

Calvin

From “Calvin and Hobbes”

Well, here we are...the same place we go *every* summer...some desolate rock at the end of the earth. I guess this is how Dad likes to unwind...watching us all suffer. I mean nobody even asked me what I wanted to do. We could've gone to Disneyland or Space Camp or something exciting, but no, we decided to go camping just like we do every single other summer since I was born... Dad, why don't we find a nice hotel and just stay there for our vacation? We could swim in the pool and have air conditioning and Cable TV and room service. No one would have to know we didn't camp. I wouldn't tell anyone. I swear! We could even go to the store, buy a big fish, take your picture with it, and say you caught it! Can't we, Dad? Huh, can't we? Whadya say?Fine. We'll stay here. Good Ol' Itchy Island, home of the nuclear mosquitoes.

Binoculars

Boy age 8-12 from a Monologue Book

Mike, you have gotta help me! I am in big trouble! You know how Dad said I could use his binoculars as long as I was extra careful with them?.....well, I just broke them by accident! So, I need some advice, should I run away or lock myself in the storage shed? You're right...that's not practical. What if we pretended I have rabies, I doubt I'd get in much trouble if I had a terminal illness. Rabies isn't terminal? Oh great, I'm dead...I can't believe they're broken. Dad kept telling me "Be very careful son, they are VERY expensive!"....and what do I do? I drop them. Actually I was running on the sidewalk and tossing them to myself at the time, but why give Dad any unnecessary details? He's going to kill me! Maybe I can buy him a new pair- I have four dollars and 32 cents. How much are binoculars, anyway? (his mouth drops at the reply) I can't believe this....Do you have any idea what he's going to do to me? I hope you like being the only child. What am I gonna' do? Why did he let me borrow something so valuable? He should've known I'd break them! He must have been out of his mind. This is all his fault.

Schroeder

From You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown

Schroeder's constant shadow is the bold and brassy Lucy. Although she adores Schroeder and his brilliant piano playing, he doesn't respond. Here, Schroeder takes a moment to be extremely truthful with Lucy.

I'm sorry to have to say it right to your face, Lucy, but it's true. You're a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you now that you're not even aware when you're being crabby, but it's true just the same. You're a very crabby person and you're crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you'll take it in the spirit that it's meant. I think we should all be open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is "Know thyself." Well, I guess I've said about enough. I hope I haven't offended you or anything.

Charlie Brown

From You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown

You know, I don't know if you'll understand this or not, but sometimes, even when I'm feeling very low, I'll see some little thing that will somehow renew my faith. Just something like that leaf, for instance – clinging to this tree in spite of wind and storm. You know, that makes me think that courage and tenacity are about the greatest values that a man can have. Suddenly my old confidence is back and I know things aren't half as bad as I make them out to be. Suddenly I know that with the strength of his convictions a man can move mountains, and I can proceed with full confidence in the basic goodness of my fellow man. I know that now. I know it.

Bernard

from Feiffer's People by Jules Feiffer

My trouble is, I'm named Bernard.

Who made it my name? Did *I* make it my name? I don't *feel* like a Bernard.

I had hostile parents, and they named me Bernard. Is that *my* fault?

O.K., Bernard is fine for other people, but all my life, when I was out on the street and people called me "Bernard," I thought they were speaking to someone else.

And when I realized it was me, I felt disappointed.

I just can't identify with the name. Inside I'm all different from a "Bernard." If you knew me on the inside, you wouldn't recognize me from knowing me on the *outside*.

You should see me when I'm by myself. The me on the inside begins to *flower* and *come alive!* And then somebody comes along and says "*Bernard*" and it remembers who I am and gets crushed.

I know I would be different if people only called me by my inside name- "Spike."

Huck

From The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain

You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, but that ain't no matter. That book was made by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth, mainly. There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth...

...The Widow Douglas she took me for her son, and allowed she would sivilize me; it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways; and so when I couldn't stand it no longer I lit out... But Tom Sawyer he hunted me up and said he was going to start a band of robbers, and I might join if I would go back to the widow and be respectable. So I went back.

The widow she cried over me, and called me a poor lost lamb, and she called me a lot of other names, too, but she never meant no harm by it...

After supper she got out her book and learned me about Moses and Bulrushers, and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by and by she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so then I didn't care no more about him, because I don't take no stock in dead people.

Huck

From The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain

[Miss Watson] told me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it warn't so. I tried it. Once I got a fishline, but no hooks. It warn't any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four times, but somehow I couldn't make it work. One day I asked Miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way.

I set down one time back in the woods and had a long think about it. I says to myself, if a body can get anything they pray for, why don't Deacon Winn get back the money he lost on pork? Why can't the widow get back her silver snuffbox that was stole? ...No, says I to myself, there ain't nothing in it. I went and told the widow about it, and she said the thing a body could get by praying for it was "spiritual gifts." This was too many for me, but she told me what she meant – I must help other people, and do everything I could for other people, and look out for them all the time, and never think about myself. This was including Miss Watson, as I took it. I went out in the woods and turned it over in my mind a long time, but I couldn't see no advantage about it – except for the other people; so at last I reckoned I wouldn't worry about it any more, but just let it go.

TV Magic by John L. Bader

John: How could they do it? How could they schedule a test this week of all weeks? I mean it's the new fall TV lineup! I just don't understand why they had to decide that school should start every year just as all the new TV shows are starting up as well. Don't the teachers want to watch all the new shows, too?

Do you believe there are kids whose parents won't let them watch TV? How can you *live* and *not* watch TV? Don't people realize that TV is magic? You can go anywhere you want inside a TV screen. It could be the jungles of Africa with Tarzan. It could be the Wild West. You could be trapped in a submarine with only minutes of air left. Fighting in the trenches along with your buddies. And the best thing of all is that no one gets hurt. It's all safe. They're all just having fun inside that little box. And they get paid for it, too. Some day I want to be inside that little box, having fun and getting paid. That's why I want to be an actor. I wish life were a lot more like TV.