



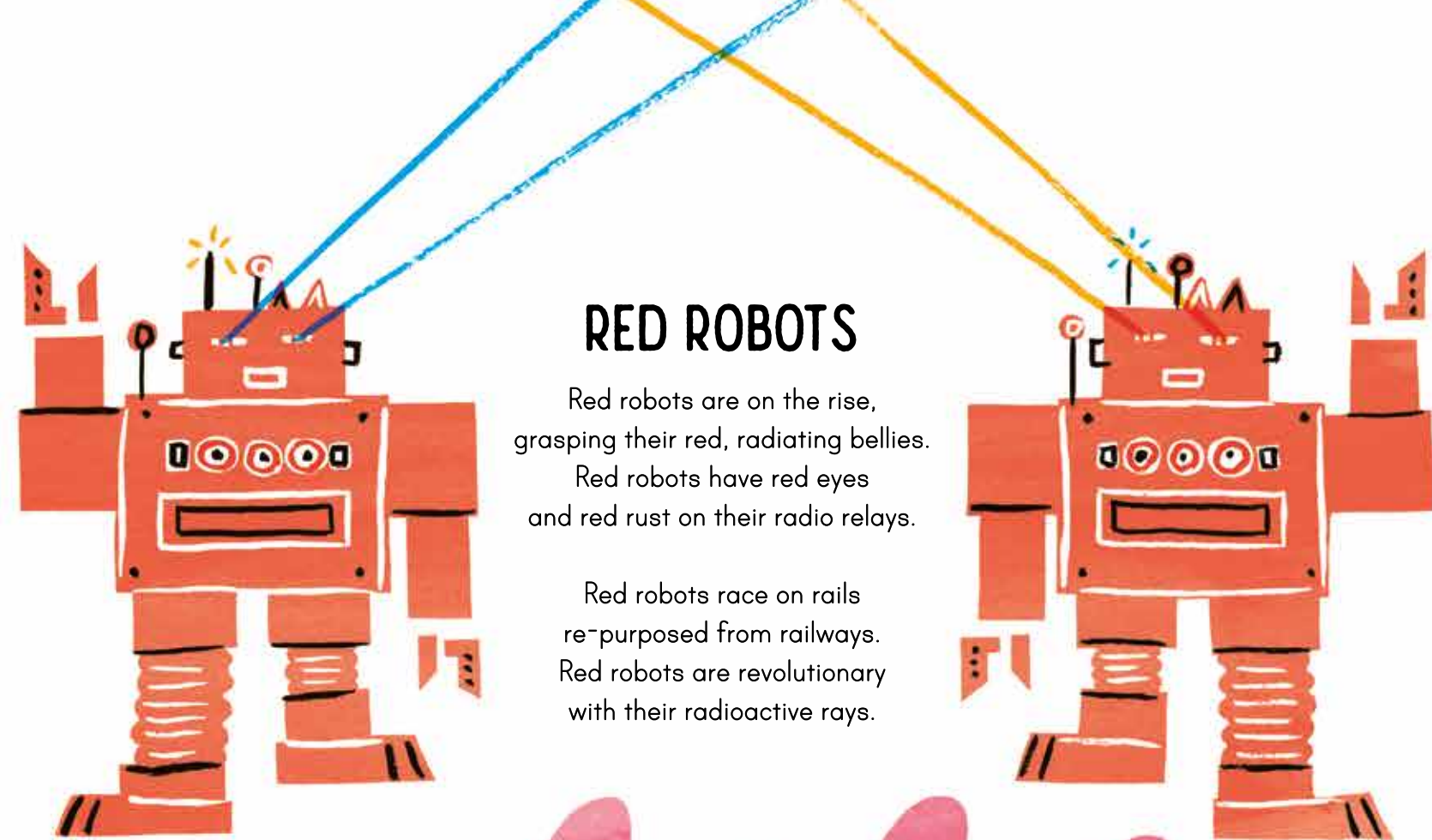
TONGUE TWISTERS

are a wonderful way to improve your diction
(how clearly you can say words) making
sure every word is powerful and heard.

TRY

Try twisting your tongue
then tuning your teeth,
try taking your tonsils
from a tummy tickling thief.

Try tasting your tears
then trumpeting your toes
try taping your temper
to the tip of your nose.



RED ROBOTS

Red robots are on the rise,
grasping their red, radiating bellies.

Red robots have red eyes
and red rust on their radio relays.

Red robots race on rails
re-purposed from railways.
Red robots are revolutionary
with their radioactive rays.

