

CLASS 453 - 12 to 14 years

The Road Not Taken

By Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

The World of Trees

By Jackie Kay

Sycamore. Mountain Ash. Beech. Birch. Oak.

In the middle of the forest the trees stood.

*And the beech knew the birch was there,
and the mountain ash breathed the same air
as the sycamore, and everywhere*

*the wind blew, the trees understood each other:
how the river made the old oak lean to the east,
how the felled beech changed the currents of the wind,
how the two common ash formed a canapé*

*and grew in a complementary way.
Between them they shared a full head of hair.
Some amber curls of the one could easily
belong to the other: twin trees so similar.*

Sycamore. Mountain Ash. Beech. Birch. Oak.

*Some trees crouched in the forest, waiting
for another tree to die so they could
shoot up suddenly into that new place;
stretch out comfortably for the blue sky.*

*Some trees grew mysterious mushroom fungi,
shoelace, honey, intricate as a grandmother's lace.
The wind fluttered the leaves; the leaves flapped their wings;
birds flew from the trees. Sometimes they'd sing.*

*The tall trees, compassionate, understood everything:
grief - they stood stock still, branches drooped in despair;
fear - they exposed their many roots, tugged their gold hair;
anger - they shook in the storm, pointed their bony fingers.*

Sycamore. Mountain Ash. Beech. Birch. Oak.

*The trees knew each other's secrets
in the deep green heart of the forest.
Each tree loved another tree best.
Each tree, happy to rest, leaned a little to the east,
or to the west, when the moon loomed high above:
the big white eye of the woods.
And they stood together as one in the dark,
with the stars sparkling from their branches,
completely at ease, breathing in the cold night air,
swishing a little in the breeze,
dreaming of glossy spring leaves,
in the fine, distinguished company of trees.
Sycamore. Mountain Ash. Beech. Birch. Oak.*

CLASS 454 - 11 years

My Brother Bert

By Ted Hughes

Pets are the Hobby of my brother Bert.
He used to go to school with a Mouse in his shirt.

His hobby it grew, as some hobbies will,
And grew and GREW and GREW until -

Oh don't breathe a word, pretend you haven't heard.
A simply appalling thing has occurred -

The very thought makes me iller and iller:
Bert's brought home a gigantic Gorilla!

If you think that's really not such a scare,
What if it quarrels with his grizzly bear?

You still think you could keep your head?
What if the Lion from under the bed

And the four Ostriches that deposit
Their football eggs in his bedroom closet

And the Aardvark out of his bottom drawer
All danced out and joined in the Roar?

What if the pangolins were to caper
Out of their nests behind the wallpaper?

With the fifty sorts of Bats
That hang on his hatstand like old hats,

And out of a shoebox the excitable Platypus
Along with the Ocelot or Jungle-Cattypus?

The Wombat, the Dingo, the Gecko, the Grampus -
How they would shake the house with their Rumpus!

Not to forget the Bandicoot
Who would certainly peer from his battered old boot.

Why it could be a dreadful day,
And what Oh what would the neighbours say!

Crocodile

By Jan Dean

Leathery and scaly with gold eye slits,
This old green monster grins and sits In the steamy swamp,
In the hot muddy pits -
One step nearer and I'll tear you into bits.

Got teeth. Got teeth. Got a man-trap smile
Get away. Get away. Run a long-leg mile.

The dinosaurs they came and went
They couldn't stand the pace,
But I was here before them
And I'm still around the place.
Better run - and make it snappy
Before Snappy makes it you
This is one wild crocodile who really likes to chew

Got teeth. Got teeth. Got a man-trap smile
Get away. Get away. Run a long-leg smile.

I got teeth. I got teeth. Make a shark look shy
Get away. Get away. Be a bird - just fly.
Got teeth in my heart
Got teeth in my soul
Drag you down in the water
For a dead-man roll.

Got teeth. Got teeth. Got a man-trap smile
Older than the dinosaurs - m...e... a... n
CROCODILE!

CLASS 455 - 10 years

Shopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening By Robert Frost

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

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

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

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

The Snowman
By Roger McGough

Mother, while you were at the shops
and I was snoozing in my chair
I heard a tap at the window
saw a snowman standing there

He looked so cold and miserable
I almost could have cried
so I put the kettle on
and invited him inside

I made him a cup of cocoa
to warm the cockles of his nose
then he snuggled in front of the fire
for a cozy little doze

He lay there warm and smiling
softly counting sheep
I eavesdropped for a little while
then I too fell asleep

Seems he woke and tiptoed out
exactly when I'm not sure
it's a wonder you didn't see him
as you came in through the door

(oh, and by the way,
the kitten's made a puddle on the floor)

CLASS 456 - 9 years

The Yo-yo Man By Anne Logan

There's a man I know
Who roams the land
With a bright red yo-yo
In his hand!

He twirls it here,
He twirls it there,
He twirls that yo-yo
Everywhere!

He spins it up,
He spins it down,
He spins it all
Around the town!

He whirls his yo-yo
Low and high,
Until it nearly
Hits the sky!

He whips it
Round and round his head,
He even whizzes it
In bed!

And when he slides
Beneath the sheet,
He even yo-yos
In his sleep!

Lost Magic

By Brian Moses

Today I found some lost magic -
a twisty-twirly horn
of a unicorn lying at my feet.
And when I stopped
to pick it up, to hold it
in my fist, I remembered
how once upon a time
you could always find unicorns,
but there are no unicorns now.

You would find them on the shoreline,
flitting in and out of caves in cliffs,
or climbing hills at twilight.
They would lead you through forests,
sometimes hiding behind trees,
and if you lost them or they lost you,
you could always find them again,
but there are no unicorns now.

And it didn't matter
if you followed them all day,
the edge of the world was miles away,
there was nothing to fear.
And none of the unicorns we knew ever
changed into dangerous strangers.

Once upon a time there *were* unicorns
but there are no unicorns now.

CLASS 457 - 8 years

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.

The Land of the Bumbley Boo

By Spike Milligan

In the Land of the Bumbley Boo
The people are red white and blue,
They never blow noses,
Or ever wear closes,
What a sensible thing to do!

In the Land of the Bumbley Boo
You can buy Lemon pie at the Zoo;
They give away Foxes
In Little Pink Boxes
And Bottles of Dandylion Stew.

In the Land of the Bumbley Boo
You never see a Gmu,
But thousands of cats
Wearing trousers and hats
Made of Pumpkins and Pelican Glue!

Chorus

Oh, the Bumbley Boo! the Bumbley Boo!
That's the place for me and you!
So hurry! Let's run!
The train leaves at one!
For the Land of the Bumbley Boo!
The wonderful Bumbley Boo-Boo-Boo
The Wonderful Bumbley BOO!!!

CLASS 458 - 7 years

The Morning Rush by John Foster

Into the bathroom,
Turn on the tap.
Wash away the sleepiness -
Splish! Splosh! Splash!

Into the bedroom,
Pull on your vest.
Quickly! Quickly!
Get yourself dressed.

Down to the kitchen.
No time to lose.
Gobble up your breakfast.
Put on your shoes.

Back to the bathroom.
Squeeze out the paste.
Brush, brush, brush your teeth.
No time to waste.

Look in the mirror.
Comb your hair.
Hurry, scurry, hurry, scurry
Down the stairs.

Pick your school bag
Up off the floor.
Grab your coat
And out through the door.

The Cow
By Robert Louis Stevenson

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.