SASKATCHEWAN
MUSIC FESTIVAL
ASSOCIATION

SPEECH ARTS

RESOURCE

MANUAL

Ten Dollars

SPEECH ARTS

RESOURCE

MANUAL

with an introduction
by
Fred Barker

compiled by

Mossie Hancock

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Speech Arts Resource Manual

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INDEX & REGULATIONS

REGULATIONS

The regulations governing Speech Arts Classes are found in the annual SMFA Directory.

For easy identification the names of Canadian writers are *italicized* throughout this Resource Manual.

All suggested selections by Canadian writers may be used in Choral Speech, Solo Poetry, Individual Verse and Canadian Poetry classes, but may not be performed twice.

Provincial Classes are identified with the letter **P**.

All selections must be **memorized** at the local and provincial levels.

Dr. Morris Shumiatcher and Mrs. Jacqui Shumiatcher,

patrons of the arts,

have made possible

this resource manual publication

by sponsoring the entire project

for the Saskatchewan Music Festival Association.

INTRODUCTION

The SMFA is most grateful to Fred Barker for providing **"An Approach To Speech Arts"** for this Resource Manual. An experienced teacher and clinician, he has devised a process of step-by-step exercises which will encourage students to speak more clearly and with more understanding, expression and authority. Teachers will be able to help students to control and to project the voice. His wide experience and thoughtful presentation will benefit anyone interested in Speech Arts.

AN APPROACH TO SPEECH ARTS

by Fred Barker

In teaching music and drama in both the public school system and privately, I have always looked for ways to encourage and reach students who appear to be having difficulties in singing in tune, or in projecting their voices. This led me to the development of a process where students use their speaking voices in exercises involving pitch, dynamics, tempo and rhythm, as stepping stones to better singing or speaking with more authority. These stepping stones were in themselves, a whole world waiting to be explored. This world, which I want to share with you, is known as Speech Arts. Directly, or indirectly, everyone can benefit in spending some time in appreciating speech arts. Here are some of the benefits of Speech Arts:

- Knowing how to verbalize builds confidence.
- The confidence in knowing how to verbalize adds authority to what is being said.
- With the facility to communicate verbally, comes the ability to socialize with contemporaries.
- In the process of deciding how best to communicate, comes a deeper insight into what is being communicated.
- In knowing how to say something, there is less danger of being misunderstood.
- With verbal confidence comes the ability to communicate intelligibly your own and others' thoughts, concerns and suggestions.
- The ability to use emphasis and nuance can add humor, pathos and credibility to the spoken word.
- There is a development of vocabulary, as simpler, subtler, more aggressive or persuasive means are sought to communicate.
- By developing an ability in speech arts comes a better understanding of the human body: posture, vocal resonators, adequate breathing and breath support.
- Speech arts requires disciplined conformation, but it can also accommodate individual differences, or the adaptive dimension in teaching.

Some students are very reticent about using their voices while others are very boistrous. As a precursor, or introduction to speech arts the following routine could be used to encourage the reticent and curb the boistrous.

1. Sigh or yawn and sense that your mouth and throat are open. Keep the mouth and throat open while inhaling and exhaling. In exhaling introduce an AH sound, which usually is very breathy to begin with. Gradually try to focus this AH sound, being careful to avoid a glottal attack in its formation.

2. Put arms out horizontally sideways with palms facing down. Inhale while bringing the arms down to the sides. Exhale to an AH sound with an open throat and mouth while raising the arms sideways with palms upwards.

3. Repeat No. 2 but this time with eyebrows raised and nostrils distended. Try to focus the AH sound to reach someone at the back of the room.

4. Practice placement of sound into sinuses by saying NYUH. Keep moving the jaw around and raise the eyebrows and distend the nostrils as NYUH is repeated.

5. With fingertips lightly placed on cheekbones below the eyes, say the following words and feel the resonances in the cheekbones.
   Go-ing, com-ing, bang-ing, sooth-ing, weed-ing, etch-ing, etc ....

The following repertoire of methods, exercises and techniques explores the many aspects of speech arts. They are organized under a number of headings and some of the activities from each area could be used profitably in each session. By varying the choice of activities the students are challenged and motivated, and appreciate the many facets involved in speech arts.

- Physical conditioning
- Pitch
- Dynamics
- Tempo
- Rhythm
- Articulation
- Scansion

Physical Conditioning

1. **Increasing the lung capacity for greater dynamic range and extended phrasing**

   a) Sitting up straight, with your back pressed against the chair, breathe in deeply so that your torso is pushed forward by the expansion of your lower back against the chair.

   b) Sit on a chair and put your head down to your knees. Place your palms on your back between your rib-cage and pelvis, inhale and feel your hands being pushed outwards.

c) Stand up straight, exhale and then put your arms above your head. Now inhale slowly, hold your breath and stretch your arms higher and stand on your tiptoes. Exhale slowly while lowering your arms to your sides and your heels to the floor.

d) Exhale, then clasp your hands behind your head. With five inhalation fill your lungs as if they were balloons. Exhale slowly with a hissing sound. Repeat the exercise using four, three, two, and finally one inhalation to fill the lungs (balloons).

e) Hold an imaginary lit candle at arm's length and repeatedly try to blow it out.

f) Exhale with a hiss lasting fifteen seconds, then twenty, and so on.

g) Inhale while raising your elbows and sense the rib-cage expanding. Exhale, lowering the elbows but consciously keeping rib-cage extended. Now continue breathing but keep the rib-cage extended.

h) With controlled blowing, hold a piece of tissue paper against a wall.

i) Lie flat on the floor and place some books on your stomach. Raise the pile of books by your inhalations.

j) Lie on the floor with the calves of your legs on a chair. Put your hands behind your head, breathe in deeply with shoulders on the floor. Now exhale, lifting head and shoulders off the floor.

2. **Strengthening the diaphragm and lower back muscles for greater air support.**

a) With elbows raised, swing to the right and hold, then swing to the left and hold. Repeat this a number of times.

b) With feet about 30 cm. apart, back straight and knees bent, repeat the above.

c) With feet apart and back straight, and palms of your hands on the side of your thighs, alternately move palms up and down while keeping the back straight.

d) Similar to c) but with one arm over the top of your head and a finger in ear.

e) With feet together and back straight, try raising one foot off the ground, keeping the back straight, legs straight, and the sole of the foot kept horizontal with the floor.

f) Exhale, raise your hands above your head and inhale, now bend forward from the waist as far as possible and exhale.

3. **Strengthening the larynx and neck muscles.**

a) Place your chin on one shoulder and slowly rotate downwards and across to the other shoulder. Do this several times, always slowly, and feel the pull on the muscles at the back of your neck.

b) With arms by your side rotate the shoulders (together) backwards several

c) Alternately rotate fully extended arms backwards and then forwards.

d) Extend the arms sideways to a horizontal position and then slowly rotate in small circles backwards a number of times, then forwards.

4. **Strengthening the tongue and larynx.**

a) Stretch out your tongue trying to touch first your nose and then your chin.

b) Rotate the tip of your tongue, between the teeth and lips, ten times in one direction then ten times in the other direction.

c) Drop your jaw and hold it still with your hand while saying slowly, AH, AYE, EE, AW, and OH. See that the jaw remains still and be aware of the tongue changing shape to form the vowel sounds.

5. **Strengthening the facial muscles.**

a) Massage behind the ears in a circular motion.

b) Massage in front of the ears, rotating the finger tips in a circular motion working from the hair line to below the lips.

c) Rotate the jaw a number of times clockwise then anti-clockwise.

d) Pull or stretch the lips horizontally as far as possible (don't use your hands).

e) Open the jaw as wide as possible, so lips are far apart.

f) Pretend you are sucking on a straw (as hard as possible).

g) Show a surprised look, eyes wide open, eyebrows raised and mouth open.

h) Show a happy, toothe-paste advertisement look.

i) Show a sad, unhappy, corners-of-the-mouth-down look.

j) Show a vicious, scowling, frowning, teeth-bared look.

k) Yawn in an exaggerated manner.

1) Move the jaw from side to side while saying AH.

m) With clear articulation say "Bumble Bee" or "Bubble Gum" rapidly ten

n) In an exaggerated manner say "Fish and Chips" or "Strawberry Jam" "Rhubarb and Custard" very slowly.

o) Imagine you are speaking to someone who is hard of hearing, and deliberately exaggerate your facial movements to reinforce what you are saying.

p) Imagine you are giving directions to a rather slow person, and this is the fourth or fifth time you have had to repeat the directions. You are trying to stay calm and not lose your temper.

Pitch

a) Say the numbers one through ten slowly, beginning on as low a sound as you can and gradually ascending to as high a sound as you can.

b) Do this in reverse and try to stretch your upwards or downwards range/limit

c) Take a sentence from some prose, or a line of poetry and begin as low as possible and gradually ascend to as high as possible. Then do the same line but start as high as possible.

d) Find the most important word in a line of poetry and make that the highest pitch, beginning as low as possible and finishing as low as possible.

e) Pitch NYUH as high as possible and let the sound descend to as low as possible. Repeat this a number of times aiming for an ever higher attack.

Dynamics (volume)

a) Say the numbers one through ten slowly, beginning as quietly as possible and gradually becoming as loud as possible. Show that a contraction of the diaphragm results in a faster flow of air through the larynx creating a louder sound - use your body to help your vocal production.

b) Take a sentence or a line of poetry and start as quietly as possible to as loud as possible. Then take the same line and go from loud to soft.

c) Find the most important word in the line and build up to this in volume and

d) Stop suddenly in the middle of saying something and see how the silence is

e) Pick a phrase and using both Pitch and Dynamics work through a number of permutations until there is ample facility in using these two facets of Speech Arts.

Tempo (speed)

a) Say the numbers one through ten, beginning slowly and gradually

b) Say the numbers one through ten, beginning quickly and gradually retarding.

c) Take a line of poetry or prose and practise a variety of tempos in a variety of ways so as to gain familiarity with the concept.

d) Be aware that three or four syllable words present difficulties when

e) Try combining Pitch, Dynamics and Tempo using the same phrase with as many permutations as possible. Find the most effective combination to realize the most impact for your phrase.

Rhythm

a) Look for the specific rhythmic patterns which are used in poetic writing, and this will help you to better interpret the poem: Iambic (weak, strong), Anapest (weak, weak, strong), Trochee (strong, weak), Spondee (strong, strong)**,** and Dactyl (strong, weak, weak).

b) Look for obvious, or subtle, changes in the rhythmic structure, make sure that your listeners (auditors) are made aware of these changes.

c) Be mentally aware of the rhythmic style of the poem you are interpreting, but do not bombard your listeners with the rhythm, interpret and draw meaning out of the text and punctuation while being helped by the rhythm.

d) Look for specific rhythmic effects and enhance these with the use of Tempo,

Articulation

a) This is the manner in which you say or pronounce the text.

b) Be sure of the correct pronunciation of all words. Refer to a dictionary and use the diacritical marks if in any doubt.

c) Look for onomatopoeiac words (clash, hush, zoom), alliteration (tip-toe, elderly elms), assonance (hist whist, with pleasure and leisure).

e) Read and understand the text then use your personal articulation to draw out your deeper understanding of that text.

Scansion

a) Practice Scansion, that is, seeing where the "feet", or stressed syllables, are placed in a line of poetry or prose.

b) Look at the punctuation, see where lines run-on and where you can take a

c) Look for onomatopoeia, alliteration, assonance and portmanteau words.

d) In poetry, look at the line endings and see if there is a rhyme scheme.

As your appreciation, understanding and experience grow in Speech Arts, then in studying a poem, or a piece of prose, you will become aware of "sign-posts" or "flags" jumping from the written text. As you recognise these indicators and their implications, you reach a deeper understanding of the written text. Your understanding should be further reinforced by articulating the written word and convincing an audience.

Physical behavior should not be obstrusive and detract from the spoken word, but rather be an almost unconscious gesture enhancing the dialogue. Become aware of personal distracting habits or gestures and consciously seek to avoid doing them. An audience likes to see animated facial expressions, but these require very careful rehearsal, perhaps in front of a mirror, and should agree with the spoken word.

Choral Speech

Choral speech necessitates the choosing of the right poem or prose for the group involved. You must know the voices and know what they are capable of doing. There are basically five types of Choral Speech:

Refrain - Soloist and choral response.
Antiphonal - Group divided into two distinct types of voices.
Sequential - A number of soloists, or cumulative additions with a unisonal response.
Part Speaking - Group divided according to voice quality with each group reading as one voice.
Unisonal - Everyone speaking at the same pitch, volume, tempo and every nuance and emphasis exactly the same.

The vowel sound carries the pitch of a word. Using an "Ah" vowel sound, pick one student to hold this vowel sound at a steady pitch and, one by one, add the group members to the initial student. Make sure, that as each new voice is added, the pitch remains constant. If there are changing voices, then see that the vowel sound is reproduced at the exact octave. If the teacher's hearing is not very acute, then ask some reliable student to judge the pitch. In unisonal passages, listen to every vowel sound and check that every student is producing the same vowel sound. The group will become aware that they must make some compromises so that there is one unisonal sound, which is extremely effective. It will take time and effort, but the result, and the side-effects of the exercise, are very worth while.

Preparation of Poetry and Prose

1. Discover what you can about the history and background of your selection.

2. How does the selection fit into your program?

3. Listen to each member of your group and grade them High, Medium or Low voice. This will help you in deciding small groups.

4. Be very aware of voice blending/matching, and make your group aurally aware of what is going on, and what you're trying to do.

5. Are there opportunities for solo or small group voicings? If there are, then know whom you are going to select before your rehearsal.

6. As groupings become smaller so the blending becomes more critical.

7. If there is dialect in your selection then know how to deal with it.

8. Check for any difficult vocabulary, know what every word means, and how to pronounce every word correctly.

9. In a poem look for the overall basic rhythm. In prose, identify the strong opening statement, the development or unravelling, and then the concluding argument or resolution.

10. Look for sign-posts to use variations in pitch, dynamics, tempo or rhythm. Look for onomatopoeia, alliteration, assonance and portmanteau words.

11. Look for lines that run-on in poetry. Look at the punctuation, where are your group going to breathe? Where might a sudden pause help?

12. Are any properties required? Is there a need for specific gestures?

13. If there is any particular blocking which you feel could enhance the selection's presentation, then rehearse that way from the start.

14. If you are going to conduct the selection, then know what you're going to do in conducting, and be consistent in every rehearsal.

15. Know the selection yourself and have it memorized if possible.

16. If there is any incorrect word, stress or pronunciation, then rectify it as soon as possible, don't wait until the next rehearsal.

17. In your own mind know what you are aiming for with regard to pacing, climax, resolution and overall shape of the work.

18. Relate to the selection as much as possible. If the piece is about animals then have the group recall animal experiences. In "Someone" question the group on who or what the Someone is. In "The crocodile's toothache" ask about experiences at the dentist. In "Sick" ask the group about their excuses for not doing something. Above all, get inside the text and make it live, both for the performers and the audience.

As a further dimension of Speech Arts I, would like you to consider how closely the spoken word is related to music. There are a number of interesting, exciting and challenging works available combining the spoken word with specific pitches, dynamics, rhythms and tempos. The following is a partial list of what is in print, and I'm sure others will be appearing on the market.

Double Talk LEC 102	Nancy Telfer	Lenel Music Publ.
Double Talk 11 LEC 112	Nancy Telfer	Lenel Music Publ.
A Spoken Fugue	Eisman	Making Music Your Own 7 Silver Burdett
Football A-1623	M & B Dobbins	Shawnee Press Inc.
The Dance A-1691	Jay Gilbert	Shawnee Press Inc.
The Night Before Christmas Feldstein adapted from Moore	Rap 7584	Alfred Music Publ. Inc.
Geographical Fugue	Ernst Toch	Mills Music Inc. 60168
Your Voice and How to Use It	Cicely Berry	Virgin Publishing Ltd.

Selections for all classes are **OWN CHOICE**. This manual provides selections which may be used, or which may serve as guides for the appropriate degree of difficulty expected for different age categories. Choral speech classes are to be conducted. Solo entries are **NOT** to be conducted.

CHORAL SPEECH CLASSES

CLASS 1000 - Choral Speech, Senior, Open
TWO selections, BOTH Own Choice OR from the following:

KUBLA KHAN
by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced,
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

LOCHINVAR
by Sir Walter Scott

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" -

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied, -
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide -
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, -
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace.
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

JOURNEY OF THE MAGI

by T. S. Eliot

'A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,

The very dead of winter.'
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.
There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting their liquor and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dirty and charging high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;
With a running stream and a water-mill beating the darkness,
And three trees on the low sky,
And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.

MR. FLOOD'S PARTY - by Edwin Arlington Robinson (The Wascana Poetry Anthology, ed. Richard G. Harvey; Canadian Plains Research Center, University of Regina, Regina, SK S4S 0A2)

THE DYING EAGLE - by *E. J. Pratt* (Poetry of Our Time; Macmillan)

THE OLD SONG - by G.K. Chesteron (Faber Book of 20th Century Verse, ed. J. Heath-Stubbs & David Wright; Faber)

THE IDEA OF ORDER AT KEY WEST - by Wallace Stevens (Chief Modern Poets of Britain & America, Vol. II, Poets of America, ed. Sanders, Nelson, Rosenthal; Macmillan/Collier Macmillan)

FOUR PRELUDES ON PLAYTHINGS OF THE WIND - by Carl Sandburg (Chief Modern Poets of Britain & America, Vol. II; see above)

*** * * * * * ***

CLASS 1001 - Choral Speech, Year XII and/or Year XI,
TWO selections, BOTH Own Choice OR from the following:

DOVER BEACH
by Matthew Arnold

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straights; - on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

THE CARD-DEALER
by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Could you not drink her gaze like wine?
  Yet though its splendour swoon
Into the silence languidly
  As a tune into a tune,
Those eyes unravel the coiled night
  And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heaped beside her hand,
  In truth rich prize it were;
And rich the dreams that wreathe her brows
  With magic stillness there;
And he were rich who should unwind
  That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance
  Now breathes its eager heat;
And not more lightly or more true
  Fall there the dancers' feet
Than fall her cards on the bright board
  As 'twere an heart that beat.

Her fingers let them softly through,
  Smooth polished silent things;
And each one as it falls reflects
  In swift light-shadowings,
Blood-red and purple, green and blue,
  The great eyes of her rings.

Whom plays she with? With thee, who lov'st
  Those gems upon her hand;
With me, who search her secret brows;
  With all men, bless'd or bann'd.
We play together, she and we,
  Within a vain strange land:

A land without any order, -
Day even as night, (one saith,) -
Where who lieth down ariseth not
Nor the sleeper awakeneth;
A land of darkness as darkness itself
And of the shadow of death.

What be her cards, you ask? Even these: -
The heart, that doth but crave
More, having fed; the diamond,
Skilled to make base seem brave;
The club, for smiting in the dark;
The spade, to dig a grave.

And do you ask what game she plays?
With me 'tis lost or won;
With thee it is playing still; with him
It is not well begun;
But 'tis a game she plays with all
Beneath the sway o' the sun.

Thou seest the card that falls, - she knows
The card that followeth:
Her game in thy tongue is called Life,
As ebbs thy daily breath:
When she shall speak, thou'lt learn her tongue
And know she calls it Death.

Lines from SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD
by Walt Whitman

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.
Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,
I do not want the constellations any nearer,
I know they are very well where they are,
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air, and all free
poems also,
I think I could stop here myself and do miracles,

I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and whoever
beholds me shall like me,
I think whoever I see must be happy.

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary lines,
Going where I list, my own master total and absolute,
Listening to others, considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds that
would hold me.

I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and the west are mine, and the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness.

Now if a thousand perfect men were to appear it would not amaze me,
Now if a thousand beautiful forms of women appear'd it would not
astonish me.

Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth.

Listen! I will be honest with you,
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,
These are the days that must happen to you:
You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
You but arrive at the city to which you were destined, you hardly
settle yourself to satisfaction before you are call'd by an
irresistible call to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mocking of those who
remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate
kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands
toward you.

Allons! the road is before us!
It is safe - I have tried it - my own feet have tried it well - be
not detain'd!
Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the shelf
unopen'd!
Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain unearn'd!
Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the
court, and the judge expound the law.

Camerado, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law,
Will you give me yourself? will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

GUS: THE THEATRE CAT - by T.S. Eliot (from Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats; Faber and Faber)
THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER - by Lewis Carroll (from Through the Looking-Glass)
THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE - by *Robert Service* (The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, in English, chosen by Margaret Atwood; O.U.P.)
RECALLING WAR - by Robert Graves (Chief Modern Poets of Britain & America, Vol. I, Poets of Britain; Sanders, Nelson, Rosenthal; Macmillan/Collier Macmillan)

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CLASS 1002 - Choral Speech, Year X and/or Year IX
TWO selections, BOTH Own Choice, OR from the following;

CYCLE
by *John V. Hicks*

The sound is in our ears of seven oceans
making a leisurely meal of continents,
little by little, savouring year by year
the inward reach, the further foot of ground;
and the soft thunder of their conversation
runs to one strain continually repeated.
In storm or in exchange of quiet talk
the tenor of their discourse is the same:
that time and a little patience will suffice
to fold all things in their embrace again;
sand, soil, rock, mountain, plain and wooded slope,
and all that makes of earth a habitation,
these are the long eventuality
of sea forever lapping at the land.
This is the burden of a talk that fills
a thousand days as easily as one,
and draws the round of seasons as a breath;
that earth, the prodigal, the unrepentant,
must in his time give back the wasted years,
must turn him from the riot of his living
and set his footsteps homeward to the sea.
So may the waters make an end of speech
for any lack of any shore to reckon with,

and the old silence fall upon the deep,
rest being wholly won, and peace unbroken.

THE PROPER STUDY (OF MANKIND) from "An Essay on Man"
by Alexander Pope

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such;
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go wondrous creature! mount where Science guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time; and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule -
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

NIGHT
by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave, -
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear, -
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out.
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand -
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn
I sigh'd for thee:
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to her rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
'Wouldst thou me?'
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,
'Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?' - And I replied,
'No, not thee!'

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon -
Sleep will come when thou art fled.
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night -
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

THE LISTENERS - by Walter de la Mare (The Oxford Book of English Verse, ed. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; Oxford University Press)

THE RAPID - by *Charles Sangster* - (The New Wind Has Wings, Poems from Canada, ed. Downie & Robertson; Oxford University Press)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT - by Vachel Lindsay (Chief Modern Poets of Britain & America, Vol. II, Poets of America, ed. Sanders, Nelson, Rosenthal; Macmillan/Collier Macmillan)

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE - by Lord Alfred Tennyson (The Faber Popular Reciter, ed. Kingsley Amis; Faber & Faber)

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CLASS 1003 - Choral Speech, Year VIII
TWO selections, BOTH Own Choice OR from the following:

SYMPATHY
by Paul Laurence Dunbar

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals -
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting -
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore, -
When he beats his bars and would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven, he flings -
I know why the caged bird sings!

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 is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of today?
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.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC
by William Howlitt

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!"
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.

There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand, with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered what monster was coming.
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks -
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the King's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
For it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a mid-summer swarm:
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed - and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoes in the mud!
Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea:
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird’s rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its frolicsome fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

DOMINATION OF BLACK - by Wallace Stevens (A New Anthology of Verse, ed. Roberta A. Charlesworth & Dennis Lee; Oxford University Press)

IF - by Rudyard Kipling (The Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Iona & Peter Opie; Oxford University Press)

THE LONELY LAND - by *A.J.M. Smith* (The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, chosen by Margaret Atwood; Oxford University Press)

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES -
by Thomas Gray (The Wascana Poetry Anthology, ed. Richard G. Harvey: Canadian Plains Research Center, University of Regina, Regina, SK
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CLASS 1004 - Choral Speech, Year VII
TWO selections, BOTH Own Choice OR from the followiing:

THE TYGER
by William Blake

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes!
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger, Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE ICE KING
by *A.B. DeMille*

Where the world is grey and lone
Sits the Ice King on his throne -

Passionless, austere, afar,
Underneath the Polar Star.

Over all his splendid plains
An eternal stillness reigns.

Silent creatures of the North,
White and strange and fierce, steal forth:

Soft-foot beasts from frozen lair,
Noiseless birds that wing the air,

Souls of seamen dead, who lie
Stark beneath the pale north sky;

Shapes to living eye unknown,
Wild and shy, come round the throne

Where the Ice King sits in view
To receive their homage due.

But the Ice King's quiet eyes,
Calm, implacable, and wise,

Gaze beyond the silent throng,
With a steadfast look and long,

Down to where the summer streams
Murmur in their golden dreams;

Where the sky is rich and deep,
Where warm stars bring down warm sleep,

Where the days are, every one,
Clad with warmth and crowned with sun.

And the longing gods may feel
Stirs within his heart of steel,

And he yearns far forth to go
From his land of ice and snow.

But forever, grey and lone,
Sits the Ice King on his throne -

Passionless, austere, afar,
Underneath the Polar Star.

THE SNOW-STORM
by Ralph Waldo Emerson

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fllls up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

SEA-FEVER - by John Masefield (Piping Down the Valleys Wild, ed. Nancy Larrick, Dell Publishing)
THE SKATER - by *Charles G. D. Roberts* (The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, selected by Margaret Atwood; Oxford University Press)
SONG OF THE JELLICLES - by T.S. Eliot (Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats; Faber and Faber)

THE ANTS AT THE OLYMPICS - by Richard Digance (Random House Book of Poetry for Children, selected by Jack Prelutsky; Random House)

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CLASS 1005 - Choral Speech, Year VI
TWO selections, BOTH Own Choice OR from the following:

WHAT IS BLACK?
by Mary O'Neill

Black is the night
When there isn't a star
And you can't tell by looking
Where you are.
Black is a pail of paving tar.
Black is jet
And things you'd like to forget.
Black is a smokestack
Black is a cat,
A leopard, a raven,
A high silk hat.
The sound of black is
"Boom! Boom! Boom!"
Echoing in
An empty room.
Black is kind -
It covers up
The run-down street,
The broken cup.
Black is charcoal
And patio grill,
The soot spots on
The window sill.
Black is a feeling
Hard to explain
Like suffering but
Without the pain.
Black is licorice
And patent leather shoes
Black is the print
In the news.
Black is beauty
In its deepest form,
The darkest cloud
In a thunderstorm.

