



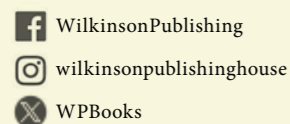
*Millie and Her
Magic Puppet Show*

Darren Mort & Megan Forward





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Millie and Her Magic Puppet Show



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Millie's parents used to hold hands, they
used to kiss, they used to laugh together
— they don't do that anymore.



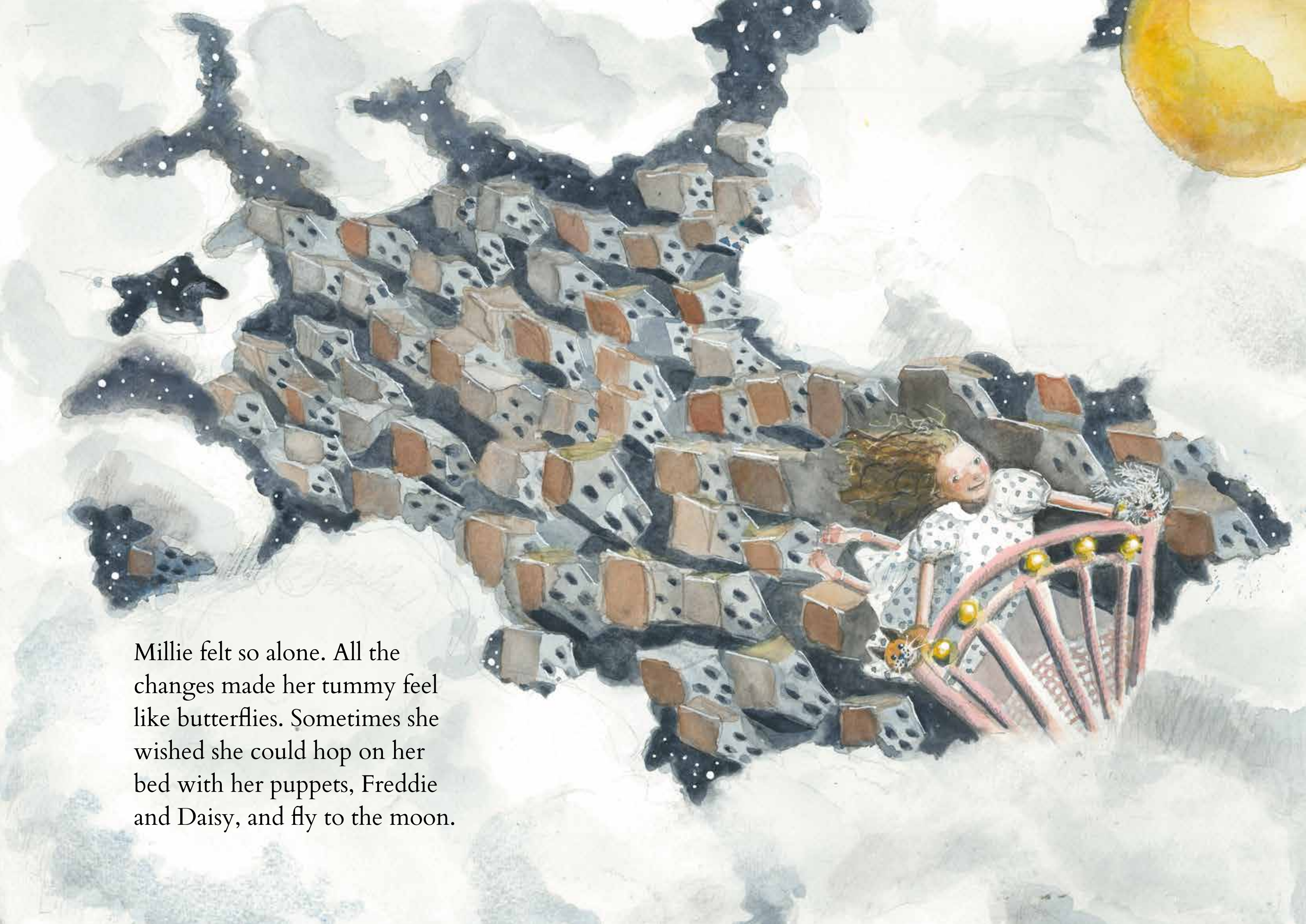
I'VE PUT UP WITH THIS FOR WAY TOO LONG.

I'M SO SICK OF YOU!

YOU CAN GET LOST!



Now, Millie's parents don't look at each other, they don't smile, they don't give each other hugs. Millie's dad doesn't live with them anymore. If her mum and dad ever saw each other, they would say mean things.



Millie felt so alone. All the changes made her tummy feel like butterflies. Sometimes she wished she could hop on her bed with her puppets, Freddie and Daisy, and fly to the moon.

When the shouting got too much,
Millie hid herself in her room and
hugged Freddie and Daisy.
'Do you think it's all my fault?' she cried.

'Always remember, Millie,
that no matter what...

**You are enough,
You belong,
You are loved.'**

Millie wasn't sure
if it was the light
reflecting from the
nearby hall lamp, but her
puppets' eyes seemed to glow
brightly. Magically, she started
hearing quiet voices and wondered
whether it was her memory of talking
with friends or whether it was her
puppets actually whispering to her.



Millie only saw her dad two nights each week. Tuesday nights were the best. It was soccer training. She jumped high to head the ball and used fancy footwork like a pro.

She ran past her opponents as if rocket fuelled and scored goal after goal. Millie wanted to impress her dad, but he often didn't notice.

