

CHRISTMAS LETTER

Pamela Turner

A 3-minute Monologue

Dear friends and family,

Here it is already December first and I haven't given a thought to Christmas. Seems like we just finished with Thanksgiving. All the kids came home to celebrate and as usual there was major strategic action over who would get to gnaw on the drumsticks. Guess that's a family tradition that goes way back although this year Karen seemed compelled to bring up the fact that the poor bird had already suffered enough by being force-fed horrific amounts of grain and hormones to make the legs so big and then slaughtered in a mass pogrom that left half of them still breathing and in agony all the way to the store. She never used to talk like this. I blame Wellesley, though she is getting good grades for a first semester away from home and seems to be making friends. The twins started to laugh the way they do when something messy is about to happen and JD said he 'sposed she would feel better if we ate turkey turds instead 'cause that was the ultimate kind of recycling which she'd been going on about for the past two years even before she got into the college of choice and anyway it would save all the animals in the world and so we could talk about what really mattered like why don't we get a gun and protect ourselves against those creeps who were sleeping out in the woods behind the house. And Sam chimed in about how they were lazy bastards and didn't want to work but hey they wouldn't have to if we kept electing all those pansy-ass Democrats to lead this so-called great nation. And Karen said that Georgia Tech had obviously gone to his head because there was an empty space where a brain should be and not EVERYTHING was about making money. And I tried to mention that they should be proud they could go to good schools and make choices about their lives even when they grew up with a single mother and heaven knows I couldn't give them all the things they wanted in life and JD said not that again and Sam said yeah, mom, you went to college and look where it left you so maybe it's not the answer to everything. Then Travis put his hands over his ears and yelled about how we had to SHUT THE FUCK UP. And I said we don't use that kind of language in this house and he said why not 'cause we're just poor ugly trash that don't know we're nothing and I said where did you get that filth, and he said a kid at school. *(pause)* Then Sam and JD started going off about who was the little shit said that and Karen tried to make him promise not to repeat it and I waved my hands at everyone to shush. Then I leaned over and whispered, "What does a seven-year old know about that? Look at us sitting at this table. You can testify we aren't poor in smarts or lovin'." And Travis said "But that don't matter if a cop stops you. You black, he shoot." And we all stopped talking at once 'cept Karen started "We not... and trailed off. *(pause)* And I guess that's the news. *(pause)* But I ain't acceptin' it. No sir.

Our Love, Tashika and Kids.

Author's note: the piece is meant to be presented quickly as is the rhythm of family table talk, thus the run-on sentences.