

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2016/17

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Title: Rosalind's Voices

Word count: 500 words

How foolish 'tis that young fools such as I, walk around, falling in love with other fools, like there is nothing more worthy of our time than being in love? Aye, foolish indeed, but if't be true love is blind? Ponder me, myself, blind forsooth. Thee mayest refer to me as Rosalind. I, myself, have not seen the dawn of fourteen.

My cousins have abandoned me at their behest, lest I "appall others with thine compliment extern". Prithee, could thou have not been more foolish to think I would fall for that? Much more believable is the excuse of that my cousins' husbands were suitors rejected by me, that which is true. The daws call themselves my friends; one does not abandon their friends lest they are afraid of looking inferior.

Why say yes, however, when I had a lord I had loved more than words could describe? I'll tell you how: Romeo, of the house of Montague, had come to court me multiple times. There was never a lord so divine which was natural-aye, was there never a wench so giddy? Cupid's touch hadst got me lighter than the clouds floating above my own lovestruck head. His words were as vital as the air in my lungs- though, words were just words, and it had turned to be lies.

Well, what fair a cave did falsehood keep! Though it had all gone awry starting from when Benvolio opened his mouth. To thee, Benvolio, that hast nor honesty nor grace, do you think you have a fool in hand? The highlights of his time hath been but rash. How dare he lie that my heart was flint! Telling his cousin, Romeo, that I despise him? I never should forget it, this disservice he has brought upon me.

Suddenly, a villain of sudden circumstance, Juliet, a Capulet, stole fair Romeo from my grasp! Oh, was there never a wench so vindictive? Were she as tough as the Adriatic seas, I would be still prepared to fight.

Silence and be dismissed, thoughts! 'Tis not a warrior- beshrew my jealousy! Jealousy, dive deep into my breast and be still. She has won the battle, bear your grief yourself and be silent. The world is too great and my body too weary to continue battling. Remove yourself from this great travesty, teach yourself your place and be master of your own fate. Do not let any mere mortal dictate your fate, because when I have flooded the seas with my tears, no one will dry them for me.

Romeo hath proposed marriage to Juliet in secret and are now wed, stirring my innermost thoughts like a storm set to pour down. The battle is over, but I continue to fight a one-sided crusade. I confess it is my shame to be vengeful, but I shall not amend it.

Perhaps, in friendship (or perhaps cunningly), I shall suggest to old Capulet that Juliet shall be wed to Paris earlier... an interesting thought indeed.