

Dear Lord Capulet

To Lord Capulet. From Juliet. You know, I just love the way that you totally respect my choices and let me be independent and my own person! Oh wait! That's the version of Romeo and Juliet where my entire life isn't overruled by you! I must have forgotten. Silly me! You know, it would be nice if for once I got a say in my future, but it's fine.

Because now, I don't have to go through the stress of thinking about my decisions, I get them all made for me!

Living my life is such a luxury!

So instead of- well- being my own person, I'll just go about my life and get married to the "perfect man Paris".

Of course, I don't actually want to be his bride, but hey!

You're "in charge" so of course you get to decide!

It's like I'm meant to be as passive as a butterfly, as invisible as glass, as delicate as the breeze that blows through my hair. Although, I suppose I shouldn't say 'like', I should say 'because'. I suppose I should just stop talking because no-one will ever take me seriously unless I give in to a still, sweet silence. Give in to the cage that is my home, made of wrought iron bars that only seem to move inwards, crushing my last breath.

You called me Juliet. Juliet means youthful, but if I am youthful then I should be free and I should have the means to grow.

Not trapped in some nightmare with nowhere to go.

But you carried on, and on until I said "O" ...

"happy dagger" ... "this is thy sheath".

Maybe if you'd just let me make my own decisions, perhaps I wouldn't be dead right now. But then again, maybe all your problems are solved now, maybe I'm just overreacting, maybe I...was just doing what I was told.

Emily Fitzpatrick Year 8