

The Birthday Triplets[®]



The Pony Race Adventure

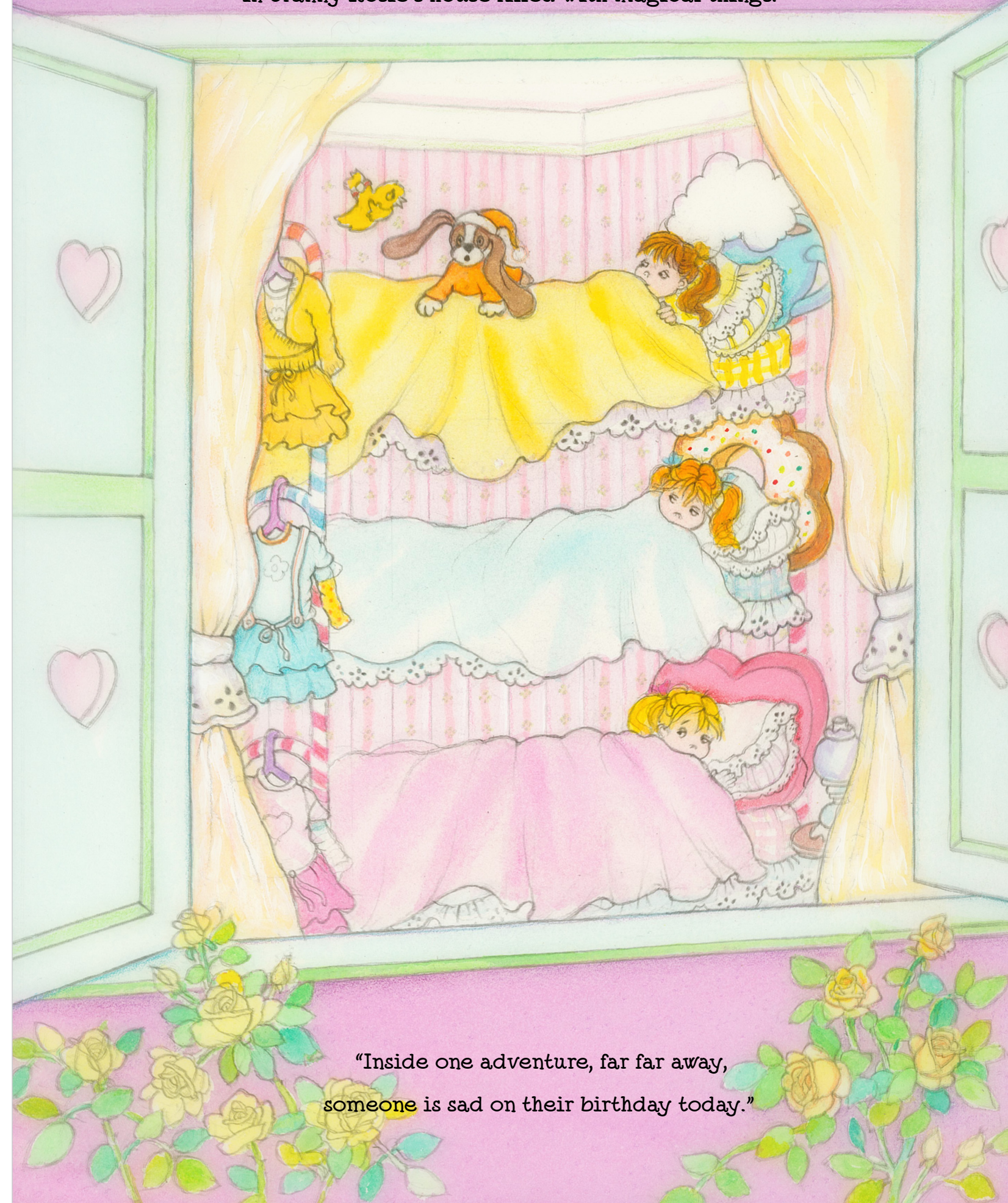
(Rough Design)



Pink Party Dress
 PRODUCTIONS

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"Wake up Birthday Triplets!" the morning bird sings
in Granny Rosie's house filled with magical things.



