

My Brother's Wheelchair



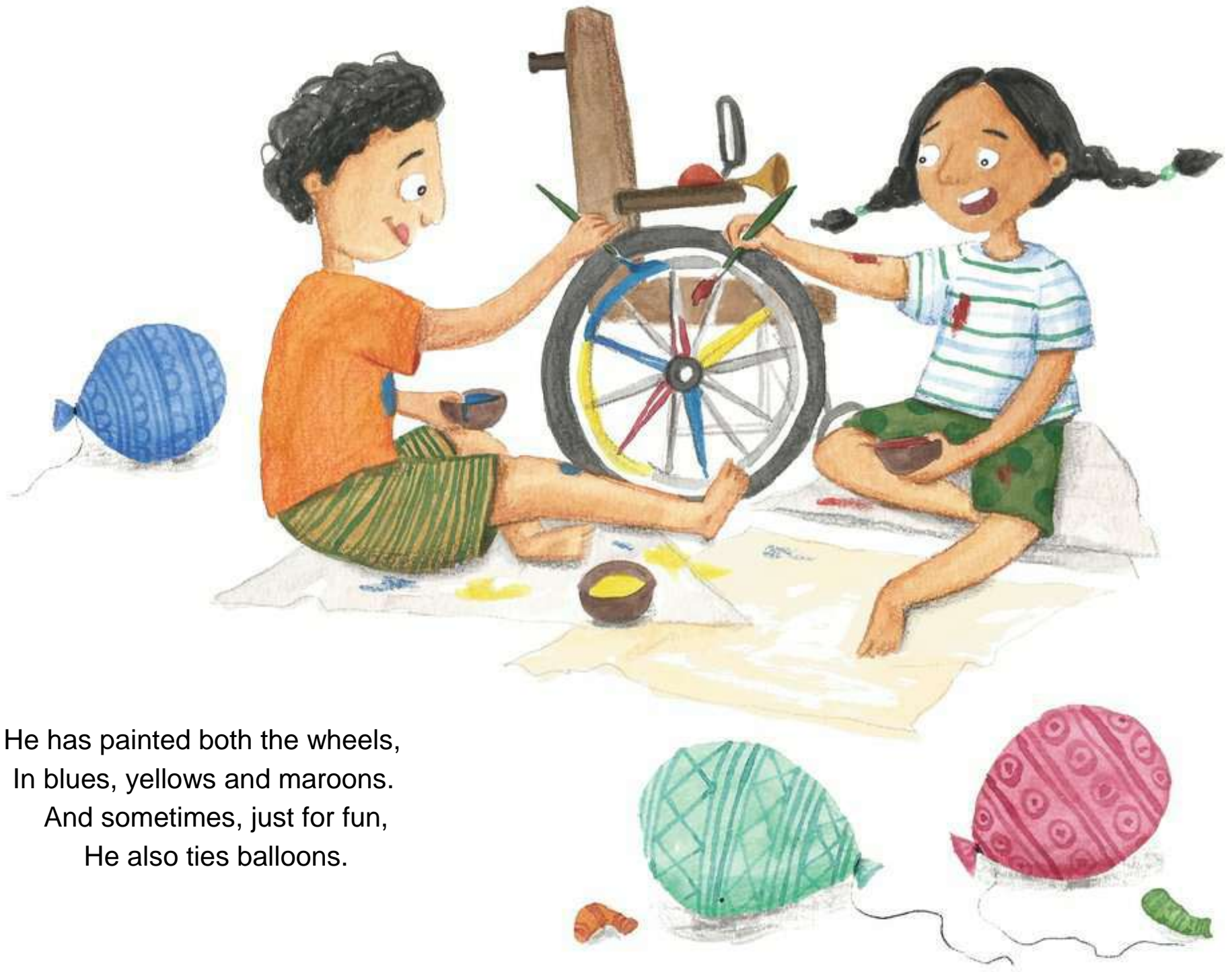


Wheeeeeeeeeeee!





