Our story opens to find our hero, the English teacher from Room B102, sleeping in his warm, cozy bed. On this night, our hero awoke to hear the call. It was the call of nature. At first, our hero did not want to answer the call for his bed was warm and the room was cold as an Arizona night. He rolled over and tried to go back to sleep, but it was no use. The sharp pain below the belt of his Superman pajamas would not allow it. He thought of his fleece slippers given to him by his wife Jill, the fairy godmother. Alas, they were in his closet and would do him no good, so he must make the journey to the King’s Throne without the aid they could afford him.

A moment later our hero’s feet hit the cold floor and he began to stumble his way through the valley of darkness. When our hero wakes from a deep slumber, he is so disoriented he doesn’t even know which direction to walk. He could easily make a wrong turn, stumble through the second floor window and fall to certain death. On this night, he made the correct turn.

This brought him to a long passage way through the treacherous Forest of the Evil Witch’s Shoes. This was a mine field of women’s shoes of assorted shapes and sizes scattered randomly
in the path of any traveler as he journeyed to the king’s palace. By shuffling his feet along the cold floor the teacher passed by without mishap.

Next, although the room was black as Satan, the sage from B102 approached the dreaded archway. This was a very narrow passage from the bedroom to the bathroom area. If our hero didn’t navigate this archway perfectly he could stub his toe on the door jam. If this were to happen, and it has happened to many a traveler, the toe sends a message through the central nervous system, signaling to the brain that the toe and the rest of the body are experiencing severe pain. It is rumored, this pain is on the level of having your femur smashed with a sledgehammer or giving birth to a large baby. After the brain receives the message, it is usually followed by uncontrollable screaming of dirty words and dancing on one foot. Through divine intervention our hero somehow made it through the dreaded archway where he had a very nice chat with the King.

A few minutes later our hero found himself back in his warm, cozy bed; a transformed man. Our brave sage now understood that no matter how bad you want to ignore the call of nature, when you gotta pee, you gotta pee. He pulled the covers up to his chin, sank into his still warm bed, let out a content sigh and then began dreaming of stacks and stacks of ungraded essays.