

GUERNSEY

EISTEDDFOD

SPEECH & DRAMA

**SET POEMS
& 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 BOYS & GIRLS 4 & UNDER 5 YEARS
Reception

(a)

“MY HAT!”

by Tony Mitton

Here's my hat.
It holds my head,
The thoughts I've had
and the things I've read.

It keeps out the wind.
It keeps off the rain.
It hugs my hair
and warms my brain.

There's me below it,
The sky above it.
It's my lid.
And I love it.

(b)

“POND DIPPING”

by Roger Stevens

Pond dipping
In the Spring,
That must be
My favourite thing.

I'm wearing wellies
So I don't get wet
And teacher has
Her big, long net.

She's reaching for the frog,
Look, she's nearly caught her.

Watch out!
SPLASH!

Teacher's fallen in the water.

(c)
“I DON’T WANT TO GO UP TO BED”
by John Kitching

I don’t want to go up to bed.
I’d rather watch TV instead.
It’s true as you say,
That it’s been a long day,
But I just don’t feel tired in my head.

I know that I’ve cried and I’ve cried,
But now I am really wide-eyed.
It’s true as you say,
That’s it’s been a long day,
But I just don’t feel tired inside.

CLASS 101 BOYS & GIRLS 5 & UNDER 6 YEARS
School Year 1

(a)
“TREASURE CHEST MYSTERY”
by Kate Williams

What could be in the treasure chest,
forgotten at the bottom of the sea?

A diamond ring?
A fine silk scarf?
A bottle of rum to make the sailors laugh?
A silver sword?
A golden crown?
A crumpled map, all soggy and brown?

A beautiful bracelet, blue as the sky?
An old peg-leg?
A patch for an eye?

A wishing well of wonders there could be,
forgotten at the bottom of the sea!

(b)
“ANGRY DAY”
by Alison Chisholm

Today I am SO CROSS
I want to . . .
stamp about
slam doors
shout at the cat
get my maths wrong
stick my tongue out
break my pencil in half
yell *knickers* on the bus,
And throw myself on the floor in the deli
in a tantrum like my baby sister.

Today I am SO CROSS

but I wish I could remember why.

(c)

**“THE FRIENDLY OCTOPUS”
by Mike Jubb**

Eight arms for me, eight arms for me,
I’m a friendly octopus, under the sea.

I’ve got

One arm to blow my nose,
One arm to wave with,
One arm to brush my teeth,
One arm to shave with,
One arm to comb my hair,
One arm to shake with,
One arm to blow a kiss,
And one to eat cake with.

Eight arms for me, eight arms for me,
I’m a friendly octopus, under the sea.

**Class 102 BOYS & GIRLS 6 & UNDER 7 YEARS
School Year 2**

(a)

“NIGHT RIDE”

by Celia Warren

When I can't sleep
I shut my door
And sit on the rug
on my bedroom floor.

I open the window
I close my eyes
and say magic words
Till my carpet flies

Zooming over garden;
chasing after bats,
hooting like an owl
and frightening the cats.

Then when I feel sleepy
And dreams are in my head,
I fly back through my window
And snuggle down in bed.

(b)

“SMILE”

by Jez Alborough

Smiling is infectious;
you catch it like the flu,
When someone smiled at me today,
I started smiling too.

I passed around the corner
and someone saw me grin,
When he smiled, I realised,
I'd passed it on to him!

I thought about that smile,
then realised its worth,
A single smile, just like mine,
could travel round the earth!

So if you feel a smile begin,
don't leave it undetected,
Let's start an epidemic,
quick and get the world infected!

(c)
“GIANT THUNDERCLOGS”
by Jean Kenward

Here comes Giant Thunderclogs!
What a noise he makes!
How he rattles, rants and roars,
how he shouts and shakes!

Blundering across the hills
and stamping through the sky . . .
what a tantrum he is in
as he passes by!

Giant Thunderclogs is huge . . .
his mouth is like a pit
and all the echoes of the earth
come rushing out of it:

Not fifty thousand elephants
could trumpet such a din.
If you hear him at your gate . . .

Don't let him in!

