THE BLUE BALLOON

A GARDEN SHORT STORY - COMIC PILOT



Every morning followed the same route.

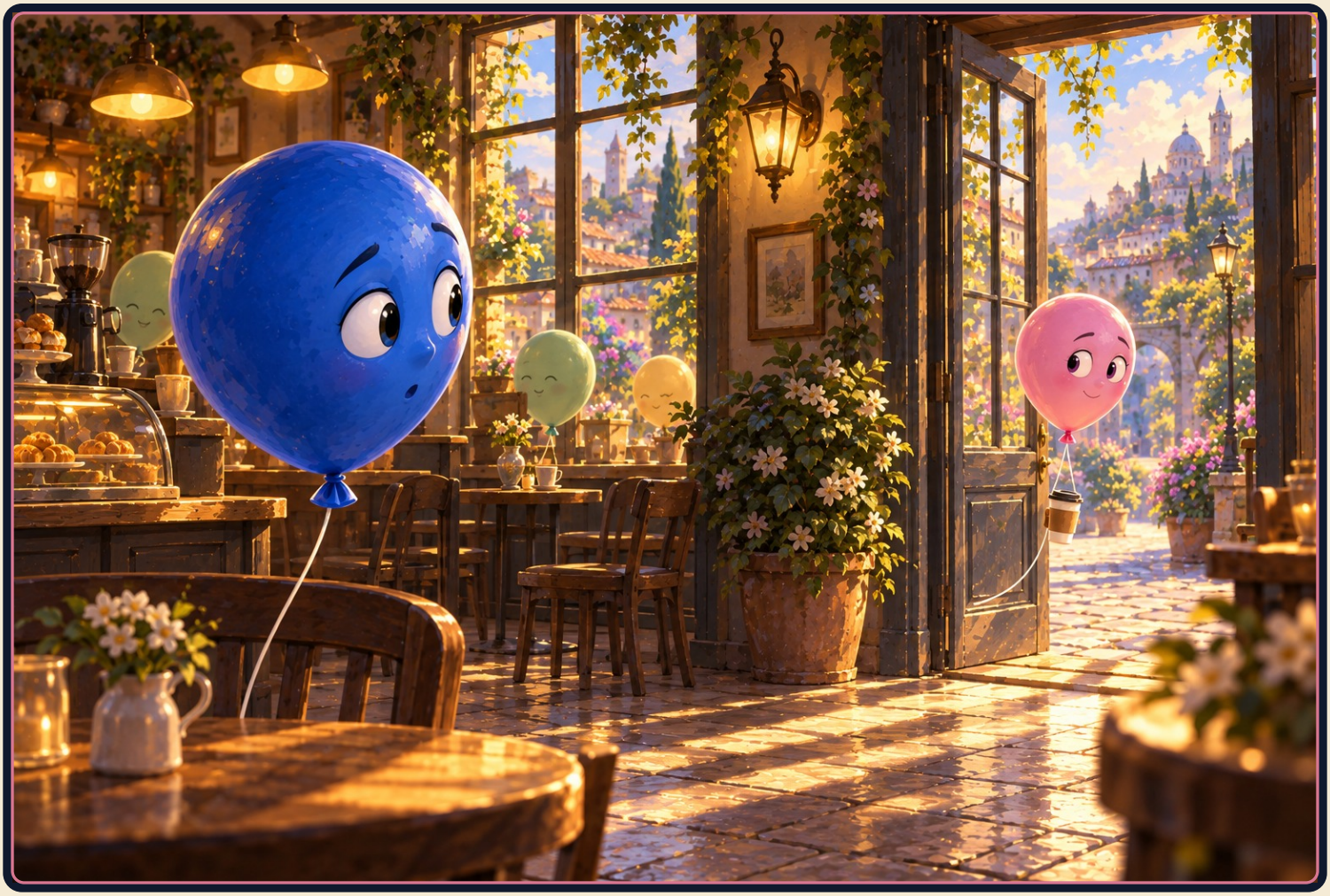
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Every morning, the blue balloon floated out of his apartment at exactly 7:00.

He floated down the sidewalk. Coffee shop. Newspaper stand. A quick glance through the electronics store window to see the score of last night's game. Then work.

Every day. The same route. The same coffee. The same newspaper. The same score. The same life.



Then one morning, he saw her. A pink balloon.

She floated near the coffee shop window, sunlight bouncing softly across her surface. The blue balloon froze. She was beautiful.

Before he could think of something clever to say, she grabbed her coffee and floated away. The bell above the door jingled. She was gone.

"Tomorrow," he thought. Tomorrow he would talk to her.



The next morning, he woke up early. He polished himself until he shined. He straightened his string. He floated a little taller. Then he went to the coffee shop.

