

## Blessed are the Hangry

by Justin Street

**Scripture reference: Matthew 14:13-21, Mark 6:30-44, John 6: 1-14, Luke 9: 12-17**

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

*Note for the Actor: This monologue mentions a parent, and I have written it as a mother, but feel free to change this to any caregiving figure that you connect with. Just be sure to adjust.*

### CHARACTER

*Enters the space concealing something in their hands, glancing around, looking for privacy*

Some crowd, huh? This is crazy. I haven't seen a crowd like this since... actually, I've never seen a crowd like this! It's wild.

And from all over, too. I know because we travelled a long way to come here, and on the way, just more and more people, every step. We'd come to a little town from one direction, and there'd be a whole lotta people coming in from a different direction, and then we all left headed the same direction. It was like we were building this crazy crowd the whole way.

*Explaining*

I came with my mom. She woke me up before the sun was even out — which I was like, why. But she was so excited. She just kept shaking me and telling me we had to go, we had to “get there” — and I was like, where, and she just kept telling me to get ready.

I was going to tell her to go on without me, I'm old enough to take care of myself. But I don't know. Something made me want to go.

*Tenderly*

It might be that I've never seen her so excited, and it kinda woke me up a little.

We don't have a lot to be excited about. My mom, especially. It's been a rough few... months? Years? Lives? Anyway, when she woke me up this morning, she had this... light in her eyes. So I got up.

*Annoyed*

But we were in such a rush, we didn't eat any breakfast! She had this little packed lunch that I've been trying to nibble on since this morning — but every time I start to try and find a nice little spot to eat, she keeps rushing me, telling me we have to keep going!

“No, no, no — no time, no time. We have to keep going. We have to get there. You'll be fed. Don't worry”

But I *haven't* been fed! It's been miles and miles, and walking and more walking, and strangers from all over eyeballing my lunch, and now...

*beat*

I *think* I can finally get a bite. There's a little break from whatever's going on, so I can finally sit down, have some bread, have some fish — and relax.

*Sits down — deep breath. Unpacks meal. Looks up and an unseen person who has appeared.*

*beat*

*Looks down at the meal — then back up.*

What?