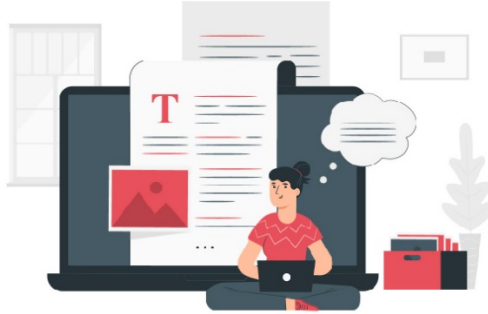


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## Reconciliation (Monologue)

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I think, in the end, my recent alienation is my fault due to watching crime serials. It always stings: gouges when I sleep; hurts when I am in the shower; rooks when I am in the room; the wind bites at my face on my long, cold trek to college. I should not have been watching crime serials. While I cannot help but think my punishment for stinging is ... unfair and overstated, maybe I also know that at the end of the day my acts of watching crime serials a crime itself. The frequent reminders are like twin daggers in my chest or abdomen, and the discomfort of cold from my college friends, is combined with the feeling that this is entirely my fault. I have been making amends with God who knows my grievous mistake. Every day is another attempt not to watch crime serials and try to patch issues that bother me. This is like tossing a piece of gum at a collapsed dam to mend it, or tending to a broken arm with a string and foil of aluminium, but it is everything I know how to do.

The other alternatives are lying in bed and crying the entire day and not paying attention, in college, no matter how much I wish otherwise. I am going to keep on crying inside; silently crying in the lecture or in line at a copy room. I remember, though, just as clearly as in our day-to-day experiences, my family, and the other shiftless shapes I call friends, to remember gazes and tones. When I keep quiet and pinch too hard, it pierces my fingers — and I let that drive me through the rest of that grey grind I call life. When interacting with my friends, I feel the presence of the criminal character; their reaction, the surprise, and the rage they showed. I recall their coldness, which ensued. I recall the criminal's shadow, which now

seems to rule my life, the way I consult and conspire even when I am out of earshot. I remember it because living without memory does not have a point, as sad as it is to claim. Family, friends, and parents: I am sorry to have the last drop of poison removed. May I suffer the transgressions I commit?

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