

*Massacre* off the shelf at Blockbuster. She insisted that we rent it. I said no. So, there between the rows of videos, she launched into a tantrum of monumental proportions. "I wanna watch Chainsaw!" she screamed, tears streaming over her glowing red cheeks. Playing the role of the embarrassed parent, I said loudly enough for everyone in the store to hear, "Elizabeth, you're not watching *Chainsaw Massacre*! You're only three!" Then I hissed under my breath, "Young lady, you get up off that floor right now or you'll be in time out for the rest of your life!" Sensing that she was humiliating me, she continued, "No Papa, no! Don't lock me in my room! I'll be good! I promise!" By this time, everyone in the video store was staring at me like *I* was the chainsaw killer, so I tossed her over my shoulder and carried her out screaming. I haven't been back to that store since.

As you can see, Elizabeth is a bright young lady with an endearing, but challenging, personality. She is ahead of her time in many ways, but I don't want her to grow up too fast. Shane, her first "boyfriend", recently quit his job at Elizabeth's preschool. I dreaded the day I had to tell her Shane didn't work there anymore because I knew how she reacted to bad news. Shane left a nice card for her in her cubby, and I told her after school that she probably wouldn't see him anymore. She curled her lip in a pout for most of the ride home, and I started to think that *I* would start to cry. But when we arrived home, she set her card from Shane on the table and announced, "Now Cody's my boyfriend!"

Now I just have to find out who Cody is...and how old.