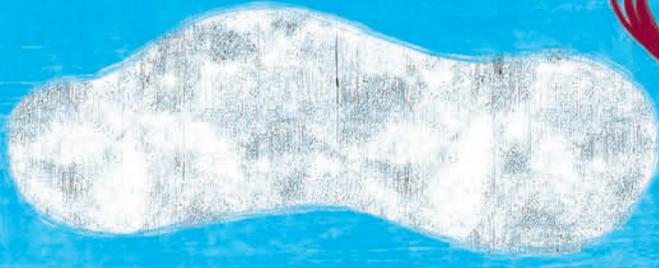


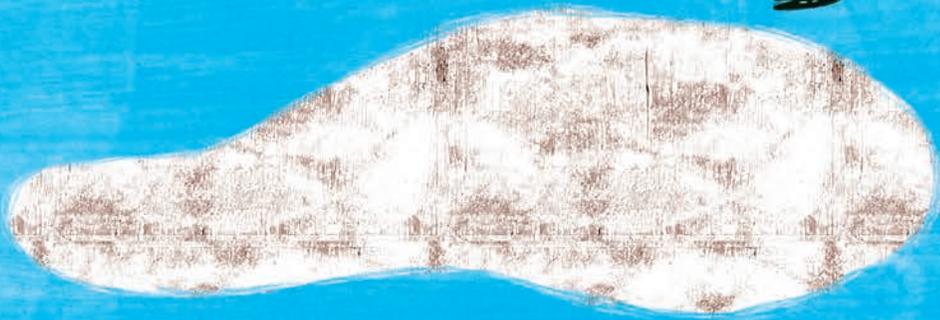
# The Balloon Ride

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# The Balloon Ride

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**T**he sun rose, its rays slipped through the window and she woke up. She rubbed her eyes to look around her, she was not home. She realised with astonishment that she was inside a large hot air balloon.

