



I have a balloon, and it makes me happy . . .
because when it glitters in the sun, it seems magical.

I tie it to my bike, and it feels like a friend.
But a sudden gust of wind yanks the string loose.
My magical balloon flies further and further away.



I chase after it, but it floats above my reach.
“It’s gone forever,” I say as it sails up to the soft clouds.

*Where is it going? What might it see?
“Goodbye, Balloon! I hope you have a fantastic adventure!”*