



The Noble Architect Foundation

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Conversations with My Daughter I want to have privacy, dad!

One Saturday in July 2005

T: Can you come upstairs for a minute?
Dad: Sure. What's up honey?
T: Why I cannot lock this door?
Dad: Because it does not have a lock on it.
T: That's what I mean dad! Why it does not have a lock – this door.
Dad: None of the bedroom doors have locks.
T: Not fair. Not fair. I cannot have privacy in this house.
Dad: You're not even five years old yet. What do you want privacy for?
T: I want to have privacy dad.
Dad: Use your bathroom? It has a lock on it.
T: But you know how to open it.
Dad: You're right! I forgot. Because you should not lock the door when you're playing in the tub.
T: So when I can have privacy?
Dad: Who said you can have privacy? What is privacy?
T: But I need my privacy.
Dad: Okay, enough of this privacy stuff. I have work to do and you're not making any sense. I'm going to leave now. Come downstairs and talk to me when you feel you can explain to me what privacy means.
T: I can explain now.
Dad: I'm leaving in five seconds; four, three, two, one. We'll talk later. I love you.
T: Dad, Dad, don't go. E... has a lock on her door.
Dad: I'm not her daddy. I'm not responsible for what she does in her house.
T: When I had play date with her today, we locked the door and used make-up on our faces. It was a lot of fun.
Dad: Why did you have to lock the door to use make-up? Did you use real make-up or the kind kids use? Where was her mommy?
T: I don't know dad?
Dad: I tell you what. I allow you to use make up. You don't have to hide it from me.
T: How about a TV dad? Can I have a TV in my room?
Dad: NO! You know the rules. No TV, no phone and no computer in any bedrooms. Bedrooms are for sleeping.
T: And no lock on any door!
Dad: No lock on any room inside the house, except the bathrooms. That is correct. Did I tell you that when I was growing up we had only half an hour of TV time per week?
T: Yes dad? And you were not allowed to talk when you were eating dinner, blah,



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blah, blah.

Dad: What does blah mean?

T: I don't know? I'm mad at you dad.

Dad: You called me to come to your room so that you can insult me? For your information, blah means nonsense. Does daddy talk nonsense? Why are you mad at me?

T: I just want to have privacy when I want to be by myself.

Dad: I understand. In that case, all you have to do is to ask me - or anyone else who may be with you – you want to be alone. Any reasonable person would leave you alone.

T: What if they don't?

Dad: Just have to be strong. They will.

T: Can I kick them if they don't leave me alone?

Dad: Be nice, be reasonable. And, yes, you do what you have to do. Now, if you'd excuse me I have a thousand things to do.

T: Okay dad.

Dad: Now, can I have my special kiss and the hug before I go?

T: I want to be alone dad.

Dad: But I need a hug - real bad.

T: Dad, I want to be alone.

Dad: And, I want to be hugged.

T: You want me to kick you?

Dad: No thanks. I'm out of here. I love you.

T: (mutter) I love you too.
