

little
red
dot

bounces back










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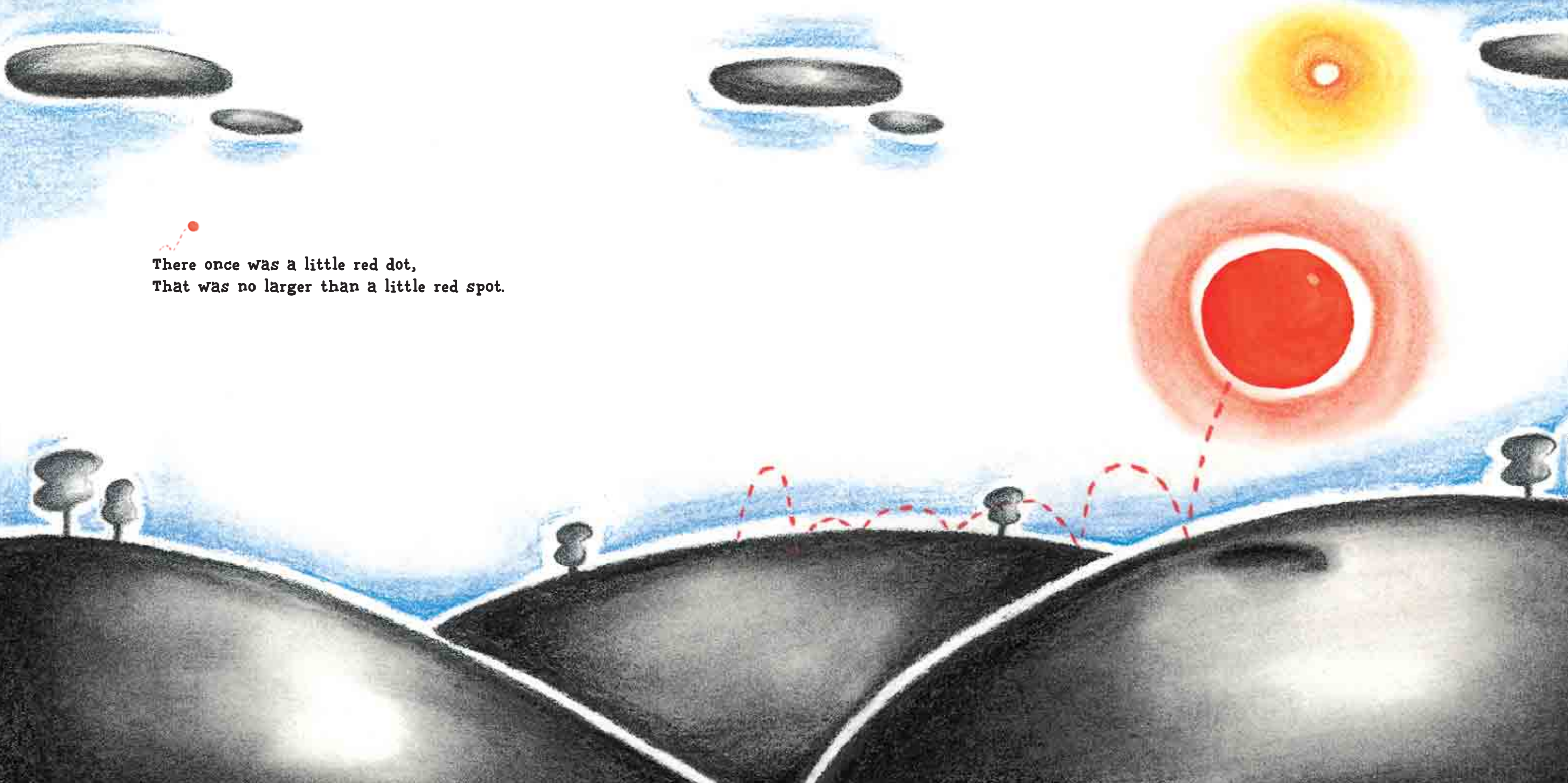
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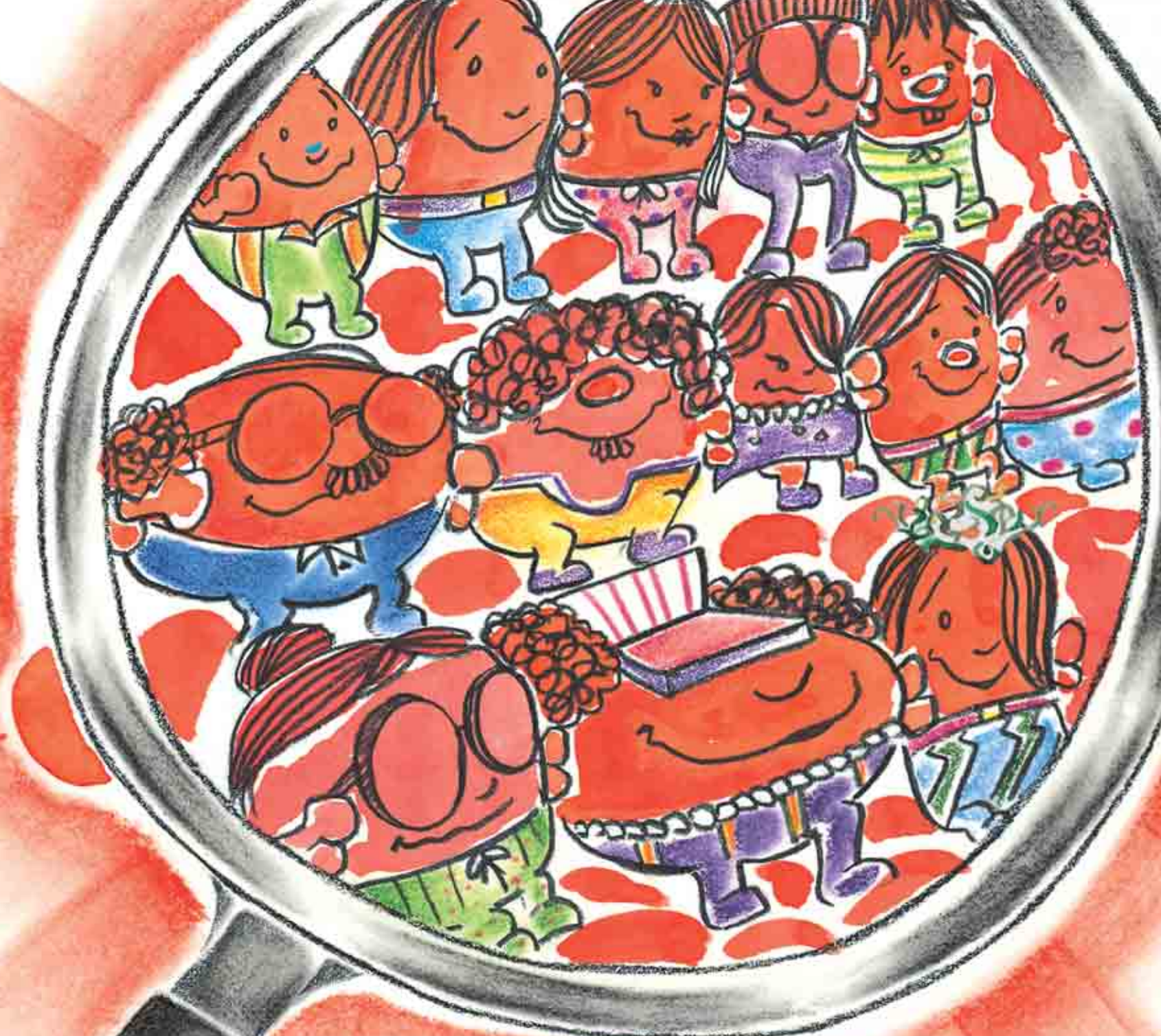
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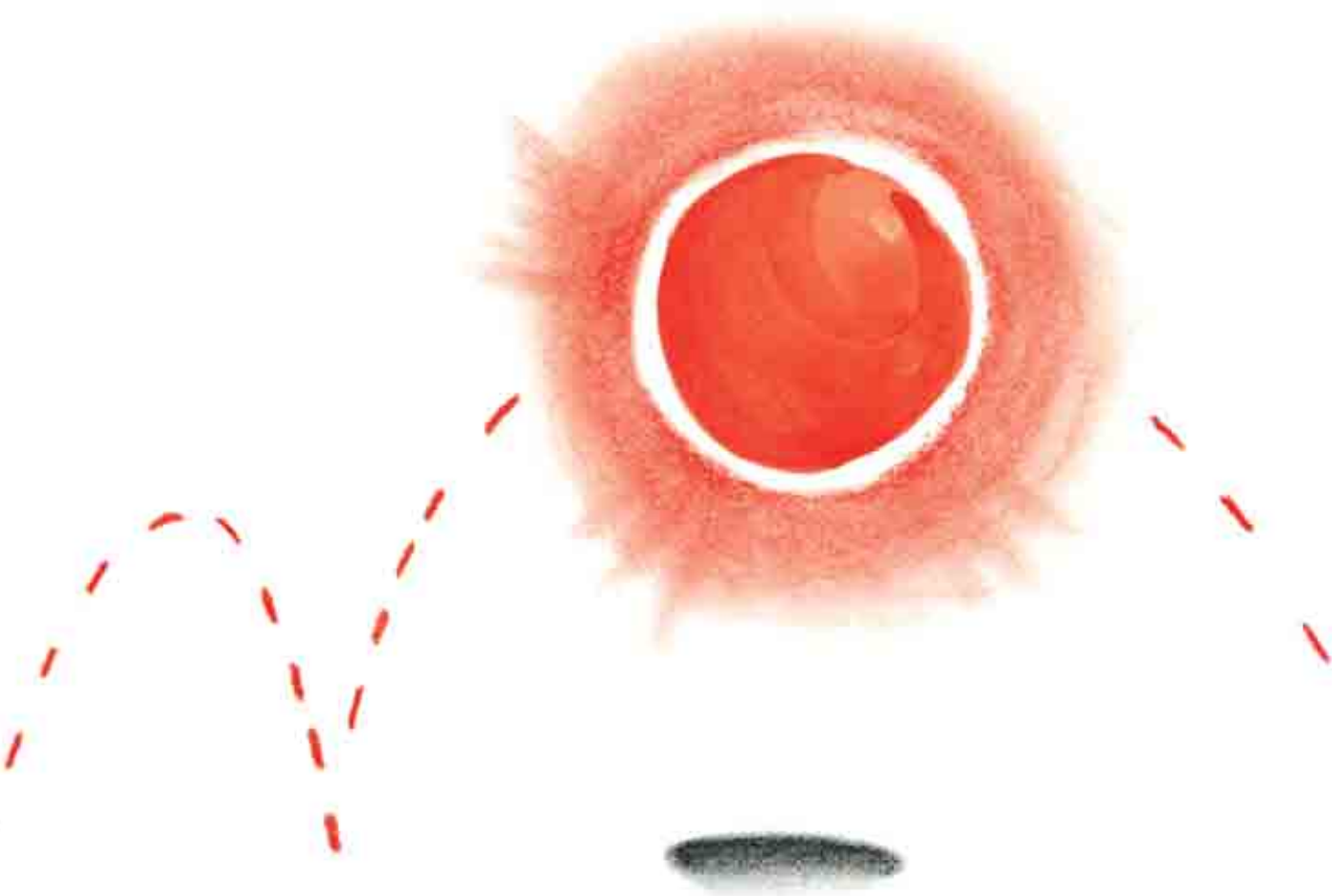




