

THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER – FIRST TIME EVER Age 6 years

CHOICE A 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,” Rose said at last.
Now that’s the thing to say.
When Mother heard The Magic Word
She passed it right away.

CHOICE B THE SCHOOL LUNCHBOX by Martin Pearce

When midday arrived I opened my box
but there was no lunch, just a pair of old socks.
Instead of my crisps and fruit for desert
were yesterday’s pants and a crumpled school shirt.

That evening I asked Mum the reason she chose
to leave out the food and to pack dirty clothes.
She said, Come and eat while your supper’s still clean.
I’ve just pulled it out of the washing machine.

THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 7 years

CHOICE A THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS by Ogden Nash

The people upstairs all practice ballet.
Their living room is a bowling alley.
Their bedroom is full of conducted tours.
Their radio is louder than yours.
They celebrate weekends all week.
When they take a shower, your ceilings leak.
They try to get their parties to mix
By supplying their guests with Pogo sticks,
And when their orgy at last abates,
They go to the bathroom on roller skates.
I might love the people upstairs wondrous
If instead of above us, they just lived under us.

CHOICE B 'WIGGLY GIGGLES' by Stacy Jo Crossen and Natalie Ann Covell

I've got the wiggly-wiggles today,
 and I just can't sit still.
My teacher says she'll have to find
 A stop-me-wiggle pill.

I've got the giggly-giggles today;
 I couldn't tell you why.
But if Mary hiccups one more time
 I'll giggle till I cry.

I've got to stamp my wiggles out
 And hold my giggles in,
'Cause wiggling makes me giggle
 And gigglers never win.

THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 8

CHOICE A THE OPEN DOOR by Elizabeth Coatsworth

Out of the dark
to the sill of the door
lay the snow in a long
unruffled floor,
and the lamplight fell
narrow and thin
a carpet unrolled
for the cat to walk in.
Slowly, smoothly,
black as the night,
with paws unseen
(white upon white)
like a queen who walks
down a corridor
the black cat paced
that cold smooth floor,
and left behind her,
bead upon bead,
the track of small feet
like dark fern seed.

CHOICE B AERODYNAMIC MISHAP by Gareth Lancaster

I made a paper aeroplane,
It really was the best.
I took my time to make it right,
To that I can attest!

I'd planned it all so thoroughly,
I'd sketched from either side.
I knew that all would be amazed,
To see it swoop and dive.

But its first flight was not to plan,
Though it soared up high.
The teacher turned, it crashed and burned,
And hit her in the eye!

My plane, screwed up, went in the bin,
All agreed it was a shame.
But my teacher's got a big black eye,
And I'm the one to blame!

THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 9

CHOICE A DIRTY FACE by Shel Silverstein

Where did you get such a dirty face,
My darling dirty-faced child?

I got it from crawling in the dirt
And biting two buttons off Jeremy's shirt.
I got it from chewing the roots of a rose
And digging for clams in the yard with my nose.
I got it from peeking into a dark cave
And painting myself like a Navajo brave.
I got it from playing with coal in the bin
And signing my name in cement with my chin.
I got it from rolling around on the rug
And giving the horrible dog a big hug.
I got it from finding a lost silver mine
And eating sweet blackberries right off the vine.
I got it from ice cream and wrestling and tears
And from having more fun than you've had in years

CHOICE B GRANDPA DROPPED HIS GLASSES by Leroy F. Jackson

Grandpa dropped his glasses once
In a pot of dye,
And when he put them on again
He saw a purple sky.
Purple birds were rising up
From a purple hill,
Men were grinding purple cider
At a purple mill.
Purple Adeline was playing
With a purple doll,
Little purple dragonflies
Were crawling up the wall.
And at the supper table
He got crazy as a loon
From eating purple apple dumplings
With a purple spoon.

THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 10 to 11

CHOICE A STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake,
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 10 to 11

CHOICE B LOVEY-DOVEY by Brian Moses

When Dad and Mum go all lovey-dovey
we just don't know where to look
My sister says, 'cut it out you two';
While I stick my nose in a book.

