**That's MY Dad!**

I guess I must have been about eight. I couldn't have been much younger. It was the first time my Dad took me to a real Major League ballgame. I guess I must have eaten one too many hot dog or too many nachos, because I suddenly really had to go to the bathroom. I wasn't sure my Dad would let me go by myself, but we were within one run of tying the game and he didn't want to miss anything. I was thrilled. When you're eight finding the men's room by yourself is a real grown-up adventure. Even the word "MEN'S room" was exciting. But I think deep down I was a little hurt that he wasn't more worried about me. I mean who knows what kind of weirdos might have been in that men's room?

Anyway, there weren't any weirdos. But when I got back to my seat, this GUY was in it. This total stranger was in my seat, and he was talking to my Dad. And my Dad had his arm around the guy's shoulder--not in a weird way, but you know, like guys bonding. And they were laughing. My dad used to put his arm around my shoulders like that! The men's room was up a level from our seats, so I saw them before they saw me. And all I could think was, why is he talking to that guy? That's my seat! That's MY Dad!

I couldn't move. I just stood there in the middle of the stadium frozen. I thought I'd been replaced. I wanted to scream, "No, Dad! I'll be a better son! Whatever it takes, I'll do it! Dad!" But I couldn't. I just stood there. I guess I was crying.

This guy in a blue shirt came up and tried to find out what was wrong, but I couldn't tell him. How could I tell him I was dumped by my DAD? So he kind of pried open my fingers, where I was holding my ticket, and saw where my seat was. He sort of pushed me along and we got down to my seat.

When we got there the guy stood up to let me sit down, and I saw who it was. "Hey, look who's here," my Dad said. "It's Mr. Allen! What do you know--he's a huge baseball fan just like you!"

Mr. Allen was my gym teacher. I've hated gym class ever since.

**Ever Wish You Could Control Your Dreams?**

Ever wish you could control your dreams? You know--you go to sleep and dream about whatever you want? Sometimes I think I could really FIX things if I could just dream them right. I guess that sounds pretty stupid. Like last week I had this huge test in Chemistry. I really like Chemistry, but there's so much to remember. I tanked. And I KNOW that stuff--that's what makes me so mad. Who cares, right? It's just a stupid test. But I'm the one who's supposed to be so smart. My Dad wants me to go to medical school, and I guess I do too, but who needs the pressure? I mean, doesn't he have a life of his own? If I turn out to be a moron, what's that to him? "My son, the Honor Student. My son, the Doctor." Can't he talk about sports like everybody else? The first thing he says to me when he gets home: "So, how'd the test go? Another A, right?" I told him we didn't get the test back yet.

So that night I dreamed I aced the test. In my dream I remembered every stupid element. I could see the protons and electrons and neutrons spinning around like little solar systems, and I could recognize every one. I think I was flying among them for a while, like with a jet pak or something. Or maybe I WAS and electron. That part of the dream is sort of fuzzy. But the thing was, I KNEW IT ALL. I woke up before the dream was over, so I never saw my grade on the test, but I know I aced it. I had the stuff cold. And the funny thing was, the dream made the real test okay. I mean, I still got an F and all. I still probably can't get an A for the semester no matter what I do on the next test, but I'm okay with it. Look, I KNOW Chemistry. Hey, for one thing, if I didn't, how could I have dreamed all that stuff? I just had a bad day.

The next morning I told my Dad I flunked the test. He gets all quiet for a minute, but then he goes, "Well, you'll do better next time, right?" He didn't even freak.

I bet he still tells his buddies on Friday that I aced it, though. It's kind of pathetic when you think about it.

**Arrest Us for What? Wearing Big Pants?**

I'm skating on the sidewalk and this guy tears out of his shop like I'm the Unabomber or something and actually tries to shove me off the pavement.

"Get a job, you punk!"

Who's he think he is? Get a job. I'm not doing anything to you. As far as I can see, this isn't your sidewalk. I've been here all day and I haven't crashed into one person.

