

THE WIZARD OF OZ By L. Frank Baum

Dorothy: But it wasn't a dream. It was a place. And you and you and you...and you were there. But you couldn't have been could you? No, Aunt Em, this was a real truly live place and I remember some of it wasn't very nice, but most of it was beautiful--but just the same all I kept saying to everybody was "I want to go home," and they sent me home! Doesn't anybody believe me? But anyway, Toto, we're home! Home. And this is my room, and you're all here and I'm not going to leave here ever, ever again. Because I love you all. And... Oh Auntie Em! There's no place like home!

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES - THE MUSICAL By Don Harron

Anne: Mrs. Lynde, I'm extremely sorry I behaved so terribly. I've disgraced my good friends who've let me stay at Green Gables on trial, even though I'm not a boy. I am wicked and ungrateful, and I deserve to be cast out forever. What you said was true; I am skinny and ugly, and my hair is red. What I said about you was true too, only I shouldn't have said it. Please, Mrs. Lynde, forgive me. You wouldn't be so cruel as to inflict a life-long sorrow on a poor orphan. Please. Please, forgive me.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN by Clark Gesner

Lucy: Do you know what I intend? I intend to be a queen. When I grow up I'm going to be the biggest queen there ever was, and I'll live in a big palace and when I go out in my coach, all the people will wave and I will shout at them, and...and...in the summertime I will go to my summer palace and I'll wear my crown in swimming and everything, and all the people will cheer and I will shout at them... What do you mean I can't be queen? Nobody should be kept from being a queen if she wants to be one. It's usually just a matter of knowing the right people...well.... if I can't be a queen, then I'll be very rich then I will buy myself a queendom. Yes, I will buy myself a queendom and then I'll kick out the old queen and take over the whole operation myself. I will be head queen.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN by Clark Gesner and John Gordon

Sally: A "C"? A "C"? I got a "C" on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a "C" in coat hanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it right that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my "C"? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of the coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made... Now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the dry-cleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my "C"? Thank you, Miss Othmar. The squeaky wheel gets the grease!

I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES By Neil Simon

Libby: She used to hug me so hard sometimes. Like she was trying to squeeze all the love out of me that she wasn't getting anywhere else...I'm scared from the minute I wake up in every morning. I get up an hour before you, just to check if you're still there... I know Grandma's dead, I know she probably can't hear me. But I speak to her everyday because I'm not so sure anyone else is listening, If I have to go for an interview, my heart pounds so hard you can see it coming through my blouse...If you want the God's honest truth, I don't even want to be an actress. I don't know the first thing about acting. I don't know *what* I want to be...I just wanted to come out here and see you. I just wanted to know what you were like. I wanted to know why I was so frightened every time a boy wanted to reach out and touch me... I just wanted somebody in the family to hold me because it was *me*, Libby, and not somebody who wasn't there.

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS By Neil Simon

Nora: Mostly I remember his pockets. When I was six or seven he always brought me home a little surprise. Like a Hershey or a top. He'd tell me to go get it in his coat pocket. So I'd run to the closet and put my hand in and it felt as big as a tent. I wanted to crawl in there and go to sleep. And there were all these terrific things in there, like Juicy Fruit gum or Spearmint Life Savers and bits of cellophane and crumbled pieces of tobacco and movie stubs and nickels and pennies and rubber bands and his grey suede gloves that he wore in the wintertime. Then I found his coat in Mom's closet and I put my hand in the pocket. And everything was gone. It was emptied and dry cleaned and it felt cold.....And that's when I knew he was really dead.

CRENSHAW by Katherine Applegate adapted by Jeannine Coulombe

p. 62-64 Jackson has just confessed to his best friend, Marisol that his imaginary friend from when he was younger has returned.

Marisol: Look we don't know everything. I don't know why my brothers feel the need to burp the alphabet. I don't know why I like to build things. I don't know why there are not rainbow M&Ms. Why do you have to understand everything? I like not knowing everything. It makes things more interesting. Do you want Crenshaw to go away? I wish I could see him. You're annoying me. Look, if I were worried about you, I'd tell you so. I'm your friend. But I don't think you're going crazy. Remember in second grade when that magician came to the school fair? Remember how you went behind the stage and figured out how he was making that rabbit appear? And then you told everybody? You took the magic away. I liked thinking that little gray bunny appeared in a man's hat. I like believing in magic. I didn't care [how he did it]! I still don't care! Just enjoy magic while you can, okay?