Mum has this faraway look on her face
while Dad has a silly grin.
'Don't mind us, kids,' he says,
we just wish they'd pack it in.

Dad calls Mum 'Little Sugarplum'
and Mum says, 'You handsome brute.'
Dad laughs and says, 'Look at your mum,
don't you think that she's cute?

'I guess that's why I married her,
she's my truly wonderful one.'
Mum says he doesn't mean any of it
but she thinks he's a lot of fun.

I just can't stand all the kissing,
just who do they think they are?
I caught them once in our driveway
Snogging in the back of our car!

I hate it when they're lovey-dovey
but I hate it more when they fight,
When faces redden and tempers flare
and sharp words cut through the night.

So I'd rather they kissed and cuddled
and joked about and laughed,
at least we can tell everything's OK
when Mum and Dad are daft.

THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 12 to 14

CHOICE A

WE WEAR THE MASK by Paul Laurence Dunbar

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,-
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
 We wear the mask

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
 We wear the mask!

THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 12 to 14

CHOICE B MY OBNOXIOUS BROTHER BOBBY by Colin West

My obnoxious brother Bobby
Has a most revolting hobby;
There behind the garden wall is
Where he captures creepy-crawlies.

Grannies, aunts, and baby cousins
Come to our house in their dozens,
But they disappear discreetly
When they see him smiling sweetly.

For they know, as he approaches,
In his pockets are cockroaches,
Spiders, centipedes, and suchlike;
All of which they do not much like.

As they head towards the lobby,
Bidding fond farewells to Bobby,
How they wish he'd change his habits
And keep guinea pigs or rabbits.

But their wishes are quite futile,
For he thinks bugs are cute. I'll
Finish now, but just remind you:
Bobby could be right behind you!

THE SABEY TROPHY - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 6 to 7

CHOICE A NOBODY LIKE YOU WHEN YOU GROW UP by Steve Turner

Nobody likes you when you grow up.
Nobody offers to steady your cup,
Feeds you food on the end of a fork
Or thinks that you're great for learning to walk.

Nobody holds your hand on the stair
Or whips out a comb to tidy your hair,
Rubs your face to get rid of the dirt,
Kisses you better whenever you're hurt.

Nobody sings you songs in the dark
Carries you home after games in the park,
Strokes your forehead and tickles your chin,
Praises the width of your mischievous grin.

When things you touch just happen to break,
Nobody says, 'It was just a mistake.
Oh whoops-a-daisy! We'll pick it up.'
No, nobody likes you when you grow up.

CHOICE B BELLA HAD A NEW UMBRELLA by Eve Merriam

Bella had a new umbrella,
Didn't want to lose it,
So when she walked out in the rain
She didn't ever use it.

Her nose went sniff,
Her shoes went squish,
Her socks grew soggy,
Her glasses got foggy,
Her pockets filled with water
And a little green froggy.

All she could speak was a weak *kachoo!*
But Bella's umbrella
Stayed nice and new.

THE SABEY TROPHY - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 8 to 9

CHOICE A MY DOG HAS GOT NO MANNERS by Bruce Lansky

Child:

My dog has got no manners.
I think he's very rude.
He always whines at dinnertime
while we are eating food.

And when he's feeling thirsty
and wants to take a drink,
he takes it from the toilet
instead of from the sink.

He never wears a pair of pants.
He doesn't wear a shirt.
But worse, he will not shower
To wash away the dirt.

He's not polite to strangers.
He bites them on the rear.
And when I'm on the telephone,
He barks so I can't hear.

When I complained to Mommy,
She said,

Mom:

"I thought you knew:
the reason that his manners stink –
he learns by watching you."

CHOICE B THE HAMSTER by Mark Burgess

Gus is out! Don't move! Don't shout!
Gus the classroom hamster's out!
He's left his cage. He's lost somewhere –
Search high and low, search here and there!
Inside the cupboards, behind each book.
Everywhere we can look.
But Gus is gone. No sign of him
Until

.....a rustling from the bin
Then there he is, the smart escaper!
Surrounded by the class waste paper.
It's Gus! He's found! Hooray!
we shout
We leap for joy and dance about,
Safe in his cage, Gus looks at us
As if to say: "What's all the fuss?"

THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 10 to 11

CHOICE B PARROT by Alan Brownjohn

Sometimes I sit with both eyes closed,
But all the same, I've heard:
They're saying, 'He won't talk because
He's a thinking bird.'

I'm olive green and sulky, and
the family say, 'Oh, yes,
He's silent, but he's listening,
He thinks more than he says!

'He ponders on the things he hears,
Preferring not to chatter.'
--and this is true, but why it's true
Is quite another matter.

I'm working out some shocking things
In order to surprise them,
And when my thoughts are ready I'll
Certainly not disguise them!

I'll wait, and see, and choose a time
When everyone is present,
And clear my throat and raise my beak
And give a squawk and start to speak
And go on for about a week
And it will not be pleasant.

THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 12 to 14

CHOICE A AT THE THEATRE

To the Lady behind Me by A P Herbert

Dear Madam, you have seen this play;
I never saw it till today.
You know the details of the plot,
But, let me tell you, I do not.
The author seeks to keep from me
The murderer's identity,
And you are not a friend of his
If you keep shouting who it is.
The actors in their funny way
Have several funny things to say,
But they do not amuse me more
If you have said them just before;
The merit of the drama lies,
I understand, in some surprise,
But the surprise must now be small
Since you have just foretold it all.
The lady you have brought with you
Is, I infer, a half-wit too,
But I can understand the piece
Without assistance from your niece.
In short, foul woman, it would suit
Me just as well if you were mute;
In fact, to make my meaning plain,
I trust you will not speak again.
And - may I add one human touch?
Don't breathe upon my neck so much.

THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 12 to 14

CHOICE B DAD, DON'T DANCE by Roger Stevens

Whatever you do, don't dance, Dad

Whatever you do, don't dance

Don't wave your arms

Like a crazy buffoon

Displaying your charms

By the light of the moon

Trying to romance

A lady baboon

Whatever you do, don't dance

When you try to dance

Your left leg retreats

And your right leg starts to advance

Whatever you do, don't dance, Dad

Has a ferret crawled into your pants?

Or maybe a hill full of ants

Don't samba

Don't rumba

You'll tumble

And stumble

Whatever you do, Dad, don't dance.

Don't glide up the aisle with the trolley

Or twirl the girl on the till

You've been banned from dancing in Tesco

'Cos your tango made everyone ill

Whatever you do, don't dance, Dad

Whatever you do, don't dance

Don't make the weird face

Like you ate a sour plum

Don't waggle your hips

And stick out your bum

But most of all – PLEASE –

Don't smooch with Mum!

Whatever the circumstance

Whatever you do –

Dad, don't dance.

THE PARSLOW TROPHY - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 6 to 7

CHOICE A ABSENT by Bernard Young

Dear Teacher,
my body's arrived
it sits at a table
a pen in its hand
as if it is able
to think and to act
perhaps write down the answer
to the question you've asked

but don't let that fool you.

My mind is elsewhere
My thoughts far away.

So apologies, teacher,
I'm not here today.

CHOICE B NOTHING MUCH by Michael Rosen

'What did you do on Friday!'
'Nothing much -
I like doing nothing quite often -
like putting on old hats
or drawing forests along the edges
of the newspapers we keep under the sink.
How about you?'

'I showed my mum and dad
what I had made in school that week.
It was a lorry
that works on elastic bands
and my dad said:
"What did you make that thing for?"
I bet he played with it when I went to bed'

THE PARSLOW TROPHY - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 8 to 9

CHOICE A MY BUTLER by Steve Hanson

My mom got me a butler
To help out with the chores.
I have him fold my laundry
Then place them in my drawers.

He puts away my toys.
He brings me all my snacks.
But I'm sure his training
Was a little lax.

When he makes my bed,
The pillow's near my feet.
If he sweeps the floor
The right side's incomplete.

He never clears the dishes
Without dropping some.
I even caught him dusting
While trying to suck his thumb.

I told my mom, "He's lazy!
I want to have another."
But we have to keep him
Because he is my brother.

