

**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 his tail goes on to the end of his back.  
And I sometimes call him Terrible James,  
'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 he 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!

### **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  
On 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, lazy 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 I 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 into 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 ROSE 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 ROSE 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** – Coral Speaking    **Age 13 to 17**  
**CHOICE A** EXERCISE BOOK by Jacques Pervert, 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.  
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 – Coral 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!

