

# RYDE EISTEDDFOD 2024 SPEECH SET WORKS

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## Section 528 A - VERSE SPEAKING TEST PIECE 6 & Under

### The Reason I Like Chocolate.....Nikki Giovanni

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The reason I like chocolate  
is I can lick my fingers  
and nobody tells me I'm not polite

I especially like scary movies  
'cause I can snuggle with Mommy  
or my big sister and they don't laugh

I like to cry sometimes 'cause  
everybody says "what's the matter  
don't cry"

and I like books  
for all those reasons  
but mostly 'cause they just make me  
happy

and I really like to be happy!

## Section 528B -VERSE SPEAKING TEST PIECE 7YRS

### Mum, There's a Monster ..... Grace Knight

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'There's a monster in my cupboard,  
Honest, Mum, look.'  
But Mum, she just ignored me,  
She sat and read her book.

'He's breaking down the cupboard door,  
There's splinters everywhere.  
His nose is wide and snotty,  
His ears are sprouting hair.

'There's a monster in the hallway,  
Mum, you *must* believe me.'  
But Mum said, 'Yes my darling,'  
Then switched on the telly.

Great! He's eaten the coat rack,  
And with it, my school jacket.  
'Mum, this monster's angry,  
And I think it's time to leg it!

'Mum, there's a monster,  
He's right behind your chair!'  
Too late for Mum to move...  
Because he ate her then and there.

**Section 528C - VERSE SPEAKING TEST PIECE 8 YRS**

Miss Strawberry's Cat and the Bouncing Rat .....  
.....Eric Rolls

---

Once there was a bouncing rat,  
Long and lean and very fat,  
Lean and fat and fat and lean  
Or somewhere halfway in between,  
Who chased Miss Strawberry's barking cat  
Round and round and round and that  
So annoyed the barking cat  
It humped and scrumped and clawed and spat  
Which so annoyed the bouncing rat  
It bared its teeth and muttered, 'Scat,'  
Which so annoyed the awful cat  
It caught and ate the savage rat  
Which so annoyed the bouncing rat  
It gnawed upon the barking cat.  
Then they both began to fight  
All day long then all the night  
With kick and scratch and claw and bite  
Until their legs were so confused  
And bodies torn and so contused,  
One could not see which or what.

## Section 528D - VERSE SPEAKING TEST PIECE 9 YRS

# A Kookaburra Laughs.....Joyce Trickett

---

A Kookaburra laughs  
In our big pine tree  
Every time *horrid* things  
Happen to me.  
When my bike tipped over  
And I hurt my knee,  
That kookaburra *laughed*  
In our big pine tree.

*(I didn't laugh –  
I'd hurt my knee.)*

When Daddy scratched the car  
On the new stone fence,  
And Mummy roused and said  
He should have more sense!  
When Uncle's hat blew off  
And landed in a puddle,  
And Auntie's knitting wool  
Got in an awful muddle –  
That kookaburra laughed  
In our big pine tree.

*(And I laughed too,  
But they didn't see me...)*

**Section 528E - VERSE SPEAKING TEST PIECE 10 YRS**

**The Storm ..... David Campbell**

---

The wind whips the world  
into a frenzy,  
hurls the ragged rain  
against the glass,  
blasts the tumbling birds  
from the sky.  
The house heaves,  
shudders ...  
twisted timber creaks,  
cracks, splinters.  
Spitting shards of light  
split the sky.  
A hundred head of cattle  
rattle the iron roof,  
thundering hooves  
drumming, thrumming,  
hammer the senses.  
A staccato stampede  
of shattering sound  
surrounds, pounds,  
bellowing and booming  
in the gathering gloom.

Mother Nature has gone mad ...  
for a moment.

Suddenly ... silence.  
Stillness.  
The house sighs,  
shrugs its shoulders,  
settles softly ...  
and sleeps.

## Section 528F - VERSE SPEAKING TEST PIECE 11 YRS

# Giants ..... Lydia Pender

---

How would you like it –  
Supposing that you were a snail,  
And your eyes grew out on threads,  
Gentle, and small, and frail –  
If an enormous creature,  
Reaching almost up to the distant skies,  
Leaned down, and with his great finger touched  
your eyes  
Just for the fun  
Of seeing you snatch them suddenly in  
And cower, quivering back  
Into your pitiful shell, so brittle and thin?  
Would you think it was fun then?  
Would you think it was fun?

And how would you like it,  
Supposing you were a frog,  
An emerald scrap with a pale, trembling throat  
In a cool and shadowed bog,  
If a tremendous monster,  
Tall, tall, so that his head seemed lost in a mist,  
Leaned over, and clutched you up in his great fist  
Just for the joy  
Of watching you jump, scramble, tumble, fall,  
In graceless, shivering dread,  
Back into the trampled reeds that were grown so tall?  
Would you think it a joy then?  
Would you think it a joy?

## Section 528G - VERSE SPEAKING TEST PIECE 12 YRS

# Music .....Amy Lowell

---

The neighbour sits in his window and plays the flute.  
From my bed I can hear him,  
And the round notes flutter and tap about the room,  
And hit against each other,  
Blurring to unexpected chords.  
It is very beautiful,  
With the little flute-notes all about me,  
In the darkness.

In the daytime,  
The neighbour eats bread and onions with one hand  
And copies music with the other.  
He is fat and has a bald head,  
So I do not look at him,  
But run quickly past his window.  
There is always the sky to look at,  
Or the water in the well!

But when night comes and he plays his flute,  
I think of him as a young man,  
With gold seals hanging from his watch,  
And a blue coat with silver buttons.  
As I lie in my bed  
The flute-notes push against my ears and lips,  
And I go to sleep, dreaming.



