

Aleksandr Ruziyev 2/19/14 - A Day in the Life of Harry Watkins

Italics - Harry Watkins

Non-Italics - Myself

Mond 7th. *Pleasant* day outside, but it looks like some bad weather is ahead, if the rapidly moving clouds are any indication. Regardless, no time to worry about the weather. *Rehearsal A.M.—nothing particular*, which is a shame, although my dyspepsia is flaring up — darn thing, the performance should be starting soon, and it picks the most astute moment to appear! *at Theatre 7 P.M.* in addition to my ever continuing pain thanks to dyspepsia, I have to practice with these actors, who are so clearly beneath me when it comes to skill it's honestly insulting. I honestly often wonder how I, a man of brilliant talents, am not as regarded as others, nor the star of the show. My lack of appreciation and respect is only pushing me harder. *revival of "Harry Burnham". there was not a first rate house for Monday Night.* This was, of course, not surprising considering how mediocre the performance was, as the cast put almost no effort in attempting to showcase whatever abilities they have as artists, instead opting for the typical performance that a grade school might put on. In addition to this disappointing night, as I ended up walking home in soaking rain, surely a sign of worse things to come? I'm hopeful things pick up in the coming days, but my lack of optimism combined with this awfully depressing rain is making me think otherwise.

Tues 8th. *Raining*, a noteworthy companion to my sullen mood today. My sleep was nightmare induced horror show, and waking up what looks a coming tour de force of hazardous weather is absolutely wonderful, *Rehearsal A.M.—Reading & writing 7 P.M. at Theatre 8 P.M.* seeing the sight and absorbing the wonders of the Theatre calmed and soothed my angst, so I was thankful

for that, but just as I was starting to feel my usual self, something shocking happened: *during a performance a massive tornado passed over the city, tearing down awnings, signs, window shutters, chimneys, etc, and doing a great deal of other mischief.* I can't say this wasn't too surprising given the horrendous weather lately, but still, a tornado? Now that is quite a sight! *it also tore up the skylight on the top of the Theatre scattering the broken glass on the stage and among the audience, causing the latter to make a sudden rush for the doors under the impression that whole building was about to come down.* I'll have to admit that I was in awe in this moment, just watching the panic and uproar caused, followed by the sudden and frantic rush towards the exits put in perspective some things I haven't thought about lately. *The actors were of the same opinion for the most part forgot their parts, and ran an exit without waiting for cues.* Under normal circumstances, I'd have laughed and taken great joy upon seeing the sight of these actors scattering like mice, but the stem of their panic was something I was fearful of as well. *As it soon as it was discovered that there was no danger—the audience returned to their seats. The actors to their seats parts, whilst a sympathetic smile passed between both parties at the spirited manner in which they had enacted their respective characters in ~~the~~ the farce of a “Race for Life.”* This small, but subtle touch actually brought out a bit of respect for my fellow cohorts, while making me realize *What pains we take to preserve that life we which must lose, or, rather, how eager we are to lengthen life when it appears likely to shorten and yet adopt a hundred ways to shorten it when it might be long.* A haunting and scary fact put into perspective by an incident which could've turned out so much worse, but was miraculously here to show me some humility.

Wed 9th. *Pleasant—Rehearsal A. reading, walking & studying-P.M. at Theatre.* Still taken aback of what happened yesterday, but I'm seeing things in a different light.

Thurs 10th. *Quite warm. Rehearsal A.M. walking & studying P.M. at Theatre 7 P.M.* The weather has finally turned around, it seems.

Frid 11th. *Cooler. Rehearsal A.M. walking & studying P.M. at Theatre 7 P.M.—the performances are entirely too long, for some time now, they have lasted until past twelve, making it impossible to get to bed before 1 A.M. Can't a brilliant mind such as I get some sleep!!? It appears not, as the insistence to go on longer has put me into a spiral of weariness, yet, the show must go on, as is often reminded of us.*

***Thanks for reading, and I do hope you enjoyed the writing of Harry Watkins and I. I'd like to redirect you all to the website where the diary of Harry Watkins is located at:**
<http://harrywatkinsdiary.org/>