

Tuesday 12th January 2021

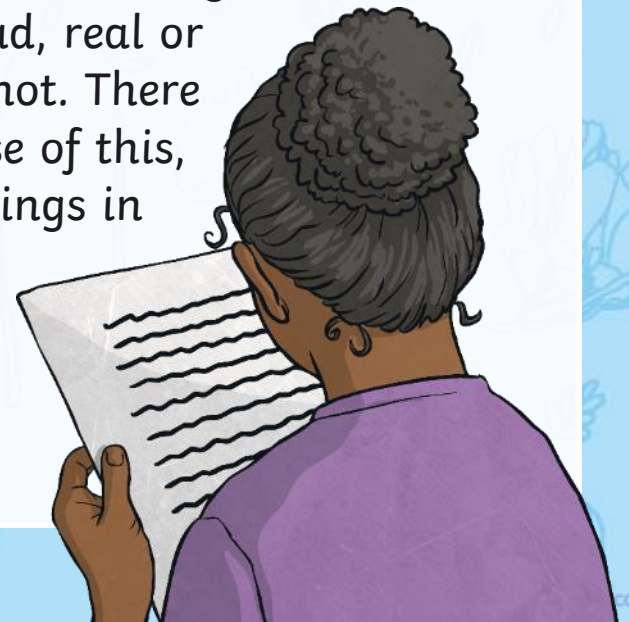
Blue group English –
Poetry

What is Poetry?

Poetry is a form of literature and a very wide genre of writing. It is a form of imaginative writing that can be written by anybody. People choose to write poetry based on many different things. Expressing thoughts and feelings about something in a creative way is what poetry is all about.

The main aim of poetry is to involve and stimulate the thoughts of the reader. Poetry can connect with a reader on an emotional level too.

Poetry has many different forms, and can be written in many different ways. They can be short or long, fun or sad, real or imagined, structured or unstructured, rhyming or not. There is a lot of freedom when writing poetry and because of this, the writer is able to express their thoughts and feelings in very unique ways.



I have chosen some poems that I would like you to read.

Some of the poems have a link so that you can listen to the poet read their poem aloud.

I hope you enjoy them.

On the Ning Nang Nong

On the Ning Nang Nong
Where the Cows go Bong!
and the monkeys all say BOO!
There's a Nong Nang Ning
Where the trees go Ping!
And the tree tops jibber jabber joo.
On the Nong Ning Nang
All the mice go Clang
And you just can't catch 'em when they do!
So it's Ning Nang Nong
The cows go Bong!
Nong Nang Ning
The trees go Ping!
Nong Ning Nang
The mice go Clang!
What a noisy place to belong
is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

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<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/on-the-ning-nang-nong/>

Scissors

Nobody leave the room.
Everyone listen to me.
We had ten pairs of scissors
At half-past two,
And now there's only three.

Seven pairs of scissors
Disappeared from sight.
Not one of you leaves
Till we find them.
We can stop here all night!

