

**GUERNSEY**

**EISTEDDFOD**

**SPEECH & DRAMA**

**SET POEMS 2022  
& Bible Readings**

**Please choose (a), (b) or (c)  
where applicable.**

**Please note that no costumes  
or props are allowed &  
only very minimal movement  
can be used.**

**CLASS 100**  
**4 & UNDER 5 YEARS**  
**Reception**  
**( Choose either (a), (b) or (c) )**

**(a)**

**“MY BABY BROTHER”**  
**by John Foster**

We used to be three –  
Mum, Dad and me.  
But now there’s another.  
My new baby brother.

He cries in the night  
And sleeps in the day.  
He hasn’t any idea  
Of how to play.

My baby brother’s name is Joe.  
I just can’t wait for him to grow.

**(b)**

**“ALWAYS”**  
**by Finola Akister**

Always it amazes me  
How slippery the soap can be.  
I pick it up and start to rub,  
When WHOOSH – it jumps into the tub.

I search and search and search around:  
That bar of soap just can’t be found.  
It’s swimming round, just like a fish.  
Instead of lying in the dish,

I cannot catch it – golly gosh,  
I think I’ll go without a wash.

**Continued on next page**

**(c)**

**“I HAVEN’T GOT A PET”**

**by Andrea Shavick**

I’ve got a father and a mother  
And a very smelly brother  
A grandma and a grandpa  
But I haven’t got a pet.

I’ve got an auntie and an uncle  
Little sisters by the dozen  
Ninety seven second cousins  
But I haven’t got a pet.

Except.....

I have got a slug  
Which I keep under the rug

Don’t tell Mum!

**CLASS 101**  
**5 & UNDER 6 YEARS**  
**School Year 1**  
**( Choose either (a), (b) or (c) )**

**(a)**  
**“HOW TO CURE THE HICCUPS”**  
**by Eric Ode**

Hold your nose and pat your head.  
Count your toes and paint them red.  
Stretch and yawn the alphabet.  
Are they gone?  
Hic!  
Not yet.

Fill your pants with chicken soup.  
Tap dance in a Hula Hoop.  
Stuff a sleeve with cantaloupe.  
Did they leave?  
Hic!  
Nope.

Fill your bed with cottage cheese.  
Place your head between your knees.  
Twist your ear and bite your shoe.  
Did they disappear?  
Ah-choo!

**(b)**  
**“MY BROTHER’S BUG”**  
**by Jack Prelutsky**

My brother’s bug was green and plump,  
It did not run, it could not jump,  
It had no fur for it to shed,  
It slept all night beneath his bed.

My brother’s bug had dainty feet,  
It did not need a lot to eat,  
It did not need a lot to drink,  
It did not scream, it did not stink.

It always tried to be polite,  
It did not scratch, it did not bite,  
The only time it soiled the rug  
Was when I squashed my brother’s bug.

**Continued on next page**

(c)

**“MAGIC WORD”**

**by Martin Gardner**

“More jam,” said Rosie to her Mum.

“I want more jam,” said she.

But no one heard

The Magic Word.

Mum took a sip of tea.

“The jam! The jam! The jam! She cried.

Her voice rang loud and clear.

“I’d like to spread it on my bread.”

But no one seemed to hear.

“Please pass the jam,” Rosie said at last.

Now *that’s* the thing to say.

When mother heard

The Magic Word

She passed it straight away.

**CLASS 102**  
**6 & UNDER 7 YEARS**  
**School Year 2**  
**( Choose either (a), (b) or (c) )**

**(a)**

**“WHAT’S THE POINT OF TONSILS?”**

**by Gareth Lancaster**

What's the point of tonsils?  
Are they there just to annoy?  
For my throat is fiery red and sore,  
This really is no joy.

I'm sure they have it in for me,  
And laugh whilst they rebel!  
No doubt they must have planned for weeks,  
To give me pain and swell!

My voice is thin and raspy,  
So it even hurts to speak!  
These dastardly expanding glands,  
Are making me feel weak!

I've asked before just what they do,  
But nobody could tell.  
So I suppose my Tonsils' only use,  
Are weeks off school, unwell!

**(b)**

**“WHEN ALL THE WORLD’S ASLEEP”**

**by Anita E Posey**

Where do insects go at night,  
When all the world’s asleep?  
Where do bugs and butterflies  
And caterpillars creep?

