

Name _____ Date _____

A Good Friend

Misha stumbled into her room and sank down miserably onto her bed. She wished she could take back her angry and thoughtless words. She had told her best friend that she did not like her. She hadn't really meant it, but the angry words had just poured out.

Misha knew that she was jealous of Anna's talent for drawing. Anna could draw so beautifully, and Misha so wanted to be an artist. Misha felt her tears dripping onto her pillow, and then she felt something chilly and damp touch her arm. She looked down and saw her playful cat, Oliver.

Oliver meowed and rubbed against Misha's shoulder. The tearful girl began to stroke the affectionate cat. She petted him tenderly until her tears stopped. Oliver purred and rolled playfully onto his back. He patted Misha's hand, and Misha chuckled loudly.

Oliver knew how to make her forget her troubles. He was a good friend. Misha wanted to be a good friend, too. She decided to draw Anna a portrait of Oliver.

1. Why was Misha upset?
2. What did Oliver's actions persuade Misha to do?