

THE SECRET TO MAKING FRIENDS

Wiggly lay buried deep in the ground all alone. The small earthworm was sad and miserable. "Nobody wants to play with me," he sighed sadly. "I'm just an ugly worm."

Above ground, the sun was shining brightly and the birds were chirping. Butterflies fluttered from flower to flower, as if dancing with one another. A ladybug was playing with a grasshopper; a bee joined in as well. Wiggly could hear the laughter of the others as they had fun, but it only made him feel more lonely and sad.

Why won't anyone invite me to play?
he thought.

But, instead of going out to see if he could find a friend, Wiggly stayed underground, sulking.



Days passed, and Wiggly stayed put, buried in the dirt. With every day that passed Wiggly felt sorrier for himself and even lonelier.

One night, when the moon was full and shining brightly in the sky, Wiggly had a dream. In his dream, a kind old caterpillar had noticed Wiggly hiding in the earth. The caterpillar gently nudged Wiggly out into the open.

"Why aren't you playing with the other insects, and enjoying life above ground?" the caterpillar asked Wiggly.

Wiggly didn't know what to say.

The kind old caterpillar smiled thoughtfully. "Let me tell you a little secret," he said. "If you truly want to be happy, then you must make an effort."

Wiggly gave the caterpillar a puzzled look. "What does that mean?" he asked.



"Well, if you make the effort to reach out to others, you'll feel better inside—you'll be happier," explained the old caterpillar. "You see, when you think about others, you forget to think about how sad you feel."

"Really?" Wiggly responded.

"Why, of course! Why don't you try it!" the caterpillar said. "The next time you feel sad, instead of staying in your little hole, go out into the sunshine and look for someone you'd like to be friends with. Instead of waiting on others to ask you to come and play, why don't you go out and invite them to a game yourself?"

"I like that idea!" Wiggly exclaimed, and a smile beamed on his face.

"Having a friend would be so nice!"

The following morning the sun peeked over the horizon, and its warm rays invited creatures, great and small, to come out and play.



When Wiggly awoke he poked his head out of his hole. He saw other little creatures and insects stretching and yawning from their night's sleep. He looked around at the big, wide world and suddenly became shy. Quickly, he went back underground to the safety of his dark home. But then he remembered what the kind old caterpillar in his dream had told him about making friends.

"It's worth a try," Wiggly told himself, and squirmed out into the open.

Wiggly crawled outside and saw a beetle sitting on a nearby blade of grass. Wiggly felt shy, but he was also tired of being sad and alone, so he made his way over to the beetle.

"Hi, there," the beetle said when he saw Wiggly.

"Uh, hi," responded Wiggly. "I was wondering if you'd want to play with me?"



"Sure," answered the beetle. "I was wondering who I could play with. I'm new around here, and I am looking forward to making friends. I'm glad you asked!"

Wiggly smiled. "I'm glad I asked too."

Soon oodles of insects joined them in their game, scurrying around in the grass playing with Wiggly and his new beetle friend. Wiggly was right in the middle of all the fun! Wiggly squirmed here and there with his newfound friends.

When they played a game of hide-and-seek, a small caterpillar called Tibs followed Wiggly. "Can I hide with you?" Tibs asked.

"Sure," answered Wiggly. "But we'd better hurry, as Hamilton is going to be looking for us soon."

Hamilton was an ant, and he was the seeker for this hide-and-seek game.



Wiggly and Tibs hid behind a small potted plant nearby. It seemed like it was taking forever for Hamilton to find them. "I'm going to see if Hamilton is coming," Wiggly whispered.

But as Wiggly peeked around the corner, Hamilton spotted him.

"I found you!" shouted Hamilton, running over to Wiggly.

Tibs giggled. Hamilton heard her giggle and hurried over to see who it was. "Ah, I found you, too!"

"You know, I've never had a worm friend before," Tibs told Wiggly. "I think we're going to be best of friends."

"I sure hope so," Wiggly said with a grin. *I'm so glad I tried making friends*, he thought.

Wiggly had learned the secret of making new friends.—Be friendly, outgoing, and caring towards others, and then friendship finds you.

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