

CHORAL RECITATION

III-A

'Once I Laughed My Socks Off'

Once, I laughed my socks off....
And they ran off down the street
I caught them, but they wouldn't let me,
Put them on my feet.
They danced around behind me,
As I made my way back home
They jumped and jived about the place,
They'd not leave me alone
I went into the living room
To sit and watch T.V.
But they danced around in front of me,
I couldn't see the screen.
I tried to do the washing up
But much to my surprise,
They jumped around inside the bowl,
And splashed me in the eyes
"Oh socks!" I said, "do please give up,
This dancing to and fro,
Not least because it was that I,
Stopped laughing hours ago
They looked forlorn, those socks of mine
Accepting their defeat
They sidled to the side of me
And slipped back on my feet
Next time I laugh, I will ensure
My shoes are firmly on
That should stop my naughty socks
From such a carry on.

by Steve Attewell



CHORAL RECITATION 3 B

I AM SO MUCH MORE.....THAN THE COLOUR

There's something important, you should know
At this very moment and as you grow, whether you're white, brown or pink,
What matters most ; Is how you think.

Some people don't always feel this way, try not to listen to what they say.

You are just right the way you are,
With people who love you ; from near and far

My skin is the colour of earthy clay, glistening down on a rainy day.

I'll grow up to be an artist I think,
I am so much more than; the colour of my skin.



My skin is the colour of desert sand, with rippling dunes across the land.

I love playing sports; whether I lose or win
I am so much more than; the colour of my skin.



My skin is the colour of tea- time biscuits, gobbled up in a matter of minutes

I want to be a chef, I can't wait to begin
I am so much more than; the colour of my skin.



My skin is the colour of mountain stone, standing strong and tough,
just like our bones. I'll train as a doctor to learn medicine,

I am so much more than; the colour of my skin.



My skin is the colour of freshly made honey, that bees buzz about, and
make when it's sunny. I really love playing the violin,

I am so much more than; the colour of my skin.



My skin is the colour of a summer peach, fresh from the garden, just within reach.

I dream of working in tech and innovation,

I am so much more than; the colour of my skin.



My skin is the colour of a coffee bean, deep, dark, brown with a lustrous sheen.

I'll write stories from my imagination,

I am so much more than; the colour of my skin.



My skin has patches the colour of ivory tusks, which elephants need from dawn to
dusk. I'll protect Earth's nature in every thing,

I'm so much more than; the colour of my skin.



My skin is the colour of toasted almonds, given my way, I'd be eating
thousands. I feel it's my purpose to be a politician,

I'm so much more than; the colour of my skin.



We are smart, capable, strong and brown. We are kind to our friends and
people in our town. We live as neighbors, sisters and brother. We're no more or
less than one another.

We love who we are both; outside and in.

We are so much more; than the colour of my skin.



I Need to Do My Homework

I need to do my homework.
I really shouldn't wait.
If I don't do it right away,
my homework will be late.

But first I'll check my messages.
Oh, look, I got a text.
I probably should answer it,
then do my homework next.

My friend says there's a video
I simply have to see.
I'll watch it first,
and do my homework [momentarily](#).

But now I'm feeling hungry, so
I guess I need a snack.
I'll get myself a bite to eat
and then I'll come right back.

Oh, hey, I just remembered
there's a game I want to play.
Just twenty minutes won't make
that much difference anyway.

I'd better do my homework now
and not [procrastinate](#).
Except, oh no! It's time for bed...
My homework will be late.

— Kenn Nesbitt

The Three Little Pigs

III D

The animal I really dig,
Above all others is the pig.
Pigs are noble. Pigs are clever,
Pigs are courteous. However,
Now and then, to break this rule,
One meets a pig who is a fool.
What, for example, would you say,
If strolling through the woods one day,
Right there in front of woods you saw
A pig who'd built his house of STRAW?
The Wolf who saw it licked his lips,
And said, "That pig has had his chips."
"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"
"No, no, by the hairs on my chinny-chin-chin!"
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"
The little pig began to pray,
But Wolfie blew his house away.
He shouted, "Bacon, pork and ham!
Oh, what a lucky Wolf I am!"
And though he ate the pig quite fast,
He carefully kept the tail till last.
Wolf wandered on, a trifle bloated.
Surprise, surprise, for soon he noted



Another little house for pigs.
And this one had been built of TWIGS!

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!”

“No, no, by the hairs on my chinny-chin-chin!”

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!”



The Wolf said, “Okay, here we go!”

He then began to blow and blow.

The little pig began to squeal.

He cried, “Oh Wolf, you’ve had one meal!

Why can’t we talk and make a deal?

The Wolf replied, “Not on your nelly!”

And soon the pig was in his belly.

“Two juicy little pigs! Wolf cried,

“But still I’m not quite satisfied!

I know how full my tummy’s bulging,

But oh, how I adore indulging.”

So creeping quietly as a mouse,

The Wolf approached another house,

A house which also had inside.

A little piggy trying to hide.

“You’ll get me!” the Piggy cried.

“I’ll blow you down!” the Wolf replied.



“You’ll need,” Pig said, “a lot of puff,
And I don’t think you’ve got enough.”
Wolf huffed and puffed and blew and blew.
The house stayed up as good as new.
“If I can’t blow it down,” Wolf said,
I’ll have to blow it up instead.
I’ll come back in the dead of night
And blow it up with dynamite!”
Pig cried, “You brute! I might have known!”
Then, picking up the telephone,
He dialed as quickly as he could
The number of red Riding Hood.



“Hello,” she said. “Who’s speaking? Who?
Oh, hello, Piggy, how d’you do?”
Pig cried, “I need your help, Miss Hood!
Oh help me, please! D’you think you could?”
“I’ll try of course,” Miss Hood replied.
“What’s on your mind....?” “A Wolf!” Pig cried.
“I know you’ve dealt with wolves before,
And now I’ve got one at my door!”

“My darling Pig,” she said, “my sweet,
That’s something really up my street.

I've just begun to wash my hair.
But when it's dry, I'll be right there."

A short while later, through the wood,
Came striding brave Miss Riding Hood.
The Wolf stood there, his eyes ablaze,
And yellow like mayonnaise.
His teeth were sharp, his gums were raw,
And spit was dripping from his jaw.
Once more the maiden's eyelid flickers.
She draws the pistol from her knickers.
Once more she hits the vital spot,
And kills him with a single shot.
Pig, peeping through the window, stood
And yelled, "Well done, Miss Riding Hood!"
Ah, Piglet, you must never trust
Young ladies from the upper crust.
For now, Miss Riding Hood, one notes,
Not only has two wolfskin coats,
But when she goes from place to place,
She has a PIGSKIN TRAVELLING CASE.

