

# LOST

A Dramatic Monolog

by  
Marla Crowe



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A Dramatic Monolog

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It was an old cross that I had come across in the woods. It was like the kind you see on the side of the road. A marker or memorial placed there to show where someone died. I just stared at it realizing that I had never noticed it before on my daily walk. I was unable to take my eyes off the chipped white paint. It was leaning and warped as if it had been there for quite some time. I am the curious type so I kneeled to look at it closely. I wondered who had placed it there and who was it for...why was it there at all?

The name struck a chord in me, yet, I couldn't remember why. Rebecca Chanesly...Rebecca Chanesly...why did I know that name. Then it began to come back to me. I remembered that it was the name of a little girl who had gotten lost in the woods. It was in the paper and on the news. Helicopters circled the forest for three days trying to find her. After several days of neighbors and volunteers looking for her, police and dogs searching, her parents were seen breaking down. Her mother pleaded for her life, cried out for her to be found. She looked so sad, as if she hadn't slept for days. She whimpered... Rebecca, Rebecca...Rebecca...where are you? Her father just said please, I want my baby back! Something about the way he said please went straight to your soul.

Days went by. They continued to look. They sent in men on horseback and searched the woods that she was last seen going into. They didn't find her. I had lived by these woods my whole life. Saw the whole thing. Eventually, they just gave up. There were no more reports from the family. Details moved to the back of the papers and people stopped talking about it.

**--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---**