

The Cock and the Girl who Forgot: A Cautionary Tale

At the beginning, Cock and the Puppet-Girl are hidden behind the castle. (Puppet-Girl is suspended from a tripod.) Girl and Mother Goose are stage Left, behind the tree. The Beak Chorus will enter from the aisle SL. The Wandering Minstrel enters from the back of the auditorium. He performs his song as he walks to the front, CS. At the conclusion he will take a seat in the audience.

The Wandering Minstrel strikes a few chords from the back of the hall, and then begins his song:

Gather 'Round

tune: Pogue, 2025 (lyrics Biasutti/Pogue, 2025)

Welcome all, and gather round
To hear a tale that will astound
About a Girl who lost her way
And Cock who held her in his sway.

Chorus

Oh, diddly-do and diddly die
A wand'ring minstrel, I
It's diddly-die and diddly do
Toss me a penny or two.

Mother Goose has come to town
To tell her story all around
Women's tales are for the telling
What, my friends, is more compelling?

Chorus

Truth cannot be buried long
So lend your ears and heed my song.
They tried to silence Mother Goose
But they were playing fast and loose

Hiding truth is just absurd
'Cause stories fly around like birds
Listen close and listen well
And let our Mother cast her spell.

Chorus (and repeat last line)

Minstrel removes his hat, bows with a flourish and joins audience.

Beak Chorus (BC) marches to their chairs and remain standing.

BC1: Once upon a time

BC2: Once upon a TIME

BC3: ONCE upon a time

BC1:

That said, now we can begin!

Mother Goose enters, places Gander tenderly on his roost and settles herself on her chair CS as:

BC2: (*gesturing to MG*)

Mother Goose, like Mother Earth, has been having rather a bad century:

Fires, floods and war,
bickering, tariffs and more
on it goes, a giant uproar.

MG:

Deep sigh.

Oh Gander, it all gives me a gigantic headache! The remedy has always been to gather with people and to build community. But these days, it's harder and harder to gather people. Whatever can we do to reach them? In the old days, people listened to stories. They sang along and recited rhyme. Now everyone is "too busy." And their ear pods make it impossible to connect.

What simple rhymes say
Is considered passé.

When Charles Perrault collected faerie stories into a book and called it Mother Goose Tales, Presto! I was famous! 1695. France.

She holds up her book (script) showing the original cover.
It was wonderful! But — have I hit my best before date?!

GANDER honks.

Ah, Gander. At least I always have you, my forever partner. As handsome as ever, you are. And you still go along with whatever adventure I propose. In the old days, I could ride you, but now your joints can't take my weight anymore. That's OK. I love how the two of us can whisk through time and space. *(to audience)* Isn't quantum physics amazing?!

MG pats Gander.

GANDER honks twice.

MG

But the problem remains. People don't want to listen. What are we going to do to bring people back to hearing the truth in stories?

She shrugs, sighs and adopts "the Thinker" pose.

BEAK CHORUS stands.

BC3:

For a while Mother Goose sat in silence, thinking and thinking. Like most mothers, she did not want to give up.

BC2:

When the rhymes and tales were collected over the years, "Humpty Dumpty" and even "The Emperor's New Clothes" were included—which was good. But the editors skipped out other tales with a message. "The Cock and The Girl who Forgot" was one of them.

BC3:

It's true. Over the years, a lot of the Mother Goose tales were Disney-fied or Barbie-fied or simply set aside.

Too much of their power was tossed.
The warnings inside them were lost.

MG

Some think my stories are foolish, simplistic, not relevant to their fast-paced world. They want to make me invisible.

MG mimes conversation with Gander.

BC 1:

Not everyone thinks her tales are foolish, though. And some only **wish** she was invisible. Some think she is dangerous, because like other crones—and their familiars—she just won't shut up.

BC2:

Some old people should not be trusted
They're treacherous as can be
They see too much and tell their tales,
They could be witches, you see!

BC3:

They've learned to tweet and twiddle and all
They're trickier by the year
So watch your back, those wrinkled old folks
Could grab you by your ear!

BC: *loudly*

But we digress! *pause*

MG:

Suddenly

Gander! I think I've got it!

GANDER

honk

MG

How about we go on tour, a series of "town halls" to tell that Cock story?