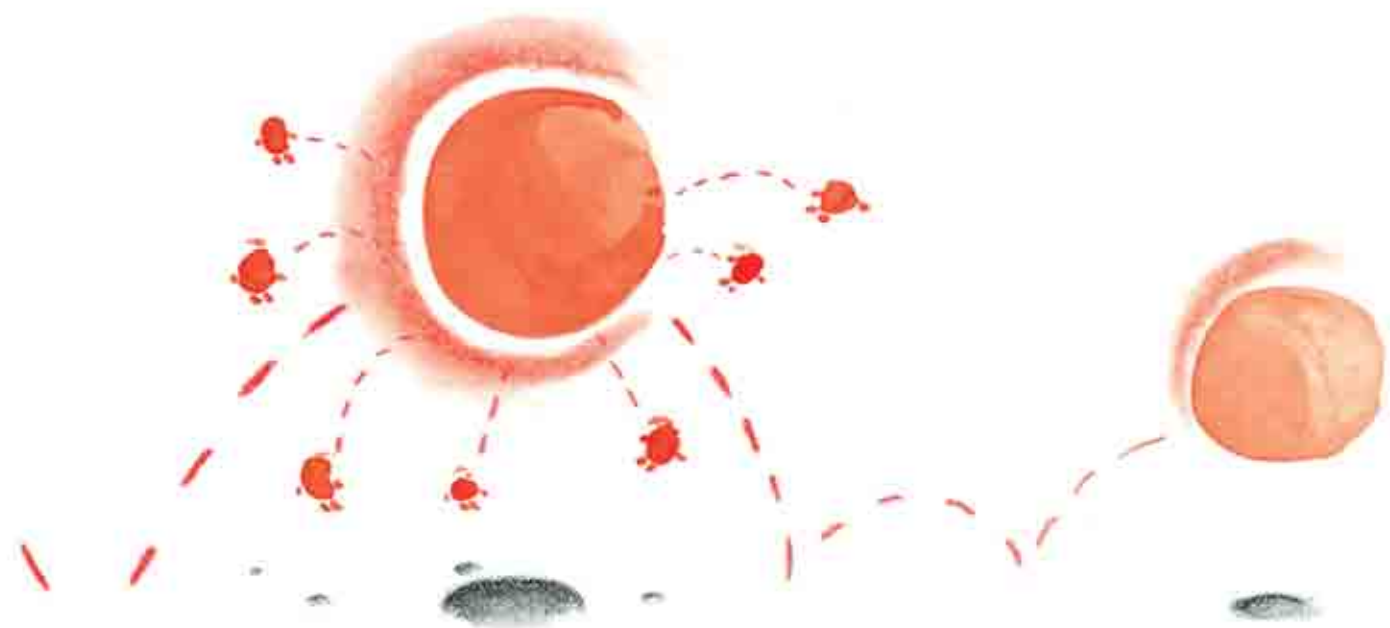
There once was a little red dot,
That was no larger than a little red spot.

It was made up of many happy tiny dots,
In many shades of red and in many sizes.





But whenever some of them bounced away,
The little red dot's energy and colour faded too.

