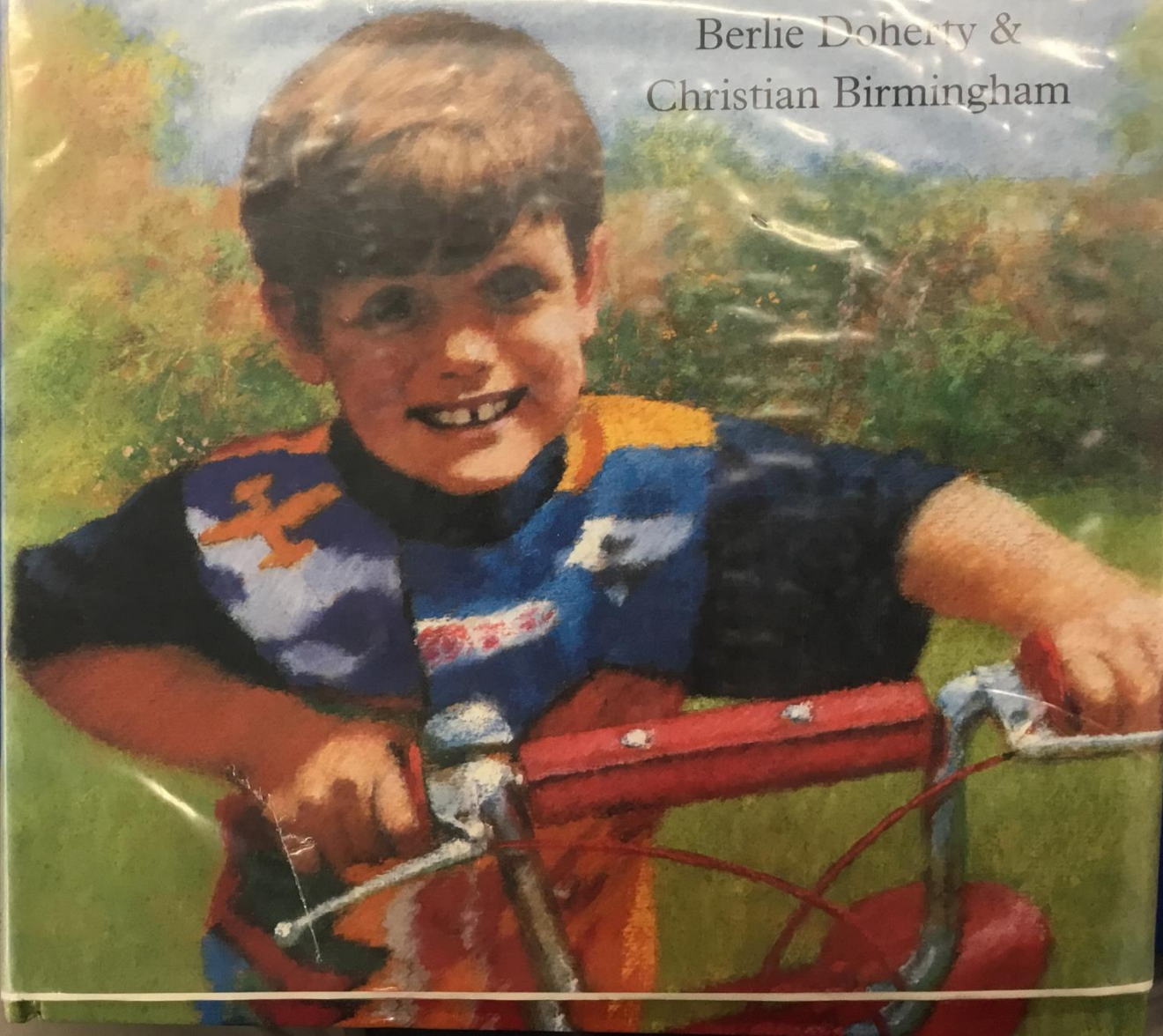


# THE MAGICAL BICYCLE

Berlie Doherty &  
Christian Birmingham



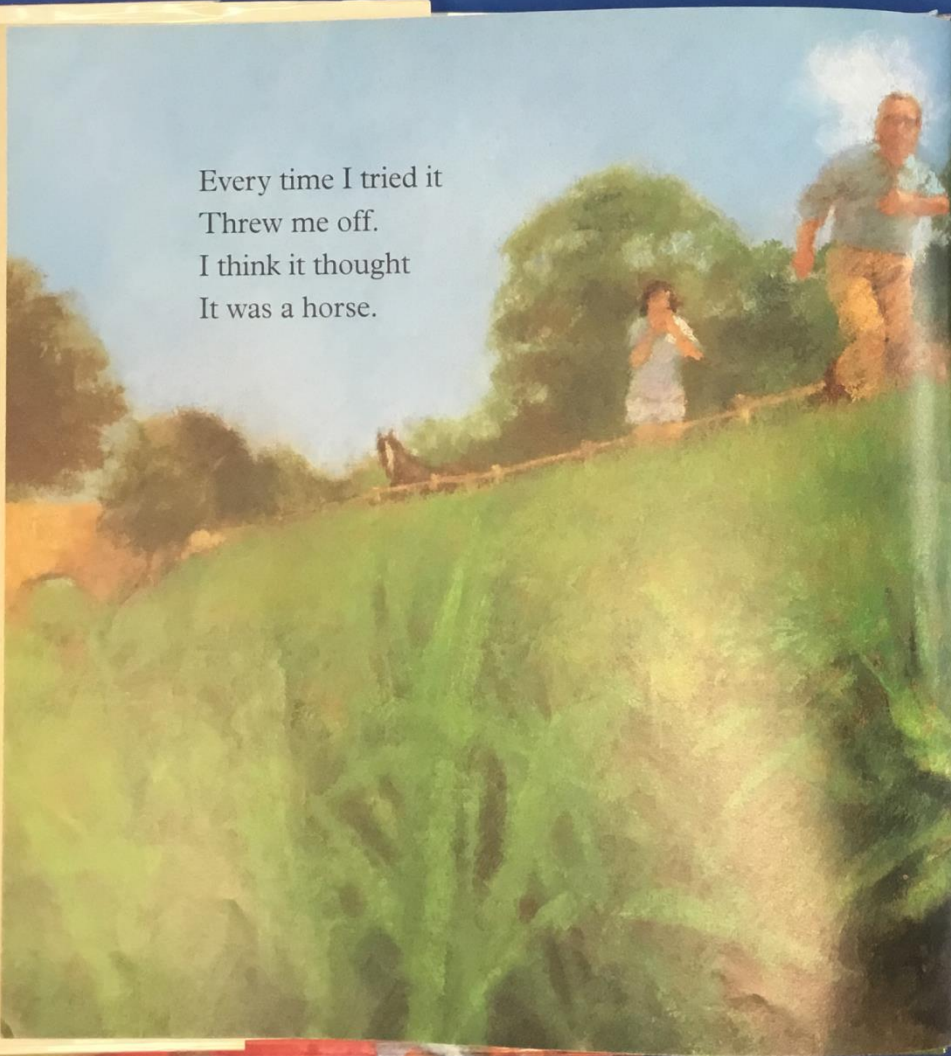


My best surprise  
Was my shining bike  
