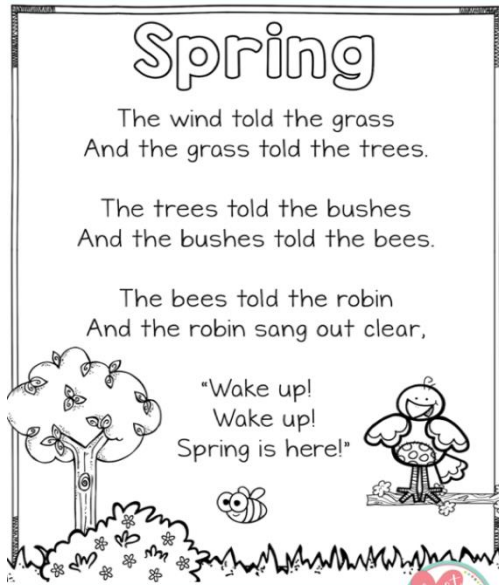


Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade R:

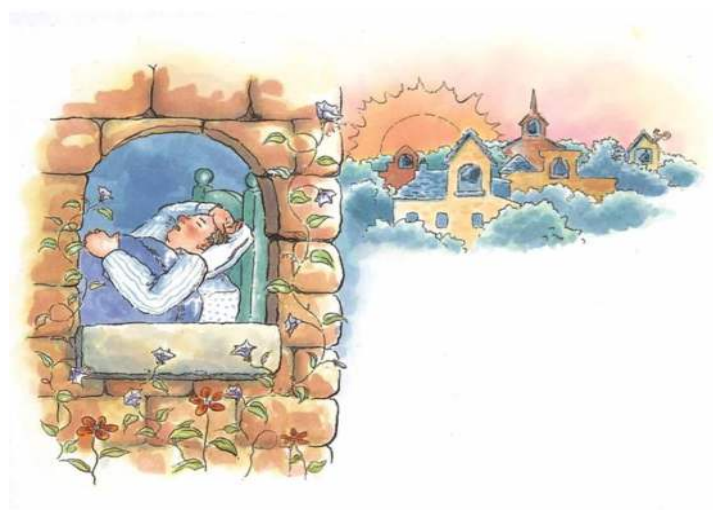
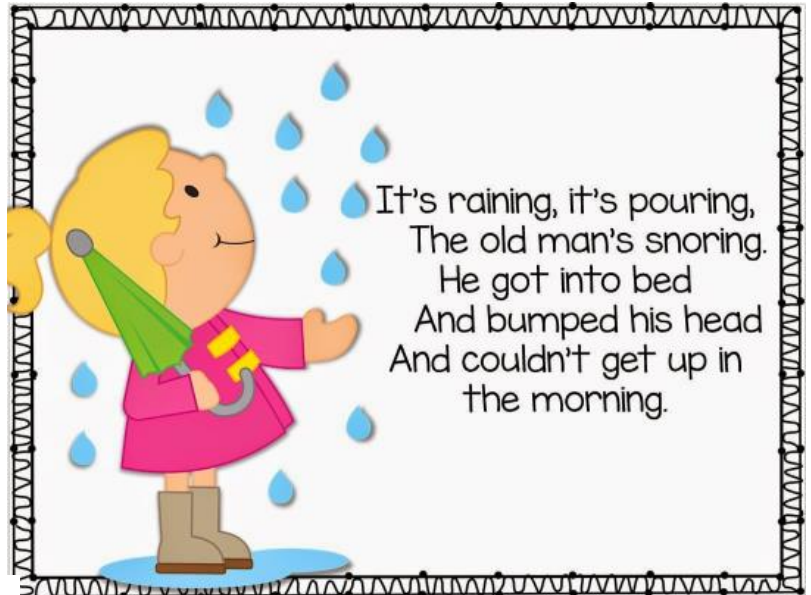
SPRING POEM



The Little Plant



In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep so deep,
A tiny plant lay fast asleep.
"Wake," said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
"Wake," said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.
The little plant heard
And it rose to see,
What the wonderful,
Outside world might be.



Are You Sleeping?

Are you sleeping,
Are you sleeping,
Brother John, Brother John?
Morning bells are ringing,
morning bells are ringing!
Ding, ding, dong!
Ding, ding, dong!



Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade 1:

OCEAN POEM



Take Me Out to the
Ocean

Take me out to the ocean
Take me out to the sea
Show me the foamy waves rolling there
As I breathe in the salty air!

Let me look, look, look at the ocean
See the sea and explore
For it's fun to dive from the top
To the ocean floor!

FREE DOWNLOAD

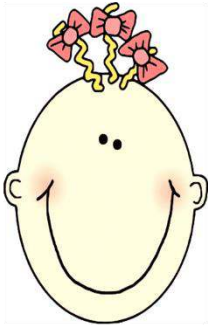


I Look In The Mirror
by Helen H. Moore



I look in the mirror
and what do I see?
A pair of eyes
looks back at me.
A nose, two ears,
two eyebrows, too:
Two lips, and teeth, to say,
"I love you."
I look in the mirror
and what do I see?
I look in the mirror
and I see ME!

