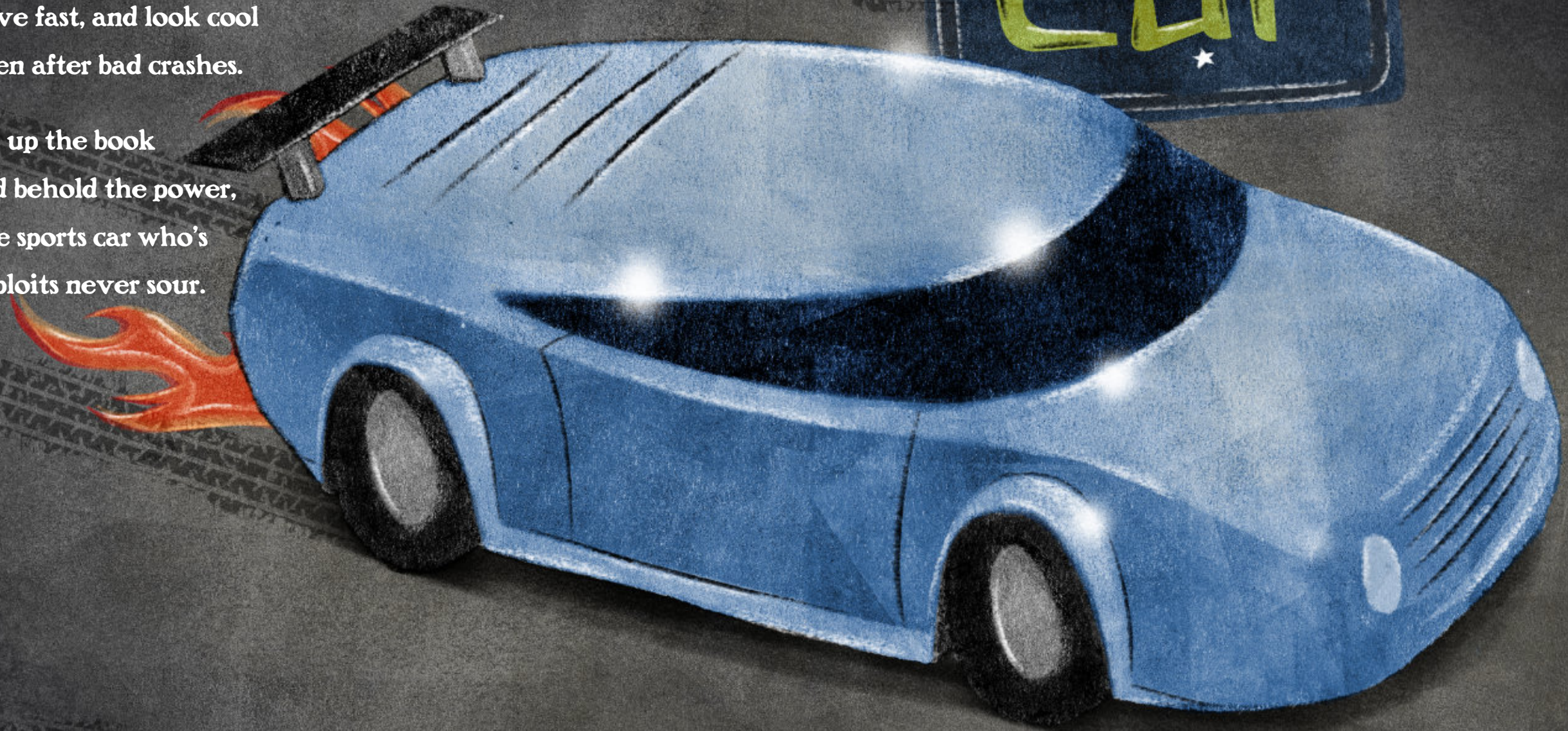


Yo race car, in the hands of a kid
you are much more than a toy.
Jumping, speeding and skidding
is just part of the joy.

