

RELICS IN THE ATTIC

A Costume Monolog

by
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(The reader, with kerchief around her head like a turban, broom in one hand, dust cloth in the other, comes to center of stage. At right, stands an old, old trunk and, if desired, an old chair. Next to it is a box or carton on which she may place things as she has taken them out of the trunk.)

(Sighs) Spring cleaning! What a chore! I should get rid of a lot of junk in this attic. (Thoughtfully) Let's see. (Looks around and goes to trunk) Guess I'll start with this old trunk. (Lays broom and dust cloth aside and opens lid) My stars! I never realized there was such a conglomeration of stuff! (May sit on chair. Picks up long christening robe, carefully wrapped in tissue paper) My old christening gown, and my mother's and grandmother's before me. It was getting kind of yellow before I bleached it. I used it for my own two little girls, too, and then Cathy used it for her baby. But Cheryl wouldn't have any part of it. (Laughs) Said she didn't like antiques. (Holds it up) Well, it really is an antique! It's a miracle it doesn't fall apart. (Feels of it) They made material stronger in those days. It's really still good. Maybe my grandchildren would like it some day. Guess I can't discard this. (Carefully wraps it up again and puts it aside)

I do this every year. But I must steel myself into discarding things. They certainly accumulate. (Takes out hobble skirt with long slit in it, and bright green silk petticoat) I remember when I first got this skirt. My! Did I think I was something! (Holds it up) If it hadn't been for the slit, I wouldn't have been able to walk in it. Hobble skirt was a good name for it. I wiggled my hips good so people would notice the green silk petticoat. (Holds skirt up to herself but it is far too small) Guess I've gained a little weight! I wouldn't be able to get it over my hips, let alone wiggle 'em.

(Takes an old corset from trunk) Hmm, if I could get this on, maybe the skirt would fit. Size 19! Yes, sir! In those days, my waistline measured nineteen inches. (Winks) I'd hate to tell you what it measures now. (Puts corset around her, but it goes only halfway. She hurriedly lays it aside) I better keep it just to remind me not to overeat. (Puts skirt and petticoat aside and takes out an old evening gown, vintage of about 1916)

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