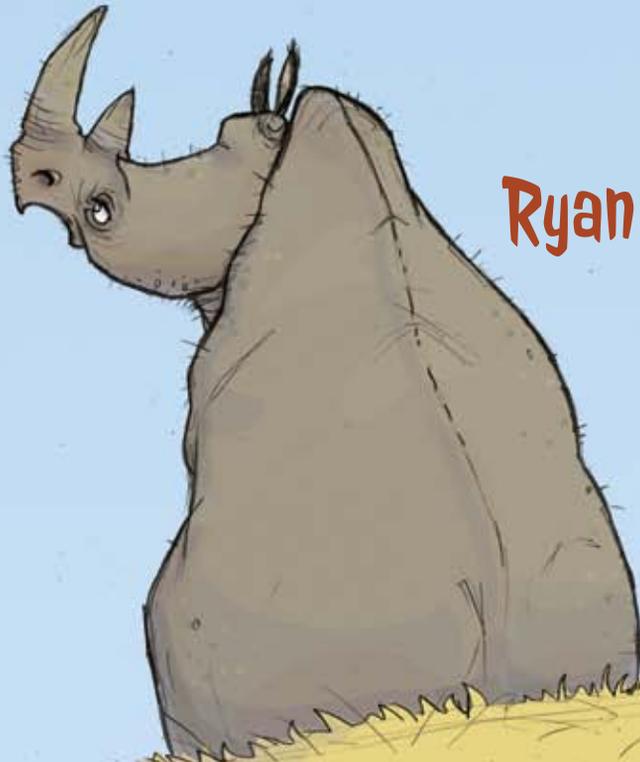


ROGER Goes Up

Ryan T. Higgins



Cocklebury Books

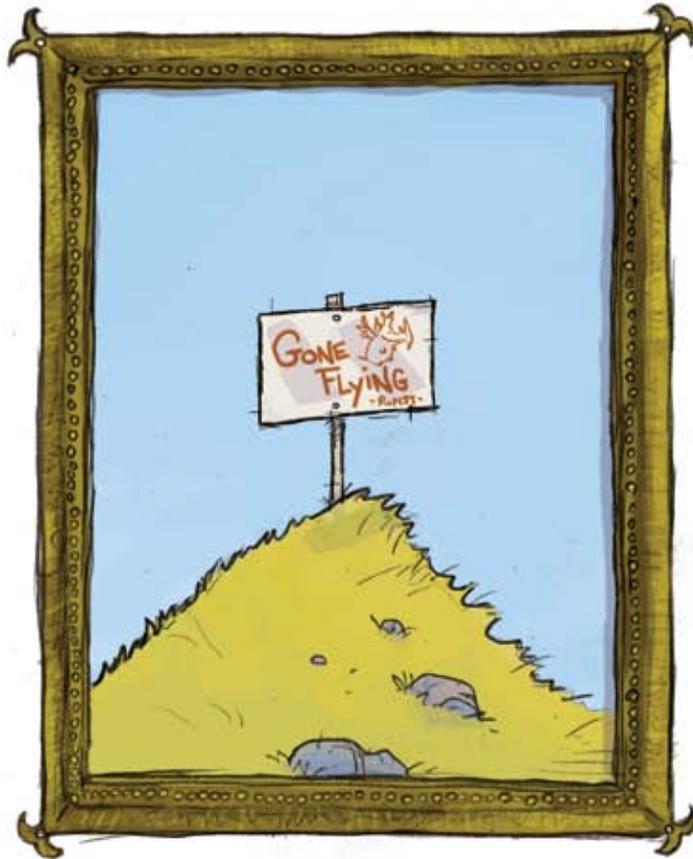
They say that a rhino
Is not made to fly—no
'Cause rhinos are too fat to fly.

And that rhinos, they ought
To be grounded and not
To be dreaming of life in the sky.



But then there was Roger,
Rhinoceros Codger,
Who looked at the blue with a "...sigh..."

And the Codgity rhino
Said, "I know what I know,
And I know that I'm gonna try!"





He got bed sheets and rope,
And a toy telescope,
Then he climbed to the top of a ledge.

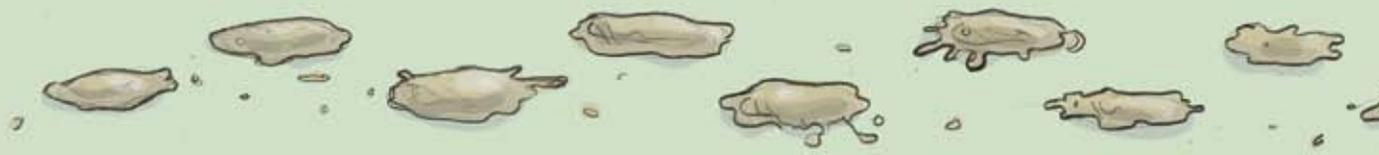
With his bed sheets all tied
For a fabulous ride,
The old rhino then jumped off the edge.

Just for a second,
The old rhino reckoned,
"I'm flying!" He shouted, "at last!"

After not very long,
Roger saw he was wrong
When the ground came a-rushing up fast!







With a thump and a thud
In the mire and mud
The old rhino was battered and sore.

But he shook off the mud
And the muck and the crud,
And decided to try it once more.



