

**Please locate and read the entire play – the monologue below is merely a suggested one.**

An excerpt from: *My Children! My Africa!* by Athol Fugard

**THAMI:** Three weeks I think.

**ISABEL:** So why do you want to do it again? Aren't you happy with the last time? It was so dramatic Thami!

**THAMI** (*Patiently*): I wanted to see you because I'm leaving the town, I'm going away for good.

**ISABEL:** Oh I see. This is meant to be a "sad" good-bye is it? (*She is on the edge*) I'm sorry if I'm hurting your feelings but I thought you wanted to see me because you had something to say about recent events in our little community . . . (*She takes a crumpled little piece of newspaper out of her pocket and opens it with unsteady hands*) a certain unrest-related . . . I think that is the phrase they use \_ . . . yes . . . here it is . . . (*Reading*) . . . unrest-related incident in which according to witnesses the defenceless teacher was attacked by a group of blacks who struck him over the head with an iron rod before setting him on fire."

**ISABEL** (*Fighting hard for self-control*): Oh Thami, I wish I Could! I've tried everything, but nothing helps. It just keeps going around and around inside my head. I've tried crying. I've tried praying! I've even tried confrontation. Ja, the day after it happened I tried to get into the location. I wanted to find the witnesses who reported it so accurately and ask them: "Why didn't you stop it!" There was a police roadblock at the entrance and they wouldn't let me in. They thought I was Crazy or something and "escorted" me back into the safekeeping of two now very frightened parents.

There is nothing wrong with me! All I need is someone to tell me why he was killed. What madness drove those people to kill a man who had devoted his whole life to I helping them. He was such a good man Thami! He was one of the most beautiful human beings I have ever known and his death is one of the ugliest things I have ever known