Think of what starlight
And lamplight would lack
Diamonds and fireflies
If they couldn't lean against
Black ....

FIRE
by Ann Taylor

What is it that shoots from the mountains so high,
In many a beautiful spire?
What is it that blazes and curls to the sky?
This beautiful something is fire.

Loud noises are heard in the caverns to groan,
Hot cinders fall thicker than snow;
Huge stones to a wonderful distance are thrown,
For burning fire rages below.

When winter blows bleak, and loud bellows the storm,
And frostily twinkle the stars;
Then burns bright the fire in the chimney so warm,
And the kettle sings shrill on the bars.

Then call the poor trav'ller in, cover'd with snow,
And warm him with charity kind;
Fire is not so warm as the feelings that blow
In the friendly, benevolent mind.

By fire metals are fitted for use:
Iron, copper, gold, silver, and tin;
Without its assistance we could not produce
So much as a minikin pin.

Fire rages with fury, wherever it comes;
If only one spark should be dropt,
Whole houses, or cities, sometimes it consumes,
Where its violence cannot be stopt.

And when the great morning of judgment shall rise,
How wide will its blazes be curl'd!
With heat, fervent heat, it shall melt down the skies,
And burn up this beautiful world.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING
by William Wordsworth

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure: -
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

THAT WAS SUMMER - by Marci Ridlon (A New Treasury of Children's Poetry, selected by Joanna Cole; Doubleday)
LAKE ERIE - by *James Reaney* - (The New Wind Has Wings, Poems from Canada; ed. Downie and Robertson; Oxford University Press)
ADVENTURES OF ISABEL - by Ogden Nash (The Random House Book of Poetry for Children, selected by Jack Prelutsky; Random House)

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CLASS 1006 - Choral Speech, Year V
TWO selections, BOTH Own Choice OR from the following:

FATHER WILLIAM
by Lewis Carroll

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head -
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door -
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment - one shilling the box -
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak -
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose -
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

THERE WAS A NAUGHTY BOY
by John Keats

There was a naughty boy,
A naughty boy was he,
He would not stop at home,
He could not quiet be -
He took
In his knapsack
A book
Full of vowels
And a shirt
With some towels,
A slight cap
For a night cap,
A hair brush,
Comb ditto,
New stockings -
For old ones
Would slit O!
This knapsack
Tight at 's back
He rivetted close
And followed his nose
To the North,
To the North,
And followed his nose
To the North.

There was a naughty boy,
And a naughty boy was he
He ran away to Scotland
The people for to see -
There he found
That the ground
Was as hard,
That a yard
Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red -
That lead
Was as weighty
That fourscore
Was as eighty,
That a door

Was as wooden
    As in England -
So he stood in his shoes
    And he wondered,
He stood in his shoes
    And he wondered.

POOR OLD LADY

Anonymous

Poor old lady, she swallowed a fly,
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a spider.
It squirmed and wriggled and turned inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a bird.
How absurd! She swallowed a bird.
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a cat.
Think of that! She swallowed a cat.
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird.
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a dog.
She went the whole hog when she swallowed the dog.
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a cow.
I don't know how she swallowed the cow.
She swallowed the cow to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,

She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a horse.
She died, of course.

SING A SONG OF PEOPLE - by Lois Lenski (The New Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Neil Philip; Oxford University Press)
HIDE AND SEEK - by Vernon Scannel (The New Oxford Book of Children's Verse - see above)
HECTOR THE COLLECTOR - by Shel Silverstein (from Where the Sidewalk Ends; Harper and Row)
THE FISH WITH THE DEEP SEA SMILE - by Margaret Wise Brown (Piping Down the Valleys Wild, ed. Nancy Larrick; Dell Publishing)

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CLASS 1007 - Choral Speech, Year IV
TWO selections, BOTH Own Choice OR any of the following:

A SLIVER OF LIVER
by *Lois Simmie*

Just a sliver of liver they want me to eat,
It's good for my blood, they all say;
They want me to eat just the tiniest sliver
Of yukky old slimy old slithery liver
I'm saying no thanks, not today.

No, I'll pass for tonight but tomorrow I might
Simply *beg* for a sliver of liver;
"Give me liver!" I'll cry. "I'll have liver or die!
Oh *please* cook me a sliver of liver!"
One piece might not do, I'll need two or a few,
I'll want tons of the wobbly stuff;
Of that quivery shivery livery pile
There may not be nearly enough.

Just a sliver, you say? No, thanks, not today.
Tomorrow, I really can't say ...
But today I would sooner eat slivers of glass,
Eat the tail of a skunk washed down with gas,
Slivers of sidewalks and slivers of swings,

Slivers and slivers of any old thing
Than a sliver of slimy old quivery shivery
Livery liver today.

THE SICK YOUNG DRAGON
by John Foster

“What can I do?" young dragon cried.
"Although I've simply tried and tried,
It doesn't matter how hard I blow,
I cannot get my fire to go!"

"Open your mouth!" his mother said.
"It's no wonder! Your throat's not red.
Your scales are cold. You must be ill.
I think you must have caught a chill."

The doctor came. He looked and said,
"You'll need a day or two in bed.
Your temperature's down. No doubt
That's the reason your fire's gone out.

Just drink this petrol. Chew these nails.
They'll help you to warm up your scales.
Just take it easy. Watch TV,
You'll soon be right as rain, you'll see.”

Young dragon did as he was told
And soon his scales stopped feeling cold.
He sneezed some sparks. His face glowed bright.
He coughed and set the sheets alight.

"Oh, dear!" he cried. "I've burnt the bed!"
"It doesn't matter," his mother said.
"Those sheets were old. Go out and play.
Just watch where you breathe fire today!"

MY SHADOW
by Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow -
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an errant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

SMART - by Shel Silverstein (The Random House Book of Poetry for Children, ed. Jack Prelutsky; Random House)
THE FIREMEN - by James K. Baxter (The Random House Book of Poetry for Children, ed. Jack Prelutsky; Random House)
EVERY TIME I CLIMB A TREE - by David McCord (A New Treasury of Children's Poetry, selected by Joanna Cole; Doubleday)
TIP-TOE TAIL - by Dixie Willson (A New Treasury of Children's Poetry - see above)

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CLASS 1008 - Choral Speech, Year III
TWO selections, BOTH Own Choice OR from the following:

HIDING
by Dorothy Aldis

I'm hiding, I'm hiding,
And no one knows where;
For all they can see is my
Toes and my hair.

And I just heard my Father
Say to my Mother -
"But, darling, he must be
Somewhere or other;

Have you looked in the inkwell?"
And Mother said, "Where?"
"In the inkwell?" said Father.
But
I was not there.

Then "Wait!" cried my Mother
"I think that I see
Him under the carpet." But
It was not me.

"Inside the mirror's
A pretty good place,"
Said Father and looked, but saw
Only his face.

"We've hunted," sighed Mother,
"As hard as we could
And I am so afraid that we've
Lost him for good."

Then I laughed out aloud
And I wriggled my toes
And Father said - "Look, dear,
I wonder if those

Toes could be Benny's?
There are ten of them, see?"
And they were so surprised to find
Out it was me!

THE PIPER
by William Blake

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again,"
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."
So I sung the same again
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE
by Robert Louis Stevenson

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.
Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

THERE ONCE WAS A PUFFIN - by Florence Page Jaques (A New Treasury of Children's Poetry, selected by Joanna Cole; Doubleday)
ONLY SNOW - by Allan Ahlberg (The New Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Neil Philip; Oxford University Press)
LITTLE BITS OF SOFT-BOILED EGG - by Fay Maschler (The Random House Book of Poetry for Children, ed. Jack Prelutsky; Random House)
SOMETHING TOLD THE WILD GEESE - by Rachel Field (A New Treasury of Children's Poetry, selected by Joanna Cole; Doubleday)

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CLASS 1009 - Choral Speech, Year II
TWO selections, BOTH own Choice OR from the following:

THE ARROW AND THE SONG
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

COWS

by James Reeves

Half the time they munched the grass, and all the time they lay
Down in the water-meadows, the lazy month of May,
    A-chewing,
    A-mooing,
To pass the hours away,
"Nice weather," said the brown cow.
    "Ah," said the white.
"Grass is very tasty."
    "Grass is all right."

Half the time they munched the grass, and all the time they lay
Down in the water-meadows, the lazy month of May,
    A-chewing,
    A-mooing,
To pass the hours away.

"Rain coming," said the brown cow.
    "Ah," said the white.
"Flies is very tiresome."
    "Flies bite."

Half the time they munched the grass, and all the time they lay
Down in the water-meadows, the lazy month of May,
    A-chewing,
    A-mooing,
To pass the hours away.

"Time to go," said the brown cow.
    "Ah," said the white.
"Nice chat." "Very pleasant."
    "Night." "Night."

Half the time they munched the grass, and all the time they lay
Down in the water-meadows, the lazy month of May,
    A-chewing,
    A-mooing,
To pass the hours away.

THE SHARK
by Lord Alfred Douglas

A treacherous monster is the Shark,
He never makes the least remark.

And when he sees you on the sand,
He doesn't seem to want to land.

He watches you take off your clothes,
And not the least excitement shows.

His eyes do not grow bright or roll,
He has astounding self-control.

He waits till you are quite undressed,
And seems to take no interest.

And when towards the sea you leap,
He looks as if he were asleep.

But when you once get in his range,
His whole demeanor seems to change.

He throws his body right about,
And his true character comes out.

It's no use crying or appealing,
He seems to lose all decent feeling.

After this warning you will wish
To keep clear of this treacherous fish.

His back is black, his stomach white,
He has a very dangerous bite.

THE STAR - by Jane Taylor (The New Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Neil Philip; Oxford University Press)
THE SPANGLED PANDEMONIUM - by Palmer Brown (The Random House Book of Poetry for Children, ed. Jack Prelutsky; Random House)
WANTED - A WITCH'S CAT - by Shelagh McGee (Random House Book of Poetry; see above)
THE KITE - by Harry Behn (Crickets and Bullfrogs; Harcourt Brace)

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CLASS 1010 - Choral Speech, Year I
TWO selections, BOTH Own Choice OR from the following;

THE ALPHABET MONSTER
by Robert Heidbreder

I'm the Alphabet Monster
And nothing tastes better
To the Alphabet Monster
Than eating a letter.
A "j" and an "a"
And a "c" and a "k"
And the million more letters
I munch every day.

I'm hungry now
What shall I do?
I think I'll eat
a "y"
an "o"
and a "u".

That means ... YOU!

WHAT IS PINK?
by Christina G. Rossetti

What is pink? a rose is pink
By a fountain's brink.
What is red? a poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? the sky is blue
Where the clouds float thro'.
What is white? a swan is white
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? the grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is violet? clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? why, an orange,
Just an orange!

THE STORM
by Sara Coleridge

See lightning is flashing,
The forest is crashing,
The rain will come dashing,
A flood will be rising anon;

The heavens are scowling,
The thunder is growling,
The loud winds are howling,
The storm has come suddenly on!

But now the sky clears,
The bright sun appears,
Now nobody fears,
But soon every cloud will be gone.

FURRY BEAR - by A.A. Milne (Sing a Song of Popcorn, selected by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers; Scholastic Inc. New York)
GALOSHES - by Rhoda Bacmeister (Sing a Song of Popcorn, see above)
SUNNING - by James S. Tippet (Random House Book of Poetry for Children, ed. Jack Prelutsky; Random House)
PUTTING THE WORLD TO BED - by Esther W. Buxton (The New Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Neil Philip; Oxford University Press)

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CLASS 1011 - Choral Speech, Kindergarten
TWO selections, BOTH Own Choice OR any of the following:

AUGUST
by John Updike

The sprinkler twirls.
The summer wanes.
The pavement wears
Popsicle stains.

The playground grass
Is worn to dust.
The weary swings
Creak, creak with rust.

The trees are bored
With being green.
Some people leave
The local scene.

And go to seaside
Bungalows
And take off nearly
All their clothes.

THE DARK HOUSE
Author unknown

In a dark, dark wood, there was a dark, dark house,
And in that dark, dark house, there was a dark, dark room,
And in that dark, dark room, there was a dark, dark cupboard,
And in that dark, dark cupboard, there was a dark, dark shelf,
And in that dark, dark shelf, there was a dark, dark box,
And in that dark, dark box, there was a GHOST!

SKYSCRAPERS
by Rachel Field

Do skyscrapers ever grow tired
Of holding themselves up high?
Do they ever shiver on frosty nights
With their tops against the sky?
Do they ever feel lonely sometimes,
Because they have grown so tall?
Do they ever wish they could just lie down
And never get up at all?

THE SQUIRREL
Author unknown

Whisky, frisky,
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the tree top!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell,
Snappity, crackity,
Out it fell!

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND - by Christina Rossetti (The Random House Book of Poetry for Children, ed. Jack Prelutsky; Random House)
CATS - by Eleanor Farjeon (The Random House Book of Poetry - see above)
LISTEN! - by Lilian Moore (A New Treasury of Children's Poetry, selected by Joanna Cole; Doubleday)
SNOWFLAKES - by Marchette Chute (Piping Down the Valleys Wild, ed. Nancy Larrick; A Dell Yearling Book)
POOR POTATOES UNDERGROUND - by Jack Prelutsky (Ride a Purple Pelican; Greenwillow Books)

SOLO POETRY

Note: Subtle costuming and movement is not discouraged, but should never detract from emphasis on the spoken word.

P CLASS 1015 - Solo Poetry, Senior, Open
Own Choice OR any of the following:

SNAKE
by D.H. Lawrence

A snake came to my water-trough
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
To drink there.

In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carob-tree
I came down the steps with my pitcher
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was at the
trough before me.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over
the edge of the stone trough
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,
Silently.

Someone was before me at my water-trough,
And I, like a second comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and mused a
moment,
And stooped and drank a little more,
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning bowels of the earth,
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.

The voice of my education said to me
He must be killed,
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold are
venomous.

And voices in me said, If you were a man
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.

But I must confess how I liked him,
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink at my water-trough
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,
Into the burning bowels of this earth.

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?.
Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?
Was it humility to feel so honoured?
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:
"If you were not afraid, you would kill him!"

And truly, I was afraid, I was most afraid,
But even so, honoured still more
That he should seek my hospitality
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black,
Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered farther,
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing into that horrid black hole,
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing himself after,
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked around, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,
But suddenly, that part of him that was left behind convulsed in undignified haste,
Writhed like lightning, and was gone
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.
I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the albatross,
And I wished he would come back, my snake.
For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.
And I have something to expiate;
A pettiness.

MY LAST DUCHESS
by Robert Browning

FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive; I call
That piece a wonder, now: Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
Over my Lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat," such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart - how shall I say? - too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool

Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace - all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, - good; but thanked
Somehow - I know not how - as if she ranked
My gift of nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech - (which I have not) - to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark:" - and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
- E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then I repeat
The Count your Master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

YELLOW WARBLERS
by *Glen Sorestad*

This summer our backyard has been enlivened
by a pair of yellow warblers whose pale
lemon presence is a first here. They dart
like sun flashes from tree branch
to leafy shrub. The jaunty male sings
his one-note territorial *chip-chip* as he
shifts from poplar to silver maple to red alder.
Clearly they had a nest somewhere near
and my limited knowledge of warblers led me
to suspect our five-foot contoneaster hedge.
Yesterday I received unwanted confirmation.

I had the clippers out to trim the hedge.
Oblivious, I scissored along, shearing and trimming,

seeking to impose order on this green world -
an unconscious hang-over from Edwardian England.
I leaned over the hedge, just past mid-way
to lop back some disorder, rule raggedness even,
deaf to the uptempo warbler cry that should
have alerted me to my impending trespass.
And then disaster fell. Something in my movement
and my callous pruning dislodged the hedge-home
and out dropped a drab puff of fledgeling warbler,
a fluff of frightened down that lay at my feet
and uttered the equivalent of a lost child's wail.
The parents fretted in agitation about me,
the frenzied male berating me non-stop.

I was appalled. Like that Scottish plowman
two and a half centuries before me. Remorse seized
me by the throat at this gross despoiling.
In the instant I wanted to set things right, yet
knowing that such matters are often difficult, whether
in the realms of birds or men, I knew I must try.

I bent to pick the youngster up from the ground,
but the little one was now gripped by panic
and flapped and hopped across the garden, its confusion
of cries an occasion for more alarm, if possible,
from the frantic parents. In ungainly pursuit
I nabbed it in a row of onions, cupped it
in my palm while it chittered its fright
to all the world, and I stood there
like a grade eight bully accused of harassing
the little kindergarten girls. The parents
were telling me and the neighbourhood what they thought.

I took the trembling fledgeling back to the hedge,
deposited it with care back in its sanctuary,
then took my clippers and left the hedge unfinished.
I sat down at the patio table with my chagrin,
feeling somehow as one who has been exposed
in public for some heinous act. I wondered
whether the parents would desert the violated nest,
whether I'd condemned the young one to starvation,
or to the neighbour's ever-prowling black feline.
The parents worried around the hedge as I sat.

But this morning as I sit at the same table
with my notebook and coffee, the male warbler
flies over to perch above me in the poplar tree

and greets me with a thorough scolding. It has
somehow a definite familiar tone, and I accept it
like a roustabout husband because I have the feeling
that I am being forgiven, though the lecture must be
given nonetheless, as a matter of propriety.
The female is busy in and out the hedge
and this backyard world is for the moment
back to where it was before I took the clippers out.
The untrimmed remnant of hedge may be an affront
to those who put stock in such things,
but to hell with them, I say. To hell with them.

BYZANTIUM - by W.B. Yeats (The Faber Book of Modern Verse, ed. Michael Roberts, revised by Anne Ridler; Faber & Faber)

THE TRUCK THAT COMMITTED SUICIDE - by *Dale Zieroth* (The New Canadian Poets, 1970-1985, ed. Dennis Lee; McClelland & Stewart)

JUVENILIA - by C. Day Lewis (The Complete Poems of C. Day Lewis; published by Sinclair-Stevenson)

RELATIONSHIPS - by *Pier Giorgio Di Cicco* (New Canadian Poets 1970-1985) (see above)

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CLASS 1016 - Solo Poetry, 18 years and under
Own Choice OR from any of the following:

AFTER APPLE-PICKING
by Robert Frost

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.
But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take.

Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.
For I have had too much
Of apple-picking: I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.
For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
Went surely to the cider-apple heap
As of no worth.
One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep.

ON THE MOVE
By Thom Gunn

'MAN, YOU GOTTA GO'

The blue jay scuffling in the bushes follows
Some hidden purpose, and the gust of birds
That spurts across the field, the wheeling swallows,
Have nested in the trees and undergrowth.
Seeking their instinct, or their poise, or both,
One moves with an uncertain violence
Under the dust thrown by a baffled sense
Or the dull thunder of approximate words.

On motorcycles, up the road they come:
Small, black, as flies hanging in heat, the Boys,
Until the distance throws them forth, their hum
Bulges to thunder held by calf and thigh.
In goggles, donned impersonality,
In gleaming jackets trophied with the dust,
They strap in doubt - hiding it, robust -
And almost hear a meaning in their noise.

Exact conclusion of their hardiness
Has no shape yet, but from known whereabouts
They ride, direction where the tires press.
They scare a flight of birds across the field:
Much that is natural, to the will must yield.
Men manufacture both machine and soul,
And use what they imperfectly control
To dare a future from the taken routes.

It is a part solution, after all.
One that is not necessarily discord
On earth; or damned because, half animal,
One lacks direct instinct, because one wakes
Afloat on movement that divides and breaks.
One joins the movement in a valueless world,
Choosing it, till, both hurler and hurled,
One moves as well, always toward, toward.

A minute holds them, who have come to go:
The self-defined, astride the created will
They burst away; the towns they travel through
Are home for neither bird nor holiness,
For birds and saints complete their purposes.
At worst, one is in motion; and at best,
Reaching no absolute, in which to rest,
One is always nearer by not keeping still.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER (Part 1) - by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (The Oxford Book of English Verse, ed. Quiller-Couch; O.U.P.)

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI - by John Keats (The Oxford Book of English Verse, ed. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; Oxford University Press)

ONCE UPON A TIME - by Gabriel Okara (A New Anthology of Verse, ed. R.A. Charlesworth & Dennis Lee; Oxford University Press)

THE ORIENT EXPRESS - by Randall Jarrell (The New Oxford Book of American Verse, ed. Richard Ellman; O.U.P.)

AN INTERLUDE - by Algernon Swinburne (The Viking Book of Poetry, Vol. 2, ed. Richard Aldington; The Viking Press)

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CLASS 1017 - Solo Poetry, 16 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following:

THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN
by W.H. Auden

(To JS/07/M/378
This Marble Monument
Is Erected by the State)

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be
One against whom there was no official complaint,
And all the reports on his conduct agree
That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint,
For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.
Except for the War till the day he retired
He worked in a factory and never got fired,
But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors, Inc.
Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,
For his Union reports that he paid his dues,
(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)
And our Social Psychology workers found
That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.
The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day
And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.
Policies taken out in his name prove he was fully insured,
And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.
Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Instalment Plan
And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,
A phonograph, radio, a car and a frigidaire.
Our researchers into Public Opinion are content
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;
When there was peace, he was for peace; when there was war, he went.
He was married and added five children to the population,
Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his
generation,
And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

HYMN OF APOLLO (THE SUN GOD)
by Percy Bysshe Shelley

The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries
From the broad moonlight of the sky,

Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes, -
Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of Night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers,
With their ethereal colours; the moon's globe
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown:
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle?

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows it is divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine is mine,
All light of art or nature; - to my song
Victory and praise in its own right belong.

A MEDITATION BETWEEN CLAIMS - by *Robyn Sarah* (The New Canadian Poets, 1970-1985, ed. Dennis Lee; McClelland and Stewart)
NORTHWEST PASSAGES - by *Daryl Hine* (The Broadview Anthology of Poetry, ed. Herbert Rosengarten & Amanda Goldrick-Jones: Broadview Press)
THE WISH - by Abraham Cowley (The Oxford Book of English Verse, ed. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; Oxford University Press)

THE SILVER STAG - by Kathleen Raine (The Faber Book of Modern Verse, ed. Michael Roberts; Faber and Faber)

ANGELS - by *Anne Szumagalski* (New Canadian Poets 1970-1985; ed Dennis Lee, McClelland and Stewart)

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CLASS 1018 - Solo Poetry, 14 years and under
Own Choice OR from any of the following:

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD
by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

ROE-DEER
by Ted Hughes

In the dawn-dirty light, in the biggest snow of the year
Two blue-dark deer stood in the road, alerted.

They had happened into my dimension
The moment I was arriving just there.

They planted their two or three years of secret deerhood
Clear on my snow-screen vision of the abnormal

And hesitated in the all-way distintegration
And stared at me. And so for some lasting seconds

I could think the deer were waiting for me
To remember the password and sign

That the curtains had blown aside for a moment
And there where the trees were no longer trees, nor the road a road

The deer had come for me.

Then they ducked down through the hedge, and upright they rode their legs
Away downhill over a snow-lonely field

Towards tree-dark - finally
Seeming to eddy and glide and fly away up

Into the boil of big flakes
The snow took them and soon their nearby hoofprints as well

Revising its dawn inspiration
Back to the ordinary.

KINDLY UNHITCH THAT STAR, BUDDY - by Ogden Nash (Introduction to Literature, POEMS, ed. Altenbernd & Lewis; 3rd Edition, Macmillan)
SUNDAY MORNING - by Louis MacNeice (The Faber Book of Modern Verse, ed. Michael Roberts, revised by Anne Ridler; Faber & Faber)
RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD SPOOK - by Richard Edwards (New Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Neil Philips; Oxford University Press)
MORNING OF THE HOAR FROST - by *Glen Sorestad* (Hold the Rain in Your Hands; Coteau Books)
FOR AULD LANG SYNE - *Irving Layton* (A Wild Peculiar Joy; McClelland & Stewart)

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CLASS 1019 - Solo Poetry, 12 years and under
Own Choice OR from any of the following:

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT
by Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
0 let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

THE CAMEL'S COMPLAINT
by Charles E. Carryl

Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And as for poodles, they tell the noodles
Have chicken and cream for their lunch**.**
But there's never a question
About *my* digestion -
Anything does for me.

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails,
But no one supposes
A poor camel dozes -
Any place does for me.

Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy
Anywhere does for me.

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a camel, he's
Ridden by families -
Any load does for me.

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a camel's all lumpy
And bumpy and humpy -
Any shape does for me.

THE CAT AND THE PIG - by Gerard Benson (A New Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Neil Philip; Oxford University Press)

HUMPTY DUMPTY'S SONG - by Lewis Carroll (The Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Iona & Peter Opie; Oxford University Press)
THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT - by Karla Kuskin (The Random House Book of Poetry for Children, ed. Jack Prelutsky; Random House)
THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE - by W.B. Yeats (A New Anthology of Verse, ed. R. Charlesworth & Dennis Lee; Oxford University Press)
SILENCE - by Marianne Moore (The Viking Book of Poetry, Volume 2, ed. R. Aldington; Viking Press)

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CLASS 1020 - Solo Poetry, 10 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following:

FOR I DIPPED INTO THE FUTURE (from Locksley Hall)
by Lord Alfred Tennyson

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Hear the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

I'LL TELL YOU HOW THE SUN ROSE
by Emily Dickinson

I'll tell you how the sun rose,
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must be the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while,

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

ONE - by James Berry (The New Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Neil Philip; Oxford University Press)
WHAT NIGHT WOULD IT BE - by John Ciardi (Piping Down the Valleys Wild, ed. Nancy Larrick; Dell Publishing)
MS. WHATCHAMACALLIT THINGAMAJIG - by Miriam Chaikin (The Random House Book of Poetry for Children, ed. Jack Prelutsky; Random House)
MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS - by Robert Burns (Oxford Book of Poetry for Children, selected by Edward Blishea; Oxford University Press)

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CLASS 1021 - Solo Poetry, 8 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following:

MICE
by Rose Fyleman

I think mice
Are rather nice.

