

# ONE MORE YEAR

By Allison Ione Ballenger  
Illustrated by Carlos Vélez Aguilera



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*Dedicated to my brother,  
Scott, the magic maker.*



Happy birthday, Sister!  
It's terrific to be two!  
You don't know of all the magic  
that's in store for you.  
Patience, little Sister—  
oh, just wait until you're three!

That's the year you'll meet  
the wise old wizard in the tree.

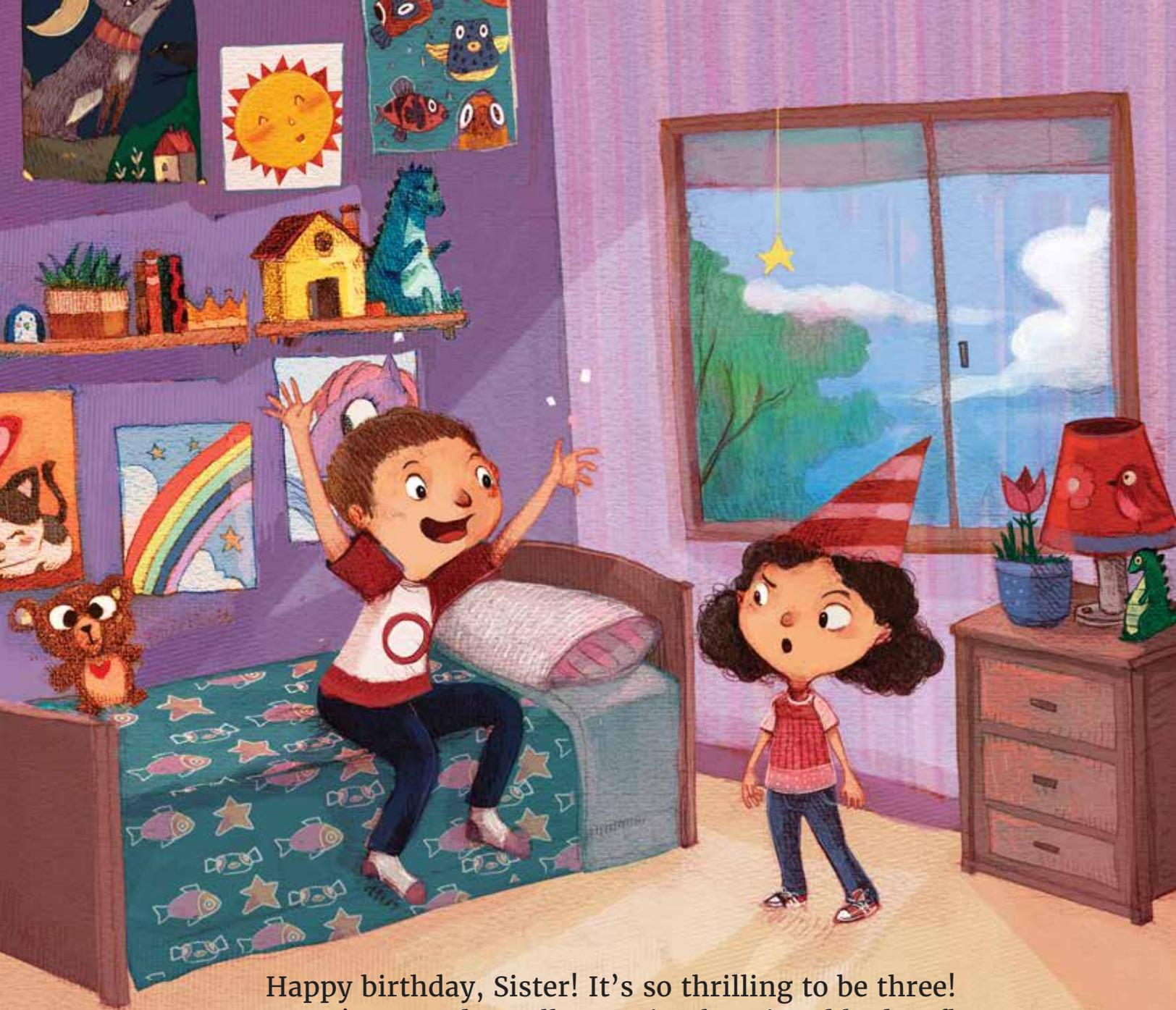




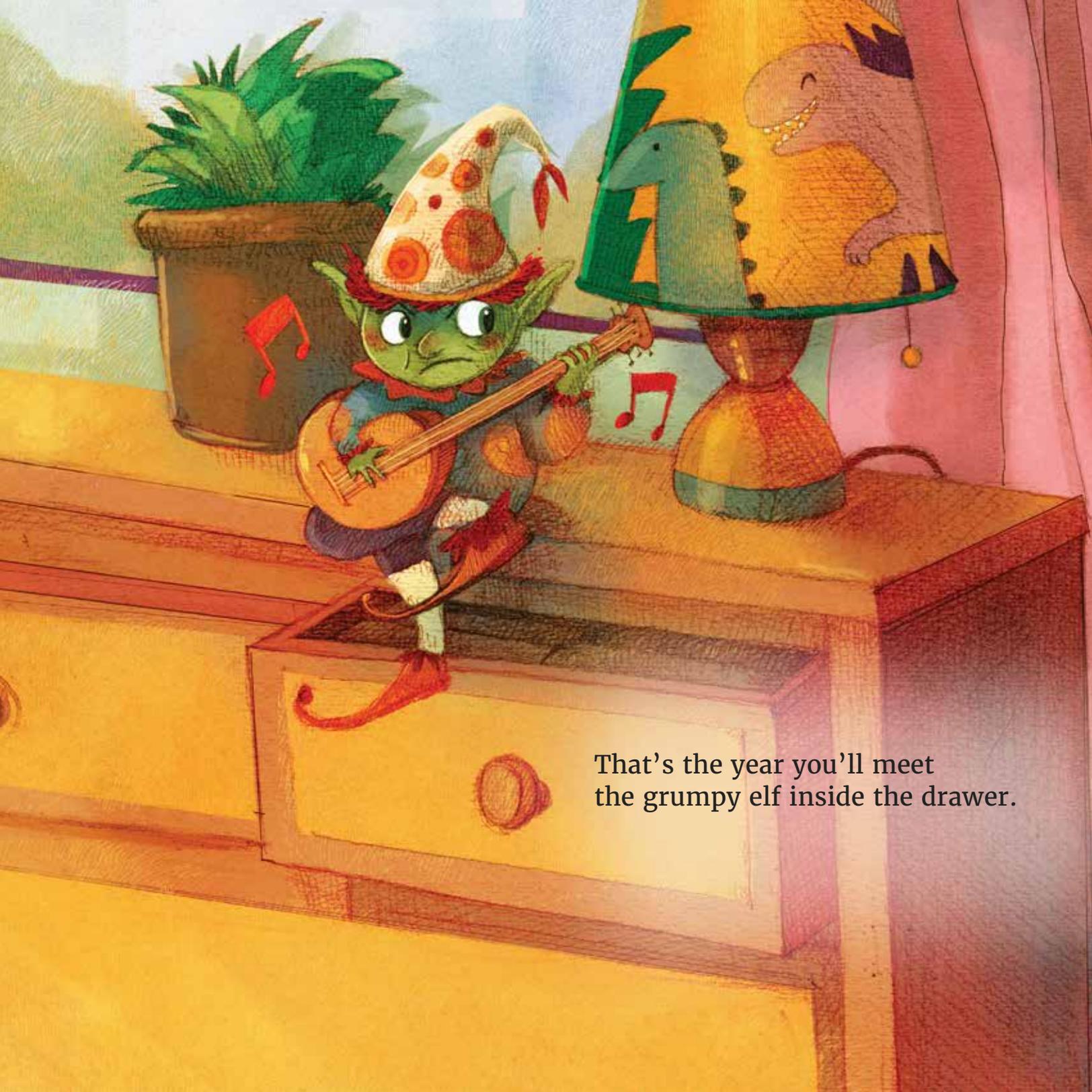
He's tall and thin, with a crooked grin, and a beard that's white as chalk.  
He'll lower down a golden rope and pull you up to talk.  
He'll teach you how to ride the birds and sing a silly tune,  
and, if you ask politely, he will fly you to the moon.