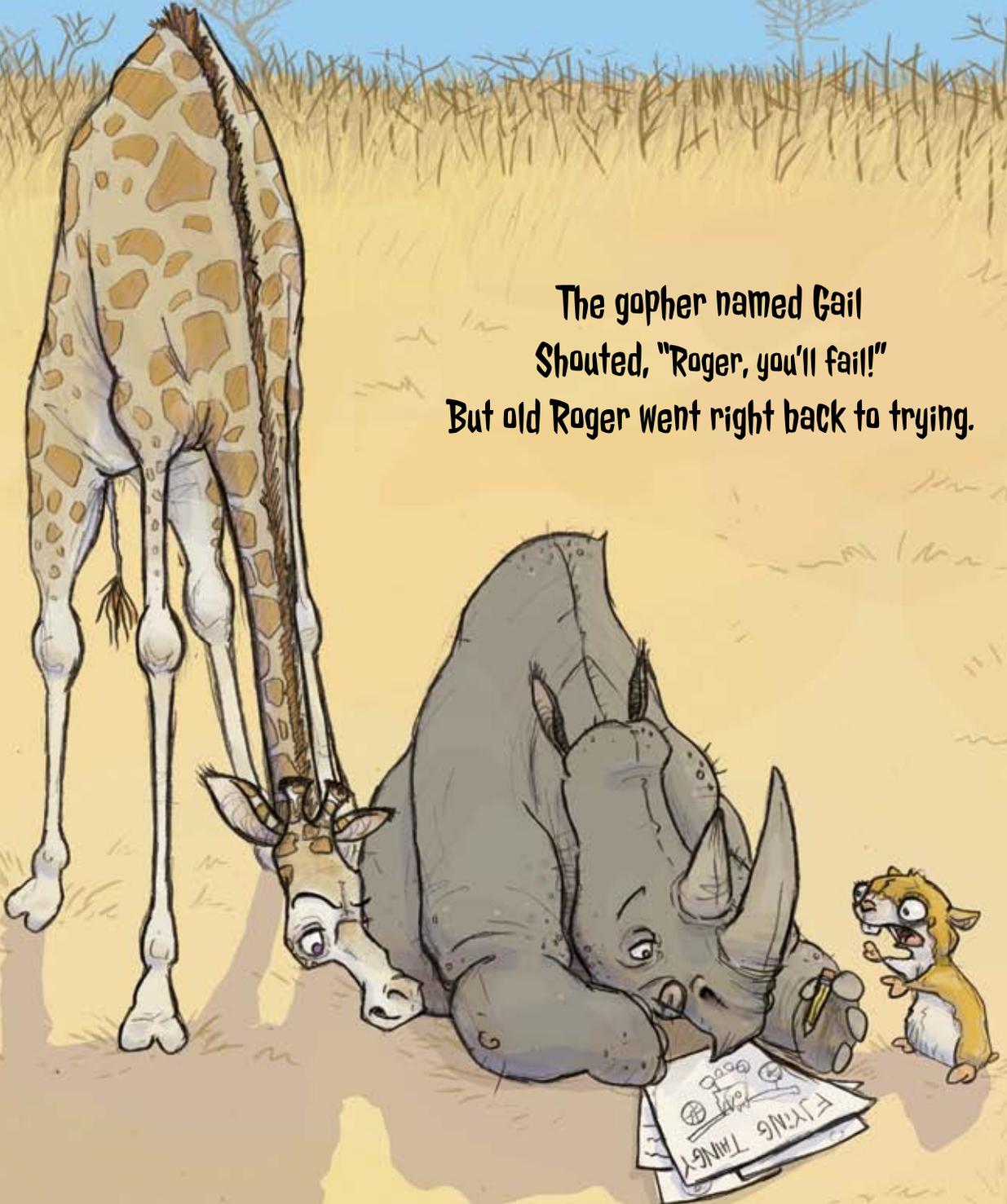
A giraffe, named Sue Lodger,
Said, "Silly old Roger,
Old rhinos are not meant to fly."

Gail Gopher then said,
"You are out of your head."
"You should stay on the ground! Me-oh-my!"



Sue Lodger said, "Roger,
RhinoCeros Codger,
Your plumpness will stop you from flying."

The gopher named Gail
Shouted, "Roger, you'll fail!"
But old Roger went right back to trying.

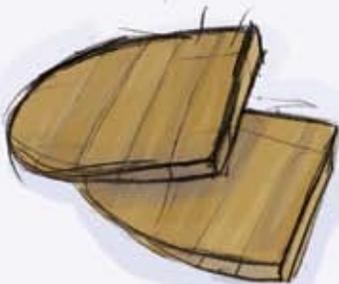




This time he got wings
And some other fine things:
Like a barrel, a wheel, and propeller.



He got gaskets and seals,
And bananas' old peels,
Plus a red polka-dotted umbreller.







