

Controlled Conditions: Monologue

Aching Pleasure

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die; beauty died. Dead. Sudden from Heaven like a weeping cloud. I drown the wakeful anguish of my soul in the dark. I shudder when a glimpse of my soul catches light. The dark is my ally, of all these years been moulded by it. It has witnessed a painting withered by time and pricked by the inevitable thorns of decaying roses – a bouquet of death: rose after rose after rose. Can you give me the breath of life from the tracts of Hell? Hell: until I plague your life with misery.

Wide ranging vocabulary

No! I cannot.

I am no slave to love. I weave it into the hearts of godless men. But you fashion your heart as a sword. So puerile. Well take my fluent tongue as a shield and let it rest in your mouth and mature. He who brought death into the world, and all my woe.

Effective crafting here

Wasn't I beautiful, fragrant and young? - A light of roses in all their summer colours. Look at me now. A seething bag of spite I spit. I have a heart to be stabbed in or shot in, and if it seizes to beat I shall seize to be. But what is love? It is blind devotion, it is self-humiliation. It is derogation, it is utter submission. Giving up your heart and soul: for a thief. Feel my sour breath run down your neck and repel the repulsion. Draw near to my eyes and feel the weight of your grey bag of lungs. Gasp. Hold my wrists tight and feel the throb of my veins gushing warm blood. Blood. BLOOD!

Well constructed sentences

I kneel, I confess, I reel. Time has no end for thoughts about you. And I have prayed long and hard so much so that I shall see to it on the seat of paradise. Of your first disobedience, of the fruit and the forbidden tree. I am the serpent. Prayed for it so hard I've nothing but stone; left in its place of a heart is nothing but stone. Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips. Give your lips to me and as a poison shall I take it. A poison that I have taken, a poison that sees me cawing at the wall.

Cawing and caged. My dress and I have grown dead together such as the mice who have grown tired of listening to my tears lulling them to sleep in my satin lace coffin. This heap of decay was brought here; mice have gnawed at it and sharper teeth than mice have gnawed at me. I am a prey for the vultures and so are my jewels resting on my breasts sighing in exhaustion.

From behind the white's veil comes the eyes of a victim. Who is she? Was she fairer than I?

Had her hands that lay along her legs red, her stomach gold, her breasts the colour of cream roses, and her neck white roses for the bride? Oh dear thief. Did you ever love me? You've taken my days, you've taken my nights. You've taken my sanity and you've taken my youth. But most importantly and irrevocably...you've taken my heart. Run to the ends of the earth – fruitless – my abhorrence will clothe you and my hatred shall strip you. Death will greet you in every way. I embrace death.

Beloved sweetheart bastard. It is only natural that you greet me dancing in the depths of Hell. My body licked by the flames voluptuously. Are you jealous? Your soul shall taste the bitter sad might of me. Let it curdle and cringe!

You've left me here. A time's heartbeat is a plunge to the heart – so I let it bleed on the time you left me. I let the dust crawl over and give refuge to whatever seeks it. I let the mould flourish, I let my fingernails grow to a witch's length. And I'll let you seek your heart's desire.

Just visit me once more. Acquaintance yourself to this old hag...to this old spinster! Come. Let us live forever young. Heaven can wait, we're only watching stars. Let us ride the ghostly galleon on the spilt moonlight...Oh dear thief, take with you my aching pleasure. Take it. Then leave me. Leave me with an aching for pleasure. And go rot in Hell. As I embrace the point of a knife. Piercing and stabbing – gushing rivers of blood. I've known rivers, keep going to the rivers to pray and wash off my sins.

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Superb crafting. Writing is confidently & highly assured. Very well constructed sentences & good analysis of what is felt & thought.
Word count: 759
Character speaking: Miss Havisham
Text: Great Expectations by Charles Dickens