

RYDE EISTEDDFOD 2023 SPEECH SET WORKS

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TEETH.....Annette Kossieris

They can chew,
They can bite.
Some people take them
Out at night!

Teeth can smile,
Teeth can chatter
When you're cold,
But it doesn't matter!

Teeth can hiss,
Teeth can grind
When you're asleep,
And this you'll find.

Though they feel
As hard as *bricks*,
Some fall *out*
When you turn six!

BUT
more grow, you know.
SO,
Look after them!

EAT YOUR GREENS!.....David Campbell

"Now eat your greens," my mother says,

"and you'll grow big and strong."

But I've got doubts

'cause brussels sprouts

are green...and they're just wrong!

Those awful things aren't proper food,

like chips and pies and cake.

They really suck,

they taste like yuk...

they're nature's big mistake!

I try to hide them on my plate,

or slip them in the bin,

but Mum, she sees,

and says *"Oh please!"*

I never seem to win.

I eat my cabbage and my peas,

my broccoli and beans.

Now that's enough.

I think it's rough

I have to eat *more* greens!

It's time to stop this torture test,

and I know what to do...

collect them all

into a ball

and paint the lot bright blue!

THE WEATHERMAN.....Dulcie Meadows

When I grow up, I'm going to be
The *weather* man on your TV.
At the end of the news, out I'll come
To a trumpet blast and a roll of drum.
I'm told my *speaking* voice is such
I will not have to *practise* much.
I'll have a map and a pointy stick
And I'll say the weather really quick.
Like this:

*Tomorrow's corefast
Gadies and Lentlemen,
Is for fosts and frogs
And sormy teas.
With shattered scowers
And a bresterly weeze.*

Oh shucks!
My tang's all toungeled up tonight!
When I grow up I'll get it right!

IT'S WINDY.....Joyce Trickett

It's Windy!

See how the trees are twisting and turning

In wild arabesque, like dancers learning.

Look how the chimney smoke goes swirling,

Writhing, reeling, coiling, curling!

Birds are blown like leaves in the air

Backwards, forwards, here and there;

Leaves are tumbled across the grass

Scattering petals as they pass;

Dust is lifting and papers shifting,

Clouds above are like feathers drifting.

Only this sturdy house is still,

With wind in the gables, high and shrill.

It's windy!

Section 528F - VERSE SPEAKING TEST PIECE 11 YRS

SPIDER.....Col Wilson ('Blue the Shearer')

Mr Tarantula Spider,
I'm watching you crawl up the wall.
Are you living high-rise?
Are you just after flies?
I'm terrified that you'll fall.
And Mr Tarantula Spider,
If you fall off the ceiling at night,
And land on the bed,
On the top of my head,
I know that I'll die, from sheer fright.

Mrs Tarantula Spider,
Says you look quite debonair.
But you're ugly as sin,
With your fly-eating grin,
And your body all covered with hair,
They say that you're perfectly harmless,
And that you do nothing but good.
But Tarantula, please,
I'd be far more at ease,
If you'd stay in the shed, where you should.

Mr Tarantula Spider,
I know spiders often get slain,
By ignorant men.
And they'll do it again,
So spider, please let me explain.
Now Mr Tarantula Spider.
I don't want to kill you stone dead,
But you're far more appealing,
Up there on the ceiling,
Than when you're down here, on my head.

FALL IN THE MALLGeoffrey McSkimming

Once a genteel alligator
bought a coffee percolator,
tripped up on the escalator,
fell onto a fat ice-skater –
both went tumbling – crashed at greater
speed onto a dinner waiter,
woman with a calculator,
startled pest exterminator,
sprawling prestidigitator,
vacuum cleaner demonstrator,
schoolboy with his doting mater,
sailor south of the Equator,
runaway perambulator,
out-of-work impersonator
shrieking wedding cake creator,
archaeological excavator!

Down
down
down
that inclinor
crashed the hordes and much, much later
how they curse the instigator –
that clumsy, scaled peregrinator,
huge, ungainly aggravator,
big reptilian irritator,
juggernauting devastator:
the genteel, shopping alligator.

(And his shattered percolator.)

