

# HOW FAR WILL IT BOUNCE



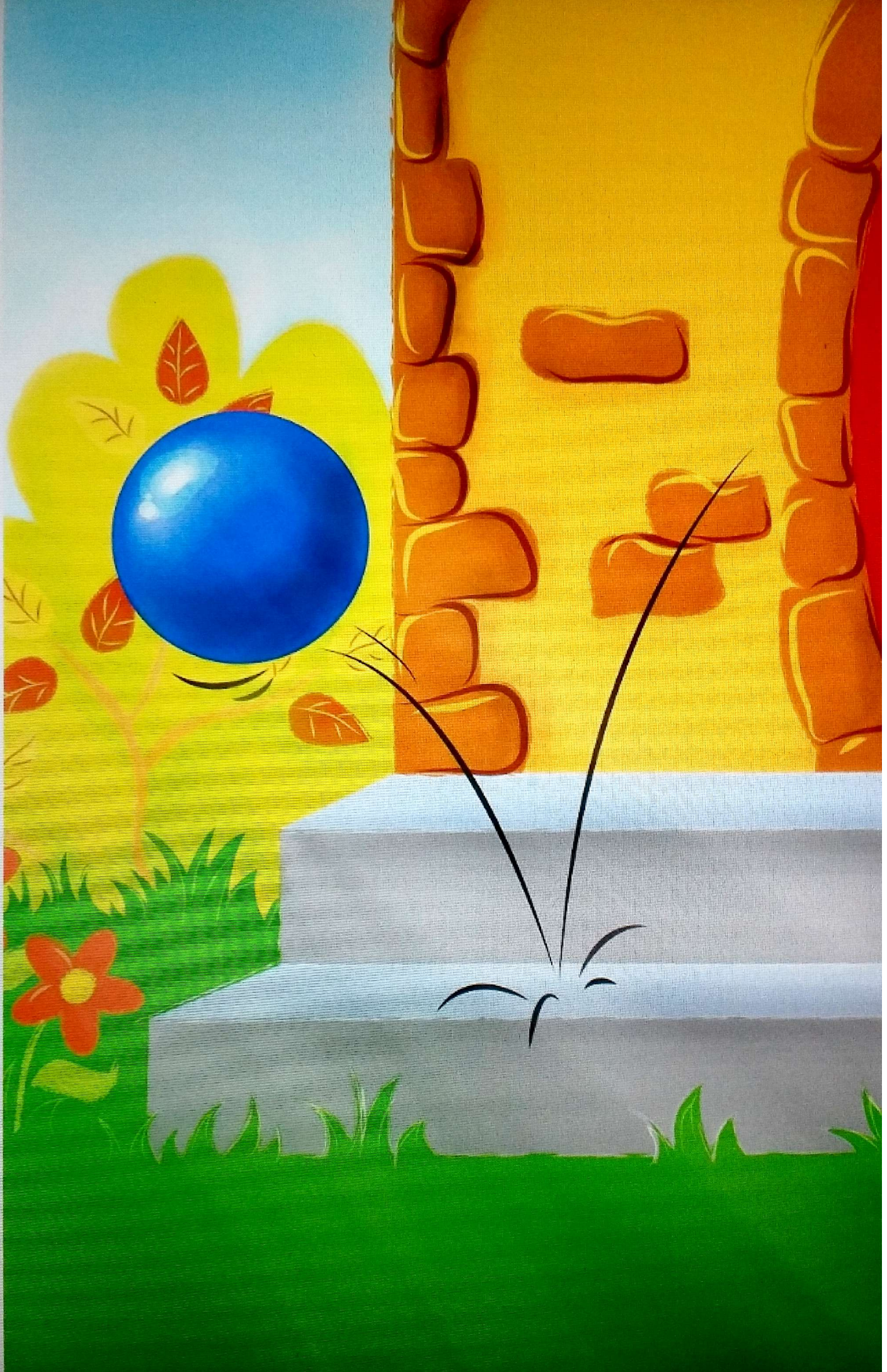
MY BLUE  
BALL

BY DC SWAIN

WITH IULIANA IORDACHESCU

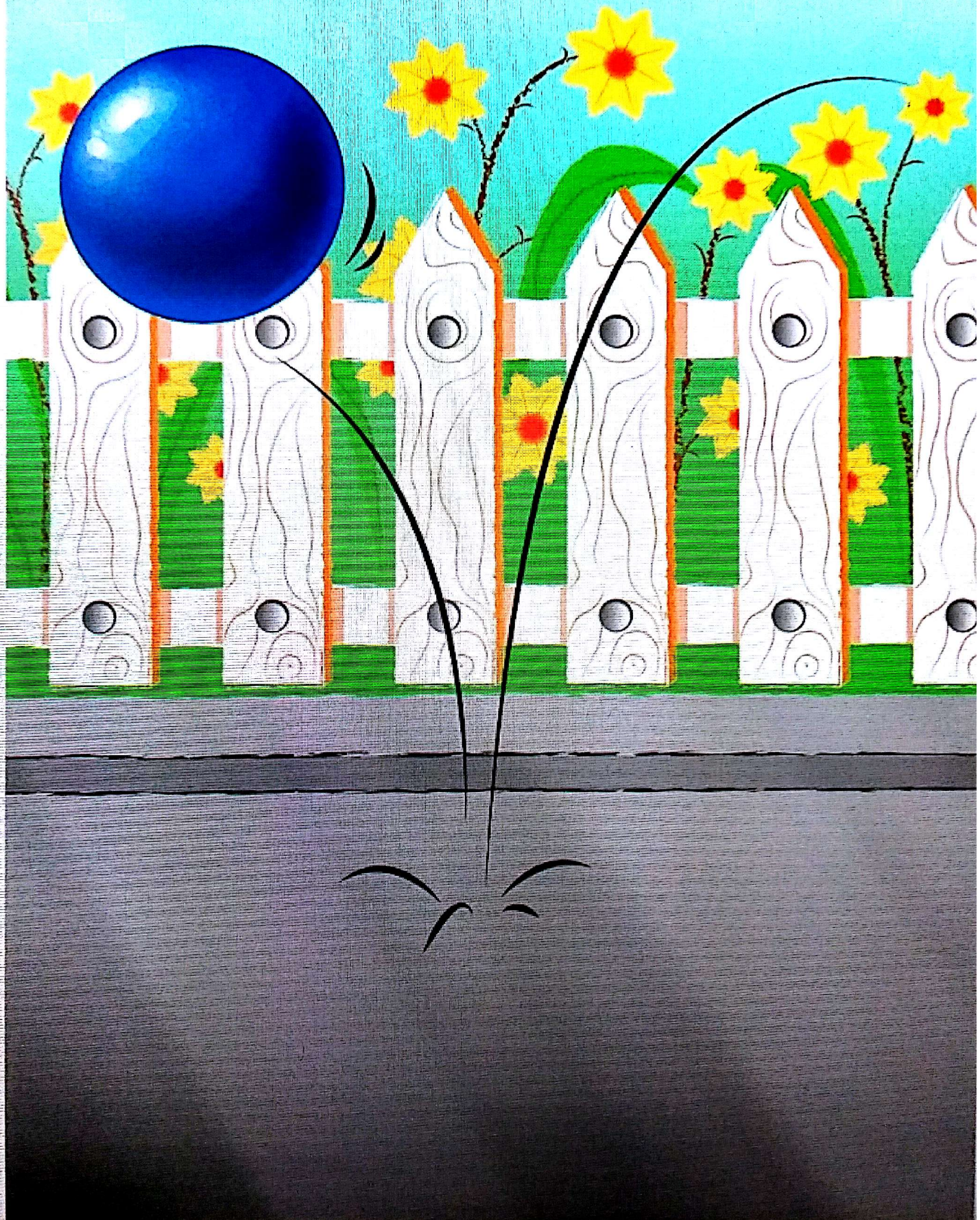
Down the front steps  
and out of the house,

I wondered how far  
my blue ball would  
bounce.



Out of the garden  
and into the street,

That blue ball kept  
bouncing it's  
rhythmic beat.