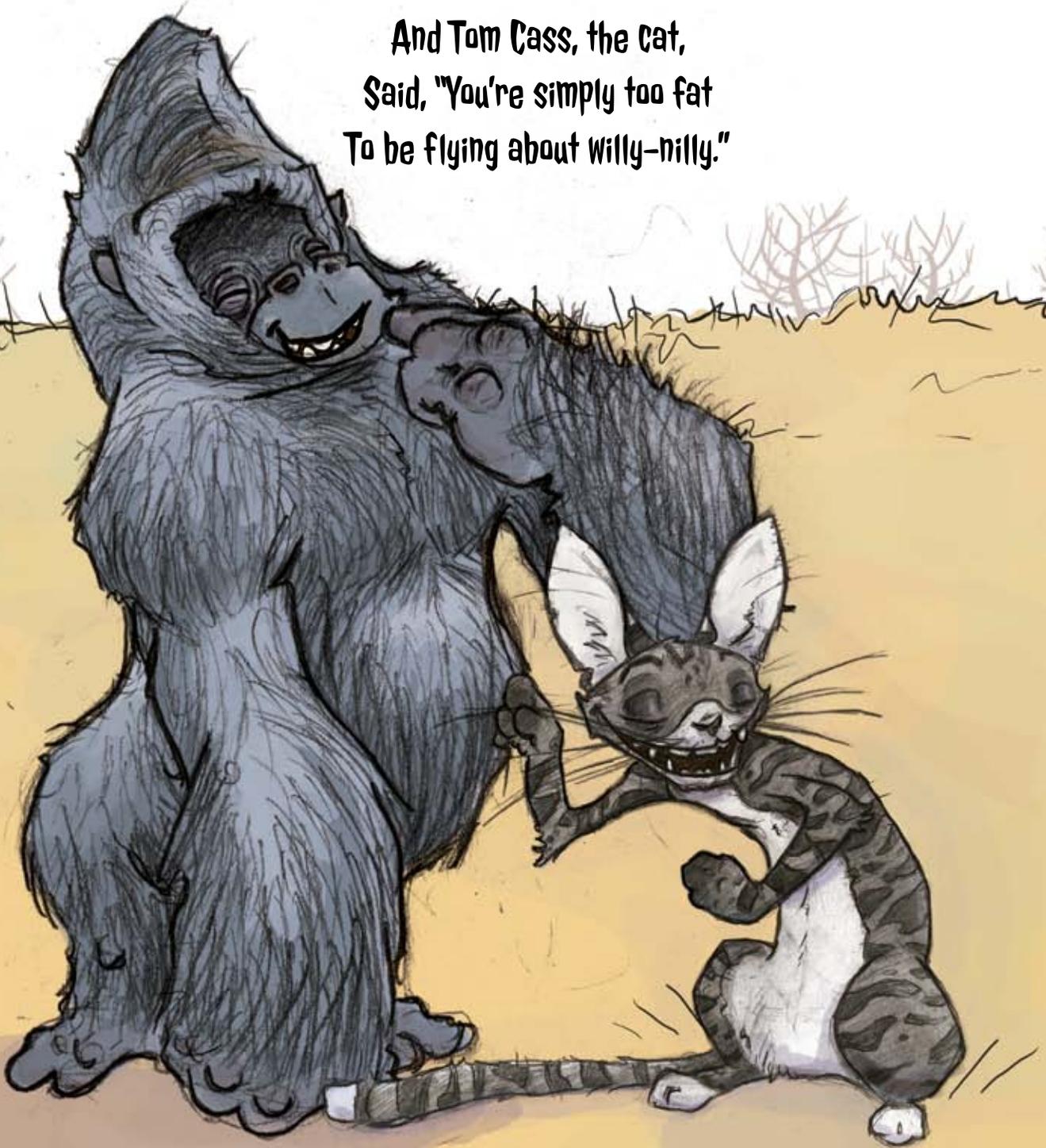
He jogged and he jumped
And he peddled and pumped
And he ran and he flapped all about.

But he couldn't fly, sadly.
He crashed rather badly;
He got quite a bruise on his snout.



