



By: Sena

**Friendship**

**Fun, Magical**

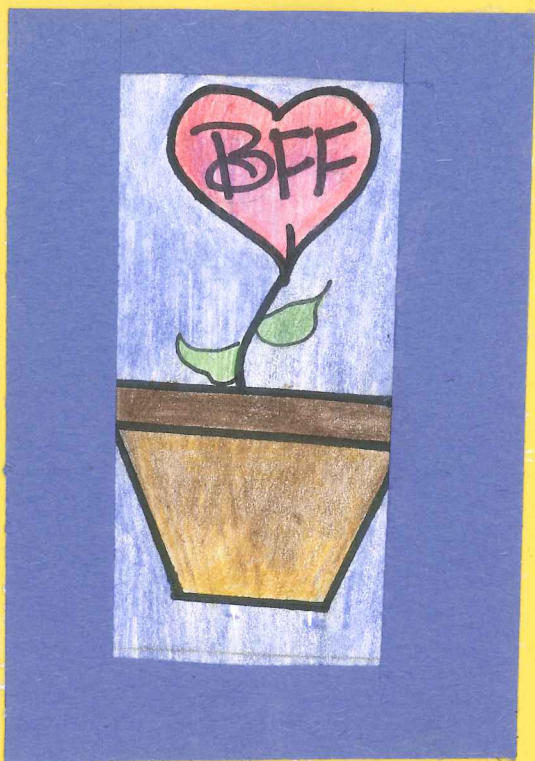
**Playful, Caring, Kindness**

**Exhilaration, Gladness, Joy, Gratification**

**Amity**







Defining friendship

**Define friendship please**

**The state of being a friend**

**That is friendship dear**

It begins with hello

**Hello**

**Is the first word they say**

**Playing**

**In the field with one another**

**Chasing**

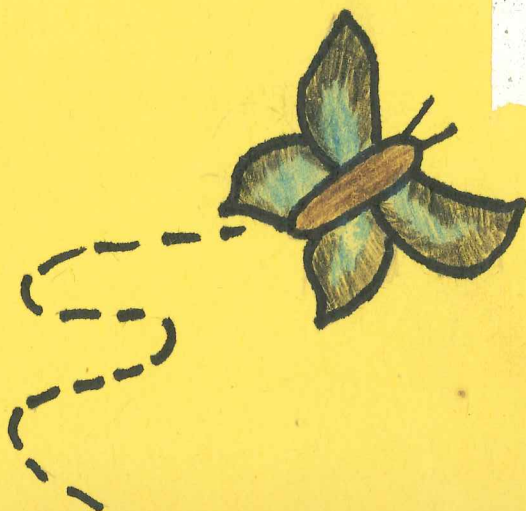
**Each other with caterpillars**

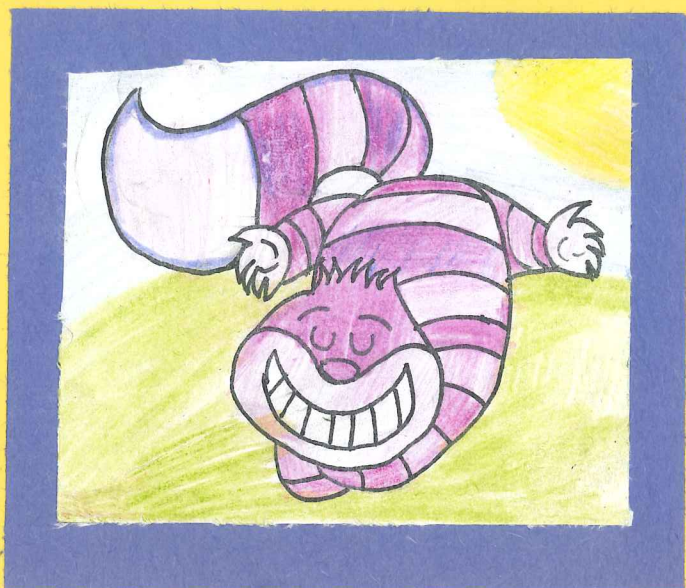
**Happiness**

**Spreads like butterfly wings**

**They say**

**They will never separate**





Your smiles

**I enjoy those smiles  
When we are together  
It goes on for miles  
Along with the sunny weather**





Down by the Bay

**Let's go out and play  
Where the sun will shine all day  
Outside where we will shout yay  
Down by the bay**

Sue and Drew

**I know an old geezer named Sue  
Who was friends with a boy named Drew.**

**They met a clown**

**Who wore a frown**

**They laughed and said that won't do**





Ode to my  
friend

**This is an ode to you my friend**

**We will always be together**

**Because in our friendship there is no dead end**

**Even if there is bad weather**

**The sun would shine through your smiles**

**That will never disappear**

**Even if we had run for miles**

**You will still be a dear**

**Who is always there**

**And will never be afraid**

**As precious as air**

**My friend, you will never fade**



**You are always happy  
With a big, bright face  
Even when you lost your dog Pappy**

**You still had grace  
Whenever you were here  
Your laughter filled the air  
Your laugh will never disappear**

**Even by a grizzly bear**

**You still shine**

**Like a glazing sun**

**Your kindness is fine**

**And your also quite fun**



**You are loyal as a lion  
But you are still brave  
Without even tryin'  
Quite like the man called Dave  
You are as wonderful as a golden flower  
Shining out the pitch black  
Your kindness drizzles upon me like a shower  
As a friend what do you lack?  
In the list that I hold  
You lack nothing  
You are not new or old  
But you are quite something**

