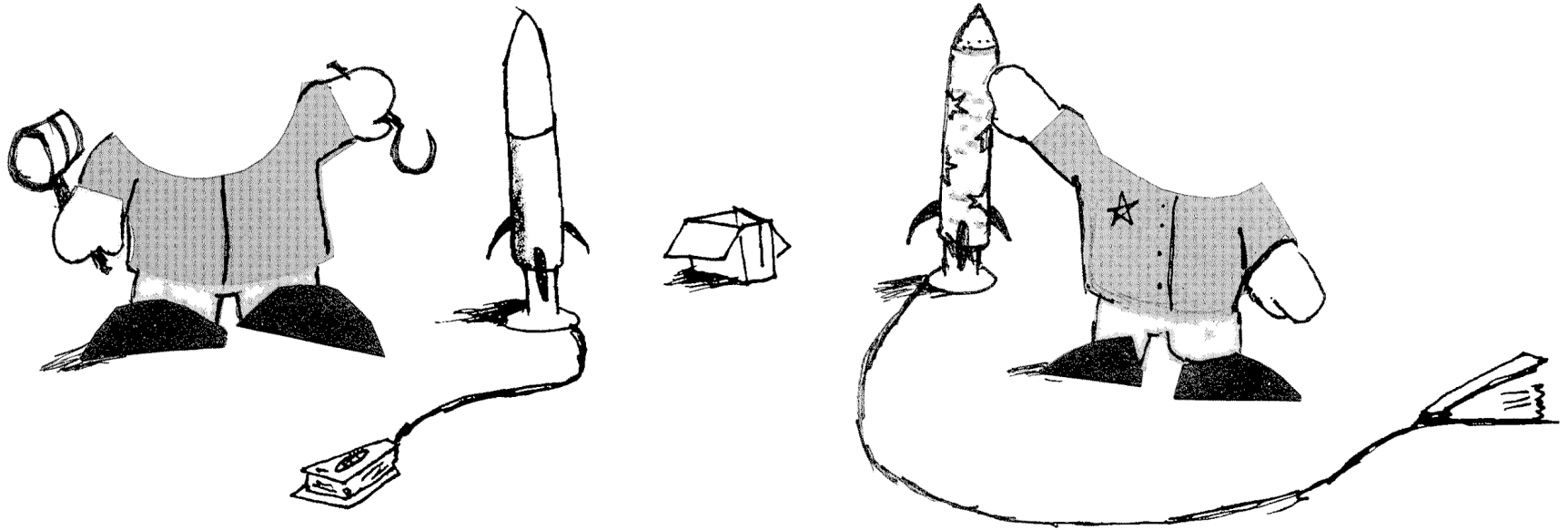
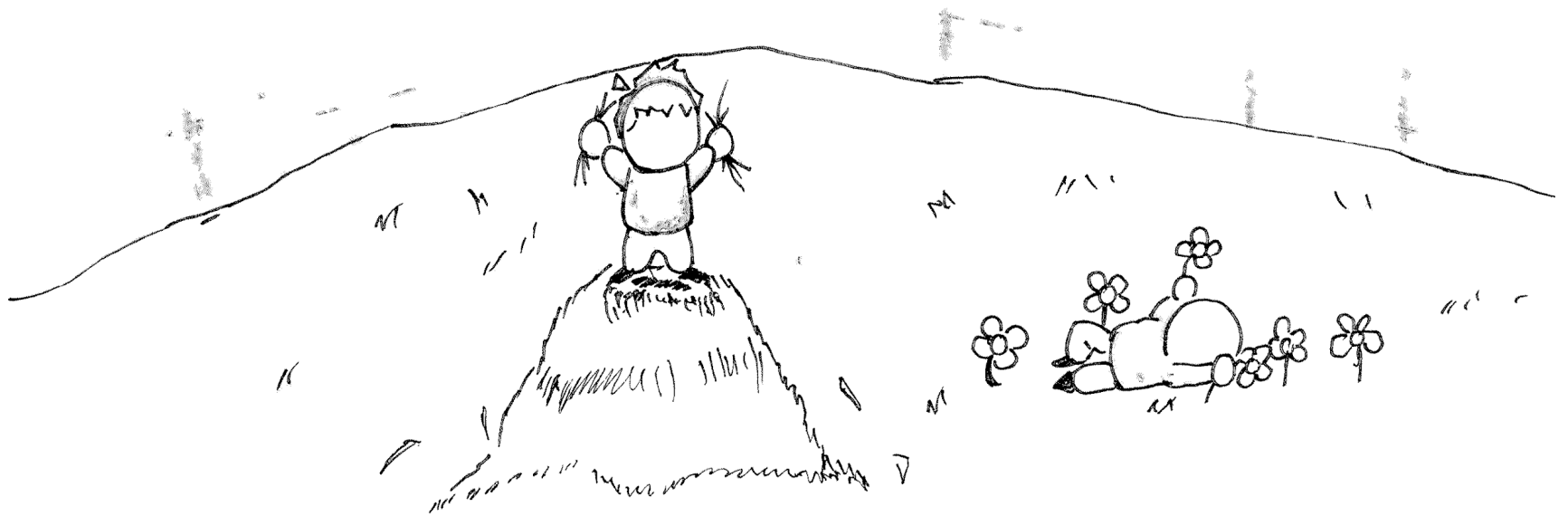