CLASS 103 BOYS & GIRLS 7 & UNDER 8 YEARS
School Year 3

(a)

“A SAD AND LONELY CYCLOPS”

by Kenn Nesbitt

I'm a sad and lonely Cyclops.
I am so misunderstood.
Though I probably look fearsome
I am actually good.

I'm as harmless as a kitten.
No, I wouldn't hurt a fly,
But my neighbours think I'm monstrous
with my solitary eye.

So they laugh at me and tease me
and they often call me names,
plus they won't let me participate
in their Olympic games.

They won't let me join their practices
or even watch a tryout.
So I sit at home and sniffle
and I sadly cry my eye out.

(b)

“TRUE CONFESSION”

by Irene Rawnsley

On my birthday I wrapped
a big slice of chocolate cake
in pink paper to give
to Miss Twiglington,

but when I got to school
she was horrible to me;
'You haven't worked hard enough,
your spellings are bad

margin crooked,
fingerprints all over'
then she ripped out the page
and made me start again. I thought

'She's not getting that cake.'
When break time came
I ate it myself in the playground
and I didn't care.

(c)
“IF I COULD HAVE A PAIR OF WINGS”
by Anita E Posey

If I could have a pair of wings,
Do you suppose that I
Would choose a pair of robin’s wings
And skim across the sky;

Or would I take the wings of gulls
And glide across the seas;
Or would I buzz around the flowers
With wings of busy bees?

I could, with wings of dragonflies,
Dart over lakes and creeks;
Or with a pair of eagle’s wings
Soar over mountain peaks.

Perhaps with wings of butterflies,
I’d flutter out of sight;
But with mosquito wings, I guess,
I’d flit about and bite.

CLASS 104 BOYS & GIRLS 8 & UNDER 9 YEARS
School Year 4

(a)

“THE CROCODILE”

by Gareth Lancaster

Today I saw a crocodile,
It sat and stared at me!
I didn't run, I didn't shriek,
In case I was his tea!

No move I saw the snapper make,
His jaws remained tight shut.
Whilst sweat poured down my forehead,
I heard rumbles from his gut!

I've been in worse predicaments,
But only in my head.
Like wrestling with big brown bears,
And monsters from our shed!

But feeling brave I shuffled close,
To see his scary jaws.
The crocodile was not impressed,
And flexed his giant claws!

The beast prepared to eat me up,
He snapped, he snarled, he blew!
But I just stood and tapped the glass,
'Cause this croc is in the zoo!

(b)

“SISTER”

by Judith Nicholls

Tell me a story!
Lend me that book!
Please, let me come in your den.
I won't mess it up,
so *please* say I can.
When? When? When?

Lend me that engine,
that truck – and your glue.
I'll give half of my old bubblegum.
You know what Dad said
about learning to share
Give it *now*,
or I'm telling Mum!

Oh please lend your bike –
I'll be careful this time.
I'll keep out of the mud
and the snow.
I could borrow your hat –
The one you've just got . . . said my sister.
And I said

NO!

(c)
“MRS MACKENZIE”
by Gillian Floyd

Mrs Mackenzie's quite stern.
She says, “You're not here to have fun,
You're here to learn,”
When I mess about in class.

And in the corridor, if I run
When she's passing by, she shouts
“Slow down! You're not in a race!”
Or “More haste, less speed!” –
Whatever *that* means.

I never used to like Mrs Mackenzie much.

But the other day
When my dog died
And she saw me crying
She said “Dogs are such good friends,
Aren't they?”
And she let me stay
In the classroom with her at breaktime
When all the other children went outside
To play.

Mrs Mackenzie's OK.

CLASS 105 BOYS & GIRLS 9 & UNDER 10 YEARS
School Year 5

(a)

“THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL”

by Clive Webster

You can keep your superheroes
Like Batman and the rest –
My dad can beat 'em all hands down,
He really is the best.

He tears up toilet tissues,
He can break a twig in two,
He can lift a bag of feathers,
No, there's nothing he can't do.

He can bend a piece of cardboard,
He can frighten new-born flies,
And at snapping off a daisy head
He always takes first prize.

He's stronger than a sparrow
And he's faster than a snail,
He can punch a hole in newspapers
And never ever fail.

