

I'M MALL WALKED OUT

A Humorous Monolog

by
Joan Cooper



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Hello, my name is Sharlie. No, like Charlie, but with an S. Yes, it is unusual—it was my mother's idea. She thought it was cute, but I always have to explain it.

I'm here tonight at this meeting of Mall Walkaholics Anonymous because I'm addicted to mall walking. You all know what it is—aerobic exercise in the mall before the stores have opened. I had several friends who were mall walkers, and they kept telling me how wonderful it was. Window shopping to keep the exercise from being boring. No wind, no rain, no extremes of hot or cold. A practically painless way to exercise. And the distances were no trouble either—they said it was 3/16ths of a mile between J. C. Nickells and Bull's Eye. And I had done that three times in ten minutes during the January white sale when I forgot my credit card on the checkout at Nickells after buying these adorable dinosaur sheets for my nephew's birthday and then remembered that I had forgotten it when I was buying the fuchsia towels and matching shower curtain set at Bull's Eye and I had rushed back to Nickells. (Thank goodness the clerk had picked up my card for me, although they take so long getting everything rung up that it's a wonder that everyone doesn't forget their cards, using that little gun to scan that bar code and it never works and they just keep scanning over and over and over until finally the price registers and I always wonder if they really are saving time or is it just because so many people use computers even when it's not really a help like my friend Francie who makes weekly menus and shopping lists on her c. p. or whatever it is called.) Anyway in Nickells I remembered I'd left my daughter in the record department at Bull's Eye with my checkbook so you know I had to run back there before she overdrew my checking account buying every CD they had. And I made that incredible time without knocking anyone down, unless you want to count that janitor cleaning up the ice cream spilled between Gothic Sausage Shop and the Trademark card shop, but he had been kneeling on the floor already so you could hardly count that.

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