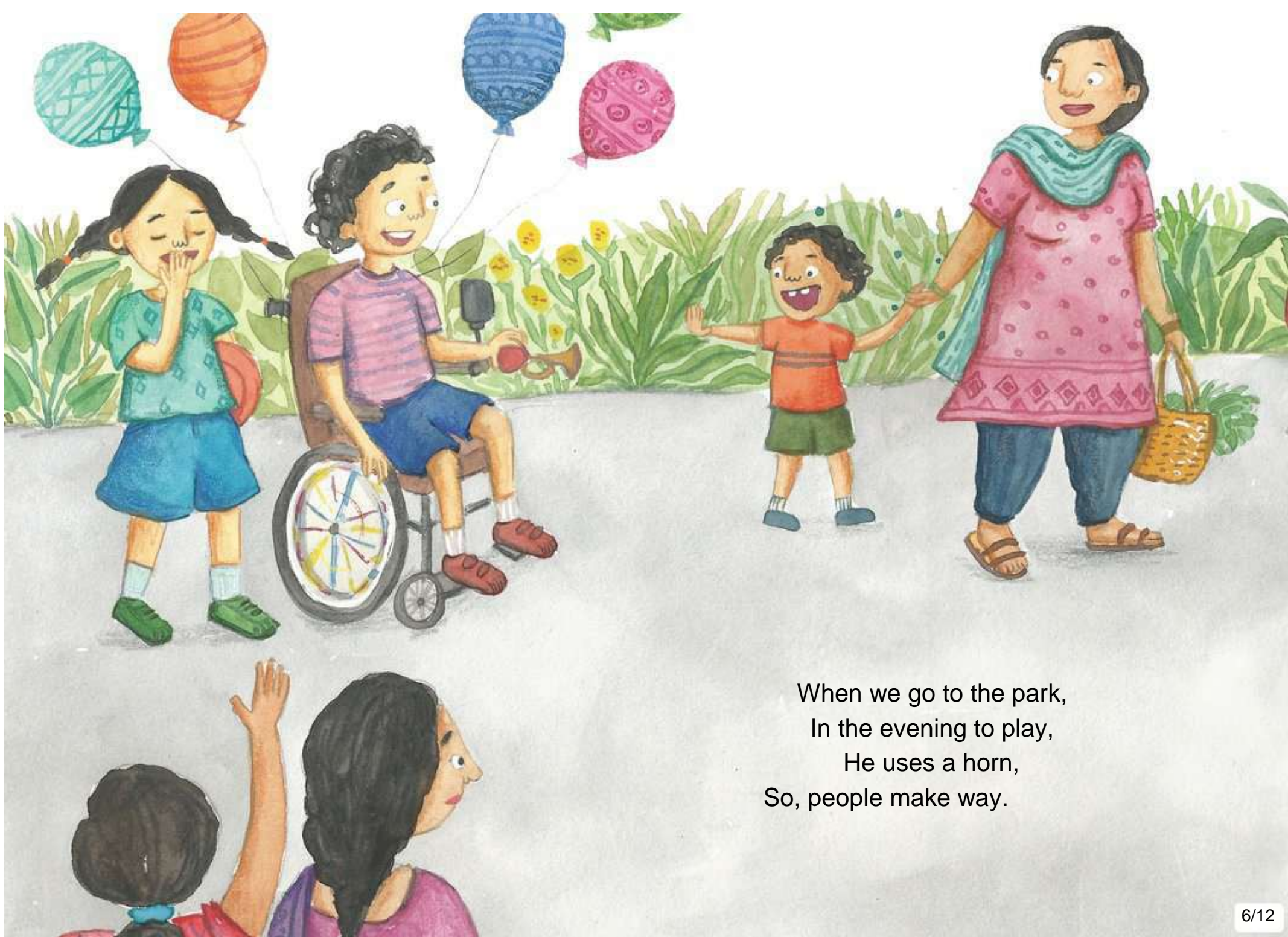
Here's me and my brother on his wheelchair.
Everyone who sees us,
Says we make a crazy pair.



He has painted both the wheels,
In blues, yellows and maroons.
And sometimes, just for fun,
He also ties balloons.



My brother's very smart,
He's got plenty of brains.
He helps me across puddles,
When it rains.



When we go to the park,
In the evening to play,
He uses a horn,
So, people make way.

Going to the market with him,
Is such a treat.
He has a rear-view mirror,
For when we're on the street.



Sometimes he takes his chair
Into a shallow stream.
I give it a good splash.
Oh, how he does scream!