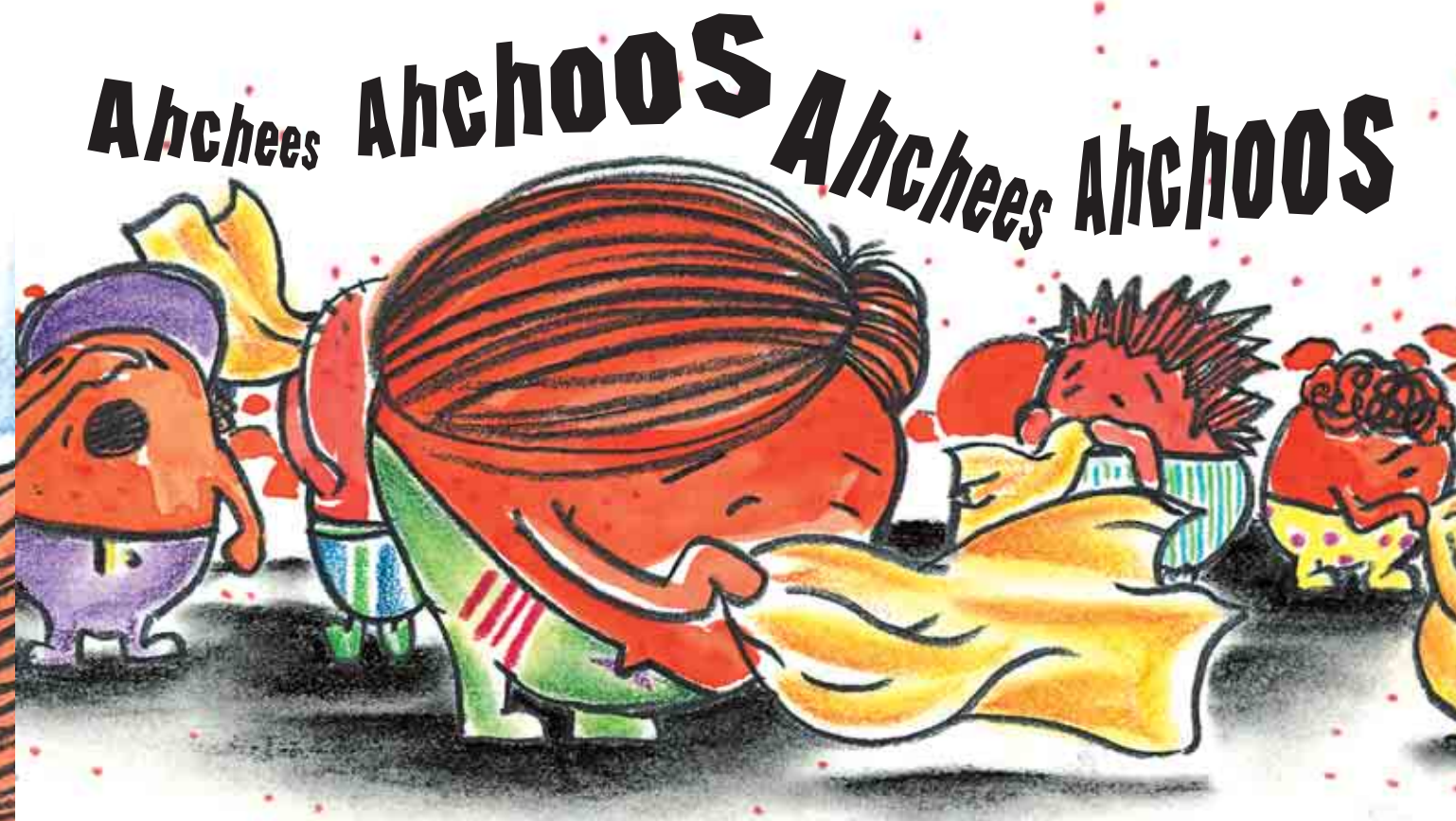


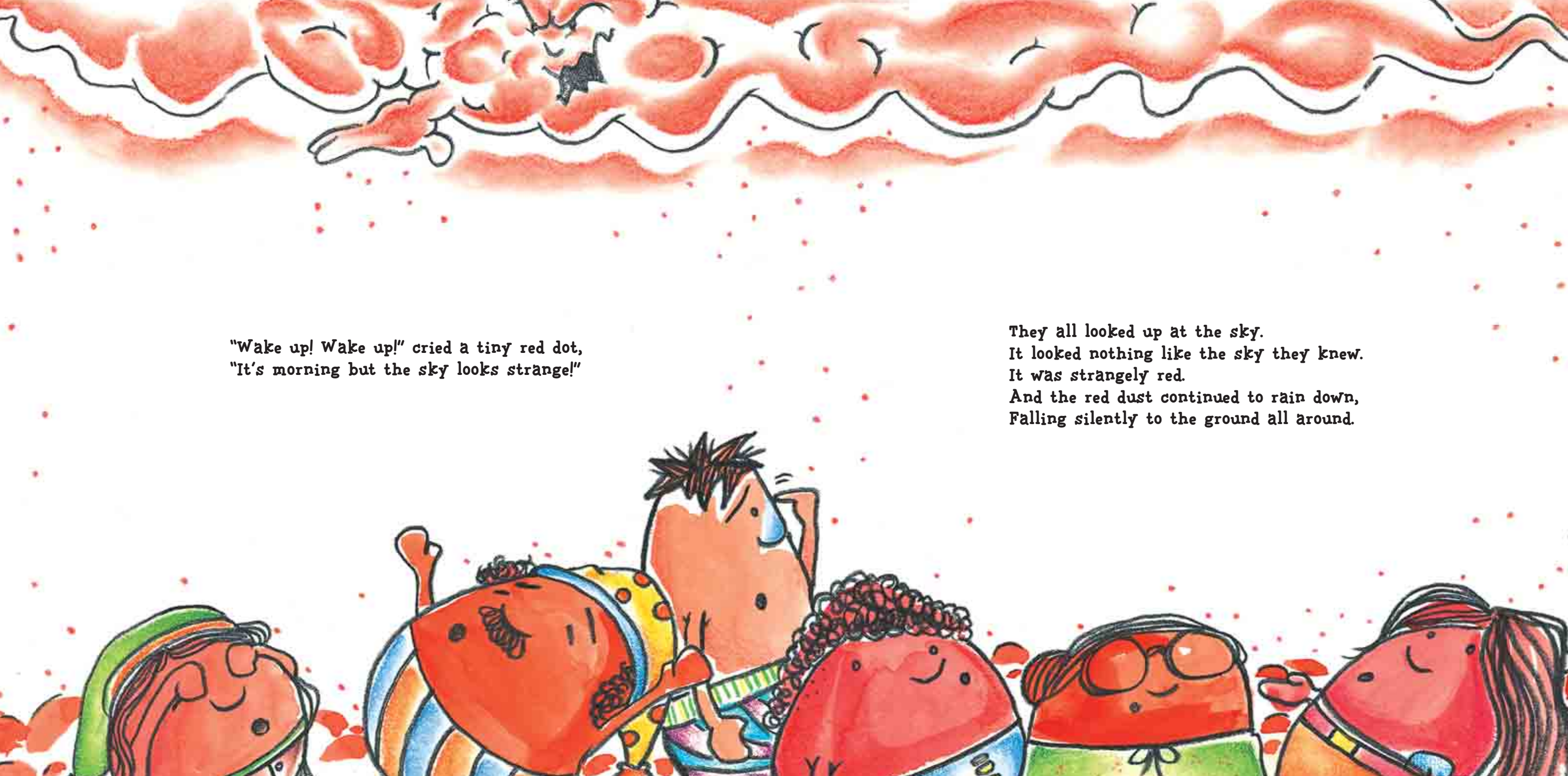
As the tiny red dots happily huddled together,
The little red dot glowed with energy and colour.

One day as they playfully bounced about,
Red dust rained down, falling all around them.



