

Três the Trike's Treks

Travels to A-Land-Far-Away



A STORY COLORING BOOK

Written by Alice Teisan & Rachel Lambert
Illustrated by Kristina Matson

Três the Trike's Treks: Travels to a A-Land-Far-Away Story Coloring Book

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This book is dedicated to

The family of Tobias & Rose Nyatsambo, Alice's Zimbabwean family, whom she lived with in the summer of 1983.

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Três the Trike's Treks: *Travels to A-Land-Far-Away*

A Story Coloring Book

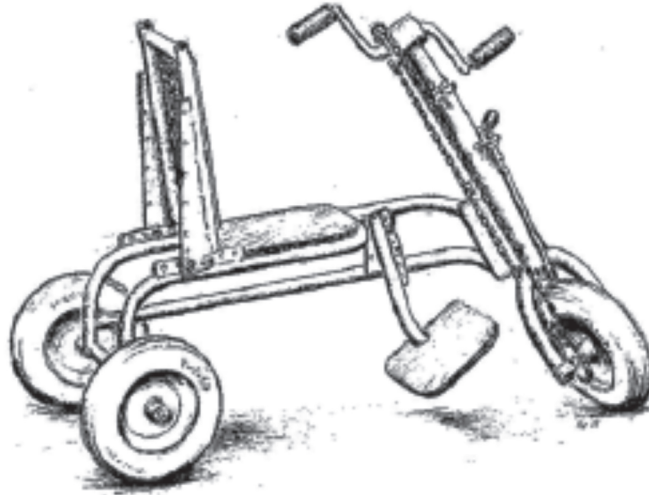
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About Três The Trike, a His Wheels International Book Project



Concept drawing for our hand-pedaled three-wheeled trikes
drawn by Kevin Nikolich, our designing engineer

His Wheels International is a 501 (c) (3) not-for-profit that designed and built this hand-pedaled trike. We make trikes like these to help people around the world who have trouble walking or cannot walk at all. A trike provides independence and opportunities in life—a way to get to school, get to market, visit friends, or carry water or firewood for the family.

This is the first in a series of books that will tell the story of a group of our adventuresome trikes! Read all the books to find out how the trikes were built, how they serve riders around the world, and how they raise awareness of issues facing people living with disabilities.

The first story is about Três. He was a trike like that—he just didn't know it yet!

Três and his friends have names from all around the world. Check out page 6 for how to say the names and to hear the story behind each name. You can learn more about the ministry of His Wheels International at www.hiswheels.org. All donations are tax deductible.

Hi! I'm Trê's the Trike!

I'm a special bike, I know!
I've got a special way I go—

My two pedals are right on top,
and I've got two back wheels
to hold me up.

So count my wheels! Count one, two, three!
"Trê's" the Trike—that's me!

Today the other bikes and I are loading up
for our big adventure to a land far away.

That land is called Zimbabwe,
and I can hardly wait!

When we arrive we'll meet our new riders!

While we were loading, I heard people pray
that God would send us
to just the right kids
so we could be their perfect fit.

Who will mine be?
And where will we ride together?

I know I'm not quite like the other bikes.
My extra wheel makes me slow and heavy.

Is that going to be ok?
What will my new rider say?

CLANG, BANG!
The door is locked!
Looks like I'm going,
Ready or not!

What's it like in Zimbabwe,
this land far away?

Will the weather be cold or hot?
Will the people live in cities, or not?

Will our riders talk the way I do,
or will everything be new?

There is just one way to know,
and that way is just to go!

But oh my, it is really dark in here!
All I see are everyone's eyes . . .

"Uh, hiya guys. I'm Trê's the Trike.
And who are you?"

"I'm Deux the Bike.
My first boy parked me in his room at
night,
I was his favorite thing, all right!"

"I'm KeKe the Bike.
My first girl rode me to school and back,
each day, both ways!"

"I'm 帮帮 (Baahng Baahng) the Bike.
My first boy rode me
all around his family's farm.

We could carry anything,
no matter how far!"

"Oh, I see . . .
Well, I was only built last week.

So, there hasn't been a kid that loved
me . . .

But when we arrive, maybe I can bring
joy?
To a nice little girl? To a kind little boy?"

RA-RUM-RA-RUM
VR-VROOM-VR-Vroom!

Oh-oh!
Do those noises mean we're on the road?
I don't know, but here we go!

SCREECH, SQUEAL,
POP, BUMP!

Are we there yet?
Probably not!

CH-CH, CH- CHOO,
CLICKITY CLACK!

Are those the sounds of a train
on the track?
I don't know, but here we go!

HISS, HISS,
WA-WAANK, WA-WAANK,
BLAATTY BLAAT!

Are we to Zimbabwe yet?
Oh my! Probably not!

WOOSH, SWOOSH,
BE-BEEP, BE-BEEP . . .

Ahhh! Yikes!
Why are we swinging side to side?

I don't know—
but hold on tight!

JOLT, HOLT,
CRASH, DASH!

Are we there?
No? . . . Not yet?!

CREAK, SQUEAK,
SMACK, SPLASH!

Oh-oh!
Are we going to get wet?

WOOSH, SWOOSH,
BE-BEEP, BE-BEEP!

Swinging again? Oh my!
Guess we still ought to hang on tight!

VR-VROOM-VR-VROOM!
THUMPITY THUMP!

Oh dear! Do all these bumps
mean we're back on a road?
Well, all right then! Here we go!

Wait! Listen!
Now it's stopped?!

No more rumbling along?
No more swinging side-to-side?

No more honking or hooting?
No more crashing or splashing?

No bumping or thumping?

No, nothing at all,
'cause we're no longer moving!

So, are we there yet?
Did we get where we're going?

SWING SWANG!

The door has burst open
and the sun's pouring in!

"Hip Hip Hooray!" says all the gang

"We made it to Zimbabwe,
our land far away!"

Look just ahead, there's a village here!
This must be where we'll all live!

I hear a group of grown-ups laughing,
and it smells like someone's supper's
cooking on that fire there!

I see a flock of chickens flapping
and the sky is blue and clear!

But I do see our riders?

Yes! I see three children running towards
us!

And they are shouting,
"Look, look, the bikes are here!"

We've prayed and waited all this year."

The first boy smiles,
"I'm tall, I'm lean,
I hope for a bike that's big like me."

The first girl calls,
"I'm small, I'm smart,
I hope for a bike that's quick like me!"

And at her side, the next boy shouts
"I'm strong, I'm brave, I hope for a bike
that's tough like me."

The running children all arrive.
Laughing and jumping, they cry out,

"Mauya! Welcome to Zimbabwe!
Thank you for coming all this way!
Bikes like you will change our lives!"

But one last girl, left far behind,
says "I can't walk, I can't run.
I could never use a bike. . .

"But they promised there would be
something special just for me . . .

"Something safe enough for me to ride
without a helper by my side. . .

That would really change my life!"

But no one hears her by the tree.

Instead, the tall boy reaches out a hand
and says to Deux,

"Hi! My name is Tendai!
You are big, just like me.
You would really fit me perfectly!
Would you like to be my bike?"

"You bet I would!" says Deux
"I'm so thankful I've met you!"

"Excellent!" Tendai says back.
"Then let's zoom to the market
to sell my mom's chickens
flapping and squawking!"

Then the small girl puts out a hand
and says to KeKe,

"Hi!! My name is Danai
You look small and quick like me!
You would really fit me perfectly!
Would you like to be my bike!"