Turtles sleep inside their shells;  
The robin has her nest.  
Rabbits and the sly old fox  
Have holes where they can rest.

Bears can crawl inside a cave;  
The lion has his den.  
Cows can sleep inside a barn,  
And pigs can use their pen.

But where do bugs and butterflies  
And caterpillars creep,  
When everything is dark outside  
And all the world’s asleep?

**Continued on next page**

(c)

**“ONE DAY I’LL BE...”**

**by James McDonald**

Today at school my teacher said,  
I wonder what you’ll be?  
When time has passed and you’ve grown up,  
And the world is yours to see.

Right then and there I stood straight up,  
And looked her in the face,  
And said with pride and confidence,  
I plan to live in space.

Like pirates of so long ago,  
My ship will take me far,  
Around the moon and back again,  
And to a distant star.

So when you talk about the world,  
And say it’s yours to see,  
I believe I’ll have the greatest view,  
Upon the cosmic sea.

**CLASS 103**  
**7 & UNDER 8 YEARS**  
**School Year 3**  
**( Choose either (a), (b) or (c) )**

**(a)**

**“MY DAD IS AMAZING”**

**by Ian Souter**

My dad is **amazing** for he can:

make mountains out of molehills,  
teach Granny to suck eggs,  
make Mum’s blood boil  
and then drive her up the wall.

My dad is **amazing** for he also:

walks around with his head in the clouds,  
has my sister eating out of his hand,  
says he’s got eyes in the back of his head  
and can read me like a book.

But,  
the most amazing this of all is:

When he’s caught someone red-handed,  
First he jumps down their throat  
And then he bites their head off!

**(b)**

**“WHO’S SEEN JIP?”**

**by Wes Magee**

Jip's run away.  
Left home for good.  
I just knew he would,  
For earlier today  
he was shouted at by dad.

"Bad dog!  
Bad dog!  
BAD!"

Now Jip's a stray.  
What will he eat?  
Where will he sleep?  
I'm so sad I could weep.  
Oh doomsday, gloomsday  
My dog has gone.

Who's seen Jip?

Anyone?

**Continued on next page**

(c)

**“MY BEST FRIEND'S MOTHER”**

**by Grace Andreachhi**

My best friend's mother is very strict  
And when I come over to play  
I know she's going to send us out  
On even the coldest day.

She never once gave us cookies or cake  
She says that it makes such a mess  
And she had a fit when my friend spilled coke  
All over her second-best dress.

My friend's not allowed to wear jewellery or lace  
Her mother says it's not proper,  
The time we wore lipstick and powdered our face  
She screamed and no one could stop her.

If she were my mother I'd run away fast  
I'd sail away over the water,  
From China I'd send her a postcard that said -  
'With love, from your runaway daughter!'

**CLASS 104**  
**8 & UNDER 9 YEARS**  
**School Year 4**  
**( Choose (a), (b) or (c) )**

**(a)**

**“LORETTA LOST A TOOTH AT LUNCH”**  
**by Eric Ode**

Loretta lost a tooth at lunch  
while chewing on a Brussel sprout.  
She took a bite and heard a crunch  
and found her tooth had fallen out.

The students stared at such a scene.  
Samantha shrieked and Franny froze,  
and Lance still had a lima bean  
and half a pickle up his nose.

Miranda had been making mounds  
of mushy, brown banana goo,  
and Peter had been pouring pounds  
of pumpkin pudding in his stew.

Sylvester had been showing off  
with half a sandwich in his cheeks,  
while Phillip found the stroganoff  
he'd hid for six or seven weeks.

Now as for teeth, I've lost a bunch,  
from up to down and left to right,  
but when it comes to eating lunch,  
I've only lost my appetite.

**(b)**

**“MRS MATHER”**  
**by Colin McNaughton**

Scared stiff.  
Courage flown.  
On that doorstep all alone.  
Cold sweat.  
State of shock.  
Lift my trembling hand and knock.

Thumping heart.  
Chilled with fear.  
I hear the witch's feet draw near.  
Rasping bolts.  
Rusty locks.  
Shake down to my cotton socks.

**Continued on next page**

Hinge creaking.  
Waft of mould.  
A groan that makes my blood run cold.  
Cracking voice.  
Knocking knees.  
“Can I have my ball back, please?”