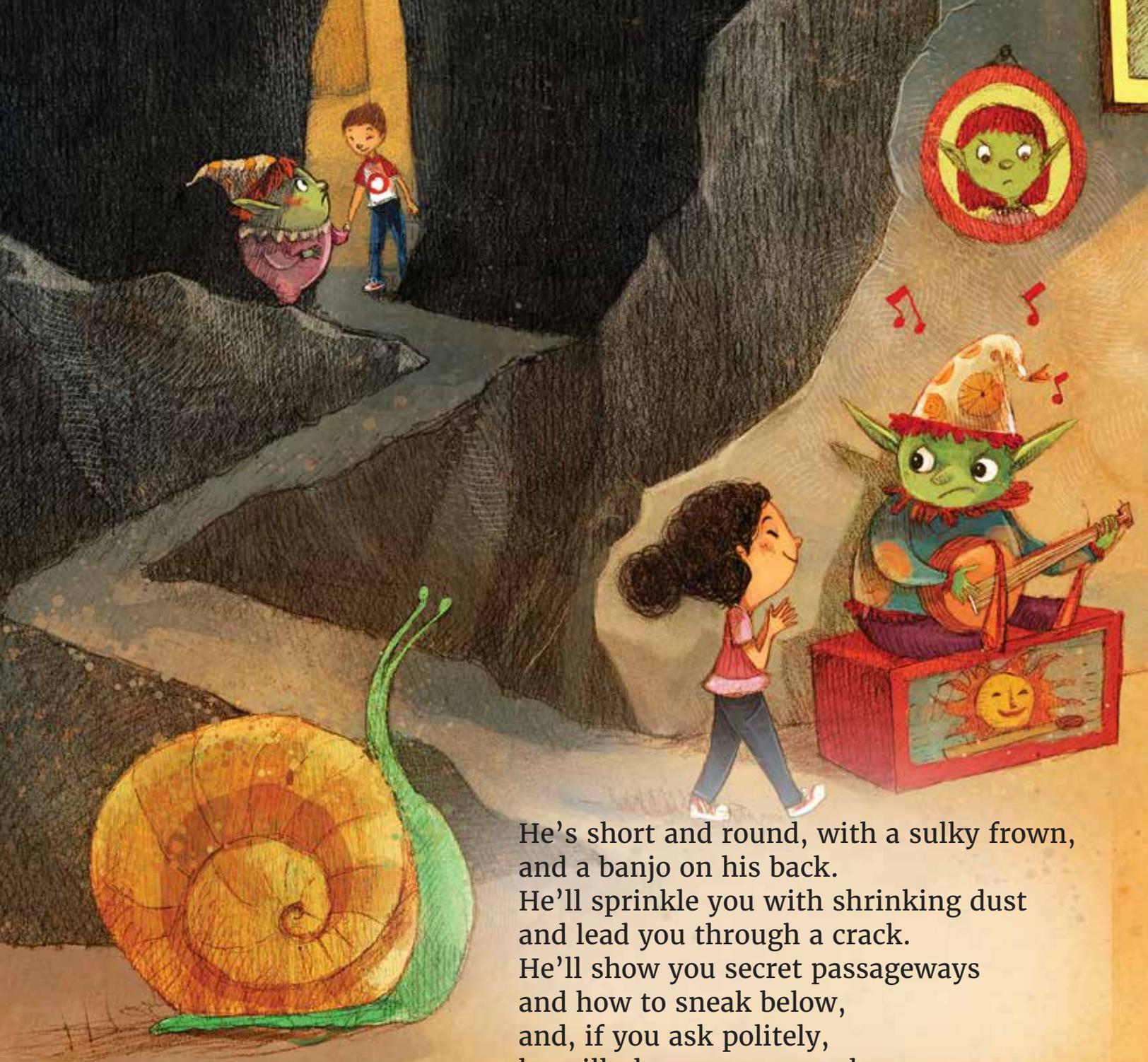
But, dear Sister, as I said,  
you must wait one more year.  
You can climb and sing with me  
until that day is here.



Happy birthday, Sister! It's so thrilling to be three!  
But, I'm so sad to tell you, Sis, the wizard had to flee.  
Patience, little Sister—oh, just wait until you're four!



That's the year you'll meet  
the grumpy elf inside the drawer.



He's short and round, with a sulky frown,  
and a banjo on his back.  
He'll sprinkle you with shrinking dust  
and lead you through a crack.  
He'll show you secret passageways  
and how to sneak below,  
and, if you ask politely,  
he will play a one-man show.



But, dear Sister, as I said, you must wait one more year.  
You can crouch and sneak with me until that day is here.



Happy birthday, Sister! It's fantastic to be four!  
But, I'm so sad to tell you, Sis, the elf has gone on tour.  
Patience, little Sister—oh, just wait until you're five!