"Inside one adventure, far far away,
someone is sad on their birthday today."

On a cloud of whipped cream, they fly unafraid,
to Granny's fun factory where adventures are made,

singing,

"I'm Candi!"

"I'm Cookie!"

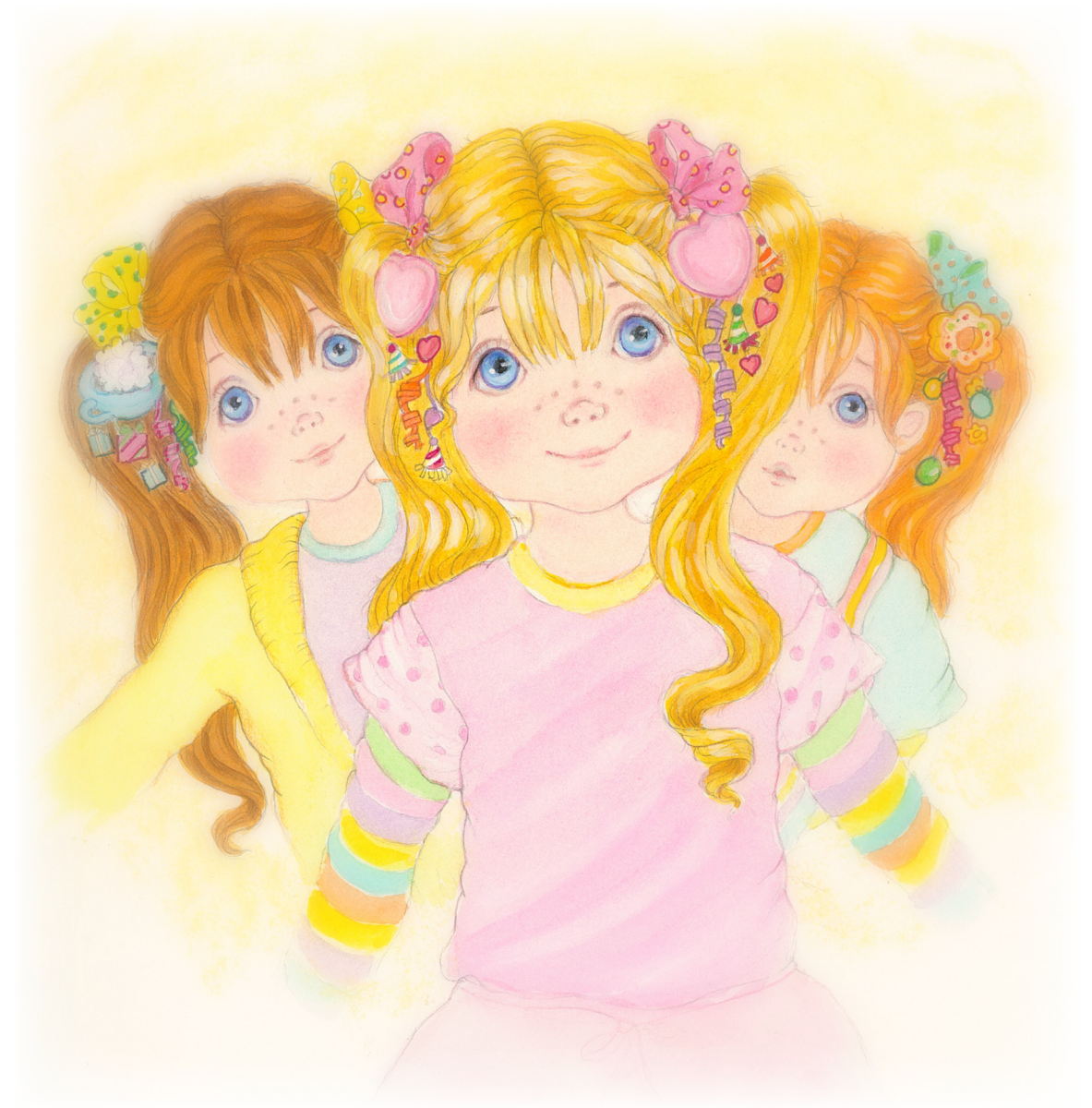
"Coco, that's me!"

