

## Big Brother

*Length: Three minutes*  
*Monologue for a little girl*

Oh, I have the meanest big brother there ever was. He teases me *dreadfully*. But he can be as nice as pie when he wants me to do something for him—run some errand, like as not. But I always know why he is honey-ing around and then I say: “Oh, you are too good to be true. What is it you want me to do? I am sorry, but I am very busy today. I haven’t time to do what you want, whatever it is.”

But if he would be good to me all the time I’d just love to be nice to him. But I’m not going to do all the being kind and good. Anyway, he’s bigger than I am, and Mother says he should “set an example for me!” Oh, my, if I followed his example, wouldn’t I be a *nice* little girl? What does he do? Why, everything. He is an awful tease.

The other day Bettie Brown was here and we were out in the garden playing “come and see” with our dolls. And Bettie had just been to call on me, and her doll had been naughty, and had to be spanked good and hard. And then as she was starting to take her home—not to her really home, you know, but her play, “make believe,” I said:

“Come back again, Mrs. Brown, when your little girl can behave better. I’ll come over to your house for tea after a while, and bring my *godchild*.”

“Well,” said Bettie, “I don’t know as my little girl is any worse than yours. I have known your child to behave in even a worse way. But come for tea, I’ll expect you.”

And she pretended that she was of-of-offended, and was starting to her house, about like this. (*Imitates a haughty walk, shrugging her shoulders, now and then.*) Her house was over behind the rose-bush. Suddenly we heard Bob laugh and saw him run away from there. And you should have seen us run. We knew he had been up to something.

We had everything out on my little table for our tea-party. But Bob had been there and, as we were afraid, had eaten up our cake and bread and butter and everything we had fixed for our tea-party. He had even upset the table, and everything.

I just cried and screamed for Mother. She came out there and said Bob had been very naughty and that she would give him a “good talking to.” And then she gave us another party. But that is the way I have it all the time. Sometimes I almost wish there weren’t any big brothers in the world!

But, say, I think Bob needed a good, sound *thrashing*, instead of a “talking to.” Don’t you?