

Comic Female Youth #3

I'm thrilled you all could make it tonight, gentlemen. I know I ask a lot of you, but I hope you all realize, I notice everything. Every tiny smile, every command obeyed, every sacrifice given. You're my men, aren't you? And tonight, you're going to prove it.

Now, I want you all to pick up your instruments and line up in—You! Stand up straight, please. I said, stand up! Would you like the whole town to see you in a wrinkled band uniform? Don't answer, just listen. Now, form that single line and reflect on your assignment tonight. Remember, you're more than simply clarinet players or baton twirlers. You have a mission, a purpose—and while you may not be here to witness the difference you make, know that I will. And that's really what matters most, now isn't it?

So all those people who said I didn't have a voice, who said no one would ever listen to me—those awful people, with their awful taunts in my head—"She called 'fire' and no one heard her!" "Have you noticed how the waiter never stops at her table?" "She can't even get a dog to lick her hand!"

Well, Awful People's Taunts! Look at me now. Listen to me now! I have all these gentlemen right here. Haven't I, gentlemen? Don't answer, just think! You're all prepared to march out that window, march out with flutes and heads held high, and fall to your fated death...all for me. All for me.

Ready? Oh, no! Mr. Teddy, your stuffing is seeping out again! I want you to look perfect when they all witness my power over you. I'll grab a needle. But the rest of you, begin marching. Begin marching!

March in Line by Tara Meddaugh