



Clive's Flying High Day

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Clive possessed a special treasure that he cherished above all else: a swift little toy airplane painted brilliant white. Across its side stretched a bold, bright red stripe that made it look like it was zooming even when standing still. Every morning, Clive would polish its wings until they gleamed brightly in the morning light.



On a fine morning with gentle breezes and clear skies, Clive made his way to the peaceful meadow beside the blue lake. The golden sun warmed the grassy path as water trickled softly along the shore. It was the absolute best kind of day for flying his beloved airplane high into the air.



With a gentle toss, Clive launched his little white plane into the open sky. He watched in delight as the bright red stripe glided gracefully over the sparkling ripples of the lake. It looped through the soft clouds before gently landing right back on the soft green grass.



Just as Clive gathered his airplane, his best friend Ben walked over with a giant smile and a mysterious covered box. Ben had been working hard all morning on a special surprise just for Clive. He carefully set the box down on a flat stone beside the water.



Ben lifted the lid to reveal a sweet, marvelous cake shaped exactly like Clive's white airplane, complete with a red icing stripe down the side. Clive gasped in astonishment at how detailed and beautiful his friend's creation was. It smelled delicious, full of vanilla and sweet cream.



A huge, warm smile spread across Clive's face as he hugged Ben to say thank you. They sat together under the shade of a big leafy tree, happily sharing the delicious sweet treat. Clive knew right then that having a thoughtful friend like Ben was the greatest gift of all.



Wanting to share his own joy, Clive walked over to his shiny, brand-new bicycle resting nearby. He offered the handlebars to Ben, encouraging his friend to take it out for a spin around the smooth park pathways. Ben's eyes lit up with excitement as he climbed onto the seat.



Ben pedaled happily down the paved track, ringing the shiny bell as he went. Clive trotted right beside him, laughing and clapping as Ben glided smoothly past the flowers. Sharing made the new bicycle twice as fun as riding it alone.



Soon, both boys were sprinting side by side down the quiet countryside lane, racing the wind with boundless energy. Their laughter echoed through the trees as their feet kicked up dusty breezes along the road. The afternoon sun cast long, cheerful shadows of the two inseparable companions.



As the sun began to dip below the horizon, painting the sky in glowing shades of orange and purple, it was time to head home. Clive gave a warm wave and said goodbye to Ben, feeling grateful for a day filled with soaring planes, sweet cake, and true friendship.