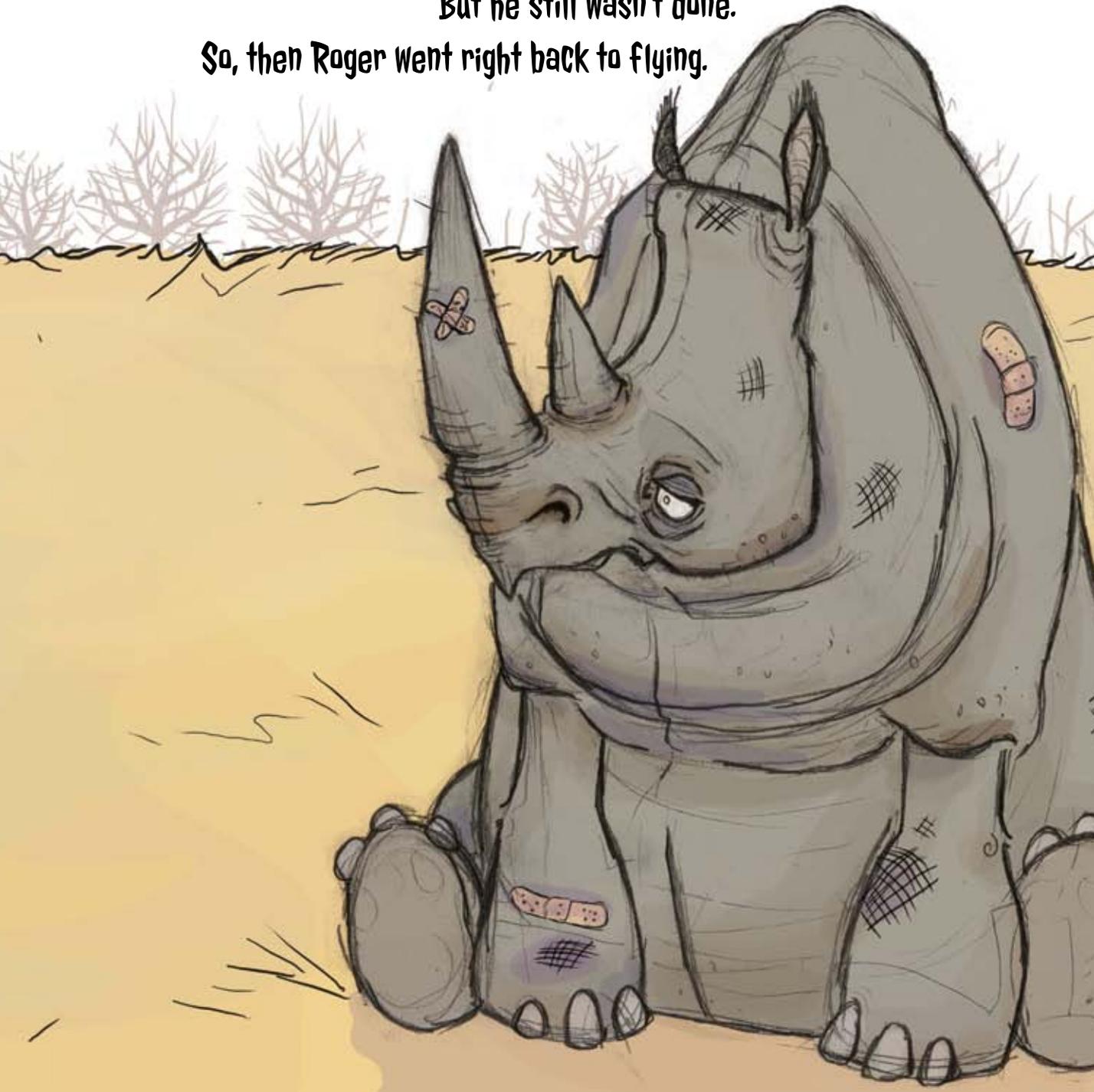
A grizzled gorilla,
Named John Sass-Porilla,
Said, "Roger, this really is silly."

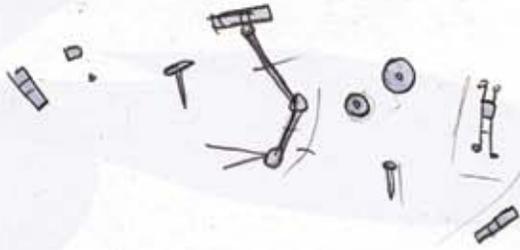
And Tom Cass, the cat,
Said, "You're simply too fat
To be flying about willy-nilly."



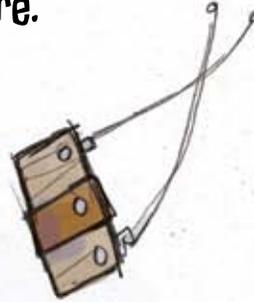
But that catty Tom Cass
And Gorilla John's sass -
They could not stop old Roger from trying.

He was scraped. He was skun.
But he still wasn't done.
So, then Roger went right back to flying.



