

Comic Female Youth #2

Dad, you will let me take the car myself. I'm going to be 16 in two weeks. Yeah, technically my learner's permit requires you in the car with me ... technically I have to wait two weeks to get my license

But you know I can drive, you told me I'm better than mom. I can three point turn, parallel park, and I observe the traffic laws like a religion. So it's not like irresponsible to let me drive, because you know I'm awesome at it.

GOD! This is so unfair. I hate you! You're going to ruin me socially.

The coolest girls in freshman year, the one's whose parents are all probably making huge donations at mom's gala tonight, who live in the massive houses on the hill and won't talk to me. They started talking to me. Because, they needed a ride to the dance. And I'm like, I can take you. And they're like, "you're 16?" and I'm all "yeah." And then they said, "cool." And I've been eating lunch with them everyday this week, and they're all so excited.

It was well thought out. You and mom were supposed to be at her benefit gala thing tonight ... you weren't supposed to have a stupid fever and be stuck at home. If I let them down... If I don't get in that car right now and go pick them up and take them to the dance ... I'm dead or I might as well be. They will make it their life's work to ruin me. I will be marked, mocked, and probably shunned. My entire high school experience will become hell.

I'm not being dramatic. I'm being accurate, dad. This is how things go.

So I'm begging you ... just Just go to sleep. You have a fever you know. You need your rest. Just, go to sleep now and I'll... I'll still be here when you wake up in exactly 3 hours. Right before mom gets back.

Please dad. My life depends on it.