



When my parents got divorced and Daddy moved to a different house, it took a little while to get used to things.

At first I was so mad and upset that Daddy moved away that I didn't want to talk to him. When Daddy would come to pick me up for a visit, I would cry and scream and make a big fuss. I guess I thought that if I acted badly, Mom and Dad would become friends again.





Then one day during my visit with Daddy, he told me that he made a new friend and that he wanted me to meet her. Before I could say NO, Daddy's friend showed up! Not only did I refuse to say HI to her, but I spilled my drink on purpose and didn't even help clean up the mess. Instead I sat with my arms crossed and made a real mean face at her!





Daddy's friend must have really liked him, because no matter how badly I acted and no matter how hard I tried, Daddy's friend wouldn't go away; instead, she was nice to me! Daddy kept telling me that even though he made a new friend, that nothing would ever change and that he would always be there for me, no matter what.

