

Balloons, Sea Creatures, and Me.

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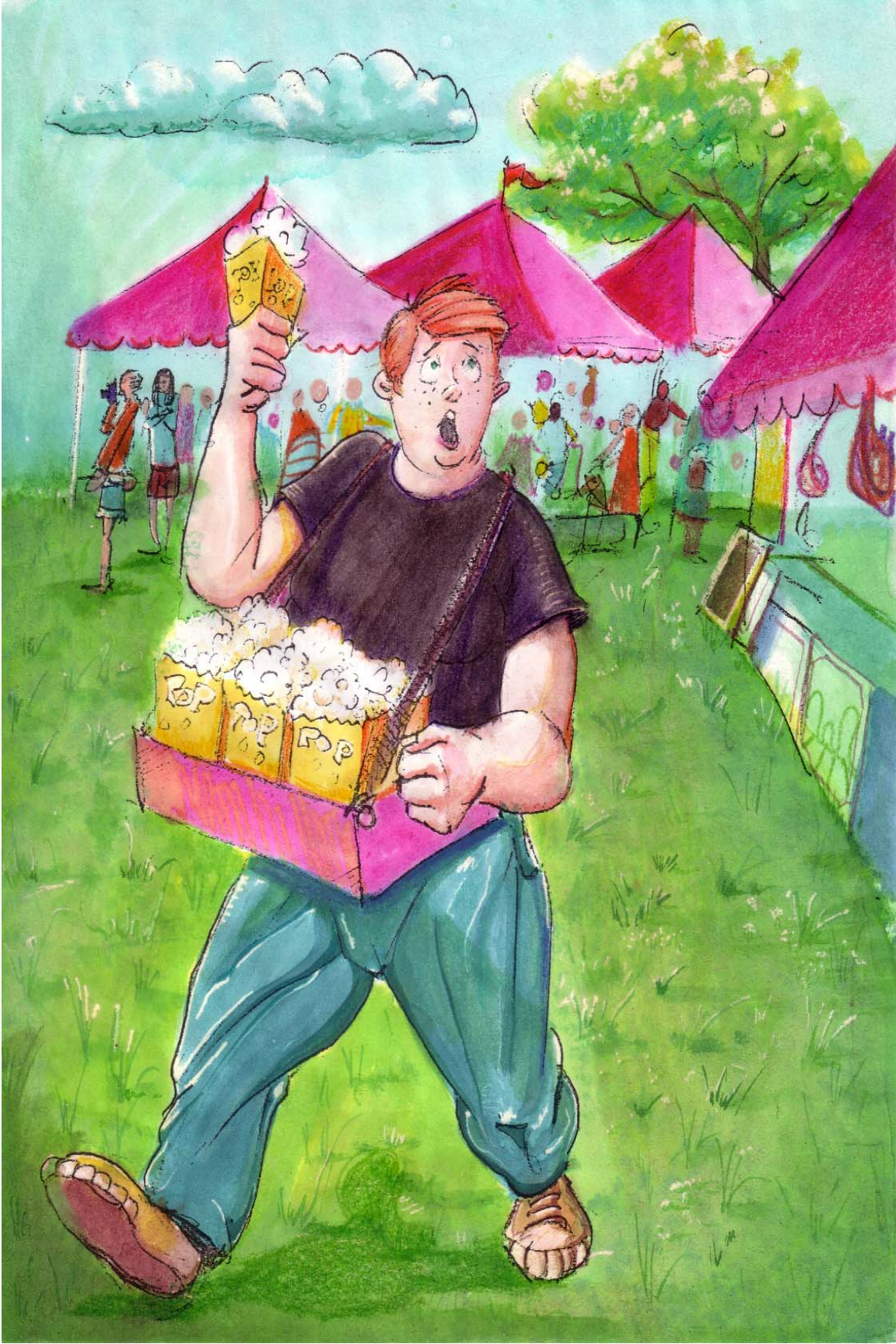
*“Old habits can be broken,
once we put our minds to it!”*

"Popcorn, peanuts, Cracker Jacks!" a man yelled as he walked through the crowd at the fairgrounds.

"Get your cotton candy here!" another exclaimed.

"Ice-cold drinks!" offered yet another.

There were so many wonderful things to see and so many things I still wanted to do. We had been at the fair for at least four hours, but it felt like only ten minutes. Thirty minutes, tops.