THE SLIME TAKEOVER

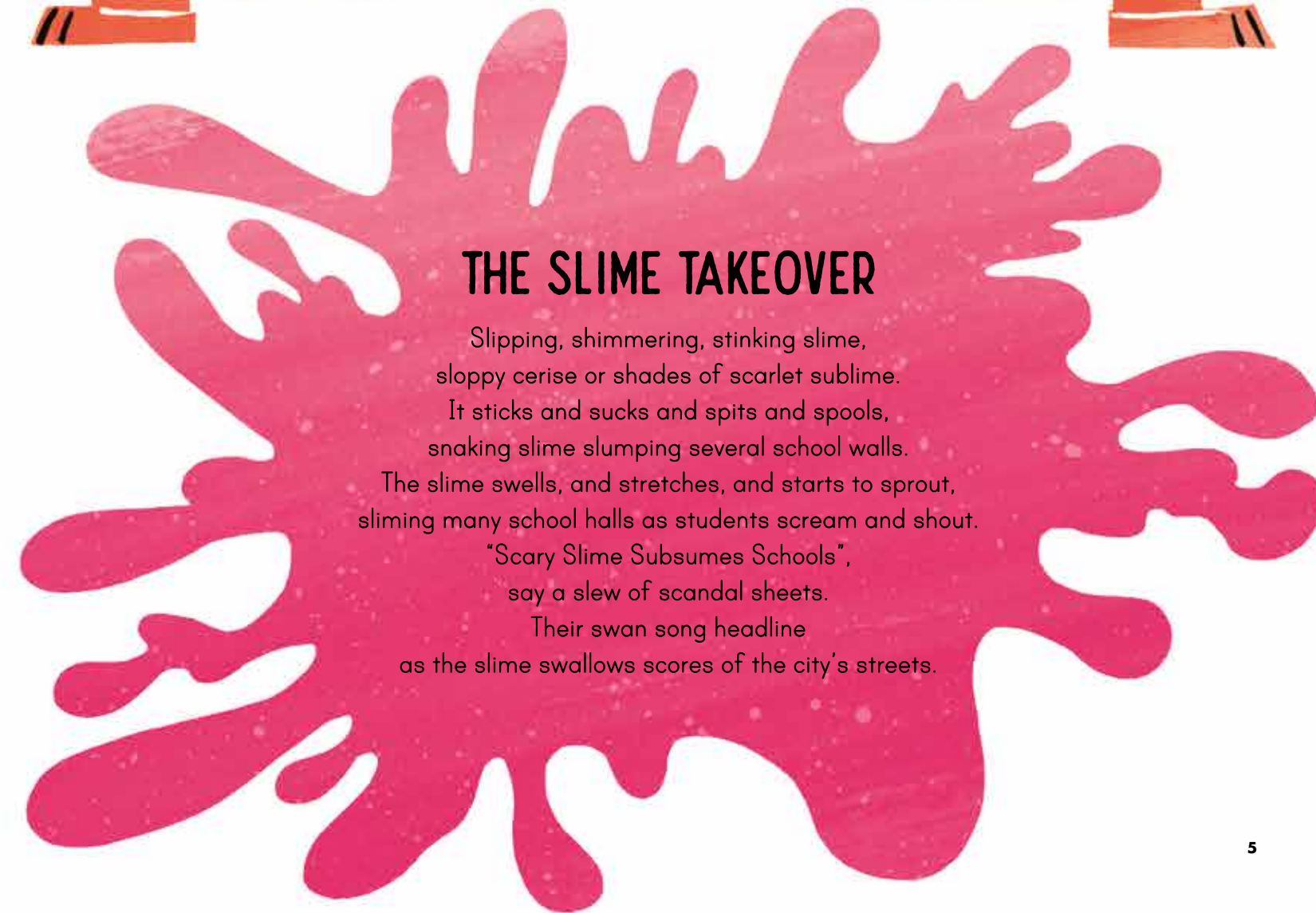
Slipping, shimmering, stinking slime,
sloppy cerise or shades of scarlet sublime.

It sticks and sucks and spits and spools,
snaking slime slumping several school walls.

The slime swells, and stretches, and starts to sprout,
sliming many school halls as students scream and shout.

"Scary Slime Subsumes Schools",
say a slew of scandal sheets.

Their swan song headline
as the slime swallows scores of the city's streets.



TO THE COUNTRYSIDE

Try and use your voice like an instrument going from loud to quiet.
This effect is called diminuendo.

THE BEEPING OF THE TRAFFIC
BEEP BEEP BEEP!
Roars in our ears.

THE BELCHING OF THE FACTORIES
CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK!
Shudders in our ears.

THE HUFFING OF THE PEOPLE
HUFF HUFF HUFF!
Mumbles in our ears.

As we leave
the roaring, shuddering, mumbling city
behind us.

