

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

CHOICE A SANTA CLAWS by Julia Donaldson

I don't know why they're blaming me
When all I did was climb a tree
And bat a shiny silver ball.
How could I know the tree would fall?
And when those silly lights went out
They didn't have to scream and shout
And turf me out and shut the door.
Now no one loves me any more.
I'm in the kitchen by myself.
But wait! What's on the high-up shelf?
A lovely turkey, big and fat!
How nice! They do still love their cat.

CHOICE B CHIPS by Stanley Cook

Out of the paper bag
Comes the hot breath of the chips
And I shall blow on them
To stop them burning my lips.

Before I leave the counter
The woman shakes
Raindrops of vinegar on them
And salty snowflakes.

Outside the frosty pavements
Are slippery as a slide
But the chips and I
Are warm inside.

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

CHOICE A THE RAINBOW by Christina Rossetti

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier than these.
There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHOICE B THE CHRISTENING by A A Milne

What shall I call
My dear little dormouse?
His eyes are small,
But his tail is e-nor-mouse.

I sometimes call him Terrible John,
'Cos his tail goes on –
And on –
And on.
And I sometimes call him Terrible Jack,
'Cos he says he likes me calling him names ..
But I think I shall call him Jim,
'Cos I am fond of him.

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

CHOICE A MOVING HOUSE by Jo Peters

This is the very last day
That I'll be in Class Three.
Tomorrow we're moving away
To a big house near the sea.

I've packed up everything
For the men to put in the van
But I do wish I could bring
My very best friend Dan.

My new school's really great,
The teacher was kind to me.
The kids all smiled and I can't wait
To see who my friend will be.

"You can have a pet," says Dad,
"and a slide in the garden too."
But I still feel a little bit sad.
Dan, who will be playing with you?

CHOICE B GIVE AND TAKE by Roger McGough

I give you clean air
You give me poisonous gas.
I give you mountains
You give me quarries.

I give you pure snow
You give me acid rain.
I give you spring fountains
You give me toxic canals.

I give you a butterfly
You give me a plastic bottle.
I give you a blackbird
You gave me a stealth bomber.

I give you abundance
You give me waste.
I give you one last chance
You give me excuse after excuse.

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

CHOICE A GREEDY DOG by James Hurley

This dog will eat anything

Apple cores and bacon fat,
Milk you poured out for the cat.
He likes the string that ties the roast
And relishes hot buttered toast.
Hide your chocolates! He's a thief,
He'll even eat your handkerchief.
And if you don't like sudden shocks,
Carefully conceal your socks.
Leave some soup without a lid
And you'll wish you never did.
When you think he must be full,
You find him gobbling bits of wool,
Orange peel or paper bags,
Dusters and old cleaning rags.

This dog will eat anything,
Except for mushrooms and cucumber.

Now what is wrong with those, I wonder.

CHOICE B I OPENED A BOOK by Julia Donaldson

I opened a book and in I strode.
Now nobody can find me.
I've left my chair, my house, my road,
My town and my world behind me.

I'm wearing the cloak, I've slipped on the ring
I've swallowed the magic potion.
I've fought with a dragon, dined with a king
And dived in a bottomless ocean.

I opened a book and made some friends.
I shared their tears and laughter
And followed their road with its bumps and bends
To the happily ever after.

I finished my book and out I came.
The cloak can no longer hide me.
My chair and my house are just the same,
But I have a book inside me.

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

CHOICE A JIMMY JET AND HIS TV SET by Shel Silverstein

I'll tell you the story of Jimmy Jet--
And you know what I tell you is true.
He loved to watch his TV set
Almost as much as you.

He watched all day, he watched all night
Till he grew pale and lean,
From "The Early Show" to "The Late Show"
And all the shows in between.

He watched till his eyes were frozen wide,
And his bottom grew into his chair.
And his chin turned into a tuning dial,
And antennae grew out of his hair.

And his brains turned into TV tubes,
And his face to a TV screen.
And two knobs saying "vert." and "horiz."
Grew where his ears had been.

And he grew a plug that looked like a tail
So we plugged in little Jim.
And now instead of him watching TV
We all sit around and watch him.

CHOICE B THE TREE AND THE POOL by Brian Patten

"I don't want my leaves to drop," said the tree.
"I don't want to freeze," said the pool.
"I don't want to smile," said the sombre man
"Or ever to cry," said the Fool.

