

## My Uncle John

*Length: Five minutes*

*Monologue for a boy*

*(The boy enters carrying his cap, he waves cap in air, and begins to speak.)*

Hurrah! I say, hurrah for my Uncle John! He's the kind of an uncle to have. He came out to our house today, and he asked my mother: "Where's James?" And Mother told him I was playing out in the back yard with Billy Bailey. Then he told her to call me. But of course I didn't know he was there, and so when Mother called: "James, oh, James, come here, I want you," I was just mad all over. I said to Billy, "Oh, I just bet you she wants me to take my bath or something like that. Gee! Mothers make me tired. I wish I didn't have to go!" Then I decided to pretend that I did not hear. But she called again, "James, come here this minute or you'll be sorry!" Just like she meant it that time. I answered, "Yes'm, I'm coming as fast's I can." Then I went just as slow and as slow as I could to the house. But when I saw my Uncle John I hurried up, I can tell you.

Uncle said, "I am looking for a little boy about your size to go to the zoo with me." Then I just shouted, and I didn't even complain when Mother made me wash my neck and ears.

Well, we went! My Uncle John is surely great! We saw *all* at the zoo, I just know we did! The lions roared something fierce today. And the tigers seemed on a rampage too, Uncle said. Then when we reached the snakes, and the alligators and the hippopotamuses that were there, Uncle stopped and told me 'bout how they live in their native state, and I enjoyed it heaps more than I ever did before.

Then, of course, we fed peanuts to the elephants. But, the best of all, Uncle got the man to let me ride on one of them. I had begged and begged Mother to let me ride on one when she took me, but she said, "Oh, no, James, dear, you might get hurt. Come on away, now, that's a good boy." Humph! Women make me tired. What fun is it to go any place with a woman anyway? I told Uncle about it, and about how Mother would not let me ride. And I said it wasn't any fun anyway when a woman was around, and asked him if he thought it was. He just laughed and said, "Well, James, sometimes it depends on the woman. But more often it depends on the age of the man. Now, you see, I am older than you, and there are times when I rather like to have one woman around!" Now, what do you suppose he meant by that? Do you really suppose he is going to marry that Miss Mabel Morris, I've seen him with so many times lately? I hope he is not. Maybe then she wouldn't let him take me to the zoo again. Most women don't let you do anything you like. So I've noticed! At least Mother doesn't. But of course, I have to stand it from her, because she is my mother. But on the whole, I guess I don't care much for women! And I'm just a lot disappointed that my uncle does.

Last of all we went to see the monkeys, and oh, such fun as we had. Uncle John laughed as much as I did. They hold their heads so funny when they look at you. Sort of sideways it is, like this—(*imitates.*)

We surely did have a grand time. Uncle said we would go again sometime. Gee, he's great, he is! Don't you wish you had an uncle like my Uncle John? (*Goes off whistling.*)