"Of course I would!" says KeKe

Danai replies,
"Then I'm so glad that we're a team!
We'll stay clean and looking cool
when we zip along to school!"

Then the strong boy puts out a hand
and said to 帮帮 (Baahng Baahng),

"Hi!! My name is Anopa
You look strong, just like me.
You would really fit me perfectly!
Would you like to be my bike?"

"Yes, I would!" Baahng Baahng replies

"Thanks so much!" Anopa says back.
"Then let's head out and down the trail
to get some water in our pail!"

"Good-bye!" I say.
"So long! Off you go!"

Well, now it looks like it's just me . . .

But who's that standing by that tree?—

"Hey! Hello? Hi!
My name is Très the Trike!
You must be the match for me!"

“Hi! They call me Kudzai Kid
And you look like my perfect fit!

It’s ok that my legs are weak
because you are built so differently:

Your seat is low—I can get on!
And your pedals are right here on top
so I can use them with my hands!”

“Yes, I see!
And the three wheels that make me me—
will give us all the balance that we need!”

“I know, it’s wonderful!” she agrees.
So let’s go—let’s steer, let’s see the sights!
But first, let’s praise the Lord
with all our might!”

“You’re right!” I say,
“It worked out well that Tendai was tall . . .
It worked out well that Danai was small . . .
It worked out well that Anopa was strong . . .

And Kudzai Kid—
I’ve looked for you my whole life long!”

Then, bikes and kids, we laughed as one:

“God planned this for us right from the start!
Thank you, Lord,
from the bottom of our hearts!”

Now you’ve seen what we can do—
So how about you? Will you help too?”

Because dear reader, whoever you are:
Far-Away-Land is really not far—

Zimbabwe’s not the only place!
Our neighbors are waiting wherever we are!

So, don’t be anxious! Not at all.
Because no matter what you’re like,
you are JUST like Trê the Trike—

If something makes you different,
big or small, sometimes it hurts!
But God can always find a way
to turn our differences into strengths!

And you can use these prayers God gives
to help you find your special way,
a little farther every day:

Then I heard the Lord asking, “Whom
should I send? . . .
I said, “Here I am. Send me!”
(Isaiah 6:8).

“Be strong and courageous.
Do not be afraid; do not be discouraged,
for the LORD your God will be with you
wherever you go,”
(Joshua 1:9).

Foreign Names of Bikes, Trikes, and Children

Três is the Portuguese and Spanish word for “three.” It is pronounced Trace.

Deux is the French word for “two.” It is pronounced Due.

KeKe is the Hausa word for “bike.” It is pronounced “Kay Kay”. Hausa is a main language in several countries in northern Africa.

帮帮 is a Mandarin word that loosely means “How helpful!” It is pronounced Baahng Baahng.

Names of the zimbabwean kids

Shona is one of sixteen official languages spoken in Zimbabwe and is the most widely spoken second to English. In Zimbabwe, a child’s name is a gift given to them by their parent. Exactly why a name is picked may vary between the different religious, cultural and ethnic groups there. But in some cases the meaning may describe a Bible character, a tribal name, a tradition, or a circumstance. Or maybe a superstition, season, or a place, etc., surrounding the child’s birth. A name is a way to capture those important details so they don’t get lost!

Tendai is the Shona word for “grateful.” It’s pronounced Ten-dye-ye.

Danai is the Shona word for “Love each other.” It is pronounced Dah-nye-ye.

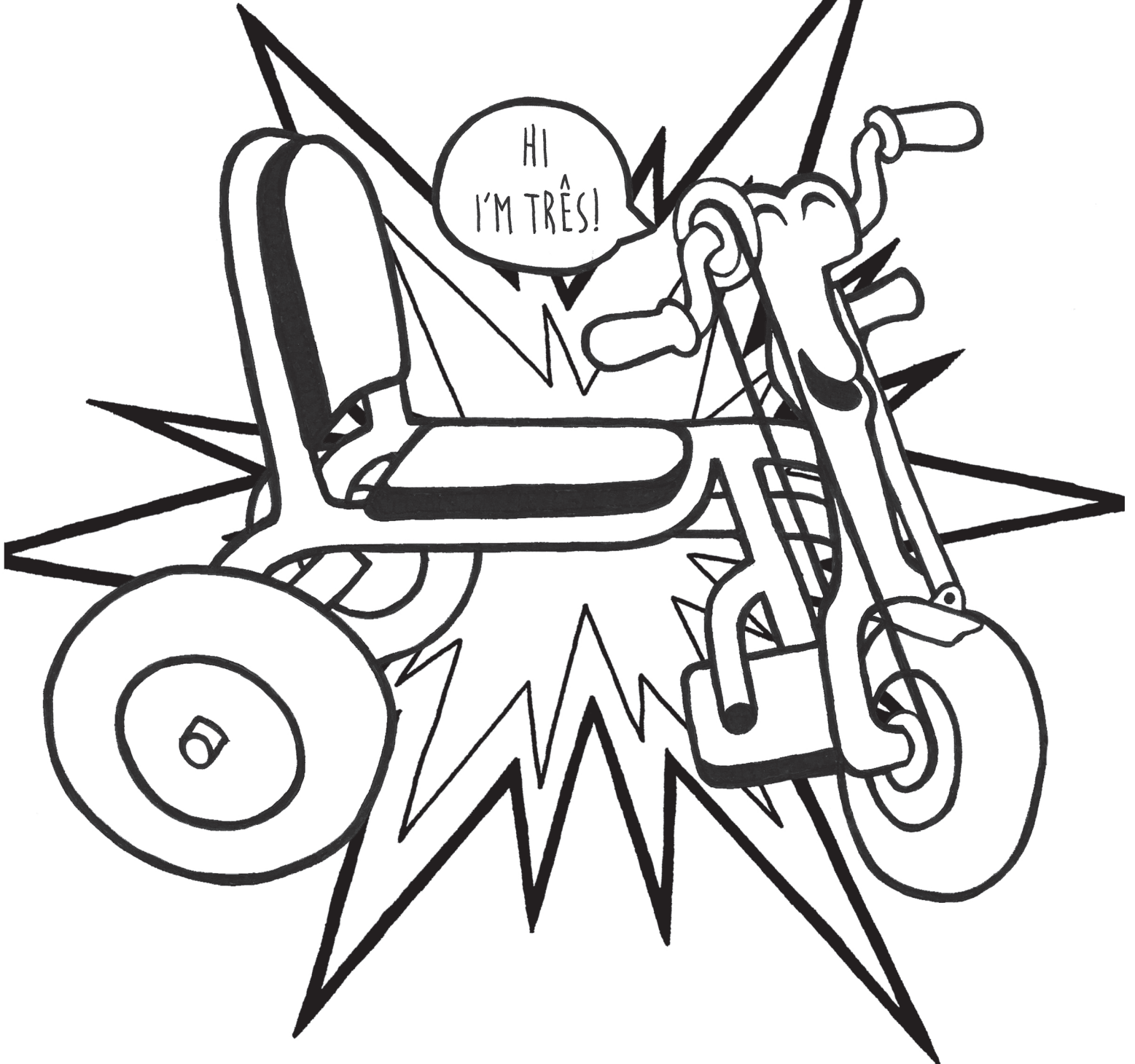
Anopa is the Shona word for “God gives.” It is pronounced Ah-no-pa.

