

# SMART DOG

A Humorous Monolog for a Boy

by  
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Hi! (Waves to audience) This is my dog. (Snaps finger and motions to imaginary dog to sit) My family and I live at his place down the street. Oh, we used to call it our house, but since he sleeps on the sofa that we kids don't dare put our feet on, things are different. He demands breakfast before Mom even gets the coffee pot on for Dad, the former king of the realm; so (shrugs) we might as well face facts and admit who runs the place. (Nods toward dog)

He is a little bigger dog than we planned on adopting, but we love him. DOWN, boy, down!  
(Staggers back and wipes face with hand) Yes, I know, you love me too.

As you can see, he's very intelligent. It's getting so we have to spell everything. Like f-o-o-d, and b-a-l-l, and c-a-t. He loves to chase those c-a-t-s.

We had a problem when it came to naming him. My sister wanted to call him Tiny. He was a furry little ball when he arrived, believe it or not. Now look at the size of those paws. (Takes one in both hands) And those ears (Holds out hands as if spreading out huge ears on both sides of his head) Wow! A can of f-o-o-d goes down that mouth in one gulp.

Mom suggested we call him Puddles. That was just after she stepped in one in her bare feet. Dad called him several names after he chewed up his fur-lined, leather gloves, but since there are small children in the neighborhood, we couldn't stick our heads out the door and yell those names whenever we wanted him.

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