

THE CHOCOLATE EXPERIENCE

In a scout hut, in Tarporley, expectations they ran high.
Came a man with all the answers, Michael Levy was his name.
Where's the chocolate, where's the chocolate came the silent cries.
But Da Boss, le chocolatier, cruel smile upon his lips,
Made us wait, told us facts, cracked the jokes, dispelled the lies.
But the chocolate, where's the chocolate, we don't mind about our hips.
Let me tell you all about it. We sit back with a sigh,
It is obvious we must all play the waiting game.

It comes from here, it comes from there, but do we really care.
Where's the chocolate, please the chocolate. Do we really have to wait.
But Michael, pen in hand, draws us pictures; tells the tale.
Always joking and explaining, he has us in his palm.
But the chocolate; we've come for chocolate, our lips what to wail
He knows this. The experience can wait, we must stay calm.
Geography, biology, history, economics. All these he must share;
It's important (and it's interesting) if we want to appreciate.

Where's the chocolate. Here's the chocolate. Samples brought by a saint.
Cocoa beans and cocoa butter. Hint of chocolate, hint of soap?
Now the process, you have to understand, how it works, what they do.
But the chocolate, just the chocolate, we have come to have a taste
Listen carefully, remember this, here are the figures for you to chew.
Now she brings the little packets. Take plenty, it's a shame to waste
We try the big square and the round one; in little piles upon our plate.
Which is smoother? Has more chocolate? Now we have to vote.

Now more choices, on our plate; which is creamy? Has more sugar?
At last the chocolate, mmmm the chocolate; keep them coming Mrs Saint.
Now we see the need for knowledge, savour flavour, discriminate,
Rich and velvet, smooth and glossy, lots of sugar, pints of cream.
All so different, so delightful, appetizing, passionate.
And more chocolate, here's more chocolate, it is the addict's dream.
Here's a truffle and a coated, dipped and fondant, luscious pleasure.
What's this flavour? Do you like it? Now try this one. Sate?

Thank you Michael, thanks for talking; chocolatier extraordinaire.
And his wife, the silent angel who satisfied our passion
We forgive you for the lecture; the sweets were worth the wait
Thanks for chocolate, lovely chocolate, so many different kinds.
And here's a present, a dainty package, chocolates for us to take
And the samples, there are plenty, please don't leave them behind
So we leave, in seventh heaven, after a night of pure pleasure
Enough chocolate, no more chocolate: oh alright p'haps just one

JUDY CHALLINOR (CREWE & DISTRICT)