

Bachelor of Musical Theatre

Phase 2 acting audition



You will need to present two prepared monologues.
One must be from this set list, the other being your own choice*.

These monologues should:

- be very well-prepared
- be in your own voice (avoid using an accent)

Your own choice monologue should:

- be from a modern play (post 1960)
- last no longer than 1.5 minutes (90 seconds)
- only be from published plays (no musicals, films, or television)
- not be an extract from a poem or novel

We recommend that you read the whole play so that you understand the context of your monologue.

**Be aware of the cultural context of the show/character for your monologues.*

CONTENT WARNING

We ask you to be aware that some of the extended material from which these chosen monologues have been sourced, may contain challenging content. Strong monologues often come from plays that address adult themes and may be potentially distressing for some readers, so we ask that you consider your personal level of comfort around these subjects before further exploring the content in its entirety.

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THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE

by Bertolt Brecht

GRUSHA

Even if it was thirty, I'd tell you what I think of your justice, you drunken onion!
(*Incoherently*) How dare you talk to me like the cracked Isaiah on the church window?
As if you were somebody? For you weren't born to this. You weren't born to rap your
own mother on the knuckles if she swipes a little bowl of salt someplace. Aren't you
ashamed of yourself when you see how I tremble before you? You've made yourself
their servant so no one will take their houses from them – houses they had stolen!
Since when have houses belonged to the bedbugs? But you're on the watch, or they
couldn't drag our men into their wars. You bribetaker! I've no respect for you. No more
than for a thief or a bandit with a knife. You can do what you want. You can take the
child away from me, a hundred against one, but I tell you one thing: only extortioners
should be chosen for a profession like yours. As punishment. Yes, let them sit in
judgement on their fellow creatures. It is worse than to hang from the gallows.

THIS HEAVEN

by Nakkiah Lui

SISSY

[Sissy is an indigenous Australian whose father died in custody at Mount Druitt Police Station. She stands in the park in front of her father's tribute.]

This was Mount Druitt.

It was like a different world, and in this world, different rules applied to different people. People died early here, had kids early here and got told to be scared of the Gunji's from the day they are born.

This was a street.

On that fence, the one that only has a few pickets left standing. On that fence it says 'Our Family 4eva! It used to be a fence and now it's a tribute. A tribute to my father, Robert Gordon.

I remember when that trolley didn't have a melted handle. Look at it, all rusty and kicked in. That night, as the flames burned around it, that trolley stayed stuck in the grass. Pretty loyal trolley.

See the koori flag carved into the brittle wood, I can still feel the splinters under the tips of my fingers. The dots of blood coming out as dad dug around with a sewing needle for the little shard of fence under my skin

This was a house.

A home.

Our home.

All fibro walls and pizza hut roof. A house passed down in the family and finally bought by my parents.

Cousins running in and out. Sitting on the back steps as mum looked through my hair for nits. Dogs biting on your ankles. Dogs that belonged to the entire street. The sun peeking through the old lace curtains and making shapes on the walls, what I still imagine snowflakes to look like.

Can you believe this place was so beautiful to me once?

PRIMA FACIE

by Suzie Miller

TESSA

Adam and I go down to the local deli for lunch.

In the lift with the corporates. Solicitors who specialise in company law, Italian suits, nice, like really nice ties. Women with silk shirts, group of five of them They're a different breed. It's all corporate contracts. They all think barristers are arrogant. Yeah, maybe we are a bit. Adam tells me about a law grad who wants to come and work with him. We laugh about previous law grads we've had in chambers. I tell him about Sophie. young, New to criminal law. Adam vaguely remembers her. 'I got her to interview a client. Client says he wants to plead Not Guilty, but she says to him, I swear to you, she said,

"But tell me the truth, did you do it?" Adam shakes his head. 'So, I jump in, "Hold everything Sophie", take her aside.

"What the fuck are you doing?" She's all "what? What?"

I'm telling her, "He's pleading not guilty. What if he now tells you he did it? You can't represent him then, can you?"

She goes, "So?"

No idea.'

Adam jokingly slaps his forehead.

