

Fast Friends



Could a bad video game cost him his new friend?

After school the next day, the doorbell rang. Diego ran to answer the door. There was a new boy in the neighborhood standing there. Diego had seen him on the playground today.

“Hi, I’m Ruben,” he said. “Do you want to play at my house?”

Diego grinned. A friend to play with? It was an answer to his prayer!

They walked over to Ruben’s house and sat down on the couch. Ruben’s older brother was playing a video game. Diego didn’t know what to think at first. The game was really violent and had gross pictures, but Ruben and his brother seemed to like it. “Get him!” Ruben shouted as they watched.

Diego felt his stomach squirm, and he stared down at his feet. He knew he wasn’t supposed to be watching video games like this one.

But what could he do?

He didn’t want his new friend to think he was too boring to play exciting video games. Would Ruben think he was weird if he spoke up?

He looked around the room and tried to think of other things they could do.

Diego took a deep breath. “Hey, umm . . . can you show me the rest of your house? Or maybe we can play upstairs?” he said.

Ruben looked at Diego for a second. Diego bit his lip. Would Ruben say he didn’t want to play anymore?

Then Ruben’s eyes lit up. “Wait, do you like cars? I have the *fastest* cars. Want to race them?”

Diego smiled and nodded. He followed Ruben upstairs. The heavy feeling lifted—he felt like he was floating up the stairs! He was glad he had a new friend, and he was glad he hadn’t watched something bad.

“The red car is mine,” Ruben said, “but you can use the blue one or the green one. Which one do you want?”

Diego reached for the green car—his favorite color. This was an easy choice to make. ■

The author lives in Utah, USA.



COURAGEOUS CHOICES

“It requires courage to make good choices, even when others around us choose differently.”

Elder W. Craig Zwick of the Seventy, “We Will Not Yield, We Cannot Yield,” *Ensign* or *Liahona*, May, 2008, 97.

By Amanda Michaelis

Based on a true story

“Choose the right when a choice is placed before you” (Hymns, no. 239).

Diego trudged up the hill on his way home from school. Recess was usually the best part of the day. But all week it had been terrible! No one wanted to play football with him, so he just walked around the playground by himself until the bell rang.

“Mom, I’m home!” Diego yelled as he slid through the door and sat down in the kitchen.

“How was school?” Mom asked.

“Not so good.” Diego grabbed an apple. “No one wanted to play with me at recess.” He could feel tears coming, so he squeezed his eyes shut.

“It’s hard feeling lonely or left out,” Mom said. She put her hand on Diego’s shoulder. “Maybe you could say a prayer for help.”

Diego rubbed his eyes. “Thanks, Mom,” he said and ran to his room. Did Heavenly Father really care whether he had friends to play with at recess? Diego knelt down and prayed that he could find a friend.

When he finished, he felt a little better, but he still had no idea what to do.



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