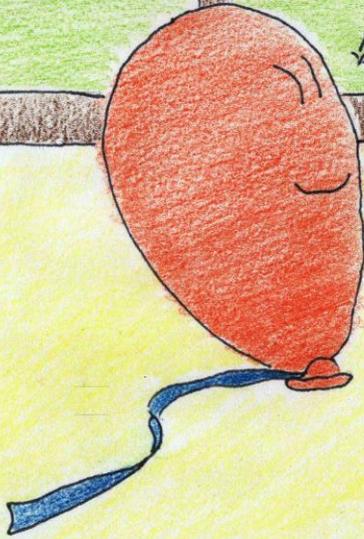
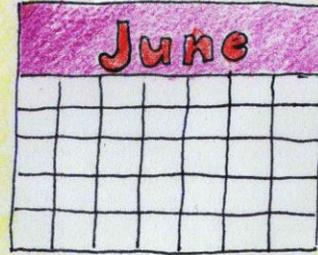
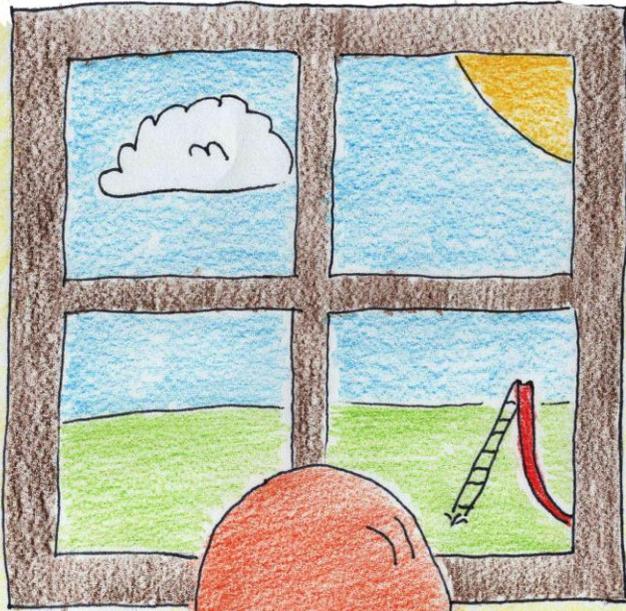


# Bob the Balloon

Eli Vandersaul

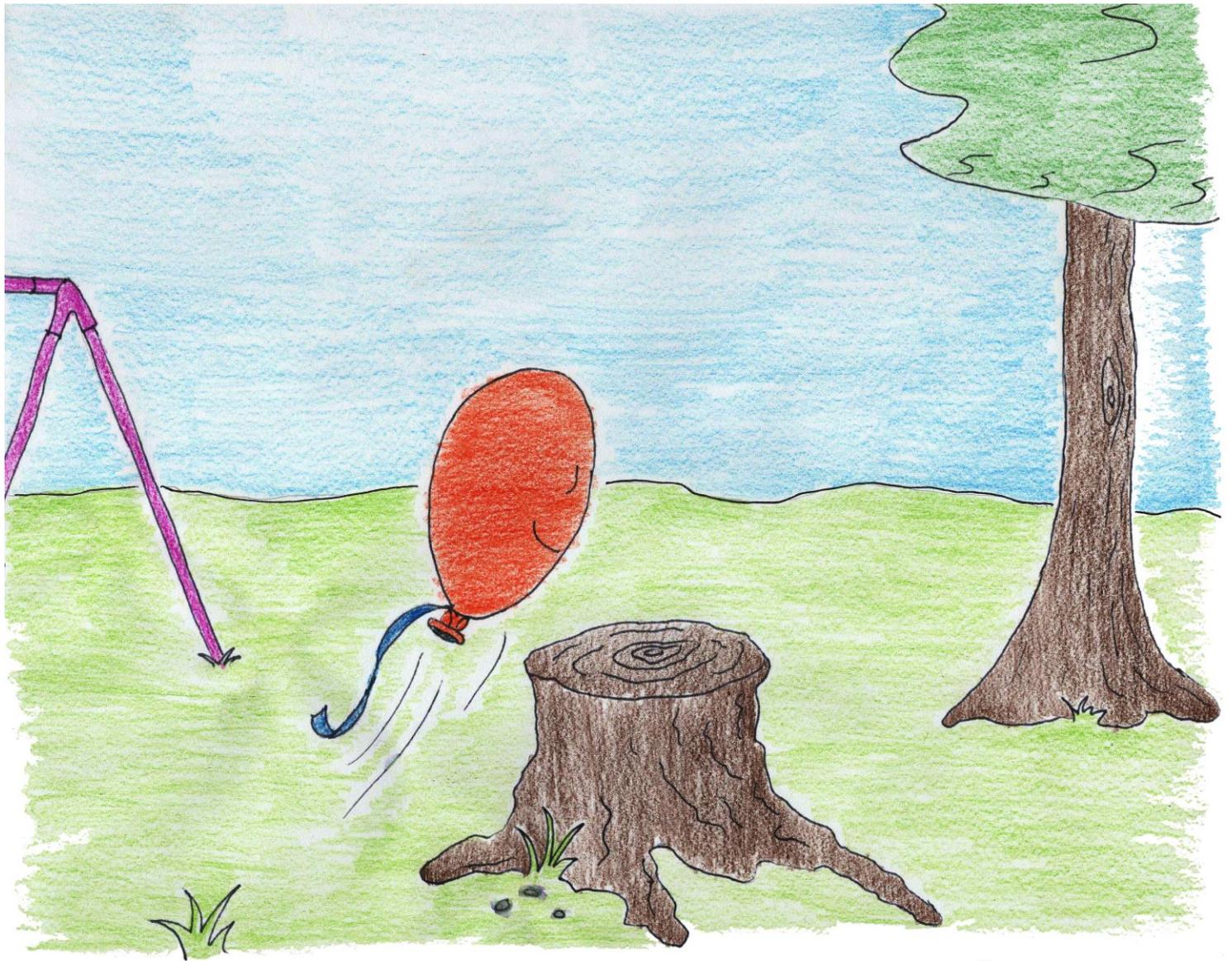
Bob the little orange balloon,  
Was so happy it was June.