Maybe if he worried less about skaters scaring off his precious customers and more about not selling garbage his store wouldn't be going under. Maybe if he checked his blood pressure once in a while he might live longer. I know one thing: The next time he tries to push me off his stoop, he's gonna wish he kept his hands to himself.

Get a job. Get one yourself. You'll need one when your lease comes due and your landlord kicks you out so he can open a yogurt bar or something. This is the same guy who threatened to call the cops on us last week. I wish he HAD called them. What are the cops going to do--arrest us? For what? For wearing big pants? There's no law against skateboards.

Call me a punk. I wish he did call the cops. I wonder what the penalty is for a grown man assaulting a juvenile. Not that anyone would've come anyway. The cops are too busy rolling bums and eating donuts to mess around with "skatepunks" who might actually fight back. Skatepunks! What's that about? Just because we skate, does that make us juvenile delinquents? I have a B average in school, I don't smoke or drink, and I never cut class in my life. I don't even sneak into the movies. They don't like the way we dress, so they assume we're criminals or something.

My Dad has pictures of himself in the sixties, with long hair and beads and stuff. He looks like a freak! And he's PROUD of it! They're all proud of it. Compared to them we look normal.

**Alice in Wonderland**

**ALICE:** *[Angrily]* Why, how impolite of him. I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice. *[Calling after him]* I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? Hmmm. He won't answer me. And I do *so* want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not? There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I--I will follow him. Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too! *[Falling]* How curious. I never realized that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph! After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think me at home. Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house! I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny that would be. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!

How to Tame your Dragon

This is Berk. It’s twelve days north of Hopeless and a few degrees south of Freezing to Death. It’s located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. My village. In a word? Sturdy. And it’s been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitoes, we have…dragons. Most people would leave. But not us. We’re Vikings. We have stubbornness issues. My name’s Hiccup. Great name, I know. But, it’s not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. Like our charming Viking Demeanor wouldn’t do that. That’s Stoick the Vast, Chief of the tribe. They say that when he was a baby he popped a dragon’s head clean off of its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes, I do. The meathead with attitude and interchangeable hands is Gobber. I’ve been his apprentice ever since I was little. Well, little-er. See? Old village, lots and lots of new houses. Oh and that’s Fishlegs, Snotlout. the twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut and…Astrid. Aw, their job is so much cooler. One day I’ll get out there. Because killing a dragon is everything around here. A Nadderhead is sure to get me at least noticed. Gronckles are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend. A Zippleback? Exotic. Two heads, twice the status. Then there’s the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire. But the ultimate prize is the one dragon no one’s ever seen. We call it the… Night Fury. This thing never steals food, never shows itself and…never misses. No one has ever killed a Night Fury. That’s why I’m going to be the first. This is Berk. It snows nine months out of the year, and hails the other three. What little food grows here is tough and tasteless. The people that grow here, even more so. The only upsides are the pets. While other places have ponies, or parrots; we have… dragons.

