

SDI

NIGHT STARVATION By Carey Blyton

At night, my uncle Rufus
(Or so I've heard it said)
Would put his teeth into a glass
Of water by his bed.

At three o'clock one morning
He woke up with a cough,
And as he reached out for his teeth –
They bit his hand right off.

Girls byrs E
Under

SD 20

Isn't It Amazing

Max Fatchen

Now isn't it amazing
That seeds grow into flowers,
That grubs become bright butterflies
And rainbows come from showers.
That busy bees make honey gold
And never spend time lazing,
That eggs turn into singing birds,
Now isn't that amazing?

SD 3.

A Dragon In The Classroom

Charles Thomson

There's a dragon in the classroom:
its body is a box,
its head's a plastic waste bin,
its eyes are broken clocks,

its legs are cardboard tubes,
its claws are toilet rolls,
its tongue's my Dads old tie
(that's why it's full of holes).

"Oh, what a lovely dragon,"
our teacher smiled and said.
"You *are* a pretty dragon,"
she laughed and stroked its head.

"Oh no, I'm not," he snorted
SNAP! SNAP! he moved his jaw
And chased our screaming teacher
Along the corridor.

Girls 7 yrs
SD4

Next Door's Cat

Valerie Bloom

Next door's cat is by the pond,
Sitting, waiting for the fish,
Next door's cat thinks Geraldine
Would make a tasty dish.

He's had Twinkle and Rose Red,
He ate Alberta too,
And all we found were Junior's bones
When that horrid cat was through.

Next door's cat comes round at night,
Strikes when we're in bed,
In the morning when we wake,
Another fish is dead.

Next door's cat has seen the new fish,
He thinks that it's a goner,
What a surprise he's going to get,
When he finds it's a piranha.

SD 5

Puffer Fish

My sister had a puffer fish,
She caught it from the pier,
An oily, slimy puffer fish,
It lasted for a year.
And if you took it by surprise,
It puffed till it was twice the size
That it had been before.

Alas, one day the puffer fish
Completely disappeared,
While puss looked rather devilish
With whiskers oily-smeared.
And none of us believed our eyes,
When suddenly we saw
Our puss puff up to twice the size
That she had been before.

Doug Macleod

SD 6

Cat

My cat has got no name,
We simply call him Cat;
He doesn't seem to blame
Anyone for that.

For he is not like us
Who often, I'm afraid,
Kick up quite a fuss
If our names are mislaid.

As if, without a name,
We'd be no longer there
But like a tiny flame
Vanish in bright air.

My pet, he doesn't care
About such things as that;
Black buzz and golden stare
Require no name but Cat.

Vernon Scannell

SD 7

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED OF CHICKENS

Last night I dreamed of chickens,
there were chickens everywhere,
they were standing on my stomach,
they were nesting in my hair,
they were pecking at my pillow,
they were hopping on my head,
they were ruffling up their feathers
as they raced about my bed.

They were on the chairs and table,
they were on the chandeliers,
they were roosting in the corners,
they were clucking in my ears,
there were chickens, chickens, chickens
for as far as I could see.....
when I woke today, I noticed
there were eggs on top of me.

By Jack Prelutsky

There's an Elf in our Garbage Bin

SD 8

By Kylie-Maree Weston-Scheuber

I'll tell you a secret,
If you keep it to yourself.
At the bottom of our garbage bin
There lives a nasty elf.

He's small and green and ugly,
With awful, googly eyes.
He's small but he is very strong
For a creature of his size.

Whenever my Dad asks me
To take the rubbish out,
"There's an elf at the bottom of the bin.
He'll eat me up!" I shout.

But Dad says, "Take the rubbish out,
Or you won't get dessert."
I say, "The elf will bite me!"
But Dad says, "It won't hurt."

I take the rubbish out — you see,
The elf's not *really* there.
And to miss a chocolate pudding
Would be more than I could bear!

* This is a fun poem with good opportunities for facial expression and story-telling, as well as different voices. The last verse is best delivered in a semi-whisper, as though the student is letting the audience in on a secret, but make sure it is loud enough to be heard. Encourage the student to pause before and after direct speech to avoid blending the different voices together.

* This
with
you
instr

The Fire

by Peter Oram SD9

I am a fire
Blazing and bright!
Flames ever higher
Flash in the night!
Well may you fear!
Well must you learn:
Come not too near -
How I can burn!
- sting like a bee!
- stab like a knife!
Meddle with me?
- run for your life!

.... But if on a cold
And wintery night
You spy in the darkness
My flickering light,
Sit down for a while
A short distance away
And comfort I'll bring you
Until it be day;
Treat me with caution
And treat me with care
And you'll find what a warmth
And a love I can share.
Though my heart burns with secrets
That no one may know,
You may fill all your soul
With the strength of its glow.