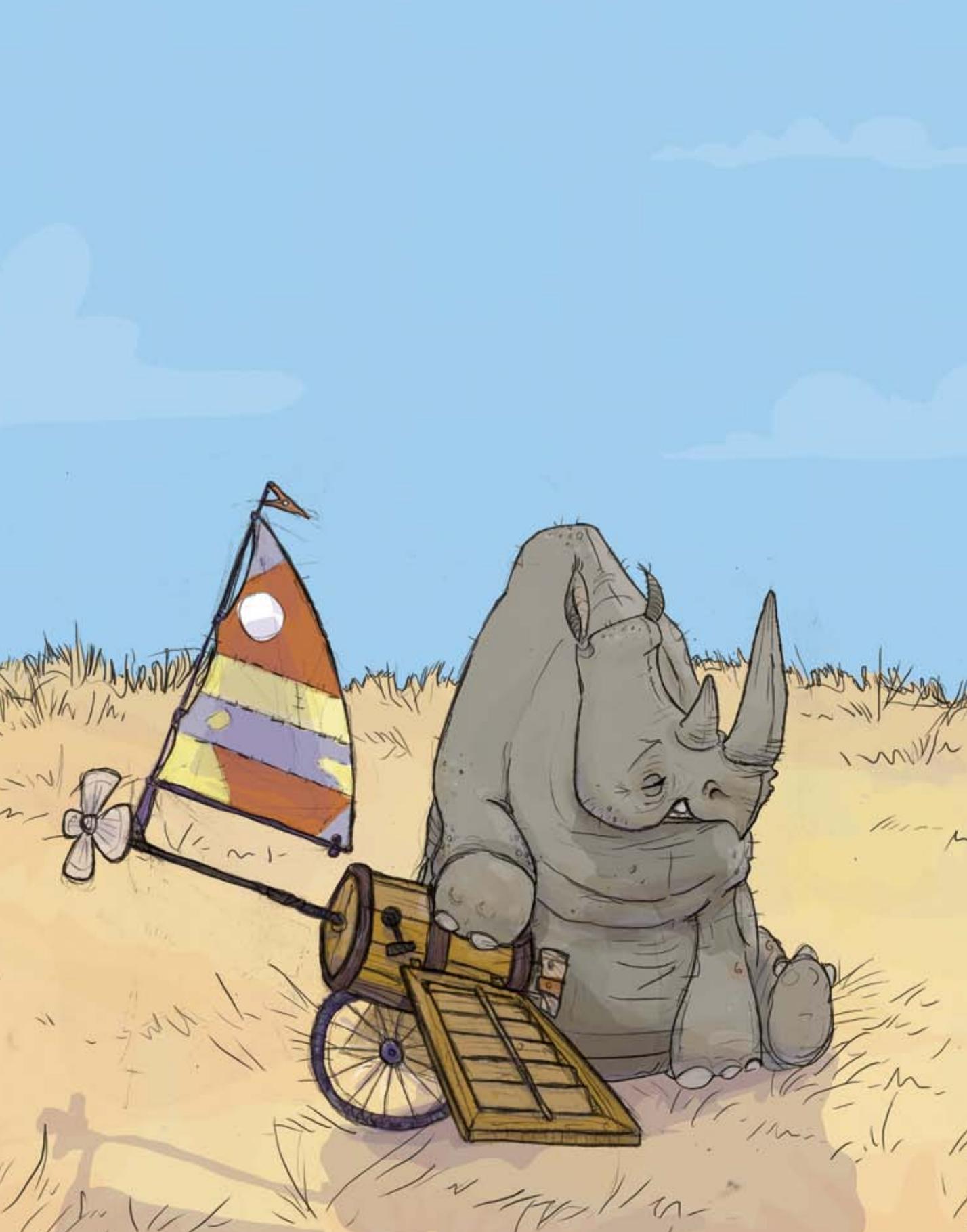


He got levers and rudders
And window shade shutters.
He added a bicycle tire.



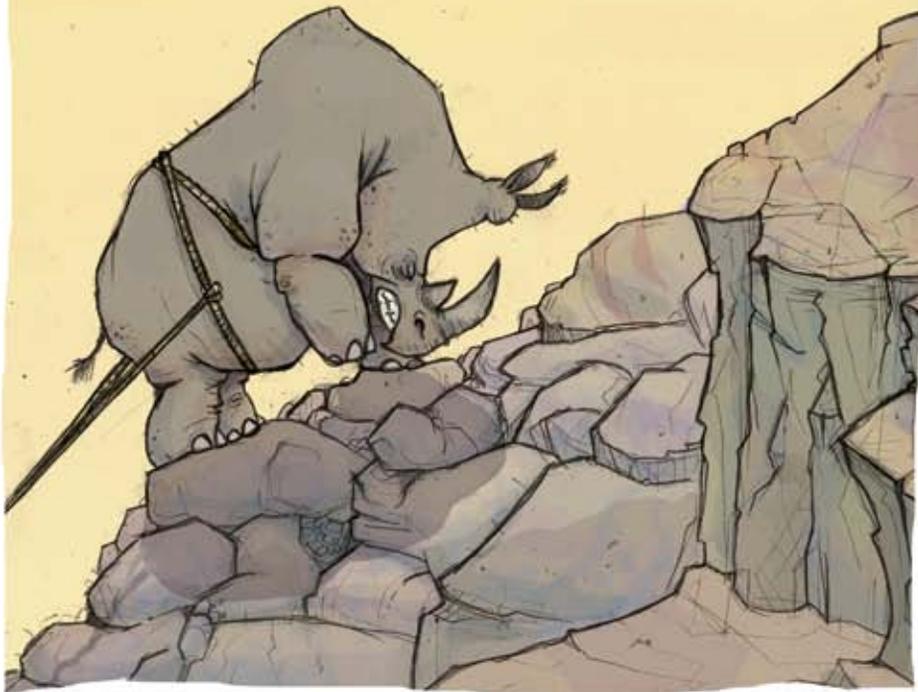
He got knickers and nails,
Quickly sewed on some sails,
And he called it his sky-cycle flyer.





Up Old Mount Maneen,
Roger took his machine,
With a broom and a brush and a mop.

He tugged and he towed
And he pushed and he pulled.
Then he rode his machine off the top.