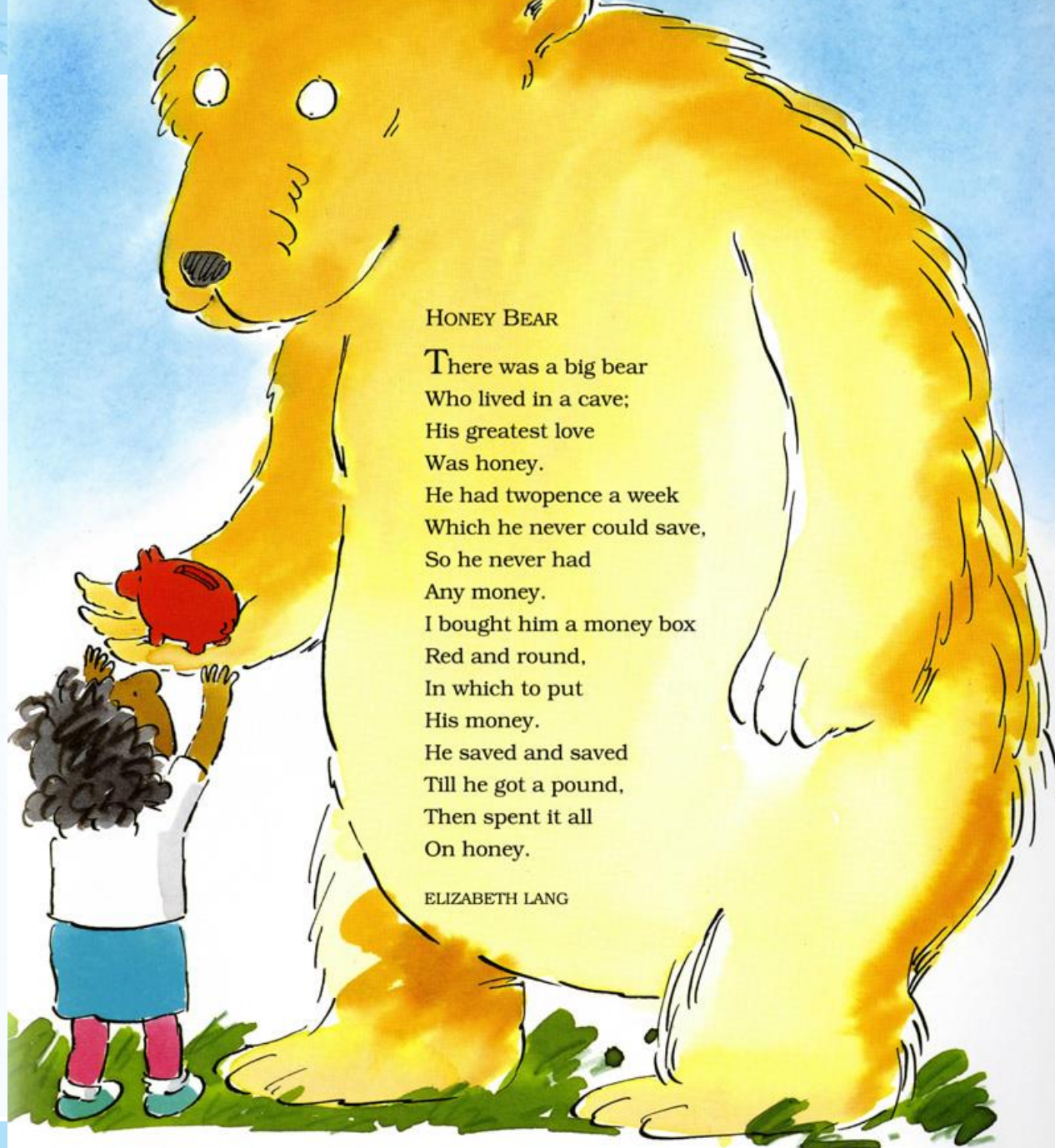
Scissors don't lose themselves,
Melt away or explode.
Scissors have not got
Legs of their own
To go running off the road.

We really need those scissors,
That's what makes me mad.
If it was seven pairs
Of children we'd lost,
It wouldn't be so bad.

I don't want to hear excuses.
Don't anyone speak.
Just ransack this room
Till we find them,
Or we'll stop here...all week!

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<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/scissors/>



HONEY BEAR

There was a big bear
Who lived in a cave;
His greatest love
Was honey.
He had twopence a week
Which he never could save,
So he never had
Any money.
I bought him a money box
Red and round,
In which to put
His money.
He saved and saved
Till he got a pound,
Then spent it all
On honey.

ELIZABETH LANG

Attack of the Mutant Mangos: A Fruit Salad Ballad of Baddies

They are totally bananas
They hang out in a bunch
Don't trifle with these fruitcakes
Una-peeling, out to lunch
They'll orange a nasty accident
And prune you down to size
With hands around your neck-tarine
You'll end up in their pies.
They're evil, they're extrawberry
And rotten to the core,
No more pudding up with them
This is no food fight, it's a war!

ANDREW FUSEK PETERS

The Painting Lesson

'What's THAT, dear?'
asked the new teacher.

'It's Mummy,' I replied.

'But Mums aren't green and orange!
You really haven't TRIED.
You don't just paint in SPODGES –
You're old enough to know
You need to THINK before you work . . .
Now – have another go.'

She helped me draw two arms and legs,
A face with sickly smile,
A rounded body, dark brown hair,
A hat – and, in a while,
She stood back (with her face bright pink):
'That's SO much better – don't you think?'

But she turned pale
When, at ten to three,
An orange-green blob
Collected me.

'Hi, Mum!'

