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# *Let's Be Friends Again!*

By HANS WILHELM





This is a story about my little sister and me.

Usually we got along well together. But ... sometimes my little sister was a real pest. Particularly when I had to baby-sit.



But she was a good listener  
when I told bedtime stories.





Sometimes I hated  
having to share things  
with her all the time.

But she was a great pirate!



One day my little sister did a terrible thing.





She thought that my pet turtle needed more exercise.

So she decided to set it free in the pond!



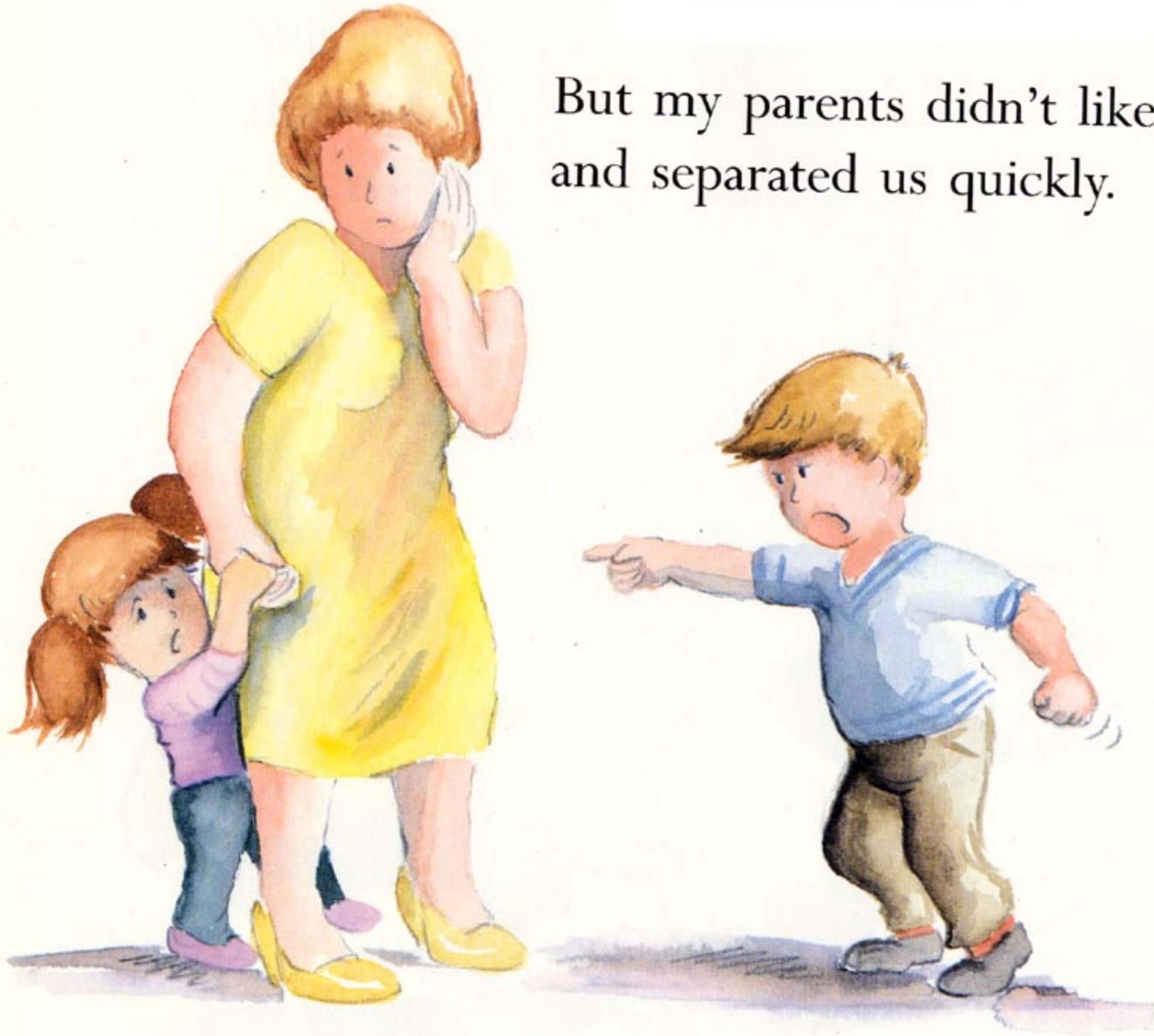




When I saw what she had done, I was madder than I'd ever been before.