We're magical sisters when dancing as three.



You're NEVER forgotten. Wipe tears from your eyes.

You'll love our bedazzling birthday surprise!"



The girls peek in the door. Their eyes grow wide
at all the adventures they see inside.

a ship with pirates or a fun Halloween-

lands from Granny's magic machine.

"Shhh," Cookie whispers as she points up high.

"Inside that adventure, I hear someone cry!"



Up, up, Granny floats with her magic balloon.

"The Playhouse Pony Race! And it's starting quite soon!"





Hugging Granny goodbye, they shout, "Let's go!"
Dancing 'round the adventure, it starts to grow—
bigger and bigger, as faster they spin,



in a rainbow of sparkles, the triplets dance in.



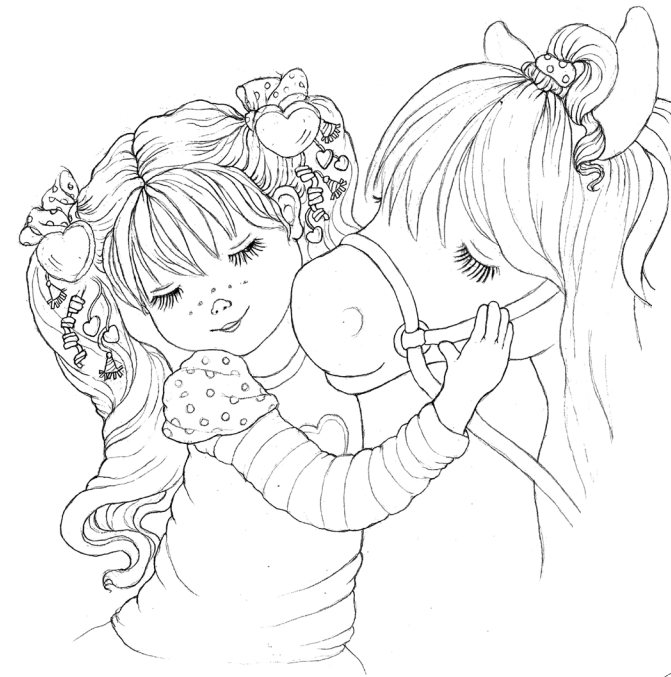
A boy knocks on the door. "You don't want to be late!

Saddle your ponies. We'll meet at the gate!"

Cookie asks, "Ponies? What Ponies?" The girls didn't know—



the surprise waiting in the stable below.



From lands near and far, riders gather in place—
even the princess joins in on the race.

“Who’s sad on their birthday?” Coco looks left then right.

“A mystery to solve before leaving tonight!”



“Oh no!” someone gasps, as a pony in black
shoves to the front, a boy crouched on his back.

“It’s Meany Max on Mosquito! That awful cowhand
is the meanest mean boy in all of the land!”