He's thinner than a matchstick
And his biceps look like peas,
His legs are like a spider's
And he's got two knobbly knees.

He's a legend in his lifetime
He's a hero through and through.
And what's the name we know him by?
It's Superwimp – that's who!

(b)

“THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY”

by Julie Holder

Write a poem
About a lion they said,
So from memories
Of lions in my head
I wrote about
Tawny eyes and slashing claws,
Lashing tail and sabred jaws –
Didn't like what I had written
And began to cross it out –
Suddenly with a roar of rage
It sprang from the cage of lines
On the page

And rushed away into the blue,
A wounded lion poem
Half crossed through!
It's one that got away
Haven't seen it to this day
But I carefully look,
In case it's crouching, growling,
Licking its wounds and waiting,
Under cover in the leaves
Inside some other book.

And here I sit
After all this time,
Still not having written
A poem about a lion.

(c)
“NEVER A DULL MOMENT”
by Tony Bradman

If you like to keep lively,
If you hate being bored,
Just come down to our house
And knock on the door.

It's the noisiest house
In the whole of our town,
There's doors always slamming
And things falling down.

There's my dad, who keeps shouting,
And my mum, who breaks things,
The baby (who'll bite you!)
And our dog running rings.

There's my sister the screamer
And my brother who roars,
And a grandpa who's stone deaf
(He's the one who slams doors.)

So come down to our house,
You don't need the address,
You'll hear it ten miles away
And the outside's a mess.

You won't mind the racket,
You'll just love the din –
For there's never a dull moment
In the house we live in!

Class 106 BOYS & GIRLS 10 & UNDER 11 YEARS
School Year 6

(a)

“GOING HAIRLESS”

by June Crebbin

Oh, Dad, why did you do it?
It's just - you look so weird,
Your face looks sort of lonely
Without its fuzzy beard.

I liked your face as it was, Dad,
I liked it covered in hair,
I liked your chin all bristly
Not pink and bald and bare.

Why did you shave it off, Dad?
It doesn't look like you,
Your lips look sort of worried
And not sure what to do.

I'll miss your tickly beard, Dad,
When you come to say goodnight,
I'll miss the way that it prickles
Whenever we have a fight.

My friends all liked your beard, Dad,
I know they'll miss it too,
I'm not sure that they'll recognize
That you are really you.

I bet if you started today, Dad,
It wouldn't take long, I'm sure,
For your beard to be back to normal,
And you'd be my dad once more.

(b)

“ALIENS UNDER THE BED”

by Shirley Tomlinson

“I just can't go upstairs,” I said,
there's an alien underneath my bed!”
My mother sighed, “I'll come up too,
I've really had enough of you
And all the silly lies you tell.
You've made it up. You know quite well.”
She knelt to look. “Well no one's there . . .
Just smelly socks and underwear,
Your trainers, comics and a book,
Some grubby shorts . . . here, take a look.”
“Oh Mum, I bet he's gone to hide.
Open the wardrobe. Look inside.”

She peered inside the wardrobe door . . .
A PUFF OF SMOKE! A WHIRRING ROAR!
THE WARDROBE SHOT OUT INTO SPACE,
NO MUM! NO ALIEN! NOT A TRACE!

I hope they'll be back by Saturday,
Or what will Mr Williams say?
A goalie minus football kit!
I really think he'd have a fit.
How could I tell him to his face
My football kit's in outer space,
Locked in a wardrobe far away?
OH PLEASE COME BACK BY SATURDAY!

(c)
“REMEMBERING SNOW”
by Brian Patten

I did not sleep last night.
The falling snow was beautiful and white.
I dressed, sneaked down the stairs
And opened wide the door.
I had not seen such snow before.
Our grubby little street had gone;
The world was brand-new, and everywhere
There was a pureness in the air.
I felt such peace. Watching every flake
I felt more and more awake.
I thought I'd learned all there was to know
About the trillion million different kinds
Of swirling frosty falling flakes of snow.
But that was not so.
I had not known how vividly it lit
The world with such a peaceful glow.
Upstairs my mother slept.
I could not drag myself away from that sight
To call her down and have her share
That mute miracle of snow.
It seemed to fall for me alone.
How beautiful our grubby little street had grown!

