

6 years and under girls	6 years and under boys
<p>If <i>Margaret Speter</i> If I had a dog, or a cat, or a frog, I could play 'hide-and-seek' behind that log.</p> <p>If I had a bird, or a chicken, or mouse, I'd make him a very 'special' house.</p> <p>I'd love him, I'd feed him, I'd sing him a song. We would be happy all day long!</p> <p>Could we <i>get</i> one, mum?</p>	<p>I Don't Think It Likes Me <i>Don M. Saunders</i> You see this band-aid on my finger? And this bruise, here on my hand? And look, my knee's still bleeding – I can hardly stand!</p> <p>I want to know the reason, 'cause I can't really see why my brother's skateboard works for him but NOT FOR ME!</p>

7 years girls	7 years boys
<p>The Sea <i>Dulcie Meddows</i> The sea isn't my friend today. I'm not going to play with the sea. It roars like a big cranky dragon! Look! It splashed me! Purposely.</p> <p>It took my spade and bucket! Just snatched it from my hand! Then it roughly pushed me over and covered me with sand!</p> <p>I'm going home to play with Spot, he's gentle as can be. The sea will mind its manners if it wants to play with me!</p>	<p>The Tadpole Mystery <i>Annette Kosseris</i> Tom and Tessie Tadpole lived in a pool, just down the road from our little school. We'd visit them and talk to them and play splashy games. WE were the children who gave them both their names!</p> <p>Then we went on holidays – and they disappeared! Yes, gone! ... Lost! ... It was really weird! You'll never guess what happened They were sitting on some LOGS! We giggled and we GIGGLED! They'd both turned into... FROGS!</p>

8 years girls	8 years boys
<p>Dreams <i>Dulcie Meddows</i> When we're asleep we dream of things like orange frogs and sheep with wings, and pink gorillas up in trees and elephants on water-skies.</p> <p>I find a zebra in my shoe, A lion hiding in the loo, And splashing madly in the bath... A purple polka dot giraffe!</p> <p>A blue baboon goes prancing by, While dancing with a butterfly, A green and yellow octopus, And candy-striped rhinoceros!</p> <p>We're really glad, make no mistake, They're not around when we're awake!</p>	<p>Smart Flies <i>Jill McDougall</i> I don't think most flies Are too clever or wise. They get suck in your ears And they crawl in your eyes. They dirty the windows, They dirty the wall, And they don't seem to have Any manners at all.</p> <p>But I do think our flies Are the smartest flies around They can crawl up a wall Without sliding back down And if you decide To go walking outside, They'll sit on you back And enjoy a free ride.</p>

9 years girls	9 years boys
<p>I'd :Like To Be A Teabag <i>Peter Dixon</i></p> <p>I'd like to be a teabag, And stay at home all day– And talk to other teabags In a teabag sort of way...</p> <p>I'd love to be a teabag, And lie in a little box– And never have to wash my face Or change my dirty socks...</p> <p>I'd like to be a teabag, An Earl Grey one perhaps, And doze all day and lie around With Earl Grey kind of chaps.</p> <p>I wouldn't have to do a thing, No homework, jobs or chores– Comfy in my caddy Of teabags and their snores.</p> <p>I wouldn't have to do exams, I needn't tidy rooms, Or sweep the floor or feed the cat Or wash up all the spoons.</p> <p>I wouldn't have to do a thing, A life of bliss–you see... Except that once in all my life</p> <p>I'd make a cup of tea!</p>	<p>"Grandma's On The Internet" <i>Dulcie Meddows</i></p> <p>Mum! Grandma's on the internet. She won't give us a go. They say she's net addicted, Mum, It's possible you know.</p> <p>I was only reading yesterday How older women are affected– They get online in the chatroom And it's like they're disconnected!</p> <p>First it's for an hour, and next They can't drag themselves away. Mum! Gran's been on the internet Over fifteen hours today!</p> <p>Aren't you worried about her mental health And that she hasn't had a bath? She's skipping meals. She doesn't sleep. Muumum! We're serious, don't laugh.</p> <p>We're sorry now, we showed her how To surf the internet. Oh well.... We'll ride her skateboards. That'll serve her right, I'll bet!</p>

