

Hornsby Girls' High School, 2013
with poet Eileen Chong
Dramatic Monologues from 7T



Juliet
by Sheena

'I don't want money',
'I don't want this life'.
She had the world at her feet,
waiting,
prepared to serve her every want and need
yet
she only wanted one thing
him,
her forbidden love.

Oh how they long to be
yet they do not know.
No,
they know nothing.
I am tied up
I can never have the one I want.

by Carolyn

A lucky girl.
She screams, kicks and struggles
with her hopeless attempts to escape this cruel nightmare.
Cries of help, merely drowned by her disabilities.
She believes nobody can help her but my patience is long.
Who can she trust in such a lost world? She doesn't
and may never know who I really am.
Every time I see her, sorrow does not fill me,
but instead joy of the pains we've been through,
my teeth still ache but my heart yearns to watch her grow.
If you say she hasn't experienced pain
you are mistaken, without sense, life is
nearly meaningless to anyone.
Although she doesn't know anything
- people around her environments, one
day I shall help her understand everything
even herself.

Helen Keller
by Anya

Trapped.
In darkness,
A world of confusion,
staring at nothing,
hearing not a word.

The feeling
not only of emptiness, but of strange objects,
filling in the blanks with
the colour and characteristics I would like them to be.

Joan of Arc
by Millie

The trumpets sounded,
their sharp noise echoed through my head.
Horses galloped, my men charged.
Swords raised,
a grim expression fixed on their face.
A single arrow,
whistling and twirling through the air,
landed with a soft thud straight through his heart.
The first kill.
The battle had begun.
I was dressed no differently to anybody else,
but I was still frowned upon,
scorned upon.
My armour glinted in the morning sun
and it was with determination,
a horrible yet confident type of determination
that I spurred my horse forward
out into the midst of battle.

Princess Diana
by Rachel

She from Norfolk, feeling lonely and betrayed
with her sister, with a prince, mother having an affair.
I think about it from her perspective.
All is not in her favour, all is against her.

Helping with charity work,
people with AIDS, and working out against land-mines.
How does she manage?
She has a divorce, has an affair.
Like mother, like daughter.

Yet think about it,
she is going through a hard time,
but she is successful.
All people adore her.
On the day of her death.
At the point of l'lama tunnel.

Joan of Arc
by Isolde

The men stood behind you,
ready for your order to attack.
Out of thousands,
all you saw Jean.
His armour weighed him down.
The helmet covered half his face.
He was only young, he still has a life.
A tear slipped down your face. No!
You had to be brave, for everyone.
Especially Jean, give him hope.
But you couldn't.
Couldn't give the order that would your brother to his death.

Helen Keller
by Crystal

Born perfectly fine, I lay in bed
staring at the colourful ceiling above my head.
Now I imagine,
when will I feel this way again?
Why can't I be like the ordinary girl
who goes to school to talk and learn,
but with this ruined hearing and sight
I only blame myself.
How will anyone describe the colour red for me?
Or make me hear the classical tune.
At least I have the imagination
that knows I'll soon be an inspiration to all.

Joan of Arc
by Sophie

You fought with me tomorrow
and raised your head
and smiled.
Running at the world
who would run away faster
than we ever could.

But it was fun while it lasted, for
I'm a people person.
What did they say when they tied
me to the chair,
and struck the match?
Are you not finished yet?
They soon were.

Helen Keller
by Claire

Some people wish for health
and others for happiness.
They do not know how
fortunate they are,
freely using their sight and hearing
which have been taken
away from me forever.
I am trapped in my own world
only relying on the texture of things.
I have screamed in frustration,
tears streaming through my empty eyes,
to let me be a normal person.
Do not feel sympathy
or sadness,
as I have defeated
the ropes that have been tying me down.
I am like any other person
in this world no full of colour and commotion.

Princess Diana
by Lucy

Born as Diana Frances Mountbatten.
A broken branch grasped onto a
different tree. Parents parted at
eight. I married into a royal family.
Gave birth to lives
as Diana Frances Mountbatten-Windsor.

They were the only ones for
me. The ones who made me feel
something. Loved them like
nothing else.
A tipsy driver made me leave it all.
All that I loved
And I left as Diana, Princess of Wales.

Princess Diana – Will's P.O.V.
by Stacey

Her cold blue eyes stare at the sky.
The dark stormy sky.
She's dressed in black.
As she lays there, lifeless.
Her body is pale and still.
As I just stare, my eyes tearing.
They closed her eyes, as she slept forever.
I didn't understand then.
I thought she'd wake up.
But she won't. She never will.
As my mother is somewhere else,
her blonde hair free, her smile wide.
My mother is happy.
At least I hope she is.

The Maid
by Joyce

Her ear throbs.
Death surrounded her,
walls of fire,
falling soldiers.
They didn't deserve this.
None of them did.
The French, the Burundians.
Lives lost for greed.
But she didn't listen to them,
her saints, her angels.
She must do Gods bidding.
'Jesus Maria',
Her war cry sounded through the battlefield
Her soldiers, once again, regained their strength.
This was for France.
Her loyalty towards her country kept her going.

