One day Benny arrived,
A lone kid goat he was.
So full of life and vigor,
He could really make a buzz.

Up on a stump he’d climb,
Or atop the highest rock.
Benny never seemed to stand below
Others of the livestock.

Here was this little goat,
Who was brand-new on the farm.
He often stood above the rest,
And, oh, some pride that did harm.
Bingo was a filly, who thought she was so grand. After all, she could dart about way out front whenever she ran.

“Who do you think you are, Benny, the new kid on the block? You’re nothing but a little goat, and the only one of your flock.”

“I’m naturally very agile, that’s a talent of my breed. Come on up, give it a try, I’ll help you to succeed.”
“I challenge you to a race! I’ll prove that I’m the best. You won’t be able to keep up and my dust you will detest.”

“On your mark, get set, go!” Our two friends were off like a flash. Benny was quite impressive with how he could run so fast.

But Bingo was never worried; Benny could not keep up. As they ran across the pasture Bingo’s dust Benny did sup.
Bingo then proceeded
to mock and ridicule.
Poor Benny, who felt defeated,
soon to a corner withdrew.

The other barnyard youth
around Bingo did gather.
Treating her with great respect,
on her, praise they did lather.

No one took note of Benny,
of how lonely he had become.
And as they played games together
they left him out of the fun.
“WHAT’S THIS JEALOUSY,” STAR ASKED, 
“TAKING PLACE UPON OUR FARM? 
THE DISTANCING FROM BENNY, 
CAUSING DIVISION AND HARM.”

“WHY, BENNY IS ALL ALONE. 
NOT ONLY WITHOUT A MOTHER, 
YOU ALSO WITHHOLD FRIENDSHIP 
AND WITH LONELINESS YOU SMOTHER.”

“IT WAS BENNY WHO STARTED IT 
BY ALWAYS CLIMBING HIGH. 
BUT EVER SINCE HE LOST THE RACE 
HE STAYS ON HIS OWN TO CRY.”
“As a horse you like to gallop,
and truly you are fast.
The calves, they like to frolic
and play in fields of grass.”

“But Benny is a little goat,
and does what all goats do.
He will stand atop some height
seeking a good view.”

“Now I suggest you give him,
an equal moment to gloat.
Have a balance contest
and when he wins, let him boast.”
And so Bingo took her place atop a rock with care. It was difficult to keep her footing, though there was room to spare.

Benny jumped up on a rock, for him it was so natural. He stood and stood upon its peak. He was truly masterful.

Star glanced over at Bingo, whose head hung down in shame. It wasn’t losing that bothered her, it was knowing she was to blame.
“IT’S TIME TO PUT THINGS RIGHT AND SHOW BENNY SOME RESPECT. I WILL COUNT MYSELF HONORED, BENNY, IF MY FRIENDSHIP YOU WILL ACCEPT.”

TAKE A MOMENT NOW AND WITH ME GIVE THIS SOME THOUGHT. HAVE YOU EVER SHUNNED A FRIENDSHIP, WHILE YOU ACTED LIKE A BIG SHOT?

IF SO, I SUGGEST YOU DO LIKE BINGO, LEARN TO LOOK FOR WHAT IS GOOD. A FUN FRIENDSHIP MIGHT BE WAITING IN THAT ONE YOU’VE MISUNDERSTOOD.

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Authored by Christi S. Lynch
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