When baba and aai take us
To the hills for a hike,
He puts on special wheels --
Like a mountain bike!



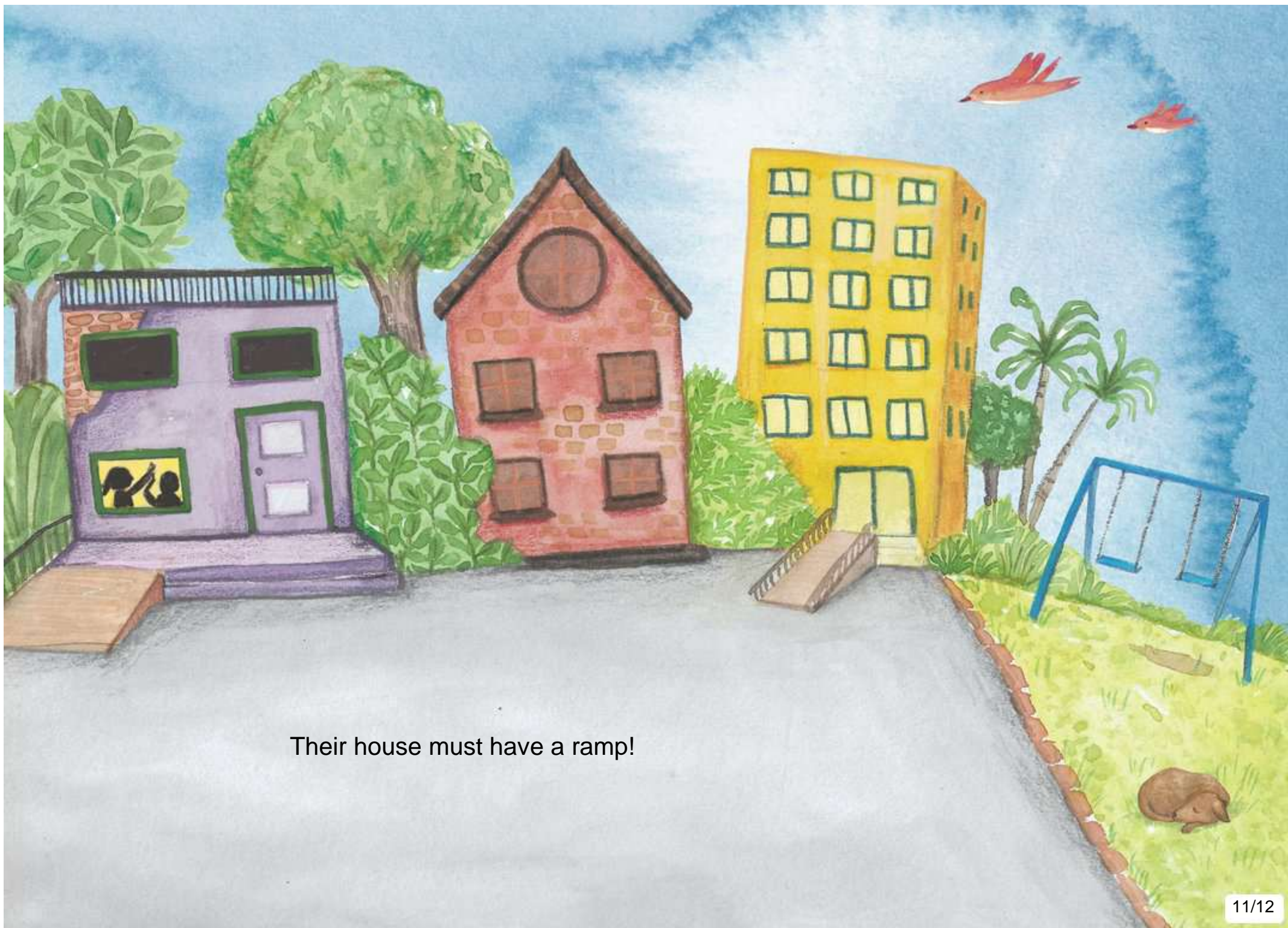


All our friends wait,
For their turn to ride,
It feels so good,
With the arms out wide.



He goes so fast,
He is called the wheelchair champ.
And now all our friends know...





Their house must have a ramp!

