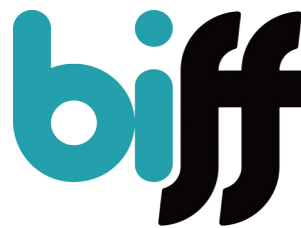


Blackburn Festival of Speech, Music and Dance

Speech Set Texts 2024



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Set Verse

Class 102. 6 years and under

Three Bears – Julia Donaldson OR Cabbage– Jeanne Willis

Three Bears

Julia Donaldson

Three bears went out a-walking.
They left their table set.
They came back home, and Baby Bear
Began to cry and fret.
'Someone's had my porridge!
It was Goldilocks, I bet.'
His mum said, 'Don't be silly, dear-
I haven't cooked it yet.'

Cabbage

Jeanne Willis

Sometimes Granny gives me things
I do not like to eat,
Cabbage leaves with soggy strings
And slimy luncheon meat.
I push them round and round the plate
And when she isn't looking
I stuff into my wellingtons
The worst of Granny's cooking!

103. 7 years and under

I Did Not Eat the Goldfish – Roger Stevens OR Fly in my Soup – Debra Bertulis

I Did Not Eat the Goldfish

Roger Stevens

I did not eat the goldfish
It really was not me
At the time of the crime
I was sitting in a tree.

I did not eat the goldfish
That's no word of a lie,
I loved his silvery fins
And his mischievous eye.

I did not eat the goldfish.
I did not touch one golden scale
And I've no idea why pond weed
Is hanging from my tail.

Fly in my Soup

Debra Bertulis

Waiter! Waiter!
There's a fly in my soup,
one that I did not request.
By the looks of it
It is deceased,
and not just taking a rest.

Bury it, waiter,
give it respect.
The fly's not to blame,
he fell in, I suspect.

Though this sort of thing
is incredibly rare,
please tell your chef
to cook with more care!

104. 8 years and under

Santa Claws – Julia Donaldson OR Sleepover Gran – Debra Bertulis

Santa Claws

Julia Donaldson

I don't know why they're blaming me
When all I did was a climb a tree
And bat a shiny silver ball.
How could I know the tree would fall?
And when those silly lights went out
They didn't have to scream and shout
And turf me out and shut the door,
Now no one loves me anymore.
I'm in the kitchen by myself.
But wait! What's on that high up shelf?
A lovely turkey, big and fat!
How nice! They *do* still love their cat.

Sleepover Gran

Debra Bertulis

Gran rings me up,
I hear her say,
"How about a sleepover?
Can I come today?"
Then in she walks
with her overnight case,
toothpaste and toothbrush,
excited face.
"What are we watching?"
She looks at the telly.
"Something spooky and scary
that will turn us to jelly!"

Then she tips out a bag
of the stickiest sweets,
green, pink and blue ones
Mum never lets me eat.
Sleepover Gran,
best sleepover friend
I never want sleepovers
with Gran to end.

105. 9 years and under

How NOT to Impersonate your Mum on the Telephone - Debra Bertulis OR I'm Disgusted with my Brother - Jack Prelutsky

How NOT to Impersonate your Mum on the Telephone

Debra Bertulis

Swimming.

The worst day of the week

Mum refused to write a note

So.....

Picked up the telephone....

Dialled the number....

Deep breath and....

"Hello!

This is my Mum speaking!"

I practiced in the mirror

The facial expression

That high-pitched screeching whine

"My Benjamin is so ill today!"

"My Benjamin has such a fever!"

Oops!

I looked like Mum

I sounded like Mum

I was Mum!

So.....

I'm Disgusted with my Brother

Jack Prelutsky

I'm disgusted with my brother,
with a human being before,
I am positively sore,
I have never been so angry
he's everything detestable
that's spelled with A through Z,
he deserves to be the target
of a ten-pound bumblebee.

I'd like to wave a magic wand
and make him disappear,
or watch a wild rhinoceros
attack him from the rear,
perhaps I'll cook a pot of soup
and dump my brother in,
he forgot today's my birthday—
oh, how could he...he's my twin!

106. 10 years and under

Favouritism - Trevor Hardy OR I Opened a Book – Julia Donaldson

Favouritism

Trevor Hardy

When we caught measles
It wasn't fair –
My brother collected
Twice his share.

He counted my spots:
'One hundred and twenty!'
Which sounded to me
As if I had plenty

Then I counted his –
And what do you think?
He'd two hundred and thirty-eight,
Small, round and pink!

I felt I'd been cheated
So 'Count mine again!'
I told him, and scowled
So he dared not complain.

'One hundred and twenty' –
The same as before.
In our house, he's YOUNGEST
And he ALWAYS gets *more!*

I Opened a Book

Julia Donaldson

I opened a book and in I strode.
Now nobody can find me.
I've left my chair, my house, my road,
My town and my world behind me.

I'm wearing the cloak, I've slipped on
the ring,
I've swallowed the magic potion.
I've fought with a dragon, dined with a
king
And dived in a bottomless ocean.

I opened a book and made some
friends.
I shared their tears and laughter
And followed their road with its bumps
and bends
To the happily ever after.

I finished my book and out I came.
The cloak can no longer hide me.
My chair and my house are just the
same.
But I have a book inside me.