**(c)**

**“HI HO, HI HO”**

**by Clare Bevan**

The teachers are digging a tunnel,  
They're digging it deeper each day,  
They dig it when we're in assembly,  
And when we've been sent out to play.

They're using bent spoons from the Staff Room,  
And coffee mugs ancient and stained,  
They crawl into lessons exhausted  
(And muddy as well, if it rains).

The roof is supported by rulers  
And chair legs that splinter and swell,  
The rubble is smuggled in handbags  
And pockets and gym shoes as well.

The entrance is under the Stock Room,  
It's hidden where nobody looks,  
Disguised by a heap of lost jumpers,  
And paper and dusty old books.

The teachers are filthy and frazzled,  
Their bones are beginning to creak –  
And NOBODY seems to have told them  
We break up for Christmas next week!

**CLASS 105**  
**9 & UNDER 10 YEARS**  
**School Year 5**  
**( Choose (a), (b) or (c) )**

**(a)**

**“CASTLES IN THE SAND”**  
**by Dorothy Baker**

I've built a castle in the sand  
In less than half an hour,  
With grim portcullis, and a moat,  
And battlements and tower.

The seaweed banners wave, and when  
I let the drawbridge down,  
The knights come riding two by two  
In armour rusty brown.

And ladies lean from turrets high,  
And watch them as they pass,  
And wave their floating silken scarves,  
As light and green as grass.

But see! across the shining sand,  
That enemy the sea  
Creeps slowly to my castle walls,  
Advancing stealthily.

No bugles sound a wild alarm,  
No warders close the gate;  
The knights and ladies disappear,  
And all alone I wait.

For where my fairy fortress stood  
And glistened in the sun,  
There lies a heap of ruins now,  
My work is all undone..

**(b)**

**“I’M WRESTLING WITH AN OCTOPUS”**  
**by Jack Prelutsky**

I’m wrestling with an octopus  
and faring less than well,  
one peek at my predicament  
should be enough to tell.  
It held me in a hammerlock,  
then swept me off my feet,  
I’m getting the impression  
that I simply can’t compete.

**Continued on the next page**

I'd hoped that I could hold my own,  
but after just a while,  
I ascertained I couldn't match  
an octopus's style.  
It flipped me by a shoulder,  
and it latched onto a hip,  
essentially that octopus  
has got me in his grip.

I tried assorted armlocks  
but invariably missed,  
and now I'm in a headlock  
and it's clinging to my wrist.  
It's wound around my ankles  
and it's wrapped around my chest –  
When grappling with an octopus  
I come out second best.

**(c)**  
**“ROVER”**  
**by Adrian Henri**

I have a pet oyster called Rover.  
He lives in the bathroom sink  
and is never any trouble:  
no birdseed or tins of Kennomeat,  
no cat-litter.  
We don't need to take him for walks,  
we don't need an oyster-flap in the back door.

He doesn't bark  
or sing,  
just lies in the sink  
and never says a thing.  
Sometimes,  
when he feels irritable,  
he grits his teeth  
and produces a little pearl.

At night,  
we tuck him up snug in his oyster-bed  
until the bathroom tide comes in  
in the morning.  
Sometimes,  
I look at Rover and say  
'The world's your lobster,  
Rover', I say.

**CLASS 106**  
**10 & UNDER 11 YEARS**  
**School Year 6**  
**( Choose (a), (b) or (c) )**

**(a)**

**“GRAN’S XI”**

**by John Kitching**

My grandma’s in a football team  
Her age is seventy-eight.  
She’s no longer like a palm tree  
Standing waiting for a date.

The goalie in my grandma’s team,  
Her age is seventy-four.  
Opponents rarely score a goal.  
She’s built like a grey barn door.

The striker is a real antique,  
Captain at eighty-eight.  
She’s vicious, mean, and fouls a lot;  
The kind of striker goalies hate.

Two of Grandma’s football team  
Are quite acutely deaf.  
They shout and wave most rudely  
At every weekend ref.

Most of Grandma’s football team  
Have aged, aching bones,  
But in the showers, after games,  
No single player moans.

The other week - a rare defeat.  
They lost: three goals to five.  
But they don’t seem to care a lot.  
They’re just glad to be alive!