"I don't want to open," said the bud,
"I don't want to end," said the night.
"I don't want to rise," said the neap-tide,
"Or ever to fall," said the kite.

They wished and they murmured and whispered,
They said that to change was a crime.
Then a voice from nowhere answered,
"You must do what I say," said Time.

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

CHOICE A KENNETH (WHO WAS TOO FOND OF BUBBLE-GUM AND MET AN UNTIMELY END) by Wendy Cope

The chief defect of Kenneth Plumb
Was chewing too much bubble-gum
He chewed away with all his might,
Morning, evening noon and night.
Even (oh, it makes you weep)
Blowing bubbles in his sleep.
He simply couldn't get enough!
His face was covered with the stuff.
As for his teeth – oh, what a sight!
It was a wonder he could bite.
His loving mother and his dad
Both remonstrated with the lad.
He repaid them for the trouble
By blowing yet another bubble.
Twas no joke. It isn't funny
Spending all your pocket money
On the day's supply of gum –
There seemed no limit to his greed:
At then he often put away
Ninety seven packs a day,
Then at last he went too far
Sitting in his father's car,
Stuffing gum without a pause,
Found that he had jammed his jaws.
He nudged his dad and pointed to
The mouthful that he couldn't chew.
'Well, spit it out if you can't chew it!'
Ken shook his head. He couldn't do it.
Before long he began to groan –
The gum was solid as a stone.
Dad took him to a builder's yard;
They couldn't help. It was too hard.
They called a doctor and he said,
'This silly boy will soon be dead.
His mouth's so full of bubble-gum
No nourishment can reach his tum.'

Remember Ken and please do not
Go buying too much you-know-what.

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

CHOICE B FINISHING OFF by Allan Ahlberg

The teacher said:
Come here, Malcolm!
Look at the state of your book.
Stories and pictures unfinished
Wherever I look.

This model you started at Easter,
These plaster casts of your feet,
That graph of the local traffic –
All of them incomplete.

You've a half-baked pot in the kiln room
And a half-eaten cake in your drawer.
You don't even finish the jokes you tell –
I really can't take any more.

And Malcolm said
... very little.
He blinked and shuffled his feet.
The sentence he finally started
Remained incomplete.

He gazed for a time at the floorboards;
He stared for a while into space;
With an unlined, unwhiskered expression
On his unfinished face.

THE SABEY TROPHY - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 6 to 7

CHOICE A TEA WITH AUNTY MABEL by Jeanne Willis

If you ever go to tea with my Aunty Mabel,
Never put your elbows on the dining-room table,
Always wipe your shoes if you've been in the garden,
Don't ever burp. If you do, say pardon.
Don't put your feet on the new settee,
If she offers you a sugar lump, don't take three.
Don't dunk your biscuits, don't make crumbs,
Don't bite nails and don't suck thumbs.
Don't rock the budgie, don't tease the peke,
Speak when you're spoken to or else don't speak.
Do as you're told and if you're not able,
Don't go to tea with my Aunty Mabel.

CHOICE B KIDS by Spike Milligan

'Sit up straight,'
Said mum to Mabel.
'Keep your elbows
Off the table.
Do not eat peas
Off a fork.
Your mouth is full –
Don't try and talk.
Keep your mouth shut
When you eat.
Keep still or you'll
Fall off your seat.
If you want more,
You will say "please".
Don't fiddle with
That piece of cheese!'
If then we kids
Cause such a fuss,
Why do you go on
Having us?

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

CHOICE A BLAME by Allan Ahlberg

Graham, look at Maureen's leg,
She says you tried to tattoo it!
I did, Miss, yes – with my biro,
But Jonathan told me to do it.

Graham, Look at Peter's sock,
It's got a burn-hole through it!
It was just an experiment, Miss, with the lens.
Jonathan told me to do it.

Alice's bag is stuck to the floor,
Look, Graham, did you glue it?
Yes, but I never thought it would work,
And Jonathan told me to do it.

Jonathan, what's all this I hear
About you and Graham Prewitt?
Well, Miss, it's really more his fault:
He tells me to tell him to do it!

