

PRETTYBOY ROY

Handsome he was like no other boy

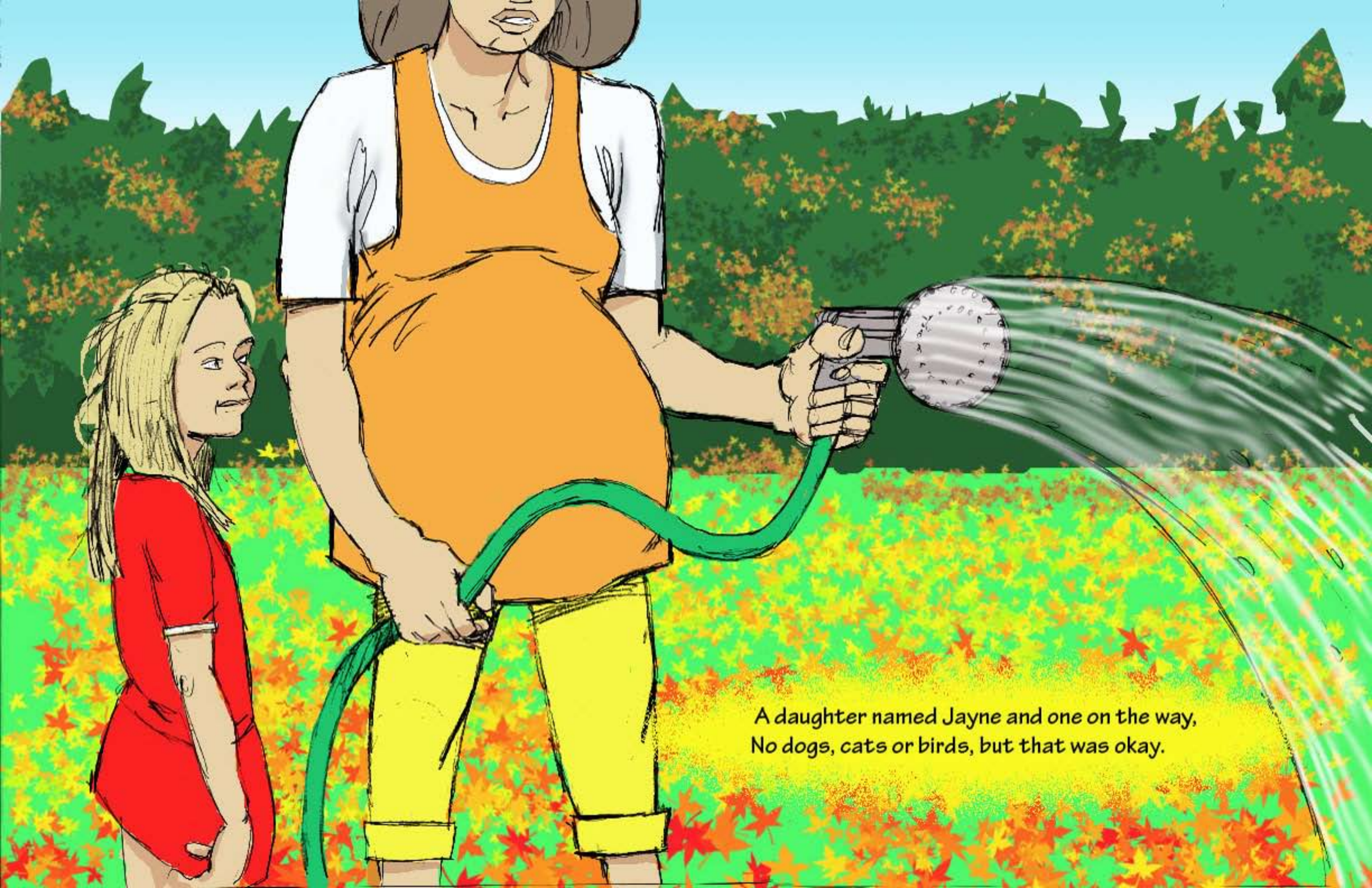
by David Peters





*Our story begins with a wish and a prayer,
A hope and a dream for beauty so rare.*

*Jack and Joan Green were husband and wife.
They had a nice house and a very good life.*



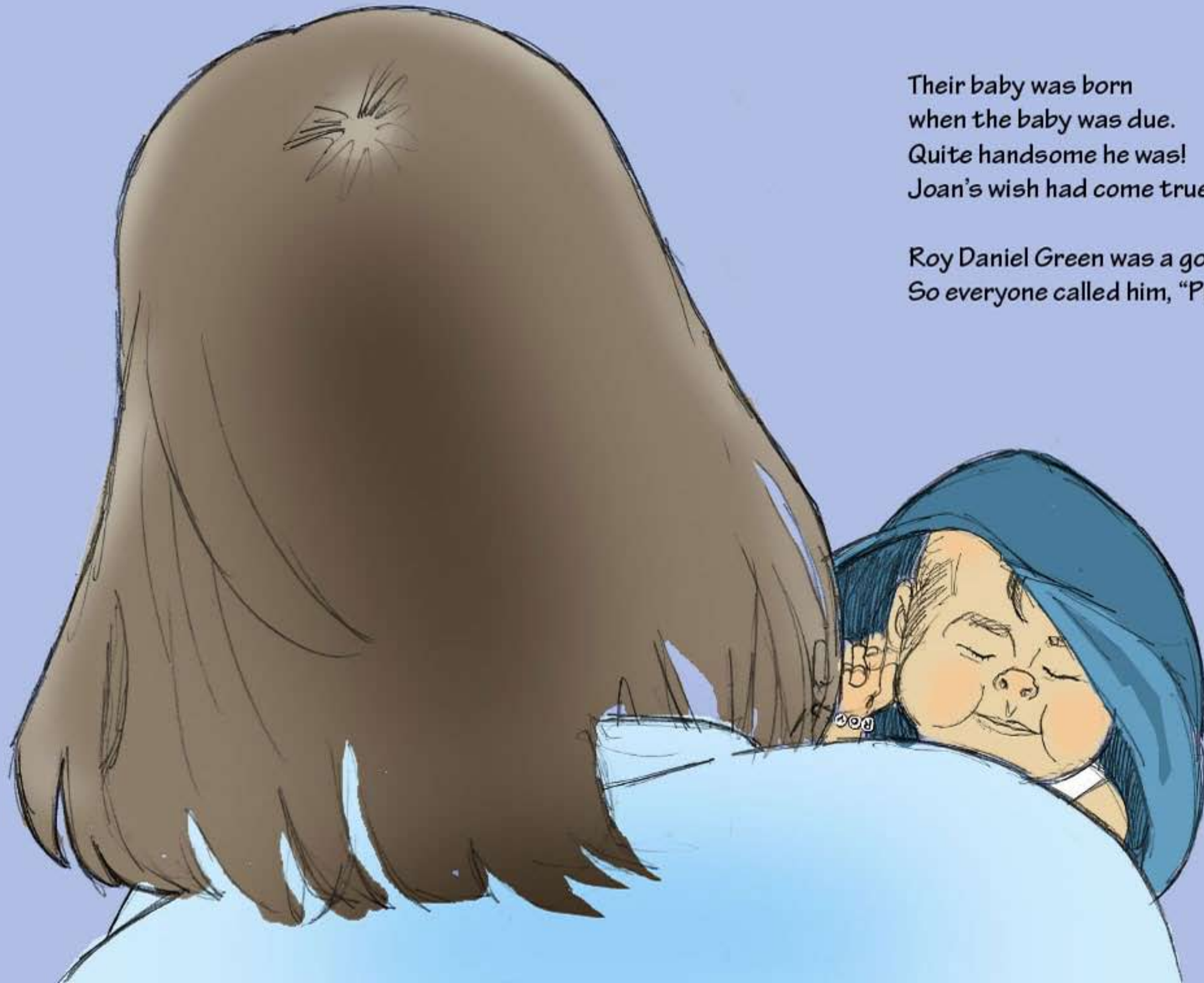
A daughter named Jayne and one on the way,
No dogs, cats or birds, but that was okay.