Red Kid and Blue Kid



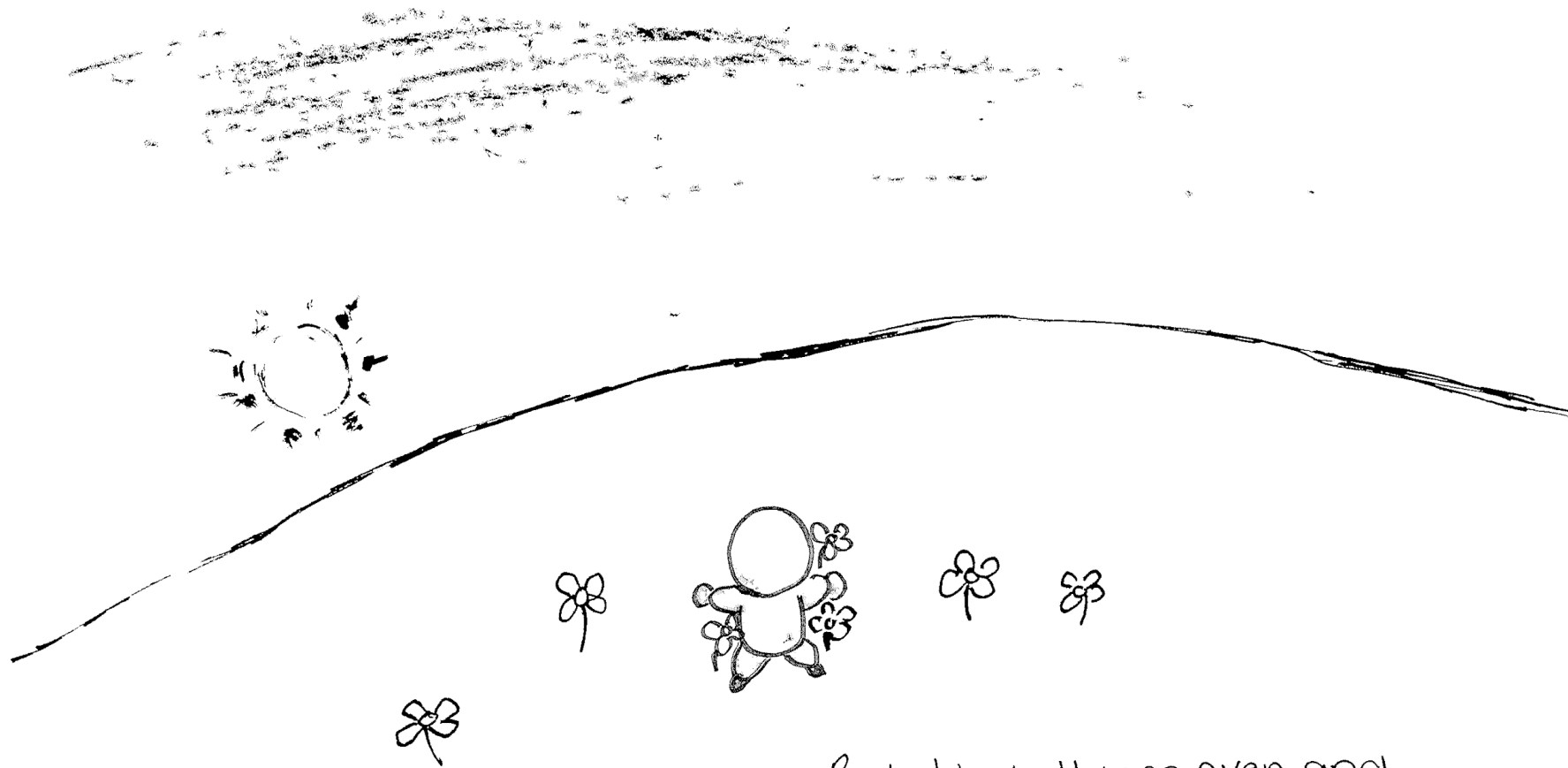


Red kid and blue kid played
every day. Red in flowers.
blue in the hay



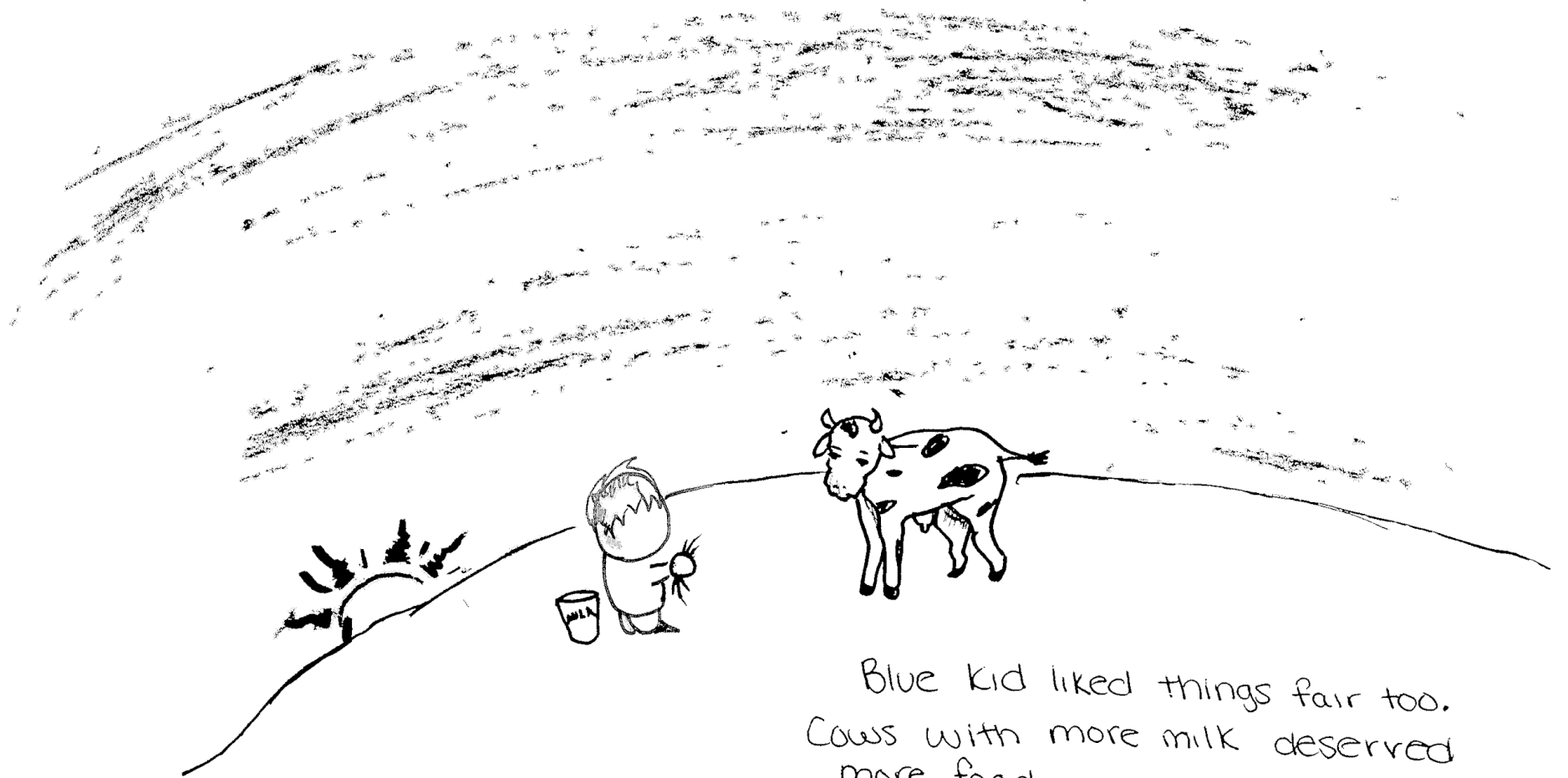


Red kid and blue kid loved to compete.
Passion flowed through them, right down to
their feet



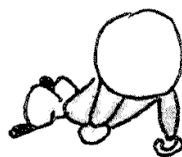
Red liked things even and
fair from the pretty flowers
to the strands of his hair