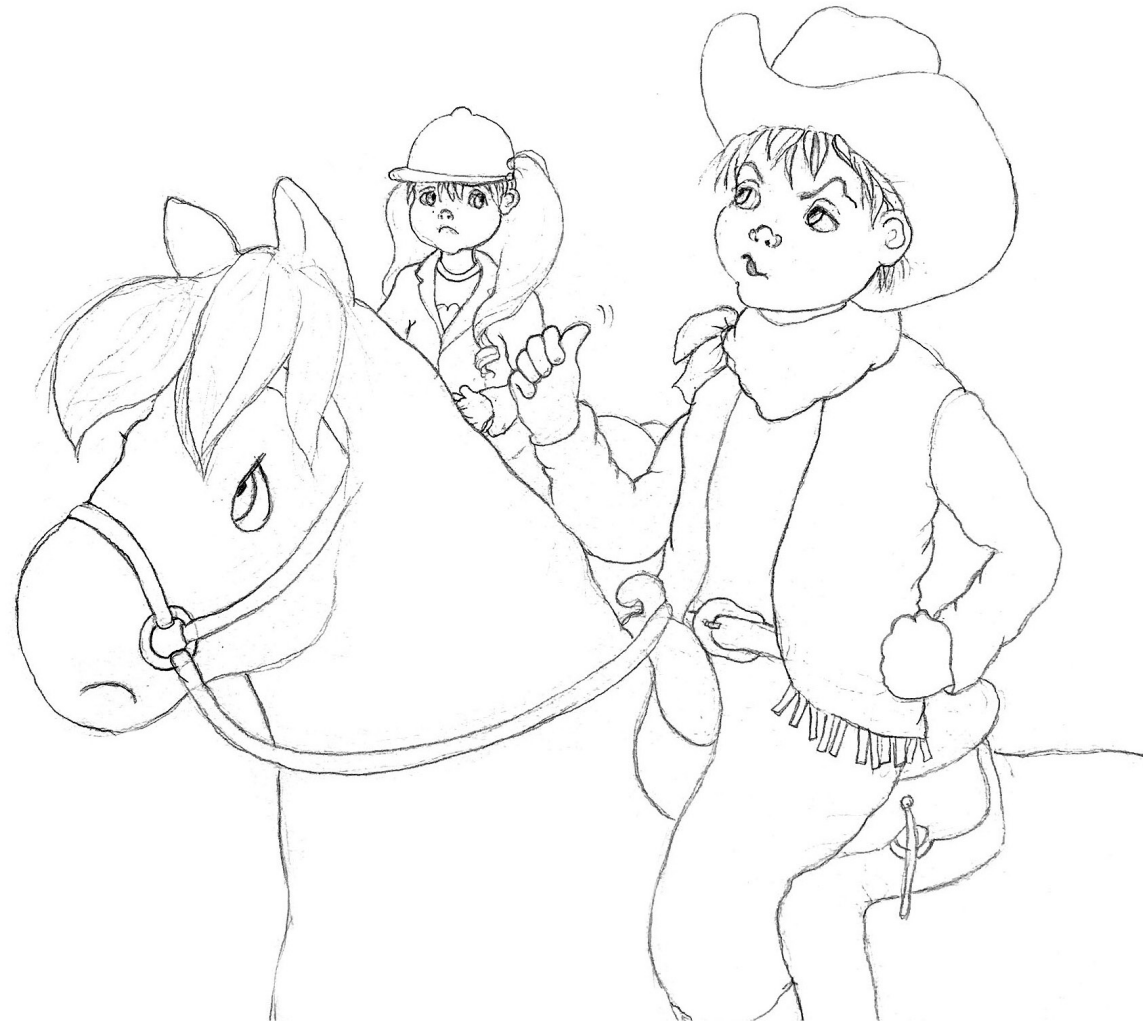


He snickers at Candi, who stands next in line.

"I'm Cowboy Max, and that trophy is MINE!"

Candi says, "The trophy will look just right on my shelf.

If I race the fastest, I'll win it myself!"



Meany Max laughs. "Ha! Is that what YOU think?

