

THE DETROIT YOUTH MONOLOGUE SLAM

DETROIT'S PREMIERE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE TALENT
COMPETITION FOR YOUNG ACTORS

DREAMS

Sometimes I think I could really FIX things if I could just dream them right. Like last week I had this huge test in Chemistry. I really like Chemistry, but there's so much to remember. I tanked. My Dad wants me to go to medical school, and I guess I do too, but who needs the pressure? I mean, doesn't he have a life of his own? If I turn out to be a moron, what's that to him? "My kid, the Honor Student. My kid, the Doctor." Can't he talk about sports like everybody else? The first thing he says to me when he gets home: "So, how'd the test go? Another A, right?" I told him we didn't get the test back yet.

So that night I dreamed I aced the test. In my dream I remembered every stupid element. I could see the protons and electrons and neutrons spinning around like little solar systems, and I could recognize every one. I think I was flying among them for a while, like with a jet pack or something. That part of the dream is sort of fuzzy. But the thing was, I KNEW IT ALL. I woke up before the dream was over, so I never saw my grade on the test, but I know I aced it. And the funny thing was, the dream made the real test okay. I mean, I still got an F and all. I still probably can't get an A for the semester no matter what I do on the next test, but I'm okay with it. I just had a bad day.

The next morning I told my Dad I flunked the test. He gets all quiet for a minute, but then he goes, "Well, you'll do better next time, right?" He didn't even freak. I bet he still tells his buddies on Friday that I aced it, though. Hmph. If I could control my dreams, I woulda aced that test.

Source: *Ever Wish You Could Control Your Dreams*, by Matt Buchanan