

NICE: A MONOLOGUE

BY ANNIKA ANDERSSON

YOUNG PERSON I thought about you the other day! It was pouring like crazy and I was soaked from head to toe. Not that I associate that terrible situation with you! It's just...I remember how much you liked the rainy days. Oh, but here's the kicker! My art final was due that day, so I'm walking to class carrying a giant paper mâché of a golden retriever's head...hey! don't laugh! I was supposed to make something that I love! Anyway, water and paper don't exactly mix, so the dog head starts falling apart in my hands. I mean, practically melting into a puddle of mush! And I stop to look around me, shivering in the rain, facing the fact that my final is ruined, the anger building up inside me, but when I opened my mouth to yell...I start laughing. Suddenly, I found everything just ridiculously funny.

That's when I realized that I'm way too fucking positive.

I mean really. Even when my life is falling apart in front of my eyes, I still manage to put on a smile and push through the storm. It's so nice of me, ya know? That's all I am really...nice. I'm a triple dose of niceness. Nice nice nice. That's why you broke up with me, isn't it? That must be it because I honestly cannot think of another reason why you broke up with me. But hey! I get it. You need sass, you need fire, you need someone who can tease you in a way that makes you hate them, but love them at the same time. But I'm not that girl. I'll never be that girl.

I'll never be *your* girl. Because nice is obviously replaceable. Innocence is not fun, so you found someone else. The thing is...I didn't. I don't have a replacement because you are my everything.

I should just put you out in the rain and let you melt away. Wait, who am I kidding? You'd probably get sick. You know what? Just pretend I didn't say any of this. It won't be too hard for you to forget.