

**Lake Macquarie Speech & Drama Eisteddfod
14 Years and Under Championship**

Chez Nous

By

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In my cave lives a solitary rat,
(a celibate rat,
I can vouch for that);
He hasn't a mate for miles around
And he lives on what he can find on the ground,
Though the country's such
That that's not much
I don't like he
And he can't stand me
But we need the roof so there we be.

In my cave lives a type of flea,
(a scurrilous flea,
Believe you me);
And though he's such a tiny thing
His bite is worse than a scorpion's sting.
He lives on Rat
But worse than that,
He lives on me,
This scurrilous flea
With all his numerous progeny.

Near my cave lives the octave bird,
(the queerest bird
You've ever heard);
He sings eight notes as he climbs the scale
Though the topmost note is known to fall.
He's very small,
Just like us all.
So in we fit,
Though we're cramped a bit –
Old Rat
And Flea
And Bird
And Me.

