

**Class 700A**

**THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER – FIRST TIME EVER Age 6 years**

**CHOICE A** UNDER THE STAIRS by Daphne Lister

I don't like the cupboard  
Under the stairs.  
It reminds me of caves  
And dragons' lairs.

So I never look in  
Once it is night,  
In case I should get  
A nasty fright.

I'm silly I know  
'Cos it's only small  
There wouldn't be room  
For a dragon, at all.

But even in daytime  
It gives me the scares  
To go past the cupboard  
Under the stairs.

**Class 700A**

**CHOICE B** PUBLIC SPEAKING by Bill Dodds

Today's the school speech contest.  
I feel a little sick.  
I hate to talk in front of crowds,  
but I've a little trick.

I picture the whole audience  
is sitting right out there  
without a stitch of clothing on  
except their underwear.

It's easy then to read or talk  
when all the while I'm peeking.  
Just try it if you are like me  
and don't like public speaking.

**CLASS 700B**

**THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 7 years**

**CHOICE A**      YOU CAN'T MAKE ME EAT THAT by Jack Prelutsky

You can't make me eat that,  
it's slimy and gooey  
and icky and yucky  
and greasy and gluey.  
It looks like you made it  
from maggots and mud,  
some chopped hippopotamus,  
bugs' heads and blood,.

I hate it, I hate it,  
I hate it to bits!  
Just thinking about it  
is giving me fits.  
One taste and I'm certain

I'll instantly die . . .  
You can't make me eat that,  
so don't even try.

**CLASS 700B**      **CHOICE B**      EGG HATCH by Irene Rawnsley

Tiptoe  
to the incubator,  
try not to speak,  
Listen to the tap  
of a little chick's beak.

Keep very still  
when you come to watch;  
There's a baby chick  
beginning to hatch.

First a hole  
then a crack  
then a cheep cheep!  
Soon he'll be exploring  
on his big clawed feet.

## **CLASS 700 C**

### **THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 8**

#### **CHOICE A** MY SHADOW by Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow –  
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,  
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleep-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

## **CLASS 700 C**

#### **CHOICE B** WAYS TO COME TO SCHOOL by Roger Stevens

George comes to school in a sports car  
Mel comes to school on the bus

Will comes to school on his scooter  
(So does Arthur and Sandy and Gus)

Billy comes to school on a snail  
That's why he's always late

Miss Moss comes to school in the Tardis  
She says Doctor Who's her best mate

Mr. Walton arrives on a dragon  
It's his very special pet

But I'm always first to arrive at school  
In my supersonic jet

(Although usually I walk...)

## **CLASS 700D**

### **THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 9**

#### **CHOICE A**      A TEENAGE HIPPOPOTAMUS by Jack Prelutsky

A teenage hippopotamus  
is living overhead.  
I hear him every morning  
when he bumbles out of bed.  
He crashes through his living room  
and makes my ceiling shake.  
A teenage hippopotamus  
is very hard to take.

That teenage hippopotamus  
is louder than a train.  
He loves to blast his radio,  
it's driving me insane.  
He keeps it on around the clock,  
it blares and blares and blares –  
I'm moving to the place next door,  
where lions live upstairs.

## **CLASS 700D**

#### **CHOICE B** SMILE by Jez Alborough

Smiling is infectious,  
you catch it like the flu.  
When someone smiled at me today  
I started smiling too.

I passed around the corner  
and someone saw my grin,  
When he smiled, I realized  
I'd passed it on to him.

I thought about my smile and then  
I realized its worth  
A single smile like mine could travel  
right around the earth.

If you feel a smile begin  
don't leave it undetected.  
Let's start an epidemic quick  
and get the world infected.

## **CLASS 700E**

### **THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 10 to 11**

#### **CHOICE A** OH PLEASE by Rowena Somerville

Oh, please –  
let me be in your team,  
let mine be the name that you pick,  
don't leave me to mope at the edge of the field,  
resenting each jump and each kick;

I promise, I'll run like the wind,  
I'll twist and I'll turn and I'll pass,  
I'll dazzle defenders with sparkle and speed,  
you won't see my boots touch the grass;

Or maybe, I'll play at the back,  
as solid and strong as a wall,  
frustrating all forwards who dare to attempt  
the slights approach with the ball;

But –  
each time they play, it's the same,  
I'm left on the line, in the cold,  
they never allow me to join in the game,  
they always say,  
'Gran, you're too old!'

## **CLASS 700E**

### **CHOICE B**      THE GREAT BEAR by John Halsham

The Lion and the Scorpion  
They hide for half the year,  
And then across the sky then run:  
The bear is always here.

The Lion and the Scorpion,  
Upon all fours they go,  
Their tails behind them, one by one,  
So steady and so slow.

The Bear is sometimes on his back,  
And sometimes on his knees;  
He peeps above the chimney-stack,  
He hides behind the trees.

In summer, when it's daylight yet,  
Long after you're in bed,  
The Bear has turned a summerset,  
And stands upon his head.

When long before it's time for tea  
The light begins to fail,  
The Bear, as anyone can see,  
Is balanced on his tail.

The Lion and the Scorpion,  
They glitter bright and fair;  
Of all the stars behind the sun,  
The finest is the bear.

## **CLASS 700F**

### **THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 12 to 14**

#### **CHOICE A** DUVET COVER by Michael Rosen

Have you ever tried to shove a  
feather duvet in its cover?

My brother bet  
I couldn't get  
the duvet in its cover.

I thought I could  
I said I would.  
I tried  
but the duvet seemed too wide  
to go in there.  
'It's not fair  
the duvet's all fluffy.'  
I was getting huffy.  
No matter how hard I tried to stuff  
the duvet in. The space wasn't big enough.  
The chunks that got in were all lumpy.  
You can't sleep under a duvet that's all bumpy.  
I tried to crawl in like a mole  
but then I got stuck right in the hole.  
My brother was dead pleased, he teased:  
'You're no good. You've lost the bet.  
you couldn't get  
your duvet in its cover.'

When I am grown up I shall invent  
a way you can shove a  
duvet in its cover.  
I shall invent

some kind of tent.

## **CLASS 700F**

### **THE BETTY MASSIP DE TURVILLE VOUCHER - FIRST TIME EVER Age 12 to 14**

#### **CHOICE B** RUNNING LATE by Kenn Nesbitt

I overslept, I'm running late.  
My mom is making such a fuss.  
If I so much as hesitate  
I probably will miss the bus.

I grab my socks and underwear  
And quickly pull on all my clothes.  
I haven't time to comb my hair  
Or brush my teeth or blow my nose.

I wolf my breakfast, kiss my mom,  
And barrel madly out the door.  
I'm feeling anything but calm.  
I've never been this late before.

I run like crazy down the street.  
I check my watch. It's almost eight.  
I wish I'd had some more to eat,  
But, man, I simply can't be late.

I barely make it there it time.  
To miss the bus would not be cool.  
I wouldn't mind except that I'm  
The guy who drives the kids to school.

