

Hornsby Girls' High School, 2013
with poet Eileen Chong
Dramatic Monologues from 7Q



Queen Elizabeth I
by Oindrilla

Her orange hair piled up
in plaits and braids the
pearl necklace hanging around
her neck. The golden earrings
shine in her beauty, every step
taken in such grace.

Her dress, the cuffs, the sleeves, the skirt,
traded for her gold. I watch
as she takes her place
upon the magnificent throne.
My heart aches for her beauty and wealth
I should be the one there,
the one upon the throne.

by Sabrina

I see her walking gracefully down the street.
Splendid in all her glory,
as beautiful as everybody says.
The intelligence and kindness shining in her eyes,
the people's princess.

She stops and talks with the woman,
gives money to the poor man,
kisses the child on the head,
and exchanges news with the old lady.
The people's princess.

Diana, walking tall and proud.
Yet kind and caring to everyone.
The people's princess.

Queen Elizabeth
by Joanne

Charles, son – why'd you do that?
I never thought that you
out of all would do such a thing!
I must say, I am disappointed in you.
This secret affair will be revealed,
to the entire world,
and they will think differently of the Royal Kingdom -
I thought Diana
was more than enough to you
but
I thought wrong.

**Joan of Arc
by Masha**

She was there, a respected face.
Nailed to a wood post.
Silent, dignified
with countless victories.
It didn't matter.
The cruelty of the English, the lies of the French.
Betrayal.
Still young, still proud.
The one who could speak to God,
who leapt from towers, bare feet scraping the walls,
who led her country to power, fire in her eyes.
But now the flames,
engulfing her in doom.
Her life wisping out of her
like the smoke.
Finally at peace.
The warrior.
Our hero.

**Joan of Arc
by Leanne**

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.
Her ragged voice pierces the sky.
The last signs of defiance
melts into pain.
Others taunt, holler, blasphemy.
Have you all forgotten?
Have you all lost humanity?
She withstands for hours, seemingly untouched by the fire.
But her life slowly dwindles.
Death, pleased for another soul.
The light flickers out.

**Joan of Arc
by Keerthi**

Sold to the enemy for money
was her life worth only that much?
Held captive,
still fighting,
but threatened with torture unless
she rejects what has guided her
to victory.
Forced into abjuring her 'sins'
but were they really?
But of course this wasn't enough for them.
Her death planned from the started,
finally pronounced a relapsed heretic,
but pushed into it.

**Joan of Arc
by Josie**

Have you ever stood at the stake?
Hands tied behind your back.
A thousand souls staring at you,
judging you.
For what their own God sent me to do.

They all line up to spit at me.
Scorn me.
Call me witch. Call me fraud.
Asking me to deny the God. Their God.
And I picture Him as I watched
the flaming torch drop onto the hay.

by Olivia

Pandora, her name, 'all-gifted' it means.
Gifted with the beauty of love.
Gifted with persuasion, with curiosity.
'Is curiosity a gift?' we ask.
For with curiosity, she has opened the box
and in turn, gifted us with misery and hate,
gifted us with greed and jealousy,
gifted us with hope.

by Christine

What is this vase? What is it for?
The questions spill from my lips.
My husband does not answer,
instead he hands me the vase and tells me never to open it.
I wait till he leaves, then run my fingers over
the fastened clasp. The jar calls to me,
begs to be opened, my curiosity compelled too.
The lids flings open, my burning fingers satisfied.

by Rebecca

My eyes are locked, cool and smooth.
The tiny vibrations urge me,
my fingers slowly
lifting the hatch
not knowing what I'm doing
I take off the lid.
No regrets, no regrets.
My skin is bruised brown and green.
I hurry
to close it
empty but for one
Hope,
no regrets, no regrets.

by Michelle
Poem 1

A sludge of earth
a tricky of water
and a poof of power
created me
the first female to be alive.

Beauty, music and so forth
was given to me
by the gods.
To be all gifted,
the name Pandora came to me.

Connected by two rings
I was given a jar, it was never to be opened.
For my gift of curiosity, this was my downfall.
With one click darkness begins to spread.
All but the light of hope was left behind.

Poem 2

A dusty was for me
to bind the darkness
with a speck of light.

I was given a woman.
The first that I've seen.
She was a beauty.

She opens me up.
The darkness I release.
I really regret.

Eponine
by Oliva

Tears roll down my cheeks and I look at the scene before me
blurred vision of two faces but I only see one.
It has been so long since we met, but I as sure we would be together until the end.
Until his almond eyes set on the girl before him,
I would have known nothing different.
She is beautiful, but something stirs inside me.
Why does this girl make him so happy?
Happier than I ever made him?
Was every laugh shared, ever secret told, a lie?
No, it couldn't have.
I am confused, lost, sick without him.
But he is sad when he is away from the girl.
I go to say my sad farewell, but a harsh shot is sounded and a pain flairs in my chest,
an arm reaches out, grabbing me tightly around the wist.
I meet the face of the one I love,
and I use my last moments to cry in his arms.