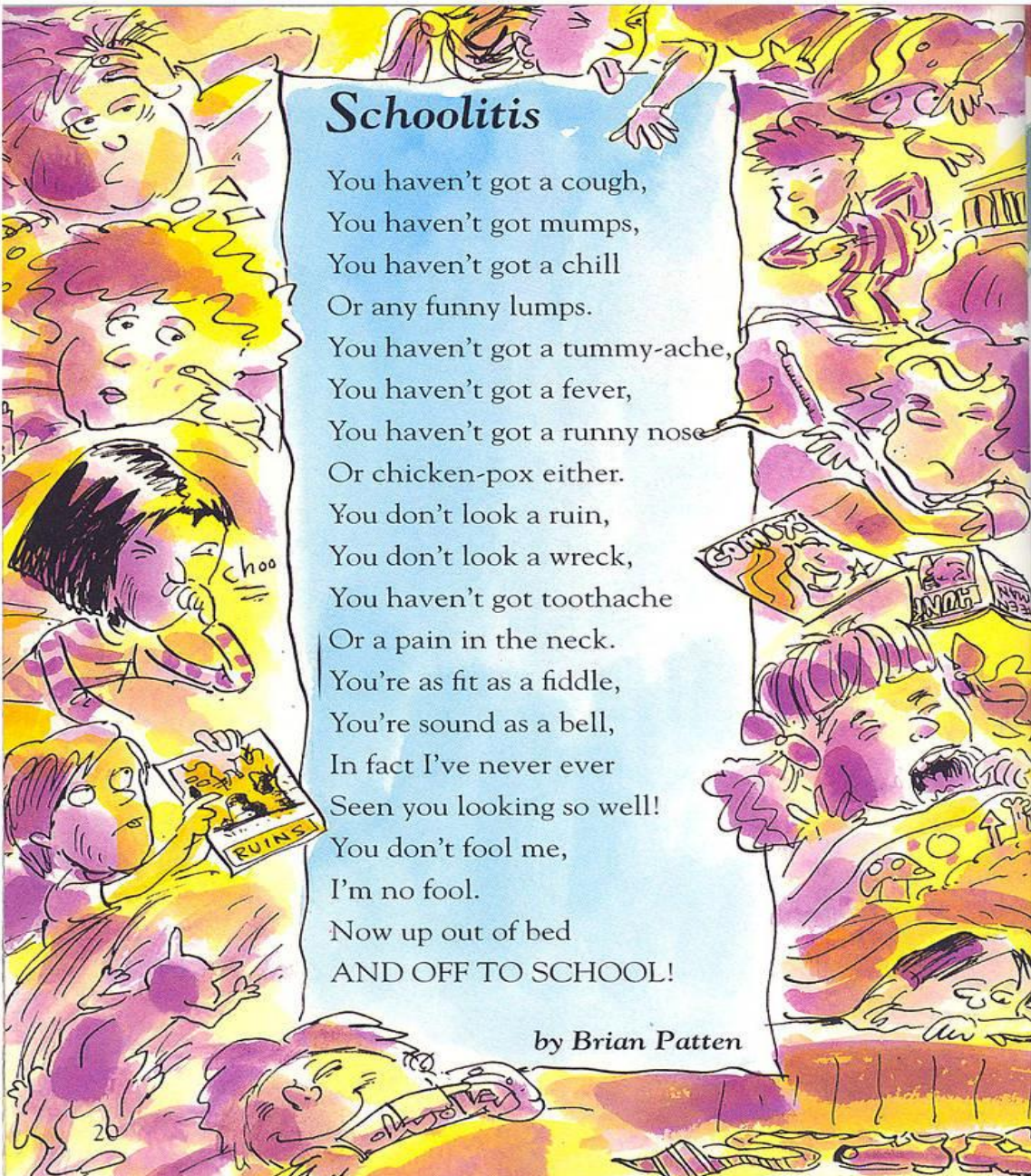
TREVOR HARVEY

Hot Food

Michael Rosen

- 1 We sit down to eat
and the potato's a bit hot
so I only put a little bit on my fork
and I blow
- 5 whooph whooph
until it's cool
just cool
then into the mouth
nice.
- 10 and there's my brother
he's doing the same
whooph whooph
into the mouth
nice.
- 15 there's my mum
she's doing the same
whooph whooph
into the mouth
nice.
- 20 But my dad.
My dad.
What does he do?
He stuffs a great big chunk of potato
into his mouth
- 25 Then
that really does it.
His eyes pop out
he flaps his hands
he blows, he puffs, he yells
- 30 he bobs his head up and down
he spits bits of potato
all over his plate
and he turns to us and he say
"Watch out everybody –
- 35 the potato's very hot."





Schoolitis

You haven't got a cough,
You haven't got mumps,
You haven't got a chill
Or any funny lumps.
You haven't got a tummy-ache,
You haven't got a fever,
You haven't got a runny nose
Or chicken-pox either.
You don't look a ruin,
You don't look a wreck,
You haven't got toothache
Or a pain in the neck.
You're as fit as a fiddle,
You're sound as a bell,
In fact I've never ever
Seen you looking so well!
You don't fool me,
I'm no fool.
Now up out of bed
AND OFF TO SCHOOL!

by Brian Patten

ALLIGATOR PIE

Alligator pie, alligator pie,
If I don't get some I think I'm gonna die.
Give away the green grass, give away the sky,
But don't give away my alligator pie.