With its silver voice  
But I couldn't ride it.

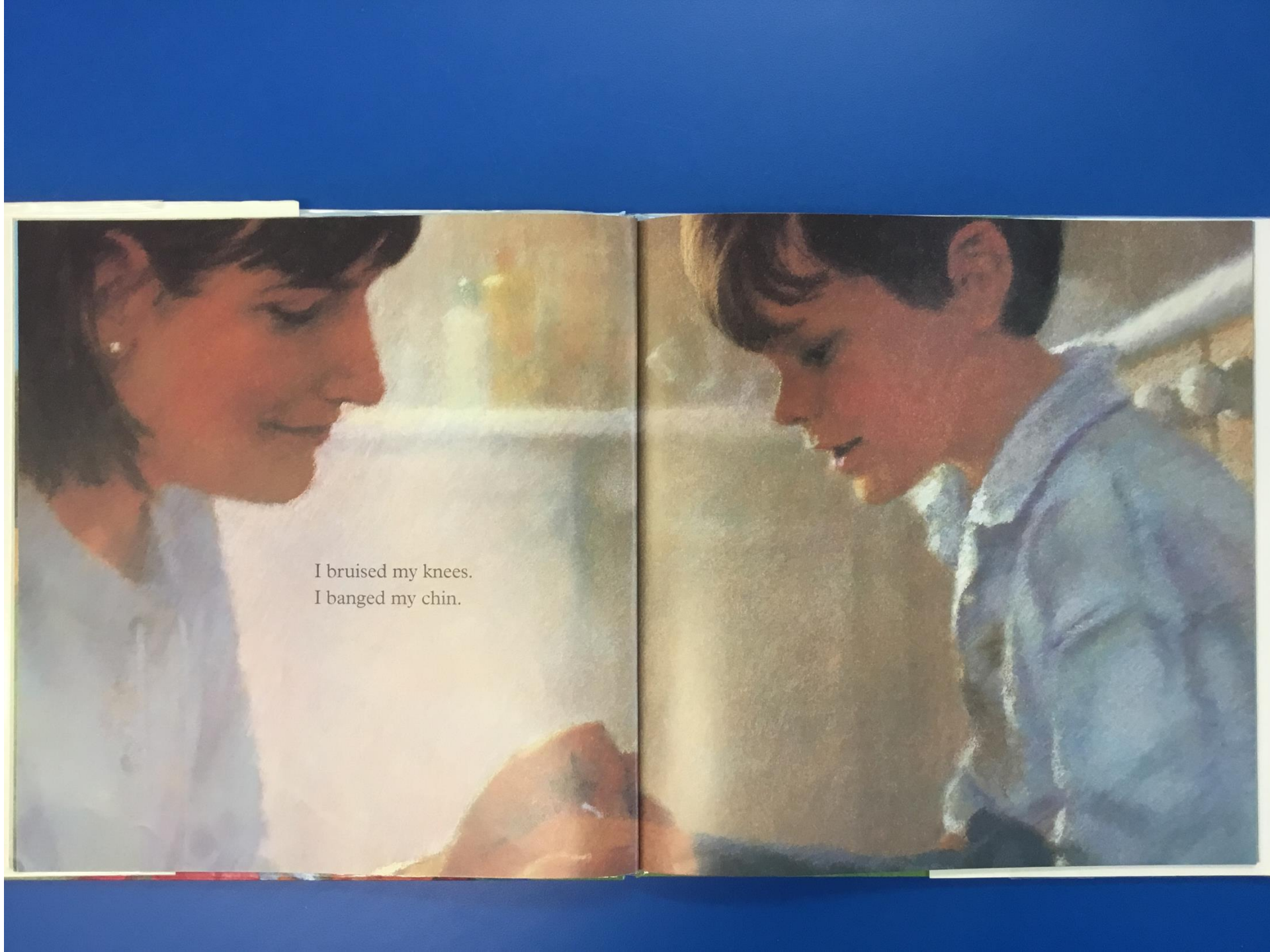




Every time I tried it  
Threw me off.  
I think it thought  
It was a horse.