"You're walking an ethical tightrope, Sophie; you don't get to ask him if he did it? You take his instructions and that's it, if he has a case you run it. End of story. You don't play God, you don't decide, or judge."

Adam is laughing now. 'Did she apologise?'

'No, not at all!' She was utterly appalled. She said, and I swear this is word for word, "But what if he did it?"

RICE

by Michele Lee

NISHA

[Nisha is a high-flying young executive at Australia's largest producer of rice — precocious, headstrong and determined to become Australia's first female Indian CEO.]

This is the part of the story where I tell you about an Indian princess. Not the one who drinks green smoothies for breakfast. In India, once upon a time, a beautiful West Bengali princess lost her husband. She was a widow. Didima was poor, she had her husband's name but she had nothing without him by her side. She scrimped and saved, and she fought her way to her own Level 20. And when she couldn't punch any higher, she made the phone call that she had told herself she could never make because her Hindi was so rubbish. A Minister. Fuck it. She picked up the phone. Spoke her best Hindi. Bluffed. Put on her deeper voice. Made the case for why he should support her application to leave West Bengal and come here, Australia. The other day I came home and I gave her \$50, so she can have her own money, buy her own things. She went walking down the street the next day and gave it all away to school kids. I yelled at my sisters, my parents. Let's pull our fucking act together and keep her safe. And don't tell me not to yell, don't blame me for not being here. I'm pumping money into this fucking household. I am busy, I am strategic, I am the EO.

AGNES OF GOD

by John Pielmeier

AGNES

[Agnes is a novice nun who gives birth but does not believe she has. After the child is found dead, a psychiatrist and the mother superior of the convent clash during the resulting investigation.]

Where do you think babies come from? ... Well, I think they come from when an angel lights on their mother's chest and whispers into her ear. That makes good babies start to grow. Bad babies come from when a fallen angel squeezes in down there, and they grow and grow until they come out down there. I don't know where good babies come out. And you can't tell the difference except that bad babies cry a lot and make their fathers go away and their mothers get very ill and die sometimes. Mummy wasn't very happy when she died, and I think she went to hell because every time I see her she looks like she just stepped out of a hot shower. And I'm never sure if it's her or the Lady who tells me things. The Lady I saw when I was ten. I was lying on the grass looking at the sun and the sun became a cloud, and the cloud became the Lady. And she uses me to sing. It's as if she's throwing a big hook through the air and it catches me under my ribs and tries to pull me up, but I can't move because Mummy is holding my feet and all I can do is sing in the Lady's voice, God loves you! God loves you.

THE KID

by Michael Gow

SNAKE

Honestly. I hate this trip. It's always chaos. Always a fight. By the time we get to Aunty Eileen's no one's talking to anyone. I have to do everything. Get the boys ready. Stock up on drinks and Marlboro and chips. Hate it. Won't it be great when we get the money? We'll be happy. We might take over a service station. Dean can fool around with his engines. I'll cook snacks and Pro can man the pumps. I'll have to help him with the change. I'll look back on all this and laugh. Hate it. All the people we end up taking along. Dean always collects someone. You must have been the first one ever to turn him down. He was that upset. He was driving like a maniac. He just drove over the median strip and back we came. Little turd. Know why he got chucked out of school? Mrs. Tucker – guess what Dean called her – was wrapped in him. She used to beat shit out of him, for any reason, no reason, just so she could grab hold of him and whack his bum. One day he'd had enough and he told her to go and see the stockmen and he'd fix her up. Poor woman grabbed all the rulers in the room and laid into Dean. He stood up, gave her a right hook and she went down like a ton of bricks. We all stood on the desks and cheered. I reckon Dean would win wars single-handed. The enemy would come to him on bended knees. People will do anything just to get a wink or a smile that says he likes you. Little turd. Foul temper. Lazy. But who cares when it's Dean.

THE YEAR NICK MCGOWAN CAME TO STAY

Adapted by Sean Mee from the novel by Rebecca Sparrow

RACHAEL

[to audience]

Okay! So, I might have had a mini-crush on Nick McGowan. But so did every other girl in year eleven when he came to the school last year.

