

Inner West Eisteddfod 2022 Set Pieces

Inner west set pieces

Section 500

Set poem 5 years/under

SH-H-H-H-H

By Dorothea Dowling

Sh-h-h-h!

I wonder what's inside?

S-q-u-e-a-k!

The cupboard opens wide.

O-0-0-oh!

Will there be a mouse?

h-e-l-p!

Do mice hide in our house?

H-i-S-s!

I dare not even breath

N-o-W!

Shut the door and leave.

Sh-h-h-h!

There's one thought in my head

That is-

Hurry back to bed!

Section 501

5 years/under

Set Nursery Rhyme - Old Mother Hubbard

Old Mother Hubbard

Old Mother Hubbard

went to the cupboard

to get her poor dog a bone.

But when she got there,

the cupboards were bare,

so the poor dog had none

Section 502

6 years/under

Set poem - Monkey Motto

Monkey Motto

I leap through the trees

I drop to the ground.

That's what I do -

Monkey around.

I pounce on my tail

I bounce and I bound.

That's what I do -

Monkey around.

I spit out the pips

Of fruit I have found

That's what I do -

Monkey around.

Section 503

6 years/under

Set nursery rhyme - I had a little Hen

I had a little hen,

The prettiest ever seen,

She washed up the dishes,

And kept the house clean.

She went to the mill

To fetch me some flour,

And always got home

In less than an hour.

She baked me my bread,

She brewed me my ale,

She sat by the fire

And she told a fine tale!

Section 504

7 years/under

Set poem - Jack Frost by Cecil Pike

Jack Frost by Cecil Pike

Look out! look out!

Jack Frost is about!

He's after our fingers and toes;

And, all through the night,

The gay little sprite

Is working where nobody knows.

He'll climb each tree,

So nimble is he,

His silvery powder he'll shake;

To windows he'll creep,

And while we're asleep,

Such wonderful pictures he'll make.

Across the grass

He'll merrily pass,

And change all its greenness to white;

Then home he will go,

And laugh, 'Ho! ho! ho!

What fun I have had in the night!

Section 506

7 years set prepared reading option 1

Extract from Pearl the Friendly Unicorn

By Sally Odgers

Pearl, Olive and Tweet froze. The voice sounded like rocks falling into a deep, dark well. 'Pickled pancakes' Pearl said 'Who's that?'

Olive got up on her ogre-toes again and peered across the meadow. 'I can't see anyone. Tweet?' Tweet puffed up her little orange chest. 'I go. I see,' she said. She flapped her wings and took off, zipping across the meadow like an orange arrow. Olive glanced at Pearl, 'Whoever it is didn't sound pleased.'

'No' Pearl agreed. 'I'll make some treats to say sorry.'

Pearl swished her tail as she thought about making magic. Sometimes her magic worked. Sometimes it didn't.

Swish-hop-flick-flick-stamp, went Pearl. Three pink cream pies fell out of the sky.

'Yum! You're so clever, Pearl' Olive said as she took a bite out of a cream pie and chewed happily. She had her mouth filled when Tweet came swooping back to her friends.

'Who is it? Where is it? Pearl asked.

'Ball down hole,' Tweet said. 'Come.' She flittered off again and the other two followed.

Sure enough, among the trees was a round, dark hole.

'Down there.' Tweet said.

Pearl peered into the hole. There was nothing there.

Section 506

7 years set prepared reading option 2

The Magic School Bus by Joanna Cole

The wind was blowing the clouds into a huge circle. The storm is starting to take on the typical shape of a hurricane. Isn't it fascinating, children?"shouted Ms. Frizzle.

It was more than fascinating. It was terrifying! We were caught in the edge of the storm blowing around and around in a giant whirlwind. That whirlwind was a hurricane! In the clouds around us, huge bolts of lightning were flashing. We thought it was all over for us, but then we saw the bus again. It had become a weather plane, the kind that explores hurricanes. We tumbled into a rescue chute and fell onto the plane. Thunder crashed and boomed. We covered our ears. Ms. Frizzle turned the plane, and we headed straight toward the centre of the storm.

"We're flying onto the hurricane!"

"What a disaster!"

"Why does everything always happen to us?"

The farther we went the faster the winds blew. Then suddenly everything was quiet.

"Class we have entered the eye or the centre of the hurricane " announced Miss Fizzle.

509A 8 years set reading option 1
The faraway Tree by Enid Blyton
What happened in the Rocking Land.

The Rocking Land was really most annoying. No sooner did the children stand up very carefully and try to walk a few steps, than the earth beneath them either fell away or tipped up or slanted sideways in a very alarming manner.

Then down they all went, rolling over and over! The Saucepan Man made a tremendous noise and almost cried when he saw how battered his saucepans and kettles were getting.

'Moon-Face!' yelled Joe. 'How can we get out of here? Don't you know?'

'We can only get out by going down the ladder that leads to the Faraway Tree!' shouted back Moon-Face, who was busy rolling down a little hill that had suddenly appeared. 'Look for it all the time, or we'll never get away from here. As soon as the Rocking Land leaves the place where the Faraway Tree is, we've no way of escape.' That gave the others a shock. The thought of living in a land of bumps and jolts was not at all pleasant! They all began to look about for the hole through which they had come into the Rocking Land.

