

MY MISSING SPECTACLES

A Humorous Monolog

by
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(Enter Aunt Maria, looking for her spectacles. They are on her forehead, a fact of which she is not aware. She may be in the costume of an elderly lady if desired.)

I can't think what has become of my glasses. They are not in my pocket, they are not in my workbasket, and I can't find them upstairs. I strongly suspect that naughty boy George has hidden them somewhere. I let him have this room to himself, and I don't very often come in here. Oh dear! oh dear! what it is to have a nephew spending his holidays with one! Nobody knows till they have tried.

It was all very well when he was six--he was younger then so was I. But now he is sixteen--he would smoke if I'd let him, monkey! and I've good reason to suspect that he has started a flirtation. Humph! There are some things I can see without my spectacles, Master George. All the same, I'd give anything to find them again. I wonder where they are. (Searches) Ah! here they are. No, they're not. What have I got hold of, I wonder? (Takes up pipe) Why, I do believe it's a pipe--a nasty, disgusting pipe! I can see that without my spectacles. No, Master George, I shan't let you smoke so long as you are with me. I shall confiscate the pipe. (Puts pipe in her pocket)

Now, where in the world can those spectacles be? I'm certain he has hidden them somewhere. He thinks I keep too sharp an eye upon him.--Well, they don't seem to be here, anyhow. Very odd. Whose picture is this, I wonder? (Holds it in various positions till she gets a good light on it) Oh! oh! oh! if it isn't an actress--a bedizened actress! Tights, too. Oh, yes, I can see that without my glasses. No, Master George, I shan't allow you to have actresses' photographs so long as you are with me. I shall confiscate the actress. (Puts photograph in pocket)

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