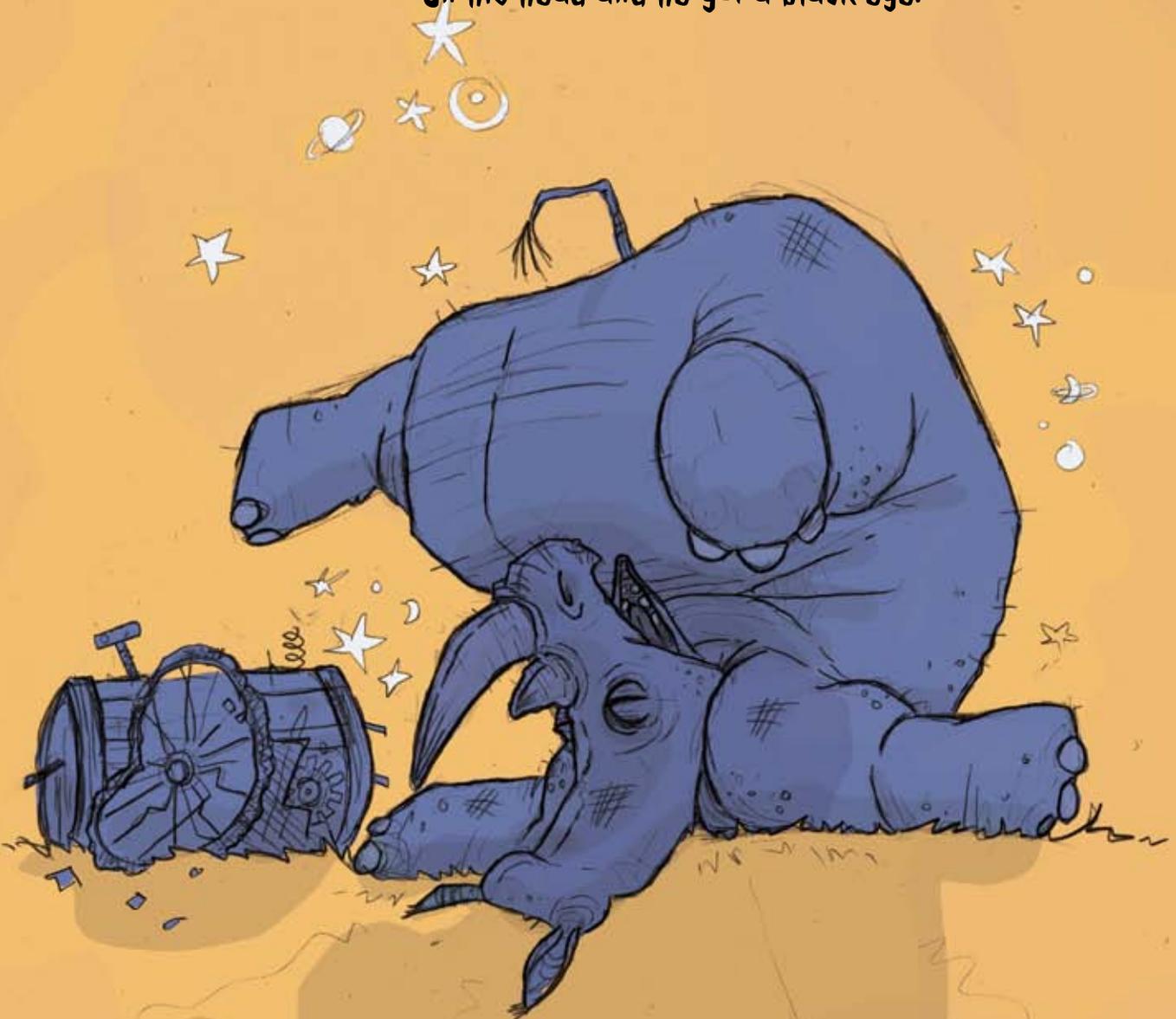






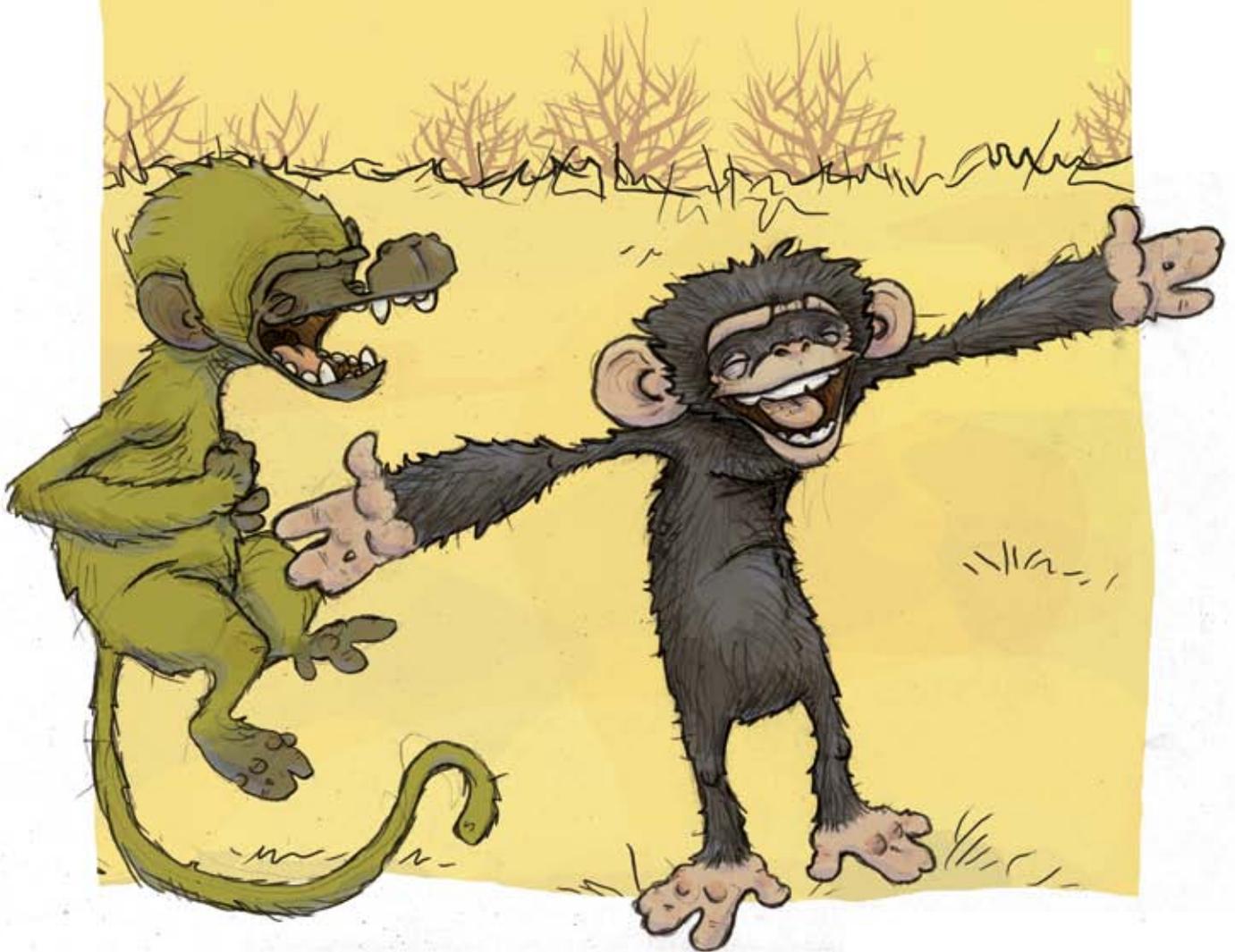
But it didn't quite do
What he wanted it to,
And old Roger fell down from the sky.

