*The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian* by Sherman Alexie

Adapted for Reader’s Theatre by Stephanie J. Richards, PhD

Characters: Narrator, Junior

Narrator: Susceptible to seizure activity.

Junior: Doesn’t that just roll off the tongue like poetry? I also had a stutter and a lisp. Or maybe I should say I had a st-st-st-st-stutter and lisssssssthththththp.

You wouldn’t think there is anything life threatening about speech impediments, but let me tell you, there is nothing more dangerous than being a kid with a stutter and a lisp.

A five year old is cute when he stutters and lisps. And jeez, you’re still fairly cute when you’re a stuttering and lisping six-, seven-, and eight-year-old, but it’s all over when you turn nine and ten.

After that, your stutter and lisp turn you into a retard.

And if you’re fourteen like me, and you’re still stuttering and lisping, then you become the biggest retard in the world.

Everybody on the rez calls me a retard about twice a day. They call me retard when they are pantsing me or stuffing my head in the toilet or just smacking me upside the head.

Do you know what happens to retards on the rez?

We get beat up.

At least once a month.

Yep, I belong to the Black-Eye-of-the-Month Club.

Sure I want to go outside. Every kid wants to go outside. But it’s safer to stay at home. So I mostly hang out alone in my bedroom and read books and draw cartoons.