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

CHOICE B I WISH by Maureen Phillips

I wish I could have a fish for a pet
now that I've caught one in my net.
But on, he's wriggly and slippery and wet
I can't have a fish for a pet,
Oh no,
I can't have a fish for a pet.

A crab looks fun with his crusty shell.
He runs so fast on the sand as well.
But his claws look sharp as he moves around
I think he might pinch my feet and my hand.
I can't have a crab for a pet
Oh no,
I can't have a crab for a pet.

Maybe a whale – he's big as a house.
Although he might frighten my little brown mouse.
His tail would hang over the bath you see,
I can't take a whale home for tea
Oh no,
I can't take a whale home for tea.

I'll have to look at the pets that I've got
My little brown mouse is sweet and furry
My kitten is oh so cuddly and purry
My little black dog has a patch on his nose
And snuggles up on my feet and my toes.
I'll just have to forget the things from the sea
And play with the pets that I've got
You see
And play with the pets that I've got.

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

CHOICE A THE NEWCOMER by Brian Patten

'There's something new in the river,'
The fish said as it swam.
'It's got no scales, no fins and no gills,
And ignores the impassable dam.'

'There's something new in the trees.'
I heard a bloated thrush sing.
'It's got no beak, no claws, and no feathers,
And not even the ghost of a wing.'

'There's something new in the warren,'
Said the rabbit to the doe.
'It's got no fur, no eyes and no paws,
Yet digs further than we dare go.'

'There's something new in the whiteness,'
Said the snow-bright polar bear.
'I saw its shadow on a glacier,
But it left no pawmarks there.'

Through the animal kingdom
The news was spreading fast.
No beak, no claws, no feather,
No scales, no fur, no gills,
It lives in the trees and the water,
In the soil and the snow and the hills,
And it kills and it kills and it kills.

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

CHOICE B

TESTING by Bob Sparrow

"Flies taste with their feet"
They said on T.V.

I thought I'd give it a try
And walked barefoot
On the early morning lawn.

I was surprised to find
That I could make distinctions
Even with my eyes shut.

Green blades on young grass
Were juicy like coarse chopped spinach
And thistle points were hot pin-pricks
Of grains of pepper.

Buttercups were a disappointment
So many shiny sweet wrappings,
All colour and no flavour.
And daisies kept their heads down
Not giving much away

But I really enjoyed the moss.
Full of nice chewy but gentle scrunchiness.

Dad said my brain needed testing.
So I stood on my head.
But that didn't work.

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

CHOICE A WARNING by Jenny Joseph

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
And run my stick along the public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick flowers in other people's gardens
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay our rent and not swear in the street
And set a good example for the children.
We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practise a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

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

CHOICE B THE RIVER'S STORY by Brian Patten

I remember when life was good.
I shilly-shallied across meadows,
Tumbled down mountains,
I laughed and gurgled through woods,
Stretched and yawned in a myriad of floods.
Insects, weightless as sunbeams,
Settled upon my skin to drink.
I wore lily-pads like medals.
Fish, laze and battle-scarred,
Gossiped beneath them.
The damselflies were my ballerinas
The pike my ambassadors.
Kingfishers, disguised as rainbows,
Were my secret agents.
It was a sweet time, a gone-time,
A time before factories grew,
Brick by greedy brick,
And left me cowering
In monstrous shadows.
Like drunken giants
They vomited their poisons into me.
Tonight a scattering of vagrant bluebells,
Dwarfed by the same poisons,
Toll my ending.
Children, come and find me if you wish,
I am your inheritance.
Behind the derelict housing -estates
You will discover my remnants.
Clogged with garbage and junk
To an open sewer I've shrunk.
I, who have flowed through history,
Who have seen hamlets become villages,
Villages become towns, towns become cities,
Am reduced to a trickle of filth
Beneath the still, burning stars.

THE TREVOR MATTHEWS' CUP - Verse Speaking for Girls Age 15 to 17
CHOICE A THE SONG THRUSH AND THE MOUNTAIN ASH by Simon Armitage

♪ Through the hospital window
 she said to me
she'd forgotten the name
 of her special tree,
and forgotten the name
 of her favourite bird.
Through the hospital window
 I mouthed the words:

the song thrush and the mountain ash.

Through the hospital window
 she asked again
why I stood outside
 in the wind and rain,
and said she didn't
 understand
why I didn't want
 to touch her hand.