GANDER

honk honk

MG

We can start in Calgary, Alberta. Sounds ridiculous maybe, but town halls are held all over the place I've heard. Why not start there?

She continues talking to Gander in mime as:

BC1:

Which is how Mother Goose ended up on this stage (*gestures to audience*) with all of you here tonight. Thank you for coming to this unedited story.

BC sit.

GIRL strolls onstage, lost in thought, checking her mirror. She is oblivious to everyone.

BC1:

pointing at GIRL

Look!

BC *sing:*

Here Comes the Girl

Tune: *Here Comes the Sun*, Harrison, 1969. (Adapted lyrics, Biasutti, 2025.)

Here comes the Girl
Doo doo doo doo
Here comes the Girl
It's all right.
Doodle de doo de doo

BC sit.

GIRL:

Looks up, pockets mirror.

Hey. You're Old Mother Goose, aren't you?

MG:

stands

Yes I am.

GIRL:

Right. Butthe bird is wrong. I remember your book. You had a white gander. What are you doing with a Canada Goose?

MG:

Times change. I understand that in this country people are encouraged to Buy Canadian, Think Canada, Elbows Up and all that. So Gander morphed. Brilliant bird!

MG strokes Gander..

GIRL:

I think an Alberta goose would be better, to be honest. But, never mind that.

I sort of remember you. “Old Mother Goose when she wanted to wander, Would fly through the air on her very fine gander.” Right?

MG:

pleased to be remembered

Yes! That's me.

GIRL:

Well, I hate to tell you, but it's a stupid rhyme. I used to think you really did.

MG: Did what?

GIRL:

Fly through the air. You should not have said that. That's fake news.

MG: But it's a...

GIRL

I hate fake news. It's everywhere. I grew up with fake news, including that ridiculous rhyme.

MG:

I'm sorry, but I.....

GIRL:

Fake news all through school and university. Spreading fake news about me, especially. People all through my life have underestimated me. They are jealous of my drive for perfection. Jealous that I have what it takes to get ahead. Story of my life. Don't get me started.

But I don't let it bother me. Forget it, move on, that's my motto. I know I'm going places. And I'll Make. Them. Eat. Their. Words.

Never mind all that. *looks out at audience* I see that you have brought an audience here, so let's cut the chit chat. I can perform for them. I love applause. I want applause. Sometimes it's better than food.

MG:

I see. And, is there anything else you want?

GIRL:

Now that you mention it....

GIRL *gestures and sings to audience*:

I Wanna be Loved by You

Tune: Stothart and Ruby, 1928. (Adapted lyrics, Pogue, 2025.)

I wanna be loved by you
by you and everyone else like you
I wanna be loved by you
Right now.
Boop boop de doo.

As GIRL continues the song, COCK enters quietly and stands in front of the castle watching GIRL with great interest:

I want some applause from you
From you and everyone else like you.
I want some applause from you
Right now.

I couldn't aspire
To anything higher
Than to fill my desire
To make you my own

I wanna be loved by you
By you and everyone else like you
I wanna be loved by you
I wanna be loved by you
I wanna be loved by you
Right now.
Boop boop de doo.

MG *rising*

You have a beautiful voice! That was a lovely performance. But I just wonder....

GIRL

Yes I know, and I can dance, too. See? *she twirls* Look at the audience now. They just love me. You sit right down Mother Goose and watch.

MOTHER GOOSE sits and looks to GANDER, then catches sight of COCK. She looks with concern between the COCK and GIRL. GIRL still does not notice COCK; she is still talking:

GIRL

I love to dance. *she twirls* I love to sing. *she sings lala lala lala!* I love to hear myself talk all the time. Talk, talk, talk. That's me. What would you like me to talk about? *GIRL continues to mime talking and acting up (like a kid on a sugar high) for audience as.....*

BEAK CHORUS *stands*

(in unison —spoken/pointing)

Oh look! It's the Cock who has come here!

This could be a glorious day!

He's a king with more power than God

Do you think he's come here to stay?

BC #1

It's the Girl he is looking at, see her?

BC #2

The one with the pretty gold star

BC #3

Do you think she will notice him watching?

BC # 1

If she does, he could take her quite far.

BEAK CHORUS *sings:*

We Got the Cock Right Here

Tune: Fugue for Tinhorns (Loesser, 1950. Adapted lyrics Pogue, 2025.)

