

JOSEPH'S BIG RIDE

TERRY FARISH Art by KEN DALEY



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© 2016 Terry Farish (text)
© 2016 Ken Daley (illustrations)

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The artwork for this book was created with acrylic
and marker on illustration board.

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For Moses
—T.F.

To my wife, Nadine,
and to all the children
of the world: I hope this
story will inspire you to
believe in yourself and
reach for greatness!
—K.D.

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A painting of a refugee camp. In the foreground, there is a small hut with a corrugated metal roof. A line of laundry, including a red cloth and a blue cloth, hangs across the middle ground. The background shows a large, open field with many small, simple huts, suggesting a large settlement. The sky is a deep blue with long, thin, white streaks, possibly representing clouds or a sunset. The overall style is painterly and expressive, with visible brushstrokes and a rich color palette.

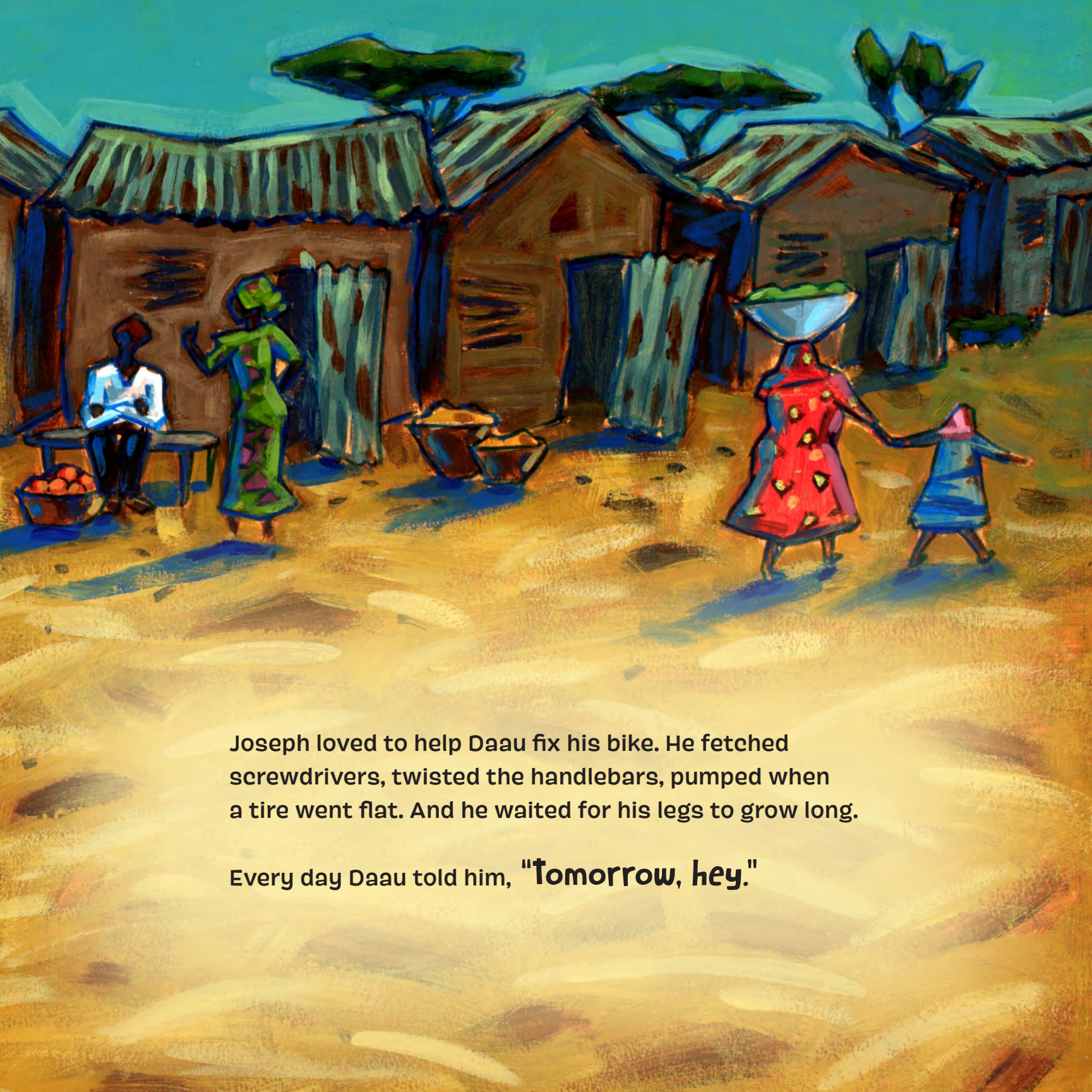
In the refugee camp where Joseph lived,
he wanted one thing. To ride a bicycle.

