

# EXISTENCE...REAL...IMAGINED... OR...NOT AT ALL

A Dramatic Monolog

by  
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A Dramatic Monolog

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Author's note: This dramatic monolog is designed to create the mystic, mystery, and suspense associated with one's inner reflections. As the main character struggles with the seemingly basic concepts of self identity and existence, the audience should be left with an aura of strangeness and "what if" at the end.

Ordinary. That was definitely how you would describe most of my days. This day was no exception. I woke up, got ready for school, ate, and left for the bus stop. No need to say goodbye to anyone. Mom and Dad were hardly ever around when I was. We communicated by notes attached to the fridge and an occasional phone call. I am an only child...one...uno...that's it...just me, myself, and I.

Some people might feel lonely. Not me. I didn't really FEEL at all. No joy...no pain...nothing...zip...nada...you get the picture. It was the same at school. No one ever really talked to me. But they didn't pick on me either. I co-existed with the groups...popular...jocks...skaters...gothics...preps...geeks...cheerleaders...dorks...again, you get the picture.

I was not part of a group. It wasn't that I ever really wanted to be or that I didn't want to. It just never happened. We all have our part to play in the make-up of a student body. I was just a one, an only. My grades were okay. I tried, I did my homework, but that was as far as it went. No after school activities for me. No team sports. Just school, then home to be alone. So you see, my life is very ordinary.

Today began that way, the way it always did...Until...I looked down in my first period class and my right hand had disappeared. I looked around to see if anyone else noticed. No one did. I felt for my hand and it wasn't there...No hand...just air...no pain, no blood, nothing. I wasn't sure what to do next. I raised my hand, well, my arm, to ask a question and the teacher didn't say anything.

By math, my right arm had disappeared too. It was becoming difficult to carry my books around. I had hoped my teachers at least would notice and send me to the nurse. I didn't know why this was happening, if it could be stopped, or if it could be corrected. It's strange. I didn't feel anything. After math, I couldn't even carry my books, so I left them. My left hand, arm, and right leg had disappeared. I stood up and hopped out the door.

Most people would have felt fear, frustration, panic...not I. I didn't really feel a thing. It was odd. No one said a word to me. I was becoming invisible and no one seemed to notice. I began to wonder if it was real. Maybe I was the only one that could see what was happening. Slowly, my one leg and stomach had ceased to exist. I could move in a floating sort of way, but nothing remained. I could see others, but they couldn't see me. I was not a loner, a one, an only...I was a nothing.

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