CLASS 107 BOYS & GIRLS 11 & UNDER 12 YEARS
School Year 7

(a)

“LOST MAGIC”

by Brian Moses

Today I found some lost magic –
A twisty-twirly horn
of a unicorn lying, at my feet.
And when I stopped
to pick it up, to hold it
in my fist, I remembered
how once upon a time
you could always find unicorns,
but there are no unicorns now.

You would find them on the shoreline,
flitting in and out of caves in cliffs,
or climbing hills at twilight.
They would lead you through forests,
sometimes hiding behind trees,
and if you lost them or they lost you,
you could always find them again,
but there are no unicorns now.

And it didn't matter
if you followed them all day,
the edge of the world was miles away,
there was nothing to fear.
And none of the unicorns we knew ever
changed into dangerous strangers.

Once upon a time there *were* unicorns
but there are no unicorns now.

(b)

“SUPERMISS”

by Paul Bright

Miss Morris is mild, Miss Morris is meek,
She loves teaching history – Roman and Greek,
She knows all the wars with the French and the Spanish,
But when danger threatens, Miss Morris will vanish!
She'll dash, in a flash, to the ladies' staff loo,
Then emerge, in an instant, as somebody new!
Helmeted, caped, in an aura of light,
And with gold-coloured pants that are far, far too tight.
With a leap she will launch herself into the air,
And bullies and baddies had better beware!

Supermiss! Supermiss! Classroom crusader!
There's nowhere to hide, villains just can't evade her.
She'll teach them a lesson they'd rather not know.
Now get on with your work, she'll be back in a mo.

There's a sound far away, like a faint thunder-clap
And the sky's punctuated with 'Pow!' and 'Kerzap!'
The occasional 'Whammo!' an 'Unghhh!' or a 'Wheee!'
And then it goes quiet, as quiet as can be,
She lands like a lark, hardly bending the grass,
And in less than a minute is back with her class,
Where Miss Morris says, 'Settle down now! Pay attention!
Who knows Galileo's most famous invention?'

Supermiss! Supermiss! Hear her class roar!
But if there's one Supermiss could there be more?
So watch when your teacher pops into the loo.
She just might emerge as a Supermiss too!

(c)
"SUMMER AT GRANDMA'S HOUSE"
by Eric Ode

My parents, they sent me to Grandma's this summer.
They said it would do me some good.
They hoped I'd return at the end of vacation
behaving the way that I should.

My grandma is someone I love without measure,
but she can be terribly strict.
And so, when my folks chose a summertime sitter,
my grandma's the person they picked.

They packed me a suitcase and bought me a ticket.
My train left the station at four.
And sure as my grandma eats oatmeal for breakfast,
I quickly arrived at her door.

I thought I'd be taught about culture and manners
and find myself soundly corrected.
But staying at Grandmother's house for the summer
is nothing like I had expected.

I grunt and I belch and I don't take a shower.
I act like a wild chimpanzee.
I'm living on cookies and ice cream and pizza
and watching late-late night TV.

My parents, they never told Grams I was coming.
I guess that is perfectly plain.
And Grandma, it seems, never told Mum and Dad
she was spending the summer in Spain.

CLASS 108 BOYS & GIRLS 12 & UNDER 14 YEARS
School Years 8 & 9

(a)
“WALKING TO SCHOOL”
by Stanley Cook

This is the road down which I go
Early to school every day
And these are the houses on the way
Parading in a long straight row.

This is the house of the motoring man
And the car he is mending sits
Without its wheels on piles of bricks
And he's taken the engine out of his van.

This is the house with a big wide drive
With a friendly retriever
Who wags his tail to greet you
And comes to the road to watch you arrive.

This is the house you can hardly see
Among so many lofty trees
That rise in the air like fountains of leaves
And who lives there's a mystery to me.

This is the house my friend lives in:
If he sees me coming he'll wait
Hiding behind his garden gate
And try to frighten me out of my skin.

This is the wooden bungalow
Where a seagull far from the sea
Calls from his perch on top of the chimney
And scolds the people down below.