There was a one time in French when Mrs. Lesage paired us together to have a conversation about buying a train ticket to Bologna. And Nick said he'd just put the word 'Le' in front of every English word and hope to get by. Then he transferred to German, and we never really talked again. Then he started dating Kerry English who was - of course - beautiful and popular and nice all the time and loved everybody and who thought babies came out of your bottom.

I'm know I'm not ugly. But I'm not gorgeous like Kerry either. I'm average. Ordinary. Plain. I look pretty much the same as I did in year ten. Lips too thin. Nose too square. Ankles too fat. Hardly 'Striking', like Zoe. Some days I'd give anything to be described that way.

But hey, maybe when Nick moves in, we'll fall madly in love. I'd finally have a boyfriend. We could be the new 'it' couple at school with our own private jokes. What are the chances? No really, what are the chances of that?

I had a dream once that I was marrying Nick McGowan but on the big day, when I was walking down the aisle, Martin O'Connell, this revolting guy in my drama class, is waiting for me. 'I'm not meant to be marrying you', I say but nobody listens. They just kept going ahead with the ceremony and I am standing there realising that I'm going to get divorced and how bad that would look on my resume. Then I woke up.

SPEAKING IN TONGUES

by Andrew Bovell

LEON

Yes, it was my fault. But, I think, I'm screaming at this guy, not because I'm angry at him, but because I think I've lost you. I think some stupid indiscretion with a stranger has cost me the most important thing in my life.

They sit in silence for a moment.

And he's there, right in my face, so I'm screaming at him... when I notice that he's cowering. He's got his hands up over his face and he's cowering, like a dog being beaten. This grown man is cowering because of me. He thinks I'm going to hit him. So I stop and I take stock and I say, 'I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Here, let me help you.' And I pull him up and I see that I've smashed the guy's nose in. With my head. With my hard stupid fat head, I've broken this man's nose. There's blood all over his face. 'I'm sorry. Are you all right? Let me help you.' But he pushes me away and he says, 'No, I'm fine. I'm fine. Please.' And he walks off down the hedge. But I can see he's not fine and I just feel terrible, so I follow him. He turns the corner. And I hear him, I don't see him, I hear him stop and starts to weep. The man has completely broken down and he's weeping.

I mean, what makes a man weep like that?

AFTERSHOCKS

by Paul Brown and the Workers' Cultural Action Committee

STAN

'Stan's ride'... I rode the floor down. And as the concrete hit the floor, [*Clapping hands*] I've sorts BANG with the concrete floor, and BANG up again, and I'd say what's happened is the chairs've come underneath, cos I ended all tangled up in chairs, and me arms up in the air stuff like that.

I remember I look at Howard, while it was going on, we could hear this massive roar, this sorta, huge, like a bloody underground train coming... and then we stopped talking... There was three big, long slow waves and the whole floor just collapsed, and he musta seen it and bolted for an opening. Yeah, Howard went east, and I went west.

I never been close to death... I knew I was... the first thing that struck me, as the floor started to give way, and I went down with it, the first thing that hit my mind was, hello I'm dead.

I sorta looked up. Everything was coming down. Then it gave this great big puff! Like the air and everything, big puff of wind, and the whole... big dust thing went straight up in the air, went straight back up. And when everything sorta got quiet, that's when they all started screaming, I could hear all the people screaming. The ones who were actually trapped, y'know.

THE NARCISSIST

by Stephen Carleton

SATCHEL

[Satchel returns home having won 'The city's most eligible barista' for the third year in a row. Bronwyn and Xavier want to celebrate, but Satchel has given up drinking alcohol for six months, Bronwyn asks him why.]

We're living on a fragile planet, Bronwyn. Every action we take has a consequence somewhere, somehow. That cigarette butt that gets casually stubbed and thrown into a gutter eventually finds itself in a water catchment, contaminating our rivers and oceans, before settling in the sea grass, poisoning dugongs, fish and turtles. The fish get fat and bloated, and they infect the dolphins. The dolphins get fat and bloated, and poison the whales. Soon enough the whole planet gets clogged with that little bit of waste it doesn't quite need, all from one cigarette butt.

