

**MANSFIELD MUSIC AND DRAMA FESTIVAL 2018.**

**VERSE SPEAKING.**

**Class D1. Girls 6 years and under**

**"SPLASH!" - Anon**

"Splash" said a raindrop  
As it fell upon my hat.  
"Splash" said another  
As it trickled down my back.  
"You are very rude, " I said  
As I looked up to the sky.  
And then ANOTHER raindrop  
Splashed right into my eye!

**Class D2. Boys 6 years and under**

**TARANTULA BY Clare Bevan**

She's hairy,  
She's scary,  
She's covered in bristles.  
A fighter,  
A biter,  
With legs like eight thistles.

A muncher,  
A cruncher,  
With greedy jaws gnashing,  
A mawler,  
A crawler. . . .

But I think she's SMASHING!

Please announce the title and the poet.

**Class D3. Girls 7 years and under.**

**NEW SHOES. - Anon**

Buying new shoes  
Takes so long.  
When the colour is right  
The size is wrong.

The lady asks  
“How does it fit?”  
I say to Mum  
“Pinches a bit.”

But that’s not true.  
It’s just because  
I don’t want the brown  
I prefer the blue.

The lady goes inside  
Brings another size,  
this time the blue.  
Not too big. Not too tight.

As you guessed  
Just right, just right.  
Mum says, “The blue will do.”  
And I agree. Don’t you?

(From: the Oxford Treasury  
of Children’s Poems.  
O.U.P.)

**Class D4. Boys 7 years and under.**

**THE DENTIST by Judith Nichols.**

I love to visit my dentist  
And read the comics there,  
To see the rows of clackety teeth  
And ride in his moving chair.

I love to visit my dentist  
And stare at his stripy fish,  
To see the pink fizz in the glass  
And the fillings on the dish.

I love to visit my dentist  
And see his tools all gleam,  
But when I need a filling –  
Well, then I’m not so keen!

Please announce the title and the poet.

**Class D5. Girls 8 years and under.**

**OUR CATS by Wes Magee**

Our cats stay out all night,  
Moonlighting.  
You should hear them spitting  
And fighting!

At breakfast time they come in  
Purring,  
And curl on chairs, no hint of  
Stirring!

Then when it's dark they're off  
Exploring.  
While thunder growls and gales  
Are roaring!

When we're tucked up in bed  
Sound-sleeping;  
They're out there . . . . in the darkness  
. . . creeping!

**Class D6. Boys 8 years and under**

**MY GRANNIES by June Crebbin**

I hate it in the holiday,  
When Grandma brings her pets to stay –  
Her goat, her pig, her seven rats  
Scare our dog and chase our cats.  
Her budgies bite, her parrots shout –  
And guess who has to clean them out?

My other Gran, the one I like,  
Always brings her motor-bike,  
And when she takes me for a ride  
To picnic in the countryside,  
We zoom up hills and whizz round bends –  
I hate it when her visit ends!

**Class D7. Girls 9 years and under**

**DRAGONFLY by Jean Kenward**

Over the pond  
where the children play  
I saw somebody  
strange, today:  
a slender, glittering,  
trembling thing  
with stuff like cellophane  
on its wing.

It wasn't a butterfly  
or bee  
lolloping, blundering  
loose and free. . .  
it darted here  
and it darted there  
like a quivering firework  
in the air.

Down by the pond  
I stared, and stood  
in the heat of the morning  
I wished it would  
stay and settle,  
but it went by,  
burning, beautiful  
dragonfly.

**Class D8. Boys 9 years & under.**

**HOMEWORK by Jack Prelutsky**

Homework! Oh, homework!  
I hate you! You stink!  
I wish I could wash you  
away in the sink,  
if only a bomb  
would explode you to bits.  
Homework! Oh, homework!  
You're giving me fits.

I'd rather take baths  
with a man-eating shark,  
or wrestle a lion  
alone in the dark,  
eat spinach and liver,  
pet ten porcupines,  
than tackle the homework  
my teacher assigns.

