



Mom gave Maddy a mug of warm milk with honey, her medicine for a broken heart.

“Oh, Maddy,” Mom said, “Trust is so hard.”

“I don’t get it!” Maddy cried.

Maddy looked at the block castle she had built.

“Trust is like a tower,” Mom said softly. “It’s something two people build, one block at a time. Each time someone keeps your secret, or treats your heart carefully, the tower gets taller.”

Maddy said, "We kept adding to it. Every time one of us was kind, another block was added."

Maddy picked up a block.

"This one is for when Mei saved me a seat on the bus.  
This one is for when she made me a card when I stayed home sick.  
We took a long time to build it," Maddy said.





That night, Maddy said goodnight to every stuffed animal. At the last one, she thought about the tower. The blocks that were still standing, and the ones on the floor. She hugged her bear tighter.

"Some towers are short," she whispered.  
"But maybe they're not done."