This is the house with the rocky pool,
A little windmill, a wooden bridge
And a gnome who fishes at the water's edge
And here next to it is the gate to school.

(b)
“SUMMER STORM”
by John Foster

Light travels, said Miss,
Faster than sound.
Next time there's a storm,
When you see the lightning,
Start counting slowly in seconds.
If you divide
The number of seconds by three,
It will tell you
How many kilometres you are
From the centre of the storm.

Two nights later
I was woken
By the lashing rain,
The lightning
And the thunder's crash.

I lay,
Huddled beneath the sheet,
As the rain poured down
And lightning lit up the bedroom,
Slowly counting the seconds,
Listening for the thunder
And calculating the distance
As the storm closed in –

Until,
With a blinding flash
And a simultaneous ear-splitting crash,
The storm passed
Directly overhead.

And I shook with fright
As the storm passed on,
Leaving the branches shuddering
And the leaves weeping.

(c)
“BORING”
by John Whitworth

I'm dead bored,
 bored to the bone,
Nobody likes me
 I'm all alone,
I'll just go crawl
 under a stone.

Hate my family,
 got no friends,
I'll sit here till
 the universe ends
or starve to death –
 it all depends.

Then I'll be dead,
 dead and rotten,
Less than a blot when
 it's been well blotten
Less than a teddy bear
 that's been forgotten.

Then I'll go to heaven which
 is more than can be said
For certain persons
 when they're dead.
They'll go you-know-
 where instead.

Then they'll be sorry,
 Then they'll be glum,
sitting on a stove till
 Kingdom Come
Then they can all go
 kiss my ...

Hmm that's sort of swearing;
 people shouldn't swear.
I won't go to Heaven but
 I don't care,
 I don't care,
 I don't care.
I'll sit here and swear
 so there.

Except that it's boring . . .

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

“TOWN OWL”
by Laurie Lee

On eves of cold, when slow coal fires,
rooted in basements, burn and branch,
brushing with smoke the city air;

When quartered moons pale in the sky,
and neons glow along the dark
like deadly nightshade on a briar;

Above the muffled traffic then
I hear the owl, and at his note
I shudder in my private chair.

For like an auger he has come
to roost among our crumbling walls,
his blooded talons sheathed in fur.

Some secret lure of time it seems
has called him from his country wastes
to hunt a newer wasteland here.

And where the candelabra swung
bright with the dancers' thousand eyes,
now his black, hooded pupils stare,

And where the silk-shoed lovers ran
with dust of diamonds in their hair,
he opens now his silent wing,
And, like a stroke of doom, drops down,
and swoops across the empty hall,
and plucks a quick mouse off the stair...

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

(a)
“MY SISTER BETTY”
by Gareth Owen

My sister Betty said,
'I'm going to be a famous actress,'
Last year she was going to be a missionary.
'Famous actresses always look unhappy but beautiful,'
She said, pulling her mouth sideways
And making her eyes turn upwards
So they were mostly white.
'Do I look unhappy but beautiful?'
'I want to go to bed and read,' I said.
'Famous actresses suffer and have hysterics,' she said.
'I've been practising my hysterics.'
She began going very red and screaming
So that it hurt my ears.
She hit herself on the head with her fists
And rolled off my bed onto the lino.
I stood by the wardrobe where it was safer.
She got up saying, 'Thank you, thank you,'
And bowed to the four corners of my bedroom.
'Would you like an encore of hysterics?' she said,
'No,' I said from inside the wardrobe.
There was fluff all over her vest.
'If you don't clap enthusiastically,' she said,
'I'll put your light out when you're reading.'
While I clapped a bit
She bowed and shouted, 'More, more!'
Auntie Gladys shouted upstairs,
'Go to bed and stop teasing Betty.'
'The best thing about being a famous actress' Betty said,
'Is that you get to die a lot.'
She fell to the floor with a crash
And lay there for an hour and a half
With her eyes staring at the ceiling.
She only went away when I said,
'You really look like a famous actress
Who's unhappy but beautiful.'
When I got into bed and started reading,
She came and switched off my light.
It's not much fun
Having a famous actress for a sister.