I Like



I like sunshine.
I like snow.
I like brown leaves
When they blow.
I like cookies.
I like cake.
I like waffles
When I wake.
I like collies.
I like cats.
I like clowns
In funny hats.
I like baseball.
I like trains.
I like sleeping
When it rains.
I like stories at bedtime.
I like poems when they rhyme!

EVERYBODY HAS A NAME

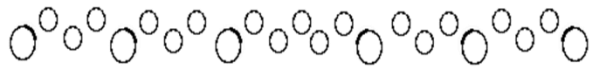
Everybody has a name.
Some are different,
Some the same.
Some are short,
Some are long,
All are right,
None are wrong.
My name is _____.
It's special to me.
It's exactly who
I want to be!



Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade 2:



Little Fish

One little fish
Swam in his dish.
He blew bubbles
And made a wish.
All he wanted
was another fish
To swim with him
In his little dish.
Another fish
Came one day
To blow bubbles
While they played.
Two little fish
Blowing bubbles
In the dish.
Swimming around
Singing plish, plish, plish.

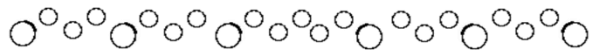


Recipe for a Teacher

Four big bags of kindness.
Three heaped spoons of happiness.
A pinch of merriment.
A dash of strictness (not too much!).
A hefty dollop of playfulness.
Two generous handfuls of useless facts.
A powerful voice, slightly worn.
A plentiful supply of jokes (preferably awful).
Two hundred incredibly long sighs.
Three spoonfuls of disbelieving stares.
A bag of kind words for when things look hopeless.
Three packs of tissues for sadness and sniffles.
Five thousand colourful pens to lose around school.



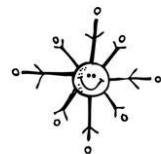
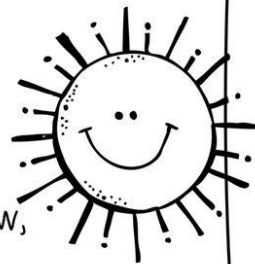
by Michael Plews



Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall

(to the tune of "This Old Man")

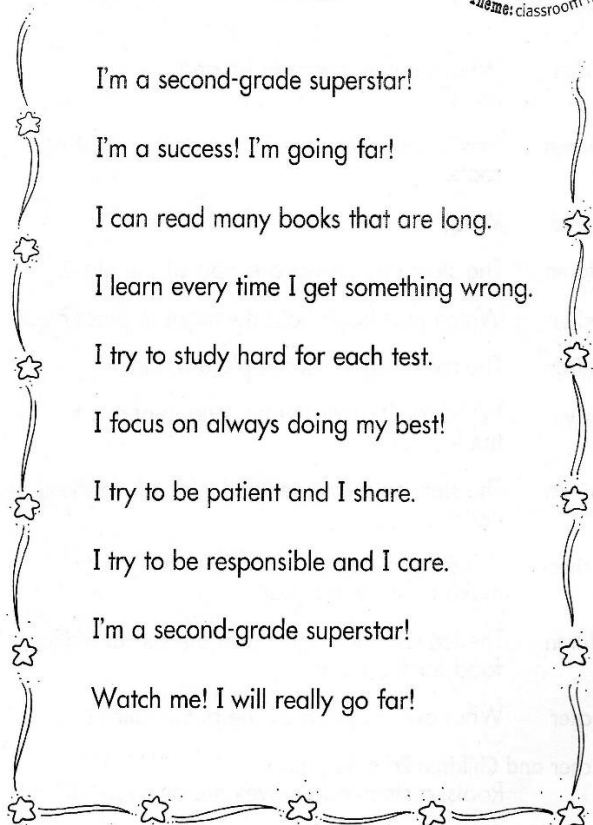
Winter, Spring,
Summer, Fall
There are seasons,
four in all.
Weather changes,
sun and rain and snow,
Leaves fall down
and flowers grow.
Winter, Spring,
Summer, Fall
There are seasons,
four in all.
Look outside
and you will see
Just what season
it will be!



Second-Grade Superstars

Theme: classroom motto

I'm a second-grade superstar!
I'm a success! I'm going far!
I can read many books that are long.
I learn every time I get something wrong.
I try to study hard for each test.
I focus on always doing my best!
I try to be patient and I share.
I try to be responsible and I care.
I'm a second-grade superstar!
Watch me! I will really go far!



Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade 3:

Excerpt from "Suzie Bitner Was Afraid of the Drain" by Barbara Vance

The Terrible Thing about Cindy

The terrible thing about Cindy
Is she packs a powerful punch.
I learned this yesterday at school
When I tried to take her lunch.

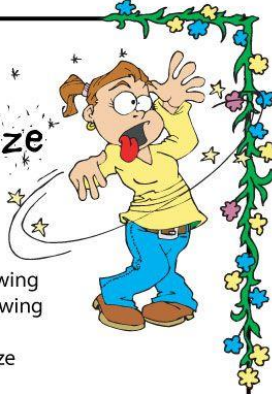
I had only meant to tease her,
To make her squeal and twist.
The last thing I expected
Was her calculated fist.