We got the Cock right here,
there's no need to fear

He's gonna fix the planet that's what we hear.
Can do. Can do. This Cock says that he can do!

BC *sit*

GIRL *stops “talking” and sees COCK.*

Oh! I did not notice you!

COCK:

And you are so glad to see me, right? You want to reflect in my glory, right? I knew it. Come over here, Girl.

MG:

Stop! Be careful!

GIRL:

Why? I've heard about him. He looks interesting. He looks.... powerful.

MG:

That's the kind of power you don't need. You have your own power. Right inside you; we all do. Please don't go over there.

GANDER

honk

GIRL:

But I really want to go.

MG:

It's dangerous. That Cock is dangerous!

GIRL:

Oh, be quiet. You're overreacting. It doesn't hurt to say hello.

GIRL primps her hair, smiles, goes closer to him.

COCK:

Well hello little girl! I'm glad you came over, because....

COCK sings:

Everybody Loves Me

Tune: Going to the Garden to Eat Worms (Folk song;. Adapted Lyrics, Pogue, 2025.)

Everybody loves me.
Nobody hates me.
Going to take over the world.
Big fat countries
Little tiny countries
My very own flag unfurled.

People beg my favour
They come in every flavour
They all want to learn to make a deal
Big fat countries
Little tiny countries
No fake news, mine is real.

The girl with the eyes now
Pretty, dazzlin' eyes now
I've got my eye on you!
You want some power
Your very own power
Maybe we can see that through.

I'll send you a tweet now
It will be so sweet now
I'm very, very hard to resist
You want applause
A lot of applause
We could seal the deal with a kiss.

Spoken:

Pretty Girl, I couldn't help but notice you. You really stand out in a crowd. Well, your little crowds, I mean. Your crowds are really, really little. But nice. Very, very nice. Yes, and you stand out.

GIRL

(coyly)

Oh, do you really think so?

COCK

I do. But you can do better, you know. The question is, what do you really want?

GIRL

I want people to listen to me when I talk. I want to be in charge. I've seen you on the news. You are amazing! I want power. Like yours.

MG:

Don't listen to that Cock!

GANDER:

honk

GIRL:

You are getting on my nerves, Mother Goose. There are places for people like you. With rocking chairs on the porch. Be. Quiet.

MG sits with her head in her hands and mimes a conversation with GANDER.

BEAK CHORUS:

standing/speaking

A tug of war is on here,

It's plain for all to see

Mother Goose is worried

And Cock is gaining speed!

GIRL: to BC, *snarkily*:

I could do with a little peace and quiet around here.

BEAK CHORUS

OHHHHHHHH! We get it!

BC#1: **SEE** no evil (*covers eyes*)

BC#2: **HEAR** no evil (*covers ears*)

BC#3: **SPEAK** no evil (*covers mouth*)

BEAK CHORUS: Sure. We get it.

BC#1: They say turn a blind eye and just look away

BC#2: Don't fret for the world we are getting.

BEAK CHORUS: Be an ostrich — or send in the clowns,

BC#3: Stop reading the news — it's **upsetting!**

GIRL: (*frustrated*)

SHUT. UP.

Beak Chorus sit.

COCK:

Power, you say? I'm all about power. I can help you. I will lead the way. All you have to do is trust me, and follow my simple rules.

SFX bell COCK and GIRL freeze.

COCK:

Power, you say? I'm all about power. I can help you. I will lead the way. All you have to do is trust me, and follow my simple rules.

SFX bell COCK and GIRL freeze.

MG

to audience

Oh! Oh! That girl is playing with fire! She doesn't remember the story of Hansel and Gretel! They were trapped when they accepted the wicked old lady's treats. Only Gretel's quick thinking saved them. Will this Girl avoid the Cock's trap?

SFX: bell

GIRL and COCK animate

GIRL:

Really? You will give me your rules?

COCK:

Sure. As I said, I really like you. Listen.
First, don't worry about the truth. Just sound cock-sure!

GIRL:

But Cock, shouldn't we always tell the truth? What about "Liar, liar, pants on fire!"?

COCK:

Well, my pants haven't caught on fire yet. hahahaha. At least not in that sense.
Now, pay attention. Do you want to be in charge or not?

GIRL:

Sure I do.

COCK:

OK. Listen to me and follow my strategy. If you keep saying something over and over, eventually it will seem like a fact. And, you've got to convince folks that you are here to save them.

