

BITTER VICTORY

A Dramatic Monolog

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Well, here I am; yes, here I am, but how humorous it seems. A New York business man alone in the Arizona desert. Standing here, I can almost feel the hot, dry wind blowing through my flesh to scorch my soul and only a few hours ago I was an ambitious young man heading west to survey a gold mine.

Oh, I was a smart one! Yes, I was going to take a little walk from the wagon train. I was going to take a little walk in the sun. Now I have my sun, I have the hot, bright, burning desert sun; it's all mine. Mine to bear and suffer--how long I don't know. But I do know that it will be no short time, for when one faces the desert without water, each minute multiplies the one before and in the end--in the end there is an eternity of heat, sand, and blinding choking sand dust.

Bah! I make myself an even greater fool to think of such things. I must keep calm and conservative. I must plan each step with the cleverness of a fox. Now to plan my escape from this sand drenched death hole. Let's see now, the wind and the wagon train are both headed west so that will be my direction of escape. Now I guess the only thing to do is start walking; yes, walking with the wind.

Now that's a humorous thought. I said I would walk with the wind. The wind, the wind, the very thing which stirs this burning dust which may defeat me unless, that is, that greedy sun up there doesn't get me first. Oh no, you can't fool me, Sun. I know that you would love nothing better than to burn my hide until I fall. And you, Wind, I know what you are up to! Your favorite trick is to blow across a man's face until the blood flows from his raw flesh. But you Dust; you infernal one! You love to bend and swirl with your brother, Wind, until you make the air as thick as sand and mercilessly choke your victim from life. You there, Sand, are you having fun roasting my feet? Well, go ahead; go ahead and burn them but I'll never give in to you. Yes, all of you, blast you, you're all greedy gluttons. You all want my life, don't you? But you won't get it; no, I'll cheat you. Yes, I'll cheat all of you of your victory.

Calm, Man, calm! You must remember if you're going to cheat the sand, wind, dust, and sun! You mustn't talk to them for that is how they twist and tear your mind. No, you must think carefully.

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