She socked me in the stomach—
She's more than slightly deft—
And sent me stumbling to my knees,
As she snatched her lunch and left.

After that I was quite sorry
I had tussled with a pro—
I wish my friends had told me
That she practiced tae kwon do.



Jessica Erica Steeze



The rivers are flowing, they're overgrowing
And all the rosebuds are suddenly showing
But don't tell Jessica Erica Steeze
Because all the pollen makes her sneeze

Poor Jessica, she hates the spring
The pink cherry blossoms don't make her sing
She doesn't care about birds that warble
Jessica thinks spring is horrible

In summer Jessica really is nice
In winter she likes to skate on the ice
Even in fall she loves to rake leaves
But spring just makes her cough and wheeze

Jessica's allergies really are sad
She won't take pills, she says they taste bad
Go and play, she won't be mad at you
All she wants to say is atchoo!

The Monster

I thought I saw a monster
Underneath my bed-
His tongue was yellow,
And his eyes were red.

I thought I saw a monster
Underneath my chair-
His face was purple,
And he had pink hair.

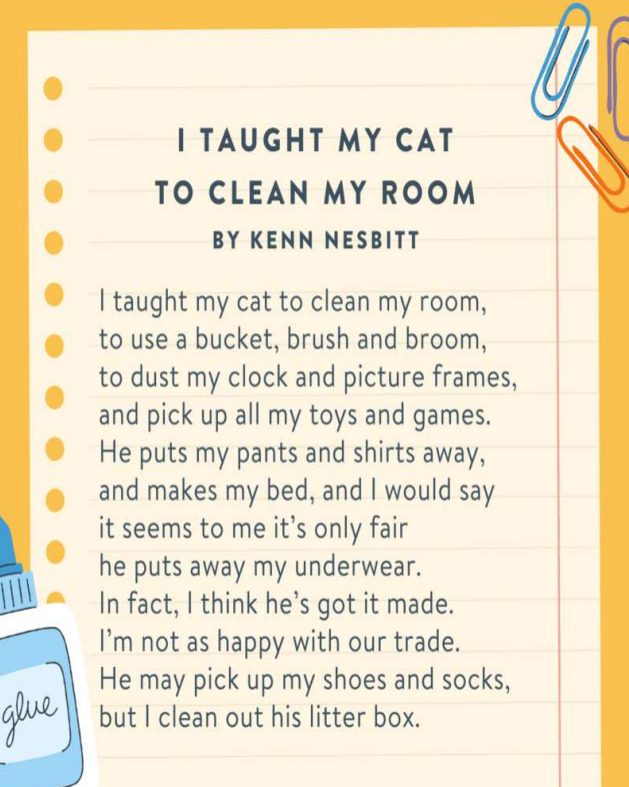
I thought I saw a monster
In my room last night-
His legs were orange,
And his feet were white.

I thought I saw a monster
And that he saw me-
But don't tell my mother
She'll be scared you see.



I TAUGHT MY CAT TO CLEAN MY ROOM

BY KENN NESBITT



I taught my cat to clean my room,
to use a bucket, brush and broom,
to dust my clock and picture frames,
and pick up all my toys and games.
He puts my pants and shirts away,
and makes my bed, and I would say
it seems to me it's only fair
he puts away my underwear.
In fact, I think he's got it made.
I'm not as happy with our trade.
He may pick up my shoes and socks,
but I clean out his litter box.

weareteachers.com

Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade 4:

It Couldn't Be Done

BY EDGAR ALBERT GUEST

Somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it!

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it;"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure,
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

When I Grow Up

by William Wise

When I grow up,
I think I'll be
A detective
With a skeleton key.

I could be a soldier
And a sailor too;
I'd like to be a keeper
At the public zoo.

I'll own a trumpet
And I'll play a tune;
I'll keep a space ship
To explore the moon.

I'll be a cowboy
And live in the saddle;
I'll be a guide
With a canoe and a paddle.

I'd like to be the driver
On a diesel train;
And it must be fun
To run a building crane.

I'll live in a lighthouse
And guard the shore;
And I know I'll want to be
A dozen things more.

For the more a boy lives
The more a boy learns I think I'll be all of them
By taking turns.



DREAM VARIATIONS BY LANGSTON HUGHES

To fling my arms wide
In some place of the sun,
To whirl and to dance
Till the white day is done.
Then rest at cool evening
Beneath a tall tree
While night comes on gently,
Dark like me—
That is my dream!

To fling my arms wide
In the face of the sun,
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
Till the quick day is done.
Rest at pale evening . . .
A tall, slim tree . . .
Night coming tenderly
Black like me.

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HOMEWORK STEW BY KENN NESBITT

I cooked my math book in a broth
and stirred it to a steaming froth.
I threw in papers—pencils, too—
to make a pot of homework stew.
I turned the flame up nice and hot
and tossed my binder in the pot.
I sprinkled in my book report
with colored markers by the quart.

