

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF MY PAPER ROUTE

A Humorous Monolog

by
Susan Bower



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

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Streaking is nothing new in our neighborhood! Well, at least at six in the morning, it isn't. You'd be surprised at the sights I see. "Ah, caught you again, Mr. Jones!" There he goes, streaking for cover. Being in the buff, even in the privacy of your own bedroom is risky when you subscribe to an early morning newspaper. Well, it serves him right, always called me a paperboy! Honestly--doesn't he know the difference? But I guess that's something I'll just have to live with.

And then there's that little Smith girl. I just don't understand her. I try to be nice, I even give her the paper at the door, but she still sticks out her tongue at me and says, "I don't like you." All because of just one time when I accidentally skipped the Smiths. They called me and I told them I'd bring a paper down. I did--three times--until I realized I was taking a paper to the wrong Smith family. Boy, was that stupid! But those are just two of my "trials". I can think of plenty more!

For instance, one afternoon I rode down to Stop 'n Go to pick up my bundle of the Pekin Times. When I got there all the bundles were gone, mine included! Where were all my papers? Panic-stricken, I decided the only thing to do was to call the newspaper office and report it. I dialed, and after waiting what seemed like ten minutes, a voice answered. "Hello," I said, "This is Susan Bower, route I-85. I would like to report 84 papers missing.--Yes, that's right, 84 Times gone. Would you send me out some more? I'll wait right here!" Only a few seconds after I had hung up, my dad drove up. Guess what he had in the back seat of our car. That's right, 84 papers. He had thought he was helping. Parents are like that. They think they are helping, but sometimes they are more of a hindrance!

Like the time that my mother said she'd help me deliver some papers before she drove to Peoria. I told her to leave one bundle at home and to drop off the other at the midway point of the route. Well, she must not have been listening; she thought I took all the bundles. So, she went to Peoria and shopped about three hours. When she finally got home, I raced out to the car. Sure enough, there were 70 papers sitting on the back seat. Ever since five o'clock, the phone had been ringing and ringing and ringing. I'd answer it to hear, "Is this the Times paperboy? I didn't get my paper tonight." Through gritted teeth I managed to say, "I'm sorry, I'll bring one right down." You know, the customer is ALWAYS right!

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