**Act II: Gold Nose of Green Ginger**

**V1**

This tale that you’re about to read is one of hope and luck;

Of Mary, who did not believe in gold plucked from the muck.

The gold *she* knew was traded, handed to her in her shop,

Exchanged for cash and placed on sale, doors opening non-stop.

All customers she’d welcome, whether looking, selling, buying,

She’d listen to their stories with an open ear – not prying.

And everywhere around her glittered trays and trays of bling,

From laptop cases lined with gold, to tyre-sized diamond rings.

On this day it was lunch time and the door was yet to chime,

And yet a crowd stood right outside, necks craned up to a sign.

A colourful parade of folk were looking like they’d linger -

What’s going on? She strained to see. ‘*The Gold Nose of Green Ginger*?’

She didn’t think that much until the days began to pass,

Then days turned into weeks and she stood watching through the glass.

Their shop was always busy, and the kids were running riot,

And yet her door stayed still – she hadn’t wished for peace and quiet!

But – oh! The noise they made! Each day brought something new;

Coffee mornings, music, laughing, parping on nose flutes.

And displayed right in the centre, this supposed ‘lucky’ nose,

Fawned over by the girls who used to tell *her* all their woes.

And then, of course, came stories, of longed-for wishes granted,

A bingo windfall, job success – some said it was enchanted.

When Fred came in proclaiming that The Nose had won him money,

She scoffed, ‘*You’re crackers! What comes next: you’ve met the Easter Bunny?*’

But sometimes things just happen that you really can’t explain,

And Mary started hearing more good stories in this vein.

A pregnancy, a brand new car, a sickness cured and more -

North Point was now awash with tales she just couldn’t ignore.

So locking up the shop one night, her interest finally piqued,

Across the centre into The Gold Nose shop Mary sneaked,

To find the secret pocket where some people claimed to hear

The relic breathing gently (if you really train your ears.)

*And what would be the harm*, she thought, *in having just one go*?

*In making one small wish? No one would ever have to know*.

She grabbed the paper, licked the pen, her forehead thoughtful-creased;

What did she ask? You’ll have to wait and see if it’s *Unleashed…*

**V2**

A Gold Nose. A Gold Nose? Now, what could that be?

Mary stood wondering, idly.

Her wares seemed to taunt her, her doorway stood empty,

Yet over the road were people aplenty.

They hung off The Guardian, ogled the nose,

Jammed flutes up their nostrils, wore colourful clothes.

They whispered of wishes made true by nose magic

(which Mary discarded as rather dramatic).

ii.

As days turned to weeks her shop dwindled in trade;

The Gold Nose of Green Ginger had interest swayed.

She’d freely admit she was starting to hate,

This odd-shaped gold thing found inside an old crate.

Yet still came the stories of wishes and dreams,

Which Mary thought part of elaborate schemes -

Until Fred popped his head in with news of a win,

Which bought him a car and three bottles of gin.

iii.

So she locked up the shop and stole straight to The Nose,

Creeping and balancing on her tip-toes.

For what is a life that does not believe?

And Mary had wishes she aimed to achieve.

She put pencil to paper and took a deep breath,

Her hand scribbling furiously over the desk.

Then posting it paused, her hopes now increased;

Would The Nose hear her pleas and her deep wish unleash…?

**Act VI: Voice Park**

**V1**

A shyer soul than Agnes you will never, ever meet;

For almost 60 years now she’s been staring at her feet.

One thing that Agnes likes to do is go to car boot sales,

And this is where, at Walton Street, we start our chatty tale.

For Agnes had just come across a book she planned to buy,

When suddenly a man dressed like a Ghostbuster said, ‘*hi!’*

*‘We want your voice,’* he smiled at her, ‘*a noise or little squeak?’*

But Agnes felt her cheeks flush red, her legs grow Bambi-weak.

‘*I’ve nothing good to say*,’ she whispered. ‘*Nothing of importance.*’

‘*Nonsense!*’ said our VEARO, trying hard to be supportive.

‘*Words are of no consequence; won’t you come out from that car?*

*Just close your eyes, take all your breath, and give a little ahhhh!’*

ii.

Now three months later, Agnes visits Pickering Park by bus,

A business card clenched in her hand as lightness fades to dusk.

All around her comes the ghostly sounds of ahhhh’s and ooooh’s,

And flickering lights dance elegantly round the paddling pool.

Two VEARO’s greet her warmly, voice extractors on the ground,

‘*Come in!*’, they say, ‘*And welcome! Play around with all the sounds*.’

And then she sees him sitting there, the VEARO from before,

The one who took her voice (and she was trying to ignore).

*‘I’ve got something for you!’*, he says, gives her a tiny vial.

*‘Use this when you might need it’*, he advises with a smile.

*‘It holds Hull’s joined-up voice, distilled right down to mighty roots,*

*For power, strength and confidence, there is no substitute’.*

iii.

Now three months on, you’ll still find Agnes down on Walton Street

Not buying books this time, but flogging different kinds of meat.

She used that vial you see, and rubbed it on her vocal chords,

And that tiny squeak became a whisper, mutter, shout; a roar.

It came up from inside her with ferocity so great,

She obliterated teacups and cracked all the china plates.

And Butcher Brian stuck his head out of his shaking shop,

And said, ‘*By Jove! I want THAT voice to sell my bacon chops*!’

So now she works the meat van shouting offers loud and clear,

And people come for miles around to marvel at her speel.

Tongue-twistering aplenty, she can tie words round with poise,

All thanks to that kind VEARO and a vial that gave her voice.

**V2.**

If you try to be invisible, you become the opposite;

And that’s what Agnes found when she was trying to be missed.

She saw the VEARO coming, tried to duck behind a car,

But all he did was coax her out to take one of her ‘*ahhhh*’s’.

*‘I’ve nothing good to say’*, she whispered, looking at her feet.

*‘Well nothing of importance, as my voice is very weak.’*

*The VEARO understood and smiled, for he was quite big-hearted,*

*‘Don’t worry now,’* he reassured*. ‘We’re only getting started.’*

The night was settling slowly as Agnes quietly waited,

Inside the heart of Pickering Park, as per the message stated.

Eventually she heard the sound of random *ahhh*’s and *oooh*’s,

Behind a ‘*Voice Park’* sign flanked by two VEARO’S, near the pool

‘*Oh Agnes*!’, she was greeted. ‘*We’re delighted that you came;*

*We want to give you something that will help your voice take aim*.’

The VEARO handed her a vial - she couldn’t see within -

‘*It’s for your throat; it’s Hull’s own voice*.’ he nodded, with a grin.

iii.

She took the vial straight home, read the instructions to the letter,

Then rubbed it on her vocal chords, which made them feel much better.

And gradually, from deep within, a roar began to murmur -

She looked around to find the source, not thinking it was *her.*

And now, if you seek Agnes, it’s her voice you have to follow,

A distinctive, fast tongued patter merging silken tones and bellow.

She’s often found on Walton Street – not looking at her feet –

But holding court for Butcher Brian, selling all his meat.

‘