

## **Mom and Dad Don't Love Each Other Anymore**

### **From a Monologue Book**

You don't think it could be my fault, do you? They told me I had nothing to do with it, but still, I can't help wondering. If I hadn't got into trouble by cutting through Mrs. Konen's yard all the time and if I'd kept my room clean like I was supposed to and if I'd never smarted off to them, then maybe, just maybe they'd still be together.

Other kids whose parents are divorced tell me it isn't so bad, once you get used to it. You get to go to visit the parent you aren't living with, and it's kind of neat because you do special things together, just the two of you. That part sounds OK, but I'd still like it better if Dad lived at home. Maybe we didn't do a lot of special things together, just the two of us, but at least he was always here. When you see shadows outside your room at night or hear funny noises but you're too old to yell, it's comforting to know your dad's there, just down the hall.

Mom cried when she told me about the divorce, and Dad cried a little, too, when he hugged me close and said he'd see me next weekend. If they're both so sad about this, why are they doing it?

They don't love each other anymore. That's what they told me. They used to love each other, but now they don't, so they decided it would be better if they live in separate places. Better for who? Not for me, that's certain.

## **I Need a Dad**

### **From a Monologue Book**

Work, work, work. All my dad does is work. He wastes every weekend working on a house he's trying to sell. He's always painting or mowing or going to the hardware store. I never see him without a hammer in his hand. He's missed my last 6 soccer games! Even the 2 goals I made in the district finals! He says he's sorry. And next time, he'll come to the game. But he never does. All for a stupid house. My mom is even getting tired of it. She's always naggin' him to spend more time with me. But dad says we need the money, so he has to work hard. Well, maybe...but I need a Dad more.

## **Too Young for This; Too Old for That**

### **From a Monologue Book**

I am presently in what the psychologists refer to as The Awkward Age. That means I'm not a little kid any longer, but I'm not grown up yet, either. It also means that my parents can't decide which category I belong in. The result of their indecision is very confusing and if they aren't careful, I'm going to end up needing one of those psychologists.

For example, according to my mother, I am too old for many of the activities I still enjoy. I am too old to go trick-or-treating on Halloween. I am too old to spy on my sister when she comes home from a date. I am too old to swipe apples from Mrs. Munster's tree.

Besides being too old, I am also old enough to know better. (*Mimic a scolding adult:*) “\_\_(name)\_\_\_\_! You are old enough to know better than to wear those muddy shoes on the carpet.” “\_\_(name)\_\_\_\_! You are old enough to know better than to let the parakeet out of his cage when the cat's indoors.” (*Helpless shrug*) On the other hand, I am much too young for many of the things I would like to do. According to my parents, I am too young to attend an unchaperoned party. I am too young to go shopping downtown alone. I am too young to attend a movie that's rated PG unless my mother has read a review of it.

The bad part about all this is that there is no reasonable explanation for which things I'm too old for and which I'm too young for. I never know what to expect.

## **Late**

### **From a Monologue Book**

(*walks into classroom...late!*) Hey, Teach. Sorry I'm late, but the strangest thing happened to me on the way to class. I was just walking along on the way to the school bus when...uh...a circus came by. It was like a circus parade. And the next thing I knew, one of the elephants wrapped his trunk around me and put me on his back. Well, I started screaming 'cause I wanted to get to school. But no one could hear me 'cause the marching band was playing so loud. I tried to jump down but...have you ever tried to get down from a moving elephant? It's not easy. After about an hour, the elephant stopped and a clown on stilts walked by and helped me down. And I ran all the way to class. So, sorry I'm late, but I guess you understand that when an elephant grabs you, you have to do what it wants.

## **Boredom**

### **From a Monologue Book**

Sometimes I daydream about doing outrageous things in the middle of the sermon. I wonder what would happen if I suddenly jumped to my feet and yelled, “Anybody want to play volleyball?”

Or what if I faked a coughing attack? I could choke and gasp for breath and roll my eyes around and then get up and leave. If I hacked and coughed all the way out, I’d really raise a ruckus.

Or maybe I could pass a note around, like we sometimes do in study hall. *At exactly 11:35, everybody drop your pencil.*

What I’d really like to do is bring in one of those remote-controlled toy cars and hide it under the first pew. Then, when the sermon got too boring, I’d turn it on and have it run up and down the aisle. That would wake up Mr. Swenson.

To be perfectly honest, I know I’ll never do any of those things. I’m too much of a coward. I’m not afraid that God will punish me, but I’m dead certain sure my mother would. Much as I would like to rise to my feet and scream, “Fire! Fire! There’s a fire in hell!” I won’t ever do it. Instead, I’ll pretend to pay attention to the sermon.

I wonder how many squares of ceiling tile there are in here? (Looks up and starts to count.) One, two, three...