

Reading

Thursday 4th June 2020

WALT perform a poem

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You should now know your poem quite well but could you perform it?!

Today and tomorrow you will practise performing your poem

Below are the words to each of the poems, use these to try and learn as much of your poem as possible and tomorrow we will focus on performing it out loud.

You can decide to perform a different poem from the one you have written about this week if you would like to, maybe you want to pick one that you feel is easier to learn and perform.

The space on the page

The space is a friend.

I tell it what hurts.

I tell it why I'm not good.

The space is a friend.

I tell it the bother I'm in.

It won't let me tell lies.

The space looks at me.

It never says I'm bad.

It never says I'm good.

It never asks me the kinds of question

I don't know the answer to.

The space never shames me.

The space never laughs at me.

When there is something in my head

making me sad or wild,

the space takes it.

The space takes it

till it's a space no more,

till it's full of what I wanted to say,

till it's full of what I didn't know

I wanted to say.

Then it's there in front of me

talking of how I am

so the bother or the sadness or the wildness

can be quiet for a while.

Tell me that's not a friend?

I don't think so.

That's a friend.

Words are ours

In the beginning was the word

and the word is ours:

the names of places,

the names of flowers,

the name of names,

words are ours.

Page-turners

for early learners

How to boil an egg

or mend a leg

Words are ours

Wall charts

Love hearts

Sports reports

Short retorts

Jam-jar labels

Timetables

Following the instructions

for furniture constructions

Ancient mythologies

Online anthologies

Who she wrote for

Who to vote for
Joke collections
Results of elections
Words are ours
The tale's got you gripped
Have you learned your script?
The method of an experiment
Ingredients for merriment

W8n 4ur txt
Re: whts nxt
Print media
Wikipedia
Words are ours
Subtitles on TV
Details on your CV
Book of great speeches
Guide to the best beaches
Looking for chapters
on velociraptors
Words are ours
The mystery of history
The history of mystery
The views of news
The news of views
Words to explain
the words for pain
Doing geography

Autobiography

Arabian Nights

Fighting for your rights

What to do in payphones

Goodbyes on gravestones

Words are ours.

Introduction Song

Going to use my feet today

Don't know who I'll meet today

Going to keep the beat today

Going to use my feet today

Going to use my eyes today

Look out for the lies today

Try to be wise today

Going to use my eyes today

Going to use my ears today

Going to have no fears today

Never mind the tears today

Going to use my ears today

Going to use my mind today

Leave bad things behind today

See what I can find today

Going to use my mind today

Going to use what I've got today

How and where and what today

Going to use the lot today

Going to use what I've got today.

Don't

Don't do,

Don't do,

Don't do that.

Don't pull faces,

Don't tease the cat.

Don't pick your ears,

Don't be rude at school.

Who do they think I am?

Some kind of fool?

One day

they'll say

Don't put toffee in my coffee

don't pour gravy on the baby

don't put beer in his ear

don't stick your toes up his nose.

Don't put confetti on the spaghetti

and don't squash peas on your knees.

Don't put ants in your pants

don't put mustard in the custard

don't chuck jelly at the telly

and don't throw fruit at the computer

don't throw fruit at the computer.

Don't what?

Don't throw fruit at the computer.

Don't what?

Don't throw fruit at the computer.

Who do they think I am?

Some kind of fool?

Do I know you?

I'm lost

I'm lost

I don't know where I am

I'm a sock in a washing machine

A strawberry in some jam

I'm a letter in a book

I'm the bubble in some fizz

I'm a pebble on a beach

I'm a question in a quiz

I don't know where you are

You don't know where you are

You don't know when I is

I don't know how you was

You don't know who I wiz.

So find me

Find me

Ask me who I am

Get me out the washing machine

Fish me out the jam

Open up the book

Let out all the fizz

Let's walk on the beach

And I'll answer your quiz

Then I'll know where you are

You'll know when I is

I'll know how you was

And you'll know who I wiz.

Chocolate Cake

I love chocolate cake.