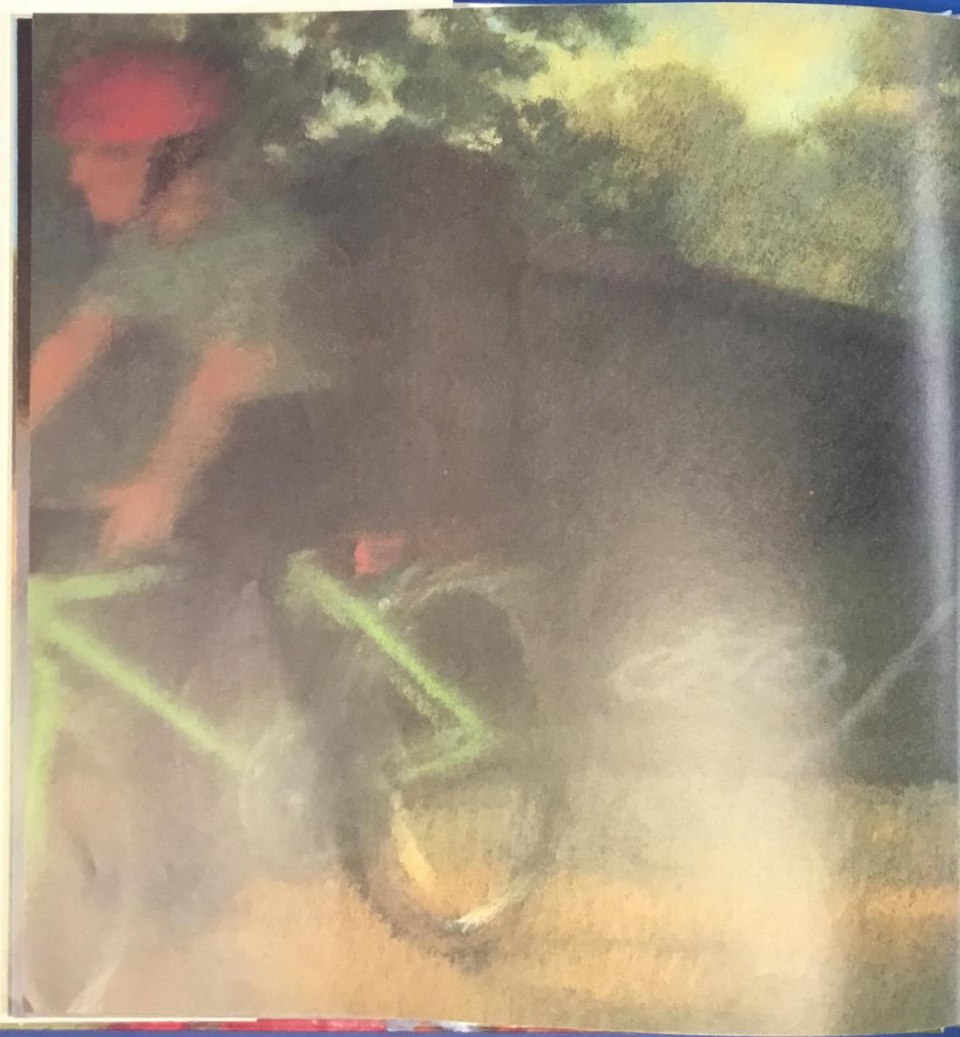






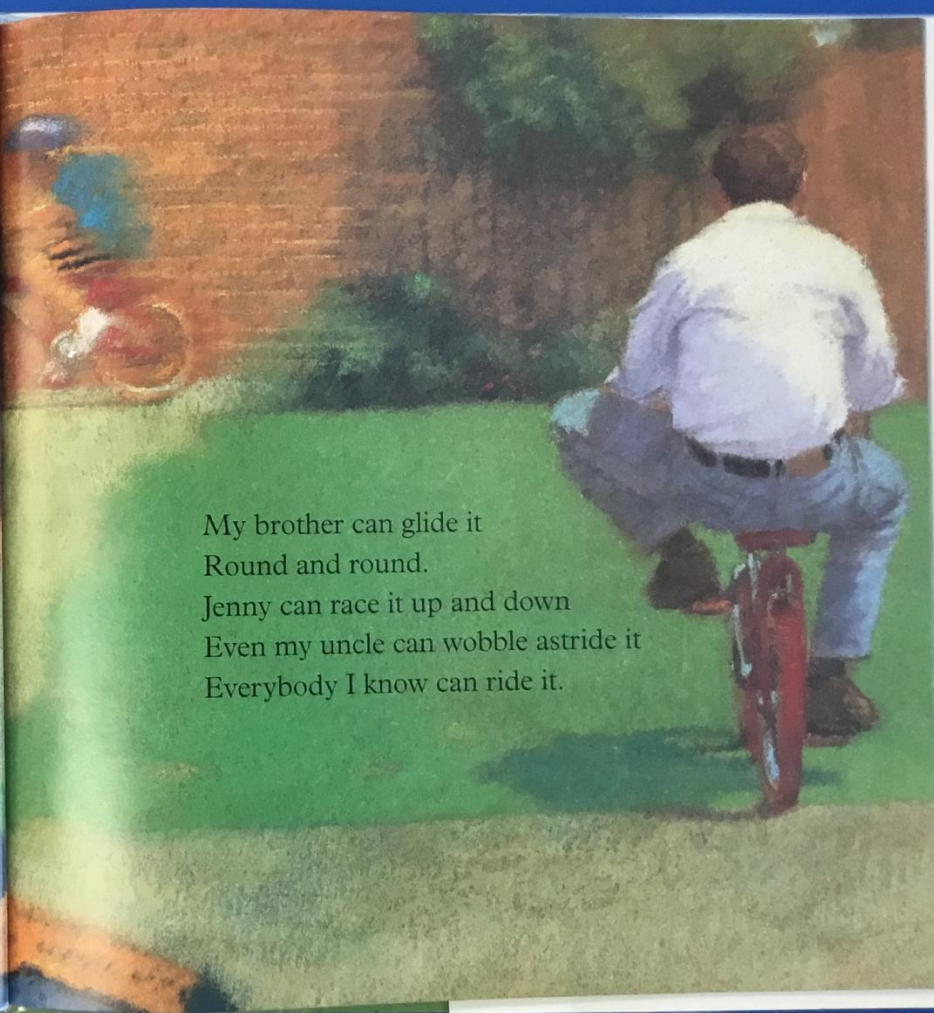
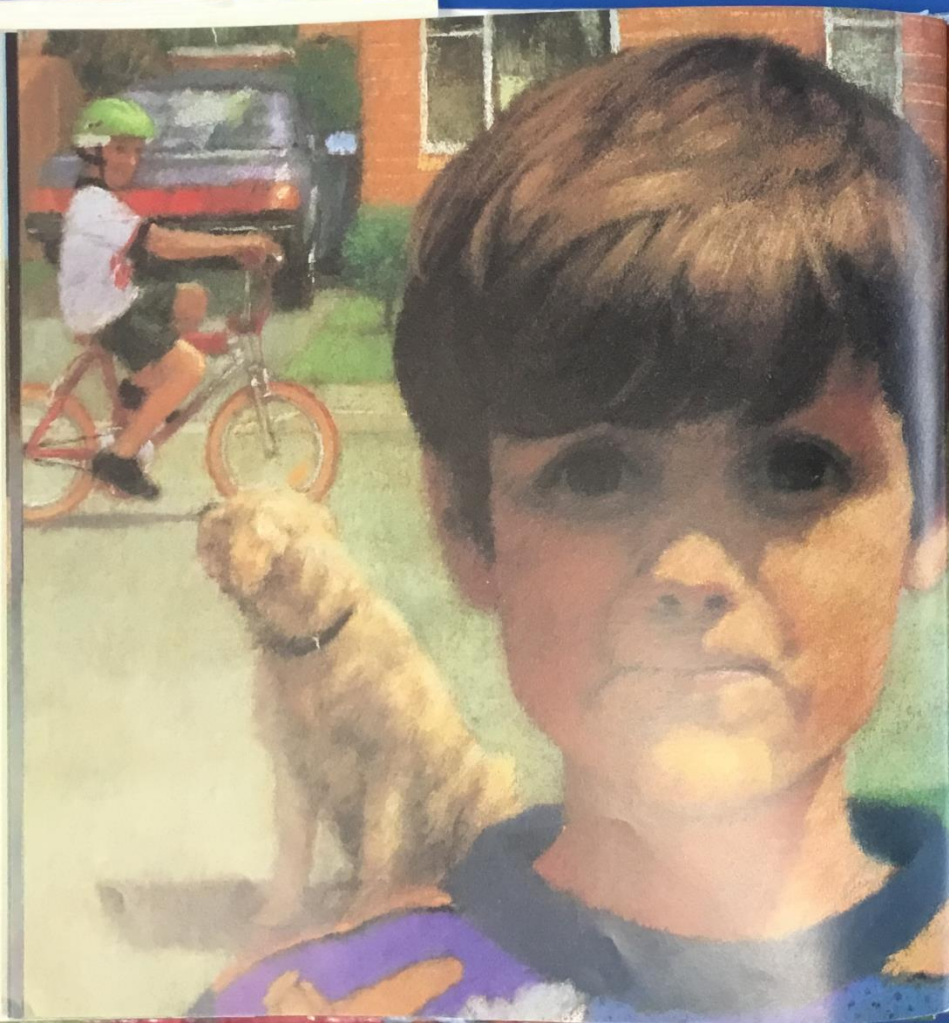
I bruised my knees.  
I banged my chin.