The Dentist and the Crocodile

By Roald Dahl

The crocodile, with cunning smile, sat in the dentist's chair.
He said, "Right here and everywhere my teeth require repair."
The dentist's face was turning white. He quivered, quaked and shook.
He muttered, "I suppose I'm going to have to take a look."
"I want you", Crocodile declared, "to do the back ones first.
The molars at the very back are easily the worst."
He opened wide his massive jaws. It was a fearsome sight—
At least three hundred pointed teeth, all sharp and shining white.
The dentist kept himself well clear. He stood two yards away.
He chose the longest probe he had to search out the decay.
"I said to do the *back ones* first!" the Crocodile called out.
"You're much too far away, dear sir, to see what you're about.
To do the back ones properly you've got to put your head
Deep down inside my great big mouth," the grinning Crocodile said.
The poor old dentist wrung his hands and, weeping in despair,
He cried, "No no! I see them all extremely well from here!"
Just then, in burst a lady, in her hands a golden chain.
She cried, "Oh Croc, you naughty boy, you're playing tricks again!"
"Watch out!" the dentist shrieked and started climbing up the wall.
"He's after me! He's after you! He's going to eat us all!"
"Don't be a twit," the lady said, and flashed a gorgeous smile.
"He's harmless. He's my little pet, my lovely crocodile."

Boys 11yrs.

SD11

Murky Green

Peter Dixon

I'm just a classroom goldfish
and I live in murky green
(it's the colour of my water
because I'm never cleaned).

I live on scrummy fish flakes
sprinkled from above
by lots of children's fingers
who often pinch and shove.

I watch them at their lessons
through my goldfish glass
doing awful spellings
and other nasty tasks.

I watch them doing school tests and
I watch them pass and fail
and I see them getting homework
whilst I just chase my tail.

I hear them groan and grumble
do worksheets by the score
push along the felt pens
and other things that bore.

I feel quite sad and sorry
the world should be good fun
full of people's giggles
full of sand and sun.

My days are soft and splashy
my nights are goldfish dreams
I call my home fantastic
and they call it murky green.

Girls 11 yrs
SD 120

The Plant that Eats People

Kylie-Maree Weston-Scheuber

My parents just took me to see a show.
The kind that has music and costumes – *you* know.
The singing and acting were great, that I'll grant,
But the star of the show was a man-eating plant!

The plant's name was Audrey. It was big. It was green.
When it opened its mouth, this pot-plant was mean!
Now for most to grow they need sunshine and mud,
But Audrey – it thrived feeding on human blood!

It got bigger and bigger with each body it chewed.
A dentist, a florist – both turned into food.
I gasped and I grimaced; I did not want to see.
I kept on imagining that plant eating me!

Mum and Dad took me home at the end of the play.
They said, "Go outside – it's a beautiful day."
I said, "Not on your life. Do you think I'm insane?"
I'll never set foot in the garden again!"

Boys 12 yrs
SD 13

THE BIG GREAT DANE

Marko Gliori

On the way to school one day
We had to go a special way,
And, as we walked down Pascoe Lane
We passed a dog — A BIG GREAT DANE.

His eyes were black! His head was square!
One metre tall with bristled hair!
His ears were pricked! His teeth were white!
My brother then ran off in fright!

All my friends ran after him!
“SCAREDY CATS.” I calmly grinned,
“RUN AWAY! YOU’VE GOT NO SENSE!
THE STUPID DOG’S BEHIND THE FENCE!”

I teased him, and I screwed my nose,
Stuck out my tongue and held that pose,
For then I saw it with my eye —
The gate was open! MY, OH MY!!

I ran so fast, I made no sound
Because my feet were off the ground!
I grabbed my brother, kept my cool,
Then ran like heck towards the school!

GROWLING, HOWLING, JUST BEHIND!
That big Great Dane had lost his mind!
“HOLEY DOOLEY! OUT THE WAY!”
We’d be the first to school today!

SD 14

Odd Sock Planet

In our house is a drawer
Which is full of odd socks.
They appear from nowhere
And gather in flocks.

I don't know where they come from,
But this I know for sure,
Each time I look inside the drawer
I see a dozen more.

There must surely be a planet
Where odd socks can go and stay
To recover from the trauma
Of sniffing feet all day.

There they walk in perfumed gardens,
And through fields of new mown hay.
For the natives of this planet are
Odd socks that flew away.

So, if you find some of your socks
Have vanished without trace,
Just think how happy they must be
Up there, in Outer Space.

by Valerie Waite

SD 15

First Plane Trip

By *Kylie Marie Weston-Scheyber*

It's my first time on an aeroplane. I'm feeling terrified!
My mother said I'd love it. I think she lied.
Do you know how many people died in panes last year?
I'm sure it was several hundred-probably half of them died of fear.