Kudzai is the Shona word for “Praise!” It is pronounced Coulds-eye.

 **Learn A zimbabwean Greeting!**

Mauya is the Shona word for WELCOME.

MEET TRÉS THE TRIKE





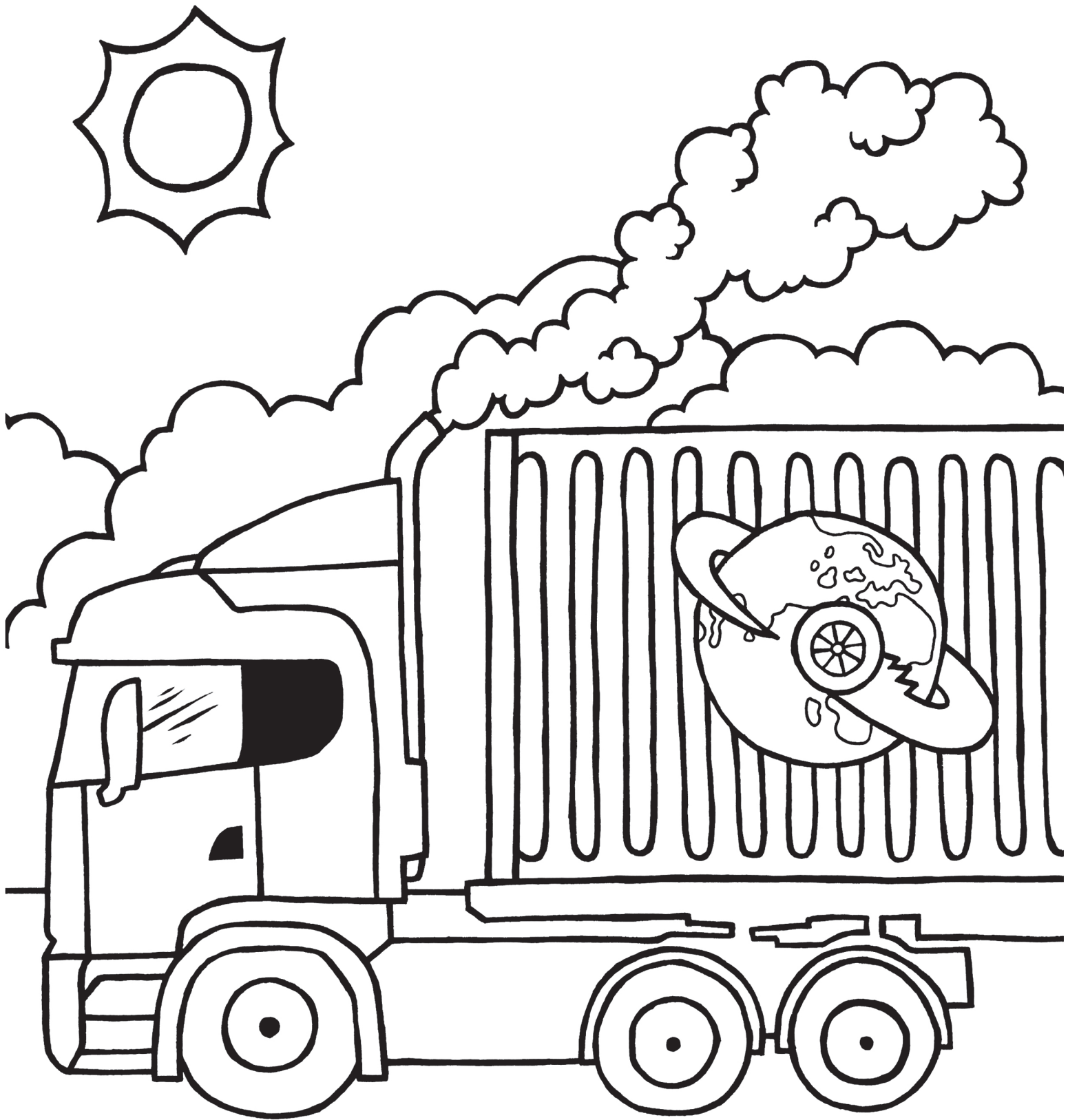
“See my pedal right on top?”



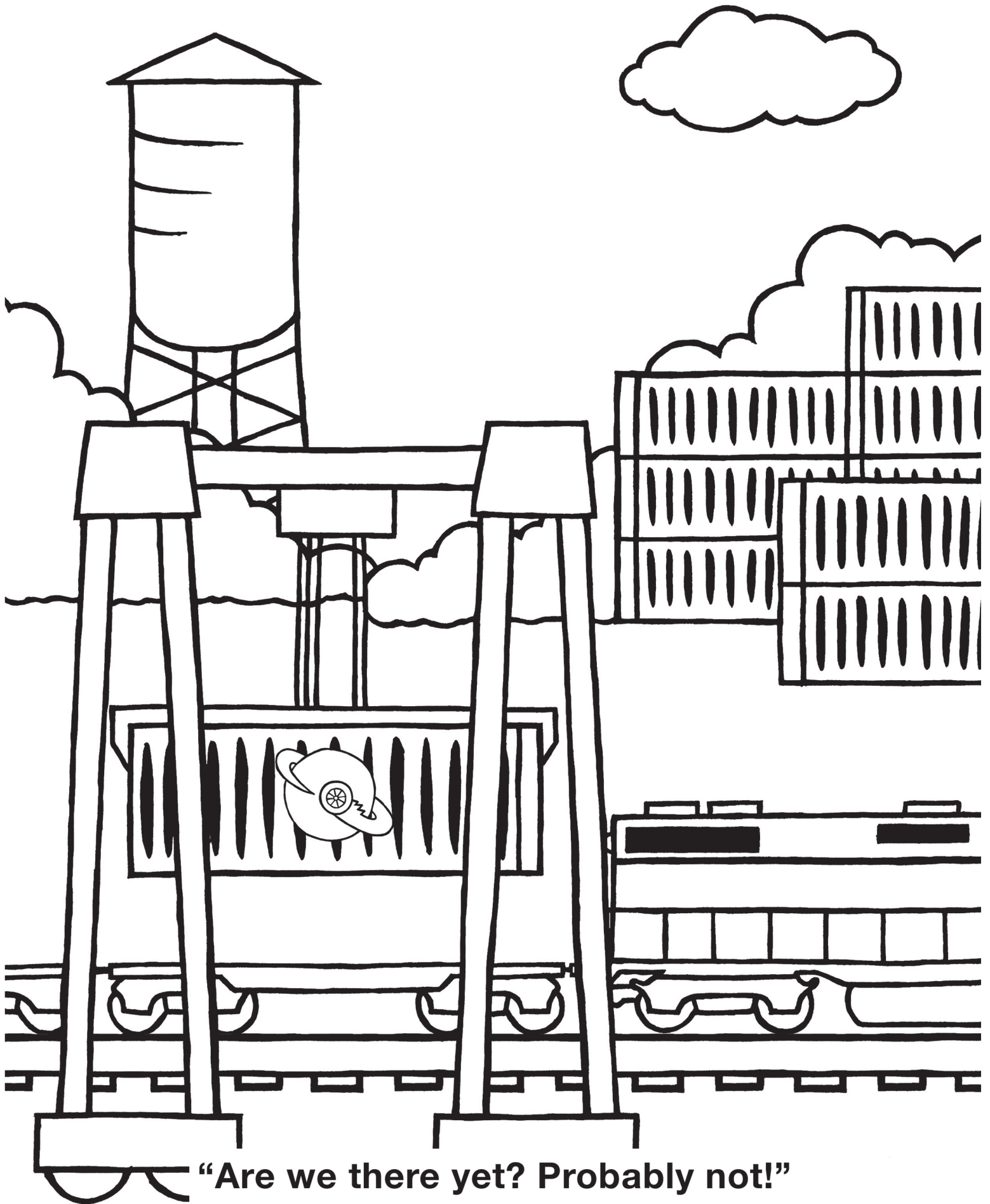
“We’re loading up for our big adventure!”



