

INNER WEST EISTEDDFOD inc

42nd Speech and Drama

READINGS 2026

U5 Set Poem



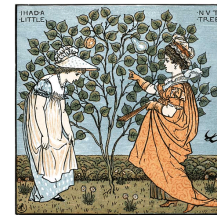
LOLLYPOPS

Katherine Blowen

I like lollipops, do you?
Lime and lemon and fizzy ones too.
Crunchy ones, munchy ones
Sticky and sweet,
I do like lollipops to eat.

All sorts of lollies,
Round, long and square.
Lollipops shaped like a lion or a
bear! This one I always like to lick,
A striped pink and white candy
stick!

U5 Nursery Rhyme



I Had a Little Nut Tree

I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg,
And a golden pear.

The King of Spain's daughter Came
to visit me,
And all for the sake
Of my little nut tree.

I skipped over water,
I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air,
Couldn't catch me.

U6 Set Poem

Mice

Rose Fyleman

I think mice
Are rather nice.
Their tails are long,
Their faces small,
They haven't any
Chins at all.
Their ears are pink,
Their teeth are white,
They run about
The house at night.
They nibble things
They shouldn't
touch And no one
seems To like them
much
-But I think mice

Are Nice.



U6 Nursery Rhyme

THESE ARE GRANDMA'S SPECTACLES

These are Grandma's spectacles,
This is Grandma's hat.
This is the way she folds her hands,
And lays them in her lap.

Grandma has a lolly jar.
It's always full of sweets.
And if I'm good and most polite
She'll give me a big treat.

These are Grandma's spectacles,
This is Grandma's hat.
This is the way she folds her hands,
And lays them in her lap.



U7 Set Poem

My Dog, Spot

Rodney Bennett

I have a white dog
Whose name is Spot,
And he's sometimes white
And he's sometimes not.
But whether he's white
Or whether he's not,
There's a patch on his ear
That makes him Spot.

He has a tongue
That is long and pink,
And he lolls it out
When he wants to think,
He seems to think most
When the weather is hot.
He's a wise sort of dog,
Is my dog, Spot.

He likes a bone
And he likes a ball,
But he doesn't care
For a cat at all.
He waggles his tail
And he knows what's what,
So I'm glad that he's my dog,
My dog, Spot.

U7 Set Prepared Reading

Time Limit – 1 -2 Mins

To be READ not memorised

THE BEST NEST

P D Eastman

It was getting dark.

It began to rain.

It rained harder and harder.

Mr. Bird could not see where he was going.

Crash!

Mr. Bird bumped into something!

It was his old house - that old, old house that Mrs. Bird hated.

"I'll go inside," said Mr. Bird. "I'll rest here until the rain stops."

Mr Bird went in.

And there was Mrs Bird! Sitting there,

Singing!

"I love my house I love my nest.

In all the world This nest is best."

"You! Here! gasped Mr Bird.

"I thought you hated this old nest!"

Mrs Bird smiled.

"I used to hate it," she said.

"But a mother bird can change her mind. You see...

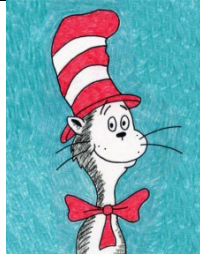
...There's no nest Like an old nest -

for a brand-new bird!"

And when the egg popped open, the new bird thought so too!

OR

FROM 'THE CAT IN THE HAT'



by Dr Seuss

'Look at me!
Look at me!
Look at me NOW!

It is fun to have fun
But you have to know how.

I can hold up the cup
And the milk and the cake!

I can hold up these books!
And the fish on a rake!

I can hold the toy ship
And a little toy man!

And look! With my tail
I can hold a red fan!

That is what the cat said...
Then he fell on his head! He
came down with a bump
From up there on the wall.
And Sally and I we saw all the things fall!

A Scholarship is to be offered

for Age sections 5-8 & 9-14,

details on iwe.org.au

U8 Set Prepared Reading

Time Limit – 1 -3 Mins

To be READ not memorized

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

Beatrix Potter

Mr McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower - pot.

He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed - "Kertyschoo!"

Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also, he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about - not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall, but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

My reading is from **POSSUM MAGIC**

Mem Fox

All night long Grandma Poss thought and thought.

The next morning, just before breakfast, she shouted, “It’s something to do with food! People food – not possum food. But I can’t remember what. We’ll just have to try and find it.”

So later that day, they left the bush where they’d always been to find what it was that would make Hush seen.

They ate Anzac biscuits in Adelaide, mornay and Minties in Melbourne, steak and salad in Sydney and pumpkin scones in Brisbane.

Hush remained invisible.

“Don’t lose heart!” said Grandma Poss. “Let’s see what we can find in Darwin.”

It was there, in the far north of Australia, that they found a vegemite sandwich. Grandma Poss crossed her claws and crossed her feet. Hush breathed deeply and began to eat.

“A tail! A tail!” shouted both possums at once. For there it was. A brand new, visible tail!



9-10 Set Poem

OOPS!

Annette Kosseris

Mummy's sick in bed today So

I fed the cat;

Now I'll feed the goldfish –

Oh!

I didn't know the lid came off

As easily as that!

Oops!

I'll wash up the breakfast dishes, That'll

make her happy;

Frothing up the water's fun –

Oh!

I don't think that's the dish cloth;

No! It's the baby's nappy!

Oops!

I'll vacuum all my bedroom floor

And the bathroom mat,

The vacuum up the hallway and

Oh!

I didn't know that it could suck up

Socks as fast as that!

Oops!

I think mum might be lonely now,

I'll take her our new pup;

He can snuggle up with her –

Ooooooooooops!

Sorry mum..... Yes mum

I'll clean it up!

Oops!

11-12 Set Prepared Reading

Time Limit – 2 - 3 Mins

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Lewis Carroll

A Mad Tea-Party

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: 'No room! No room!' they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

'There's *plenty* of room!' said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.



'Have some wine,' the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. 'I don't see any wine,' she remarked.

'There isn't any,' said the March Hare.

'Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it,' said Alice angrily.

'It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited,' said the March Hare.

'I didn't know it was *your* table,' said Alice; 'it's laid for a great many more than three.'

'Your hair wants cutting,' said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

'You should learn not to make personal remarks,' Alice said with some severity; 'it's very rude.'

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, 'Why is a raven like a writing-desk?'

OR

Extract from **“Anne of Green Gables”**

L. M. Montgomery

Gilbert Blythe wasn't used to putting himself out to make a girl look at him and meeting with failure. She SHOULD look at him, that red-haired Shirley girl with the little pointed chin and the big eyes that weren't like the eyes of any other girl in Avonlea school.

Gilbert reached across the aisle, picked up the end of Anne's long red braid, held it out at arm's length and said in a piercing whisper:

"Carrots! Carrots!"

Then Anne looked at him with vengeance!

She did more than look. She sprang to her feet, her bright fancies fallen into cureless ruin. She flashed one indignant glance at Gilbert from eyes whose angry sparkle was swiftly quenched in equally angry tears.

"You mean, hateful boy!" she exclaimed passionately. "How dare you!"

And then- thwack! Anne had brought her slate down on Gilbert's head and cracked it--slate not head--clear across.

Avonlea school always enjoyed a scene. This was an especially enjoyable one. Everybody said "Oh" in horrified delight. Diana gasped. Ruby Gillis, who was inclined to be hysterical, began to cry. Tommy Sloane let his team of crickets escape him altogether while he stared open-mouthed at the tableau.