Penny and Her Dad

When Penny’s parents separated, she was very sad and disappointed. She also had a lot of questions. “Where will I live?” she asked her parents. “You will stay here in the house with your mother,” her father said. “I am moving to an apartment and you can come visit me there.”

The house did not seem the same once Penny’s father had moved out. His magazines were not on the coffee table. His favorite green apples were no longer on the kitchen counter. The magnet that she had bought him at Disneyland was no longer on the refrigerator. The house suddenly seemed too big for just Penny and her mother.

Her father called her on Friday afternoon. “I would like for you to come spend the weekend with me,” he said. Penny was excited. But she was nervous too. What would her father’s apartment be like? Would she feel at home there? Her father picked her up a few hours later. Penny met him in the driveway with her backpack over her shoulder. “The next time you come you can bring a few more things with you if you want,” her father told her. “I want you to feel at home when you come to stay with me.”

Penny watched her house slip away in the side view mirror as they drove down the street. She had lived in that house her entire life. It had a big front porch, and a wide, curving staircase, and Penny had her very own room, with pink walls, and a bunk bed, and a desk to do her homework. She wondered if it made her father sad to leave the house too.

It took twenty minutes to drive to her father’s apartment. He had moved into a high-rise building downtown. Penny was familiar with the building because on the street level there was an ice cream shop where she and her father liked to go. “Oh!” Penny exclaimed when she saw it. “I know this place!” Her father smiled. “Every time I see the ice cream shop I think of you,” he said.

The apartment was on the 15th floor. It looked out over the river. Penny walked around, looking at everything. Her father’s magazines were on the coffee table. There was a bowl of his favorite green apples on the kitchen counter. The magnet that she had bought him at Disneyland was on the refrigerator. The apartment was much smaller than their house, but it felt cozy. “I have one more thing to show you,” her father said, and he led her down the hall. He opened a door, and there was her bedroom! Only it couldn’t be her bedroom, because her bedroom was back at home, in the house...she looked up at her father in confusion. He smiled.

“I had it painted the exact same color,” he said. “I bought the same bunk bed, the same curtains and the same desk. What do you think?” “I love it!” Penny said, throwing her arms around her father’s neck. He picked her up, and for that moment, in her dad’s arms in her very own room, it was as if he had never moved out of the house at all.
Compare & Contrast

Penny’s Mom’s House

What is different?

What is the same?

What is different?

Penny’s Dad’s Apartment

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