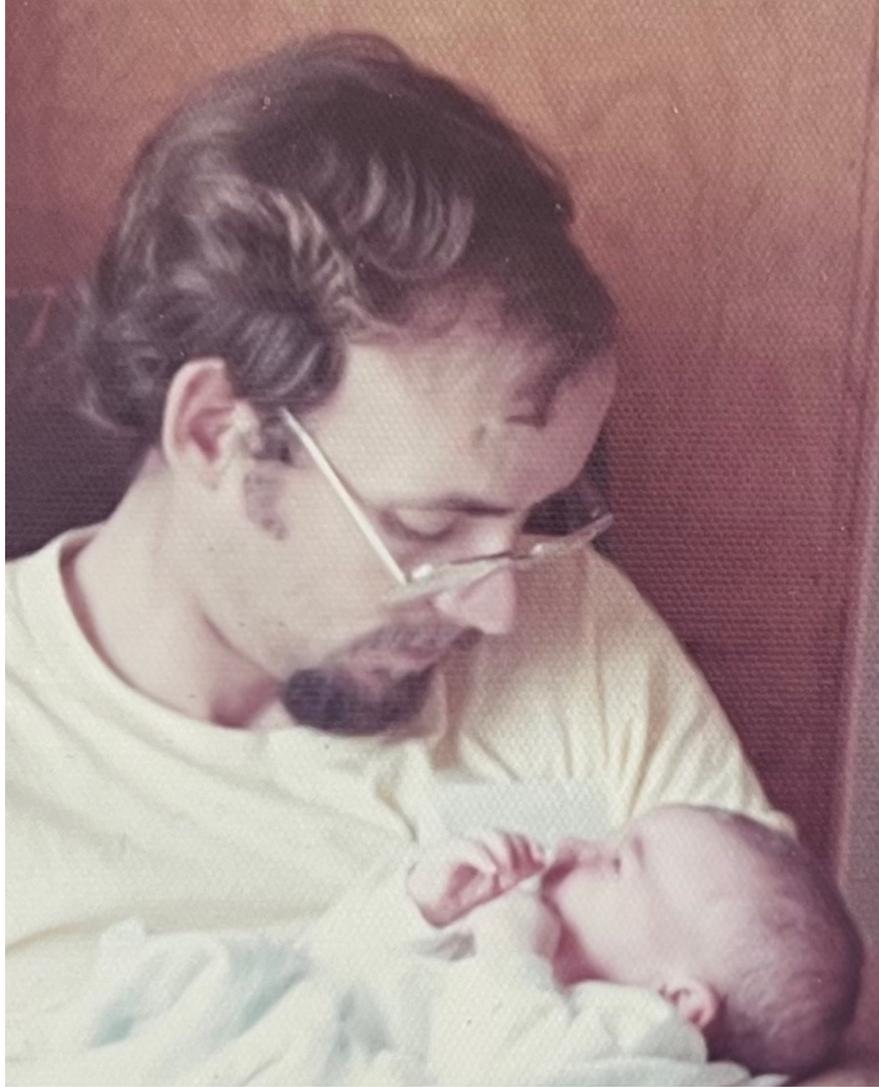


## How to Be Dad?

I should have been terrified by the uncertainties that lay ahead. My parental mold had broken, repaired by youthful hubris. Fake-it-'til-you-make-it seemed like a plan: pretend to be an adult until proven otherwise. It seems to be working—so far, no one has noticed, though not too sure about her.



1973

30 November 2025



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