He watched a big boy named Daau. On his
bike he was as fast as a lion, as tall as the sky.

"Let me ride!" Joseph said. But his feet
didn't reach the pedals.

"Tomorrow, hey," said Daau.





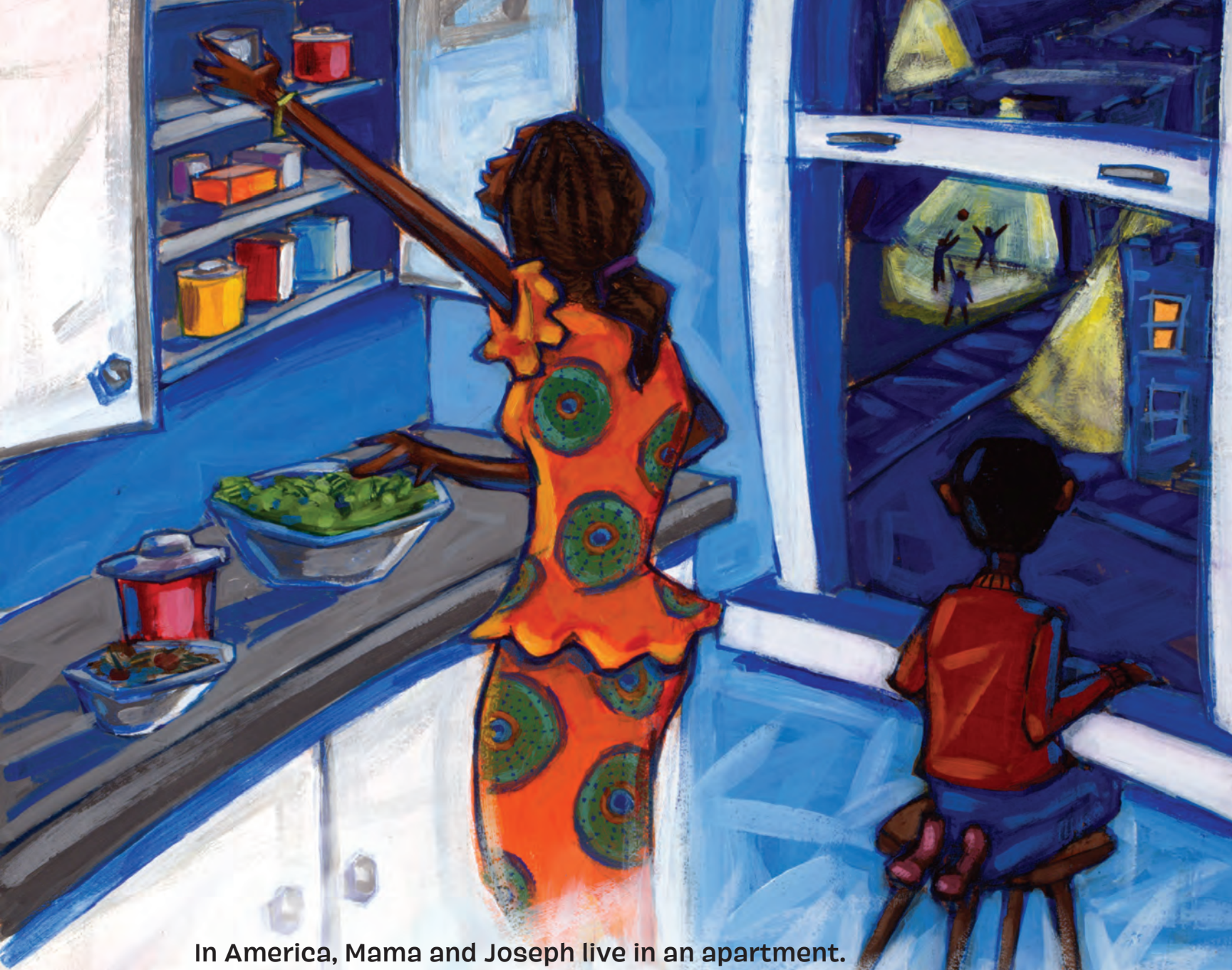
Joseph loved to help Daau fix his bike. He fetched screwdrivers, twisted the handlebars, pumped when a tire went flat. And he waited for his legs to grow long.

