Bad Boys, Bad Boys (*PREVIEW)*

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Dad: (peeking in her room) Hi, honey.

Girl: Hey, dad.

Dad: Hey, you got a minute to, uh, talk? I mean, if you’re busy . . . (starts to leave)

Girl: No, I was doing my math, but I’m done. What’s up?

Dad: (disappointed that he’s not going to get out of it) Oh. Well, you know, I was just wondering if you had a minute to, uh, talk.

Girl: Yeah. You said that already.

Dad: Right. Well, honey, it has come to my attention recently that . . . well . . . you’re a girl.

Girl: Yes. Thanks for noticing, dad.

Dad: Sure, sure thing. But the fact is, pretty soon, you’re going to be a young woman. Very soon. Much, much, much too soon.

Girl: Yeah, that seems to be the natural progression of things.

Dad: And before that happens, I thought . . . actually, it was your mother who thought . . . no, no, your mother and I thought that I should have a little talk with you about boys.

Girl: Boys?

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