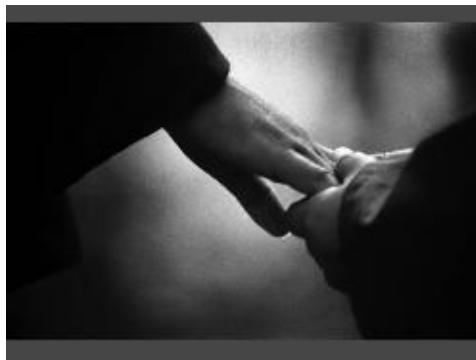


My daddy- The man of the stars...

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By : hotmilk

A class was asked to describe their daddies, this is what one girl said...



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My Daddy The man of the stars. â My daddy is super tall, he can weach the top of the car!â Simon smiled. â My daddy says I am a princess and he's taking mum and me to Disney land and he is going to buy me an ice cream!â Rachel said the gap in her teeth gleaming. â My dad is the boss and he's allowed to shout at stu-pid people but he doesn't shout at me.â Ewan shook his head â Well my dad travels the whole wide world, he's been on a camel in Egypt but he's always back in time to tuck me in at night.â Jessica gleamed whilst pulling at the chain around her neck. â He bought me this for my b-urthaday.â â !.....â Izzy, it's your turn honey.â Mrs Johnson cooed, rubbing the little girls shoulder. â Okay Ms.â She said, her green eyes gleaming. â My daddy works a lot and he travels all over the sky.â Izzy and the rest of class 1 looked up. â He doesn't tuck me in....â â Why?â Jessica said overwhelmed with worry, â Why Ms Johnson doesn't her daddy tuck her in.â Jessica squealed , ringing Ms Johnson's skirt like a bell. â He can't, he has to tuck the stars in first.â Mrs Johnson's gaze fell. â When I was little daddy looked up one night and listened to the stars, they were crying but they didn't have a dad or a mum to kiss them better, mum understood and told me that he must go. He kissed me goodbye, I cried because I was sad but I am not now, I have mum; and dad visits every night when I am asleep but I know that he is always there because his beard rubs on my face.â Izzy giggled. â He must make sure the stars behave and calm down at night, if they don't he shouts at them and there are fireworks and the whole sky shakes, I would be scared but I know it's just daddy getting mad and then when the sun comes up he has to make sure the babies are silent and sleeping.â â Babies, you said but you said that your daddy looked after the stars.â Stuttered Simon. â But they're only babies silly, they aren't glowing, they are crying.â â Oh.â Simon said now gazing at a drifting butterfly. â I don't live with my daddy and I can't see him but he can see me, because he is always up there...looking down on me, that's what mum says.â Izzy smiled the sincerest of smiles. Though did she do it because she was happy, or because it was the only way she knew how to hold back the tears? Ms Johnson looked at the girl with pity...the look never faded. On that very same night, that very same little girl knelt by her window sill, with crystals racing down her cheeks and whispered in the tiniest of voices. â Daddy.... I love you, come home soon...yes.â She then clambered into bed and hugged her spotted cuddly dog, until finally, she succumbed to her tiredness. But sure enough past that little girls room and the playground of the aeroplanes, past the trumpet blowing angels and the spirits of those unseen, a man with a beard looked down and caught that little girls whisper and smiled.... ..and on that night the babies of the sky shone, with just a little more light. The End

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