



Do You Sing *Twinkle*?

**A Story
About Remarriage
and New Family**

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For a long time, my brother and me lived with Dad part of the week and Mom part of the week.

We walked to school when we were at Dad's and rode the yellow school bus from Mom's house.

See, we have divorce in our family.

But that all changed
when Mom married Tom
and moved to Springfield.

The school bus didn't
go *that* far away!
That's when we had to
make a hard choice.

Hard choice is a
grown-up word for
choosing between two
not-so-perfect things
and dealing with it the
best you can. So now
we live with Dad all week,
and we stay with Mom
in Springfield every
other weekend.





But that's not the only thing. Mom has a new family! She has a new husband, Tom, who is not my dad, and worst of all, new kids.

Girls!

Mom says Erin and Amy are my stepsisters now. And I am Erin and Amy's stepbrother.

Stepsister or *stepbrother* is the grown-up word for when your mom or dad marries somebody else who is not your dad or mom and that person has kids. If the kids are boys, they're stepbrothers. If the kids are girls, they're stepsisters. The new person your mom or dad marries is your stepdad or stepmom.

But I don't want stepsisters! Amy sits on my mom's lap, and Erin whines if she doesn't get her way. Everything is always about those girls. Princess movies, doll houses, tea parties. Yuk!

I have a brother and that's all I want!



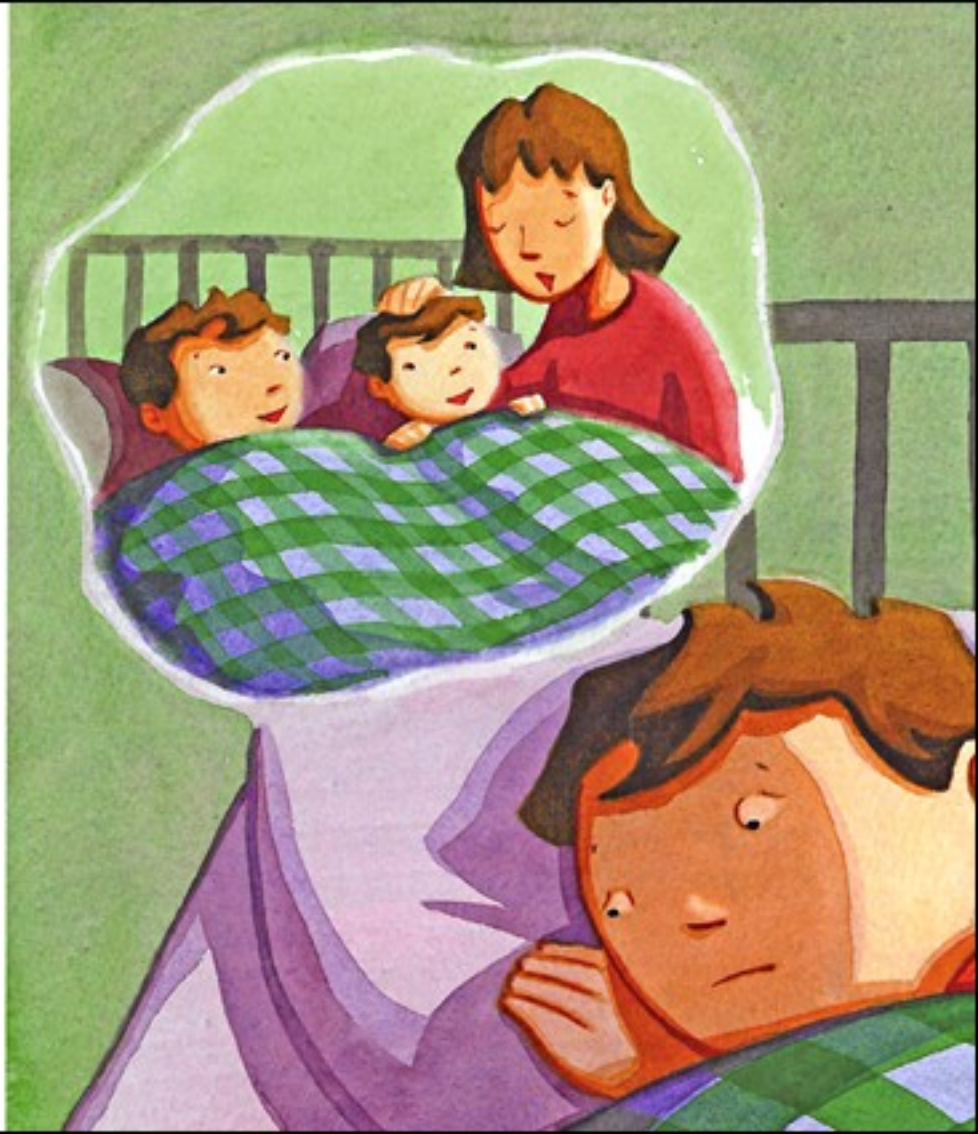
Every Sunday night at the halfway point, Dad is waiting. Mom gives us hugs and kisses, and we buckle up in Dad's car. It is always past our bedtime when we get home.

We brush our teeth and then go straight to bed.
Dad tucks us in and kisses us goodnight.



We skip a story because it's too late.

Tonight I think
about Mom. She
always reads to
us at bedtime.
She tucks the
blanket up to
our chins and
kisses our heads.
Then she sings
“*Twinkle*” to my
brother and me.





I bet that now she
reads to those girls.
And tucks the blanket
up to their chins.
And kisses their heads.
And sings "Twinkle."

Mom shouldn't sing
"Twinkle" to anybody
but my brother and
me! I am not a baby,
but I start to cry.