



Poppy the bike held perfectly still. Greg and Daddy painted his name on him.

Helping Greg learn how to ride was awfully hard work!

After many days of falls and crashes, Poppy and Greg whizzed off together. "Watch me, Erica!" Greg called to his little sister.

Then one day . . . Greg's knees kept bumping Poppy's handlebars. He had outgrown Poppy.

"Now I get to learn how to ride him!" said Erica. With Poppy's help, Erica learned fast.

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Then one day . . . Erica's knees kept bumping Poppy's handlebars.

Poppy was wheeled into a dark corner of the garage.

Spiders made webs around Poppy. Soon he looked like just another gray shadow. How he missed the sunshine, and riding around the neighborhood!

Then one day . . . men Poppy didn't know came and took the furniture out of the house.

Then they emptied the garage.

Poppy waited patiently to be taken, too.

The garage door thunked shut. Had they forgotten Poppy?



The next day, Poppy heard people talking. Had Greg come back for him? No. Poppy didn't recognize these voices.

A new lady found Poppy. She wheeled him outside.



How wonderful the warm sunshine felt!

The lady brushed some of the dust off Poppy.

"P-O-P-P-Y," she read, spelling out the name that Greg had painted so long ago. "Pleased to meet you, Poppy! I'm Amanda, and I'm going to take care of you."

How good it felt to Poppy, having the dust and cobwebs cleaned off of him!

And to be given a fresh coat of paint!  
And to have his chain oiled!  
And to have his tires pumped up!  
One day, Amanda showed Poppy to a little boy.  
"Jay, this is Poppy," said Amanda. "I fixed him  
up for you!"

"He's beautiful, Mommy!" said Jay. "But. . ." His  
face clouded over. "I don't know how to ride a bicycle."

"Don't worry," said Amanda. "I think Poppy  
knows how to help you learn."

She was right. Poppy worked hard, and Jay  
learned fast.

Soon they were zipping around the neighborhood.



Jay rode Poppy so much that Poppy got a flat tire.  
Jay wheeled him to a dark corner in the garage.  
Oh no! Was Poppy going to be forgotten again?



The next day, Jay wheeled Poppy outside.  
“You’ve worked hard, Poppy! Time to take care  
of you!”

After Jay’s mommy helped Jay change Poppy’s  
flat tire, paint over his scratches, and clean his gritty  
chain, Poppy felt much better!

Jay hopped on to Poppy. He pedaled so hard that soon they were going faster than Poppy had ever gone before.

Poppy leapt for joy. He felt his wheels leave the ground, and for one brief moment, Poppy and Jay were flying through the air! Poppy brought them down safely with a gentle bump.

"I love riding you more than anything else in the world!" cried Jay as they rode home.