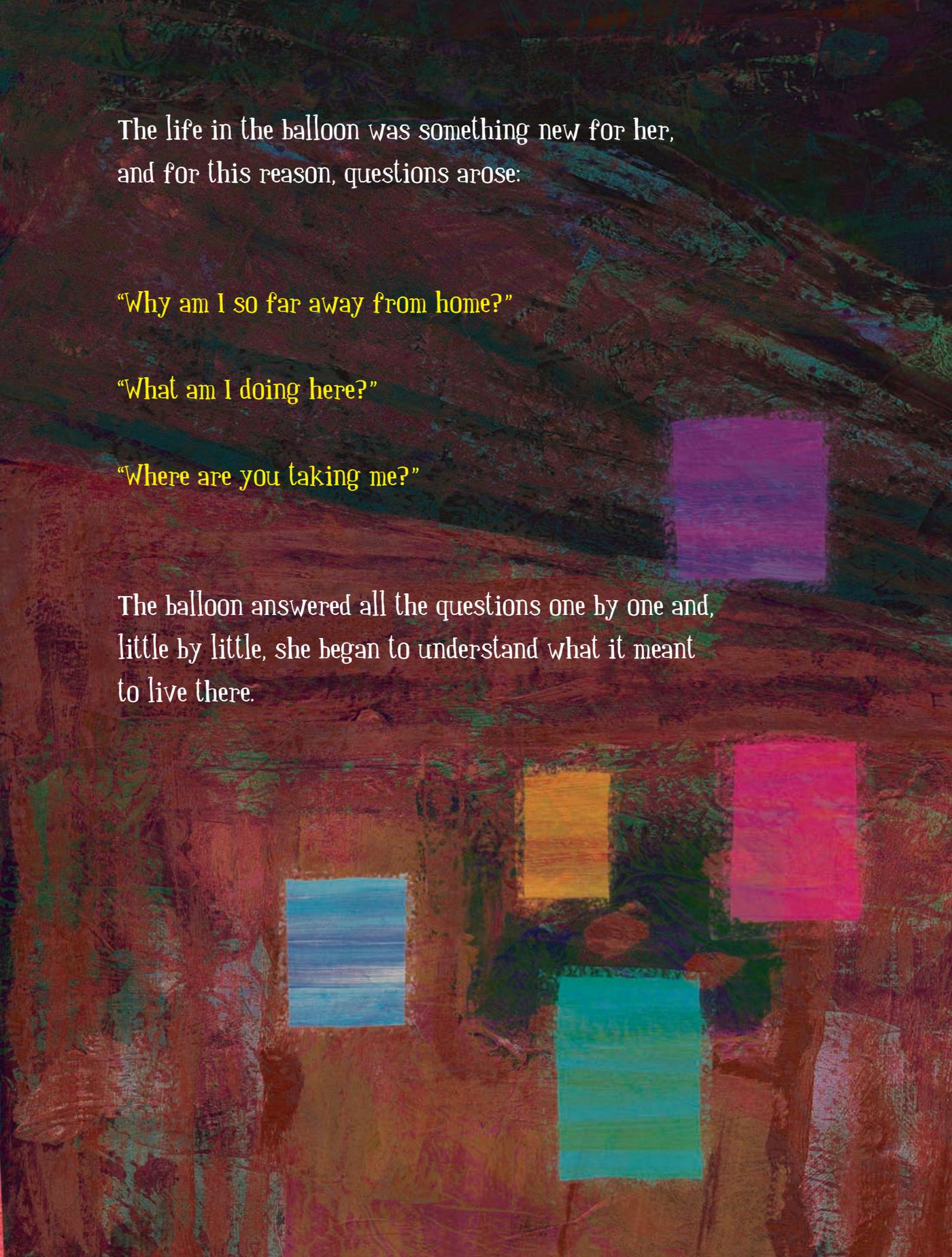




THIS IS HOW SHE BEGAN TO LIVE IN THAT MYSTERIOUS AND UNKNOWN BALLOON.

At times, especially the first few days, she felt confused and frightened. But whenever that happened the balloon always whispered to her with a sweet and caring voice: "Do not worry, my darling, do not worry. Everything will be fine." And she was enveloped by a very pleasant warmth.



The background is a dark, textured surface, possibly a wooden structure or a wall, with various shades of brown, green, and blue. There are several rectangular patches of color: a purple patch in the upper right, a yellow patch in the middle right, a pink patch in the lower right, a blue patch in the lower left, and a cyan patch in the lower center. The overall appearance is that of a rough, painted surface.

The life in the balloon was something new for her,  
and for this reason, questions arose:

“Why am I so far away from home?”

“What am I doing here?”

“Where are you taking me?”

The balloon answered all the questions one by one and,  
little by little, she began to understand what it meant  
to live there.





To live in a special place:

*With others.*

*With house rules.*

*With the right to share.*

Where one has to strive to move forward.

And secret... "shush... do not even tell the wind."







Sometimes, inevitably, she felt invaded by memories  
and melancholy. She missed her family, friends,  
her city, her belongings...

BUT SHE REALISED THAT,  
AFTER ALL, LIFE IN THE BALLOON  
HAD MANY ADVANTAGES.

It was a soft, warm, comfortable and bright place.  
When it was cold, the wind blew hard,  
it rained or a storm was imminent,  
she felt safe inside the balloon.

