

TOWNSVILLE EISTEDDFOD 2022

CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON PREP & Under

Tiddles, the Cat by Dulcie Meddows

Tiddles the cat, sat on a mat.
That's where she sat –
 on a mat!

Tiddles the cat, became angry,
As angry as she could be –
 AT ME!

She gave a growl
and let out a howl!
Her tail went SWOOSH!
Her paw went SLASH!
 As around the room
 she chose to dash.

I don't know what
came over her.
Her eyes were like fire
and her fur
 stood up like a broom.

I can't think what made her wail.

I only stood on her tail!

OR

Pancakes by Marco Gliori

She runs to the Kitchen and **begs begs begs**
For milk and flour and **eggs eggs eggs,**

She stirs and whirs **in a big fat bowl**
Then into the pan where **bless my soul,**

They sizzle and bubble and **smell so sweet –**
We just can't wait to **eat eat eat!**

With a pat and a flap and a **scoop to the tray**
We lick our chops and **cry, "Hooray!"**

Add a drip of honey and **a splatter of cream**
And a great golly gosh, **it's a pancake dream!**

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 1

In The Dark by Annette Kosseris

I'm not afraid of the dark!
I'm not a little kid!
I'm big and brave and all grown up,
I told them so. I did!

There's nothing to be scared about,
The dark is just What's that!
Is anybody there! Please
Oh, it's just the cat!

I wasn't really frightened,
You see, I just pretended.
Night time doesn't last so long,
In the morning it is ended.

I'll pull the blankets up and Oh!
A light ... flashed ... on the porch!
I'd go an see just what it is
If only I had a torch.

I'm Not afraid Of the.... Dark,
I'm not a child of two.
I ... know ... I'm ... af-f-ffraid,MUM!!!! Can I
come in with you?

OR

STORM by Elizabeth Swados

Boom! Thunder!

Boom! Thunder!

First the lighting,

Crack!

It's frightening.

Then the **BOOM,**

Thunder,

Outside my room

BOOM, the thunder

And the rain pours,

Like nails on the roof

And **POOF!**

Out goes the lights.

What a night

BOOM, Thunder!

Night of fright,

Night of wonder,

BOOM, Thunder!

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 2

There's an Elf in our Garbage Bin

by Kylie-Maree Weston-Scheuber

I'll tell you a secret,
If you keep it to yourself.
At the bottom of our garbage bin
There lives a nasty elf.

He's small and green and ugly,
With awful, googly eyes.
He's small but he is very strong
For a creature of his size.

Whenever my Dad asks me
To take the rubbish out,
"There's an elf at the bottom of the bin.
He'll eat me up!" I shout.

But Dad says, "Take the rubbish out,
Or you won't get dessert."
I say, "The elf will bite me!"
But Dad says, "It won't hurt."

I take the rubbish out – you see,
The elf's not *really* there.
And to miss a chocolate pudding
Would be more than I could bear!

OR

BEETLE IN MY BED by Margaret McIsaac

Mum, there's a beetle
crawling in my bed.
Mum, I know there's a beetle
right beside my head.

Come and help me find it,
come and throw it out,
I really don't like it,
It makes me want to aaagh!

It's legs are hard and prickly,
it hisses like a train.
It's wriggling near my ear,
it could get inside my brain!

I know I'm nearly grown up,
I should know how to cope,
but it's dark in here and spooky,
and you will come, I hope.

She doesn't seem to hear me,
but I know what to do.
Mum, don't bother getting up,
I'll come in with you.

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 3

I Am Falling off a Mountain by Jack Prelutsky

I am falling off a mountain,
I am plummeting through space,
you may see this does not please me
by the frown upon my face.

As the ground keeps getting nearer,
it's a simple task to tell
that I've got a slight dilemma,
that my day's not going well.

My velocity's increasing,
I am dropping like a stone,
I could do with some assistance,
is there someone I can phone?

Though I'm unafraid of falling,
I am prompted to relate
that the landing has me worried,
and I don't have long to wait.

I am running out of options,
there's just one thing left to try –
in the next eleven seconds,
I have to learn to fly!

OR

I Dreamed a Dream by Gareth Lancaster

I dreamed a dream in bed last night,
Of places most bizarre.
Of ponds of liquid lemon pie,
And ducks that played guitar.

Of perfect picture puzzle paths,
And grass of jellybeans.
Of crumpet homes and candy gnomes,
Such things I'd never seen.

Of glinting, misty marble stars,
And clouds of thick éclair,
Of crayon boats and biscuit goats,
A weird and strange affair.

