

## KINDERGARTEN COUP

Excuse my language but piddle-poo. Who are you to trifle with my freedoms? With my back to the world and my face to the wall have you all conspired in this questionable conviction and confinement? Et tu hall monitor? Was I not like a mother to you even though I'm your mother? The razor edged tightrope that you and I must tiptoe. I could show you no mercy. No favoritism. The fates put you in my class. I did not ask for this. And now all of you, you pipsqueak mutineers with my own flesh and blood at the helm, put me in this chair and force me into a corner. I warn you, dark days are ahead.

For full monologue contact me at [me@johnmcgie.com](mailto:me@johnmcgie.com).