The song thrush and the mountain ash.

She said she liked
 the flowers I sent
but wondered why
 they had no scent,
and why the food
 had lost its taste,
and why the nurse
 had covered her face?

And why the gates of the park were shut?
And why the shops were boarded up?
And why the swings were tied in knots?
And the music...why had the music stopped?

Through the hospital window
 I called her name
and waited a while
 but she never came,
then I saw reflected
 in the glass
the song thrush
 and the mountain ash.

The song thrush and the mountain ash. ♪

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

CHOICE B *HOME* by Warsan Shire

no one leaves home unless
home is the mouth of a shark.
you only run for the border
when you see the whole city
running as well.
your neighbours running faster
than you, the boy you went to school with
who kissed you dizzy behind
the old tin factory is
holding a gun bigger than his body,
you only leave home
when home won't let you stay.
no one would leave home unless home
chased you, fire under feet,
hot blood in your belly.
it's not something you ever thought about
doing, and so when you did -
you carried the anthem under your breath,
waiting until the airport toilet
to tear up the passport and swallow,
each mouthful of paper making it clear that
you would not be going back.
you have to understand,
no one puts their children in a boat
unless the water is safer than the land.
who would choose to spend days
and nights in the stomach of a truck
unless the miles travelled
meant something more than journey

THE PARSLOW TROPHY - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 6 to 7

CHOICE A AN ALIEN EDUCATION by Andrew Collett

Miss Jones has been kidnapped
by an alien creature,
who hadn't realized
That she was our teacher.

But it's not unusual,
it's an easy mistake,
it's the sort of error
anyone could make.

Just ask any alien
in the kidnapping game,
for teachers and aliens –
Well, they all look the same!

CHOICE B DON'T LOOK NOW by Joseph Coelho and Daniel Gray-Barnett

Don't look now
don't move, don't breathe
there's something behind you
unlike anything I've seen
it's looking
Right at you
eyes hollow as night
it's pointing its long fingers.
Its mouth wants to bite.
It's moving its grey lips
so horribly slow
the words it is saying
are whispered and low.
Don't look now
it's incredibly near
don't move a hair's width,
It's whispering in your ear.

THE PARSLOW TROPHY - Verse Speaking for Boys Age 8 to

CHOICE A INSTEAD by Brian Moses

Instead of an X-box
please show me a pathway that stretches to the stars.

Instead of a mobile phone
please teach me the language I need to help me speak with angels.

Instead of a computer
please reveal to me the mathematics of meteors and motion.

Instead of the latest computer game
please come with me on a search for dragons in the wood behind our house.

Instead of an e-reader
please read to me from a book of ancient knowledge.

Instead of a digital camera
please help me remember faces and places, mystery and moonbeams.

Instead of a 3D TV
please take me to an empty world that I can people with my imagination.

Instead of electronic wizardry
please show me how to navigate the wisdom inside of me.

CHOICE B THE LAST REMAINING CHOCOLATE by Jeremy Green

As I walked past our fridge
A voice called out to me,
The last remaining chocolate sits
Just waiting patiently.

Christmas favourites fade away
New Year comes and goes,
The last remaining chocolate sits,
The box lid firmly closed.

Mum says, "You've had a hundred"
And then, "Surely that's enough".
But the last remaining chocolate knows
I'm made of sterner stuff.

So here in my Christmas pyjamas
I creep quietly to the door,
The fridge light breaks the dark dark night,
There's someone here for sure.

Frozen, I face the awful truth
I gasp aloud and sob.
It's my mother in her nightie.
With my chocolate in her gob.

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

CHOICE A THE MICROBE by Hilaire Belloc

The Microbe is so very small
You cannot make him out at all,
But many sanguine people hope
To see him through a microscope.
His jointed tongue that lies beneath
A hundred curious rows of teeth;
His seven tufted tails with lots
Of lovely pink and purple spots,
On each of which a pattern stands,
Composed of forty separate bands;
His eyebrows of a tender green;
All these have never yet been seen-
But Scientists, who ought to know,
Assure us that they must be so ...
Oh! let us never, never doubt
What nobody is sure about!

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

CHOICE B RULES by Brian Patten

Governments rule most countries,
Bankers rule most banks,
Captains rule their football teams
And piranhas rule fish tanks.