The same goes for alcohol. I woke up one morning after a night on the tiles and hit the bathroom scales. 125 grams. I'd put on 125 grams just by drinking half a dozen ciders and a schooner or two of beer. And that was with dancing. Two hours and fifty minutes worth of dancing. That's half a gram a minute. I realised if I kept that up, I'd weigh, like 200 kilos by the end of the year. I feel like there's this incredible momentum happening in my life right now. I mean - three Most Eligible Baristas in a row. It's leading somewhere. Somewhere Big. I feel like I've been preparing for something. What with the personal training, the personal grooming, the personal hygiene, the public recognition. There's a very specific range of skills and attributes being developed here. Then on the way home, I started thinking. 'Big, Big ...' and it suddenly hit me. Big Brother: I'm going to audition for Big Brother Seventeen!

THE YEAR NICK MCGOWAN CAME TO STAY

Adapted by Sean Mee from the novel by Rebecca Sparrow

NICK

[Nick tells Rachael what happened to his friend, Jason]

Two weeks before the end of school last year, during our exam block ... my best friend Jason decided to drive into Emerald in his dad's new ute ... It's about a two-hour drive from Middlemount ... Anyway, on the drive home ... So he's driving home from Emerald, and there's apparently just one car on the other side of the road travelling in the other direction. It's being driven by some old guy. Anyway, what happens is this old guy has a heart attack behind the wheel. He has a heart attack just when Jace's car is approaching in the opposite direction. So this old bloke's car swerves and crosses the double line ... and collides with Jason's ute.

So Jace gets killed in a car accident and Mike the police officer gets called, and the on-call doctor gets called ... but nobody calls me. Nobody rang me that day. Or the day after, or the day after that. Nobody called me because my dad told them not to ... and he did that because I was in the middle of exams, and I needed to do well if I was going to get into medicine. So the morning of the funeral, I was answering questions on *The Great Gatsby* ... sitting in the exam room wondering whether I'd have the boarders' sandwiches for lunch or go and get a meat pie from the tuck shop.

Dad told me on the drive home from Emerald airport at Christmas. And I know why dad did it, you know, I get that. But ... I had known Jason Wilks since I was two years old. When I came to Brisbane last year, I promised him I would keep in touch. And I didn't. I promised him that I'd go home for the Rugby League Grand Final and I didn't go. I backed out at the last minute because Mr. Tallon wanted me to attend some piss-weak leaders' breakfast. But life can be taken away, just like that.

ADMISSIONS

by Joshua Harman

CHARLIE

[Bill and Sherri's son, a senior at Hillcrest]

No, you want me to be just like you, 'cause I guess you think you're like, nailing life, but actually, my worst nightmare would be turning out like you.

You can't even see yourself, can you? You can't even see yourself.

You think you spent your life championing the underdog; did you ever stop to think about who got shoved out of the way so you could do it?

You're happy to make the world a better place, as long as it doesn't cost you anything. That's what your tombstone should say: Bill Mason made the world a better place, and it didn't cost him a thing. Call me naive, but if people could make the world fairer without sacrificing anything it would have happened by now. It hasn't. You think you're like some kind of hero? Look in the mirror Dad: you're not a hero. You're a hypocrite.

AFTERSHOCKS

by Paul Brown and the Workers' Cultural Action Committee

PATRON

I only had about a ten inch square to breathe in, and I had to keep my hands up, pushing against the piece of poker machine laying ahead of me, to try and keep it from coming down. And a doctor came, and I was fast running out of oxygen, but he dug a hole at the side of me, and he passed me an oxygen mask and told me how to put it on, and then he gave me a needle, and then all I could think of was, "Wriggle my toes." And I wiggled my toes, and I thought, "while I've got toes I've got feet, and while I've got feet I've got legs". And I could hear them all talking about aftershocks... And they ordered the rescuers out... They ordered them out, as they are expecting an aftershock, and I said, "Please don't leave me. And they said, "We won't leave you." They disobeyed their order. They didn't leave me... And all I could hear was something saying to me, "Don't panic. Don't panic and you'll be all right. You'll be all right". And I just clung to that.

When they started to lift the poker machines off me, of course, everything started to fall. And they stopped, and that was when they pulled me up. They were hoping to get the stuff off the top of me, to lift me up that way. Instead of that they had to come round and get me under the armpits, and pull me up through this little space...

