

SIXTEEN

A Humorous Monolog

by
Maureen Daly



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I want you to understand from the beginning that I'm not really so dumb. I get around. I read. I listen to the radio. And I have two older sisters. So you see, I know what the score is. I know it's smart to wear tweedish skirts and shaggy sweaters with the sleeves pushed up and pearls and ankle-socks and saddle shoes that look as if they've seen the world. And I know that your hair should be fluffed on the ends and you should wear a campus hat or a peasant hankie if you've that sort of face. Should make you think of edelweiss, mist and sunny mountains, yodeling and Swiss cheese. You know, that kind of peasant. Now, me, I never wear a hankie. It makes my face seem wide and Slavic and I look like a picture always in one of those magazine articles that run--"And Stalin says the future of Russia lies in its women. In its women who have tilled its soil, raised its children--." Well, anyway, I'm not exactly too small-town either. I read Winchell's column. You get to know what New York boy is that way about some pineapple princess on the West Coast and what Paradise pretty is currently the prettiest.

But I'm sort of drifting. This isn't what I wanted to tell you. I just wanted to give you the general idea of how I'm not so dumb. It's important that you understand that.

You see, it was funny how I met him. It was a winter night. The moon tinned the twigs and silver-plated the snow drifts, and I just couldn't stay inside. I remember it took me a long time to get ready that night because I had to darn my skating socks first. And then I brushed my hair--hard, so hard it clung to my hand and stood up around my head in a hazy halo.

I'd just gotten my skates for Christmas and they thumped me good-naturedly on my back as I walked. The night was breathlessly quiet and the stars winked down like a million flirting eyes. It was all so lovely.

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