



“Oh, how lucky, fancy that -
You have some hairs out front to plait.
And unlike me, you’ve got instead,
That funny thing between your legs.”



“And Daddy, did you know,” she said,
“That you have less hair on your head?
Now I must say, it brings me joy,
That you look like my favourite toy.”



“Hold still Gran so I
can check,
The furthest swing your
neck can get.”

I wish my neck could also wobble.
Come on Gran, let's gobble gobble!”

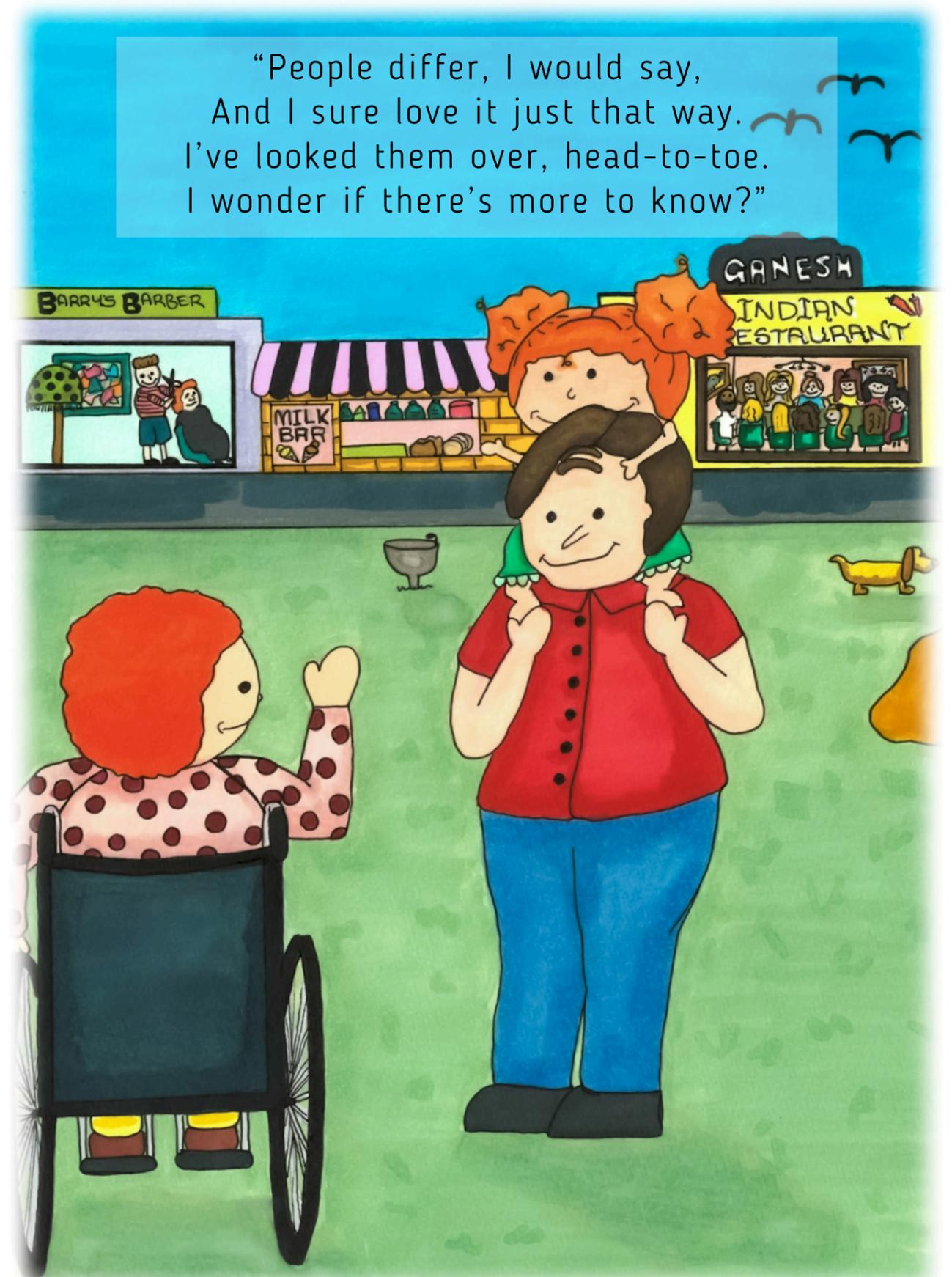


“Gran, you know, if I could choose,
I'd have skin like yours that can move,
And scrunch and twist and turn and crinkle.
I hope someday, I too, will wrinkle.”





“I think it’s best to now impart,
That people come with differing parts.
And most of which are hard to change,
But even still, we’re much the same.”



“People differ, I would say,
And I sure love it just that way.
I’ve looked them over, head-to-toe.
I wonder if there’s more to know?”