

Brenton Grundman  
Th 151  
Monologue 1

Option 1:  
~60s

It was a cold morning in the dead of winter. At 8 AM, she walked in the room. She looked at all of us, and all of us looked at her. Her eyes flitted about the room, taking measure of each of us in turn, until her eyes finally settled on me. She wasn't an attractive woman by any young man's standard, and well beyond my years at that, but she commanded a room and my attention with the best of them. She looked me up and down, once, twice; then slowly, agonizingly asked us to do what I most dreaded. Dreaded, because I knew such a feeble, ancient excuse could not go unprimanded. Dreaded, because of the contents my dog had ingested just that morning before I was whisked away to this hell. "Class, please hand in your homework," my teacher demanded of us. And that was when I began to cry.

Option 2:  
~1:43

It was a long drive, so long that the sunny morning turned cool, then overcast and into light showers, but we never turned back. We asked if the souring weather was going to affect our trip, but our questions were lauded at and ignored. I sat in the back with my recently acquired companions as we wove deeper into the tropical island I'd only been on for a day until we reached our destination: an open, grassy field and a hut made of cement. Fifteen minutes passed as we received our instructions and the biplane landed in the nearby grass. By the end of an hour, we were suited up and ready - as ready as we'd ever be - for the jump. The plane took six of us twelve at a time, and I was in the first squad - the rest I needed to help keep calm, especially with the instructors' jests that one in six didn't even make it to the ground. We were to be sat on the edge before falling out, but my tandem jumper was so much shorter than I that I had to be seated off the edge; before even jumping, I was supported only by my pack. And then, we fell.

The first ten seconds were some of the longest of my life. Disoriented and blinded by the clouds of the storm, we plummeted faster and faster as I became a human pincushion to the ice needles in the air. But even when we broke free, the painful droplets still peppered me; and then they began to fall with me. Rain seemingly hung in place before my eyes as we both descended to the ground with near equal velocities. My tandem pulled the chute as rain fell around us in silence, save for the wind. Then I got the command that we wouldn't be landing on our feet, so I had to raise my legs. When we hit the ground, we skidded fifteen feet on our asses. It ruined my white shorts.