

The Year 6 Play Approached

by J. Richards

The Year 6 play approached
And Mrs. Sondhelm made her speech -
Before the work began
She had some golden rules to teach

Now, children, for the Year 6 play
We'll need a few good actors
But please, before you volunteer
Beware of certain factors

To start with, on the night,
You'll need to be around to act -
An absent actor's not much fun to watch
And that's a fact!

And, secondly, you must commit yourself
To learn your part
For if you don't do that, my friends,
We can not even start.

As Mrs. Sondhelm looked around
She saw some vacant gazes -
This class could sometimes be alert
But these things go in phases

A hand went up and Mrs. Sondhelm
Thought it was a question
But to her grim dismay
It was a boy with indigestion

Mrs. Sondhelm took a breath
And sighed with sheer frustration
(A not uncommon feature
Of her chosen occupation)

"Shall I give out the scripts?"
Sparked up Jemima, with a smile
As Mrs. Sondhelm straightened all her sheets
Into a pile

"Oh, very kind, Jemima,
Yes, that's very kind, indeed,"
But Jemima dropped her compass
As her hand began to bleed

"On second thoughts," Jemima asked,
Her voice a little shaky,
"Could I see Mrs. Elliot -
I'm suddenly all achy?"

Now, Mrs. Sondhelm wasn't one
To crack and lose her cool
But she was worried that, this year,
There'd be no play at all

She'd worked so hard to write the script
Her heart was truly breaking
To see the sullen effort
That the Year 6 kids were making

For five long double lessons
She tried hard to wake the cast
But lines weren't being learnt at all
And hope was fading fast

But then, one evening, Mrs. Sondhelm
Had a bright idea
(She was so happy with herself
She gave a little cheer!)

She'd had some whacky schemes before
And this would top them all
But she knew it was her one last chance
To save the Year 6 Ball

She'd tried so much already
To inspire the kids to act
But refused to just accept their lack of talent
As a fact

Mrs. Sondhelm knew that she could
Motivate this bunch
For otherwise the audience
Would 'eat them all for lunch'

Now, timing is important
Every actor knows that well
And the timing was just right
For Mrs. Sondhelm's magic spell

She'd only just read all about
A group of acting pros
Who teach their craft in classrooms
Keeping children on their toes

"This has to be the answer!"
Mrs. Sondhelm thought out loud,
"And should the kids pull through at last
They'll make their parents proud!"

The timing was just perfect
For, when Mrs. S. rang through,
They said they'd lost a booking
And had not known what to do

The troop had two whole weeks to spare
Which Mrs. Sondhelm booked
And, soon enough, Year 6 shone brighter
Than they'd ever looked

The actors came with energy,
With gusto and with fun
They swept Year 6 right off their feet
And hooked them, every one

This was no evening drama class
For housewives bored at home
But curtains! Lights! Olivier,
And Caesar, fresh from Rome!

They taught the children posture
How to sit, and stand erect
To breath without their shoulders
How to whisper, and project

They shared some tips for learning lines,
For confidence on stage
And trained them to become their role
And live in every page.

Imagination reigned supreme
The children were inspired
And Mrs. Sondhelm marvelled
At these people whom she'd hired

And every day another play
Transported our young friends
To places far and magical
Where every child pretends

When it was time to say farewell
The kids were most upset
But with pride the children's mentors watched
Their best performance yet

The salt tears ran like rivers
And the sobbing didn't cease
And it wasn't 'til they'd all gone home
That the school was left in peace.

With ruthless speed the big day came
But everyone was ready
And critics hailed with great acclaim
The acting, true and steady.

And everyone told Mrs. S.
She'd had no need to fear
But now her mind was on Year 5
And worried for next year!