



MALE

DISNEY DANGER by Unknown Author

GREG: Hello... I would like to take a moment to talk to all of you about the dangers of taking your parents to Disneyland. First off, we are all here with a big group, and who wants to be discovered by a classmate when your mom is wearing Mickey Ears, and asking your little brother how to write a text message... then of course, there is your dad's fascination with roller coasters. This could go one of 2 ways, either really fun if he likes all the same rides you do... or if your dad is like mine, then you should avoid them altogether. My dad made me wait in line for the highest... the fastest, and most exciting ride at Disney... Space Mountain... the line was forever, then we climb into a car that zips off... I started to question my dad about the 4 corndogs he had wolfed down while waiting in line... then it happened... As soon as we hit the first dip in the track ...(WWWWaaaaarrrrfff!!!) my dad HURLS!!! I think it must have hit some people in the cars behind us, because for being at Disney.... I sure heard a lot of BAD language... thank god Space Mountain is in the dark so no one knew who did it. If you go... I suggest sitting in the front!

INSIDE OUT by Sue Murray

TYSON: *(to audience, laughing to himself)* Poor Connor. Mr Perfect's in trouble. Ha. Won't know how to handle Mr Barton. Not like the rest of us, who get sent to the office, made to sit there for hours, sweating. And all the teachers looking at you like you're dirt. All I did last week was laugh at Mr Meadows. Everyone did, even Connor. I mean what kind of science teacher can't light a Bunsen burner? Then burns his beard? It was so funny! But then I had to have THE LECTURE. Sitting there trying to look serious while Mr Barton went on and on and on. Spit collected at the corner of his mouth. Talk about gross.



FEMALE

FACE VALUE by Sue Murray

GRETA: Oh – do I remember the fire! The most embarrassing day of my life! Ever! There I was, in the shower in the change rooms and the fire alarm goes off. I tell you – I wasn't going to budge. I figured it was a drill and if there was a fire, a shower had to be the safest place to be. And I had a head full of shampoo. But that terrible PE teacher, what was her name? We called her Hitler. Hiller, that's right, Mrs Hiller. She forced me to get out of the shower and wouldn't even let me get dressed. Or even dry myself. Okay, okay, so there was an actual fire, but it was in another building altogether. Can you imagine having to run out onto the school oval in front of the whole school wearing just a towel?

SO MUCH TO TELL YOU by John Marsden

MARINA: I don't know what I'm doing here. This is my third day at this school but it's the first night we've had Prep. Homework here is called Prep. They use so many strange names in this place. We have to keep a journal for English and that's what I'm doing now – writing in my journal. On my left is a girl called Cathy Preshill. On the right is a girl called Sophie Smith. Cathy seems thin to me. I wonder if she has anorexia, but she probably doesn't. *I* do though – anorexia of speech. This journal is starting to scare me already. When Mr Lindell gave them out in class I felt the fear, and promised myself that I would not write in it, that it would stay a cold and empty book, with no secrets. But now I am writing in it. What if I start saying more than I want to, more than I should? Silence has been my shelter, but there are many ways of talking. I am scared of them all.