I could have killed her right there and then.

But my parents didn't like that idea  
and separated us quickly.



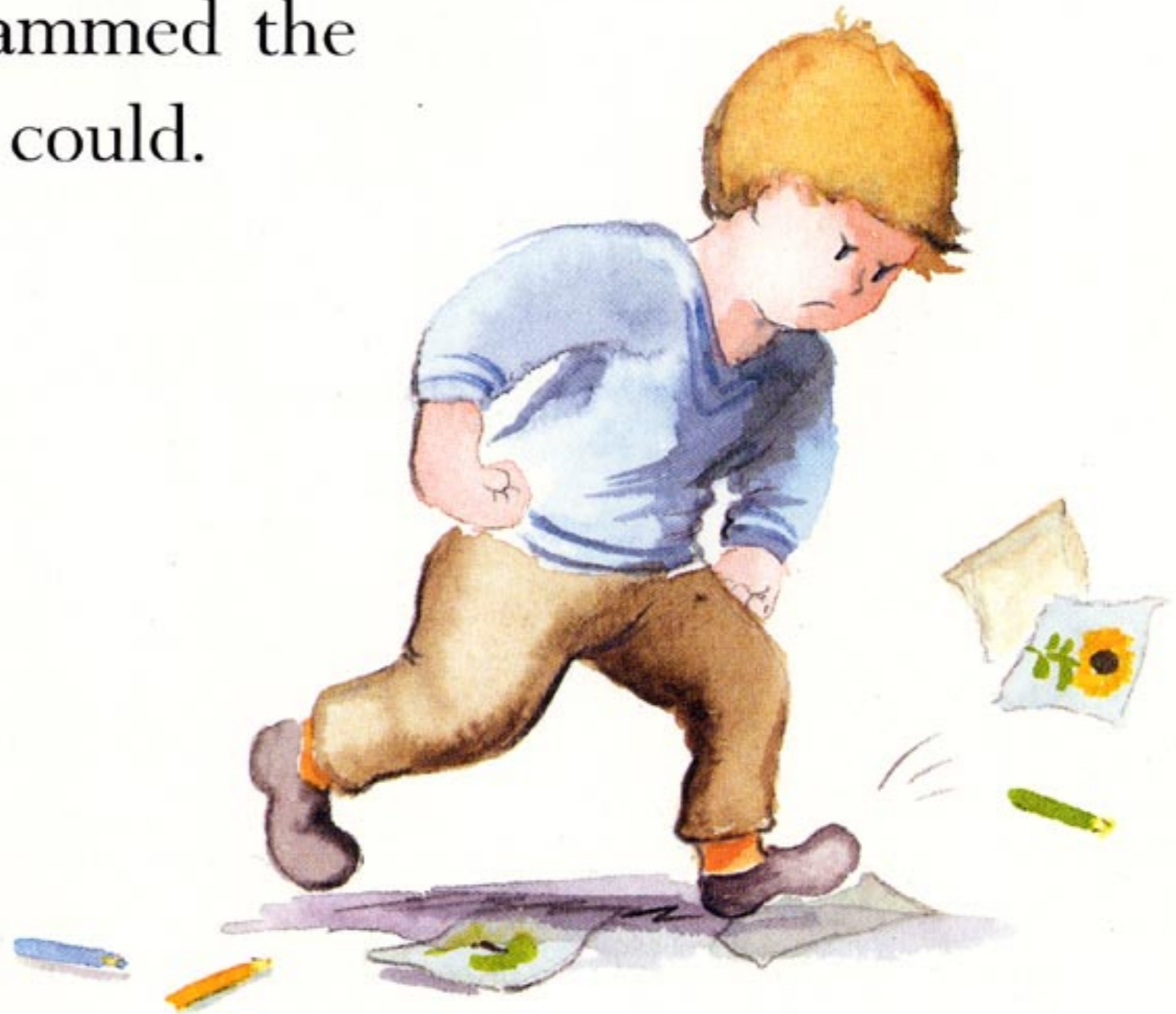
My sister said that she was sorry.  
But I felt that was not enough!  
I was very angry.



She even offered to buy me a new turtle  
with her pocket money. But I didn't want a new one.  
I wanted MY turtle back!



My parents didn't say much. They seemed to be on her side. I went to my room and slammed the door as loudly as I could.





I thought of many ways to punish my little sister.



I tried to get some sleep.



But it didn't work.