With the warmth of summer days,  
Bob could play his favorite ways.



So he started with a jump,  
Up upon a great tree stump.



Caring not of those around,  
Happily he danced and clowned.



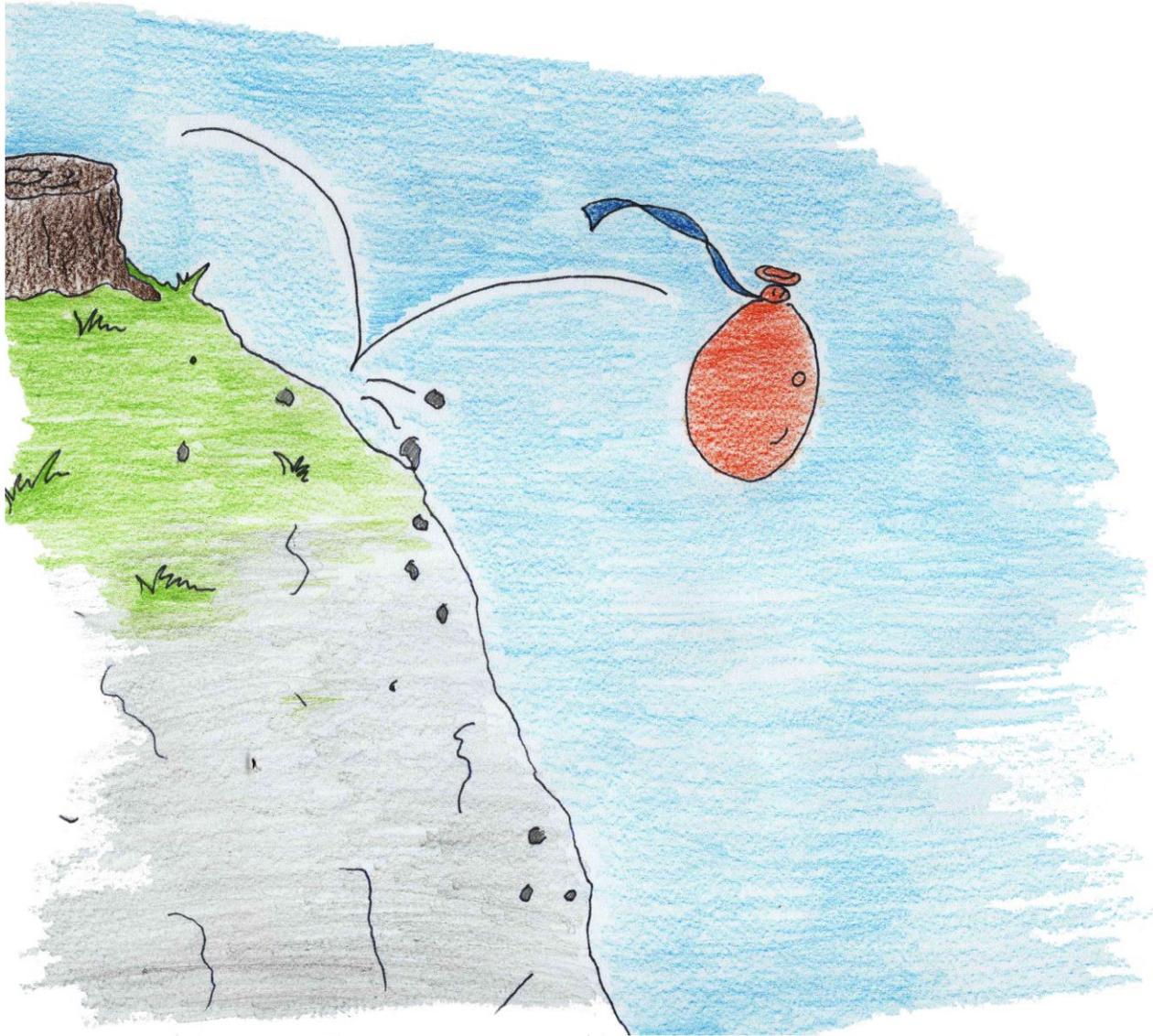
Those around him went away,  
Shocked by his uncommon play.



