

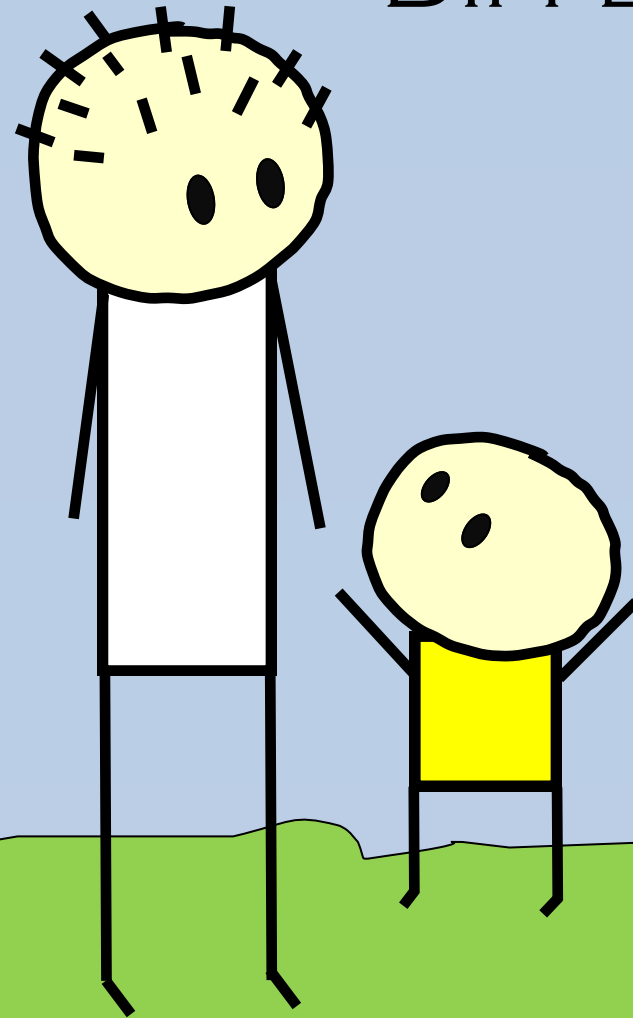
MY DAD IS..

DIFFERENT

MY DAD IS..

DIFFERENT

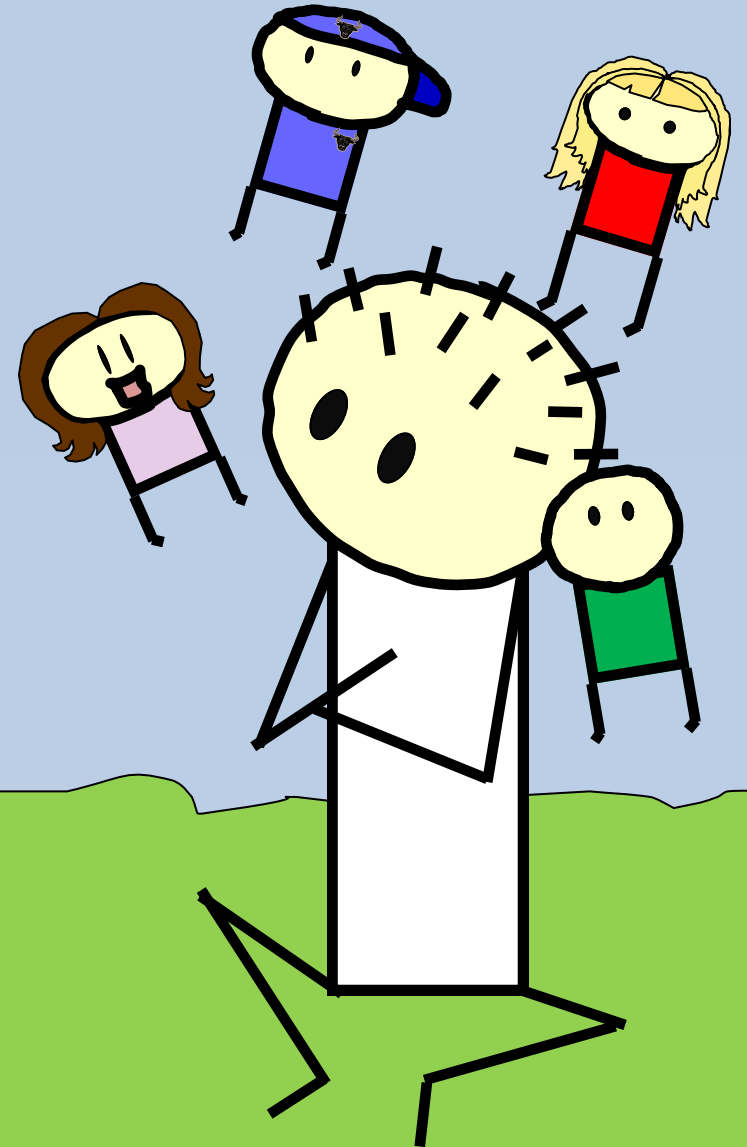
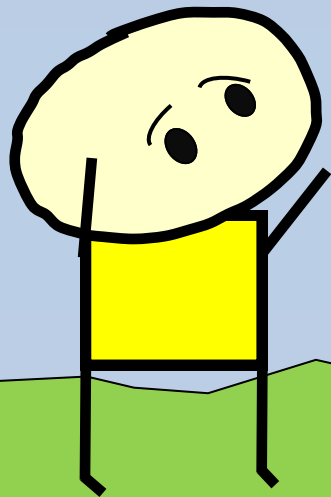
A SOURCE OF SUPPORT TO HELP CHILDREN
UNDERSTAND THE DIFFICULTIES OF LIVING
WITH SCHIZOPHRENIA



