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## Without Pants

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Trevor Nielson  
Delta, Utah  
October, 2018

**“Without Pants”**  
**Personal Narrative**

**Informant:**

Trevor Nielson is my husband. He is 29 years old. He has lived in Logan, Utah for seven years. He attended Utah State University where he received his Master’s Degree in Applied Economics. Trevor did his undergraduate studies in Agricultural Business. Trevor was raised on a farm in Leamington, Utah. Trevor loves farming. It is in his blood. Both his mother’s dad and his father’s dad were farmers. His dad still runs a farm on the side. He attended Delta High School.

**Context:**

I had asked my mom, Marsha, if she would share some of her pranks with me for the Folklore Archives at USU. We were sitting in the family room of my parent’s house. Trevor was laying on the couch as he told this story. I was on the couch next to him while my mom was on the couch across from us. She made a list of pranks and shared them with me and my husband, Trevor. My mom had shared with us a prank she did while she was in high school where she stole a couple of guys work out pants. This story reminded Trevor of this experience he had when he was in high school.

**Text:**

Trevor: “I was talking with Kim Howell. They (the director of the drama program) had taken the little theater and they had divided it in half. The guys dressing room was on the one side of the curtain and the girls was on the other. So, we had walked out (of the main stage) and we had walked into the respective dressing room [a room with a little stage in it.] but because just the stage curtain was there, we could still hear. So we were talking along and talking along and talking along. And she changed and I could hear that she was headed out. So I stuck my head out the door of the little theater stage door and she was coming out the little theater door. And was yelling back down the hall. We were bantering back and forth. And at this point I had my shirt on...., but I hadn’t got my pants on yet. So, I was just sticking my head out the door, right. [We

all laughed softly] Well they all come over. All the guys in the cast come over and push me out the door and lock the door behind me.”

Marsha: “Oh!!!” [Marsha sounded and looked shocked.]

Breanna: “So you’re just out—” [Trevor cuts in]

T: “So there I am in the hall.”

M: “Ohhh! That is mean.”

T: “They had the deep door frames, so no one could see that I was just in my boxers.

M: “Oh, no!”

T: “But then boys from the inside screamed, [Trevor increases his pitch] ‘TREVOR IS IN THE HALL IN HIS UNDERWEAR!’”

M: “Oh. That’s mean.

B: “You’re like, ‘NO!’”

T: “SO I RUN! [Trevor laughs a little] And I take off. The girls are screaming and then come flooding out of the little theater. [Breanna giggles] And at this point after the guys had heard that I was running and then open the door they came after me. I go around the corner there where the wheel chair lift was— [Turning toward Breanna] know by the stairs by the little theater? [Breanna nods] I went around the corner. And I’m like, [He lowers his voice] ‘There is nowhere to run nowhere to hide.’”

B: “I would have—” [Marsha cuts in]

M: “Oh that is terrible.”

T: “So I run out into the parking lot.” [Hysterical Laughing]

B: “You did?!” [More Laughter]

T: "So I run to my car and I shut the door and I drive off. As I am driving off, [Trevor motions his hand like he is holding up pants] there's Kim Howell with my pants in her hand."

M: "You are kidding." [Breanna is laughing hysterically.]

T: "I drive off and I go and I make it to the Tech. [About three blocks away from the high school] You know there is the building next to the Tech that is like the storage facility that has books and paper and those kinds of things for the district. I drive around there and I park behind it. And I'm like, 'Well I can't go home without my pants.' [Breanna and Marsha snicker] So I am trying to decide what to do. And then this police officer, a sheriff's officer drives by and slows way down and looks at me."

M: "He is wondering what you are doing." [Marsha snickers]

T: "And I'm like [Trevor changes to a serious tone], 'This is not going to be good.' [Laughter] [Trevor, in a brighter tone] He is going to come over here and see what I am doing. I'm going to get pulled over in my underwear.

M: "So you left?" [Marsha says while laughing]

T: "So I left. And I said, 'Well I am just going to have to go back and get them.' SO, I go back to the high school and I pull into parking lot and I stop. I walk into the high school. And they are all like [Trevor changes to a high-pitched girl voice], "He's here!" [Trevor changes back to a normal tone, but trying to hold back his laughter] They are all laughing. And I walk up and there is Kim holding my pants [Breanna and Marsha are laughing throughout.] And I'm like, 'Thank you.' And they are all just dying. I pull my pants on. Then she is like 'Oh...your dad called.' 'Oh, what did you say?' She's like, 'I answered.' And I said, 'Oh good. What did you say?' She said, 'This is Trevor's pants. He's not in them right now. Can I help you?' [Hysterical laughter]

B: "She would." [Continued Hysterical laughter]

T: [Trying to hold back the laughter] “So I got home and my dad is like... ‘Okay...Trevor, what’s going on?’ And my dad was down at my grandmas and grandpas, so everyone got to hear the whole story. [Laughter]

M: “That’s mean.”

B: “That’s hilarious.”

M: “I’ll see her (referring to Kim) at Thanksgiving. I will have to ask her about it.” [Marsha smiles]

**Texture:**

He was laying down on the couch as he told the story, but still used his hands quite a bit to convey his meaning. He stayed consistent in his flow of speech. There wasn’t really any pauses, except to laugh. Just before he would laugh he would tell the story a little faster to try to actually get the funny part out before he started laughing. Trevor was very expressive as he told the story. His voice would fluctuate between highs and lows and loud and soft. He was very entertaining to listen to.

Breanna Lovell  
Utah State University  
Introduction to Folklore  
Dr. Lynne S. McNeill  
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