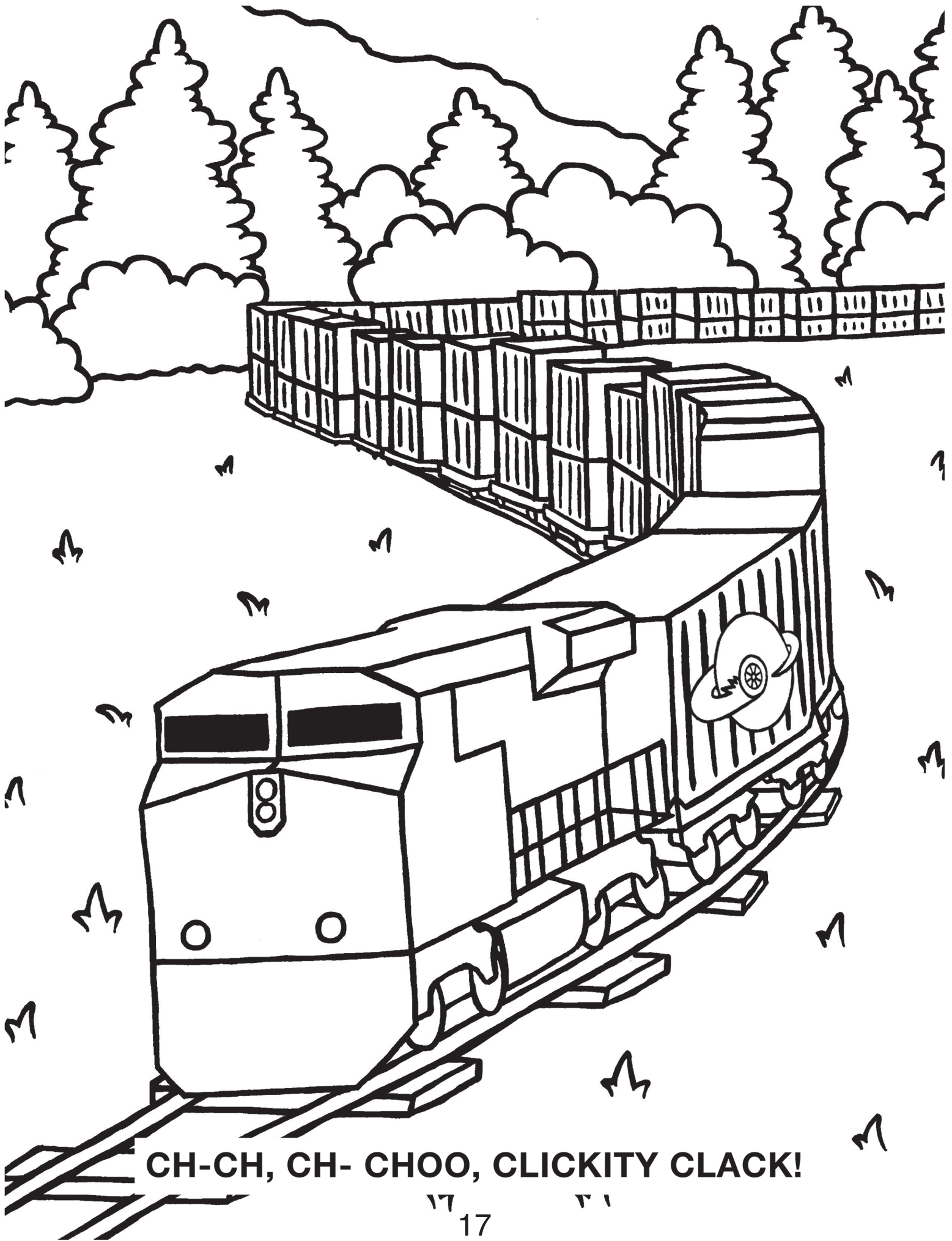
“It’s really dark in here!”



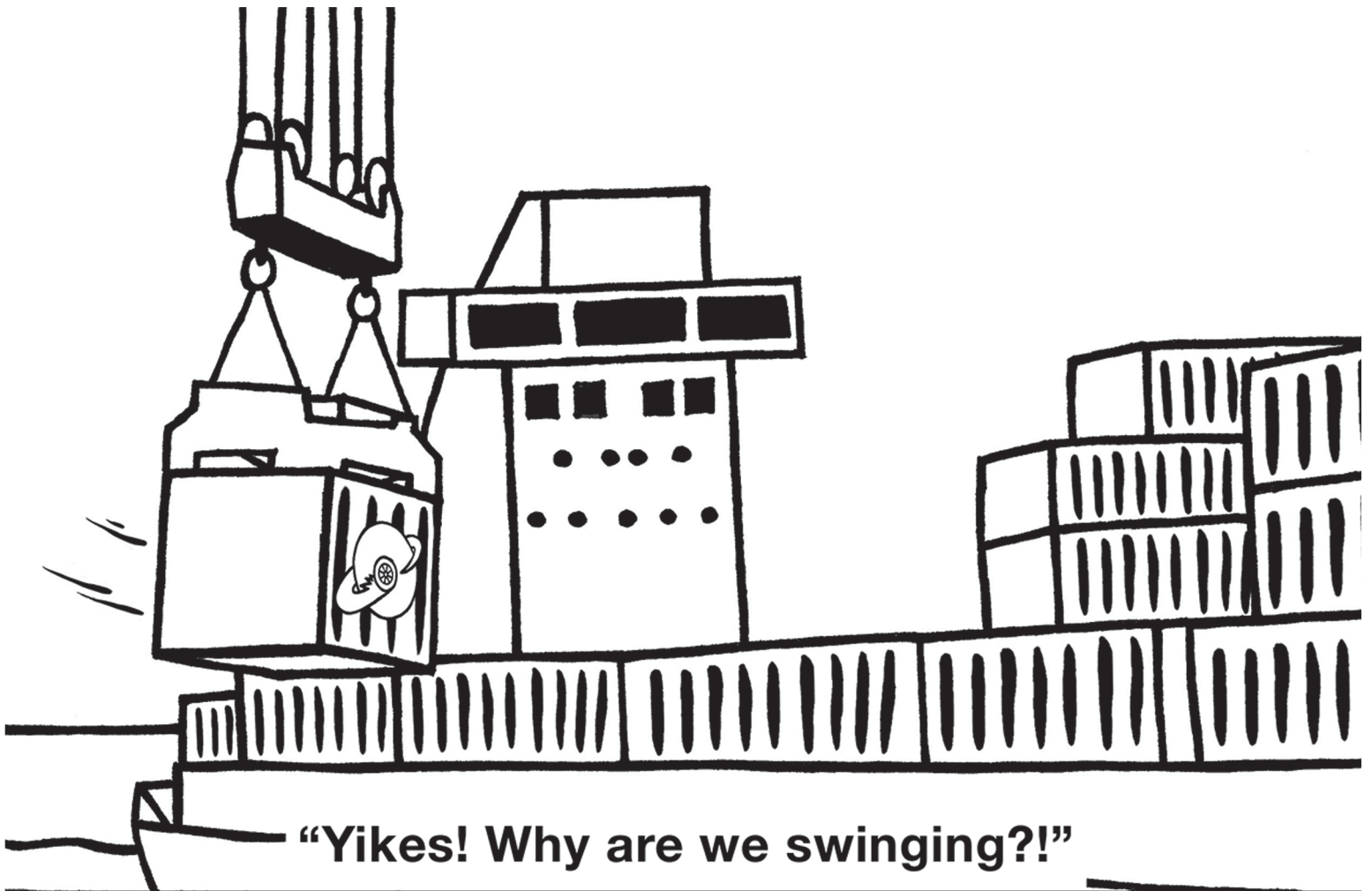
VR-VROOM-VR-Vroom!

