

Daddy's Little Girl

They grow up so fast! One minute they're headed off to their first day of school, next thing you know, they're asking permission to go to the prom with the town derelicts...

How can you get the absolute best news and the absolute worst news in the same day? What do you mean I can't go? Daddy, do you even understand what you're saying, here? Jeff Fisher, who I have been in love with since the eighth grade asked me to prom today and you're saying I can't go? Daddy, I am ~~sixteen~~ years old! I am a good student, I am a good daughter, I have a job, I'm responsible and I deserve to go to the prom. I know what you're thinking - but relax. Nothing's going to happen. Believe me, I know you probably get ill at the thought of me kissing a boy - I know how I get at the thought of you and Mom...uhhh - never mind. Daddy, I'm still your little girl, but I'm not a baby - I can make good decisions and I can take care of myself. Besides, Jeff is such a sweetheart - he'll be a total gentleman. If you want you can meet him...just don't like "wig out" when you see the tattoo on his neck - he got that in reform school - but that was a long time ago. Oh, yeah, and the hair thing is just a phase he's going through. Trust me - you'll love him...so can I please go?

Fill in
AGE