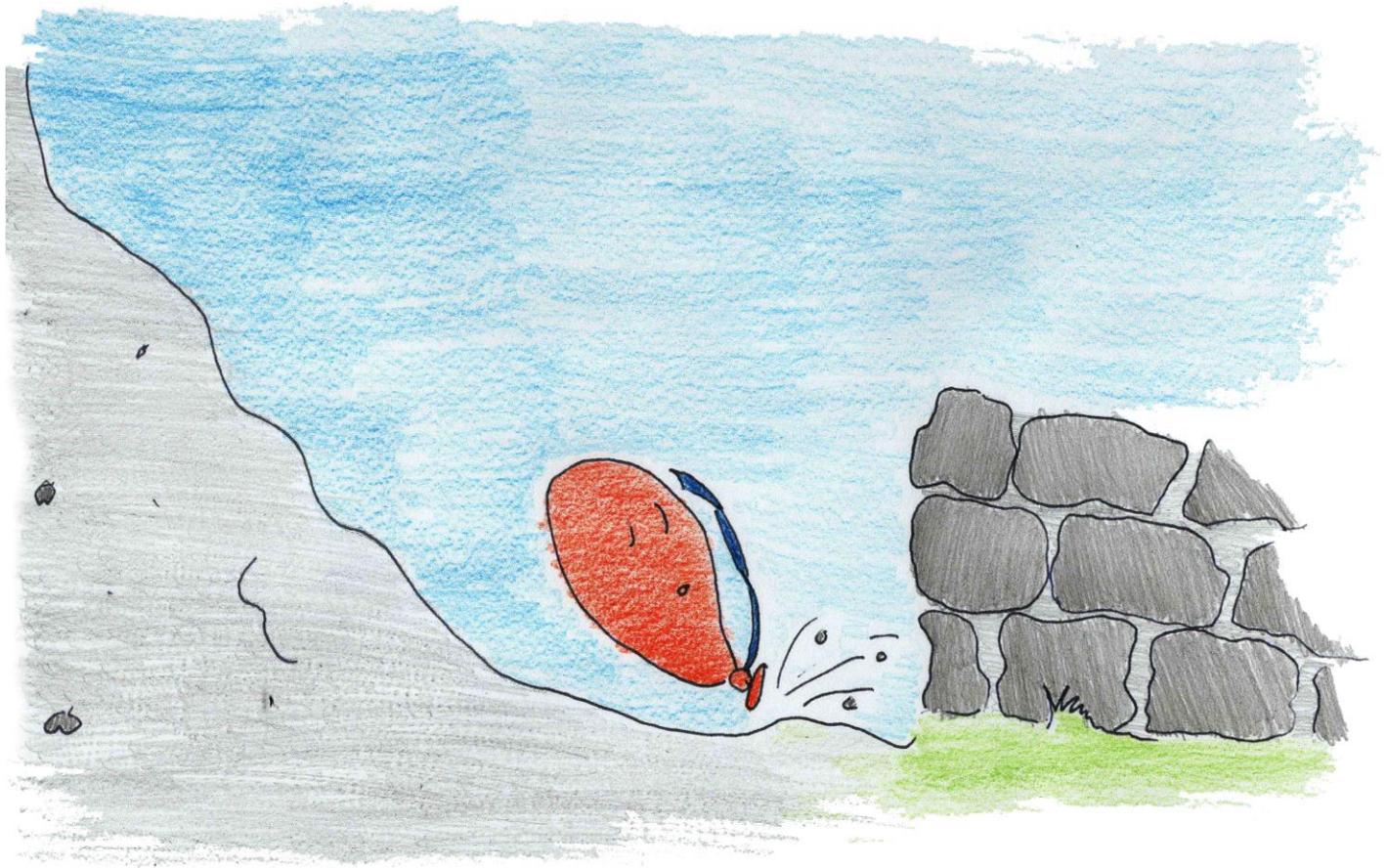
Even though Bob was alone,  
Like the sun, his smile still shone.



