

Sports Day

by J. Richards

The highlight of the sports day
Was the great three legged chase
Ask anyone you like –
This was the most important race.

There wasn't much respect
For races run with both legs free
But they flocked to watch three leggers
Find their rhythm knee to knee.

The hundred metre sprint was fast
But didn't quite excite
Like the pairs of bounding buddies
With their ankles bound up tight.

The egg and spoon, the obstacle,
The wheelbarrow, the sack race,
The skipping run, the dressing up
The dash with heavy suitcase,

No spectacle was finer
Than the pairs who joined to run
And who strode in time together
'til the race was fairly won.

It was crucial to ensure the pairs
Were well twinned for the job
It's not fun to trip and fall beneath
A great three legged mob

So it wasn't a surprise when, one year,
Pairs were hard to find
They were all odd shapes and sizes
And no two were of one kind

Miss Mackenzie stood and called
For something drastic to be done
"Our sports day can not end," she cried
'til this race has been won!"

So the judges got together
To decide on a new rule
For with no three legged chase
There was no sports day after all!

The judges met in private
For two hours, maybe more,
Then they ruled: "If three legs will not work
The pairs must run with four!"

No one really understood
What had just been decreed
Could it be that they were to permit
The tied legs to be freed?

The judges then announced again
The rule that was to stand:
"If leg to leg won't work
Then pairs should join with hand in hand!"

From that year on the race was named
The great four legged frenzy
And legend always told
That it was down to Miss Mackenzie!