I tried again, again, again.






My brother can glide it  
Round and round.  
Jenny can race it up and down  
Even my uncle can wobble astride it  
Everybody I know can ride it.





It must be something to do with magic.  
There must be a special, secret trick.  
There must be a spell on bikes, I decided.



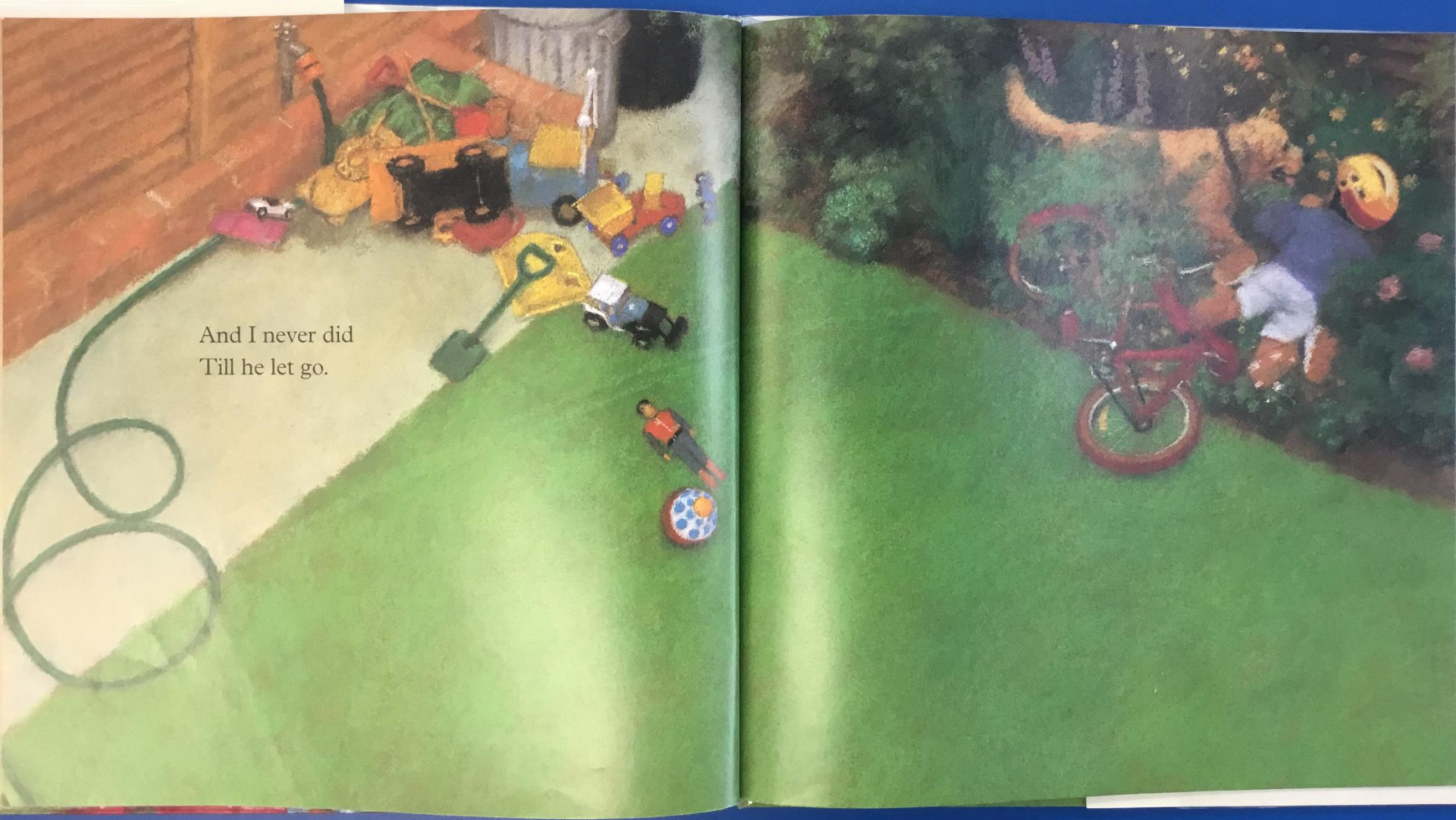


Dad ran up the entry, holding on,  
And then he ran all the way down  
And panted all the way up again.