Despite its putrid, noxious gas,
I proudly took my stew to class.
And though the smell was so grotesque,
I set it on my teacher's desk.

My teacher said, "You're quite a chef.
But, still, you're going to get an F.
I didn't ask for 'homework stew,'
I said, 'Tomorrow, homework's due.'"



WE ARE
TEACHERS

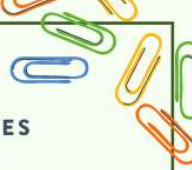
Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade 5:

IF-ING
BY LANGSTON HUGHES

If I had some small change
I'd buy me a mule,
Get on that mule and
Ride like a fool.
If I had some greenbacks
I'd buy me a Packard,
Fill it up with gas and
Drive that baby backward.
If I had a million
I'd get me a plane
And everybody in America'd
Think I was insane.
But I ain't got a million,
Fact is, ain't got a dime —
So just by if-ing
I have a good time!



Saw My Teacher on a Saturday



Saw my teacher on a Saturday!
I can't believe it's true!
I saw her buying groceries,
like normal people do!

She reached for bread and turned around,
and then she caught my eye.
She gave a smile and said, "Hello."
I thought that I would die!

"Oh, hi . . . hello, Miss Appleton,"
I mumbled like a fool.
I guess I thought that teacher types
spend all their time at school.

To make the situation worse,
my mom was at my side.
So many rows of jars and cans.
So little room to hide.

Oh, please, I thought, *don't tell my mom
what I did yesterday!*
I closed my eyes and held my breath
and hoped she'd go away.

Some people think it's fine to let
our teachers walk about.
But when it comes to Saturdays,
they shouldn't let them out!

Crazy Teacher

I have crazy teacher
Who's hair is full of glue
She sleeps under a bleacher
While making homework stew

She adds a math pi
and a dash of science too
It smells like an old guy
who lives in a zoo

She is a really old hag
with a really big nose
she doesn't have swag
she's definitely not a rose

She's simply not tired
with all the quirk
but now she's fired
so I guess she's out of work



My Hot Dog Is Soggy

My hot dog is soggy.
My burger is wet.
My chicken is dripping.
I'm getting upset.

My corn on the cob
and my cole slaw and pie,
are so full of water
I think I might cry.

My chips are like liquid
along with my fruit.
My kids are all giggling.
They think that it's cute.



I promise you this...
That's the last time that I
let them play with the hose
on the Fourth of July.

— Kenn Nesbitt

Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

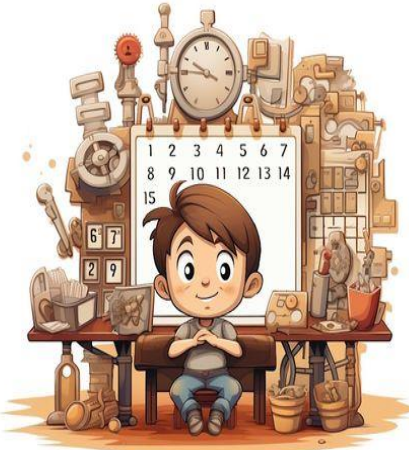
Grade 6:

My Job at the Calendar Factory

I worked at the calendar factory.
I loved it in so many ways.
To color the numbers was always
the highlight of all of the days.

But, one day, I felt pretty lousy.
I had a bad cold and a cough.
They fired me then from the factory
for trying to take a day off.

I went to the doctor that morning.
He said, "It's a good thing you're here.
It looks like your days are now numbered.
I'd give you six months to a year.



For fourteen days I was too weak.
But then I got better somehow,
and I've walked away from that factory.
Those days are behind me for now.

— Kenn Nesbitt

The Life of a Pirate Ain't Easy

The life of a pirate ain't easy.
You'll have to buy lots of supplies.
A parrot for one of your shoulders.
An eyepatch for one of your eyes.

Before you set sail for adventure,
before you embark on your trip,
you'll need to come up with the money
to purchase a suitable ship.



You'll need a new chest for your treasure,
a hat and a flag and a plank,
some boots and a spyglass and compass,
which might take a loan from the bank.

Along with this other equipment,
you'll need a new hook and a peg,
and these are the priciest items;
they'll cost you an arm and a leg.

— Kenn Nesbitt

The Parts of Speech

Every name is called a **noun**,
As *field* and *fountain*, *street* and *town*.
In place of noun the **pronoun** stands,
As *he* and *she* can clap their hands.
The **adjective** describes a thing,
As *magic* wand or *bridal* ring.
The **verb** means action, something done,
To *read* and *write*, to *jump* and *run*.
How things are done the **adverbs** tell,
As *quickly*, *slowly*, *badly*, *well*.
The **preposition** shows relation,
As *in* the street or *at* the station.
Conjunctions join, in many ways,
Sentences, words, *or* phrase *and* phrase.
The **interjection** cries out, "*Hark!*"
I need an exclamation mark!"

Through Poetry, we learn how each
of these make up **THE PARTS OF SPEECH**.

Sixth Grade Romance

He wasn't very bright
And not the least bit tall.
He won me when he said
He liked me more than all.