## **CLASS 707A THE SABEY TROPHY - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 6 to 7**

### **CHOICE A** 'AND THE ANSWER IS ...' by Carol Diggery Shields

Teacher, please don't look at me –  
The answer is a mystery.  
I'm staring into empty air,  
I'm sliding underneath my chair.  
I'm making myself very small,  
I wish I wasn't there at all.  
Teacher, teacher, pass me by,  
Please pick on some other guy.

Teacher, teacher, call on me –  
I know the answer can't you see?  
This one's a wrap, a snap, a breeze.  
Just look in my direction, please!  
I'm almost bouncing off my chair,  
I'm waving both hands in the air.  
Teacher, teacher, ask me first,  
'Cause if you don't I think I'll burst.

### **CLASS 707A CHOICE B** THE BAD TEMEPERED BEE by Eleanor McLeod

A bad tempered bee was buzzing  
Around the garden flowers,  
He buzzed and he buzzed  
In a bad tempered fuzz  
For hours and hours and hours.

"I don't want to look for pollen,  
And I don't want to fly all day,  
I find that a rose  
Tickles my nose  
All I want to do is play."

His mother got crosser and crosser,  
She said: "Now listen to me,  
In the hive you will stay,  
With no honey today  
For that's only for good little bees."

## **CLASS 707B**

### **THE SABEY TROPHY - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 8 to 9**

#### **CHOICE A** FOR MY BROTHER, ON HIS BIRTHDAY by Kenn Nesbitt

For my brother, on his birthday,  
I was generous and kind.  
As his sister, I was glad to get  
the best things I would find.  
I was sure he'd want a tutu  
and a purple mini-skirt,  
with some ballerina slippers  
and a sequin-covered shirt.  
I expected he'd want a lot of dolls.  
I knew he'd need a bike,  
So, I picked a pink and sparkly one  
I figured he would like.

I selected a tiara  
Like a princess ought to wear,  
Plus a bunch of bows and ribbons  
And some scrunchies for his hair,

I'm aware I'm much too generous  
with presents but, you see,  
he deserves it; on my birthday  
he bought football cards for me.

## **CLASS 707B**

#### **CHOICE B** SOMETHING TOLD THE WILD GEESE by Rachel Field

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.

## **CLASS 708A**

### **THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 10 to 11**

#### **CHOICE A** ST FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS by Seamus Heaney

When Francis preached love to the birds  
They listened, fluttered, throttled up  
Into the blue like a flock of words

Released for fun from his holy lips.  
Then wheeled back, whirred about his head,  
Pirouetted on brothers' capes.

Danced on the wing, for sheer joy played  
And sang, like images took flight.  
Which was the best poem Francis made,

His argument true, his tone light.

## **CLASS 708A**

#### **CHOICE B** WATCH YOUR FRENCH by Kit Wright

When my mum tipped a panful of red-hot fat  
Over her foot, she did quite a little chat,  
And I won't tell you what she said  
But it wasn't:  
'Fancy that!  
I must try in future to be far more careful  
With this red-hot scalding fat!'

When my dad fell over and landed - splat! -  
With a trayful of drinks (he'd tripped over the cat)  
I won't tell you what he said  
But it wasn't:  
'Fancy that!  
I must try in future to be far more careful  
To step *round* our splendid cat!'

When Uncle Joe brought me a cowboy hat  
Back from the States, the dog stomped it flat,  
And I won't tell you what I said  
But Mum and Dad yelled:  
'STOP THAT!  
Where did you learn that appalling language?  
Come on. Where?'

'I've no idea,' I said,  
'No idea.'

**CLASS 708A**

**THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 10 to 11**

**CHOICE C** STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village, though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.  
And miles to go before I sleep.

## **CLASS 708B**

### **THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 12 to 14**

#### **CHOICE A** SNOW IN THE SUBURBS by Thomas Hardy

Every branch big with it,  
Bent every twig with it;  
Every fork like a white web-foot;  
Every street and pavement mute;  
Some flakes have lost their way, and grope back upward,  
when  
Meeting those meandering down they turn and descend  
again.  
The palings are glued together like a wall  
And there is no waft of wind with the fleecy fall.

A sparrow enters the tree,  
Whereon immediately  
A snow-lump thrice his own slight size  
Descends on him and showers his head and eyes,  
And overturns him,  
And near inurns him,  
And lights on a nether twig, when its brush  
Starts off a volley of other lodging lumps with a rush.

The steps are a blanched slope,  
Up which, with feeble hope,  
A black cat comes, wide-eyed and thin;  
And we take him in.

## **CLASS 708B**

### **THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 12 to 14**

#### **CHOICE B**      IMMIGRATION TRAP by John Foster

Farida's mum is being sent home.  
But Farida's allowed to stay.  
Farida doesn't want her to go,  
But Farida doesn't have a say.

Farida's lived here all her life.  
She's British, like you and me.  
But Farida's mum came here  
As a stateless refugee.

And now the people who make the rules  
Say Farida's mum must go  
Back to the land she left  
Twelve long years ago.

Back to a troubled land  
Where people live in fear.  
She has overstayed her welcome.  
She is not wanted here.

But because Farida was born here,  
Farida's allowed to stay.  
She doesn't want her mum to go,  
But she doesn't have a say.

## **CLASS 708B**

### **THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 12 to 14**

#### **CHOICE C**      SNOWFLAKES by Clive Sansom

And did you know  
That every flake of snow  
That forms so high  
In the grey winter sky  
And falls so far,  
Is a bright six-pointed star?  
Each crystal grows  
A flower as perfect as a rose.  
Lace could never make  
The patterns of a flake.  
No brooch  
Of figured silver could approach  
Its delicate craftsmanship. And think  
Each pattern is distinct  
Of all the snowflakes floating there –  
The million, million in the air –  
None is the same. Each star  
Is newly forged, as faces are,  
Shaped to its own design  
Like yours and mine.  
And yet . . . each one  
Melts when its flight is done;  
Holds frozen loveliness  
A moment, even less;  
Suspends itself in time –  
And passes like a rhyme.

## **CLASS 708C**

### **THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 15 to 17**

#### **CHOICE A** I AM by John Clare

I am – yet what I am, none cares or knows;  
My friends forsake me like a memory lost:-  
I am the self-consumer of my woes; -  
They rise and vanish in oblivion's host.  
Like shadows in love's frenzied stifled throes:-  
And yet I am, and live – like vapours tost

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise, -  
Into the living sea of waking dreams,  
Where there is neither sense of life or joys,  
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems;  
Even the dearest, that I love the best  
Are strange – ay, rather stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes, where man hath never trod  
A place where woman never smiled or wept  
There to abide with my Creator, God;  
And sleep as I in childhood, sweetly slept.  
Untroubling, and untroubled where I lie,  
The grass below – above, the vaulted sky.