That's the year you'll see  
the mighty dragon come alive.

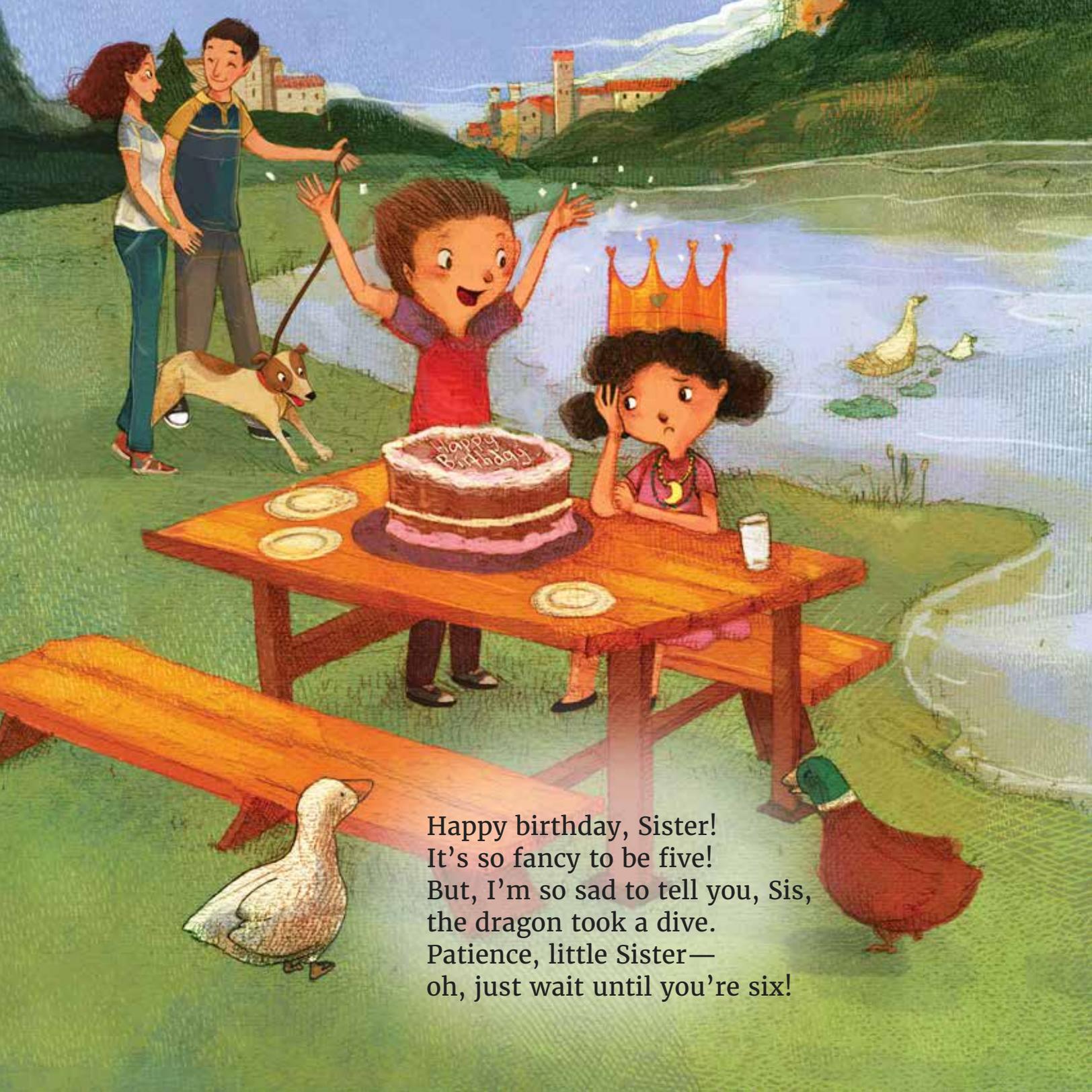




She's big and tough, and her skin is rough,  
and her scales are rosy red.  
She'll creep up to your window  
and then yank you out of bed.  
She'll help you breathe a fireball  
and roar all through the night,  
and, if you ask politely,  
she will give our folks a fright!



But, dear Sister, as I said,  
you must wait one more year.  
You can run and roar with me  
until that day is here.



Happy birthday, Sister!  
It's so fancy to be five!  
But, I'm so sad to tell you, Sis,  
the dragon took a dive.  
Patience, little Sister—  
oh, just wait until you're six!