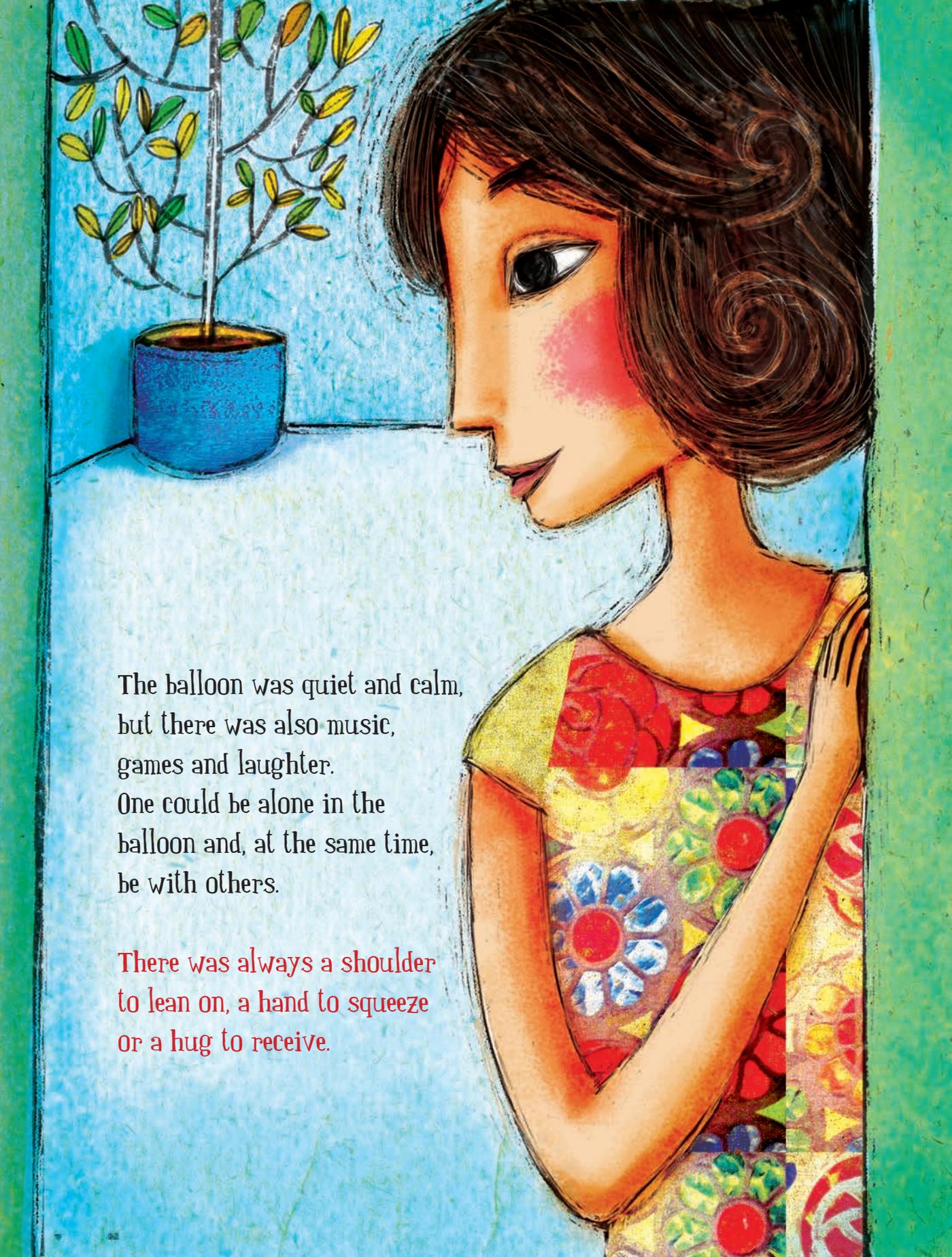






A veces, al leer novelas  
se olvidan los recuerdos y la realidad  
y cuando se cierra el libro, se los trae  
de nuevo con ellos.

Que comience una novela de modo que sea  
una gran novela.

A stylized illustration of a woman with dark, curly hair, shown in profile from the chest up. She has rosy cheeks and is looking towards a small potted plant on a ledge. The plant has green and yellow leaves and is in a blue pot. The background is a light blue wall with a green vertical stripe on the right. The woman is wearing a colorful, patterned top with red, yellow, and blue floral motifs.

The balloon was quiet and calm,  
but there was also music,  
games and laughter.  
One could be alone in the  
balloon and, at the same time,  
be with others.

There was always a shoulder  
to lean on, a hand to squeeze  
or a hug to receive.



AS TIME WENT BY, THE FIRST STROLLS BEGAN.  
Time to take a walk in the neighbouring clouds.





There were days when the smell of hot chocolate cake reached every corner of the balloon, then footsteps were heard running around happily in the halls and smiles began to waltz filling the place with joy and excitement.









Safety

Tranquility

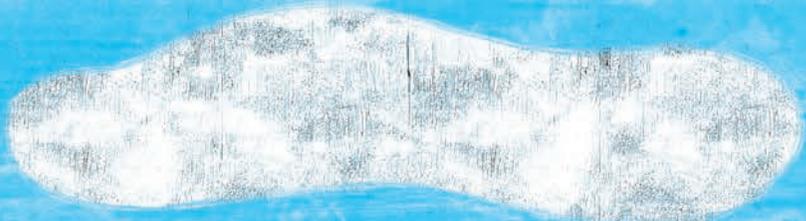
Sharing

Games

Effort

Living toge

Learn



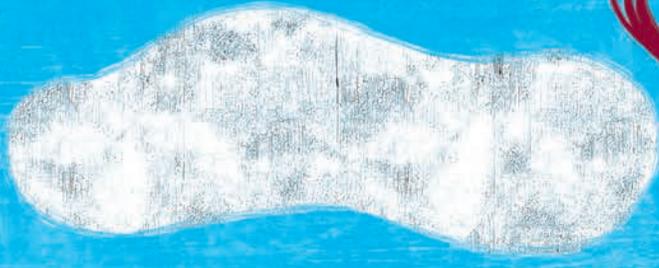
The balloon had become  
**her new home.**

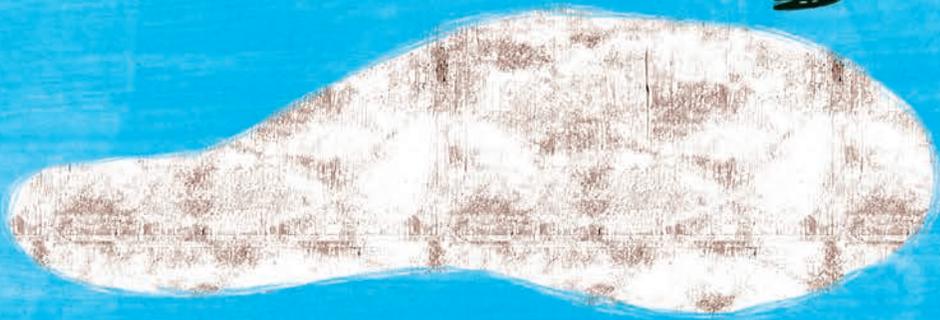




Smiles! What she liked the most about the balloon was the waltz of smiles. One of them was unique, special, and so great that it filled everything. It was what made the balloon shine like a star. The smile that made her happy and made her mum the prettiest in the world.









**agise**

Andaluz de Gestión Integral  
de Servicios Especializados SL