

# AH'LL LURUN

A Humorous Monolog

by  
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INTRODUCTION: America is a mobile society. It seems borrowing from the Native American, we may well wander this great country, settling in the North, South, East, West, or somewhere in between.

As our jobs or inclinations may dictate, we could well find ourselves in a different clime and social structure in just a few weeks. Although still in the same country, some confusion can occur.

After a move to the South from a Northern state, Jim is calling to his former buddy back home. (Mime punching out the digits on a cordless phone.)

Hello, hello, Doug: Howyadoin'?! Yes, it's good hearing you too.

Yes, things are going okay. Today was my first day at General Beauregard Academy. No, it's just a high school--Like any other--Almost. Academy doesn't make it military.

Well, to tell you the truth, I did have my bad moments. It all started when I went to my first history class. Everything seemed to be going okay. In fact, I thought I was going to shine when the teachers asked a question and I raised my hand.

Well, he pointed at me and said, "Chew." I looked at him for a second and he pointed at me again and said, "Chew!" I didn't know what to do so when he practically yelled, "Ah said chew!" Figuring it was okay, I reached into my pocket for a piece of Double Bubble I was saving for after school, slowly unwrapped it, plunked it into my mouth and began to follow his order.

After I was told to get rid of the gum, I was allowed to answer the question. I merely said, "In the Civil War--" I got no more of the answer out when I was told in no uncertain terms that there was no Civil War. It was the War Between the States.

For a moment, the air hung heavy, as sympathetic eyes settled upon this ignorant immigrant. Then, in a stroke of mercy, the bell rang for the end of class.

It was lunch time, I sort of hesitated, not knowing just where the lunch room was located. The teacher seemed to see my problem so he said to a girl, "Norma Jean, will you carry James to the cafeteria?" Well, I weigh about one-hundred-sixty pounds and Norma Jean must come in at about a hundred and ten.

I wasn't about to have that girl strain herself, so being a gentleman and anxious to show my classmates that a Northerner can be chivalrous too, I scooped her up, threw her over my shoulder and said, "Just tell me where to go, Babe."

She let out a scream, the teacher disengaged her from my grasp and set her on her feet again. Confused, I stammered, "I'm sorry, you all."

With flashing eyes, Norma Jean seethed, "You kin lurun somethin', it's not YOU ALL, it's Y'ALL.

She must have seen some of the tears of humiliation starting to form so Norma Jean did "carry" me to the cafeteria.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---