Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Jenny. Jenny and her family lived on a farm.

Jenny liked to play with the animals on the farm. Her parents raised cows, chickens and pigs. Jenny also had a brother and his name was Jason. She liked to play with Jason also, but he was much older than her. He preferred to play with his friends. Since Jason was old enough to ride a bike, he was old enough to leave the farm yard.

Jason would bike over to the neighboring farms and play with other boys who were his age.

Jenny couldn't wait until she was old enough to go to school. She knew that she would find other girls to be friends with once she could get on the bus to go into the city for school each day. When Jenny turned five years old, she started going to school. She was having difficulties1 making friends though. It seemed she didn't have anything in common with the other little girls her age. Fortunately, Jenny came from a loving family. Her mother and father would tuck2 her in each night at bedtime3 and each of them would give her a kiss.

They promised her that she would soon find something that she had in common with the other girls on the bus.

One day, Jenny came home from school. Instead of being melancholy4, she was happy and excited. Her parents asked her about it. Jenny explained to them that she had found something that she had in common with the other girls on the bus. She was finally starting to make friends with them.

"What do you have in common with the other girls, Jenny?" her dad asked. "I have a boyfriend," Jenny said. Her parents were concerned. "Do you know what a boyfriend is, Jenny?" her mom asked.

"I heard the other girls talking about wanting to be older so they could have boyfriends. I asked my teacher Mrs. Smith what a boyfriend was. She said it's a boy who kisses you. So I told the girls on the bus on the way home that I had a boyfriend already. Now they all are jealous5 of me and want to be my friend." Now Jenny's parents were worried. "What boy is kissing you? Who is this boyfriend of yours?" Jenny's mom asked her. "Why, it's Daddy," Jenny said. "He kisses me goodnight. That makes him my boyfriend," she said. "Come to think of it, Mommy kisses me goodnight, too, so I guess that makes you my girlfriend. Wait until the girls on the bus hear I have a boyfriend and a girlfriend, too!"