

# I NEED A SHAVE

A Humorous Reading

by  
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(Boy enters whistling—catches glimpse of himself in mirror. Has a sudden thought and looks at himself closely).

Hum-m-m—by golly, I believe I need a shave. Feel 'em too. (Looks closely) No kiddin', I can see 'em easy. Lucky thing the folks aren't home—I can use Dad's shaving things. Dad and Mother might not understand, to say nothin' about Betty. She knows too much. I wish I knew how she finds out all these things. Well, I might as well lather up. (Lathers face) Betty didn't forget to tell about me an' the Williams girl. I coulda wrung her neck, the little pest. It's gettin' so that secrets I might have are common knowledge before I'm sure of them myself. But this is one thing she won't know—my first shave.

Did a pretty good job of lathering—if I do say so myself. Now for the real work. I'm glad Dad uses a safety razor, I don't think I could engineer one of these old straight edges. (Draws razor across face) Wow! blade must be a little dull—Hm-m-m, nicked myself a little. Probably needs a new blade—Well, there she is—make a lot of difference too, I bet. (Again draws razor across face) Ouch! What the heck? (Looks closely in mirror) Cut myself again, not much though. Well, I'm not one to give up. Try 'er again, my boy!—Shucks! I guess I wasn't holding the razor the right way—That was smooth as silk—Say, I've sure got the hang of it now—Ouch! Gosh, feels like my lip's about half cut off—Good thing this is a big towel—looks like I might bleed to death.

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