

# MY SISTER

A Humorous Monolog

by  
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Mom, will you say that again, 'cause I just can't believe I heard right. You're really askin' me to take Sis to that dance?

Why? Why, don't I want to? Mom, you just don't know your daughter very well or you wouldn't ask me such a thing. You really want me to tell you why? I hate to do this to you, Mom, but first I'll tell you about the time you made me take Janet to the basketball game. I never was so ashamed in all my life. Sit down here, Mom, it'll be easier for you to take, sittin' down. It'll be hard enough then, findin' out how silly your daughter is. Why don't I call her my sister? Oh, no, I'm not claimin' her for any relation of mine. When I took her to this ball game, she was thirteen years old and shoulda known how to act. First thing when we got inside the gym she said:

"Let's sit over there, Ricky."

I knew why. She had spotted Spence Taylor and wanted to sit close to him. She started across the floor right when the boys were practicing before the game. She dodged this way and that way and finally got across and I met her at the other side. We sat down and Janet called and waved to everyone she knew.

"Hi, Betty. Hello, Joe and oh, Spence, you're here."

Next she read the score board. "What do they mean by visiting team and home team?"

Before I could answer she was standin' up and calling, "I'll take some of that popcorn. Here--here."

She spent most of the game chomping on that popcorn. When the game was over, she jumped up and squealed and cheered, "Rah-rah-rah-rah!"

I coulda died, 'cause the other team had won and she didn't even know the difference.

Now she's fifteen years old, and she oughten to be afraid of the dark and she can go alone.--You still say I have to take her?

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---