

Being Fair and Kind

"Hey!" I exclaimed. "Why did she get ice cream, and why didn't I get any? It's not fair!"

"Well, because I've known her longer than I've known you," said my friend.

"That's not really fair," I said.

"Ya, but she's my favorite friend!" said my friend.

"Um, maybe *You* think that, but it's not nice of you to say that in front of me!"

"I guess," she said, "but it's still true." That day wasn't the best day of my life. I didn't come home crying, but I was still upset.

The next day, I came to school and prepared myself to go with my other friends and ignore the people I was with yesterday. But oddly, the unexpected happened.

It was during recess. I tripped over a jump rope and fell on the cement. I scraped my knee and it hurt! The teacher came up to me, but the old friend that I was with yesterday got to me first and helped me up.

"Thanks," I said in a non-enthusiastic way.

The teacher came up to us and told me to go wash my knee, and if it was still bleeding to see the nurse for a band aid. She asked my old friend to help me.

My friend took me into the bathroom and helped me wet a paper towel and dab the blood away.

"Why are you helping me?" I asked.

"Because," she said, "I'm sorry."

Those words shocked me.

"You're sorry?" >u

"Ya," she said. "I didn't mean to be inconsiderate. I wasn't having the best day myself, and it wasn't right of me to take my anger out on you."

"It's okay," I said, "we all have our bad days." My friend and I learned an important lesson that day, and we learned that *You* feel better when you are kind to and fair to everyone around you.