

## A Trip in an Automobile

*Length: Three minutes*

*Monologue for a small girl*

My Uncle Bob's got the finest new automobile you ever saw. It'll hold a great big lot of folks, and it has the nicest cushions to bump up and down on. Mamma says she don't like to bounce *quite* so high as we did once when we struck a mud-rut. But I do. You're sitting so still and all at once you go up in the air like a sky-rocket, and then you come down on the cushions bumpity, bump, bump! Just like this. (*Jumps up and down.*) Oh, I think that is just lots of fun.

I love autos anyway. They have such big bright lights. But, say, I think those lights look real scary, when they come at you in the dark—just like two *big eyes*. My papa said one time when the one coming towards us did not turn down their lights, that they were fierce. That he didn't blame horses for being afraid of them, 'cause that S-S-S—oh, who was it? Well, anyway, *somebody himself*, couldn't look worse coming at you with lights in his horns. I guess he meant a cow, don't you? 'Cause cows's got horns.

One day Uncle Bob took us all to the races at the fair. Papa sat in front with him and he looked at his watch and said we didn't have much time, and Uncle said yes, but that that was why he liked an automobile, they were so *sure*. You could get most any place on time, even if you did once in a while have to *burn* a little. Let me see, did he say burn? —I think that's it. Anyway, I know it sounded like clothes smell like when Bridget gets mad 'cause the iron's too hot.

And we went so fast part of the time. But I liked the bumps and I liked the wind cutting my face. But just as we got a little past half-way, and were making "such good time," Uncle said, something went z-z-z and "chu-chunk" and we stopped with a jerk, and I almost went out on my head, I did. Then they had to work on that machine, and Uncle got real mad, but at last we got to go on again. We got to the fair late, but got to see some of the races after all. But my papa said when we got home that he guessed he wouldn't get a car right now, for it was too hard on your nerves and temper. What'd he mean, I wonder? But I wish he would; for I like them, I do, even when we stop off short like that and everything.