Every day Daau told him, **"Tomorrow, hey."**

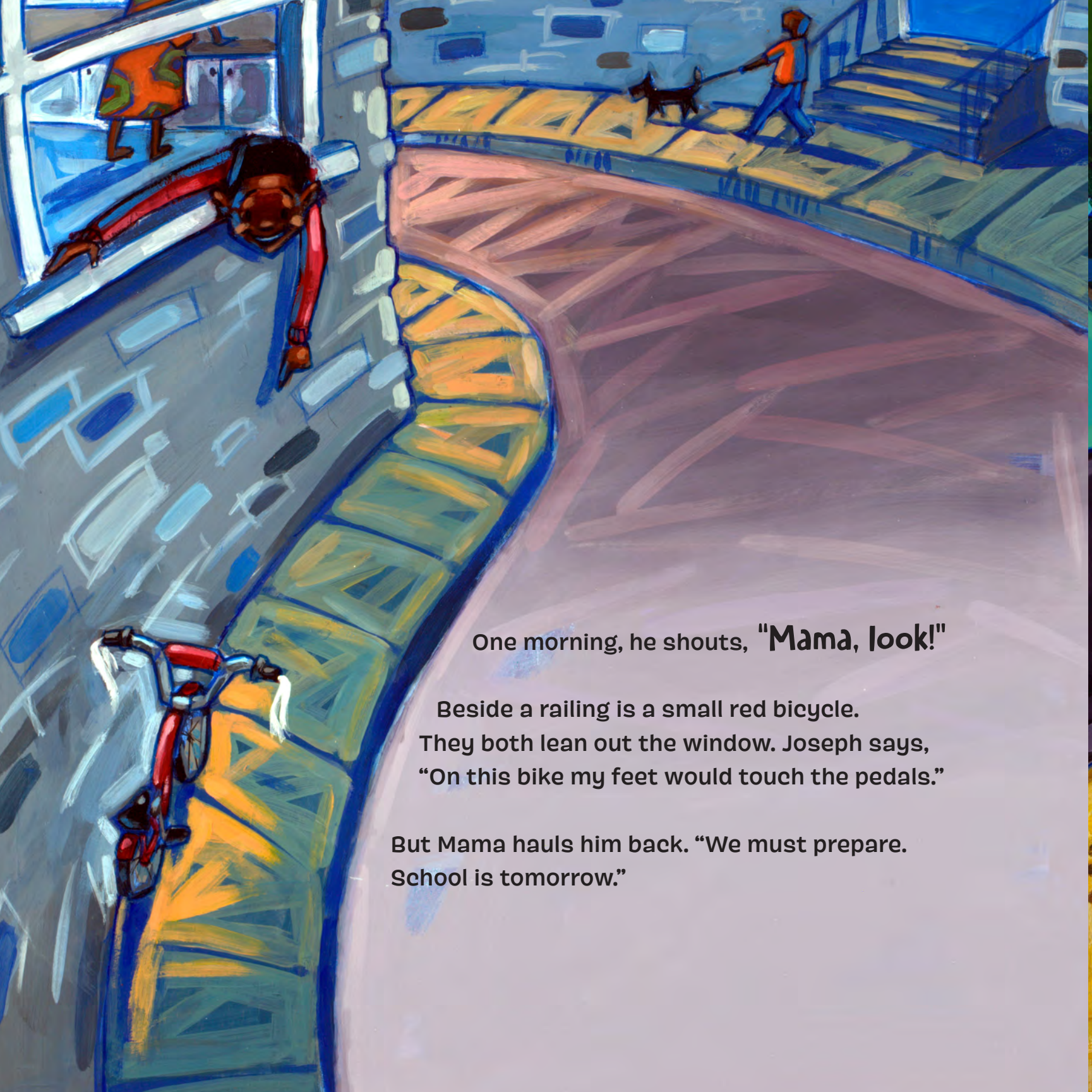
But then Joseph and his mama traveled far from the camp. They did not walk. They did not pedal. They flew on an airplane all the way to America.

Joseph did not forget the bicycle.





In America, Mama and Joseph live in an apartment. Joseph watches this new world out the window. He hears basketballs, **pat-tap-a-tap**. He sees streetlights instead of a sky full of stars. He smells new food that is not like his mother's lentil stew.