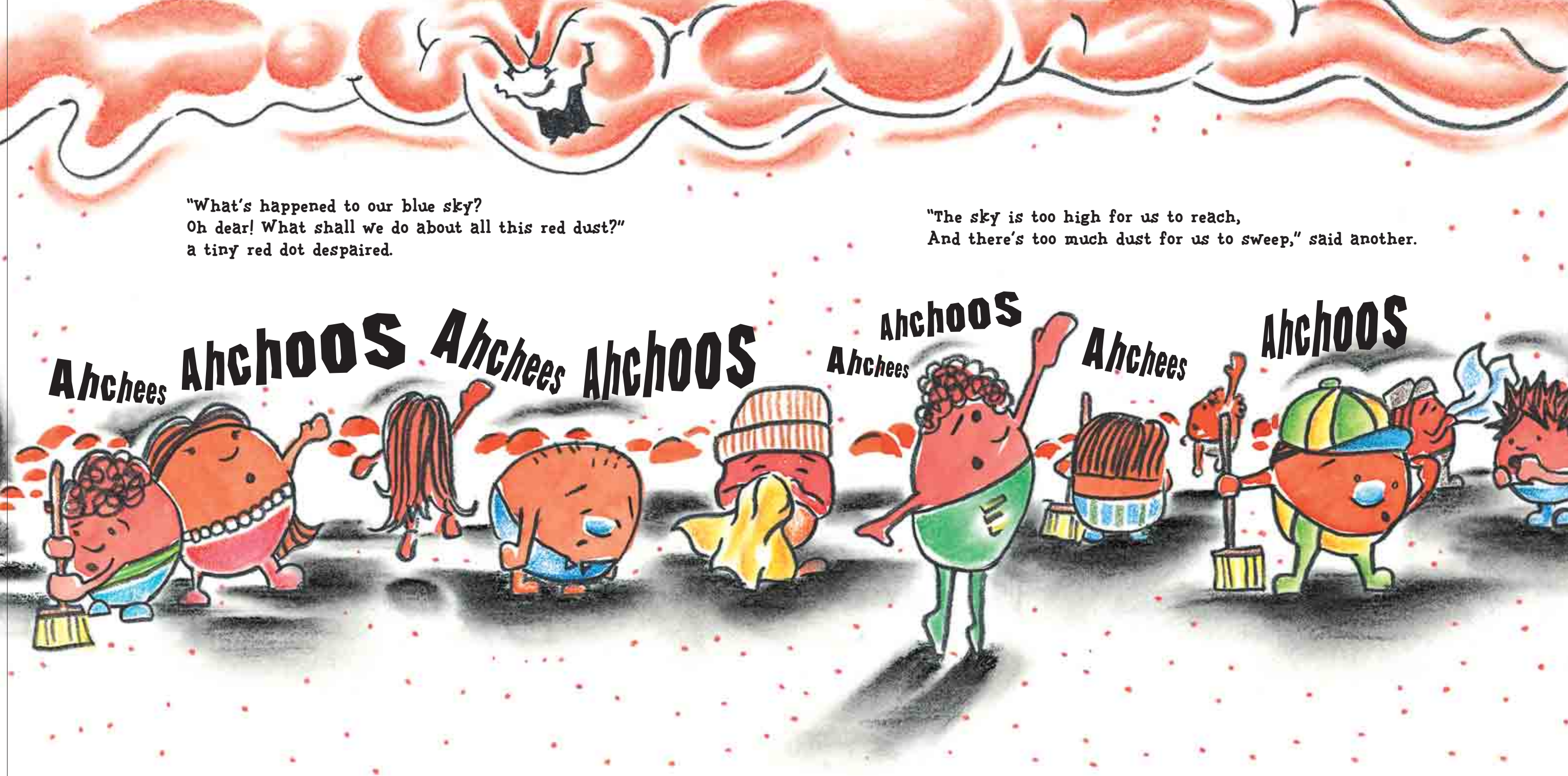
"Ahchoo!" went one tiny red dot,
What's all this red stuff?" he cried.
Soon, the "Ahchoos" and "Ahchees" grew into a chorus.
The tiny red dots drifted into a deep sleep.





"Wake up! Wake up!" cried a tiny red dot,
"It's morning but the sky looks strange!"

They all looked up at the sky.
It looked nothing like the sky they knew.
It was strangely red.
And the red dust continued to rain down,
Falling silently to the ground all around.



"What's happened to our blue sky?
Oh dear! What shall we do about all this red dust?"
a tiny red dot despaired.

"The sky is too high for us to reach,
And there's too much dust for us to sweep," said another.

