

OFFICIAL COLOUR SUPPLEMENT NO. 5

1. Fifth Full Colour Supplement (Tasteful shade of green)

Once again the publication you have all been waiting for with bated breath is here. No end of term would be quite the same without our colour supplement. Once again we must thank the many one contributor for his unselfish and unstinting efforts to get the Supplement to print. Let's all hear it for me. (There follows a deafening silence)

2. There follows the only contribution for this year (Cries of "shame", "more", "less").

An epic poem entitled "A Funny thing happened to me on the Way to the Fire Drill" or "Dangerous Liaisons". (With apologies to Clement Clarke Moore)

(This section is white with red and green accessories)

'Twas the night before Christmas
When, all through the Pwll,
Not a creature was stirring,
Each one in its "twll".
There came such a sounding,
A regular dinging
That all were awakened -
Graig fire bell was ringing!

Up from the far west,
Precipitately dashed,
Our intrepid headteacher
In search of glass smashed.
The Peugeot was flying
It looked a fair sight,
It gave eight placid reindeer
A terrible fright.

They leapt off a roof top
Leaving Santa adrift,
As the headteacher
Attempted an elaborate gear shift.
Santa's sledge disappeared
In an unknown direction,
And the harness and reins
Snagged the Peugeot's suspension.

With snow on the ground,
The reindeer in commotion,
No deceleration
Was found in the motion.
In fact, on the contrary,
In the head lamps' cold glare
The headteacher perceived
They were taking the air.

When just at this time
Santa's sledge reappeared.
All was not lost
As Saint Nicholas had feared.
By deft use of the whip
And a tough rubber band,
He lassoed the bumper
On the Peugeot's right hand.

A quick word with the Head
Established his mission,
Then they set off again
'Twas like nuclear fission:
They sped over St. Clears
And on 'cross Carmarthen,
Where Santa dropped off
An antique penny-farthing.

They flew past Kidwelly
Where Doc had departed
For much warmer climate,
Not a little light-hearted.
They came to Pembrey,
Passing over the heath,
Way down below someone
Fished for his teeth.

Low over Burry Port
A bearded figure was muttering
"Never again"
As he clung to the guttering.
They called at Ty Gwyn
Where a sage they consulted,
Then rapidly onwards
The group catapulted.

They arrived at the Graig
In a flurry of snow;
Just in time to witness
The fire engine go.
The headteacher rushed off
To liaise with Wrentmore,
Who told him the worst
Was a broken down door.

The door was put right
By our Mr. Hopper,
Who earlier arrived
In a Dyfed police "chopper".
They all could depart
To their home destination,
'Though the Peugeot wouldn't start -
To the headteacher's frustration.

"There is no need to worry",
Santa told his envoy.
"We're off back to the west
In a sim'lar convoy".
There's only one problem,
Because, on this day,
Delivery of toys
Must be made on the way.

So that's how the Head,
On that cold Christmas night,
Delivered the presents
To his pupils' delight.
Fair frozen he was,
By the crack of the dawn,
When Santa put down
On the Head's own front lawn.

Footnote:

'Though I've heard it whispered
And such is the case,
Dave Webb slept all night
With a smile on his face.

3. And, finally, (warm firelight glow)

..... may Christmas 1993 be your best yet. Enjoy yourselves. Indulge a little. Be wise and, if you can't be wise, be careful. In the words of the immortal b--d, Wyn Oliver, "Don't get caught".

Best wishes to all and may God go with you.