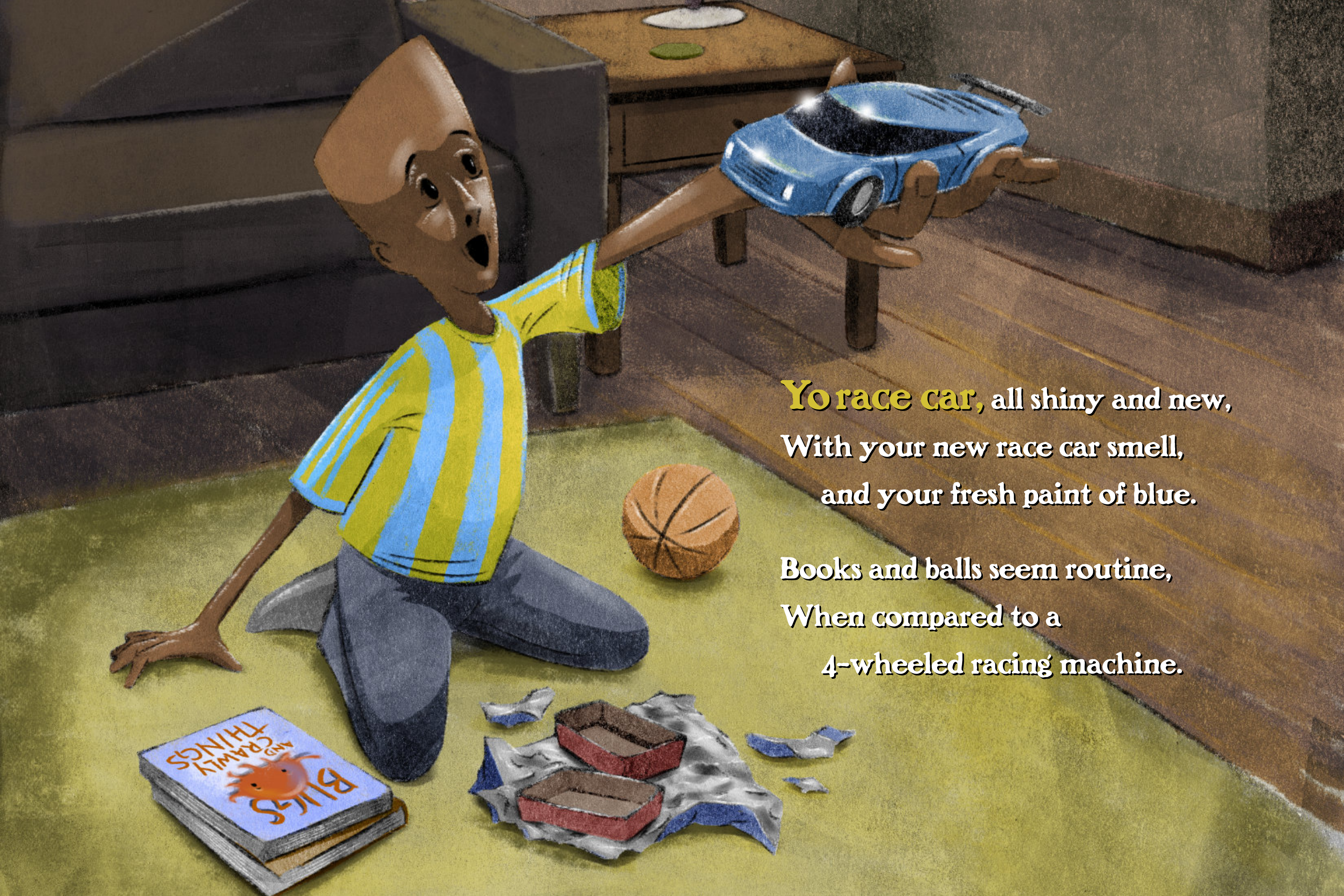
Adventure and style
are another piece of the package,
You drive fast, and look cool
even after bad crashes.

So open up the book
and behold the power,
Of a blue sports car who's
exploits never sour.

Yo Race Car



MARK TODD
stories and illustrations



**Yo race car, all shiny and new,
With your new race car smell,
and your fresh paint of blue.**

**Books and balls seem routine,
When compared to a
4-wheeled racing machine.**

Yo race car, its time to test
your racing ability,
We'll hurry outside so you
can display your agility.

Blaze down the straightaway and
cornering on two wheels,
When I pick you up
it's excitement I feel.





Yo race car, look at you go.
Fast in the dirt and quick in the snow.



Ready for action wherever I play,
In the grass, the mud,
or the concrete driveway.