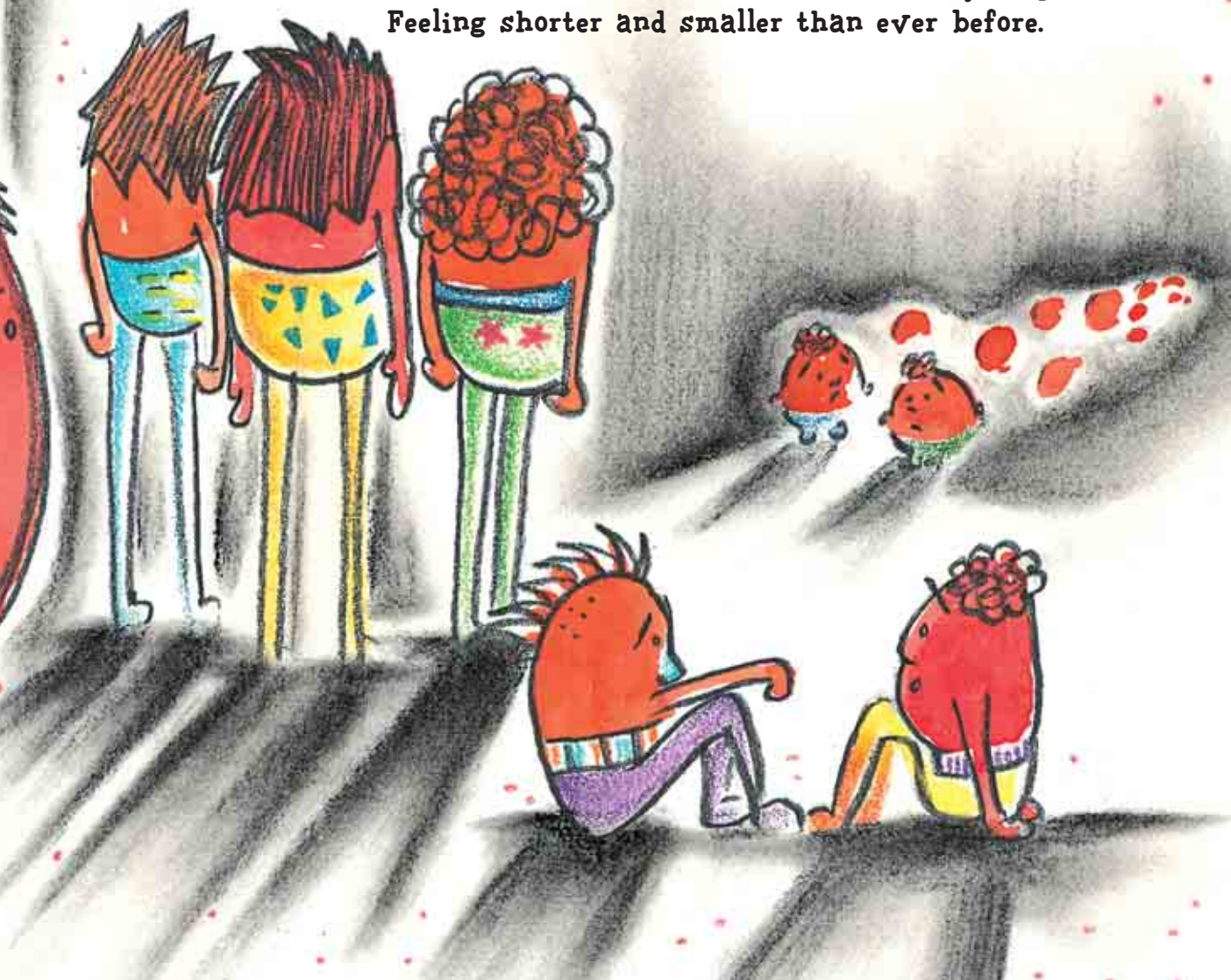
Ahchees Ahchoos Ahchees Ahchoos

Ahchoos
Ahchees

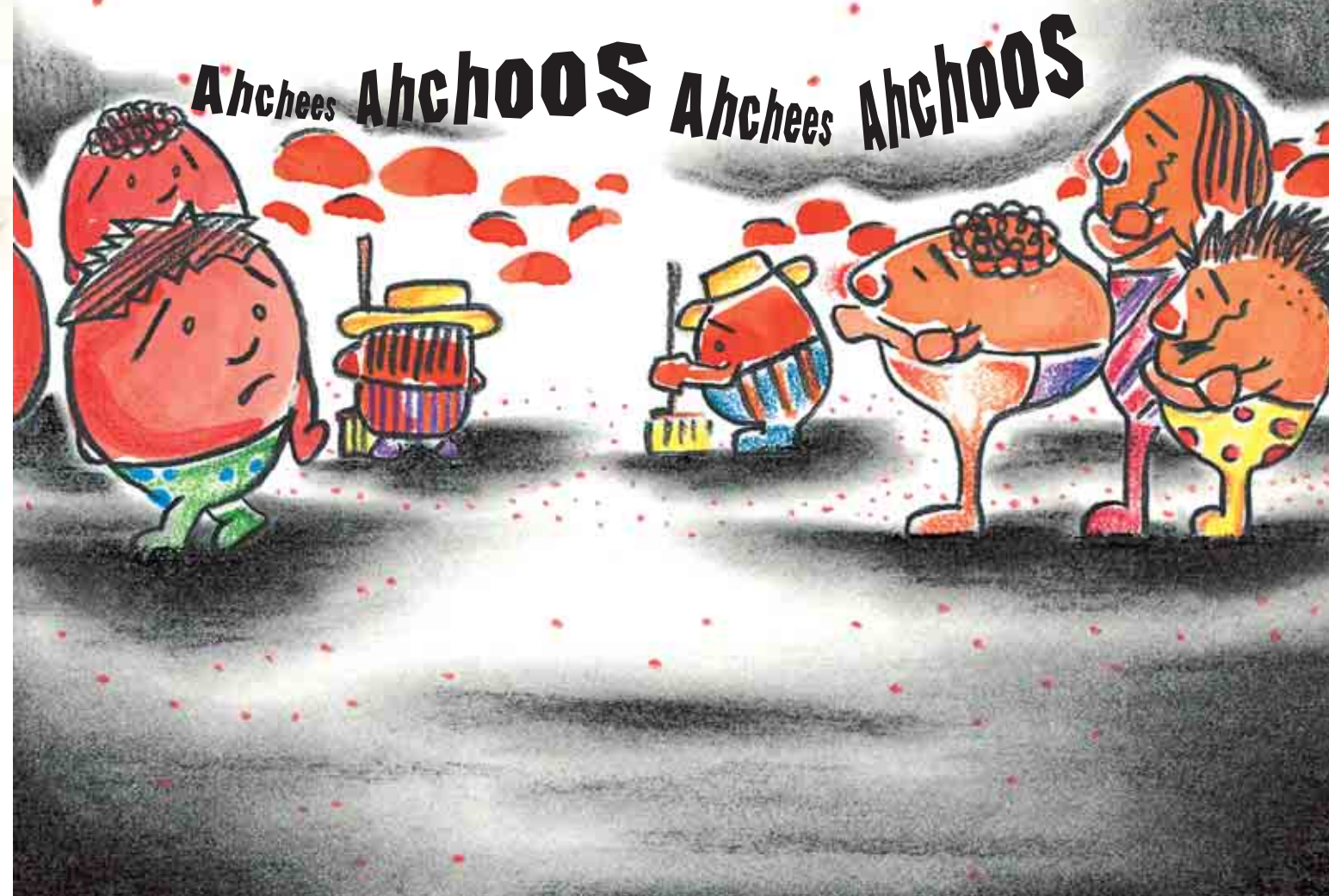
Ahchees

Ahchoos

They sat looking at one another,
And some began to see things that were a bother.
"Those with short hands and legs are of no use here,"
said one long-limbed dot,
"Because they waddle and kick up so much dust."
Hurt and upset, the short-limbed dots quietly crawled away,
Feeling shorter and smaller than ever before.



"This red dust doesn't bother the red-nosed dots,
So the rest of you can deal with the problem," said a red-nosed dot,
As he marched off with other red-nosed dots.





The remaining dots looked sadly at one another
Between their "Ahchoos" and "Ahchees".

Ahchees **Ahchoos** *Ahchees* **Ahchoos**



Ahchees **Ahchoos** *Ahchees* **Ahchoos**

Ahchees **Ahchoos**

"We never used to fight this way," cried one.
"This horrid dust must have got into our heads."



But they did not stop squabbling.

"You straight-haired dots smell strange," announced a curly-haired dot,

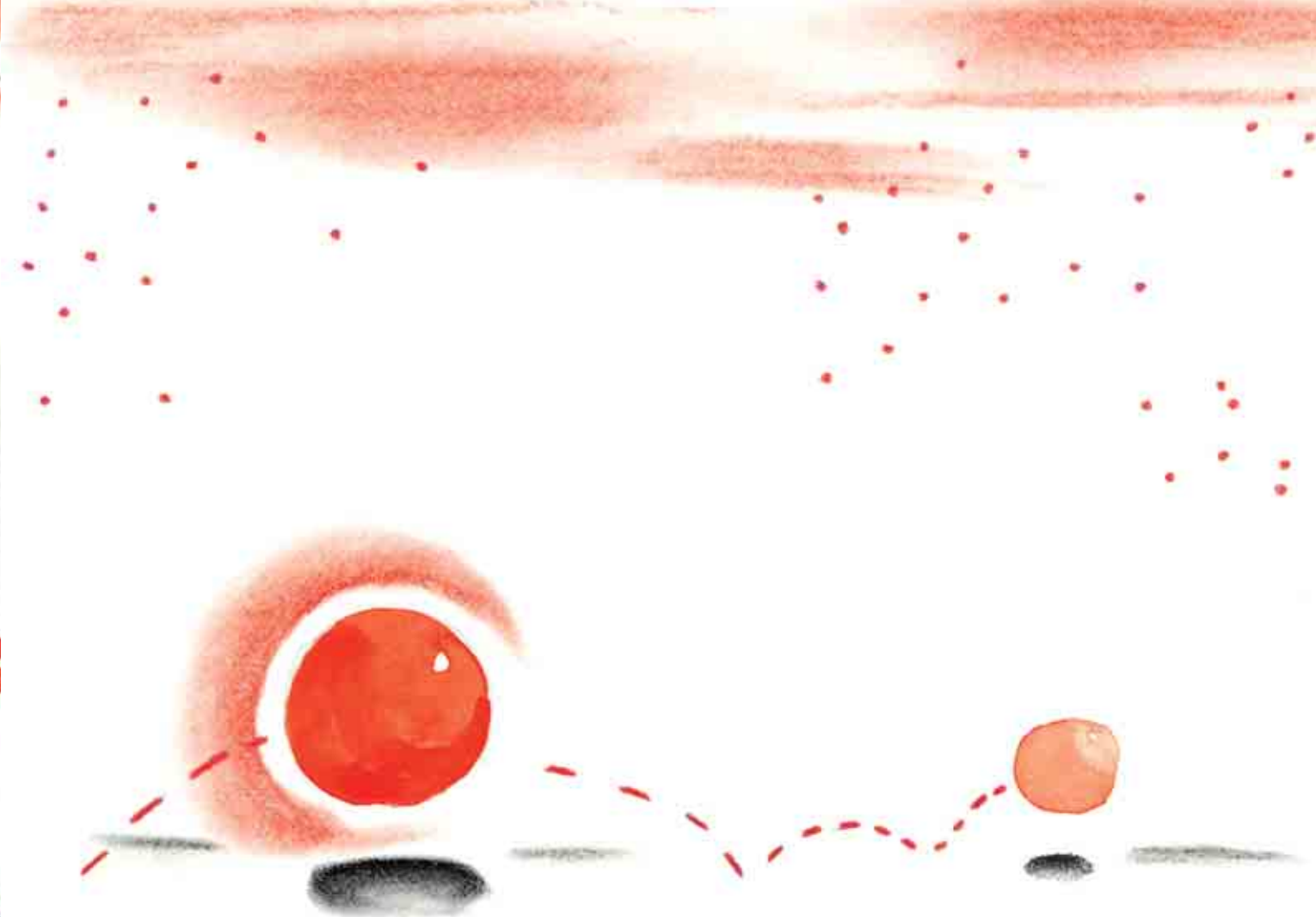
"Must be the raw eggs you eat and the herbs you put on your head.

