

Sorry, Ruthie

by Roland Foster

"But I want to play with her now!" demanded Ruthie.

"I'm sorry, but you can't," said Dad. He held up the doll's head in one hand and the headless body in the other. "I can't fix her until I get the right kind of glue. Tomorrow. Play with something else."

"I can't," Ruthie wailed. "I need her in order to play the game I'm playing."

"Then you'll have to play something else."

"But I don't want to!"

"Sorry, Ruthie."

Dad left Ruthie's room and went downstairs. Ruthie threw herself onto her bed and pouted.

"What's wrong, Ruthie?" asked Mom a few minutes later from the doorway of Ruthie's room.

"I'm angry," replied Ruthie, and she proceeded to tell Mom about not being able to play with her doll because it was broken.

"It sounds to me like you're frustrated," said Mom.

"I am. I'm frustrated."

"Well, usually when you get frustrated, it's because things don't suit you but you can't do anything about it."

"I know," said Ruthie.

"And when that happens, you have a choice. You can either sit and pout and be miserable, or ..."

"Or what?"

"Or you can take all of your frustration, roll it up into a tight little ball, wrap it up in a tissue, and poke it way down into the bottom of your waste basket. Then you can forget about it, go do something else, and have a nice day."

"How can I do that?"

Mom just smiled.