

PAGING NOAH WEBSTER!

A Humorous Monolog

by
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Sometimes I don't understand women. Now you take Hibiscus Mahoney. Hibiscus is my girl and she is some girl! She is five foot two of blonde Brooklyn, but she is strictly from the grey matter. She is a intelchool, and brother what she's got in the way of a vocabulary shouldn't happen to a dictionary!

There is times when it gets me down. Like for incidence, it is Spring. We are in Central Park. The squirrels are running around like they got adrenaline overdrives and the perfumery biffs you in the snifter, it is so noisy. And the sky--well, it ain't so blue it couldn't take a lesson from Hibiscus' peepers, but it is on the way.

I am telling all this to Hibiscus and leading up to Romance, but she looks at me sad like and says, "Omar, ain't you got no aesthetical appreciation of Nature? Must you always be a objective onlooker? Can't you feel the great oversouls transcendentalizing all around? Can't you commune with Socrates and Plato?"

Well, I look around, but I don't see no oversouls and I ain't never commuted with no Socrates and Plato. I tell this to Hibiscus.

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