

Dis•con•cert

[dis-kuhn-surt]

I heard my name on the radio and groaned. I was going to bury my face into the pillow and try to suffocate myself.

“I mean, you’ve met my daughter, Dave, and you know how hot she is,” my dad continued.

“She IS hot,” agreed his co-host, Dave Barracuda. “*Smoking* hot.”

“So I can’t let her outta my sight,” my dad continued. “I told her she can date when I’m dead.”

“Besides the fact that this conversation is disturbing; she doesn’t listen to you, right?”

That was from their other co-host, Ce-Ce. Unlike Dave, who kissed my dad’s ass on the radio, Ce-Ce hated agreeing with anything my father said.

“Oh no,” my dad agreed. “My kids don’t listen to me at all. They only listen to their mom.”

“Luckily,” Ce-Ce muttered.

“But that’s why I keep a shotgun and a shovel next to the front door,” dad continued as if he hadn’t heard her. “For when my daughter goes on dates.”

“Okay, the shotgun I get,” Dave said. “But what do you need a shovel for?”

He was clearly setting up my dad for the punchline. I sighed heavily and sat up, hearing my dad say, “cuz when her dates come over, I point at them and say...”

I buried my head in my hands and recited it with him, “I have a shotgun and a shovel—no one will miss you.”

“Uh-oh look at the time,” Dave said. “Aren’t the twins getting up about now?”

“Oh yeah,” dad said. “Good morning Gavi and Lili, daddy loves you! Have a great first day of school. You’re SENIORS now!”

I hit the off button to my alarm radio to cut off their voices with a little extra ferocity and stared at the time. It was 5:45 in the morning. Most of my friends were probably not up yet to get ready. There was a slim chance in hell that they wouldn’t find out about my dad’s stupid radio conversation before we showed up today for our first day of school.

My brother, Gavin, tapped on my bedroom door and cracked it open when I told him to come in. His dark brown hair was mussed from sleep, but his hazel eyes were flashing in annoyance. I assumed his expression probably mirrored my own.

“This has got to stop,” Gavin said. “Dad already posted our kindergarten pictures under his back-to-school section on the Breakfast Jam website...”

“With their slutty school-girl outfits?” I gaped.

“...*and* he Tweeted us both with back-to-school messages about being ‘daddy’s little angels’ and all that,” he said. “I’m afraid to look and see where else he tagged us.”

“I’ll do it,” I said, and looked around for my phone. I saw my pink phone case next to my laptop and zombie-walked over to my desk to grab it. While I did, Gavin crawled into my bed and pulled my covers over his head.

“Obviously he wasn’t listening to us last night at dinner when we asked him to tone down mentioning us on the air,” Gavin said, his voice muffled by my pink duvet.

My heart dropped when I saw how many notifications I had waiting for me on all of my social media pages. My dad had tagged me in a photo on Twitter. I had an out-of-body experience as my finger automatically tapped it to see what he posted. I froze in horror.

“Is it that bad?” Gavin whispered.

I could only nod. Sometimes having a local radio deejay as your father isn’t all it’s cracked up to be.