

My Faraway Friend
by
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Paul's house was empty.

His window was empty.

His yard was empty.

It was all empty and sad.

Paul used to live next door.

Then Paul moved away.

“I miss Paul,” Kathy told her mother. “He is my best friend.”

“Paul lives far away now,” her mother said.

“How far is far away?” Kathy asked.

“Scotland is far away,” her mother said. “That is where Paul lives now.”

“Where is Scotland?” she asked.

“It is across the ocean,” her mother said. “Look at your globe.”

Kathy put one finger on Florida and one finger on Scotland.

“It is very far away,” she said. “That makes me sad.”

“You can’t walk to Scotland,” her mother said. “It is not next door.”

“There must be a way,” Kathy said. “I will find a way.”

Kathy ran to the shed.

She found two cans of paint.

One was red. She liked red.

One was blue. Paul liked blue.

She poured them together.

Then she stirred, and stirred, and stirred.

The red and blue turned into purple.

“This is good, but it needs more.”

Kathy ran to the oak tree in Paul's yard.

It looked sad and lonely.

"We used to sit in your branches," she told the tree. "Then Paul fell out and hurt his arm."

She found two acorns on the ground.

She gave the tree a hug.

"I will say hello from you," she told the tree.

She dropped the acorns in the paint.

Then she stirred, and stirred, and stirred.

"This is better, but it needs more."

Kathy took a blue “P” off the refrigerator.

She took a red “K” off the refrigerator.

“Paul’s name starts with P,” she said. “And my name starts with K.”

She dropped the “P” into the paint.

She dropped the “K” into the paint.

Then she stirred, and stirred, and stirred.

“It is even better, but it still needs more.”

“Paul loves honey. And I love honey.”

Kathy ran to the pantry.

She looked on all of the shelves.

She found the yellow jar of honey.

She put big spoons of honey in the paint.

Then she stirred, and stirred, and stirred.

“It is almost done, but it needs one last thing.”

Kathy ran up the stairs to her room.

She looked in the closet for her special box.

In the box was a tube of silver glitter.

“This is what I need,” she said.

She jumped up and down because she was very happy.

Her mother saw her jumping.

“Why are you jumping up and down?” her mother asked.

“Because I am being silly,” Kathy said.

“Yes, I know you are silly,” her mother said. “But I did not know you were silly over glitter.”

“Well, I am,” Kathy said.

She ran back to the shed.

She sprinkled some glitter in the paint.

Then she stirred, and stirred, and stirred.

“Now it is ready,” she said.

Kathy looked around in the shed.

She found her old shoes.

They were torn and dirty.

She dipped the left shoe in the paint.

She dipped the right shoe in the paint.

They turned from brown to purple.

She set them outside to dry in the sun.

She put a lid on the paint and hid it away.

After supper, Kathy checked the shoes.

They were dry and looked brand new.

She hid them under her bed.

Her mother kissed her good night and closed the door.

Kathy jumped out of bed.

She dressed and put on the shoes.

She stood by the window.

She looked at the moon.

She closed her eyes.

My Faraway Friend

When she opened her eyes, it was not night.

It was day.

She saw a flag on a pole.

It was not her flag.

There were no stars or stripes.

This flag was blue.

It had a white, X-shaped cross.

It was the flag of Scotland.

My Faraway Friend

Kathy jumped up and down.

She made a lot of noise.

She was very happy!

Her shoes were magic shoes!

She stood at the gate outside a house.

She looked up at the window.

The window was not empty.

Paul was at the window.

He waved at her.

She waved at him.

Then he was gone.

My Faraway Friend

Kathy waited at the gate.

The front door opened.

Paul ran out.

“Hi, Kathy!”

“Hi, Paul!”

Two best friends hugged.