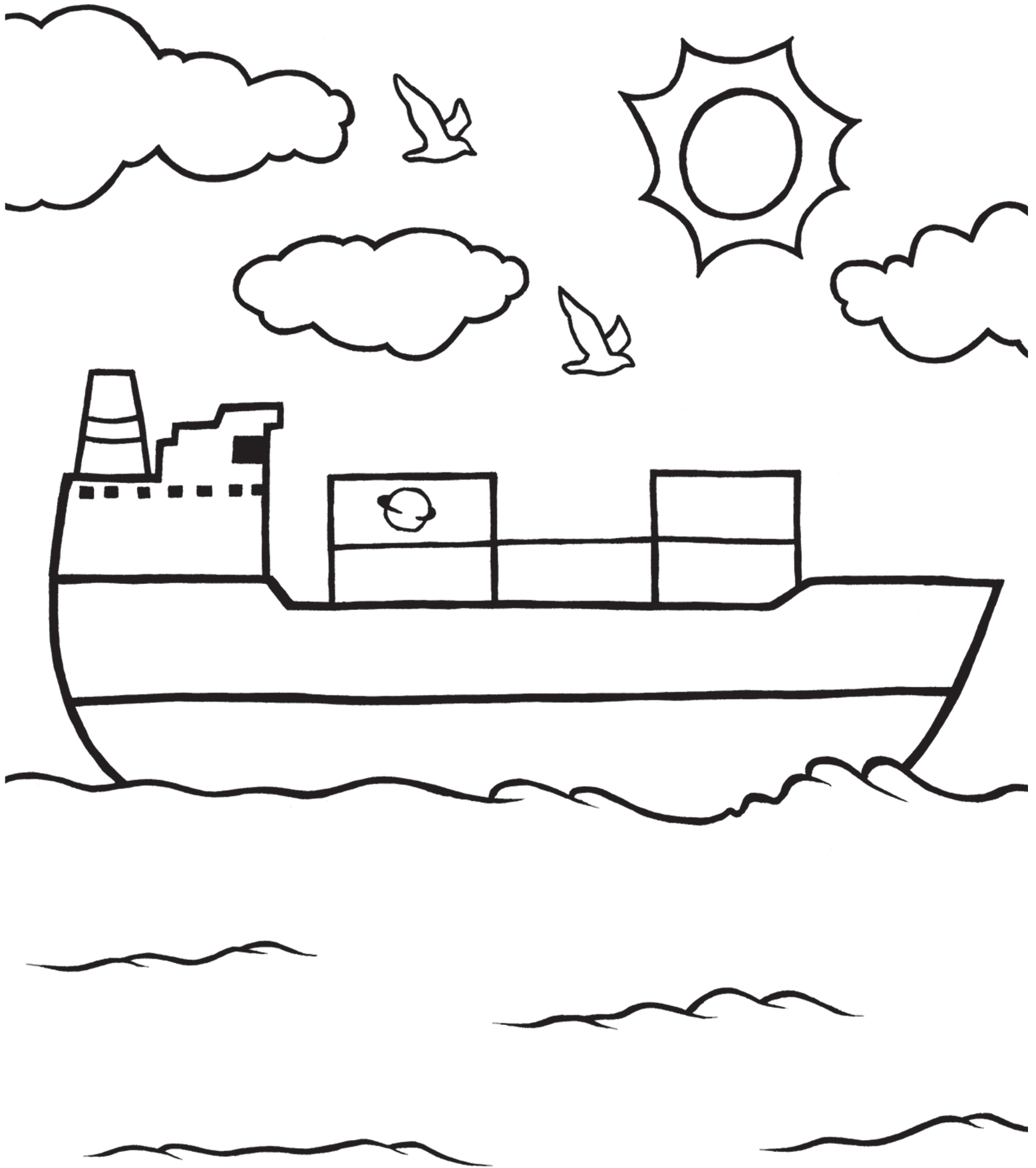


“Are we there yet? Probably not!”