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

(a)

“THE LISTENERS”

by Walter de la Mare

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grass
Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

CLASS 130
BIBLE READING
BOYS & GIRLS 7 & under 9 years

ST LUKE, CHAPTER 17, verses 11 to 19

- 11** And it came to pass, as he went to Jerusalem, that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee.
- 12** And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off:
- 13** And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.
- 14** And when he saw them, he said unto them, Go shew yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed.
- 15** And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God,
- 16** And fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samaritan.
- 17** And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?
- 18** There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger.
- 19** And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole.

CLASS 131
BIBLE READING
BOYS & GIRLS 9 & under 11 years

EXODUS, CHAPTER 2, verses 1 to 10

- 1** And there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi.
- 2** And the woman conceived, and bare a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months.
- 3** And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink.
- 4** And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him.
- 5** And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it.
- 6** And when she had opened it, she saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children.
- 7** Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?
- 8** And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother.
- 9** And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it.
- 10** And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses: and she said, Because I drew him out of the water.

CLASS 132
BIBLE READING
BOYS & GIRLS
11 & under 15 years

ST LUKE, CHAPTER 18, verses 1 to 14

1 And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint;

2 Saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man:

3 And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary.

4 And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man;

5 Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me.

6 And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith.

7 And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?

8 I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

9 And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:

10 Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

11 The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

12 I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

13 And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

14 I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

CLASS 133
BIBLE READING
BOYS & GIRLS
15 & UNDER 18 YEARS

ROMANS, CHAPTER 13, verses 1 to 14

1 Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God.

2 Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.

3 For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same:

4 For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.

5 Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.

6 For for this cause pay ye tribute also: for they are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing.

7 Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour.

8 Owe no man any thing, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.

9 For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

10 Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.

11 And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

12 The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.

13 Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying.

14 But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.

CLASS 196
INDIVIDUAL POEM
18 & UNDER 21 YEARS

“DIGGING”

By Seamus Heaney

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests: snug as a gun.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:
My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
Bends low, comes up twenty years away
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep
To scatter new potatoes that we picked
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

By God the old man could handle a spade.
Just like his old man.

My grandfather cut more turf in a day
Than any other man on Toner's bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up
To drink it, then fell to right away

Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, going down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
Through living roots awaken in my head.
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests.
I'll dig with it.

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

POEM:

“FROM A DISTANCE”
by Lindsay Macrae

I climbed to the top of the world today
and the world looked really small.
Guns and bombs and orphans' tears
couldn't be heard at all.
It all looked bright and beautiful
like a cheerful Christian hymn,
with enough green fields and shady woods
to put all the people in.

I couldn't see any fences
or signs which read 'Keep Out',
nor churned up earth where tanks rolled through
to the enemy's victory shout.
And I couldn't see the eyes of a child
who has no tears left to cry,
or numb refugees at the side of the road
watch the flames from their homes light the sky.

I couldn't see the generals' smiles
as they met to divide up the land,
or hear the lies they told afterwards
with blood still warm on their hands.
I couldn't feel the sigh which leaks
from a million broken hearts
or the thick and sickening silence
before the next war starts.

I climbed to the top of the world today
and dreamed how the future could be:
the rivers unsullied by hatred and greed
and peace stretching clear to the sea.

PROSE:

“LORD ARTHUR SAVILLE’S CRIME” by Oscar Wilde

As he approached Cleopatra’s Needle he saw a man leaning over the parapet, and as he came nearer the man looked up, the gaslight falling full upon his face.

It was Mr Podgers, the chiromantist! No-one could mistake the fat, flabby face, the gold-rimmed spectacles, the sickly feeble smile, the sensual mouth.

Lord Arthur stopped. A brilliant idea flashed across him, and he stole softly up behind. In a moment he had seized Mr Podgers by the legs, and flung him into the Thames. There was a coarse oath, a heavy splash, and all was still. Lord Arthur looked anxiously over, but could see nothing of the chiromantist but a tall hat, pirouetting in an eddy of moonlit water. After a time it also sank, and no trace of Mr Podgers was visible. Once he thought that he caught sight of the bulky misshapen figure striking out for the staircase by the bridge, and a horrible feeling of failure came over him but it turned out to be merely a reflection, and when the moon shone out from behind a cloud it passed away. At last he seemed to have realised the decree of Destiny. He heaved a deep sigh of relief, and Sybil’s name came to his lips.