The whizz of the motorway cars...
Weee-ooowww~weee-ooowww~weee-ooowww.
Hums in our ears.

The whoosh of crops in the field
swish-swish-swish
plays in our ears.

The pebble-roll of the sea on the shore
hushes in our ears.

As we play the hum of hushes of...
noise no more
noise no more
noise no more
in the country side.

TURN THE RADIO UP

Start softly and finish LOUD. This is called crescendo!

Tiny click of the volume knob
to turn the radio on.
A hiss of whispered static,
I can hardly hear my song.

So I readjust the tuning
until my song's a little clearer
it's just above a whisper
so I move a littler nearer.

The clicking of the volume knob
turns my song into a SHOUT
the thrumming of the bass
I can easily make-out...

twang
twang
twang.

So I click a little louder
until my song becomes a riot
The drums vibrating through my body
and my body really likes it...

Boom
boom
boom.

Now come the vocals
and I really love this bit
so click up the treble
this is the real... deal!

And now my song is singing,
voice a booming mass of sound,
I start to join in,
I imagine I'm roaring to a crowd.
I'm screaming down a microphone,
I am the ocean's throat.
I'm clapping out the rhythm
I'm a-banging with my boot,
I'm bellowing the low bit,
I make hurricanes sound mute.

Now the crowd is within me,
painting the largest sound you've ever seen
a wall of ear-splitting symphony
a vocal Godzilla scene!

We are a screeching melody,
thumping reverberations.
We are louder than crashing planets
we are the thunderous cry of constellations.




FUNNY FISH

Some poems creating suspense and comedy through structure. There are a lot of rhymes in this poem... sea, be, me, body. As you read emphasise the rhyme so that when you get to "Dinner" the audience are in for a nice surprise!

I live in the sea,
I'm as sweet as can be,
I'm a tiny little clown fish
but please don't stare at me.


I'm tiny and pretty,
colours all around my body,
a beautiful little clown fish
living by a sea anemone.

I have no enemies,
I'm dressed to please, you see,
a wonderfully fashionable clown fish
with a flair for modesty.



Here comes one to admire me,
a handsome princely fishy
who appreciates a pretty clown fish
what has he got for me?

His smile is so deadly
a handsome catch for me,
just a modest pretty clown fish
by her sea anemone.




He wants to speak to me
his lips part so slowly
I'm a giddy, pretty clown fish.
What will he say to me?

"Please swim to me,
I find your anemone so stingy!
Delicious little clownfish
I'm not your enemy."

I feel a little silly
swimming to this handsome beastly
but he loves this little clown fish,
I'm a stripy beauty.

"My little fishfinger swim closer to me
My darling fishcake from the bottom of the sea
my scrumptious little clownfish
you are the one for.... DINNER!"

"Get into my tummy
I want you for my tea,
vainglorious little clownfish
you're the treat for me."



THE SHOCKADILE CROCODILE!

This is a poem to get your audience joining in and up on their feet.

Instructions to the audience:

When you hear a word that ends in an 'ock' sound
you say 'ODILE!'

I have a snappy best friend
she is a croc-ODILE.

When I call for her I have to
knock-ODILE.

She lives on the third floor
of a block-ODILE.

She loves loud music
she likes to rock-ODILE.

She's a great dancer
she can pop and lock-ODILE.

A super flashy dresser
like a peacock-ODILE.

She has amazing patterns
on her sock-ODILES.

She won't be caught dead wearing
a frock-ODILE.

She does what she wants
she is a shock-ODILE.

My incredible best friend
is a shock-ODILE,
frock-ODILE,
sock-ODILE,
peacock-ODILE,
lock-ODILE,
rock-ODILE,
block-ODILE,
knock-ODILE
CROCODILE!

RIDDLES

These tricky riddles put your audience to the test. Will they work out the answer from your clues? Speak slowly and carefully and repeat your riddle if necessary.

BEHIND YOU

I'm always behind you
very rarely in front
accept when I go travelling.
I eat your lunch before you do.
I've seen all your books.
whatever you give me
I'll make sure no one else will take a look.