10 years girls	10 years boys
<p>Littlemouse <i>Richard Edwards</i> Light of day going, Harvest moon glowing, People beginning to snore, Tawny owl calling, Dead of night falling, Littlemouse opening her door.</p> <p>Scrabbling and tripping, Sliding and slipping, Over the ruts of the plough, Under the field gate, Mustn't arrive late, Littlemouse hurrying now.</p> <p>Into a clearing, All the birds cheering, Woodpecker blowing a horn, Nightingale fluting, Blackbird toot-tooting, Littlemouse dancing till dawn.</p> <p>Soon comes the morning, No time for yawning, Home again Littlemouse creeps, Over the furrow, Back to her burrow, Into bed. Littlemouse sleeps.</p>	<p>Aussie Diggers <i>Annette Kosseris</i> Shorty, Blue, and Curly Are three <i>amazing</i> men. They own a Second Hand Shop In Bourke Street Number 10.</p> <p>They're proud old 'Aussie Diggers', Cheerful all the day. If you become a customer, Then you'll hear them say ...</p> <p><i>"She'll be right mate!"</i> <i>"Piece of cake!"</i> <i>"No.....worries!"</i> <i>"She's jake!"</i> <i>"Beaudy, bonza!"</i> <i>It's OK."</i> <i>"Yeah. Gotcha!"</i> <i>"G'day!"</i></p> <p>When Bill was young, his hair was red. So they called him 'Blue'. He laughed – and accepted it. That was the thing to do.</p> <p>Tommy's hair was straight as sticks, So they called him 'Curly'. He laughs about it every day. 'Cause he went <i>bald</i> quite early!</p> <p>Alf is very tall and slim, So they called him 'Shorty'. He's popular with children, Because he's very sporty.</p> <p>Their shop is full of mystery, More like a Museum. If you want a special treat, Just call in and see 'em.</p> <p>These proud old Aussie Diggers, Cheerful all the day. If you become a customer, Then you'll hear them say ...</p> <p><i>"She'll be right mate!"</i> <i>"Piece of cake!"</i> <i>"No.....worries!"</i> <i>"She's jake!"</i> <i>"Beaudy, bonza!"</i> <i>It's OK."</i> <i>"Yeah. Gotcha!"</i> <i>"G'day!"</i></p>

11 years girls	11 years boys
<p>Mr Smith <i>D.H. Souter</i> Mr Smith of Tallabung Has very wicked ways, He wanders off into the bush And stays away for days.</p> <p>He never says he's going; We only know he's gone— There are lots of cats like Mr Smith, Who like to walk alone.</p> <p>He plays that he's a tiger, And makes the dingoes run. He scratches emus on the legs, And plays at football with their eggs, But does it all in fun.</p> <p>And then, one day, he's home again, The skin all off his nose; His ears all torn and tattered, His face all bruised and battered, And prickles in his toes.</p> <p>He wanders round and finds a place To sleep in the sun, And dream of all the wicked things That he has been and done.</p> <p>Mr Smith of Tallabung May be a bad cat; But everybody likes him— So that's just that.</p>	<p>Marbles In My Pocket <i>Lydia Pender</i> Marbles in my pocket! Winter-time's begun! Marbles in my pocket, That rattle when I run!</p> <p>Heavy in my pocket On the way to school; Smooth against my fingers, Round and hard and cool;</p> <p>Marbles in my pocket, Blue and green and red, And some are yellow-golden, And some are brown instead.</p> <p>Marbles in the playground, Big and little ring— Oh, I like playing marbles, But that's a different thing.</p> <p>Marbles in my pocket, Smooth within my hand, That's the part that's nicest; Do you understand?</p> <p>Marbles in my pocket, To rattle when I run! For winter days are here again, And marble-time's begun!</p>

12 years girls	12 years boys
<p>Laurie and Dorrie <i>Kit Wright</i> The first thing that you'll notice if You met my uncle Laurie Is how, whatever else he does, He can't stop saying sorry.</p> <p>He spring from bed at 5 a.m. As birds begin to waken, Cries, 'No offence intended lads— Likewise, I hope, none taken!'</p> <p>This drives his wife, my Auntie Dorrie, Mad. It's not surprising She grabs him by the throat and screeches. 'Stop apologizing!'</p> <p>My Uncle, who's a little deaf, Says, 'Sorry? Sorry, Dorrie?' 'For goodness' sake,' Aunty Dorrie screams, 'Stop saying sorry, Laurie!'</p> <p>'Sorry, dear? Stop saying what?' 'SORRY!' Laurie's shaken. 'No need to be, my dear,' he says, For no offence is taken.</p> <p>Likewise I'm sure that there was none <i>Intended</i> on your part. 'Dear Lord,' Aunt Dorrie breathes, 'what can I do, where do I start?'</p> <p>Then, 'Oh, I see,' says Uncle L., 'You mean "stop saying sorry"?' I'm sorry to have caused offence— Oops! Er...<i>sorry</i> Dorrie!"</p>	<p>Lameroo Blow-Fly <i>Kate O'Neil</i> We reach Lameroo at noon. It's 45 degrees and dead still in the hunkered town – slightly cooler in the public rest rooms, white-tiled and antiseptically clean.</p> <p>I'm about to turn on a tap when I hear it – a solitary blow-fly – faint at first, but revving to a grand crescendo, seizing the day.</p> <p>Like any bathroom singer, it's loving the acoustics. Pitched to a frenzy it's everywhere at once, ricocheting from walls to ceiling, plummeting, spinning, zooming.</p> <p>It stops for intermission while the tap is running, snubbing the competition.</p> <p>I'm about to leave when it launches into Act II.</p> <p>It's a dentist's drill, an apprentice buzz-saw, a fighter-plane in deadly combat with the plane in the mirror, a casualty.</p>

