
Set Poems 2025

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SD1 6 years & under Boys - The Land of Make Believe by Carmel Randle

I'm a Knight upon his big white horse,
A Spaceman in his ship,
A stockman chasing cattle, with
A flashing, cracking whip!

I'm out there fighting forest fires!
I fly like Superman!
If any other man can do it,
I am sure I can!

I can climb the highest mountain peak —
Plans tumble round my head
When I'm in the Land of Make Believe
And tucked up safe in bed.

SD2 6 years & under Girls - Feeding Fred by Mary Evans

Feeding Fred by Mary Evans

I used to spend bedtimes in dread
A monster lived under my bed
Till one night last week
He started to speak.
And said, 'Nice to meet you, I'm Fred!'

'I'm sorry I gave you a fright
I'm just looking round for a bite.
Your room is so neat
There's nothing to eat
And I need a snack in the night.'

So now I make sure I feed Fred
By hiding mess under my bed.
As part of the deal
Fred gets a square meal
And frightens my sister instead.

SD3 7 years Boys - Spiders by Tulip Kilbourne

Spiders by Tulip Kilbourne

There are a bunch of spiders
that lurk above my head
I'm scared that they will drop on me
and crawl around my bed.

I dreamt they spun a massive web
from my head down to my feet
but luckily when I awoke
I was just wrapped in my sheet.

These spiders have humungous fangs
I'm scared that they will bite
So I sleep with a thwacking stick
to thwack them through the night.

Though thwacking is so messy
cause it stains my pillow case
and sometimes chunks of spider guts
get squirted on my face.

Those hairy critters freaked me out
so I chased them with a broom
I swept them up the hallway -
right into my sister's room!

SD4 7 years Girls - The Green Hedgehog by Celia Warren

The Green Hedgehog by Celia Warren

I had a little hedgehog.
It was green and looked quite ill.
Its spines were thin and pale
And it sat completely still.

Its eyes were closed so tightly;
I knew it couldn't see.
It seemed to have just lumps and bumps
Where its feet should be.

I took my hedgehog to the vets,
Afraid it might be dead;
The vets took just one look at it
And this is what they said:

'This sad and sorry article
Has nothing to attract us.
I'm sorry to inform you
That your hedgehog is
...a cactus!'

SD5 8 years Boys - Space Ace by Max Fatchen

Space Ace by Max Fatchen

I'm a space ace of skill and of daring.
The galaxies ring with my fame
And rows of bright medals I'm wearing.
Darth Vader turns pale at my name.

Superman is my friend and my ally,
And I think him a very nice bloke.
He flies in for supper on Sundays
With a swirl of his colourful cloak.

Fan letters from Venus and Saturn,
And here I'll be quoting a few:
"Dear Sir, I'm your greatest admirer.
Respectfully signed, Doctor Who."

I baffle the shrewdest commanders
And dodge interplanetary trap.
Molecular structures I shatter,
Rogue rockets I ruthlessly zap.

I'm the hero of comet and planet.
My lasers can win any way.
How come that I lose all the battles
With the teacher I have in Year Four?

SD6 8 years Girls - Coming Soon! By Kenn Nesbitt

Coming Soon! By Kenn Nesbitt

I'm building a rocket to launch into space,
to fly to the moon and all over the place.
It's practically finished. It's nearly all done.
If you want to come we'll have oodles of fun.

You'll just need a ticket reserving your place
for once-in-a-lifetime adventures in space.
The tickets right now are just fifty apiece.
But, next month, I'm sure that the cost will increase.

This voyage will be an unqualified smash,
so, line up right here and I'll take all your cash.
And, once I've collected a million or more,
I'll finish the rocket we'll use to explore.

I promise that I will return really soon
to take everyone on that trip to the moon.
But what if I can't make it work?
Never fear...
Your ticket will still make a great souvenir.

SD7 9 years Boys - Amazing by Dave Calder

Amazing by Dave Calder

This is the maze that our class visited:
as we queued to go in our teachers said
"Please stay together, we'll be very cross
if anyone wanders off and gets lost"

This is the gap in the prickly hedge
that Miss Take walked into and got wedged.
We heaved, we shoved, but without any luck
she wouldn't leave the leaves - so we left her stuck.
(Some hours later the fire brigade came
and hoisted her out with a fifty-foot crane).