GIRL:

Oh. OK. Convince people I'm here to save them..... hmmmm Maybe I could keep saying that coal mines won't hurt the land or water, and it will make us rich. *pause*
And that I'm saving kids from **irreparable harm** when I force teachers back to school.

COCK:

Excellent! Alright. Rule number 2. Find an enemy you can blame your troubles on.

GIRL:

That's easy! I've got a few. I don't like that pesky big government butting into business on my turf. I can say it's all their fault if people can't find a job. And there's the Woke People to blame. And of course, there's too much immigration.

COCK

Now you're getting the idea. And it's always helpful to throw in extra red herrings.

SFX: bell

COCK and GIRL freeze.

MG:

Oh for crying in the sink! What's next? That girl is skating on thin ice. And an ill Chinook wind is blowing!

SFX bell

GIRL and COCK animate

GIRL:

Red herrings? Fish? What do you mean?

COCK:

A red herring is a distraction to draw attention away from the big issue. When folks start poking around in my methods, I distract them by bringing up some unrelated, bizarre idea. In fact, I specialize in red herrings. See?

He raises bucket marked "Red Herrings" and tosses a handful of fish toward the audience.

I always have a full bucket on hand.

GIRL:

Wow! That's a great idea! You mean if somebody questions how I award contracts, I could start talking about how bike lanes are useless or about how books should be banned? Orhow disabled people might be scamming the government?

COCK:

Exactly! That's my Girl! Next rule. Use "freedom" and "choice" to rationalize your decisions. Folks like to think they have lots of choices. And they always want freedom, even though they aren't so hot on responsibility, of course.

GIRL:

OK. So I should make sure there are lots of choices for things like private education and vaccines and private health care?

COCK:

You betcha! And last but not least, Rule number four: Find a group with strong ideas and cater to them.

GIRL:

Hmmmm. I know a group that got rid of the last guy who wanted to be in charge. I guess I should get ideas from them?

COCK:

Yup! You follow these four rules and I guarantee that you will have more power than you know what to do with.

GIRL:

Wow. I'm going to get my own Red Herring bucket.

COCK

Great idea! Say, why don't you come on down to my neck of the woods for a little visit? I could show you a good time. You like audiences. I could take you to see the biggest audiences ever. The biggest audiences in the whole world. I can even let you **be** in one! pause And we can talk about pipelines, too.

GIRL

What? Pipelines? *pause* Oh, I know all about pipelines. We have some right here where I live.

COCK

mock surprise Really? Well, well, well..... oh, and that reminds me, I bet you would know how to get some water, too. We're a little short of water these days where I live, what with all the fountains, fracking and swimming pools and all.

They say oil and water don't mix so we'll just keep those pipelines separate..... separate? ... Wait! Did I just say Sep-ar-ate? That reminds me of something else.

Have you ever thought about separatinglike from your country? Oh, sorry. I'm getting way, way ahead of myself. I have 51 other things to talk with you about first. Just come on down, little girl.

GIRL

excited Really? Oh! Oh! Oh!

COCK *gives a thumbs up and exits behind castle.*

MG:

standing

Please.... don't you remember that Little Red Riding Hood's grandma was eaten by a wolf who had **pretended** to be Little Red's friend?!

GANDER

honk

GIRL:

We're not talking about a wolf and I'm not a grandma! Sheesh!

GIRL reprises first verse of "I Want to be Loved"

I wanna be loved by him,
Just him and everyone else like him,
I wanna be loved by him
Alone!
Boop boop de doo!

GIRL:

So, just be quiet! Didn't you hear him? He likes me! He really really likes me. And I oh! I have to go and pack! He really, really likes me. Wow! *exits behind tree.*

BEAK CHORUS (*speaking/sitting*)

And now the plot thickens
with all of that talk.
What happens next
with our Girl and our Cock?

MG

Well, we saw it coming, didn't we Gander?

GANDER *honks.*

She's flown the coop and headed off. The problem is, of course, she thinks that she needs him. She does not.

If only she would listen to what she knows in her heart is right. If she would look to strong women making history right now using a **different** kind of power.

Women like ... Margaret Atwood ... Mary Simon ... Tantoo Cardinal ... Sarah Polley ... Hayley Wickenhauser, just to name a few.

