

CECILY monologue

CECILY CARDEW - You silly boy! Of course I'll marry you. Why, we have been engaged for the last three months. Ever since dear Uncle Jack first confessed to us that he had a younger brother who was very wicked and bad, you of course have formed the chief topic of conversation between myself and Miss Prism. And of course a man who is much talked about is always very attractive. I daresay it was foolish me, but I fell in love with you, Ernest. The engagement was settled on the 14th of February last. Worn out by your entire ignorance of my existence, I determined to end the matter one way or the other, after a long struggle with myself I accepted you under this dear tree here. The next day I bought this little ring in your name, and this little bangle with the true lover's knot I promised you always to wear. You've wonderful good taste, Ernest. It's the excuse I've always given you for leading such a bad life. And this is the box in which I keep all your dear letters. I remember only too well that I was forced to write your letters for you. I wrote always three times a week, and sometimes oftener. The three you wrote me after I had broken off the engagement are so beautiful, and so badly spelled, that even now I can hardly read them without crying a little.