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Jumper Meets Bouncy  
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Chapter 1

## CHAPTER 1

### Day Camp

“Emily! Finish dressing Sweetheart, and grab your ball. We’re running late. Tony will be so mad if he doesn’t get to sit by you on the bus,” her mother, Melissa said.

“Do you think Tony will bring Teddy and his ball with him to Woody’s Day Camp?” Emily asked.

“No, don’t be silly. They don’t allow children to take their dogs to the camp,” her mom replied. “But I’d bet money Tony will be taking his red ball. That’s gotta be his favorite toy.”

Wow! I was so excited. That was music to my ears. I was going to get to see Tony again.

Emily’s mamma had all the windows in the van open and as soon as we pulled into the shopping center, I could hear Tony shouting. He was standing next to a bus full of children.

“Emily! Hurry up. The bus is going to be leaving soon!”

When Emily got me out of the back of the van, she smiled at Tony.

“Hi, Tony. Wow! You said my name right. You didn’t call me Emwy.”

Tony looked down at the ball meant for Emily, cuddled in his small arms. He had a slightly sad look on his face.

“I wanna talk good like you, Emily so I’m going to speech therapy.”

“I’m not really that good, Tony. I can’t say linoweum.”

“What’s linoweum?”

“That’s what’s on the floor of my kitchen. You know . . . uh, the flooring.”

“I don’t think I’ve been in therapy long enough to try to say that word right.”

Emily was laughing when her mother, Melissa walked up.

“Sorry, Emily I forgot to write your name on your ball.”

"You're not alone, Melissa. I forgot to put Tony's name on his ball as well," his mother, Clare said.

"Oh well, I have a feeling the two of them will be the only children to bring red beach balls with them. And it's not like thieves can easily hide them," Melissa added.

"You've got a point," Clare replied.

I could hardly wait to see what Woody's Day Camp looked like.

Emily and Tony kissed their mammas, and got on the bus with their backpacks strapped around their shoulders.

Emily held me on her lap and Tony had the other ball on his lap too. As the bus traveled down many country roads, the children sang. I loved hearing their sweet voices, and seeing the smiles on their little faces.

An hour later the bus came to a stop, and the driver shut the engine off. There were tall pine trees everywhere, birds singing, woodpeckers pecking, and squirrels gathering nuts. It was beautiful!

Tony and Emily got off the bus, and stood next to the other thirteen children. Their ages ranged from three to five, and most of them were boys. They all had their backpacks strapped around their shoulders, but none other than Emily and Tony were holding beach balls.

Two camp counselors walked over to the children, and introduced themselves.

The tall dark-haired female counselor said, "Hello and welcome to Woody's Day Camp. My name is Alice Whitney and I'll be the counselor and instructor today for all you pretty young ladies."

"My name is Rocky Townsend and I'll be the counselor and instructor for all you young men."

Tony stepped forward.

"Hello, Mr. Townsend. Do you like my ball? Emily has one just like it."

Rocky laughed.

"Those are very fine balls you've got there. I think you'll both have a lot of fun with them here today."

Tony turned back around and smiled at Emily. She giggled, and bounced me on the asphalt.

"Please come this way, boys and I'll show you where our clubhouse is. You'll all be given a locker with a key," the young handsome boys' counselor instructed.

After all of the children stowed their backpacks and put on their water wings, it was off to the 'Fun Zone'.

At a glance the 'Fun Zone' looked like nothing I'd ever seen before. The first thing I saw was a colorful inflated ball pit. It was red, yellow, blue, and made to look like a small castle. This is where Tony and Emily headed first.

Emily tossed me through the open doorway, and Tony did the same with the ball meant for Emily.

Afterwards, they jumped inside, and many of the other children joined them. It was so much fun bouncing atop the smaller balls!

“Look over there Tony,” Emily said as she pointed to a large wading pool.

There were two swan-shaped pedal boats bobbing in the water, and the two of them soon climbed aboard. Emily put me on her lap and Tony put the other ball on his lap. Their little feet rapidly pushed down on the pedals, and this sent the boats from one end of the small pool to the other.

After many laps around the pool, I could see sweat glistening on the children’s foreheads.

“Look, Emily. The pool over there has two water wheels in it,” Tony said.

“Let’s go get into them before somebody else does,” she replied.

It was hard for them to get into the inflated water wheels holding balls at the same time. Emily gave up and put me inside of the wheel. She then jumped on top of me, belly first.

Boomp! I jumped right out of the wheel and into the warm pool water.

When Tony did the same with the ball meant for Emily, that ball jumped out and into the water too.

This didn’t dampen their spirits one bit. They climbed in and out of the wheels over and over, giggling the whole time.

Rocky shouted, “Children! Come and get a towel, and follow me back into the clubhouse. It’s time for some finger painting, and then we’ll be having lunch.”

I was so happy when Tony grabbed me, and got out of the pool. Yes! I was back in Tony’s arms once again.

He sat me on the thick green grass as he dried himself off, and then followed Emily and the other children into the clubhouse.

They were all seated at a long table. The place settings included sheets of white paper and several bottles of finger paint.

Instead of painting a picture on the paper, Tony picked me up off the floor; and painted me.

Emily laughed. “That’s such a funny clown face you painted on your ball.”

I don’t really like clowns much ever since one popped out of a jack n’ the box at Tony’s birthday party, and couldn’t see the one he painted on my back. However, I hoped it would remain forever. That way Tony would never mix me up with Emily’s ball again.

“Would you like to go river rafting with Emily tomorrow, Tony?” Tony’s mamma asked when her and all of the other parents came to pick their children up.

Tony smiled and asked, “Can I take my ball?”

Emily spoke up, “Yes. I’ll be taking my ball.”

“Okay. It sounds like fun,” Tony responded.

...excerpt...

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