

E23

Live Competition Mode

\$220

Solo Verse Speaking, Non-Open

Primary 3, Girls

Give Yourself a Hug by Grace Nichols

Read Me 1 - A Poem for Every Day of the Year – Chosen by Gaby Morgan, page 325 /

Read Me - A Poem for Every Day of the Year – Chosen by Gaby Morgan, page 325

Macmillan Children's Books ISBN 9780330373531 / 9781529005622

- First line: Give yourself a hug
- Last line: like me.'

Give Yourself a Hug

Give yourself a hug
when you feel unloved

Give yourself a hug
when people put on airs
to make you feel a bug

Give yourself a hug
when everyone seems to give you
a cold-shoulder shrug

Give yourself a hug –
a big big hug

And keep on singing,
'Only one in a million like me
Only one in a million-billion-trillion-zillion
like me.'

Grace Nichols

E24

Live Competition Mode

\$220

Solo Verse Speaking, Non-Open**Primary 3, Girls*****Shaggy Dogs by Richard Edwards***

The Works Key Stage 1 – Chosen by Pie Corbett, pages 186-187

Macmillan Children's Books ISBN 9781447274841

- First line: Two sheepdogs in a field
- Last line: In the warm blue weather.

Shaggy Dogs

Two sheepdogs in a field
 Looked up and wondered why
 A great big flock of woolly sheep
 Was cluttering up the sky.

The sheepdogs growled and leaped
 And climbed the slopes of air,
 Yapping, snarling, nipping, snapping,
 Scattering sheep everywhere.

And when the sky was clear again
 They hurried home together
 Back to their field to sunbathe
 In the warm blue weather.

Richard Edwards

E25

Live Competition Mode

\$220

Solo Verse Speaking, Non-Open**Primary 3, Girls*****Our Cats by Wes Magee***

The Works Key Stage 1 – Chosen by Pie Corbett, pages 188-189

Macmillan Children's Books ISBN 9781447274841

- First line: Our cats stay out all night
- Last 2 lines: they're out there in the darkness,
creeping.

Our Cats

Our cats stay out all night
... moonlighting.

You should hear them spitting and
fighting.

At breakfast-time they come in
... purring,
and curl on chairs, no hint of
stirring.

Then when it's dark they're off
... exploring
while thunder growls and gales are
roaring.

When we're tucked up in bed
... fast-sleeping
they're out there in the darkness,
creeping.

Wes Magee