

Solo Verse Speaking

NON - OPEN

BOYS

Y51 - Y60

The Caterpillar Fair

Ten little caterpillars
wriggled to the fair.
What did they do
when they got there?

One ate potatoes,
one ate pie,
one bought a telescope
to look at the sky.

One blew a trumpet,
one played guitar,
two sat together
in a dodgem car.

One met an elephant,
one saw a seal
and one went riding
on the whirly whirly wheel!

Irene Rawnsley

The Seaside Sand

The seaside sand in summer
Is crowded to the skies
With mums and dads and children,
With wasps and gulls and flies,
With ice creams and with sunshades,
With ships and stripy chairs,
With blow-up boats and beach balls,
With plastic shoes (in pairs),
With buckets and with castles,
With kites that swoop away,
With things that lurk in rock pools,
With donkeys chewing hay.

The seaside sand in winter
Is empty, but for me
And a line of doggy footprints
That scamper home for tea.

Clare Bevan

Advice to Children

Caterpillars living on lettuce
Are the colour of their host:
Look out, when you're eating a salad,
For the greens that move the most.

Close your mouth tight when you're running
As when washing you shut your eyes,
Then as soap is kept from smarting
So will tonsils be from flies.

If in spite of such precautions
Anything nasty gets within,
Remember it will be thinking:
'Far worse for me than him.'

Roy Fuller

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

I stood on the top of the world
today.

It wasn't easy climbing up
that way.

Puffing, panting stopping now
for air.

I must keep going upward till
I'm there.

One last and valiant effort I
recall

And I have reached the wonder of
that wall.

As far as eye could see it stretched
A line

Of woven stone and it I felt
Was mine

For I knew nothing could be
Finer

Than being here on the Great Wall
Of China.

Eleanor McLeod

Things I'd Do If It Weren't For Mum

Live on cola, crisps and cake.
Trade the gerbil for a snake.
Fall asleep in front of the telly.
Only wash when I'm really smelly.
Leave my clothes all scattered about.
Play loud music, scream and shout.
Do what I feel like with my hair.
Throw tantrums. Belch loud. Swear.
Paint my bedroom red and black.
Leave the dishes in a stack.
Find out what it's like to be me.
Let this list grow long . . . Get free!

PS Take my savings in my hand.
Buy a ticket to Laserland.

Tony Mitton

My Neighbor's Dog Is Purple

My neighbor's dog is purple,
its eyes are large and green,
its tail is almost endless,
the longest I have seen.

My neighbor's dog is quiet,
it does not bark one bit,
but when my neighbor's dog is near,
I feel afraid of it.

My neighbor's dog looks nasty,
it has a wicked smile. . . .
before my neighbor painted it,
it was a crocodile.]

Jack Prelutsky

PIGEONS

Wobbling along the path,
Heads bobbing,
Looking for scraps to eat,
The pigeons
Pick their way
Carefully
Around bags at my feet.
A rustle,
And half heartedly
They feebly flutter,
Not too far,
Knowing that there'll be
Crumbs
For supper.
Beaks testing grit and stone
They won't give up
Until
Snip snappy,
A crust of bread arrives
They're happy!

Eleanor McLeod

MARBLES IN MY POCKET

Marbles in my pocket!
Winter-time's begun!
Marbles in my pocket
That rattle when I run!

Heavy in my pocket
On the way to school;
Smooth against my fingers,
Round and hard and cool;

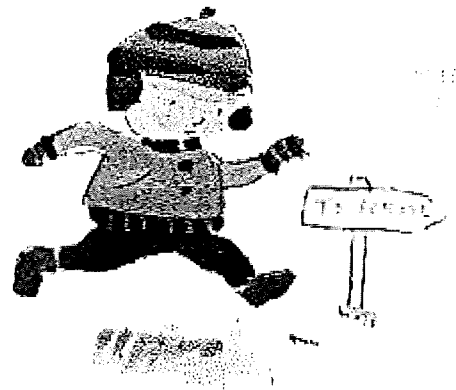
Marbles in my pocket,
Blue and green and red,
And some are yellow-golden,
And some are brown instead.

Marbles in the playground,
Big and little ring –
Oh, I like playing marbles,
But that's a different thing.

Marbles in my pocket,
Smooth within my hand,
That's the part that's nicest;
Do you understand?

Marbles in my pocket
To rattle when I run!
For winter days are here again,
And marble-time's begun!

Lydia Pender



DREAMS

How do dreams come into your head
At night when you're tucked up in bed?
Sometimes they're gentle, soaring birds,
Carrying you to other worlds.
Sometimes they've got a frightening face
You have to run – you're being chased!
Sometimes you fall and you can't shout,
Locked in a room with no way out.
Sometimes you smile as you are with friends,
Dreams like that you don't want to end.
Sometimes in jungles, by the sea,
An odd place that's a mystery.
Sometimes remembered the next day.
Sometimes dreams just fly away.
And no-one can explain it seems
The carousel of nightly dreams.]

Eleanor McLeod

The Yo-yo Man

[There's a man I know
Who roams the land
With a bright red yo-yo
In his hand!
He twirls it here,
He twirls it there,
He twirls that yo-yo
Everywhere!
He spins it up,
He spins it down,
He spins it all
Around the town!
He whirls his yo-yo
Low and high,
Until it nearly
Hits the sky!
He whips it
Round and round his head,
He even whizzes it
In bed!
And when he slides
Beneath the sheet,
He even yo-yos
In his sleep!]

Anne Logan