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY by Roald Dahl, adapted by Richard R George

Violet: {Chewing ferociously} I'm a gum-chewer normally, but when I heard about these ticket things of Mr Wonka's, I laid off the gum and switched to candy bars in the hope of striking it lucky. *Now*, of course, I'm right back on gum. I just *adore* gum. I can't do without it. I munch it all day long except for a few minutes at mealtimes when I take it out and stick it behind my ear for safekeeping. To tell you the honest truth, I simply wouldn't feel comfortable if I didn't have that little wedge of gum to chew on every moment of the day, I really wouldn't. My mother

says it's not ladylike and it looks ugly to see a girl's jaws going up and down like mine do all the time, but I don't agree. And who's she to criticize, anyway, because if you ask me, I'd say that *her* jaws are going up and down almost as much as mine are just from yelling at me every minute of the day. And now, it may interest you to know that this piece of gum I'm chewing right at this moment is one I've been working on for *three months solid*. That's a record that is. It's beaten the record held by my best friend, Miss Cornelia Prinzmetel. And was she ever mad! It's my most treasured possession now, this piece of gum is. At nights, I just stick it on the end of the bedpost and it's as good as ever in the mornings. . .

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN By Clark Gesner

Charlie Brown: I think lunchtime is about the worst time of the day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes mornings aren't so pleasing, either...waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then, there's the night, too – lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between – when I do all those stupid things ... well, lunchtime is among the worst times for me.

There's that cute little redheaded girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she'd do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her. She'd probably laugh right in my face. It's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over there and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up. (He stands.) I'm standing up. (He sits.) I'm sitting down.

TEACH ME HOW TO CRY By Patricia Joudry

Will: Nothing is so very terrible. There was a house once down by a lake near where we used to live. The house was all boarded up and deserted, and the kids all said it was haunted and were afraid of it. I was too. More afraid than any of them. And then my mother and dad decided we'd live in that house, and I nearly ran away. I was going to, but I didn't. I decided to be brave, but I didn't know how I could do it I felt so sick. But I went inside that house and looked at it, every bit of it, up close. It was just an ordinary old house and there I was being afraid of nothing at all.

THE BATTLE OF SHALLOWFORD by Ed Simpson

Lonny: Do you ever feel like that? So different you feel alone? See, I sometimes feel... well, there was one time, I was in a hurry and I was thinkin' about something else? And I accidentally put the wrong shoes on the wrong feet. Walkin' to school, I kept feelin' like something was just not quite right but I couldn't for the life of me figure out what it was. It took me most of the day before I finally looked down and saw what everybody else had been laughin' at. Well, that's what I feel like. That there's. . . something about me and if I could only figure out what it is I wouldn't feel so left out of the joke.

TV MAGIC by John L. Bader

Johnny: How could they do it? How could they schedule a test this week of all weeks? I mean it's the new fall TV lineup! I just don't understand why they had to decide that school should start every year just as all the new TV shows are starting up as well. Don't the teachers want to

watch all the new shows too? Do you believe there are kids whose parents won't let them watch TV? How can you *live* and *not* watch TV? Don't people realize that TV is magic? You can go anywhere you want inside a TV screen. It could be the jungles of Africa with Tarzan. It could be the Wild West. You could be trapped in a submarine with only minutes of air left. Fighting in the trenches along with your buddies. And the best thing of all is that no one gets hurt. It's all safe. They're just having fun inside that little box. And they get paid for it too. Someday I want to be inside that little box, having fun and getting paid. That's why I want to be an actor. I wish life were a lot more like TV.

SAMMY CARDUCC'S GUIDE TO WOMEN by Ronald Kidd

Sammy: ...So I'm standing there in the cafeteria, doing my survey with Gus, when all of a sudden, I'm staring at the most gorgeous woman I've ever see. She looks fourteen or fifteen at least, but I know she couldn't be, because my school only goes up to sixth grade. At first, I think maybe she flunked a grade or two. Then I look at her eyes, which shine like a couple of spotlights, and I know she's too smart for that. While I'm watching, she pushes her hair back behind one ear and smiles. I get this incredible feeling, like...how can I explain it? It's like somebody ran one of those rubber squeegees across the windshield of my like. Kinda poetic, huh? I get like that sometimes. Suddenly everything's bright and clear. I know without a doubt she is the woman of my dreams.