“Have you dropped anything sir?” said a voice behind him suddenly.

He turned round, and saw a policeman with a bull’s-eye lantern.

“Nothing of importance, sergeant,” he answered smiling, and hailing a passing hansom, he jumped in, and told the man to drive to Belgrave Square.

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

POEM: “INSTRUCTIONS TO AN ACTOR” by Edwin Morgan

Now, boy, remember this is the great scene.
You'll stand on a pedestal behind a curtain,
the curtain will be drawn, and then you don't move
for eighty lines; don't move, don't speak, don't breathe.
I'll stun them all out there, I'll scare them,
make them weep, but it depends on you.
I warn you eighty lines is a long time,
but you don't breathe, you're dead,
you're a dead queen, a statue,
you're dead as stone, new-carved,
new-painted and the paint not dry
- we'll get some red to keep your lip shining –
and you're a mature woman, you've got dignity,
some beauty still in middle age, and
you're kind and true, but you're dead,
your husband thinks you're dead,
the audience thinks you're dead,
and you don't breathe, boy, I say
you don't even blink for eighty lines,
if you blink you're out!
Fix your eye on something and keep watching it.
Practise when you get home. It can be done.
And you move at last – music's the cue.
When you hear a mysterious solemn jangle
of instruments, make yourself ready.
Five lines more, you can lift a hand.
It may tingle a bit, but lift it –
slow, slow –
O this is where I hit them
right between the eyes, I've got them now –
I'm making the dead walk –
you move a foot, slow, steady, down,
you guard your balance in case you're stiff,
you move, you step down, down from the pedestal,
control your skirt with one hand, the other hand
you now hold out –
O this will melt their hearts if nothing does –
to your husband who wronged you long ago
and hesitates in amazement
to believe you are alive.
Finally he embraces you, and there is nothing
I can give you to say, boy
But you must show that you have forgiven him.
Forgiveness, that's the thing. It's a second life.
I know you can do it. – Right then, shall we try?

PROSE:

“SHAKESPEARE” by Bill Bryson

A particular challenge for the audience and performers alike must surely have been the practice of putting male players in female parts. When we consider how many powerful and expressive female roles Shakespeare created – Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth, Ophelia, Juliet, Desdemona – the actors must have been gifted dissemblers indeed. Rosalind in *As You Like It* has about a quarter of all the lines in the play: Shakespeare clearly had enormous confidence in some young actor. Yet, while we often know a good deal about performers in male roles from Shakespeare’s day, we know almost nothing about the conduct of the female parts. Judith Cook, in *Women in Shakespeare*, says she could not find a single record of a woman played by a specific boy actor. We don’t even know much about them in general terms, including how old they were. For many of a conservative nature, stage transvestism was a source of real anxiety. The fear that spectators would be attracted to both the female character and the boy beneath, thus becoming doubly corrupted.

This disdain for female actors was a northern European tradition. In Spain, France and Italy, women were played by women – a fact that astonished British travellers, who seem often to have been genuinely surprised to find a woman could play women as competently onstage as in life. Shakespeare got maximum effect from the gender confusion by constantly having his female characters – Rosalind in *As You Like It*, Viola in *Twelfth Night* – disguise themselves as boys, creating the satisfyingly dizzying situation of a boy playing a woman playing a boy.

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

ST MARK, CHAPTER 10, verses 17 to 31

17 And when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?

18 And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God.

19 Thou knowest the commandments, Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not, Honour thy father and mother.

20 And he answered and said unto him, Master, all these have I observed from my youth.

21 Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me.

22 And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved: for he had great possessions.

23 And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!

24 And the disciples were astonished at his words. But Jesus answereth again, and saith unto them, Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!

25 It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

26 And they were astonished out of measure, saying among themselves, Who then can be saved?

27 And Jesus looking upon them saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible.

28 Then Peter began to say unto him, Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee.

29 And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's,

30 But he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.

31 But many that are first shall be last; and the last first.

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

“THE SOLITARY REAPER”
by William Wordsworth

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?--
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;--
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.