

## Miss Charlotte

### A Monologue

Read by any gender, any age, although an older voice would suit best.

Of all the families I have served over my many wondrous years it will be the Davis family I will miss the most, especially Miss Charlotte. From the day she was born her baby cries sang through my soul like the sweetest song sung by heaven sent angels. If you can be haunted by such a beautiful sound then I certainly was, it soared through corridors and down sweeping staircases, seeping through doors and caressing my ears. I can still hear her first steps padding the floorboards, her cry as she fell and hurt her knee, her sobs as she tried to rub away the pain. What haunts me most, remember it is a wonderful haunting, is her laughter, her soft sweet laughter, little giggles sometimes so high pitched they progressed into a scream, sometimes low and mischievous with shades of whispers and secrets. I think these were my favourite, often joined together with the soft padding of her gentle feet with her naughty chuckling whilst planning her next trick. I will miss her temper too, such a fiery temper, the way she would hit me or slam doors when scolded by her parents for her latest misdemeanour. I would always take her strikes against me, but I always worried for her more, worried for her poor soft knuckles as she punched away until exhaustion slowed her and eventually sat her down with her sobs. I marvelled and always will at how quickly she could turn around her upset, within minutes her tears had dried streaks down her cheeks, her imagination carried her into another world and her giggles would return. Slow at first, barely audible (but I could always hear them), building up to that familiar beautiful laughter. Her happiness was the most incredible feeling I have ever experienced, it could fill the highest cathedral, span the vastest continent, I am sure if unbridled it could end wars and turmoil's around the world! Forgive me, I get carried away in the memory of my Miss Charlotte.

*(beat)*

Now she has gone a vast void has filled the rooms, halls and sweeping staircases that make up my soul. I was too wrapped in her sound that I missed what was happening to her parents, I missed the shouts and accusations. But I

did not miss the slap, the sound of poor Miss Charlottes' cheek as she took the misguided blow from her father. Her cry will haunt me, not in the beautiful way they normally do, but in a way that I think will hurt me for the rest of my life. I was powerless to help, I wanted so desperately to pick her up and hold her against my soul until her laughter resumed. I wish I had protected her, hid her away in one of my secret rooms or pushed him down my stairs. I watched silently as one of those noisy and infernal motor cars left me behind, taking away my Miss Charlotte along with her mother, forever.