Joan said, "I hope for a good-looking son,
A beautiful boy with looks that will stun!"

Jack had to laugh! "Let's see how it goes.
I only hope the kid has ten toes!"



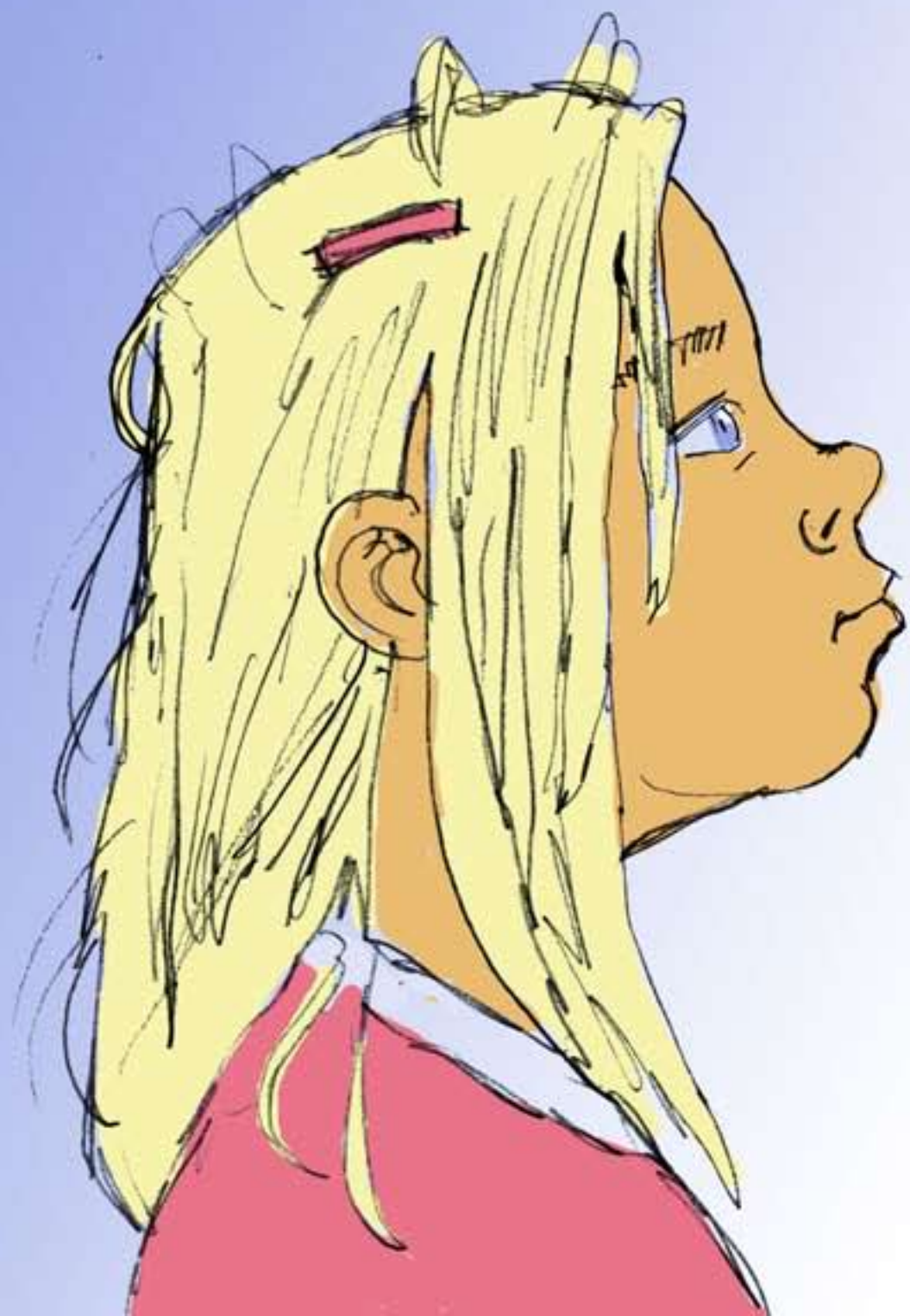


Their baby was born
when the baby was due.
Quite handsome he was!
Joan's wish had come true!

Roy Daniel Green was a good-looking boy,
So everyone called him, "Pretty Boy" Roy.

With Mom and Dad home they told Jane they missed her.
Then baby Roy met his tall, older sister.

Jane was not pretty. Jane was just plain.
Her hair was a mess. Her sock had a stain.



When Roy was four and Jayne was eleven
They ran through the sprinkler and thought it was heaven.
The family was fine. The kids laughed a lot.
And when they caught colds they blew gobs of snot.



