



“True Colors”

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Colette Weber's IB HL World Literature 2: Writers Focus

The following dramatic monologue is from the perspective of an African American grandma quarantining in Atlanta, Georgia. She is addressing her oldest daughter, Jamie.

70 years of living. Well 70 and some change.
I has been married, divorced, and done it all over again,
I has birthed 6 child'en and raised them alls by myself,
I has lived to see grandchild'en and great grandchild'en,
I has had a life full of living. Well at least I thought.
I thought I knew all there was to know about life, love and loss.
But this here pandanemic has really taught me a lot.

You knows my sweet Jamie, it has been a week. 7 days.
7 days of social distancing.
I guess your sibings took the social part to heart
Because not one of them has picked up their damn phone.
Can you believe them? The audacity.
It is a time of life and death,
And they didn't thinks to check on the women who gave them life.
God knows that those sibings of yours aren't the sharpest crayons in the box,
But they aren't dull to the point where they can't pick up a phone
Because they cans pick up the phone to ask for money,
And they cans pick up the phone to ask me to watch their child'en,
So why can't they pick up the phone to check on me?

Why, Jamie?
Are they blind?
Cans they not see the death toll each night on the news?
Are they deaf?
Cans they not hear that it's a hitting us the worst?
Are they mute?
Cans they not find enough of a voice to ask how am I doing?

How are you doing? It's that simple.
Just like a calling the ones you love in a crisis is simple.
What's not simple is this here virus.
It's not simple for grocers to get to work,
Or for doctors to find face masks,
Or for patients to get their ventilators.

You know this situation is not just saying something about the government.
It's saying something about those siblings of yours.
It's screaming their true colors.
Whose knew it would take a killer virus to show their true colors?