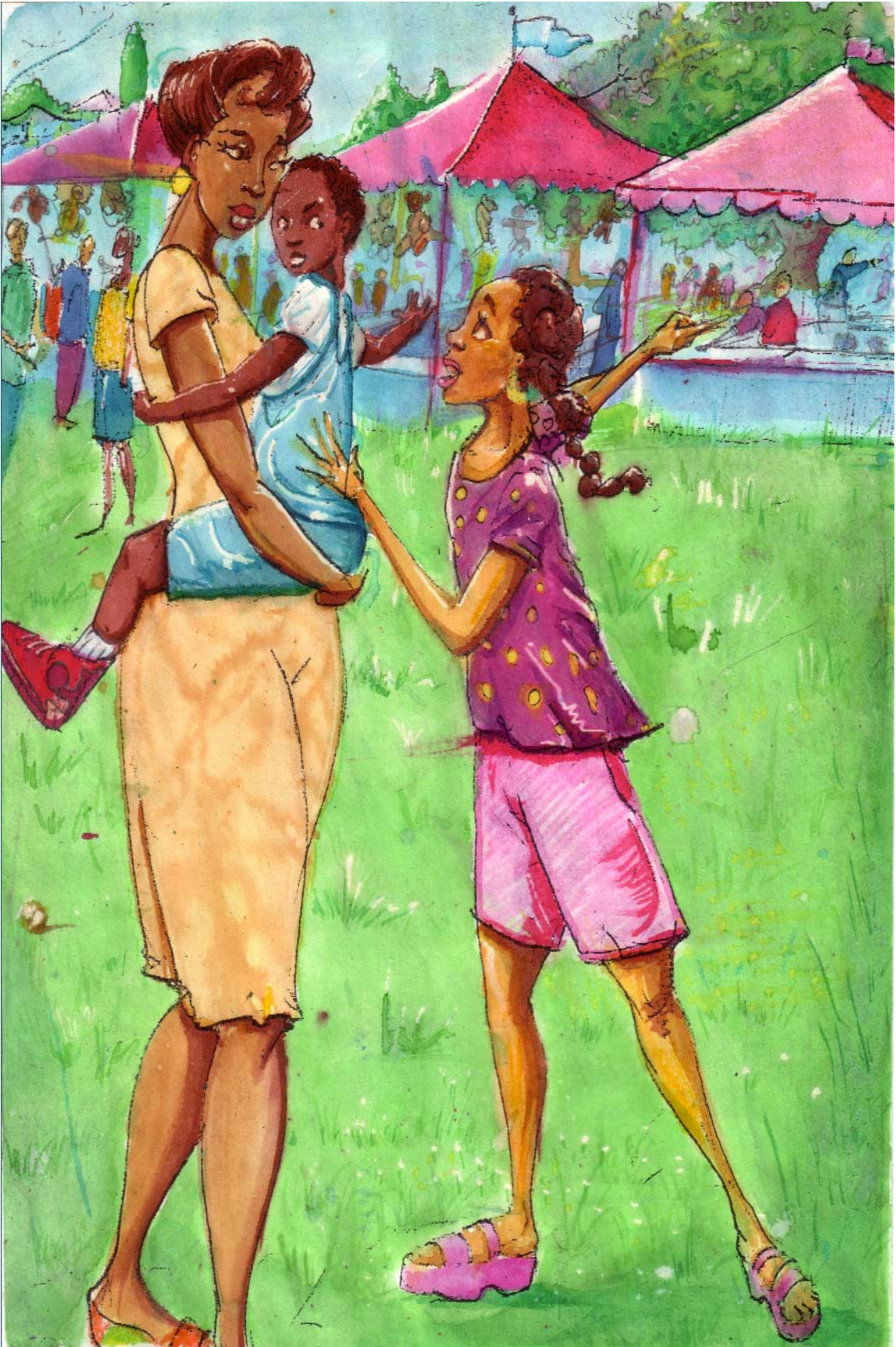


Even so, my little brother had become so tired that my mother had to pick him up and carry him.

"Well, I think it's about time we headed home, don't you?" my mother asked me, though I really knew she was telling me.

"Mommy, no!" I begged, "Just one more ride on the roller coaster. Please?"

Mommy smiled as we kept walking toward the exit. We had already done so much and I couldn't think of anything that we hadn't already tried, but I was not ready to go home.



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It didn't seem fair that I was about to be punished because of my brother's tired feet.

After all, it would be a whole year before the carnival would come back to town.

Boys always find ways to mess things up!

We passed some game tables on the way to our car. And Mommy must have seen my sad face because she looked over at the games and said to me,

"Well, how about one more chance at that stuffed teddy bear?"

I had a big, toothy grin on my face that stretched from ear to ear. I was so excited, I jumped up and down with my arms in the air.





I had already tried twice to pop those balloons, without any luck. But I felt lucky and thought for sure I could do it this time.

Mommy handed money to the man in the booth and, in return, he gave me four darts. I looked at the darts and carefully put three of them down on the table. I aimed the first dart at the red balloon, which was surrounded by the blue, green, and yellow balloons.



"Take your time, Sweetheart," my mother said in an encouraging voice.

I closed one eye and tried to focus on the big, red balloon. I just knew I could not miss. Well, not only did I miss the red one, I missed the blue, green, and yellow balloons, as well!



All the balloons seemed to move out of the way of my dart.

Life is a circle that brings us from childhood, to childhood.

**The Earth is a sphere that sustains all living things.
Is it not reasonable then, to conclude that life recycled, is life
renewed?**

Please remember that the Earth's future is in your hands.

~11th Hour Books