A STORY DEALING WITH SCHIZOPHRENIA

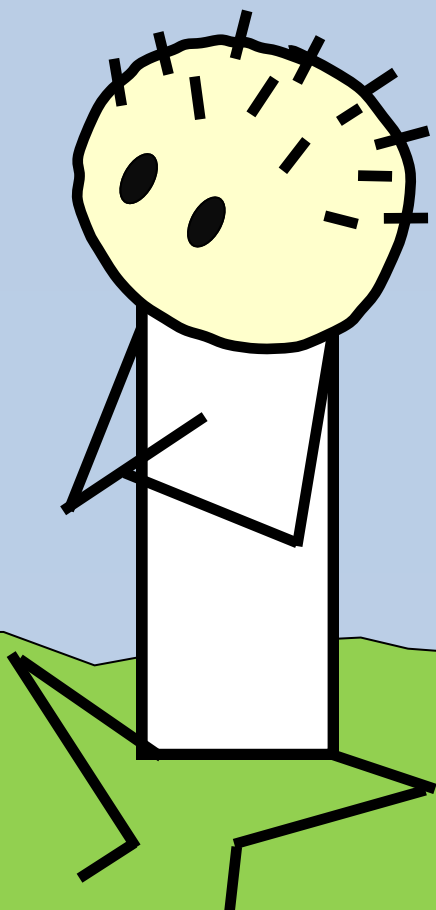
BY EMILY PEARSON

I love my daddy , but
he isn't like other dads.

