

THE SIGN OF THE RAINBOW

A Dramatic Monolog

by
Marla Crowe



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

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(Author's note: A family faces a crisis of great magnitude as flood waters race through their home. One small child must face internal fear if their family is to survive. Life lessons are learned through the struggle and faith is tested waiting to see if promises are kept.)

I felt happy and secure. It was late and I was in my favorite pajamas all cuddled up in bed with my mom and Wiggles a cute but sometimes precocious brown bear. No one else heard him speak but me and occasionally I got in trouble because of his little outbursts. But I still loved him. I couldn't sleep without him...or without a bedtime story. Tonight's story was one of my favorites. It was about a great flood that came and drowned the entire world, all but Noah and his animals that is. And afterward, God sent a special sign that it would never happen again. It was a beautiful rainbow. It had many beautiful colors and we can still see this sign today after rainy days begin to clear and the rainbow appears. I loved rainbows. I loved the way they arched so far and often I dreamed of that mystical pot of gold that might be waiting at the end of it. Mom said that the pot of gold was not really true but that it was okay to have dreams. I was starting to feel dreamy now. I knew I would be asleep soon. I heard the sound of soft raindrops falling on my window and I smiled because rain made me think of Noah and God's promise.

I don't know how long I had been asleep, but I was awakened by the sound of great claps of thunder. This was no longer a gentle rain. I did not like thunder. It rocked the house and I could actually feel the vibrations. I tried to go back to sleep but I knew there was no way that was going to happen. I decided that I must get up and find Mom and Dad and maybe if I were lucky I would get to stay in their room for the rest of the night. I slid my feet off the bed and was shocked at what I felt. My feet were covered with water...cold water...I was really scared now. This had never happened before. I wasn't sure what was happening, I called out for Mom or Dad but my throat was so tight with fear, it came out as a whisper. Standing up I found that the water was pretty deep. It was up to my knees already and flowing pretty steadily. I had taken swimming lessons over the summer, but that seemed a long time ago now and I wasn't sure what I would do if the water got much higher. I could not figure out where the water was coming from or why it was in my room. I looked around and saw water coming from the doorway. It was coming in at a pretty fast rate and I again wondered why Mom or Dad did not come for me. Maybe they didn't know there was water in the house. They might have been asleep just like me. I grabbed Wiggles, just in case. It made me feel better to have something to hold onto. I began to think about what I should do. I thought about going straight to my parent's room. I was not sure I could make it three doors down.

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