

INNER WEST EISTEDDFOD 2024

5 YEARS/UNDER

SECTION 500 SET POEM

GARDENING BY ANNETTE KOSSERIS

I love working in the garden, Planting lots of seeds,
And learning which are flowers,
And which ones are the weeds.
Last year, when I was little,
I hadn't learned that.
I pulled out lots of flowers!
(And tried to blame the cat!)
I thought that I was helping.
My mum was NOT impressed.
But now I pull OUT only WEEDS,
And leave IN all the rest.

SECTION 501 SET NURSERY RHYME

ONCE I CAUGHT A FISH ALIVE

One, two, three, four, five,
Once I caught a fish alive,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Then I let go again.

Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
This little finger on the right.

6 YEARS/UNDER

SECTION 503 NURSERY RHYME

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens, they lost their mittens
And they began to cry
"Oh, mother dear, we sadly fear
We've lost our mittens by"
"What! Lost your mittens? you naughty kittens
Then you shall have no pie"
"Meow, meow, meow, my"
Three little kittens, they found their mittens
And they began to cry
"Oh, mother dear, see here, see here
We've found our mittens by"
"Put on your mittens, you silly kittens
And you shall have some pie"
"Meow, meow, meow, my."

SECTION 502 SET POEM

THE HOMEWORK MACHINE BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN

The Homework Machine,
Oh, the Homework Machine,
Most perfect
contraption that's ever been seen.
Just put in your homework, then drop in a dime,
Snap on the switch, and in ten seconds' time,
Your homework comes out, quick and clean as can be.
Here it is— 'nine plus four?' and the answer is 'three.'
Three?
Oh me . . .
I guess it's not as perfect
As I thought it would be.

7 YEARS/UNDER

SECTION 504 SET POEM

MY MOM'S SPAGHETTI BY KENN NESBITT AND DONNA LEE MURPHY

My mom makes disgusting spaghetti
with horseradish sauce and sardines.
She tops it with pickles and mustard,
bananas and barbecued beans.

She serves it for supper on Sunday.
On Monday we have it for lunch.
It's breakfast on Tuesday and Wednesday.
By Thursday, you guessed it, it's brunch.

I don't like to hurt my mom's feelings.
I said that I loved it. (I lied.)
I always gave mine to our doggy.
And that's why our poor doggy died.

So next time you serve us spaghetti,
dear mother, don't make it like that.
Please serve it with red sauce and meatballs,
and that way it won't kill the cat.

SECTION 506 SET PREPARED READING

WINNIE THE POOH BY A. A. MILNE

"I must be going on."

So, he started to climb out of the hole. He pulled with his front paws and pushed with his back paws, and in a little while, his nose was out in the open again... and then his ears ... and then his front paws... and then his shoulders... and then —

"Oh, help!" said Pooh. "I better go back."

"Oh, bother!" said Pooh. "I shall have to go on."

"I can't do either!" said Pooh. "Oh, help and other!"

Now, by this time, Rabbit wanted to go for a walk too, and finding the front door full, he went out by the back door, came round to Pooh, and looked at him.

"Hallo, are you stuck?" he asked.

"N-no," said Pooh carelessly. "Just resting and thinking and humming to myself."

"Here, give us a paw."

Pooh Bear stretched out a paw, and Rabbit pulled and pulled and pulled...

"Ow!" cried Pooh. "You're hurting me!"

"The fact is," said Rabbit, "you're stuck."

"It all comes," said Pooh crossly, "of not having front doors big enough."

"It all comes," said Rabbit sternly, "of eating too much! Well, well, I shall go and fetch Christopher Robin."

SECTION 506 SET PREPARED READING

JUDY MOODY AND THE BAD LUCK CHARM BY MEGAN MCDONALD

Mum came over and put an arm around her shoulder. "Honey, I know how much you like that lucky penny."

"But if you're serious about winning a spelling bee," said Dad, "you're going to have to work at it."

Judy did not want to hear it. She clomped upstairs to study before Mum and Dad could say any more bad stuff about good luck.

She took out her spelling list. She turned to the hard page. Destiny. She closed her eyes. Destiny. D-E-S-T-I-N-Y. It was her tiny destiny to go to Washington, D.C.

So far, so good. Next word. Present.