This is the bend Mr. Ease strode round
and disappeared as if the ground
had swallowed him. There was nothing there
it seemed he'd vanished in thin air
without a sound. It was very weird -
all we found was a pen and bits of his beard.

This is the centre circle of grass
where Miss Laid arrived with a few of her class
but each path they took to leave that spot
led them back to it again. It was not
until a month later that rescuers reached there
by which time the children had eaten the teacher.

This is the gate where we left the maze
without any teachers to lead us astray
and counted ourselves as we boarded the bus
and went back to school with no trouble or fuss.

SD8 9 years Girls - Camping Nights by Carmel Randle

On nights when we go camping
And the others are in bed,
I like to lie and watch the stars
That twinkle overhead.

'Cause when you go out camping
You can see so many more!
And I can spot some satellites
I've never seen before!

Dad says it is the darkness
Away from city lights,
And certainly the nights at home
Are not like camping nights!

But sometimes when the moon is high
She puts the stars to shame.
Although those nights are beautiful,
They're somehow not the same!

For camping nights, when pinpoints dance
Like brilliant fire flies
Are magic times to contemplate
The mystery of the skies.

SD9 10 years Boys - My Mum's Put Me On The Transfer List by David Harmer

On offer:

One nippy striker, ten years old
Has scored seven goals this season
Has nifty footwork and a big smile
Knows how to dive in the penalty box
Can get filthy and muddy in two minutes
Guaranteed to wreck his kit each week
This is a FREE TRANSFER
But he comes with running expenses
Weeks of washing shirts and shorts
Socks and vests, a pair of trainers
Needs to scoff huge amounts
Of chips and burgers, beans and apples,
Pop and cola, crisps and oranges,
Endless packets of chewing gum.
This offer open until the end of season.
I'll have him back then
At least until the cricket starts.
Any takers?

SD10 10 years Girls - Advertisement from the Ghostly Gazette by Brian Moses

A Selection from Advertisement from the Ghostly Gazette by Brian Moses

There's a special place where you can stay
When your haunting is over each night,
It's a spooky spooktacular guest house
Where you'll sleep away the light.
In each room the curtains are shut
So the sun's rays never slip through.
We guarantee you a good day's sleep
With nothing disturbing you.

We have rooms with very tall ceilings
For ghosts who levitate
And to make you feel among friends
We can colour coordinate,

Grey ladies stay in one room
And green ladies in another.
Poltergeists are soundproofed
So they only disturb each other.

For those who like walking through walls
And would rather not use the door
Please feel free to enter this way
Or even rise up through the floor.
We can cater for every need
And we're sure that you'll love it here.
Just don't forget to pay the bill
Before you disappear!

SD11 11 years Boys - The Viper by Doug MacLeod

The Viper by Doug MacLeod

Inside the Lighthouse Jellybone
Old Jim the keeper sat alone.
The waves were high, the stars were dim
And spirits seemed to call to him,
"Be sure to watch the Jellybone light
Or sailors 'ghosts will rise tonight!"

And then a voice cried, "Keeper Jim!
I am the *viper*, let me in!
I'd gladly serve you evermore
If only you'd unlock this door!"

Now Keeper Jim was brave and bold
But that strange voice had turned him cold.
"Please go away from here!" he stammered
And still the *viper* bashed and hammered.

"I am the *viper*, let me through
For I've a special job to do.
I'd gladly serve you evermore
If only you'd unlock this door!"

Jim closed his eyes, he prayed, he cried,
"Oh save me from that thing outside!"
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed,
And still the *viper* hammered and bashed.

The door collapsed in all the din
And then a stranger wandered in...

"I am the *viper*," the stranger piped,
"Do you *vant* your *windows viped*?"

SD12 11 years Girls - Rapunzel, Rapunzel! By Kenn Nesbitt

Rapunzel, Rapunzel! By Kenn Nesbitt

“Rapunzel! Rapunzel! You’ve cut off your hair!
Your billowing tresses are no longer there.
That mohawk you’re sporting is spiky and pink.
I’m really not certain just what I should think.
“I came here expecting to clamber a braid,
ascending your tower to come to your aid.
Instead I have suffered the greatest of shocks
to find that you’ve cut off your lovely blonde locks.”