We held hands on the playground,
Sent love notes while in class,
He gave me a diamond ring
(My mom said it's cut glass).

It ended with a bang
When he kissed my best friend, Kelly.
I got so fighting mad
I punched him in the belly.

Perhaps I'll love again, *someday*
But it hurts so much inside.
If I see him at school,
I want to run and hide.

I planned to sell my diamond
At the corner jewelry store,
... But then it smashed to pieces
When I dropped it on the floor.



© Renée Oelschlaeger

Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade 7:

MYSTERY LUNCH

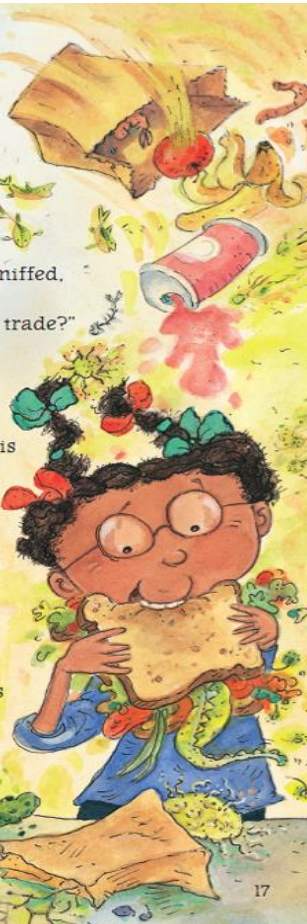
Brother fixed my lunch today.
I've no idea what's in it,
But if he fixes it again,
Next time I hope he'll skin it.

I showed the thing to Mike who sniffed,
"What do you think it is?"
"Don't know," I said, "you want to trade?"
So Michael gave me his.

I took a look in Michael's sack
But there wasn't much to see
So I yelled at Jan and threw her his
And she threw hers to me.

"What do you have to eat?" I asked.
Janet rolled her eyes.
"Sister fixed my lunch," she said,
"Nothing I recognize."

It smelled so bad I couldn't look
So I traded back with Mike.
Skinned or not, my brother knows
The sort of stuff I like.



17

Idioms

Presentation

Idioms

Ron Brown

*Oh they sound kind of crazy
But they're sure lots of fun,
When we talk to one another
And use idioms.*

*We know what they mean,
But they don't mean what they say.
Oh those idioms,
We hear them every day.*

*There's a frog in my throat.
I'm as busy as a bee.
That's no skin off my nose.
You might be barking up the wrong tree.*

*My mom has a heart of gold.
This job's a piece of cake.
Something's fishy I've been told.
Don't take me on a wild goose chase.*

*My dad has a big green thumb.
He's always pulling my leg.
You'd better hold your tongue.
And my best friend is a really good egg.*

*Sometimes I have ants in my pants.
And the early bird catches the worm.
Let's put on our thinking caps.
It's really fun to learn.*

(This poem drives me up the wall.)



My Shadow

by Robert Louis Stevenson



I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

CELEBRATE POETRY MONTH

with HarperCollinsChildrensBooks



I Should Have Stayed in Bed Today

I should have stayed in bed today,
in bed's where I belong,
as soon as I got up today,
things started going wrong,
I got a splinter in my foot,
my puppy made me fall,
I squirted toothpaste in my ear,
I crashed into the wall.

I knocked my homework off the desk,
it landed on my toes,
I spilled a glass of chocolate milk,
it's soaking through my clothes,
I accidentally bit my tongue,
that really made me moan,
and it was far from funny
when I banged my funny bone.

I scraped my knees, I bumped my nose,
I sat upon a pin,
I leapt up with alacrity,
and sharply barked my shin,
I stuck a finger in my eye,
the pain is quite severe,
I'd better get right back to bed
and stay there for a year.

Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade 8:

Sick

Don't breathe next to me!
You might get me sick.
Your nose is so red
That it looks like a brick.

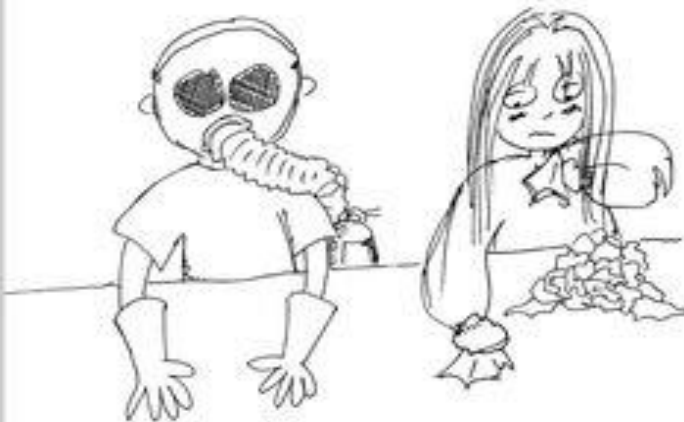
Your eyes are all puffy;
You're sneezing a lot.
I'm leaving the room;
I don't want what you've got.

Don't cough when I'm here—
You might pass it on.
For goodness sakes,
Cover your mouth when you yawn!