Their tails are long,
Their faces small,
They haven't any
Chins at all.
Their ears are pink,
Their teeth are white,
They run about
The house at night.
They nibble things
They shouldn't touch
And no one seems
To like them much.

But I think mice
Are nice.

THE SWING
by Robert Louis Stevenson

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it is the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside -

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown -
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

MOTHER GOBLIN'S LULLABY - by Jack Prelutsky (Something Big Has Been Here; Greenwillow Books)
RAINY NIGHTS - by Irene Thompson (Random House Book of Poetry for Children, ed. Jack Prelutsky; Random House)
THE DANCING BEAR - by Rachel Field (A New Treasury of Children's Poetry, selected by Joanna Cole; Doubleday)
THE LITTLE TURTLE - by Vachel Lindsay (A New Treasury - see above)
FULL OF THE MOON - by Karla Kuskin (Piping Down the Valleys Wild, ed. Nancy Larrick; Dell Publishing)

CANADIAN POETRY

P CLASS 1025 - Canadian Poetry, Senior, open
Own Choice OR from any of the following:

DAVID - Parts V, VI, VII
by *Earle Birney*

V
On Sundance we tried from the col and the going was hard.
The air howled from our feet to the smudged rocks
And the papery lake below. At an outthrust we baulked
Till David clung with his left to a dint in the scarp,

Lobbed the iceaxe over the rocky lip,
Slipped from his holds and hung by the quivering pick,
Twisted his long legs up into space and kicked
To the crest. Then, grinning, he reached with his freckled wrist

And drew me up after. We set a new time for that climb.
That day returning we found a robin gyrating
In grass, wing-broken. I caught it to tame but David
Took and killed it, and said, 'Could you teach it to fly?'

VI
In August, the second attempt, we ascended The Fortress.
By the forks of the Spray we caught five trout and fried them
Over a balsam fire. The woods were alive
With the vaulting of mule-deer and drenched with clouds all the morning,

Till we burst at noon to the flashing and floating round
Of the peaks. Coming down we picked in our hats the bright
And sunhot raspberries, eating them under a mighty
Spruce, while a marten moving like quicksilver scouted us.

VII
But always we talked of the Finger on the Sawback, unknown
And hooked, till the first afternoon in September we slogged
Through the musky woods, past a swamp that quivered with frog-song,
And camped by a bottle-green lake. But under the cold

Breath of the glacier sleep would not come, the moon-light
Etching the Finger. We rose and trod past the feathery
Larch, while the stars went out, and the quiet heather
Flushed, and the skyline pulsed with the surging bloom

Of incredible dawn in the Rockies. David spotted
Bighorns across the moraine and sent them leaping
With yodels the ramparts redoubled and rolled to the peaks,
And the peaks to the sun. The ice in the morning thaw

Was a gurgling world of crystal and cold blue chasms,
And seracs that shone like frozen saltgreen waves.
At the base of the Finger we tried once and failed. Then David
Edged to the west and discovered the chimney; the last

Hundred feet we fought the rock and shouldered and kneed
Our way for an hour and made it. Unroping we formed
A cairn on the rotting tip. Then I turned to look north
At the glistening wedge of giant Assiniboine, heedless

Of handhold. And one foot gave. I swayed and shouted.
David turned sharp and reached out his arm and steadied me,
Turning again with a grin and his lips ready
To jest. But the strain crumbled his foothold. Without

A gasp he was gone. I froze to the sound of grating
Edge-nails and fingers, the slither of stones, the lone
Second of silence, the nightmare thud. Then only
The wind and the muted beat of unknowing cascades.

COMMON MAGIC
by *Bronwen Wallace*

Your best friend falls in love
and her brain turns to water.
You can watch her lips move,
making the customary sounds
but you can see they're merely
words, flimsy as bubbles rising
from some golden sea where she
swims sleek and exotic as a mermaid.

It's always like that.
You stop for lunch in a crowded
restaurant and the waitress floats
toward you. You can tell she doesn't care
whether you have the baked or french-fried
and you wonder if your voice comes
in bubbles too.

It's not just women either. Or love
for that matter. The old man

across from you on the bus holds
a young child on his knee; he is singing
to her and his voice is a small boy
turning somersaults in the green
country of his blood.
It's only when the driver calls his stop
that he emerges into this puzzle
of brick and tiny hedges. Only then
you notice his shaking hands, his need
of the child to guide him home.

All over the city
you move in your own seasons
through the seasons of others: old women, faces
clawed by weather you can't feel
clack dry tongues at passersby
while adolescents seethe
in their glassy atmospheres of anger.

In parks, the children
are alien life-forms, rooted
in the galaxies they've grown through
to get here. Their games weave
the interface and their laughter
tickles that part of your brain where smells
are hidden and the nuzzling textures of things.

It's a wonder that anything gets done
at all: a mechanic flails
at the muffler of your car
through whatever storm he's trapped inside
and the mailman stares at numbers
from the haze of a distant summer.

Yet somehow letters arrive and buses
remember their routes. Banks balance.
Mangoes ripen on the supermarket shelves.
Everyone manages. You gulp the thin air
of this planet as if were the only
one you knew. Even the earth you're
standing on seems solid enough.
It's always the chance word, unthinking
gesture that unlocks the face before you.
Reveals the intricate countries
deep within the eyes. The hidden
lives, like sudden miracles,
that breathe there.

BAPTISM
by *Dale Zieroth*

In mid-river we join the ancient force
of mud and leaves moving in their journey
down the face of the continent and after
the first dance of leaving
one element for another, we fall quiet,
waiting for the silence to give us a
glimpse of history. In mid-river, it is
still possible to imagine Thompson's world,
without roads or bridges, rivers that
go back beyond white lives into the rocks
that push and fold, fault and break
as the new world rises from
the old.
Yet this is still our river.
It does not matter that we are not
the first, what we will find today
has been found a hundred times before: it is
the ancient story of men meeting water,
as if there were a time, or faith,
when all of us were rivers, one
strength sliding out of the sky and into
the sea, one direction in us all.

But the river churns here and beats along the shore.
It picks up speed on the outside curve
cutting past the cottonwoods and under the deadfalls
that sweep across the water like the last arm of the land
and the water takes command.
I bend my paddle in my hand and my friend
digs in but there are branches like dead fingers in our faces
and there can be
no avoidance now, water comes up and the
snag bends us down until my lungs
are in the water they are stones and I am
grabbing for the tree as if it were
my friend while the current sucks on me and my arms
go heavy as lead, a scream
goes dead in my throat, we do not
belong here, it bubbles and swallows
silt, the taste of ice,
there are blue stars somewhere and all the sounds of water
are alive and they pour in my ears,
into my eyes as if the river is already sure
how deep it will carry me,

what it will do with my skin, how it will dissolve
and burst and thin out the blood and I roll over
in a dream of clouds, willows, catch the edge
of a bank beaver's hole, brown mud like gold on my palm,
my feet still pulling for the ocean and then they find
gravel, the river rock, the river
pushes me away and I am shaking in the air again,
shaking for my friend riding the canoe's bottom
like a drunken pea pod, he grinds on the bank
a hundred yards downstream, his boots sucked off,
his body like a hole in the sand.

I breathe in the sun, take it yellow
into the body that spits grey in the river.
The baptism is over.
We have walked away without the grace of
fish or grebes, and the river is still the same.
I sit and watch the water with the oldest eyes of men:
if I trust the river, I will be
caught in it, rolled backwards into the
simplest race of all, the first, and the river is hard, it is
carnal and twists like an animal going blind in the rain,
but it leaves me pouring water from my shoe and then I see
him stand, wave, we have
first words.
Soon our paddles will bite the water but they will not
break it: our place on earth is rich enough,
the sudden rush of birdsong, our own
mid-river laughter as the warmth begins again.

MY '48 PONTIAC - by *Al Purdy* (A New Anthology of Verse, ed. Roberta A. Charlesworth & Dennis Lee; Toronto Oxford University Press)
HEAVEN AND HELL - *Netsilik Origin* (Inuit) - translated by Edward Field, (A New Anthology of Verse - see above)
FOREIGN AID - by *Lionel Kearns* (The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, chosen by Margaret Atwood; Oxford University Press)
LAKESHORE - by *F.R. Scott* (The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse - see above)
JOURNEY BEGINS - by *Don Kerr* (Going Places; Coteau Books)

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CLASS 1026 - Canadian Poetry, 18 years and under
Own Choice OR from any of the following:

THE FIGHTS
by *Milton Acorn*

What an elusive target
the brain is! Set up
like a coconut on a flexible stem
it has 101 evasions.
A twisted nod slues a punch
a thin gillette's width
past a brain, or
a rude brush-cut to the chin
tucks one brain safe under another.
Two of these targets are
set up to be knocked down
for 25 dollars or a million.

In that TV picture in the parlor
the men, who linked move to move
in a chancy dance,
are abstractions only.
Come to ringside, with two
experts in there! See
each step or blow pivoted,
balanced and sudden as gunfire.
See muscles wriggle, shine
in sweat like windshield rain.

In stinking dancehalls, in
the forums of small towns,
punches are cheaper but
still pieces of death.
For the brain's the target
with its hungers
and code of honor. See
in those stinking little towns,
with long counts, swindling judges,
how fury ends with the last gong.
No matter who's the cheated one
they hug like a girl and man.

It's craft and
the body rhythmic and terrible,
the game of struggle.
We need something of its nature

but not this;
for the brain's the target
and round by round it's whittled
til nothing's left of a man
but a jerky bum, humming
with a gentleness less than human.

STONE FOREST
by *Ken Mitchell*

A geography of illusions.
A day's journey from Kunming
lies the fabled Stone Forest.

The high central pavilion is reached
ascending steps hacked in rock.
Staircases wind forever among
the granite trees. Balance
hard to maintain,
all distance illogical,
no relief for claustrophobics.

The descent no less threatening
as rocks poise overhead -
sinister dead flowers.

The nightmare is only relieved
by thousands of peasants
arriving home for Festival.
Traffic intensifies -
the collision rate soars
and fast-food outlets
suddenly line the roads:
peasants setting out bowls
of sauce and vegetables.

Sa-ni girls run laughing
through the chaos.
Fireworks rearrange the night.

In the main village
a sunset funeral begins.
The old woman is much respected,
her coffin piled with rolls
of cotton for the next world.
At the coffin's foot the severed head
from a sacrificed water buffalo.

Beside it in a bowl
the buffalo's heart
and a lit candle.
The mourners graciously admit
the Foreign Devil to their circle.

Through the long night
women wail beside the coffin.
The men play flutes and drums,
taking the old woman's soul
up the mountain.
Each tribesman plays
five different instruments,
can sing a hundred tunes.
All speak four languages.
The Foreign Expert is humbled,
unable to speak a word;
this is loss of Face.

JELLYFISH - by *David Solway* (The New Canadian Poets 1970 - 1985, ed. Dennis Lee; McClelland and Stewart)
DARK STARS - by *Gwendolyn MacEwen* (from Magic Animals; Macmillan)
LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ - by *Bliss Carman* (The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, chosen by Margaret Atwood)
THE SCHOOL GLOBE - by *James Reaney* (The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse - see above)

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CLASS 1027 - Canadian Poetry, 16 years and under
Own Choice OR from any of the following:

CHRISTMAS EVE - MARKET SQUARE
by *P.K. Page*

City of Christmas, here, I love your season,
where in the market square,
bristled and furry
like a huge animal
the fir trees lie
silently waiting buyers.
It's as if
they hold the secrets of a Christmas sealed -
as statues hold their feelings sealed in stone -
to burst in bells and baubles on their own
within the warmth and lightness of a house.

The sellers, bunched and bundled,
hold their ears,
blow lazy lazy boas as they call their wares,
and children out of legends pulling sleds,
prop tall trees straight in search of symmetry
and haul their spikey aromatic wonder
home through a snowy world.
    Almost the tree sings through them in their carols
    almost grows taller in their torsos, is
    perfectly theirs, as nothing ever was.

The soft snow falls,
vague smiling drunkards weave
gently as angels through a street of feathers;
balancing bulging parcels with their wings
they tip-toe where the furry monster grows
smaller and hoarier
and nerveless sprawls
flat on its mammoth, unimagined face.
    While in far separate houses
    all its nerves
    spring up like rockets,
    unknown children see
    a miracle
    and cry
    to cut the ceiling not to lop the tree.

HOW ONE WINTER CAME IN THE LAKE REGION

by *Wilfred Campbell*

For weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still,
  Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze;
The fields were dead, the wind had lost its will,
And all the lands were hushed by wood and hill,
  In those grey, withered days.

Behind a mist the blear sun rose and set,
  At night the moon would nestle in a cloud;
The fisherman, a ghost, did cast his net;
The lake its shores forgot to chafe and fret,
  And hushed its caverns loud.

Far in the smoky woods the birds were mute,
  Save that from blackened tree a jay would scream,
Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome lute
Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarlèd root
  The tree-toad trilled his dream.

From day to day still hushed the season's mood,
   The streams stayed in their runnels shrunk and dry;
Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and wood,
And all the world, with ominous silence, stood
   In weird expectancy:

When one strange night the sun like blood went down,
   Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue;
Red grew the lake, the sere fields parched and brown,
Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,
   But never a wind-breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins,
   A joyous tremor of the icy glow;
And woke to hear the north's wild vibrant strains,
While far and wide, by withered woods and plains,
   Fast fell the driving snow.

WHAT DO I REMEMBER OF THE EVACUATION? - by *Joy Kogawa* (A New Anthology of Verse, ed. Charlesworth & Dennis Lee; Oxford University Press)
DAWN - by *Judith Krause* (What We Bring Home; Coteau Books)
JACARANDA - by *Roo Borson* (The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, chosen by Margaret Atwood; Oxford University Press)
W.L.M.K. (William Lyon Mackenzie King) - by *F.R. Scott* (The Wascana Poetry Anthology, ed. Richard G. Harvey; Canadian Plains Research Center, University of Regina, Regina, SK S4S 0A2)
THE FORSAKEN - by *Duncan Campbell Scott* (The New Wind Has Wings, ed. Downie and Robertson; Oxford University Press)

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CLASS 1028 - Canadian Poetry, 14 years and under
Own Choice OR from any of the following:

A GIFT WITHHELD
by *John V. Hicks*

Hearing the gate swing at the bottom
   of the garden path
and the faint click of the lock,
I stood expectantly; but no lift of
   my door latch came.

So when at length I sensed a shift
   of initiative
I went and opened the door;

and waited, but vainly, at the edge
of the beckoning darkness
a long moment more.

Nor did my "Who's there?" evoke any
audible answer
while three breaths might run;
and then the night wind whispered down
from the eaves a soft
"No one, no one."

And I felt a loss for someone's having
turned and stolen
away in the starglow
with what passing word, what confidence
offered and withdrawn,
I'll never know.

AMONG THE MILLET
by *Archibald Lampman*

The Dew is gleaming in the grass,
The morning hours are seven,
And I am fain to watch you pass,
Ye soft white clouds of heaven.

Ye stray and gather, part and fold;
The wind alone can tame you;
I think of what in time of old
The poets loved to name you.

They called you sheep, the sky your sward,
A field without a reaper;
They called the shining sun your lord,
The shepherd wind your keeper.

Your sweetest poets I will deem
The men of old for moulding
In simple beauty such a dream,
And I could lie beholding,

Where daisies in the meadow toss,
The wind from morn till even,
For ever shepherd you across
The shining field of heaven.

THE SHARK - by *E.J. Pratt* (The New Wind Has Wings, Poems from Canada, ed. Mary Alice Downie & Barbara Robertson; Oxford University Press)
FLIGHT OF THE ROLLER-COASTER - by *Raymond Souster* (The New Wind Has Wings - see above)
WIND POWER - by *Paulette Jiles* (New Canadian Poets 1975 - 1985, ed. Dennis Lee, McClelland and Stewart)
THE CHILD WHO WALKS BACKWARDS - by *Lorna Crozier* (New Canadian Poets 1970 - 1985 - see above)
A KITE IS A VICTIM - by *Leonard Cohen* (The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, chosen by Margaret Atwood; Oxford University Press)
THE REFORMED PIRATE - by *T.G. Roberts* (The New Wind Has Wings - see above)

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CLASS 1029 - Canadian Poetry, 12 years and under
Own Choice OR from the following:

help
by *Lois Simmie*

Talk to your plant, the experts say,
So I told it all about me, it took all day
And the day after that and the next day too,
I talked and talked till my face turned blue
And the plant turned yellow and withered and brown
With spots and bumps and bugs all around.

I talked a little louder in case it missed a word,
I told that plant every joke I'd heard,
I told it all of my bowling scores
For all of the games last year and more,
I recited it poems and I sang it songs,
I read it the dictionary. Gee it was long.

Till it moaned in a pitiful kind of way
And it feebly started to crawl away,
Pulling its roots right out of the pot
And its little plant toes curled up on the spot.
Can you think why? I'm sure I can't.
And I still had lots to tell that plant.

NOAH
by *Roy Daniells*

They gathered around and told him not to do it,
They formed a committee and tried to take control,
They cancelled his building permit and they stole

His plans. I sometimes wonder he got through it.
He told them wrath was coming, they would rue it,
He begged them to believe the tides would roll,
He offered them passage to his destined goal,
A new world. They were finished and he knew it.
All to no end.
And then the rain began.
A spatter at first that barely wet the soil,
Then showers, quick rivulets lacing the town,
Then deluge universal. The old man
Arthritic from his years of scorn and toil
Leaned from the admiral's walk and watched them drown.

APRIL - by *Al Pittman* (The New Canadian Poets, 1970-1985, ed. Dennis Lee; McClelland and Stewart)
LAUGHTER - by *Miriam Waddington* (The New Wind Has Wings, Poems from Canada, ed. Mary Alice Downie & Barbara Robertson; O.U.P)
PROPHETESS - by *Elizabeth Brewster* (In Search of Eros; Clarke, Irwin & Co.)
THE HITCHHIKER - by *John Newlove* (A New Anthology of Verse, ed. R. Charlesworth & Dennis Lee; Toronto Oxford University Press)
THE PRIZE CAT - by *E.J. Pratt* (A New Anthology of Verse, see above)

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CLASS 1030 - Canadian Poetry, 10 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following

THE TRAIN DOGS
by *Pauline Johnson*

Out of the night and the north;
Savage of breed and of bone,
Shaggy and swift comes the yelping band,
Freighters of fur from the voiceless land
That sleeps in the Arctic zone.

Laden with skins from the north,
Beaver and bear and raccoon,
Marten and mink from the polar belts,
Otter and ermine and sable pelts -
The spoils of the hunter's moon.

Out of the night and the north,
Sinewy, fearless and fleet,
Urging the pack through the pathless snow,
The Indian driver, calling low,
Follows with moccasined feet.

Ships of the night and the north,
  Freighters on prairies and plains,
Carrying cargoes from field and flood
They scent the trail through their wild red blood,
  The wolfish blood in their veins.

GOD LIVES IN SASKATCHEWAN
by *Cathy Jewison*

God lives in Saskatchewan.

In a four-house town
with a gas station
and a grain elevator.

Saskatchewan is God's Own Land.

He cleared away all the mountains
and the trees
so He could see forever.

He sits on his porch
and keeps an eye on the cosmos
and listens to the music
of the spheres.

And He watches the Ontario drivers
zip through to Banff
as fast as they can
without even looking around.

Then He carefully jots down
the license numbers
in a book
for future reference.

THE MUDDY PUDDLE - by *Dennis Lee* (The Random House Book of Poetry for Children, selected by Jack Prelutsky; Random House)
HIGHWAY 16/5 ILLUMINATION - by *Tom Wayman* (The New Canadian Poets 1970 - 1985, ed. Dennis Lee; McClelland & Stewart)
WINTER NIGHT ON THE RIVER - by *Paulette Jiles* (The New Canadian Poets - see above)
THE SNAKE TRYING - by *W.W.E. Ross* (The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, chosen by Margaret Atwood; O.U.P.)

CLASS 1031 - Canadian Poetry, 8 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following

HOW TO TELL WHAT YOU'RE EATING
by *Lois Simmie*

Apples snap between your teeth
With juicy, squirty zest;
Bananas loll upon your tongue
All soggy and depressed.

A salad made of spinach leaves
Will make your tongue feel furry;
If fire glows from teeth to toes
You're likely eating curry.

If your face all shrivels up
The berry's goose. Or boysen.
And if your toes are pointing up
You'll know you've eaten poison.

INDIAN SUMMER
by *Wilfred Campbell*

Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all his glory spread,
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

THE SECRET PLACE - by *Dennis Lee* (The Ice-Cream Store; Harper-Collins)
WINDSHIELD WIPERS - by *Dennis Lee* (A New Wind Has Wings, Poems from Canada, ed. Mary Alice Downey & Barbara Robertson; O.U.P.)
A SPIDER DANCED A COZY JIG - by *Irving Layton* (A New Wind Has Wings - see above)
THE BROOK IN FEBRUARY - by *Charles G.D. Roberts* (A New Wind Has Wings - see above)

SOLO SHAKESPEARE SCENE

All classes are Own Choice selections, but the following are examples given as suitable choices. Any selection will probably need a brief introduction. **M** (male); **F** (female).

P CLASS 1035 - Senior, Open.
Own Choice OR any of the following:

HENRY V - ACT I - Scene ii (M)

[The King, wanting to claim dukedoms in France, hears from the Dauphin who has sent a casket of treasure, which should amuse him more than any revel in the dukedoms. The "treasure" is a gift of tennis balls.]

KING
We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present and your pains we thank you for.
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the Courts of France will be disturbed
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence - as ‘tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are far from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France.
For that I have laid by my Majesty
And plodded like a man for working days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turned his balls to gunstones, and his soul
Shall stand so chargèd for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them; for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock, mock out of their dear husbands,
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whose name

Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.

RICHARD III - Act I - Scene ii (M)

[*Richard, the deformed, ruthless and ambitious Duke of Gloucester, has, on his way to the throne, smoothly worked his way into the affection of Anne*.]

RICHARD
Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What? I, that killed her husband and his father
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit at all
But the plain devil and dissembling looks?
And yet to win her! All the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford.
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose All not equals Edward's Moiety?
On me, that halts and am misshapen thus?
My Dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while.
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking glass
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

HAMLET - ACT I - Scene ii (M)

HAMLET: From "O, that this too too sullied flesh" to "must hold my tongue."

HAMLET - ACT III - Scene iii (M)

KING: From "O, my offence is rank" to "All may be well."

JULIUS CAESAR - ACT ONE - Scene ii (M)

CASSIUS: From "I know that virtue to be in you" to "bear the palm alone."

HENRY IV, PART TWO - ACT II - Scene iii (F)

LADY PERCY
O, yet for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, Father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endeared to it than now,
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the gray vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs that practiced not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant,
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse
To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. And him, O, wondrous him!
O, miracle of men! Him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage, to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible. So you left him.
Never, O, never do his ghost the wrong

To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! Let them alone.
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
Today might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's grave.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM - Act II - Scene i (F)

TITANIA:
These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beachèd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Hath every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The plowman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine-men's-morris is filled up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blessed.
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazèd world
By their increase now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

ROMEO AND JULIET - Act IV - Scene iv (F)
JULIET: from "Farewell! God knows when" to "I drink to thee."

RICHARD III - Act I - Scene ii (F)
ANNE: from "Set down, set down" to "King Henry's corpse."

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CLASS 1036 - 18 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following:

THE TEMPEST- ACT 111 - Scene iii (M)

ARIEL
You are three men of sin, whom Destiny -
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't - the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with suchlike valor men hang and drown
Their proper selves.
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate. The elements
Of whom your swords are tempered may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowl that's in my plume. My fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember -
For that's my business to you - that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from -
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads - is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

HAMLET - ACT 1 - Scene ii (M)

KING
'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father.
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubborness. 'Tis unmanly grief.
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschooled.
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corpse till he that died today,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

ROMEO AND JULIET - ACT I - Scene iv (M)
MERCUTIO: From "Oh, then, I see" to "women of good carriage."

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM - ACT III - Scene ii (M)
PUCK: From "My mistress with a monster " to "loved an ass."

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM - ACT III - Scene ii (F)

HELENA
Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoined all three

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us - O, is all forgot?
All schooldays' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one stem;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crownèd with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

ROMEO AND JULIET - ACT III - Scene ii (F)

JULIET
Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name
When I, thy three-hours wife have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain,
But O, it presses to my memory
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
" Tybalt is dead, and Romeo - banishèd."
That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,
Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
"Thy father," or "thy mother", nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banishèd" - to speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banishèd!"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

MACBETH - ACT I - Scene v (F)
LADY MACBETH (Reading): From "They met me" to "thee crowned withal."

AS YOU LIKE IT - ACT III - Scene v (F)
ROSALIND: From "And why, I pray you?" to "Fare you well."

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CLASS 1037 - 16 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following:

AS YOU LIKE IT - ACT II - Scene vii (M)

JAQUES
All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,

His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

HAMLET - ACT 1 - Scene iii (M)

POLONIUS
Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for. There - my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged courage. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of the most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell. My blessing season this in thee.

THE TEMPEST - ACT V - Scene i (M)
PROSPERO: From "Ye elves of hills" to "I'll drown my book."

JULIUS CAESAR - ACT III - Scene i (M)
ANTHONY: From "O, pardon me" to "groaning for burial."

