

Lonely Booger

By Chase Young

Parts(5): Narrator, Booger, Scared Booger, Hanging Booger, Sticky Booger

Narrator: There once was a very happy booger who lived in the nose of a very happy child. It was perfect until one day, the child sneezed and the booger was rocketed out into the world.

Booger: I miss my old nose. I liked it there. I need a new place to live. Oh, there is nose. I want to live there.

Narrator: The booger crept into the large nostril and settled in.

Booger: It is nice in here. I like it. I will stay in this nose.

Narrator: Sadly, not long after the booger settled in, something crazy happened. There was a strong wind that started on slow, and then, WHOOSH, the booger was shot into a large soft napkin and discarded into the trash can.

Booger: Well, that was not very nice. I do not want to live in the trash. I want to live in a nose! *That* nose! Oh well, I will find a new nose.

Narrator: The booger looked around and found another child who had a lovely looking nose.

Booger: There it is! I want to live in *that* nose.

Narrator: So, the booger slyly entered the child's nose and stuck happily to the inside.

Booger: This is the life! It is such a nice nose to live in. Oh, and I have friends. Hi!

Scared Booger: Hi. You look happy. I do not want to make you sad, but I have to tell you that you will not be here for long.

Booger: Why not? This is a great nose. Look at it! It is the best nose.

Scared Booger: Yes, it is a good nose. My friends lived here, too. Now they are gone.

Booger: Why did they go?

Scared Booger: [pointing] Because of that!

Booger: What *is* that?

Narrator: Darkness filled their new home as a gigantic finger entered the nostril and fished around vigorously.

Scared Booger: It is the nose picker!

Booger: Help! Help! I do not want to be picked. I want to live here with my friend!

Narrator: The enormous finger-tip caught the little booger by surprise, scooped it out, and flicked it off into the world again.

Scared Booger: Good bye and good luck!

Narrator: The booger was alone in the world again, nose-less friendless, and a little bit helpless.

Booger: Now, I need to find a new nose, but I do not see any. I want a nose and I want friends to talk to.

Narrator: The little booger rolled around the house looking for any nose that appeared to have a vacancy. As the booger rolled under the kitchen table, and the booger found something amazing.

Booger: Hi, friends! What are you doing up there?

Hanging Booger: We are stuck under the table.

Booger: Oh no! Can I help you?

Sticky Booger: No, please do not help us. We want to live here. This is a good home.

Booger: You want to live under a table?

Sticky Booger: Yes, we do. We are friends and we like it here.

Hanging Booger: You see, we like to live in noses, but we cannot stay in them.

Sticky Booger: A kid shot me out of his nose and put me in the trash.

Booger: Me too! I was in the trash. It was not fun. I did not like it.

Hanging Booger: I got picked out of nose 10 times!

Booger: I got picked out of a nose, too!

Sticky Booger: I got picked out of nose 20 times. The last time, the kid stuck me under the table. It was sad.

Hanging Booger: But then, the kid stuck me under the table, too. We talked and now we are friends.

Sticky Booger: No one picks us or puts us in the trash. It is nice here.

Hanging Booger: Do you want to live here with us?

Booger: Yes! That is better than living in trash or being picked all day.

Sticky Booger: Come on up!

Booger: On my way!

Narrator: The boogers were the best of friends, and lived happily ever after under the table. The end.