Princess Diana
by Shelyne

Why are you doing this,
I love you more than anything in the world,
but still you continue to deny it.
You have not been truthful to me,
since your affair with Camilla.
This was not my understanding of a happy-ever-after marriage.
You have lighted up my world in so many different ways
but this act of dishonesty
is unthinkable.
No matter how strong my love is for you,
it will never, ever mend my shattered heart.

Diana Spencer
by Nashita

The letter stood, isolated on
the mahogany writing desk.
While I took a deep breath, drowning
in the imposing austerity her words.
"It must end now".
I'd known for a while now:
the scandals, the kisses, the 'secret' tapes',
but hope had latched onto my heart.
Now I regarded the calligraphy with
illusionary pretence.
'What must it be like for a little boy to read
that daddy never loved mummy?'

Princess Diana
by Andria

She used to say,
"Listen to me, William.
Your father and I
are not going to stay together anymore. But
we did love each other. Once, when I
so young, met him. I remember that. A
hunting party, like the ones you will
go to. I remember him. Standing there".
Her eyes would sparkly,
as the tears began to form. She would
blink them away, for she knew
how I hated to see her cry. She would
go out more. I would try not to see the tabloids
screaming how father never loved mother.
And now, she is gone. Her flame, extinguished.
The people's princess, vanished.
No better words fit this feeling except:
My God. What's happened?

**Princess Diana
by Katrina**

When he said those words
she cried with a lost look in her eyes
like a piece of glass, shattered.

My mothers eyes, shadowed
with betrayal and grief.
Their fairytale was drowned
into deep dark regret. Her heart
was stolen by a malicious man. I
called my father but
not any more, he
was separated from
our lives forever.

**Princess Diana
by Hashini**

You left me broken.
Stranded and lost.
You stole my heart,
and threw it to the floor.

Shattering it to pieces.
Thoughts rushing through my head.
As I sink deeper into myself
falling, falling,
falling where you left me.

You left me for that woman.
Something I always will
and never regret.

by Zoe

Bang. I look up in horror
at the source of the noise.
A bullet speeding towards me
as fast as light.

Everything is in slow motion
I can see clearly, the
grotty pieces of metal
which has been been sparkling, shimmering in the light which has gone.

I ready myself, prepare for the burn
on my chest.
It doesn't come.
I look up.

Pain fills me.
She's gone.

by Devika

I gave Pandora to him
Pandora, with her smooth black hair
perfect skin, brown hazel eyes.
Her dancing so fluent,
her music so melodious.

Epimetheus, her wife, that fool.
Same like his older brother, Prometheus.
Why steal the fire out of heaven?

To control her now
I gave the jar
pithos of evil, power
never to open.

I feel the jar opening
releasing the dark creatures
who travel the world
leaving behind
Elpis.

**Eponine
by Dnaiella**

Who is she
and why is she here?
Rich and warm
nothing like before;
One winder
I saw it,
a tear threatening to fall out.
Such a brittle and still figure,
there are that spot
coincidence.

by Caitlin

Her eyes thrown skywards
murmuring words to me, the wind.
Her copper toes digging at the sand
she has found what she is looking for
a snivelling little snake
with a last glance to the heavens
she strokes its copper back
places it on her chest
taking her final breath.

The asp lay shivering on her breast
I coaxed it away and stirred up the golden sand
covering the silent body
hiding it from the man

Cleopatra
by Jenny

She breezes past,
hair flying in the wind
and streaks of sadness
her porcelain skin
creates rivers down.

Her normal composure,
shattered by her terror
and total loss.
She can never win.

by Sunanda

With incredible beauty and charm,
she has the greatest men around her
long, elegant fingers.
Somehow, inexplicable pride
swells into me. I am present to
do her favours, even though
they may be unimportant, in
relation to her political
extravagance, even if she
was wearing a lowly robe.
She would be more fetching
than ever, my loyalty tells
me I can never be
so sharp and intelligent as
her, but nothing beats
the gracious feeling to
be involved in her life.

by Victoria

I took the gun from the silence nameless boy.
Raced to the barricade and readied myself.
Braced myself for the definite change of death.
No hesitation as I took aim to one of them.

There, just when I thought I'd die,
the nameless boy took the gun to his hand,
aimed at his own chest.
He was shot immediately.
Only then I noticed he was here.
The one who led me to the love of life.

Looking up to meet my eyes,
she smiled but instantly choked.
I saw the look of love, desire, pain in her eyes.
Handing me a letter with bloody hands.
She closed her eyes, at peace at last.

by Anusha

Jewels dripped from her neck
and weighed down her hands
like shackles.

She put on a smile but
I saw the malice in her eyes
I had known her too long-distance as her brother.
I sank back, away from her crowd,
and gasped as I was ambushed
from behind.

As my life slipped away
I cursed Cleopatra
for I did not think
she was ruthless.

I find her there sleeping,
clasp her hand and start weeping.
Her jewellery crooked,
her grand robe crumpled.
Eyes glazed in terror,
as she used whatever
to escape the horror of a captive hell.

The asp lay dead,
lying on her breast,
as dignified Cleopatra
was now at rest.