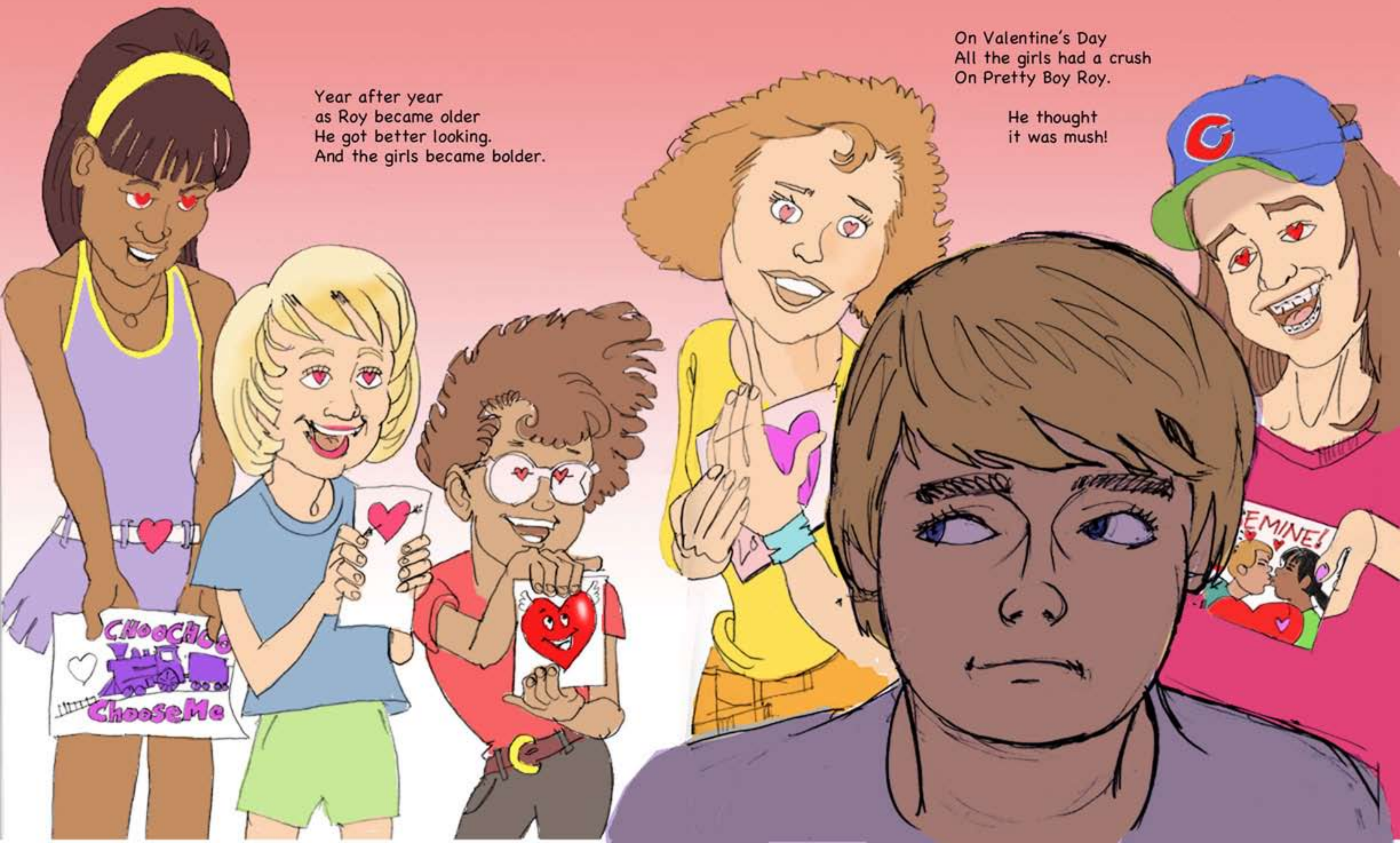
When people saw Roy
in his snowsuit so red
They cooed and they gushed
and here's what they said:

"That boy is SO pretty!"
"Look at those eyes!"
"That's a beautiful baby!"
"He's just the right size!"



Just in time for his first day of school
Mom cut Roy's hair to make him look cool.
For pictures Roy posed with a smile and this is
His first-grade yearbook loaded with kisses.





Year after year
as Roy became older
He got better looking.
And the girls became bolder.

On Valentine's Day
All the girls had a crush
On Pretty Boy Roy.

He thought
it was mush!

When Roy walked the halls the students would stare
At his pretty blue eyes and his pretty blond hair.
Girls would call Roy all night and all day.
His phone rang and rang, 'til he threw it away!

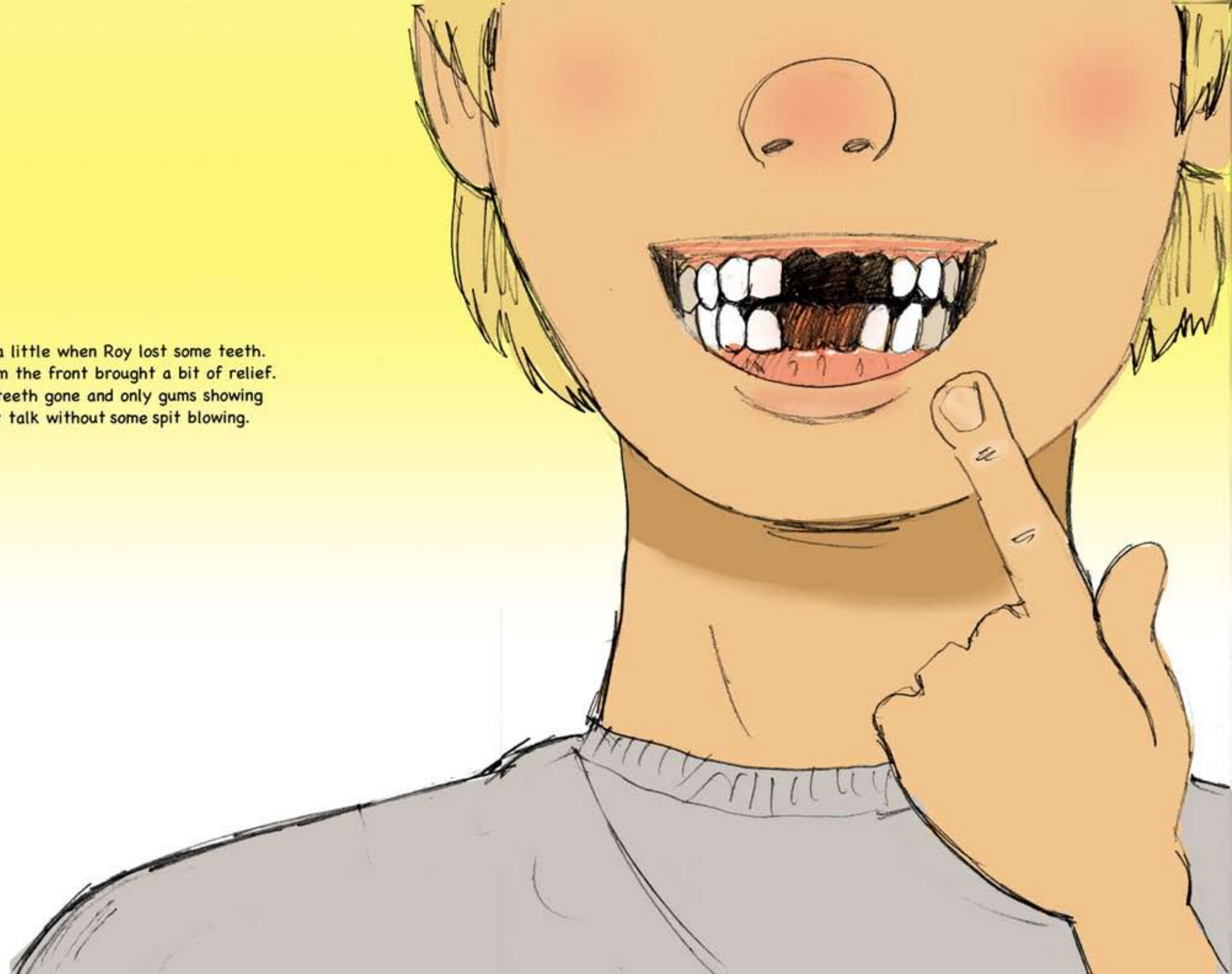




At school, at the pool or while riding his bike,
The girls would all say, "That's the boy that I like."
"Pretty-boy Roy," is all that he heard
From neighborhood girls and even one nerd.