**You are the one that has been there since the start  
The one that will be there to the end**

## His school Life

**He is so alone**

**Nowhere near his peers**

**Always on his own**

**He never screams any cheers**

**Never in a crowd**

**Never faced with joys**

**Like he's not allowed**

**To play with any toys**

**All the students stare at him**

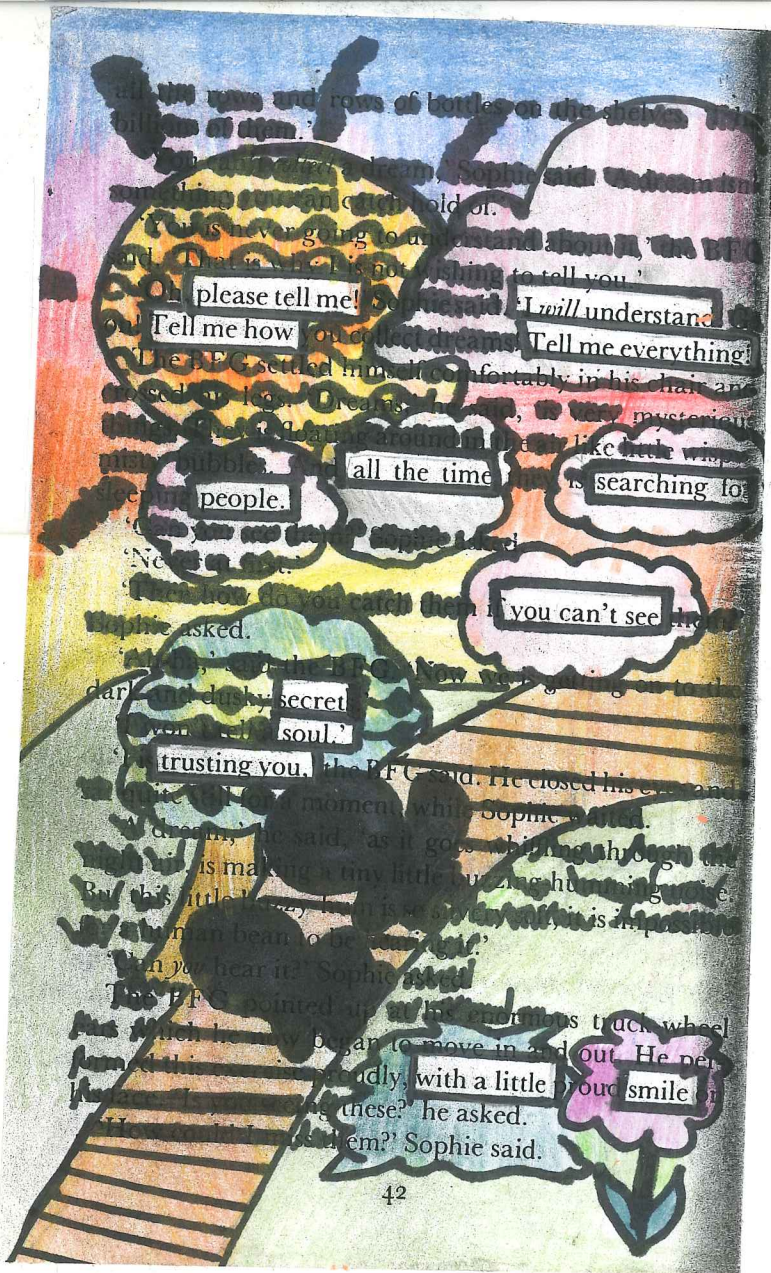
**Wanting to belong**

**They say his chances are slim**

**But they were wrong**

**Up comes a boy named Wend**

**He says "Hello, there friend"**



all the time and rows of bottles on the shelves. The  
billion of eyes.

For a moment I dream, Sophie said understanding  
something even an adult hold of.

It is never going to disappear from the world  
and that is what is not going to tell you.

Please tell me! I will understand.  
Tell me how you feel the same. Tell me everything!

The BFG settled himself comfortably in his chair and  
closed his eyes. Dreams, he said, are very mysterious.

Things come floating around in the air like little wispy  
pink bubbles. And all the time he is searching for

people.

Now you are just a little bit  
No one is out.

How do you catch them if you can't see them?  
Sophie asked.

It is a dark and dusty secret  
even in the soul.

Trusting you, the BFG said. He closed his eyes and  
for a moment while Sophie waited.

In a dream, he said, as it goes whirling through the  
air, it is making a tiny little buzzing humming noise.

But his little body, which is so small, is impossible  
for a man bear to be so small.

Can you hear it? Sophie asked.

The BFG pointed up at his enormous truck wheel  
and much later began to move in and out. He per