Homework! Oh, homework!  
You're last on my list,  
I simply can't see  
why you even exist,  
if you just disappeared  
it would tickle me pink,  
Homework! Oh, homework!  
I hate you! You stink!

## **Class D9. Girls 10 years and under**

### **THE GINGER CAT by Mary Dawson** (Lamda Anthology Volume XIV)

Sandy and whiskered, the ginger cat  
Sniffs round the corners for mouse or for rat;  
Creeping right under the cupboard, he sees  
A little mouse having a nibble of cheese.

On velvety paws with hardly a sound  
The ginger cat watches, and padding around  
He finds a good hiding place under a chair,  
And sits like a statue not moving a hair.

Then baring his claws from their velvety sheath  
He pounces, miaowing through threatening teeth;  
But puss is too late, for the sensible mouse  
Was eating the cheese at the door of his house.

## **Class D10. Boys 10 years and under**

### **MY DOG, HE IS AN UGLY DOG by Jack Prelutsky**

My dog, he is an ugly dog,  
he's put together wrong,  
his legs are much too short for him,  
his ears are much too long  
My dog, he is a scruffy dog.  
he's missing clumps of hair,  
his face is quite ridiculous  
his tail is scarcely there.

My dog, he is a stupid dog,  
his mind is slow and thick,  
he's never learned to catch a ball,  
he cannot fetch a stick.  
My dog, he is a greedy dog,  
he eats enough for three,  
his belly bulges to the ground,  
He is the dog for me.

My dog, his is a dingy dog.  
his fur is full of fleas,  
he sometimes smells like dirty socks,  
he sometimes smells like cheese.  
My dog, he is a noisy dog,  
he's hardly ever still,  
he barks at almost anything,  
his voice is loud and shrill.

**Class D11.**  
**Girls 11 years and under.**

**OH ERICA, NOT AGAIN!**

**By Max Fatchen**

Every time we go on the pier,  
Or down to the sea, that is,  
Erica says she is feeling queer  
And it makes her poor head whizz.

Erica says she likes the land,  
And there isn't, alas, much doubt,  
As soon as she steps on a trippers' boat  
Erica's legs give out.

Erica's hands will clutch the rail.  
She hears the timbers creak.  
She wonders where the lifebelts are –  
Or if we've sprung a leak.

There's never a sign of storm or gale  
But mother's crying "Quick!"  
And so it's just the same old tale,  
Erica's sick!

**(Rhyme Time 2. Beaver Books)**

**Class D12.**  
**Boys 11 years and under.**

**MOTHER DOESN'T WANT A DOG**

**by Judith Voirst**

Mother doesn't want a dog.  
Mother says they smell.  
And never sit when you say sit,  
Or even when you yell.  
And when you come home late  
at night  
And there is ice and snow,  
You have to go back out because  
The dumb dog has to go.

Mother doesn't want a dog.  
Mother says they shed,  
And always let the strangers in  
And bark at friends instead,  
And do disgraceful things on rugs,  
And track mud on the floor,  
And flop upon your bed at night  
And snore their doggy snore.

Mother doesn't want a dog.  
She's making a mistake.  
Because, more than a dog, I think  
She will not want this snake.

**Class D13**

**Girls 12 years and under.**

**THE HAUNTED TRACK**

**by Annette Kosseris**

The night is dark,  
So dark. . . so black!  
We've a long way to go  
On the haunted track.

Did you hear something  
Over there  
Behind that tree?  
Keep still! Take care!

Should we go  
And investigate?  
I think we will;  
No. We'll wait.

May be it's a rabbit,  
Perhaps it is a ghost,  
Could it be a snake  
Wrapped around a post?

I think we should  
Be moving on;  
Whatever it was  
It's probably gone.

Oh! What's that!  
It's moving. I know!  
Flash your torches. . .  
Come on - Let's go!