He went down. He went down.
He went DOWN, down, down, DOWN,
On his head and he got a black eye.



A baboon laughed, "Absurd!
Roger, you're not a bird.
You know rhinos don't fly. They can-NOT!"

"You are big as a blimp,
Roger," said a small chimp.
Well, this gave the old rhino a thought!



**"A balloon! A balloon!
Thank you Chimp and Baboon!
That is just what I need! A balloon!"**

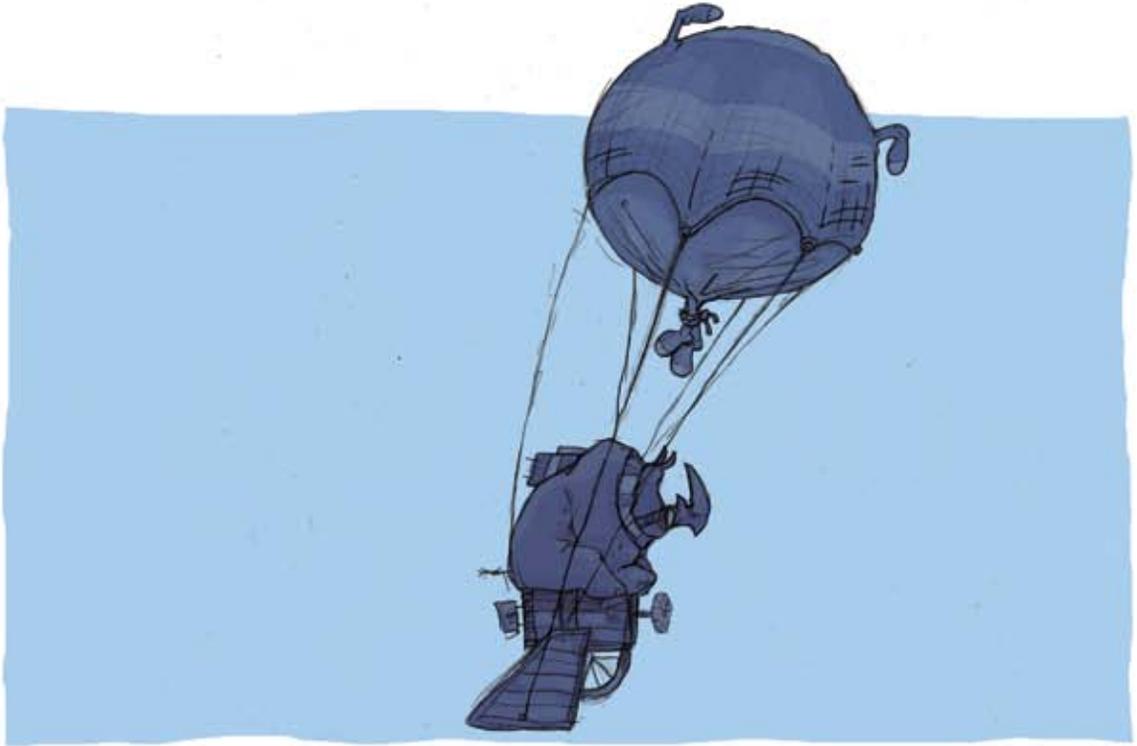


To his sky-cycle flyer,
He fastened with wire,
A balloon made of old pantyhose.