On past my neighbour  
and her freshly baked  
pie,

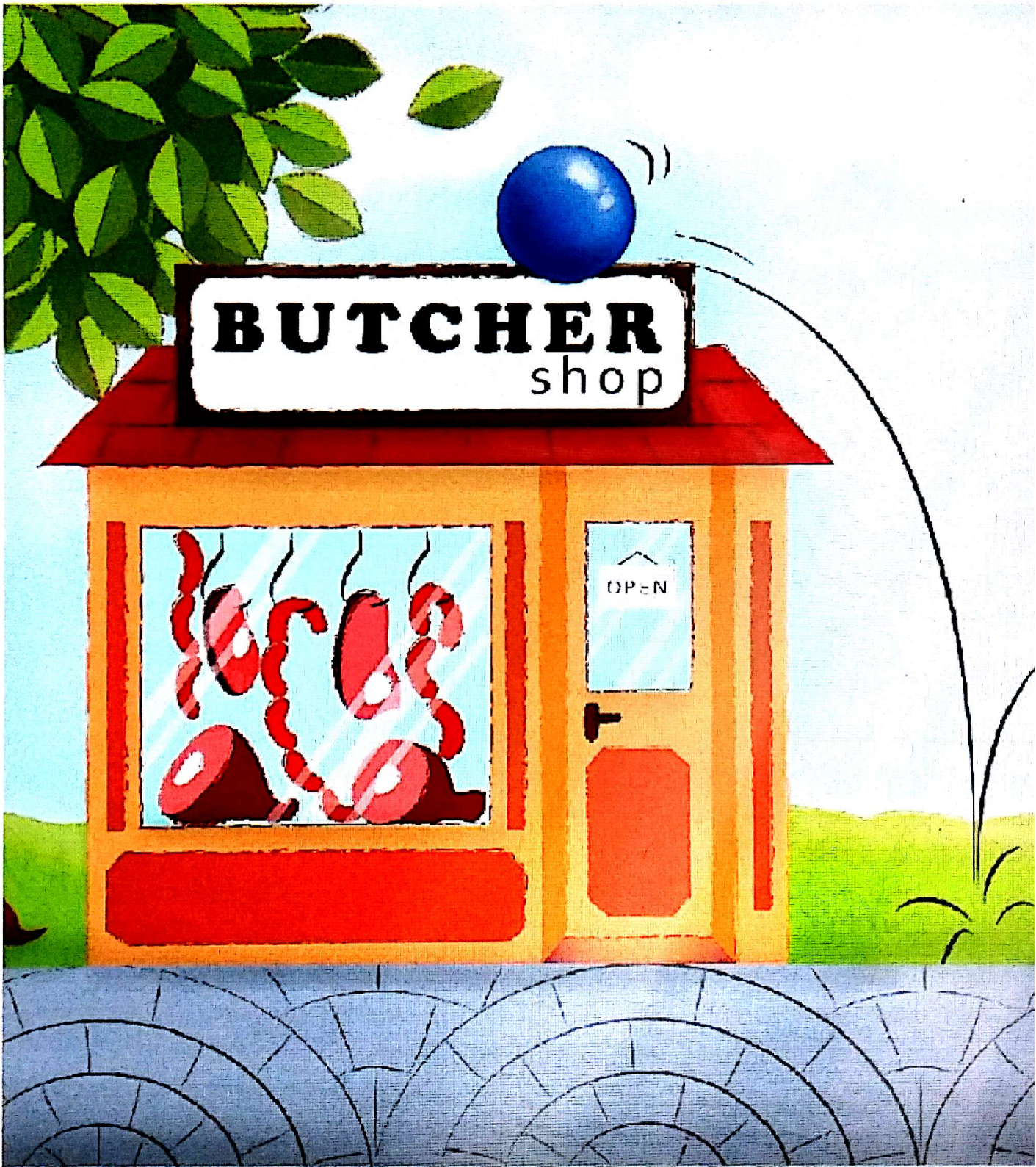
It bounced along as  
she waved it goodbye.



