



“Dad, how do you spell ‘**duplodukus**?’” Ellie asked. She was sitting at the kitchen table drawing a picture while her dad cooked supper.

“Duck what?” he said.

“**Duplodukus**,” she said again. “You know, the dinosaur.”

“Oh, **diplodocus**,” he said. “**D-I-P-L** . . . wait, why do you need to know how to spell that?”

“I’m drawing a picture for Dylan,” Ellie said. “I want him to be my friend, and he really likes dinosaurs.”

“Good idea. Is Dylan in your class?”

“Sometimes,” Ellie said, frowning.



“Sometimes?” Dad turned around from the stove to look at Ellie.

“Yeah.” Ellie looked up at him. “Sometimes he goes to the reset zone with Ms. Costello.”

“Reset zone? What’s that?” Daddy asked when he walked into the kitchen to help set the table.

“A place you can go if you need to breathe,” Ellie told them.

Ellie’s dads looked at each other with raised eyebrows.

“Do you mean it’s a place to go if you need to calm down because you’re frustrated or mad?” Dad asked Ellie.

“Yeah, flusterated,” Ellie said. “Dylan sometimes yells and throws toys. Mrs. Grimes says that’s not safe, so when Dylan gets flusterated, he goes to the reset zone with Ms. Costello.”

Daddy nodded. “Your teacher is right, Ellie. Throwing toys isn’t safe.”

Ellie huffed. “I know that, Daddy!”