

Harmony Tree International Speech Festival (HTISF)
2025-2026 Set Pieces for Asia Division

FINAL

Monologue
Born in 2014-2015

Choice A
Time Limit:
3 minutes

The Broken Ankle

by Felicity Blackstone

EMMA is a bright girl, full of energy and determination. Her friends have run on ahead of her.

EMMA: *(Shouts)* Hey, you two, wait for me! It's not fair! Just because I'm the youngest and smallest, they never want me in their games - well, I'm going to catch up with them. I know where they've gone. *(Starting to run.)* Wait for me!

(She trips and falls.) Ow! Oh no! That's done it, my new jeans have got a rip in them. I only got them last weekend - how annoying. Mum will be furious. Ouch, my ankle: it really hurts. What have I done to it? I can't walk on it. Oh bother, I'd better sit down again. *(Pulling up her trouser leg.)* It's not bleeding or anything but it looks swollen. *(Prodding it)* Ooh, that hurts! What shall I do? Perhaps I can try hopping along on the other leg.

(She struggles to her feet and tries) I'm never going to get back home like this. Maybe I can try crawling on my good leg and dragging my other leg. *(She tries.)* That's no good, it's far too painful. I wonder if I've broken my ankle. That will mean a visit to Casualty, x-rays and plaster casts. *(Brightening.)* I've always wondered what it would be like to have my leg in plaster. I'll make sure that everyone makes a fuss of me. James will have to carry my school bag and Helen will have to help me up and down the stairs. I really hate the way they leave me all the time - this will teach them.

(She starts to cry.)... I can hear them calling my name *(Shouting.)* I'm over here! I'm so pleased to see you. Thank goodness you've come.

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Twitch

by Rosa Hesmondhalgh

(Kai is on the way to a Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (RSPB) reserve with Mum and friend. He can't think of anything worse. But when Kai catches sight of a rare type of owl, his feelings change.)

KAI: I'm in the car to an RSPB reserve in the furthest corner of absolute nowhere, on a Saturday, with my Mum and her friend Weird Wendy, to go and look at birds. When I should be at my best friend Sammy's water park party. My Mum's insistence on making me have a bad day is borderline criminal. I don't care about birds. I care about water slides.

What? I'm not talking to anyone, Mum. I'm talking to... the universe. About how unfair this is. I'm telling the trees and the big sign just there that says 'RSPB: Giving Nature a Home'. Big forest. Big pond - no waterslides - some pigeons. Great. If I wanted to see pigeons, I'd open my window at home and see that massive scary one that looks like an eagle and leaves its poo everywhere and coos so loudly it wakes me up before my alarm. Cooooooo. Like that. I hate pigeons.

So Mum, you've dragged me away from my best friend's party to my mortal enemy's dwelling place. What's first? Look through some binoculars? Fight a pigeon? There's a special, rare type of owl. It's apparently hiding in a tree, no one has ever seen it: You're hoping to see it today.

I don't mean to rain on your RSPB reserve, but, the odds of - where are you going? You and Weird Wendy can go to the cafe, I'll wait here. If they have cake, could you - Mum? Hello?

That pigeon's watching me. I bet it's been sent to spy on my windowsill. It's massive, and I can see its one gross eye, yellow. Pigeons' eyes aren't yellow are they? Hang on. It just hooted. Not a weird coo - a hoot! It looks straight out of a David Attenborough documentary. Oh it's - MUM! Put that decaf Americano down and COME HERE! I've seen the owl! See? All the RSPB volunteers are running to have a look. They're patting me on the back for spotting it. They've brought me cake. This isn't so bad. Maybe they could put some waterslides in their lake — I might come back next week.