

# Best Friends

by Elizabeth Trach

Every night after the sun went down, Fletch began patrolling the house. Fletch was a brown cat with black stripes just like a tiger. He walked from room to room until all the humans in the house went to bed.

When everything was quiet, Fletch tiptoed over to a small hole in the wall behind the television and let out a very small meow. That was Fritz's signal to come out and play.

Fritz poked his tiny pink nose out of the hole. "Shh!" he squeaked. "My mom doesn't want me to play with you!"

"Why not?" asked Fletch.

"Because you're a cat. She says you're mean, and that you'll eat me up!" Fritz began to cry.

Fletch felt sad. "I would never eat you. You're my friend."

"But you do have very sharp claws," sniffled Fritz. His nose and whiskers quivered.

Fletch looked at his paws. "I can't help that. I was born with claws. But I don't have to use them."

Fritz slowly stepped out of the hole. Then he smiled. Then he ran. "Come and get me!" he squeaked.

Fletch ran after Fritz. They scampered all over the house. This was their favorite game. Fletch finally caught up with Fritz and put his paw on his tail. Fritz was trapped!

"You win!" Fritz said. He sat down. Fritz knew that this would scare his mother, but Fletch always let Fritz go.

Fletch lifted up his paw. "That was fun! And you're getting very fast," Fletch said.

"That's because you're giving me so much exercise," said Fritz. Then Fritz yawned. "Time for bed," he said.

Fletch yawned too. "Alright. Good night, Fritz. See you tomorrow!"

Fritz smiled. "Of course! My mom will just think I'm out hunting for crumbs." Fritz winked.

The two best friends said good night. They went to bed happy, knowing that they would always be able to play together even though they were different.

**Questions**

1. How are Fritz and Fletch different?
2. How are Fritz and Fletch alike?
3. Why doesn't Fritz's mother like Fletch?
4. Do you think Fritz and Fletch should be friends? Why or why not?