CHOICE B OH, PLEASE by Rowena Sommerville

Oh, please –
let me be in your team,
let mine be the name that you pick,
don't leave me to mope at the edge of the field,
resenting each jump and each kick.

I promise, I'll run like the wind,
I'll twist and I'll turn and I'll pass,
I'll dazzle defenders with sparkle and speed,
you won't see my boots touch the grass;

Or maybe, I'll play at the back,
as solid and strong as a wall,
frustrating all forwards who dare to attempt
the slightest approach with the ball.

But –
each time they play, it's the same,
I'm left on the line, in the cold,
they never allow me to join I the game,
They always say
'Gran, you're too old!'

THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 10 to 11

CHOICE A THE GREEN MAN by Paddy Phillips

A space ship's in my garden.
It landed there last night.
It's very round and shiny.
It did give me a fright.
But when I called this morning,
The door was open wide,
And to my great amazement,
A green man stepped outside.
He really was unusual,
So very, very small.
In fact, he was so tiny he
Was hardly there at all.

He greeted me politely,
And kindly was his plea
To 'Come right in and welcome
To a cup of Martian tea.'
I had green bread and butter.
With green jam on the bread.
I could have had green pancakes,
But chose green buns instead.

I said 'I'd better leave now,'
For time was speeding by.
He said 'Of course, by all means
For I, too, now must fly.'
While I watched rather sadly,
The space ship flew away.
Our garden seemed to empty,
And suddenly, the day.

I've just looked in the mirror.
It's plain where I have been,
For when I put my tongue out,
I noticed it was green.

THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 10 to 11

CHOICE B DEEP IN OUR REFRIGERATOR by Jack Prelutsky

Deep in our refrigerator,
there's a special place
for food that's been around awhile . . .
we keep it, just in case.
"It's probably too old to eat,"
my mother likes to say.
"But I don't think it's old enough
for me to throw away."

It stays there for a month or more
to ripen in the cold,
and soon we notice fuzzy clumps
of multicolored mold.
The clumps are larger every day
We notice this as well,
but mostly what we notice
is a certain special smell.

When finally it all becomes
a nasty mass of slime,
my mother takes it out, and says,
"Apparently, it's time."
She dumps it in the garbage can,
thought not without regret,
then fills that space with other food
that's not so ancient yet.

THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 12 to 14

CHOICE A QUIET ZONE by Roger McGough

(Poem for a lady on the Bristol to Paddington train, who spent the journey in the 'Quiet Coach', chatting on her mobile phone.)

With respect, this is the quiet zone,
And although when travelling on your own
it's nice to have a good old chat
with someone on the phone
this is the quiet zone.

'Shhh . . . Quiet!' say the signs
on every table, window and door
obviously nothing to do with mobiles
so what do you think they're for?

A warning perhaps to brass bands
looking for a place to rehearse?
To the horde of angry soccer fans
who need to stamp and curse?
A troop of soldiers on the march
tramp, tramp. Or worse?
A stampede of trumpeting elephants?
A disruptive class of kids?
The entire cast of Stomp banging dustbin lids?
A volcano bursting to erupt?
An unexploded mine?

Shhh . . . Quiet!' with respect,
can't you read the sign?

THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 12 to 14

CHOICE B ABOUT HIS PERSON by Simon Armitage

Fifty pounds fifty in change, exactly,
a library card on its date of expiry.

A postcard, stamped,
unwritten, but franked,

a pocket-size diary slashed with a pencil
from March twenty-fourth to the first of April.

A brace of keys for a mortise lock,
an analogue watch, self-winding, stopped,

A final demand
in his own hand,
a rolled-up note of explanation
planted there like a spray carnation

but beheaded, in his fist.
A shopping list.

A giveaway photograph stashed in his wallet,
a keepsake banked in the heart of a locket.

No gold or silver,
but crowning one finger

a ring of white unweathered skin.
That was everything.

THE MCLOUGHLIN VOUCHER - Verse Speaking for Boys and Girls Age 15 to 17

CHOICE A "THE TELEPHONE CALL" by Fleur Adcock

They ask me 'Are you sitting down?
Right? This is Universal Lotteries,'
they said. 'You've won the top prize,
What would you do with a million pounds?
Or, actually, with more than a million –
Not that it makes a lot of difference
Once you're a millionaire.' And they laughed.

