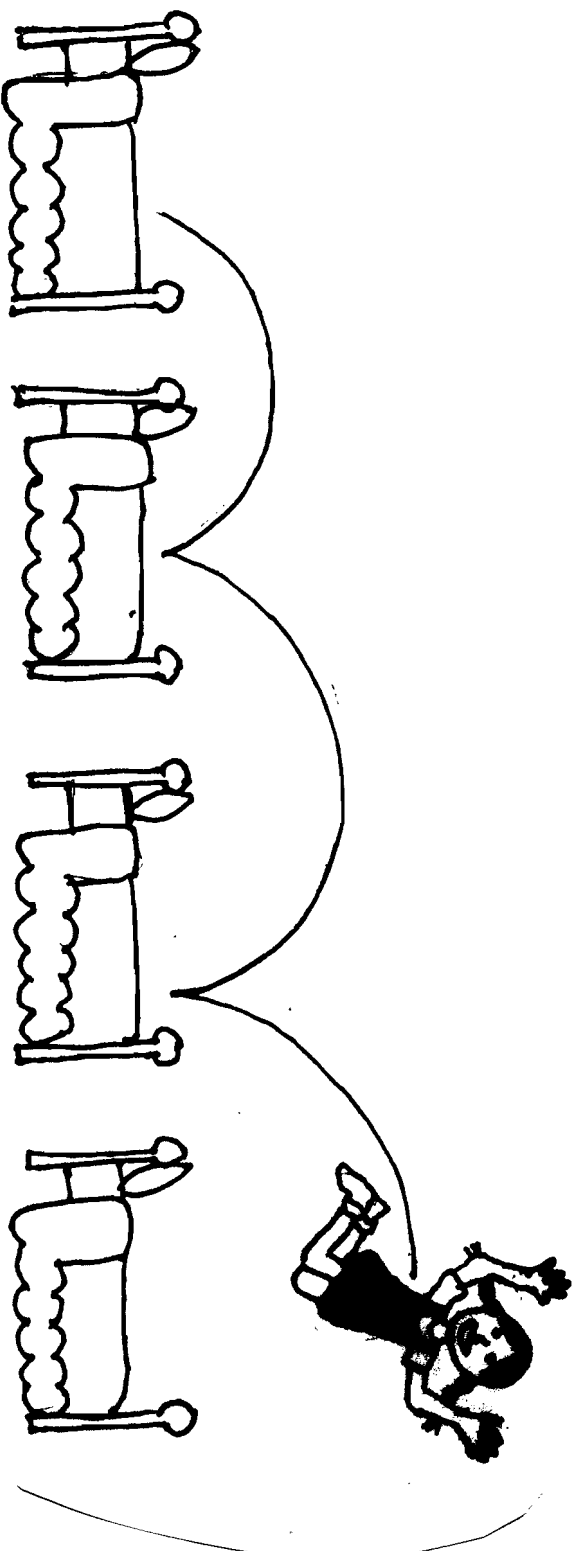
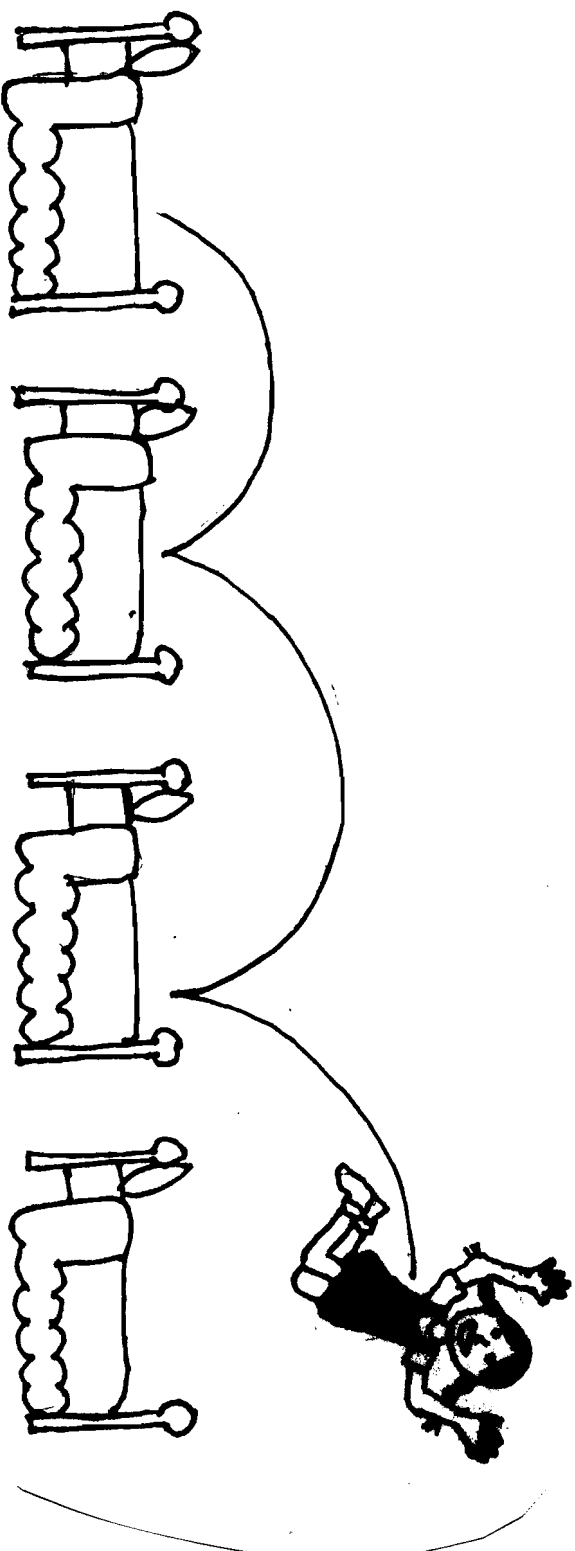