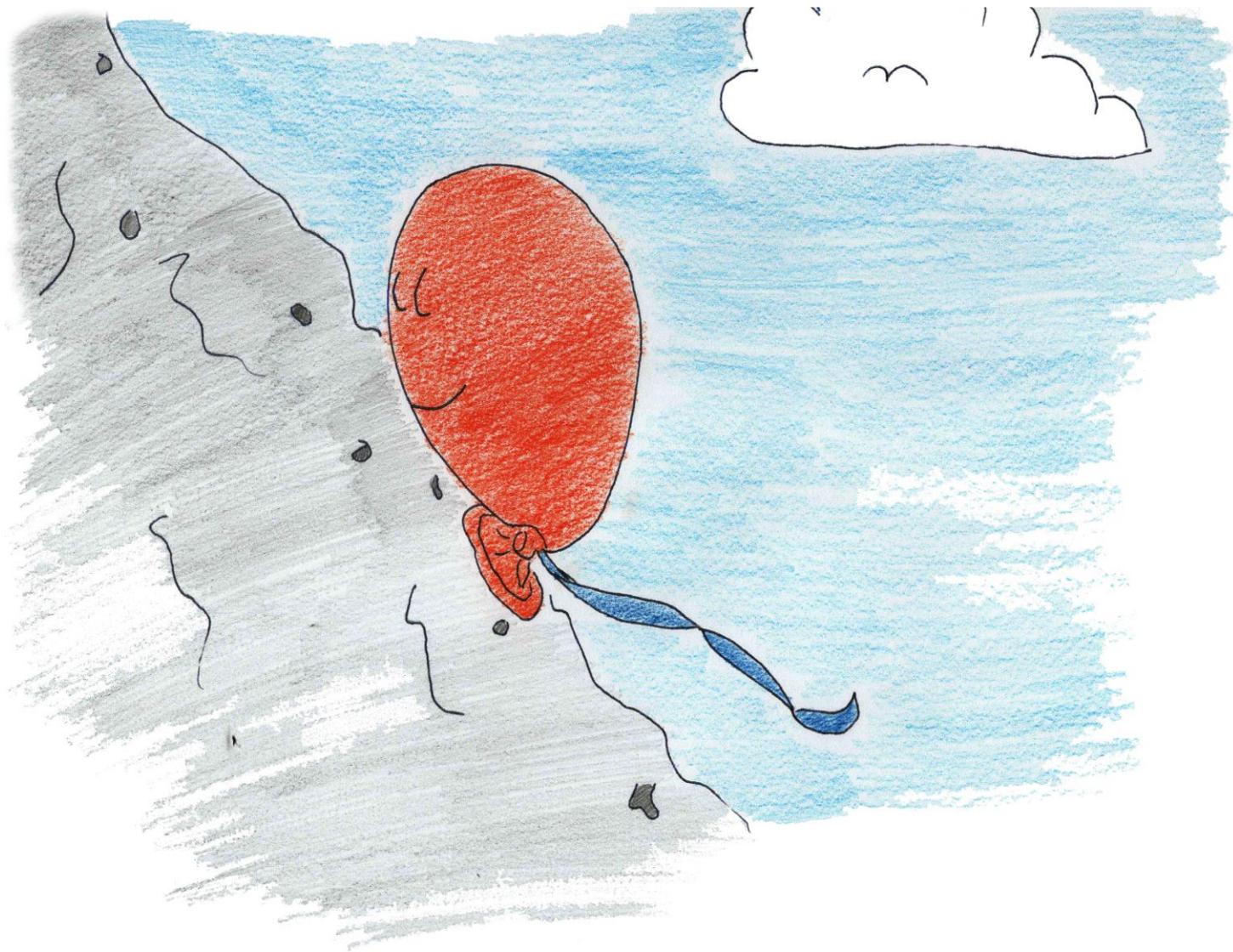
From the stump he made a leap,  
Slipping down a hill quite steep.