GANDER *honks twice.*

Even just saying their names makes me feel better. *gestures to audience* You, too? Join me if you will, the words are in your programme.

AUDIENCE, MG and BC stand & sing:
Lots of Good Methods

Tune: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean (traditional Scottish; adapted lyrics, Biasutti 2025.)

There are **lots** of good **methods** to do things
To **garner respect** from the crowd.
Without sacrificing your **morals**
For **power**, for **crying out** loud.

Bring back, bring back, bring back those principles now, right now.
Bring back, bring back, bring back those principles now!

We **must** treat all **children** with **kindness**.
Give **them** ev'ry **help** that they **need**.
With **strong** public **schools** and **resources**
And **books** that they **might** want to **read**.

Chorus

For **those** who are **challenged** with **illness**
Give **them** all the **care** they **deserve**.
Without a long **wait** or a **payment**
Soc-i-e-ty is **better** served.

Chorus

For **ev-ery-day** **Joes** and **Josies**,
Take **care** of the **taxes** they **give**.
Not panels or **lawsuits** or **postures**,
But **clean** air and **freedom** to live.

Chorus

If **you** were to **follow** these **methods**,
Rememb'ring the **right** from the **wrong**,
You'll **surely** be **greatly** **belov-ed**.
Your **legacy** **will** carry on.

Chorus

MG sits.

BEAK CHORUS remains standing

BC1: Hasn't the Girl been gone too long?

BC2: How do you think she's coming along?

BC3: What is she doing in that other nation?

BC1: A Cock and a Girl make a bad combination!

BC sit.

GIRL enters with bracelets and suitcase. She sets down the suitcase near MG.

GIRL

Oh! Mother Goose! I'm glad you are here! Even if it's just you, at least you're sort of an audience, and I have to tell SOMEONE.

People have the wrong idea about Cock. They think he's an ego-maniac and violent and treats women badly. But none of it is true! He's funny! And fun! And, oh he made me feel so good!

And it's true! Everybody just LOVES him! His crowds are so big. Huge. Like he said, the biggest crowds in the history of the world. Oh! And he gave me these bracelets! She holds them up. He said if I put them on I can have crowds like him. It will be marvellous, don't you think?

GANDER honks

MG (alarmed, stands)

No! Don't put them on! It's dangerous!

GIRL putting on the bracelets

Oh, don't be silly! These are a gift from a friend. There's no harm in wearing them. Besides, I really like gold.

She admires and fusses with her bracelets

Oh, that's interesting. These bracelets seem to be connected to a ... a string or..... there's something different about them.... oh well. Not to worry. They still look great! I love them. See how they sparkle and oh! his crowds! He let me be in one of his biggest crowds. I **tasted** power! And oh! I just want to be loved by him, you know?

MG

I'm afraid to ask, but what did you give to **him**?

GIRL

Oh, nothing really. He's going to teach me how to bring in the crowds. He's already given me some rules to follow that will give me the power I want.

We'll see how it goes, but we have plenty of oil and land here,

MG:

WHAT? Oil and land? You want to give him oil and land?

GIRL:

Well, no. Well, sort of yes. One night we were talking, just the Cock and I alone, you see, and we were just talking about sharing it. I mean, we have SO MUCH here! That's all. Don't get upset!

SFX: Cymbal crash

BEAK CHORUS (*standing, speaking in unison*)

That Girl performed so well there,
It's hard to over-state
That their growing friendship means
This deal could seal her fate.

They sit

MG

But don't you see what he's doing?

COCK

strolls from behind the castle and stands SR, temptingly swinging 2 gold anklets
Oh Girlie! Girlie!

TRIO: COCK, MOTHER GOOSE & GIRL

Push-Pull Round

Tune: Frère Jacques (traditional French. Adapted lyrics, Pogue, 2025.)

COCK *sings*

I really like you, really, really like you
Oil and water, too, oil and water, too
And I like your land, Girl, I could build a mansion
In your hills, in your hills.

MG *sings*

You don't need him, you don't need him
It's a trap, it's a trap
You have all you need here, (*taps chest*) Listen to your heart here
Look within, look within.