Bouncing



By Amanda Loo

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Woke up Sunday, very early
Lay there in bed thinking, "Surely,
There must be something to do."
Lay there an hour, maybe two,
But I could find something wrong
With every idea that came along:

Biking – must get up and dressed.
Homework just makes me depressed.
It's too early for TV,
Nothing good on until three.
Could get up and play tin soldiers
Could get up and make some Folgers
For the parents, but instead
I'd rather stay right here in bed.

I thought and pondered and rejected
Then came something unexpected
Out of nowhere an idea came striking
Like a bolt of summer lightning.



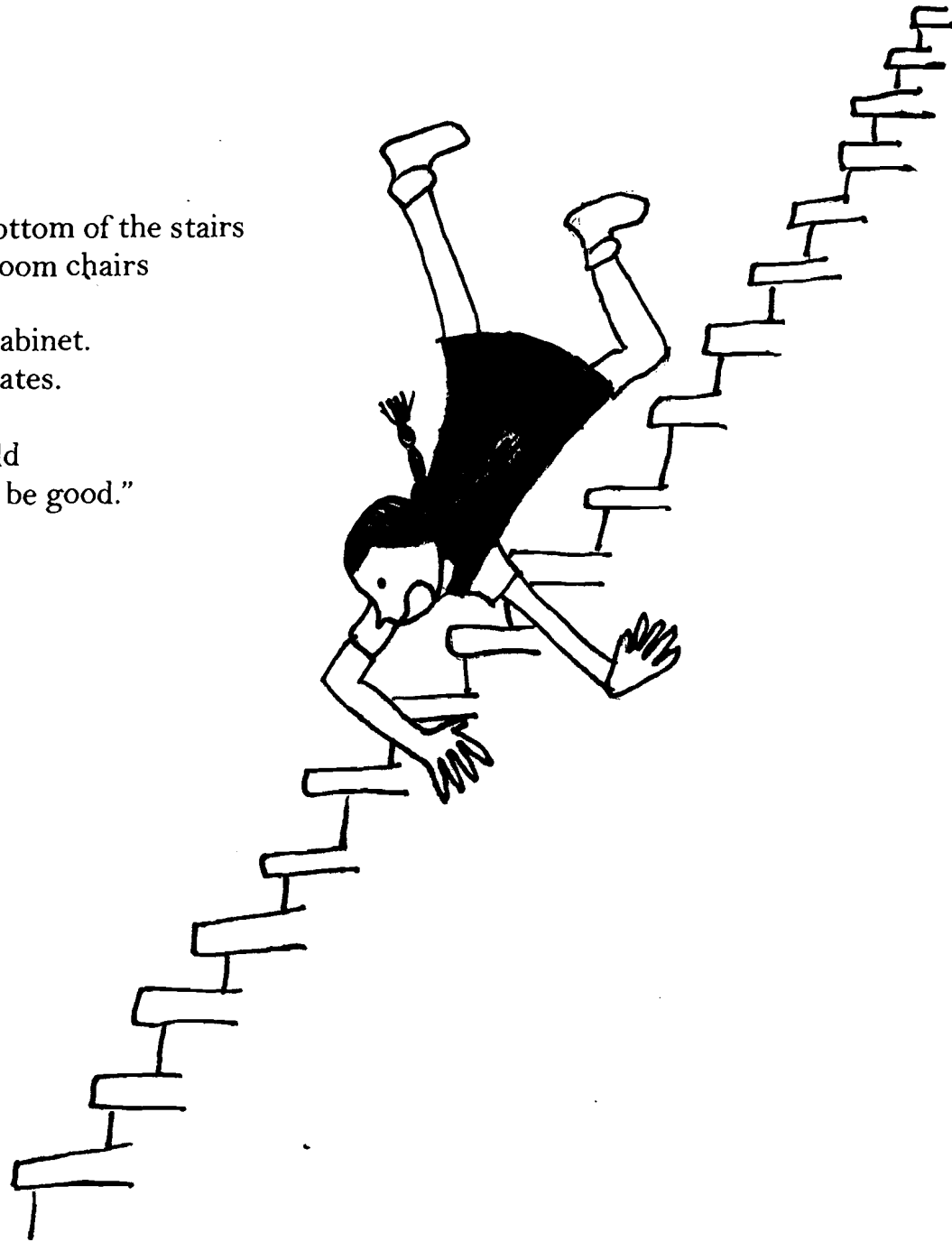
I could have fun, and some more,
Without going out the door.
"I'll stay right at home," I said,
"And have fun bouncing on my bed."