And don't touch my food,
Lest your cooties adhere,
Thus making me sick
For the rest of the year.

The last thing I need
Is a cold or a flu,
And so I am thinking
I'll bid you adieu.

I'm much better off
Wherever you're not—
Don't breathe next to me;
I don't want what you've got!



Copyright: "Sneezing While Aboard the Ocean"
By Barbara Jones at GoodandBeautiful.com



**No matter the weather,
No matter the pain,
The kick always starts the game,
The team runs it back as far as they can
And the opposing team must defend
Run or pass you don't want to finish last.
Four fifteen minute quarter to decide the winner.
Practice is the key to a successful team
Playoffs are where they want to be.
The loser goes home empty handed
And the winner moves on.
With the Super Bowl in view
The lucky few will take home all the glory.
And that's the end of my story.**

—Aaron Tone



How to Fall Asleep

Hey, Ted, in just a little bit,
we'll need to go to sleep.
So let me show you how.
It's far more fun than counting sheep.

Lie down in bed and close your eyes.
Now take a breath and sigh,
and picture you're an airplane and you're
flying through the sky.

Now fly a little lower through
the clouds and in the breeze,
until you see the water of
the slowly rolling seas.

Then settle on the water where
you've now become a boat,
and feel the ocean rock you
gently, gently as you float.

Now turn into a submarine
and sink beneath the waves,
to watch the fish swim in and out
of underwater caves.

You follow them inside,
exploring tunnels as you go.
It's quiet here, and everything
is beautiful and slow.

So you become the water now,
and you become the caves,
and you become the ocean and
the gently rocking waves.

It's peaceful on the ocean bed,
so silent, warm, and deep,
so spread yourself across the world
and drift away to sleep.

—Kenn Nesbitt

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade 9:

Make a Difference

Hannah Green

The ocean has unnatural beauty
As far as the eye can see.
Its beauty extends over and under
But not even the ocean can survive such a blunder,
As CLIMATE CHANGE.
How it came upon us is not strange,
WE made it happen,
Yet we do not try to make it end.
Instead some try to laugh it away, turn a blind eye
And in doing so, they are letting our planet die.
They should care, should help, should do their part,
Because this is just the start.
It will wash over us raging and cruel,
So we have to help the world win its duel.
But first hold on and halt,
We need to understand that this is our fault.
Turn the lights off, take faster showers and stop the sink,
But most importantly THINK.
Step up and make a difference,
Get everyone you know involved since,
Every person can help in their own way, every day.
And if you doubt it all you have to do is say
Is, "I'm making a difference are you?
If not, you should help too."

I'm fifteen. Some things never change, our fascination with teachers, for example. When I was little, I thought teachers lived at school.

Grapevine

When Miss B. wears the red blouse,
we think up reasons to stand by her desk.

If Mrs. M. smiled, her face would crack,
but every Saturday afternoon
she takes her parents riding.
How can a teacher that old have parents?

I don't know if it's true or not,
but rumor says Miss B. will take a drink.

Mr. J. is getting divorced.
They say it's nasty.
Mr. A. paints houses during the summer.

One year for Christmas
two older students
bought Miss B. a bottle.
She didn't give it back, either,
so they say.

When I was little, I saw my teacher buying shoes.
I talked about it constantly for a week.
I wonder why we talk so much about our teachers.

Take Miss B.
All I know is she's not married.
If she wants to have a private life,
who would know?



Daffodils

By William Wordsworth
1770-1850



I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed and gazed but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.



OH, WHERE WILL YOU GO?
WHERE WILL YOU CHOOSE?
THERE ARE PLACES TO STAND
WHEN YOU STAY IN YOUR SHOES.
SOME OF THE PLACES
ARE COMBOZZLED AND BAD.
THOSE ARE THE PLACES
THAT JUST MAKE YOU SAD.
THEY DON'T DRESS ALL THE WAY.
THEY EVEN BLOW SMOKE.
THEY DRINK ICKY DRINKS
THAT WILL JUST MAKE YOU CHOKO.
BUT THESE ARE THE PLACES
YOU'LL KNOW NOT TO CHOOSE,
FOR THESE ARE THE PLACES
THAT WILL JUST MAKE YOU LOSE.
THERE ARE GOOD PLACES TO STAND
SO DECIDE WITH GREAT CARE.
WHEN YOU FIND ONE THAT'S HOLY,
GO AND STAND THERE.
STANDING ALONE
CAN MAKE YOU FEEL SMALL.
BUT WHEN STANDING FOR TRUTH
YOU'LL STAND TALLEST OF ALL.
CARRY YOUR VALUES,
THEY'LL HELP YOU TO KNOW
WHEN YOU SHOULD STAND
AND WHEN YOU SHOULD GO.
GO AND HOLY PLACES!
GO AND YOUR WAY!
STAND UP AND STAND TALL
AND GO STAND THERE TODAY!

Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade 10:

English Pronunciation (poems)

English is the Queerest Language

By Anonymous

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese,
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine,
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.

If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren,
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim,

So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the queerest language you ever did see.

