

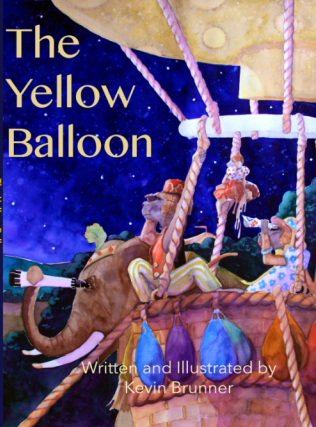
The Yellow Balloon



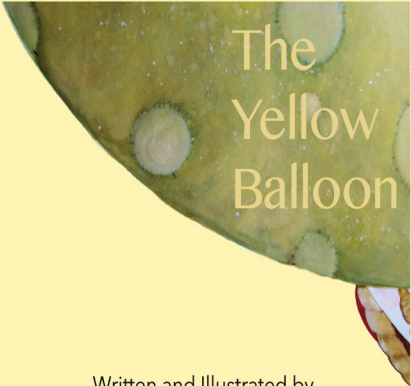
Author Biography here

The Yellow Balloon

Written and Illustrated by Kevin Brunner



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I dedicate this book to

My Mom

Mildred Brunner

My Sister

Kathie Brunner



Now, gather around me, my babies to hear,
No fussing, no squirming, no fighting, come near,
A tale of adventure, so be of good cheer.

A long time ago in the fair month of June,
An elephant chap and three circus baboons,
All planned an escape in a yellow balloon.

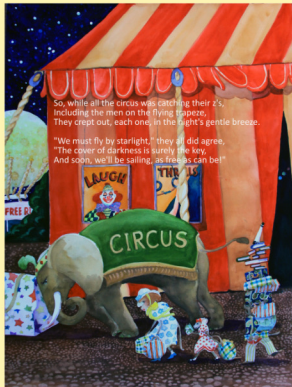




And why, you might ask, would they want to take flight?
A life in the circus, can be rather bright,
Performing with clowns in a tent every night.

To work in the circus, a pleasure for some,
Especially for those who despise the humdrum,
While others may find that the work's rather glum.

For, if you're unhappy, you yearn to be free,
And so it was true of these fellows, you see?
A wonderful reason, you can't disagree.

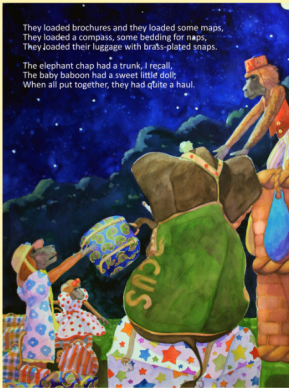


So, while all the circus was catching their z's,
Including the men on the flying trapeze,
They crept out, each one, in the night's gentle breeze.

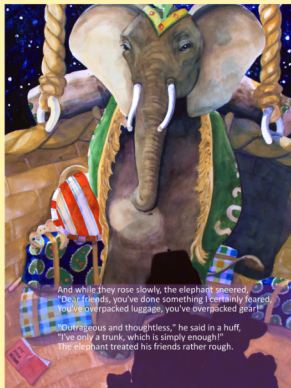
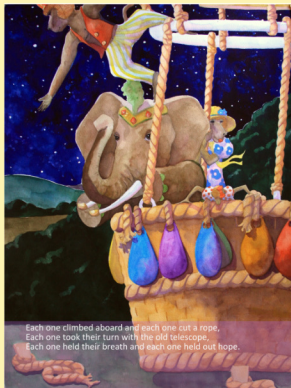
"We must fly by starlight," they all did agree,
"The cover of darkness is surely the key,
And soon, we'll be sailing, as free as can be!"

They loaded brochures and they loaded some maps,
They loaded a compass, some bedding for naps,
They loaded their luggage with brass-plated snaps.

The elephant chap had a trunk, I recall,
The baby baboon had a sweet little doll;
When all put together, they had quite a haul.



As for the balloon, twas a trifle bit torn,
With stitches and patches, it clearly was worn,
But all were convinced it would get them airborne.







They looked overboard, they had fallen a yard,
Each one of them surely was taken off guard,
A setback to progress, they couldn't discard.

They wiggled the ropes and they wiggled the gear,
They wiggled their luggage, they wiggled their ears,
The setback, you see, well, it wasn't yet clear.

The baby baboon climbed above them and sat,
The papa baboon scratched his head with his hat,
And mama baboon said, "It looks like that's that!"

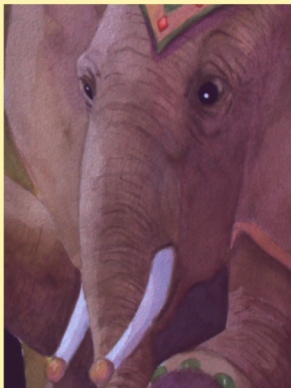
They got out their books in the hope to know why,
The yellow balloon hadn't soared to the sky,
When baby baboon pointed out with a cry!