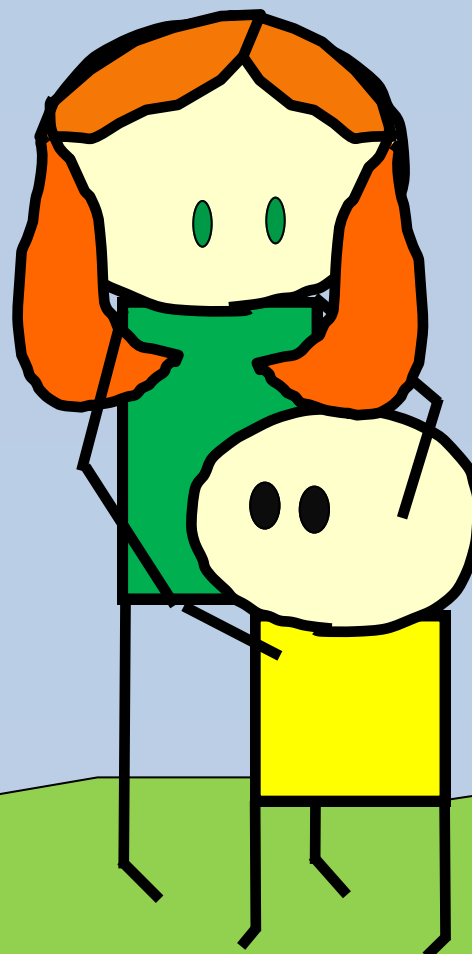


He has friends that I can't see

And I don't think
Mummy can either,

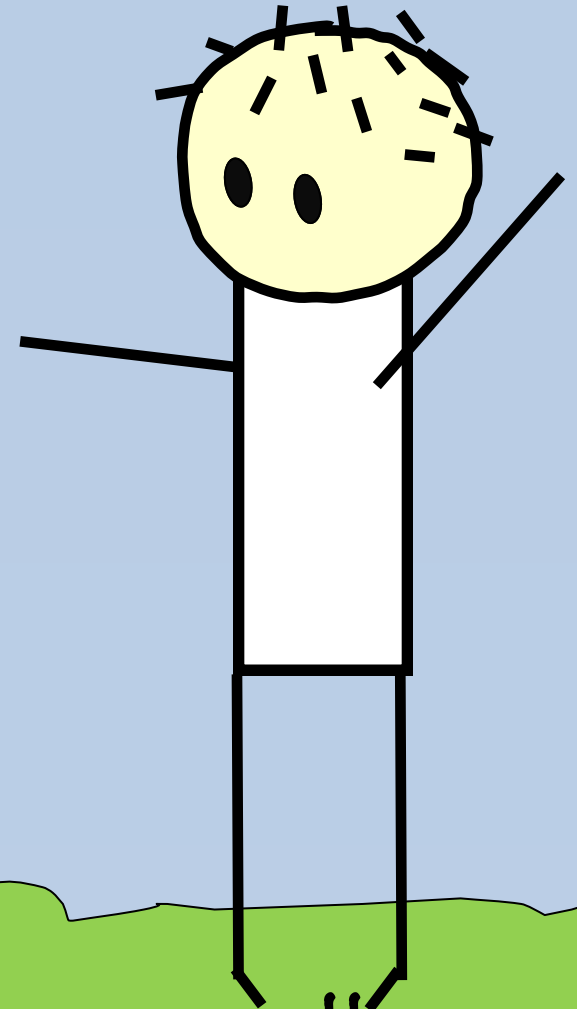
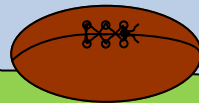
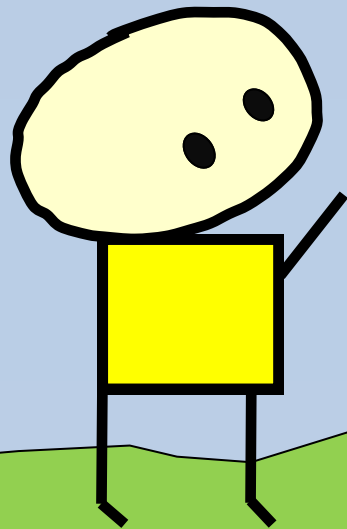