Zelda Fitzgerald
by Monica

Her hair was curled up
bobbing to the sway of the jazz music
she was dancing to.
Her skirt was so short
many people might have thought
unrespectable.
She danced and pained
and wrote
and had so many obsessions
that you might not have realised
that she was only trying to be
a new independent character,
different to the women in America.

Amelia Earhart
by Ashley

She stands proudly
next to her place,
a look of triumph on her face
as she notices the crowd.

Cheering erupts
and she raises her arms.
Bursting with happiness
and a tinge of smugness.

She notices me and rushes over
as we rejoice.

Thank You My Nurse
by Kanisha

Next to the hospital bed she stood
aiding the injured from the war.
It was a gruesome battle and I was there
fighting for freedom and the love of my nurse.
Dying from hygiene and injuries,
my nurses dream was to rid this disease.
I was the lucky one, thank my nurse moths
but soon, the end was near for both of us.
Her life, my love, would soon fade away into the past.
My dear Florence Nightingale would never recover.

The Familiar Look
by Emily

Every morning, I see her, her rather familiar face.
I am sure I have seen her somewhere, but where?
Until one day, she around and tells me
the truth that lies beneath for years, that
she is my sister whom I have looked for and loved.

Florence Nightingale
by Alice

My father goes red.
My mother, by comparison
goes white.
No one speaks.
We all just stare.

Silence, so loud,
it bursts my ears.
I walk in shame
to my room

'Marry?' I ask
to myself.
How absurd!

Artemis
by Effie

Graceful and dignified,
pure and golden.
My sister, bathing in the spring,
but who is that?
Orion whispering sweet secrets
to her.
Things she would never tell me.
As virgin as she is
Orion has captured her heart,
her purity,
her virginity,
her love.

by Kareena

She treads silently through the forest, her feet
not making a sound,
her arrows on her back,
her bow in her hand, positioned and ready
to shoot.

She is strong; and stubborn
I must be careful when I'm around her
because she shoots when she is angry,
and charges
like a bull when it sees red.

She is like my sister
yet we are nothing alike,
her features, golden and delicate
her grace, her beauty, her elegance
are always covered by that grim determination on her face.

Joan of Arc
by Ankita

She fought for women's rights,
she went into a war wearing men's armour,
she was burnt at a stake.
She could even hear God.
Do you know what was worse than the fact
that she was burnt? Her people did not
even try and save her.
There she was, thinking she was honoured,
but no, not even her own people
would attempt to rescue her.
Lucky she does not care what anybody else things,
or she may be sobbing her heart out.

Joan of Arc
by Nikita

"Wear your fathers clothes, take them, go.
Go to war, fight for your country, free your country."
That's what he told me,
St. Michael did.

Honoured by Charles VII
I freed my country,
from the English I did.

And yet, burned at the stake I was.
Why? For wearing Fathers clothes.
That's what they tell me anyway.

by Shu T.

A rustle of silk, the soft tiptoe of my foot, my heart a cold stone.
Like a bear cub, crying silently in the night for its mother.
Just a stream of tears flowing down my cheek.
Tiptoe. Sigh. Retrace my steps back to my room.
The next morning, my wedding, my whole life changed.

Queen Elizabeth II
by Tania

Another day,
another speech to say,
another issue to discuss,
another agreement to be made.
Another crowd to confront.

There are the good things too,
laughs to be had,
smiles to be smiled,
people to talk to,
I guess its just part of being me,
the Queen.

The Canary's Flight
by Ena

You roar into life,
your shining wings eager.
Shivering and shimmering with anticipation
Your propellers dance and spin
as we lift into the sky
a sea of endless blue.

The Canary
by Sarak

It soared, a perfect speck
of dust in the pure carpet of sky blue.

Yellow like the Sunday
it shone with sheer brilliance.

Another stray ray of gold
lost in the oblivion
of the sky, of thoughts, of dreams.

It zoomed upwards
until it was gone.

And it was all abandoned
but it still cried for its mistress
in panorama of the Pacific Blue.
She disappeared, and so had the canary.

My Death
by Millie

I lay, in silence
not asleep, nor awake.
My death,
real, not fake
as believed before.
The asp
my killer.
The poison coursing through my veins.

Soon,
I will be gone with the wind
together again
with everyone I've had to destroy,
all for my power, my pride.
The hungry power causing me to murder
like the asp,
my killer.

Cleopatra
by Rithika

He comes like a valiant soldier to me,
I am in a trance as he greets,
politely.
Welcomed warmly with all the comforts he needs
my own intentions, scheming in my mind.

As he sleeps in peace, the night sounds
of the howling wind.
While I burn without his presence.

At sunset next day,
the brilliant red sun
a fire in the sky.
The banquet is ready.
Her comes with an air of
great importance.
When all is settled I feel his eyes,
burrowing into my intense blue eyes

Cleopatra
by Arushi

Pharaoh at last my
desire is fulfilled.
More than my name:
'Glory of the father',
now as the endless
empire; everyone.

Sweet power, waves of
passion to lead and rule.
Ready to charm, persuade,
anything, even destroy.
For I am now unstoppable,
I, the almighty Pharaoh,
Cleopatra.