

WIDOW'S MITES

Humorous Reading

by

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The characters in this little sketch are nine-year-old Milton McKee, commonly known as Wartie and his confederate in crime, Percy Lufkin.

At ten-forty-five on a Friday morning we find the boys turning with reluctant footsteps toward the institution of learning. Wartie speaks:

WARTIE: Gosh, Perc', we gotta get our beans to workin' an' think up a escuse fer us a-bein' so tardy! It was your idee--us goin' out to the airport to see the tri-motor land, an' it's up to you to think up somethin' that'll git us outa this jam with the least posserable punishment. Whadda you got to offer?

PERCY: Aw, shucks--that's easy. Tell her yer Gramma died an' we had to go to the fun'ral.

W: Haw, haw! That old gag--Say, that old escuse is moth-et! Why don't you tell her that a old man died an' left you a hidden treasure an' you had to go dig fer it? Huh? HAW, HAW!

P: HAW? HAW? Oh YEAH? I've got a notion to push yer face in!

W: GO AHEAD! An' I'll break all the important bones in yer body while yer a-doin' it.--But this ain't no way to act, we gotta stick together and think up some way to git outa this scrape. Couldn't you be sick, er somp'n?

P: I dunno--I'd have to LOOK sick--GOLLY, I've got it! You have chicken-poxes, an' I'll make 'em with this red crayon. (Takes crayon from pocket) HOLD STILL. Boy, these are sure keen poxes. Gee, this is ONE chicken that'll have plenty of poxes--GOLLY, they're sure natural-lookin'---There you are--a perfec' specimen of a poky-dotted palooka.

W: Um--but how in heck did I GIT 'em? You don't GIT diseases jest because you want 'em--you gotta be EXPOSED--

P: Aw! You kin git 'em ANYWHERE! Why you could git 'em--well, GEE, I betcha you could git 'em from CHICKENS. You folks has got chickens, haven't you?

W: No, we haven't, but old Widder Jenkins what lives next door to us has got a old black Monorcy rooster and two white hens. Mebbe I got 'em from her chickens. Mebbe I was IN HER CHICKEN-COOP? DO YOU GIT ME?

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---