

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

A Humorous Monolog

by
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Wisht that all the mothers and fathers in the world was just a feller's gran'ma, that's what I wisht. If they was, us boys wouldn't have to be sent to bed or "have it out" with Dad ever' few days, or get our ears boxed nor nothin'. Grandmas don't do such things as that. They just say "Boys will be boys" an' let it go at that. Anyhow that's what my gran'ma always says an' she always begs off for me when she's to our house. She never jaws nor fusses over little things that make Dad an' Mom scold like a house afire.

She's always sayin' to Dad, "Come now, William, remember that you was a boy yourself once" an' "William" always says, "Yes, I know I was a boy once, Mother, but I wasn't such an imp of Satan as boys are nowadays." An' once when he said that Gran'ma whirled in an' told some o' the things he did when he was a boy an' they made me look an' feel like a reg'lar sissy! Once when he was a boy, Gran'ma said, he caught a garter snake an' slipped it into the bed of an old Quaker preacher who was stayin' over night at Gran'ma's house an' the old Quaker jumped out o' bed an' run yellin' downstairs in his nightshirt an' Dad got a good hidin' in the woodshed. Yes sir, he did.

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