## CLASS 708C

### THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 15 to 17

#### **CHOICE B** DIARY OF A CHURCH MOUSE by John Betjeman

Here among long-discarded cassocks,  
Damp stools, and half-split open hassocks,  
Here where the Vicar never looks  
I nibble through old service books  
Lean and alone I spend my days  
Behind this Church of England baize.  
I share my dark forgotten room  
With two oil-lamps and half a broom.  
The cleaner never bothers me,  
So here I eat my frugal tea.  
My bread is sawdust mixed with straw;  
My jam is polish for the floor.

Christmas and Easter may be feasts  
For congregations and for priests,  
And so may Whitsun. All the same,  
They do not fill my meagre frame.  
For me the only feast at all  
Is Autumn's Harvest Festival,  
When I can satisfy my want  
With ears of corn around the font.  
I climb the eagle's brazen head  
To burrow through a loaf of bread.  
I scramble up the pulpit stair  
And gnaw the marrows hanging here.

It is enjoyable to taste  
These items ere they go to waste,  
But how annoying when one finds  
That other mice with pagan minds  
Come into church my food to share  
Who have no proper business there.  
Two field mice who have no desire  
To be baptized, invade the choir.

A large and most unfriendly rat  
Comes in to see what we are at.  
He says he thinks there is no God  
And yet he comes . . . it's rather odd.  
This year he stole a sheaf of wheat  
(It screened our special preacher's seat),  
And prosperous mice from fields away  
Came in to hear the organ play  
And under cover of its notes  
Ate through the altar's sheaf of oats.

A low Church mouse, who thinks that I  
Am too papistical, and High,  
Yet somehow doesn't think it wrong  
To munch through Harvest Evensong,  
While I, who starve the whole year through,  
Must share my food with rodents who  
Except at this time of year  
Not once inside the church appear.

Within the human world I know  
Such goings-on could not be so,  
For human beings only do  
What their religion tells them to.  
They read the bible every day  
And always, night and morning, pray,  
And just like me, the good church mouse,  
Worship each week in God's own house.

But all the same it's strange to me  
How very full the church can be  
With people I don't see at all  
Except at Harvest Festival.

## CLASS 708C

### THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 15 to 17

#### **CHOICE C** MY SISTER BETTY by Gareth Owen

My sister Betty said,  
'I'm going to be a famous actress,'  
Last year she was going to be a missionary.  
'Famous actresses always look unhappy but beautiful,'  
She said, pulling her mouth sideways  
And making her eyes turn upwards  
So they were mostly white.  
'Do I look unhappy but beautiful?'  
'I want to go to bed and read,' I said.  
'Famous actresses suffer and have hysterics,' she said.  
'I've been practising my hysterics.'  
She began going very red and screaming  
So that it hurt my ears.  
She hit herself on the head with her fists  
And rolled off my bed onto the lino.  
I stood by the wardrobe where it was safer.  
She got up saying, 'Thank you, thank you,'  
And bowed to the four corners of my bedroom.  
'Would you like an encore of hysterics?' she said,  
'No,' I said from inside the wardrobe.  
There was fluff all over her vest.  
'If you don't clap enthusiastically,' she said,  
'I'll put your light out when you're reading.'  
While I clapped a bit  
She bowed and shouted, 'More, more!'  
Auntie Gwladys shouted upstairs,  
'Go to bed and stop teasing Betty.'  
'The best thing about being a famous actress' Betty said,  
'Is that you get to die a lot.'  
She fell to the floor with a crash  
And lay there for an hour and a half  
With her eyes staring at the ceiling.  
She only went away when I said,  
'You really look like a famous actress  
Who's unhappy but beautiful.'

When I got into bed and started reading,  
She came and switched off my light.  
It's not much fun  
Having a famous actress for a sister.

## **CLASS 709A THE PARSLOW TROPHY - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 6 to 7**

### **CHOICE A**      UNCLE FRANK by John Foster

When we're all asleep in bed,  
My Uncle Frank unscrews his head.  
He fixes on another one  
And sets off for a night of fun.

It really gave me quite a jolt,  
The first time that I saw the bolt,  
Which Uncle proudly showed to me  
In the cellar after tea.

He says the reason for his fame  
Is that we share a famous name:  
Of, I forgot to tell you mine,  
Our family name is Frankenstein.

### **CLASS 709A**      **CHOICE B** THE SMALL GHOSTIE by Barbara Ireson

When it's late and it's dark  
And everyone sleeps . . . shhh shhh shhh,  
Into our kitchen  
A small ghostie creeps . . . shhh shhh shhh,

We hear knocking and raps  
And then rattles and taps,

Then he clatters and clangs  
And he batters and bangs,

And he whistles and yowls  
And he screeches and howls . . .

So we pull up our covers over our heads  
And we block up our ears and **WE STAY IN OUR BEDS**

**CLASS 709B THE PARSLOW TROPHY - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 8 to 9**

**CHOICE A** THE ROOM WENT COLD by Sue Stewart

The room went cold  
and I felt something  
like a sticky hand  
creep along my neck  
and down my spine.

It trickled down my leg  
stroked my foot  
then slid off my toe  
and on to the floor.

I stared with one eye  
I stared with two eyes  
I got my magnifying glass  
and my dad's binoculars  
and my sister's ruler  
and the kitchen scales

so I could see it  
measure it  
weigh it

but there was

nothing to see

nothing to measure

nothing to weigh

nothing to be  
frightened of

was there?

**CLASS 709B**     **CHOICE B** MY HAMSTER HAS A SKATEBOARD by Kenn Nesbitt

My hamster has a skateboard.  
When he rides it, though, he falls.  
He takes off like a maniac  
and crashes into walls.

He screams, "Geronimo!"  
and then goes crashing down the stairs.  
He's good at knocking tables down  
and slamming into chairs.

He'll slalom through the living room  
and then you'll hear a, 'Splat!'"  
which means that he's collided with  
my mother or the cat.

He plows right into cabinets,  
and smashes into doors,  
I think he's wrecked our every bed  
and every chest of drawers.

It's fun to watch him ride  
because you're sure to hear a smash.  
He doesn't skate so well but, boy,  
He sure knows how to crash.

## **CLASS 710A**

### **THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 10 to 11**

#### **CHOICE A** THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY by Julie Holder

Write a poem  
About a lion they said,  
So from memories  
Of lions in my head  
I wrote about  
Tawny eyes and slashing claws,  
Lashing tail and sabred jaws –  
Didn't like what I had written  
And began to cross it out –  
Suddenly with a roar of rage  
It sprang from the cage of lines  
On the page  
And rushed away into the blue,  
A wounded lion poem  
Half crossed through!  
It's one that got away  
Haven't seen it to this day  
But I carefully look,  
Incase it's crouching, growling,  
Licking its wounds and waiting,  
Under cover in the leaves  
Inside some other book.