Perfectly distributed as all things
should be

"That is the reason why blue kid
hates me"

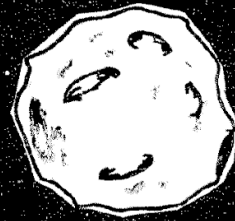


Blue kid liked things fair too.
Cows with more milk deserved
more food.

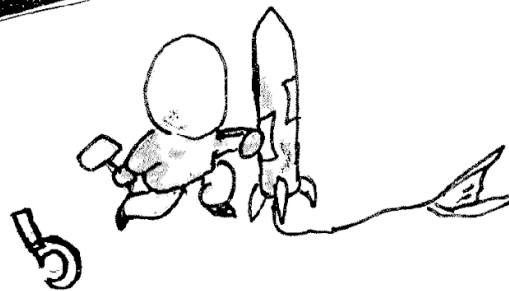
"hard work is rare and highly unlikely"
That is why red kid doesn't like me.



Despite their fighting, through all the screams
They both shared one thing and that was their
dreams. Whether it was lightyears away or all too
soon, they both raced to be the first to the
moon!



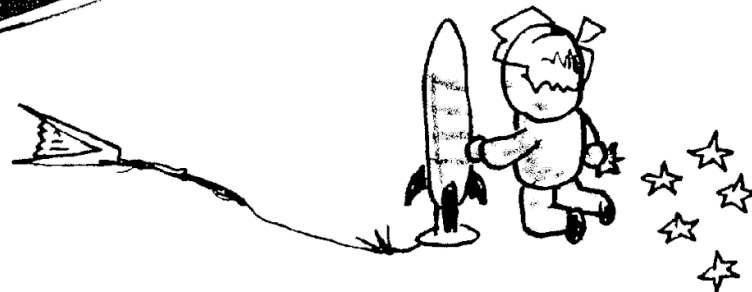
Red kid had a lead over Blue.
He toiled with his hammer or
his sickle too.
He desperately hoped he'd get to
moon!





Blue kid worked hard too
on his rocket of strips of red,
white & blue

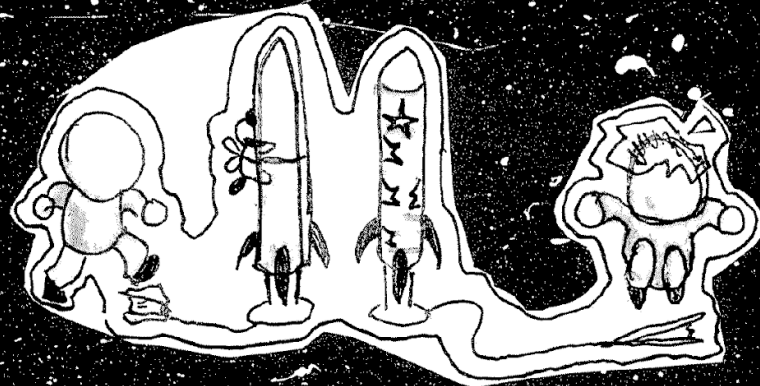
He knew some day he'd get
to the moon!