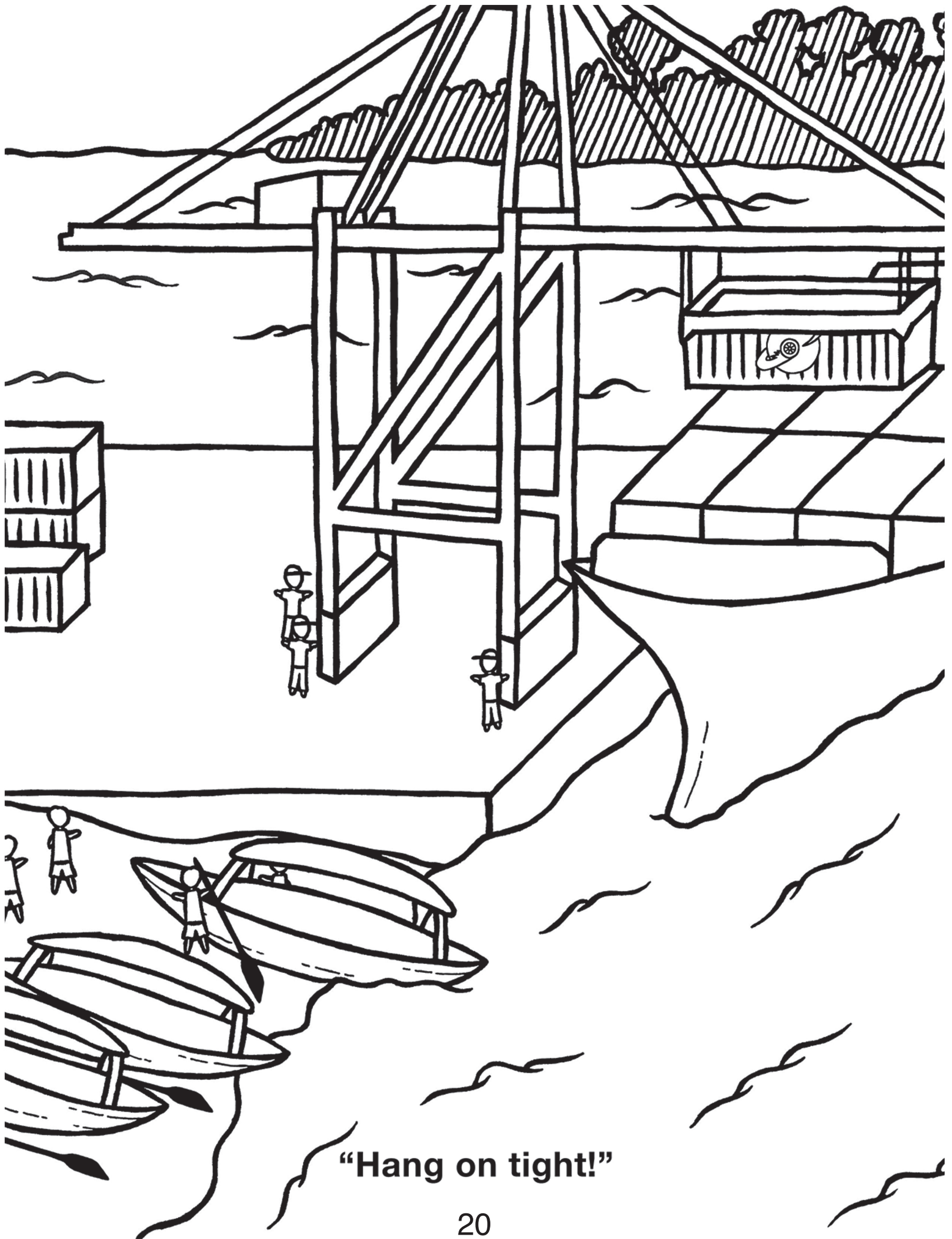


CH-CH, CH- CHOO, CLICKITY CLACK!





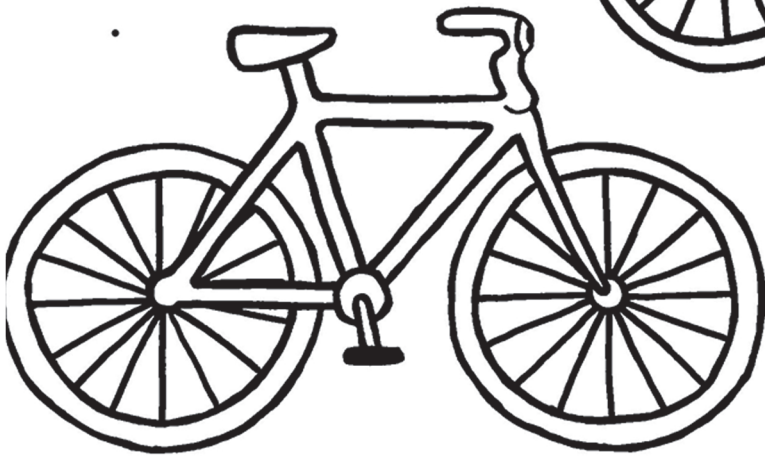
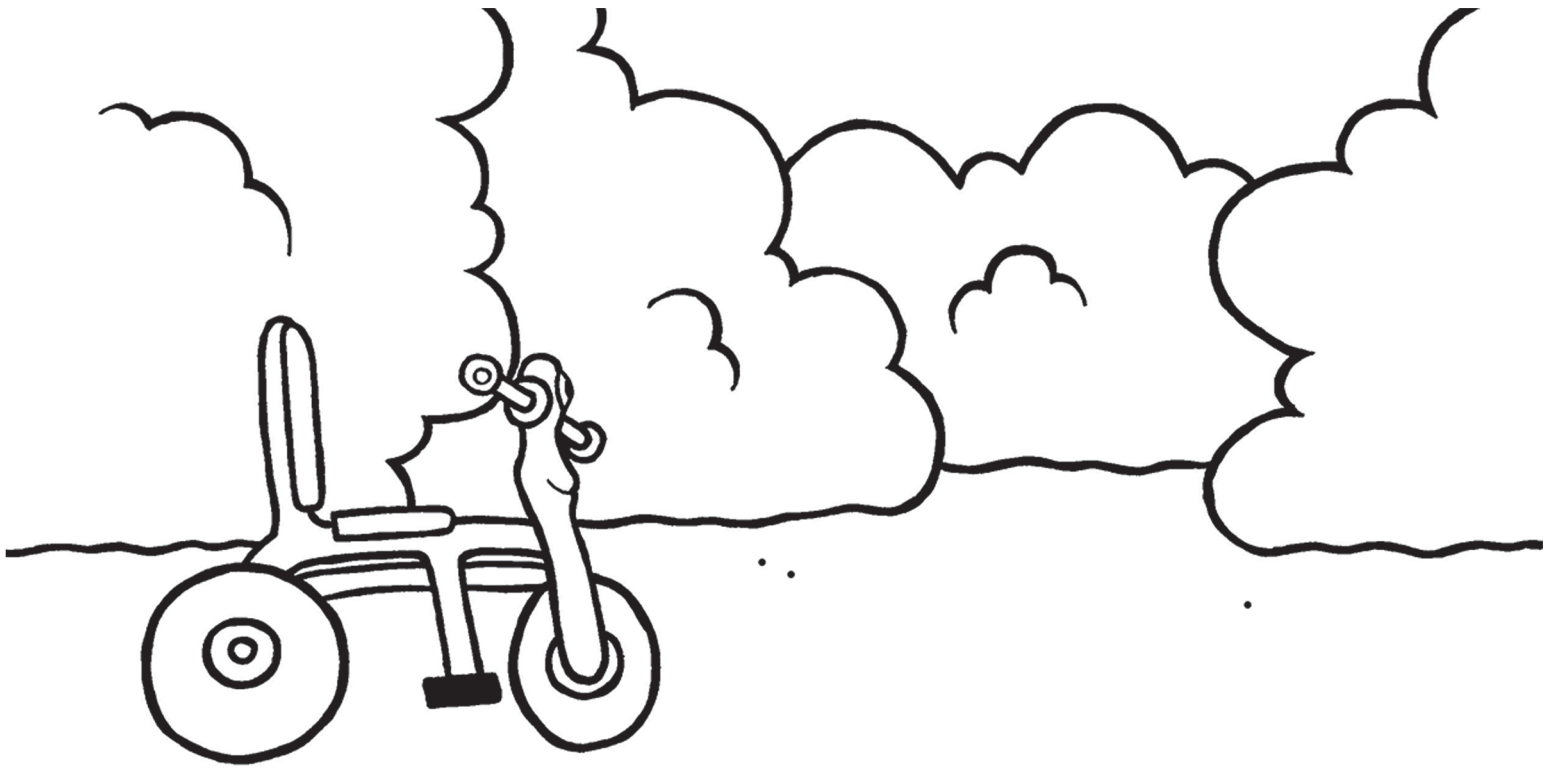
“Are we to Zimbabwe yet?”



“Hang on tight!”