but he still thinks they
are
there



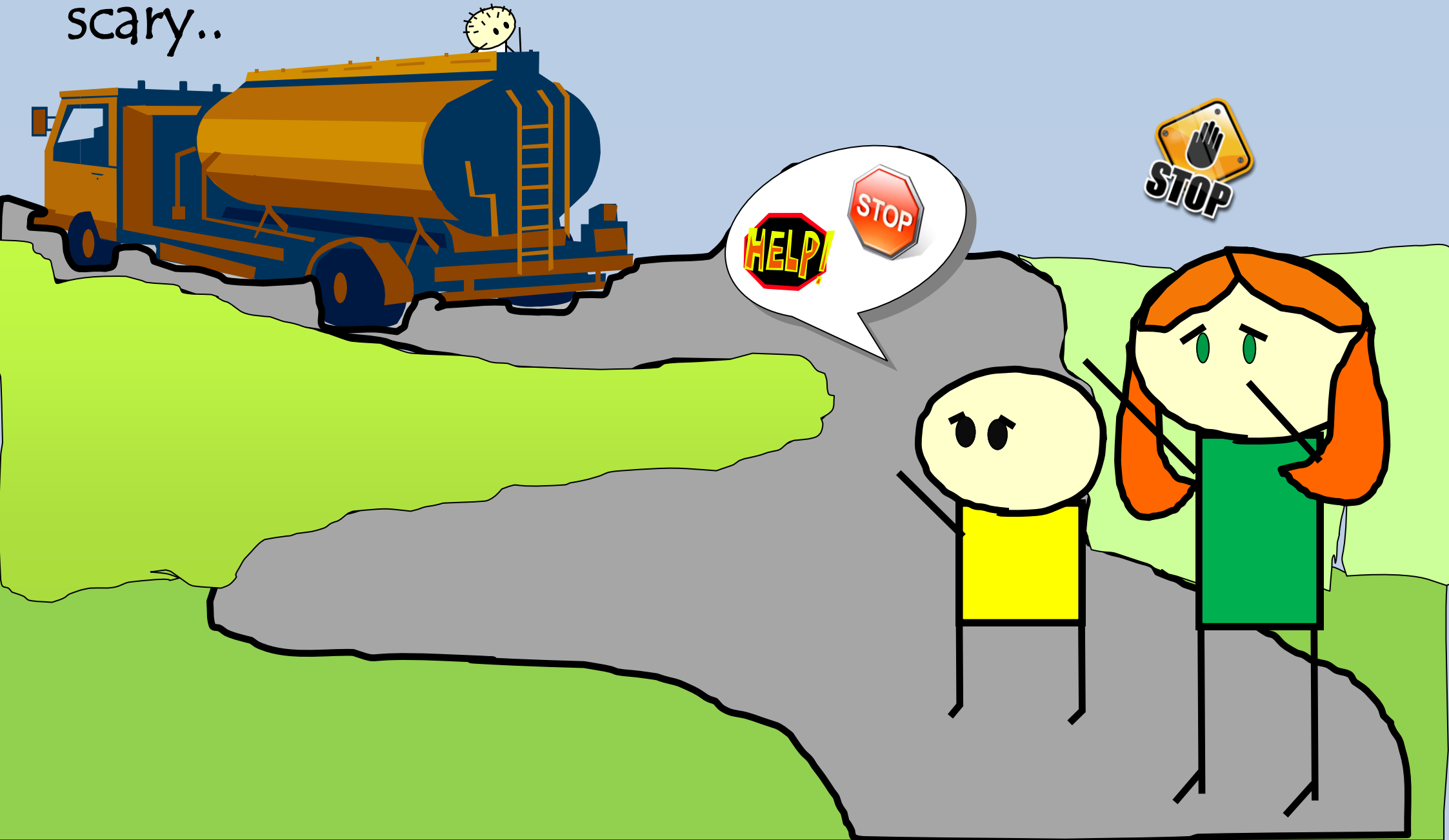
I don't know if they're real

He used to talk like Mummy,
But now he talks silly, like my little
brother

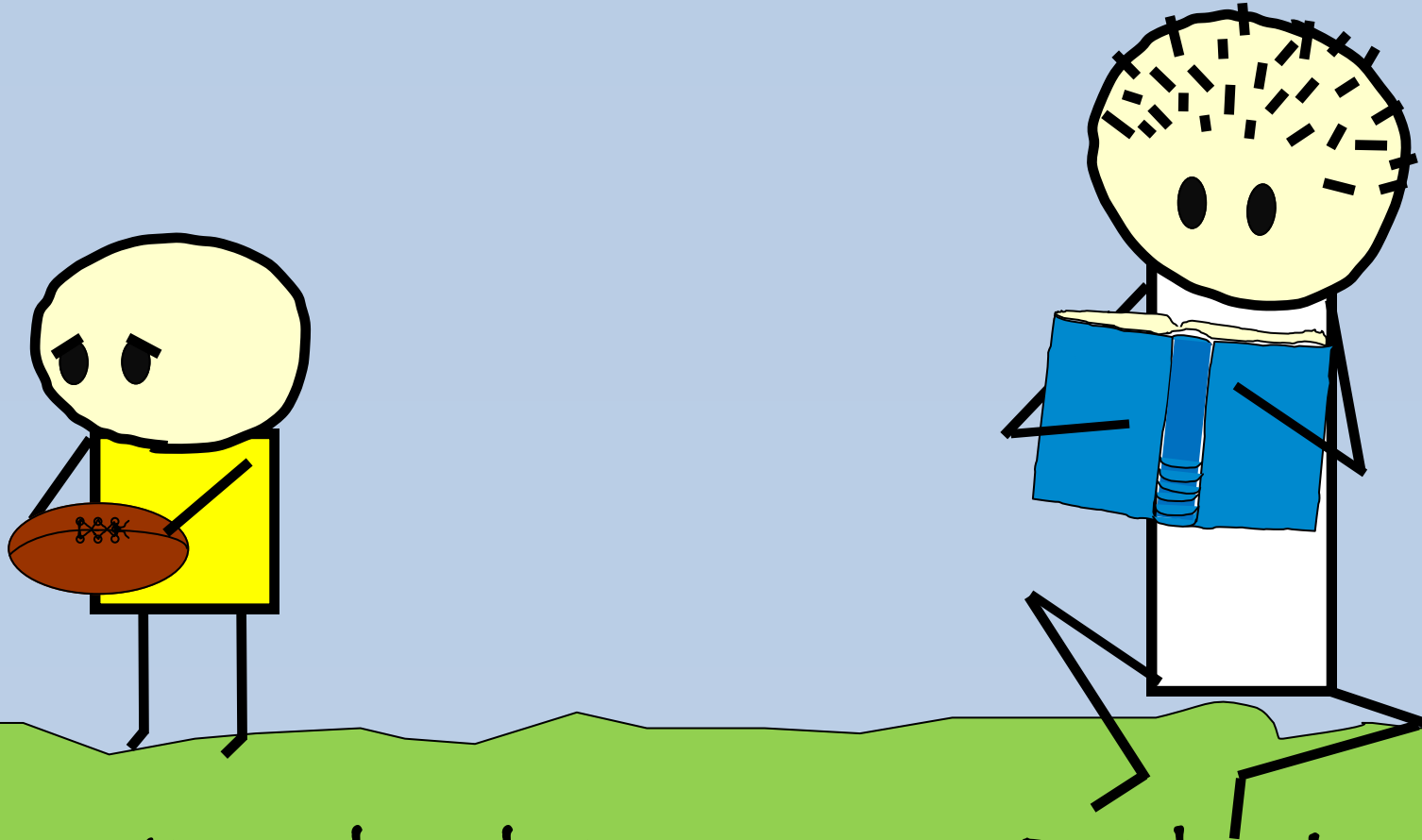


Sometimes I can't understand him—especially
when he gets his words all muddled up

And sometimes he acts silly too, and it's a little scary..

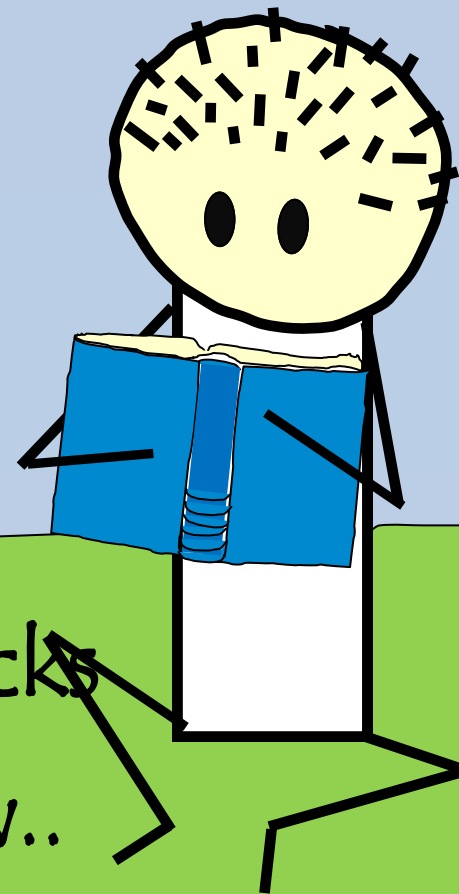


But I know he wouldn't want to hurt me
He's still my daddy



He doesn't smile a lot anymore. But he doesn't
frown either—so I'm glad he's not sad.

When I hurt, it's always mummy who picks me up. She says daddy doesn't know how..



Just like he doesn't know what mummy wants
when she holds out her hand -
He used to grab it when we walked.

Maybe daddy isn't the same anymore,

But I still love him.