There are rules for gnobling gnomes
And rules for frying frogs,
There are rules for biting bullies
And for vexing vicious dogs.

There are rules for driving motor cars
And crashing into chums,
There are rules for taking off your pants
And showing spotty bums.

There are rules for nasty children
Who tie bangers to old cats,
There are rules for running riots
And rules for burning bats.

There are rules in the classroom.
There are rules in the street.
Some rules are wild and woolly
And some are tame and neat.

And some are pretty sensible
And some are pretty daft;
Some I take quite seriously,
At others I have laughed,

But there is one special rule
You should not be without:
If you do not like the rules
OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHOUT!
OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHOUT!

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

CHOICE A GRANNIE by Vernon Scannell

I stayed with her when I was six then went
To live elsewhere when I was eight years old.
For ages I remembered her faint scent
Of lavender, the way she'd never scold
No matter what I'd done, and most of all
The way her smile seemed, somehow, to enfold
My whole world like a warm, protective shawl.

I knew that I was safe when she was near,
She was so tall, so wide, so large, she would
Stand mountainous between me and my fear,
Yet oh, so gentle, and she understood
Every hope and dream I ever had.
She praised me lavishly when I was good,
But never punished me when I was bad.

Years later war broke out and I became
A soldier and was wounded while in France.
Back home in hospital, still very lame,
I realized suddenly that circumstance
Had brought me close to the small town where she
Was living still. And so I seized the chance
To write and ask if she could visit me.

She came. And I still vividly recall
The shock that I received when she appeared
That dark cold day. Huge grannie was so small!
A tiny, frail, old lady. It was weird.
She hobbled through the ward to where I lay
And drew quite close and, hesitating, peered.
And then she smiled: and love lit up the day.

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

CHOICE B GIRL + DATE = SPOT by John Caldwell

She said, "YES!"

And I am so happy

She wants to go to movies with me

BUT

What's that feeling on my chin?

A tightening beneath the skin

To the bathroom mirror, I have to trot

And what do I see?

The start of a spot

So I dab it with lotion

Smother it with cream

And It becomes the biggest blemish

The world has ever seen

It grows a red round rim

And a crusty white peak

And then a head.

Is it going to speak?

And on that head is a baseball cap

And underneath's a mouth

that starts to rap...

Leave off the spot stuff

Cos I am hot stuff

I'm no simple pimple skin irritation.

I'm the eruption with built in inflation

I am the magnificent ballooning, bulbous boil

While I'm around you can forget about the goyle

But don't squash me, don't cosh me, don't wo wo wo wo wash me.

I'll hang around for a week or so
Don't try creams because I just won't go
Don't bop me, don't chop me Don't p-p-p-p-p pop me
You've got me under your skin
And that's where I'm gonna stay
No attack on me will ever win
So come on kid, let's go play.
She said, "NO"!
What a blow Did I mind if she didn't go?
I screamed out loud, "I wish I was dead."
The boil said, "Well, take me instead."
So, I sneaked him in the cinema under my scarf,
We shared a box of pop corn and had a laugh
As far as spots go, he wasn't that bad
And when he told me he was leaving, I almost felt sad.
But next day Hip hooray
Not a trace
On my face
But he did leave a note
And I quote,
"Dear Boy, I've been sent
To torment
And wreck
The neck
Of another poor clown
So see you around
Love
The boil.
PS, I'll be back."

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

CHOICE A MINORITY by Imtiaz Dharker

I was born a foreigner.
I carried on from there
to become a foreigner everywhere
I went, even in the place
planted with my relatives,
six-foot tubers sprouting roots,
their fingers and faces pushing up
new shoots of maize and sugar cane.

All kinds of places and groups
of people who have an admirable
history would, almost certainly,
distance themselves from me.

I don't fit,
like a clumsily translated poem;

like food cooked in milk of coconut
where you expected ghee or cream,
the unexpected aftertaste
of cardamom or neem.

There's always that point where
the language flips
into an unfamiliar taste;
where words tumble over
a cunning tripwire on the tongue;
where the frame slips,
the reception of an image
not quite tuned, ghost-outlined,
that signals, in their midst,
an alien.