**(b)**

**“LOUISA & THE FIELD MOUSE”**

**by Amy Buxton**

Louisa was walking through a field of long grass,  
When she stopped for a moment  
To let the mouse pass.  
The mouse turned and said;  
‘Madame, why did you pause?’  
‘To let you pass, my dear friend,’  
And she shook his two paws.  
‘I’m not often noticed –  
I’m incredibly small.

**Continued on the next page**

'Small you may be,  
But you're bold as the tall,  
As brave as a giant  
But friendlier too,  
And I think we'll be friends,  
Good ones, and true.'  
'Well, what are you up to?  
I could show you around.  
The field's more exciting  
When you're close to the ground.'  
Louisa agreed, but she asked the dear mouse  
If later he'd visit her own little house.  
'You can sit on my shoulder and I'll show you around,  
Though it's a bit colder when you're high off the ground.'  
They nodded together,  
And held on to each other  
And saw their own world through the eyes of another.

**(c)**  
**"SQUIRRELS & MOTORBIKES"**  
**by David Whitehead**

Today we went out of school  
Down the lane  
Into the spinney  
To watch squirrels

We saw lots of grey squirrels  
Scuttling through trees  
Searching for nuts on the ground  
Some as still as statues

We all took notes  
Made sketches  
And asked questions

Back in school  
We drew our squirrels  
Some sitting like  
Silver grey coffee-pots  
While others paddled acorns  
Into the soft green grass  
Some still listening with their tufty ears  
Others with their feather-duster tails waving

Everyone drew a squirrel picture – except  
George, who drew a motorbike  
But then, he always does.

**CLASS 107**  
**11 & UNDER 12 YEARS**  
**School Year 7**  
**( Choose (a), (b) or (c) )**

**(a)**

**“COUNT ME OUT”**  
**by Moira Andrew**

It's not that  
I'm a scaredy cat,  
It's just that  
I don't like caves  
and the feeling of doom  
in the colourless gloom  
flowing over you  
in waves.

It's the way  
your voice rolls  
round and around,  
echoing low and weird,  
and your torch becomes  
such a little light,  
every shadow one  
to be feared.

It's the way  
the clammy cold  
grips you, chills you  
through to your very bones  
and how every sound  
when you're underground  
is some unspeakable thing  
that groans.

It's the way  
that you slip  
on slime underfoot and it's  
hard to remember the sun,  
so when kids want to explore  
all the caves on the shore  
I say, 'Count me out.  
It's no fun!'

**Continued on next page**

**(b)**

**“SNOWFLAKES”**

**by Clive Sansom**

And did you know  
That every flake of snow  
That forms so high  
In the grey winter sky  
And falls so far  
Is a bright six-pointed star?  
Each crystal grows  
A flower as perfect as a rose.  
Lace could never make  
The patterns of a flake.  
No brooch  
Of figured silver could approach  
Its delicate craftsmanship. And think:  
Each pattern is distinct.  
Of all the snowflakes floating there –  
The million million in the air –  
None is the same. Each star  
Is newly forged, as faces are,  
Shaped to its own design  
Like yours and mine.  
And yet... each one  
Melts when its flight is done;  
Holds frozen loveliness  
A moment, even less;  
Suspends itself in time –  
And passes like a rhyme.

**Continued on next page**

I

## **“EVERY NIGHT MR MILLER DREAMS”**

**by Bernard Young**

Every night Mr Miller dreams  
of the day he will retire.

There'll be a small party  
in the staffroom  
during the lunch hour  
and at final assembly  
he'll receive a major gift  
from the whole school  
plus presents  
from individual pupils,  
who will be heartbroken  
to see him leave.

Children, past and present,  
(some now grown up)  
will file past to thank him  
for being so inspirational  
– for changing their lives.

In the evening  
a large group of colleagues and friends  
will take him out for drinks  
and a meal.

There will be speeches  
charting his impressive career  
and praising his achievements.

He can't wait.

Day two. Week one. First job.  
A long way to go.

Every night Mr Miller dreams.

**CLASS 108**  
**12 & UNDER 14 YEARS**  
**School Years 8 & 9**  
**( Choose (a), (b) or (c) )**

**(a)**  
**“THE TUNNEL”**  
**by Brian Lee**

This is the way that I have to go  
I've left all my friends behind  
Back there, where a faint light glimmers  
Round the long tunnel's bend.

I can't see a roof up above me,  
I can't find either wall,  
My shoes slip on the slimy boulders –  
How far is it down, if I fall?

