

Monologues

Yeah sure, ask me some questions. Whatever you want to ask me is fine. I was born in Bhutan, but here in Nepal, this is my home. We sold bananas, and people would come to our house all the way from India to buy the nuts that grew on our trees. We had lots of land. And now? Now we are homeless and landless. But that's okay; that doesn't matter to me. What matters is that my heart is here in Beldangi.

Significant moments? Well, there are lots of significant parts of my life. I'll never forget the day I left Bhutan, the day I arrived in Nepal, and the day I graduated from school. But three years ago, my family left for their third country. Saying goodbye to my brother, my sister, and my sister-in-law, I will never forget that day. It was December 7. I was working, so I didn't get to go with them. As a refugee, I can't work in Nepal, so I had no choice but to become a teacher in India. I told my family "go on with your process, I will join you in a few years."

But in India I was like a Charging Bull. My health gradually became poor. I didn't feel like eating, and I didn't feel like talking. I just slept. I was so thin, and I couldn't do anything. I had caught the disease—I was a drunkard. There was no one to stop my bad habits, and I never considered that one day it would harm me. But when I came to Nepal, I left those bad habits behind: the four packs of cigarettes per day, the constant drinking, the headaches. I left it behind because I just don't want to die in Nepal.

I'm basically a good person, and my friends are too, basically. I don't hang out with a bad crowd. A few of my friends do things that my Mom would consider "going too far", but that's not me. I don't do those things. Still, if my Mom knew about the drinking and stuff that goes on, she would freak. She'd ground me till I graduate! This is so unfair. Every teenager deserves to have some fun, don't they? Why does my Mom have to be so old fashioned? So far I'm dealing with this by lying to her. What else can I do? My friend Sarah says I should tell her the truth, or at least some of it, while making it clear that I don't approve. Sarah says if Mom ever catches me in a lie our whole relationship could explode! But really, telling's not a good idea. I lie to Mom because the truth is more than she can handle. I'm responsible enough to make my own decisions-- really, I am. I need to get out and experience life, set limits for myself. I won't drive drunk, or get myself into a state where I don't have the moral fiber to say "no". It makes no sense to stay her little girl till I turn 18, then suddenly have to handle complete and total freedom. I'll be as open and honest with Mom as possible and do my best to keep a trusting relationship. But friends and fun and responsibility are too important to just give up on.