

## Speech Arts Festival 2018

### Primary Bible Readings

#### A Reading from the Holy Gospel According to Luke

In that region there were shepherds out in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were filled with fear. And the angel said to them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign for you: you will find a babe wrapped in swaddling cloths and lying in a manger."

#### A Reading from the Book of the Prophet Isaiah

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of the messenger who announces peace, who brings good news, who announces salvation, who says to Zion, "Your God reigns."

Listen! Your sentinels lift up their voices, together they sing for joy; for in plain sight they see the return of the Lord to Zion.

Break forth together into singing, you ruins of Jerusalem; for the Lord has comforted his people, he has redeemed Jerusalem.

## A Reading from the Book of Psalms

The law of the Lord is spotless, it refreshes the soul.

The teaching of the Lord can be trusted, it gives wisdom to children.

The judgements of the Lord are right: they give joy to the heart.

The precepts of the Lord are clear: they give light to the eyes.

They are more desirable than gold, than heaps of precious stones.

They are sweeter than honey, than dripping honeycomb.

*Little House on the Prairie*

by Laura Ingalls Wilder

Right in Laura's ear a wolf howled.

She scinged away from the wall. The wolf was on the other side of it. Laura was too scared to make a sound. The cold was not in her backbone only, it was all through her. Mary pulled the quilt over her head. Jack growled and showed his teeth at the quilt in the doorway.

"Be still, Jack," Pa said.

Terrible howls curled all around inside the house, and Laura rose out of bed. She wanted to go to Pa, but she knew better than to bother him now. He turned his head and saw her standing in her nightgown.

"Want to see them, Laura?" he asked, softly. Laura couldn't say anything, but she nodded, and padded across the ground to him. He stood his gun against the wall and lifted her up to the window hole.

There in the moonlight sat half a circle of wolves. They sat on their haunches and looked at Laura in the window, and she looked at them. She had never seen such big wolves. The biggest one was taller than Laura. He was taller even than Mary. He sat in the middle, exactly opposite Laura. Everything about him was big – his pointed ears, and his pointed mouth with the tongue hanging out, and his strong shoulders and legs, and his two paws side by side, and his tail curled around the squatting haunch. His coat was shaggy gray and his eyes were glittering green.

"He's awful big," Laura whispered.

### *Three on Three*

by Eric Walters

"Nice shot!" I exclaimed as Marcus made a left hook shot. He nodded his head and a hint of a smile curved up the sides of his mouth.

Things were a lot more comfortable out here on the driveway than they'd been at the dinner table. Marcus liked my mom's cooking, which always made her happy, but he didn't have very good manners. He didn't burp or talk with his mouth full or anything, but he didn't say please or thank you, and he held his knife like it was a weapon, stabbing at the food instead of cutting it up the right way.

Marcus tossed up another shot. It circled the rim before dropping through the mesh.

"That's game," Marcus said.

"Do you want to try another one?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I've got to get going. If I'm not there when my father gets home, he gets worried. I'd better get my backpack."

I took the ball and rolled it onto the grass. We'd played four games of one-on-one and he'd beaten me all four times. The last game had been a little closer than the others, but I couldn't help thinking he'd taken it easy on me. He was good – very good.

Marcus followed me back into the house. His backpack was hanging on a hook just inside the door. Marcus slipped his backpack over his shoulder. He was just getting ready to leave when he paused at the door. "That was about the best meal I've had in a long time...thanks for feeding me."

"It was my pleasure, Marcus," Mom said.

## *Stone Fox*

by John Reynolds Gardiner

Swish! Little Willy's sled flew by the schoolhouse on the outskirts of town, and then by the old deserted barn.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Other racers followed in hot pursuit.

"Go, Searchlight! Go!" little Willy sang out. The cold wind pressed against his face, causing his good eye to shut almost completely. The snow was well packed. It was going to be a fast race today. The fastest they had ever run.

The road was full of dangerous twists and turns, but little Willy did not have to slow down as the other racers did. With only one dog and a small sled, he was able to take the sharp turns at full speed without risk of sliding off the road or losing control.

Therefore, with each turn, little Willy pulled farther and farther ahead.

Swish! The sled rounded a corner, sending snow flying. Little Willy was smiling. This was fun!

About three miles out of town the road made a half circle around a frozen lake. Instead of following the turn, little Willy took a shortcut right across the lake. This was tricky going, but Searchlight had done it many times before.

Little Willy had asked Mayor Smiley if he was permitted to go across the lake, not wanting to be disqualified. "As long as you leave town heading north and come back on South Road," the mayor had said, "anything goes!"

None of the other racers attempted to cross the lake. Not even Stone Fox. The risk of falling through the ice was just too great.

Little Willy's lead increased.

## ***Moonlight on the Magic Flute***

**by Mary Pope Osborne**

As the party guests kept praising Wolfie, Nan walked over to Jack and Annie. "Thank you for bringing Wolfie back for his concert," she said.

"Has he been playing a long time?" Annie asked.

"Papa has been teaching him since he was three," said Nan. "And now Wolfie is even starting to write his own music. He tells Papa he hears tunes in his head – like the tune he played tonight. I have never heard that one before."

Annie smiled at Jack, and he smiled back at her. "Cool," Annie said.

A hush fell over the crowd. Her Imperial Majesty had stepped forward. She took Wolfie's hands in hers. "Thank you for your brilliant performance, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart," she said.

As the crowd clapped wildly again, Annie looked at Jack. "Mozart!" she said.

Jack was confused. *Mozart?* He knew the name Mozart. Jack couldn't believe that this strange little kid was the world-famous Mozart.

The applause stopped as Her Imperial Majesty spoke to the crowd. "We have witnessed a great event here tonight. I know we will all remember it in the years to come, when our young Wolfgang Mozart brings joy to all the world with his music."

"Oh man," Jack whispered. He looked at Annie. "Did you hear that?"

Annie smiled at him and nodded. "We found our great artist," she said. "He was with us all along."

## *Frindle*

by Andrew Clements

"No fair!" yelled Janet. They were at the corner of their own street, and Nick had bumped into her, completely absorbed in his thoughts. Janet stumbled off the curb, and the gold pen in her hand clattered onto the street.

"Sorry...I didn't mean to, honest," said Nick. "I just wasn't watching...Here..." Nick stooped over and picked up the pen and held it out to her. "Here's your..."

And that's when the third thing happened.

Nick didn't say "pen". Instead, he said, "Here's your...frindle."

"Frindle?" Janet took her pen and looked at him like he was nuts. She wrinkled her nose and said, "What's a *frindle*?"

Nick grinned and said, "You'll find out. See ya later."

It was there at the corner of Spring Street and South Grand Avenue, one block from home on a September afternoon. That's when Nick got the big idea.

And by the time he had run down the street and up the steps and through the door and upstairs to his room, it wasn't just a big idea. It was a plan, a whole plan, just begging for Nick to put it into action. And "action" was Nick's middle name.

The next day after school the plan began. Nick walked into the Penny Pantry store and asked the lady behind the counter for a frindle.

She squinted at him. "A what?"

"A frindle, please. A black one," and Nick smiled at her.