Beneath me the same stream is flowing  
That laughed in the fields back there –  
Here, it is black, like the leeches and weeds  
And the bats flitting through the dank air.

It's just the same if I shut my eyes:  
My companions, all around,  
Are trickles, drips, splashes, sudden plops,  
Then, a strange, sucking sound.

One shoe's full of the cold dark water,  
My hands slither over the stones,  
My throat's gone dry, my heart pound-pounds  
But I can only go on –

Till I can see them, they can see me  
And again they start to shout,  
*The rats bite, watch out for the rats,*  
But now I am almost out:

Dizzy, happy, I blink at the light,  
The sun's still shining, the birds still sing  
Someone is patting me on the back –  
Now I am one of the gang.

**Continued on next page**

**(b)**  
**“INSIDE SIR’S MATCHBOX”**  
**by John Foster**

Our teacher’s pet  
Lives inside a nest of pencil shavings  
Inside a matchbox  
Which he keeps  
In the top drawer of his desk.  
It’s so tiny, he says,  
You need a microscope to see it.  
When we asked him what it ate,  
He grinned and said,  
‘Nail clippings and strands of human hair –  
Especially children’s.’  
Once, on Open Day,  
He put it out on the display table,  
But we weren’t allowed to open the box,  
Because it’s allergic to light.

Our teacher says his pet is unique.  
‘Isn’t it lonely’ we asked.  
‘Not with you lot around,’ he said.  
Once there was an awful commotion  
When it escaped  
While he was opening the box  
To check if it was all right.  
But he managed to catch it  
Before it got off his desk.  
Since then, he hasn’t taken it out much.  
He says he thinks it’s hibernating at present –  
Or it could be pregnant.  
If it is, he says,  
There’ll be enough babies  
For us all to have one.

**Continued on next page**

**(c)**

**“ME AND YOU”**

**by Mandy Coe**

The long-legged girl who takes goal-kicks  
is me,  
I loop my ‘j’ and ‘g’s.  
twiddle my hair  
and wobbled a loose tooth  
through History all yesterday afternoon.

The small shy boy who draws dragons  
is you.  
You can multiply,  
make delicious cheese scones  
and when my tooth finally  
falls out and I cry in surprise,  
you hand me a crumpled tissue.

I will be an Olympic athlete,  
Win two bronze medals.  
You will be a vet with gentle hands  
Who gets cats to purr and budgies speak.

We don’t know this yet  
but we will be each other’s first date.  
One kiss.  
That’s all ... but  
for the rest of our lives we never, ever forget.

In the meantime,  
my tongue explores the toothless gap  
and you lean over your desk and concentrate  
on drawing the feathery,  
feathery lines of a dragon’s wings.

**CLASS 109**  
**12 & UNDER 14 YEARS**  
**School Years 8 & 9**  
**(The Rotary Cup)**

**“BIRD IN THE CLASSROOM”**  
**by Colin Thiele**

The students drowsed and drowned  
in the Teacher's ponderous monotone -  
limp bodies loping in the wordy heat,  
melted and run together, desk and flesh as one.  
swooning and swimming in a sea of drone.

Each one asleep, swayed and vaguely drifted  
with lidded eyes and lolling weighted heads,  
were caught on heavy waves and dimly lifted,  
sunk slowly, ears ringing in the syrup of his sound,

or borne from the room on a heaving wilderness of beds.  
And then on a sudden, a bird's cool voice  
punched out song. Crisp and spare  
on the startled air,

beak-beamed  
or idly tossed,  
each note gleamed  
like a bead of frost.

A bird's cool voice from a neighbour's tree  
with five clear calls - mere grains of sound  
rare and neat  
repeated twice  
but they sprang from the heat  
like drops of ice.

Ears cocked, before the comment ran  
fading and chuckling where a wattle stirred,  
the students wondered how they could have heard  
such dreary monotone from a man, and  
such wisdom from a bird.

