

## The Cold Within

*Set up props and start the sound effects  
Six actors walk towards the flame, shivering, with  
sticks in hand*

*Narrator:* Six humans trapped by happenstance  
In bleak and bitter cold  
Each one possessed a stick of wood  
Or so the story's told

Their dying fire in need of logs  
One woman held hers back  
For on the faces around the fire  
She noticed one was black

The next one looking across the way  
Saw one not of his church  
And could not bring himself to give  
The fire his stick of birch

The third one sat in tattered clothes  
And gave her coat a hitch  
Why should my log be used  
To aid the idle rich?

The rich man just sat back and thought  
Of the wealth he had in store  
And how to keep what he had earned  
From the lazy shiftless poor

The black woman's face bespoke revenge  
As the fire passed from sight  
For all she saw in her stick of wood  
Was a chance to spite the white

And the last one in this forlorn group  
Did nothing except for gain  
Giving only to those who gave  
Was how he played the game

The logs held tight in death's still hands  
Was proof of human sin  
They [were not dying] from the cold without  
They [were dying] from the cold within

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The Cold Within: Two authors have been listed on the internet: George Kirby and James Kinney. I have altered the last two lines by changing "they did not die" to "they were not dying," and "they died" to "they were dying." I did this as a response to appeals from many young people who want to portray a different vision for their futures. They envision themselves as powerful change agents, healing and restoring their communities and working to ensure that all people feel respected and valued. The sequel reflects this vision.

## The Force Within

*Transition between the Cold Within and The Force Within*

*Actors of The Force Within: No!!!!!!*

*All actors run towards the dying group*

*First Voice: We have to do something!*

*Second Voice: Look! How still they are lying!*

*Third Voice: The fire is out:*

*Fourth Voice: These people are dying!*

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*Narrator:* The voice of public conscience

Let out an anguished cry

"We have to stop the bigotry,

Or else, we all will die"

"Let's start right here with this group

That very nearly died

We'll stoke the fires and feed the flame

And keep vigil by their side"

One by one the group revived

No one made a sound

Tears streamed down and the silence spoke

As they slowly glanced around

Their minds and hearts were opened

And it became quite clear

They saw their common humanity

There was no more hatred, no more fear

The young woman from the church went over

And hugged her Muslim sister

The white woman reached out to the young black woman

And they shook hands with one another

The rich woman walked towards the poor woman

And wrapped her scarf around her face

And in the dark and silent night

All were locked in an embrace

The sticks crackled in the roaring fire

And the snow began to fall

They all huddled even closer

And made room for all

And as they peered up through the trees

They saw the rising sun

They smiled in the glow of the blazing fire

There was warmth for everyone

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Sequel—The Force Within, Lorna Gonsalves © 2008  
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