And here I sit  
After all this time,  
Still not having written  
A poem about a lion

## **CLASS 710A**

### **THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 10 to 11**

#### **CHOICE B**      THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR MOTHER by Lindsay Macrae

My mother goes all weird  
When friends come round to tea,  
She's always nicer to the friend  
Than she ever is to me.

We have to eat at table,  
We have to wash our hands,  
And have grown-up conversations  
About summer holiday plans.

The dog stays in the garden,  
'case he slobbers on the guest,  
And mum says something really dumb  
Like 'Have you changed your vest?'

Also, she puts her phone voice on  
The one she thinks sounds nice,  
The toilet's suddenly the 'loo',  
Our house becomes a 'hice',

Before you've finished eating  
She'll whisk away your plate,  
Then get your baby photos out  
The ones you really hate.

She goes all hip and trendy  
Asks them, 'Who're your favourite bands?'  
You watch your friend in horror  
Become putty in her hands.

Before you even know it  
'Cos they think your mum's so cool,  
You'll be sitting down to tea  
With half the flipping school.

**CLASS 710A**

**THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 10 to 11**

**CHOICE C** THE SILENT SPINNEY by Seamus Redmond

What's that rustling behind me?

Only a cat.

Thank goodness for that,

For I'm afraid of the darkness,

And these tall trees

Are silent and black,

And if ever I get out of here, mate,

I can tell you I'm not coming back.

There's a dark shadow out in the roadway,

See if there's someone behind that tree,

For I'm afraid of the darkness

And it might jump out at me.

My sisters are scared stiff of spiders,

My mother is frightened of mice,

But I'm afraid of the darkness,

I'm not coming this way twice.

## CLASS 710B

### THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 12 to 14

#### **CHOICE A** SHED IN SPACE by Gareth Owen

My Grandad Lewis  
On my mother's side  
Had two ambitions.  
One was to take first prize  
For shallots at the village show  
And the second was to be a space commander.

Every Tuesday  
After I'd got their messages,  
He'd lead me with a wink  
To his garden shed  
And there, amongst the linseed  
And the sacks of peat and horse manure  
He'd light his pipe  
And settle in his deck chair.  
His old eyes on the blue and distant  
That no one else could see,  
He'd ask,  
'Are we A O.K. for lift off?'  
Gripping the handles of the lawn mower  
I'd reply:  
'A O.K.'

And then  
Facing the workbench,  
In front of shelves of paint and creosote  
The racks of glistening chisels  
He'd talk to Mission Control.  
'Five-Four-Three-Two-One-Zero -  
We have lift off.  
This is Grandad Lewis talking,  
Do you read me?  
Britain's first space shed  
Is rising majestically into orbit  
From its launch pad  
In the allotments  
In Lakey Lane.'

And so we'd fly,  
Through timeless afternoons  
Till tea time came,  
Amongst the planets  
And mysterious suns,  
While the world

Receded like a dream:  
Grandad never won  
That prize for shallots,  
But as the captain  
Of an intergalactic shed  
There was no one to touch him.

## **CLASS 710B**

### **THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 12 to 14**

#### **CHOICE B** IF by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings – nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but not too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!

## **CLASS 710B**

### **THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 12 to 14**

#### **CHOICE C** WHO by Charles Causley

Who is that child I see wandering, wandering  
Down by the side of the quivering stream?  
Why does he seem not to hear, though I call to him?  
Where does he come from, and what is his name?

Why do I see him at sunrise and sunset  
Taking, in old-fashioned clothes, the same track?  
Why, when he walks, does he cast not a shadow  
Though the sun rises and falls at his back?

Why does the dust lie so thick on the hedgerow  
By the great field where a horse pulls the plough?  
Why do I see only meadows, where houses  
Stand in a line by the riverside now?

Why does he move like a wraith by the water,  
Soft as the thistledown on the breeze blown?  
When I draw near him so that I may hear him,  
Why does he say that his name is my own?

**CLASS 710C**

**THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 15 to 17**

**CHOICE A**      OZYMANDIAS by Percy Bysshe Shelley

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

## **CLASS 710C**

### **THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 15 to 17**

#### **CHOICE B      FIVE WAYS TO KILL A MAN by Edwin Brock**

There are many cumbersome ways to kill a man.  
You can make him carry a plank of wood  
to the top of a hill and nail him to it.  
To do this properly you require a crowd of people  
wearing sandals, a cock that crows, a cloak  
to dissect, a sponge, some vinegar and one  
man to hammer the nails home.  
Or you can take a length of steel,  
shaped and chased in a traditional way,  
and attempt to pierce the metal cage he wears.  
But for this you need white horses,  
English trees, men with bows and arrows,  
at least two flags, a prince, and a  
castle to hold your banquet in.  
Dispensing with nobility, you may, if the wind  
allows, blow gas at him. But then you need  
a mile of mud sliced through with ditches,  
not to mention black boots, bomb craters,  
more mud, a plague of rats, a dozen songs  
and some round hats made of steel.  
In an age of aeroplanes, you may fly  
miles above your victim and dispose of him by  
pressing one small switch. All you then  
require is an ocean to separate you, two  
systems of government, a nation's scientists,  
several factories, a psychopath and  
land that no-one needs for several years.  
These are, as I began, cumbersome ways to kill a man.  
Simpler, direct, and much more neat is to see  
that he is living somewhere in the middle  
of the twentieth century, and leave him there.

## **CLASS 710C**

### **THE ENID LE FEUVRE CUP - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 15 to 17**

#### **CHOICE C      SAND ARTIST by James Kirkup**

On the damp seashore  
above dark rainbows of shells, seaweed, seacoal,  
the sandman wanders, seeking for a pitch.

Ebb tide is his time. The sands are lonely,  
but a few lost families  
camp for the day on its Easter emptiness.

He seeks the firm dark sand of the retreating waves.  
- With their sandwiches and flasks of tea, they  
lay their towels on the dry slopes of dunes.

From the sea's edge he draws his pail  
of bitter brine, and bears it carefully  
towards the place of first creation.

There he begins his labours. Silent,  
not looking up at passing shadows  
of curious children, he moulds his dreams.

Not simple sandcastles, melting as they dry,  
but galleons, anchors, dolphins, cornucopias offish,  
mermaids, Neptunes, dragons of the deep.

With a piece of stick, a playing card  
and the blunt fingers of a working man  
the artist resurrects existence from the sea.

And as the returning tide takes back its gifts,  
he waits in silence by his pitman's cap  
for pennies from the sky.

## **CLASS 715A**

### **THE AHIER FAMILY TROPHY - Prose Speaking for Girls Age 9**

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS by Helen Cresswell

'Wares to sell! Wares to sell!'

Snow White put her head out of the window.

'Good day,' she said. 'What have you to sell?'

'Pretty trinkets,' replied the wicked Queen. 'And coloured laces for your waist!'

She held up one of plaited scarlet silk, dangling it under Snow White's eyes so that she thought,

'Surely I may let this pedlar in? She seems kind and honest, and has such pretty things!'

She opened the door and the Queen went in.