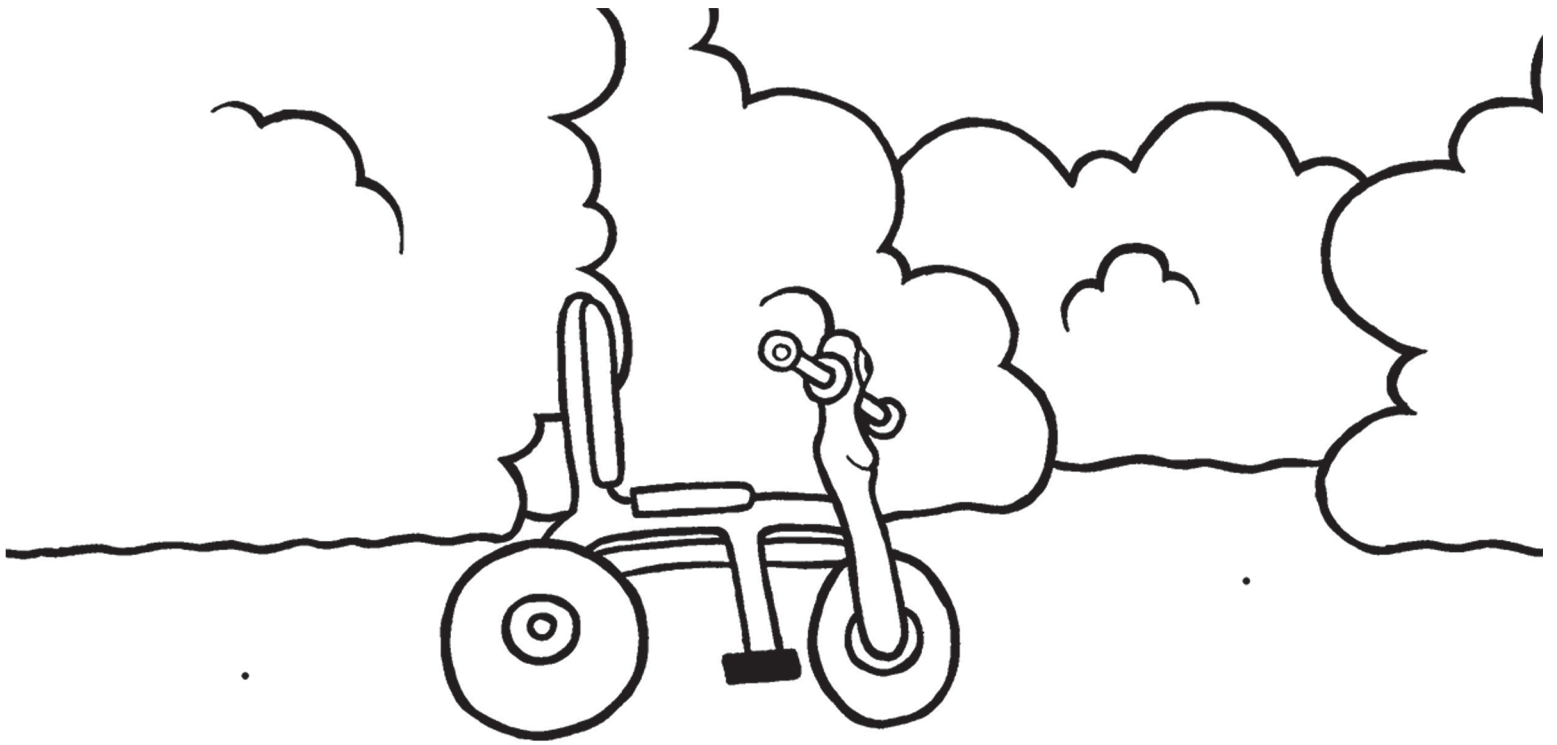
“This must be where we’ll all live!”



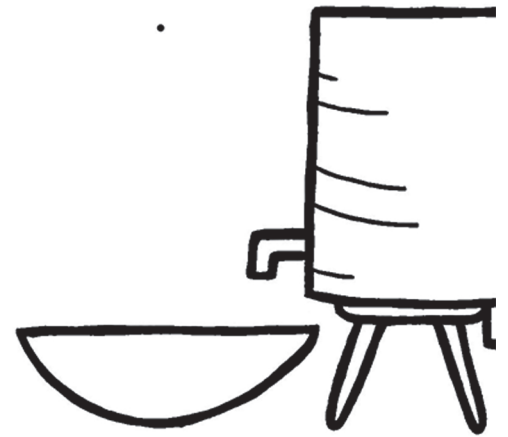
“Mauya! Welcome to Zimbabwe!”



“Look, look, the bikes are here!”



“Bikes like you will change our lives.”



“But will there be a bike for me?”



"Let's zoom to the market!"



“Let’s zoom along to school!”



“Let’s get some water!”



“You must be the one for me!”



“Praise the Lord! Let’s go!”



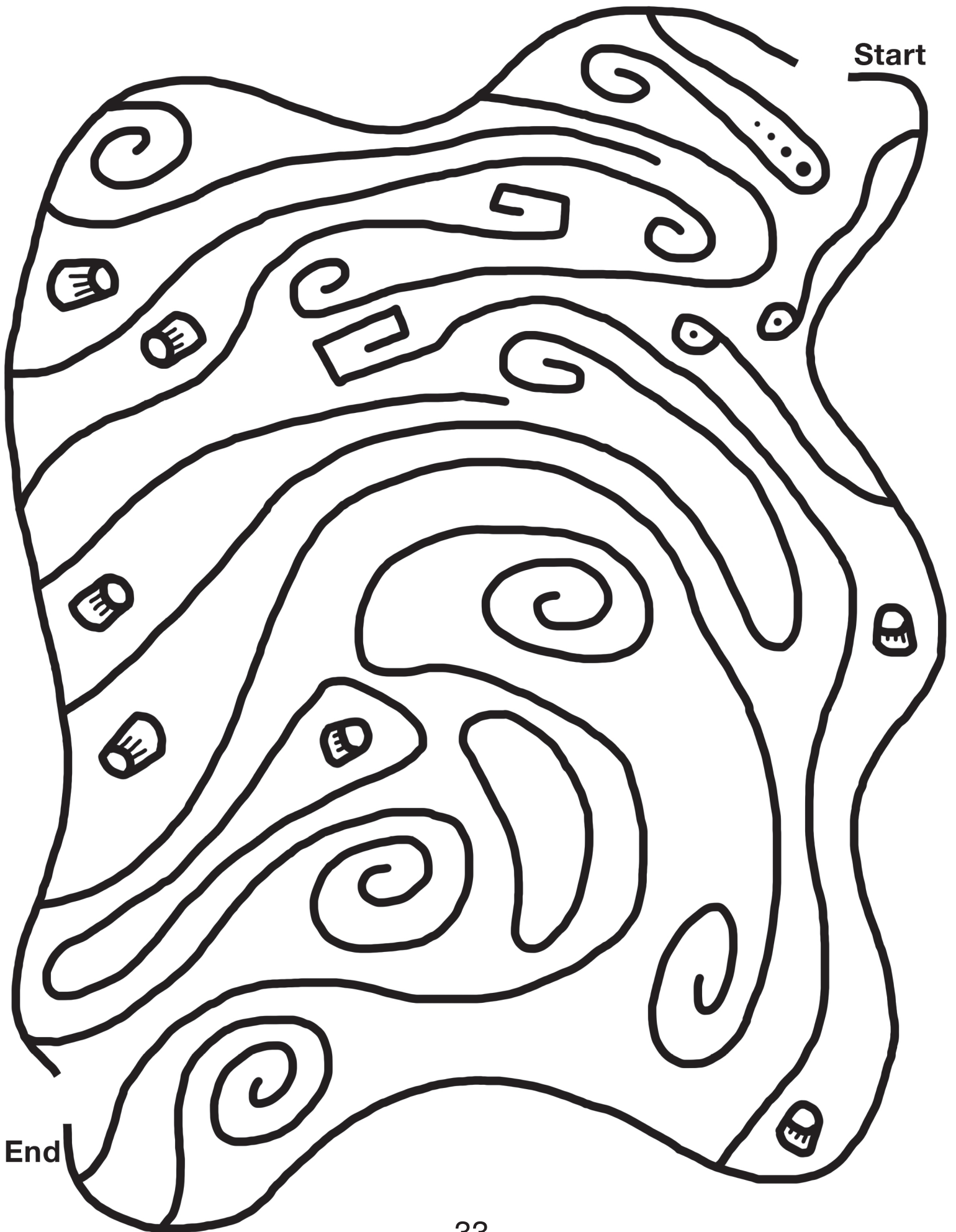
“You had a plan for us all!”

