

A Class Act

[Silence: punctuated only by the ticking of a clock]

Mr Paige: So this poem is known as a....?

All: Lim-er-ick.

Mr Paige: Which shares the same name as a town in which country....?

All: Ire-land.

Mr Paige: Now think on, Year Six, traditionally such poems were sung in taverns, and as the singers were notoriously in a state at the time, we're not supposed to take them too seriously. Nevertheless, like most songs, its rhythm is fundamentally important. Without it the limerick is much like a car with no petrol: a fat lot of use and going nowhere. So, bear that in mind. Who'd like to set us off?

[A single hand rises. Mr Paige surveys the room for an eternity.]

Mr Paige: Kelly, you can get us started. Try this one:
There was an old woman from Hyde,
Who ate a green apple and died.
Whilst her husband lamented,

The apple fermented....

Kelly: And made cider inside her inside.

Mr Paige: As usual, a shining beacon on the treacherous rocks of despair, a lifeboat in a sea of apathy and lethargy, excellent! Anyone else? No? Patrick...
There once was a man from Milan,
Whose limericks never would scan
When told this was so'
He said 'Yes I know'

Patrick: But I always try and get as many syllables into the last line as I possibly can.

[A bell rings and chairs scrape. Mr Paige buries his head in his hands]

Mr Paige: [Mutters] Three more weeks, just three...more...weeks.

Kelly: I thought *you* of *all* people would be good at limericks Patrick O' Sullivan.

Patrick: And *you* of *all* people, Kelly Ascot, should know that the whole point of a limerick is to make people laugh.

Kelly: I don't see Mr Paige laughing, Patrick, do you?

Patrick: No, Kelly, but I am! [Winks]