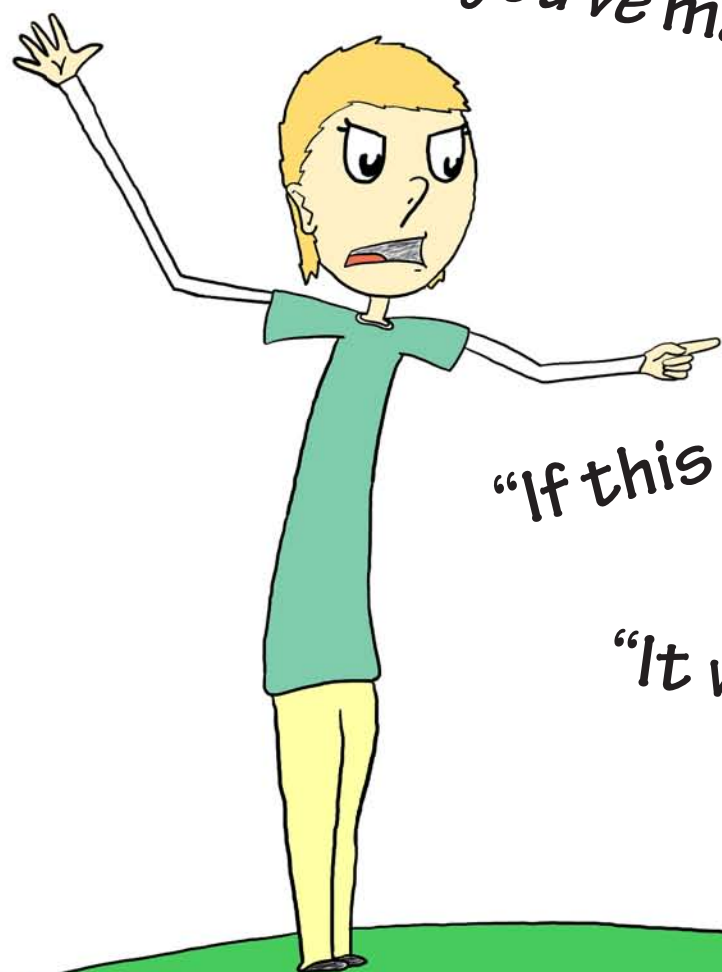




With everyone watching,
all gathered around
She pulled down his pants
and went on the ground.

“Look what I’ve done!”

“What you’ve made me do!”



“If this happens again”

“It will be number two!”