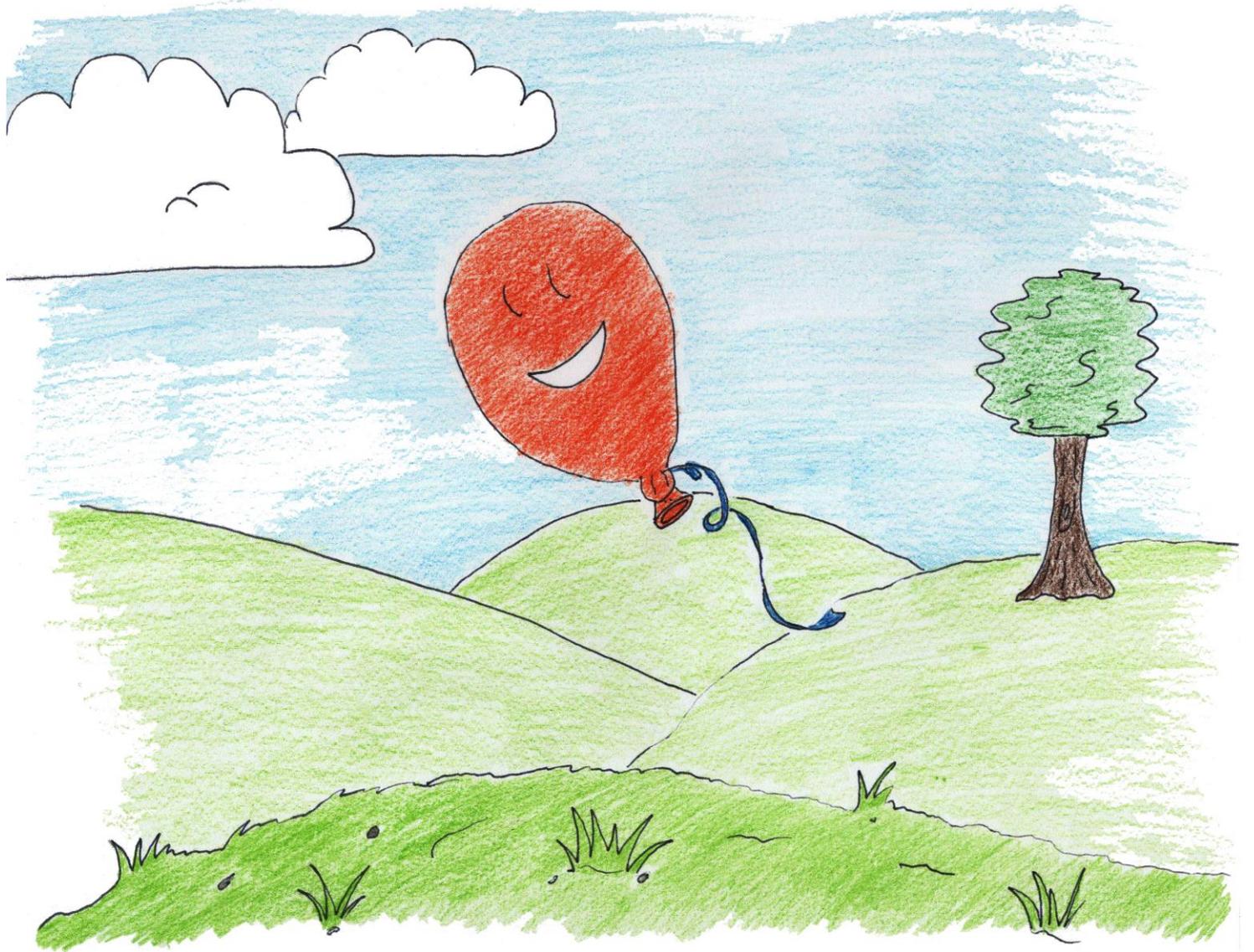
Calmly Bob stopped his great fall,  
Just in time to miss a wall.



