

THE STORY OF ME

By Jan Peterson Ewen

Monologue for a GIRL, Ages 7-13, Serio-Comic

(As if telling a story.) There once was a happy-go-lucky kid, named Emily. *(Aside to the audience.)* That would be me. *(Back to her story.)* Emily lived a wonderful life in a cozy house with her father and mother. She had her own room that she got to paint her favorite color – purple. She had a dog she named Lulu. This kid got to spend lots of time with her parents. They would go to the park, visit the zoo, have picnics at the beach and take trips all the time. It was great. It was the best life a kid could have. No complaints.

Then, one dark and dismal night, the girl's happy-go-lucky life changed forever. On that warped and fateful day, her parents came home from the hospital – with *him!* I remember it well. *(She shivers.)* The girl's perfect life changed in an instant. He was nothing to look at - wrinkly and bald. His eyes were kind of squinty and he smelled funny - not in a good way. His hair was splotchy and his skinny, little fingers would grab and yank at anything he could reach. He was disgusting – spitting up and burping all the time! And he cried a lot, too. I mean, really crying - screaming and wailing! The noise level in our house was deafening!

Strangely enough, the little wrinkly being also turned the nice parents into blubbering idiots. It was so weird. The girl didn't even recognize them anymore. It was like they were possessed by this little stinky thing and he was taking over. He was zapping their energy. All they wanted to do in their free time was sleep. No more parks. No more zoos. No more picnics. Forget about the beach! Just naps. Whenever there was a spare moment, there would be a nap. The happy-go-lucky kid hates naps!

The parents kept trying to assure the no-longer-happy-go-lucky kid that things would get easier. They said that soon they would all be doing things together; mom, dad, the girl and the wrinkly, little, crying thing. But the girl wasn't too sure about that. It was hard to believe things were ever going to get better. The life of the happy-go-lucky kid had changed forever and she

wasn't sure it was going to be a good thing. (She *pauses from her story.*) By the way, did I mention - that kid is *me!*