

Harmony Tree International Speech Festival (HTISF)

2026-2027 Set Pieces for Asia Division

Monologue

Born in 2013-2014

CHOICE A
Time Limit:
4 minutes

You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown"

by Charles M. Schulz (Adapted version)

SALLY: "A 'C' Doesn't Make Sense"

A "C"? A "C" on my coat hanger sculpture?

I still can't understand it.

How does someone get a "C" in coat hanger sculpture?

I really want to know. Was I judged on the final result?

Because if that's true... then doesn't time decide what is good art and what is not?

Maybe something just needs more time to become meaningful.

Or... was I judged on my talent? If that's the case, how is that fair?

Some people are born with certain strengths... and others are still learning.

Or was I judged on effort? Because I tried. I really tried.

I bent, twisted, adjusted... again and again. I didn't stop halfway.

So how can effort lead to a "C"?

Or maybe I was judged on what I understood about the project.

But then... doesn't that mean my teacher is also being judged?

On how clearly the idea was explained to me?

So who is really being evaluated here? Me? Or the system?

And then I start thinking even more. What is this grade actually measuring?

Is it creativity? Is it understanding? Is it skill? Or is it just... a number?

Because right now, this "C" feels too simple for such a complicated question.

Maybe I'm not upset about the grade.

Maybe I'm just confused about what it really means.

And I guess that's the real question I'm left with—

If everything can be measured... does that mean everything important can be graded?



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4 minutes

Treasure Island

by Robert Louis Stevenson (Adapted version)

(Stands upright, tense but controlled. Eyes fixed on the judges. Breath steady but heavy.)

JIM: So here I am. You can decide what happens to me. But before you do... listen.

You think you are in control of this island. You think you have already won. But you are wrong.

(Steps forward slightly. Voice sharpens.)

I was there in the apple barrel. I heard everything. Your plan. Your mutiny.

And I told Captain Smollett exactly what you were going to do.

It was me who cut your ship loose—the Hispaniola—and left it where you could not reach it again.

(Pause. Chin lifts slightly. More confident now.)

You are not the ones holding power here. You are stranded.

No ship. No map. No escape.

Just your own choices catching up with you.

I am not afraid of your swords. I may be young, but I have seen enough to know what fear really is.

And I will not let it control me.

If you spare me, I will speak for you at your trial.

If you do not... then you will still have to face what you have done.

(Stillness. Final line slower.)

The decision is yours.