

Year 7 English

Here is a selection of 'Dagger Soliloquy' parodies, which 7.1 English have been writing. Several of the pupils chose a Christmas as their theme.

My Christmas Soliloquy

By Ellen

Is this tinsel which I see before me,
The bauble toward my hand? Come, let me decorate thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, twinkling fir, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A Christmas tree of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the frozen brain?
I see thee yet, in form as grabbable
As this which now I draw.
Thou decorat'st me the way that I was going;
And such a paperchain I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still
And on thy glitter and fountains sparkling stars,
Which not so before. There is no such thing:
It is the glittering tree which informs
Thus to mine eyes...



A church bell rings

I go, and it is done; the fire invites me.
Hear it not, Angels; for it is a gong
That summons thee to my Christmas tree.

My Christmas Soliloquy

By Saachi

Is this a present which I see before me,
The ribbon toward my hand? Come, let me open thee.
No Christmas in the grinch grunch factory.
Where art thou Christmas, oh the crisp wrapping,
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A surprise of the mind, a token of joy,

Proceeding from the jolly, fat Santa.
I see thee yet, under the Christmas tree,
Oh Christmas, oh Christmas.
Advent calendars, carols and eggnog,
If only the grinch could be Christmassy.
To open, or not to open, that's the question.
Oh, the great temptations, I see thee still,
And on thy present a gift tag for me,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the Christmas business which informs
Thus to mine eyes...
A Christmas bell rings
I look, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, oh grinch I am so sorry,
Back to ruining Christmas for the Whos.

My Question Soliloquy
By Navya

Is this a question I see before me,
The number glaring at my eyes. Come, let me solve thee.
I understand thee not, but I see thee still.
Art thou genuine and tangible, existent
To thought as to sight. Or art thou but
A problem of the mind, a figment,
Of my unexploited mind?
I think of thee yet, as form of plausible,
But thou art unconceivable.
Thou knew the frustration thou would impose,
Of thy inextricable and inscrutable self.
I see thee still, but on its corners,
The corners curl onto themselves,
Until they fold upon themselves,
And the problem, conceals itself,
Though the wish of mine before,
Leaves the question unsolvable, never to be solved,
Leaving my true wish unfulfilled,
And my biggest nightmare brought to life.
And the question remains unsolved,
Never to be solved, forever and ever.

My Soliloquy- (A Dog)

By Lizzie

Is this a dog of which I see before me,
The nose toward my hand? Come, let me stroke thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee clear.
Art thou not an irresistible vision
To feel overwhelmed at a sight?
Art thou a vision of the mind, a false creation of playfulness,
Proceeding from the distracted brain?
Yet I see thee so true, so capable of distraction
As this which now I reach towards.
Thou distracting me from the way that I was going;
And such an animal I could handle.
But mine eyes are now made the fools o' the other tasks,
Or else it was worth all the rest; I still see thee,
And on thy paw gouts of mud, but still wagging thy tail,
Which was not so before. There is no such thing:
It is the walk which informs such dirtiness
Thus, to mine eyes...

A dog barks

I go, the bark summons me.
Hear it not, but I hear it clear
For that it summons thee to the soft fur of thy dog.

My Soliloquy

...CHRISTMAS GIFT... BY LILY

Is this a joyous Christmas gift which I see before me,
The glittering red ribbon curling temptingly toward my hand?
Come, let me unwrap thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, o wondrous vision, sensible
To feeling by mine own eager hands as to sight of mine desperate eyes? or art thou but
A gift of the distracted mind, a marvellous magical creation,
Proceeding from the yule-obsessed homework-overloaded brain?
I see thee yet before me, in form as palpable
As this secret Santa which now I devour gleefully to fuel my troubled toils.
Thou shall'st me the way that I was going toward thy bounty beneath ~~thine~~ thy finest
frosted emerald pine and cinnamon-scented berries;

And such a mysterious and precious object I was to possess.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still and bathe in thy beauty,
And on thy glimmering rippled mirrored surface with a twinkle of dancing lights,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the tiniest tear in the battered corner which informs
Thus to mine eyes...

A mechanical musical Santa rings his bell

I go, I am no longer at the table with mine pen in hand and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, dear parents; for I must pay the price for the advent unwrapping
That tempts thee to naughty not nice.

My Painting Soliloquy

By Eleanor

Is this a painting which I see before me
The dry prickled paint toward my hand?
Come let me stroke thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still
Art thou not, a fatal artistic vision, sensible
to feeling as to sight?
Or art thou but a Kandinsky of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from curiosity-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as irresistibly palpable.
With a do not touch sign nailed by your side.
The sign that makes it hard to resist.
With the exiting danger of the guards of the exhibition,
As this which now I see very much there hanging on the wall.
Thou marshal's me the way I would obviate walking down.
And such a temptation I was to fulfil.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' other senses, y
Or else worth all the rest; Yet I see thee still
And on thy brush strokes the swirls are now spinning
Which is not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the painty business that informs
Thus, to mine malleable eyes.
An alarm rings
I go and it is done; the alarm provokes me to poke the prickly painting once more
Hear it not museum guards; for it is proof of my shameful disobedience.
That summons thee to come and scold
But I am already sauntering casually away hands in pockets, whistling, guiltily.

My Ocean Soliloquy

By Georgia

Is this an ocean I see before me,
Glittering waves rolling t'ward the shore,
Thou lookest real, and yet I touch thee not.
Art thou not a blue expanse?
Or art thou but, an ocean of the mind,
A false creation,
Proceeding from a fading brain?
I see thee yet, in form as splashable.
As this which now I step to.
Thou hath blocked the way I was to go
But such a wonder is fate to me,
Mine eyes are made the bad-news bearers.
I see thee still, and in thy deep and darkening waters,
I see colours such as never before.
It is the watery grave which informs,
Thus, to mine eyes.
I must go, for my life is done, the calm reaches out to me.
I see nothing else, for it is a sign,
That summons me to cross death's line.