And so I scratch, scratch
through the night, at this
growing scab on black and white.
Everyone has the right
to infiltrate a piece of paper.
A page doesn't fight back.
And, who knows, these lines
may scratch their way
into your head –
through all the chatter of community,
family, clattering spoons,
children being fed –
immigrate into your bed,

squat in your home,
and in a corner, eat your bread,

until, one day, you meet
the stranger sidling down your street,
realize you know the face
simplified to bone,
look into its outcast eyes
And recognize it as your own.

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

CHOICE B DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT by Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rage at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on that sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

THE AHIER FAMILY TROPHY - Prose Speaking for Girls Age 9

ALICE IN WONDERLAND by Lewis Carroll

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

"Who are you?" said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, "I – I hardly know, sir, just at present – at least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then."

"What do you mean by that?" said the Caterpillar sternly. "Explain yourself!"

"I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir," said Alice, "Because I'm not myself, you see."

"I don't see," said the Caterpillar.

"I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly. "Alice replied very politely, "for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing."

"It isn't" said the Caterpillar.

"Well perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said Alice; "but when you have to turn into a chrysalis – you will some day, you know – and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?"

"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps your feelings may be different," said Alice; "all I know is, it would feel very queer to me."

"You!" said the Caterpillar contemptuously. "Who are you?"

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

HITLER'S CANARY by Sandi Toksvig

"Stick 'em up, pardner," he kept saying in a fake American accent while he used his fingers as a gun. We were in Anton's flat pretending to shoot each other when I managed to corner him on the small balcony outside the living room.

"Now you can't escape!" I cried, holding both hands out as six shooters.

Anton grinned at me. "Oh yes I can, pardner. What you don't know is that I have my trusty horse below this balcony. I shall leap upon him and ride to freedom."

With those words Anton suddenly jumped from the Balcony. My heart stopped. I felt sure he was going to kill himself – I couldn't think what I would tell his mother but I knew she would be cross. I looked over the edge of the balcony just in time to see Anton land smack bang on the back of Mrs. Jensen's cow. He landed rather well and managed to grab the rope around the poor cow's neck and pretend to ride off. I think he might have got away with it if he hadn't decided to yell "Yee ha!" at the same time. Bess was so startled that she banged backwards in to Mama's roses, got a great thorn in her backside and surged forwards into the holly bush. At this point Anton lost his grip and slid sideways into the ornamental fish pond. He came out soaking wet and we both laughed so much we couldn't speak.

THE MARY ROSE CUP - Choral and Group Speaking 6 to 8 years

CHOICE A THE FIREMEN BY James K Baxter

Clang! Clang! Clang!
Says the red fire bell –
'There's big fire blazing
At the Grand Hotel!"

The firemen shout
As they tumble out of bed
And slide down the pole
To the fire engine shed.

The fire engine starts
With a cough and a roar
And they all climb aboard
As it shoots from the door.

The firemen's helmets,
The ladders and hoses,
Are brassy and bright
As a jug full of roses.

Whee, Whee, Whee! –
You can hear the cry
Of the siren shrieking
As they hurtle by.

At the Grand Hotel
There is smoke and steam.
Flames at the windows
And people who scream.

The biggest fireman
Carries down
A fat old lady
In her dressing gown.

When the fire is finished
The firemen go
Back through the same streets
Driving slow.

Home at the station
The firemen stay
And polish up the nozzles
For the next fire day.

THE MARY ROSE CUP - Choral and Group Speaking 6 to 8 years

CHOICE B BE GLAD YOUR NOSE IS ON YOUR FACE by Jack Prelutsky

Be glad your nose is on your face,
not pasted on some other place,
for if it were where it is not,
you might dislike your nose a lot.

Imagine if your precious nose
were sandwiched in between your toes,
that clearly would not be a treat,
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.

Your nose would be a source of dread
were it attached atop your head,
it soon would drive you to despair,
forever tickled by your hair.

Within your ear, your nose would be
an absolute catastrophe,
for when you were obliged to sneeze,
your brain would rattle from the breeze.

Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,
remains between your eyes and chin,
not pasted on some other place--
be glad your nose is on your face!

THE MARJORIE MAINE CUP - Choral and Group Speaking 9 to 12 years

CHOICE A THE VISITOR by Ian Serraillier

A crumbling churchyard, the sea and the moon;
The waves had gouged out grave and bone;
A man was walking, late and alone...

He saw a skeleton on the ground;
A ring on a bony finger he found.

