**Shooting Dad**

By: Lorrie Moore

Dad and I started bickering in earnest when I was fourteen, after the 1984 Democratic National Convention. I was so excited when Walter Mondale chose Geraldine Ferraro as his running mate that I taped the front page of the newspaper with her picture on it to the refrigerator door. Somehow, that picture ended up in the trash. Nowadays, I giggle when Dad calls me on Election Day to cheerfully inform me that he has once again canceled out my vote, but I was not always so mature. There were times when I found the fact that he was a gunsmith horrifying. And just *weird.*All he ever cared about were guns. All I ever cared about was art.

It has been my experience that in order to impress potential suitors, skip the Romeo and Juliet stuff and stick with the always attention-getting line ”My dad makes guns”. Though it won’t cause the guy to like me any better, it will make the inevitable breakup easier—just in case I happen to have any loaded guns in the house. But the fact is, I have only shot a gun once and once was plenty. My twin sister, Amy, and I were six years old—*six*—when Dad decided that it was time we learned how to shoot. Amy remembers the day he handed us the gun for the first time differently. She liked it.