**Section 510A - JUNIOR ROTARY SCHOLARSHIP 14 & Under**

**The Scrub Wren.....C.J.Dennis**

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Even among the tits and wrens  
And birds of scanty inches,  
Small fowl of shaded forest glens,  
The lesser warblers and their hens  
And little chats and finches  
I hold an unassuming place,  
In lowly regions winging,  
So, few remark my nimble grace  
And fewer praise my singing.

Where sunshafts pierce the denser scrub,  
And dappled shadows blacken  
Green sward, I flit from scrub to scrub  
To seek the appetising grub,  
And dance amid the bracken;  
Singing my little song the while  
For those who care to listen,  
While high above the soft skies smile  
And gum leaves glint and glisten.

No full-voiced chorister am I  
Bedecked in gaudy vesture  
On no wide venturings I fly  
'Mid tree-tops towering to the sky.  
Less lordly in my gesture,  
I lodge and labor with the meek  
In secret ways and scented,  
And nimbly play at hide-and-seeK  
By ferny dale and friendly creek,  
Unfamed, but well contented.

**Section 510B - SENIOR ROTARY SCHOLARSHIP 15 yrs & over**

**To My Sister ..... William Wordsworth**

---

It is the first mild day of March:  
Each minute sweeter than before  
The redbreast sings from the tall larch  
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,  
Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,  
And grass in the green field.

My sister! ('tis a wish of mine)  
Now that our morning meal is done,  
Make haste, your morning task resign;  
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you;--and, pray,  
Put on with speed your woodland dress;  
And bring no book: for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate  
Our living calendar:  
We from to-day, my Friend, will date  
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,  
From heart to heart is stealing,  
From earth to man, from man to earth:  
--It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more  
Than years of toiling reason:  
Our minds shall drink at every pore  
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,  
Which they shall long obey:  
We for the year to come may take  
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above,  
We'll frame the measure of our souls:  
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland dress;  
And bring no book: for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

**Section 529A ... Restricted Verse Speaking Test Piece 8/u**

# In the Dark.....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 and see just what it is  
If I only had a torch.

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

## Crazy English ..... David Campbell

---

Hello to you all, I just had to call  
and try to explain what's hurting my brain.  
In fact, I might add it's driving me mad...  
this language we've got is some fiendish plot!

So tell me, please do ... yes, I'm asking you  
why singers can sing but fingers can't fing,  
why spammers can spam but hammers can't ham,  
and why, ev'rywhere, are boxing rings square?

I'm out of my mind, too often I find  
the use of a word is simply absurd!  
For tooth is called teeth but booth is not beeth,  
and mouse is mice, but spouse is not spice!

Now shipments by car go both near and far,  
but cargo by ships will also make trips!  
My nose, it can run, which isn't much fun,  
but strangely, as well, my feet ... they can smell!

This English, to me, is out of its tree...  
it's all upside down and making me frown.  
What slim chance I've got of sorting this lot  
is also quite fat ... now make sense of that!

## The Whango Tree ..... Anonymous

---

The woggly bird sat on the whango tree,  
Nooping the rinkum corn,  
And graper and graper, alas! grew he,  
And cursed the day he was born.  
His crute was clum and his voice was rum,  
As curiously thus sang he,  
“Oh, would I’d been rammed and eternally clammed  
Ere I perched on this whango tree.”

Now the whango tree had a bubbly thorn,  
As sharp as a nootie’s bill,  
And it stuck in the woggly bird’s umptum lorn  
And weepadge, the smart did thrill.  
He fumbled and cursed, but that wasn’t the worst,  
For he couldn’t at all get free,  
And he cried, “I am gammed, and injustibly nammed  
On the luggardly whango tree.”

And there he sits still, with no worm in his bill,  
Nor no guggledom in his nest;  
He is hungry and bare, and gobliddered with care,  
And his grabbles give him no rest;  
He is weary and sore and his tugmut is soar,  
And nothing to nob has he,  
As he chirps, “I am blammed and corruptibly jammed,  
In this cuggerdom whango tree.”

**Section 501A - VERSE SPEAKING CHOIRS - JUNIOR (Infants)**

**Set piece >>>> second Own Choice**

**Section 501B - VERSE SPEAKING CHOIRS – PRIMARY**

**Set piece >>>> second Own Choice**

**Section 501C/D - VERSE SPEAKING CHOIRS – SECONDARY/MIXED**

**Set piece >>>> second Own Choice**

## SECTION 522 - PREPARED READINGS

(PLEASE BRING A COPY FOR THE ADJUDICATOR)

### 522A - 8/U

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Peter Pan – J.M.Barrie

OR

Matilda – Roald Dahl

### 522B -10/U

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Anne of Green Gables – L.M.Montgomery

OR

Harry Potter and The Philosopher’s Stone – J.K.Rowling

### 522C - 12/U

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Lord of the Flies – William Golding

OR

Neverwhere – Neil Gaiman

### 522D - 14/U

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The Joy Luck Club – Amy Tan

OR

Jasper Jones – Craig Silvey

### 522E - 15/0

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Wild Swans – Jung Chang

OR

Brave New World – Aldous Huxley

## SECTION 516 - PREPARED SPEECH TOPICS:

### 516A – 13 & UNDER

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- *“Everyone should learn a musical instrument or a foreign language”*
- *“The best hobby in the world is ...”*
- *“Facebook is for old people”*

### 516B – 14 & OVER

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- *“Smartphones should be banned at school”*
- *“If I could live in any country in the world”*
- *“Religion should not be taught at school”*