**A kid at the movies:**

So this is it!
The new \*\*\* movie is out and I am here to see it. And I am ready.
I waited in line for... *[looks at wrist]*
 Wait! Where's my watch?*[looks at other wrist]*
Oh! There it is! ... I waited in line for 3 hours. I got the first ticket.
And I got the best seat in the whole place! Suckers!...
No time for popcorn... or a drink... or candy...
Hmmm.. I'd sure like some juju beans... no! I am set!
What does that say? Cellphone?
I would turn my cellphone to silent... but I left my cellphone in Mom's car!
Be quiet?
I will not talk in this movie theater because I asked no friends to come with me.
Tommy Earls loves \*\*\* but he would want popcorn or nachos...
and we would have ended up getting seats in the front row
where you have to arch your head backwards and see the screen like this...
*[leans head back.. it gets stuck on something gooey]*
Wait! What? What is this? Oh no! My head... it's stuck. Don't panic!
It's... *[reaches hand back]* .. glue.. no.. gum.. no... it's ...
old popcorn butter turned into nuclear glue.
C'mon... *[tries to pull forward but can't move head]* C'mon!
You have got to be kidding!!! I have to watch the whole movie like this.
During the fight scenes... the aerial dogfights... the scary parts...
This is just great! Maybe if I try harder!
*[he bucks back and forth to no avail]*
No, Sir.. I did not mean to kick your chair!
No, Ma'am... I did not mean to trip your son!
What? No Mr. Usher... I am not causing acommotion.
Come with you? Where? Outside? But.. But.. But...
*[Starts to cry a bit]* I can't get my head off of this chair...
No, ma'am... he does not need scissors from your purse.
Don't give the usher those!
Too late.
Can I stay now? Now that you have embarrassed me infront of the whole audience.
Thank you! Yes... I promise.. to be... yes...
Previews...
Oh what the heck. Now I really want some juju beans... *[gets up]* ...
and I have to go to the bathroom...
Yes I know I might miss the beginning of the movie...
*[looks back]* Hey! That was my seat... never mind!
*[starts to leave]*

**PROTECTO (KID HERO) BY D. M. LARSON**

I've always dreamed of being a hero. I've tried everything to become super.  I let a spider bite me... no spider powers; just lots of itching.  I tried standing too close to the microwave oven hoping the radiation would change me.  Nothing.  And I got in trouble for making so many bags of popcorn.  But I took it all to school and had a popcorn party.  I was a hero that day. So I guess it kinda worked.

I love being a hero.  I love helping people.  I love making them happy.  And I hate bad guys.  I hate creeps who hurt people.

There's this kid at school... he is always hurting everyone.  I am sick of him hurting us.  I just need those super powers.  I need something that will make him stop.

(lost in thought) Maybe if I eat more of the school lunches.  They look radioactive.  If I get enough green hotdogs and brown ketchup in me... something is bound to happen. (nods in approval)

And I need a catch phrase like "gonna smoosh me a baddie"... and a cool costume... actually last time I was in the bathroom, I saw the perfect superhero name.  Protecto!  Instead of a telephone booth like superman, I could use a bathroom stall and those Protecto seat covers could be a cape... and make a toilet paper mask.  Nothing scares bad guys more than bathroom stuff.  (thinks then frowns)  Or maybe it will really make them want to give me a swirly.  I better rethink this.

**Humpty Dumpty Private Egg Hard-boiled detective**

HUMPTY

It was a dark and stormy night in fairyland. A night just perfect for witches. With fairy godmother in the clink, I began to wonder if we were ready for a world turned topsy-turvy. Sweet witches and friendly wolves. Wise wizards and princesses with pig noses. It's a world gone mad but somehow things are looking sunny-side up and we may find some kind of happily ever after in fairytale land.

I was about to call it a day because I had this over easy feeling coming over me... when she rolled in. She had the figure of a fortress and the countenance of a cobra. She was the goddaughter; the witchiest woman west of Walla Walla.

I wondered if this was some kind of yolk. I had already cracked the case of the sleeping prince. Fairy godmother was left with egg on her face. The sleeping spell was only the Easter coloring on a much more rotten egg. She had bigger eggs to fry. And the corruption nearly broke fairytale land apart. Thankfully they had me to put it back together again.

I could continue walking on eggshells around her like everyone else or I could put all my eggs in one basket and say it straight. I knew she was trouble and I told her so. I told her she was like one of those riddles that scramble your brains like, "what came first, the chicken or the egg?"

I told her to beat it unless she wanted to have a talk with all the King's horses and all the King's men.

But then her eyes teared up and I was speechless because I'd never seen this cool egg crack before. Hey, I've got feelings. I'm a bit soft-boiled around the dames. And this dame needed help. And help is what I do, because I'm Humpty Dumpty, Private Egg. Hard-boiled detective.