“Just turn your legs!”  
He grew tired and slow,  
“You won’t fall off...”



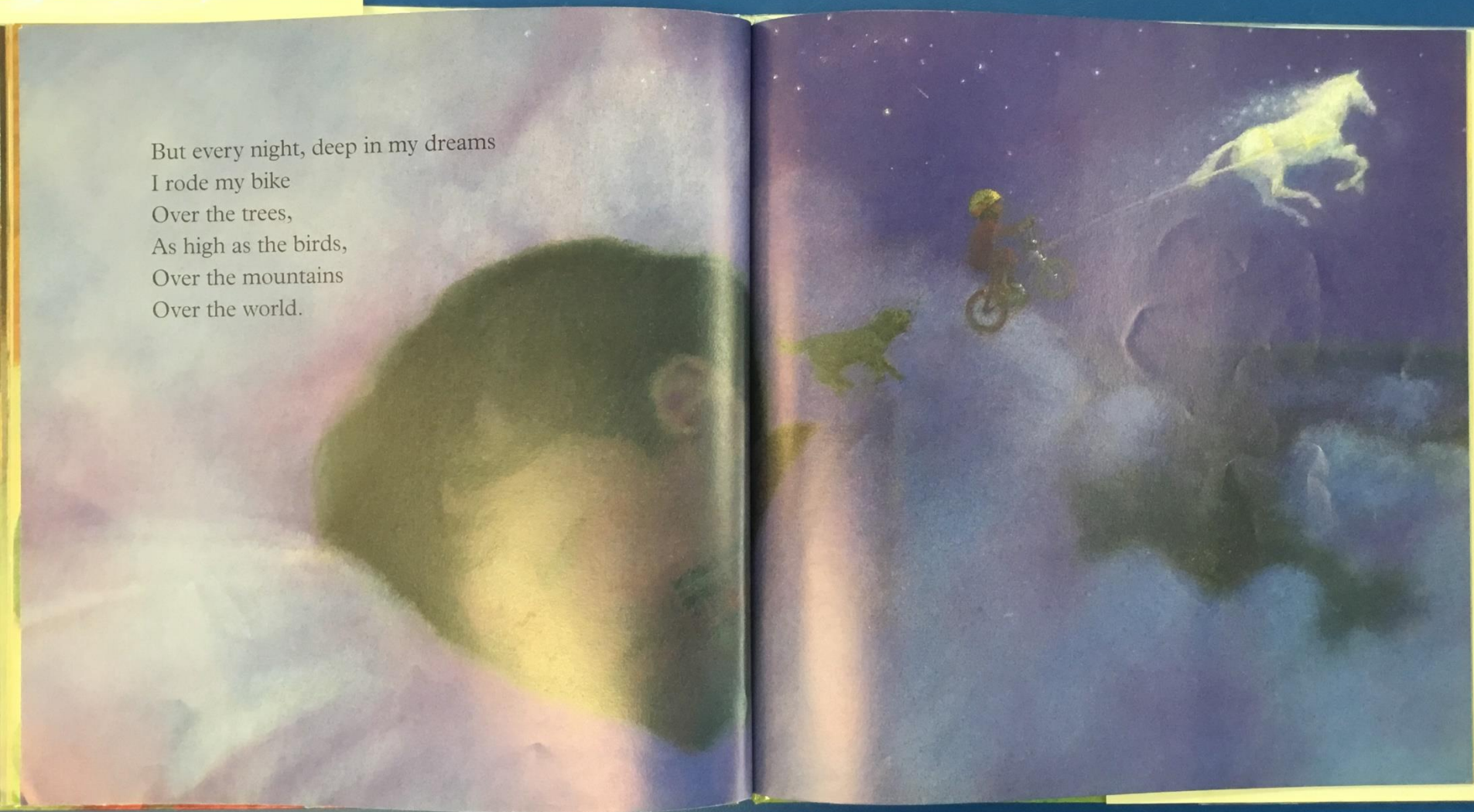


A two-page spread from a children's book. The left page shows a child's play area with various toys like a yellow toy truck, a blue toy car, and a green shovel on a green lawn. A green garden hose is coiled on the left. The right page shows a child riding a red bicycle on a green lawn, with a large dog and a yellow ball in the background.