She closed her eyes again. P-R-E-S-I-D-E-N-T.

Judy opened her eyes and stared at the word " present, " not " president. " She'd practised the wrong word, and it was useless.

She got out a fake-fur neon-pink rabbit's-foot keychain, three acorns, two cat's-eye marbles and one lucky stone.

Her mother was probably right.

One lucky penny was not enough to win a spelling bee. She would fill the pockets of her cargo trousers with tons of good-luck charms.

Judy went to sleep, sure that good luck was her destiny for the present.

Until ... the next day.

Spelling Bee Day!

On the bus, Judy reached into her right shorts pocket. Empty!

8 YEARS/UNDER

SECTION 509A SET PREPARED READING

THE 52-STOREY TREEHOUSE CHAPTER 9 HUMAN SOUP by Andy Griffiths

"Well, this is another fine mess you've gotten us all into, Terry," I say as we sit in a pot of water suspended over a fire surrounded by a mob of angry vegetables.

"It's not *my* fault," says Terry. "It was *your* idea to come to this stupid castle."

"Only because Jill pricked her finger on a carrot;" I say. "If it's anybody's fault, it's Jill's."

"That's got nothing to do with it!" says Jill. "It's obviously Mr Big Nose's fault for upsetting the vegetables by publishing that mean book."

"It's not my fault," says Mr Big Nose. "It's Vegetable Patty's fault for writing it!"

"Yes, it's Vegetable Patty's fault," I say to the eggplants. "You should catch *her* and put her in the pot and let us all go free. We *love* vegetables! It's the fruit we hate—we've got a whole room in our treehouse just for smashing watermelons!"

"Yes, but you also have a vegetable vaporiser," says the eggplant.

"That was *Andy's* idea," says Terry.

"And what about the rocket-powered carrot-launcher?" says the eggplant. "Whose idea was that?"

"Well," says Terry, "that was mine, but the carrots enjoy it!"

"No, they don't! And flying beetroots don't like people riding on them, either. That's why we set them free."

"So that's where our flying beetroots went!" I say.

"Another mystery solved!" says Terry.

"Enough jibber-jabber!" says the prince, stepping forward. "You are *all* guilty of anti-vegetable activity and for this, you will pay the ultimate price!"

"A *million dollars*?!" says Terry.

"No, you fool," says the prince, "you will pay with your *lives*!"

He turns to face the assembled vegetables.

"My loyal subjects," he says, "today we feast ... on *human soup*!"

SECTION 509A SET PREPARED READING

JAMES AND THE GIANT PEACH BY ROALD DAHL

He kept on crawling. The tunnel was damp and murky, and all around him there was the curious bittersweet smell of fresh peach. The floor was soggy under his knees, the walls were wet and sticky, and peach juice was dripping from the ceiling. James opened his mouth and caught some of it on his tongue. It tasted delicious.

He crawled on for several more yards, and then suddenly - bang - the top of his head bumped into something extremely hard blocking his way. He glanced up.

"Good heavens!" he said. "I know what this is! I've come to the stone in the middle of the peach!"

Then he noticed that there was a small door cut into the face of the peach stone. He gave a push. It swung open. He crawled through it and heard a voice saying, "Look who's here!" And another one said, "We've been waiting for you!"

James stopped and stared at the speakers, his face white with horror. The creatures, some sitting on chairs, others reclining on a sofa, were all watching him intently.

Creatures?

Or were they insects?

An insect is usually something rather small, is it not?

There was an old-green grasshopper as large as a large dog sitting on a stool directly across the room from James now. And next to the Old Green Grasshopper, there was an enormous Spider. And next to the Spider, there was a giant Ladybug with nine black spots on her scarlet shell. Each of these three was squatting upon a magnificent chair. On a sofa nearby, reclining comfortably in curled-up positions, there was a Centipede and an Earthworm. On the floor over in the far corner, there was something thick and white that looked as though it might be a Silkworm. But it was sleeping soundly, and nobody was paying any attention to it.

Every one of these "creatures" was at least as big as James himself, and in the strange greenish light that shone down from somewhere in the ceiling, they were absolutely terrifying to behold.