'Are you OK?' they asked – 'Still there?
Come on, now, tell us, how does it feel?'
I said 'I just . . . I can't believe it!'
They said, 'That's what they all say.
What else? Go on, tell us about it.'
I said 'I feel the top of my head
has floated off, out through the window,
revolving like a flying saucer.'

'That's unusual' they said. 'Go on.'
I said "I'm finding it hard to talk.
My throat's gone dry, my nose is tingling.
I think I'm going to sneeze – or cry.'
'that's right' they said, 'don't be ashamed
Or giving way to your emotions.
It isn't every day you hear
you're going to get a million pounds.

Relax, now, have a little cry;
We'll give you a moment . . . 'Hang on!' I said.
'I haven't bought a lottery ticket
for years and years. And what did you say
The company's called?' they laughed again.
'Not to worry about a ticket.
We're Universal. We operate
a Retrospective Chances Module.

Nearly everyone's bought a ticket
In some lottery or another
Once at least. We buy up the files,
feed the names into our computer,
And see who the lucky person is.'
'Well, that's incredible' I said.
'It's marvellous. I still can't quite ...
I'll believe it when I see the cheque.'

'Oh,' they said, 'there's no cheque.'
'But the money?' 'We don't deal in money.
Experiences are what we deal in.
You've had a great experience, right?
That's your prize. So congratulations
from us all at Universal.
Have a nice day!' And the line went dead.

THE MCLOUGHLIN VOUCHER - Verse Speaking for Boys and Girls Age 15 to 17

CHOICE B *TATTOO* by Jacqueline Mezec

She feels the needle embroidering her skin,
as if her heart is made visible at last.
This one is a rose and dagger because
Love is a beautiful and dangerous thing.
She is a map of Love's demise,
her skin a pattern book of necromancer art.
Outside in the Frankfurt streets
cars are nudging towards the city's heart.

Locked in the mirror's loveless glance
she remembers her first one, clasped
in a uniformed convict's arms
like some tribal dance, the needle punishing
her dreaming, a Braille of blood
branding her a prostitute, a refugee, a Jew,
this lace-making with her body to carve
the jewelled crimson of a new tattoo.

Sometimes, looking at the tapestry of her veins,
she sees that she has made something after all
of a life lived between the boundaries,
pushing onwards to the last taboo.
She likes to imaging herself lying at rest,
Age-marked with dignity, her rose
As fresh as the day it was etched on her skin,
The only beautiful and wholly perfect thing.

THE AHIER FAMILY TROPHY - Prose Speaking for Girls 9 years

from Paddington Helps Out (Chapter IV) by Michael Bond

'I'm afraid,' said the lady in the cash desk at the Podium Super Cinema, 'you can't come in. It's an "A" film.'

'I beg your pardon?' said Paddington, looking puzzled. "A", said the lady.

'Eh?'," repeated Paddington, looking even more puzzled. 'But that's what I said.'

'Not "eh",' said the lady impatiently. "'A". that means bears under sixteen aren't allowed in unaccompanied.'

'Sixteen!' exclaimed Paddington, hardly able to believe his ears. "Sixteen! But I'm only two. That's another fourteen years. I might not even want to come then.'

'Well, that's the law,' said the lady sternly. She looked down with some distaste at the top of Paddington's hat. It still had one or two pieces of river weed sticking to it and the warmth of the cinema was bringing out the smell.

'Now, come along please,' she said hastily. 'You're holding up the queue.'

'And no coming back later on wearing long trousers,' she called as Paddington turned to go. 'I know all the tricks.'

THE FLORENCE, LADY TRENT - Prose Speaking for Boys Age 9

HARRY'S MAD by Dick King-Smith

Harry jumped out of bed, put on his dressing-gown, opened the door and (for once) went down the stairs very slowly and quietly. Closing the sitting-room door behind him, he went over to the parrot-cage and stood beside it. It was on a level with his head,

Harry put on his sneering Gestapo interrogator face.

"Ve haf vays of making you talk!" he said between clenched teeth.

The parrot said nothing.

