

A Baby Is a Job Monologue - (Female)

(She hears a baby crying from another room)

Be Quiet! Shut up! I didn't think there would be so much screaming! Or that she'd need so many diaper changes. The same day my boyfriend broke up with me, I found out I was pregnant. Now I'm alone, except for my baby. If I'm lucky, I get three hours of sleep at night, not all at once. I have no money, so I had to quit school so I could work. When the baby was born, I called her father and said, "You have a daughter." He was like, "No I don't. *You* have a daughter." Know what's really weird? When I meet somebody and they find out I have a baby, they always say "That is so neat!" Uh-uh. A car is neat, an outfit is neat – a baby is a job.

My Name Is Melissa

My name is Melissa. I'm 17 years old, and I have cancer. When I first found out I had leukemia, I couldn't accept it. How could I have cancer? *Me*, who never even stands in front of the microwave? *Me*, whose Mother always insists on my having suntan lotion on? *Me*, who has never even been in a hospital except when I was born? Why do I, of all the people in the world, have leukemia? My parents took it worse, neither of them could believe that their "little girl" had cancer. My Mom keeps trying to make everything up to me because "when you have cancer, one thing you don't have is any fun." My Dad is kind of hard to explain, he treats me as if I *am* the disease rather than I have it. I know he doesn't mean to hurt me. I think he's just scared. I just want to be treated like a normal human being, which is really what I am.

I Have a Voice - (Male)

My grandfather died yesterday. I never knew how much I loved him, until he died. I remember his hugs. I think I got the last hug he gave to anyone. It was very long – about a minute. I wish I didn't push away those hugs. Well, I didn't push him away, but I rolled my eyes as a signal to let me go. Why is love so embarrassing? It makes me feel like a block of ice that never dies, but what I really yearn to be is the bald eagle that rules the skies. I know now that I am part of my grandfather who never got to live, and I am the grandchild that the dying last sees. I am me, the light of my parent's life. I used to be quiet, but now, I have a voice.

Dad Just Doesn't Understand - (Male)

Dad just doesn't understand that I can't be like he was when he used to be young. I've tried so hard to explain that there is only one Kevin and that's me, not him. Ever since mom left him he feels that the only way I could be brought up was if I was just like him. I think it makes him feel important. But I can't, I love him with all my heart but he has to understand he already lived his life, it's my turn to live mine. And I really don't want to go to the university he went to. I don't want to follow his footsteps and be a lawyer. Sometimes I feel like giving in to him, but I know that will be like telling him to do whatever he wants with me. It's as if I was trapped in a room all by myself and everywhere I look I see my father telling me "I know you can do it son... just put your heart into it." That's not me. That's him. I wish I could say it to his face. I'm scared that if I tell him... I'll hurt his feelings. Then... he won't love me.