He ran home to his wife and gave her the ring.
"Oh, where did you get it?" He said not a thing.

"It's the loveliest ring in the world," she said,
As it glowed on her finger. They slipped off to bed.

At midnight they woke. In the dark outside,
"Give me my ring!" a chill voice cried.

"What was that, William? What did it say?"
"Don't worry, my dear. It'll soon go away."

"I'm coming!" A skeleton opened the door.
"Give me my ring!" It was crossing the floor.

"What was that, William? What did it say?"
"Don't worry, my dear. It'll soon go away."

"I'm reaching you now! I'm climbing the bed."
The wife pulled the sheet right over her head.

It was torn from her grasp and tossed in the air:
"I'll drag you out of bed by the hair!"

"What was that, William? What did it say?"
"Throw the ring through the window! THROW IT AWAY!"

She threw it. The skeleton leapt from the sill,
Scooped up the ring and clattered downhill,
Fainter... and fainter... Then all was still.

THE MARJORIE MAINE CUP - Choral and Group Speaking 9 to 12 years

CHOICE B CRAZY MAYONNAISE MUM by Julia Donaldson

When my friends come home with me
They never want to stay for tea
Because of Mum's peculiar meals
Like strawberries with jellied eels.
You should see her lick her lips
And sprinkle sugar on the chips,
Then pass a cup of tea to you
And ask, 'One salt or two?'

Whoops-a-daisy,
That's my crazy
Mayonnaisy mum.

She serves up ice cream with baked beans,
And golden syrup with sardines,
And curried chocolate mousse on toast,
And once she iced the Sunday roast.
When my birthday comes she'll make
A steak and kidney birthday cake.
There'll be jelly too, of course,
With cheese and onion sauce.

Whoops-a-daisy,
That's my crazy
Mayonnaisy mum.

What's she put in my packed lunch?
A bag of rhubarb crisps to crunch.
Lots of sandwiches as well,
But what is in them? Who can tell?
It tastes like marmalade and ham,
Or maybe fish paste mixed with jam.
What's inside my flask today?
Spinach squash – hooray!

Whoops-a-daisy,
That's my crazy
Mayonnaisy mum.

**THE NEW SILVER SALVER 2006 II – Choral and Group Speaking
Age 13 to 17**

CHOICE A EXERCISE BOOK by Jacques Prevert, translated by Paul Dehn

Two and two four
four and four eight
eight and eight sixteen . . .
Once again! Says the master
Two and two four
four and four eight
eight and eight sixteen
But look! The lyre-bird
high on the wing
the child sees it
the child hears it
the child calls it.
Save me
play with me
bird!
So the bird alights
and plays with the child
Two and two four . . .
Once again! Says the master
and the child plays
and the bird plays too . . .
Four and four eight
eight and eight sixteen
and twice sixteen makes what?
Twice sixteen makes nothing
Least of all thirty-two
anyhow
and off they go.
For the child has hidden
the bird in his desk
and all the children
hear its song
and all the children
hear the music
and eight and eight in their turn off they go
and four and four and two and two
in their turn fade away
but one and one makes neither one not two
but one by one off they go.
And the lyre-bird sings
and the child sings
and the master shouts
When you've quite finished playing the fool!
But all the children
are listening to the music
and the walls of the classroom
quietly crumble.

. . . .continued on next page

The windowpanes turn once more to sand
the ink is sea
and desk is trees
and chalk is cliffs
and the quill pen a bird again.

THE NEW SILVER SALVER 2006 II – Choral and Group Speaking Age 13 to 17

CHOICE B MACAVITY, THE MYSTERY CAT by TS Eliot

Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw –
For he's the master criminal who can defy the Law.
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair:
For when they reach the scene of crime – Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,
And when you reach the scene of crime – Macavity's not there!
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air –
But I tell you once and once again, Macavity's not there!

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sunken in.
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly domed;
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.
He sways his head from side to side with movements like a snake;
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square –
But when a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there.

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards).
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,
Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair
Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! Macavity's not there!

And when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's gone astray,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,
There may be a scrap of paper in the hall or on the stair –
But it's useless to investigate – Macavity's not there!
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service say:
It must have been Macavity!' – but he's a mile away.
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumbs;
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:
At whatever time the deed took place – MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone)
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!