

Oliver Orange™

MY STORY

Oliver Orange and Larry Lime were best of friends. They lived in Farmer Wilson's citrus grove.

Every morning, the sun's first light cascaded over the acres of fruit trees, warming the air buzzing with busy insects.

Larry Lime, his skateboard tucked under his arm walked up the asphalt road toward his best friends house, Oliver Orange.

As he turned into Oliver's row, he could smell the fragrant odor of the orange blossoms busily pursued by the honeybees.

Oliver was dribbling his basketball when Larry arrived.

"You ready for a fun day down in the grove?" asked Larry. "The basketball court is waiting for us."

"I sure am," said Oliver, unsuccessfully trying to twirl the basketball on his fingertips. "One of these days, I'll get it."

"It's not the end of the world if you don't," said Larry.

"Maybe, but if I could the kids would like me better," said Oliver.

"You don't need their approval to be liked," said Larry jumping on his skateboard. "Just be who you are."

Oliver sighed as he briskly walked down the hill.

They arrived at the empty basketball court and began to shoot the ball. Larry dribbled nimbly but failed to make a basket, as Oliver seemed to block every shot he took.

Little by little, the other kids in the grove sauntered onto the basketball court.

Tommy Tangerine yelled out, "Let's chose sides. I'll be one captain," he said. "Who wants to be the other?"

"I will," said Clarence Clementine swiftly moving in front of Oliver.

Sides were chosen and again Oliver was left out, watching the kids play with his basketball.

"I hope they let me play," sadly, he thought to himself.

"I'm glad you didn't pick Oliver," said Tommy dribbling at the far end of the basketball court.

"For sure," said Clarence. "He's so big, he slows down the game."

"He can't even dribble or pass," added Tyler Tangelo.

"But he sure can rebound," said Kayla Kumquat, trying to defend Oliver.

"Yea, he's big alright with his cement feet," laughed Madison Mandarin.

"Stop talking that way about my friend!" yelled Larry at the kids.

Oliver stood up and scanned the rapidly moving clouds.

"I think you guys should stop. I see thick, dark clouds moving in bringing heavy thunderstorms," said Oliver, warning his friends. "Besides, I don't want my ball to get wet."

Angrily, Clarence tossed the basketball at Oliver. "Here's your ball, you big baby."

"Let's go. This game is boring anyway," said Tommy, arm in arm with the other kids, mocking Oliver's warning.

"Come on Oliver, let's go home," said Larry. "Those kids are such jerks. We don't need them."

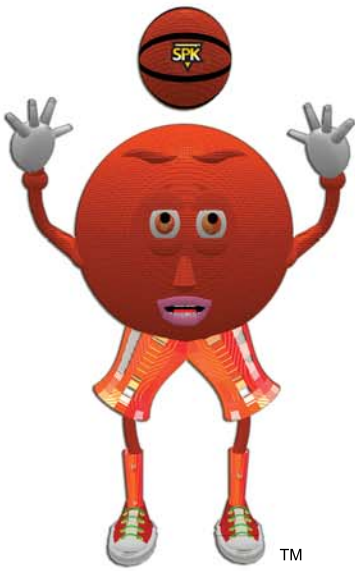
It started as a light drizzle. By the time, Larry and Oliver reached the orange grove it was a torrential downpour.

"Larry look! The lower grove is flooding," shouted Oliver.

Suddenly, they hear screams.

"Help us! Help! We can't swim!"

Hearing the cries of help, Larry jumped on his skateboard and flew down the asphalt road. Oliver ran as fast as his big body would allow. Suddenly, Oliver slipped on the wet ground and fell. Uncontrollably, he began to roll down the hill, quickly passing Larry on the skateboard.



SunPower Kidz™

Oliver Orange™

MY STORY (Continued...)

Finally, Oliver stopped after hitting some grapefruit trees and stood up slowly. As Larry arrived, they saw the water rising, threatening to submerge the entire lower grove.

“Look. It’s Clarence and Tommy,” yelled Oliver. “They’re going to drown!” Without hesitating, Oliver jumped into the swelling water and swam over to them.

“Hold on,” yelled Oliver. “I’ll save you.”

Oliver grabbed his two friends and hoisted them onto his back. He then turned around in the swiftly moving water and swam back. Larry was anxiously waiting.

Finally, they reached dry land and the two jumped off Oliver’s back. Slowly, Oliver tried to stand but only managed to crawl out of the water. He was exhausted and collapsed.

Oliver was still. He didn’t move.

“I can’t believe he saved our lives after all those horrible things we said about him,” said Clarence.

Then, Oliver coughed and water spouted out of his mouth. Looking dazed, he sat up in the wet dirt trying to catch his breath.

“You’ve learned something today about what friendship is all about,” said Larry, putting his arm around Oliver.

“Don’t judge someone by their size but by their deeds. Oliver showed today how brave he really is. He is a true friend to all of us.”

From that time on, Oliver was always a captain when they played basketball.