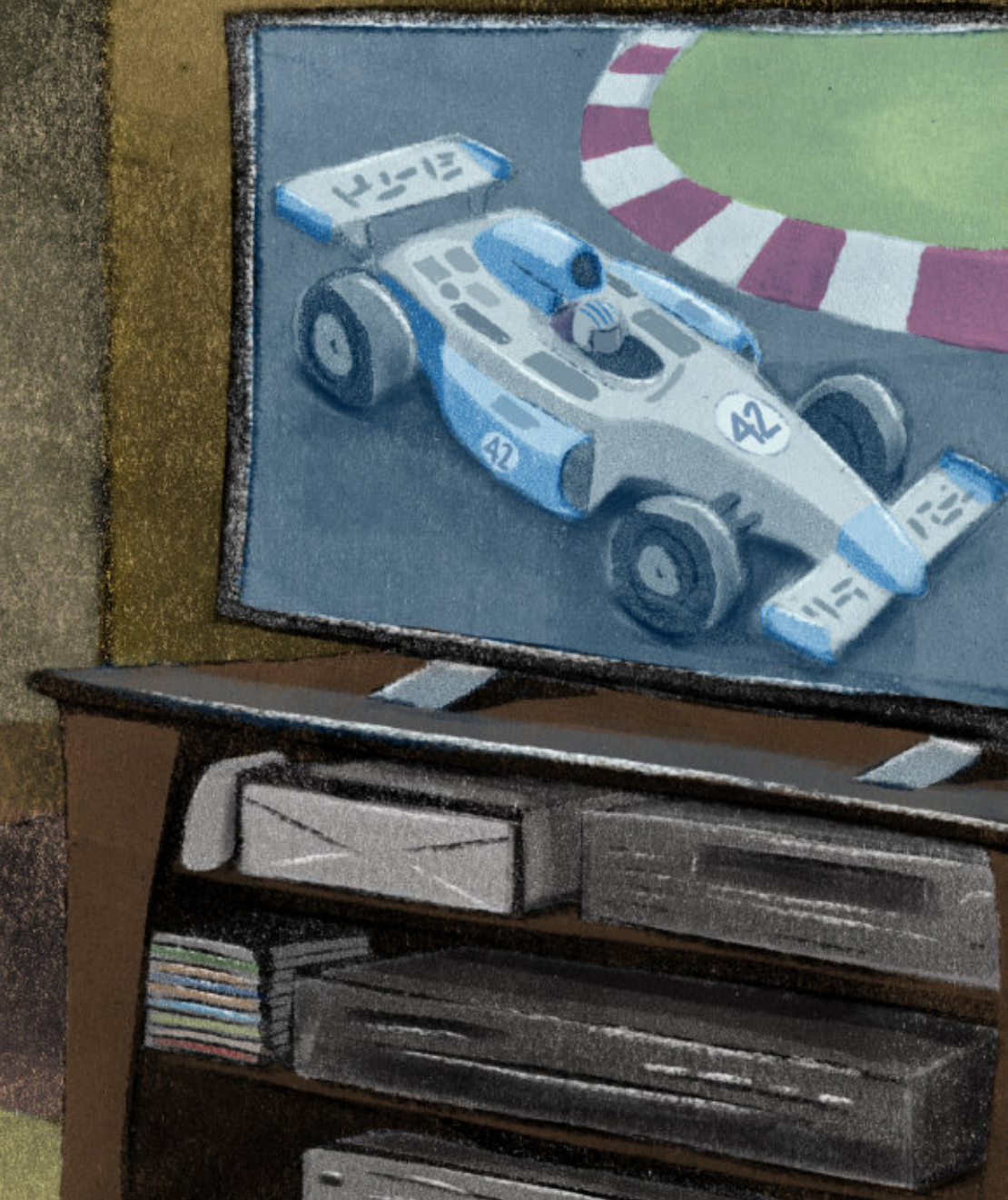
Yo race car, I put you in my pocket.
We go to my school, the park,
and even the market.

When mom is driving
we sit in the back,
And say, "You're going too slow,
give her some gas."



Yo race car, lined up with friends.
One is green, one has flames,
and one has a jacked-up back end.

Of all my cars you are the fastest.
Better than the cars on TV,
they make too much racket.





Yo race car, I need your attention.
The others will try to knock you
out of contention.

They'll bump, jostle and
try to wreck you,
But you swerve and avoid all their
angry attempts too.

