

MONOLOGUE – Oyster Nan

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Monologue – Oyster Nan

So what was this tale? Arrrrrrr yes. This were only a tale, mind you, I heard it told by some of the older fellers in town. Well Oyster Nan, it's said, used to sell oysters caught by her brother – down in the old fish market. Fine oysters too, it's said, ain't ever been better. Well she was still a maid at twenty five, on account of her bristly chin and poor eyesight – no feller quite felt right kissin' a woman with a stubbled chin. And it's said, Nan couldn't ever quite understand why, bein' as she couldn't see her chin to shave... well of course the poor maid was lonely, her friends go off and get wedded and

have little children by the bucket load, and there she was..... All alone...

Well she had to do somethin' didn't she, and she didn't have a feller... and not being blessed with much sense of the idea that someone might be watching, on account of if roles were reversed, she wouldn't have been able to see, she didn't always go indoors to do it. Well she was out her backyard like she was most evenings, after feedin' her hens, and this gent passes by – an upcountry gent, and also not too good in the eyes, or that particular about his lady friends, but his sight were good enough to see her. Well one thing led to another and they soon -

Ah yes, I forget meself. Well of course, that handful of gold afterwards got her a-thinking, and she found that a most handy source of income afterwards. And of course, you know it's said that oysters make one feel more... friendly.... It's said that Nan's sales of oysters went so high they couldn't keep up... Anyway, the end of the tale is that that upcountry gent came back – he liked old Nan, and they got married. It's said they lived happy ever after somewheres near Bristol... Nan lived at this place, it's said, before she married...