Where's my Prince Charming

Princess

Okay, people.  I wished upon a star.  I guess it does make a difference who I are!  Do I have to be some poor nobody wannabe?  Do I need some kind of kryptonite like a little pea?  Did my prince get turned into a frog and he's now hiding in some creepy bog waiting for me to find him?  I don't even know how to swim.

What's the use of dreaming anymore.  No one is beating down my door.  I need to be some kind of damsel in distress to get some attention I guess.

Where's my Prince Charming?  Is there something about me that's alarming?  All I get is Prince Pampered who spends his whole life hampered by being royally stuck up.  Or there's Prince Never Grow Up who is way too pretty in his curls.  All these boys make me want to hurl.  Why can't I find a man sized prince who will sweep me off my feet and take me to far away lands.  He will hold me with his strong hands and devote his life to me.

Is that what I want?  Is that what I dream about?  If I don't get it, will I forever pout and cry because I didn't get my way?

I just want to feel special.  I want to feel like they care.  I want them to bravely face any challenge for me.

Enter my heart if you dare.

Lock me in a tower. Make me your precious flower.  I want you to battle your way against dragons to win my love today.  Quit playing with your toys and prove your worth to me, boys.

I promise I will be the perfect princess for you to please. I will be good to you and I won't be a tease... much.  Who am I kidding?  I'm chasing a dream.  They say I got everything in life but it is nothing it seems.

Where is my happy ending?!

Barbie Monologue

Sure, I’m beautiful. I have perfect eyelashes; I am an inspiration to like millions of little girls. (Pull out a piece of paper, like sparkly and pink that says Barbie’s resume) I happen to be a teenage fashion model, Ballerina, nurse, flight attendant, tennis pro, ice skater, astronaut, teacher, singer, actress, dress designer, TV news reporter, veterinarian, teacher, astronaut rock star, scuba diver, artist, teacher, lifeguard, firefighter, dentist and a teacher. (Set down resume)My life isn’t as good as everyone thinks it is. Wanna know one reason? Your arms. They don’t bend.  Have you ever tried putting on a shirt when your arms can’t bend? Even little things like calling ken are nearly impossible. (Pull out phone and talk to ken) Hello? Ken? Hey...It’s me Barbie. I miss you so much. \*PAUSE\* nope, I’m just chilling here in the Barbie house.\*PAUSE\* what? Yes, I love you too. \*PAUSE\*no I love you more\*PAUSE\* I love you the mostest\*PAUSE\* well I have to go now. \*pause\* no you hang up first. \*PAUSE\* ken. Just hang up...oh hes gone... (Look up like you suddenly realize that there is an audience). Well, I suppose being in a box can be fun. Like when all the little girls beg and beg to get you. I don’t blame them. If I saw a doll with hair as (flip and fondle with your hair) beautiful, shiny, soft and silky and totally unattainable as mine, I would want me too. OH, but like here is one thing that is completely horrible. Dress-up? Weddings? Tea parties? I can handle that. What I can’t handle? Little brothers and their smelly dogs. (Nod head sadly)  Have you ever been in the mouth of a hot sweaty pit bull? I don’t think so. Try getting out of that without bending your arms.  Omg. And like brother they think it’s like so funny to rip of your head and glue you to the body of a dinosaur? Does this look like the type of face that belongs on a dinosaur? No.  Curves are one thing but that is totally different. Well, I like need to go call ken. Bye.

**Kid's Monologues:**

I don’t care if it’s my cousins birthday. No mom, no no! You remember what happened the last time we went to Aunt Sallys. They set me on fire. I’m an actor. And sure last time it was just my pants. But what if next time it’s my face? This is the money maker. This is how I get the jobs. I’m not that good of an actor. I know that and I’m man enough to admit it. Don’t you look at me like that. Don’t you look at me! Fine fine. I’ll go. But one thing happens and I’m gone.

