

# **BOWLING IS SUCH FUN**

**A Humorous Monolog for a Woman**

**by  
Mary Louise Kemp**



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Gee, Ethel, it was a lucky break running into you! I was just dying for a cup of coffee and someone to talk to.--Although I was not at all sure I could pick up the cup.--Really, it's all I can do to powder my nose, have to use BOTH hands to guide the powder-puff, my right arm is so shaky and tired! That's not ALL that's tired, either. Honestly, I've got so many aches in so many muscles, I don't see how I even got out of bed. Fred says maybe bowling's too tough for me, but I'm no Sissy! If I lay off housework for a few days, I can go right back and try again. I say, if bowling is my hubby's hobby, bowling is for me! And, oh, Ethel, it's such fun!

I was a little bit nervous at first--didn't know what I was supposed to do. Of course, my feet bothered me, too, because that nosey man at the desk wanted to know what size shoes I wear! Imagine! Naturally, I didn't tell him the truth, so the ones I rented were a little bit short. I told Fred I'll just have to buy some bowling shoes of my own.--Nobody asks you what size ball, though, you just go around poking your fingers into the holes in the bowling balls on the rack till you find one they poke into just right. Then just try LIFTING the thing! They weigh about a ton! I told Fred, it was about all I could do to LIFT it, much less THROW it! But you don't really have to throw the ball, just kind of roll it down the alley at the pins.--Oh, that makes me think of all those milk bottles I forgot to return to the dairy.--

**--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---**