Harry took a deep breath. A hundred times, he said to himself, I'll say it a hundred times. He leaned forward till his lips were almost against the wire bars of the cage, as close as possible to where he thought the bird's ear must be, and speaking slowly and clearly as you would to a foreigner or to someone rather deaf, he said, "*My ... name ... is ... Madison.*"

The parrot scratched the side of his bare, scaly face with one foot.

"If you say so buddy," he said clearly, "but that would be a remarkable coincidence. Seeing that my name is Madison also."

Harry's mouth fell open. He felt amazement, embarrassment, wild excitement, all at the same time.

"What's the matter?" said Madison pleasantly. "Cat got your tongue?"

THE MARY ROSE CUP Choral and Group Speaking 6 to 8 years

CHOICE A THE PLATYPUS by Sharon Anderson

In the buzzing afternoon
We headed for the creek - -
Heard there was a platypus!
Gramps said we'd 'take a peek'!

Lay flat upon our bellies
On damp rocks in the cool - -
To wait - - and watch - - and listen
Beside the inky pool.

When finally we saw him,
He didn't make a sound!
He paused beside the water
And slowly looked around.

He paddled in the shallows
They played beneath the fall.
He ate a meal of yabbies - -
WE GOT TO WATCH IT ALL!

A rustle in the bracken
Down where the sun had shone - -
A plip! A plop! A ripple!
The platypus was gone!

CHOICE B ON THE NING NANG NONG by Spike Milligan

On the Ning Nang Nong
Where the Cows go Bong!
And the Monkeys all say Boo!
There's a Nong Nang Ning
Where the trees go Ping!
And the tea pots Jibber Jabber Joo.
On the Nong Ning Nang
All the mice go Clang!
And you just can't catch 'em when they do!
So its Ning Nang Nong!
Cows go Bong!
Nong Nang Ning!
Trees go Ping!
Nong Ning Nang!
The mice go Clang!
What a noisy place belong,
Is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

THE MARJORIE MAINE CUP Choral and Group Speaking 9 to 12 years

CHOICE A STAY CALM by Daniel Thompson

Panic and worry show up in a hurry,
Long before reason or rhyme.
Your feet start to pace and your mind starts to race,
As an army of thoughts seize your mind.

And it's hard to stay calm, and it's hard to stay strong,
And it's easy to focus on how it's gone wrong.
As a spiral of doubt pulls you further below,
Convinced of a worst-case scenario.

And yes, there's a chance that you might be correct,
And things will unfold in the way you expect.
But time after time you will find your position,
Will end up less scary than what you envision.

And mostly you'll manage, and mostly you'll cope,
And mostly things work out the way you would hope.
And mostly you'll notice when all's done and said,
The worry and panic was just in your head.

So rather than twisting yourself in a knot,
Stop for a second, breathe deep and take stock.
Wait for the outcome, and mostly you'll find,
Life will continue and things will be fine.

THE MARJORIE MAINE CUP ROSE CUP Choral and Group Speaking 9 to 12 years

CHOICE B The Trouble with my Brother by Brian Patten

Thomas was only three
And though he was not fat
We knew that there was something wrong
When he ate the cat.

Nibble, nibble, munch, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch, munch
He had the cat for lunch!

He ate a lump of coal,
He ate a candlestick
And when he ate the tortoise
Mother felt quite sick.

Nibble, nibble, munch, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch, munch
A tortoise for lunch!

When he was a boy of four
He went to the zoo by bus
And alarmed us all by eating
A hippopotamus

Nibble, nibble, munch, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch, munch
A hippopotamus for lunch!

When he went to school
We tried to warn the teacher
But Thomas pounced long before
Anyone could reach her.

Nibble, nibble, munch, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch, munch
A teacher for lunch!

We used to get nice letters
So mum was full of grief
When upon the doorstep
She found the postman's teeth.

Nibble, nibble, munch, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch, munch
A postman for lunch!

He ate thirteen baby-sitters
(we often heard their squeals)
He ate a social worker
In between these meals.

Nibble, nibble, munch, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch, munch
A social worker for lunch!