'Gracious child!' she cried. 'How badly your dress is laced! Here, let me do it, with this pretty scarlet lace, and you shall have it for a penny!'

Snow White stood quite still while the pedlar threaded the new red lace with nimble fingers. But the wicked Queen pulled the laces tighter and tighter and tighter till at last all the breath was squeezed out of Snow White's body and she fell to the floor and lay there as if she were dead.

'That's the end of you and your beauty!' cried the spiteful Queen, and hastened back towards the palace.

## **CLASS 715B**

### **THE AHIER FAMILY TROPHY - Prose Speaking for Girls Age 10 to 11**

GRANDMA'S WARNING by Philip Ardagh

It was Mary who first saw the pony. I heard her gasp and looked up, expecting her to have found a crab or an anemone or a shrimp of a remarkable size. What I saw, however, was a creature of such beauty that I don't think even a unicorn could have looked more enchanting.

And enchanting was just the right word, because that's what that pony was doing. She was trying to enchant us. To *bewitch* us.

While a unicorn, with its golden horn or barley-sugar twist, runs like drifting snow, this pony danced like sunlight sparkling on the water. Her mane rippled like the finest feathery fronds of seaweed in the clear waters of the rock pool. Her eyes looked into my very soul. Her expression offered love and friendship and unimaginable *fun*.

She reared up on her back legs and pawed the air with her front hooves. I saw her dainty silver horseshoes catch the morning sunlight and glint like diamonds. In that moment, I wanted to climb up on to that sweet animal more than I wanted to do anything else in the whole world.

## CLASS 716A

### THE BELFORD CUP - Prose Speaking for Girls Age 12 to 14

SHADOWMANCER by G P Taylor

Beadle grasped his companion's cloak even tighter as a gentle breeze rustled the brown, crisp leaves in the trees.

"Is it a man or is it . . . them?" He could hardly say the words; his right leg shook, his eyelids twitched, his mouth went dry and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth.

"Them?" hissed his companion in his face. "Who are *them*?" Can't you say the word? What are you frightened of?"

Beadle hunched his shoulders and buried his face in the musty black cloak of his tall, angry companion. "Thulak," he whispered feebly, trying to muffle his voice so that they would not hear him.

His companion raised both his hands and cupped his mouth like the bell of a trumpet; he took in a deep breath and with a voice that came from the depths of his soul, he bellowed: "Thulak, Thulak. Thulak." The voice echoed around the woods, the fox scurried from the brush and ran deeper into the undergrowth.

A roost of the blackest rooks lifted from the trees above their heads and their caw-caw-caw filled the night sky as they circled above the branches, dancing in the moonlight.

". . . *No*," whispered the now terrified Beadle. "Please, Parson Demurral, don't say that word, they will hear and they will come and get us, my mother said. . ."

He was hastily interrupted.

"*Us*, Beadle? Did you say *us*?" Demurral towered over the cowering, frightened form of his servant. "I fear nothing and no one, and they have every reason in the world to fear me.

## CLASS 716B

### THE BELFORD CUP - Prose Speaking for Girls Age 15 to 17

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT by Graham Greene

'I can say now to both of you how relieved I am that everything went without a hitch. I once attended a very important funeral – the wife of a famous man of letters who had not been the most faithful of husbands. It was soon after the first great war had ended, I was living in Brighton, and I was very interested at that time in the Fabians. I had learnt about them from your father when I was a girl. I arrived early as a spectator and I was leaning over the Communion rail – if you can call it that in a crematorium chapel – trying to make out the names on the wreaths. I was the first there, all alone with the flowers and the coffin. Wordsworth must forgive me for telling this story at such length – he has heard it before. Let me refresh your glass.'

'No, no, Aunt Augusta; I have more than enough.'

'Well, I suppose I was fumbling about a little too much. I must have accidentally touched a button. The coffin began to slide away, the doors opened, I could feel the hot air of the oven and hear the flap of the flames, the coffin went in and the doors closed, and at that very moment I walked the whole grand party, Mr and Mrs Bernard Shaw, Mr H G Wells, Miss E Nesbit (to use her maiden name), Doctor Havelock Ellis, Mr Ramsay MacDonald, and the widower, while the clergyman (non-denominational of course) came through a door on the other side of the rail. Somebody began to play a humanist hymn by Edward Carpenter, "Cosmos, O Cosmos, Cosmos shall we call Thee?" But there was no coffin.'

'Whatever did you do, Aunt Augusta?'

'I buried my face in my handkerchief and simulated grief, but you know I don't think anyone (except, I suppose, the clergyman and he kept dumb about it) noticed that the coffin wasn't there. The widower certainly didn't, but then he hadn't noticed his wife for some years. Doctor Havelock Ellis made a very moving address (or so it seemed to me then: I hadn't finally plumped for Catholicism, though I was on the brink) about the dignity of a funeral service conducted without illusions or rhetoric. He could truthfully have said without a corpse too. Everybody was quite satisfied. You can understand why I was very careful this morning not to fumble.'

## **CLASS 717A**

### **THE FLORENCE, LADY TRENT CUP - Prose Speaking for Boys Age 9**

GEORGE'S MARVELLOUS MEDICINE by Roald Dahl

In the kitchen, George put the saucepan on the stove and turned up the gas flame underneath is as high as it would go.

'George!' came the awful voice from the next room. 'It's time for my medicine!'

'Not yet, Grandma,' George called back. 'There's still twenty minutes before eleven o'clock.'

'What mischief are you up to in there now? Granny screeched. 'I hear noises.'

George thought it best not to answer this one. He found a long wooden spoon in the kitchen drawer and began stirring hard. The stuff in the pot got hotter and hotter.

Soon the marvellous mixture began to froth and foam. A rich blue smoke, the colour of peacocks, rose from the surface of the liquid, and a fiery fearsome smell filled the kitchen. It made George choke and splutter. It was a smell unlike any he had smelled before.

## **CLASS 717B**

### **THE FLORENCE, LADY TRENT CUP - Prose Speaking for Boys Age 10 to 11**

GRANDPA'S GREAT ESCAPE by David Walliams

On the wall was a winch, and the two worked double quick to bring the warbird back down to earth.

In a nearby glass cabinet stood a display of RAF pilots' flying gear on mannequins. Thinking fast, they pushed an old World War I cavalry cannon, that in its day would have been drawn by a horse, towards the cabinet. The cannon smashed the glass.

As if they had been scrambled, the pair raced to put on the flying gear.

The boy checked his reflection in the next glass case along –

GOGGLES – CHECK

HELMET – CHECK

FLYING SUIT – CHECK

SCARF – CHECK

BROWN LEATHER JACKET – CHECK

BOOTS – CHECK

GLOVES – CHECK

PARACHUTE – CHECK

They had their flying suits on.

The Spitfire was on the ground

But amidst all the excitement, the pair had forgotten something,

Something big.

"Wing Commander?" said the boy

"Yes, Squadron Leader?"

"How are we going to get the plane out of here?"

