

## Friends

*Length: Three minutes*  
*Monologue for a boy*

My dog's named Jack! And he's the best dog I ever knew. Dad says that's not saying so much, for Jack's the only dog I ever had. But I don't care how he teases, I think Jack's a great dog anyway. And so would you if he's your dog, and if he had done as much for you as he has for me. –What'd he do? Why, just lots of things! He follows me almost everywhere I go, and he—to school? Well, no, he isn't allowed to go to school with me now. He went one time too many. Dad says, anyway! –Tell you about it? All right, I will.

You see, I got to a Centralized School, and we go in a school van. Jack used to follow along behind. Our house isn't so far from school, and Jack used to like the run. Then when we got there, he'd play with us kids till school opened, and then when we went in he seemed to know that he had to stay outdoors. That is, he would if the weather's good, but if it'd rain, he'd sneak into the hall. But he would be real still.

One day there was a rabbit that ran across the yard and Jack saw it. Of course he started to run at it. And that rabbit didn't do a thing but run through the hall and clear around our schoolroom. And when the kids saw it a-hopping in they just stood up and yelled! But that wasn't all. I guess Jack would have caught that rabbit all right if it hadn't been for teacher. She was writing our lesson on the blackboard, and so she had her back to the door. Of course she couldn't see the rabbit. That is, she *didn't*, even if Tommy Graham does say she has “eyes in the back of her head.” But she heard the noise all right, and she whirled around and said: “Children, down in your seats this minute! What is the matter with you anyway? Down, I say!” Then *down* she went! Jack came along just then and he just knocked her over flat. And then he got all tangled up in the sash she was a-wearing, and he tore it. And then he lost track of the rabbit. For when he got loose it was gone. But he didn't care half as much about the rabbit as the teacher cared about him. Mad! That teacher was madder'n a wet hen!

“William Frazer Jones, you and your *dog* are excused! And you need not come back until you can apologize, and until you learn that school is no place for dogs!” And she just “rose up in her dignity,” as Sis says Auntie does sometimes, and she shut her mouth up tight. And so I whistled to Jack and just scooted! I had to walk home, but I didn't mind that. I hated to explain to Mother and Dad though, I can tell you! Dad didn't lick me though. He just said that I had to apologize to teacher for Jack, and that I must see that Jack did not go to school with me again. –What's that? Oh, yes, of course he wants to go a lot of times, but I just say, “No, Jack, just go back, you cannot go.” And he minds! Oh, he stands by me, he does, and I stand by him. We are both good, and both bad, by spells. But we always stand by each other. I tell you Jack and I are friends!