Into the town on  
cobblestone streets,

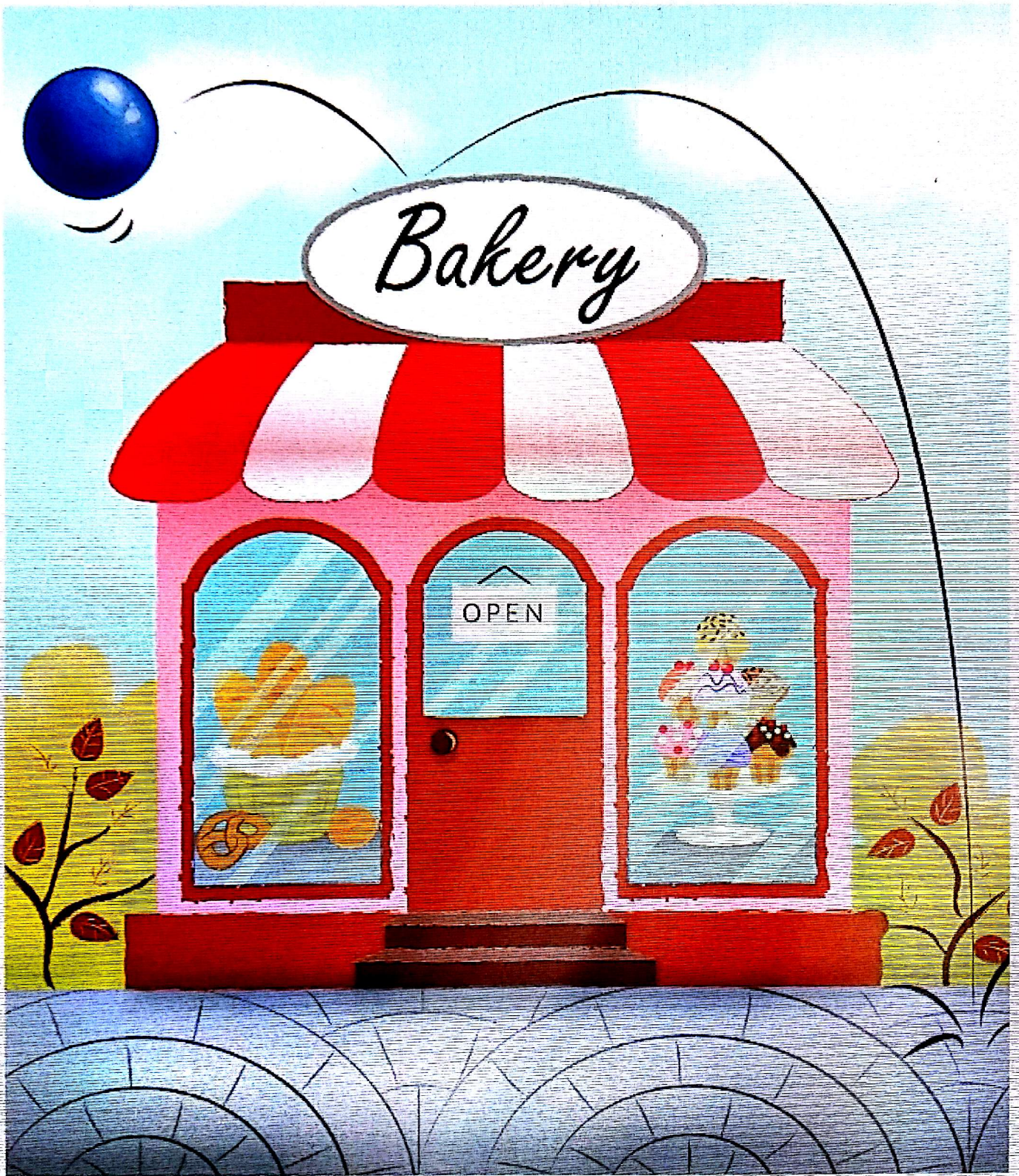
Straight past the  
butcher and his  
window-hung meats.





In front of the baker  
and his freshly made  
bread,

the more my ball  
bounced, the faster  
it sped.



Past the crisp fruit  
with a yummy sweet  
taste,

Moving swiftly on,  
making great pace



On the bridge out  
of town, to fresh  
country air,

My blue ball kept  
bouncing  
free of all care.



