

**THE KID**  
A monologue by Walter Ben Hare

NOTE: This monologue is reprinted from Readings and Monologues À La Mode. Walter Ben Hare. Minneapolis: T.S. Denison & Co., 1921.

Suppose *you* was a kid like me,  
And ma would take you on her knee  
And fill the wash rag full of soap,  
And hold you tight as any rope,  
And wash yer eyes and nose and chin,  
And 'hind your ears, and ever'thin',  
And git some soap suds in yer eye,  
And up yer nose, till you 'ist *cry!*  
I bet you'd be as sore as me,  
I bet *you'd* say worse words than "Gee!"  
Now wouldn't you?

Suppose *you* was a kid, I say,  
And got washed thirty times a day,  
I bet you'd kick and holler, too,  
And do things that you shouldn't do.  
I bet you'd even cry and bawl,  
For *you* don't have to wash at all!  
And what's the use of it, I say?  
You 'ist get dirty right away.  
And then you have to wash some more!  
I bet that it 'ud make *you* sore!  
Now wouldn't it?

When I get growed and am a man  
I'll wash on the installment plan.  
And all *my* little girls and boys  
Can play around with yells and noise,  
And every day wade in the creek--  
And only wash 'ist once a week!  
And then, 'ist here--and here--and here!  
*[Points to forehead, cheeks and chin]*  
And wash with soap 'ist once a year!  
Now if *you* was *my* little boy,  
I bet you'd laugh and shout for joy!  
Now wouldn't you?