

# AUNT AMANDA'S FIRST BASKETBALL GAME

A Humorous Monolog

by  
Evelyn Witter



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Aunt Amanda, who lives in a small community where the school's biggest athletic events are the relay races run at school picnics, tells her husband all about the basketball game she attended with her niece during her visit to the city.

Nell says to me: "Aunt Amanda, I'm going to the basketball game at my school and I'd love to take you with me."

"All right," I says, and of course I didn't tell her I ain't never seen a basketball game. Didn't want her to think I was ignorant.

Well, we gets there in the gymnasium and there's a crowd hollerin' and hootin' and girls with skirts on they'd outgrewed maybe five years ago—they was that short—standing up in front, going through all sorts of shenanigans to make the crowd yell louder though land knows, they was makin' too much noise already.

Then the teams come out in their underwear. Well you can't blame the boys for wantin' to show off underwear like that. Very fancy I must say! They must've bought those shirts and shorts cheaper by buying so many alike. One side had white satin with a purple stripe, and the other had blue satin with a gold stripe.

Then two men came out dressed alike too. They had on zebra shirts and had whistles tied around their necks. They looked cross like they didn't like to be in charge to see that the boys behaved themselves. Nell called them—called them referees, but I could think of a better name. Nuisances! For they kept buttin' in all the time. It was a funny kind of game. There wasn't nuthin' much to it. The boys just try to throw a big ball through a butterfly net with the bottom cut out of it. They nailed the nets up high, just high enough to be aggravatin'.

There was two of these nets. One for each team. Goes to show you how we pamper youngsters these days. Reminds me of the time when Cindy and Tom was little and I bought them candy. I always had to buy separate bags for each one so's they wouldn't fuss. That's exactly what they did about them nets. They gave each team their own. Foolishness I think for boys as old as they was. They should have made them both play with one net and save all that runnin' back and forth—back and forth.

But them boys was awful kiddish for as big as they was. Do you know they couldn't resist bouncin' the ball while they was runnin' from one end of that gymnasium to the other?

Well, they'd play along just fine and then one of them nuisances would blow a whistle and they'd stop, and then he'd pick out the boy he liked best and let him play all by himself while the others lined up to watch him.

If the nuisance liked the way the boy played he'd give him two points when the ball fell through the net. If he didn't like it so good he only gave him one point.

Then sometimes the teacher, who was sittin' on the sidelines, would put in a new player and take one out. Then he'd take that one out and in somebody else. Couldn't seem to make up his mind which boys was supposed to play and which ones wasn't. Well like the papers say, good teachers are hard to find these days.

When the boys was having the most fun, one of them nuisances would blow his whistle and make two big boys jump up in the air for the ball and start all over again.

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Then the oddest thing happened. The whistle blew and all the boys left. Just up and walked out. I thought the game was over and I was fixin' to leave when Nell tugs at me and says: "The game is only half over, Aunt Amanda. This is the half and the boys have gone to the shower room."

Now I ask you—ain't that peculiar? All them boys just leaving in the middle of everything, to take a bath? And with all them people waitin' on them?

When, they come back each team got in a little bunch and started whispering among themselves and to the teacher. They did that several times before and I don't think they was being the least bit polite by acting that way. There they was visiting together and nobody able to hear a word.

Who won the game? Lets see. It was the Tigers—no they was the Lions—or was it the Wild Cats? Doesn't really matter. It was some wild beast name that won.

I'm glad I went to that basketball game. I sure learned a lot. One thing I learned for sure is that it helps to have a whistle. I'm —goin' to get one, and next time I'm conducting Ladies Aid and the women get to talkin' too much, I'm goin' to blow it.

Yes sir! You always learn—wherever you go!

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