Past Farmer Brown  
tending his sheep,

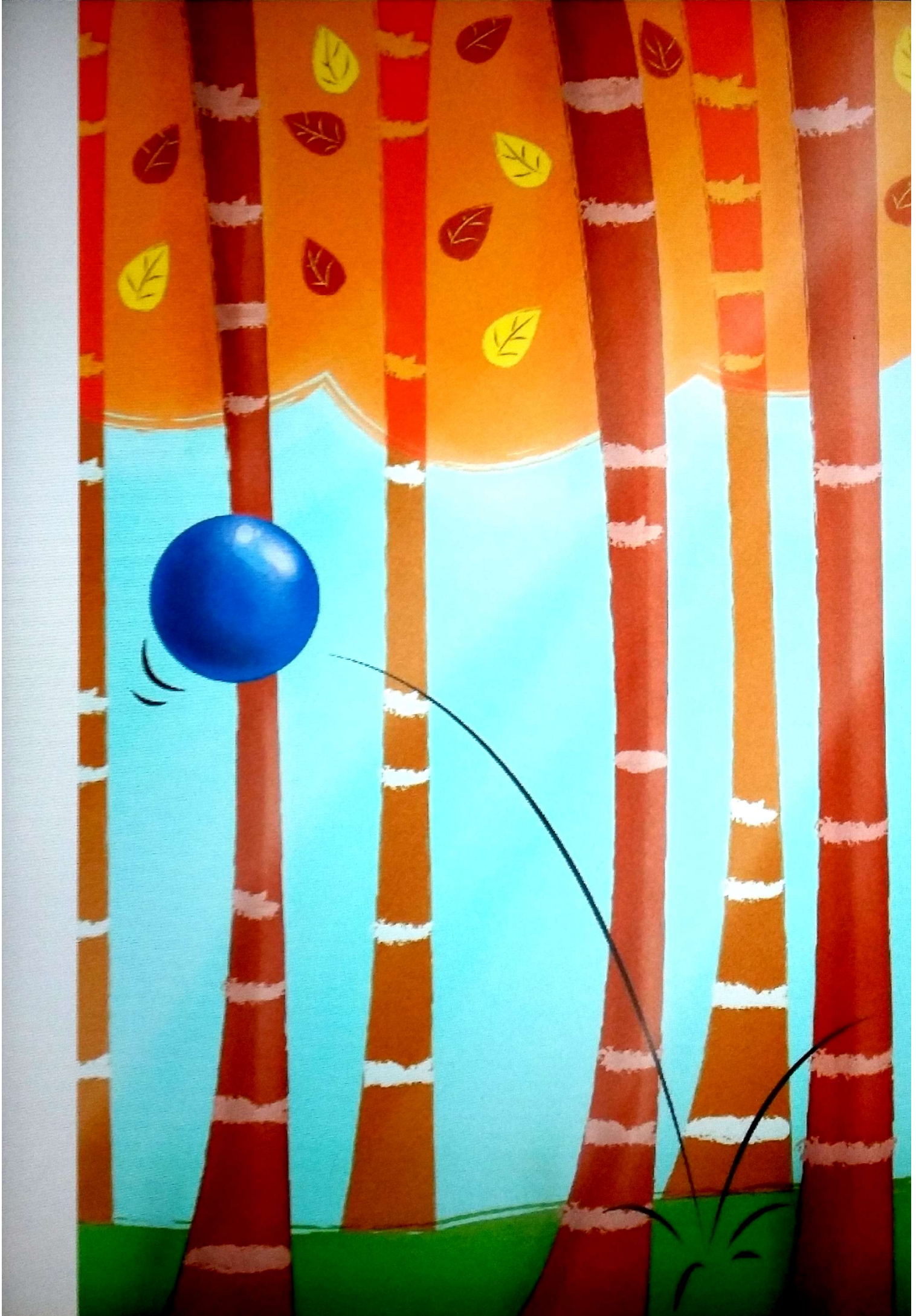
Continually repeating  
it's joyful leap.





Into the woods  
of tall orange trees,

My ball kept on  
moving with the  
greatest of ease.



Off in the distance  
to much delight,

My blue ball kept  
bouncing  
well out of sight.





**The End**