formed it slowly and steadily, with a little proud smile on  
his face. I was thinking of these? he asked.

How could I not? Sophie said.



...aming, rose in an exuberant swell when one parent  
pair, glowing with pride, took a male newborn and  
heard him named Caleb.

This new Caleb was a replacement child. The community  
had lost their first Caleb, a cheerful little Four. Loss of  
that was very, very rare. The community was extraordi-  
narily safe, each citizen watchful and protective of all  
children. But somehow the first little Caleb had wandered  
away unnoticed, and had fallen into the river. The entire  
community had performed the Ceremony of Loss to-  
gether, murmuring the name Caleb throughout an entire  
day, less and less frequently, softer in volume, as the long  
and somber day went on, so that the little Four seemed to  
fade away gradually from everyone's consciousness.

Now, at this special Naming, the community per-  
formed the brief Murmur-of-Replacement Ceremony, re-  
peating the name for the first time since the loss; softly  
at first, and then with greater volume. The couple stood on the stage with the newborn sleep-  
ing in the mother's arms. It was as if the first Caleb  
were returning.

Another remarkable was that young Roberto, who  
was remembered that Roberto the Child had been born  
just one last week. But there was no Mourning  
Replacement Ceremony for the new little Roberto  
because he was not the same as Caleb.

He sat politely through the ceremonies of Two and  
Three and Four, increasingly bored as he was each year.  
Then a break for midday meal—served and eaten  
back again to the seats, for the fives, sixes, sevens, and  
finally, last of the first day's ceremonies, the Eights.