The old man glanced all around, a look of puzzlement on his face. "Whichever clown designed this aircraft hanger forgot to put the doors in!"

Suddenly it was as if a balloon had been deflated inside Jack. Getting into the museum had been hard enough, but getting the Spitfire out seemed impossible.

## **CLASS 717C**

### **THE FLORENCE, LADY TRENT CUP Prose Speaking for Boys Age 12 to 14**

THE STOWAWAYS by Roger McGough

So we were patient. Very patient. Until after what seemed like hours and hours we decided to eat our rations, which I divided up equally. I gave Midge all the rum and I had all the biscuits. Looking back on it now, that probably wasn't a good idea, especially for Midge.

What with the rolling of the ship and not having had any breakfast, and the excitement, and a couple of swigs of rum – well you can guess what happened – wooorrrppp! All over the place. We pulled back the sheet and decided to give ourselves up. We were too far away at sea now for the captain to turn back. The worst he could do was to clap us in irons or shiver our timbers.

We climbed down on to the deck and as Midge staggered to the nearest rail to feed the fishes, I looked out to sea hoping to catch sight of a whale, a shoal of dolphins, perhaps see the coast of America coming in to view. And what did I see? The Liver Buildings.

Anyone can make a mistake can't they I mean, we weren't to know we'd stowed away on a ferryboat.

One that goes from Liverpool to Birkenhead and back again, toing and froing across the Mersey. We'd done four trips hidden in the lifeboat and ended up back in Liverpool. And we'd only been away about an hour and a half. 'Ah well, so much for running away to sea,' we thought as we disembarked (although disembowelled might be a better word as far as Midge was concerned). Rum? Yuck.

We got the bus home. My mum and dad were having their breakfast. "Aye, aye," said my dad, "here comes the early bird. And what have you been up to then?"

'I ran away to sea,' I said.

'Mm, that's nice,' said my mum, shaking out the cornflakes. 'That's nice.'

## CLASS 717D

### THE FLORENCE, LADY TRENT CUP - Prose Speaking for Boys Age 15 to 17

From THE KITE RUNNER by Khaled Hosseini

That evening, I climbed the stairs and walked into Baba's smoking room, in my hands the two sheets of paper on which I had scribbled the story. Baba and Rahim Khan were smoking pipes and sipping brandy when I came in.

"What is it, Amir?" Baba said, reclining on the sofa and lacing his hands behind his head. Blue smoke swirled around his face. His glare made my throat feel dry. I cleared it and told him I'd written a story.

Baba nodded and gave a thin smile that conveyed little more than feigned interest. "Well, that's very good, isn't it?" he said. Then nothing more. He just looked at me through the cloud of smoke.

I probably stood there for under a minute, but, to this day, it was one of the longest minutes of my life. Seconds plodded by, each separated from the next by an eternity. Air grew heavy, damp, almost solid. I was breathing bricks. Baba went on staring me down, and didn't offer to read.

As always, it was Rahim Khan who rescued me. He held out his hand and favored me with a smile that had nothing feigned about it. "May I have it, Amir jan? I would very much like to read it." Baba hardly ever used the term of endearment *jan* when he addressed me.

Baba shrugged and stood up. He looked relieved, as if he too had been rescued by Rahim Khan. "Yes, give it to Kaka Rahim. I'm going upstairs to get ready." And with that, he left the room. Most days I worshiped Baba with an intensity approaching the religious. But right then, I wished I could open my veins and drain his cursed blood from my body.

An hour later, as the evening sky dimmed, the two of them drove off in my father's car to attend a party. On his way out, Rahim Khan hunkered before me and handed me my story and another folded piece of paper. He flashed a smile and winked. "For you. Read it later." Then he paused and added a single word that did more to encourage me to pursue writing than any compliment any editor has ever paid me. The word was Bravo.

When they left, I sat on my bed and wished Rahim Khan had been my father. Then I thought of Baba and his great big chest and how good it felt when he held me against it, how he smelled of Brut in the morning, and how his beard tickled my face. I was overcome with such sudden guilt that I bolted to the bathroom and vomited in the sink.

Later that night, curled up in bed, I read Rahim Khan's note over and over. It read like this:

Amir jan,

I enjoyed your story very much. *Mashalla*, God has granted you a special talent. It is now your duty to hone that talent, because a person who wastes his God-given talents is a donkey. You have written your story with sound grammar and interesting style. But most impressive thing about your story is that it has irony. You may not even know what that word means. But you will someday. It is something that some writers reach for their entire careers and never attain. You have achieved it with your first story.

My door is and always will be open to you, Amir jan. I shall hear any story you have to tell. Bravo.

Your friend  
Rahim

**CLASS 721**

**THE MARJORIE MAINE CUP – Choral Speaking 12 years and Under**

**CHOICE A** A DUTCH LULLABYE by Eugene Field

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe –  
Sailed on a river of misty light  
Into a sea of dew.  
“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”  
The old moon asked the three.  
“We have come to fish for the herring-fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold we have we,”

Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew;  
The little stars were the herring-fish  
That lived in the beautiful sea;  
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,  
But never afeard are we” –  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,

Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw

For the fish in the twinkling foam,  
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home.  
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be;  
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea.  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;  
So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of the wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three -

Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

## **CLASS 721**

### **THE MARJORIE MAINE CUP– Choral Speaking 12 years and Under**

#### **CHOICE B DISOBEDIENCE by A A Milne**

James James  
Morrison Morrison  
Weatherby George Dupree  
Took great  
Care of his mother  
Though he was only three,  
James James  
Said to his mother,  
"Mother," he said, said he;  
"You must never go down to the end of the town, if  
you don't go down with me."

James James  
Morrison's mother  
Put on a golden gown,  
James James  
Morrison's Mother  
Drove to the end of the town.  
James James  
Morrison's Mother  
Said to herself, said she:  
"I can get right down to the end of the town and be  
back in time for tea."

King John  
Put up a notice,  
"LOST or STOLEN or STRAYED!  
JAMES JAMES  
MORRISON'S MOTHER  
SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN MISLAID.  
LAST SEEN  
WANDERING VAGUELY  
QUITE OF HER OWN ACCORD,  
SHE TRIED TO GET DOWN TO THE END OF  
THE TOWN – FORTY SHILLINGS REWARD!

James James  
Morrison Morrison  
(Commonly known as Jim)  
Told his  
Other relations  
Not to go blaming him.  
James James  
Said to his mother  
"Mother," he said, said he,  
"You must never go down to the end of the town with-  
out consulting me."

James James  
Morrison's Mother  
Hasn't been heard of since.  
King John  
Said he was sorry,  
So did the Queen and Prince.  
King John  
(Somebody told me)  
Said to a man he knew:  
"If people go down to the end of the town, well, what  
can you do?"

*(Now then, very softly)*

J. J.

M. M.

W. G. du P.

Took great

C/o of his M\*\*\*\*\*

Though he was only 3.

J/ J.