Did I Ever Tell You..?

BY DR. SEUSS

Did I ever tell you about the young Zode
Who came to two signs at the fork of a road?
One said: TO PLACE ONE. And the other: PLACE TWO.
So the Zode had to make up his mind what to do.
Well... the Zode scratched his head. And his chin.

And his pants.
And he said to himself. "I'll be taking a chance
"If I go to Place One. Now, that place may be hot!
"And, so, how do I know if I'll like it or not?
"On the other hand, though, I'll be sort of a fool
"If I go to Place Two and I find it too cool.
"In *that* case I may catch a chill and turn blue!
"So, maybe, Place One is the best. Not Place Two.
"On the *other* hand, though, if Place One is too *high*,
"I may catch a terrible earache and die!
"So Place *Two* may be best!

On the other hand, though...
"What might happen to me if Place Two is *too low*...?
"I might get some very strange pain in my toe!
"So Place One may be best." And he started to go.
Then he stopped. And he said, "On the *OTHER* hand, though..
"*On the other hand ... other hand*
...other hand though...!"

And for 36 hours and $\frac{1}{2}$, that poor Zode
Made starts and made stops at that fork in the road,
Saying, "Don't take a chance. No! You may not be right."
Then he got an idea that was wonderfully bright!
"Play safe!" cried the Zode. "I'll play safe! I'm no dunce!
"I'll simply start off for both places at once!"

And that's how the Zode, who would not take a chance,
Got to No Place at All, with a split in his pants.

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Dr. Seuss

TO THE THAWING WIND

BY ROBERT FROST

Come with rain, O loud Southwester!
Bring the singer, bring the nester;
Give the buried flower a dream;
Make the settled snowbank steam;
Find the brown beneath the white;
But whate'er you do tonight,
Bathe my window, make it flow,
Melt it as the ice will go;
Melt the glass and leave the sticks
Like a hermit's crucifix;
Burst into my narrow stall;
Swing the picture on the wall;
Run the rattling pages o'er;
Scatter poems on the floor;
Turn the poet out of door.

WE ARE
TEACHERS

Lester

Lester was given a magic wish
By the goblin who lives in the banyan tree,
And with his wish he wished for two more wishes—
So now instead of just one wish, he cleverly had three.
And with each one of these
He simply wished for three more wishes,
Which gave him three old wishes, plus nine new.
And with each of these twelve
He slyly wished for three more wishes.
Which added up to forty-six—or is it fifty-two?
Well anyway, he used each wish
To wish for wishes 'til he had
Five billion, seven million, eighteen thousand thirty-four.
And then he spread them on the ground
And skipped and sang, and then sat down
And wished for more.
And more... And more... They multiplied
While other people smiled and cried
And loved and reached and touched and felt.
Lester sat amid his wealth
Stacked mountain-high like stacks of gold.
Sat and counted—and grew old.
And then one Thursday night they found him
Dead—with his wishes piled around him.
And they counted the lot and found that not
A single one was missing.
All shiny and new—here, take a few
And think of Lester as you do.
In a world of apples and kisses and shoes
He wasted his wishes on wishing.

-Shel Silverstein

Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade 11:

The Munkits

BY DR. SEUSS

In the midst of the dusty, hot Desert of Dreer
Stand a couple tall rocks. One is There. One is Here.
And
One day, two Munkits just happened to stop
By the rock that was Here. It looked fine up on top.
It looked like such sport and such wonderful fun
That the Munkits climbed up to the top of that one.

Then one of them noticed the rock over There.
"Say!" he said, pointing far off in the air.
"This isn't much fun over Here where we are.
"I'll bet it's more fun over There, where it's Far!"

So the Munkits climbed down off Here, to the heat
Of the simmering desert which blistered their feet,
And they hiked many miles in the broiling hot sun,
And they climbed to the top of the far-distant one.
But when they got up on the rock that was Far,
Then one of them said, "Say! This rock where we are...
"It used to be THERE. Why this really is queer!
"It's no longer THERE because now it is HERE!
"So this far-away rock isn't FAR! It is NEAR!
"If we want to have fun on a rock, I declare,
"We'll have to go straight back to HERE, which is THERE!"

So the Munkits slid down off of THERE (which was Here),
And they raced to the rock that was FAR (which was Near),
And those Munkits are still racing round there, I fear,
Between those two rocks on the Desert of Dreer.
And they never enjoy either rock where they are
'Cause there's always more fun on the rock that is far.



