

2.5 Pronouns and Their Antecedents

Nick and Nora – out on their first date – are miniature-golfing. They are currently attempting the ubiquitous and dreaded “windmill” hole. Nick is standing near the hole, having successfully putted through the windmill. Nora is lining up her first shot through the windmill.

Nick: You can do it, my little birdie.

Nora: Easy for you to say, my darling putter.

Nick: Whaddaya mean, my ... uh ... little tee shot?

Nora: You already made it through the stupid windmill blades, my dearest fairway driver.

Nick: Ooh, I like that one.

Nora: *(executing a fine putt into the windmill)* Thanks. I was rather proud of it, but let's can the goofy golfing pet names. I'm runnin' out of material.

(Clunking noise from within the windmill)

Nick: *(perplexed)* Hey, my sweet little sand wedge, two balls came out the other side!

Nora: *(skeptical)* Riiiiight. Me-thinks my little chili-dipper is being a funny boy.

Nick: No! Really. Your ball went into the windmill, but two came out!

Nora: Huh?

Nick: Two came out.

Nora: Are you joking?

Nick: No. Two. *(Pause)* Really.

Nora: *(Thinking)* Is this like that allegedly dirty joke about the pigs in the mud?

Nick: Heh. *(Smiles)* No, it's the truth.

Nora: *(Moving past the windmill to get a look)* Great Caesar's Ghost! Whose ball is that?

Nick: See? Somebody – probably that guy ahead of us – got their ball stuck in the windmill.



Nora: Somebody got his ball stuck in the windmill.

Nick: Yeah, that's what I said.

Nora: No, my darling duffer; you said "their"; I said "HIS," as in singular.

Nick: What's that?

Nora: Your pronoun, my little bogie, must agree with your antecedent.

Nick: My Aunty Sadie is very opinionated. Why do we have to agree with her?

Nora: Listen, you have to match your pronoun up with the word that came before.

Nick: *(Lining up his next shot)* Oh, yes. So when I said "Somebody," which is singular, I should have followed with a singular pronoun, such as "his."

(He putts directly into the hole)

Nora: Huh.

Nick: What?

Nora: *(Preparing to shoot)* Smart guys are so adorable.

Nick: Aw shucks, ma'am. Your shot, my little sand trap.

Nora: You got it.

(She putts in)

Nick: Nice shot. I'm gonna have to try harder.

Nora: Yup. Keep tryin'.

Nick: But I still don't know why we have to agree with my Aunty Sadie.

Nora: Oh, don't worry about it.

Nick: Whatever you say, my precious little pitch 'n ' putt.

(They walk to the next hole.)

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