

POKING

A Monologue for a Boy

by Aleksi Moriarty

Yes, well, I suppose, technically, I did punch Kenny in the face, but it's not the way it looks. It's... say, that is a nice tie you have on today Mr. Coxwell. I like how the green goes with the purple... Oh, right... Well Kenny kept poking me, trying to get me to laugh, but I wouldn't. I know how the other kids make fun of Mr. Balzac's name, but I don't. I just don't think it's funny. But he kept poking me and poking me, saying isn't it funny? isn't it funny? hunh? isn't it? Ever since I didn't invite him to my birthday party he's been harassing me like that... Yeah, so, I kept telling him to stop. I don't like being poked. I've got these sensitive ribs, see? Like, ridiculously sensitive. I'm like crazy ticklish. My sister found out just how sensitive when *she* wouldn't stop poking me. I warned her to stop, but she hit the spot, right here, and my arm just shot out, like this, see? Like a reflex thing. I got in trouble then, too, 'cause mom wouldn't believe me either. But really, that's what happened. Kenny hit my button and my arm just did it's thing. It wasn't deliberate, it really wasn't. It was totally an accident. So, really, it's not my fault, and besides he had it coming, don't you think?