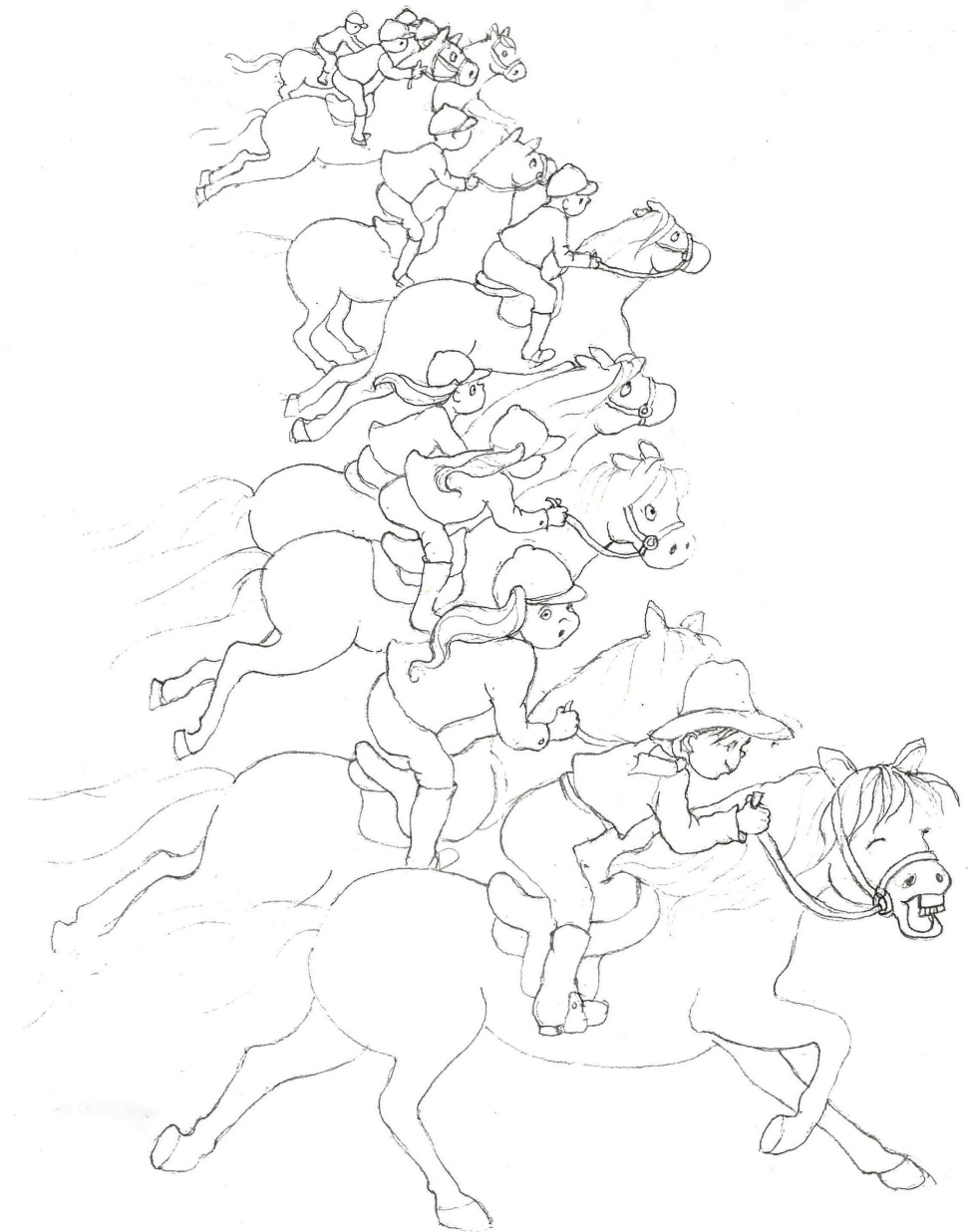
YOU win this race? A girl dressed in pink?

I'm a cowboy from the Wild Wild West—

I'm going to win because I am the best!"

Then out booms a voice, "Get ready! Set! RUN!"

Meany Max tells Mosquito, "Now let's have some fun!"



With thundering hooves, the ponies gain speed...

Meany Max and Candi tie for the lead.

He whoops and hollers as his pony zooms past.

"Bye, bye, Candi Birthday. You're going to be last!"



These magical seeds will plum do the trick!"

Whoosh! Giant daisies pop up mighty thick.

Higher and higher, almost touching the sky.

"I quit!" yells a rider. "We'll never get by!"



"Wait! Don't give up," Coco says. "That's easy to do.

Being our best means, we'll find a way through."

She blows her whistle. "This way, follow me!

Let's make a path for ponies to see."

But there behind daisies, eyes black as night—
stood a lost little foal, shivering with fright.
Cookie cries, “No one should ever be lost or alone.
Our pup, Chocolate Pudding, will lead you back home.”



