



The Noble Architect Foundation

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Conversations with My Daughter She is “Gay” but is called a “Lesbian.” Right, Dad?

Part-2

November 25, 2009 Giant Supermarket Vienna, VA

X: Another 8-year-old who is over for a play date

Dad: Let's stop at the supermarket to pick up some milk and bread.

T: I hate shopping – it's so boring and tiring

X: I love shopping – can I push the cart, Mr. AzabDaftari?

Dad: Do you usually push the shopping cart when you go to the supermarket with your dad?

X: I usually go to the supermarket with my mom. I don't know what my dad does – but he never goes shopping.

Dad: That's okay, honey. Does your mom let you push the shopping cart?

X: Sometimes.

Dad: In that case both of you should push the cart together.

T: That's okay dad; I, really, don't want too!

Dad: I don't even think we need a shopping cart; we just need bread and milk.

X: Let's get a shopping cart anyways.

Dad: Okay.

At the self checkout counter the tabloid rack displays images and texts referencing the word “gay”

X: What is gay?

T: Can I tell her - dad?

Dad: Sure.

T: In “Old English” Gay means happy. But nowadays “Gay” is a man who marries another dude!
Right, Dad?

Dad: Yes; that's right!

T: Do you know what they call a woman who loves another woman and wants to marry another woman?

X: I have no Idea...

T: She is “Gay” but is called a “Lesbian.” Right, Dad?

Dad: Yes; that's right!