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST - ACT V - Scene ii (F)

PRINCESS
A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, Your Grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness, and therefore this:
If for my love - as there is no such cause -
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust, but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
(*She gives him her hand*)
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

ROMEO AND JULIET - ACT II - Scene ii (F)

JULIET
Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form - fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay,"
And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,

And therefore thou mayst think my ‘haviour light.
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more coying to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheardst, ere I was ware,
My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.

AS YOU LIKE IT - ACT III - Scene v (F)
PHOEBE: From "Think not I love him" to "Wilt thou, Silvius?"

RICHARD III - ACT I - Scene ii (F)
ANNE: From "Foul devil" to "hath butchered."

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CLASS 1038 - 14 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following:

AS YOU LIKE IT - ACT II - Scene i (M)

DUKE SENIOR
Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery, these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

HAMLET - ACT II - Scene ii (M)

POLONIUS
I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing -

As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me - what might you,
Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think,
If I had played the desk or table book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or looked upon this love with idle sight?
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
"Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;
This must not be." And then I prescripts gave her
That she should look herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed - a short tale to make -
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, hence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves
And we all mourn for.

THE TEMPEST - ACT II - Scene ii (M)

CALIBAN: From "All the infections" to "he will not mind me."

AS YOU LIKE IT - ACT II - Scene iii (M)

ADAM: From "But do not so" to "business and necessities."

KING HENRY SIX, PART ONE - ACT V - Scene iv (F)

PUCELLE (JOAN OF ARC)
First, let me tell you whom you have condemned:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings,
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above
By inspiration of celestial grace
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits.
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices -
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceivèd! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought,

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

THE TEMPEST - ACT I - Scene ii (F)

MIRANDA
If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The freighting souls within her.

HAMLET - ACT II - Scene i (F)
OPHELIA: From "He took me by the wrist" to "their light on me."

THE TEMPEST - ACT IV - Scene i (F)
IRIS: From "Ceres, most bounteous lady" to "her to entertain."

SOLO SCENE - EXCLUDING SHAKESPEARE

The following scenes and recommendations may be used as given or used as guides. Most solo scenes will require an introduction and editing to omit lines of other players and make a coherent passage. *** mark cuts and [ ] enclose the editor's additions.

P CLASS 1045 - Solo Scene, Excluding Shakespeare, Senior, Open
Own Choice OR any of the following:

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE, Act Four (F)
by Oscar Wilde

[Gerald has discovered the real identity of his father and confronts his mother, insisting that she marry his father, not for Gerald's sake, but her own, and that of other women lest they be betrayed. His mother refuses, saying it will not wipe out the disgrace and that no other woman would have helped her. Gerald then reminds her that her religion would tell her that he is right, that she must know that and feel that.]

MRS. ARBUTHNOT:
I do not know it. I do not feel it, nor will I ever stand before God's altar and ask God's blessing on so hideous a mockery as a marriage between me and George Harford. I will not say the words the Church bids us to say. I will not say them. I dare not. How could I swear to love the man I loathe, to honour him who wrought you dishonour, to obey him who, in his mastery, made me to sin? No; marriage is a sacrament for those who love each other. lt is not for such as him, or such as me. Gerald, to save you from the world's sneers and taunts I have lied to the world. For twenty years I have lied to the world. But not for my own sake will I lie to God, and in God's presence. No, Gerald, no ceremony, Church-hallowed or State-made, shall ever bind me to George Harford. It may be that I am too bound to him already, who, robbing me, yet left me richer, so that in the mire of my life I found the pearl of price. **** Men don't understand what mothers are. I am no different from other women except in the wrong done me and the wrong I did, and my very heavy punishments and great disgrace. And yet, to bear you I had to look on death. All women have to fight with death to keep their children. Death, being childless, wants our children from us. Gerald, when you were naked, I clothed you, when you were hungry I gave you food. Night and day all that long winter I tended you. No office is too mean, no care too lowly for the thing we women love - and oh! how I loved you. And you needed love, for you were weakly, and only love could have kept you alive. Only love can keep any one alive...And boys are careless often, and without thinking give pain, and we always fancy that when they come to man's estate and know us better they will repay us. But it is not so. The world draws them from our side, and they make friends with whom they are happier than they are with us, and have amusements from which we are barred, and interests that are not ours; and they are unjust to us often, for when they find life bitter they blame us for it, and when they find it sweet we do not taste its sweetness with them.....You made many friends and went into their houses and were glad with them, and I, knowing my secret, did not dare to follow, but stayed at home and closed the door, shut out the sun and sat in darkness. My past was ever with me..... And you thought I didn't care for the pleasant things of life. I tell you, I longed for them, but did not dare to touch them, feeling I had no

right. You thought I was happier working amongst the poor. That was my mission, you imagined. It was not, but where else was I to go? The sick do not ask if the hand that smooths their pillow is pure, nor the dying care if the lips that touch their brow have known the kiss of sin. It was you I thought of all the time; I gave to them the love you did not need; lavished on them a love that was not theirs .... And you thought I spent too much time in going to Church, and in Church duties. But where else could I turn? God's house is the only house where sinners are made welcome, and you were always in my heart, Gerald, too much in my heart. For, though day after day, at morn or evensong, I knelt in God's house, I have never repented of my sin. How could I repent of my sin when you, my love, were its fruit. Even now that you are bitter to me I cannot repent. I do not. You are more to me than innocence. I would rather be your mother - oh! much rather! - than have always been pure ... Oh, don't you see? don't you understand! It is my dishonour that has made you so dear to me. It is my disgrace that has bound you so closely to me. It is the price I paid for you - the price of soul and body - that makes me love you as I do. Oh, don't ask me to do this horrible thing. Child of my shame, be still the child of my shame!

THE SEA-GULL, Act 4 (F)
by Anton Chekhov

[Nina, an actress in Moscow, has returned to Trigorin's estate, drawn to its lake, as she says, like a sea-gull. She has found the old stage in the garden where she first began acting, and before she leaves quotes lines Treplev had written for her. She speaks with Treplev in the drawing-room which he uses as his writing room. He has told her that his mother and Uncle Trigorin have gone in to supper. After she tells him she is off early in the morning to take an engagement for the whole winter, he declares his love for her and begs her to stay or let him go with her.]

NINA: (*distractedly*)
Why does he talk like this, why does he talk like this? *** My horses are waiting at the gate. Don't see me off, I'll go alone... (*Through tears*) Give me some water... (*Drinks*) *** Why do you say that you kissed the earth on which I walked? I ought to be killed. (*Bends over table*) I am so tired! If I could rest... if I could rest! (*Raises her head*) I am a sea-gull... No, that's not it. I am an actress. Oh, well! (*She hears something, runs to the door to listen*) He is here too... (*Turns back*) Oh, well... it doesn't matter... no... He did not believe in the stage, he always laughed at my dreams and little by little I left off believing in it too, and lost heart... And then I was fretted by love and jealousy... I grew petty and trivial, I acted stupidly... I did not know what to do with my arms, I did not know how to stand on the stage, could not control my voice. You can't understand what it feels like when one knows one is acting disgracefully. I am a sea-gull. No, that's not it. ... Do you remember you shot a sea-gull? A man came by chance, saw it, and just to pass the time, destroyed it... A subject for a short story... That's not it though... What was I saying?... I am talking of the stage. Now I am not like that. I am a real actress, I act with enjoyment, with enthusiasm, I am intoxicated when I am on the stage and feel that I am splendid. And since I have been here I keep walking about and thinking, thinking and feeling that my soul is getting stronger every day. Now I know, I understand, Kostya, that in our work - in acting or writing - what matters is not fame, not glory, not what I dreamed of, but knowing how to be patient. To bear one's cross and have faith. I have faith and it all doesn't hurt so much,

and when I think of my vocation, I am not afraid of life. *** I am going. When I become a great actress, come and look at me. Will you promise? But now... it's late. I can hardly stand on my feet... I am worn out and hungry...No, no, don't see me off, I will go by myself. My horses are close by... So she brought him with her? Well, it doesn't matter. When you see Trigorin, don't say anything to him... I love him! I love him even more than before...A subject for a short story... I love him, I love him passionately, I love him to despair. It was nice in the old days, Kostya! Do you remember? How clear, warm, joyous and pure life was, what feelings we had - feelings like tender, exquisite flowers... Do you remember? (*Quotes*) "Men, lions, eagles, partridges, horned deer, geese, spiders, silent fish that dwell in the waters, star-fishes, and creatures which cannot be seen by the eye - all living things, all living things, have completed their cycle of sorrow, are extinct... For thousands of years the earth has borne no living creature on its surface, and this poor moon lights its lamp in vain. On the meadow the cranes no longer waken with a cry and there is no sound of the May beetles in the lime trees ... (*She touches his face and runs off*)

THE ROAD TO MECCA - by Athol Fugard, Act Two (F)
MISS HELEN: From "What life, Marius?" to "as far as 1 can go."
EXIT THE KING - by Eugene Ionesco, closing scene (F)
QUEEN MARGUERITE: From "Sometimes you have a dream" to the end.
THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA - by Tennessee Williams - Act 3 (F)
HANNAH: From "The oldest one in the world" to "looked up at me like that."
THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE - by Neil Simon, Act 2, Scene I (F)
EDNA: From "Mel? ... Mel, I'm home" to "I'll never stop."

UNCLE VANYA, Act Three (M)
by Anton Chekhov

[Astrov, a doctor, is passionately interested in forestry. He has brought a map of his work to show Yelena, and spread it on a table. He fears it won't interest her as she is from the city and knows little of the country.]

ASTROV:
I have my own table here, in this house... in Ivan Petrovitch's room. When I am so exhausted that I feel completely stupefied, I throw everything up and fly here and amuse myself with this for an hour or two... Ivan Petrovitch and Sofya Alexandrovna click their counting beads, and I sit beside them at my table and daub away - and I feel snug and comfortable and the cricket churrs. \But I don't allow myself that indulgence too often - only once a month... (*Points to the map*) Now, look here! It's a picture of our district as it was fifty years ago. \The dark and light green stands for forest; half of the whole area was covered with forest. Where there is a network of red over green, elks and wild goats were common... I show both flora and fauna here. On this lake there were swans, geese and ducks, and the old people tell us there were "a power" of birds of all sorts, no end of them; they flew in clouds. \Besides the villages and hamlets, you see scattered here and there all sorts of settlements - little farms, monasteries of Old Believers, water-mills ... Horned cattle and horses were numerous. That is shown by the blue colour. For instance, the blue colour lies thick on this neighbourhood. Here there were regular droves of horses, and

every homestead had three on average. Now look lower down. That's how it was twenty-five years ago. Already, you see, only a third of the area is under forest. There are no goats left, but there are elks. Both the green and the blue are paler. And so it goes on and on. Let us pass on to the third part - a map of the district as it is at present. There is green here and there, but only in patches; all the elks have vanished, and the swans and the caper-cailzies too... Of the old settlements and farms and monasteries and mills there is not a trace. In fact, it's a picture of gradual and unmistakable degeneration which will, apparently, in another ten or fifteen years be complete. You will say that it is the influence of civilisation - that the old life must naturally give way to the new. Yes, I understand that. If there were highroads and railways on the site of these ruined forests, if there were works and factories and schools, the peasants would be healthier, better off, more intelligent; but, you see, there is nothing of the sort! There are still the same swamps and mosquitoes, the same lack of roads, and poverty, and typhus and diphtheria and fires in the district... We have here a degeneration that is the result of too severe a struggle for existence. This degeneration is due to inertia, ignorance, to the complete lack of understanding, when a man, cold, hungry and sick, simply to save what is left of life, to keep his children alive, instinctively, unconsciously clutches at anything to satisfy his hunger and warm himself and destroys everything heedless of the morrow...Almost everything has been destroyed already, but nothing as yet has been created to take its place. (*Coldly*) I see from your face that it doesn't interest you. *** There's nothing to understand in it; it simply doesn't interest you.

An excerpt from CYRANO DE BERGERAC, Scene IV (M)
by Edmond Rostand

[Cyrano confronts a Bore who has been staring at his nose. He taunts the Bore by asking whether he thinks the nose is a bad colour, obscene, strange or a trifle large and the Bore stammers that he finds it small, even minute.]

CYRANO:
My nose is huge! Enormous! Why, you pip-nosed, snub-nosed flathead, know that I glory in this appendage of mine! A large nose is the sign manifest of such a man as I am - courteous, witty, liberal in opinions, fired with courage. Such a man, poor fool, you could never hope to be, for the inglorious face my hand is going to find above your collar is just as bare - (*Slaps Bore's face*) - of pride, imagination, lyricism, romantic fancy, sparkle and rich life - as bare, in short, of nose as that (*Turns him around and, suiting the action to the word*) my boot will find beneath your backbone. (*Bore has run off*) *** Let this be a warning to all curious fellows making pleasantries about the middle of my face. If the jester is of noble birth, my treatment will be different - steel instead of boot-leather, in front and higher up. ***
You might make, Lord, how many remarks, merely by changing tone. For instance, listen - Aggressive: "Sir, if I had that nose, they should amputate at once." Friendly interest: "It must get in your cups; you ought to have a pitcher made for drinking." Descriptive: "It's a rock! A peak! A cape! A cape, I said? A whole peninsula." Inquisitive: "What do you use that oblong casket for, inkstand or scissors-case?" Gracious: "Are you so fond of birds that in paternal fashion you tender for their little feet that perch?" Quarrelsome: "When you smoke your pipe, sir, does the smoke ever leave your nostrils without some neighbor

crying, 'Chimney fire'?" Warning: "With that weight pulling at your head, take care you don't fall forward on the ground!" Tender: "Have a little parasol made, lest the sun fade its hue." Pedantic: "Only the beast Aristophenes calls Hippocampelephantocamelos could carry such flesh and bone beneath its brows." Lordly: "What, my friend, you say that hook is in style? Surely convenient to hang one's hat on!" Emphatic: "No wind except the mistral, 0 magisterial nose, could give you cold all over." Dramatic: "When it bleeds, there's your Red Sea!" Admiring: "What a sign for a perfumer!" Lyrical: "Oh, art thou Triton breathing in that conch?" Naive: "What are the visiting hours at this monument?" Respectful: "My deep respects, sir! You have, so to speak, a gable all your own, fronting on the street." Rustic: "Yon's a nose what is a nose. It's a great turnip or dwarf melon else." Military: "Defense against cavalry." Practical: "Is it up in a raffle? Surely, sir, it's bound to take first prize." Finally in weeping parody of De Viau's PYRAMUS:

"There's the nose that spoiled
the face endowed to him by Nature.
Its master's symmetries are lost.
It makes him blush, the traitor!"

That, my friend, or something very like it, is what you might have said if you had the merest spice of letters and of wit. But of wit, most ridiculous of creatures, you never had an atom, and of letters, only the four that spell out *fool*. What's more, even if you had the necessary invention to offer such mad jests before these galleries filled with nobles, you couldn't have uttered the quarter of the half of the beginning of the first. To myself I offer them with verve; but no one else may offer them to me.

AFTER THE FALL - by Arthur Miller, Act 1 (M)
QUENTIN: From "Hello! God it's good to see you" to "really make it mine."
GONE THE BURNING SUN - by *Ken Mitchell*, Scene 7 (M)
BETHUNE: From "Salud, Canada" to "from Madrid."
MAN AND SUPERMAN - by George Bernard Shaw, Act Two (M)
DEVIL: From "Have you walked up and down the earth lately?" to "of all the destroyers."
THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE - by Neil Simon, Act 2, Scene 1 (M)
MEL: From "You don't know" to "nothing but time, baby."

*** * * * * * ***

CLASS 1046 - Solo Scene, Excluding Shakespeare, 18 years and under.
Own Choice OR any of the following:

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES, Act 2 (F)
by Moliére

[Wealthy Arnolphe claims he knows every trick by which wives victimize their husbands, and has prepared for his own marriage by placing his young ward from the age of four

years into a convent with instructions on her rearing. She, Agnès, has been brought up as a complete innocent, ignorant of any wordly ways. He has now installed her in a small house with servants as simple as herself, and has now come to marry her. When a friend tells him that Agnès has been visited many times by a young man, Arnolphe asks her if this is true.]

AGNÈS: Oh, absolutely!
I vow, he hardly left the house at all! ***
It's really astonishing, and hard to believe.
I'd taken my work to the cool of the balcony,
And then I saw, under the nearby tree,
A fine young man. He caught my eye,
And he saluted me with a humble bow.
And since I didn't wish to be impolite,
I made a proper bow in acknowledgment.
All of a sudden he makes another bow,
And so immediately I make one too.
And then he makes another one, his third,
So I return a third one of my own.
He passes by, comes back; and every time
He makes a new and lower reverence.
I watched him closely, and to each salute
I answered, bowing very civilly.
In fact, if the dark of the night had not come down,
I think I would have been right there forever.
I didn't want to yield, and let him think
That I could be less courteous than he. ***
Next day, when I was at the door,
There came an elderly woman, and she said:
"My dear, God bless you most abundantly,
And keep you ever beautiful and blooming!
He did not make you such a pretty person
In order to ill use his kindly gifts;
And you know you have severely wounded
A heart which must protest its suffering!" ***
"What, I have wounded someone?" I exclaimed.
"Yes," she said. "Wounded! Wounded grievously
The man you saw from your balcony yesterday."
"Now what," I said, "could be the cause of that?
Did I let something drop on him carelessly?"
"No, it's your eyes," she said, "that did the deed.
It's from their glance that all his trouble comes."
"Why, I'm amazed!" I answered. "Do my eyes
Have some contagious trouble which he's caught?"
"Yes, yes," she said; "your eyes have deadly power;
They're filled with poison which you're not aware of.
In short, he's languishing, the poor dear boy.

And if - " the charitable lady said,
"If you're so cruel as to refuse all aid,
He'll certainly be buried in two days."
"Good heavens!" I cried. "I should be very sorry!
But what assistance can I give to him?"
"My child," she said, "he only wants to gain
The privilege of seeing and speaking to you.
Your eyes alone can save him from destruction;
They have the medicine for the hurt they've done."
"Why, gladly!" I replied. "If that's the case,
He can come here as often as he likes." ***
That's how he came to see me, and was cured.
Don't you agree I did the proper thing?

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM, Act II (F)
by George Farquhar

[Mrs. Sullen, married to an oafish country squire, meets her sister-in-law Dorinda in a gallery of the home of Lady Bountiful, where both are guests. Dorinda asks her if she is for church this Sunday morning.]

MRS. SULLEN:
Anywhere to pray; for heaven alone can help me. But I think, Dorinda, there's no form of prayer in the liturgy against bad husbands. Do you think, madam, that, like a hospital child, I must sit down and bless my benefactor for meat, drink, and clothes? As I take it, madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I expect some pretty things called pleasures. Not country pleasures! Dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambering over stiles? or that my parents, foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural accomplishments of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoking tobacco with my husband? or of spreading of plasters, brewing of diet-drinks with the good old gentlewoman my mother-in-law? ... Not that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the poets have painted them; in their landscape every Phillis has her Corydon, every murmuring stream, and every flowery mead, gives fresh alarms to love. Besides, you'll find that their couples were never married. But yonder I see my Corydon, and a sweet swain it is, Heaven knows! Come, Dorinda, don't be angry; he's my husband and your brother; and between both, is he not a sad brute?... O sister, sister! if every you marry, beware of a sullen sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks. There's some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little. Now you shall see - but take this by the way: he came home this morning at his usual hour of four, wakened me out of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces; after his man and he had rolled about the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he flounces into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel nightcap. O matrimony! He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose! Oh, the pleasure of counting the

melancholy clock by a snoring husband! But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon . Huh!

VENUS OBSERVED - by Christopher Fry, Act 2, Scene 2 (F)
PERPETUA: From "There isn't any reason" to "Can't last much longer."
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST - by Dale Wasserman (F)
NURSE RATCHED: From "Boys, I've given a great deal of thought." to "Mr. McMurphy, I am *warning* you."
FIRST PERSON SINGULAR - by Alan Ayckbourn, Act 1 (F)
EVA: From "May I have a glass of water" to "smudge on a marriage license."
OUR TOWN - by Thornton Wilder, Act 3 (F)
EMILY: From "I choose my twelfth birthday" to "don't understand much, do they?"

LOOK BACK IN ANGER, Act 1, Scene 2 (M)
by John Osborne

[Jimmy Porter has done battle all his life against the Establishment and does his best to shock others into facing the realities of life. His wife, Alison, trying to understand his tirades against most of humanity, has grown weary and is ready to leave him. Her friend, Helena, is the latest to become Jimmy's target.]

JIMMY:
Helena, have you ever watched somebody die? No, don't move away.... It doesn't look dignified enough for you. *** For twelve months, I watched my father dying - when I was ten years old. He'd come back from the war in Spain, you see. And certain god-fearing gentlemen there had made such a mess of him, he didn't have long left to live. Everyone knew it - even I knew it... But you see, I was the only one who cared. (*Turns to window*) His family were embarrassed by the whole business. Embarrassed and irritated... As for my mother all she could think about was the fact that she had allied herself to a man who seemed to be on the wrong side in all things. My mother was all for being associated with minorities, provided they were the smart, fashionable ones ... We all of us waited for him to die. The family sent him a cheque every month, and hoped he'd get on with it quietly, without too much vulgar fuss. My mother looked after him without complaining, and that was about all. Perhaps she pitied him. I suppose she was capable of that. But *I* was the only one who cared! ... Every time I sat on the edge of his bed, to listen to him talking or reading to me, I had to fight back my tears. At the end of twelve months, I was a veteran... All that feverish failure of a man had to listen to him was a small, frightened boy. I spent hour upon hour in that tiny bedroom. He would talk to me for hours, pouring out all that was left of his life to one, lonely, bewildered little boy, who could barely understand half of what he said. All he could feel was the despair and the bitterness, the sweet, sickly smell of a dying man... You see, I learnt at an early age what it was to be angry - angry and helpless. And I can never forget it... I knew more about - love.. betrayal ... and death, when I was ten years old than you will probably know all your life.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDERAL, Part Two (M)
by T.S. Eliot

[The year is 1170, the scene is Canterbury Cathedral. Four knights are determined to kill Archbishop Thomas Becket and his priests try to keep him safe by barring the Cathedral doors. Becket stops them - he will not let the sanctuary be turned into a fortress and orders them to open the door. The knights enter, kill him, then speak to the witnesses trying to justify their action. They speak in turn, and the fourth knight steps forward.]

FOURTH KNIGHT:
The speakers who have preceded me, to say nothing of our leader, Reginald Fitz Urse, have all spoken very much to the point. I have nothing to add along their particular lines of argument. What I have to say may be put in the form of a question: *Who killed the Archbishop?* As you have been eye-witnesses of this lamentable scene, you may feel some surprise at my putting it in this way. But consider the course of events. I am obliged, very briefly, to go over the ground traversed by the last speaker. While the late Archbishop was Chancellor, no one, under the King, did more to weld the country together, to give it the unity, the stability, order, tranquillity, and justice that it so badly needed. From the moment he became Archibishop, he completely reversed his policy; he showed himself to be utterly indifferent to the fate of the country, to be, in fact, a monster of egotism, a menace to society. This egotism grew upon him, until it became at last an undoubted mania. Every means that had been tried to conciliate him, to restore him to reason, had failed. Now I have unimpeachable evidence to the effect that before he left France, he clearly prophesied, in the presence of numerous witnesses, that he had not long to live, and that he would be killed in England. He used every means of provocation; from his conduct, step by step, there can be no inference except that he had determined upon a death by martyrdom. This man, formerly a great public servant, had become a wrecker. Even at the last, he could have given us reason: you have seen how he evaded our questions. And when he had deliberately exasperated us beyond human endurance, he could still have easily escaped; he could have kept himself from us long enough to allow our righteous anger to cool. That was just what he did not wish to happen; he insisted, while we were still inflamed with wrath, that the doors should be opened. Need I say more? I think, with these facts before you, you will unhesitatingly render a verdict of Suicide while of Unsound Mind. It is the only charitable verdict you can give, upon one who was, after all, a great man.

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR - by Bernard Slade, Act Two, Scene Two (M)
GEORGE: from "No, she's not here" to "tell her to call you."
TARTUFFE - by Moliére, Act 3 (M)
TARTUFFE: from "The love which draws us" to "pleasure without fear." (omit Elmire's lines)
TIGER AT THE GATES - (translation Christopher Fry) - by Giradoux, Act II (M)
ULYSSES: from "You are young, Hector" to "contriving things inevitably"

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CLASS 1047 - Solo Scene, Excluding Shakespeare. 16 years and under.
Own Choice OR any of the following:

THE MASTER BUILDER, Act One (F)
by Henrik Ibsen

[When Hilda was about twelve years old, the Master Builder, Solness, came to her home town to build a tower on the old church. Meeting him had such a profound effect on her that, ten years later, she visits him in his home and makes him remember what happened at that time.]

HILDA:
When the tower was finished, we had a great celebration. *** There was music in the churchyard - and there were hundreds of people. We school girls were all dressed in white, and we carried flags. *** Then you climbed up over the scaffolding and went right up to the very top... You had a big wreath and you hung it away up on the weathervane...It was so thrilling - to look away up to you..What if you should fall over - you, the master builder! *** Oh, but it was thrilling. I could hardly believe there was a builder in the whole world that could build such a great, high tower. And then - to have you stand at the very top of it! And that you weren't even dizzy! It was that most of all that made one dizzy to think about! And then you sang! It sounded like harps in the air. *** But then it was after that -- that the *real* thing happened....Do you remember a great dinner was given for you at the Club? and you were invited to come to our house afterwards? You said that in my white dress I looked like a little princess..... And *then* -- then you said that when I grew up I should be *your* princess. *** You said that in ten years you would come again, and carry me off - to Spain or some such place. And you promised you would buy me a kingdom there ... And you told me, too, the name of that kingdom. You said it would be called the kingdom of Orangia. *** And then, Mr. Solness - you kissed me..Yes - you did...You took me in your arms and bent my head back and kissed me --- several times. *** It was ten years ago - on the l9th of September....and the ten years are gone, and you didn't come - as you promised me... Of course, it doesn't have to be an every-day sort of kingdom, but I thought, if you could build some of the highest church-towers in the world, you could manage to raise some kind of a kingdom as well!..... I want my kingdom ... The time is up...

