Disco Balloon

A story by Pierce O'Dell



Comic adaptation + complete original story



01

The Disco Balloon did not enter places. She arrived. That was different.

On Friday night, she belonged to a girl named Kelly.

Four girls. Eight skates. One balloon.

Too much confidence.



02

The arcade came first. The doors opened. Noise spilled out.

A boy playing pinball looked up for one second too long. His ball dropped straight down the middle.

He stared at the Disco Balloon. "Worth it."



03

After the arcade, they got ice cream.

A little kid pointed at her. "I want that one."

The girl behind the counter looked up. "That is not ice cream."

The kid nodded. But not emotionally.



04

Then they heard it. Bass. Lights. A beat with confidence. The roller rink.

One friend smiled. "Oh, it's over." Kelly grinned. "No." "It's starting."



05

A giant disco ball turned above everything like it knew it was important. The Disco Balloon floated underneath it. For one second, the room had two moons.

For one perfect minute, nobody had homework. Nobody had chores. Nobody had to be cool. They already were.



06

She looked up at the Disco Balloon. "That," she said, "was legendary."

Then the DJ cleared his throat. "One more?"

Kelly laughed. Her friends pushed off. The beat dropped again. And the Disco Balloon lit up the whole night one more time.

The complete original story

The following pages preserve the original edition unchanged, including its closing material. Its page numbers and format belong to that original edition.

The comic uses selected original passages. The complete prose remains the authoritative text.


The
Disco
Balloon
SNACKS
SKATE
INSERT COIN
GALAXY
Dreamland

The Disco Balloon did not enter places.

She arrived.

That was different.

She was silver.

Mostly.

But not boring silver.

Mirror silver.

The kind that stole every light in the room and sent it dancing somewhere else.

Pink.

Blue.

Purple.

Neon.

Headlights.

Arcade screens.

She caught all of it.

Then threw it back prettier.

On Friday night, she belonged to a girl named Kelly.

Kelly had roller skates.

Big hair.

Bright earrings.

A denim jacket.

And three friends who acted like the whole town had been built for them specifically.

For one night, it had.

They rolled down the sidewalk together.

Four girls.

Eight skates.

One balloon.

Too much confidence.

They passed a man carrying groceries.

He stepped aside like a parade was coming.

He was not wrong.

The arcade came first.

The doors opened.

Noise spilled out.

Pinball.

Racing games.

Air hockey.

Music from three machines fighting each other.

The carpet looked like it had been designed by someone who had never feared

color.

The Disco Balloon floated inside.

Immediately, the whole room got better.

Red light hit her.

Then blue.

Then green.

Then everything at once.

A boy playing pinball looked up for one second too long.

His ball dropped straight down the middle.

He stared at the Disco Balloon.

"Worth it."

Kelly laughed.

Her friends laughed.

The Disco Balloon spun slowly above them like she owned the machines.

After the arcade, they got ice cream.

Checkered floor.

Red stools.
Chrome counter.
Too many good decisions.
Strawberry.
Chocolate.
Vanilla.
Mint chip, because one friend needed attention.
The Disco Balloon hovered above the counter and reflected all four flavors at
once.
A little kid pointed at her.
"I want that one."
The girl behind the counter looked up.
"That is not ice cream."
The kid nodded.
But not emotionally.
Back outside, the town was glowing.
Streetlights came on.
Cars cruised by too slow on purpose.
Music leaked from open doors.
One friend pointed at a coffee shop.
"Should we get coffee?"
Kelly looked inside.
Grown-ups were sitting around pretending bitter drinks were fun.
"No," Kelly said. "That feels thirty."
Everyone agreed.
Then they heard it.
Bass.
Lights.

A beat with confidence.
The roller rink.
The doors were open.
Color spilled onto the sidewalk.
Kelly slowed down.
Her friends slowed down.
The Disco Balloon caught the light and flashed it across the pavement.
One friend smiled.
"Oh, it's over."
Kelly grinned.
"No."
"It's starting."
Inside, the rink felt like a carnival had fallen in love with a nightclub.
Colored lights spun across the walls.
The snack bar glowed.
The wood floor shined.
A giant disco ball turned above everything like it knew it was important.
The Disco Balloon floated underneath it.
For one second, the room had two moons.
The big one turned.
The little one shimmered.
Then the music hit.
Kelly pushed off.
Her friends followed.
The Disco Balloon spun above them, catching every light and throwing it back
twice as dramatic.
Pink.
Blue.

Silver.
Purple.
The girls rolled in circles.
Forward.
Backward.
Sideways once, by accident.
One friend nearly fell.
Recovered.
Pointed at herself like she meant to do that.
Everybody cheered anyway.
The whole rink moved.
Wheels.
Lights.
Hair.
Laughter.
A kid bounced into the wall and kept smiling.
Someone dropped nachos and did not even ruin the night.
Near the DJ booth, a man danced like rent had been canceled.
The Disco Balloon loved all of it.
She dipped low.
Rose high.
Spun again.
The lights chased her around the room.
For one perfect minute, nobody had homework.
Nobody had chores.
Nobody had to be cool.
They already were.
Kelly skated to the middle of the floor and threw one arm up.
Her friends circled around her.

The Disco Balloon flashed over all four of them.
For a second, they looked like they had their own music video.
Maybe they did.
The song ended.
Everybody coasted.
The lights kept turning.
Kelly rolled to the edge, breathing hard and smiling.
Her hair was bigger now.
Her jacket was crooked.
One skate lace had come loose.
She looked up at the Disco Balloon.
"That," she said, "was legendary."
Nobody argued.
Then the DJ cleared his throat.
"One more?"
The whole rink shouted back.
Kelly laughed.
Her friends pushed off.
The beat dropped again.
And the Disco Balloon lit up the whole night one more time.

• • •

THANK YOU FOR READING.

Some balloons drift. Some balloons dance. Some make the whole room feel like one more song.

This is a Garden Book.

Free to read. Free to share.

If this story found you, pass it along.
Stories are more fun when they are shared.
There are more worlds growing in The Garden.

THE GARDEN

EnterTheGarden.world

Written with curiosity.

© 2026 The Garden. All rights reserved.
This Garden Book may be shared in its original form for personal, non-commercial use.