PLATYPUS AND KOOKABURRA.....Rex Ingamells

Platypus and Kookaburra
sat on a stump of gum,
watching streaks of sunset glide
and hearing insects hum.
The streaks were blue and red and green;
the insects had a yellow sheen.

Said Platypus, 'If I but knew
the way to fly, I'd be
a Platyburrakookapus
and live up in a tree.'
Said Kookaburra, 'I'll be blowed;
the river-bank has overflowed.

'My feet,' he said, 'are getting wet;
the water's touching us.
Oh, how I wish that I could be
a Kookaplatyburrapus
so I could safely splash and scud
through pools of deep and gorgeous mud.'

Upon that instant Bunyip came
and said, 'Your will be done:
you'll both be what you want to be
by rising of the sun.'
At that the streaks of blue and red
were gone and stars were there instead.

(NOTE: POEM CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE!!!)

The morning came, as mornings do;
but what a morning that!
A Platyburrakookapus,
with beak as flat as flat,
crouched on a gum-branch high aloft:
and when he tried to laugh he coughed.

And, flopping in the mud and water
of the riverside,
a Kookaplatyburrapus
tried and tried and tried,
but tried in vain, to show that he
was clever --- for he couldn't be.

That night the Bunyip came and climbed
the highest gumtree limb,
and Platyburrakookapus
was soon inside of him;
and then he ate without a fuss
poor Kookaplatyburrapus.

Section 510B - SENIOR ROTARY SCHOLARSHIP 15 yrs & over

UNDERSTAND, OLD ONE.....Oodgeroo Noonuccal

Understand, old one,
I mean no desecration
Staring here with the learned ones
At your opened grave.
Now after hundreds of years gone
The men of science coming with spade and knowledge
Peer and probe, handle the yellow bones,
To them specimens, to me
More. Deeply moved am I.

Understand, old one,
I mean no lack of reverence.
It is with love
I think of you so long ago laid here
With tears and wailing.
Strongly I feel your presence very near
Haunting the old spot, watching
As we disturb your bones. Poor ghost,
I know, I know you will understand.

What if you came back now
To our new world, the city roaring
There on the old peaceful camping place
Of your red fires along the quiet water,
How you would wonder
At towering stone gunyas high in air
Immense, incredible;
Planes in the sky over, swarms of cars
Like things frantic in flight.
What if you came at night upon these miles
Of clustered neon lights of all colours
Like Christian newly come to his Heaven or Hell
And your own people gone?
Old one of the long ago,
So many generations lie between us
But cannot estrange. Your duty to your race
Was with the simple past, mine
Lies in the present and the coming days.

BARBERSHOP.....Martin Gardner

When you visit the barber

And sit in his chair,

Don't squirm

Like a worm

While he's cutting your hair.

Don't shiver

And quiver

And bounce up and down.

Don't shuffle

And snuffle

And act like a clown.

Each wiggle

Will jiggle

The blades of the shears.

Clip-clip,

Clip-clip.

Those scissors can slip

And snip

Off a tip

Of one of your tender pink ears!

Section 529B ... Restricted Verse Speaking Test Piece 9-10 Yrs

PRETTY PATTY POTTER.....Dulcie Meadows

Pretty Patty Potter in her purple pinafore,
Put a penny in her pocket
Where her pennies numbered four.
Patty pocketed the pennies
In her purple pinafore,
To buy a pretty present
For the dinosaur next door.

The dinosaur was purple with a pretty purple hat,
And every day at half past four
It waved the hat at Pat.
Pretty Patty spent the pennies
In her purple pinafore,
On a pretty purple feather
For the purple dinosaur.

She wanted to say welcome, say hello and shake a paw –
It was better than the nasty boy
Who lived next door before.
She gave it to her neighbour –
She was really very brave,
And she meant it for the purple hat
The dinosaur would wave.

Pretty...Patty...Potter – Alas! She is no more...
She was *eaten* with the feather,
By the purple dinosaur...
The reason?...

Well... Really...
I'm not sure!