107. 11 years and under

Mother doesn't want a Dog – Judith Viorst OR Reading Round The Class - Gervaise Phinn

Mother doesn't want a Dog

Judith Viorst

Mother doesn't want a dog.
Mother says they smell,
And never sit when you say sit,
Or even when you yell.
And when you come home late at night
And there is ice and snow,
You have to go back out because
The dumb dog has to go.

Mother doesn't want a dog.
Mother says they shed,
And always let the strangers in
And bark at friends instead,
And do disgraceful things on rugs,
And track mud on the floor,
And flop upon your bed at night
And snore their doggy snore.

Reading Round The Class

Gervaise Phinn

On Friday we have reading round the class.
Kimberley Bloomer is the best.
She sails slowly along the page like a great galleon
And everyone looks up and listens.
'Beautiful reading, Kimberley dear,' sighs Mrs. Scott,
'And with such fluency, such feeling.
It's a delight to hear.

On Friday we have reading round the class.
I'm the worst.
I stumble and mumble along slowly like a broken-down train

Mother doesn't want a dog.
She's making a mistake.
Because, more than a dog, I think
She will not want this snake.

And everyone looks up and listens.
Then, they smile and snigger and whisper behind their hands.
'Dear me,' sighs Mrs. Scott, 'rather rusty, Simon.
Quite a bit of practice needed, don't you think?
Too much television and football, that's your trouble,
And not enough reading.'
And she wonders why I don't like books.

108. 12 years and under

Elephant – Roger McGough OR The Day that Summer Died – Vernon Scannell

Elephant

Roger McGough

If I could be reincarnated
 (And who knows, I might have been
already?)
Then I'd like to return as an elephant,
 Reliable and steady.

Big as a room filled with sunshine
 A giant, gentle and strong,
Lord of the manor
 I'd roam the savannah
Trumpeting all day long.

At sunset it's down to the river
 To meet my old pals for a chat.
After a few bouts of trunk-wrestling
 We'd squirt water, do daft things like
that.

The Day that Summer Died

Vernon Scannell

From all around the mourners came
 the day that Summer died,
From hill and valley, field and wood
 And lake and mountainside.

They did not come in funeral black
 but every mourner chose
gorgeous colours or soft shades
 of russet, yellow, rose.

Then tired and happy we'd lumber
home
 Humming an elephant tune
Thinking our thanks to our maker
 By the light of an elephant moon.

If I could be reincarnated
 An elephant I would choose.
Failing that Napoleon,
 Kim Basinger or Ted Hughes.

Horse chestnut, oak and sycamore
 wore robes of gold and red;
The rowan sported scarlet beads;
 no bitter tears were shed;

Although at dusk the mourners heard,
 as a small wind softly sighed,
A touch of sadness in the air
 the day that Summer died.

109. 13 years and under

On a Night of Snow – Elizabeth Coatsworth OR Something told the Wild Geese – Rachel Field

On a Night of Snow

Elizabeth Coatsworth

Cat, if you go outdoors, you must walk in the snow.
You will come back with little white shoes on your feet,
little white shoes of snow that have heels of sleet.
Stay by the fire, my Cat. Lie still, do not go.
See how the flames are leaping and hissing low,
I will bring you a saucer of milk like a marguerite,
so white and so smooth, so spherical and so sweet –
stay with me, Cat. Outdoors the wild winds blow.

Outdoors the wild winds blow, Mistress, and dark is the night,
strange voices cry in the trees, intoning strange lore,
and more than cats move, lit by our eyes' green light,
on silent feet where the meadow grasses hang hoar –
Mistress, there are portents abroad of magic and might,
and things that are yet to be done. Open the door!

Something told the Wild Geese

Rachel Field

Something told the wild geese
It was time to go
Though the field lay golden
Something whispered, 'Snow.'
Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries, lustre-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned, 'Frost.'
All the sagging orchards
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild breast stiffened
At remembered ice.
Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly –
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.

110. 14 years and under

Tich Miller – Wendy Cope OR Geography Lesson – Brian Patten

Tich Miller

Wendy Cope

Tich Miller wore glasses
with Elastoplast–pink frames
and had one foot three sizes larger than
the other.

When they picked teams for outdoor
games
she and I were always the last two
left standing by the wire-mesh fence.

We avoided one another's eyes,
stooping, perhaps, to re-tie a shoelace,
or affecting interest in the flight

or some fortunate bird, and pretended
not to hear the urgent conference:
'Have Tubby!' 'No, no, have Tich!'

Usually they chose me, the lesser dud,
and she lolloped, unselected,
to the back of the other team.

At eleven we went to different schools.
In time I learned to get my own back,
sneering at hockey-players who couldn't
spell.

Tich died when she was twelve.

Geography Lesson

Brian Patten

Our teacher told us one day he would
leave
And sail across a warm blue sea
To places he had only known from
maps,
And all his life had longed to be.

The house he lived in was narrow and
grey
But in his mind's eye he could see
Sweet-scented jasmine clinging to the
walls,
And green leaves burning on an orange
tree.

He spoke of the lands he longed to visit,
Where it was never drab or cold.
I couldn't understand why he never left,
And shook off the school's stranglehold.

Then halfway through his final term
He took ill and never returned.
He never got to that place on the map
Where the green leaves of the orange
trees burned.

The maps were pulled down from the
classroom wall,
His name was forgotten, it faded away.
But a lesson he never knew he taught
Is with me to this day.

I travel to where the green leaves burn,
To where the ocean's glass-clear and
blue,
To all the places my teacher taught me
to love
But which he never knew.