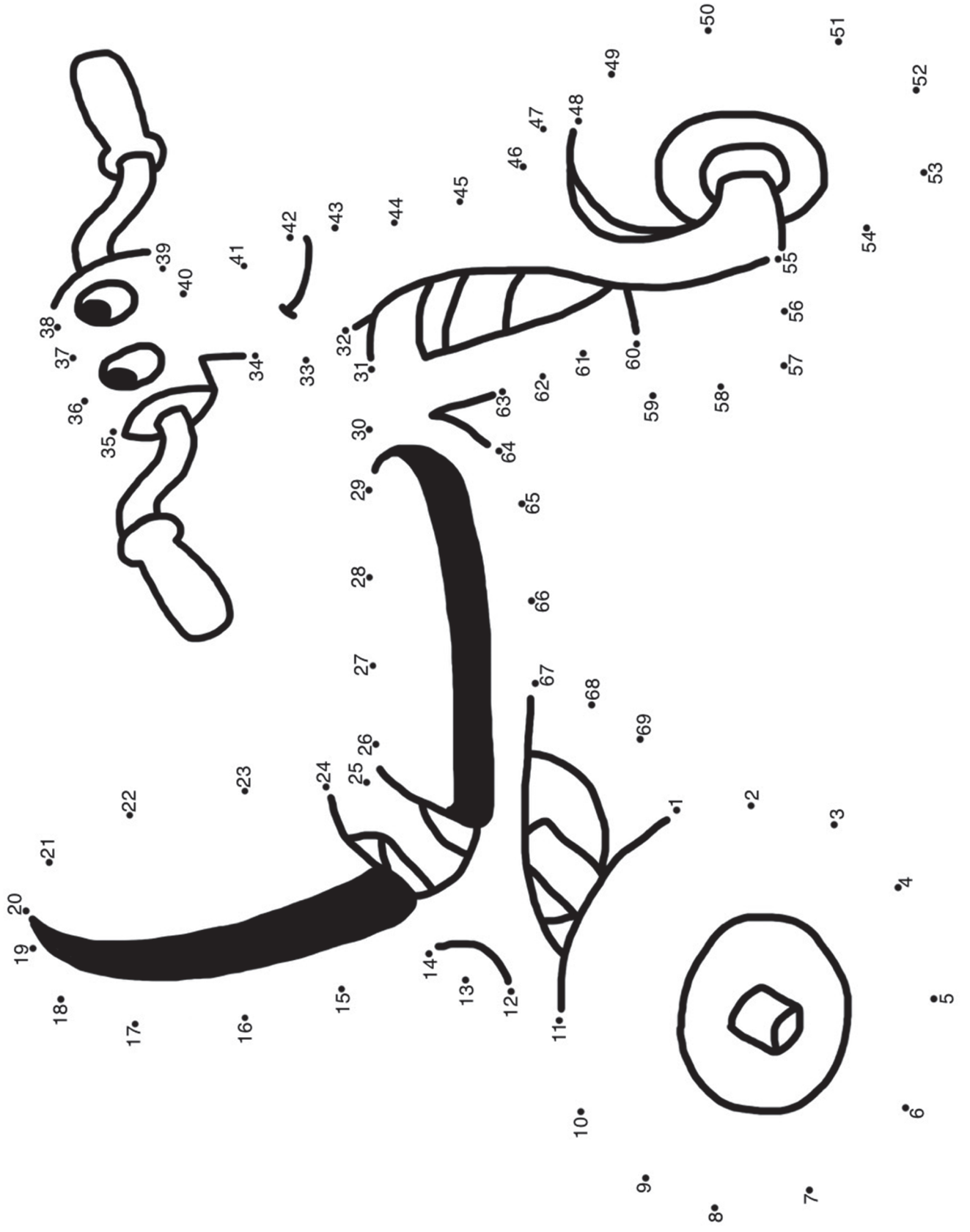
Word search: Trêš The Trike's Treks

Words go across and down

D A Z C E U Y B I K M F O U Y G
B I K E H A K U D Z A I K I D J
A L O M U N E P R U R S A A V B
A X B W A T E R M E K C N O N E
H I Q F A R X Y A E E I O A E A
N N U O L Ê I A U T T D P L I W
G I S P O S H R Y O H A A D G O
B N E A P T R O A H O N X I H N
A R N D U H A P U T L A P E B C
A U D E R E T E N D A I C N O T
N I M U A T U H L O V R N A R S
G R E X Z R L O N X K K Q U S C
O A B O Z I M B A B W E S H T H
R D A L Q K I W O O Y K I A R O
H I S W H E E L S H O E L X Z O
A Y W A Q E D S H I P M A C X L

Mauya	Send Me	Trêš the Trike
Baahng Baahng	Deux	Kudzai Kid
Neighbors	Ship	Water
Bike	His Wheels	Market
School	Tendai	Zimbabwe
Danai	KeKe	Anopa





For more information:
His Wheels International
Email: info@hiswheels.org
Website: www.hiswheels.org

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P.O. Box 480,
Wheaton, IL 60187.



Travels to A-Land-Far-Away is the first story coloring book in the *Très the Trike's Treks* series, telling the His Wheels International's hand-pedaled trike story. In this book we show several of the steps involved in transporting a trike from the United States to A-Land-Far-Away. Our goal is to provide disability awareness in a fun new way while broadening the readers cross-cultural horizons. The series will encourage children to dream, and think creatively of ways to help their neighbors right where they live.



Alice Teisan is the Founder and Executive Director of His Wheels International. By the age of 30, Alice had bicycled 10,000 miles on four continents, and crossed the US twice and then she became disabled by Myalgic Encephalomyelitis /Chronic Fatigue Syndrome (ME/CFS). God still had a plan for her life and cycling dreams. Alice is an inspirational speaker, and the author of two non-fiction books: *Riding on Faith: Keeping Your Balance When the Wheels Fall Off*, and *Pray 10K: How the Radical Can Become Real, A 10,000-Hour Prayer Adventure*.



Rachel Lambert helps volunteers at a nonprofit to restore wild meadows and woods to health and beauty. Rachel first took root in her grandmother's big vegetable garden where she played growing up and she knows that people and the land need one another. All around the world people who are poor and overlooked make their living from the land, and it's only when their communities are at the wheel that both their families and the land they love can thrive! Rachel was delighted to be able to help her "Aunt" Alice and His Wheels tell this story. She looks forward to the next one!



Kristina Matson is a young artist who pulls inspiration from nature, and enjoys finding ways her gift can help raise awareness about environmental issues. Kristina has a great love for animals and has hand fed many birds in her backyard, and some chipmunks too. While this coloring book was very different from Kristina's style it was a welcome challenge and a new way to help people across the world. If you want to find more of her work you can find her on instagram: @whimsicalyweird.

