

**Gotta Go Through It**  
by Justin Street

Monologue Level II (Ages 11 - 14, flexible casting)

TRAVELER

Have you ever been afraid to do something?

I used to be afraid to do a lot of things. "What are you so *afraid* of?" my older brother was always asking me. And the answer was... well, everything.

My eema\* says that I was blessed with imagination, but sometimes it's not a good thing. Because I can imagine how anything can go wrong - and why it probably will.

My next-to-worst fear used to be when eema would ask me to go get something from the store room. The store room had no windows, and was always really dark, and the oil lamps never lit it up enough to make it less scary. Instead, the flames made the shadows jump and dance, and much scarier. I *hated* it.

But if you'd asked me, I think I would've lived in that dusty old store room if it meant avoiding my worst-worst fear.

Water.

Well, not all water. I mean, I'd wash up and drink the stuff when I'm thirsty. I know I need it to live. What I mean is big water used to scare me bad. Lakes, rivers, seas, oceans. Big, moving, filled with creatures. "Quit being such a baby" my brother would say as he splashed me from the river. "Just jump in." But I couldn't.

The thing about big water, is that you can't control it, and you can get totally swallowed up and be gone forever. It gives me the chills.

Or... it used to.

Because when my family and all the others lined up on the shore of the Red Sea, thinking we were trapped with nowhere else to go, we couldn't have guessed what was going to happen next. And when the sea drew up on two sides, and there was a way to walk right through it, I felt all my fear of the water just melt away.

So now, when there's something that's got me afraid- I think about walking through the sea. I think about how just as we were about to reach the other shore, I ran my finger along the wall of water, like it was a stream, as confused fish swam on the other side of that invisible wall.

And I remember that I'm not alone. And that sometimes... you just gotta go through it.

*Lights out.*

\* *Eema* is Hebrew for Mother.