

AT BEDTIME

Humorous Reading

by
Clara Lewis



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

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

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(Sarah enters, crosses and lifts Sally, aged eighteen months as she speaks to Susan, aged four).

AUNT SARAH: Now, Susan, dear, let's go to the window and wave good-bye to your Mother and Father. You and little Sally must be real good so Mother and Daddy will enjoy going to lovely banquets.

SUSAN: (Shouts) Good-night, Mother! So long, Daddy!

A: Susan child! Don't you know that it is rude to shout like that? I do wish your parents were more dignified in their teachings.

S: Auntie Sarah, what's dig-and-fried?

A: Well, it's--why--er--I scarcely know how to explain it to one so young, as you are, dear, its---

S: Oh, there's the doorbell! Can I answer it?

A: You should say, "May I answer it"--One never would know that your Mother had been an English teacher.

S: It'll make Sally yell.

A: Yes, yes, child, hurry to the door--There--there, Sally--Sh--sh--Sh--Why, how do you do, Reverend Halloway! Just please have a chair--Don't mind my standing, I really can't sit down when my niece is acting this way. I want to quiet her and get her in the psychological mood for sleep--No, I never took care of little children before--Yes, it is quite a new experience for me. Susan, bring Sally that picture book.

S: (Start to cry) She can't have that book. That's my book--(Brightening) Can I read Mr. Had-away a story? Can I?

A: Yes, dear. Come over here by me so that Sally can see, too.

S: I want to read the Jocko one. "Jocko climb a pole up--Jocko climb a tree--Jocko make a bow, make a bow to me."--I don't want to say that anymore; I want to tell a story.

A: Listen, dear, I think you'd better not tell a story tonight. Run along now and get into bed, then Sally will want to go too.

S: No, she won't either. She yells every night just awful.

A: You should say cry--she cries, Susan.

S: I'll say she does--and how!

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---