

Set Poems for North London Festival 2020.

4 Yrs: MY BROTHER BY THERESA HEINE

He giggles and squeaks,
And curls and rolls,
And wriggles and cries,
And screws up his eyes,
And squirms and squeals,
And shouts and yells,
And screeches and begs,
And kicks his legs,
Till Mum puts her head
Round the door and says
'stop tickling your brother!'

4 Yrs: FOOTBALL BY JACQUELINE EMERY

Whistle and shout
Bang and shove
Kick and tackle
Run,
Showers of turf
Flying mud
Aim and shoot
Off.
High-scaling ball
Scurrying men
Faster and faster
Leap.
Mad, shrieking crowd,
Tackle and win,
Dribble and shoot
GOAL!

4 Yrs: EAR POPPING BY JEZ ALBOROUGH

To blow your ears clear
Hold your nose,
And with a POP
The blockage goes.
But please remember,
Pay regard,
Never blow too long
Or hard.

I knew a boy
Who didn't stop
When at first
He heard no POP.
He blew until
His face turned red
And POPPED the ears
Clear off, his head.

5/6 Yrs: Magic cat by Peter Dixon

My mum whilst walking through the door spilt some
magic on the floor.
Blobs of this
And splotches of that
But most of it upon the cat.
Our cat turned magic, straight away
And in the garden went to play
Where it grew two massive wings
And flew around in fancy rings.
'oh look!' cried Mother, pointing high, 'I didn't
know our cat could fly.'
Then with a dash of Tibby's tail
She turned my mum into a snail.
So now she lives beneath a stone
And dusts around a different home.
And I'm an ant
And Dad's a mouse
And Tibby's living in our house.

5/6 Yrs: MERYL ROSE BY PETER DIXON

Here's a tale of Meryl Rose
Who liked to push things up her nose.....
Lego biscuits
Beads and bread –
Rattled round inside her head.

A foolish girl – who wasted days
Playing with her silly craze –

Until upon school photo day
She got the hamster out to play,
And with a grin and Meryl pout
She pushed poor Hammy up her snout!

'Look this way,' called photo man
'Smile or giggle if you can....'

Sweet Meryl posed
With smile
And pout –

And half a hamster hanging out!

5/6 Yrs: WHY IS IT by MAX FATCHEN

Why is it,
That,
In our bathroom,
It's not the dirtiest
Or the strongest
Who stay longest?
BUT
It always seems to be
The one who gets there
Just ahead
Of me.

Why is it
That people fret
When they are wet,
With loud cries
And soap in their eyes
And agonized howls,
Because they forget
Their towels?

Why is it that –
When I'M in the bath,
Steaming and dreaming,
My toes just showing
And the hot water flowing,
That other people
Yell and say,
'are you there to stay
Or just on a visit'.

7/8 Yrs: NIL NIL BY LINDSEY MACRAE

I've been sent to my room.
It's really boring.
I've un-made my bed,
Kicked the door in,
And counted the squares
On the child-proof flooring.
I can just hear the match
But not who's scoring
And outside the miserable rain
Is pouring
'You can come out now,' shouts Dad
I ignore him
Cos inside the miserable sulk
Is gnawing
But I'm too cross to read
Or do a drawing
So I creep downstairs
And catch Man U scoring.
My heavy heart
Is suddenly souring.
Like the fans in the stands
We hold hands
And start roaring
We leap in the air
Call a truce to our warring.
So there we are roaring
Hearts soaring
About scoring ...
When the ref decides
It's offside.

7/8 Yrs: THE PLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE BY VALERIE BLOOM

I can't make honey any more,
I've given up tasting nectar,
Yesterday I lost my job
As chief pollen collector.

I've done with flying from flower to flower,
Given up smelling the rose,
The perfume from the hyacinth
Now just gets up my nose.

I've just been expelled from the hive,
And I'm going now to pack,
The queen said that they don't need me,
There's something that I lack.

It's not my sting, my stripe, my wing,
Which makes me an underachiever,
The thing that's really hampering me,
Is that I've got hay fever.

7/8 Yrs: PICNIC BY JUDITH NICHOLLS

George, lend a hand
And spread that cloth,
The sand is everywhere!
Just look at that,
You'd never think
It took hours to prepare!

WAKE UP, GRAMPO!
Your food's all out,
Get it while you can!
Have a lemonade before
It warms in the sun.

WHAT IS IT, MUM?

There's.....

Ham with sand
And Spam with sand,
There's chicken paste
And lamb with sand;
Oranges, bananas,
Lemonade or tea;
Bread with sand
All spread with sand –
At least the sand comes free!
We've crisps with sand
It's grand with lunch or tea –
Crunch it up,
Enjoy it, love,
At least we're by the sea!

9/10 Yrs: GRANDAD'S SNORING IS GETTING BORING BY LINDSAY MACRAE

Grandad is snoring
I can hear my
Granny screaming
SHUT UP WILL YOU!
And he will
Shut up
Turn over

And start again
Grandad is snoring
It fills the dark house
Like the lonely
Mating call
Of a lovesick
Llama
Grandad is snoring
My brother
Wraps his head
In a pillow
Like a beefburger
In a bun
Grandad is snoring
My mother
Stomps into
The bathroom
Snaps on
The light
And brushes her teeth
Again.
Grandad is snoring
It is enough

To wake
The dead
But not enough
To wake
Grandad
And in
The morning
Exhausted and
Yawning
Feeling more
Like a lilo
With a puncture
Than a
Human being
I say:
Grandad
D'you know
That last night
You were snoring
And he says
Perkily
Nonsense
I NEVER
S N O R E
You must
Have been
Dreaming.

