

# FISHERMAN'S LUCK

Humorous Monolog

by  
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Merry Beth Black  
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Mom! Hey, Mom! Can I go fishin' now?---I can't? My gawsh, Mom, ain't I done everything you told me to do?---Well, I've dried the dishes, turned the hose on the front porch, made my bed, swept off the sidewalks and sprinkled that mite-powder on both the settin' hens—What?—Well, geeminy crickets, Mom, I won't have time to even walk out to the pond and back in the time I'll have left. Can't I let the lawn go 'til tonight? It'll be cooler then.

---If I'll take Geraldine? Why, Mom! What'll the gang say when I get there with a girl. We can't go swimmin' or nothin'---I can't go if I don't? Well, great hop, Mom, I ain't 'sposed to take care of her! I ain't her mother. What are you goin' to do this afternoon?—Yeah! I'll bet—that old Bridge Club again! Bridge Club! That sure is an important way to spend an afternoon! What d'ya get out of it, anyhow, sittin' there moonin' over a pack a cards all afternoon? It don't make ya a dime—What do I get outa fishin'? Well, I get more outa it than you get outa playin' bridge! It learns me all about how to catch fish and you know I'm figgerin' on bein' a game warden when I get big, to say nothin' of the money we save by not havin' to buy meat. Say, if your old card game's so important, why don't you take your darling daughter along and teach her how to play, huh!—If she ain't old enough to play cards, she ain't old enough to fish, 'cause, believe me, it takes more brains to fish than to play cards.

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