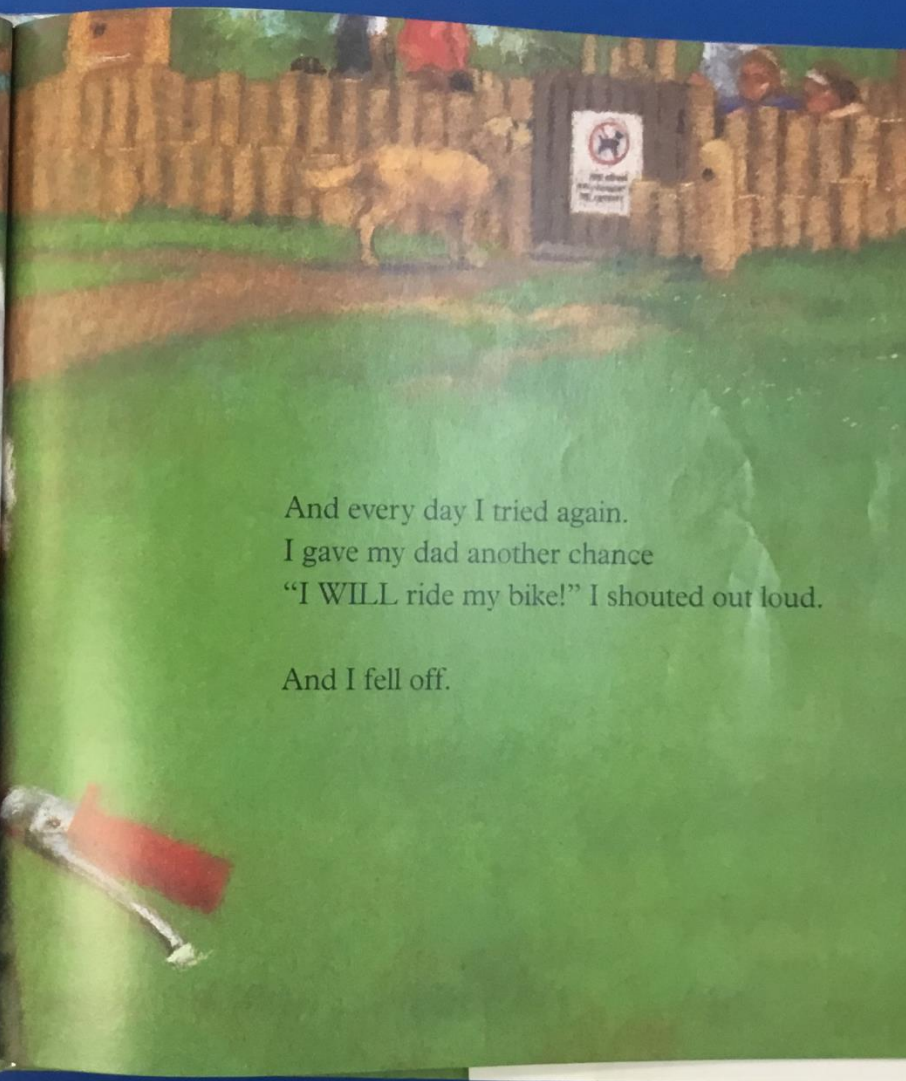
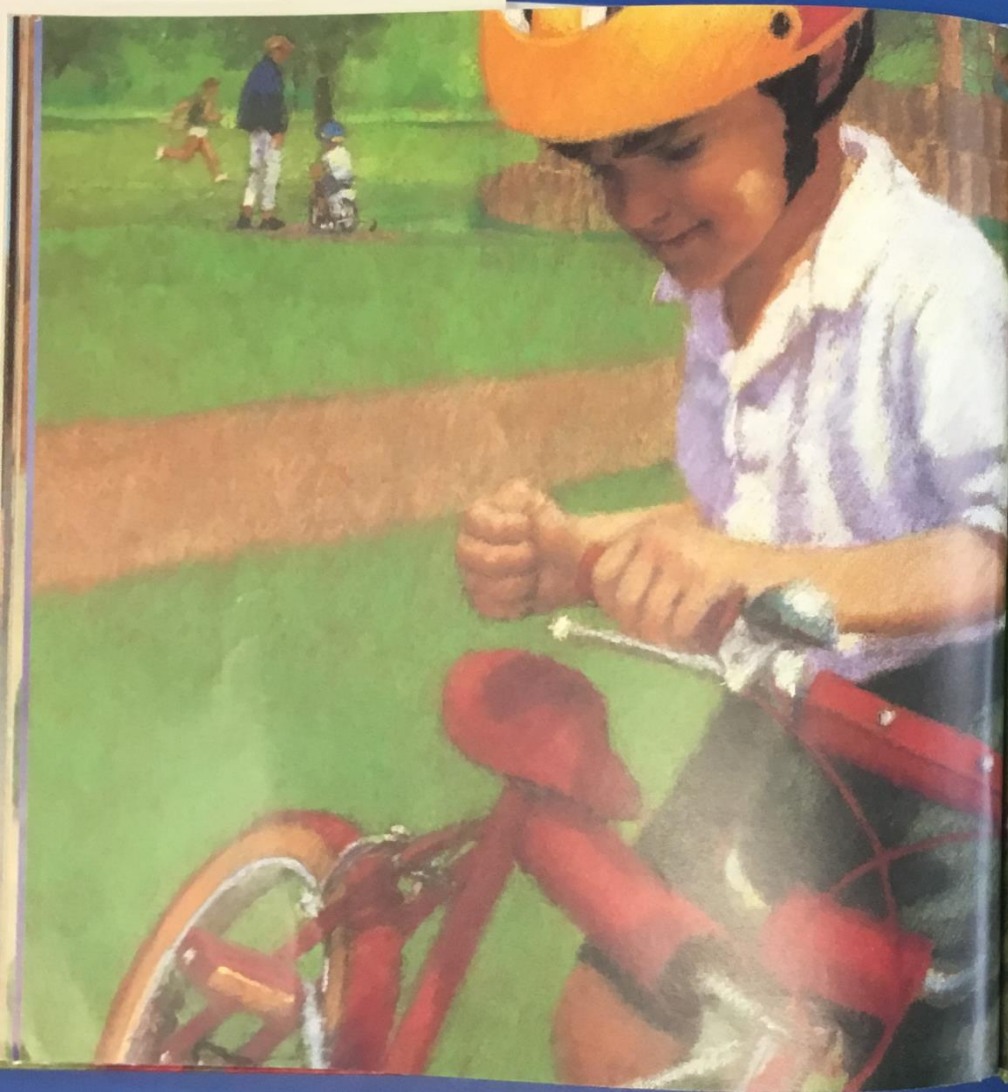
And I never did  
Till he let go.



But every night, deep in my dreams  
I rode my bike  
Over the trees,  
As high as the birds,  
Over the mountains  
Over the world.