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, Act I (F)
by Richard Brinsley Sheridan

[In this satirical comedy of manners, many of the characters are named for their characteristics with names such as Snake, Crabtree, Backbite. In Lady Sneerwell's home, several have gathered to enjoy their favourite pastime - ruining reputations. In comes Mrs. Candour with a fresh batch of gossip.]

MRS. CANDOUR:
My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?
Mr. Surface, what news do you hear - though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal .... Oh Maria, child! Is the whole affair off between you

and Charles? His extravagance, I presume - the town talks of nothing else .... I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn from the same quarter that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle have not agreed lately as well as could be wished... People will talk; there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt. But Lord, there's no minding what one hears, though to be sure, I had this from very good authority .... But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. But who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill nature of people that they say her uncle stopped her last week just as she was stepping into the York diligence with her dancing master.... But then, tale bearers are as bad as the tale makers - 'tis an old observation, but a very true one; but what's to be done, as I said before? How will you prevent people from talking? Today, Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain widow in the next street had got rid of her dropsy and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner .... And at the same time Miss Tattle, who was there, affirmed that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame; and that Sir Harry Boquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation..But, Lord, do you think I would report these things! No, no! Tale bearers as I said before, are just as bad as tale makers.

THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA - by Federico Garciá Lorca, Act 1 (F)
PONCIA: from "Clean everything up" to "(Imitating) A-a-a-a-men!"
THE ECLIPSE - by Joyce Carol Oates, Scene 6 (F)
STEPHANIE: from "It wasn't a brain tumor" to "never got over it."
THE APPLECART - by George Bernard Shaw, An Interlude (F)
ORINTHIA: from "Give me a goddess's work" to "worth it or not?"
FOXFIRE - by Susan Cooper and Hume Cronyn, Act 2 (F)
ANNIE: from "He didn't like tears" to “he got that white scar.”’

RIEL, Part Two, Scene 7 (M)
by *John Coulter*

[Louis Riel, leader of the Métis, is in the Courtroom in Regina, on trial for high treason. He begins his defence.]

RIEL: (*Rises and bows*)
Your Honour. Honourable Court. You will have seen by the papers in the hands of the Crown, I am naturally inclined to think of God at the beginning of my actions. I wish, if I do, you will not take it as a mark of insanity. (*He clasps his hands, closes his eyes and prays with deep humility and simplicity.*) Oh my God, help me through thy grace and the divine influence of Jesus Christ. Bless me. Bless the Honourable Court. Bless all who are around me now through the grace of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Change the curiousity of those who are paying attention to me now. Change that curiousity into sympathy for me. Amen. (*He opens his eyes and looks around. Then, not rhetorical, but intimate, tender.*) The day of my birth I was helpless, and my mother took care of me, and I lived. Today, although I am a man, I am as helpless before this Court in the Dominion of Canada, and in this world, as I was helpless on the knees of my mother, the day of my birth.

The North-West also is my mother. It is my mother country. And I am sure my mother country will not kill me...any more than my mother did, forty years ago when I came into this world. Because, even if I have my faults, she is my mother and will see that I am true, and be full of love for me.
I believe I have a mission. I say humbly that through the grace of God - who is in this box with me - I am the Prophet of the New World.

First I worked to get free institutions for Manitoba. Now - though I was exiled from Manitoba for my pains - they have these institutions, and I am here, hounded, outlawed.

DEMOCRACY - Scene 3 (M)
by *John Murrell*

[PETE, 19, a deserter from the Army of the Confederacy, was rescued by the poet Walt Whitman. Near Washington, he sits beside a pool with Jimmy, a private in the Union Army and now blind. They dangle their feet in the water]

PETE:
Something funny. I might've met up with you, if you'd made it to the mouth of the Roanoke. I might've had to shoot at you, Jimmy. My bunch was camped near there for a few months. I never knew such a variety of bugs was in the world! It's what finally made me take off running, I always think. One night I brung the lantern, as usual, over to my bed. Wanted to make sure there was no snakes or skunks around. I looked down over my blanket, which I always smoothed out nice every morning. And the whole thing was moving, twitching like there was somebody - somebody even thinner than I was back then - already under there, somebody with the terrible shakes. I stripped the blanket back, and I saw a sort of square dance going on! The caterpillars had invited the thousand-legs and the crickets over for a do. I slept that night wrapped around the thumb of an old elm tree, and at first light I was on my way north, ticketyboo! Two weeks after that, I was beginning to repent my hasty rejection of southern insects - battling it out with northern rats, some of them bigger that a man's foot, up here in the Georgetown jail. Then Walt came by to visit and talked them out of my vagrancy charge, or, I don't know, slipped them a little money or something. Got me free. Found me a place to live, right near him. With neither rats or bugs. Taught me the hospital rounds. *** I told him inside of five minutes all the stuff they couldn't starve or scare or beat out of me during three months in that jail. I don't know why I trusted him like that. Hadn't exchanged more that ten words with him at that time. But he laid a cold compress across my shoulders, where I'd been shoved up against the stockade. And he sat down, real still, opposite me. And his eyes rested on me so gentle. Gentler than anybody's eyes since God only remembers when.

THE RAINMAKER - by Richard Nash, Act 1 (M)
STARBUCK: from "What do you care how I do it" to "Is it a deal?"
HARVEY - by Mary Chase, Act II, Scene ii (M)
ELWOOD: from "Harvey and I sit in bars" to "happens to be Harvey."

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CLASS l048 - Solo Scene. Excluding Shakespeare, 14 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following:

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, Act 1 (F)
by Carson McCullers

[*Frankie, about 13, has been upset to think her brother and his bride-to-be will be living in another town after the wedding. She has been talking with her young cousin*]

FRANKIE:
Don't bother me, John Henry. I'm thinking. *** About the wedding. About my brother and the bride. Everything's been so sudden today. I never believed before about the fact that the earth turns at the rate of about a thousand miles a day. I didn't understand why it was that if you jumped up in the air you wouldn't land in Selma or Fairview or somewhere else instead of the same back yard. But now it seems to me I feel the world going around very fast. *(Turns around in circles with arms outstretched)* *** I feel it turning and it makes me dizzy. *(Stops)* I just now thought of something. *** I know where I'm going. I tell you I know where I'm going. It's like I've known it all my life. Tomorrow I will tell everybody. *** *(Dreamily)* After the wedding I'm going with them to Winter Hill. I'm going off with them after the wedding. *** Just now I realized something. The trouble with me is that for a long time I have been just an "I" person. All other people can say "we". When Berenice says "we" she means her lodge and church and colored people. Soldiers say "we" and mean the army. All people belong to "we" except me. *** Not to belong to a "we" makes you too lonesome. Until this afternoon I didn't have a "we" but now after seeing Janice and Jarvis I suddenly realized something. *** I know that the bride and my brother are the "we" of me. So I'm going with them, and joining with the wedding. This coming Sunday when my brother and the bride leave this town, I'm going with the two of them to Winter Hill. And after that to whatever place they will ever go... I love the two of them so much and we belong together. I love the two of them so much because they are the we of me.

LOVE FOR LOVE, Act Two, Scene One (F)
by William Congreve

[ANGELICA, niece of old FORESIGHT, likes to get her own way, and takes advantage of her Uncle's superstitions and pretended knowledge of Astrology, Omens, Dreams, etc. Just now he is peevish because his wife, sister and daughter are all abroad. As ANGELICA enters, he is sending a servant off with a message as "tis three o'clock, a very good hour for business. Mercury governs this hour."]

ANGELICA:
Is it not a good hour for pleasure, too, uncle? Pray lend me your coach, mine's out of order. *** I have a mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your coach, I'll take a hackney, or a chair, and leave you to erect a scheme and find who's in conjunction with your wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're jealous of her when she's abroad? *** Don't be angry; - if you are, I'll rip up all your false prophecies, ridiculous dreams, and idle divinations; I'll swear you are a nuisance to the neighbourhood. - What a bustle did you keep against the last eclipse, laying in provision as 'twere for a seige! What a world of fire and candle, matches and tinderboxes did you purchase! One would have thought we were ever after to live underground, or at least making a

voyage to Greenland, to inhabit there all the dark season. *** Will you lend me your coach, or I'll go on? - *** Indeed, uncle, I'll indict you for a wizard. Yes, I can make oath of your unlawful midnight practices; you and old nurse there - Yes, I saw you together, through the keyhole of the closet, one night, like Saul and the witch of Endor, turning the sieve and shears, and pricking your thumbs to write poor innocent servants' names in blood, about a little nutmeg-grater, which she had forgot in the warm drink. Nay -- I know something worse, if I would speak of it!

SAINT JOAN - by George Bernard Shaw, Scene 5 (F)
JOAN: From “Where would you all have been” to “so God be with me."
THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL - by Neil Simon, Act I, Scene ii (F)
SOPHIE: From “Mr. Cornell. Ah have tried to be" to "leave me ay-lone."

FORTUNE MY FOE, Act 2 (M)
by *Robertson Davies*

[Well-meaning educators approach SZABO, a master-puppeteer, to use his skills in the "social instructional field" to help train tots by means of little plays which emphasize good eating and hygiene habits. Each child would also "make" at least one puppet, as they are doing with their present instructor by adding clothes to a doll's head and body.]

SZABO:
But I have had longer experience of puppets. I have my own and my father's, and my grandfather's, back to the time of Shakespeare. I did not learn what I know in six weeks from some other ignoramus. A puppet is a little jointed figure, and I am the puppet master. Yes? But also the puppet is a man, and I am the god who gives him life and a soul - a part of my own soul. I make him so carefully, piece by piece, that I know him better than I know my own body: I do not make him from cheap dolls with no legs. And when I know him, and make him walk and move his arms and dance I concentrate so hard on him that he is more truly alive than I am myself. He is myself. Now, Mr. Tapscott, tell me: do I use all my skill and inherited tradition and knowledge to make little children eat nasty food or rub their teeth with brushes? Are fifteen generations of puppet masters to end with a harlot of a dirty dog who uses his art to tell nonsense? Don't speak! I know this is the new world and the atomic age, but I know that what has taken three hundred years to make does not lose its value in a few weeks. You are wrong, Mr. Tapscott, and if your nonsense is what your country believes, it is time your country got some sense!

A scene from SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, Act I (M)
by Oliver Goldsmith

[Mr. Hardcastle, an old-fashioned country squire has been listening to his wife - his second wife - and her son Tony. She wants him to stay home for a change, and he wants to be off to the ale-house to be with his friends. They continue to argue as they leave.]

MR. HARDCASTLE:

Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her, too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them. (*She enters and he greets her*) Blessings on my pretty innocence! Dressed out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk thou hast got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain .... By the by, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening - - to be plain with you Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband, from town this very day. I have his father's letter in which he informs me his son is set out and that he intends to follow himself shortly after. *** Depend on it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Morrow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. *** I am told he's a man of excellent understanding... Very generous (*He watches her reaction*)... Young and brave... And very handsome.... And to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world (*He is dismayed that she doesn't like this last*)... It was that very feature of his character that struck me the most.

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS - by Neil Simon, Act I (M)

EUGENE: from "One out, a man on second" to "What chance do I have?"

LIFE WITH FATHER - by Howard Lindsey & Russel Crouse, Act I, Scene I (M)

FATHER: from “Why did God make” to "I mean criminal responsibilities"

PETER PAN - by Sir James Barrie, Act V, Scene I (M)

HOOK: from "How still the night is" to "hoist them up!"

SONNET SEQUENCE

TWO sonnets with a similar theme, not necessarily by the same author. For example, two sonnets on a nature theme.

Note: Although all classes are Own Choice selections, the following examples may be used in festivals, or serve as guides.

CLASS 1055 - Solo Sonnet Sequence, Senior, Open
Own choice
CLASS 1056 - Solo Sonnet Sequence, 18 years and under
Own choice
CLASS 1057 - Solo Sonnet Sequence, 16 years and under
Own choice
CLASS 1058 - Solo Sonnet Sequence, 14 years and under
Own choice

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOUS PASSIONS IN A LOVER
by Sir Thomas Wyatt

I find no peace, and all my war is done;
I fear and hope; I burn, and freeze like ice;
I fly aloft, yet can I not arise;
And nought I have, and all the world I season.
That locks nor looseth holdeth me in prison,
And holds me not, yet can I 'scape no wise;
Nor lets me live, nor die, at my devise,
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eye, I see; without tongue, I plain;
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health;
I love another, and thus I hate myself;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

and

THE LOVER FOR SHAMEFASTNESS HIDETH HIS DESIRE
by Sir Thomas Wyatt

The long love that in my thought I harbour,
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence
And there campeth, displaying his banner.
She that me learns to love and to suffer
And wills that my trust and lust's negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,

With his hardiness takes displeasure.
Wherewith love to the heart's forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth, and not appeareth:
What may I do when my master feareth
But in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life ending faithfully.

OR

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOVER NOT BELOVED
by the Earl of Surrey

Alas, so all things now do hold their peace,
Heaven and earth disturbèd in nothing;
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,
The nightés chair the stars about doth bring;
Calm is the sea, the waves work less and less.
So am not I, whom love, alas, doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease.
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring,
But by and by the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,
When that I think what grief it is again
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

and

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER REBUKED
by the Earl of Surrey

Love that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captive breast,
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She that me taught to love and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire
With shamefast cloak to shadow and refrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire;
And coward love then to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurks and plains
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains;
Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove, -
Sweet is his death that takes his end by love.

OR

TWO SONNETS
by William Shakespeare

No. 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see**,**
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

and

No. 57

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu.
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of naught
Save where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in our will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

OR

SHAKESPEARE - SONNET 116 with 123 (or own choice)

OR

TWO SONNETS from "DELIA"
by Samuel Daniel

No. 39

When winter snows upon thy sable hairs,
  And frost of age hath nipped thy beauties near,
  When dark shall seem thy day that never clears,
  And all lies withered that was held so dear,
Then take this picture which I here present thee,
  Limned with a pencil not all unworthy;
  Here see the gifts that God and nature lent thee,
  Here read thyself and what I suffered for thee.
This may remain thy lasting monument,
  Which happily posterity may cherish;
  These colours with thy fading are not spent,
  These may remain when thou and I shall perish.
If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby;
They will remain, and so thou canst not die.

and

No. 52

Let others sing of knights and paladins
  In agèd accents and untimely words,
  Paint shadows in imaginary lines
  Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee and those fair eyes.
  Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
  When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo where she lies,
  Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb.
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
  That fortify thy name against old age;
  And these thy sacred virtues must protect
  Against the dark and time's consuming rage.
Though th' error of my youth in them appear,
Suffice, they show I lived and loved thee dear.

OR

TWO SONNETS FROM "IDEA'S MIRROUR"
by Michael Drayton

No. 6

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble ev'ry street,

Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding sheet!
Where I to thee eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise;
Virgins and matrons reading these my rhymes
Shall be so much delighted with thy story
That they shall grieve they lived not in these times,
To have seen thee, their sex's only glory.
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song.

and

No. 47

In pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my lab'ring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;
With those the throngèd theatres that press
I in the circuit for the laurel strove,
Where the full praise, I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might move.
With shouts and claps at ev'ry little pause,
When the proud round on ev'ry side hath rung,
Sadly I sit, unmoved with the applause**,**
As though to me it nothing did belong.
No public glory vainly I pursue,
All that I seek is to eternize you.

OR

from "THE HOLY SONNETS"
by John Donne

AT THE ROUND EARTH'S IMAGINED CORNERS, No. VII

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of soules, and to your scattered bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe,

But let them sleepe, Lord, and me mourne a space**,**
For, if above all these, my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou hadst seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

and

DEATH BE NOT PROUD, No. X

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for thou art not soe,
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones and souls deliveries
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings and desperate men.
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleepe as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be nor more; Death, thou shalt die.

OR

DONNE - No. V with No. XIV

OR

from "SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE"
by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

No. 26

I lived with visions for my company
Instead of men and women, years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
A sweeter music than they played to me.
But soon their trailing purple was not free
Of this world's dust, - their lutes did silent grow,
And I myself grew faint and blind below
Their vanishing eyes. Then Thou didst come ... to be,
Belovèd, what they seemed. Their shining fronts,

Their songs, their splendours (better, yet the same
As river-water hallowed into fonts)
Met in thee, and from out thee overcame
My soul with satisfaction of all wants -
Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.

and

No. 43

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace;
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise,
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, - I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! - and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

OR

from "THE HOUSE OF LIFE"
by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

WITHOUT HER, No. 53

What of her glass without her? The blank grey
   There where the pool is blind of the moon's face.
   Her dress without her? The tossed empty space
Of cloud-rack whence the moon has passed away.
Her paths without her? Day's appointed sway
   Usurped by desolate night. Her pillowed place
   Without her? Tears, ah me! for love's good grace,
And cold forgetfulness of night or day.

What of the heart without her? Nay, poor heart,
   Of thee what word remains ere speech be still?
   A wayfarer by barren ways and chill,
Steep ways and weary, without her thou art.
Where the long cloud, the long wood's counterpart,
   Sheds double darkness up the labouring hill.

and

SILENT NOON, No. 19

Your hands lie open in the long, fresh grass,
   The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
   Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
   Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge
   Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorne-hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -
   So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
   When twofold silence was the song of love.

OR

MY OWN HEART LET ME MORE HAVE PITY ON
by Gerard Manley Hopkins

My own heart let me more have pity on; let
Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,
Charitable; not live this tormented mind
With this tormented mind tormenting yet.
I cast for comfort I can no more get
By groping round my comfortless, than blind
Eyes in their dark can day or thirst can find
Thirst's all-in-all in all a world of wet.

Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise
You, jaded, let be; call off thoughts awhile
Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size
At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile
’s not wrung, see you; unforeseen time rather - as skies
Betweenpie mountains - lights a lovely mile.

and

WHEN I CONSIDER
by John Milton

When I consider how my light is spent
   Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

OR

OZYMANDIAS
by Percy Bysshe Shelley

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert ... Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
“My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

and

THE ODYSSEY
by Andrew Lang

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Aegean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again, -
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech

Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
  Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
  And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
  The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

OR

IN NOVEMBER
by *Archibald Lampman*

The hills and leafless forests slowly yield
To the thick-driving snow. A little while
And night shall darken down. In shouting file
The woodmen's carts go by me homeward-wheeled,
Past the thin fading stubbles, half concealed.
Now golden-grey, sowed softly through with snow,
Where the last ploughman follows still his row,
Turning black furrows through the whitening field.
Far off the village lamps begin to gleam,
Fast drives the snow, and no man comes this way;
The hills grow wintry white, and bleak winds moan
About the naked uplands. I alone
Am neither sad, nor shelterless, nor grey,
Wrapped round with thought, content to watch and dream.

and

From SONNETS WRITTEN IN THE ORILLIA WOODS
by *Charles Sangster*

Our life is like a forest, where the sun
Glints down upon us through the throbbing leaves;
The full light rarely finds us. One by one,
Deep rooted in our souls, there springeth up
Dark groves of human passion, rich in gloom,
At first no bigger than an acorn-cup.
Hope threads the tangled labyrinth, but grieves
Till all our sins have rotted in their tomb,
And made the rich loam of each yearning heart
To bring forth fruits and flowers to new life.
We feel the dew from heaven, and there start
From some deep fountain little rills whose strife
Is drowned in music. Thus in light and shade
We live, and move, and die, through all this earthly glade.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS

Sir Philip Sidney: a wide choice from "Astrophel and Stella" and many separate sonnets,
Edmund Spenser: from "Amoretti" a typical sonnet sequence of Elizabethan times.
William Wordsworth: "The World is Too Much With Us", "London", others.
John Keats: "On the Sea" and "The Human Seasons", others.
Lord Alfred Douglas; John Masefield; Byron; Poe; Longfellow; Rupert Brooke; Edna St. Vincent Millay; Archibald Lampman; Sir Charles G.D. Roberts.

SACRED READING

Note: In these classes, participants may read a selection from the Bible (Old or New Testament; the King James version is suggested for majesty of language), the Koran, Talmud, or other great sacred work, using an English translation. It is suggested that participants choose a volume that is easy to hold. The book may be used as a prop, but there must be eye contact with the audience.

Note: Selections are Own Choice. Examples are given and may serve as guides for length and appropriate difficulty.

CLASS 1065 - Solo Sacred Reading, Senior, Open,
Own Choice OR any of the following. Time limit of 7 minutes.

PSALMS: Psalm No.104

Bless the Lord, O my soul, O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

2. Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
3. Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
4. Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:
5. Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.
6. Thou coverest it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.
7. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away,
8. They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.
9. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.
10. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.
11. They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.
12. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.
13. He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
14. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;
15. And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.
16. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;
17. Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
18. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.
19. He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.
20. Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

21. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.
22. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.
23. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.
24. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.
25. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.
26. There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.
27. These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
28. That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.
29. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.
30. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.
31. The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.
32. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.
33. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.
34. My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.
35. Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more. Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

OR

DANIEL: Chapter 3, Verses 1 - 30
(The story of the delivery of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego)

OR

PSALMS: Psalm 18, Verses 1 - 50

OR

REVELATION: Chapter 21, Verses 1 -27

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.
2. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.
3. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.
4. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

5. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.
6. And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.
7. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.
8. But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.
9. And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.
10. And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.
11. Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;
12. And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:
13. On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.
14. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.
15. And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.
16. And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.
17. And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.
18. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.
19. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth an emerald;
20. The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.
21. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold**,** as it were transparent glass.
22. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.
23. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.
24. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.
25. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

26. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.
27. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

OR

MATTHEW: Chapter 13, Verses 1 - 30

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CLASS 1066 - Solo Sacred Reading, 18 years and under.
Own Choice OR any of the following. Time limit of 6 minutes.

DANIEL: Chapter 6, Verses 1-28

It pleased Darius to set over the kingdom an hundred and twenty princes, which should be over the whole kingdom;
2. And over these three presidents; of whom Daniel was the first: that the princes might give accounts unto them, and the king should have no damage.
3. Then this Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him: and the king thought to set him over the whole realm.
4. Then the presidents and princes sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom; but they could find none occasion nor fault; forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him.
5. Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.
6. Then these presidents and princes assembled together to the king, and said thus to him, King Darius, live for ever.
7. All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors, and the princes, the counsellors, and the captains, have consulted to establish a royal statute and to make a firm decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions.
8. Now, O king, establish the decree, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.
9. Wherefore king Darius signed the writing and the decree.
10. Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.
11. Then these men assembled, and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God.
12. Then they came near, and spake before the king concerning the king's decree; Hast thou not signed a decree, that every man that shall ask a petition of any God or man within thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions? The king answered and said, The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

13. Then answered they and said before the king, That Daniel, which is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day.
14. Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased with himself, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him: and he laboured till the going down of the sun to deliver him.
15. Then these men assembled unto the king, and said unto the king, Know, O king, that the law of the Medes and Persians is, That no decree nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed.
16. Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake and said unto Daniel, Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee.
17. And a stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords; that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel.
18. Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting: neither were instruments of musick brought before him: and his sleep went from him.
19. Then the king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions.
20. And when he came to the den, cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel: and the king spake and said to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?
21. Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live for ever.
22. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt.
23. Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God.
24. And the king commanded, and they brought those men which had accused Daniel, and they cast them into the den of lions, them, their children, and their wives; and the lions had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in pieces or ever they came at the bottom of the den.
25. Then king Darius wrote unto all people, nations and languages, that dwell in all the earth; Peace be multiplied unto you.
26. I make a decree, That in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel: for he is the living God, and stedfast for ever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end.
27. He delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions.
28. So this Daniel prospered in the reign of Darius, and in the reign of Cyrus the Persian.

OR

PSALMS: Psalm 107, Verses 1 - 43

OR

GENESIS: Chapter 7, Verses 1 - 24

OR

ROMANS: Chapter 12, Verses 1 - 21

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

2. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.
3. For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.
4. For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:
5. So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.
6. Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportions of faith;
7. Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering: or he that teacheth, on teaching;
8. Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him doeth with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness.
9. Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.
10. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;
11. Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;
12. Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;
13. Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.
14. Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.
15. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.
16. Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.
17. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.
18. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.
19. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.
20. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.
21. Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good.

OR

JAMES: Chapter 5, 1 - 18 (The tongue to be bridled)

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CLASS 1067 - Solo Sacred Reading, 16 years and under
Own Choice OR one of the following. Time limit of 5 minutes.

JONAH: Chapter 1, Verses 1 - 17 **and** Chapter 2, Verses 1 - 10

Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the son of Amittai, saying,

2. Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me.
3. But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord.
4. But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken.
5. Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god, and cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea, to lighten it of them. But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship; and he lay, and was fast asleep.
6. So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not.
7. And they said every one to his fellows, Come, and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah.
8. Then said they unto him, Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause this evil is upon us; what is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou?
9. And he said unto them, I am an Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land.
10. Then were the men exceedingly afraid, and said unto him, Why hast thou done this? For the men knew that he fled from the presence of the Lord, because he had told them.
11. Then said they unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us? for the sea wrought, and was tempetuous.
12. And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you.
13. Nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not: for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous against them.
14. Wherefore they cried unto the Lord, and said, We beseech thee, O lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us innocent blood: for thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleased thee.
15. So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea: and the sea ceased from her raging.

16. Then the men feared the Lord exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto the Lord, and made vows.
17. Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.