“Prince Charming, Prince Charming,” Rapunzel replied,
“I have no intention of being your bride.
We will not get married. We will not elope.
I’ve cut off my hair and I’ve braided a rope.
“You came here to visit me once every day,
and promised that soon you would take me away,
but you were too clueless to even conceive
of cutting my hair off so we could just leave.
“I cannot believe you were such a big dope.
I come and I go as I please with my rope.
And so, I’m afraid I can’t give you my hand.
In spite of the fabulous wedding you planned.”

From then on Rapunzel was known through the land.
She toured the world in a rock and roll band.
And silly Prince Charming, with rocks in his head,
rode off and got married to Snow White instead.

SD13 12 years Boys - Friendly Fauna by Robin Klein

Friendly Fauna by Robin Klein

Welcome to Australia!
You must come and meet
Our cuddly native animals,
Timorous and sweet.
This vast and wondrous country,
Where creatures rare abound -
Oops! Did it bite you,
That black snake on the ground?
I really should have warned you
To take care of how you tread,
For twined around your other foot
I see a copperhead.
What pretty coloured berries!
Ah, Nature! Great Provider!
Sorry, my mistake -
Do not eat that red-back spider!
Yes, of course you may paddle,
You may certainly go in,
But I wouldn't get too pally
With that sinister black fin!
You've changed your mind?
You'd rather have a safe and gentle stroll
Among these sparkling rock pools -
Get your hand out of that hole!
Phew! A blue-ringed octopus
Was lurking by that rock!
And by the way, a funnel web
Is crawling up your sock.
What? You want to leave already,
When there's bushland still to see
With charming little animals,
As shy as they can be.
There's one now - but watch it!
Oh dear, I should have said:
Tassie devils can turn nasty
If you pat them on the head.
It's a shame you've lost your fingers.
Yes, I guess you do feel weak.
But I still haven't shown you
The bunyip in the creek!

SD14 12 years Girls - Creative Writing Class by Samantha Hartley

Creative Writing Class by Samantha Hartley

Please Mrs Parr!
I need to find a name
for the villain in my story.
What about Mrs Game?

*Mrs Game? A villain?
She sounds rather fun.
If she were a teacher,
Nothing would get done.*

Well she's bossy, conceited,
wears unfashionable clothes.
I've got it! I've got it!
It's Mrs Primrose.

*Mrs Primrose? Too pretty.
Can't imagine her snarling.
Good point Mrs Parr,
I'll call her Miss Darling.*

*Miss Darling? Oh no,
don't be so daft.
Surely she's evil...
does she practise witchcraft?*

She does secretly
but she's been spotted twice.
I've worked out her name now.
She's called Mrs Nice.

*Mrs Nice? Mrs Nice!
Remember your aim!
You have to think
of a more suitable name.*

*Is she strict and scary?
Does she often see red?
What's the first name
that comes into your head?*

Strict, scary and bossy,
stirring up fear.
I'm getting a picture ...
It's all really clear.

Oh yes I've got it.
You'll think it suits too.
It's Miss Parr, Mrs Parr.
Will that do?

SD15 13 years Boys - The Discombobulator by Lynne Hockley

Many an amusement park will boast a coaster greater,
But I have ridden each and every sluggish imitator,
And my experience confirms no solid indicator
That any ride is better than the Discombobulator.

It's norma to be nervous as they start to strap you in.
And if you're not, you should be, for it binds up to your chin
With safety belts and padded bars before it can begin.
Then with a screeching, jolting jerk it slowly starts to spin.

In swooshing, swelling circles it will swiftly gather speed,
Reaching such amazing heights, your nose may start to bleed,
Twisting through dark tunnels like a thundering stampede,
So steep and fast the contents of your bladder may be freed.

Down and down a drop that hurls you under the equator,
Your stomach hovers at the top, resigned to join you later.
Your cheeks blow back to your ears; you need a respirator.
But, oh, such pride if your survive the Discombobulator.

SD16 13 years Girls - You Look Like A Rainbow by Joseph Coelho

You Look Like a Rainbow by Joseph Coelho

Ben dressed himself for the first time
in yellows, greens and browns.
He looked so bright and colourful,
his mother glared with a frown.

“Did you run through a painting?
Did you dress yourself at night?
You can't go to school like that, son,
you'll give your teachers a fright.”

Mother saw he could not be stopped
as he mis-matched his boots, scarf and coat.
Mother put on her grey jacket,
fastened her grey scarf to her throat.