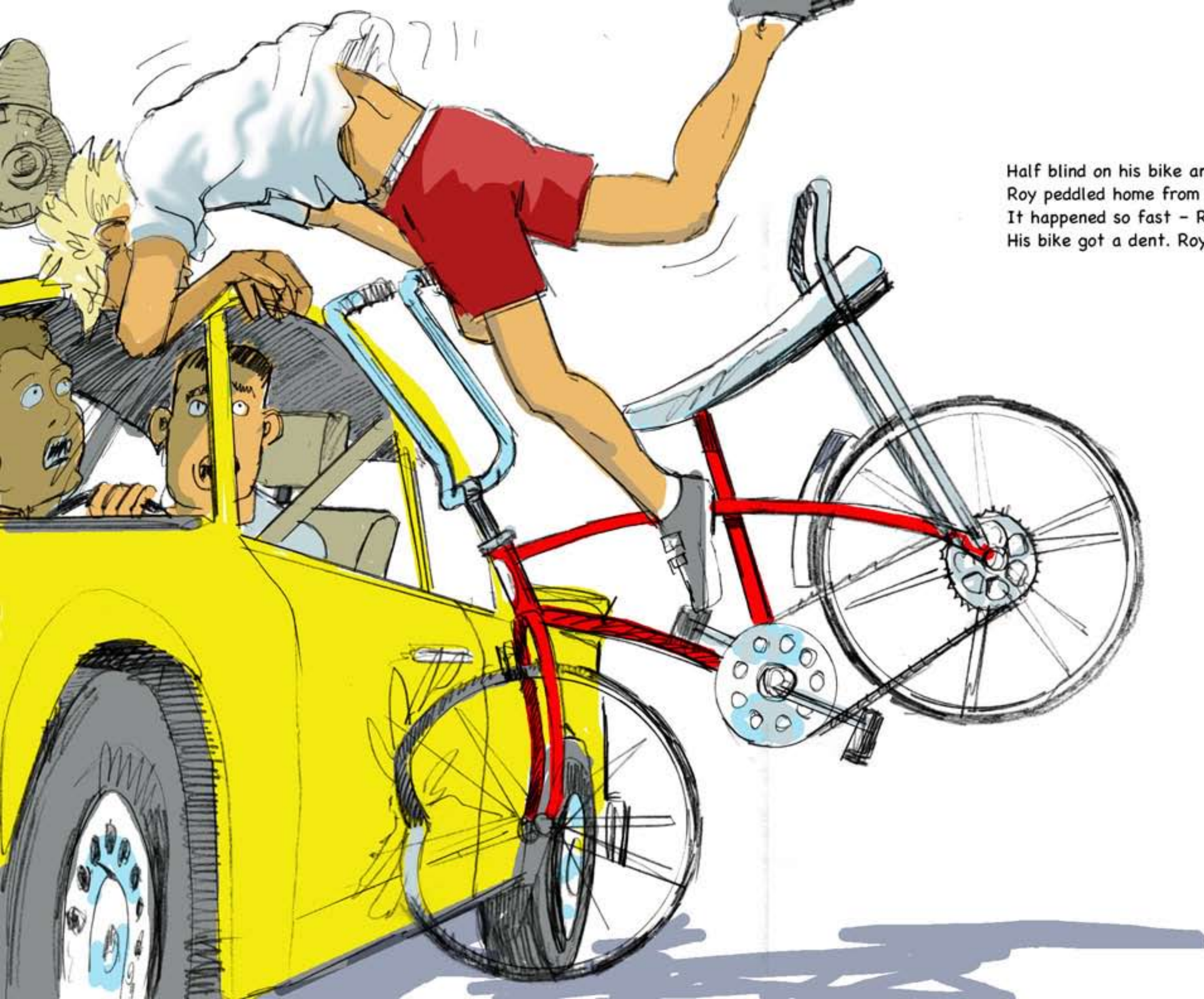
All those remarks made Roy want to hide.
He pulled down his cap when he traveled outside.

It did help a little when Roy lost some teeth.
All four from the front brought a bit of relief.
With baby teeth gone and only gums showing
Roy couldn't talk without some spit blowing.





Baseball was fun and Roy liked to play.
He stood up to bat one sunny day.
A fastball came in and Roy didn't duck.
He got a black eye and THEN some MORE bad luck...