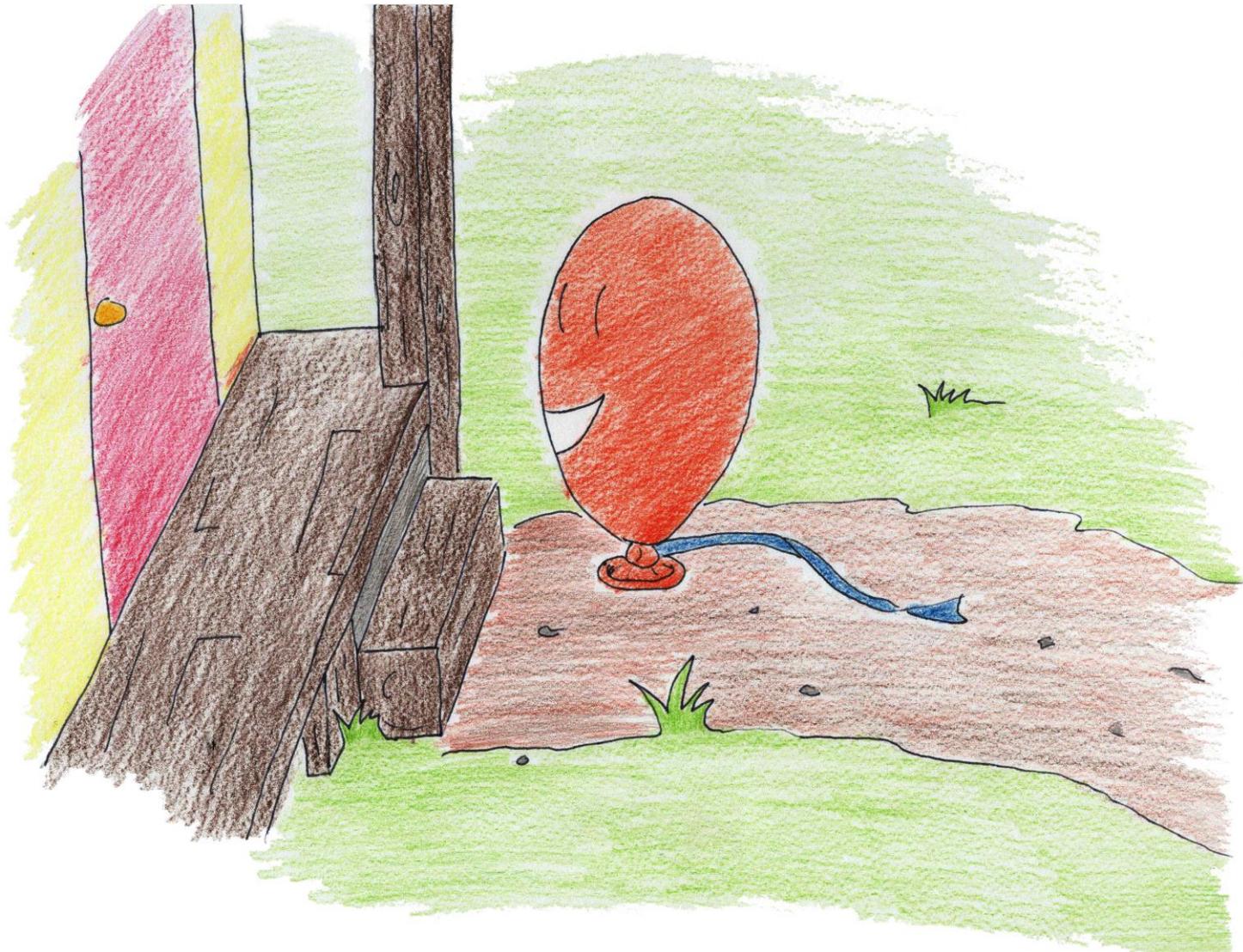
Back he climbed up to the top.  
Nothing now could make him stop.