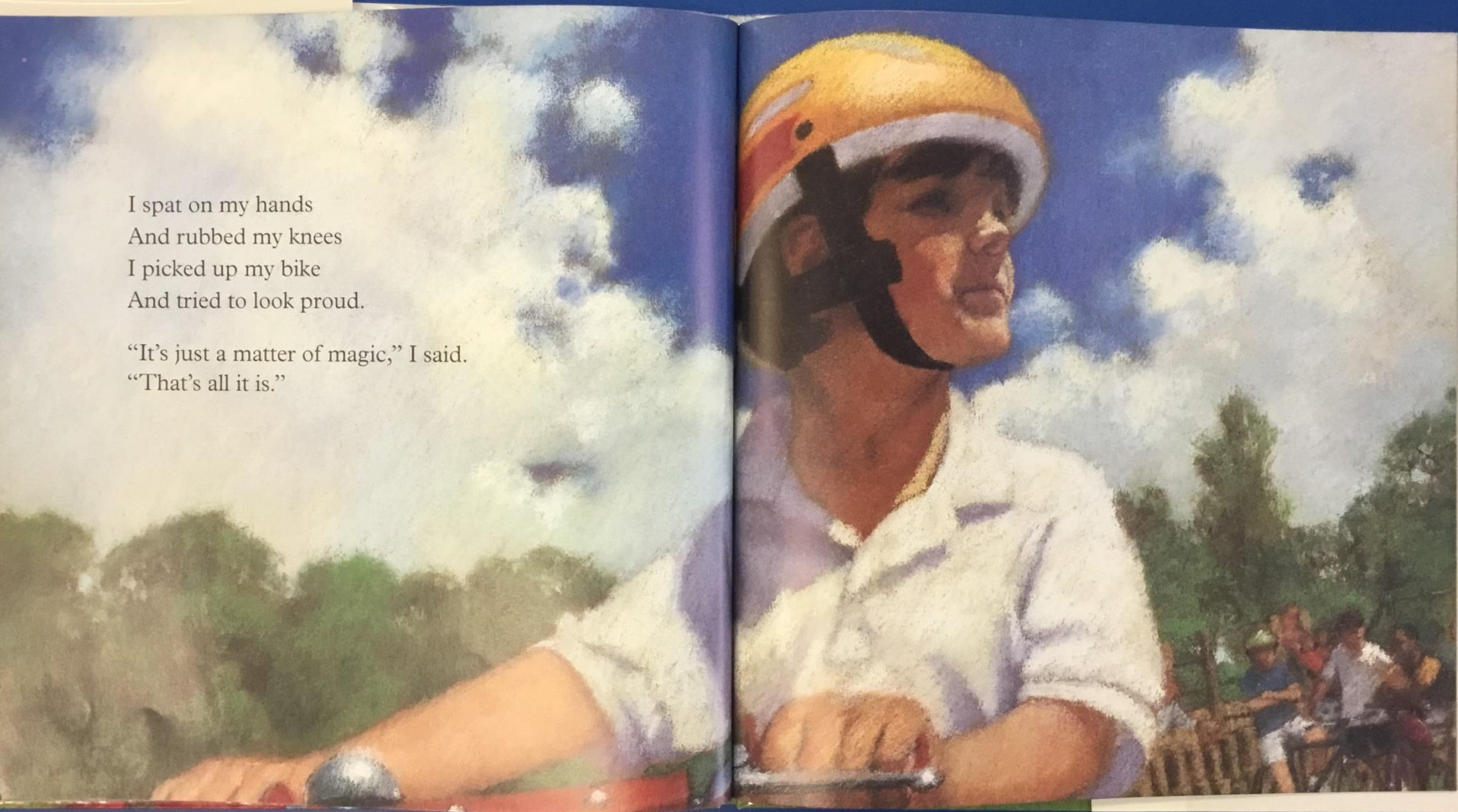
And every day I tried again.  
I gave my dad another chance  
“I WILL ride my bike!” I shouted out loud.

And I fell off.



I spat on my hands  
And rubbed my knees  
I picked up my bike  
And tried to look proud.

"It's just a matter of magic," I said.  
"That's all it is."

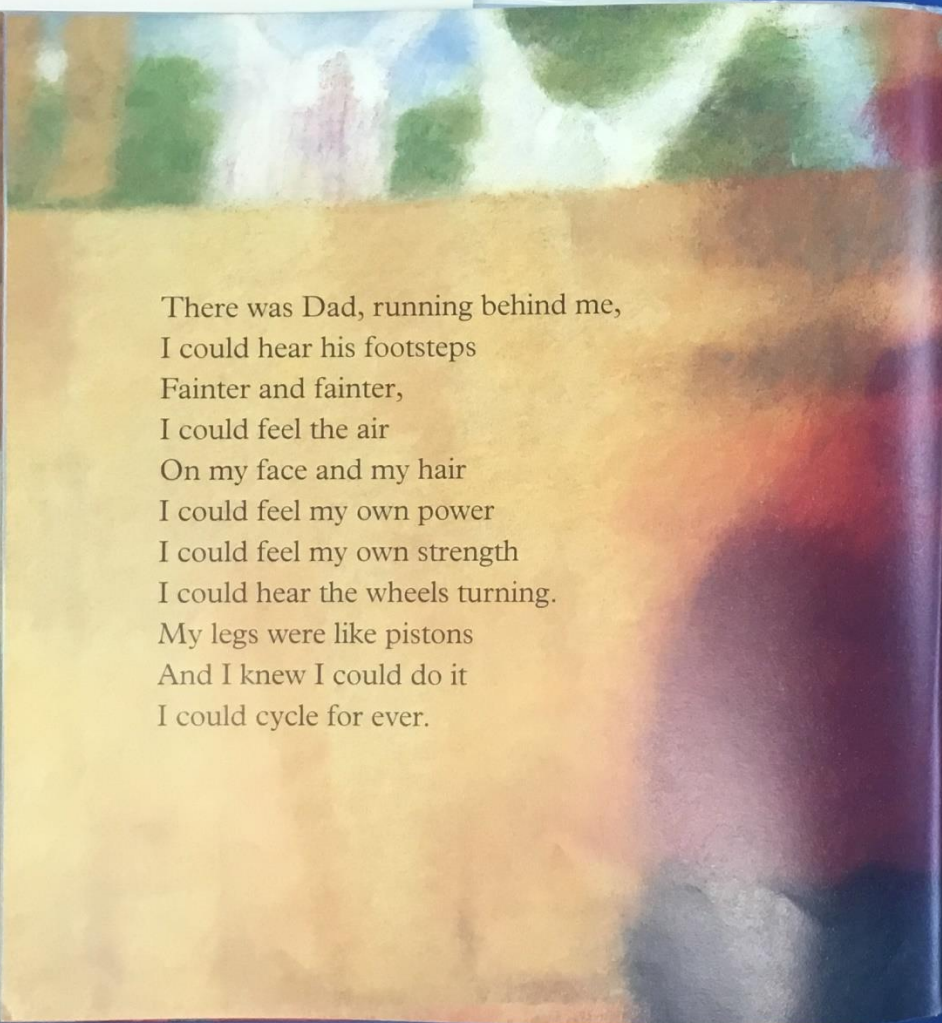




And then one day,  
I must have  
Said it.  
The magic word.  
I didn't hear it.  
I didn't think it.  
It must have been  
Deep in the quietest bit of my mind.



