

**Senior 4 / Premier Musical Theatre**

***Eponine monologue***

I hate him! No, I love him. Oooo...I don't know! I love him, and yet...it hurts so. What little attention he pays me is cold, distant. And with what stupidity do I repay him? I help him find that bourgeois, two-a-penny thing whom he claims to love. Why am I so stupid? Because I couldn't bear it. He was pale, tired, hungry and still...thought of naught but her, as I think of naught but him. I hate for him to suffer, and yet, oh! how I hate his happiness! Oh, I hate him for the grief he has caused me! And yet I love him. For what? Cold looks? Ne'er a kind word?

No.

For those few, those rare, those happy moments in his company; those short, far too few times that have eased the pain, the horror of my life. He is smart, he is handsome! And he does not treat me badly, the way the others do. Still, I can see why he'd rather have her than me. She is rich, happy, beautiful. Who could love an ugly, sad gamine, with naught to her name but the meager clothes on her back? Perhaps she deserves him more than I. He loves her. She will make him happy. Yet, I can only dream that 'tis but a mere infatuation, and someday, he will love me. I will be happy, and he will ne happy, and happiness shall make all good and grand, and the world shall be a wondrous place! I can only hope, only dream, only wish....perhaps someday, my prayer shall be answered....Until then, I can only love him.....