**Yo race car, I made a
jump ramp of wood.
Your take offs are perfect,
but your landings aren't good.**

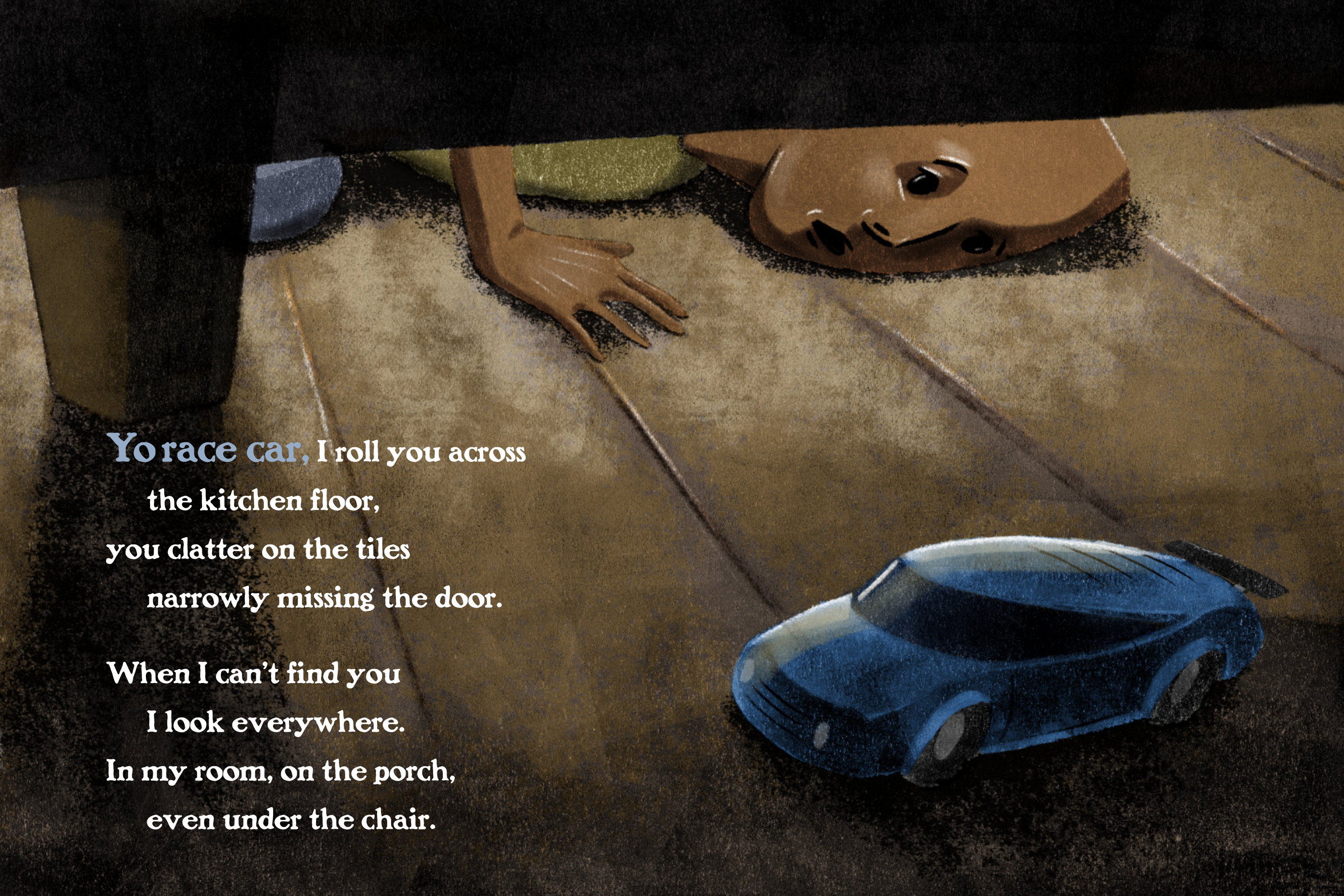


**When the stunts get scary,
and crashes leave a mark,
We are asked to keep it down,
it makes the dog bark.**

Yo race car, we escape
without a moment to spare,
Like the heroes in a movie
we always do it in flair.

If days get boring
and in need of a cure,
We set out again for
another adventure,



A child is lying on their stomach on a tiled floor, looking towards the camera. A blue toy car is on the floor nearby. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting a search for the car.