But when joining the riders at West River Ridge,
Cookie spies Meany Max approaching the bridge.

“I’m a cowboy from the Wild Wild West.
I’m going to win because I am the best!”



The boy empties his pouch of thunder and rain.
“No one can stop my surprise hurricane!”
It rains and it rains and it rains more and more.
The bridge that was there is not there anymore.



Candi yells out, “We’ll sink in this mud!”
“EEEEK!” screams Cookie. “We can’t cross that deep flood!”

But since Cookie saved their foal, when crying and lost,
the herd holds the bridge so the riders can cross.



The cowboy grows angry. Candi gains in pursuit.

Meany Max grabs a lasso he hid in his boot.

He speeds past an orchard. "Those apples look yummy.

A horse can't run if it fills up its tummy!"



Swinging the rope, he hollers, "Yippee!"
as he shakes all the apples down from a tree.

But at last, Meany Max had run out of luck.
High on the tree branch, he hollers, "I'm STUCK!"



Birds snatch his lasso and not only that—
one bites his nose



and flies off with his hat!



"Please save me!" he yells. But the riders zoom past.
"If I help him," Candi thinks, "then I'll surely be last."
"Don't stop!" yells a rider. "You're just about there!
He was mean to us all. Why should you care?"



But deep in her heart, Candi knows what to do.
"When someone is mean, I don't have to be too."

She climbs up the tree and grabs the boy's hand.
Meany Max shakes his head, "I don't understand.
You're helping me after all that I've done!
Why did you stop? You could have won?"



Candi said, "You were so scared way up in that tree...
how would I feel if that happened to me?"

Meany Max sniffles. Tears splash on his boot.

"I'm sorry I acted like a nasty ol' coot.

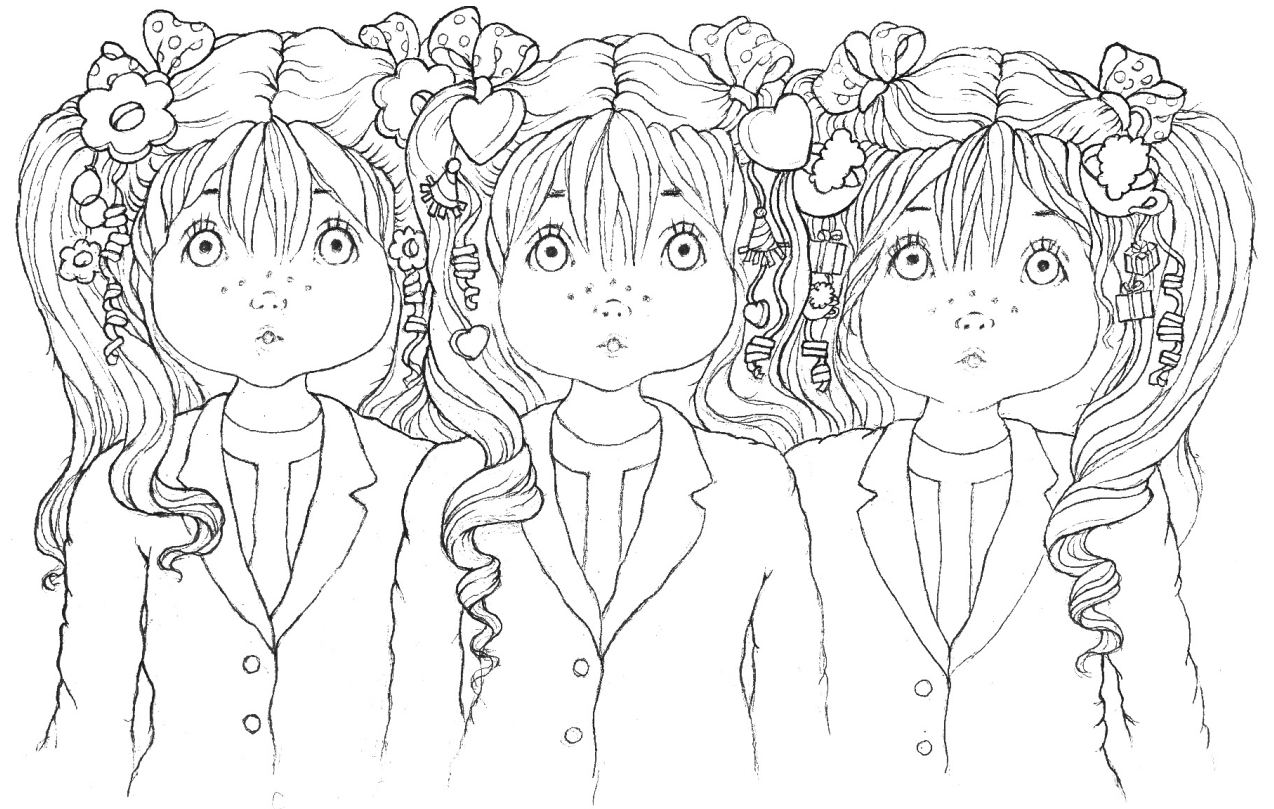
I'm not really a cowboy—not really the best.