Said to his M\*\*\*\*\*

"M\*\*\*\*\*," he said, said he:

"You-must-never-go-down-to-the-end-of-the-town-if-  
you-don't-go-down-with ME!"

## **CLASS 722**

### **THE NEW SALVER 2006 II - Choral Speaking Age 13 to 17**

#### **CHOICE A** THE HIGHWAY RAT by Julia Donaldson

The Highway Rat was a baddie.  
The Highway Rat was a beast.  
He took what he wanted and ate what he took.  
His life was one long feast.

His teeth were sharp and yellow,  
His manners were rough and rude,  
And the Highway Rat went riding-  
Riding – Riding –  
Riding along the highway  
And stealing the travellers' food.

A rabbit came hopping along the road,  
Then stopped with her paws in the air,  
For blocking her way was the Highway Rat,  
Who cried out, "Who goes there?"

"Give me your pastries and puddings!  
Give me your chocolate and cake!  
For I am the Rat of the Highway,  
The Highway – the Highway –  
Yes I am the Rat of the Highway,  
And whatever I want I take."

"I have no cakes," the rabbit replied.  
"I just have a bunch of clover".  
The Highway Rat gave a scornful look  
But he ordered, 'Hand it over.'

"This clover is bound to be tasteless.  
This clover is dull as an be,  
But I am the Rat of the Highway,  
And this clover belongs to me!"

A squirrel came bounding along the road,  
Then stopped with a shake and a shiver,  
For reining his horse was the Highway Rat,  
Who thundered, "Stand and deliver!"

"Give me our buns and your biscuits!  
Give me your chocolate eclairs!  
For I am the Rat of the Highway,  
The Highway – the Highway –  
Yes, I am the Rat of the Highway,  
And the Rat Thief never shares."

"I have no buns," the squirrel replied.  
"I just have a sack of nuts."  
The robber snatched the sack and snarled,  
"I'll have no ifs or buts!  
These nuts are probably rotten.  
These nuts are as hard as can be,  
But I am the Rat of the Highway,  
And these nuts belong to me!"

The creatures who travelled the highway  
Grew thinner and thinner and thinner,  
While the Highway Rat grew horribly fat  
From eating up everyone's dinner.

A duck came waddling down the road,  
Then stopped with a "How do you do?"  
"I see you have nothing," the Rat complained.  
"In that case, I'll have to eat you!  
I doubt if you're terrible juicy.  
Most likely you're tough as can be,  
"But I am the Rat of the Highway –  
The Highway – the Highway –  
Yes I am the Rat of the Highway,  
And I fancy a duck for tea!"

"Hang on," quacked the duck, "for I have a sister  
With goodies you might prefer.  
I know that she'd love to meet you  
And I'm certain that you'd like her,  
For in her cave, her deep dark cave,  
Right at the top of the hill,  
Are biscuits and buns a-plenty  
And there you may eat your fill."

"Lead on!" cried the Rat, and they took to the road'  
Which seemed it would never end,  
Onwards they rode and upwards –  
Bend after bend after bend.

At last they came to a lonely cave,  
And the duck began to quack.  
She quacked, "Good evening sister –  
Sister – sister –"  
And "Sister, sister, sister ..."  
A voice from the cave came back.

"Do you have cakes and chocolates?"  
The highway robber cried.  
And, "Chocolates! Chocolates!  
Chocolates..."  
The voice from the cave replied.

"I'm coming to take them!" the Rat Thief yelled.  
His greedy eyes grew round,  
And, "Take them, take them, take them!"  
Came back the welcome sound.

The Highway Rat leapt off his horse.  
Into the cave he strode.  
The duck took hold of the horse's reins  
And galloped down the road.  
Faster and ever faster, following all the bends,  
The plucky young duck went riding –  
Riding – riding –  
Galloping down the highway,  
Back to her hungry friends.

And as for the Rat in the echoey cave,  
He shouted and wandered, till ...  
He found his way out of the darkness,  
On the other side of the hill.

And thinner and greyer and meeker Rat,  
He robs on the road no more  
For he landed a job in a cake shop –  
A cake shop – a cake shop –  
And they say he still works in the cake shop,  
Sweeping the cake shop floor.

## CLASS 722

### THE NEW SALVER 2006 II - Choral Speaking **Age 13 to 17**

#### **CHOICE B** REFUGEE BLUES by W H Auden

Says this city has ten million souls  
Some are living in mansions, some are living in holes:  
Yet there's no place for us, my dear, yet there's no place for us.

Once we had a country and we thought it fair,  
Look in the atlas and you'll find it there:  
We cannot go there now, my dear, we cannot go there now.

In the village churchyard there grows an old yew.  
Every spring it blossoms anew:  
Old passports can't do that, my dear, old passports can't do that.

The consul banged the table and said:  
"If you've got no passport you're officially dead";  
Be we are still alive, my dear, but we are still alive.

Went to a committee; they offered me a chair;  
Asked me politely to return next year:  
But where shall we go today, my dear, but where shall we go today?

Came to a public meeting; the speaker got up and said:  
"If we let them in, they will steal our daily bread";  
He was talking of you and me, my dear, he was talking of you and me.

Thought I heard the thunder rumbling in the sky;  
It was Hitler over Europe saying: "They must die";  
We were in his mind, my dear, we were in his mind.

Saw a poodle in a jacket fastened with a pin,  
Saw a door opened and a cat let in;  
But they weren't German Jews, my dear, but they weren't German Jews.

Went down to the harbour and stood upon the quay,  
Saw the fish swimming as if they were free:  
Only ten feet away, my dear, only ten feet away.

Walked through a wood, saw the birds in the trees;  
They had no politicians and sang at their ease:  
They weren't the human race, my dear, they weren't the human race.

Dreamed I saw a building with a thousand floors,  
A thousand windows and a thousand doors;  
Not one of them was ours, my dear, not one of them was ours.

Stood on a great plain in the falling snow;  
Ten thousand soldiers marched to and fro:  
Looking for you and me, my dear, looking for you and me.

## **CLASS 723**

### **THE NEW SALVER 2006 III - Group Speaking Groups 12 years and Under**

#### **CHOICE A THE DINOSAUR RAP by John Foster**

Come on, everybody, shake a claw.  
Let's hear you bellow, let's hear you roar.  
Let's hear you thump and clump and clap.  
Come and join in. Do the dinosaur rap.

There's a young T-Rex over by the door  
Who's already stamped a hole in the floor.

There's a whirling, twirling apatosaurus  
Encouraging everyone to join in the chorus.

Come on, everybody, shake a claw.  
Let's hear you bellow, let's hear you roar.  
Let's hear you thump and clump and clap.  
Come and join in. Do the dinosaur rap.

There's a stegosaurus rattling his spines  
And an iguanodon making thumbs-up signs.

There's an allosaurus giving a shout  
As he thrashes and lashes his tail about.

Come on, everybody, shake a claw.  
Let's hear you bellow. Let's hear you roar.  
Let's hear you thump and clump and clap.  
Come and join in. Do the dinosaur rap.

