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Conversations with My Daughter Who do you think would be my boyfriend?

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At a restaurant in Tysons Corner, Virginia

Dad: I remember the first time I brought you here; you were 2 months old. I tucked you in - in your stroller. I carefully covered you and pushed the stroller under the table. I was worried that perhaps food, drinks or utensils may slip off the table and fall on you. I was nervous the whole time.

T: Where were you sitting?

Dad: We were sitting in that corner table... I remember it as if it just happened.

T: And it was more than nine years ago.

Dad: Right! Now you're sitting across from me - a young lady; and pretty soon you would be sitting across from me with your boyfriend.

T: Who do you think would be my boyfriend?

Dad: Don't know, really. I know who wouldn't be!

T: I think "M" likes me.

Dad: I'd imagine all the boys like you; "M" is brave enough to show his feelings.

T: *smiles*

T: He is my type too. He is in my math group and in my reading group; he always wants to be my partner when we work on science projects.

Dad: He is a bit too emotional.

T: It's okay to be emotional!

Dad: Too emotional... he cried when library was closed on president's day.

T: That was in kindergarten. You get emotional too.

Dad: I don't cry.

T: You cried when you saw "The Last Supper" in Milano.

Dad: I shed a tear or two...Do you like him?

T: I like all my friends.

Dad: That's good. What happened to "J"? Do you still like him?

T: There is a rumor that "H" likes him.

Dad: Bummer! She is your best friend. Are you okay with that?

T: It's fourth grade dad - everybody likes everybody.

Dad: What do you like about him? Is he smart?

T: He's alright. He likes to read. But, he is very much into sports. We have something in common; he likes soccer too. When we play soccer during recess he wants to be on my team.

Dad: Is he a good player? You don't want players on your team if they aren't any good.

T: He is on the Travel Team.

Dad: Then he must be alright.

T: Dad, I really want "J" and his family to come to our house for dinner.

Dad: I noticed you sent him an e-mail.

T: *interrupts...*

T: Dad, you shouldn't read my e-mails.

Dad: Don't be silly... I have to.

T: I think I should change my password.

Dad: I can change it back you know!

Dad: The food is here...let's eat!