

Female Teen Monologue

I am just sitting here staring at the wall. How much longer do I have to endure the pain of Mr. Windsor's monotone lecture. I hate Chemistry. I do not understand Chemistry. I am never going to use Chemistry in my chosen career path as a female country singer. Never once have chemical equations come up in my daily conversation with my friends or family. It is extreme torture to combine my two worst subjects - math **and** science- into one mega course from heck. Why don't teachers ask us what **we** would **like** to take? I mean, c'mon, like I'd be more than happy to study "The Legends of Country Music" or maybe "Famous Cowgirls Sing The Blues" - now there is a course I could really sink my teeth into. These would actually be applicable and beneficial to my future endeavors. Oh, good lord, not another experiment - and once again, I have no idea what we are suppose to be doing because I was writing the lyrics to my new song in my Chemistry notebook instead of my Chemistry notes. You know, Chemistry just might actually do me some good. How about . . . (sings) "You and I got Chemistry. . . physically and mentally. All we need is H-2-O to make our love grow." Yea, I **like** it, it definitely has got some lyrical potential.

"What, Mr. Windsor, yes, I was listening. You need to use H-2-O and something else. . . um. . . I think, maybe Co2 - no, um . . . maybe C3PO - yes, of course, I know that is a character in Star Wars. Yes, thank you, I would be **so happy** to see you in detention after school today."
(aside) Actually, I really would, it is the only quiet time I have away from family and friends to write more lyrics to my music. Mmmm. . . (sings) "Stuck in detention with you, what is a bad girl suppose to do . . ."