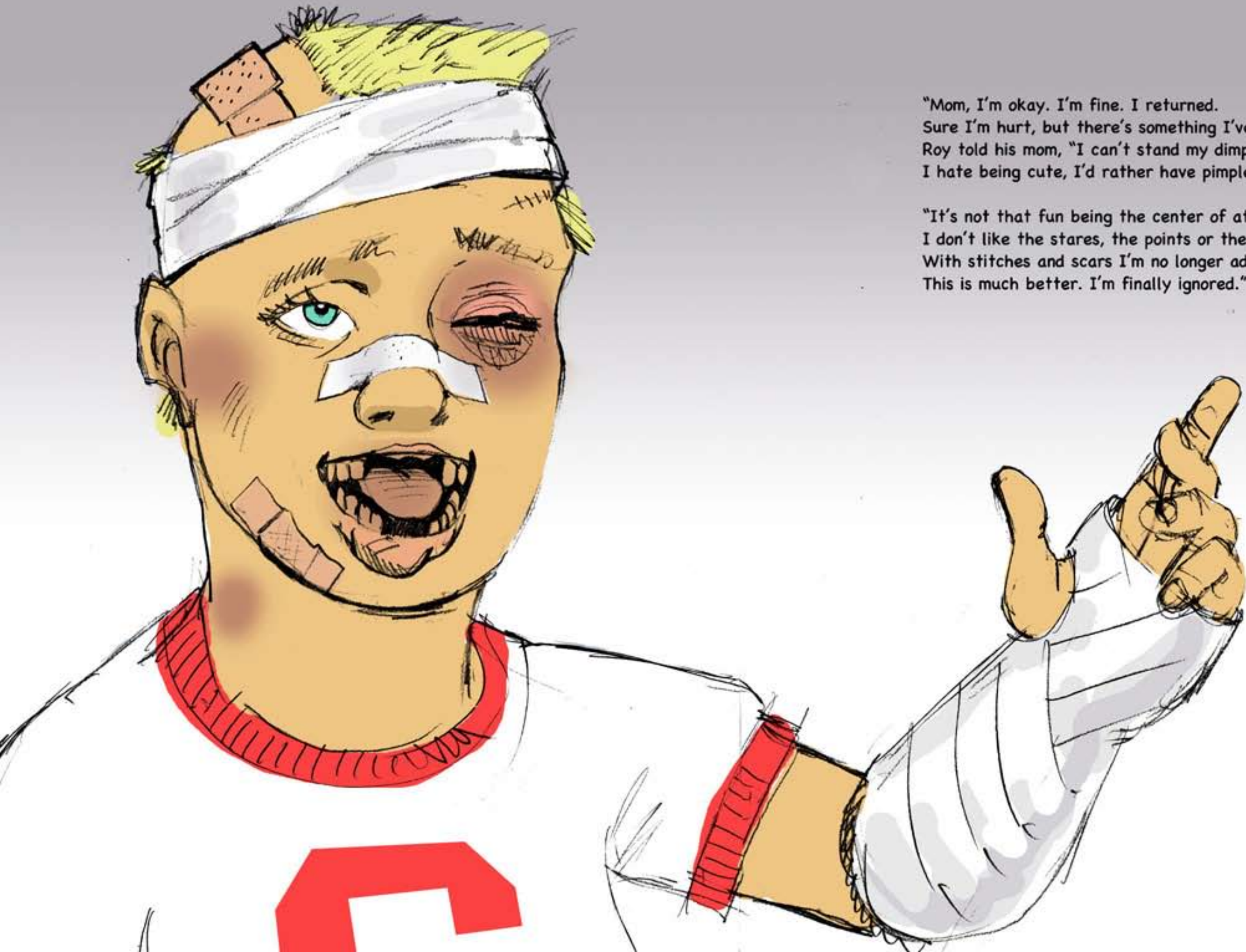


Half blind on his bike and starting to groan,
Roy peddled home from the game all alone.
It happened so fast - Roy hit a car.
His bike got a dent. Roy flew pretty far.

When Mom saw her boy she thought she was dreaming.
Roy's face was a mess and she started screaming!

"My pretty boy!! What happened to you?
How did you get hurt? What did you fall through??"