And when I was a boy

I loved it even more.

Sometimes we used to have it for tea

and Mum used to say,

'If there's any left over

you can have it to take to school

tomorrow to have at playtime.'

And the next day I would take it to school

wrapped in tin foil

open it up at playtime and sit in the

corner of the playground

eating it,

you know how the icing on top

is all shiny and it cracks as you

bite into it

and there's that other kind of icing in

the middle

and it sticks to your hands and you

can lick your fingers

and lick your lips

oh it's lovely.

yeah.

Anyway,

once we had this chocolate cake for tea

and later I went to bed

but while I was in bed

I found myself waking up
licking my lips
and smiling.
I woke up proper.
'The chocolate cake.'
It was the first thing
I thought of.
I could almost see it
so I thought,
what if I go downstairs
and have a little nibble, yeah?
It was all dark
everyone was in bed
so it must have been really late
but I got out of bed,
crept out of the door
there's always a creaky floorboard, isn't there?
Past Mum and Dad's room,
careful not to tread on bits of broken toys
or bits of Lego
you know what it's like treading on Lego
with your bare feet,
Yowwww
Shhhhhhh
downstairs
into the kitchen
open the cupboard
and there it is
all shining.
So I take it out of the cupboard

put it on the table
and I see that
there's a few crumbs lying about on the plate,
so I lick my finger and run my finger all over the crumbs
scooping them up
and putting them into my mouth.

ooooooooommmmmmmmm

nice.

Then

I look again
and on one side where it's been cut,
it's all crumbly.

So I take a knife

I think I'll just tidy that up a bit,
cut off the crumbly bits
scoop them all up
and into the mouth

ooooooooommm mmmm

nice.

Look at the cake again.

That looks a bit funny now,
one side doesn't match the other
I'll just even it up a bit, eh?

Take the knife

and slice.

This time the knife makes a little cracky noise
as it goes through that hard icing on the top.

A whole slice this time,
into the mouth.

Oh the icing on top

and the icing in the middle
ohhhhhh oooo mmmmmm.

But now

I can't stop myself.

Knife –

I just take any old slice at it

and I've got this great big chunk

and I'm cramming it in

what a greedy pig

but it's so nice,

and there's another

and another and I'm squealing and I'm smacking my lips

and I'm stuffing myself with it

and

before I know

I've eaten the lot.

The whole lot.

I look at the place.

It's all gone.

Oh no

they're bound to notice, aren't they,

a whole chocolate cake doesn't just disappear

does it?

What shall I do?

I know. I'll wash the plate up,

and the knife

and put them away and maybe no one

will notice, eh?

So I do that

and creep creep creep

back to bed
into bed
doze off
licking my lips
with a lovely feeling in my belly.

Mmmmmmmmm.

In the morning I get up,

downstairs,

have breakfast,

Mum's saying,

'Have you got your dinner money?'

and I say,

'Yes.'

'And don't forget to take some chocolate cake with you.'

I stopped breathing.

'What's the matter,' she says,

'you normally jump at chocolate cake?'

I'm still not breathing,

and she's looking at me very closely now.

She's looking at me just below my mouth.

'What's that?' she says.

'What's what?' I say.

'What's that there?'

'Where?'

'There,' she says, pointing at my chin.

'I don't know,' I say.

'It looks like chocolate,' she says.

'It's not chocolate cake is it?'

No answer.

'Is it?'

'I don't know.'

She goes to the cupboard
looks in, up, top, middle, bottom,
turns back to me.

'It's gone.

It's gone.

You haven't eaten it, have you?'

'I don't know.'

'You don't know? You don't know if you've eaten a whole
chocolate cake or not?

When? When did you eat it?'

So I told her,

and she said

well what could she say?

'That's the last time I give you any cake to take
to school.

Now go. Get out

no wait

not before you've washed your dirty sticky face.'

I went upstairs

looked in the mirror

and there it was,

just below my mouth,

a chocolate smudge.

The give-away.

Maybe she'll forget about it by next week.