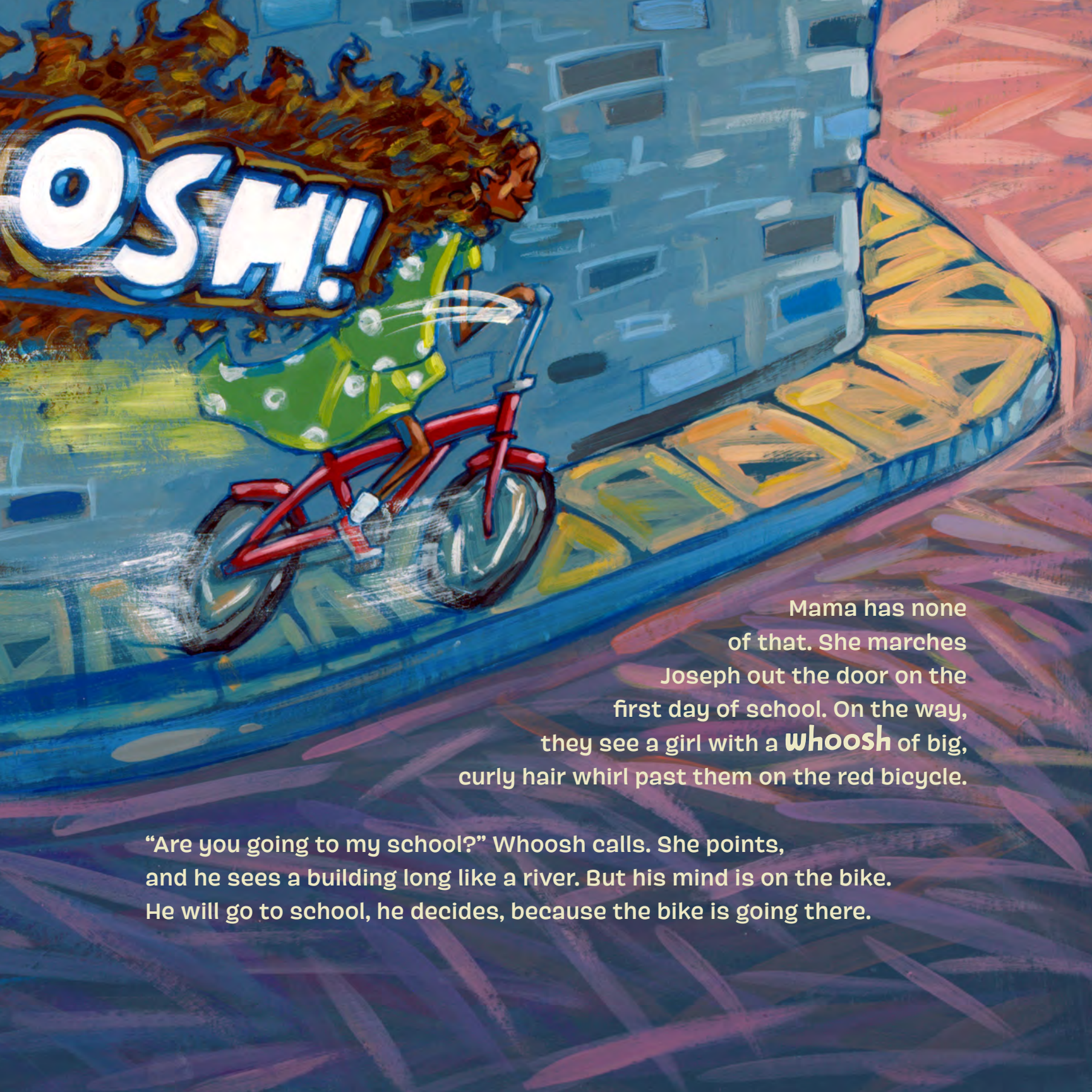


One morning, he shouts, **"Mama, look!"**

Beside a railing is a small red bicycle.
They both lean out the window. Joseph says,
"On this bike my feet would touch the pedals."

But Mama hauls him back. "We must prepare.
School is tomorrow."





Mama has none of that. She marches Joseph out the door on the first day of school. On the way, they see a girl with a **whoosh** of big, curly hair whirl past them on the red bicycle.

“Are you going to my school?” Whoosh calls. She points, and he sees a building long like a river. But his mind is on the bike. He will go to school, he decides, because the bike is going there.