Another sister, who asked you if I wanted a sister. I already have three, what you feel the need to add to your collection? Mom—Dad let’s stop and really talk about this…I mean, y’know there’s pills for this sort of thing. I thought we had a good thing going y’know? You, me after all the girls are gone…just me. Remember that? I mean, ma—I hate to state the obvious, but don’t you think you’re a little old to be chasing after 5 kids? And girls? Have you thought of the wedding bills, dad? Honestly, I’m disappointed in both of you. My life is over!

Man if you want to learn karate, this guy is great. Wang is one of the best karate teachers ever. Wang is Chinese. So let me do the talking. Wang doesn’t teach just anybody. He especially doesn’t teach goldos. You know goldos. It means fatty. You man. He only teaches skinny people. There he is. Wait. Konechewa ching chang. I’m just playing I don’t know Chinese. Your not Chinese? You Japanese? Oh Korean. What ever. But can you teach my friend karate? No. He’s not that fat. Come on. Please. Wow. Put that sword thing away. Hey man I think this is the running part of your training.

You’re right, you’re absolutely right. I don’t belong here. But do any of us? Wait, wait, wait! We are more alike than you think! Wicked Witch. The Seven Dwarfs saved Snow White and then what happened? It left you the unfairest of them all! Now you’re hustling pool to get your next meal. How does that feel? You, Frumpy Pigskin, right Rumpelstiltskin…my bad. Where’s that first born you were promised, eh? Hook! Need I say more? Mable, remember when you couldn’t get your fat foot in that glass slipper? Cinderella is out there right now, eating bon bons and schmoozing with every last fairy tale creature that has ever done you wrong! There are 2 sides to every story. And our side has not been told. So, who wants to come out on top for once? Who wants their HAPPILY EVER AFTER?

Where to start? Mom, you’re lookin good, have you lost weight, and Dad—Wow, you macho beast…I think you’re actually looking younger. Now the house may look a wreck, but before you say anything, let’s just calm down and discuss this like mature adults. Don’t worry I’ll fake it. LISTEN, that vase was already broken, and I thought the kitchen needed a new paint job, you don’t like it? Maybe it’ll grow on you. I can tell this is more than you can take right now…I’ll let you two be alone, We’ll catch up later! Say no more, say no more, you don’t have to worry about a thing. I will ALWAYS be here to make sure nobody’s bothering you…you can be alone. You won’t even know I’m here, it’ll be like you’re still on vacation…soooo…anyone for Parcheesi?

Listen up, Aunt Millie-let me tell one of my stories!........Wanna hear about Cecca, who carved his name on the Italian fortress or about Noodler with his hands on backwards, or perhaps (gasp) HOOK?!   Whose eyes turn red as he guts you! Educated!?!?   Ha, I'm afraid I'm not educated Aunt Milly, but I do know a thing or two about pirates! My unfufilled ambition is to write a great novel in 3 parts about my adventures....What adventures?  Well I haven't had any but they will be perfectly  thrilling! I don't care if that doesn't make me a lady!  Marriage?! YECK!!   Um sorry to disappoint you , but I'm not even done with my Barbies, boy have cooties and not to mention what my dad would do to me!

No, I don't sit.  I just need to tell you....OK see...the thing is I've seen my dad get hurt so many times.  I just didn't want to see it happen again. Yeah, I know..."You won't hurt him"...that's what everybody says, until they do it.  But you know, I'm the one that's been there with daddy.  It's just been me and him the Dynamic Duo.  I'm his #1 girl and that's the way we've had it.  And then YOU come along with your dresses and make up and your pretty, nails and stuff and change everything. But, you know, dad is really crazy about you Chanel.  I didn't trust you. I was wrong and I am very sorry I have been acting like a spoiled brat standing in the way.  I would be so proud to be a part of your family....do I still have a chance???

