

The voice

This happened last year. I (take) part in lots of ventriloquist competitions before but I (never, feel) so nervous, and while I (wait) to be called in I had this sensation that I (lose) my voice and along with it Giovanni's - he's my dummy. But I (work) far too hard to mess this one up, so I told myself, 'If you don't win, then a year from now you (look) for a new job again with only yourself to blame.' Finally, my name was called and while I (walk) on stage, the oddest thing happened. Giovanni, who of course never speaks without my help, turned to me and said, 'Hey, Rennie, you're the best. See, even now your lips (not move).' Of course they (not move). I was petrified! Giovanni carried on and as he (give) me his pep talk, I realised the performance (start) and I (stand) there on stage with this previously inanimate dummy talking to me. Then he stopped, lifeless, as if he (not say) a word, and there was this hanging silence, followed by massive applause. I (never hear) an audience clap so loud before or since.