9-10 YEARS/UNDER

SECTION 511 SET POEM

The Naming of Cats

T. S. Eliot

The Naming of Cats is a difficult matter,
It isn't just one of your holiday games;
You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter
When I tell you, a cat must have THREE DIFFERENT NAMES.
First of all, there's the name that the family use daily,
Such as Peter, Augustus, Alonzo, or James,
Such as Victor or Jonathan, George or Bill Bailey—
All of them sensible everyday names.
There are fancier names if you think they sound sweeter,
Some for the gentlemen, some for the dames:
Such as Plato, Admetus, Electra, Demeter—
But all of them sensible everyday names,
But I tell you, a cat needs a name that's particular,
A name that's peculiar, and more dignified,
Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular,
Or spread out his whiskers, or cherish his pride?
Of names of this kind, I can give you a quorum,
Such as Munkustrap, Quaxo, or Coricopat,
Such as Bombalurina, or else Jellylorum—
Names that never belong to more than one cat.
But above and beyond there's still one name left over,
And that is the name that you never will guess;
The name that no human research can discover—
But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess.
When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
The reason, I tell you, is always the same:
His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name:
His ineffable effable
Effanineffable
Deep and inscrutable singular name.

11-12 YEARS/UNDER

SECTION 524 SET PREPARED READING

MAXIMUM RIDE: SCHOOL'S OUT – FOREVER by James Patterson Chapter 1

Sweeping, swooping, soaring, air-current thrill rides --- there's nothing better. For miles around, we were the only things in the infinite, wide-open, clear blue sky. You want an adrenaline rush? Try tucking your wings in, dive-bombing for about a mile straight down, then *whoosh!* Wings out, grab an air current like a pit bull and hang on for the ride of your life... *nothing* is better, more fun, more exciting.

Okay, we were mutant freaks; we were on the lam, but man, flying - well, there's a reason people always dream about it.

"Oh, my gosh!" the Gasman said excitedly. He pointed. "A UFO!"

I silently counted to ten. There was nothing where the Gasman had pointed. As usual. "That was funny the first fifty times, Gazzy," I said. "It's getting old."

He cackled several wingspans away from me. There's nothing like an eight-year-old's sense of humour.

"Max? How long till we get to DC?" asked Nudge, pulling up closer to me. She looked tired - we'd had one long, ugly day. Well, *another* long, ugly day in a whole series of long, ugly days. If I ever actually had a good, easy day, I'd probably freak out.

"Another hour? Hour and a half?" I guessed.

Nudge didn't say anything. I cast a quick glance at the rest of my flock. Fang, Iggy, and I were holding steady, but we had *mucho de* stamina. I mean, the younger set also had stamina, especially compared to dinky little nonmutant humans. But even they gave out eventually.

There are six of us: Angel, who's six; Gasman, age eight; Iggy, who's fourteen, and blind; Nudge, eleven; Fang and me (Max), we're fourteen too. We escaped from the lab where we were raised, were given wings and other assorted powers. They want us back - badly. But we're not going back. Ever.

SECTION 524 SET PREPARED READING

DELTORA QUEST – THE FORESTS OF SILENCE BY EMILY RODA

“The king is dead,” the people were whispering. “The young prince is to be crowned at once.” Jarred could hardly take it in. The king of Deltora.

And now ... Now Endon will be king, Jarred thought. He shook his head, trying to make himself believe it. He and Endon had been friends since they were young children. But what a difference there was between them! For Endon was the son of the king and queen, the prince of Deltora. And Jarred was the son of a trusted servant who had died in the king’s service when Jarred was only four years old. Jarred had been given to Endon as a companion so that the young prince would not be lonely. They had grown up together, like brothers. Together they did their lessons in the schoolroom, teased the guards, and persuaded the cooks in the kitchens to give them treats.

As Endon and Jarred grew older there was less time for games. Their days were filled with tasks and duties. Much of their time was spent learning the Rule — the thousands of laws and customs by which the royal family lived. The Rule governed their lives.

Poor Endon, Jarred thought. He is grieving. He wished that he could be beside his friend, to comfort him. Endon’s eyes were shadowed with sadness. But he held up his head bravely, as he had been taught to do. All his life, he had been trained for this moment. “When I die, you will be king, my son,” his father had told him so many times. “Do not fail in your duty.” “I will not fail, Father,” Endon would answer him obediently. “I will do what is right when the time comes.” But neither Jarred nor Endon had thought the time would come so soon.