Soon the earth began to do something very different. It heaved up and down very quickly as if it were breathing fast. When it heaved up it threw the children and the others into the air. When it breathed downwards they rolled into holes and stayed there. It was all dreadfully uncomfortable.

'I'm getting awfully bruised!' shouted Beth. For goodness' sake let's find a place on this land where it is not quite so fidgety. I think we must be on the worst bit.

509A 8 years set reading option 2

Gangster granny strikes again by David Walliams

Now that the alarm had been raised, the Tower of London was swarming with Beefeaters!

"The old soldiers armed with their poles were yelling out into the night to each other.

"HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"

"The entrance to the sewers must be somewhere near here!" hissed Ben.

"But where?" replied the Queen, sounding in a fright.

Ben looked down at her feet. She was standing right on top of a drain cover.

"You are a genius!" he exclaimed.

"Is one?"

"Look down!"

"Oh! So one is!"

The pair sank to their knees and began prising the weighty metal disc up with their fingertips. Just as they heard police sirens and the screech of car tyres...

WOOHI WOOH! WOOH! SCREEEEEEEEEECHI

..Ben spluttered, "After you, ma'am!"

The Queen looked down into the dirty, dark hole. 'No! No! After you!'

The boy leaped down, then offered up a helping hand to the Queen. Together they slid the drain cover back into place just as they heard someone running over it.

CLOMP! CLOMP! CLOMP!

Now they were in the old sewage pipe that led out from the Tower of London into the River Thames. '

I hope you can swim, Your Majesty!' said Ben, his voice echoing in the stone pipe.

'It's been a while since one was awarded one's fifty- metre badge, but one will give it one's best shot!'

Inner West Eisteddfod 2022
Section
9-10 years set poem - Mr Nobody

Mr Nobody
ANONYMOUS

I know a funny little man,
 As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
 In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
 And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
 By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears out books,
 Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
 And scatters pins afar;
That squeaking door will always squeak,
 For prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
 By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire
 That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
 And all the carpet's soil.
The papers always are mislaid;
 Who had them last, but he?
There's no one tosses them about
 But Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the door
 By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
 To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
 That lying round you see
Are not our boots,—they all belong
 To Mr. Nobody.

Section 524 11-12 set reading option 1
Keeper of the Lost Cities by Shannon Messenger

Sophie tugged out a loose eyelash—a nervous habit—and stared at her feet. There was no way to make Mr. Sweeney understand why she needed the music to cancel the noise. He couldn't even hear the noise. Chatter from dozens of tourists echoed off the fossil-lined walls and splashed around the cavernous room. But their mental voices were the real problem. Scattered, disconnected pieces of thoughts broadcast straight into Sophie's brain—like being in a room with hundreds of TVs blaring different shows at the same time.

“Since you've decided you're above this lecture, why don't you give it?” Mr. Sweeney asked. He pointed to the enormous orange dinosaur with a duckbill in the centre of the room.

“Explain to the class how the Lambeosaurus differs from the other dinosaurs we've studied.”

Sophie had glanced at the information card when they entered the museum, and her photographic memory recorded every detail. As she recited the facts, Mr. Sweeney's face twisted into a scowl, and she could hear her classmates' thoughts grow increasingly sour. They weren't exactly fans of their resident child prodigy. They called her Curvebuster.

“Nice job, superfreak,” Garwin Chang—a boy wearing a T-shirt that said BACK OFF! I'M GONNA FART!—sneered as he shoved past her to join their classmates.

“Maybe they'll write another article about you. 'Child Prodigy Teaches Class About the Lame-o-saurus.'”

Section 524 11-12 set reading option 2
Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone
By JK Rowling

It was Quirrell.

'You!' gasped Harry.

Quirell smiled. His face wasn't twitching at all.

'Me he said calmly. 'I wondered whether I'd be meeting you here, Potter.'

'But I thought - Snape-'

'Severus?' Quirrell laughed and it wasn't his usual quivering treble, either, but cold and sharp. 'Yes, Severus does seem the type, doesn't he? So useful to have him swooping around like an overgrown bat. Next to him, who would suspect p-p-poor st- stuttering -Professor Quirrell?'

Harry couldn't take it in. This couldn't be true, it couldn't.

'But Snape tried to kill me!'

'No, no, no. I tried to kill you. Your friend Miss Granger accidentally knocked me over as she rushed to set fire to Snape at that Quidditch match. She broke my eye contact with you. Another few seconds and I'd have got you off that broom. I'd have managed it before then if Snape hadn't been muttering a counter curse, trying to save you.'

'Snape was trying to save me?'

'Of course, said Quirrell coolly. Why do you think he wanted to referee your next match? He was trying to make sure I didn't do it again. Funny, really... he needn't have bothered. I couldn't do anything with Dumbledore watching. All the other teachers thought Snape was trying to stop Gryffindor winning, he did *make* himself unpopular ... and what a waste of time, when after all that, I'm going to kill you tonight.' Quirrell snapped his fingers. Ropes sprang out of thin air and wrapped themselves tightly around Harry.

'You're too nosy to live, Potter.'