

# Healing Primary Public Speaking Competition 2018

When: **Friday 29<sup>th</sup> June 2018**

What: Further information and poems are on the school

Website: [www.healingprimary.co.uk](http://www.healingprimary.co.uk)

**Foundation Stage, Year 1 and Year 2** will learn a poem in school as a year group to compete for our 'Choral Speaking' Trophy.

**For Years 3, 4, 5 and 6** children wishing to take part will need to learn the poem 'off by heart' (at home with some help at school) to recite to a panel of judges.

**Years 3 and 4 - From a Railway Carriage by Robert Louis Stevenson**

**Years 5 and 6 – Jabberwocky by Lewis Carroll**

GOOD LUCK from Mrs Wood – especially as this will be my last one!

<u>Reception Class - Bed in Summer by Robert Louis Stevenson</u>	<u>Year 1 The Land of Counterpane by Robert Louis Stevenson</u>	<u>Year 2 My Shadow by Robert Louis Stevenson</u>
In Winter I get up at night And dress by yellow candle light. In Summer, quite the other way, I have to go to bed by day.  I have to go to bed and see The birds still hopping on the tree, Or hear the grown-up people's feet Still going past me in the street.  And does it not seem hard to you,	When I was sick and lay a-bed, I had two pillows at my head, And all my toys beside me lay To keep me happy all the day.  And sometimes for an hour or so I watched my leaden soldiers go, With different uniforms and drills, Among the bedclothes, through the hills;  And sometimes sent my ships in fleets All up and down among the sheets; Or brought my trees and houses	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 things 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

When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

out,  
And planted cities all about.

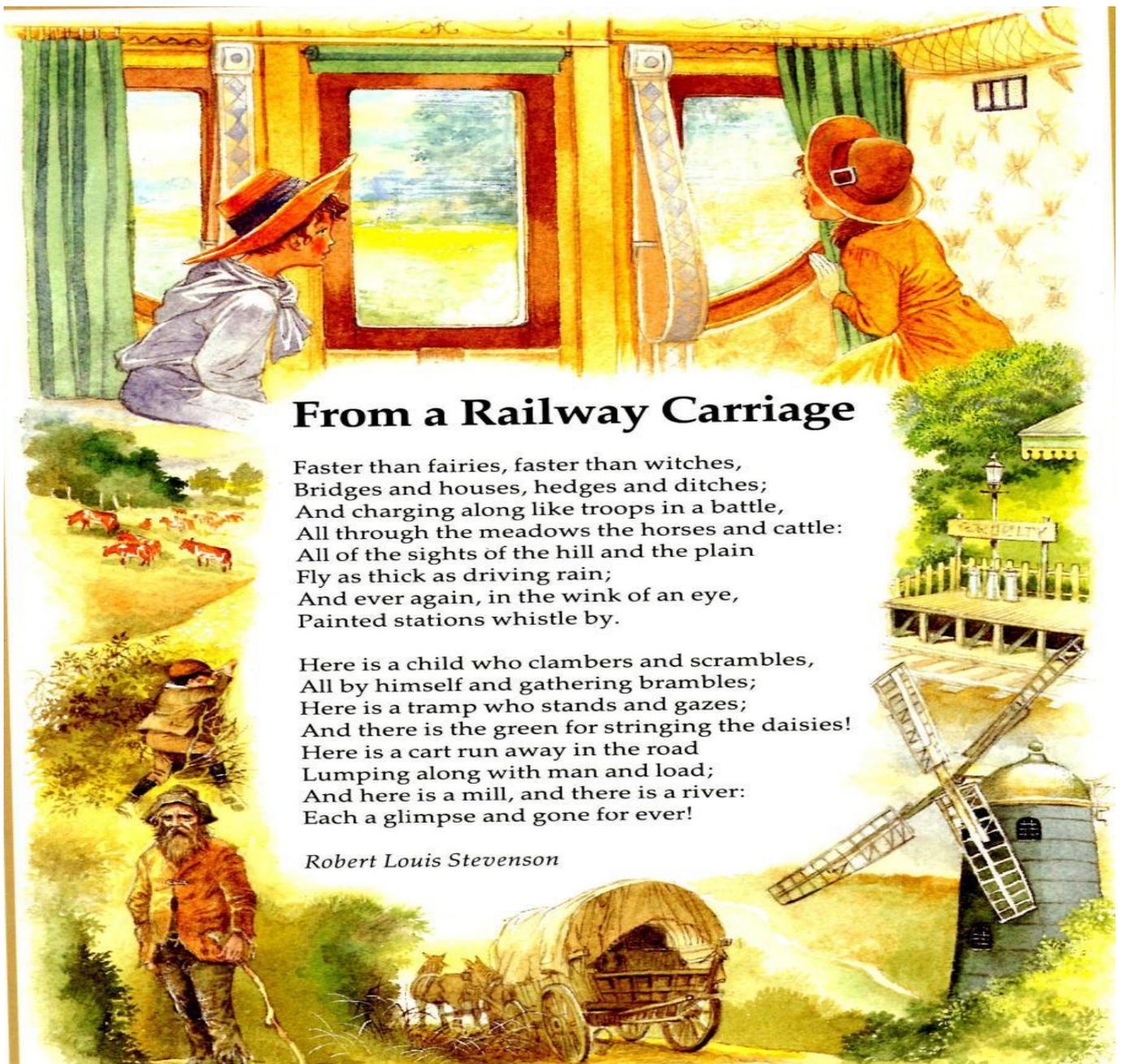
I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.

none of him at all.

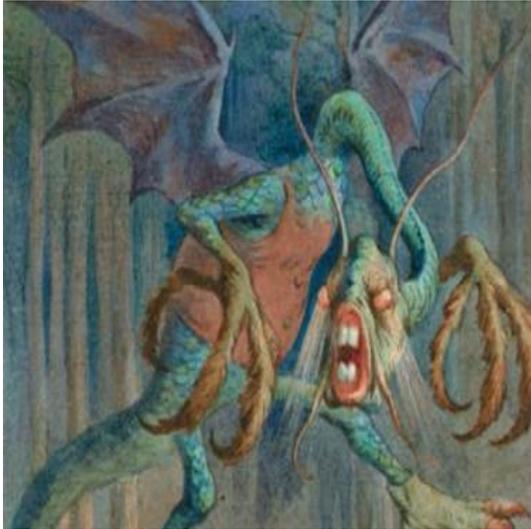
He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

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.

## Lower Junior (year 3 and 4) Trophy)



Upper Junior (year 5 and 6) Trophy Jabberwocky BY LEWIS CARROLL



'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

