"A Friend can be anyone"

A Friend Can Be Anyone

I'm Rose. This is how I got a friend. A good one. I used to be shy – and at the time I felt small. But I had a friendship. My friend was a shell dwelling, calm creature. A turtle. This turtle came into the green lush grass in my backyard one day, through the forest and by the rock wall. She (I know by markings) came right up to me. I thought to be scared, but somehow I felt safe. She sat right at my toe tips. She watched me, and I watched her. The fragile creature showed trust as sun showed life and chirps filled the air. Small eyes watched me.

Then I started talking. The turtle listened.

I told her my fears and worries. My problems and accomplishments. The turtles green shell glistened in the sunlight, and her eyes still listened and watched. When I was finished she left. I watched her leave. I was sad to have had my only friend go.

The very next day, I went outside to my rock and sat. It was Saturday. I thought about my bully, my A and my C. I thought about my turtle. I soon saw a shell appear, walking towards me. My turtle friend! A bright glistening shell. I told her all that I had been thinking about. I saw her smile and walk back to the forest. My turtle came back every day. But one day she didn't come. *Somethings wrong, I* thought. I went into the woods, searching for any sign of my turtle, but no trace. *What would I do without her,* I thought. I was searching through trees and bushes when I saw my little turtle caught in a bush. I picked her up and out of the green leaves.

"Hey little girl, you're okay," I said soothingly. The turtle and I started walking back. But we couldn't find our way. I knew we were lost. We had tried every direction but we couldn't find home. I cried. A howl rose high to the moon from the distance, but not a great deal of distance was between us and the howl. We hid in a small log. The wolf came. I heard my heart beat. We slept in that log.

Morning came.

My turtle friend, Violet, started walking. *She's showing me the way,* I thought. Soon we were home.

"Rose!" Cried my mother.

"Mama, it's okay, I got lost but I'm here now. This is my turtle friend. She makes me brave. She may be a turtle but she's my friend."

"She's lovely." Violet just smiled.

So I know that anyone can be anyone's friend. No matter who, or what you are, as long as you treat others with kindness and respect and the golden rule – and as long as they treat you by it too – your friendship could last forever.