

Monologues for Elementary Ages

“Shopping with Mom is a Pain”

From *Kids' Stuff*

Sometimes Mom makes me go with her when she shops. I guess she thinks its fun for me to hang around while she looks for stuff she doesn't need.

Sunday we went to the new mall over on the north side. It's so big that if you ever got lost in it, you'd never find your way out. And it was so crowded we had to park a mile away and walk across this big, huge lot. By the time we got to the mall I was already tired. And hot, too. Whew!

Mom said that we weren't going to stay very long. All she wanted to do was find a cute dress to wear to this party she was going to with Dad. She said she didn't have anything to wear. Nothing to wear? Is she kidding? You should see her closet. It's so full of junk she has trouble cramming stuff in.

She tried on a ton of dresses in a whole bunch of stores. It took all day. It was really boring. Sitting around watching my mom try to squeeze into clothes all day was awful. She broke two zippers.

I hate shopping. I'd rather stay home and mess around with my friends. Shopping is for old people who haven't got important things to do.

Maybe, if I'm lucky, Mom will get into the Home Shopping Network.

“Giving is a Good Thing”

From *Kids' Stuff*

Over the weekend, my mom and dad and my brothers and sisters and I cleaned out our closets. We came up with a whole bunch of stuff we don't wear anymore. We filled up ten boxes.

We went through everything and sorted it out and folded it up real neat. A lot of the stuff looked brand new. My mom said it was a shame. She said we had a lot more stuff than we ever needed. She said it was awful to buy a bunch of junk and then never wear it. Like she should talk. She filled up more boxes than anybody.

After we got the stuff all packed up, we loaded it into our van and took it down to this shelter place where there was a whole bunch of homeless people hanging out.

When we unloaded the stuff, you should have seen how they acted. You would have thought that we were bringing them the coolest stuff on earth, or something, instead of a pile of leftovers. One little kid was real happy when she tried on one of my old sweaters. You should have seen the look on her face. It was like she'd just won the lottery, or something. It was neat.

You know, I never realized how good giving could make you feel.

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“Music is a Matter of Personal Taste”

From *Kids’ Stuff*

Whenever I play my CDs, my mom and dad tell me to turn the music down. Gee whiz! You can’t play cool sounds real low. Everybody knows that. You have to listen to them super-loud to hear them right. But my parents say that the music my friends and I listen to is nothing but a bunch of noise. Shows what they know.

My mom listens to the real old people like Elvis and The Supremes and The Temptations, and people like that. She says that this is *real* music. To me it sounds like a whole bunch of sappy junk.

My dad listens to opera. Stuff that’s a million years old. And he plays it louder than I do my music any day. Sometimes I can hear it way down the street. One time a neighbor called up complaining about it and the cops came and made him turn it down. They should have made him bust up all of his opera records, too, if you ask me. That way, I wouldn’t have to listen to a bunch of dead people all screaming at the same time.

Hey, my music may be noisy, but at least the people playing it are still alive.

“Grownups Don’t Know How to Treat Kids”

From *Kids’ Stuff*

I hate getting sick. ‘Cause then I have to stay home and stay in bed and take all kinds of medicine. Even when I’m even a little bit sick, they make me take all kinds of junk. They go bananas even if my temperature is one degree higher. You’d think I was dying, or something.

This is the reason, even when I feel really bad, that I try not to act it. ‘Cause if I do, right away my mom goes feeling my head and shoving a thermometer in my mouth and calling up Grandma, who always recommends a laxative. You could cut your finger and she’d recommend a laxative. And then I have to go to bed and keep quiet. I can’t even talk on the phone. I don’t know what keeping quiet has to do with getting well. My mom gabs all the time when she’s sick.

And when grownups get sick, they don’t have to go to bed and take stinking medicine and pills as big as meatballs. They just keep on working and sneezing and coughing and blowing their noses and leaving used Kleenexes all over the place. They can be as sick as dogs without anyone shoving thermometers down their throats and telling them to be quiet.

I can’t wait to be old. Then I can be as sick as I want and spread germs all over the place. Hey, when you’re grownup, even being sick is fun.

“It’s Hard to Let Go of an Old Friend”

From *Kids’ Stuff*

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I used to drag this old, fuzzy stuffed dog around with me all the time. I called him Sam. I took him with me everywhere. Sam was all grubby and his ears wore off to the point where he looked like a big mouse. But he was like a special friend, or something, you know. I used to talk to him and everything. I'd had Sam since I was a little kid.

My mom and dad kept telling me that I was too old for such stuff. That kids my age didn't go around dragging an old toy. They said it was childish.