**CLASS 110**  
**14 & UNDER 16 YEARS**  
**School Years 10 & 11**  
**(The Mrs P F Dorey's Cup)**

**(a)**

**“STEALING”**

**by Carol Ann Duffy**

Midnight. He looked magnificent; a tall, white mute  
beneath the winter moon. I wanted him, a mate  
with a mind as cold as the slice of ice  
within my own brain. I started with the head.  
Better off dead than giving in, not taking  
what you want. He weighed a ton; his torso,  
frozen stiff, hugged to my chest, a fierce chill  
piercing my gut. Part of the thrill was knowing  
that children would cry in the morning. Life's tough.  
Sometimes I steal things I don't need. I joy-ride cars  
to nowhere, break into houses just to have a look.  
I'm a mucky ghost, leave a mess, maybe pinch a camera.  
I watch my gloved hand twisting the doorknob.  
A stranger's bedroom. Mirrors. I sigh like this - Aah.  
It took some time. Reassembled in the yard,  
he didn't look the same. I took a run  
and booted him. Again. Again. My breath ripped out  
in rags. It seems daft now. Then I was standing  
alone among lumps of snow, sick of the world.  
Boredom. Mostly I'm so bored I could eat myself.  
One time, I stole a guitar and thought I might  
learn to play. I nicked a bust of Shakespeare once,  
flogged it, but the snowman was the strangest.  
You don't understand a word I'm saying, do you?

**CLASS 111**  
**16 & UNDER 18 YEARS**  
**School Years 12 & 13**  
**(The Enid Zabiela Cup)**

**(a)**

**“THE APPLE RAID”**

**by Vernon Scannell**

Darkness came early, though not yet cold;  
Stars were strung on the telegraph wires;  
Street lamps spilled pools of liquid gold;  
The breeze was spiced with garden fires.

That smell of burnt leaves, the early dark,  
Can still excite me but not as it did  
So long ago when we met in the Park –  
Myself, John Peters and David Kidd.

We moved out of town to the district where  
The lucky and wealthy had their homes  
With garages, gardens, and apples to spare  
Ripely clustered in the trees' green domes.

We chose the place we meant to plunder  
And climbed the wall and dropped down to  
The secret dark. Apples crunched under  
Our feet as we moved through the grass and dew.

The clusters on the lower boughs of the tree  
Were easy to reach. We stored the fruit  
In pockets and jerseys until all three  
Boys were heavy with their tasty loot.

Safe on the other side of the wall  
We moved back to town and munched as we went.  
I wonder if David remembers at all  
That little adventure, the apples' fresh scent?

Strange to think that he's fifty years old,  
That tough little boy with scabs on his knees;  
Stranger to think that John Peters lies cold  
In an orchard in France beneath apple trees.

**CLASS 130**  
**BIBLE READING**  
**UNDER 11 YEARS**  
**(School Years 6 & below)**

**ST JOHN, CHAPTER 15, verses 9 - 17**

**9** As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

**10** If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

**11** These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and *that* your joy might be full.

**12** This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

**13** Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

**14** Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

**15** Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

**16** Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and *that* your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

**17** These things I command you, that ye love one another.

**CLASS 131**  
**BIBLE READING**  
**11 & UNDER 18 YEARS**  
**(School Years 7 to 13)**

**PROVERBS, CHAPTER 16, verses 1 - 13**

- 1** The preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, *is* from the LORD.
- 2** All the ways of a man *are* clean in his own eyes; but the LORD weigheth the spirits.
- 3** Commit thy works unto the LORD, and thy thoughts shall be established.
- 4** The LORD hath made all *things* for himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil.
- 5** Every one *that is* proud in heart *is* an abomination to the LORD: *though* hand *join* in hand, he shall not be unpunished.
- 6** By mercy and truth iniquity is purged: and by the fear of the LORD *men* depart from evil.
- 7** When a man's ways please the LORD, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.
- 8** Better *is* a little with righteousness than great revenues without right.
- 9** A man's heart deviseth his way: but the LORD directeth his steps.
- 10** A divine sentence *is* in the lips of the king: his mouth transgresseth not in judgment.
- 11** A just weight and balance *are* the LORD'S: all the weights of the bag *are* his work.
- 12** *It is* an abomination to kings to commit wickedness: for the throne is established by righteousness.
- 13** Righteous lips *are* the delight of kings; and they love him that speaketh right.

**CLASS 196**  
**INDIVIDUAL POEM**  
**18 & UNDER 21 YEARS**

**“HAUNTED”**

**by Louis Untermeyer**

Between the moss and stone  
The lonely lilies rise;  
Wasted and overgrown  
The tangled garden lies.  
Weeds climb about the stoop  
And clutch the crumbling walls;  
The drowsy grasses droop—  
The night wind falls.