Oh God, I think we're taking off. I hear the engine starting.
Our father who art in heaven...quite soon we'll be departing.
I really don't know why they need a flashing seat-belt sign.
I don't need some air hostess to tell me to put on mine.

This really doesn't seem safe-making metal fly.
What if the whole thing falls apart and drops us from the sky?
Well, this is it. We're in the air. Ground falls away from view.
Will someone pass the paper bag? I think I'm going to

(PHEW!) I feel a little better now. Flying's not that bad!
I suppose it's not the worst experience I've ever had.
I'm feeling hungry now-I could eat a horse!
I wish the hostess would hurry up and bring me my main course!

Ah, here she comes. I can hear the trolley coming nearer.
"Can I put your table down?" That voice becoming clearer.
Now she's at my elbow. She's handing me a tray.

"Would you like the meatloaf or the tunafish mornay?"

Ugh! I can't believe it! I'd rather eat my socks.

This whole thing has been as fun as having chickenpox.

Flying will not kill you-you just have to take deep breaths.

But with aeroplane food this bad, a guy could really starve to death

The Song of the Whale

By Kit Wright

Heaving mountain in the sea,
Whale, I heard you
Grieving.

Great whale, crying for your life,
Crying for your kind, I knew
How we would use
Your dying:

*Lipstick for our painted faces,
Polish for our shoes.*

Tumbling mountain in the sea,
Whale, I heard you
Calling.

Bird-high notes, keening, soaring:
At their edge a tiny drum
Like a heartbeat.

We would make you
Dumb.

In the forest of the sea,
Whale, I heard you
Singing.

Singing to your kind.
We'll never let you be.
Instead of life we choose

*Lipstick for our painted faces,
Polish for our shoes.*

THE THONG

Let's talk about the Icons that are worshipped by us Aussies,
Akubra hats, the Opera House, meat pies, Speedo Cossies.
Some would say our icon is that famous waltzing song,
I reckon that it's something else. I reckon it's the thong.

I've thought a thousand thoughts of thongs, and I think that the thong,
Is more an Aussie Icon, than the swagman's billabong.
Just as real men don't eat quiche, the dinkum Aussie male,
Will wear his dinkum Aussie thong, come rain, or sleet, or hail.

You can keep your Nikes and Reeboks. It's the thong that should be put,
With Aussie pride and dignity, on every Aussie foot.
I'm going to start a business. Like Bond, I can't go wrong,
I'll market it throughout the world, as Blue's designer thong.

A thong for each occasion. It's just sound commonsense
To make a tough, all purpose, to wear to all events.
Simple, sturdy, comfortable, my Blue's designer thong,
Will let the foot breathe evenly, and dissipate the pong.

It's good for killing blowflies on the barbecue or stove,
And it's great for crushing garlic. Just belt it on the clove,
And wipe the garlic laden thong on chicken, beef, or pork,
Inhale the pure aroma of that garlic when you walk.

A thong for early evening, to wear with hipster tights,
I can see the jingle in my mind, as though it were in lights.

By Col Wilson

Girls 14/15 yrs SD 18

Giving Blood

By *Kylie-Maree Weston-Scheuber, Judi Scheuber and Henry Scheuber*

They're having a blood drive at work this week.

It's got me worried sick.

I'm terrified of needles,

Though I'm told it's just a prick.

The boss says it's for team morale

And everyone's required.

The other members of our team

Just love it. They're inspired.

They proudly wear their slickers,

Saying, 'I saved a life today'.

I feel my breakfast coming up.

I wish they'd go away.

I hate the thought of giving blood.

It makes me feel quite ill.

I know it's for a worthy cause

But I just don't have the will.

Those who do it regularly

Say it's nothing. There's no pain.

But how can it not hurt to have

A needle in your vein?

I came up with a cunning plan.

The drive was yesterday.

But a 24-hour virus

Sadly made me keep away.

Walking through the door today.

I gave a cheery wave.

"How did the drive go yesterday?"

I hope you all were brave!

"I'm sorry that I missed it."
"No you didn't," they replied.
"We had a fire drill yesterday."
The van's still parked outside."

* This is a simpler poem for an adult, but there are some interesting things that can be done with the delivery. Have the student try to capture the pale, sick look of somebody with a real pain phobia who is about to give blood or be given a needle.

copy 15/18 yrs
SD 19

The Road Not Taken

Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same.

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

SD 20
THE MOMENT LYRICS

The moment when, after many years
of hard work and a long voyage »
you stand in the centre of your room,
house, half-acre, square mile, island, country,
knowing at last how you got there,
and say, I own this, »

is the same moment when the trees unloose
their soft arms from around you, »
the birds take back their language,
the cliffs fissure and collapse,
the air moves back from you like a wave
and you can't breathe. »

No, they whisper. You own nothing.
You were a visitor, time after time »
climbing the hill, planting the flag, proclaiming. »
We never belonged to you.
You never found us.
It was always the other way round. »