I got up and started jumping
And all that thumping, all that bumping
Roused my mother from her slumbering.
Down the hall she came a-lumbering
To my open doorway where
She found me jumping in midair.

She watched me with anxious eyes
Then let out a worried sigh.
"Daughter dear," my mother said,
"You must stop bouncing on that bed.
The frame is weak – look how it shakes
I'm afraid that bed is about to break.
You'll end up sprawling on the floor
Or else you'll bounce right out the door
And go rolling like a bowling ball
All the way to the end of the hall.

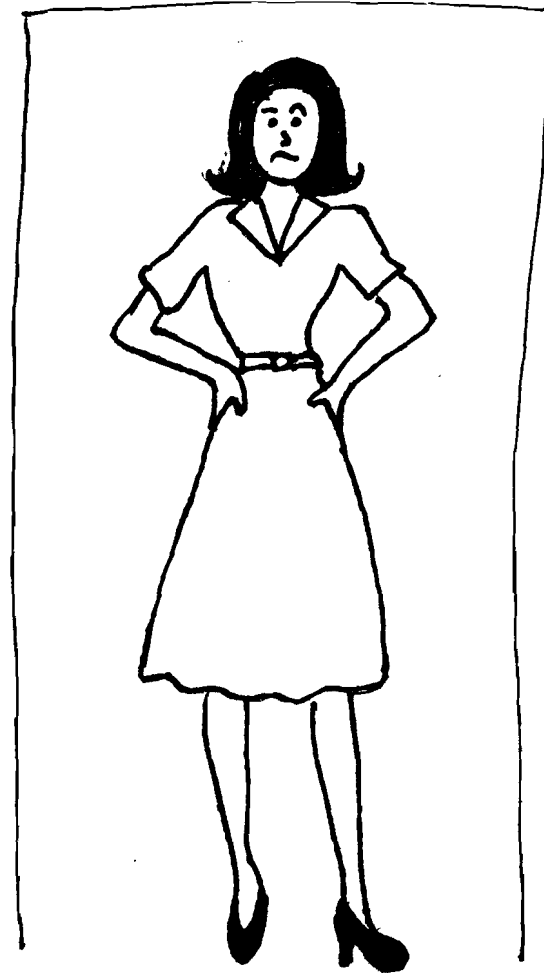


“Bump, bump, bump to the bottom of the stairs
You’ll crash into the dining room chairs
And then much to my regret
You’ll careen into the china cabinet.
Breaking all the bowls and plates.
Anyways, at any rate
If you don’t stop as you should
Whatever happens – it won’t be good.”



