

# The Ballad of Mr. Seahorse

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What is a male seahorse's pregnancy really like? I think you will be amused to discover the painfully hilarious truth...



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There is no need to get married if you are an animal. When the time comes to reproduce, the time comes to reproduce. Animals don't care. They're not weird, just concerned about the balance of nature. They always need to make it bigger.

But, sadly, this is a different matter for dolphins, and when I found this out I thought maybe they had become a little *too* smart... because they are the only species of animal beside humans who seem to mate for other reasons beside reproduction. Sickening, right?

But who cares about silly immature dolphins, right? Because this story is about the story of another aquatic fellow... yes, perhaps, The Ballad of Mr. Seahorse.

WEEK ONE: I had a bit of trouble swimming to work today. I know seahorses are incredibly slow and travel along wave currents, but I felt something... something of a commotion... swirling in my belly. It caused such a woozy pain that I had to rest on a rock at lunch break. I was too hurt to eat anything, so I just lay there and groaned.

WEEK TWO: Today I told my beautiful mate, Syllibelle, of my stomach troubles. She just stared at me and giggled. Though a tad bit confused, I still asked how her belly was doing; she was now pregnant, after all. She just laughed and answered with a quick "Fine" and bobbed away.

WEEK THREE: I now have to urinate frequently and the pains are getting worse, much worse. It is extremely embarrassing at work. I almost got fired for tossing my seaweed on my boss. It was an accident, though; how could an ill seahorse help it!

WEEK FOUR: This week I have decided to stay home from work. I have been experiencing dramatic mood swings lately and yell at Syllibelle sometimes. I find this behavior strange because I imagine these same exact things happening to my mate. Hmm.

WEEK FIVE: My stomach sure has failed to do me any wonders lately. I still need to urinate a lot; I groan and throw temper tantrums. I remain baffled at how well Syllibelle is doing and how patient she is with me. What a wonderful mate.

WEEK SIX: I feel awkward to announce this but, unfortunately, my stomach has swelled like a mossy green balloon. I feel bloated and feverish... well, probably because I *am*. Things are more painful than ever, and sometimes you can hear me screaming because of it.

WEEK SEVEN: Well, it happened. This morning I gave birth to several dozen seahorse fries. "You tricked me!" I screamed at Syllibelle as my stomach exploded and the babies shot out of me like erratic fireworks. "I thought YOU were going to get pregnant! You tricked me! AUGGGH!!!" What a horrible mate. I wanted to file for a divorce, but of course animals do not marry. So I left her and searched for a new love. Maybe THIS one will warn me.

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