“I can’t believe I’m in Hannah Montana’s dressing room! Hannah Montana’s hot dogs, Hannah Montana’s scarf…. HANNAH MONTANA!  No, I’m sorry, I was just looking for a souvenir don‘t call security.  My name is Lilly Trescott and I’m a huge fan.” “What’s wrong with your voice?  That happens after every concert? Ohhhh, you give so much.  I wish my best friend Miley was here.  I’ll call her.  Oh yeah, cell phones don’t work at my house either-I think it has something to do with walls and the cement.”
“Well, I guess I’ll be leaving now, without even a towel as a souvenir-only my memories which will fade too too quickly…. OH MY GOSH-the actual scarf your wore on the actual stage???  Thanks.

Gus, Jaq, I had the strangest dream, My Fairy Godmother sprinkled happy dust over Anastasia and Drizella, and they were so nice to me!  I know that was only a dream, but it was so nice, that I think I'll try to pretend that it really happened. Whenever they are mean to me, I'll pretend they actually said something sweet and kind. "Sure, I'll wash you dresses, Drizella... I would love to polish your shoes, Anastasia. Right away Dear Sisters, Thank you!"(Giggles) Did you see their faces, Jaq. They must to think I've gone mad. Did you see how they hurried to their rooms and slammed the doors. They may not actually be caring or good nature, but they'll be too scared to come out of their rooms for at least a few hours. So ... who's up for a game of hide-and-seek while we've got the run of the house?

Dad, I found a dog. I want to keep him. I know I don't need a dog, but this dog needs me. He does need me! Winn Dixie , here boy! He is not a horse, dad! He's homeless, too. I know he stinks. He needs all the help he can get. I can be doing my duty. Look, he's smiling at you. Don't you love a dog with a sense of humor? He's a nice dog, isn't he? He's a great dog, isn't he? Please, daddy, can I keep him? Look at him...he's skinny. He needs to be fed well and bathed, too. Oh, please daddy, please. Please. He can stay! thank you, temporarily. I know it sir, we're not getting our hopes up, are we Winn Dixie?

Look what I found Marlin. Hey little guy. I shall call him Squishy & he shall be mine. And he shall be my squishy. Come here Squishy. Come here little Squishy, wishy, ishy. Ow! Bad Squishy! Bad Squishy! Okay, okay Abby, I won't ever touch another jellyfish! Yikes! Look! There's more. Let's get out of here! I'll beat you back to the shore! Careful? Yeah, I'll be careful I don't make you cry when I win!

Peter, what are your real feelings? You know...feelings!  Happiness, sadness, jealousy, anger or love... What do you mean you've never heard of it?  YES, I think you have.  I dare say you've felt it yourself to something or someone... NO, I don't spoil everything.  I know, you taught me to fight and to fly but there's more, so much more. I'm not certain, but I think it becomes clearer when you grow up.  Peter, if you grow up...NO! You can't banish me like Tinkerbell.  I will not be banished.  I WILL NOT go home and grow up and take my feelings with me! Peter, where are you going?  Come back!  Peter....

Mommy, when are you having another baby?  I want to have a little sister. Why can't you have a baby by yourself? You need a husband? But you said that when you met Daddy I was an angel up in heaven, and that God took my wings away and put me in your tummy to be your baby.  Why can't you meet someone else and get another angel? What about James? He could be your husband. He already has a wife? Oh. What about our neighbor! The one with the dogs!!!! He doesn't have a wife! That way I can have a sister and a dog all at the same time!

Why would Andy want you? Look at you! You're a Buzz Lightyear. Why, any toy would give up his moving parts just to be you. You have wings, You can talk, You glow in the dark. Your helmet does that cool Whoosh thing,  You're a cool toy. As a matter of fact, you're too cool. What chance does a toy like me have against a Buzz Lightyear Action Figure. And now you've taken the seat of honor on Andy's pillow. That used to be my spot. So I don't want to hear any more complaining from you!