This is a story about what my Mom is thinking. My Mother wants me to know that she thinks I am a wonderfully talented and creative teenager. She loves me. She has loved me since I was a baby and she still loves me just as much now. Sometimes my Mom takes me to doctors and therapists. This upsets me and I don’t understand it. I don’t think I am crazy. Mom doesn’t think I am crazy either. She thinks I need help with some things she worries about because she wants me to be happy. She would like me to feel happy more of the time. She would like me to be less sad. This worries her very much. She would like me to be able to be more comfortable with people. She would like me to be able to make friends more easily. These are things that people need as they become adults. These are the things that adults need to have a good life. Needing help with these things does not mean that I am crazy. It means I am human. Everyone needs helps with some things. I will try to work with Mom to see how we can work together to make me think less sad thoughts. Mom will try to listen to me and I will try to listen to Mom. This is will make us both feel better.