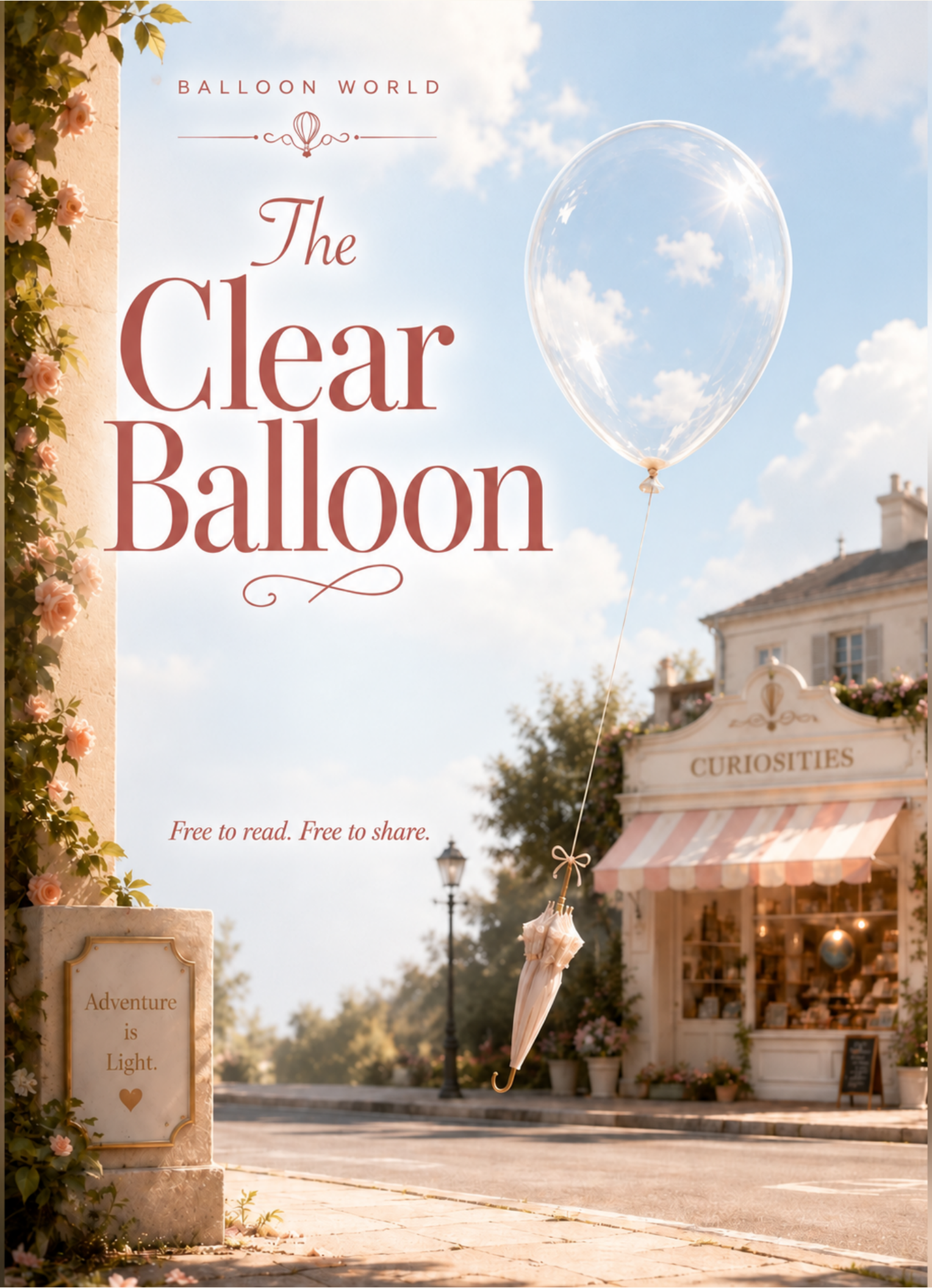

BALLOON WORLD
The
Clear
Balloon
Free to read. Free to share.
CURIOSITIES
Adventure
is
Light.

The Clear Balloon did not go outside during the day.
She was completely clear.
And very sensitive to the summer sun.
The kind of heat that felt personal.
She was convinced one bad afternoon could pop her.
Or cook her.
Or cook her and then pop her.
She was not sure.
She did not study science.
She studied curtains.
Curtains were safe.
Shade was safe.
The sun was rude.
That was the system.
But today was a special day.
The new Black Balloon and Clown Balloon comic dropped.
Version 3.
Limited edition.
Available now.
While they last.
The Clear Balloon stared at the screen.
Then she checked the weather.
95 degrees.
She looked out the window.
The sun was sitting there like it owned the place.
"Oh no," she whispered.
Then she looked back at the comic.
The store was across the street.
One copy left.

Full sun.
Terrible math.
The Clear Balloon floated very still.
"Oh no," she whispered again.
Then she tied a tiny pouch of change to her string.
"But I must."
She opened the door.
Heat rushed in.
The summer air smacked her right in the balloon.
She froze.
Cars passed in the street.
A truck rumbled by.
Somewhere, a dog barked.
The sidewalk shimmered.
The sun glared down.
The Clear Balloon looked left.
Then right.
Then left again.
The comic book store waited across the street.
Ten feet away.
Maybe twelve.
Impossible to know in these conditions.
The Clear Balloon lowered her sunglasses.
She had come too far to turn back.
Which was not true.
She was still in the doorway.
The sun beat down.
The wind shifted.
A receipt rolled across the sidewalk like a warning.

The Clear Balloon trembled.
Then remembered something.
"Oh."
She tilted slightly.
The tiny umbrella tied to her string popped open.
Shade covered her completely.
The Clear Balloon blinked.
Then floated calmly across the street.
The store bell rang as she entered.
The cashier looked up.
The Clear Balloon floated to the counter.
"One copy of the new comic book, please."
The cashier slid the comic across the counter.
"That'll be fifty cents."
The Clear Balloon placed two quarters on the counter.
"Thank you very much."
Then she floated back under the shade of her tiny umbrella.
Safe.
Successful.
Alive.
She opened the comic before she even made it home.
The first page had the Black Balloon standing in the rain.
The second page had the Clown Balloon holding a tiny horn.
The Clear Balloon stopped floating.
"Oh my God," she whispered.
She turned the page.
"The Clown Balloon did not do that."
Then she turned one more page.
"He did."

And the Clear Balloon laughed all the way home.

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THANK YOU FOR READING.

Some balloons chase danger. Some cross the street. Both can be heroic.

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.

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