

# Noa's story

Jack was excited, he was off to the Jamboree and he sat by the warming fire with Sarah at their preparation camp making the friendship gift they would take with them. "Why are you making a bracelet?", Jack asked curiously. "Two reasons – firstly, it's round and with the Jamboree being based on one world it kind of fitted", she replied, "and secondly, it's the weaving together of different strands and I thought that would work with all the different people coming together." Jack sat looking at the knife in one hand, the lump of wood in the other and the growing pile of chippings at his feet. "So what's that then?" Sarah asked. "Well, I was thinking of something useful and traditional, something that we never have enough of, something carved by my own hands, something like a peg." "It's definitely something like a peg", she commented. "Oh, I give up!" said Jack and threw his effort to the ground. They carried on chatting about all the activities the camp had in store for them.



Up above a young star shone down on the camp, he was listening in to the conversation and became caught up with the excitement and the essence of the camp and especially the idea of friendship gifts. "Noa ,what are you up to?" asked his father. "Oh, just a couple of kids making friendship gifts for a camp they are going to." "You look concerned though", his father commented, "Yes, the boy seems to have given up making his - he seems frustrated and sad that his efforts aren't good enough. I wish I could help." Noa looked to his father hopefully: he knew he could help but wasn't sure he would be allowed to.



As the night wore on the sky shone with the bright lights of the stars ahead. "Hey, Jack – look!" Sarah exclaimed as she jumped up and looked to the sky. "See the shooting stars!" Jack stood up and moved away from the fire and his pile of failed attempts. "Oh come on, cheer up! This is amazing! And you know that shooting stars are lucky, don't you?" "It is pretty cool and I need as much luck as I can get to make my gift for camp." "Time for bed" came the voice from the main camp. "Oh well, I'll have another go tomorrow if I get the chance. 'Night, Sarah", "'Night Jack". As the shooting stars faded above, the camp slowly settled down



The night went quiet as the spectacle of stars lasted for hours. And as the whisperings in the tents and the fire died down a bright light came down, hovered and then danced by the fire and into the failed peg attempt. Noa had landed and as just as all around was still, life grew within the peg and it hopped it's way to Jack's rucksack and into the top pocket.



"I thought you said it was rubbish anyway," said Sarah. "I know, but it was the best I could do – someone must have thrown it onto the fire. Never mind, let's get on and join in with the activities today." And what activities there were! All to prepare them for the Jamboree: zorbing, powerbocking, climbing and karting to name but a few and whilst Jack and his friends joined in, from the top of the rucksack sat an intrigued and fascinated Noa.

"Have you got everything Jack?" asked his mum as she stood by his bedroom door. His room was a mess and how he could find anything in there amazed his mother. "Hope so!" now we've ticked off most of the list - just a few things left. And what about this friendship gift - where is that?" "Oh please, don't remind me" Jack complained. " You know I didn't make one in the end." With only one day before the Jamboree Jack was getting more and more disheartened about not having a gift to represent the friendship of the Jamboree.

“Well, that’s me done, Jack”, Sarah said proudly as she finished putting up her tent. “I can’t wait for the opening ceremony. Do you want a hand, Jack?” “It’s ok, thanks, I’ve nearly done. What a cool camp, so many people and so much to do!” “Did you sort out the gift? You know we have to leave in a moment to meet all the other people, and give them out to our ‘new friends’? I wonder which country mine will come from.” Jack looked deflated, he’d got so caught up in the excitement he’d forgotten about the opening ceremony and gift giving.



“You go off, I’ll catch you up”, Jack said. “Are you sure? I can wait till you’ve finished,” replied Sarah. “No, it’s fine, honest.” And as Sarah and the rest went off to the opening ceremony, Jack sat and slowly unpacked his rucksack. “What’s this?” he asked aloud, “How did it get here?” Jack took the misformed peg from out of the rucksack and looked at it puzzlingly. Initially he was cross with himself for being so useless and then he smiled. How funny this little peg looked and how ridiculous he was for getting so upset about the whole thing. Jack climbed out his tent and he looked at the rest leaving the sub camp. He thought he was the last but he realised that he wasn’t alone. A few tents away he saw someone struggling with their ten. The girl seemed to trying to get the guys down in the wind and as he approached her he noticed she was missing something.



Jack rushed back to his tent, he got out the misformed peg and went over to the girl still fighting the tent and the wind. "Hi, would this help?" The girl looked up, Jack held out his peg. "What is it?" she asked. Jack laughed, "It was meant to be a peg - my friendship gift but as you can see it's not the best looking peg in the world!" As she held out her hand to take it she replied, "Maybe not the best looking, but possibly the most useful. Thank you!" She took the peg and together they tapped in the last guy - the tent was up.





“I guess we missed the ceremony then”, she said as they stood up and looked beyond the tents. “Guess so”, he replied. ‘I’m Jack. “ “Hi I’m Claire. Here have my scarf in return for your gift.” “Thanks!” And as the two of them chatted about the forthcoming week, Noa realised he had done his part. As the two kids watched the ceremony from afar, the sky twinkled as new friendships began...

