

# Bad Hair Day for Bigfoot

Humorous monologue by Samuel Stokes

Hello there...

I see the look of shock on your faces. Please don't run away screaming like my last audience.

As you may have guessed, my name is Bigfoot. Or perhaps you know me as Sasquatch. At any rate, I'm a big hairy creature that you may not have known actually existed. Just this once, the conspiracy theorists were right. I do exist. Why don't you ever see me? Well, because it seems like I'm always having bad hair days, and I'd really rather you didn't see this.

Now, don't judge. If you had this much hair, you'd have trouble taking care of it too. Sometimes people ask why I don't just get a hair cut. Let's just say, you really wouldn't want to see me cleanly shaven. I would also like to sincerely apologize for whatever mental image has just entered your brain. However, I guarantee you that the actual reality of the situation would be considerably more traumatic, so let's try to move on.

With such a considerable amount of hair, it's not easy to keep clean when you are constantly hiding deep in caves or otherwise wandering discretely through the forest. This thick hair is just a breeding ground for ticks and insects. Sure, I can get a quick bath in the river, but no one has invented an adequate shampoo for the thickness of my hair, partially owing to the fact that most people don't believe I exist. I even get lice every once in a while.... Okay, actually I always have lice. There's just no getting around it. I was once told that I could get rid of them by bathing in coconut oil, but, well, coconuts don't grow here in the forest, and I also don't own a bath tub, considering no one makes one that's big enough for me. So, it's a constant struggle.

Well, I hope that explains why I seem so anti-social. I'm actually a pretty friendly guy when you get to know me. So, if you see me, feel free to say hello. But, please, please, don't take my picture!