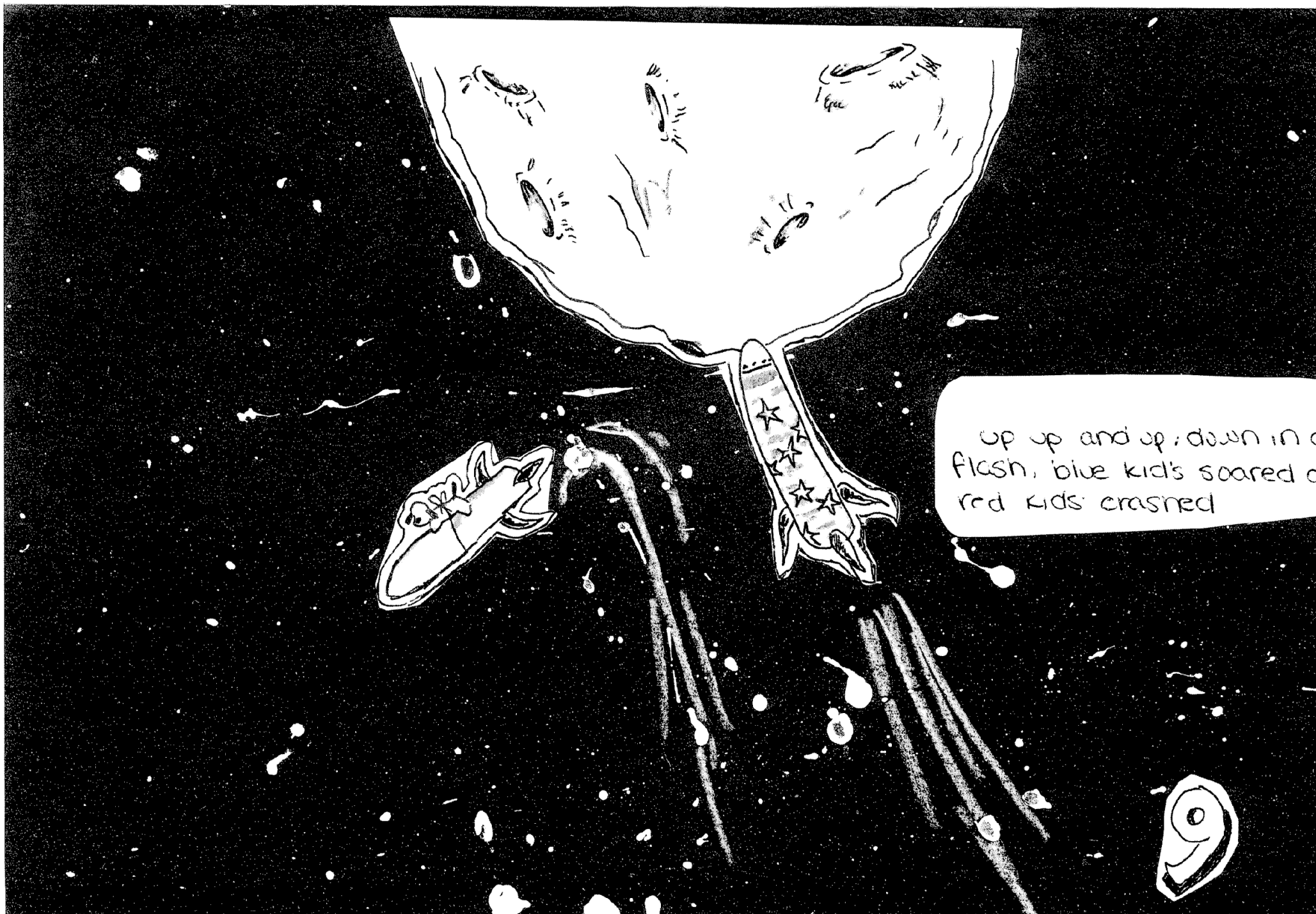


Red kid added Waike to
the Rocket, his childhood
toy.

He stomped on his pedal
& off she deployed

Blue kid jumped: he huffed
he puffed. His rocket added
Star stickers and other cool s
off the rocket goes... UP, U





up up and up; down in a
flash, blue kid's soared and
red kids crashed

Their ideals never matched, that's plain as
day. Over time they grew apart & red moved
away. Blue kid never gloated here after,
and red kid knew a path of pain always
ends with laughter... and so ~~was~~ they lived
happily ever after!