Please announce the title and the poet

**Class D14**

**Boys 12 years and under**

**THE CROCODILE by Roald Dahl**

No animal is half so vile  
As Crocky-Wock the crocodile.  
On Saturdays he likes to crunch  
Six juicy children for his lunch.  
And he especially enjoys

Just three of each, three girls three boys.  
He smears the boys to make them hot  
With mustard from the mustard pot.  
But mustard doesn't go with girls,  
It takes all wrong with plaits and curls.  
With them, what goes extremely well  
Is butterscotch and caramel.  
It's such a super marvellous treat  
When boys are hot and girls are sweet.  
At least that's Crocky's point of view.  
He ought to know. He's had a few.  
That's all for now. It's time for bed  
Lie down and rest your sleepy head . . .  
Sh! LISTEN! What is that I hear  
Gallumphing softly up the stair?  
Go lock the door and fetch my gun!  
Go on, child, hurry! Quickly, run!  
No, stop! Stand back! He's coming in!  
Oh look, that greasy greenish skin!  
The shining teeth, the greedy smile!  
It's CROCKY-WOCK, THE CROCODILE!

Please state the title and the poet.

**Class D15. Girls & Boys 13 years and under.**

**Speak one of the following poems.**

**ROGER THE DOG by Ted Hughes**

Asleep he wheezes at his ease,  
He only wakes to scratch his fleas.

He hogs the fire, he bakes his head  
As if it were a loaf of bread.

He's just a sack of snoring dog;  
You can lug him like a log.

You can roll him with your foot,  
He'll stay snoring where he's put.

I take him out for exercise,  
He rolls in cowclap up to his eyes.

He will not race, he will not romp,  
He saves his strength for gobble and chomp.

He'll work as hard as you could wish  
Emptying his dinner dish.

Then flops flat, and digs down deep,  
Like a miner, into sleep.

**OR**

**TIGER by Leslie Norris**

He stalks in his vivid stripes  
The few steps of his cage,  
On pads of velvet quiet,  
In his quiet rage.

He should be lurking in shadow,  
Sliding through long grass  
Near the water hole  
Where plump deer pass.

He should be snarling around  
houses  
At the jungle's edge,  
Baring his white fangs, his  
claws,  
Terrorising the village!

But he's locked in a concrete  
cell,  
His strength behind bars,  
Stalking the length of his cage,  
Ignoring visitors.

He hears the last voice at night  
The patrolling cars,  
And stares with his brilliant eyes  
At the brilliant stars.

Please announce the title and the poet

**Class D16. Girls and Boys 14 & 15 years and under.**

(Choose one of the following)

**ADLESTROP by Edward Thomas**

Yes, I remember Adlestrop –  
The name – because one afternoon  
Of heat the express-train drew up there  
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.  
No one left and no one came  
On the bare platform. What I saw  
Was Adlestrop – only the name.

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,  
And meadowsweet, and haycock dry;  
No whit less still and lonely fair  
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang  
Close by, and round him, mistier,  
Farther and father, all the birds  
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

**BLIND BOY ON THE SHORE by John Walsh**

Sat down by himself on the sandy shore,  
Unseeing, as if asleep,  
He dug at once with his new spade;  
And heap after little heap,

He filled and emptied his pail, grouping  
Each time with steady hand,  
And sensitive fingers touch, to test  
The shape of the moulded sand.

But little, by little, his work slackened;  
He sat with uplifted spade,  
And listened instead to the far sea,  
And the cries of the children, who played.

But then, from close by, came  
the quiet  
Singing of a younger child. . . . .  
He dug no more, but gave up  
gently,  
Lay back in the sun, and smiled.

**Class D17. Girls and Boys 16 – 18 years and under.**

(Choose one of the following)

**THE LISTENERS by Walter De La Mare**

“Is there anybody there?” said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest’s ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller’s head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
“Is there anybody there?” he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller’s call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry.  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
‘Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head: -  
“Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,” he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

**BLACKBERRY PICKING by Seamus Heaney**

Late August, given heavy rain and sun  
For a full week, the blackberries would ripen.  
At first, just one, a glossy purple clot  
Among others, red, green, hard as a knot.  
You ate that first one and its flesh was sweet  
Like thickened wine: summer's blood was in it  
Leaving stains upon the tongue and lust for  
Picking. Then red ones inked up and that hunger  
Sent us out with milk-cans, pea-tins, jam-pots  
Where briars scratched and wet grass bleached our boots.