Why don't you go some place far away," he teased,

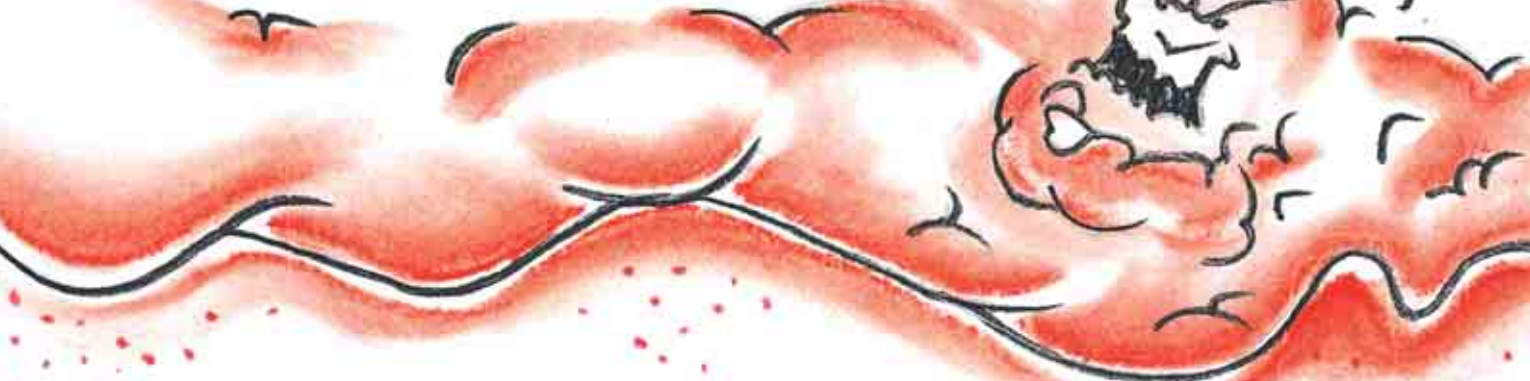
"So that the rest of us can breathe?"

Some of the straight-haired dots burst into tears,


While the rest walked away in a huff.



The little red dot was now only half as red
and half as big as it used to be.
And it could hardly bounce.



"Let's try blowing the red dust from the sky," said one brave tiny dot.
So the tiny dots huffed and puffed,
But the red dust did not move an inch.
"Maybe we should bounce higher," suggested another.
So the dots bounced, and they huffed and they puffed.
But they could not get very high.



The sky continued to rain red dust.
"It's no use. We can't reach the sky on our own," moaned a dot.
"We need the others to give us breath and bounce."
Sadly, they sat down and thought of their missing friends.

