

The Breakfast Club –final monologue/ letter to principal Vernon

“Dear Mr. Vernon:

We accept the fact that we had to sacrifice a whole Saturday in detention for whatever it was we did wrong, but we think you’re crazy to make us write an essay telling you who we think we are. You see us as you want to see us... In the simplest terms and the most convenient definitions. But what we found out is that each one of us is a brain... ...and an athlete... ...and a basket case... ...a princess... ...and a criminal.

Does that answer your question?

Sincerely yours, the Breakfast Club.

Charlie’s Last Letter- *The Perks of Being a Wallflower*

I don’t know if I will have the time to write anymore letters
because I might be too busy trying to participate.

So if this does end up being the last letter,
I just want you to know that I was in a bad place before I started high school
and you helped me.

Even if you didn’t know what I was talking about
or know someone who’s gone through it.

You made me not feel alone.

Because I know there are people who say all these things don’t happen.

And there are people who forget what it’s like to be sixteen when they turn seventeen.

And know these will all be stories someday
and our pictures will become old photographs
and we’ll all become somebody’s mom or dad.

But right now these moments are not stories.

This is happening.

I am here and I am looking at her
and she is so beautiful.

I can see it.

This one moment when you know you’re not a sad story,
you are alive.

And you stand up and see the lights on buildings
and everything that makes you wonder,
when you were listening to that song
on that drive with the people you love most in this world.
And in this moment, I swear, we are infinite.