Alligator stew, alligator stew,
If I don't get some I don't know what I'll do.
Give away my furry hat, give away my shoe,
But don't give away my alligator stew.

Alligator soup, alligator soup,
If I don't get some I think I'm gonna droop.
Give away my hockey-stick, give away my hoop,
But don't give away my alligator soup.

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<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/alligator-pie/>

How to Turn Your Teacher Purple!

*Heebie Geebie, Hurple Burple
Time to turn my teacher...PURPLE!*

Simply chant this magic spell
soon your teacher looks unwell:
purple cheeks and purple nose
purpleness from head to toes

Feed her beetroot every hour
see her fill with purple power
bloomin' like a purple flower
how she'll scream
when in the shower!!!

Copyright: from *How to Turn Your Teacher Purple and Other Sizzling Science Poems* (A&C Black, 2011), © James Carter 2011, used by permission of the author

<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/how-to-turn-your-teacher-purple/>

I Am Brave

Fear of monsters

Fear of dogs

Fear of hurricanes or bogs

Fear of spiders

Fear of feet

Fear of strangers in the street

Fear of anger

Fear of fear

Fear of losing someone dear

Fear of dragons

Fear of night

Fear of all the things that might

Or might not pass

⤴ Fear of being last in class

But fear's OK

Yes, fear's all right

For now I have it in my sight

And when I'm overwhelmed by fright

I recognise its painful bite

(And that is more than half the fight)

So yes I'm fearful, but I'm brave

And when my fear will not behave

I gently pat it on the head

And send it off to go to bed

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<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/i-am-brave/>

Water Cycle

It's raining, it's pouring,
The oceans are storing
Water from the falling rain
While thunderclouds are roaring.
The rain now is stopping,
The rain's no longer dropping.
Sun comes out and soaks up water
Like a mop that's mopping.
It's raining, it's pouring...

by Meish Goldish

'Please do not feed the animals...'

Please do not feed the ostriches
sandwiches

or the polar bears
eclairs.

Do not offer the wombats
kumquats

or the rattle-snakes
fruit-cakes.

Remember that piranhas
are not allowed bananas

or partridges
sausages.

Never approach a stork
with things on a fork

or the bustard
with a plate of custard.

No leopard
likes anything peppered

and meercats
disdain KitKats.

Remember that grapes
upset apes

and meringues
do the same for orangutans.

Most importantly –
do not feed the cheetah
your teacher.

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<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/please-do-not-feed-the-animals/>

Activity 1 – (sheet 1)

I would like you to be a poetry detective!
Please choose **two** of the poems or a poem of
your choice and complete the worksheet.

Challenge – do you have a
favourite poem or can you find
another poem that you enjoy?
I would love to read it.

Poetry Detective

Poem title: _____

| | | | |
|-----------|----------------|------------|------------|
| Diamante | Tanka | Limerick | Kenning |
| Diamond | Haiku | Shape poem | Ballad |
| Narrative | Epic | Nonsense | Free verse |
| Sonnet | Reverse | Riddle | Acrostic |
| Cinquain | Something else | | |

What is the poem about? _____

Does the poem rhyme?
Yes ☐ No ☐

Is there a rhyming pattern?
If so, what is it? _____

Copy all of the rhyming words that
you can find in the poem.

How does the poem make you feel?
Explain your answer.

Would you recommend this poem to a friend?
Yes ☐ No ☐

What is your favourite word or phrase in the poem?

Explain why you like it.

What is your least favourite word
or phrase in the poem?

Explain why you don't like it.

Are there any similes or metaphors in the poem?
If so, find and copy one.

Does the poem follow a repeating pattern or
rhythm? You may need to count syllables.

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Similes and Metaphors

Often poets use similes and metaphors in their poems to help create a picture.

Watch the video to remind yourself what similes and metaphors are.