But instead of meekly heeding
I ignored my mother's pleading.
I simply smiled at her sweetly
And ignored her words completely.
"Mother dearest," I replied,
"You must push your fears aside.
Mother, there's no need to whine.
Don't be silly, I'll be fine.
Bouncing on my bed won't bring
About your dire imaginings.
Now if your little speech is done
I'd like to get on with my fun
But in case my bed does break
From one too many bouncing shakes
And I go falling to the floor –
Be a dear and close the door."

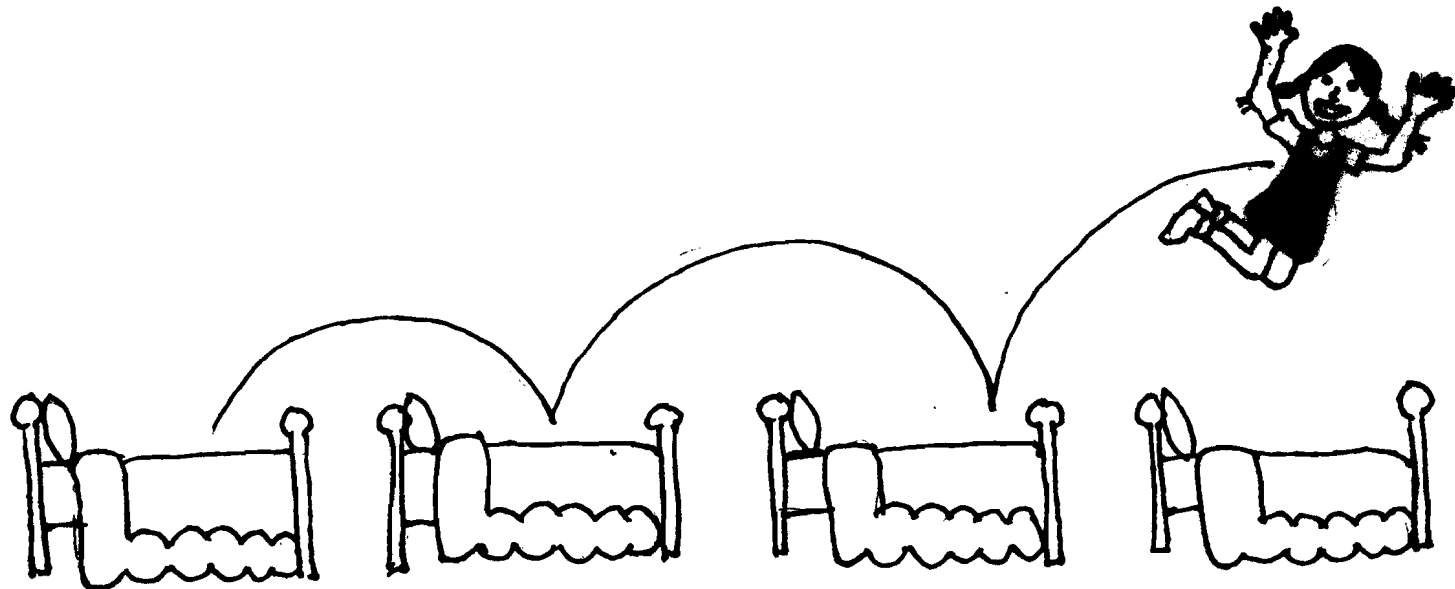
She put her hands onto her hips
I thought that I was in for it.
Instead she merely shook her head
Pursed her lips and then she said,
"Child, knock on wood today,
Cause nothing good is coming your way."
I thought that she would lecture more
But she shook her head again – and closed the door.

