

HOLY MOLY ROLY POLY



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To our little roly polies.
- S&S -

For Sam.
- Sarah -



This is Polly B. Roly.
She's a *racing* roly poly.
Holy guacamole!



Polly rocks and unrolls every morning at four,
then power lifts pebbles to work on her core.
She sprints on her treadmill and stays in control
by stepping in beat with some sweet rock'n'roll.



It's not easy for Polly to unroll and train,
'cause she has a tough shell that protects her from pain.
It's cozy and safe in that little, grey space.
That's why pill bugs prefer to stay put in one place.



She's been training, of course, for the race that's today:
the Over-the-hill and Leg-burner 10K.
It's a race that attracts an elite sort of crew.
Here they are. Plain to see, they're a running Who's Who.

YIPPIE!
YAY!
GO, GO, GO!



On your mark...*get set...*

GO!



Polly's ahead, but the hill's big and steep.
Behind her, she hears the THUD THUD of big feet.
Her little legs burning, she makes a brave climb.
But Betty Bear's moving so fast, it's a crime.

"I'm the **POLY**-est of bears, 'cause I'm from the North **POLE**,
where you've got to be fast to stay out of the cold!
Poor roly poly. You're very un-**POLY**.
And clearly you're strolling wholly too slowly!"



As Betty Bear snickers and stomps on ahead,
she loosens some stones twice as big as her head.
Polly curls up like a tiny, grey pill,
and the rocks barely miss as they roll down the hill.