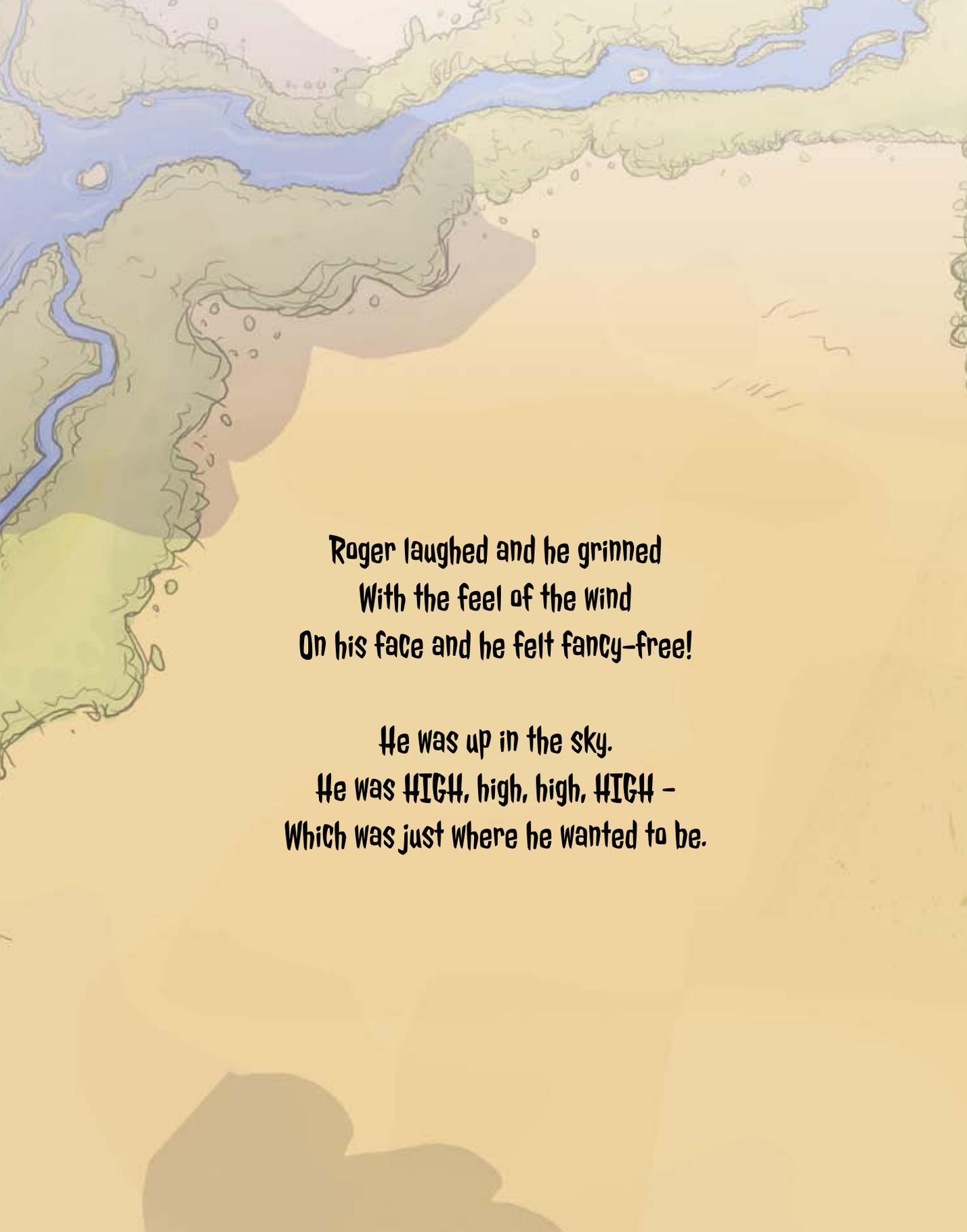
Then it started off lowly,
But ever so slowly,
So ever so slowly... it rose.



Inch by inch it went higher,
The sky-cycle flyer,
And Roger went up with it too.



He went up. He went up!
He went UP, up, up, UP!
Way up high in the air Roger flew.



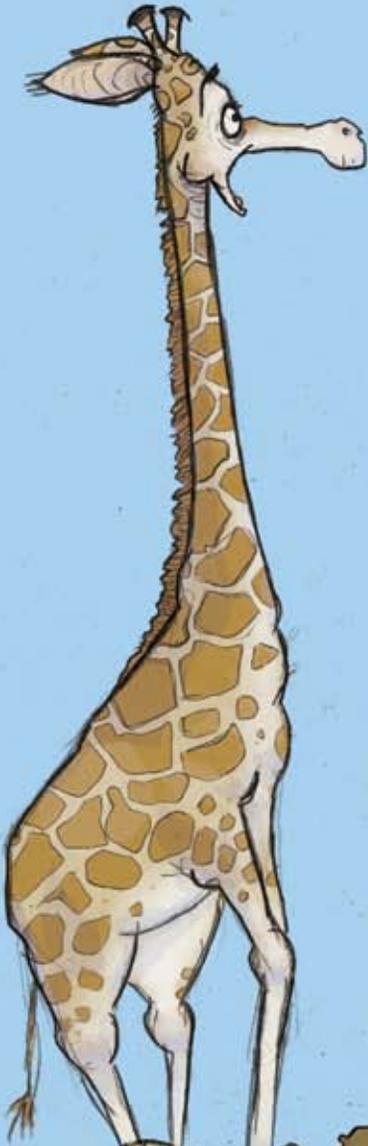
**Roger laughed and he grinned
With the feel of the wind
On his face and he felt fancy-free!**

**He was up in the sky.
He was HIGH, high, high, HIGH -
Which was just where he wanted to be.**



Silly old Roger
He waved at Sue Lodger,
At John, and at Tom, and at Gail.

"Goodbye Chimp and Baboon...
Hope to see you all soon!"
And with that good old Roger set sail.





THE END

For Griffin

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*I'd like to thank my wife, Joanna.
This book wouldn't have been possible
without her. -R.T.H.-*