Story of Semo
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A long, long time ago, two villages sat side by side.
Can you guess who lived in these two villages?

One group of villagers had wide ears, eyes, and noses that were perfectly round and smooth. This was the village of circles.

But who lived in the other village?

The villagers there had eyes set squarely on their faces. Their noses and mouths were firm and upright.
Whenever the villagers would see someone from the other village, they would do nothing but pout and grumble under their breath. The circles raised their perfectly round noses up in the air and said, “Look at those squares, they can’t even roll up a hill!”

The squares set their mouths in a line and said, “Those circles are too round, they’ll never be able to stand
upright like us.”
As different as the circles and squares were, the villages did have one thing in common: a dream. They both dreamt of one day reaching the sky.
Each and every day, the circles and squares would huff and puff with all their might to go up faster and higher than the other village.

The circles would lurch upwards, as high as their round bodies allowed.

The squares would wobble and teeter on top of each other.

But neither could reach the
sky.
Then, a circle and square fell in love . . .
The two decided to spend the rest of their lives together and built a beautiful house right in between the two villages. They gave birth to a precious child with eyes, ears, and a nose that tweaked in stout, adorable peaks. Her name was Semo.
Her parents loved her more than anything else, but Semo always felt a little empty.
The villagers had never seen anything like her, and treated her differently.
“Her feet are too pointy, she can’t even roll down this hill!”

“Why, she’s not even a full square!”

“She’s only half!”

“Stand upright? She couldn’t even if she wanted to!”

As hurt as she was, Semo wanted to be just like them.
So she slipped off on her own, bumping down the hill, rubbing away at her angles and edges.

She would tumble along mercilessly, letting her body bang against the earth, anything to dull her three corners.

She wouldn’t stop.
Soon her beautiful golden yellow was splotched with painful aches and bruises. But Semo didn’t care. She didn’t want to be the only one who looked different.
Until one day, everything changed. Semo saw two things she had never seen before.

One had two large horns jutting out from the sides of her head.

The other displayed a prominent waist, pinched delicately around her middle.
The three became fast friends. They would frolic all the day long, romping around without a single care or worry.

"You have some impressive horns there, Belsky!"

"Bree, your hips! I've never seen anything like them before!"

"You're pretty cute and pointy yourself, Semo!"
The more Semo was with her new friends, something started to unravel inside of her. She felt more . . . free. Until one day, the unbelievable happened.

Huffing and puffing happily, the three of them collapsed on top of each other, tuckered out from another day of play.

As soon as they touched, their bodies tingled and glowed a bright yellow.
Their hands and feet joined. Semo and her friends started drifting upwards.
Up, up, high into the sky, the three of them rose together. And though they never knew it, the circles and squares finally achieved their dream.
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Original Story

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