I flew past trees of centipedes,
And over fondant hills.
Past eight-leg cats and purple rats,
A world so full of thrills.

I dived beneath a soapy lake,
Through plastic kelp and Bream.
And swam with rainbow octopus,
Past shores of clotted cream.

And sown below the treacle waves,
I spied a feathered bee.
But with a start I woke to find,
My pillows eating me!

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 4

Pet Shopping by Kenn Nesbitt

When shopping at the pet store
I got my fondest wish.
I bought myself a fishbowl
and then a pair of fish.

And since I was already
out shopping at the store
I thought I ought to purchase
another smidgeon more.

And so I got a rabbit,
a hamster and a frog,
a gerbil and a turtle,
a parrot and a dog.

I purchased an iguana,
a tortoise and a rat,
and eight-foot anaconda,
a monkey and a cat.

A guinea pig, a gecko,
a ferret and a mouse,
and had them all delivered
directly to the house.

My sister went berzerko!
She's now installing locks,
because I said her bedroom
would be their litter box!

OR

SICK by Shel Silverstein

'I cannot go to school today,'
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
'I have the measles and the mumps.
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I'm going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I've counted sixteen chicken pox
And there's one more – that's seventeen,
And don't you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut, my eyes are blue –
It might be instamatic flu.

I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I'm sure that my left leg is broke,
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button's caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb,
I have a sliver in my thumb,
My neck is stiff, my spine is weak,

O hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is – what?
What's that? What's that you say?
You say today is Saturday?
G'bye, I'm going out to play!

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 5

The Lion and the Echo by Brian Patten

The King of the Beasts, deep in the wood,
Roared as loudly as it could.
Right away the echo came back
And the lion thought itself under attack.

'What voice is it that roars like mine?'
The echo replied, 'Mine, mine.'

'Who might you be?' asked the furious lion,
'I'm the king of this jungle, this jungle is mine.'
And the echo came back a second time,
'This jungle is mine, is mine, is mine.'

The lion swore revenge if only it could
Discover the intruder in the wood.
It roared 'Coward! Come out and show
yourself!'
But the fearless echo replied simply '....elf.'

'Come out,' roared the lion, 'Enough deceit,
Do you fear your own defeat?
But all the echo did was repeat
'Defeat..... defeat....'

Frightened by every conceivable sound,
The exhausted lion sank to the ground.
A bird in a tree looked down and it said,
'Dear lion, I'm afraid that what you hear
is simply the voice of your lion-sized fear.'

OR

Upwardly Mobile by Dulcie Meddows

All over town they're talking,
Talking while seated,
Talking while walking,
Talking alone into a phone,
Talking in cars, talking in bars,
Zapping their brains on buses and trains,
Talking into their hands,
Micro-waving their glands,
Up ladders, down drains,
Even hanging from cranes!
All over the country they're talking,
The upwardly mobile, obsessively servile,
Answering calls in doorways and halls,
Standing on corners, bubbling in saunas,
Can't-wait conversations with friends and
relations.
It's driving me mad, they'll answer a bag.
Or belt or purse, a pocket, or worse!
Their ringing disturbs in theatres, on kerbs,
In restaurants and meetings with Hi! Hello!
Greeting.
Loud voices competing, repeating,
mistreating
Hushed spaces of more elegant graces.....
There's people transmuted, elbows bent in
saluting,
It's eerie, it's scary, you have to be wary,
This increased cultivation of very public
oration.
Could be Excuse me, please
I think my mobile's ringing!

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 6

SCIENCE HOMEWORK by Kenn Nesbitt

I hope that you believe me,
for I wouldn't tell a lie.
I cannot turn my science homework in
and this is why:

I messed up the assignment
that you gave us yesterday.
It burbled from its test tube
And went slithering away.

It wriggled off the table,
and it landed with a splat,
convulsed across my bedroom floor
and terrorised the cat.

It shambled down the staircase
with a horrid glorping noise.
It wobbled to the family room
and gobbled all my toys.

It tumbled to the kitchen
and digested every plate.
That slimy blob enlarged
with every item that it ate.

It writhed across the living room,
digesting lamps and chairs,
then snuck up on the napping dog
and caught him unawares.

I came to school upset today.
My head's in such a fog.
But this is my excuse:
You see, my homework ate my dog.

OR

The Listeners by Walter de la Mare

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the
grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head
And he smote upon the door again a second
time,
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the
dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.

And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:-
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word,' he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the
still house
From the one man left awake;
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.