No pink balloon. The next day. Nothing. The next week. Nothing. A month passed. Nothing.

Eventually, the blue balloon started to wonder if she had ever been real at all. Maybe he imagined her. Maybe the helium was getting to his head.

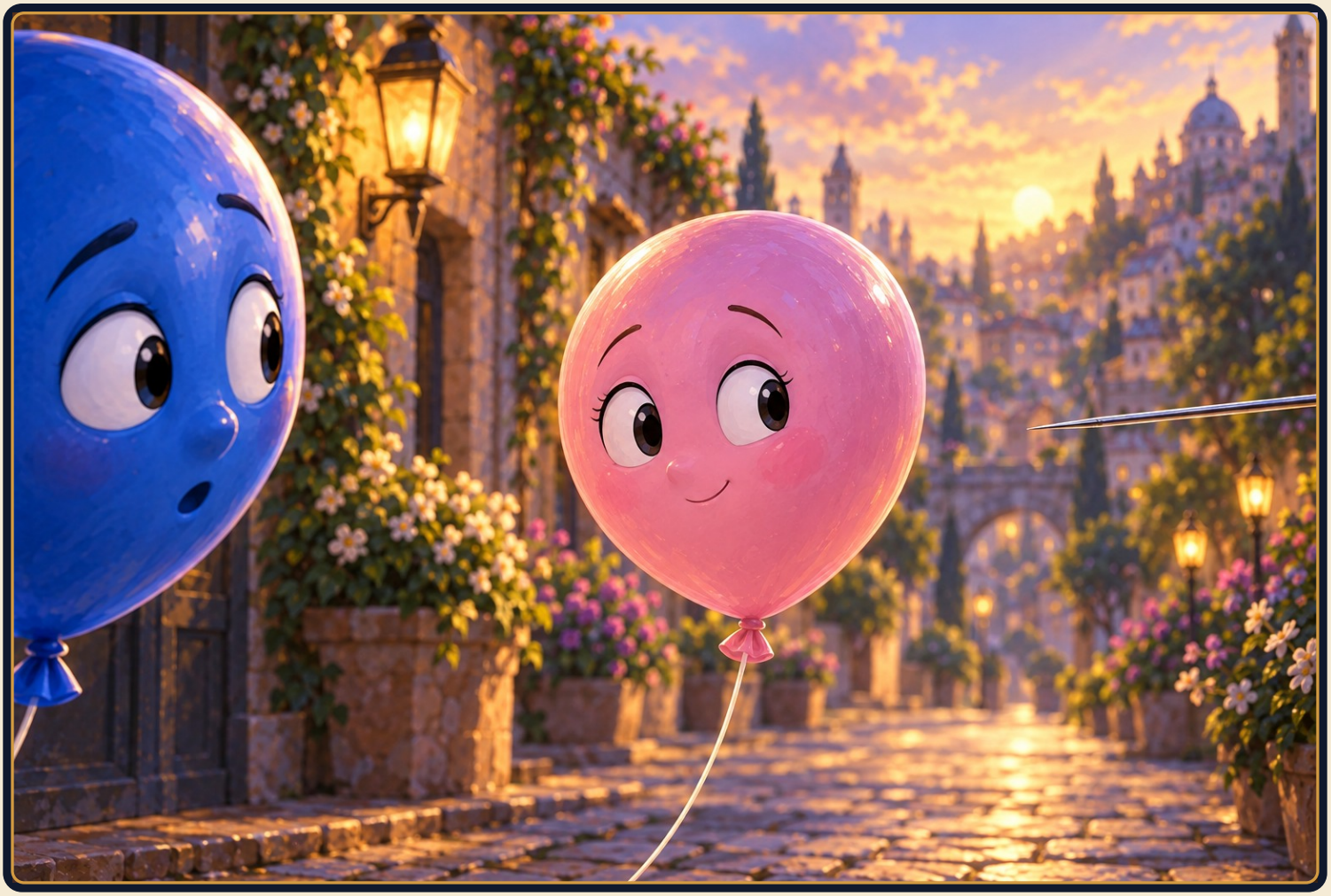


Then one afternoon, while walking home from work, he saw her. Across the street. The pink balloon.

The blue balloon's heart nearly floated right out of him. This was it. He wasn't going to miss his chance again.

He straightened his string. Smoothed a wrinkle. And floated across the street.

The pink balloon turned. Their eyes met. She smiled. The blue balloon smiled back.



He floated toward her.

The pink balloon drifted backward.

POP.



The blue balloon froze.

A small piece of pink rubber drifted past his face. Then another. Then another. He stared at the needle.

"Ooh."

He slowly backed away.

"That's pretty sharp."

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THANK YOU FOR READING.

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