Chapter 2

Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly,
2. And said, I cried by reason of my affliction unto the Lord and he heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice.
3. For thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about: all thy billows and thy waves passed over me.
4. Than I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple.
5. The waters compassed me about, even to the soul: the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head.
6. I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever: yet has thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God.
7. When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord: and my prayer came in unto thee, into thy holy temple.
8. They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy.
9. But I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that, that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord.
10. And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.

OR

PSALMS: Psalm 118 - Verses 1 - 29

OR

1 KINGS: Chapter 3, Verses 5 - 28
(Solomon's judgment over the two women and the child)

OR

MATTHEW: Chapter 4, Verses 23 - 25 **and**
Chapter 5, Verses 1 - 19

23. And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.
24. And his fame went throughout all Syria: and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatick, and those that had the palsy; and he healed them.

25. And there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judaea, and from beyond Jordan.

Chapter 5

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:
2. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,
3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
7. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
12. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.
13. Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.
14. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.
15. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.
16. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.
17. Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.
18. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.
19. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

OR

LUKE: Chapter 15, Verses 11 - 32
(The parable of the prodigal son)

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CLASS 1068 - Solo Sacred Reading, 14 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following. Time limit of 4 minutes.

PROVERBS: Chapter 22, Verses 1 - 29

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

2. The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.
3. A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished.
4. By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honour, and life.
5. Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward: he that doth keep his soul shall be far from them.
6. Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.
7. The rich ruleth over the poor, and the borrower is servant to the lender.
8. He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity: and the rod of his anger shall fail.
9. He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth of his bread to the poor.
10. Cast out the scorner, and contention shall go out; yea, strife and reproach shall cease.
11. He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.
12. The eyes of the Lord preserve knowledge, and he overthroweth the words of the transgressor.
13. The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets.
14. The mouth of strange women is a deep pit: he that is abhorred of the Lord shall fall therein.
15. Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.
16. He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich, shall surely come to want.
17. Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto my knowledge.
18. For it is a pleasant thing if thou keep them within thee; they shall withal be fitted in thy lips.
19. That thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee.
20. Have not I written to thee excellent things in counsels and knowledge.
21. That I might make thee know the certainty of the words of truth; that thou mightest answer the words of truth to them that send unto thee?
22. Rob not the poor, because he is poor: neither oppress the afflicted in the gate:
23. For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them.
24. Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go:
25. Lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul.
26. Be not thou one of them that strike hands, or of them that are sureties for debts.
27. If thou hast nothing to pay, why should he take away thy bed from under thee?
28. Remove not the ancient landmark, which thy fathers have set.
29. Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.

OR

ECCLESIASTES: Chapter 3, Verses 1 - 17
(To everything there is a season)

OR

PSALMS: Psalm 103, Verses 1 - 22

OR

JOHN: Chapter 10, Verses 1 - 18

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.
2. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.
3. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.
4. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice.
5. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.
6. This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.
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.

OR

1 CORINTHIANS: Chapter 13, Verses 1 - 13
(Faith, hope and charity)

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CLASS 1069 - Solo Sacred Reading, 12 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following. Time limit of 3 minutes.

PSALMS: Psalm 34, Verses 1 - 22

I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.
2. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.
3. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exhalt his name together.
4. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.
5. They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.
6. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.
7. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about that fear him, and delivereth them.
8. O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
9. O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.
10. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.
11. Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
12. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?
13. Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.
14. Depart from evil and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.
15. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.
16. The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
17. The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.
18. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
19. Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
20. He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.
21. Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
22. The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

OR

DEUTERONOMY: Chapter 5, Verses 6 - 22
(The Ten Commandments)

OR

PROVERBS: Chapter 15, Verses 1 - 21
(Gain to man by right doing, and loss by wrong doing)

OR

MARK: Chapter 6, Verses 30 - 44

30. And the apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught.
31. And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.
32. And they departed into a desert place by ship privately.
33. And the people saw them departing, and many knew him, and ran afoot thither out of all cities, and outwent them, and came together unto him.
34. And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and he began to teach them many things.
35. And when the day was now far spent, his disciples came unto him, and said, This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed:
36. Send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat.
37. He answered and said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?
38. He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see. And when they knew, they say, Five and two fishes.
39. And he commanded them to make all sit down by companies upon the green grass.
40. And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties.
41. And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves and gave them to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided he among them all.
42. And they did all eat, and were filled.
43. And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes.
44. And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.

OR

MATTHEW: Chapter 2, Verses 1 - 15
(The wise men find Jesus)

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CLASS 1070 - Solo Sacred Reading, 10 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following. Time limit of 3 minutes.

ISAIAH: Chapter 40, Verses 1- 11

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.
2. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.
3. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
4. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:
5. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.
6. The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:
7. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.
8. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.
9. O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!
10. Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.
11. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those with young.

OR

EXODUS: Chapter 2, Verses 1 - 10
(The birth of Moses and his rescue)

OR

PSALMS: Psalm 96, Verses 1 - 13

OR

LUKE: Chapter 6, Verses 20 - 31

20. And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said, Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God.
21. Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh.

22. Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake.
23. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets.
24. But woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation.
25. Woe unto you that are full! for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep.
26. Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets.
27. But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.
28. Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.
29. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also.
30. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.
31. And as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise.

OR

MATTHEW: Chapter 7, Verses 1 - 14
(Judge not, that ye be not judged)

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CLASS 1071 - Solo Sacred Reading, 8 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following. Time limit of 3 minutes.

PSALMS: Psalm No. 121, Verses 1 - 8

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

OR

PSALMS: Psalm No. 23, Verses I - 6

OR

PSALMS: Psalm No. 149, Verses I - 9

OR

MATTHEW: Chapter 18, Verses 1 - 6

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

2. And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,
3. And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.
4. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.
5. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.
6. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

OR

LUKE: Chapter 6, Verses 43 - 49
(A good man bringeth forth good)

STORY TELLING SOLO

Note: Stories may be original or part of a published work. They may be taken from fairy tales, fables, fiction and non-fiction. There must be eye contact with the audience. Story is to be told as if in your own words but must be memorized, then communicated to the audience. It may be Own Choice OR from any of the following examples. These are ungraded but begin with the shortest or simplest and become progressively longer or more difficult. Please observe the time limits.

Note: ******* show cuts in the texts. **[ ]** enclose words added by the editor. You may make your own cuts or additions to make a coherent whole story.

Note: A written copy of your story must be provided for the adjudicator.

P CLASS 1075 - Story Telling Solo, Senior, Open
Own Choice, time limit of 7 minutes

CLASS 1076 - Story Telling Solo, 18 years and under
Own Choice, time limit of 6 minutes

CLASS 1077 - Story Telling Solo, 16 years and under
Own Choice, time limit of 5 minutes

CLASS 1078 - Story Telling Solo, 14 years and under
Own Choice, time limit of 4 minutes

CLASS 1079 - Story Telling Solo, 12 years and under
Own Choice, time limit of 3 minutes

CLASS 1080 - Story Telling Solo, 10 years and under
Own Choice, time limit of 3 minutes

CLASS 1081 - Story Telling Solo, 8 years and under
Own Choice, time limit of 3 minutes

''THE DOVE AND THE BEE''
Fable Sixty-Three by Aesop

A very thirsty Bee went to drink in a river. Not paying enough attention, she fell in and was about to drown.
A Dove in a nearby tree felt sorry for the Bee and dropped a big leaf into the water right in front of her.
The Bee crawled onto the leaf and so was saved when the leaf drifted to shore.

Very soon after, the Bee saw a Hunter preparing a net to catch the Dove. She remembered how the Dove had helped her. So the Bee stung the Hunter in the heel and he gave a great shout.
The Dove heard the shouting of the Hunter and flew away, escaping the net.

The Moral of this story is: one good turn deserves another.

"THE GOLDEN KEY"
by the Brothers Grimm

One winter, when the snow was very deep, a poor boy had to go outside and gather wood on a sled. After he had finally collected enough wood and had piled it on his sled, he decided not to go home right away because he was so frozen. He thought he would instead make a fire to warm himself up a bit. So he began scraping the snow away, and as he cleared the ground he discovered a small golden key. He knew where there's a key, there must also be a lock. So he dug further into the ground and found a little iron casket. If only the key will fit! he thought. There are bound to be precious things in the casket. He searched but could not find a keyhole. Then, finally, he noticed one, but it was so small that he could barely see it. He tried the key, and fortunately it fit. So, he began turning it, and now - we must wait until he unlocks the casket completely and lifts the cover. That's when we'll learn what wonderful things he found.

"KIT AND KEN"
by *Ida Rendall*

Kit and Ken were twins. Most of the time they were pretty good. What their mother worried about was their habit of wandering off out of sight.
So she told them the story of Hansel and Gretel and how they got lost in the woods.
"Hansel was pretty dumb about leaving crumbs," said Ken. "Everybody knows birds would eat them all up!"
"It was all he had," said Kit. "You wouldn't have a pocket full of stones like he had the first time they were lost."
Mother thought they got the idea. But when they drove away off to a strange lake one Sunday, she warned them. "Remember about Hansel and Gretel - don't wander off."
Kit and Ken were very careful - until they saw some yummy ripe saskatoons and started eating them.
"Hey, smarty," said Kit, "we could get lost. If you think Hansel was dumb, how are you going to make sure we don't get lost?"
"I'm not going to leave pieces of our sandwiches, that's for sure."
They stopped eating saskatoons, sat down, and thought and thought and thought.
At last Kit sighed. "Well, I'm hungry. I'm going to eat."
Both took out their sandwiches and looked at the foil they were wrapped in. Ken started to laugh.
"We'll make a trail with the foil," he said.
"But that's littering," said Kit.
"Hah," said Ken. "We'll make the trail with foil going out and pick it all up on the way back."
So that's what they did and got back safe and sound.
But to this day, Kit and Ken always have a piece of foil with them.
And they've never got lost yet!

"THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE"
based on one of Aesop's Fables

Larry the Hare could run very, very fast and he knew it. He laughed at all the other creatures for their slowness. Especially the Tortoise that he kept calling Mort the Tort.
"Poor old Mort," he'd say, "the rest are slow, but you are soooooo slooooooow we have to put a stick up beside you to see if you're moving!" And he'd laugh 'til his sides hurt.
He teased the Tortoise day after day until that patient creature got angry.
"I've had enough, Larry. I challenge you to a race."
The Hare thought this was the funniest thing he had ever heard in his whole life.
But he pretended to be serious. "O.K., Mort. We'll race down this road, around the corner and finish at the big oak tree at the top of the hill."
So it was agreed.
They started off and Larry the Hare ran down the road, turned the corner and skidded to a stop. He peeked around the corner and saw the Tortoise just a tiny bit past the starting
line.
"Hokey smokey," he said to himself, "this is silly. Mort's going to be all day and I'll only have to wait around for him at the end of the race."
Just then he spotted a big field of carrots and decided to have a good lunch and a snooze while he waited.
The Hare ate and ate and ate. He got so full he decided to have his nap right there. And slept and slept and slept.
When Larry the Hare woke up the sun was on the other side of the sky. He yawned, scratched himself and decided it was time to get up and finish the race.
Off he ran up the hill to the big oak.
Guess what? Who was sitting on the finish line but Mort the Tort! And Larry the Hare never boasted again.

There's a moral to this story: the race is not always won by the swift.

"A LESSON IN COUNTING"
Old English Folk Tale

One fine day twelve men from a village went fishing in a river near by. Spreading out, some waded in the river while the rest fished from the river bank.
After fishing all day, they began to return home. One of them said, "Many of us waded far out in the river. I hope no one drowned."
"Oh, my," said another, "we must make sure all twelve of us are here!"
So each man counted all the others, but never thought to count himself.
"We are only eleven!" said one, then another, looking a little frightened. And they counted again. And again each one counted the other eleven but never himself.
"Alas," one fellow said, "one of us has drowned."

They went back to the river and looked for the one who had drowned, but could not find him.
While they were there a horseman came riding by. He asked them what they were looking for and why they were so sad.
"Oh," they said, "twelve of us went fishing today and now one is drowned."
"Are you sure?" asked the rider. "Count them for me."
So one man counted the others, and sure enough, he counted eleven for he hadn't counted himself.
"I see," said the horseman. "What will you give me if I find the twelfth man?"
"Sir," they said, "we shall give you every penny we have."
"Be ready with your money," he answered.
He began counting, thumping each man as he did so. "This is one," and he went on, thumping each one until he came to the last who got an extra whack as he said, "Here is your twelfth man."
"God bless you, sir," they all cried out as they emptied their pockets. "You have found our neighbour!"

"THE PRINCESS ON THE PEA"
by Hans Christian Anderson

There was once a prince. He wanted to wed a princess, but she had to be a true princess! So he journeyed all around the world to find one, but no matter where he went, something was wrong. There were plenty of princesses, but whether or not they were true princesses he couldn't find out. There was always something that wasn't quite right. So he came home and was very sad, for he wanted a true princess so very much.
One evening there was a terrible storm. The lightning flashed, the thunder boomed, and the rain poured down. It was really frightful! Then somebody knocked at the city gate, and the old king went out to open it.
A princess was standing outside, but good heavens, how she looked from the rain and the bad weather! Water poured off her hair and clothes and ran in at the toe of her shoe and out at the heel, but she insisted she was a true princess.
"Well, we'll soon find out!" thought the old queen, but she didn't say anything. She went into the bedroom, took off all the bedding, and put a pea on the bottom of the bed. Then she took ten mattresses and laid them on top of the pea and then put ten eiderdown quilts on top of the mattresses. There the princess was to sleep that night.
In the morning they asked her how she had slept.
"Oh, just miserably!" said the princess. "I hardly closed my eyes all night! Heaven knows what was in my bed! I've been lying on something so hard that I'm black and blue all over! It's simply dreadful!"
Then they could tell that this was a true princess, because through ten mattresses and ten eiderdown quilts she had felt the pea. Only a true princess could be so sensitive and have such delicate skin.
So the prince took her for a wife, for now he knew that he had a true princess, and the pea was put in the museum, where it can be still be seen - if no one has taken it!

"THE SOUND OF THE SINGING" (Excerpt)
from "A Bird in the House" by *Margaret Laurence*

We always went for Sunday dinner to the Brick House, the home of my mother's parents. This particular day my father had been called out to South Wachakwa, where someone had pneumonia, so only my mother and myself were flying down the sidewalk, hurrying to get there. My mother walked with short urgent steps, and I had to run to catch up, which I did not like having to do, for I was ten that spring and needed my dignity.
"Dad said you shouldn't walk so fast because of the baby. I heard him."
My father was a doctor, and like many doctors, his advice to his own family was of an exceedingly casual nature. My mother's prenatal care, apart from "For Pete's sake, honey, quit running around like a chicken with its head cut off," consisted mainly of admonitions to breathe deeply and drink plenty of water.
"Mercy," my mother replied, "I don't have to slow down that much, I should hope. Get a move on, Vanessa. It's nearly five, and we should've been there by now. I suppose Edna will have the dinner all ready, and there won't be a thing for me to do. I wish to heaven she wouldn't, but try to tell her. Anyway, you know how your grandfather hates people to be late."
When we got to the Brick House, my mother stopped hurrying, knowing that Grandfather would be watching from the bay window. She tidied my hair, which was fine and straight and tended to get in my eyes, and she smoothed down the collar of my white middy which I hated and resented having to wear with my navy pleated skirt as though it had still been winter.
"Your summer dresses are all up to your neck," my mother had said, "and we just can't manage a new one this year, but I'm certainly not going to have you going down there looking like a hooligan." **
"Try not to tear up and down stairs like you did last week," my mother said anxiously. "You're too old for that kind of shenanigans."
Grandfather was standing on the front porch to greet us. He was a tall husky man, drum-chested, and once he had possessed great muscular strength. That simple power was gone now, but age had not stooped him.
"Well, Beth, you're here," Grandfather said. "Past five now, ain't it?"
"It's only ten to," my mother said defensively. "I hoped Ewen might be back - that's why I waited. He had to go out to South Wachakwa on a call."
"You'd think a man could stay home on a Sunday," Grandfather said.
"Good grief, Father," my mother said, "people get sick on Sundays the same as any other day."
But she said it under her breath, so he did not hear her.
"Well, come in, come in," he said. "No use standing around here all day. Go and say hello to your grandmother, Vanessa."

"THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG"

An old fairy tale by an unknown author

An old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I know! I shall go to market and buy a little pig."

So she bought a little pig, but as she was coming home, she came to a stile and the piggy simply would not go over it.

She went on a little further and met a dog. So she said to him, "Dog! Dog! bite pig; piggy won't go over the stile and I shan't get home until midnight." But the dog wouldn't.

She went on a little further and met a stick. So she said, "Stick! Stick! beat dog, dog won't bite pig, piggy won't go over the stile and I shan't get home until midnight." But the stick wouldn't.

She went a little further and she met a fire. So she said, "Fire! Fire! burn stick, stick won't beat beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't go over stile and I shan't get home until midnight." But the fire wouldn't.

She went a little further and she met some water. So she said, "Water! Water! quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't go over the stile and I shan't get home until midnight." But the water wouldn't.

She went a little further and she met an ox. So she said, "Ox! Ox! drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't go over the stile and I shan't get home until midnight." But the ox wouldn't.

She went a little further and met a butcher. So she said, "Butcher! Butcher! kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't go over the stile and I shan't get home until midnight." But the butcher wouldn't.

She went a little further and she met a rope. So she said, "Rope! Rope! hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't go over the stile and I shan't get home until midnight." But the rope wouldn't.

She went a little further and she met a rat. So she said, "Rat! Rat! gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't go over stile and I shan't get home until midnight." But the rat wouldn't.

She went a little further and met a cat. So she said, "Cat! Cat! kill rat, rat won't gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't go over the stile and I shan't get home until midnight." But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow.

But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haystack and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk." So away went the old woman to the haystack, and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk, and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped the milk, the cat began to kill the rat, the rat began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher, the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig, the little pig squealed and jumped over the stile and so the old woman got home before midnight.

"THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER" (Excerpt)
by Mark Twain

“Hi-*yi*! *You're* up a stump, ain't you!"
No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up along side of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:
"Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"
Tom wheeled suddenly and said:
"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."
"Say - *I'm* going in a-swimming, *I* am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther *work* - wouldn't you? Course you would!"
Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:
"What do you call work?"
"Why, ain't that work?"
Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:
"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."
"Oh come, now, you don't mean to let on that you *like* it?"
The brush continued to move.
"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"
That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth - stepped back to note the effect - added a touch here and there - criticized the effect again - Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:
"Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."
Tom considered , was about to consent; but he altered his mind:
"No-no-I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence - right here on the street, you know - but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and *she* wouldn't . Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand that can do it the way it's got to be done."
"No - is that so? Oh come, now - lemme just try. Only just a little - I'd let *you*, if you was me, Tom."
"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injun; but Aunt Polly - well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it -"
"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say - I’ll give you the core of my apple."
"Well, here - No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeared -”
"I'll give you *all* of it!"
Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer *Big Missouri* worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents.

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL" (Excerpt)
by Charles Dickens

[It is Christmas Day at the home of Bob Cratchit. Looking on unseen, are the Ghost of Christmas Present and Ebenezer Scrooge, Bob Cratchit's miserly employer.]

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning a half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.
These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:
"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"
Which all the family re-echoed.
"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.
He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded he might be taken from him.
"Spirit!" said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."
"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."
"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."
"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."
Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.
"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered What the surplus is, and Where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child." **
Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily on hearing his own name.
"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"
"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it. "
"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."
"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you, poor fellow!"
"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."
"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"
The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with.

*[**Note**: The above may be shortened by omitting the section with Scrooge and the Ghost.]*

"A MAD TEA-PARTY" (Excerpt)
from "Alice in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it; a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice, "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."
The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.
"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.
Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.
"There isn't any," said the March Hare.
"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.
"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.
"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice: "it's laid for a great many more than three."
"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiousity, and this was his first speech.
"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity: "it's very rude."
The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"
"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles - I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.
"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.
"Exactly so, " said Alice.
"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.
"I do," Alice hastily replied, "at least - at least I mean what I say - that's the same thing, you know."
"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!" "You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, which seemed to be talking in its sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"
"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.
The Hatter was first to break the silence. " What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice; he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.
Alice considered a little, and then said, "The fourth."
"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.
"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.
"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "You shouldn't have put it in with the breadknife."
The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily, then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again; but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

"IS IT THE GHOST?" (Excerpt)
from "The Phantom of the Opera" by Gaston Leroux

For several months there had been nothing discussed at the Opera but this ghost in dress-clothes who stalked about the building, from top to bottom, like a shadow, who spoke to nobody, to whom nobody dared speak and who vanished as soon as he was seen, no one knowing how or where.
Yet who had actually seen him? You meet so many men in dress-clothes at the Opera who are not ghosts. But this dress-suit had a peculiarity of its own: it clothed a skeleton. At least, so the ballet girls said. And, of course, it had a death's-head.
Was all this serious? The truth is that the idea of the skeleton came from the description of the ghost given by Joseph Buquet, the chief scene-shifter, who had really seen the ghost. He had run up against the ghost on the little stair-case, by the footlights, which leads straight down to the 'cellars'. He had seen him for a second - for the ghost had fled.
“He is extraordinarily thin and his dress-coat hangs on a skeleton frame. His eyes are so deep that you can hardly see the fixed pupils. All you see is two big black holes, as in a dead man's skull.”
This chief scene-shifter was a serious, sober, steady man, very slow at imagining things. His words were received with interest and amazement. ** And then, one after the other, there came a series of incidents so curious and so inexplicable that the very shrewdest people began to feel uneasy.
For instance, a fireman is a brave fellow! He fears nothing least of all fire! Well, the fireman in question who had gone to make a round of inspection in the cellars and who seems to have ventured a little further than usual, suddenly reappeared on the stage, pale, scared, trembling, with his eyes starting out of his head, and practically fainted in the arms of the proud mother of little Jammes. And why? Because he had seen, coming towards him, *at the level of his head, but without a body attached to it, a head of fire*! And, as I said, a fireman is not afraid of fire.
The *corps de ballet* was flung into consternation. ** The young ladies persuaded themselves that the ghost had several heads, which he changed about as he pleased. And, of course, they at once imagined they were in the greatest danger. Sorelli herself, on the day after the adventure of the fireman, placed a horse-shoe on the table in front of the stage-door-keeper's box, for every one who entered the Opera other than a spectator, to touch before setting foot on the first tread of the

staircase. This horse-shoe was not invented by me - any more than any other part of the story, alas! - and may still be seen on the table in the passage outside the stage-door-keeper's box, when you enter the Opera through the yard known as the Cour de l'Administration.

"CHARLIE MEETS A BEAR" (Excerpt)
by Susan Hiebert

Charlie watched the bear galloping along the ditch and was glad that she wasn't chasing him. The little farm tractor that he was driving couldn't go faster than sixteen kilometres an hour, and he was sure the bear could go faster than that if she tried.
Charlie shifted the gears on the tractor and started off again, wondering what the bear would do next. There was something strange about the way she had stood in the middle of the road. Suddenly he saw her again, this time heading straight for him and the tractor, running as hard as she could.
Charlie's heart stopped - he was sure it had stopped. He felt cold and icy with fear.
The big bear skidded to a stop right in front of the tractor. She looked at Charlie only for a minute, but it seemed like an hour to him. He had never been so frightened in his life.
Suddenly, Charlie saw something in the snow behind the bear. It was a little, round, black ball of fur. A bear cub!
Now Charlie understood why the bear had been acting so strangely. She was afraid something would hurt her cub. The noisy tractor must be frightening her. Very slowly, so he wouldn't startle her, Charlie reached his hand towards the ignition key and shut off the motor. The bear growled deep in her throat. Maybe she had been growling all the time, but Charlie had not been able to hear her above the noise of the motor.
The cub was walking slowly, stopping to sniff at things as it walked along. The mother was watching Charlie. Charlie smiled at her. He did not know if the bear could tell when a person was smiling, but he hoped it would make her feel better. He wanted her to know that he wouldn't hurt her cub.
The slow-moving little bear was close to the tractor now, and Charlie saw the big bear quiver. He was frightened all over again. What if the mother still thought he was going to hurt her baby, and attacked him? With the engine switched off, he could never get away from her. But the mother bear just stood there, looking at Charlie until her baby got past the tractor, and then she followed it into the ditch.
Charlie waited until the mother bear and her cub were a long way down the road before he started up the tractor. But then he really hurried. He could hardly wait to get home and tell his mom and dad about the bear. And tomorrow he would tell all the kids in school about how he had frightened that poor bear.
Charlie remembered that the bear had frightened him, too, but he decided not to tell that part.

“VITAL STATISTIC” (Excerpt)
from “Best Kept Secrets” by *Pat Krause*

I know ninth birthdays aren't usually that special. You're not one whole decade old. You've still got three years to go before twelve, an even dozen. And being a teenager is so far in the future it's hard to imagine ever being that grown up. But reaching nine years old turned out to be a matter of life or death for me.

Nine wouldn't have been such a significant birthday if it weren't for our dog. He’d been around since before I was born so he was jealous of me. His name is Schultz and he was everybody's best friend - except mine. Nothing I could do, however hard I tried, made him like me.

Schultz was mostly dachshund. My parents said he was a cross between a purebred dachshund and a devious terrier who had ruined his mother's life in show business. With me, he acted as if his father had been a pit bull terrier.

My mother could bath him, brush him, and even spank him when he got up on the table and ate the pickles or cheese, and Schultz would lick her hand. Then he would sit at her feet, looking up at her adoringly, like a stuffed toy with a felt mouth stitched on its face that went up at the corners in a smile.

My father played ball with Schultz on the living room rug and, whenever we had company, showed off how he could sit pretty, roll over, and shake a paw.

Grandma rubbed Schultz’s head with her shoe while she sat and drank coffee at the kitchen table, sometimes kicking him when she crossed her legs, but you wouldn't hear a growl. When she shook her Zoom-A-Long mop - which was about a thousand times a day - he just sat and watched the head flop without trying to catch it and tear it to bits.

