

Speech and Drama Poems

Primary Confined Events 37 - 50

Event 37 Confined Boys P1

SO BIG!

The dinosaur, an ancient beast,
I'm told, was very large.
His eyes were big as billiards balls,
His stomach, a gargare.
He had a huge and humping back,
A neck as long as Friday.
I'm glad he lived so long ago
And didn't live in my day!

Max Fatchen

Event 38 P1 Girls

MY LITTLE HOUSE

My little-house
Is as good as yours,
Though it has no windows
Or even doors.
It's just a few twigs
And a lining of hair,
With bits of moss
Tucked in here and there

Enid Blyton

Event 39 P2 Boys

TWOS

Lots of things come in twos
Ears and earmuffs, feet and shoes,
Ankles, shoulders, elbows, eyes,
Heels and shins and knees and thighs,
Gimboots, ice skates, mittens, socks,
Humps on camels, hands on clocks.
And heads on monsters also do
Like that one ...
Hiding right behind you!

Jeff Moss

Event 40 P2 Girls

CONVERSATION

Mousie, mousie,
Where is your little wee housie?
Here is the door,
Under the floor,
Said mousie, mousie.

Mousie, mousie,
May I come into your housie?
You can't get in,
You have to be thin,
Said mousie, mousie.

Mousie, mousie,
Won't you come out of your housie?
I'm sorry to say
I'm busy all day,
Said mousie, mousie.

Rose Fyleman

Event 41 P3 Boys

New Boy

Out in the playground
Face like stone
Look at the new boy
All alone.

New school uniform
Hair in place
Mummy's sweet kisses
Still wet on his face.

Poor little new boy
Filled with dread
Wishes he was home again
Safe in bed.

Gareth Owen

Event 42 P3 Girls

SOME ONE

Some one came knocking
 At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
 I'm sure-sure-sure;
I listened, I opened,
 I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
 In the still, dark night;
Only the busy beetle
 Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
 The screech owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
 While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came
 knocking,
 At all, at all, at all.

Walter de la Mare

Event 43 P4 Boys

SOMETHING TOLD THE WILD GEESE

Something told the wild geese
 It was time to go.
Though the fields lay golden
 Something whispered, "Snow."
Leaves were green and stirring,
 Berries, lustre-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
 Something cautioned, 'Frost.'
All the sagging orchards
 Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild beast stiffened
 At remembered ice.
Something told the wild geese
 It was time to fly -
Summer sun was on their wings,
 Winter in their cry.

Rachel Field

Event 44 P4 Girls

The Best!

It's better than chips,
better than chicken soup on winter nights,
staying up late, getting up late.

It's better than diving into the pool,
watching telly in wet playtimes,
frightening my sister with a spider.

It's better than Inset days,
birthday, holidays
and deep-fried battered Mars bars.

It's better than racing the dog,
better than the *Beano*, sleeping at Gran's,
every Christmas present I've ever had.

I'M IN THE SCHOOL TEAM!!!

Alison Chisholm

Event 45 P5 Boys

White Knuckle Ride

Heart thumping,
stomach churning.
Let me off!
Wheels keep turning.

No escape,
want to cry.
At the top now.
Going to die.

Lurch then plummet,
screaming, shrieking,
knuckles white and
bladder leaking.

Sinning, swooping,
sick inside.
Screech to a halt,
terrified.

Stagger off,
stunned and numb.
Let's do it again!
It was fun!

Jane Clarke

Event 46 P5 Girls

The One Thing That Scares Me

There's one thing - and only one thing -
That gives me a real scare.
It's not a fearsome crocodile
Or an angry grizzly bear.
It's not a ghost or ghoul
That fills me with fright,
Not skeletons or phantoms
Or any spectral sight.

No!
The one thing that scares me is
Having to tell my teacher
Why I haven't done my homework
That should have been done last night.

Alan Priestley

Event 47 P6 Boys

Mr Flack

Our class has got a student,
His name is Mr Flack,
He wears a silver earring,
His hair is down his back.

He's very kind and friendly,
We know his name is Dave,
But sometimes it's too noisy,
And children won't behave.

He wears a Greenpeace T-shirt,
A cap and faded jeans,
He says he is a vegan,
And lives on runner beans.

he plays guitar in lessons,
And let the class join in,
We clap and stamp in rhythm,
And make an awful din.

Miss Grant's a better teacher,
She's strict and keeps her cool,
But Mr Flack is funny,
And brightens up the school.

Tim Hopkins

Event 48 P6 Girls

Teacher

She's big and wide but moves just like a cat
Along a wall. She smiles like the queen.
Her choice of clothes is black. She wears a hat.
Although occasionally she will wear green.
She always marks yur book in pencil, never pen.
Her voice is quiet. As quiet as falling snow.
She very rarely rages. Now and again
her voice is raised. But does she shout? Oh no.
She fixes you with eyes as pale as snake.
She stops you dead. She sees into your soul.
You cannot move. Your heart beats and you shake.
You want to shout, I'm sorry. Let me go!
Her class will tell you that she's kind and fair.
They never misbehave. They wouldn't dare.

Roger Stevens

Event 49 P7 Boys

My Pain

It doesn't hurt with sudden screams,
like cuts, or strings, or scrapes.
it doesn't help to cover it
with bandages and tapes.

It doesn't make me howl like
I'm waiting for a shot,
or when I touch my finger to
the stove when I should not.

It isn't like those frozen brains
you get some summer day
when ice cream burns behind your eyes
then quickly melts away.

It's more a steady soreness,
like a nasty, nagging blister.
If you have got a pain like mine,
it's probably your sister.

Ted Scheu

Event 50 P7 Girls

A Friend's Prayer

Let me be the kind of friend,
Who's true and loyal to the end,
Who sees in the other all that's best
And tries to disregard the rest.

Teach me not to interrupt,
Or change the subject; be abrupt,
But listen with a patient ear
To all the things my friend holds dear.

Help me not to criticise
When they do things I think unwise,
But lend a hand if they should fall
And do not mention blame at all.

Let me be what I should prize
If I saw myself through another's eyes.
Lastly, I ask that I might be,
The kind of friend you've been to me.

Karen Costello-McFeat