You girls don't like me, just like the rest."



Cookie says softly, "I think you will find
that people will like you if you try to be kind."

"Today is my birthday, and now I know why
no one came to my party," Meany Max said with a sigh.



The girls stare at the cowboy. "WHAT did you say?

It's YOU who's having a birthday today?

That's why we came here! We have a surprise!"

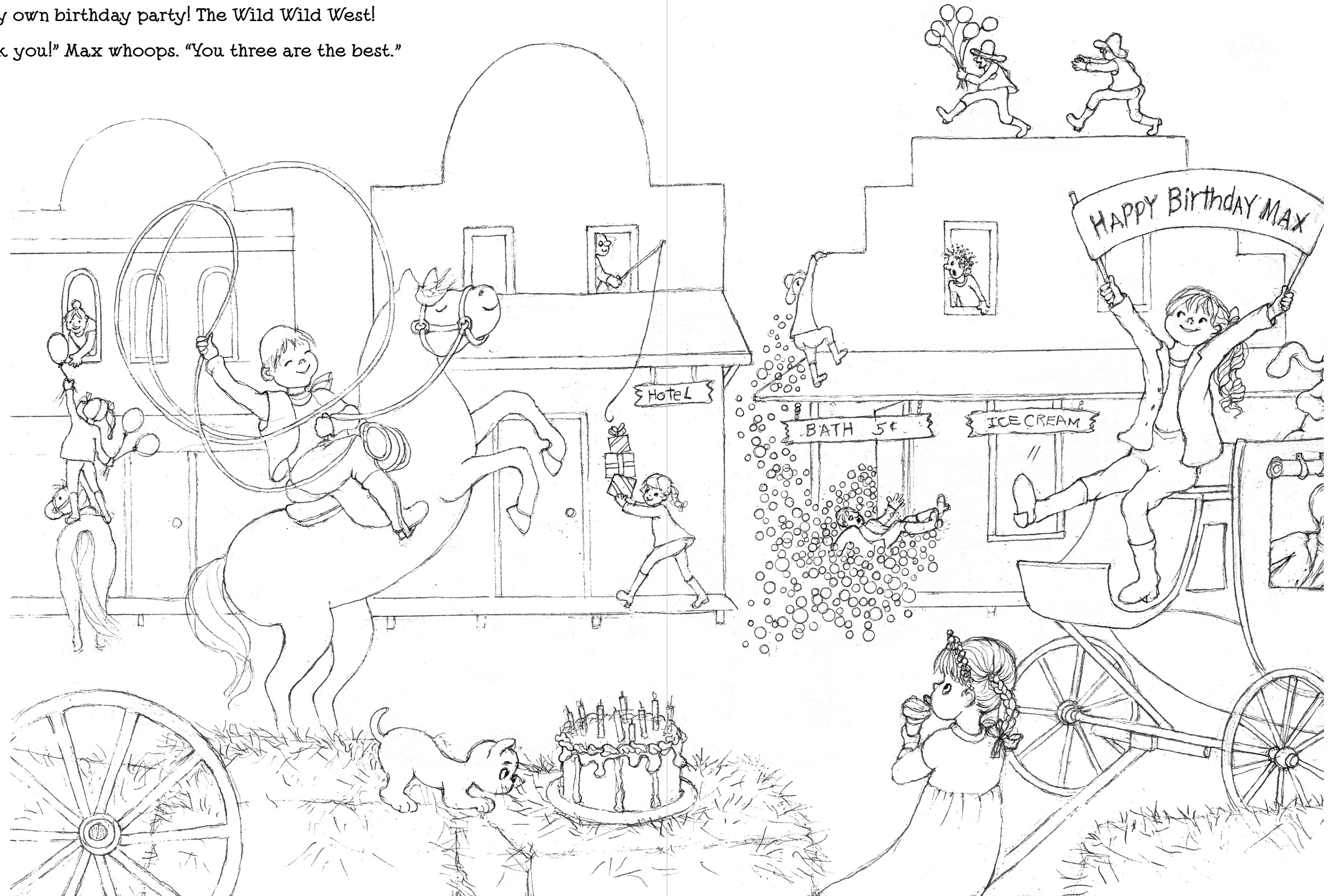
"No peeking," says Coco. "Now, please close your eyes."