Jane, my sister who's four years older than me and has always wanted a horse, taught Schultz to jump over barriers she built that were more than twice as high as he was. He could have jumped over my head, but he wouldn't come near me if he could avoid it, and he didn't want me coming near him. Schultz slept on Jane's bed and kept her feet warm. She told him bedtime stories about squirrels and mice and cute little skunks that would love to play with a sweet little dog like him. But if I approached her bed, holding the back of my hand out and speaking softly, like you're supposed to do with strange dogs, he immediately turned into a snarling dragon.

Everybody, including me, praised Schultz all the time for being able to jump so high, never shedding any hair, and for acting so intelligent. I was the only one he didn't waggle up to afterwards for a pat on the head. I was the only one he never jumped up beside to lick my face. If I offered him a Milk Bone, he turned up his nose at it. When I filled his water bowl, he wouldn't drink from anywhere else but the toilet. If I threw his ball for him, he looked the other way or began chasing his tail. He chewed up my school workbooks, my mitts, my toque and one of my rubber boots. I almost stopped trying to be friends with him after what he did to my Barbie doll.

I'd saved up my allowance for weeks to buy Barbie a super hot pants outfit in bright pink. It had a matching headband and high-heeled sandals.

"Hey, Jane, look how cool my Barbie doll looks in her new outfit," I said, running out of our bedroom holding Barbie up just by the heels of her new sandals and turning her around in my hand so Jane could get the full effect.

Jane was lying on the chesterfield reading *Black Beauty* for the umpteenth time. Schultz was lying beside her. He growled as I came closer. "Can it, Schultzie," Jane said, tapping him on the snout. "Let me see," she said to me. "Did you pay four ninety-five for that little bit of material?"

I was just going to hand Barbie to her when Schultz jumped up and snapped my doll's head off.

"Schultz!" Jane yelled, and then she started to laugh. He was tossing Barbie’s head up in the air and then catching it in his mouth. Her headband slid over her face and when he caught her head in his

mouth, her pony tail hung out of it as if he had a long yellow tongue. "Gross, Schultzie. Oh, that's so gross," Jane kept saying.
I was standing there in shock, the decapitated body of Barbie still twirling in my hand.

"MOWGLI'S BROTHERS" (Excerpt)
from "The Jungle Books", Vol. 1 by Rudyard Kipling

[*Mowgli, the man-cub found in the forest by Father Wolf, was accepted into the Wolf Pack by the Pack Council. For this new cub, the Council agreed to pay the price of a dead bull, and on the good word of Baloo, the brown bear who taught the cubs the Law of the Jungle*.]

Now you must be content to skip ten or eleven years, and only guess at all the wonderful life that Mowgli led among the wolves, because if it were written out it would fill every so many books. He grew up with the cubs, though they, of course, were grown wolves almost before he was a child, and Father Wolf taught him his business, and the meaning of things in the Jungle, till every rustle in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls above his head, every scratch of a bat's claws as it roosted for a while in a tree, and every splash of every little fish jumping in a pool, meant as much to him as the work of his office means to a business man. When he was not learning, he sat out in the sun and slept, and ate and went to sleep again; when he felt dirty or hot he swam in forest pools; and when he wanted honey (Baloo told him that honey and nuts were just as pleasant to eat as raw meat) he climbed up for it, and that Bagheera [*the Black Panther*] showed him how to do. Bagherra would lie out on a branch and call, "Come along, Little Brother", and at first Mowgli would cling like a sloth, but afterwards he would fling himself through the branches almost as boldly as the gray ape.
He took his place at the Council Rock, too, when the Pack met, and there he discovered that if he stared hard at any wolf, the wolf would be forced to drop his eyes, and so he used to stare for fun. At other times he would pick the long thorns out of the pads of his friends, for wolves suffer terribly from thorns and burrs in their coats. He would go down the hillside into the cultivated lands by night, and look very curiously at the villagers in their huts, but he had a mistrust of men because Bagheera showed him a square box with a drop-gate so cunningly hidden in the jungle that he nearly walked into it, and told him that it was a trap. He loved better than anything else to go with Bagheera into the dark warm heart of the forest, to sleep all through the drowsy day, and at night to see how Bagheera did his killing.
Bagheera killed right and left as he felt hungry, and so did Mowgli - with one exception. Bagheera told him he must never touch cattle because he had been bought into the Pack at the price of a bull's life. "All the Jungle is thine," said Bagheera, "and thou canst kill everything that thou art strong enough to kill; but for the sake of the bull that bought thee thou must never kill or eat any cattle young or old. That is the Law of the Jungle." Mowgli obeyed faithfully.
And he grew and grew strong as a boy must grow who does not know that he is learning any lessons, and who has nothing in the world to think of except things to eat.
Mother Wolf told him once or twice that Shere Khan [*the Tiger*] was not a creature to be trusted, and that some day he must kill Shere Khan; but though a young wolf would have remembered that advice every hour, Mowgli forgot it because he was only a boy - though he would have called himself a wolf if he had been able to speak any human tongue.

"THE FISHERMAN AND HIS SOUL" (Excerpt)

by Oscar Wilde

Every evening the young Fisherman went out upon the sea, and threw his nets into the water.

When the wind blew from the land he caught nothing, or but little at best, for it was a bitter and black-winged wind, and rough waves rose up to meet it. But when the wind blew to the shore, the fish came in from the deep, and swam into the meshes of his nets, and he took them to the market-place and sold them.

Every evening he went out upon the sea, and one evening the net was so heavy that hardly could he draw it into the boat. And he laughed, and said to himself, "Surely I have caught all the fish that swim, or snared some monster that will be a marvel to men, or some thing of horror that the great Queen will desire," and putting forth all his strength he tugged at the coarse ropes till, like lines of blue enamel round a vase of bronze, the long veins rose up his arms. He tugged at the thin ropes, and nearer and nearer came the circle of flat corks, and the net rose at last to the top of the water.

But no fish at all was in it, nor any monster or thing of horror, but only a little Mermaid lying fast asleep.

Her hair was as a wet fleece of gold, and each separate hair as a thread of fine gold in a cup of glass. Her body was as white ivory, and her tail was of silver and pearl. Silver and pearl was her tail, and the green weeds of the sea coiled round it; and like sea-shells were her ears, and her lips were like sea-coral. The cold waves dashed over her cold breasts, and the salt glistened upon her eyelids.

So beautiful was she that when the young Fisherman saw her he was filled with wonder, and he put out his hand and drew the net close to him, and leaning over the side clasped her in his arms. And when he touched her, she gave a cry like a startled sea-gull, and woke, and looked at him with her mauve-amethyst eyes, and struggled that she might escape. But he held her tightly to him, and would not suffer her to depart.

And when she saw that she could in no way escape from him, she began to weep, and said, "I pray thee let me go, for I am the only daughter of a King, and my father is aged and alone."

But the young Fisherman answered, "I will not let thee go save thou makest me a promise that whenever I call thee, thou wilt come and sing to me, for the fish delight to listen to the song of the Sea-folk, and so shall my nets be full."

"Wilt thou in very truth let me go, if I promise thee this?" cried the Mermaid.

"In very truth I will let thee go," said the young Fisherman.

So she made him the promise he desired, and sware it by the oath of the Sea-folk. And he loosened his arms from about her, and she sank down into the water, trembling with a strange fear.

Every evening the young Fisherman went out upon the sea, and called to the Mermaid, and she rose out of the water and sang to him. Round and round her swam the dolphins, and the wild gulls wheeled above her head.

And she sang a marvellous song. For she sang of the Sea-folk who drive their flocks from cave to cave, and carry the little calves on their shoulders; of the palace of the King which is all of amber, with a roof of clear emerald, and a pavement of bright pearl. ** She sang of the big whales that come down from the north seas and have sharp icicles hanging to their fins; of the Sirens who tell of such wonderful things that the merchants have to stop their ears with wax lest they should hear them, and leap into the water and be drowned. She sang of the nautilus who has a boat of her own that is carved out of an opal and steered with a silken sail; of the Mermaids who lie in the white foam and hold out their arms to the mariners; and of the sea-lions with their curved tusks, and the seahorses with their floating manes.

And as she sang, all the tunny-fish came in from the deep to listen to her, and the young Fisherman threw his nets round them and caught them, and others he took with a spear. And when his boat was well-laden the Mermaid would sink down into the sea, smiling at him.

An excerpt from "TREASURE ISLAND", Chapter IV
by Robert Louis Stevenson

[Jim tells how he went with his mother to recover money owed to her. But first he had to remove the key which was in the pocket of the dead Captain, whose body was laid out in the parlour of the Admiral Benbow inn. The key was necessary to open the sea-chest.]

"Give me the key," said my mother; and though the lock was very stiff, she had turned it and thrown back the lid in a twinkling.

A strong smell of tobacco and tar rose from the interior, but nothing was to be seen on the top except a suit of very good clothes, carefully brushed and folded. They had never been worn, my mother said. Under that, the miscellany began - a quadrant, a tin canikin, several sticks of tobacco, two brace of very handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver, an old Spanish watch and some other trinkets of little value and mostly of foreign make, a pair of compasses mounted with brass, and five or six curious West Indian shells. I have often wondered since why he should have carried about these shells with him in his wandering, guilty, and hunted life. ***

Underneath there was an old boat-cloak, whitened with sea-salt. My mother pulled it up with impatience, and there lay before us, the last things in the chest, a bundle tied up in oilcloth, and looking like papers, and a canvas bag, that gave forth, at a touch, the jingle of gold.

"I'll show these rogues that I'm an honest woman," said my mother. "I'll have my dues, and not a farthing over. Hold Mrs. Crossley's bag." And she began to count over the amount of the captain's score from the sailor's bag into the one that I was holding.

It was a long, difficult business, for the coins were of all countries and sizes - doubloons, louis-d'ors, and guineas, and pieces of eight, and I know not what besides, all shaken together at random. The guineas, too, were about the scarcest, and it was with these only that my mother knew how to make her count.

When we were about half-way through, I suddenly put my hand upon her arm; for I had heard in the silent, frosty air, a sound that brought my heart into my mouth - the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. It drew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp on the inn door, and then we could hear the handle being turned, and the bolt rattling as the wretched being tried to enter; and then there was a long time of silence both within and without. At last the tapping recommenced, and, to our indescribable joy and gratitude, died slowly away again until it ceased to be heard.

"Mother," said I, "take the whole and let's be going." ***

But my mother, frightened as she was, would not consent to take a fraction more than was due to her, and was obstinately unwilling to be content with less. She was still arguing with me when a little low whistle sounded a good way off upon the hill. That was more than enough for both of us.

"I'll take what I have," she said, jumping to her feet.

"And I'll take this to square the count," said I, picking up the oilskin packet.

Next moment we were both groping downstairs, leaving the candle by the empty chest; and the next we had opened the door and were in full retreat. We had not started a moment too soon. The sound of several footsteps running came already to our ears, and as we looked back in their direction, a light tossing to and fro and still rapidly advancing, showed that one of the new-comers carried a lantern.

"My dear," said my mother suddenly, "take the money and run on. I am going to faint."

This was certainly the end for both of us, I thought. How I cursed the cowardice of the neighbours; how I blamed my poor mother for her honesty and greed, for her past foolhardiness and present weakness! We were just at the little bridge, by good fortune; and I helped her, tottering as she was,

to the edge of the bank, where, sure enough, she gave a sigh and fell on my shoulder. I do not know how I found the strength to do it at all, and I am afraid it was roughly done; but I managed to drag her down the bank and a little way under the arch. Farther I could not move her, for the bridge was too low to let me do more than crawl below it. So there we had to stay - my mother almost entirely exposed, and both of us within earshot of the inn.

"FRAGILITY" (Excerpt)
from "Various Miracles" by *Carol Shields*

Ivy and I have been to Vancouver fairly often on business trips or for holidays. This time it's different; in three months we'll be moving permanently to Vancouver, and now the two of us are engaged in that common-enough errand, a house-hunting expedition.
Common, I say, but not for us.
We know the statistics: that about half of all North Americans move every five years, that we're a rootless, restless, portable society. But for some reason, some failing on our part or perhaps simple good fortune, Ivy and I seem to have evaded the statistical pattern. The small stone-fronted, bow-windowed house we bought when Christopher was born is the house in which we continue to live after twenty years.
If there had been another baby, we would have considered a move, but we stayed in the same house in the middle of Toronto. It was close to both our offices and close too to the clinic Christopher needed. Curiously enough, most of our neighbors also stayed there year after year. In our neighborhood we know everyone. When the news of my transfer came, the first thing Ivy said was, "What about the Mattisons and the Levensons? What about Robin and Sara?"
"We can't very well take everyone on the street along with us."
"Oh Lordy," Ivy said and bit her lip. "Of course not. It's only - "
“I know," I said.
"Maybe we can talk Robin and Sara into taking their holidays on the coast next year. Sara always said - "
"And we'll be back fairly often. At least twice a year."
"If only - "
"If only what?"
"Those stupid bulbs." (I love the way Ivy pronounces the word stupid: *stewpid*, giving it a patrician lift.)
"Bulbs?"
"Remember last fall, all those bulbs I put in?"
"Oh," I said, remembering.
"You don't mind as much as I do, do you?"
"Of course I do. You know I do."
"Tell me the truth."
What could I say: I've always been impressed by the accuracy of Ivy's observations. "The truth is -"
"The truth is -" she helped me along.
"I guess I'm ready."
"Ready for what?" Her eyes filled with tears. This was a difficult time for us. Christopher had died in January. He was a tough kid and lived a good five years longer than any of us ever thought he would. His death was not unexpected, but still, Ivy and I were feeling exceptionally fragile.
"Ready for what?" she asked again.
"For something," I admitted. "For anything, I guess."

An excerpt from "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"
by Jane Austen

[*Although it would one day have a happy ending, the romance of Elizabeth Bennet and Fitzwilliam Darcy had an unpromising beginning and an equally unpromising development, for the 18th century exaggerated the class distinctions of society. Darcy, who knew the Bennet family was socially inferior to himself, struggled against his love for Elizabeth, and when he proposed marriage to her was honest, but unwise enough to express the reason for his reluctance to declare his proposal. Amongst other charges, the equally proud and spirited Elizabeth in her rejection, denounced him for ruining her sister's fiancé and thereby her sister's happiness*.]

"You have reduced him to his present state of poverty, comparative poverty. You have withheld the advantages, which you must know to have been designed for him. You have deprived the best years of his life, of that independence which was no less his due than his desert. You have done all this! and yet you can treat the mention of his misfortunes with contempt and ridicule."
"And this;" cried Darcy, as he walked with quick steps across the room, "is your opinion of me! This is the estimation in which you hold me! I thank you for explaining it so fully. My faults, according to this calculation, are heavy indeed! But perhaps," added he, stopping in his walk, and turning towards her, "these offences might have been overlooked, had not your pride been hurt by my honest confession of the scruples that had long prevented my forming any serious design. These bitter accusations might have been suppressed had I with greater policy concealed my struggles, and flattered you into the belief of my being impelled by unqualified, unalloyed inclination; by reason, by reflection, by everything. But disguise of every sort is my abhorrence. Nor am I ashamed of the feelings I related. They were natural and just. Could you expect me to rejoice in the inferiority of your connections? To congratulate myself on the hope of relations, whose condition in life is so decidedly beneath my own?"
Elizabeth felt herself growing more angry every moment; yet she tried to the utmost to speak with composure when she said,
"You are mistaken, Mr. Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way, than as it spared me the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentlemanlike manner."
She saw him start at this, but he said nothing, and she continued,
"You could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it."
Again his astonishment was obvious; and he looked at her with an expression of mingled incredulity and mortification. She went on.
"From the very beginning, from the first moment I may almost say, of my acquaintance with you, your manners impressing me with the fullest belief of your arrogance, your conceit, and your selfish disdain of the feelings of others, were such as to form that groundwork of disapprobation, on which succeeding events have built so immoveable a dislike; and I had not known you a month before I felt that you were the last man in the world whom I could ever be prevailed upon to marry."
"You have said quite enough, madam. I perfectly comprehend your feelings, and have now only to be ashamed of what my own have been. Forgive me for having taken up so much of your time, and accept my best wishes for your health and happiness."
And with these words he hastily left the room, and Elizabeth heard him the next moment open the front door and quit the house.
The tumult of her mind was now painfully great. She knew not how to support herself, and from actual weakness sat down and cried for half an hour. Her astonishment as she reflected on what had

passed, was increased by every review of it. That she should receive an offer of marriage from Mr. Darcy! that he should have been in love with her for so many months! so much in love as to wish to marry her in spite of all the objections which had made him prevent his friend's marrying her sister, and which must appear at least with equal force in his own case, was almost incredible! it was gratifying to have inspired unconsciously so strong an affection. But his pride, his abominable pride, his shameless avowal of what he had done with respect to Jane, his unpardonable assurance in acknowledging, though he could not justify it, and the unfeeling manner in which he had mentioned Mr. Wickham, his cruelty towards whom he had not attempted to deny, soon overcame the pity which the consideration of his attachment had for a moment excited.
She continued in very agitating reflections till the sound of Lady Catherine's carriage made her feel how unequal she was to encounter Charlotte's observation, and hurried her away to her room.

''THE MOONS OF JUPITER (Excerpt)
from the Short Stories “The Moons of Jupiter” by *Alice Munro*

[*I had taken my father to the emergency room of the Toronto General Hospital.]*

I had to wait for over an hour in the emergency waiting room. They summoned a heart specialist who was in the hospital, a young man. He called me out into the hall and explained to me that one of the valves of my father's heart had deteriorated so badly that there ought to be an immediate operation.
I asked him what would happen otherwise.
"He'd have to stay in bed," the doctor said.
"How long?"
"Maybe three months."
"I meant, how long would he live?"
"That's what I meant, too," the doctor said.
I went to see my father. He was sitting up in bed in a curtained-off corner. "It's bad, isn't it?" he said. “Did he tell you about the valve?”
"It's not as bad as it could be," I said. "You're not in any immediate danger. Your physical condition is good, otherwise."
"Otherwise," my father said gloomily.
I was tired from the drive - all the way up to Dalgleish, to get him, and back to Toronto since noon - and worried about getting the rented car back on time, and irritated by an article I had been reading in a magazine in the waiting-room. It was about another writer, a woman younger, better-looking, probably more talented than I am. I had been in England for months and so I had not seen this article before, but it crossed my mind while I was reading that my father would have. I could hear him saying, Well, I didn't see anything about you in *McLean's*. And if he had read something about me he would say, Well, I didn’t think too much about that writeup. His tone would be humorous and indulgent but would produce in me a familiar dreariness of spirit. The message I got from him was simple: Fame must be striven for, then apologized for. Getting or not getting it, you will be to blame.
I was not surprised by the doctor's news. I was prepared to hear something of the sort and was pleased with myself for taking it calmly, just as I would be pleased with myself for dressing a wound or looking down from the frail balcony of a high building. I thought, Yes, it's time; there has to be something, here it is. I did not feel any of the protest I would have felt twenty, even ten, years before. When I saw from my father's face that he felt it - that refusal leapt up in him as readily as if

he had been thirty or forty years younger - my heart hardened, and I spoke with a kind of badgering cheerfulness. "Otherwise is plenty," I said.

The next day he was himself again.
That was how I would have put it. He said it appeared to him now that the young fellow, the doctor, might have been a bit too eager to operate. "A bit knife-happy," he said. He was both mocking and showing off the hospital slang. He said that another doctor had examined him, an older man, and had given it as his opinion that rest and medication might do the trick.
I didn't ask what trick.

"ON GOING A JOURNEY"
by William Hazlitt

[William Hazlitt's thoughts on going on a journey are so much like my own, that I feel these lines <u>are</u> my own, that they come right from my heart.]

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

"The fields his study, nature was his book."

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room and fewer encumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

"a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet."

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do, just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

"May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd,"

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a postchaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and three hours march to dinner - and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasuries," burst upon

my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence.

"BABBITT" (Excerpt from Chapter 7, Part 3)
by Sinclair Lewis

[Babbitt is a middle-aged, middle-class citizen of Zenith. He lives in the residential area of Floral Heights in a Dutch Colonial house which reflects his success in selling real estate. The time is the early 1920s.]

Before breakfast he always reverted to up-state village boyhood, and shrank from the complex urban demands of shaving, bathing, deciding whether the current shirt was clean enough for another day. Whenever he stayed home in the evening he went to bed early, and thriftily got ahead in these dismal duties. It was his luxurious custom to shave while sitting snugly in a tubful of hot water. He may be viewed tonight as a plump, smooth, pink, baldish, podgy goodman, robbed of the importance of spectacles, squatting in breast-high water, scraping his lather-smeared cheeks with a safety-razor like a tiny lawn-mower, and with melancholy dignity clawing through the water to recover a slippery and active piece of soap.

He was lulled to dreaming by the caressing warmth. The light fell on the inner surface of the tub in a pattern of delicate wrinkled lines which slipped with a green sparkle over the curving porcelain as the clear water trembled. Babbitt lazily watched it; noted that along the silhouette of his legs against the radiance on the bottom of the tub, the shadows of the air-bubbles clinging to the hairs were reproduced as strange jungle mosses. He patted the water, and the reflected light capsized and leaped and volleyed. He was content and childish. He played. He shaved a swath down the calf of one plump leg.

The drain-pipe was dripping, a dulcet and lively song: drippety drip drip dribble, drippety drip drip drip. He was enchanted by it. He looked at the solid tub, the beautiful nickel taps, the tiled walls of the room, and felt virtuous in the possession of this splendor.

He roused himself and spoke gruffly to his bath-things. "Come here! You've done enough fooling!" he reproved the treacherous soap, and defied the scratchy nail-brush with "Oh, you would, would you!" He soaped himself, and rinsed himself, and austerely rubbed himself; he noted a hole in the Turkish towel, and meditatively thrust a finger through it, and marched back to the bedroom, a grave and unbending citizen.

There was moment of gorgeous abandon, a flash of melodrama such as he found in traffic-driving, when he laid out a clean collar, discovered that it had frayed in front, and tore it up with a magnificent yeeeing sound.

Most important of all was the preparation of his bed and the sleeping porch.

It is not known whether he enjoyed his sleeping-porch because of the fresh air or because it was the standard thing to have a sleeping porch.

Just as he was an Elk, a Booster, and a member of the Chamber of Commerce, just as the priests of the Presbyterian Church determined his every religious belief and the senators who controlled the Republican Party decided in little smoky rooms in Washington what he should think about disarmament, tariff, and Germany, so did large advertisers fix the surface of his life, fix what he believed to be his individuality. These standard advertised wares - toothpastes, socks, tires, cameras, instantaneous hot-water heaters - were his symbols and proofs of excellence; at first the signs, then the substitutes, for joy and passion and wisdom.

But none of these advertised tokens of financial and social success was more significant than a sleeping-porch with a sun-parlor below.
The rites of preparing for bed were elaborate and unchanging. The blankets had to be tucked in at the foot of his cot. (Also, the reason why the maid hadn't tucked in the blankets to be discussed with Mrs. Babbitt.) The rag rug was adjusted so that his bare feet would strike it when he arose in the morning. The alarm clock was wound. The hot water bottle was filled and placed precisely two feet from the bottom of the cot.
These tremendous undertakings yielded to his determination; one by one they were announced to Mrs. Babbitt and smashed through to accomplishment. At last his brow cleared, and in his "Gnight!" rang virile power. But there was yet need of courage. As he sank into sleep, just at the first exquisite relaxation, the Doppelbrau car came home. He bounced into wakefulness, lamenting, "Why the devil can't some people never get to bed at a reasonable hour?" So familiar was he with the process of putting up his own car that he awaited each step like an able executioner condemned to his own rack.
The car insultingly cheerful on the driveway. The car door opened and banged shut, then the garage door slid open, grating on the sill, and the car door again. The motor raced for the climb up into the garage and raced once more, explosively, before it was shut off. A final opening and slamming of the car door. Silence then, a horrible silence filled with waiting, till the leisurely Mr. Doppelbrau had examined the state of his tires and had at last shut the garage door. Instantly, for Babbitt, a blessed state of oblivion.

"THE PRINCE AND THE PELICANS"

by *David Carpenter*

A few miles from the town of Imperial (that's north of Stalwart) about three thousand people are streaming across the grid road into the Last Mountain Lake bird sanctuary: old folks with lawn chairs, school kids with plastic flags, cubs and scouts flashing regimental colours, soldiers in berets, birders with binoculars, tourists with cameras - conservationists all. A flag-snapping wind makes the grass lean one way and the people (from Saskatchewan and therefore stubborn) lean the other.
In the centre of a prairie the size of a galaxy, the lake is as long as the Americas. Next to the lake is a sage and gopher field as flat as the ocean (the nearest mountain is six hundred miles west). In it stands the red and white circus tent on which the crowd is converging. Gulls, hawks, plovers, and cranes drift and teeter overhead. The wind wraps the flags around the poles and sends the ladies' scarves into the far north.
Three oldsters have taken shelter in a straggle of caragana bushes, huddling like teenagers in a blanket, a man between two ladies. The man in the middle says, "I'm just here for the copters."
"Oh, you're not," says his wife. "You're here t'see him."
Him. That's how most people here refer to HRH Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, President of the World Wildlife Fund. He is coming to celebrate the one hundredth birthday of the Last Mountain Sanctuary, the oldest in North America, latterly famous as the nesting ground of white pelicans.
A little background. About ten years ago the white pelican had declined to sixteen thousand breeding pairs in Canada. In 1978 it was added to the endangered list, and the World Wildlife Fund and Canada Life, whose logo shows a white pelican, mounted a campaign to protect it. This April, when the population appeared to have risen to fifty thousand pairs, it was taken off the list of threatened species. Never before in Canada has this happened.
"This is a once-in-a-lifetime," the lady on the far end of the blanket says. "I collect royalty memorabilia. I have three hundred salt and pepper shakers alone."