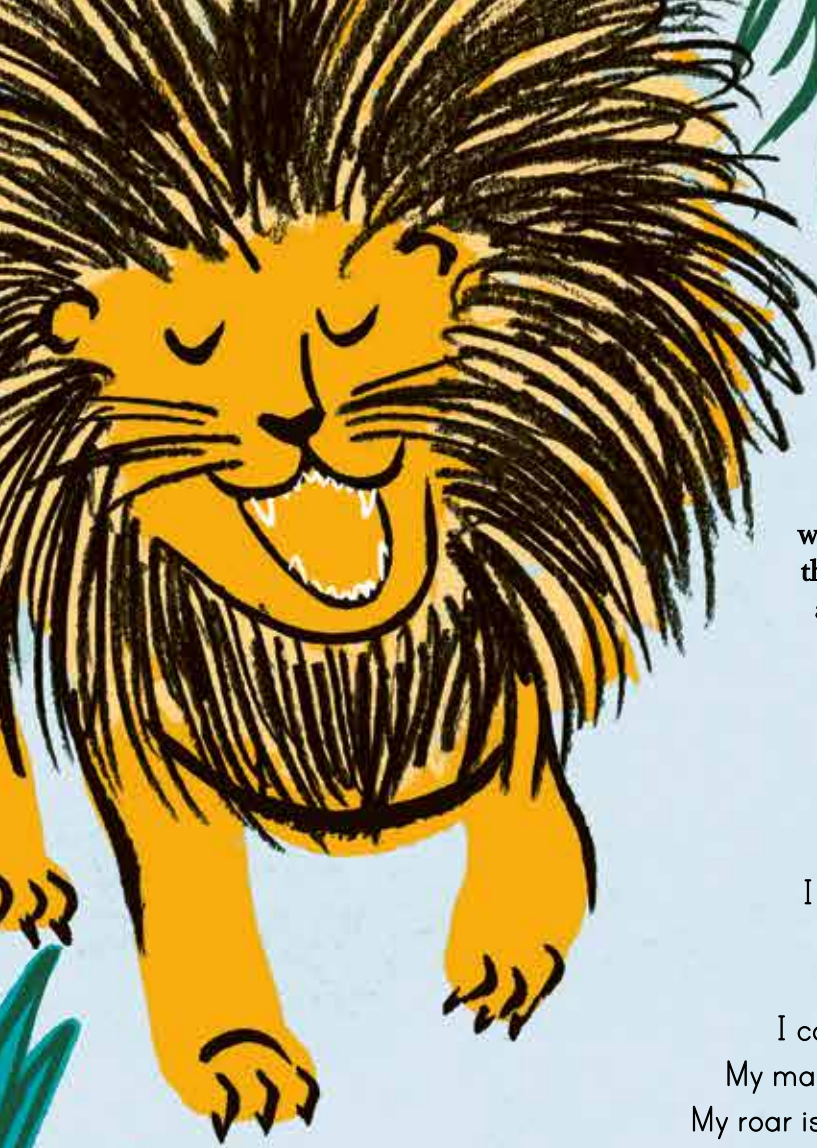
BELOW YOU

I often stink,
but have a soul (sort of)
I keep you knotted
so you never trip.
When you run
I help you get a grip.

NEAR YOU

I'm clear when I'm empty
see-through when I'm full.
My insides taste of nothing
yet you want me.
Need me!
I'm full of leaks and gulps.
my brothers choke the oceans.





ANIMALS

Try and think like the thing
who's story you are telling. Imagine how
these animals would speak if they could
and use this voice to read their poem.

LION

I am meat-licker,
bone-cruncher,
big-meower.
I cat-walk with pride.
My mane is a hairdo of envy.
My roar is a rumble of mountains.
My claws, a savannah of pain.



FROG

I leap, I croak
I am the friend of witches.
I hop, I leap
I'm often found in ditches,
in ponds,
in lakes
and even under logs
some say I'm green and warty
but I'm a smooth, jewel-skinned frog.



ANT

I'm so small.
I'm sooooo small.
I'm soooooooo very teeny, tiny small.

But I am MANY.
I am colony.
I am jaw and acid spit and attack and bite
and weight lifter,
I am Red and Black and Fire and Crazy and Bullet.

SPARROW

Me tweet. Me hop
Me peck!
Peck, peck peck.
Me ruffle feather - dust bath.
Me flee.
Me swoop and dive.
Me tweet and chirp
and peck, peck, peck.



SAY HOW YOU FEEL

The emotion in your voice helps the audience know how the poem should make them feel. Change your tone and try and show your different emotions as you read these poems.

When I'm sad
it feels like the sky is crashing down,
like the oceans are rising
and the ground is swallowing me up.
All is dark and cold.



When I'm nervous
it feels like my heart
is going to lightning-strike out of my chest,
like my skin is raining
like my belly is a mudslide.



When I'm happy
my cheeks feel like rose buds,
my tummy glows with sunlight
my shoulders are a forest breeze.



When I'm angry
my body is rock,
my face is wet clay.
Meteorites inhabit my fists,
my voice is all smoke and fire.



When I'm excited
my toes are ants,
I'm a river bubbling
and an air current of wishes
my smile could explode the sun.