The place is like a wood;  
No sign is there to tell  
Where rose and iris stood  
That once she loved so well.  
Where phlox and asters grew,  
A leafless thornbush stands,  
And shrubs that never knew  
Her tender hands....

Over the broken fence  
The moonbeams trail their shrouds;  
Their tattered cerements  
Cling to the gauzy clouds,

In ribbons frayed and thin—  
And startled by the light  
Silence shrinks deeper in  
The depths of night.

Useless lie spades and rakes;  
Rust's on the garden-tools.  
Yet, where the moonlight makes  
Nebulous silver pools  
A ghostly shape is cast—  
Something unseen has stirred....  
Was it a breeze that passed?  
Was it a bird?

Dead roses lift their heads  
Out of a grassy tomb;  
From ruined pansy-beds  
A thousand pansies bloom.  
The gate is opened wide—  
The garden that has been  
Now blossoms like a bride....  
Who entered in?

**CLASS 198**  
**SET POETRY & PROSE**  
**18 YEARS & OVER**  
**(The Minerva Trophy)**

**POEM:**

**“WATER PICTURE”**  
**by May Swenson**

In the pond in the park  
all things are doubled:  
Long buildings hang and  
wiggle gently. Chimneys  
are bent legs bouncing  
on clouds below. A flag  
wags like a fishhook  
down there in the sky.

The arched stone bridge  
is an eye, with underlid  
in the water. In its lens  
dip crinkled heads with hats  
that don't fall off. Dogs go by,  
barking on their backs...

Treetops deploy a haze of  
cherry bloom for roots,  
where birds coast belly-up  
in the glass bowl of a hill...

A swan, with twin necks  
forming the figure three,  
steers between two dimpled  
towers doubled. Fondly  
hissing, she kisses herself,  
and all the scene is troubled:  
water-windows splinter,  
tree-limbs tangle, the bridge  
folds like a fan.

## **PROSE:**

### **“THE LIFE & TIMES OF THE THUNDERBOLT KID” by Bill Bryson**

Dr Brewster was the most unnerving dentist in America. He was, for one thing, about a hundred and eight years old and had more than a hint of Parkinsonism in his wobbly hands. Nothing about him inspired confidence. Worse still he didn't believe in novocaine. He thought it dangerous and unproven. When Dr Brewster, humming mindlessly, drilled through rocky molar and found the pulpy mass of tender nerve within, it could make your toes burst out the front of your shoes.

We appeared to be his only patients. I used to wonder why my father put us through this seasonal nightmare, and then I heard Dr Brewster congratulating him one day on his courageous frugality and I understood at once, for my father was the twentieth century's cheapest man. “There's no point in putting yourself to the danger and expense of novocaine for anything less than the whole or partial removal of a jaw,” Dr Brewster was saying.

“Absolutely,” my father agreed. Actually, he said something more like “Abmmffffmmfff,” as he had just stepped from Dr Brewster's chair and wouldn't be able to speak intelligibly for at least three days, but he nodded with feeling.

“I Wish more people felt like you, Mr Bryson,” Dr Brewster added. “That will be three dollars, please.”

**CLASS 200**  
**SET POETRY & PROSE**  
**21 YEARS & OVER**  
**(The Star Trophy)**

**POEM: "LES SYLPHIDES"**  
**by Louis MacNeice**

Life in a day: he took his girl to the ballet;  
Being shortsighted himself could hardly see it –  
    The white skirts in the grey  
    Glade and the swell of the music  
    Lifting the white sails.

Calyx upon calyx, Canterbury bells in the breeze  
The flowers on the left mirrored to the flowers on the right  
    And the naked arms above  
    The powdered faces moving  
    Like seaweed in a pool.

Now, he thought, we are floating – ageless, oarless –  
Now there is no separation, from now on  
    You will be wearing white  
    Satin and a red sash  
    Under the waltzing trees.

But the music stopped, the dancers took their curtain,  
The river had come to a lock – a shuffle of programmes –  
    And we cannot continue down  
    Stream unless we are ready  
    To enter the lock and drop.

So they were married – to be the more together –  
And found that they were never again so much together,  
    Divided by the morning tea,  
    By the evening paper,  
    The children and the tradesmen's bills.

Waking at times in the night she found assurance  
Due to his regular breathing but wondered whether  
    It was really worth it and where  
    The river had flowed away  
    And where were the white flowers.

