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### She Makes Me Think of Pancakes

My eyes filled with tears as I looked into my daddy's face. The disappointment and anger in his eyes sliced through my heart like a knife to butter. The pain was entirely too much for me to take, so I went to my room. Telling my dad that I was pregnant was the hardest thing that I had ever done.

As I walked into my room, I saw my best friend sitting on my bed. I held her as I cried. Ann was the only person who could comfort me. Her skin was very soft, a milk chocolate color made from cotton. She had dark brown hair made of yarn. Ann was totally made out of cloth from head toe and stuffed to perfection. Her face was drawn on. She had black circles for eyes, a red triangle for a nose, and a simply curved line for a mouth. She wore a red flowered dress with red and white striped socks and black shoes. She smelled of pancakes and suddenly a smile appeared on n my face. I remembered being three again and how perfect my life was. I thought about how I lived to make pancakes with my daddy.

As the morning sun began to shine into my room, I rolled over to see if Ann was still beside me. Just like any other morning I found her laying on the right side of my bed. I sat on the cold floor to put on my Barney slippers, grabbed Ann, and ran into my parents' room. Climbing up the middle of the bed, I landed right on my daddies' chest. "Daddy, what's today?"

Opening his eyes, he looked at me and smiled saying, "Its Friday baby," My eyes lit up. "So then tomorrow we can make pancakes, because if today is Friday then tomorrow will be Saturday, right?" After leaving his room, Ann and I went to watch cartoons and wait on daddy to join us in the living room.

Since I was the only child I looked forward to two things, spending time my dad and playing with Ann. My dad was always gone because of the army, so I cherished every moment we shared. Ann was a gift from my dad that came from Panama. I got her when I was nine months old, and from that day on we did everything together. She made me feel closer to my dad while he was away.

As I woke up the next day, excitement covered my whole body like a blanket. I looked up to see that my daddy standing at the door waiting on me to wake up. "Pancakes!" I yelled, racing into the kitchen. I placed Ann on a chair at the table and pushed another over to the sink. I wasn't tall enough to reach anything. Both in our pajamas, we washed our hands and began. I had a smile from ear to ear, but it turned into concentration as I began to mix the batter. Laughing he said, "Make sure you keep it all in the bowl." Taking a short break, I looked up "I will daddy."

Seeing him smile was confirmation that I had made him happy, and for that I was very proud of myself. All I ever wanted to do was make him happy, so I tried really hard to do everything perfectly. As he helped me pour the batter into the frying pan, the smell of pancakes quickly filled the room. It made me feel like I had conquered the world because I

helped make something awesome that we both enjoyed. That was our special moment together.

Coming back to reality, I realized that everything was going to be fine. Ann always had a way of making me feel better. She was always there to listen when I needed her, and so was daddy. We may have had moments where we were really mad and frustrated with each other, but at the end of the day he was still going to be there to love, take care of, and spoil me rotten.

I have learned many things from my daddy, from learning how to tie my shoes to riding my first bike. However, looking back on my life, I have learned so much more from my dad. The most important thing that I have learned from my dad is to take care of my family and make time for the people in my life that I love. He never actually said these words to me but he showed me. He would come home every day from a long day's work, and no matter how tired he was, he made sure to spend time with me, whether it was a movie that we watched together or him just listening to me talk for hours. He taught me what true love is by never talking down to me or beating me up. Instead, he opened doors for me and told me that I was beautiful and that he loved me every day. There were even days where he just held me as I cried. Both he and my mom did their best to make sure all of their children knew how much we were loved. They took time to tell us how important we were both to them and this world. They also taught us that with hard work and dedication we could do anything we set our hearts to. This is what awesome parents are like.

Now that I am older and no longer the only child, daddy and I don't really have a lot of time to make pancakes together anymore. I'm busy with a son of my own and school while he spends most of his time at work. Ann and I don't spend much time together either, but on occasion when life slows down I have a moment to look at her. The sight of her makes me think of pancakes and spending time with my dad. That alone makes my day better.