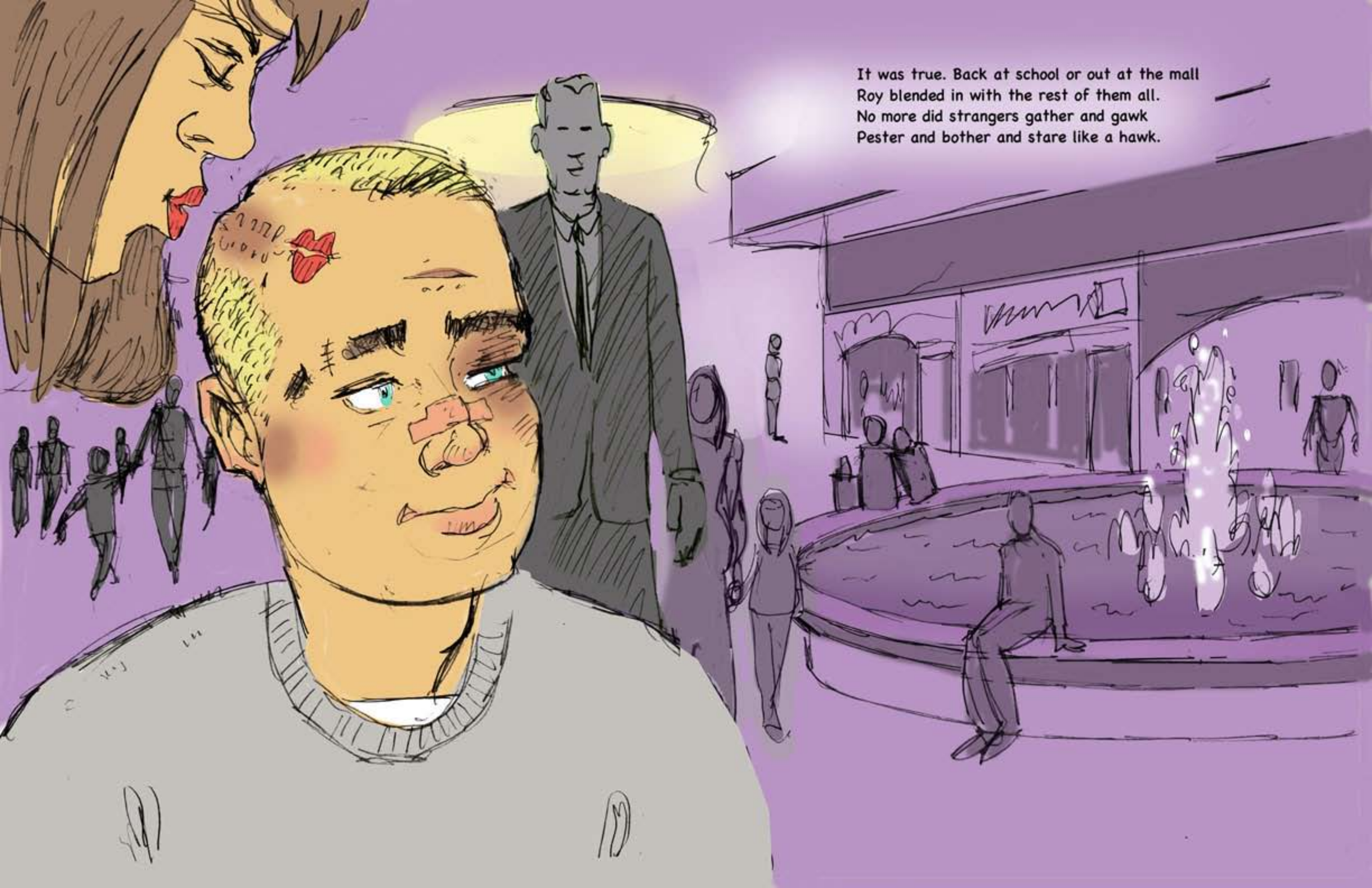




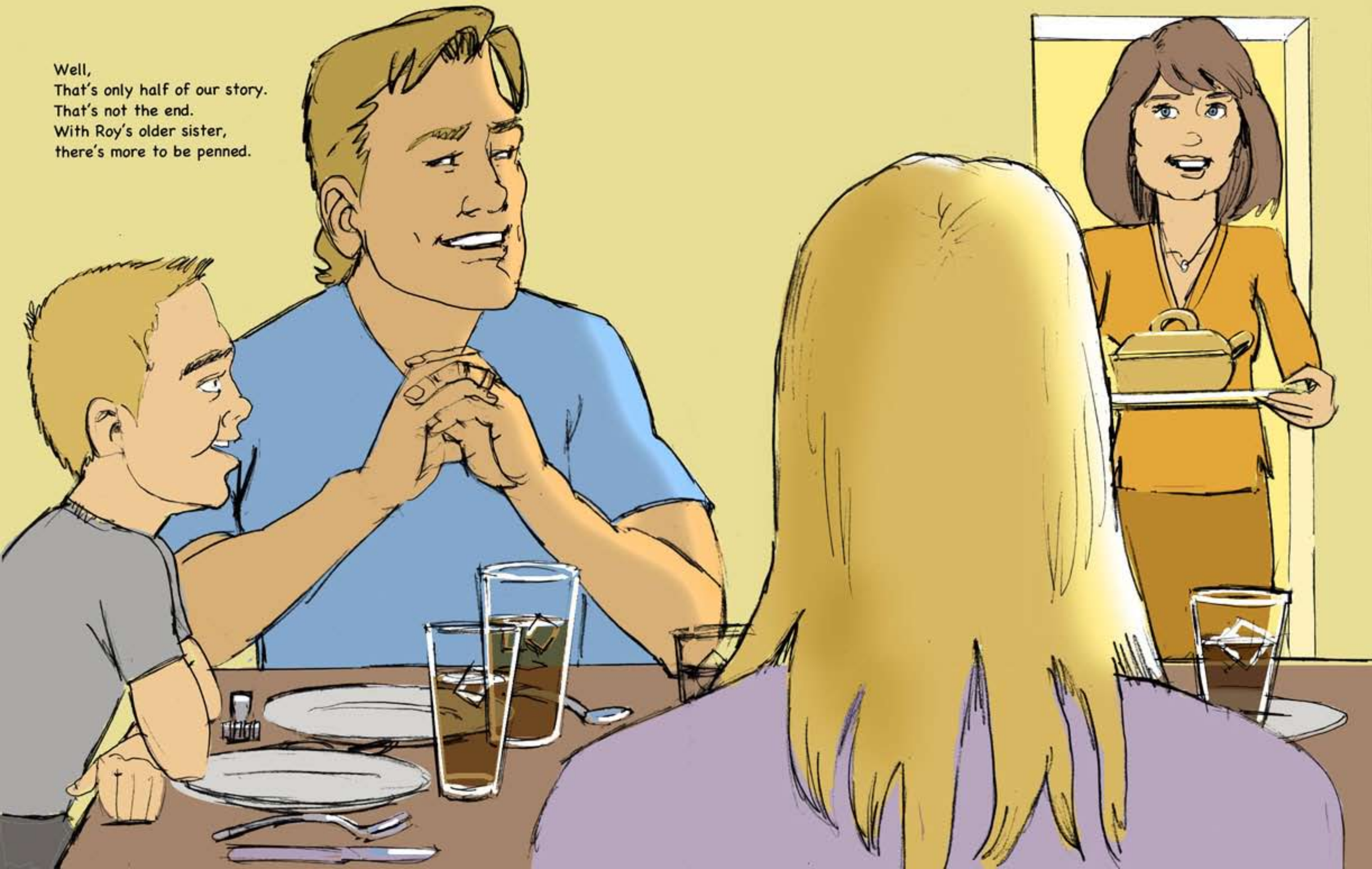
"Mom, I'm okay. I'm fine. I returned.
Sure I'm hurt, but there's something I've learned."
Roy told his mom, "I can't stand my dimples.
I hate being cute, I'd rather have pimples!"

"It's not that fun being the center of attention,
I don't like the stares, the points or the mentions.
With stitches and scars I'm no longer adored.
This is much better. I'm finally ignored."

It was true. Back at school or out at the mall
Roy blended in with the rest of them all.
No more did strangers gather and gawk
Pester and bother and stare like a hawk.



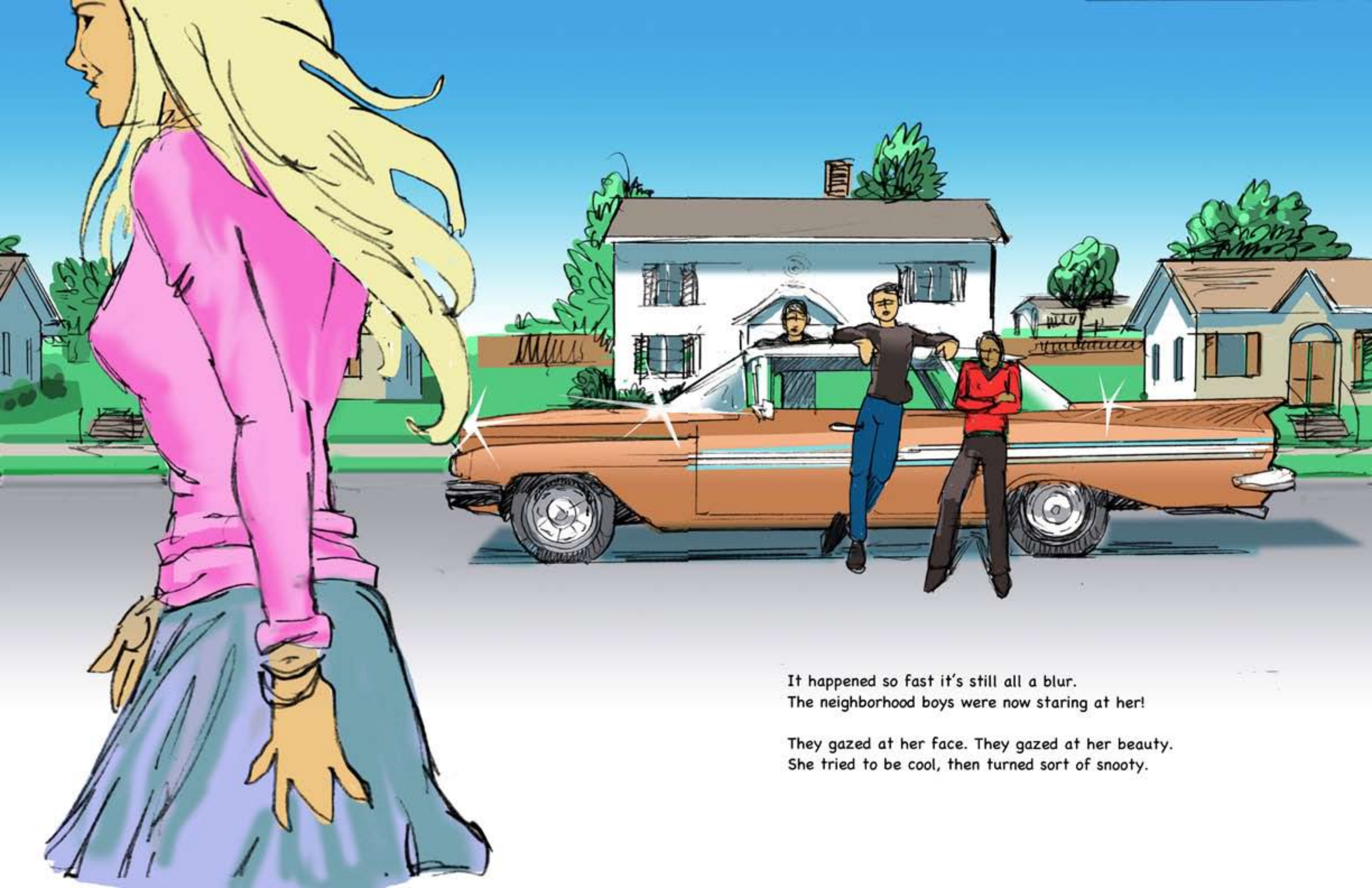
Well,
That's only half of our story.
That's not the end.
With Roy's older sister,
there's more to be penned.



