

Her little brother stared at the closed door and listened as her stereo got louder. “I guess she’s still mad at me,” whispered Ed. “I’ve got to make this her best birthday present ever.” Carefully, he carried the hidden supplies down to his room.

Ed got the butterfly rug out of the shopping bag Mom had given him. He put it in a box and wrapped it carefully. He wrapped it with the white side of the wrapping paper facing outward so that he could draw his own designs. Ed drew a picture of Jill and himself playing together. On the next side he put a picture of them drawing together. On the last two sides without folds, he made a picture of a flower and of a butterfly. He smiled as he looked at his work.

That night, after the family sang “Happy Birthday” to Jill, Ed ran to get his gift out of his room.

“I picked this out just for you, and I decorated it myself,” said Ed.

Jill looked at each of the pictures. “I can’t stay mad at you forever,” she said as she opened the box.

“I know you like butterflies, and I wanted you to be able to cover up the place where the marker leaked,” Ed explained as Jill pulled the rug out of the box.

“Oh Ed, it matches my room perfectly. I guess we can be art buddies again. I forgive you,” Jill said as she gave him a hug.

Ed beamed. Jill had given him a gift on her birthday: the gift of forgiveness.