Section 529C ... Restricted Verse Speaking Test Piece 11-12 yrs

I'LL HAVE CHIPS!.....Jim Haynes

A sinister invasion has been going on for years,
A cultural takeover that's driving me to tears.
Australia's disappearin' beneath those neon signs,
And TV shows from overseas, let's draw the battle lines.

Do you wonder where you're livin' when you turn on your TV?
Do you wonder if they spell 'rap' music with a silent 'C'?
Do you wonder why Australia's less Australian every day?
Well, when they ask, "Would you like fries?" Do you know what to say?

I'll have chips!...I'll have chips!
C'mon Aussies everywhere, retrain your minds and lips!
It's still Australia, mate – not an American state!
When they ask if you want 'fries', say, "No, mate, I'll have chips!"

Australia's multicultural, as anyone can see,
But we didn't import this culture, they sent it COD
So if you'd rather be somebody's 'mate' than anybody's 'dude',
Stand up for the right to name your own flamin' food.

Throw that baseball cap away, c'mon, take a punt.
Wear an Aussie one, be daring, put your pointy bit out front.
Don't support a foreign team, support an Aussie one!
Show the world you know which way your head fits on.

I'll have chips, of course, with good old tomato sauce!
Foreign stuff called 'ketchup' will never pass my lips!
It's still Australia, mate – not an American state!
When they ask if you want 'fries', say "No, mate, I'll have chips!"

SPRING CONVERSATIONS.....Bobbi Katz

“Whisk!”

whirls the jump rope,
twirling
around.

“THUD!”

say the sneakers,
bouncing off the ground.

“Thumpity, thump, thump!”

echoes the concrete
as the basketball
Travels
down
the court
across the street.

“SMACK!”

Says the ball to the catcher's mitt.

“WHACK!”

Says the bat when it makes a hit.

The sound of the toss
Of a handful of jacks
Is a cascading ripple
of *clickety clacks*.

Section 501B - VERSE SPEAKING CHOIRS – PRIMARY

FRIENDS.....Rasinski, Harrison & Fawcett

You're my friend.

You make me laugh.

If I have chocolate,

I'll give you half.

If I have spinach,

I'll give you all!

I'll blow on your hurt

If you should fall.

If you feel crummy,

I'll feel crummy too.

If you feel goofy,

I'm goofy with you.

If you cry,

I'll dry your tears.

If you're scared,

I'll share your fears.

I love it when

You spend the night.

I love it that we

Never fight (almost).

There's nothing I

Won't do for you.

We'll be friends

Our whole lives through.

OLD HORSES.....Max Fatchen

Old horses,
Leaning on fences.

Old horses,
Rubbing on trees.

Old horses,
Lazy rumps pointing
Towards the cold gusts
Of a southerly breeze.

Old horses,
Never a gallop.
Old horses,
Heavy hoofs slow.
Old horses,
Down by the creek-bed,
Down on the flats
Where the sweet grasses grow.

Old horses,
Sweeping tails twitching.

Old horses,
Tossing their manes.

Old horses,
Gone are the hauling,
The shouts of the driver,
The tug on the reins.

Old horses,
Sleepy heads hanging.
Old horses
Of yesterday's teams.
Old horses,
Soft nostrils breathing
The wheezy contentment
Of hay-scented dreams.

SECTION 522 - PREPARED READINGS:

522A - 8/U

Charlotte's Web – E.B.WHITE

OR

Deltora Quest: Forests of Silence – EMILY RODDA

522B -10/U

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe – C.S.LEWIS

OR

A Little Princess – F.H.BURNETT

522C - 12/U

Coraline – NEIL GAIMAN

OR

Artemis Fowl – EOIN COLFER

522D - 14/U

Wuthering Heights – EMILY BRONTE

OR

Great Expectations – CHARLES DICKENS

522E - 15/O

Atonement – IAN McEWAN

OR

All Quiet on the Western Front – ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

SECTION 516 - PREPARED SPEECH TOPICS:

516A – 13 & UNDER

- *“Schools should not give homework”*
- *“My dream job when I grow up”*
- *“Happiness is...”*

516B – 14 & OVER

- *“Gender inequality is real”*
- *“Young people need role-models”*
- *“Diets are useless”*