I'd just come to play Hoy at the workers club.

EATING ICE-CREAM WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED

by David Brown

MACCA

[Macca is a young indigenous man, waiting at a bus terminal late at night with Doug and Dayne.]

We had to stop for ten minutes while they filled her full of gas or something. So, I've bolted across the road to the pub. Well, I got some coke and smokes and this Beam for the trip ... I mean, they're so tight arsed on that train they wouldn't sell me any more lites.

Anyway, I've come bolting back from the pub and the Commandant's waiting at the carriage door and he's gone, "any bottles, brown paper bags?"

And I've shown him what's in my bag. "Nothing but coke and some smokes, Chief" and there's nothing for him to bust me for because I've got the Beam hidden in me dacks.

So, I stash me Beam under the seat and I come back out on to the platform and opened me brand new pouch of Drum, right? I've lit me racer and had about four drags and the commandant starts telling us all to get back on the train. So, I've gotten back on, but I've left me Drum on the platform and the train's started going and they've gone and locked the doors and the train's started moving off and I've got to get me Drum back, right? So, what else could I do?

I've gone and pressed the fire button and BAM! The brakes come on and the train screeches and all those ticket turds come running in with fire hoses yelling "Where's the fire?" and I've gone, "I just left me smokes on the platform." The Nazi Commandant's gone "Right, you're off!" And I've gone "Fair go, it was a brand-new pack" But they didn't care. They booted me and me gear off the train and now I'm here, telling you and this fella ... Dave ... how it wasn't really me who went off me nut, it was the ticket turds.

VERY HAPPY CHILDREN WITH BRIGHT AND WONDERFUL FUTURES

by Joshua Maxwell

ADULT

[Written to be played by a teen]

IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT THESE QUOTE UNQUOTE "CLIMATE" QUOTE UNQUOTE "PROTESTORS" ARE NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF QUOTE UNQUOTE "CHILDREN".

AND THAT TELLS YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THIS QUOTE UNQUOTE "MOVEMENT", DOESN'T IT? A BUNCH OF LEFTY LOONY TEENAGERS DODGING SCHOOL TO BECOME CLIMATE MARTYRS.

AND BASED ON WHAT? SCIENCE? PFFT! WE ALL KNOW THAT THE SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN PAID OFF BY THE GLOBAL ELITE! AND YES, I CAN'T PROVE THAT, BUT YOU CAN'T DISPROVE IT EITHER!

THESE KIDS SHOULD BE IN SCHOOL LEARNING THEIR TIMES TABLES AND TRADITIONAL VALUES, NOT GALLIVANTING UP AND DOWN THE STREET LIKE A BUNCH OF... HOODLUMS!

WELL, SINCE YOU'RE MISSING MATHS CLASS, HERE'S SOME MATHS FOR YOU! CLIMATE CHANGE EQUALS MYTH. YOU MINUS SCHOOL EQUALS CRIME! ME PLUS AUDIENCE EQUALS RIGHT!

I THINK IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SPEAK TO THESE YOUNG PEOPLE IN A LANGUAGE THEY UNDERSTAND. HEY KIDS! HASHTAG YOU'RE A BUNCH OF JERKS. HASHTAG SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP. HASHTAG I'VE GOT A NARROW VIEW OF THE WORLD AND I DON'T LIKE LITTLE SHITS LIKE YOU DISRUPTING IT.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I DON'T EVEN LIKE AVOCADO. THAT'S ALL YOU YOUNG PEOPLE CARE ABOUT ISN'T IT?... IS IT? I WOULDN'T KNOW. I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY SPOKEN TO A TEENAGER, AND MY KIDS DON'T TALK TO ME ANYMORE.

ANYWAY.

THE POINT IS, THESE KIDS ARE THE DEVIL AND I DON'T LIKE THEM.

LOVE AND INFORMATION

by Caryl Churchill

THE CHILD WHO DIDN'T KNOW FEAR – From Love and Information

[In this fast-moving kaleidoscope more than a hundred characters try to make sense of what they know.]

