



The Left and Right Friendship Circle

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game begins! Ava
s the maraca to the left.



It goes around the circle!
Left! Then right!



Then right! Again and again!

Bright Star School friends gather in a big, cheerful circle on the colorful rug. Ava, with a bright yellow maraca, smiles from her spot on the left, while Noah, with an eager grin, waits patiently on the right. Everyone understands the fun game of passing the maraca left, then right, again and again.

endship means taking turns, 'icgles,' Ava giggles.

gently passing the shimmering maraca to her friend.



"Friendship means taking turns," Ava giggles, gently passing the shimmering maraca to her friend on her left. The friend beams, reaching out with soft, welcoming hands, ready to continue the musical journey around the circle.



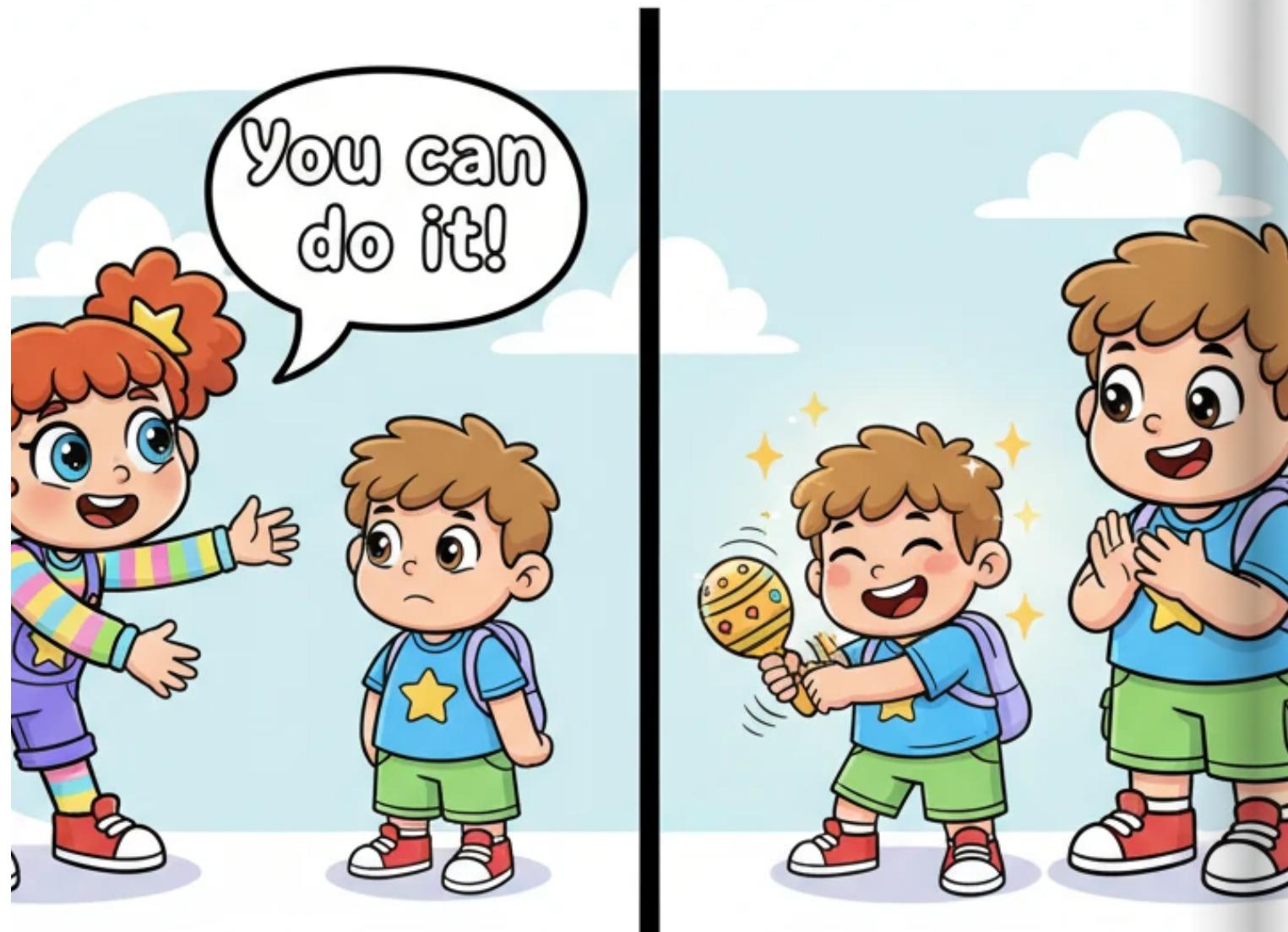
"Friendship means paying attention," Noah adds, his eyes sparkling as he receives the maraca from his right, a little 'shaka-shaka' sound echoing softly. The rhythmic sound becomes a happy heartbeat in their playful circle.



The maraca dances around the circle, left, right, left, right, a joyful blur of motion and sound. Each friend offers a happy nod, a quiet thumbs-up, or a knowing grin as the maraca passes their way, a silent cheer for teamwork.



When little Leo felt shy, hiding behind his hands and looking down, friends on both his left and right gently shifted. They made extra space, their kind eyes telling him it was perfectly okay to be himself and join in.



Encouragement bubbled from the left, a gentle 'You can do it!' from Mia. Kindness flowed from the right, a warm, reassuring smile from Sam. Laughter quickly blossomed, and Leo's confidence began to sparkle like the maraca.

Left choice!



Right idea!



During a fun story time game, choices were made with enthusiasm: 'Left choice!' shouted one friend, while another chimed in, 'Right idea!' Every suggestion, big or small, from either side, was heard and valued, making their story even better.



, right, left, right...



...a gentle whisper sound.

The maraca continued its soft, rhythmic journey, left, right, left, right, a gentle whisper of sound around the room. Each quiet 'shaka' was a sweet reminder that respect lived in every pass and in every moment of listening.



Oops! The maraca tumbled from tiny fingers and bounced softly on the rug. But before it could roll away, helping hands quickly reached out from both the left and the right. There was no blame, just quick, caring teamwork to retrieve it.



As the game ended, the friends linked hands, their smiles wide and bright. They all agreed that friendship belonged everywhere – left, right, up, down, and all around their hearts. The maraca rested peacefully, its happy jingle a memory of true friends shared left and right.