There's a triceratops who can't stop giggling  
At the way her partner's writing and wriggling.  
There's an ankylosaurus swaying to the beat,  
Clomping and clumping and stomping his feet.

There are dinosaurs here. There are dinosaurs there.  
There are dinosaurs dancing everywhere.  
So swing your tails and shake your claws.  
Join in the rapping with the dinosaurs.

**CLASS THE NEW SALVER 2006 III** Group Speaking Groups **12 years and Under**

**CHOICE B** DON'T BE SUCH A FUSSPOT by Brian Moses

Don't be such a fusspot  
an always-in-a-rush pot.

Don't be such a weepypot,  
a sneak-to-mum-and-be-creepypot.

Don't be such a muddlepote,  
a double-dose-of-troublepot.

Don't be such a wrigglepot  
a sit-on-your-seat-and-squigglepot.

Don't be such a muckypot,  
a pick-up-slugs-and-be-yuckypot.

Don't be such a sleepypot,  
a beneath-the-bedclothes-peepypot.

Don't be such a fiddlepot,  
a mess-about-and-meddlepot.

Don't be such a bossypot  
a saucypot, a gigglepot.

Don't be such a lazypot,  
a niggelpot, a slackpot..

And don't call me a crackpot . . .  
Who do you think you are?

## CLASS 724

### THE MARY ROSE CUP - Group Speaking **Age 13 to 17**

#### **CHOICE A THE DANIEL JAZZ** by Vachel Lindsay

Darius the Mede was a king and a wonder.  
His eye was proud, and his voice was thunder.  
He kept bad lions in a monstrous den.  
He fed up the lions on Christian men.

Daniel was the chief hired man of the land.  
He stirred up the jazz in the palace band.  
He whitewashed the cellar. He shovelled in the coal.  
And Daniel kept a praying: 'Lord save my soul!'  
Daniel kept a-praying: 'Lord save my soul!'  
Daniel kept a-praying: 'Lord save my soul!'

Daniel was the butler, swagger and swell.  
He ran up the stairs. He answered the bell.  
And *he* would let in whoever came a-calling:  
Saints so holy, scamps so appalling.  
'Old man Ahab leaves his card.  
Elisha and the bears are a-waiting in the yard.  
Here comes Pharaoh and his snakes a-calling,  
Here comes Cain and his wife a-calling.  
Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego for tea.  
Here comes Jonah, and the Whale –  
And the SEA!

Here comes St Peter and his fishing-pole.  
Here comes Judas and his silver a-calling.  
Here comes old Beelzebub a-calling.'  
And Daniel kept a-praying: 'Lord, save my soul.'  
Daniel kept a-praying: 'Lord, save my soul.'  
Daniel kept a-praying: 'Lord, save my soul.'

His sweetheart and his mother were Christian and meek.  
They washed and ironed for Darius every week.  
On Thursday he met them at the door:  
Paid them as usual, but acted sore.  
He said: 'Your Daniel is a dead little pigeon.  
He's a good hard worker, but he talks religion.'  
And he showed them Daniel in the lions' cage,  
Daniel standing quietly, the lions in a rage.

His good old mother cried:  
Lord save him!  
And Daniel's tender sweetheart cried:  
Lord save him!

And she was a golden lily in the dew.  
And she was as sweet as an apple on the tree,  
And she was as fine as a melon in the cornfield,



## CLASS 724

### THE MARY ROSE CUP - Group Speaking **Age 13 to 17**

#### **CHOICE B** JIM by Hilaire Belloc

*Who ran away from his Nurse and was eaten by a Lion*

There was a Boy whose name was Jim;  
His Friends were very good to him.  
They gave him Tea, and Cakes, and Jam,  
And slices of delicious Ham,  
And Chocolate with pink inside  
And little Tricycles to ride,  
And read him Stories through and through,  
And even took him to the Zoo –  
But there it was he dreadful Fate  
Befell him, which I now relate.

You know – or at least you ought to know,  
For I have often told you so –  
That Children never are allowed  
To leave their Nurses in a Crowd;  
Now this was Jim's special Foible,  
He ran away when he was able,  
And on this inauspicious day  
He slipped his hand and ran away!

He hadn't gone a yard when – Bang!  
With open Jaws, a lion sprang,  
And hungrily began to eat  
The Boy: beginning at his feet.  
Now, just imagine how that feels,  
When first your toes and then your heels,  
And the by gradual degrees  
Your shins and ankles, calves and knees,  
Are slowly eaten, bit by bit.  
No wonder Jim detested it!  
No wonder that he shouted "Hi!"

The Honest Keeper heard his cry,  
Though very fat he almost ran  
To help the little gentleman.

"Ponto!" he order as he came  
(For Ponto was the Lion's name),  
"Ponto!" he cried with angry Frown,  
"Let go, Sir! Down, Sir! Put it down!"  
The Lion made a sudden stop,  
He let the Dainty Morsel drop,  
And slunk reluctant to his Cage,  
Snarling with Disappointed Rage.  
But when he bent him over Jim,  
The Honest Keeper's Eyes were dim.

The Lion having reached his Head,  
The Miserable Boy was dead!

When Nurse informed his Parents, they  
Were more Concerned than I can say:-  
His Mother, as She dried her eyes  
Said, "Well – it gives me no surprise,  
He would not do as he was told!"  
His Father, who was self-controlled,  
Bade all the children round attend  
To James's miserable end,  
And always keep a-hold of Nurse  
For fear of finding something worse.

## **CLASS 731**

### **THE MARJORIE MAINE MEMORIAL SHIELD**

Bible Reading: 12 years and under.

#### **CHOICE A** ST LUKE Chapter 11 Verses 5 - 13

And he said unto them, which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him Friend, lend me three loaves;

For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him?

And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?  
Or if he ask a fish, will he for fish give him a serpent?

Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

If ye then, being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

## **CLASS 731**

### **THE MARJORIE MAINE MEMORIAL SHIELD**

Bible Reading: 12 years and under.

#### **CHOICE B** ST LUKE Chapter 2: Verses 41 to 52

Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the Passover.

And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions

And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said unto them, How is it that you sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

## **CLASS 732**

### **THE MAX LE FEUVRE MEMORIAL BIBLE PRIZE**

Bible Reading

Age 13 – 17 years.

#### **CHOICE A**      PSALM 24

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

## **CLASS 732**

### **THE MAX LE FEUVRE MEMORIAL BIBLE PRIZE**

#### **CHOICE B** ST MATTHEW Chapter 10: Verses 1 to 10

And when he called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease.

Now the names of the twelve apostles are these; The first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James the son of Zeb-e-dee, and John his brother;

Philip and Bartholomew; Thomas, and Matthew the publican: James the son of Al-phae—us, and Leb-dae-us, whose surname was Thaddeus.

Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him.

These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not:

But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give.

Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brasses in your purses,

Nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves: for the workman is worthy of his meat.