Once upon a time there was a child who didn't know what fear was and he wanted to find out. So his friends said, Cold shiver down your back, legs go funny, sometimes your hands no not your hands yes your hands tingle, it's more in your head, it's in your stomach, your belly you shit yourself, you can't breathe, your skin your skin creeps, it's a shiver a shudder do you really not know what it is? And the child said, I don't know what you mean. So they took him to a big dark empty house everyone said was haunted. They said, No one's ever been able to stay here till morning, you won't stay till midnight, you won't last an hour, and the child said, Why, what's going to happen? And they said, You'll know what we mean about being frightened. And the child said, Good, that's what I want to know.

So in the morning his friends came back and there was the child sitting in the dusty room. And they said, You're still here? What happened? And the child said, There were things walking about, dead things, some of them didn't have heads and a monster with glowing – and his friends said, Didn't you run away? and the child said, There were weird noises like screams and like music but not music, and his friends said, What did you feel? and the child said, It came right up to me and put out its hand, and his friends said, Didn't your hair, your stomach, the back of your neck, your legs weren't you frightened? And the child said, No, it's no good, I didn't feel anything, I still don't know what fear is. And on the way home he met a lion and the lion ate him.

ADULTING WITH YOU

by Ayla Sullivan

WADE [non binary]

Honey, listen, I know I haven't been the most, like, available person to you these past few months. My depression naps aren't even naps anymore, they're just me pretending that sleeping for sixteen hours at a time is something I can get away with; the neighbours keep threatening to call social services because they think we're neglecting a screaming baby every time I have, like, a gentle, I mean really mild, panic attack when the dishwasher makes the, you know, the *[inhuman screeching buzz no dishwasher would ever make]* sound; and you know I see you give me those pity eyes, which I know you don't mean to look like that and I'm not saying I don't appreciate you being so supportive because you are my purpose and my muse and all that shit, which is to say I think you would be really proud of me today.

For one, I took a shower. I know. It's basic, but I took a shower at 9 AM. And when I got out of the shower, and I saw myself I didn't disassociate and wish I saw something better. I just saw me, and I saw someone who lives somewhere they are loved and where the shower water is the perfect temperature.

And then, *Babe*, I listened to three podcasts today. Different ones! On the way to work, on the way home, just casually when I was walking around Target. *Yeah, I fucking went to Target today too.* I looked in—not just the dollar section—I went to the motherload. I went to every home and bath decoration section because I was thinking about us. And thinking like how great it would be if I could get us those gold terrarium things with the succulents and like antlers for some reason because every nice catalogue home has those gold antlers for some reason and, and, and what I really want to say is that I'm like a real fucking person because of you. Like, holy shit, you've got me...*domesticated*.

SCHOOL BUS

by Erin Rollman

[Written for a genderqueer performer] When I was in junior high, I lived only a block and a half away from school. It took minutes to get there, cut even shorter if I ducked through a hole in the fence and walked right across the small field next to the school building. But every morning I would leave home far earlier than necessary and walk 15 or so blocks in the opposite direction to catch a big yellow school bus. It seems silly to say now, but I did it in an attempt to be normal. I know, I know, but hear me out:

So many kids rode the bus. So many kids complained about riding the bus. It was a part of junior high culture, and I was missing out because of the location location location of my home. I mean, I'm sure the proximity to a school is part of the reason my parents got the place. But each morning I walked in the wrong direction in order to complain about my subsequent bus ride. And each afternoon I rushed out of the building in time to jump on the bus – unable to participate in this after school activity or that one, sometimes dashing out mid-conversation with an “ugh, bus”.

Needless to say, this did not make me ‘normal’. All it did was make my life more difficult. Of course, this should come as no surprise. *Normal things* – a nerve-wracking phrase, despite or maybe because of its lack of meaning – normal things are always wildly difficult. Doing normal things is like playing a massive life-encompassing game of follow-the-leader when nobody knows who the leader is – they're just sure it isn't them.

Here are some other phrases I find nerve-wracking:

fiscal responsibility

hang in there

life choice

truly humbling experience

crystal clear

identifies as

I don't often ride buses at all these days. I sure as hell won't walk out of my way to hop on an unnecessary one... I mean that both literally and metaphorically, in case that wasn't crystal clear.