

ANY JUNIOR'S NIGHTMARE

A Humorous Monolog

by
H. B. Moore



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

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Good Evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Students, Fellow-speakers?--and most of the Faculty.

I bet all you people think I'm gonna give a speech. Yeah?--Well, guess again. I ain't givin' no speech for nobody. Of course, that brings up the matter of what I'm doin' up here anyway. Just lemme tell you this--it sure ain't my idea. Actually, all this foolishness started about a month ago. One day in class my English teacher announced that Junior Speaking tryouts would be held that following Friday. So what else is new? Speaking? That's for the other guys--you know--them nuts that like to get up in front of a lot of people and talk. That's not for me. Yeah! That's what I thought; I really did--that night when I got home after basketball practice, that--that simple-minded sister of mine had told Ma all about the speaking tryouts. And you know mothers! Ma said I was gonna speak; I said I wasn't. So she starts ravin' away as to why I should speak--just as if that was gonna bother me. Why, when Ma starts talkin' things I don't wanta hear, I can tune her voice out just like she was a radio. She kept talkin', and I kept eatin'--wasn't hearin' a word she said--Guess Dad can't tune her voice out like that though. All of a sudden he looks at me and tells me I'm going out for speaking.

Now, ya know, this is somethin' else. Dad's another of these guys with the weird idea that actions speak louder than words. He don't talk much; he just goes right ahead and does! And what he usually does when I say I ain't gonna do somethin' is take action with his belt and my fanny. (or rear) Dad says speak--I speak!

Ya know though, there's still no problem. Only eight people are gonna speak--the eight that do the best job in the tryouts. I got this one whipped! I do a lousy job in the tryouts and it's all over! No sweat! Say, I spent the rest of the week without a worry in the world. I even helped a couple of the kids who were tryin' out for the contest. Why not? The better job they do, the more they're helpin' me! After all, only eight kids can make the finals.

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