A policeman came to have a word
About what was going on,
Thomas took a shine to him
And soon he was all gone.

Nibble, nibble, munch, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch, munch
A policeman for lunch!

None of us says much,
It holds us all in thrall,
Having a little brother
Who is a cannibal.

Nibble, nibble, munch, munch,
Nibble, nibble, munch,
At supper time we hide away,
Nibble, nibble, munch!

CHOICE A O WHAT IS THAT SOUND by W H Auden

O what is that sound which so thrills the ear
Down in the valley drumming, drumming?
Only the scarlet soldiers, dear,
The soldiers coming.

O what is that light I see flashing so clear
Over the distance brightly, brightly?
Only the sun on their weapons, dear,
As they step lightly.

O what are they doing with all that gear,
What are they doing this morning, morning?
Only their usual manoeuvres, dear,
Or perhaps a warning.

O why have they left the road down there,
Why are they suddenly wheeling, wheeling?
Perhaps a change in their orders, dear,
Why are you kneeling?

O haven't they stopped for the doctor's care,
Haven't they reined their horses, horses?
Why, they are none of them wounded, dear,
None of these forces.

O is it the parson they want, with white hair,
Is it the parson, is it, is it?
No, they are passing his gateway, dear,
Without a visit.

O it must be the farmer that lives so near,
It must be the farmer so cunning, so cunning?
They have passed the farmyard already, dear.
And now they are running.

O where are you going? Stay with me here!
Were the vows you swore deceiving, deceiving?
No. I promised to love you, dear,
But I must be leaving

O it's broken the lock and splintered the door,
O it's the gate where they're turning, turning;
Their boots are heavy on the floor
And their eyes are burning

CHOICE B GUS: THE THEATRE CAT by TS Eliot

Gus is the cat at the Theatre Door.
His name, as I ought to have told you before,
Is really Asparagus. That's such a fuss
To pronounce, that we usually call him just Gus.
His coat's veery shabby, he's thin as a rake,
And he suffers from palsy that makes his paw shake.
Yet he was, in his youth, quite the smartest of Cats - -
But no longer a terror to mice and to rats.
For he isn't the Cat that he was in his prime;
Though his name was quite famous he says, in his time.
And whenever he joins his friend at their club
(Which takes place at the back of the neighbouring pub)
He loves to regale them, if someone else pays,
With anecdotes drawn from his palmiest days.
For he once was a Star of the highest degree - -
He has acted with Irving, he's acted with Tree.
And he likes to relate his success on the Halls,
Where the Gallery once game him seven cat-calls.
Bu his grandest creation, as he loves to tell,
Was Firefrorefiddle, the Fiend of the Fell.

“I have played” so he says, “every possible part,
And I used to know seventy speeches by heart.
I'd extemporize back-chat, I knew how to gag,
And I knew how to let the cat of the bag.
I knew how to act with my back and my tail;
With an hour of rehearsal I never could fail.
I'd a voice that would soften the hardest of hearts,
Whether I took the lead, or in character parts.
I have sat by the bedside of poor Little Nell;
When the Curfew was rung, then I swung on the bell.
In the Pantomime season I never fell flat,
And I once understudied Dick Whittington's Cat.
But my grandest creation, as history will tell,
Was Firefrorefiddle, the Fiend of the Fell.”

Then, if someone will give him a toothful of gin,
He will tell how he once played a part in East Lynne,
At a Shakespeare performance he once walked on pat,
When some actor suggested the need for a cat.
He once played a Tiger - - could do it again- -
Which an Indian Colonel pursued down a drain.
And he thinks that he still can, much better than most,
Produce blood-curdling noises to bring on the Ghost.
And he once crossed the stage on a telegraph wire,
To rescue a child when a house was on fire.
And he says: “Now then kittens, they do not get trained
As we did in the days when Victoria reigned.
They never get drilled in a regular troupe,
And they think they are smart, just to jump through a hoop.”
And he'll say, as he scratches himself with his claws,

‘Well the Theatre’s certainly not what it was.
These modern productions are all very well,
But there’s nothing to equal, from what I hear tell,
That moment of mystery
When I made history
A Fireforefiddle, the Fiend of the Fell.’