13 &14 years	15 &16 years
<p>The Lizard <i>Lydia Pender</i></p> <p>There on the sun-hot stone Why do you wait, alone And still, so still? Neck arched, head high, tense and alert, but still, Still as the stone?</p> <p>Still is your delicate head, Like the head of an arrow; Still is your delicate throat, Rounded and narrow; Still is your delicate back, Patterned in silver and black, And bright with the burnished sheen that the gum-tips share. Even you delicate feet Are still, still as the heat, With a stillness alive, and awake, and intensely aware.</p> <p>Why do I catch my breath, Held by your spell? Listening, waiting – for what? Will you not tell? More alive in your quiet than ever the locust can be, Shrilling his clamorous song from the shimmering tree; More alive in your motionless grace, as the slow minutes die, Than the scurrying ants that go hurrying busily by. I know, if my shadow but fall by your feet on the stone, In the wink of an eye, Let me try – Ah! He's gone!</p>	<p>The Ghost Teacher <i>Allan Ahlberg</i></p> <p>The school is closed, the children gone, But the ghost of a teacher lingers on. As the daylight fades, as the daytime ends, As the night draws in and the dark descends, She stands in the class room, as clear as glass. And calls the names of her absent class.</p> <p>The school is shut, the children grown, But the ghost of the teacher, all alone, Puts the date on the board and moves about (As the night draws in and the stars come out) Between desks – a glow in the gloom – And calls for quite in the silent room.</p> <p>The school is a ruin, the children fled, But the ghost of the teacher, long time dead, As the moon comes up and the first owls glide, Puts on her coat and steps outside. In the moonlit playground, shadow free, She stands on duty with a cup of tea.</p> <p>The school is forgotten – the children forget – But the ghost of a teacher lingers yet. As the night creeps up to the edge of day, She tidies the Plasticine away; Counts the scissors – a shimmer of glass – And says, "Off you go!" to her absent class.</p> <p>She utters the words that no one hears, Picks up her bag... and disappears.</p>

OPEN (17 years and over)	CHORAL SPEECH Small Schools (1&2 Teacher schools)
<p>Bird in the Classroom <i>Colin Thiele</i></p> <p>The students drowsed and drowned in the Teacher's ponderous monotone— limp bodies loping in the wordy heat, melted and run together, desk and flesh as one, swooning and swimming in a sea of drone.</p> <p>Each one asleep, swayed and vaguely drifted with lidded eyes and lolling, weighted heads, were caught on heavy waves and dimly lifted, sunk slowly, ears ringing in the syrup of his sound,</p> <p>or borne from the room on a heaving wilderness of beds. And then, on a sudden, a bird's cool voice punched out song. Crisp and spare on the startled air,</p> <p>beak-beamed or idly tossed, each note gleamed like a bead of frost.</p> <p>A bird's cool voice from a neighbour's tree with five clear calls – mere grains of sound rare and neat repeated twice but they sprang from the heat like drops of ice.</p> <p>Ears cocked, before the comment ran fading and chuckling where a wattle stirred, the students wondered how they could have heard such dreary monotone from man, such wisdom from a bird.</p>	<p>It's Coming <i>Max Fatchen</i></p> <p>A flood in distant Queensland Began to soak and seep And woke the little rivers From weary, dusty sleep.</p> <p>It widened and it hurried And gave the rain its thanks. It stirred the lazy waterholes And broke their muddy banks.</p> <p>It hurried past the stations With never time to stop With empty salt-pans pleading, 'Please, could you spare a drop?'</p> <p>'I haven't time to linger,' It said, 'No time to spare. I must fill all these rivers And then I'll fill Lake Eyre.</p> <p>'For rivers can rise slowly, As rivers often do, The Cooper, Diamantina. And that's to name just two.'</p> <p>So, onward went the floodtide To cover rocks and sand And send its hopeful message Across the aching land.</p> <p>Now desert flowers are blooming And birds are everywhere. The bush is celebrating ... There's water in Lake Eyre.</p>