GIRL *sings*

You can't tell me, you can't tell me
What to do, what to do
I don't need your stories, I am on to glory
Go away, go away! (*gestures "Stop!"*)

COCK *sings*

I really like you, really, really like you
Oil and water, too, oil and water, too

MG *sings*

You don't need him, you don't need him
It's a trap, it's a trap

GIRL *sings*

You can't tell me, you can't tell me
What to do, what to do

COCK *sings*

And I like your land, girl, I could build a mansion
In your hills, in your hills.

MG *sings*

You have all you need here, Listen to your heart here
Look within, look within.

GIRL *sings*

I don't need your stories, I am on to glory
Go away, go away! (*stamps foot*)

MG sits, mimes to GANDER, shakes her head as:

COCK speaking

Girlie! Come here, sweetheart. Look! *He holds out anklets to her*

GIRL steps closer

COCK

I came all the way back here to see you!

I brought you more golden cheer!

Forget all the others around you

Just focus on ME, my dear.

These are for your ankles. You will love them. 24 karats. Maybe more. Yeah. More. Of course, much more.

COCK passes her the anklets; he takes a step back, crosses his arms and watches smugly as she admires and fondles the anklets.

I'll see you later, darling. I have to go send some tweets now.
exits to castle.

GIRL goes to CS, admiring the anklets.

SFX: soft, ominous music/sounds as...

Girl bends and puts on the anklets. When she stands and takes a step, she discovers she's shackled herself. She turns and twirls in an effort to escape but only makes it worse.

MG rising

Oh dear! Can I help you?

GIRL

NO! I can do it myself. Go away, old woman! I don't like your suspicions and negativity. I don't like your stories either. I just don't.... *she trips*like you at all!

MG

sits and sadly watches as...

BEAK CHORUS covers their eyes and peeks through to watch GIRL struggle.

GIRL gets more tangled in the anklets and can't move.

COCK enters and helps her up.

He's murmuring soothingly to her, "I'll help you, baby girl." "It will be alright" "Don't worry" "Just come with me" etc. He helps her shuffle back behind the castle.

MUSIC ends.

From behind castle, the BUBBLE MACHINE starts.

BEAK CHORUS stands, alarmed.

BC1:

Now he has her in his arms!

BC2:

Will she resist his many charms?

BC3:

He played his cards so well tonight —

All BC:

How can this story turn out right?

BC stay standing.

SFX:

Cymbal vibrates to indicate something big is about to happen.

COCK brings out PUPPET GIRL. COCK hums a little two- step. He's very pleased, admiring his creation, patting her hair, adjusting her dress. He dances with her to the music:

BEAK CHORUS

Have you Ever? (*sung slowly, like a lament*)
(Pogue, 2025)

Have you **ever** seen a woman on a string?
It really is the **most** disheartening thing.
She believes that she will gain
If she gives away her brain....
We're so **sad** to see a woman on a string.

If you suck up to a **bully** you cannot sing,
You lose your voice and **then** you lose your wings,
You **never** can appease them,
Even **if** you try to please them —
Puppet strings are very, very tricky things.

Do you **know** that she could cut though every string?
Perhaps she needs to find that **courage** thing ~
If she **works** hard she can make it
We offer **help** — but will she take it?
We're so **sad** to see a woman on a string.... Or anyone else.....

Everyone freezes as:

MG:

Walks to front of stage.

Suffice it to say, we all write our own stories. But we can all learn from the stories of others — and from fairy tales.

Once upon a time, the puppet Pinocchio discovered that real power lies within and so he became a real, live boy. But the Girl in this story — forgot.

SFX

cymbal crash

All cast join Mother Goose for bows.

MG

Wait! It doesn't really have to end this way! Please join us for a last song and conversation. The words for Power Lies within Us are in your programme.

Power Lies within Us (*upbeat, strong*)

tune: John Lennon, 1971; (adapted lyrics Biasutti, 2025)

Power lies within us.

Power lies within us.

Power lies within us.

Power lies within us, right now.

You **say** you **want** to make a difference —

You better **start** on it right **now**.

You gotta **say** what you **feel**,

You gotta **keep** it **real**,

Saying **power** lies within **us**

Power lies within **us**

Power lies within **us**

Power lies within **us right now.**

You got an **issue** that is **burning**

Well, **speak** up, **speak** up **now**.

You're gonna **make** your **mark**,

Cast your **light** on the **dark**,

Saying **power** lies within **us**.

Power lies within **us**.

Power lies within **us**.

Power lies within **us right now.**

End