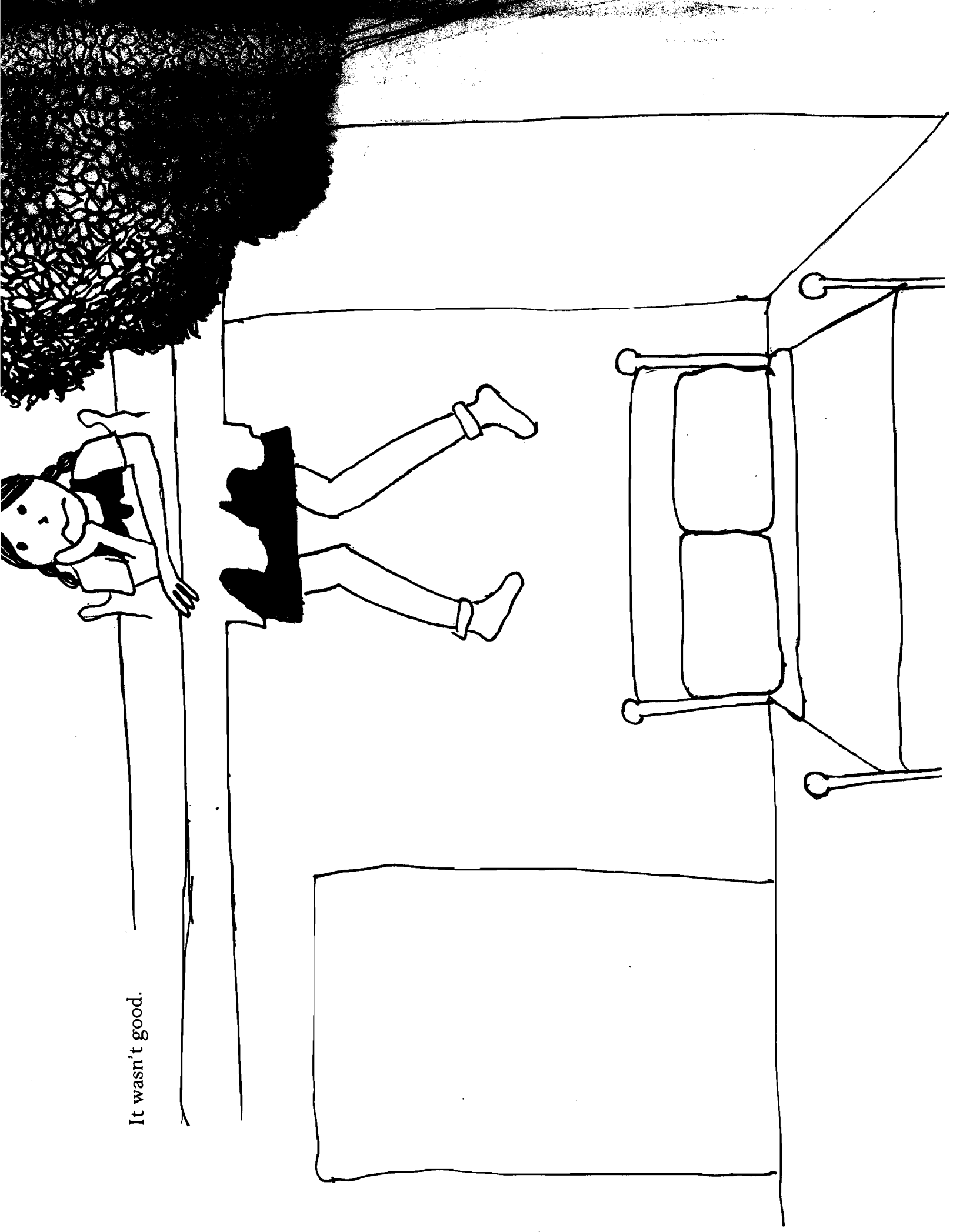


Now that I was left in peace
I went on bouncing as I pleased,
Continued bouncing all around,
Bouncing up and bouncing down.
With every bounce I bounced up higher
Until my legs grew heavy and tired.
By then I was just about ready to drop
So I told myself I wanted to stop
And lie my tired, spinning head
Against my soft and bouncy bed.
I said "One more bounce! And then time to sleep."
So I prepared myself for one last leap.
"This'll be the highest of them all!" I sang
"I'm going to go out with a bang!"

I readied myself to jump again
Bent my legs, jumped up, and then...

My mother was wrong – that I can say
For nothing happened quite her way.
I didn't go sprawling on the floor
Or bouncing out my bedroom door
Or down the stairs
Or into the chairs
Or into my mother's kitchen wares.
For I haven't broken a single thing yet
In the china cabinet.
It didn't happen as she said it would,
But she was partly right –





It wasn't good.