That's the year you'll see  
the princess fairy join the mix.



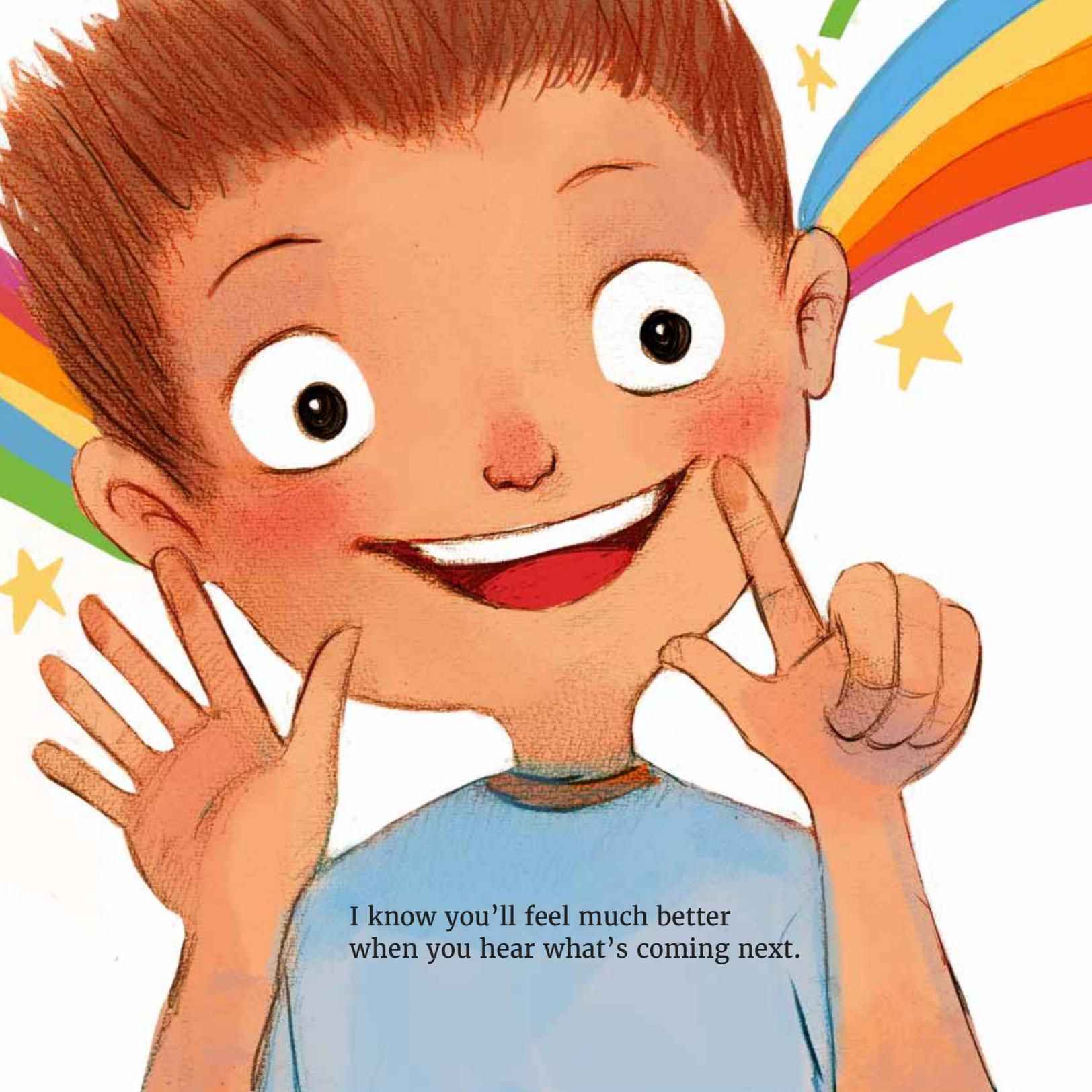
She's sweet and spry, and a little bit shy, and she lives beside the pond.  
She'll open up the castle gates with a quick wave of her wand.  
She'll spin you through the courtyard and you'll boogie with the king,  
and, if you ask politely, she will take you snorkeling.