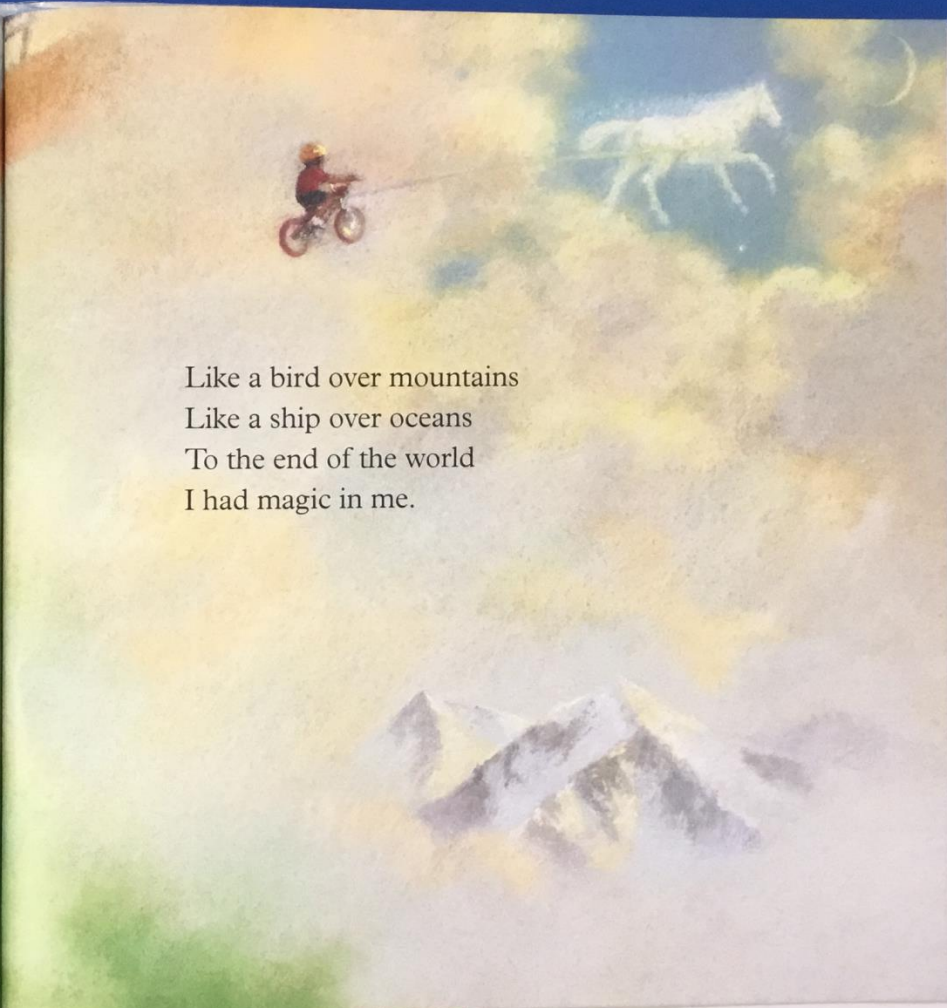
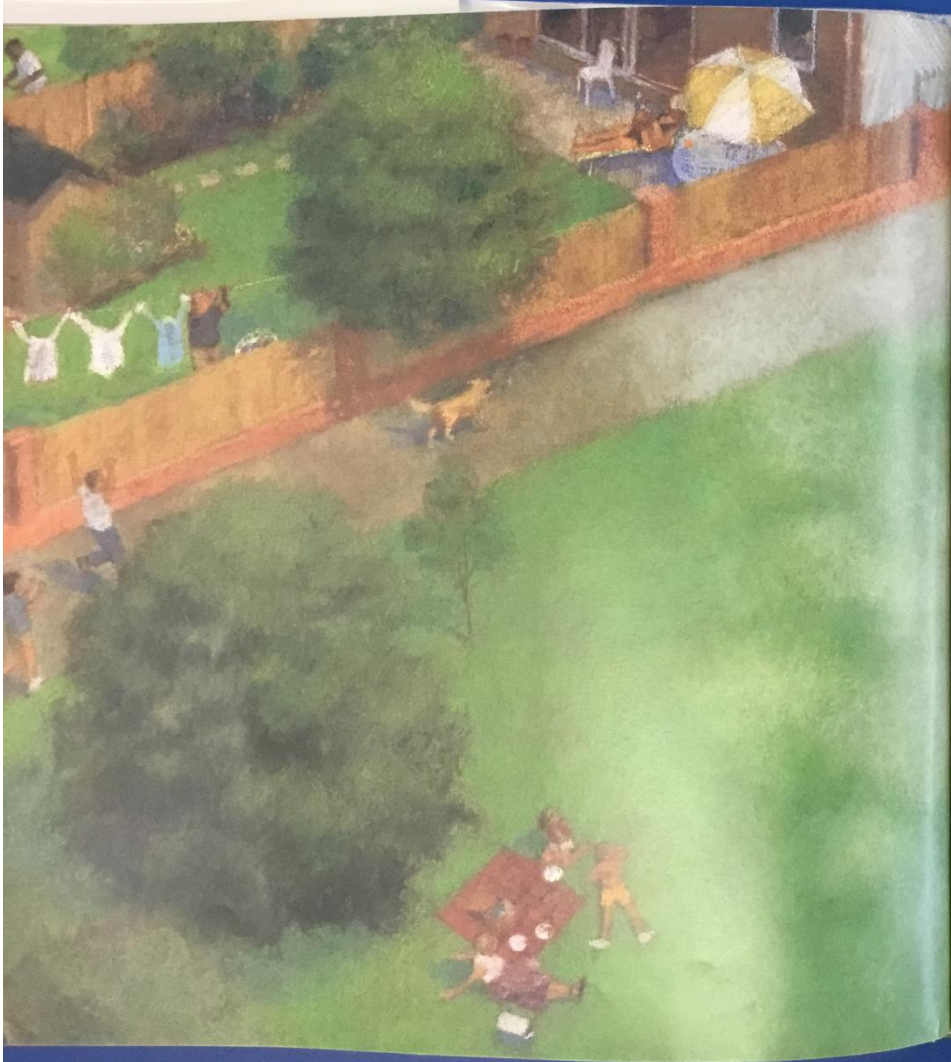




There was Dad, running behind me,  
I could hear his footsteps  
Fainter and fainter,  
I could feel the air  
On my face and my hair  
I could feel my own power  
I could feel my own strength  
I could hear the wheels turning.  
My legs were like pistons  
And I knew I could do it  
I could cycle for ever.







Like a bird over mountains  
Like a ship over oceans  
To the end of the world  
I had magic in me.