I began to feel sick. I was convinced  
I even had a temperature!







I was too upset to get out of bed. Meanwhile, my sister was singing and dancing in the garden. She seemed to be having the best time of her life.

I was the one who was upset and my little sister didn't seem to care at all. My turtle was gone! How could she forget all about it so easily. I was mad, mad, MAD!





I punched my pillows  
a few times as hard as I could,  
let go of an awful scream ...  
and felt a lot better.



Finally I knew what to do.





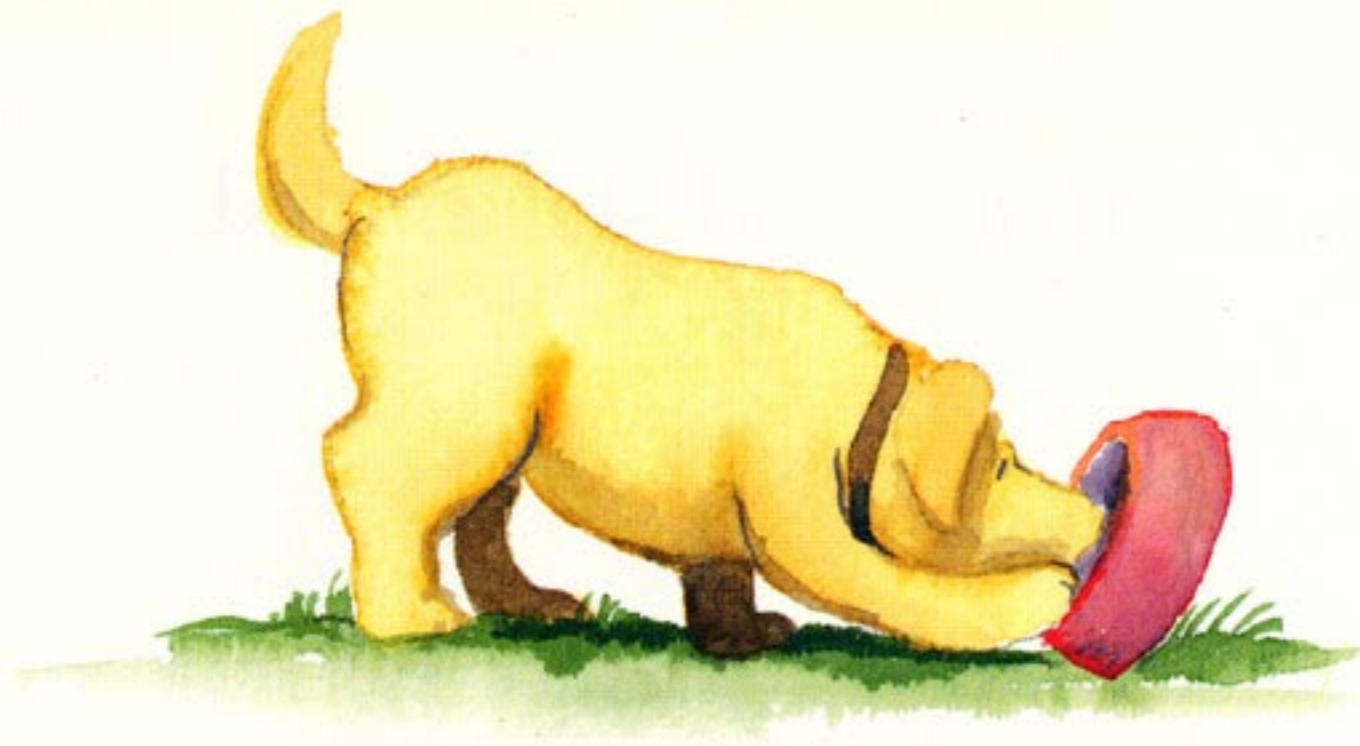
I got up and put on my shoes.

Then I went outside to where my sister  
was feeding the dog.



I said to her, "I'll help you with that," and she smiled.





“By the way,” I said after a little while, “the thing with the turtle is OK. I’m not angry anymore.”



“Does that mean we are friends again?” asked my sister.

“Yes,” I said. “We’re friends again.”

I was surprised how easy it was to say that. Then I asked her, “Do you want to come to the pet shop with me?”

“To buy a new turtle?”

“No,” I said and smiled.



“We are going to buy a couple of hamsters,”  
I said. “One for you and one for me. We can  
keep them in the old aquarium.”



My sister took my hand and off we went.