

## The Weak Link in the Chain

A monologue for anyone.

'The weak link in the chain'... That's what I've always been in my family ever since my untimely birth. Kind of ironic now I find myself in chains attached to a radiator, I mean metaphorically of course, or do I mean literally too? I can't really tell any more. Not that there is a weak link in this chain, oh no, far from it! No kink, no weak point, no bit of dodgy soldering to exploit, that's all been investigated and tried in the years gone past. Hey, it wasn't my fault I was born early, too small, barely clinging onto life in a glass box during my first few days and weeks on this Earth. If you must caution blame then send it my mothers way for smoking and drinking too much while carrying me in her ungrateful belly, ignoring all the advice. Usually I would have been labelled a miracle, a wonder of birth, a new hope in a darkening world, but oh no, not little ol' me. I was too small to fit in, too weak, always was, always will be. School was a haven for me, yes can you believe it?! Clearly I was bullied at school, kids can be evil little shits and no matter how much you try to ignore a bully, they never leave you alone, they keep pushing, push, push, push...until you finally break. The school bullies I learnt to handle, just by going along with whatever ridicule or physical abuse they chose to inflict on me until they got dispersed by some lazy teacher on a fag break.

(beat)

Being the smallest, weakest, most pathetic kid at home was the biggest mountain I had to climb, only to be beaten down if I got as much as half way up. If you keep pushing someone down, they get to learn their place in the pack. There was no dad to dish out discipline and Mum was always far too wasted to give a toss if she even knew what was going on. So I learned to survive by accepting my role as the no good, little piece of crap I still am to this day.

(pause)

Then came a brighter time, where I was finally allowed to stand tall, the warm sun of freedom and respect on my face. The fairytale wedding, the beginnings of a wonderful marriage, a blissful period of calm, comfort, passion ... dare I say *love* even? That's it, quite simple when you think about it, I felt loved for the first time in my life, naturally I wallowed in it. Those three weeks were heaven to me, I could climb any mountain and get to the top without being beaten and shouted down. We even climbed a real mountain on our honeymoon, relinquishing our heavy, laboured, tired breaths by shouting out together "I LOVE YOU!" to all the other glistening mountain peaks. They shouted back "I LOVE YOU", a call I will always cling to even in my darkest minutes.

I'd like to say things slowly changed, that maybe I did not notice what was happening. That does not seem to be the way for a little runt like me. WHAM BAM! I'm knocked back down my mountain just while I'm enjoying the clean crisp air in my lungs and in my heart. I used to look forward to Tuesdays when I was allowed out of the house, our marital home, to do the weekly food shop. Then the bloody supermarkets started to offer online ordering and delivery, with that I became held back in a bog at the base of my mountain, with no hope of any way up.

The chains around me have no weak link, the only weak link is the person constrained by them, this runt of the litter who knows their place in the pack.