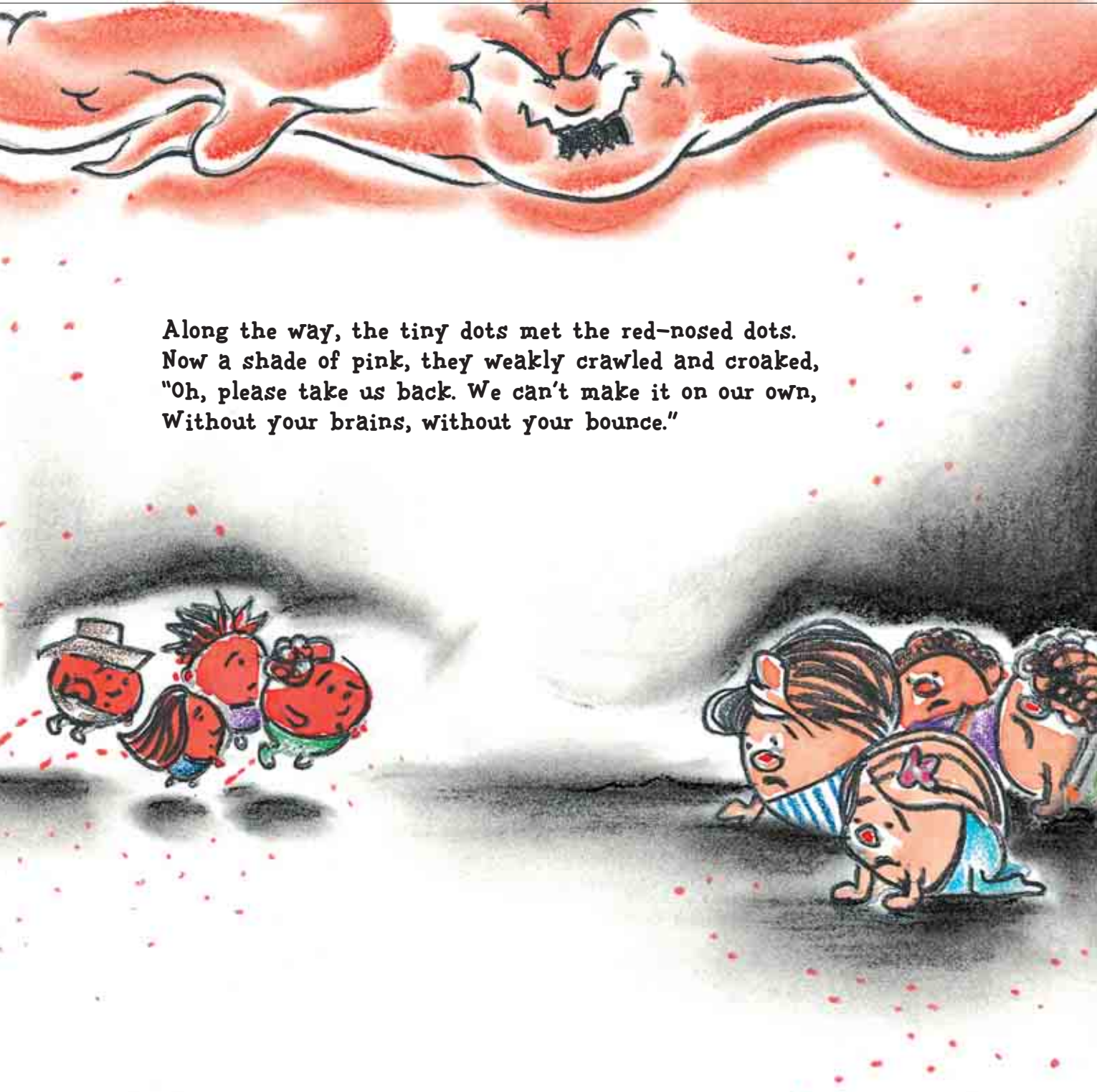
Ahchees
Ahchoos Ahchees Ahchoos



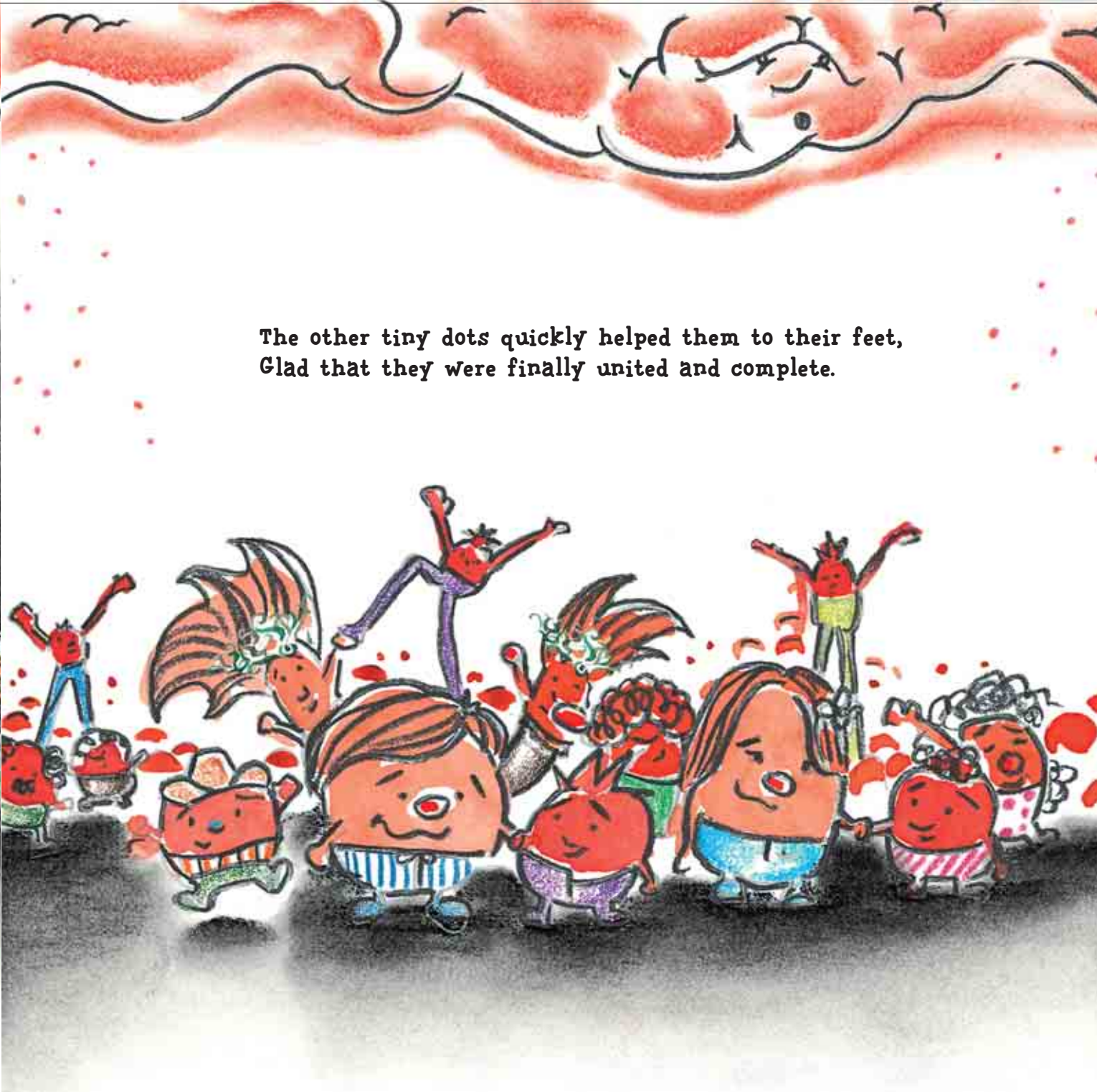


"Oh, how I wish we had not been so mean," said one tiny dot.
"We could do so much more with them as a team."
"Yes, my short-limbed friends had lots of bounce,
even if they walked funny," cried another.

"And my straight-haired friends could blow so hard
...it's the eggs and herbs that make them strong!"
said a blue-nosed dot.
"Tell them we're sorry and bring them back!"
So the tiny dots went to look for their friends,
So that they could get back their energy and colour.

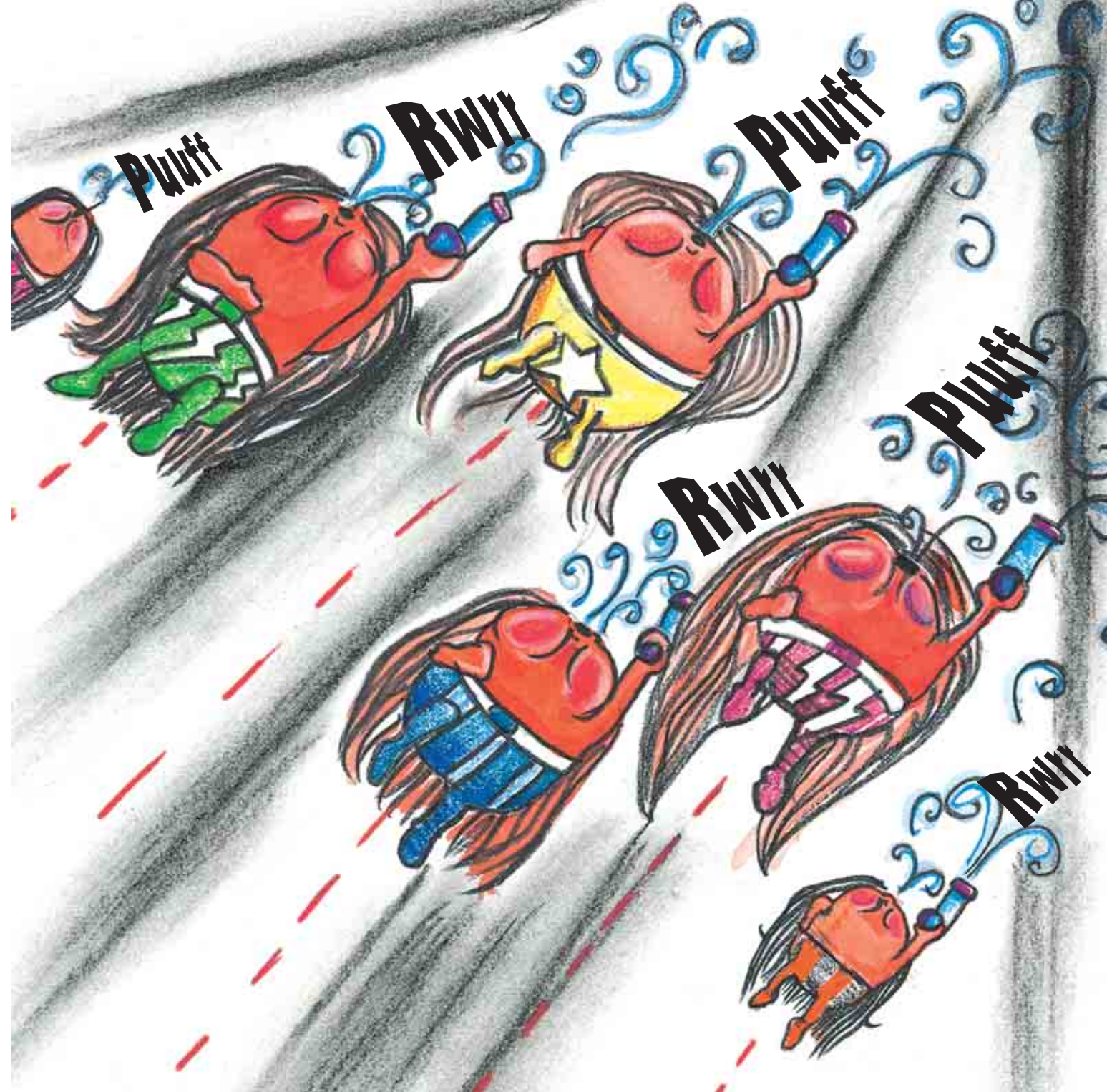


Along the way, the tiny dots met the red-nosed dots.
Now a shade of pink, they weakly crawled and croaked,
"Oh, please take us back. We can't make it on our own,
Without your brains, without your bounce."



The other tiny dots quickly helped them to their feet,
Glad that they were finally united and complete.