All beamed at Ben as he splashed
in boots gold and aquamarine.
All gasped as he gathered up leaves
with gloves rose and tangerine.

The school gathered for assembly,
Mother couldn't help but stare.
The teachers were draped in colours,
with jewels woven into their hair!

First came a child with a sari
of the deepest gingery brown,
a teacher with a dawn-dust scarf,
they wrapped Mother round and round.

Now Mother and Ben are strolling
in umber and harlequin sun,
dressed in the colours of daring,
her love lit by her marbled son.

SD17 14/15 years Boys - Guilt by Sam Robinson

GUILT by Sam Robinson

Gremlin-like it came
looming towards me,
destroying everything in its path.
The sky was blackened,
the trees were burning,
The wind was fanning it high in the sky,
A voice of pure terror that muffled my cries.

Until the next thing I knew
it was almost upon me,
a speeding inferno of blistering flame.
It could not be stopped, so stubborn yet deadly,
gathering strength and inflicting its pain.
In our vulnerable town, firemen fought hard for time,
to keep our homes safe from its firing line.

Loss and guilt burnt all through me
right down to my core,
as I witnessed their grief, their hopes charred away.
I knew I'd committed the worst sin of all,
as the wreckage lay withering around me that day.
I stood in their midst, but I stood alone,
burning inside, yet chilled to the bone.

That was two years ago
and I'm still in dismay,
for nobody knew why it happened that way.
They only remember the frightening flames,
the heat and the fear and the fury and fray.
I was scalded, but that's not what burnt me that day.
It was knowing that I was to blame.

SD18 14/15 years Girls - Mermaid by Laura Chan

Mermaid by Laura Chan

Still in an unbreathing morning
the grey-blue sea heaves
between coast and horizon.

Houses stir in the rigid
opening light and viscous
figures shift slide
between the sandy sea-bed of night
and morning sky.

The shoreline flutters its lids.

Out of the remains of night,
soft song beckons her white hands
wrist-flicking in Dravidian time.

With candlestick fingers she lures the sailor in,
only a quavering line to hold
each one's colliding breath-
She hooks, twines
and reels them to a rocky death.

She licks the salt from her lips:
her laugh is a streamlined
echo that nail grips the skull.

Now, the shoreline flutters open
a golden iris

and the sound of a million birds
eyelash-wide, far-flung,
drown out a sinking promise of love,
of sea-foam-sleep and siren song.

SD19 16/18 years Boys - Lightbringer by Joseph Coelho

Lightbringer by Joseph Coelho

The vaults of gods are hard to break into,
as thin as spider silk, and treasure hooked.
It takes a light-fingered thief's wizardry,
a skill to candle-shadow-flicker-dance.
To conduct through space like star-ray light.

Prometheus, like candles gasping, flicked
as quick as fireworks, cracker-snaps and sparks,
past safes chock-a-block with Higgs Particles.
He lightning-struck past chests of knotted ideas,
his mind a plume of surging thunder-smoke.

He blazed through secret halls of locked delights:
of crystal forest planet hearts,
of spins removed from twirling balls,
of dinosaur extinction theories.
his mind a fizz of fired up flare.
He reaches the deepest vault with lava doors,
he hears the song of fire hidden behind.
Like Einstein nicking the atom.
Like Crick and Watson poaching genes.
Like Hawking pilfering Space-time.
Prometheus unlocks the lava doors,
he squints at beaks of flames and feathered heat,
forgets the naked skin protecting his hands;
he reaches inside and steals a fistful of fire.

SD20 16/18 years Girls - Andromeda by Diane Fahey

Andromeda by Diane Fahey

She was the first pin-up.
Naked and bejewelled,
She was chained to a rock,
Then thrown by heavy breathing
Winds into wild postures:
At each new angle, lightning
Popped like a photographer's flash.

In lulls of wind, she pulled
Against iron, stood almost straight.
The sky was a mouth swallowing her,
The sun a glimmering eye;
Lolling in the tide, a sea dragon
Slithered and gargled like
Some vast collective slob.

From afar, Perseus saw her first
As a creature writhing on a rock;
Close-up, she was a whirlpool
Of rage and terror and shame.
The dragon he changed to stone
With hardly a thought. But
His strength almost failed him
In breaking those chains.

Looking away from her nakedness,
He smooths her ankles, wrists.
She waits for the moment
When he will meet her eyes.