## PROSE:

### **“QUEEN VICTORIA” by Lytton Strachey (taken from his book “Eminent Victorians)**

One of the most marked indications of Victoria's enfranchisement from the thralldom of widowhood had been her resumption – after an interval of thirty years – of the custom of commanding dramatic companies from London to perform before the Court at Windsor. On such occasions her spirits rose to high. She loved acting; she loved a good plot; above all, she loved a farce. Engrossed by everything that passed upon the stage, she would follow, with childlike innocence, the unwinding of the story; or she would assume an air of knowing superiority and exclaim in triumph, 'There! You didn't expect *that*, did you?' when the *dénouement* came. Her sense of humour was of a vigorous though primitive kind. She had been one of the very few persons who had always been able to appreciate the Prince Consort's jokes; and, when those cracked no more, she could still roar with laughter, in the privacy of her household, over some small piece of fun – some oddity of an ambassador, or some ignorant Minister's *faux pas*. When the jest grew subtle she was less pleased; but, if it approached the confines of the indecorous, the danger was serious. To take a liberty called down at once Her Majesty's most crushing disapprobation; and to say something improper was to take the greatest liberty of all. Then the royal lips sank down at the corners, the royal eyes stared in astonished protrusion, and in fact the royal countenance became inauspicious in the highest degree. The transgressor shuddered in silence, while the awful 'We are not amused' annihilated the dinner-table. Afterwards, in her private entourage, the Queen would observe that the person in question was, she very much feared, 'not discreet'; it was a verdict from which there was no appeal.

**CLASS 207**  
**BIBLE READING**  
**18 years & over**  
**(The Arnold Le Gallez Memorial Trophy)**

**ST JOHN, CHAPTER 10, verses 7 – 18**

**7** Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

**8** All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

**9** I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

**10** The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have *it* more abundantly.

**11** I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

**12** But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.

**13** The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

**14** I am the good shepherd, and know my *sheep*, and am known of mine.

**15** As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.

**16** And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, *and* one shepherd.

**17** Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again.

**18** No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father.

**CLASS 219**  
**INTERPRETATION**  
**18 years & over**  
**(The John Allen-Falla Memorial Trophy)**

**“MOUNTAIN LION”**  
**by D H Lawrence**

Climbing through the January snow, into the Lobo Canyon  
Dark grow the spruce-trees, blue is the balsam, water sounds still unfrozen,  
and the trail is still evident

Men!  
Two men!  
Men! The only animal in the world to fear!

They hesitate.  
We hesitate.  
They have a gun.  
We have no gun.

Then we all advance, to meet.

Two Mexicans, strangers, emerging out of the dark and  
snow and inwardness of the Lobo valley.  
What are they doing here on this vanishing trail?

What is he carrying?  
Something yellow.  
A deer?

Que' tiene amigo?  
Leon-

He smiles foolishly as if he were caught doing wrong.  
And we smile, foolishly, as if we didn't know.  
He is quite gentle and dark-faced.

It is a mountain lion,  
A long, long, slim cat, yellow like a lioness.  
Dead.

He trapped her this morning, he says, smiling foolishly.

**Continued on next page**

Life up her face,  
Her round, bright face, bright as frost.  
Her round, fine-fashioned head, with two dead ears;  
And stripes in the brilliant frost of her face, sharp, fine dark rays,  
Dark, keen, fine rays in the brilliant frost of her face.  
Beautiful dead eyes.

Hermoso es!

They go out towards the open;  
We go out into the gloom of Lobo.  
And above the trees I found her lair,  
A hole in the blood-orange brilliant rocks that stick up, a little cave.  
And bones, and twigs, and a perilous ascent.

So, she will never leap up that way again, with the yellow flash of a mountain  
lion's long shoot!  
And her bright striped frost-face will never watch any more, out of the shadow  
of the cave in the blood- orange rock,  
Above the trees of the Lobo dark valley-mouth!

Instead, I look out.  
And out to the dim of the desert, like a dream, never real;  
To the snow of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, the ice of the mountains of  
Picoris,  
And near across at the opposite steep of snow, green trees motionless  
standing in snow, like a Christmas toy.

And I think in this empty world there was room for me and a mountain lion.  
And I think in the world beyond, how easily we might spare a million or two  
humans  
And never miss them.  
Yet what a gap in the world, the missing white frost-face of that slim yellow  
mountain lion!