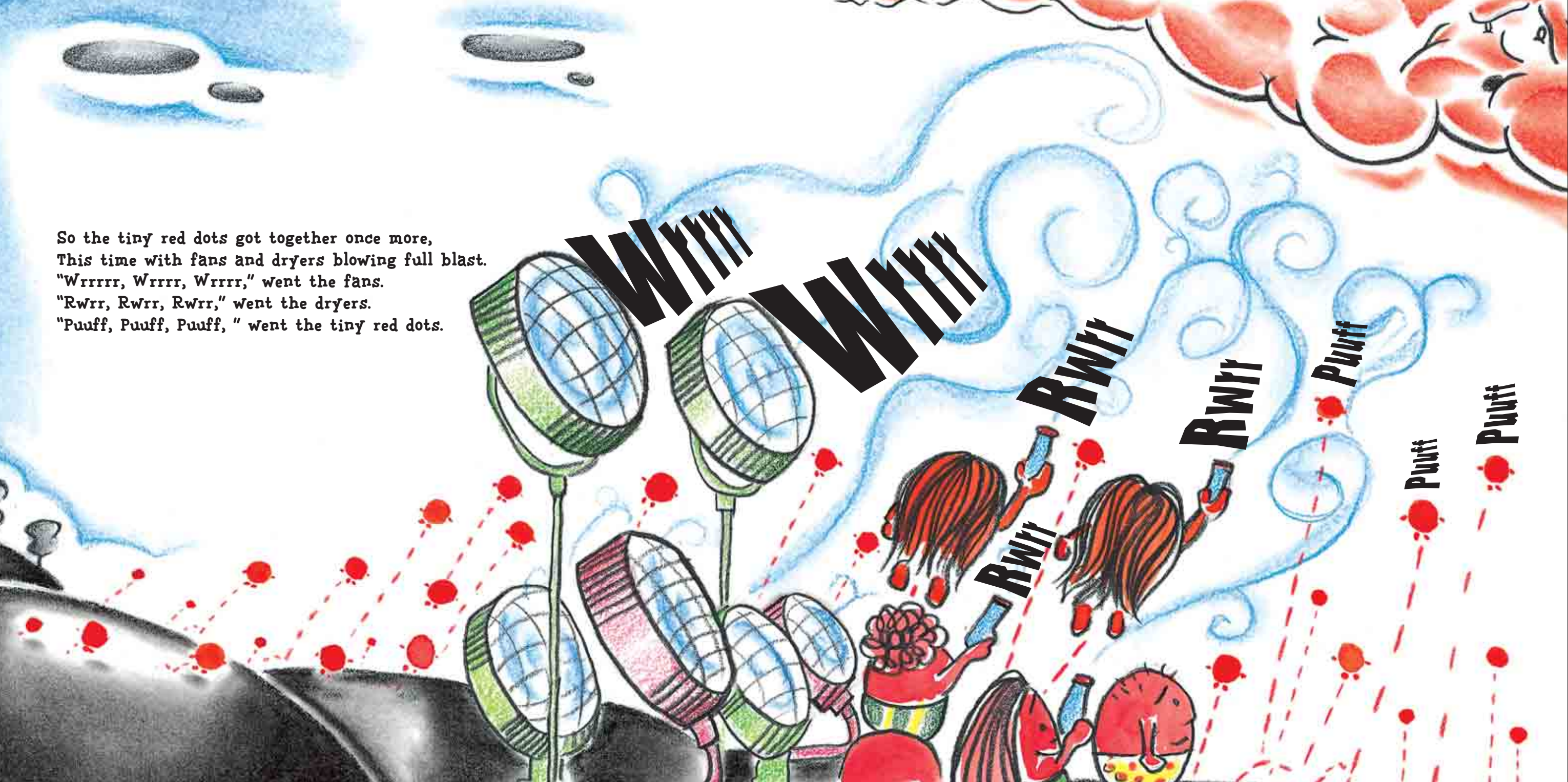
They huddled together, they planned once more,
To move the redness from the sky.
"Why don't we use our hair-dryers?" asked one
bright straight-haired dot.
So the tiny red dots stood at one spot and
bounced as hard as they could.
They flew over the tree tops and reached the red sky,
With the dryers on at full blast.
"Puuff, Puuff, Puuff," went the dots.
"Rwrr, Rwrr, Rwrr," went the dryers.



The redness moved, but just an itty bit.
As the tiny red dots fell to the ground, another dot cried,
"Why don't we use our fans as well?"



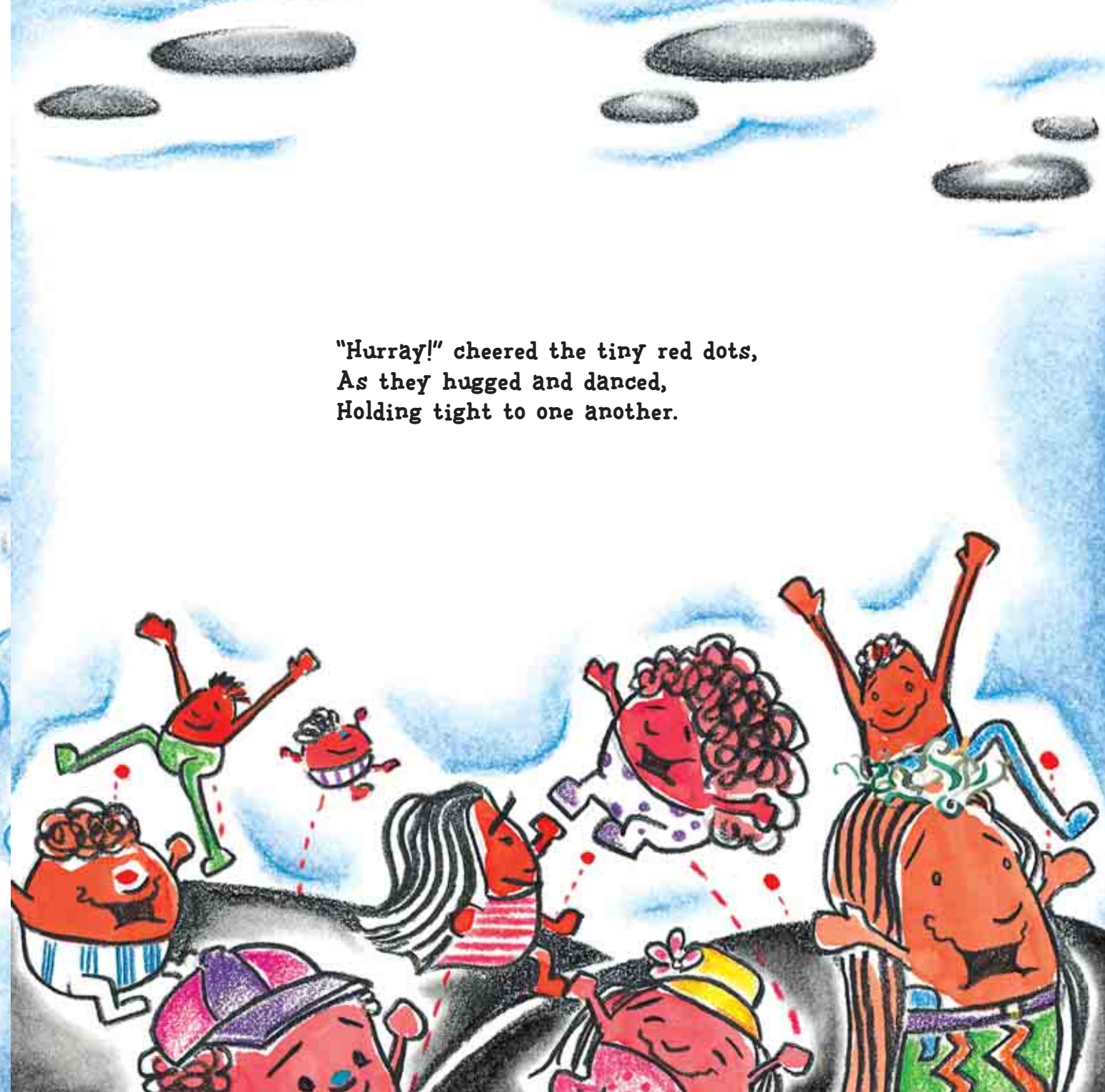
So the tiny red dots got together once more,
This time with fans and dryers blowing full blast.
"Wrrrrr, Wrrrr, Wrrrr," went the fans.
"Rwrr, Rwrr, Rwrr," went the dryers.
"Puuff, Puuff, Puuff, " went the tiny red dots.



Up and down they bounced.
Soon the redness was blown away,
And the blue sky was back in its place.



"Hurray!" cheered the tiny red dots,
As they hugged and danced,
Holding tight to one another.



The little red dot's colour came back, and so did its bounce.
The "Ahchoos" and "Ahchees" had gone.
And so had the strange red sky.

