My Daughter Belongs In a Mental Home

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

She won't answer my knock. I'm getting very worried about her. “Sa—*man*tha! Your *show's* on!” It's 8:30, it's her favorite. No answer. I try pulling at the knob — it's locked. *Goddamit*, I think, *I should've gotten divorced years ago and moved to the city and gotten a job and a place of my own*.
“SA—*MAN*THA!” That should do it. She'd probably hear me now. Let her decide for herself — the VCR's taping Eddie's baseball game, anyway, so, once this opportunity's lost, it's gone for good.

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