Lots of times they'd hide Sam and say he must have gotten misplaced or thrown out by accident, or something. They would make up all kinds of stories. But I knew better. And I always found him and put him back on my bed. Hey, kids can find anything. Especially when they're not supposed to, you know.

Then, one time, when we went on vacation, I forgot to take Sam along. When I found out, I went bananas and screamed and kicked the seats of the car till my dad gave me one of his looks. The kind of look that says, "One more peep and you're history." And that did it. By the time we got back from our trip, I didn't need Sam anymore.

I still have him, though. He's up in the top of my closet. When Dad asks me why I keep him, I tell him I don't really know. I guess for the same reason he still has his old Teddy bear.

"Who Needs Braces?"

From Kids' Stuff

When they told me I had to get braces, I thought, No problem. Hey, it was going to be really neat. I mean, like almost everybody has braces, you know. All the kids. So I thought getting braces was gonna be cool.

I asked the orthodontist for plastic. I thought plastic would look a whole lot better than a mouthful of metal. And I had him give me red, white, and blue rubber bands. I wanted to look patriotic.

But you know what? Braces aren't cool, they're ugly and painful. And just when you start kinda feeling good, you have to go back in and they tighten up the rubber bands. Then the pain starts up all over again. I think the dental goons love the pain part.

And braces look awful. It's like you've always got a mouthful of mashed potatoes, or something. Gross. And you have to watch what you eat, too. Forget about corn-on-the-cob and candy and anything with sugar. And you have to brush all the time and floss and rinse your mouth and take special care of your teeth. Boy, was I ever wrong about braces. They're nothing but a big pain in the face. And after a while they aren't cool, they're embarrassing. When I laugh, I put my hand over my mouth. I *hate* braces. I'd have them taken off, but I don't wanna grow up looking like a beaver.

Too Young for This; Too Old for That From a Monologue Book

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I am presently in what the psychologists refer to as The Awkward Age. That means I'm not a little kid any longer, but I'm not grown up yet, either. It also means that my parents can't decide which category I belong in. The result of their indecision is very confusing and if they aren't careful, I'm going to end up needing one of those psychologists.

For example, according to my mother, I am too old for many of the activities I still enjoy. I am too old to go trick-or-treating on Halloween. I am too old to spy on my sister when she comes home from a date. I am too old to swipe apples from Mrs. Munster's tree.

Besides being too old, I am also old enough to know better. (*Mimic a scolding adult:*) “__(name)___! You are old enough to know better than to wear those muddy shoes on the carpet.” “__(name)___! You are old enough to know better than to let the parakeet out of his cage when the cat's indoors.” (*Helpless shrug*) On the other hand, I am much too young for many of the things I would like to do. According to my parents, I am too young to attend an unchaperoned party. I am too young to go shopping downtown alone. I am too young to attend a movie that's rated PG unless my mother has read a review of it.

The bad part about all this is that there is no reasonable explanation for which things I'm too old for and which I'm too young for. I never know what to expect.

Late

From a Monologue Book

(*walks into classroom...late!*) Hey, Teach. Sorry I'm late, but the strangest thing happened to me on the way to class. I was just walking along on the way to the school bus when...uh...a circus came by. It was like a circus parade. And the next thing I knew, one of the elephants wrapped his trunk around me and put me on his back. Well, I started screaming 'cause I wanted to get to school. But no one could hear me 'cause the marching band was playing so loud. I tried to jump down but...have you ever tried to get down from a moving elephant? It's not easy. After about an hour, the elephant stopped and a clown on stilts walked by and helped me down. And I ran all the way to class. So, sorry I'm late, but I guess you understand that when an elephant grabs you, you have to do what it wants.

Monologues for Elementary Ages

Boredom

From a Monologue Book

Sometimes I daydream about doing outrageous things in the middle of the sermon. I wonder what would happen if I suddenly jumped to my feet and yelled, “Anybody want to play volleyball?”

Or what if I faked a coughing attack? I could choke and gasp for breath and roll my eyes around and then get up and leave. If I hacked and coughed all the way out, I’d really raise a ruckus.

Or maybe I could pass a note around, like we sometimes do in study hall. *At exactly 11:35, everybody drop your pencil.*

What I’d really like to do is bring in one of those remote-controlled toy cars and hide it under the first pew. Then, when the sermon got too boring, I’d turn it on and have it run up and down the aisle. That would wake up Mr. Swenson.

To be perfectly honest, I know I’ll never do any of those things. I’m too much of a coward. I’m not afraid that God will punish me, but I’m dead certain sure my mother would. Much as I would like to rise to my feet and scream, “Fire! Fire! There’s a fire in hell!” I won’t ever do it. Instead, I’ll pretend to pay attention to the sermon.

I wonder how many squares of ceiling tile there are in here? (Looks up and starts to count.) One, two, three...