

**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 garage.  
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,  
Gumboots, 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 breast 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.

Spinning, 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 your 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 stings, 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**