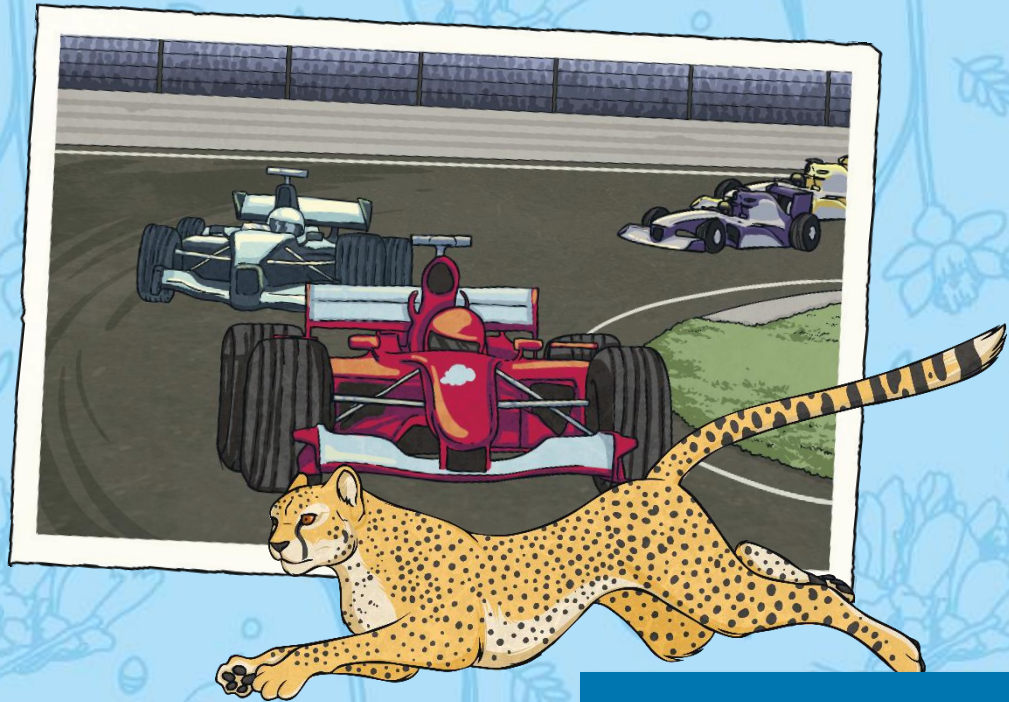
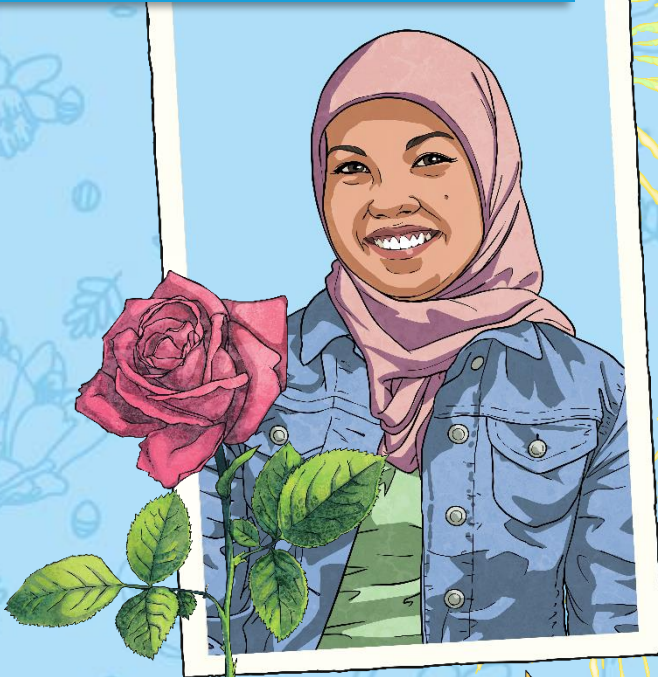
<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/articles/zmmpscw>

Read the information on the BBC Bitesize page and complete the activities.

Simile Reminder

A simile is a way of describing something by comparing it to something else using 'like' or 'as'.

Her eyes are **like** stars and her lips are **like** roses.



The car was as fast **as** a cheetah

Metaphor Reminder

Metaphor is the **figurative** device that compares something directly with something else in order to create an image you can relate to.

Figurative – using or containing a non-literal sense of a word or words.

How to Identify a Metaphor

Metaphors are easy to spot because the **comparisons** between the descriptions of one thing to another do not contain 'like' or 'as'. Figurative sentences containing 'like' or 'as' are usually similes.

'It was raining cats and dogs'
and not
'It was raining like cats and dogs'.

Activity 2 –

Complete the worksheet – colour **similes** blue and **metaphors** yellow.

Simile or Metaphor?

If the sentence contains a simile, colour it blue. If it is a metaphor, colour it yellow.

| | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| The car moved like a snail. | The house was a zoo. | The librarian was as sweet as candy. | The stars are diamonds in the sky. |
| The puppy was as fast as a cheetah. | The test was a breeze. | He is a walking dictionary. | Abigail is as tall as a giraffe. |
| My dad is a teddy bear. | My brother eats like a pig. | Her heart was as big as the ocean. | Peter is an angel. |

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