Now in her teens there were changes in Jayne.
She developed some curves and was no longer plain.

She wore lipstick, some makeup, some blush by her nose,
High heels, a bracelet and pink-painted toes.





It happened so fast it's still all a blur.
The neighborhood boys were now staring at her!

They gazed at her face. They gazed at her beauty.
She tried to be cool, then turned sort of snooty.

Jane ran with some boys who rode in fast cars,
Making up for lost time with her head in the stars.

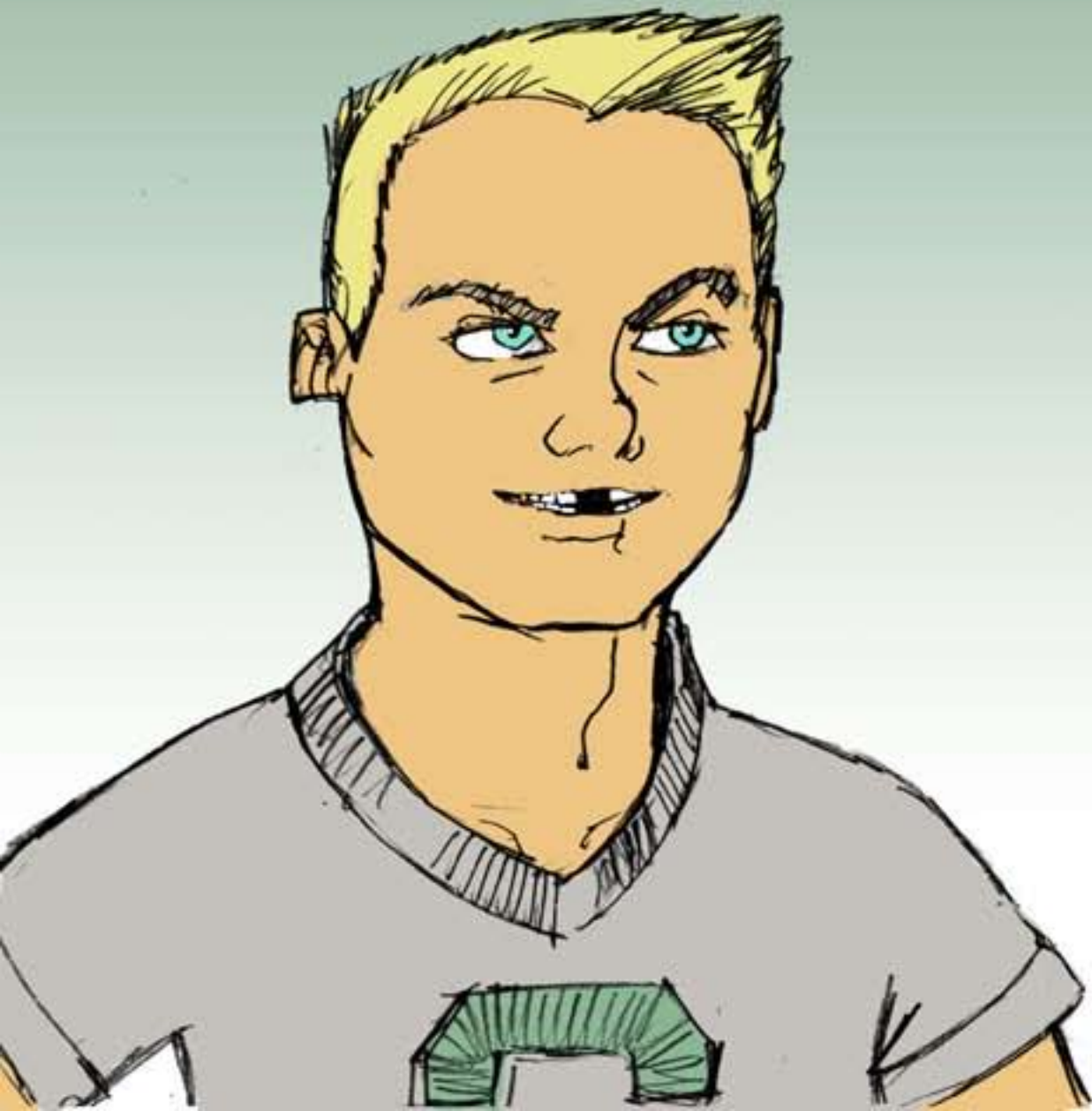
Roy's sister went wild. She strutted her stuff.
She tried to be bad. She tried to look tough.



Roy didn't like such hubble and bubble,
So he said,
"Stop what you're doing. You're heading for trouble!"

"When everyone stares around corners and trees.
You'll end up like me, I'm asking you! Please!"

"It is better to be just another kid around town,
Than walking around with a snooty old frown!"





Then Jayne said,
"I like being pretty.
I like being cool.
I like hanging around
with boys at the pool."

"I used to be plain and
now I feel pretty
The boys that I like
are funny and witty."

Then Mom said,
"Here is a fact.
This much is true.
What I wished for Roy,
I wished double for you."

"Roy was so pretty
when he was small,
It just took awhile for you,
Jayne, and that's all."



Then Jane dropped her gaze, she thought, then she cried,
"You're right. I don't like being hot," she replied.

"Being stared at and followed and gossiped about—
It's so stupid! 'Hey! Baby!' Is all the boys shout."

Then she said...