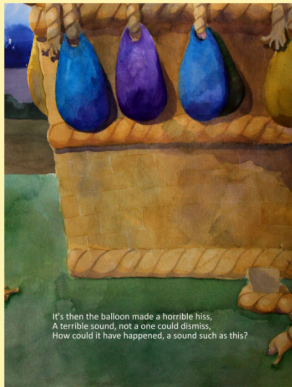




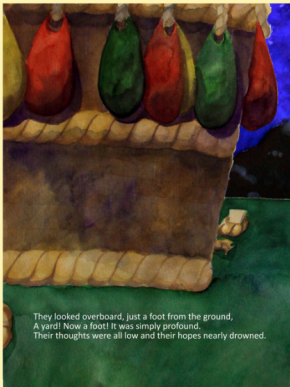
"I know I'm a kid, why I'm only a fry,
These weights on the side of the basket I spy,
Let's rid us of them and we surely will fly!"

The elephant said, "Oh I must interject!
We must keep the ballasts, I strongly object!
Tis often we miss what we quickly reject!"



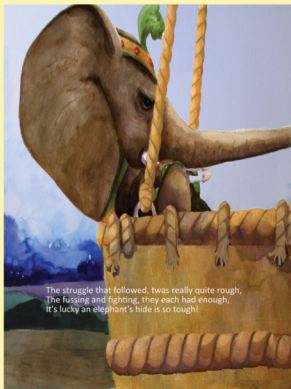


It's then the balloon made a horrible hiss,
A terrible sound, not a one could dismiss,
How could it have happened, a sound such as this?

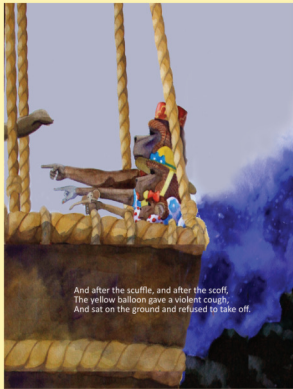


They looked overboard, just a foot from the ground,
A yard! Now a foot! It was simply profound.
Their thoughts were all low and their hopes nearly drowned.





The struggle that followed, twas really quite rough,
The fussing and fighting, they each had enough,
It's lucky an elephant's hide is so tough!



And after the scuffle, and after the scoff,
The yellow balloon gave a violent cough,
And sat on the ground and refused to take off.



The elephant chap was the saddest of blokes,
He knew he'd been sold to some carnival folks,
Ahead to more chains and ahead to more pokes.

He turned from the others, in sorrow he cried,
His size made it tough from the others to hide,
A tear ran the length of his face and there dried.

And after a moment, the elephant spoke,
His voice, it was shaky, as if it was broke,
But, then he found courage inside him it woke.

"My friends," he began, with his humble address,
"I'm terribly sorry in making a mess,
It's back to the circus, no more or no less."

"I said some bad things, that I wish to take back,
With you as my friends, there is nothing I lack,
I love you, each one, like a good crackerjack!"



The papa baboon said, "We're sorry as well,
You taught us to read, and to write, and to spell,
For you are our friend, and we think you're quite swell."

And then, the balloon gave a powerful jolt.
It turned to and fro and then suddenly bolt.
It circled around like a young filly colt.

It started in making the slightest of sounds,
Then, followed a bounce and a lift off the ground.
They looked overboard, and an inch it had bound.

Now, I know what you're thinking, an inch isn't much,
An inch is an inch, and a touch is a touch,
But, all is perception, we'll leave it as such.

"My friends, let's repack all our stuff and our gear,
We've only a second, I'm sure it's quite clear,
Let's be of good humor, let's be of good cheer!"

They repacked their things, oh, they repacked quite fast,
Their luggage, the compass, the books that were vast,
The maps and the bedding. The trunk was the last!

It's then the balloon made a mumble, a groan.
Or was it a grumble of some monotone?
A foot, it is clear, from the ground it had grown.

They each climbed aboard with the greatest of care,
They huddled together and each said a prayer,
And then the balloon, it began to take air!


It made a big rumble, it tossed to and fro.
But, slowly it rose, and the rising did grow.
Till over the circus, it made quite a show!



"Goodbye to the circus! Goodbye to the clowns!
Goodbye to the whips, and goodbye to the towns!
Goodbye to the rings where we walked round and round."

The yellow balloon, oh, it soared to great height,
With four clever creatures escaping their plight,
And far from the circus, they stole in the night!

They each learned a lesson on being contrite,
For only good thoughts can make heavy things light,
To lift a balloon and to have it take flight.



And there in the sky every night it is bound,
Sometimes it's deflated, sometimes fully round,
And if you are quiet, you might hear a sound.

Sometimes, as you know, it's so hard to be good,
And every so often, not act like we should,
The same with these fellows, in all likelihood.

For sometimes they tussle, and sometimes they fight.
Oh, once in a while, they'll have a slight slight,
They quickly make up, and make everything right.

The basket from here is too small to see well,
But inside the basket is where they all dwell,
They travel the planet, oh don't it seem swell?

Your eyes they seem sleepy, it's time for your bed,
Your covers and blankets so cozy are spread,
I love you my darlings, your dreams lay ahead.

And that ends the story. The Yellow Balloon.
It took off one night with some circus baboons,
And an elephant chap in the fair month of June.



