

HIDDEN SCARS, SILENT WOUNDS

PART 1: (Monologues 1 & 2 are done as Part 1. Be sure to use appropriate “dark music” behind these readings. It is not necessary for the person to memorize all the lines. They can merely read them with expression.)

MONOLOGUE #1:

When I was about 12, I started getting really depressed. I saw a movie on TV about a girl who was cutting herself. So I took a plastic knife and tried it. As time went on and my new found “pain relief” progressed, instead of just scratches, I moved to KITCHEN KNIVES. Then I started using razor blades. I HATED MYSELF. Every time I looked in the mirror, I wanted to run away. I was ugly. No one like me. I was fat. I hated what I saw.

I kept cutting and cutting. For some crazy reason, at first, it made me feel better. Kids in school were doing it too. So I think I wanted to fit in with them. All I know is that the cutting gradually grew to become a nightmare I never intended. If I had known how much this whole thing would have begun to run my life, I never would have started.

MONOLOGUE #2:

One of my friends told me that she cut herself to help her cope with the junk that was going on in her life. After I started cutting, I did it more and more until I cut my whole body up in different places.

I needed a stress reliever. At first, I just loved the feeling of being in control of something myself. For some stupid reason, at the beginning, the cutting seemed to soothe me. When the cutting didn't help as much, I started to do other crazy things like using a lighter to burn myself.

I wasn't really thinking. All I wanted to do was escape. I didn't look at it as a bad thing. I thought it was a punishment for me. I mean, I hated my body and wanted to destroy it. If I had known how scary and addicting this whole thing would become, I never would have started. I guess it's too late to say that now, though.

PART 2: (Monologues 3 & 4 with music underneath them)

MONOLOGUE #3:

When I was in 8th grade, I started to hang out with some girls who cut themselves. I was really having a hard time with depression. And crazy as it sounds, NOTHING HELD MY INTEREST. I felt like I was made of nothing. I became completely numb to everyone and everything.

One night, I was listening to heavy metal music and got an idea. I decided to break off the razor blade from my shaver. I JUST DESPERATELY WANTED TO FEEL SOMETHING...even pain. For awhile, I felt better. But then in a few days, I was back in the same empty place again. I cut myself again, hoping to feel better.

Over time, I kept cutting...and cutting...and cutting. I felt so dead on the inside. So very, very dead. Am I going crazy? I wish somebody could give my life back to me.

MONOLOGUE #4:

I know what you're thinking: You think I'm some psycho who needs to be put away. I know you've noticed all the cuts and scars on my arms.

But let me tell you how all this really started. I JUST WANTED TO HAVE FRIENDS AND FOR THE PEOPLE AT SCHOOL TO THINK I WAS COOL. I know that sounds dumb. But I wanted friends so much that I was willing to do about anything to feel like I fit in.

My life really wasn't that bad. Home isn't perfect or anything. But it's not as bad as I make it sound when I talk to my friends. They were all just griping about how horrible their families were. I needed to share a story that made me fit in with them.

I don't want to admit it, but I think I liked the attention too. People at church noticed my cuts and they got really nice to me. They took time to talk to me. And for the first time, I felt like they really cared.

So where's all this leading? It's a big mess now. I started out cutting myself so I could have friends and fit in. But now, a few months later, something SICK inside of me has happened. It's like I can't stop now.

And how did all of this get started? I just was willing to do ANYTHING to fit in with my friends. Pretty stupid, don't you think? Maybe we can all room together at the Funny Farm.



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P.O. Box 450309
Atlanta, GA 31145
404-284-8262

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