The triplets hold hands and dance in a ring.
'Round and 'round in a circle, they all start to sing,
"I'm Cookie!"
"I'm Candi!"
"Coco, that's me!"
"Magical sisters when dancing as three.
The Birthday Triplets! Hip Hip Hurray!
Let's celebrate Max's birthday today!"

Faster they spin, shiny stars fill the air.
And when they stop dancing,
SOMETHING MAGIC is there!

"My own birthday party! The Wild Wild West!
"Thank you!" Max whoops. "You three are the best."



The party is over, but the presents aren't done—
the princess brings over the trophy she's won.



"Candi, I'm giving my trophy to you.
You stopped to help Max, and we should have too."

The girls wave goodbye. "We'll be back again soon."
In Granny's cloud, Lulu Puff, they sail past the moon.





They ride up the stairs on a magical chair,



splash in their bubble bath,

and say their night prayer.



"We thank you for the morning's bright light,
for rest and shelter on this calm starry night.
For health, for food, for love and for friends,
for all of the gifts your great goodness sends."



Granny tucks them into their soft, dancing beds.
 "You were kind and forgiving. I'm so proud," she says.



Granny gives each a kiss as she turns off the light.
 "Sweet dreams, Birthday Triplets. I love you.
 Goodnight."



Photo by Bill Warnock

Kelly Tooman (Author)

Kelly's love of books began at a very young age. Learning to read before the age of three, Kelly's teachers often asked her to read aloud to the class. However, after cutting off her bangs with a pair of green safety scissors, her preschool fame ended. Banished to the finger-painting table, it became evident that she did not inherit painting skills from her mother, Lynn. Another career was in order.

Decades later (and now much taller), she returned to the classroom as a Montessori Children's House Directress and later a creative writing teacher. Co-founder of Pink Party Dress Productions, Kelly has a degree in Writing and Literature from The New School in NYC.

Kelly lives in Cleveland, where she dreams of living in a magical adventure factory just like Granny Rosie's.



Photo by Bill Warnock

Lynn (Schlegel) Tooman-Cser (Illustrator)

A former artist with American Greetings, Lynn created one of the most financially successful card lines in the history of the company. To celebrate the wonderment and innocence of childhood, in designing the triplets, Lynn combined a touch of yesterday with the strong, spirited girls of today. A background in ballet and classical music inspired the magical dancing triplets.

Co-founder of the product development company, Pink Party Dress Productions, Lynn resides in Cleveland, Ohio, with her husband, Mike, and rescue pets, Kong, Henry, Homer, and Pumpkin.

Visit Kelly and Lynn at www.ppdproductions.com