

My Daughter Belongs In a Mental Home

by McGrouchpants

She won't answer my knock. I'm getting very worried about her. "Sa—*mantha!* 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—*MANTHA!*" 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.