Round hayfield, cornfields and potato-drills  
We trekked and picked until the cans were full,  
Until the tinkling bottom had been covered  
With green ones, and on top big dark blobs burned  
Like a plate of eyes. Our hands were peppered  
With thorn pricks, our palms sticky as Bluebeard's.

We hoarded the fresh berries in the byre.  
But when the bath was filled we found a fur,  
A rat-grey fungus, glutting on our cache.  
The juice was stinging too. Once off the bush  
The fruit fermented, the sweet flesh would turn sour.  
I always felt like crying. It wasn't fair  
That all the lovely canfuls smelt of rot.  
Each year I hoped they'd keep, knew they would not.

**Class D22. Choral Verse Speaking: 8 years and under.**

**WHAT A RACKET! By Trevor Harvey**

Once upon a time,  
We lived in a house in town  
And  
THE CATS MIAOWED,  
THE DOGS BOW-WOWED,  
THE COLD WIND HOWLED,  
THE LORRIES ROARED,  
THE AIRCRAFT SOARED,  
THE WINDOWS RATTLED  
AND THE THUNDER CRASHED.

“The trouble with living in *town*,” said Mum,  
“is that it is SO noisy.”

So we moved to the country –

And  
THE CATS MIAOWED,  
THE DOGS BOW-WOWED,  
THE SHEEP WENT BAA,  
THE COWS WENT MOO,  
THE TRACTORS CHUGGED,  
THE COLD WIND BLEW,  
THE THUNDER CRASHED,  
THE FIELD MICE SQUEAKED,  
THE RAIN Poured DOWN,  
THE HOUSE ROOF LEAKED.

“Lovely!” said Mum.

“There’s nothing quite like *country* sounds!”

**Class D23A Choral Verse Speaking: 10 years and under.**

**SOMERSAULTS by Jack Prelutsky**

It's fun turning somersaults  
and bouncing on the bed,  
I walk on my hands  
and I stand on my head.

I swing like a monkey  
and I tumble and I shake  
I stretch and I bend  
but I never break.

I wiggle like a worm  
and I wriggle like an eel,  
I hop like a rabbit  
and I flop like a seal.

I leap like a frog  
and I jump like a flea,  
There must be rubber  
inside of me.

**Class D23B Choral Verse Speaking: 12 years and under**

**COLONEL FAZACKERLEY by Charles Causley (I like this Poem: Penguin)**

Colonel Fazackerley Butterworth-Toast  
Bought an old castle complete with a ghost,  
But someone or other forgot to declare  
To Colonel Fazack that the spectre was there.

On the very first evening, while waiting to dine,  
The Colonel was taking a fine sherry wine,  
When the ghost, with a furious flash and a flare,  
Shot out of the chimney and shivered, "Beware!"

Colonel Fazackerley put down his glass  
And said, "My dear fellow, that's really first class"  
I just can't conceive how you do it at all.  
I imagine you're going to a Fancy Dress Ball?"

At this, the dread ghost gave a withering cry.  
Said the Colonel (his monocle firm in his eye),  
"Now just how you do it I wish I could think.  
Do sit down and tell me, and please have a drink."

The ghost in his phosphorous cloak gave a roar  
And floated about between ceiling and floor.  
He walked through a wall and returned through a pane  
And backed up the chimney and came down again.

Said the Colonel, "With laughter I'm feeling quite weak!"  
(As trickles of merriment ran down his cheek).  
"My house-warming party I hope you won't spurn.  
You MUST say you'll come and you'll give us a turn!"

At this, the poor spectre – quite out of his wits –  
Proceeded to shake himself almost to bits.  
He rattled his chains and he clattered his bones  
And he filled the whole castle with mumbles and moans.

But Colonel Fazackerley, just as before,  
Was simply delighted and called out, "Encore!"  
At which the ghost vanished, his efforts in vain,  
And never was seen at the castle again.

"Oh dear, what a pity!" said Colonel Fazack.  
"I don't know his name, so I can't call him back."  
And then with a smile that was hard to define,  
Colonel Fazackerley went in to dine.