CHORAL SPEECH Early Stage 1 (Kinder/Year 1 Composite class)	CHORAL SPEECH Students with Additional Needs
<p>Teeny Tiny Ghost <i>Lilian Moore</i></p> <p>A teeny tiny ghost no bigger than a mouse, at most, lived in a great big house.</p> <p>It's hard to haunt a great big house when you're a teeny tiny ghost no bigger than a mouse, at most.</p> <p>He did what he could do.</p> <p>So every dark and stormy night— the kind that shakes a house with fright— if you stood still and listened right, you'd hear a teeny tiny BOO!</p>	<p>The Magic Word <i>Martin Gardner</i></p> <p>"More Jam" said Rosie to her Mum "I want more Jam" said she. But no one heard The Magic Word. Mum took a sip of tea.</p> <p>"The jam! The jam! The jam!" she cried Her voice rang loud and clear. "I want to spread It on my bread". But no one seemed to hear.</p> <p>"Please pass the jam," Rose said at last. Now <i>that's</i> the thing to say. When mother heard The Magic Word She passed it right away.</p>

CHORAL SPEECH Stage 1 (Yrs 1&2)	CHORAL SPEECH Stage 2 (Years 3&4)
<p>Eye Spy <i>Margaret Speter</i></p> <p>There was a cat in the corner, A <i>Mouse</i> on the stair, And a little <i>bird</i> perched In the tree over there. A <i>frog</i> by the pond Sang with great glee ... Oh look! There are <i>wonderful</i> Things we can see!</p> <p>There's a pink <i>water-lily</i> floating along, A tall <i>tiger-lily</i>, slender and strong. Two beautiful <i>butterflies</i>, way up high! And old <i>Mr. Sun</i> smiling down from the sky. A busy <i>bee</i> buzzing his song to the flowers! (He's been <i>nectar</i> gathering for hours and hours!) A <i>spider's web</i> gleaming and glistening with dew, A tiny black <i>tadpole</i>, shiny and new!</p> <p>They're some of the things we can see every day, If we wake up <i>early</i>, and go out to play!</p>	<p>The Platypus <i>Sharon Anderson</i></p> <p>In the buzzing afternoon We headed for the creek -- Heard there was a Platypus! Gramps said we'd 'take a peek'!</p> <p>Lay flat upon our bellies On damp rocks in the cool -- To wait -- and watch -- and listen Beside the inky pool.</p> <p>When finally we saw him, He didn't make a sound! He paused beside the water And slowly looked around.</p> <p>He paddled in the shallows, Then played beneath the fall. He ate a meal of yabbies -- WE GOT TO WATCH IT ALL!</p> <p>A rustle in the bracken Dow where the sun had shone -- A plip! A plop! A ripple! The platypus was gone!</p>

CHORAL SPEECH
Stage 3 (Yrs 5&6)

Castle Adventure

Katherine Blowen

Sssh! Whooo! Ssh!

The wind is whistling softly enticing us away
To the lonely castle perched high above the bay.
Shall we venture forward? What is there to see?

Wheeeeeeeeeee!

The wind persistently calls us very mysteriously.
Whee! Come and see! Whee!

Let's climb to the rocky cliff top, the castle is ahead
The track is rough and slippery Be careful where you tread!
Whoo! Tread, tread, tread! Whoo!
We're nearly there, do hurry, open the door wide Creeeeek!
Although it's dim and scary, come along inside.

Shadows flicker flicker flicker wildly
As we tip-toe to and fro, Look! There's a spiral staircase
So up the stairs we go. Winding, ever winding
What is at the top? Ooooooooooooo! Ooooooooooooo!
Listen! Did you hear it? Just a moment - - - Stop!
Ooooooooo! Ahahahah! Ooooooooo!

Ghostly sounds and laughter re-echo all around,
The dark and gloomy castle is filled with eerie sound.
OOOOOOO! AHAHAH! OOOOOOOO!
Rainbow lights are flashing from the turret high,
Balls of vivid colour streak across the sky.

Down the spiral staircase, Clippity – clippity – clap!
I'll race you to the front door! Tippity – tippity – tap!
Whooooooooo!
The wind is whistling shrilly! Calling us away,
Down the rocks we'll scramble, then home without delay!
Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!