From the other side of the galaxy through a tattered sky come three helicopters, scattering gulls and geese. The helicopters rock down and alight. Prince Philip is out at once to a ripple of applause, a tanned handsome man, regal as a ship, wearing an olive jacket, brown slacks, a golden duck pin in his lapel. Flanked by cabinet ministers and honoured guests (two separate categories in Saskatchewan), he strides over to the crowd and chats his way to the platform.

"Look at these," he says to the federal minister of the environment, indicating a swarm of kids in yellow and black tractor caps bearing the logo, "I Love No-Name." The Shop-rite in Nokomis has donated them for the occasion. The prince asks the kids what their caps mean and gets seven or eight simultaneous explanations. He asks the federal minister who tries to explain. Is it an Indian name? No, your Highness, uh y'see... and off they go again, past the applauding throng.

The ceremony begins. The regional director of the Canadian Wildlife Service does introductions. The federal minister delivers an environmental speech. Robert Bateman, the wildlife artist, presents a painting featuring white pelicans to Prince Philip; in turn the prince presents a reproduction to the president of Canada Life. The provincial minister for parks, recreation and culture reminds the crowd that his home town is Edinburgh. The Duke of Edinburgh smiles. An eastern kingbird loops the circus tent.

All through the ceremony, birds of every description glide by: a marbled godwit, a double-crested cormorant, a ring-billed gull. One by one, one per species, they swoop low across the army of binoculars and camera-bearers, then swerve back into the wind. A meadowlark, a lesser Canada, a green-winged teal, a Caspian tern. An attempt to honour these nature lovers with a fly-past?

The binoculars and cameras remain trained on the stage. The prince and the dignitaries have risen to sign an agreement establishing Last Mountain Lake as a national wildlife area. A flotilla of pelicans lifts off from a marsh at the edge of the lake and wheels into the air, drifting in perfect formation around the crowd, riding the air currents in a spiral, the black-edged wings of each bird spread wide for soaring.

No-one looks up.

One by one they bring their wings in and dive, eighteen pelicans, eighteen identical snow-white Chuck Yeagers in perfect control. They pull out at the last moment over the lake and wheel back into the wind.

Nothing. The birds have been snubbed.

The prince walks off the stage. He stops to chat with a dandelion field of No-Name caps; he speaks to some legionaires who answer back shyly; he waves goodbye. There is, of course, one more thing the birds can do, but they have their orders from Pelican Central. No international incident today, boys. Bring 'em on home.

An excerpt from "JANE EYRE"
by Charlotte Brontë

[*Jane describes the interruption of her marriage ceremony to Rochester upon the discovery that he is still married to a raving lunatic wife, long hidden away out of sight.*]

The house cleared, I shut myself in, fastened the bolt that none might intrude and proceeded - not to weep, not to mourn, I was yet too calm for that, but - mechanically to take off the wedding dress, and replace it by the gown I had worn yesterday, as I thought, for the last time. I then sat down: I felt weak and tired. I leaned my arms on a table, and my head dropped on them. And now I thought: till now I had only heard, seen, moved, watched event rush on event, disclosure open beyond disclosure: but *now, I thought*.

The morning had been quiet enough - all except the brief scene with the lunatic - the transaction in the church had not been noisy; there was no explosion of passion, no dispute, no defiance or challenge, no tears, no sobs: a few words had been spoken, a calmly pronounced objection to the marriage made; some stern, short questions put by Mr. Rochester; answers, explanations given, evidence adduced; an open admission of the truth been uttered by my master; then the living proof had been seen; the intruders were gone, and all was over.

I was in my own room as usual - just myself; nothing had smitten me, or scathed me, or maimed me. And yet where was the Jane Eyre of yesterday? Where was her life? - where were her prospects?

Jane Eyre, who had been an ardent, expectant woman - almost a bride - was a cold, solitary girl again: her life was pale; her prospects were desolate. A Christmas frost had come at midsummer; a white December storm had whirled over June; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses; on hayfield and cornfield lay a frozen shroud; lanes which last night blushed full of flowers, today were pathless with untrodden snow; and the woods, which twelve hours since waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread, waste, wild and white as pine-forests in wintry Norway. My hopes were all dead - struck with a subtle doom, such as, in one night, fell on all the first-born of Egypt. I looked on my cherished wishes, yesterday so blooming and glowing; they lay stark, chill, livid corpses that could never revive. I looked at my love; that feeling which was my master's - which he had created; it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold cradle; it could not seek Mr. Rochester's arms - it could not derive warmth from his breast. Oh, never more could it turn to him; for faith was blighted - confidence destroyed! Mr. Rochester was not to me what he had been; for he was not what I had thought him. I would not ascribe vice to him; I would not say he had betrayed me: but the attribute of stainless truth was gone from his idea; and from his presence I must go; *that* I perceived well. When - how - whither - I could not discern: but he himself, I doubted not, would hurry me from Thornfield. Real affection, it seemed, he could not have for me: it had been only a fitful passion; that was balked; he would want me no more. I should fear even to cross his path now: my view must be hateful to him. Oh, how blind had been my eyes! How weak my conduct!

My eyes were covered and closed: eddying darkness seemed to swim round me, and reflection came in as black and confused a flow. Self-abandoned, relaxed, and effortless, I seemed to have laid me down in the dried-up bed of a great river; I heard a flood loosened in remote mountains, and felt the torrent come: to rise I had no will, to flee I had no strength. I lay faint: longing to be dead. One idea only still throbbed life-like within me - a remembrance of God: it begot an unuttered prayer: these words went wandering up and down in my rayless mind, as something that should be whispered; but no energy was found to express them: -

"Be not far from me, for trouble is near; there is none to help."

It was near; and as I had lifted no petition to Heaven to avert it - as I had neither joined my hands,

not bent my knees, nor moved my lips - it came: in full, heavy swing the torrent poured over me. The whole consciousness of my life lorn, my love lost, my hope quenched, my faith dead-struck, swayed full and mighty above me in one sullen mass. That bitter hour cannot be described: in truth, “the waters came into my soul: I sank in deep mire; I felt no standing; I came into deep waters; the floods overflowed me.”

An excerpt from “A TALE OF TWO CITIES”
by Charles Dickens

[In Dickens' story of the French Revolution, we meet Madame Defarge, the vengeful woman who sits knitting by the guillotene, counting the heads as they drop into the basket below. She looks forward to watching her enemy, Evrémonde, meet his fate, Meantime, armed with a pistol hidden in her dress, she rushes to capture his child, his wife Lucie and Lucie's father, Dr. Monette. Their great friend, Miss Pross, who will join them later, is left at their lodgings after their successful flight from Paris. She prepares to leave.]

The necessity of composing her appearance so that it should attract no special notice in the streets was another relief. She looked at her watch and it was twenty minutes past two. She must get ready at once.
Miss Pross got a basin of cold water and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red, but constantly paused and looked around to see that there was no one watching her. In one of those pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room.
The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge. By strange stern ways, and through much staining blood, those feet had come to meet that water.
Madame Defarge looked coldly at her, and said, "The wife of Evrémonde; where is she?"
It flashed upon Miss Pross's mind that the doors were all standing open, and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber which Lucie had occupied. She measured Madame Defarge with her eyes, every inch.
"You shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman."
Madame Defarge knew full well that Miss Pross was the family's devoted friend; Miss Pross knew full well that Madame Defarge was the family's malevolent enemy.
Said Madame Defarge, "I am come to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her."
"I know that your intentions are evil," said Miss Pross, "and you may depend upon it, I'll hold my own against them."
Each spoke in her own language; neither understood the other's words; both were very watchful, and intent to deduce, from look and manner, what the unintelligible words meant.
“You wicked foreign woman, I am your match.”
"Woman imbecile and pig-like!" said Madame Defarge, frowning."I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!"
"I little thought," said Miss Pross, "that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have, except the clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it."
She now advanced one step. "I am a Briton, I am desperate. I don't care twopence for myself. I know that the longer I keep you here, the greater hope there is for my Ladybird. I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger on me!"
Thus Miss Pross who had never struck a blow in her life.
But, her courage was of the emotional nature that it brought the irrepressible tears into her eyes. This was a courage that Madame Defarge so little comprehended as to mistake for weakness. "Ha,"

she laughed, "you poor wretch! What are you worth!" Then she raised her voice and called out, "Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evrémonde! Child of Evrémonde!"
Perhaps the following silence, perhaps some latent disclosure in expression of Miss Pross's face, perhaps a sudden misgiving apart from either suggestion, whispered to Madame Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.
"Those rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look."
"Never!" said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.
"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself.
"As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not, you are uncertain what to do," said Miss Pross to *her*self; "and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you."
Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike; Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, always so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore her face; but Miss Pross, with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.
Soon, Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and felt at her encircled waist. "It is under my arm," said Miss Pross, in smothered tones, "you shall not draw it. I am stronger than you, I bless Heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!"
Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone blinded with smoke.
All this in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air, like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

"FIFTH BUSINESS", Chapter Two (Excerpt)
by *Robertson Davies*

[Not many people know anything about my war - the First Great War. For me, twenty years old, it was mud and filth and stench. And it ended for me when I was wallowing around in the dark and found myself in a German machine-gun nest. I shot all three Germans there at pointblank range. Crawling out in the mud, shrapnel got my left leg and a flare got me - knocked into unconsciousness ... When I came to, six months later, I was in an English hospital, minus my left leg and had received the Victoria Cross --posthumously, as everyone thought I was dead.]

The next great moment in my life was the reception of my Victoria Cross, from the King himself. Dr. Houneen had established that I was really alive, and so the award that had been published as posthumous was repeated on one of the lists, and in due course I went to Buckingham Palace in a taxi, on a December morning, and got it. Diana was with me, for I was allowed to invite one guest, and she was the obvious choice. We were looked at with sentimental friendliness by the other people in the room, and I suppose an obviously wounded soldier, accompanied by a very pretty nurse, was about as popular a sight as the time afforded.

Most of the details are vague, but a few remain. A military band, in an adjoining room, played Gems from *The Maid of the Mountains* (it was Diana who told me), and we all stood around the walls until the King and some aides entered and took a place in the centre. When my turn came I

stumped forward on my latest metal leg, making rather a noisy progress, and got myself into the right position, directly in front of the King. Somebody handed him the medal, and he pinned it on my tunic, then shook my hand and said, 'I am glad you were able to get here after all.'

I can still remember what a deep and rather gruff voice he had, and and also the splendid neatness of his Navy beard. He was a good deal shorter than I, so I was looking down into his very blue, rather glittering eyes, and I thought I had better smile at the royal joke, so I did, and retreated in good order.

There was a moment, however, when the King and I were looking directly into each other's eyes, and in that instant I had a revelation that takes much longer to explain than to experience. Here am I, I reflected, being decorated as a hero, and in the eyes of everybody here I am indeed a hero; but I know that my heroic act was rather a dirty job I did when I was dreadfully frightened; I could just as easily have muddled it and been ingloriously killed. But it doesn't much matter, because people seem to need heroes; so long as I don't lose sight of the truth, it might as well be me as anyone else. And here before me stands a marvellously groomed little man who is pinning a hero's medal on me because some of his forbears were Alfred the Great, and Charles the First, and even King Arthur for all I know to the contrary. But I shouldn't be surprised if inside he feels as puzzled about the fate that brings him here as I. We are public icons, we two: he an icon of kingship, and I an icon of heroism, unreal yet very necessary; we have obligations above what is merely personal, and to let personal feelings obscure the obligations would be failing in one's duty.

"THE GANDHI OF THE PRAIRIES" from "FIFTY MIGHTY MEN"

by *Grant MacEwan*

[Indian tribes occupied the Canadian prairies when explorers and settlers first came here, and were called "primitive" or "savage" and so were often misjudged.]

According to Rev. Ahenakew, grand nephew of Chief Big Bear, the name "Maski-pitoon" meant "One Whose Arm Was Broken." More important than that, however, Maski-pitoon, in his early

years, displayed unusual courage. Without flinching, he faced the test of the Sun Dance - three days of feasting, dancing and torture, at which young men hoped to qualify as braves. An ambitious youth desiring to win the high distinction, cut slits in the flesh of his breast, placed skewers or thongs therein and from these tied himself to a central pole against which he strained and grinned at the pain until the flesh broke to release him.

Maski-pitoon passed all the tests of endurance and bravery; he could be savage and cruel; and in gathering scalps and stealing horses he displayed such commanding skill that he easily won the admiration of his people who were more impressed by horse thefts than by lofty ideas. More than that, this young man had an erect and muscular body and no doubt enjoyed the imperfectly hidden glances of all the Indian maidens.

It just seemed that this young man was born to be a chief and lead his people to victory against all enemies. In due course, Maski-pitoon did become a chief and his tribesmen were proud of him. Any why shouldn't they be? On the hunt his success was extraordinary and when he returned from battle no brave could show more of the bloody evidence of slaughter.

But with the passing years, Maski-pitoon saw many things in Indian society to disturb him. Although he had blindly accepted tribal customs, he now concluded that many of the inherited practices were wrong. Tribal customs should stand the test of reason. He was worried.

He made solitary journeys into the hills in order to think things through. More and more he was convinced that killing was wrong, that violence simply bred more violence and evil. It was terribly unorthodox for that time and place but he dared to ask himself why the tribes could not adopt a policy of good will and devote their energies to something more constructive than killing and stealing.

Any young Indian whose bravery was untried would not dare to express such thoughts because they would invite scorn and he would be sent to work with the women. Only a man whose courage and daring were proven could afford to be bold. The young chief shared his views with the Medicine Man but it was a waste of time. The wise man of the tribe could not imagine living without war and cruelty; it would be like an eagle living without feathers or a buffalo without horns. Maski-pitoon turned to his thoughtful old father and there found encouragement.

Together, father and son withdrew in the hill country to be alone and commune with nature. There the truth was more likely to be seen without disguise; there the spirits hovered more closely to man. The days were calm and the nights clear - perfect for meditation. Finally, convictions confirmed, the father collected four black feathers and set them in a row in the ground, calling them Dishonesty, Hatred, Cruelty and War. Collecting four white feathers, the old Indian set them in another row, giving them names Honesty, Friendliness, Sympathy and Peace.

"Decide now, my son," said the elder: "will you choose the way that leads to destruction and war or will you follow the way that can lead to peace and happiness?"

Maski-pitoon was ready for the important decision. He motioned toward the white feathers and asked his father to burn the black ones. The old Indian followed the instructions and after destroying the black feathers, he bound the white ones and handed them to the young chief with a father's advice to carry them always.

Thereafter, the way of Maski-pitoon was the way of peace. Though most of his people could not understand the change, at least he was able to hold their respect because of a record for bravery already made unquestionable. His devotion to the new and better way of life, however, was to be tested many times in the days ahead.

Blackfeet stole his horses and savage war-parties took Cree scalps but Maski-pitoon remained steadfast in his convictions that violent reprisals would achieve no good and only add to suffering. The Crees were astonished; this was beyond their understanding, especially when it came from a chief who won his high rank as a fighting man.

The supreme test came when a Blackfoot raiding party murdered Maski-pitoon's father. Now, thought the Crees, the young chief will renounce his strange theories and seek revenge. But there was no attempt at revenge. The young chief continued to wear the white feathers as a reminder of his pledge.

Note: Most of the following will need an introduction and editing to make a coherent story within the time limits.

MORTIMER - by Robert Munsch (Annick Press Ltd. Toronto)

THE STORY GIRL - by *L.M. Montgomery*, Chapter 13
From "It was half-past five" to "the way of human nature."

THE YEARLING - by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Chapter 26
From "The great tracks were imprinted" to "you got my respect."

OLE AND TRUFA - by Isaac Bashevis Singer (from "Stories for Children")
From "The forest was large" to "joined with eternity."

AN EARNEST PROPOSAL - by Lewis Thomas (from "The Lives of a Cell")
From "There was a quarter-page advertisement" to "take my chances."

TYPHOON - by Joseph Conrad
From "If the steering-gear did not give way" to "She may!"

TO BUILD A FIRE - by Jack London (the 1902 version)
From "At the instant he broke through" to "lays down the precept of the north."

THE LAST OF THE CRAZY PEOPLE - by *Timothy Findley*, Chapter 3
From "Nicholas came in." to "haven't I answered that question?"

JULY - by *Sharon Butala* (from "Luna")
From "They're starting to come in," to "the end of the community." Ruth said.

RECEPTION - by Paul Theroux (from "The London Embassy")
From "This was London, this reception" to "who had just said *a tinkle or a yucky*."

INDIVIDUAL VERSE CLASSES

CLASS 1085 - Individual Verse, Senior, Open
Own choice OR any of the following:

Verses from **CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE**, Canto the Third
by Lord Byron

[*An Account of the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, and of that Battle*]

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? - No - 'twas but the Wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet -
But hark! - that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is - it is - the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated Chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro -
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness -
And there were sudden partings, such as press

The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste - the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed;
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war -
And deep the thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the Morning Star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips - "The foe! They come! They come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life; -
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The Morn the marshalling in arms, - the Day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, - friend, foe, - in one red burial blent!

ON SLAVERY
by William Cowper

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart
It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own, and having pow'r
T' inforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.

Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home. Then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free,
They touch our country and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire. That where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.
Sure there is need of social intercourse,
Benevolence and peace and mutual aid
Between the nations, in a world that seems
To toll the death-bell of its own decease,
And by the voice of all its elements
To preach the gen'ral doom. When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy,
When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath, and meteors from above
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies and th'old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and forgone her usual rest.
Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And Nature with a dim and sickly eye
To wait the close of all? But grant her end
More distant, and that prophecy demands

A longer respite, unaccomplished yet;
Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak
Displeasure in his breast who smites the earth
Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice.
And ‘tis but seemly, that where all deserve
And stand exposed by common peccancy
To what no few have felt, there should be peace,
And brethren in calamity should love.

BASEBALL - by Gail Mazur (A New Anthology of Verse, ed. Roberta A. Charlesworth & Dennis Lee; Toronto Oxford University Press)
FERN HILL - by Dylan Thomas (A New Anthology of Verse, see above)
SUZANNE TAKES YOU DOWN - by *Leonard Cohen* (A New Anthology of Verse, see above)
FLIGHT - by Jean Starr (The Best American Poetry, 1996, ed. Adrienne Rich; Scribner)

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CLASS 1086 - Individual Verse, 18 years and under,
Own Choice OR from any of the following:

THE IMMIGRANTS
from “The Journals of Susanna Moodie” by *Margaret Atwood*

They are allowed to inherit
the sidewalks involved as palmlines, bricks
exhausted and soft, the deep
lawnsmells, orchards whorled
to the land’s contours, the inflected weather

only to be told they are too poor
to keep it up, or someone
has noticed and wants to kill them; or the towns
pass laws which declare them obsolete.

I see them coming
up from the hold smelling of vomit,
infested, emaciated, their skins grey
with travel; as they step on shore

the old countries recede, become
perfect, thumbnail castles preserved
like gallstones in a glass bottle, the
towns dwindle upon the hillsides
in a light paperweight-clear.

They carry their carpetbags and trunks
with clothes, dishes, the family pictures;
they think they will make an order
like the old one, sow miniature orchards,
carve children and flocks out of wood

but always they are too poor, the sky
is flat, the green fruit shrivels
in the prairie sun, wood is for burning;
and if they go back, the towns

in time have crumbled, their tongues
stumble among awkward teeth, their ears
are filled with the sound of breaking glass.
I wish I could forget them
And so forget myself:

my mind is a wide pink map
across which move year after year
arrows and dotted lines, further and further,
people in railway cars

their heads stuck out of the windows
at stations, drinking milk or singing,
their features hidden with beards or shawls
day and night riding across an ocean of unknown
land to an unknown land.

ON GROWING OLD
by Matthew Arnold

What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
- Yes, but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength -
Not our bloom only, but our strength - decay?
Is it to feel every limb
Grown stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more loosely strung?

Yes, this, and more; but not
Ah, ‘tis not what in youth we dream’d ‘twould be!
Tis not to have our life
Mellow’d and soften’d as with sunset-glow,
A golden day’s decline.

‘Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,
And heart profoundly stirr’d;
And weep, and feel the fulness of the past,
The years that are no more.

It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young;
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion - none.

It is - last stage of all -
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man.

THE MAD GARDENER’S SONG - by Lewis Carroll (A New Anthology of Verse, ed. Charleswoth and Lee; Toronto OUP
BUSHED - by *Earle Birney* (The Wascana Anthology of Verse, ed. Richard G. Harvey; Canadian Plains Research Center, University of Regina, Regina, SK S4S 0A2
HEAT - by *Archibald Lampman* (The Wascana Anthology - see above)

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CLASS 1087 - Individual Verse, 16 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following

HAWK ROOSTNG
by Ted Hughes

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.
Inaction, no falsifying dream
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees!
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray

Are of advantage to me;
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark.
It took the whole of Creation
To produce my foot, my each feather:
Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly -
I kill where I please because it is all mine.
There is no sophistry in my body:
My manners are tearing off heads -

The allotment of death.
For the one path of my flight is direct
Through the bones of the living.
No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.
Nothing has changed since I began.
My eye has permitted no change.
I am going to keep things like this.

A THING OF BEAUTY (from ENDYMION)
by John Keats

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;

All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Upon our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

CAGED BIRD - by Maya Angelou (The Broadview Anthology of Poetry, ed. Herbert Rosengarten & Amanda Goldrick-Jones; Broadview Press P.O. Box 1243, Peterborough, ON K9J 7H5)

YOU THAT LOVE ENGLAND - by C. Day Lewis (The Faber Book of Modern Verse, edited by Michael Roberts, revised by Anne Ridler; Faber and Faber)

THE CONVERGENCE OF THE TWAIN (Lines on the loss of the "Titanic") - by Thomas Hardy (The Wascana Poetry Anthology, edited by Richard G. Harvey; Canadian Plains Research Center, University of Regina, Regina, SK S4S OA2)

COLONEL FAZACKERLEY - by Charles Causley (Collected Poems, Macmillan)

TWENTY BELOW - by *R.A.D. Ford* (The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, selected by Margaret Atwood; Oxford University Press)

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CLASS 1088 - Individual Verse, 14 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following:

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN
by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT 0' THE SUN
by William Shakespeare
(Song from Cymbeline)

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
   Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task has done,
   Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
   Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
   To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
   Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
   Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
   Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
   Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

THE WIND AND THE MOON - by George MacDonald (The New Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Neil Philip; Oxford University Press)
THE BOY AND THE SNAKE - by Charles and Mary Lamb (The Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Iona & Peter Opie; Oxford University Press)

MRS. REECE LAUGHS - by Martin Armstrong (A New Anthology of Verse, Charlesworth & Dennis Lee; Oxford University Press)
APPROACH TO A CITY - by William Carlos Williams (The Collected Later Poems; New Directions)
A FAILURE - by C. Day Lewis (The Complete Poems of C. Day Lewis; Sinclair- Stevenson)
I WAITED - by Theodore Roethke (The Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke; Doubleday)

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CLASS 1089 - Individual Verse, 12 years and under
Own Choice, OR any of the following:

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG
by Oliver Goldsmith

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

FORGET IT
Author unknown

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of music, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend
(We all have spots concealed, world without end)
Whose touching his heartstrings would sadden or rend,
Till the shame of its showing no grieving could mend,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

MY BROTHER BERT - by Ted Hughes (The Random House Book of Poetry for Children, ed. Jack Prelutsky; Random House)
FLYING - by Kaye Starbird (Piping Down the Valleys Wild, ed. Nancy Larrick; Dell Publishing)
ACQUAINTED WITH THE NIGHT - by Robert Frost (Piping Down the Valleys Wild; see above)
THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS - by Rudyard Kipling (The New Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Neil Philip; O.U.P.)

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CLASS 1090 - Individual Verse, 10 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following:

ANGER

by Charles and Mary Lamb

Anger in its time and place
May assume a kind of grace.
It must have some reason in it,
And not last beyond a minute.
If to further lengths it go,
It does into malice grow.
'Tis the difference we see
'Twixt the serpent and the bee.
If the latter you provoke
It inflicts a hasty stroke,
Puts you to some little pain,
But it *never stings again*.
Close in tuften bush or brake
Lurks the poison-swellèd snake
Nursing up his cherished wrath;
In the purlieu of his path,
In the cold, or in the warm,
Mean him good, or mean him harm,
Whensoever fate may bring you,
The vile snake will *always sting you*.

NATIVE LAND

from "Lay of the Last Minstrel" by Sir Walter Scott

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim -
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN - by Seamus Heaney (A New Anthology of Verse, ed. Charlesworth & Dennis Lee; Oxford University Press)
REMEMBER - by Joy Harjo (The New Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Neil Philip; Oxford University Press)
THE HORSE AND THE MULE - by John Huddlestone Wynne (The Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Iona & Peter Opie; Oxford University Press)
I AM THE CAT - by Leila Usher (Best Loved Poems of American People; Doubleday)
MA AND GOD - by Shel Silverstein (Where the Sidewalk Ends; Harper & Row)

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CLASS 1091 - Individual Verse, 8 years and under
Own Choice OR any of the following:

BED IN SUMMER
by Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

LITTLE THINGS
by Julia Carney

Little drops of water,
  Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
  And the pleasant land.

And the little moments,
  Humble though they be
Make the mighty ages
  Of eternity.

So our little errors
  Lead the soul away,
From the paths of virtue
  Into sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
   Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
   Like the heaven above.

THE AFRICAN LION - by A.E. Housman (The New Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Neil Philip; Oxford University Press)

PUSSY - Anonymous (The Oxford Book of Children's Verse, ed. Iona and Peter Opie; Oxford University Press)

AS LONG AS THERE'S WEATHER - by Tamara Kitt (Sing a Song of Popcorn; selected by Beatrice de Regniers; Scholastic Inc.)

WIND SONG - by Lilian Moore (Sing a Song of Popcorn - see above)

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