

Some of the best things in the world are not one thing or the other but entirely their own.

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PITMAN · TOBACCO

MY MADDY

My MADDY

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Most mommies are girls.
Most daddies are boys.
But lots of parents are
neither a boy nor a girl.
Like my Maddy.



Sometimes my
Maddy's eyes
look green, and
sometimes they
look brown.

Sometimes they
look like
both, or something
completely
different.

"Why is that?"
I ask Maddy.

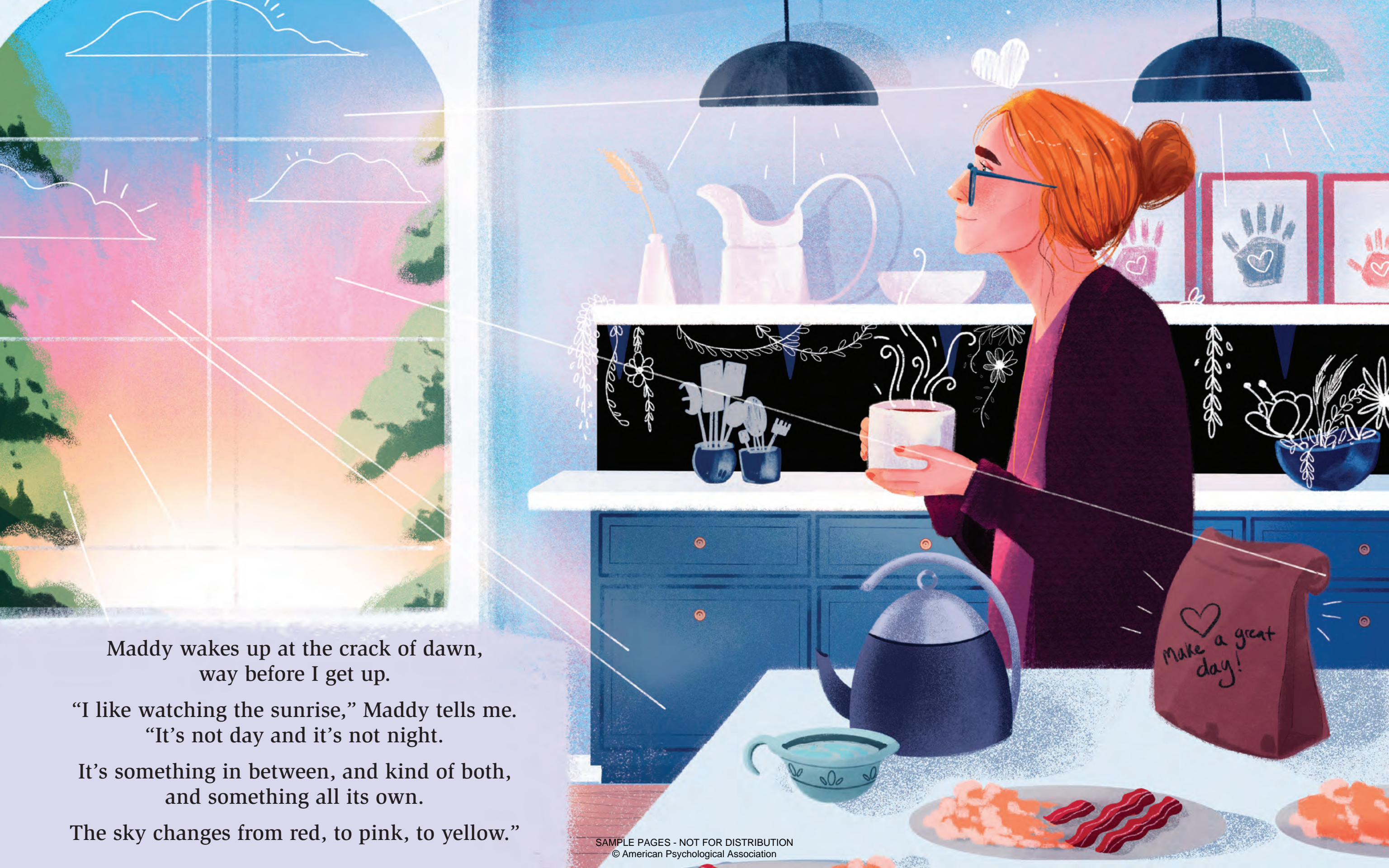
"They're hazel,"
Maddy says. "It's a
beautiful color all
its own."





Maddy's hair flows from sort of brown, to sort of blonde, to kind of both, but not really either.

If only there were a word like "hazel" for hair.



Maddy wakes up at the crack of dawn,
way before I get up.

“I like watching the sunrise,” Maddy tells me.
“It’s not day and it’s not night.

It’s something in between, and kind of both,
and something all its own.

The sky changes from red, to pink, to yellow.”

Every morning, Maddy
drinks coffee while eating
breakfast with a spork.

“I love sporks,”
says Maddy.

“It’s not a spoon
or a fork,
but kind of
both. That way,
you only need
one utensil.”

