

# “BOYS”

adapted by Jerry Laffey from Annabelle Irwin's "Girls"

You know – there are some things in life that a girl just has to put up with, like mothers ... and fathers ... and BOYS!

Now you can't do much about mothers and fathers. I mean, a girl's just born with them. And naturally, brothers don't really count either – because you're born with them, too – especially if you're unlucky like ME! I've got five of them!

No, I'm talking about BOYS! The kind that the teacher in school always makes you sit behind ... and beside ... and in front of! Those monsters that pretend you don't exist, when they're alone. But, when they're with a group of friends, they tease you ... they make fun of you ... they laugh at you! How crude! But if they need an answer to a homework problem, it's a different story.

BOYS! I just can't understand them and that's all there is to it.

I'll never forget one time when I was in fifth grade. Lester "the Pester" Kesler sat across the aisle from me. In history we had studied about the Pilgrims' coming to America. On the day of the test Lester changed from "Pester" to "Rover" --- not that he wasn't always a "dog," but I mean his eyes just wouldn't stay off my paper. So, I accidentally misspelled the word "ship." Well, maybe I did do it on purpose – anyway, just before handing in the test I changed a t to a p so my answer read: "The big, brown ship surprised the Indians when it floated to shore." Unfortunately, Lester didn't change the letter on his paper. He spent the entire next day in the principal's office writing: "I will **not** use four-letter words in school." He never copied my paper again, so I guess he learned something – isn't that what school is for?

Did you ever see a boy alone? Never! A boy always has to have a whole herd of other boys tagging after him, like a general or something with a bodyguard. Whether it's a school dance or a movie at the local theatre, they gather in their own segregated anti-social clique on one side of an imaginary dividing line. And nature never calls just one of them – oh, no! They always go to the restroom as a unit, like an army!

And the way boys dress! I mean, all they wear is professional basketball team shirts, football team coats, and baseball team caps. Then they pull their pants half way down on their hips, stand with their hands in their pockets and talk real macho (imitate them) : “Hey, Dude, you gonna watch the Packers pulverize the Giants?” “Wrong, Man! The Giants are gonna kick their -----.” Sorry, but I’m too much of a lady to finish that one. How vulgar!

How about the way they walk? (Act out each of these.) You’ve got the “John-Wayne-just-got-off-his-horse” hobble, the “I’m-gonna-be-built-like-Sylvester-Stalone-when-I-finish-my-weight-training” stride, the “If-you-wee-a-cloud-you’d-be-in-my-line-of-vision” strut, and so on.

Or the way they sit? (Demonstrate these.) If they don’t sit on a chair’s back, they straddle it like a horse, or slide down in it as if they’re soaking in a hot tub. How unrefined!

Or the way they drink. A can of soda vanishes in two gulps – each followed by an earth-shattering belch. I know why boys don’t offer their friends a bite of an apple or a candy bar – anything that can be held in one hand is devoured in one mouthful! How gluttonish!

But you know, I found out one thing about boys, though. If a boy likes you – really likes you – he doesn’t act like those other creeps.

Last week a funny thing happened. I haven’t quite figured it out yet. There’s this boy who sits beside me in Spanish class. He’s not at all like the other boys. He’s different! (Gesture his build.) He’s about 5’ 5” tall, about this wide across the shoulders, narrowing down like this to his waist, and is sooooo good looking. He reminds me of Brad Pitt, Tom Cruise and Matt Damon all in one. And, I’m not sure, but I think he may shave. If there’s any boy in our grade that shaves, I just know he’s the one!

One day as we were leaving class, he sort of slipped to my side and said, in absolutely perfect Spanish, “(Use some ridiculous Spanish sentence here)” Then he walked down the hall with me to my locker, using all kinds of Spanish words, like: (Insert rather useless Spanish words). WOW!! Spanish has always been difficult for me, but Reginald – that’s his name (Isn’t it romantic?) said he would help me whenever I need

help. Can you believe it? I'll bet he's a straight A student. He said he was going to be either a Spanish teacher or a brain surgeon.

I've come to the conclusion that there are boys in this world --- and then there are BOYS! "Reggie" promised to save me a place in the lunchroom tomorrow noon. And he invited me to the Junior Varsity game on Monday night – he gets to suit up and may even get to play, if our team gets a big lead. He also said he's been saving his money and when he gets his permit, he's going to buy a moped. He may even let me ride on it – he didn't actually say that, but I think he might! If you want to know the truth, I think he's the most --- oh, gosh! There he is now!!! I've gotta go.

Hey, Reggie, wait up! I'll carry your books for you! (Make "exit" movement.)