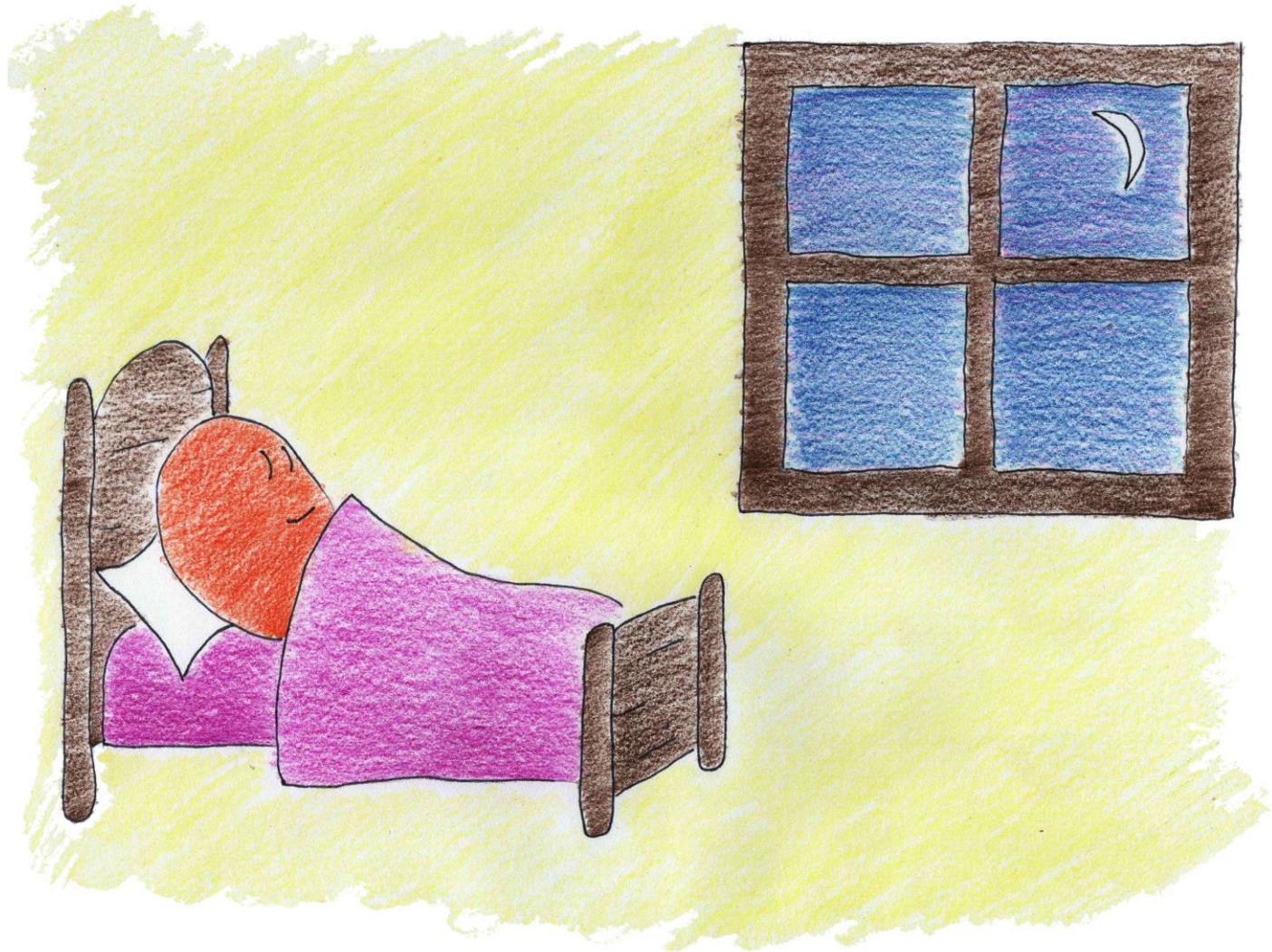
Through the daylight, Bob played on,  
Joyfully to dusk from dawn.



Not one thing could get him down.  
Nor could turn his smile to frown.



Even when the day was done,  
Bob was happy – he had fun.



The End