9/10 Yrs: THE CAR TRIP BY MICHAEL ROSEN

(THIS IS AN EXCERPT PLEASE USE THIS VERSION ONLY)

Mum says:

'right, you two,

This is a very long car journey.

I want you two to be good.

I'm driving and I can't drive properly

If you two are going mad in the back.

Do you understand?

So we say,

'OK Mum, OK. Don't worry,'

And off we go.

And we start The Moaning:

Can I have a drink?

I want some crisps,

Can I open my window?

He's got my book.

Get off me.

Ow, that's my ear!

And we go on with The Moaning:

Can I have a sweet?

He's sitting on me

Are we nearly there?

Don't scratch.

You never tell him off.

Now he's biting his nails,

I want a drink I want a drink.

And Mum says:

'Right I'm stopping the car

I AM STOPPING THE CAR.'

She stops the car.

'Now, if you two don't stop it I'm going to put you out the car
And leave you by the side of the road.'

He started it.

I didn't. He started it.

'I don't care who started it

I can't drive properly

If you two go mad in the back.

Do you understand?'

And we say:

OK, Mum, OK, don't worry.

Can I have a drink?

9/10 Yrs: TWIN TROUBLE BY ANNE HARVEY

Una and Ursula,
Identical Twins,
Cant tell them apart,
They're alike as two pins.
They'll tell you that Una
Parts her hair on the right.
And then you'll discover
It's changed overnight.
'This one's me', says Ursula,
'My ribbon's red;'
But next day she'll trick you
With a green one instead
They tease all the teachers
By changing their places,
And even their parents
Look hard at both faces.
'I'm me....ME! says Ursula.
'You're not! You are YOU.
And I'm ME!' declares Una,
'I'm Me through and through!'
Then they say 'We're two U's
With UNUSUAL names,
And we love to confuse YOU
With our tricks, jokes and games!

'We are US!' they agree,
'As alike as two pins,
Una and Ursula ,
Identical Twins.

11/12 Yrs: Kisses by Ian Souter

(please feel free to change gender of 'favourite boy')

Last week

My face was smothered in kisses

Yes – KISSES!

First there was the dribbly-wibbly kiss

When Mum slurped all over me

Like an eight mouthed octopus ('There's my favourite Boy!')

Then there was the lipstick-redstick kiss

When my aunty's rosy lips

Painted themselves on my cheeks (isn't he so handsome!')

Next came the flutter-eye, butterfly kiss

When my girlfriend smoochy-cooched

And fluttered her eyelashes at the same time.

(OOOOOOOOH!)

After that there was the soggy-doggy kiss

When our pet Labrador Sally

Tried to lick my face off. (Slop! Slop! Woof!')

Following that there was 'watch out here I come' miss-kiss

When my little sister aimed for me

But missed and kissed the cat instead.

('UUUUUUUUUUURGH!')

Then there was the spectacular-Dracular kiss

When my cousin Isabel leapt from behind the shower

Curtain

And attacked my neck. (AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH SUCK!')

Of course, there was the 'sssssssssh don't tell anyone'

Self-kiss

When I looked in the bathroom mirror

And kissed myself. (Once was enough!

But the unbeatable, second to none, zing-dinger of a kiss

Came from Gran.

It was a lipsucking, cheek plucking, Donald Ducking,

SMAKEROONY OF A KISS. (She'd forgotten to put

Her teeth in!)

11/12 Yrs: THE NOSE By Iain Crichton Smith
(after Gogal)

The nose went away by itself
In the early morning
While its owner was asleep.
It walked along the road
Sniffing at everything.

It thought 'I have a personality of my own
Why should I be attached to a body?'
I haven't been allowed to flower.
So much of me has been wasted.'

And it felt wholly free.
It almost began to dance
The world was so full of scents
It had had no time to notice,

When it was attached to a face
Weeping, being blown,
Catching all sorts of germs
And changing colour.

But now it was quite at ease
Bowling merrily along
Like a hoop or a wheel,
A factory packed with scent.

And all would have been well
But that, round about evening,
Having no eyes for guides,
It staggered into the path of a mouth,
And it was gobbled

Rapidly like a sausage
And chewed by great sour teeth –
And that was how it died.

11/12 Yrs: DRAMA LESSON BY GARETH OWEN

(please note this is an excerpt and only use as below)

'Let's see some super shapes you Blue Group.'
Mr Lavender shouts down the hall.
'And forests don't forget your trembly leaves
And stand up straight and tall.'

But Phillip Chubb is in our group
And he wants to be Robin Hood
And Ann Boot is sulking because she's not with
Her friend
And I don't see why I should be wood.

The lights are switched on in the classrooms
Outside the sky's nearly black,
And the dining-hall smells of gravy and fat
And Chubb has boils down his back!

Sir tells him straight that he's got to be tree
But he won't wave his arms around.
'How can I wave my branches, Sir,
Friar Tuck has chopped them all down.'

Then I come cantering through Sherwood
To set Maid Marion free
And I really believe I'm Robin Hood
And the Sheriff's my enemy.

At my back my trusty longbow
My broadsword clanks at my side,
My outlaws gallop behind me
As into adventure we ride.

'Untie that maid you villain,' I shout
With all the strength I have,
But the tree has got bored and is picking his nose
And Maid Marion has gone to the lav.

After rehearsals, Sir calls us together
And each group performs their play,
But just as it comes to our turn
The bell goes for the end of the day.