Hello. I am taking applications to be my official bully. I want to make sure the right person is picking on me day after day. It's a very unique and special relationship. Ready for some questions?

Okay. First of all, are you interested in my lunch money or my lunch? Because if you need the cash I will bring that it if you prefer to have me bring a lunch already prepared, I can do that too.

I can provide services such as homework preparation. In return I ask that I only receive swirlies at the end of the day so I can go home and shower after. And then one more thing - the most important part of all this - protection. I want you to protect me from all the other bullies. This has to be an exclusive bullying arrangement. I like my day to be predictable. I deliver your homework in the morning - lunch or lunch money at noon and then a farewell swirly in the afternoon.

So what do you say? Do we have a deal?
I'll share my dream first. Would that help?

My dream is to find love. I want to find that special love that makes you glow inside. Like lightening has struck your heart.

I want the kind of love that when you are together, you feel like a shooting star, hurtling through space, falling through the sky and in to that person's arms...

Safe and untouched by the darkness all around you. Protected and loved by that perfect person you can see yourself with forever.

What is your dream?
A ‘C’? A ‘C’? I got a ‘C’ on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a ‘C’ in coat hanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art?

Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could!

Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my ‘C’?

Monologue From You’re a Good Man Charlie Brown

By Clark Gesner