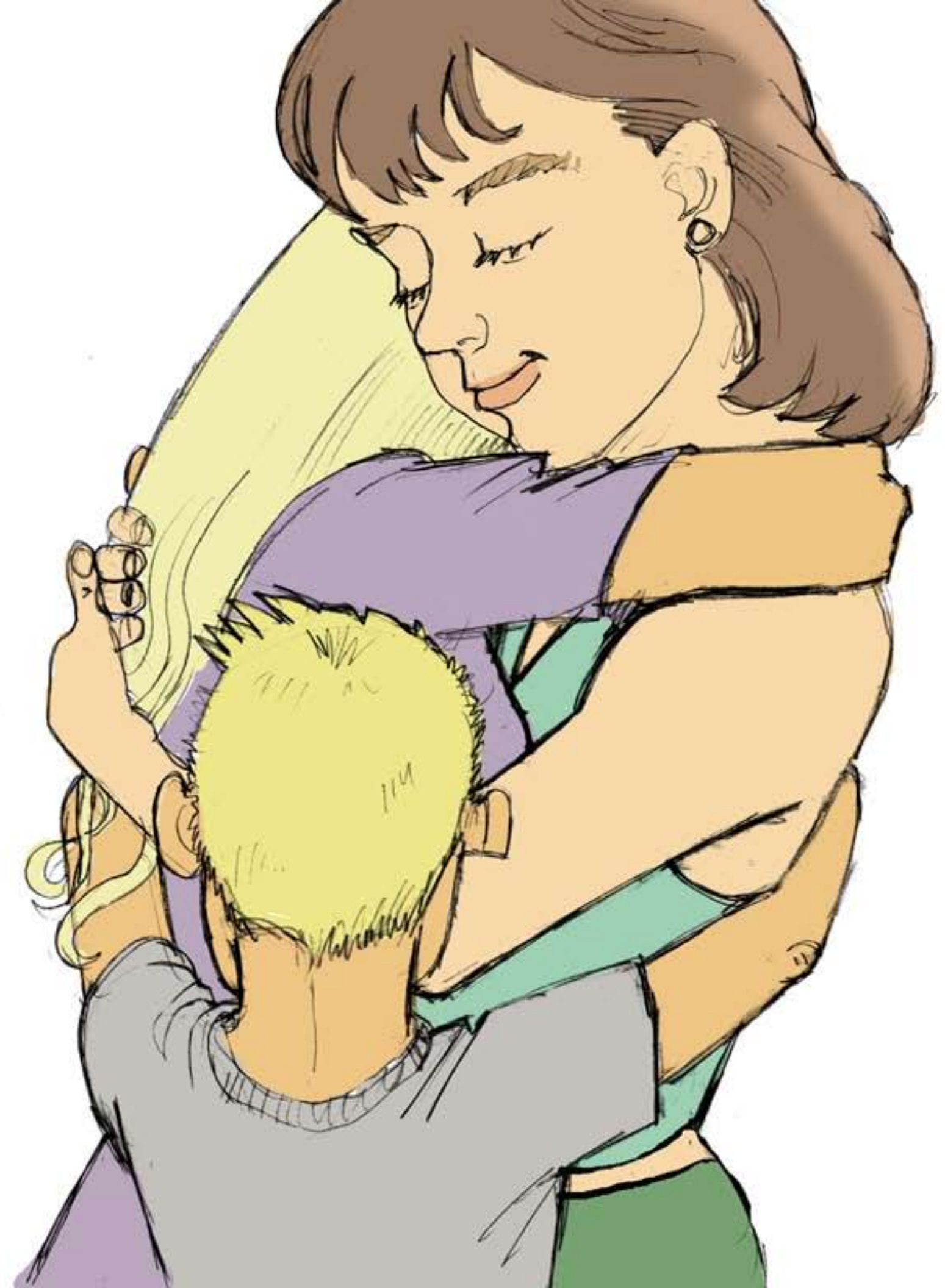
"But... I like to be liked! That is what works!
So what if my makeup turns boys into jerks."

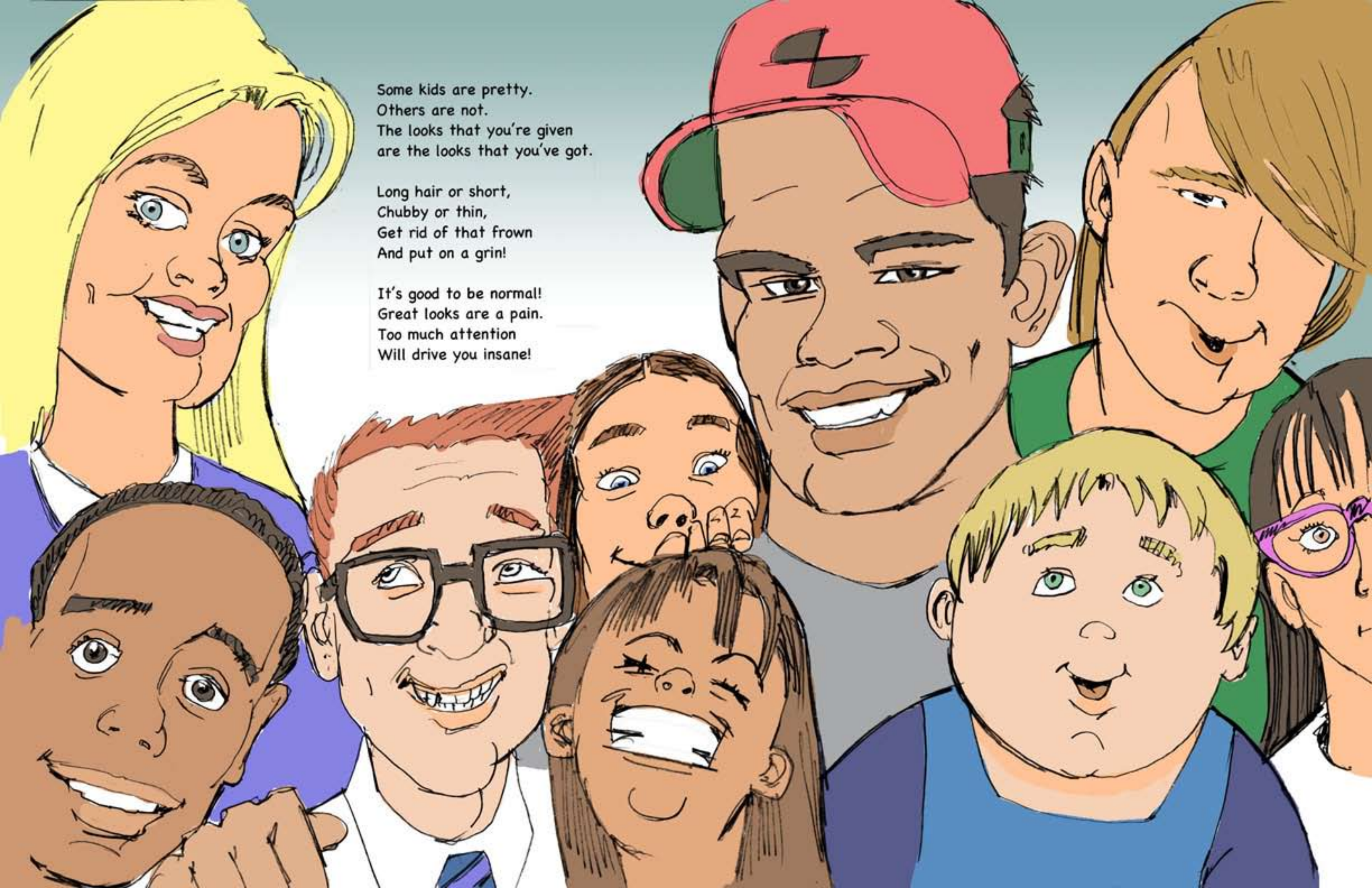


"Jane... You don't want jerks!
You don't want to be bad!
Jane, find yourself first.
Then get a guy like your Dad."

Mom said, "Group hug!" So we all got together.
We do this sometimes to make us feel better.

So Jane saw herself in "Pretty Boy" Roy.
Good looks can be trouble. They tend to destroy.





Some kids are pretty.
Others are not.
The looks that you're given
are the looks that you've got.

Long hair or short,
Chubby or thin,
Get rid of that frown
And put on a grin!

It's good to be normal!
Great looks are a pain.
Too much attention
Will drive you insane!

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