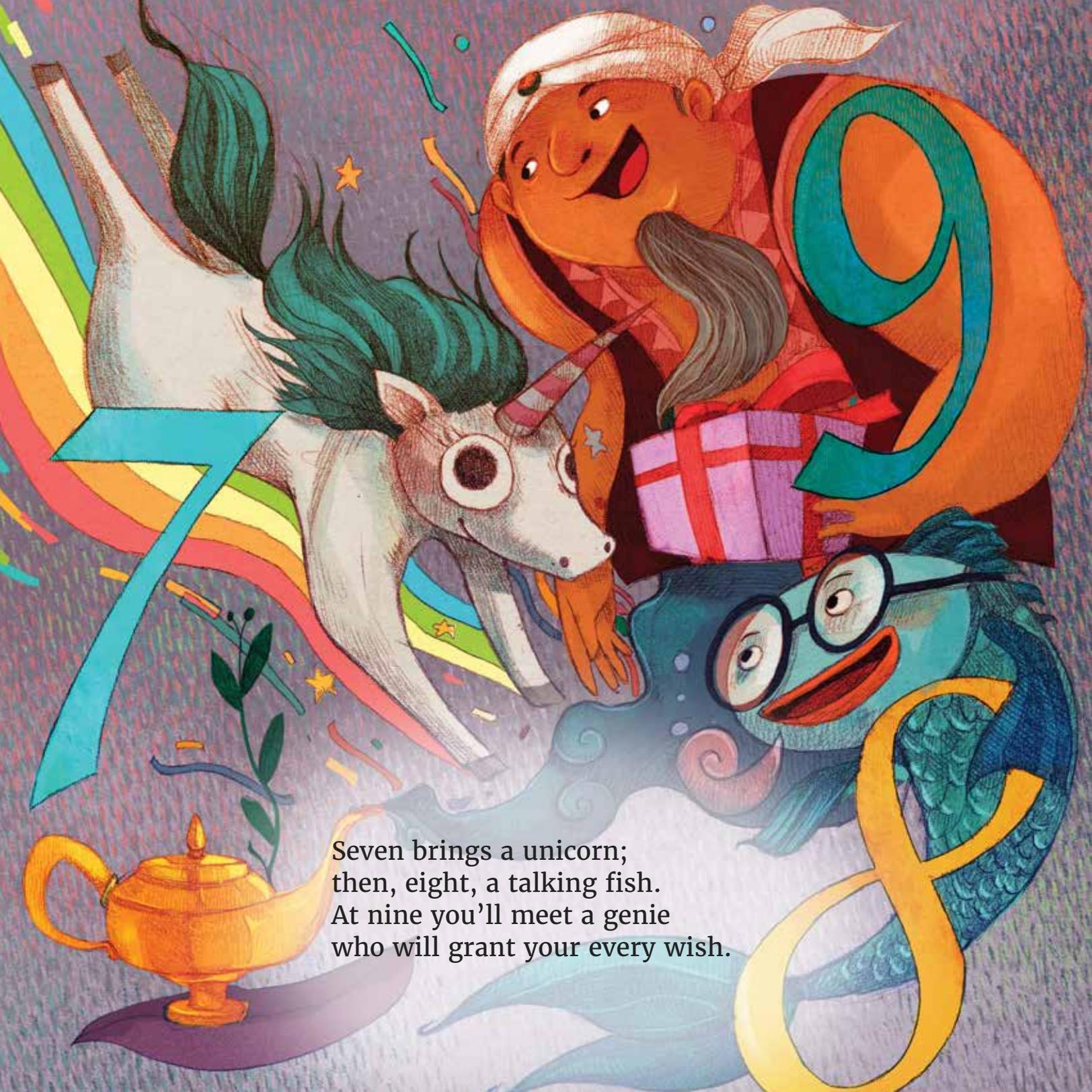
But, dear Sister, as I said,  
you must wait one more year.  
You can splash and dance with me  
until that day is here.



Happy birthday, Sister! It's stupendous to be six!  
But, I'm so sad to tell you, Sis, the fairy's out of tricks.  
Patience, little Sister—oh, don't let your heart be vexed!



I know you'll feel much better  
when you hear what's coming next.



Seven brings a unicorn;  
then, eight, a talking fish.  
At nine you'll meet a genie  
who will grant your every wish.



Ten assures a mermaid  
whose pink hair is loose and long.  
Eleven offers feathered snakes  
that hiss the sweetest song.

Every year gets better,  
every birthday brings more fun.  
Think of all that lies ahead—  
you've only just begun!





But, dear Sister, as you wait,  
enjoy each day that's here.  
There's so much magic we can make  
through every passing year.

