

Freaking Out

One day I arrive home during a thunderstorm, and as I remove my wet clothes, I hear my youngest daughter crying loudly from the living room, as her older sister tries in vain to console her. “What’s going on?” I ask, and my wife explains that Tori is scared to death of the lightning and thunder.

I enter the room in an attempt to comfort my little “Daddy’s girl”, and as I pick her up, she is clinging to me like Velcro. “What’s the matter sweetheart?” I chime, and in a very serious tone, the two-year-old, teary-eyed child replies, “Daddy, I am totally freaking out”.