

Jill's joyful ride home



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Publishing info

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Dedication page



Jill was a sweet and shy girl,
All bottled up in a neat uniform.
Hair plastered in two tight braids,
She was the calm before the storm.

Just after three, as she left the school gate,
She would undergo a transformation,
Because from underneath her flowery helmet,
She knew cycling was the wildest transportation.





To start with she could move
In ways that made skipping feel boring.
She was a girl with her own groove.
Her feet off the ground, she was soaring.