

# INTERIOR MONOLOGUE

# WHAT IS INTERIOR MONOLOGUE?

- Interior monologue helps the readers know the narrator and make them feel more connected. It is like a conversation the memoirist is having with himself.
- It shows the character's thoughts in his/her exact words. Interior monologue is different from actions described in the story.

# WHEN MIGHT A WRITER USE INTERIOR MONOLOGUE?

- When the author is quiet
- When the author is speechless
- When something embarrassing happens
- When someone dies
- When someone experiences strong emotions
- When making a decision

# INTERIOR MONOLOGUE IN *NIGHT*

- For the first time, I felt anger rising within me. *Why should I sanctify His name? The Almighty, the eternal and terrible Master of the Universe, chose to be silent. What was there to thank Him for?* (33)
- I pinched myself: *Was I still alive? Was I awake? How was it possible that men, women, and children were being burned and that the world kept silent? No. All this could not be real. A nightmare perhaps...* Soon I would wake up with a start, my heart pounding, and find that I was back in the room of my childhood with my books... (32)

# MELISSA'S EXAMPLE

- When I was younger I had a best friend named Chris. We did everything together from climbing trees to breaking mirrors and going to the hospital to have our hands stitched up. I moved away when I was ten and it wasn't until I was 14 that I saw him again. We drove two hours out to the desert and my heart beat like a drum. He was always cute, and now as a hormonal teenager, there was the possibility that he was a different kind of cute. You know, the kind of cute you want to get close to. What would he look like? Would he recognize me? Should I try to hide my mouth full of braces? We arrived at the house and I took a deep breath as I got out of the car. The door was already open and my mom walked in first. I could see two figures on the couch, waiting for us. I started to walk in waving my hand saying hello. "HellooOOOOOAH! I tripped. Hard. My foot got caught on the step and I fell flat on my face. Oh. My. God. Please let this be a dream. Please let me die right now. If there was ever a time to go it could be now. My carefully poofed bangs hung in my face as everyone ran over to help me up. How could this happen to me? How could I screw up my grand entrance this badly? Needless to say, I never saw Chris again. For a 14-year-old girl, a fall like that is the equivalent to being burned at the stake. It's unfortunate, because as it turned out, he was pretty good looking.

# YOUR TASK:

- Title: **A Memory with Interior Monologue**
- Revise a memory using interior monologue. It could be an embarrassing moment, a memory with strong emotion, the memory of seeing someone cry or a time you experienced hatred.
- 1/2 page minimum