

TYCHO MONOLOGUE, ACT 2
From *Teatime at Golgotha*
By Mark Chrisler
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TYCHO

I followed Mars so intently. Years. Every night I would mark it, observe it. And then, finally, when I had it all down, I started on Venus...

Didn't even take a moment to breathe, figuratively. I wanted to observe Mercury, but you know how hard it is to predict Mercury.

In the middle of my new studies, though, I thought I could predict the whole thing. I looked up from my abacus and realized I could chart the rest without even looking. Just for a moment, that's what I thought. I dropped my guard. I had gone about my work with teeth-grating enthusiasm and intensity. So long as I kept up my drive, it seemed like I could go forever. But that one hesitation, that one lag.. doomed me. I didn't know it at first, you see, but it did, it doomed me. I'm convinced. From there it all fizzled, like the weight of my scales had just flipped. It became more about what I had, and what I had done... gladly. I had lived well, and it was time to celebrate that.

You see, it was the celebration; it just swallowed me whole.