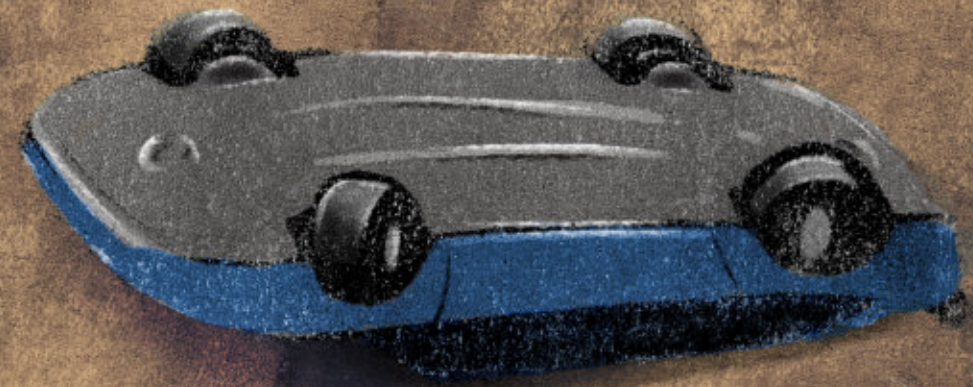
**Yo race car, I roll you across
the kitchen floor,
you clatter on the tiles
narrowly missing the door.**

**When I can't find you
I look everywhere.
In my room, on the porch,
even under the chair.**



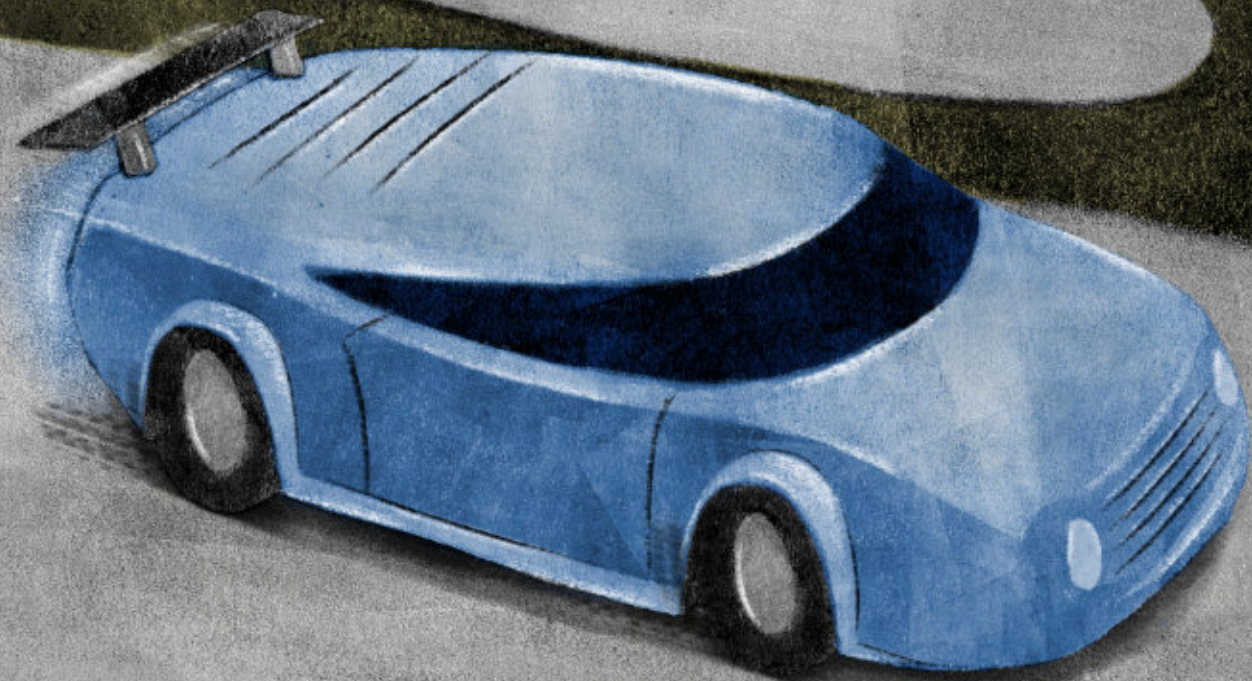
Yo race car, you move like a rocket,
and I like a donkey.
I stepped on you,
now your wheels have gone wonky.


Now when I push,
you skid and you flip.
Even your paint is
starting to chip.



Yo race car, the road is curvy
and there can be nasty weather,
But with you by my side,
we'll navigate it together.

Though you may seem small
to other people,
You appear quite large
when I get down to eye level.



A child's room with a blue car on a shelf and a lamp. The car is on a green shelf with "1st" written on it. A lamp is on a table next to the shelf. A child is lying on a bed in the foreground.

Yo race car, we've played so much
you're getting' worn.
But that doesn't matter to me,
because we're just getting' warm.

Everyone knows that
you're still the champ.
That's why I keep you in
my special place,
right next to my lamp.