The Flustards

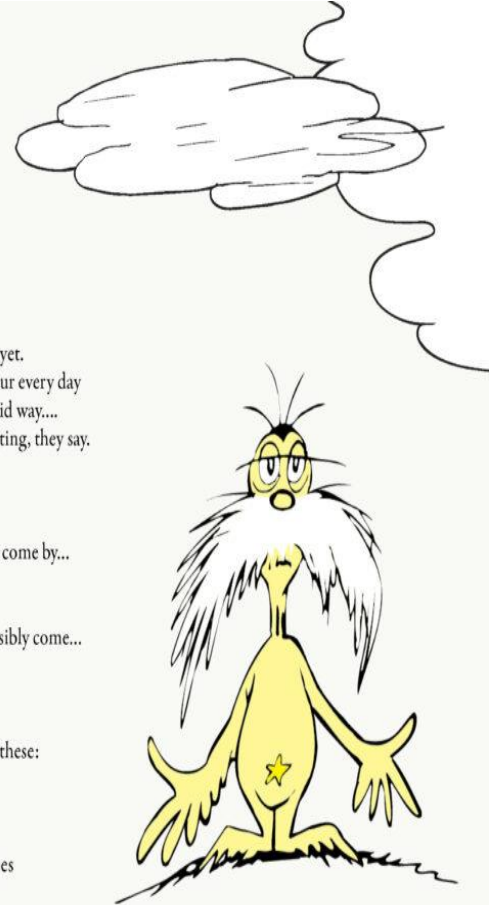
BY DR. SEUSS

Of all the animals I've ever met
The Flustards, I think, are the silliest yet.
Poor Flustards! They spend every hour every day
In front of their house in a most stupid way...
Standing. Just standing. They're waiting, they say.

But waiting for what...?
Well, they stare at the sky
Looking for things that will NEVER come by...
Like very small elephants
Two inches high.
They wait to see things that can't possibly come...
Like five hundred bluebirds
Inside a bass drum.

They stand and watch for things like these:
Steering wheels on apple trees
And roller skates made out of cheese
And peanuts floating in the breeze
And three-cent stamps on bumble bees
And thimbles on the thumbs of fleas
And icicles that never freeze.

They never have fun.
Never play. Never run.
They've never found out that it's terribly dumb
Just to stand around waiting for things that can't come.



TATTOO

BY TED KOOSER

What once was meant to be a statement—
a dripping dagger held in the fist
of a shuddering heart—is now just a bruise
on a bony old shoulder, the spot
where vanity once punched him hard
and the ache lingered on. He looks like
someone you had to reckon with,
strong as a stallion, fast and ornery,
but on this chilly morning, as he walks
between the tables at a yard sale
with the sleeves of his tight black T-shirt
rolled up to show us who he was,
he is only another old man, picking up
broken tools and putting them back,
his heart gone soft and blue with stories.

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How The Grinch Stole Christmas

by Dr. Seuss

Every Who
Down in Who-ville
Liked Christmas a lot...

But the Grinch,
Who lived just North of Who-ville,
Did NOT!

The Grinch hated Christmas! The whole Christmas season!
Now, please don't ask why. No one quite knows the reason.
It could be that his head wasn't screwed on quite right.
It could be, perhaps, that his shoes were too tight.
But I think that the most likely reason of all
May have been that his heart was two sizes too small.

But,
Whatever the reason,
His heart or his shoes,
He stood there on Christmas Eve, hating the Whos,
Staring down from his cave with a sour, Grinchy frown
At the warm lighted windows below in their town.
For he knew every Who down in Who-ville beneath
Was busy now, hanging a mistletoe wreath.

"And they're hanging their stockings!" he snarled with a sneer.
"Tomorrow is Christmas! It's practically here!"
Then he growled, with his grinch fingers nervously drumming,
"I MUST find a way to keep Christmas from coming!"
For, tomorrow, he knew...

...All the Who girls and boys
Would wake up bright and early. They'd rush for their toys!
And then! Oh, the noise! Oh, the noise! Noise! Noise! Noise!
That's one thing he hated! The NOISE! NOISE! NOISE! NOISE!

Then the Whos, young and old, would sit down to a feast.
And they'd feast! And they'd feast!
And they'd FEAST! FEAST! FEAST! FEAST!
They would start on Who-pudding, and rare Who-roast-beast
Which was something the Grinch couldn't stand in the least!

And THEN
They'd do something he liked least of all!

Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod: English Section: Prescribed Poems: 2026

Choose only **one** of the following prescribed poems:

Grade 12:

Hocus Pocus

Poets are like magicians.

They trick the heart into feeling, "things" they had no idea,
were there at all. Sadly, poets don't always know how their tricks work.

They sit and think, and study, and hope and even pray.

They are prone to mistakes and misinterpretations. Yet...

Poets, dare to dream in colours, of blue, and yellow, and green.

They sing songs to no one, people that can barely hear at all.

They make jokes that people miss, sometimes on purpose.

"May I read you this?" a courageous voice in the crowd.

Met with scoffs and "Oh My's" or worse.

"How long will it be, why did you bother?"

"Will it make me laugh or smile?"

"Perhaps I do not want to feel that way!

" Then... they leave their words, lying on the ground.

Un...cared for. A blessing, they are found... treasures all around.

Words on a page, a tiny perfect stage.

When we are alone, not being what others say we are...

We are closer to ourselves and not far from Him.

Some of us, not all of us, but a few... look at the words and dare to consider,

to ponder how it feels to fly, from a wheelchair,

to sing without a voice, to laugh at yourself, and even... dare to love.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? (Sonnet 18 XVIII) by William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Blow Blow Thou Winter Wind by William Shakespeare

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

