

NOTES

Warning: This selection contains mature subject matter. There is perhaps no bond stronger than that of a mother and her child. In this heartfelt first-person confessional, Elise Sharron introduces us to a mother willing to do anything for her young son. This selection should be performed by a mature female and be entered in Dramatic Interpretation; however, written as a first-person narrative, this selection could also be performed as a Prose Interpretation. As with most dramatic selections with a twist, it is important the performer not give away the ending at the beginning. There are many emotional levels found within the text of this selection. First and foremost, the audience must get a strong sense of the love this mother has for her son. When talking about her son, the mother's vocal dynamics should be filled with tenderness and warmth; however, as the selection progresses, the story takes on a much darker tone. When performing a dramatic selection, pacing is crucial. During the most dramatic moments of the selection, the performer must slow down and show the audience how difficult it is to even talk about the events that occurred. Also, vocal intensity—not volume—will add to the overall suspense of the material. This selection represents the nightmare of many parents dealing with the social issue of child molestation. As always, with the mature subject matter, it is important for the performer to underplay each moment with 100% honesty. If used in Prose Interpretation, the drama mask icons are simply visible to show the performer when to turn the pages in her manuscript.

I was a good mother. I *am* a good mother. Jamie is my life. He's my only child, and no one can ever question the love that I have for him. He is so amazing. Have you seen him? He has the most beautiful blonde hair, so blonde that if the sun hits it at just the right time of day he almost looks like an angel. He is an angel. He's my angel.



It's been eleven months, two weeks and three days since I have held my son. That's one of the rules. Rules. Forget the rules. I just want to hold my son. I begged for one last hug. I've called his father and tried to talk to him, but he declines my calls. It's like no one understands, like I'm crazy. Do I seem crazy? Don't look at me like that. Don't sit in judgment of me; I've had enough of that over the past eleven months.

The Good Mother

By Elise Sharron



I have a picture of Jamie on his fifth birthday. He desperately wanted a clown-themed birthday, but his father said that we couldn't afford it. So I got a second job; I worked twelve hour days and saved all of my money. On the morning of his birthday, Jamie woke up to a house full of balloons and three of the best clowns that money could buy. They were good, too. That night, Jamie hugged me so hard. "Mom," he said, "You're the best mom a kid could have. You're the best, best-est, and the best-er Mom in the whole wide world." The 'best-er,' he's so funny. I fall asleep staring at this picture every night. Jamie is what gives me the strength to wake up every morning. Without him, I don't know. I might tie my sheets into a knot and try to end it all. He needs me. The world is not in his corner. I am. That's what a good mother does.



It all started when Jamie stopped talking. That wasn't like him. When he learned to speak his first words, he never slowed down. So I knew something was wrong. He talked all the time; I couldn't get him to shut up. But I loved it, just hearing his voice. His presence alone strengthened my soul. A mother knows. She always knows, just like I knew. He came home from school one day and just sat at the kitchen table. He didn't speak; he wouldn't eat. "Jamie, what's wrong honey? If you tell Mommy what's wrong, I can help you." Silence. "Please, Sweetheart, talk to me." Nothing. For months, I got nothing. I made an appointment with the school counselor, a professional counselor, the pastor of our church—nothing. It was as if he was digressing back to being a baby. Then one day I asked him, like I'd always ask him, "What's wrong, Jamie? Tell me what's wrong." Then he started to cry. It was a silent cry, with slow tears running down his cheeks. At first, he tried to hide them from me. Then, finally, he looked at me and stared. I knew he could see that I felt every bit of the pain he was feeling. He ran to me and hugged my legs tighter than ever before. I held his face. "Talk to me, Jamie. I'll do anything for you, but you have to talk to me." He cried for what seemed like a child's lifetime. "Mom, I've done a very bad thing. I'm gonna get in trouble. Mr. Nathan and Mrs. Michelle next door—they play games with me sometimes." Games? This wasn't a surprise, as Nathan and Michelle have been our neighbors since Jamie was born. They babysat him. They are my emergency contacts at his school. These are my friends—close enough to be family. "What do you mean by games?"

